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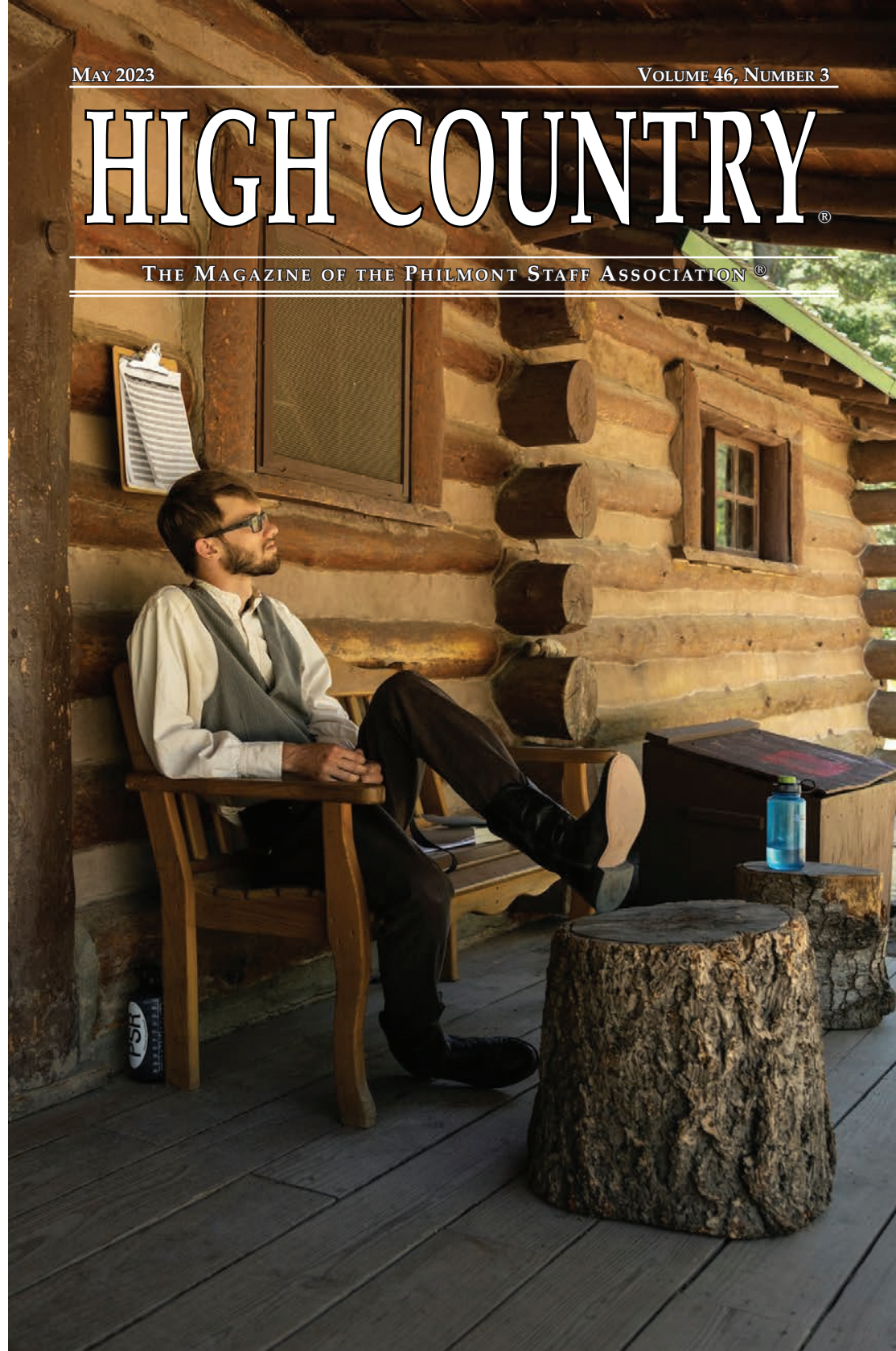
The Philmont Staff Association (PSA) unites the Philmont staff — past, present, and future — for the purpose of serving the adventure, heritage and experience of Philmont Scout Ranch and the Boy Scouts of America.

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On the Cover: *2022 Camp Director Chase Martin surveys his domain from the fine backcountry porch at the Hunting Lodge. Philmont MPS photo by Ryan Moore.*

On the Back Cover: *Connor Clay and Seth Henriques hanging out on another great backcountry porch at Fish Camp last summer. Philmont MPS photo by Nick Castelli.*

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

First Impressions

In April, the new PSA board of directors met in person at Philmont. It was a pleasure meeting several of our new board members for the first time. As is normally the case when Phil-folks get together, we ended up exchanging stories of our time working at the ranch. The topic turned to our first Philmont experiences. Most of our first encounters were as participants on a trek or at the Philmont Training Center, but it didn't take long for a common theme to emerge from these stories. Almost all of us encountered a staff member who made an incredibly strong impression from the get-go. For some it was their ranger, for others it was an enthusiastic actor in the opening campfire show or the smiling face at the welcome wagon as they drove into the PTC for the first time.

We were certainly lucky to encounter such positive influences that motivated us to one day return to Philmont on the staff. It's something to keep in mind, especially for this year's staff and volunteers: often we don't know who we influence, but we

should be aware that a future chief ranger or bear researcher might be on the next bus that pulls up at the Welcome Center.

As Philmont prepares for another summer season, it is exciting to welcome a new crop of first-year staff members. I am amazed by the number of PSA members whose children and relatives are coming to work at the ranch this summer. Clearly, Philmont remains a family tradition for many. For me, I would like to personally welcome first-year ranger Christian Kilburn to the Philmont family. I have the opportunity to work with him in his capacity as an OA section chief, and I know he will be an incredible ranger. Good luck to Christian, to the new first-year staff, and of course, to the returning staff and volunteers. I hope you have a great summer!



Matt Lindsey
President



"The mountains are calling, and I must go." – John Muir. Philmont MPS photo by Steel Brooks.

Notice of Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Philmont Staff Association will be held on Friday, July 7, at 3:00 p.m. in the Assembly Hall at the Philmont Training Center, Philmont Scout Ranch, Cimarron, New Mexico. Roger Mosby, BSA Chief Scout Executive, will be on hand to address attendees.

HOMecoming Is Upon Us!

This is our last issue before the PSA’s 50th anniversary HOMecoming Reunion at the ranch July 2-8, so it’s our last chance to promote what will be a terrific week with a lot of great activities for our members and their families! All PTC family programs are available (there’s not a better vacation for your kids anywhere), including a return of mountain treks for ages 13-17. Half-week options are available if you can’t stay the whole week. Join us!

2023 PSA Award Presentations

Silver Sage Award to Berne Holman: All-Staff Opening Program, Monday, May 29, 8:00 p.m., CHQ Closing Campfire Bowl.

Distinguished Staff Alumni Award to Ken Davis and Inaugural Beaubien & Miranda Award to Betty Brown: PSA HOMecoming Reunion Opening Program, Sunday, July 2, 7:00 p.m., PTC Assembly Hall.

