



A Meal Fit for Blair Atholl

Another wonderful day in Blair Atholl, only this one is slightly different from all the rest. Normally, it would start off with a good, healthy breakfast followed by a quick inspection. But this day was unlike all the others, it was Sunday. Today, there was no inspection, no rush to clean up and get into uniforms. Today was a day of activities that would be taking place all day long that scouts from all over the camp could participate in. Right besides our happy campers, we also had visitors from our neighbouring Satellite Camp, where the younger scouts practically inundated our own grassy fields with bright, smiling faces and an eager appetite to trade badges and other such stuff.

After a great day filled with fantastic games that everyone could enjoy, the sub-camp uncles and cousins jumped into their roles by making everyone a fabulous dinner. Comprised of mouth-watering delights, the repast of the evening consisted of barbecued sausages, pork, steak, lamb chops, chicken, boiled rice and vegetables, fruit, crisps, and to drink, the choices were the normal orange-water, orange juice, and apple juice. It was a most tasty dinner to be sure. "I thought it was good," said Derek Hague, 17, of MacLean sub-camp. "Aye, it was the best meal yet, apart from the chicken curry that Rhian made."

There were a few party-poopers who felt that it was just more camp food to be swallowed against painful stomach cramps just like all the other nights. But the general consensus was one of a delectable meal that everyone enjoyed, especially the visiting Satellite campers. "It was good. At least we didn't have to cook and clean," said David Magill, 16, of Morrison sub-camp. To be sure, it was a good thing for the scouts to conserve their energy, for there was more merriment yet to be had. A few hours after dinner had been consumed and the food had settled contentedly in the bellies of the youths, a dance was set to get underway that would bring more laughter and happiness to this already blessed camp.

Michael Papurello (USA)/Alistair Jamison (Scotland)/Derek Hague (Scotland), MacLean



Ceilidh? What's a Ceilidh?

That was the question that many Scottish campers were confronted with before last night's superb event, but boy do they know what it is now. The night started off with a rousing rendition of the Gay Gordons which even the mention of the name brought about smiles on international faces. The night continued as it started filled with colourful kilts and funnily enough some dancing [if you can call it that]. The Kross Kafe was constantly busy as the kids recovered after keeping up with the pace of the dancing. The band supplied great music all night and were excellent at explaining the dancing to the international scouts (and providing a welcome reminder to the Scottish ones). The set dances went down well with all, although a lot were dizzy. The night was rounded off with an Orcadian Strip the Willow. Mr. Cheese said "aye but no but" when asked if he enjoyed the dancing. So we finish with a big thank you to the entertainment team for another fantastic night.

Dave and Ali
(Perth & Kinross, Gibraltar)
Morrison Family.



Rumours ...

There are rumours of a werewolf in the Blair Atholl vicinity as farmers have unexplainably found dead sheep in the river. Also, a large fairy was seen in the staff area and behind staff lines, granting peoples wishes and looking for a massive Christmas tree. To finish, the Atholl experience has been described as muddier than ever. There is also a rumour that the Chief Scout will be taking part in the Jamborette on Wednesday.

Thanks to the Uncles from Morrison sub-camp for spreading the love.

Dave and Ali (PK and G) Morrison

Stomping!

Stomp is a musical band made up of recycled rubbish, such as, bins, kettles, tins, bottles, brushes, pots and much more. There are also lots of materials involved in Stomp like, wood, metal and plastic.

One of the instruments played in Stomp are called the Boom whackers, which are hollow tubes made out of plastic. These tubes consider of different lengths and colours which each produce a different note.

At the country fair, an American band played the Boom whackers at a high standard.

Jill Dalglish -
Satellite Camp -
6th/13th East Kilbride



ALL OUT WARFARE!



