

# Oranjemund Newsletter

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1980



**Bogenfels Rock**

# Cranjmund Newsletter

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# "SCOUT JAMBOREE 1979"

We apologize for the lateness of this account of Stephen Wain's trip to the Scout Jamboree in July. With the school year that Stephen lost last year, he had to really get going to catch head work on his return from America and was only able to write the story towards the end of the year.

It is a pleasure to report that he passed his MA's and only failed English at the University Examination last. He is re-writing that one subject later in the year, and we are sure that he will pass it then.

"Once a Scout, always a Scout" were the words of Lord Robert Baden-Powell. My Scouting career began in Christchurch as a Cub when Mrs. Paddy Wain's as Aileen and Miss Nancy Coffin at Balfour put me through to Scouts. Charles Linsley (Digby) taught me most of what I learned as a Scout. It was in 1975 at the time of the World Jamboree held in Norway that Charles encouraged me to continue with my Scouting at high school in Cape Town. Because of this I was able to qualify for the 11th World Jamboree which was scheduled to take place in Kilsbuck, Iran July in 1979.

I set my mind on becoming a Springbok Scout which would qualify me to represent South Africa in the Worldwide Brotherhood of Scouting. However, being a Springbok Scout did not mean immediate admission to a World Jamboree. I was fortunate in being selected as the representative of 3rd Flinders Tropic to appear before a panel of eight Scouts in June 1978 at Headquarters in Cape Town. When I was told that I would in fact represent South Africa in Iran, it was the realization of a dream that had haunted my sleep for many months. It was after my selection that my home town's people of Christchurch came into the picture when they sponsored my cycle ride from Cape Town and thus provided a good proportion of the necessary money to pay for the trip.

The 10th-Jamboree was to have taken place at a well developed campsite known as "Yama Khayyam" near Mashhad. Yama had been used in developing the camp, manufacturing the barren "moonrocks" into an oasis. I believe the 12th Camp has since been turned into an agricultural and vocational training centre. The theme of the Jamboree, had it been held in Iran, was to have been "Cultural Development through Cultural Exchange". This means that we were going to swap ideas on South African culture with those of

Scouts from other countries. I based my focus on South West Africa Namibia which meant that I had to trace and study the various influences of the country. In addition I was assigned a projective design a gateway to the Jamboree Tropic. Ivan Mayson, the founder of Scouting in Christchurch, helped me considerably in these two tasks.

When it became apparent that Iran was undergoing a revolution the World Scout Bureau in Geneva cancelled the Jamboree. South African Headquarters, though, decided that the Jamboree, as far as their own Scouts were concerned, would still take place. They decided to send three separate contingents to America, Europe and Australia. I was offered a place in the American group with Colin Inglis, the Chief Scout of South Africa as the leader.

One condition of not being part of the South African contingent was that we had to obey a code of conduct which would be laid down by Scout Headquarters. At the pre-Jamboree camp, held at Lakepark in May, we were given booklets describing our destination in the United States, Philippines. A number of films and slides were shown and we discovered that Philippines would provide fantastic hiking conditions. It is located in north east New Mexico to the State of Chisos (Band of Chisos) stage of the Rocky Mountains and covers 55 000 hectares of mountainous terrain. Traversing over the plains is the Tooth of Time, rising to nearly 10000 metres. In the

planning days of American served with important landmarks on the nearby State F1 Trail.

Pre-Philament training was absolutely essential for this rugged high mountain adventure. We discovered that 800 more steep rock climbs were not unusual. The altitude would vary from 3000 metres at the base camp to 4000 metres on Mount Baldy. Physical fitness was important because of the 20 - 30% less oxygen at those heights. On arrival at the Philament camp each troop would be divided into a crew of ten members who would take a distance of between 80 and 120 km during the ten-day stay. The special conditioning exercises that we underwent before leaving South Africa were to prove of incalculable value later on.

On June 11 I was appointed temporarily Patrol Leader and given my insignia. On the 18th the Cape Town Scouts assembled at the City Hall to meet the city's Mayor who wished us luck and gave us a letter of introduction to the Mayor of Denver, Colorado. On the night of 22 June, I was ceremoniously presented with the Springbok Scout Award, a proud moment in my life. The next day the Cape Town contingent flew to Johannesburg for an assembly of Scouts from all over the country at Bedfordview Sports Hall. There we were imposed for uniforms, kit, canteens and that our badges were all worn on correctly. On 24 June we had to choose leaders for the trip, so that we could help each other in case of accidents. My buddy was Jacob Makhala (John), a Mosotho from Williams.

We waved farewell to our relatives and friends at Jan Smuts Airport on 25th



The end of my 400 km cycle journey for Stephen on the left. The trip was sponsored by the people of Christchurch and helped Stephen to pay for his journey to America, described in this article.



*Springbok. Group stands in a line. Says prior to leaving for the Embassy.*



*Some of the Scouts at Bedfordshire. The right on the right are the men of Bedfordshire area.*



*At Newport.*



*Scoutmaster and mother of Jim Green. Airport, Johannesburg and before departure.*

that day and set off on the journey to Rio de Janeiro which we reached at 15000 or 20000 feet. A second dinner was enjoyed that night at the Hotel Plaza near Copacabana Beach, our headquarters in Rio. The next morning we went up early for a pre-breakfast run and jog along the beach front. After breakfast we went by cable car to the summit of Sugar Loaf mountain which towers over the city and its beaches. Our two days in South America were spent examining and exploring.