Silver Sage Award to Greg “Doc” Walker: PSA HOMecoming Reunion Closing Program, Friday, July 7, 7:00 p.m., PTC Assembly Hall.

High Country Report

High Country will publish a special issue in June commemorating the 50th anniversary of the Philmont Staff Association. The magazine is now being distributed by e-mail to all members, including those who receive hard copies, as a benefit of membership.

PSA CALENDAR

PSA HOMecoming
50th Anniversary Reunion
Week-Long Event at PTC
Half-week Options Available
July 2-8, 2023

PSA Summer Treks
Spaces still available!
July 9-16, 2023

PSA Volunteer Vacation
September 16-2, 2023

President’s Circle Weekend
October 6-8, 2023

PSA Autumn Adventure
October 14-20, 2023

All events at Philmont Scout Ranch

Register for all events at
www.philstaff.org

For more info on any event,
contact the PSA office at
575-376-1138 or
psadirector@philstaff.org

2023 PSA HOMECOMING



Come back HOMe this summer! All PSA members and their families are invited to join in the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Philmont Staff Association. Reconnect with old friends and make new ones as you spend a week in the high country. Introduce the special people in your life to the land and the people that are Philmont.



JULY 2ND-8TH

- ☑ Mountain Treks (NEW). sign up your 14-17 year olds!
- ☑ The Flume Canyon Boys Colfax Tavern Concert!
- ☑ PSA Founders Forum!
- ☑ Baldy Mountain & Tooth of Time Hikes!
- ☑ PhilStock music, featuring Tom Munch!
- ☑ 500 Hours of Service Project!
- ☑ Distinguished Staff Alumni Award!
- ☑ Silver Sage & Miranda Awards!
- ☑ 4th of July Activities in Cimarron!
- ☑ Basecamp Tours!
- ☑ Custom Rifle & Knife Raffle!
- ☑ Artisans & Makers Market!
- ☑ Western Night!
- ☑ Silent Auction. funds for Seasonal Staff Scholarships!
- ☑ Maverick Rodeo!
- ☑ Special Guest Speakers!



More Information

events@philstaff.org

Registration Link
philstaff.org

Opening Doors: The Impact of Philmont

By Leanne Mebust Luetkemeyer

It was pure luck that brought me to Philmont in the summer of 1977. My dad was a doctor at the University of Kansas Medical Center when he met Lloyd Knutson, Philmont director of program, who was visiting Kansas City and recruiting doctors to work summers in the Health Lodge. My brothers were in Scouts and my folks jumped at the chance to take our family to Philmont. They loaded me, my sister, and my two brothers into the old station wagon and drove to Cimarron for a summer I'll never forget. My family explored Santa Fe and Taos. I discovered the Philmont backcountry in ranger Karen Falwell's Mountain Women crew and fell in love with New Mexico and Philmont. Sharing sunrise on top of Baldy with my Mountain Women crew was life-changing.

The next three summers I worked at the trading post, Welcome Center, and as a ranger. Being on staff opened me up to being more

comfortable with all kinds of people (which I didn't really think about until much later), working with advisors, working with Scouts, things I had not done before. Little did I know I would make life-long connections in those three years and would be changed forever by the impact of Philmont. To have worked and climbed at sunrise or in the dark and



One can see the Philmont influence in many of Luetkemeyer's drawings.

to be at the top of the Tooth or Baldy and look out and just see forever, those are probably my favorite memories.

Being a ranger was an empowering experience, a position of respect and honor. The women rangers I worked beside were inspiring, true pioneers in the women rangers. Their attitude and work ethic just blew me away. They were just out there working hard and loving it every day. Their confidence was so impressive. I wanted to be exactly like that. I'm grateful to my training ranger, Joe Farrell, who believed in me and helped me polish the skills I needed. It was just such an empowering experience.

My ranger summer at Philmont gave me the confidence that I could do anything. I remember helping to carry an injured young camper out. The backcountry staff placed me by his head and told me to keep the boy talking. I didn't have a Scouting background, but somehow I began talking with him about merit badges he was working on. Many years later, I became a merit badge counselor. Scouting transcends everywhere. It goes everywhere. It has been a magical thing for my family, which for me, started at Philmont.

As an artist, the beauty of Philmont and New Mexico captivated me. The light and purple shadows on the rolling mesas, the sage and tumbleweed, the sunset skies are carved in my memories. I can't remember a time I wasn't drawing or reading when growing up. I studied graphic design at the University of Kansas. On graduating I started work as a production artist and catalog designer at Hallmark Cards, Inc. in Kansas City. I transferred as an illustrator into a newly created Humorous Greeting Card Department and later to the newly created Shoebox Greetings while at



Leanne and Kelly Luetkemeyer.

Hallmark. The atmosphere was creative, fun, and a golden time to be a Hallmark greeting card artist.

But my heart never left New Mexico. I returned to the Land of Enchantment after eight and a half years at Hallmark and lived in Santa Fe and Albuquerque working as a freelance illustrator for clients all over the country.

Over the years I have realized that Philmont wasn't just a summer job; the experience changed and transformed my life. While living in Albuquerque, my tentmate from my first summer, ranger Sioux Roberts, talked me into attending my first PSA reunion where I reconnected with old Philmont friends, including Kelly Luetkemeyer, my future husband. Kelly was a ranger, PC at Cyphers Mine, and in Conservation. Our best man was Steve Kostka, camp director, and Kelly is godfather to one of his daughters.



Son Aidan and former ranger Steve Vogt on their chance encounter in Juneau, Alaska. One never knows where and when one will encounter a fellow Phil-staffer!

As a family, we were heavily involved in Scouting with our son Aidan. I volunteered as a Cub Scout den leader and pack activities coordinator. When Aidan entered Boy Scouts, Kelly became an assistant Scoutmaster and I continued in troop leadership as a merit badge counselor, advancement coordinator, and Eagle Scout coordinator.

Kelly and I put together our troop's first Philmont trek in 2016. Getting our troop to Philmont was a daunting task, but we were determined to give this gift to Aidan and our troop. We flew out two crews from our small New England town. Many of the boys had never been on a plane. Kelly was an advisor on the trek and Aidan had just earned Eagle Scout. In talking with the Scouts that went on our Philmont trek, I learned that Philmont also changed their lives. To be able to go to Philmont and experience that from a small New England town, this

was such a big deal for them to get on a plane and go out there on a trek. Sometimes you forget what a big deal that is. And it was huge for those kids to do that.

Early in the trek, one of the advisors had a heart issue at Miranda. The Health Lodge sent up an emergency vehicle. Dr. Heidi Johnson, one of the Philmont doctors who saved our friend's life, is the daughter of Tom Johnson, a dear friend and ranger we worked with at Philmont. Aidan fell under the Philmont spell and returned the following year for a Rayado trek. In 2022, he worked as an assistant engineer on a small cruise ship in Alaska. One of the guests, Steve Vogt, recognized our last name and in Juneau Aidan met another ranger we'd worked with at Philmont.