In the **scorching** heat of the high Sunday sun, a vicious **war** broke out between the subcamps of Blair Atholl. Unsuspecting Morrison scouts were suddenly bombarded by a barrage of water balloons, unknown to them MacLean scouts had prepared for war with an impressive arsenal of water balloons, fire buckets and three-man catapults. Undeterred by the apparent ferocity of the MacLean warriors they marched out bravely to defend their hallowed gateway, fighting back bravely as many of their number fell in a watery blaze of fury. However as the battle raged on and more balloons poured down on the venerable tents of Morrison. Angered uncles stirred from deep within the bowels of the subcamp, came forth to silence the large guns of MacLean. The masses were dissipated but their spirits not dampened slightly as they prepared once again to march on. However this time not against Morrison but against Robertson. More MacLean Scouts poured from between the tents of their subcamp, ready and bitter at their failure to soak any of the Morrison uncles. However unknown to the MacLean scouts Robertson were a worthy foe and cunning too, with only a limited supply of water balloons the initial bombardment of the Robertson scouts and tents was a poor attempt and the two enemies quickly became locked in a stalemate as Robertson unveiled their own catapults. Whilst the fighting continued at the front, Robertson spies were quickly closing in around the MacLean scouts working their way stealthily toward the taps where MacLean volunteers were working tirelessly to fill more water balloons for the war effort. Ambushed by the Robertson operatives, the positions were quickly compromised and lost. With their supply routes cut off the MacLean efforts were slowly dwindling. Suddenly in the heat of battle a young satellite scout ran across what can only be described as a makeshift no-mans land. With a cry the young boy fell. It is still unclear as to who's catapult injured him but the wound was grievous and the battle ground to a halt, the boy was carried away to a medical tent and has not been seen since, but we've been told he is now in hospital. Our thoughts and prayers are with this boy, another victim of another war. With Morrison and Robertson now wet, MacLean's now battle hardy veterans marched on, this time with the intent of attacking the unprepared and unsuspecting Murray scouts, in an attempt to slake their bloodlust. However on arriving outside the MacLean gateway, catapults and a fresh stash of water balloons in hand, they were confronted by uncle Sharkey (a man with powers comparable to Chuck Norris). Words were exchanged between the leaders of the MacLean mob and Sharkey, silenced and defeated by a single man, the MacLean chieftains headed back to their camp, followed by a long line of disappointed scouts, water balloons still clutched tightly in the hope that one day they will be thrown again...

Reported by Calum and Fraser of MacLean Subcamp

Bothy Cycle Review

For everyone who has done this activity so far, they will understand exactly why the overnight bothy cycle isn't recommended for the unfit. An uphill slog in the evening, over rocky, bumpy hills is then met by swarms of midgies at the bothy. Although quite physically challenging, the cycle is still great fun and the banter with the Angus guys takes your mind off exhaustion. However, exhaustion kicks in soon enough, and everyone hops upstairs for some well earned kippage. Most people I've spoken to about the cycle all agree that sleep in the bothy is the best sleep we've had all week!

In the morning, after a good rest in the cozy bothy, it's downhill all the way back to the campsite. After a couple of bad crashes and a puncture...or should I say explosion of a tire, we were back at the site in time for inspection (unfortunately!). I would definitely do this activity again and I'm sure most of the other guys would too. So, if you like cycling and you enjoy a challenge, this activity is the one for you--but if you enjoy indulging on pies and don't enjoy hard physical exercise, then yer nae cope--stay at home!!

Nathan McConway - Fife - Robertson

Is Everybody Happy?

It seems that everyday, there is something new going on that brings a smile and a bout of laughter to the faces of everyone. No matter what, someone always manages to either make a witty joke, or embarrass themselves to no end. In MacLean sub-camp, Uncle Neal, the man with the pink shorts, said that during the camp-wide campfire, where all the sub-camps came together to sing and have fun, Alistair Jamison stood up after another camp had finished singing and shouted, "CAN WE SING A SONG FOR YOU!?" The entire MacLean sub-camp erupted in uproarious laughter, especially with young Jamison being as small as he is. Uncle Neal said, "This wee guy is legendary."

The shenanigans aren't limited to just the campers though; the staff themselves has a tendency to embarrass themselves as well. At MacDonald sub-camp, Uncle Winn at first refused to comment, but soon relented and related the story of Stuart Imrie, the man in charge of activities for the entire camp. During the same campfire that Alistair shouted out his piece, Mr. Stuart Imrie performed, or rather attempted to perform, a special dance for the campers. He slipped on the slick grass, wet from a slight drizzle that had fallen earlier. "All the staff was laughing. His kilt was all over the place, except where it was supposed to be. It wasn't something anyone wanted to see." It was certainly an accurate summation.

Nowadays, the campers take delight in one another by randomly shouting out a specific phrase that gets a response no matter where you are. "Is everybody happy!?" and the response goes, "You bet your life we are!" which is then followed immediately by a small dance. "It is so stupid," said Gene Semeniuk, 17, of MacLean sub-camp. However, the feeling amongst the scouts say otherwise, being used frequently, bordering on annoying. Still, many campers have fun when singing the little ditty, so for now it shall remain.