*The House of Liberty.*

We left during the forenoon of the 25th and arrived at Kennedy Airport early the following morning. Using Greyhound buses we spent two interesting days visiting all the well-known sights of New York, starting of course with a trolley ride to the Statue of Liberty. We travelled uptown, downtown and cross-town from Battery to Harlem, through Times Square, Madison Square and Greenwich

village, to the Bowery, Chinatown and the Civic Center. We finished at the Shakespeare Restaurant, visited the United Nations Building and Rockefeller Center, Lincoln Center and Central Park, the George Washington Bridge, Fifth Avenue and Tiffany's. That evening we visited the twin towered 110 stories high World Trade Center.

On the 26th there we boarded another plane for the long journey across the Great Plains to Denver, Colorado. On arrival we were met by Scouts from the Denver Area Council, U.S. Airman hosts took us to the Air Base where we met our hosts with whom we stayed for the next five days. Our hosts, Mr and Mrs Harding, both of whom were already connected with Scouts made our stay an interesting and most enjoyable one. They took us camping in the mountains at Jefferies, took us to a baseball match between the Denver Bears and Chicago, arranged a tour round the Union Brewery and even introduced us to the initial celebrations for American Independence Day.

Colorado is the Spanish word for "red" or "reddish" and was bestowed on the state by the earliest explorers. The eighth largest state, it lies within its borders, like those of the eighty two United States mountain peaks over 12700 ft high. Denver is a real City of the Old Wild West in the Rocky Mountains. Its museum is a treasure house of Red Indian lore, Wild West memories and gold Rush memorabilia. The grave of Buffalo Bill is on Lookout Mountain near the impressive Rocky Mountain National Park. Colorado also boasts the highest auto highway in the world which winds its way through the mountains, often along the edge of ridges that drop straight down into the forested valleys. South of



This sight has proved millions of Americans in the USA.

the National Park is Central City, formerly one of the liveliest, wealthiest, wealthiest mining camps on the old frontier.

Wednesday the Fourth of July, American Independence Day saw all the Scouts en route to the Junction at Philmont with a few days less and head south to Colorado Springs with the snow-covered Continental Divide gleaming in the early morning sunrise sky. We drove through the 6000 hectare United States Air Force Academy, we like a green jewel amongst the rugged Sangre de Cristo Range. Further on we passed through Cimarron, which is like a page out of the history book of the Old West. The name means "wild" or "untamed" in Spanish and echoes memories of Billy the Kid, Clay Allison and other famous gunfighters who lived there.

The first few hours at Philmont were spent checking in, meeting the Rangers who would teach us the hazards of the mountain area while taking with us for the first two days of our stay, visiting the Quartermaster for equipment, the Librarian for our supply of food and the Logistics Officer with whom we planned our trips. We were very impressed with the immense organization of Philmont Base Camp which is so large that it resembles a small town. The staff of the camp are all Explorer Scouts and many of the Rangers are, surprisingly, girls.

Our crew, who were to stay together for the whole camp consisted of nine Scouts, a Chief Advisor and a Ranger. The day after arrival we were due to depart on our first hike but all activity was brought to a standstill by a violent

ourselves bringing heavy rains and intense lightning. While waiting for the storm to abate another crew arrived back with an unconscious Steve on a stretcher, who had been struck by lightning. When the gale subsided a little we set out in the rain for Galois Springs Camp where we spent our first night and cooked a delicious meal in a Dutch oven. The glacial bears were our greatest hazard because of their keen sense of smell. We had to hang everything with a strong smell like ketchup, even soap and toothpaste, and especially our socks in a specially designed bear bag between two trees.

By early in (5:30) the next day we hit the trail to get a head of the other crews with a similar destination. We liked the Dutch oven and collected our food supplies for the next three days, thereby laden, we hiked through a wind gap between two mountains and down into Spruce Camp where we camped. Here we were taught how to make our own butter and then to use the butter that they find.

Another early rise the next day allowed us to witness the sun rising in a blaze of crimson. After loading our Ranger, Jack, Incewell and hoping that he had caught us enough to allow us to survive in the mountains and forests we climbed a steep 1,800 feet out of the canyon. After the Trail bench we continued to Camanche Peak Camp which has no food or supply. The scenery was spectacular and a good breeze revived us before we ascended Camanche Peak (alt 10,000). Our pace was fast but we were behind the other South African crews. At 20,000 the going became really hard because of the shortage of oxygen in that height, and I felt weight that we were carrying. A member of one of the other crews became "altitude sick", requiring a pulse rate of 140. On reaching the summit we set up camp and discovered, to our dismay, that two American and one South African team had already arrived. Later in the afternoon we hiked down the peak to hunt for spring water, but returned in time to view the panorama viewed from the west slope. After a good day's walking we were able, at last, to relax, rest, and appreciate the mountain splendor. That night proved to be quiet and beautiful with a full moon pervading the Pecoscan pine trees and illuminating the dead snow.

The next day was Sunday, but no day to rest. We broke camp at 06:30 and departed for Mt Phillips (alt 10,700). We were the first to reach the summit, after overtaking other South Africans at the timber line, 2000' below and eventually, and proudly erected the South African flag, purchased in Cape Town for just such an occasion. We had ambushed two American crews on their way up and engaged them in a snowball fight. Eventually leaving the peak, we hiked down to Clark Creek Camp where, after lunch we had "Mountain Man" training



View from Snow Bench in the Sierra, U.S.A.



Stephen, second from the right, and his crew on the summit of the 13,700-foot high Mount Phillips.



John with the Dutch oven (right) and Ed with the South African flag.