In September 2021, one of the first women rangers, Kathy Leach, contacted me to collaborate with her on illustrations based on the theme, "that time we saw a bear!" using a woman ranger and her crew to celebrate the 50th year of women rangers at the 2022 summer PSA reunion. We shared memories and ideas back and forth to come up with the artwork. You can find my illustrations in *Undaunted*, the women ranger photo-history book. The National Scouting Museum gift shop is selling the book and postcards with my illustrations. Some of my illustrations for the book are on display in the museum.

The connections and threads we started at Philmont continue to grow and flourish. Kelly and I have continued attending PSA reunions and renewing Philmont friendships. We have become members of the PSA's President's Circle. A good friend of ours from Philmont, Jason Mascitti, is now our financial advisor. My love for Philmont and the friends I made have been a constant thread in my life and art. I've been greatly inspired

by Philmont artists: Dawn Chandler, Steve Rick, and Jeff Segler. Working at Philmont changed the direction of my life and values. Philmont introduced me to my husband, Kelly, gave me the world of Scouting, and opened doors for me I didn't even know existed.

I will be forever grateful.

About the author: Leanne Luetkemeyer (Trading Post 78, Welcome Center 79, Ranger 80) lives in Upton, Massachusetts. Her current projects include writing and illustrating for children and serving as resident artist for her church. See more of her illustrations at her website, www.leanneluetkemeyer.com.

E-mail: leanneluetkemeyer@gmail.com



Check out Leanne's artwork in a current children's book, *Friends and Anemones: Ocean Poems for Children*, and her upcoming book, *Gnomes and Ungnomes: Poems of Hidden Creatures* (available in November) at <https://bookshop.org/shop/thewritersloft>.

Da Bears: Philmont-Inspired Art of Leanne Luetkemeyer



Unit 2 in Transition

Steve Nelson, Philmont's Director of Camping and our PSA staff advisor since January 1, 2018, has announced his retirement, effective September 30, 2023. BSA has named Matt Hart, current Scout executive for the Northwest Georgia Council in Rome, Georgia, as Steve's replacement. Matt will actually start at the ranch in June as "Assistant Manager, Camping Services" to learn on the job with Steve before taking the reins himself in October.

Matt began his Scouting career in 1994 as a district executive in the Northwest Georgia Council. He became the Scout executive for the Alapaha Area Council in Georgia in 2002, and later served as Scout executive for the Suwannee River Area Council in Florida and the South Georgia Council. He took his current post in 2020.

Matt has 20 years of experience on



camp staffs before and after entering Scouting's professional ranks. No stranger to Philmont, he's been a trek advisor, council contingent leader, and faculty member for multiple PTC courses. Matt and his wife, Kimberly, have two grown sons, both Eagle Scouts. We look forward to welcoming them to the ranch!

Backcountry Report

The old shower house at Miners Park has been converted to a showcase for climbing tools and equipment . . . house tours at the Chase Ranch have been suspended this summer due to renovations in progress, but staff will still be on hand for tours of the property and discussions of the ranch's heritage . . . Cimarroncita has added aerial archery as a program feature . . . a new Baldy Country trail camp, Placer, replaced Ute Meadows Camp, which is now closed . . . the Miranda staff shower will be replaced as a tree fell on it and destroyed it over the winter . . . insurance proceeds from the loss of Zastrow in the Cook's Peak Fire went toward repair of fences in that burn area and construction of new shower houses at Abreu and Clarks Fork . . . speaking of Abreu, the cantina building underwent improvements to eliminate the ability for bats to roost in the structure, after an infestation that resulted in the building being closed for most of the summer until the bats migrated away.

Fire Damage Update

The cabin and infrastructure at Zastrow Camp that were destroyed in last

summer's Cook's Peak Fire have now been removed. A contractor worked over the winter to remove the remnants of the Woodbadge Lodge, staff cook cabin, two shower houses, septic system, and storage building. Stone and concrete were buried on-site, while metal and burned debris were removed. Per General Manager Roger Hoyt, the work was necessary so debris wouldn't become a hazard in high winds. The Wood Badge axe and flag mall are still in place, but the remainder of the camp will now be allowed to return to its natural state.



Top: The burned out Zastrow cabin after the fire. Philmont MPS photo by Marielle Scott. Bottom: The cabin removed. Photo by Roger Hoyt.

Thinning Underway

Philmont's commercial forest thinning project in the Crater Lake and Miners Park area began operations in April. Current plans are to thin approximately 580 acres for wildfire mitigation and improvement of forest health. In

preparation for the work, Philmont crews widened the road between Lovers Leap and the two camps, leading staff to rename it "the Beaubien Highway."

Sea Base West?

Clinton Pedigo, Philmont's IT manager since August 2021, took a real dive in work performance back on March 29. Clinton stepped out of his normal routine and into his insulated wetsuit (he's a certified diver) and jumped right in (or however he could enter the icy depths safely) to come to the assistance of the ranch by diving into the frigid waters of Webster Lake.

The tether that attached a locator buoy to the outlet grate in the lake had broken in recent high winds and pressure from ice floes. Clinton was able to attach a new cable and help determine depth of the grate so we can have an accurate reading of water height above the outlet.

Big thanks to Clinton for another demonstration of the broad talents and skill sets of Philmont staff!

Dave Kenneke, Ranch Superintendent



Life Lessons I Learned at Beaubien

By Matt Todd

Condensed from the author's blog, Life in the Fishbowl, posted July 6, 2015. Reprinted with permission of the author.

Some college students dream of working at Disney World during their summer break. Others work as camp counselors or lifeguards. Some spend the long, hot summer days working at a part-time job. Me? I had the opportunity of a lifetime. During the summer between my freshman and sophomore years at Milligan College, I had the opportunity to live out my own dream. It is also the dream of many others who have been involved in Scouts over the years. I was a backcountry staff member at the summit of Scouting: Philmont.

My first year on staff at Philmont was at Beaubien Camp, one of the largest camps on the ranch. I knew I was one of the few fortunate people who had the opportunity to work as a member of backcountry staff during my first year

as a Philmont staffer. I was in rarified air. And I did what I could to soak in every moment of my time there. It can be a pretty humbling experience when you finally get to live out your dream. All summer long, I found myself saying things like, "I can't believe I'm getting paid for this," and "I can't believe I'm doing this."

I also worked with a pretty eclectic group of people. We had a very good time, although none of us could play a guitar. That required some creativity when it came to evening campfire time. Fortunately, we learned how to take command of the "stage" and ham it up any time we saw a camera. We'd gladly interrupt each other's stories, poems, and jokes for a good group pose. Anything for the campers, right? It's humbling to realize that our Beaubien team could be part of someone's memories from the time when they hiked the trails at Philmont some 20 years ago.

But seriously, as I look back on my summer on staff at Beaubien, I realize that



The Beaubien staff of 1995. The author is fourth from the left (sitting on fence).



Author Matt Todd (right) and fellow Beaubien staffers on the roof (where else) of the Trappers Lodge.

there are some life lessons I learned from that experience that still impact me today. While I was there to help campers and advisors have memorable, life-changing experiences, I also had my own share of life change while I was there. Here are three things I learned while I was part of Beaubien's staff at Philmont Scout Ranch.

1. It's OK to ask for help.

One of the highlights of Beaubien's programming is the chuck wagon dinner. Not only did the crews learn a little about cowboy life at the turn of the century in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, but they also got to have real-live beef stew with real-live vegetables and real beef. Believe me, after several days on the trail eating rehydrated dehydrated food night after night after night, this is like a gourmet meal. It's almost heaven.

As crew members, we rotated job responsibilities throughout the week. Part

of the rotation was leading the preparation and cooking of the chuck wagon dinner for the crews. I was having a hard time getting the fires hot enough to cook the dinner. The crews started gathering for dinner. But we weren't anywhere near ready. So they waited. And waited. And waited. And waited some more. They were kind of getting a bit restless. You don't want to get in between a group of hungry teenagers and their beef stew. And you definitely don't want to hinder any grown men when it comes to their bowls of beef stew. I was failing as the chuck wagon cookie. And I started to panic. And everyone waited. And grumbled. And waited.

I feverishly tried to start a roaring fire. And I was failing miserably. Did I mention that we were in the middle of monsoon season and all the wood was wet? It was a horrible, horrible mess. Having experienced the chuck wagon dinner as a camper, I knew that this was



Matt Todd supervising the cooking crew at Beaubien's chuck wagon dinner.

supposed to be one of the milestones of the trek. They were going to have the equivalent of a gourmet meal. And I was letting them down. Horribly. I was stunned. I was at a complete loss. I had no idea what to do next.

All of a sudden, someone appeared at the chuck wagon site from seemingly out of nowhere. A look of determination shot from his eyes. He looked at me, looked at my lame attempt at starting a fire, and looked at me again. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work without saying a word. A few moments later, the fire was roaring and the stew was beginning to cook. Chuck wagon dinner was saved. We all had Trigger, our camp's assistant camp director, to thank.

"I'm sorry," I said to him as he was about to walk back to our cabin.

"Don't be. It happens to all of us. Why do you think I came down here? You should've asked for help."

"I didn't want you to think I couldn't handle it."

"Do you know how many times I've had trouble getting the fire started for chuck wagon? Ask for help next time. We're all here to help each other. Don't forget that."

And I didn't forget. There is no shame in asking for help. That's a lesson I've remembered ever since Trigger saved my hide from a pack of hungry campers.

2. There's more to life than "Nike... Nike... Nike...."

At the end of our campfire each night, Trigger would usually tell a story about a man who was told to fill his pockets with rocks. I'll spare you all the details of the story (because it's better to hear than to read, anyway), but the challenge at the end of the story was to make the most of the opportunities available at Philmont.

When you're hiking along the trail, it's tempting to just look down and watch the feet of the person in front of you. It's easy to get hypnotized by the rhythm

of the hiking boots in front of you. So all you see while you're hiking is "Nike, Nike, Nike...." And Trigger would remind everyone that there's more to Philmont than just "Nike, Nike, Nike...." There's amazing scenery and wildlife and experiences that you'll miss out on if you don't look up and take it all in. But it's a choice that you have to make. You can choose to look down, which is easier, or you can choose to look up and experience all that Philmont has to offer. The same is true with the backcountry programs. You can sit in your camp and mope around, or you can choose to make the most of your opportunity and participate in all of the programs that are available while you're there. Because there's more to Philmont than "Nike...Nike...Nike..."

The same is true with life. We have a choice every day. We can just do what we always do or look up, see the opportunities before us, and then take advantage of those opportunities. That sounds a lot like the ancient Todd family motto: "It behooves us to live," doesn't it? We have an opportunity every day to make

the most out of every minute we're alive. So grab life by the horns. And when you think you're too tired or it's too hard, just remember that there's more to life than "Nike, Nike, Nike...."

When we choose to live, we'll have a life full of memories and experiences, and hopefully we'll have very few regrets.

3. I'm no cowboy.

While a program counselor at Beaubien, I spent my days interpreting the life of a cowboy. I taught people what life used to be like on a cattle ranch. I also helped show them what life can be like on a cattle ranch today. I had a blast doing it.

There were some at our camp, however, who actually worked with the horses all day long. They were the wranglers. And they were awesome. While they didn't interact with the campers all day long, they were an integral part of the Beaubien operation. Several of my fellow Beaubien program counselors had a desire to become



"I might not be a real cowboy, but holy cow, it was fun pretending to be one for a summer!"



wranglers. And some did serve as wranglers during subsequent years at Philmont. And they were great at their jobs. In order to learn the wrangler ropes while they were program counselors, these dedicated teammates of mine would get up before the sun and help the wranglers feed the horses and get everything ready for the day's trail rides. They basically spent the summer working two full-time jobs. It seems they were bitten by the cowboy bug.

Much to the dismay of Alyson, our horse-whisperer, I was not bitten by such bug. Don't get me wrong. I love horses. I think they're beautiful creatures. They're amazing to watch. It's just, well, I'm just really not that into them.

But that's OK. Because there's a

dedicated group of people who are into horses and they do a fabulous job taking care of those horses throughout the summer. They probably don't get the publicity of the backcountry folk who are decked out in interpretive gear (like I was), but they're probably the hardest working team on the ranch.

I might not be a real cowboy. But holy cow, it was fun pretending to be one for a summer.

About the author: Matt Todd (PC Beaubien 95, PC Crater Lake 96) now works as a digital content specialist at The Children's Museum of Indianapolis.

E-mail him at matt@mattdantodd.com.

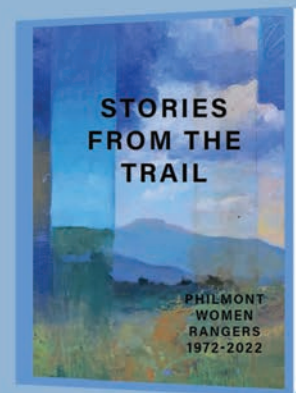


Philmont Women Ranger Books!

Get your Philmont fix with these books that share stories and photos from women through five decades of opening doors. Purchase your books today <https://store.philmontscoutranch.org/museum-gift-shop/books/philmont/> or by calling the museum gift shop direct at 575-376-1136.

Undaunted

A photo history of the Philmont Women Rangers from 1972 to the present. Over 350 images with leadership charts for each of the fifty years. A one of a kind tribute to the spirit and tenacity of The Women Rangers and their five decades of opening doors at Philmont.



Stories From The Trail

Once you start turning the pages of this book, you won't want to stop as you immerse yourself in thirty-six stories that captivate the feelings of being so young and energetic and enamored with one of the greatest outdoor camps in the world.

"Stories From the Trail is probably my favorite Philmont book of all time. It is so full of human interest and energy, and about the things that make Philmont such a special place to so many. Thank you so much for this." -Dave Caffey

A Clear View



The 2022 Clear Creek staff on another great cabin porch. MPS photo by Ryan Ash.

The Inaugural Beaubien and Miranda Award

By Mark Stinnett
High Country Editor

She was often the first person many of us met on arrival at the ranch to begin a summer of adventure, and was frequently the last person we saw before heading home or back to school when that summer ended. She sent us our contracts, checked us in each summer, helped us with all sorts of issues about our employment, made sure we got paid, assisted with travel arrangements, and continued to do all of that, year after year, for three generations of staffers. And she was much loved by those thousands of staff members she served.

Betty Brown, who served as Philmont's personnel administrator for 31 years, has been named by the PSA as the inaugural recipient of the association's new "Beaubien and Miranda Award," to be presented periodically "to recognize dedicated and consistently excellent job performance and service to Philmont over a substantial period of years by a full-time Philmont employee."

Betty started working at the ranch in the summer of 1965 on a seasonal contract as an office clerk, and became a permanent staff employee in the Camping Office at the end of that summer. After helping out with personnel matters from the beginning of her career, she began working full-time in personnel in 1976, and stayed in that post until her retirement at the end of 2006.

During her 42 years at Philmont, Betty had the privilege of checking in not only children, but eventually grandchildren, of former staffers she



The incomparable Betty Brown, 2004.

had previously served. She amassed an impressive collection of cartoon character Betty Boop merchandise, mainly gifts from former and returning staff members. At the time of her retirement, she said that she was most proud of seeing the success that those past staffers have had in their lives after leaving Philmont. "It's amazing to see what they've done – many are doctors, lawyers, top executives and so on," she said.

She's certainly a fitting recipient for this new award, which ranch managers and PSA board members have been discussing off and on for some time. Named after the originators of the Beaubien and Miranda Land Grant of which Philmont is a part, and also for two of Philmont's most beautiful camps, the award will recognize ranch employees for long and dedicated service to the land and people of Philmont.

Betty will receive her award at the PSA reunion opening program on July 2.

What They Said About Betty

Editor's Note: Dozens of former staffers lit up Facebook after the PSA's announcement of Betty Brown's Beaubien and Miranda Award back in March. Here are some of their comments:

"Well deserved – a once in two generations great person! She helped my dad when he was on staff in the late '70s, and then me many years later! – *Josh Naham*

"She remembered all of us every summer!" – *Crystal Keck*

"I knew I had made it to Philmont when you checked me in. After a particularly long drive from North Carolina, I have never felt more welcomed than when I heard a big 'Hello, Derick' from you." – *Derick Satterfield*

"Always welcoming to me and thousands share the same view." – *Jim Broski*

"Honestly there aren't enough accolades for a legend like you." – *Chris Arrington*

"My first summer on staff was 2003 and I took the Greyhound bus which dropped me off in Cimarron in the wee hours of the morning. Due to a mix-up nobody was there to pick me up and I ended up sitting outside the art gallery in the dark for several hours. Shortly after sunrise a car pulled up and a very distinctive voice called out, 'Are you going to Philmont?' It was Betty on her way to work and she noticed my sorry situation. I loaded up all my bags into the back of her car and she drove me to the ranch and got me all checked in. She was definitely the first face I saw, and one I won't ever forget." – *Scott Pfahler*

"I love her so much! I never felt I was truly at Philmont until I heard Betty ask me for my dynamite." – *Reggie Jayne*

"Most deserved Betty Boop (Brown)! Always a pleasure to speak with and look over her Betty Boop collection." – *Jeff Kitchens*

"You made the Philmont experience SO much better for us! – *Jenni Burke*

"Her ability to welcome all of us and make us feel like we were actually supposed to be there was a complete talent!" – *Kara Noonan Stevens*

"Love, love, love Betty Brown!" – *Gretchen Werhane Machacek*

"Betty always had a kind smile and warm welcome." – *Jane Munch Flurkey*

"Perfect person to be awarded the first one." – *Chip Elliott*

A Tuesday Night with Bob

By Robert Birkby
High Country Contributing Writer

Editor's Note: Bob Burns (66, 72, 74-76), a Philmont and Cimarron legend, passed away last September.

A journal entry from October 7, 1998, Angel Fire, NM: With Tom Shields and his wife, Shannon, and Kent and Marsha Palmberg. Tom, Kent and Marsha had all worked at the Health Lodge in the mid-1970s. Yesterday we drove over to Philmont. We ate at Heck's. It was Rainey's when I was on trail crews, and I remember getting "Three on Three" there with Mark Brixey – three eggs over easy on top of three pancakes.

About 2 p.m. we walked down the street to the store that used to be Bill Littrell's gift shop. The store now has a sign over it that says "Burns' Hardware." On the door was a hand lettered sign that said, "Gone to lunch, back at 1." It was, as I say, 2. The door was unlocked. We went in. There was the mish-mash of stuff that makes a small town run – plumbing fittings, shotgun shells, belt buckles, wrenches, fishing flies, shovels, bells. A small grey kitten on the counter next to the cash register watched us, apparently the entity left in charge.

We poked around for ten minutes, then out of the corner of my eye I saw Bob Burns throw a very large dog into the back of an old pickup and make for the driver's seat. I went out and called to him. "Well, Bob Birkby," he said, and came into the store. "I thought I'd locked up, but I guess not. I was next door and now here you all are."



Bob Burns seated outside his Cimarron hardware store with his dog, Jack. Photo courtesy Matt Talley.

Bob is one of the more remarkable people of my past. He had worked at Indian Writings in 1966, the year I was a camper there, though I don't remember him from that trip (with Bob's memory for names, he probably recalls me and every other Scout who passed by that summer). Then in 1972 he came back to Philmont after his stint in Vietnam with the Marines, and was a conservationist with me, Jay Cooper, Roger Sunde, and the rest of that gang. In later years he was a mountain man at Black Mountain and then Clear Creek. He moved back to Paris, Texas, his hometown, for a while, where Tom Shields visited him, reporting that Bob had a dentist chair as part of his living room decor. Then Bob came back to Cimarron and put down roots.

He still looks much the same – stark, handsome features, a drooping mustache, hair not yet grey though he's approaching and perhaps passing 50. He was wearing a khaki cowboy shirt with white snaps, the tail untucked, the fabric drum-tight across a round belly stuck on his lean frame almost as an afterthought. A pair of blue jeans were slung low, though rather than adhering to the fashion of the moment, the latitude of his waistband seemed more a matter of his belly pushing down and little or no butt to push back up.

We told Bob we were headed up the Cimarron River to fish. He invited us to come back in after 5. "We get together in the back of the store to have beer drinking and cigar smoking contests," he said.



Mountain man Bob Burns (left) in his classic stovepipe hat with fellow staffer Kevin Thompson at Clear Creek in 1976. Philmont photo.



The Cimarron Municipal Court, where Judge Burns presided. Photo courtesy New Mexico Courts.

"You come back then, if you can."

And we did come back. Bob's hangout in the back of the store is a circle of chairs around a butcher-block table. There was a fireplace with a pretty good blaze going. A sign hung on the corner of the mantle said "No Working During Drinking Hours." There was a low cloud of cigar smoke from the one he was smoking. He welcomed us in and took a disdainful look at the cigars I had brought. "Well, they'll burn, but I've got a lot better if you want one."

And so we settled into Bob's world for a couple of hours of discourse, primarily on his part. Which was just fine. Sometimes all you want to be is a witness, a bystander, a passive partner in a one-man play. Later, when we were leaving, Bob told us that he likes nothing better than talking, and we had let him have full rein, all in his slow, Texas drawl – anecdotes, tales of his past, an astonishing power to remember the names of people, their hometowns, and their places in a very large collective history.

"I'm a judge here in Cimarron," he told us. "Municipal. I deal with felonies. Domestic disputes. First offenses, I give them probation. I think probation is the most wonderful thing in the world. Someone comes before me for a first



"Of all the things in life, I do like talking about the best." Photo courtesy Forky Rudin.

offense, I give probation. I tell them (and I say this to all of them), now the ball's in your court. It's like ping pong or tennis. I hit the ball to you, now you hit it back to me. If they're smart, I never see them

again. But if they come back, I send them to jail."

Bob's cigar has gone out, victim of a long tale. He holds it between his teeth and snaps the lighter with his thumb, a three-inch flame spurting up above the brim of his hat. Had it been later in the evening, when the cigar was a mere stub, he probably would have ignited his mustache. As it was, he got the flame under control and the cigar relit and the monologue back underway.

Bob got up and made his way to the bathroom at the back of the store. It was a journey each of us had made once or twice to offload used beer. The route took us through a labyrinth of cardboard boxes, nail crates, old machinery, a Bob Burns for Judge campaign poster, broken furniture and the like to the back room where there was a small restroom, an inner sanctum. On the walls were half a dozen large gauges of the sort you would find on steam engines or ship boilers, a

variety of plaques and signs. On top of the toilet back was a little shrine with a photograph of the Clear Creek summer staff, circa 1975, in full mountain man regalia, Bob in the center with hair down beyond his shoulders and, on his head, a stove pipe hat. There was a small scrap of deer hide inscribed to him from three or four women who had apparently visited Clear Creek and been given nicknames.

The phone rang. Bob picked it up and didn't speak for a good thirty seconds, just listened, then said, "Miss Katie, there are some old friends from Kansas and Seattle here, and we've been drinking beer and smoking cigars and talking about Philmont days, but I'll be getting along there soon" (Miss Katie is his wife of 21 years). Then he listened awhile longer, promised to get home before long, and hung up. We took that as a sign we should be moseying along, too, but Bob showed little inclination to be on his way. We kept visiting, eventually getting to our feet and easing toward the door. Bob stayed at the back of the store, leaning on a counter, keeping up the conversation just as if we were still seated around the fire.

"Of all the things in life, I do like talking about the best," he said. We thanked him for the evening, and he told us that if we were ever in Cimarron again and did not stop in to see him, he would hunt us down. He suggested a place for us to have a bite of supper, and told us that he and Miss Katie lived in a big house and that we were always welcome to stay there.

And that was our time with Bob Burns. As we ate supper in Eagle Nest (the place in Cimarron Bob had suggested was closed for the night), we recounted the conversation, remembering certain tales and ways Bob had of saying things.



Bob in his Cimarron home, circa 2019.

Shannon said it was one of the ten most amazing things she'd ever experienced. It was like being party to a one-man play – instead of "Hal Holbrook Does Mark Twain," it was "Bob Burns Does Bob Burns." The pleasure of the spoken word, the appreciation of old friends, the delight of an evening doing nothing but talking and listening, a Tuesday night with Bob in the back of Burns' Hardware.

About the author: Outdoor writer Bob Birkby (70-74, 76) is a former Director of Conservation and is a recipient of the PSA's Distinguished Staff Alumni Award. E-mail: rcbirkby@gmail.com



The Cimarron Trading Company, current establishment in the building that once housed Burns' Hardware.

Phil-Fact

Philmont's water treatment plant purified 32,315,302 gallons of water in 2022.

The Reservoirs

A reservoir is defined simply as “a large natural or artificial lake used as a source of water supply.” Not counting assorted stock ponds, dirt tanks, and catchments scattered across the ranch, Philmont has four, a couple of which aren’t too well-known.

The Cimarroncito Reservoir

The best-known and most picturesque of Philmont’s reservoirs, this pristine mountain lake serves as the water supply for the Village of Cimarron. Countless Philmont postcards, paintings, and photographs have featured this idyllic body with its adjacent iconic companion, Cathedral Rock. Swimming is not allowed (okay, legally), but the fishing is good, as lots of trekkers through the ranch’s Central Country learn each summer from the fly fishing instructors on the Hunting Lodge’s camp staff.

Webster Reservoir

Wait, you say – Webster Reservoir? Isn’t its name actually Webster Lake? There does seem to be some confusion on that point. Early Philmont maps call it “Reservoir,” some later ones name it “Lake,” and the current Philmont maps cover both bases by labeling it “Webster Reservoir” with its neighboring trail camp bearing the name “Webster Lake Camp.” Built by George Webster in 1908 as part of his improvements to his Urraca Ranch, its water mainly irrigated alfalfa fields and apple orchards. It became part

of Philmont in 1923 when Waite Phillips bought the Urraca Ranch.

The Philmont Reservoir

Located on the North Fork of Urraca Creek directly below the Tooth of Time, this one is finally getting a trail built to it from the nearby Stockade. Seldom visited by staff or campers, the reservoir provides drinking water for all Base Camp areas. A “Solar Bee” prowls its surface and stirs its upper waters to prevent growth of harmful blue-green algae. The reservoir serves as the terminus of an eventful bushwhack hike through the very wild canyon from North Fork Urraca Camp.

The Baldy Town Reservoir

You won’t find this one at all on the overall Philmont map, and it’s barely visible even on the North Country sectional. Once serving as water supply for the nearby mining town, this isolated reservoir is tucked up in the woods slightly west-northwest of the current camp. It’s a regular stop now for ROCS (Roving Outdoor Conservation School) crews who learn of its role as home to a unique variety of salamander that stays in an amphibious state for its entire life, unlike most salamanders that eventually live on land.



Cimarroncito Reservoir. Photo by George Segelken.



Philmont Reservoir. Photo courtesy Philmont.



Webster Reservoir. Philmont MPS photo by Emily Schmidt.

The Fine Art of Burro Riding

By David L. Caffey
High Country Contributing Writer

Sometimes we could get into some good capers down at the [Ponil] horse barns. Most of the time we practiced roping on the fence posts or pitched horseshoes, but when we were feeling a little bit wild we could run a few burros into the corral and do some rodeoing. Once you had caught a burro, you could put a halter on him, bringing the lead rope around his neck and tying the loose end up by the other jaw to form a rein. This does not mean that the burro would know what you wanted him to do by your motions with the reins, or that he would care to cooperate if he did know; the rope just gave you something to hang onto.

Getting on a burro bareback is not easy since there are no stirrups or anything. If the burro is very big, you have to throw yourself up across his back on your belly and then wriggle around until you can get your other leg over his back. Once you are on, the burro will do one of two things. Either he will run completely wild, or he will just stand there and ignore any command to go. I always favored the first response, because if the burro didn't go on his own, the watchers would take it upon themselves to see that he did go, and spooking him from behind or swatting a tender area would usually be enough to send him into orbit.

On my first ride the burro was in a mood to run and he went into a fit, galloping around the corral and looking for a way to get me off him. He ran me under the eaves of a barn and through a



Photo by Nathan Glover. Second place, "Animals and Wildlife" category, 2016 Staff Photo Contest.

small herd of burros bunched up in one corner of the corral. Then he charged for the fence and that was enough for me. As he plummeted into it, I grabbed onto the fence rail and got away pretty well unscathed.

My next ride was a bummer. After a short run the burro started quick-stopping and went into a jerky bucking routine. His pitching wasn't violent, but I could feel myself slowly going down the tube. Every time he threw his head down and kicked back, I would slide a little more forward on his back and on up over his shoulders. Finally I was out on his neck, which was narrow and bony and didn't work at all as a place to sit, so I tumbled and hit the ground on my tail bone. The burro dashed his hoofs in front of my face a few times, then galloped off. If you could keep from getting kicked in the head, it was a good ride.

Editor's Note: Reprinted from the author's iconic book, Head for the High Country. PSA is printing a special 50th anniversary edition of the book this summer. Available in July from the PSA.

SHORT STUFF

A Model Partnership

Just saw the article on the Valle Vidal (December 2022 issue); awesome. I never worked for the Forest Service but had a close relationship with Kaibab National Forest for my two years at Grand Canyon with the National Park Service. The Forest Service is one of the land agencies that allows high impact recreation. To me, the philosophical miracle of what happened with the Forest Service and Philmont was the perfect blend of recreation, conservation, and wilderness preservation.

Ken Block (75-77, 79-81)

Sad Day Indeed

Sadly, I remember well the death of USAFA Cadet First Class Scott Manly in 1987 (January 2023 issue). I am fairly certain it was at Crater Lake, not Miners Park. I was the ranger for a crew one day behind him on the same itinerary, camped at Lovers Leap that afternoon and evening. After the storm, I suspected that something bad had happened since a lot of vehicles came up and down the road across the meadow around dusk. I found out the news the next day when I arrived at Crater Lake. That incident, and my wife's cancer 10 years ago, are the two life experiences that remind me of the fragility of life, no matter what our age.

Matt Terribile (86-87)

Editor's Note: USAFA Ranger Scott Manly died on August 2, 1987, after being struck by lightning while out with a crew.

Correction: On the back cover of our March issue, we incorrectly identified the bright object and star group above the Tooth as the planet Jupiter and the Beehive Cluster. They are actually Venus and the Pleiades (the Seven Sisters). Thanks to PSA member George Garmany for that correction!



Getting a Head Start

Came downstairs this morning and my daughter is reading *High Country* and says, "I'm not staff yet but will be someday so I am going to read this now!" To top it off, she is wearing my fleece Philmont pullover from 1994 (I think). It shrank while in the closet all those years and I couldn't wear it anymore so she has commandeered it.

Michael Mitchell (97-98)



Future Phil-staffer Lorelei Mitchell.

The Adventures of Young Waite Phillips: Quicksilver Days

By Michael Wallis

Continuation of an ongoing series.

With his diploma and a new suit of clothes in his satchel, Waite was ready to enter the world of business and make his mark.

In August 1903, he moved to Iowa's coal-mining country. There Waite found a niche in Knoxville, Iowa, the seat of Marion County, southeast of Des Moines. He accepted the position of bookkeeper at Hawkeye Coal Company, where [brother] L.E. was a stockholder, secretary, and manager of the firm. [Brother] Frank and some of his Creston associations were also major Hawkeye stockholders.

Waite's starting salary was forty dollars a month, and that time none of his big brothers paid the wages under the table. He wore a necktie and suit every day of the week, including Sunday, when he attended services at the Methodist church. L.E. and [his wife] Nora allowed Waite to take a room at their home – a pleasant two-story frame residence with a front porch ideal for visits on evenings and Sunday afternoons.

Waite kept his nose to the grindstone, making frequent visits to the company mine in connection with his clerical duties. He also got around Knoxville as much as possible. There were all kinds of parties and a whirl of social activities, so he made many new friends, especially among local young people. His natural



Waite Phillips at graduation, 1903.

good looks and boyish charm made him particularly popular with the young ladies.

One afternoon late in that summer of 1903, one of his many acquaintances, Miss Tony Kauffman, introduced Waite to a young woman who would remain a key part of his life forever and ever. She was a pretty lass, just turned sweet sixteen. Her name was Genevieve Elliott.

We attended dances together and she taught me that social art. – Waite Phillips Diary, 1903

Waite admitted later that at their very first meeting, he was struck hard by the charming Miss Elliott. Although she was

still very much a young girl, four years his junior, Genevieve's grace and style absolutely enchanted Waite. He had never met anyone quite like her. She was refined and poised, but not at all stuck up like some of the other young women. She also happened to be the daughter of the wealthiest banker in town, J.B. Elliott.

A steady job with a decent salary and a cozy room at his brother's home did not stop Waite from once again becoming gypsy-footed and anxious to roam. Not even squiring around the most desirable damsel in town was enough to quell what Waite called his "wanderlust tendencies."

Continued with Hawkeye Coal Co. work and with the usual social activities of a young man 21 years old from January 1 until April 1. Then instinctively feeling restless and the need for change made a trip to St. Louis, Mo. and worked in the Southern Hotel there.
– Waite Phillips Diary, 1904

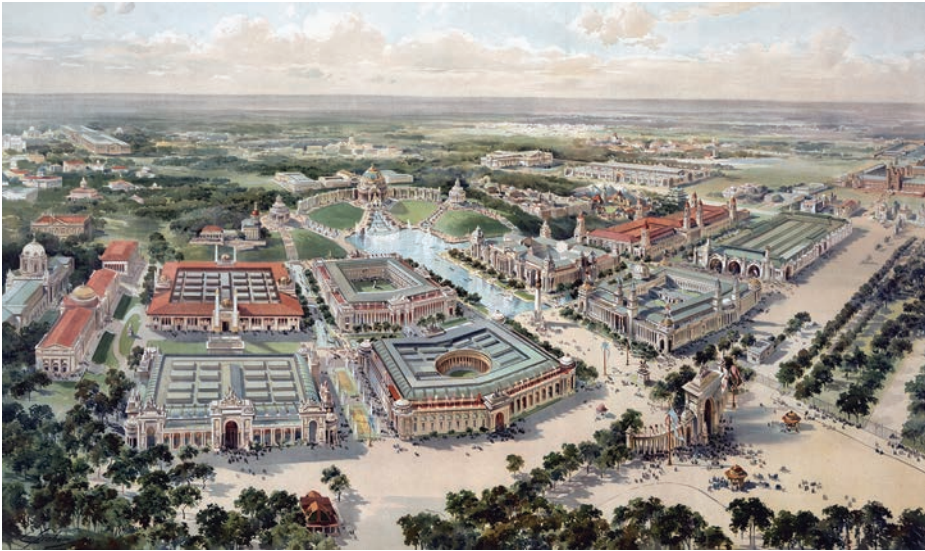
For a young fellow such as Waite still itching for adventure or, as he put it, "instinctively feeling restless," Saint Louis was the one place on earth to be during 1904. It was a thriving city – the fourth largest in the country. More importantly, it was the site of the Louisiana Purchase Centennial – considered by many to be the grandest, perhaps even the finest world's fair ever staged.

Waite was right there in the thick of things for the grand opening, on April 30, 1904. The ceremony included music and prayer and plenty of speeches. Waite spied John Philip Sousa, the vigorous bandmaster and composer, immaculate in his smart uniform. Waite looked up as the thousand flags suddenly fluttered from their masts, fountains exploded in geysers of water, and Sousa lifted his baton. The yearlong celebration started



Above: J.B. Elliott and his daughter, Genevieve. Below: Daily program for the St. Louis World's Fair. Courtesy St. Louis Public Library.





The sprawling Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Image courtesy Missouri History Museum.

with the blare of trumpets and thousands and thousands of people, including an excited young man from Iowa, all cheering themselves hoarse.

The world's fair was everything that had been promised. Waite did not miss an attraction or event. He took it all in – every ornate hall, palace, and pavilion – and went back for more. Of



President Theodore Roosevelt at the world's fair.

all the many enticements Waite was especially drawn to the Pike. This was a mile-long stretch where folks could view sights from around the world, feast on the newly invented ice cream cone, or ride an enormous Ferris wheel.

Apparently a month of adventure was enough to appease Waite's "wanderlust tendencies" – at least for a short while. After only a little more than thirty days, he bade farewell to his co-workers at the Southern Hotel and the sights and sounds of the glittering world's fair. At the cavernous Union Station, he caught an Iowa-bound train and headed back to Knoxville.

Waite picked up his former routine without missing a beat. He resumed living with L.E. and Nora, joined the local Masonic lodge, visited his parents at Gravity and, on a part-time basis, returned to his job at Hawkeye Coal. Besides his bookkeeping duties, Waite also handled some sales work and served as an assistant superintendent at the mine. He also went calling on Genevieve

at the J.B. Elliott home. The young couple continued right where they had left off, with dance lessons and social instructions.

From Jan. 1 to March continued same duties with Hawkeye Coal Co. The coal reserves becoming rapidly depleted, however, and with railroad car trouble it was decided by the directors and management to close the mine, sell the equipment, and quit operations.

– Waite Phillips Diary, 1905

Being out of work was not something altogether foreign to Waite, and he was not particularly worried about his prospects. Besides, his big brothers Frank and L.E. had other irons in the fire, and Waite hoped that he eventually would be able to hook up with them.

Waite had not been the only Phillips brother to take in the world's fair. Frank had also visited Saint Louis. As he roamed the grounds, Frank bumped into the Reverend C. B. Larrabee, a Methodist minister whom he knew from Creston.

Larrabee told Frank about his recent tour of duty as a missionary in Indian Territory. Frank was spellbound by the tales of cowboys and Indians, outlaws, and other colorful characters. Larrabee's stories of the lively little towns fascinated Frank.

So did the reverend's vivid descriptions of a black substance oozing out of the prairies not far from burgs with names such as Pawhuska and Bartlesville. Larrabee said the black stuff was crude oil. Folks down there in the Indian Nations called it "black gold," Larrabee said – and some of those folks had become very rich.

Editor's Note: Excerpted from Beyond the Hills: The Journey of Waite Phillips, ©1995 by Michael Wallis and the Oklahoma Heritage Association, available at store@philmontscoutranch.org. Reprinted with permission of the author and the Oklahoma Hall of Fame. Visit their websites at <https://oklahomahof.com> and <https://michaelwallis.com>.



The Palace of Liberal Arts, one of the many pavilions visited by Waite at the world's fair.

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TRAIL TALK

1970s Jim Schaffer (Photo Lab 75, PC Sawmill 76, PC

Clear Creek 78) retired from Boeing in 2017 after 35 years with the company. He currently works on hypersonics as he travels the country in his Airstream. He writes, "Working on the Philmont staff has been life enabling." Residence: Owens Crossroads, AL
E-mail: jrschaffer@aol.com



By far, the most well-run organization with the brightest, most talented employees was Philmont. Philmont set the baseline for the rest of my career." Residence: Albuquerque, NM.
E-mail: scooterphd@hotmail.com

2020s Wayne Sanders II (NSM Docent 22) retired nine

years ago after teaching sixth grade in public school for 35 years. He was named to the inaugural edition of *Who's Who Among America's Teachers*, coached girls' and boys' varsity tennis, was advisor for the Ski Club, and ran the school's recycling program. He has served on staffs of six national and world jamborees and is a recipient of the Silver Beaver Award. He writes: "I travel extensively, having visited all seven continents and almost 100 countries so far." Residence: Akron, OH
E-mail: svtrees@sbcglobal.net

1980s Scott Robinson, Ph.D. (Ranger 82, TR 83) retired

as dean of Tarrant County College in Fort Worth in 2020. He's now writing a book, publishing articles, presenting at conferences, and hiking. He writes, "After Philmont, I worked for a Fortune 500 company, a municipality, the defense industry, and multiple institutions of higher education."



PHILMONT IS UPGRADED TO BLUE TOOTH TECHNOLOGY

IN MEMORIAM

Jerry C. Lewis (PTC Faculty 92), 75, of McKinney, Texas, passed away on July 9, 2022. He served as a county court at law judge from 1985 until retiring in 2006, and also served many years as Scoutmaster of Troop 303. A recipient of the BSA's Silver Beaver Award, he has a day named after him in McKinney for his service to that community's youth. His son wrote, "Philmont was one of his favorite places, and experiences, in life."



Jack Malaney (Security Officer 97-99+), age 75, passed away on March 5, 2023, at his home in Cimarron. Better known to Philstaffers and Colfax County residents as "Kojack," Malaney served with the Marine Corps in Vietnam before beginning a lengthy career in 1972 as a Cimarron-based trooper with the New Mexico State Police. After his retirement from law enforcement, he worked for several years as Philmont's chief of security.



A Tip of the Phil-Hat to:

PSA and Philmont family members named as 2023 recipients of the BSA's Silver Buffalo Award, presented annually to recognize "truly noteworthy and extraordinary" service to youth:

Sal Ciampo (PTC Faculty)

Don Dare (PTC Faculty)

Andrew Miller (Logistics 12)

William "Mike" Perkins (PTC Faculty)



Joel Eacker (PTC Faculty and Philmont Ranch Committee)

Janet Griffin (PTC and Villa Staff 95-00; PTC Faculty)

Editor's Note: It's becoming increasingly common for a half dozen or more PSA members to receive this award each year!



Bob Funk, Express UU Bar Ranch owner and 2020 PSA Silver Sage Award recipient, 2023 inductee into the Hall of Great Westerners at the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City, where Bob coincidentally happens to reside.



The CS Ranch, Philmont's eastern neighbor, celebrating the 150th anniversary of its founding by New Mexico legend Frank Springer in 1873. The Davis family, owners of the ranch, have been firm friends of Philmont for decades.

POEMS OF PHILMONT

Arise and Shine

Saddle up your packs, my friends,
a bright June morning's calling you!
No words or signs alone can sing
the truth that love can bring

Through river canyons rangering,

Greg Hobbs

*Rayado Canyon near Fish Camp, Philmont MPS
photo by Chase Ensz.*