Michael Papurello, USA/Alistair Jamison & Derek Hague, Lanarkshire - MacLean

Fishy go KABOOM*



We set off on a somewhat bumpy bus journey to a small lake up past the castle, collected crazy rods (some of which were not actually crazy) and walked to the waterside. I was extremely glad that the bait was NOT maggots, but merely Green Giant Sweetcorn – only the best for these fishes. I managed to hook my finger three times before I had the bait on and was ready to catch some massive monster fish. I'm pretty sure it was about 25 minutes and half a bottle of orange juice before I realised I couldn't see my float anymore. Grabbing the rod, I started to wind the fish in, tiring it out and looking forward to seeing how big my catch was. Once I had finally tired it out and brought it out of the water, I saw just how big my monster was--three quarters of a pound. Woohoo! It was even more exciting when the next guy's fish was nearly twice the size of mine. But still, I had caught a fish (yay). I only wish I had hooked a boot on the end of my rod. Come on, what are the odds of that actually happening?! It will happen one day...IT WILL. After arriving back to the campsite, slapping Gavin with my fishy (who I named Patrick) and generally annoying people with the wet fish, we EXPLODED him with a knife, obviously, plus Bru and sedatives. Well, maybe not the last two. But we did cook him. And he was yummy. Actually. I must recommend fishing for everyone, except those who continually hook their own fingers. That's just me. SO, FRANCES DON'T GO FISHING. As a last comment I must say this, "SOMBRERO SLUG!! HE SHALL RULE THE WORLD ONE DAY!!"

*fishy may not actually have gone KABOOM. He may have gone KERFLOW or BAZOINK. Yes, BAZOINK, that'll do. Robertson, Strathaven, Scotland

**I'M A SUB CAMP UNCLE
GET ME OUT OF HERE**



**Tuesday 25th July
20:00 - 22:30**



If you have done crafts can you please come and collect your items. Thanks from the Crafts Team

Hike and a Half

We were all gathered outside the marquee where STOMP is set. We collected our pre-made lunch and our two 1.5 litre bottles of water and headed for the main gate of the campsite. After a 15 minute wait for the minibus, we were on our way. We headed towards Glen Tilt - and headed further up a side road towards Carn Laith. The first part of the walk was an easy start to the day up a gentle road. After walking for roughly half an hour we reached the foot of the hill where we took

our first break of the day. After a quick swig, we were on our way. Little did we know that we would be in for a physically demanding hike up a Munro. For those who do not know what a Munro is, it's a hill in Scotland above 3000 feet.

After half an hour to 45 minutes, we thought we had finally reached the top. But little did we know that the hill had a double horizon. A little cheesed off and wanting our lunch, we took another 10 minutes to reach the true top of the hill. Relieved that we had reached the top, we sat down and had some lunch which consisted of 2 cheese sandwiches, a peperami and a carton of Ribena. Feet aching and very exhausted, we slowly made a decent down the hill. After about half an hour, we were on a slow going down the hill when we saw three deer. They were there for only a matter of seconds and we thought nothing of it. But as we got further down the hill, we could see along an open part of ground, and to our astonishment there was a pack of over 70 deer. It was the most amazing site any of us had ever seen around. But sadly, after we continued to walk on, we lost sight of them. As we neared the end of the hike, we started to descend down a large slope.



On the way down, we were confronted with a large RAF helicopter which was flying down the glen. The helicopter was roughly 20 metres in front of us but low enough that we could see into the cockpit.



Finally, as we reached the minibus to go home, we caught site of a dead salmon at the bottom of the river. The fish was over a metre long. The leader in charge of the hike went down to the side of the river, jumped, dived to the bottom of the river, and collected the fish. After an exhausting day, we headed home for some KIPPAGE (sleep).

Ryan Hamilton(Hammy) & Matt Buchan (Squeak) -Fife ,Robertson

Max's jokes

Two cows are standing in a field. One says to the other, have you heard about the mad cow disease that is going around. Second cow says yes I have but I don't have to worry about it coz I am a helicopter.

Two sheep are standing a field, one says to the other baa. Second one says dam I was going to say that.

Two ducks are in a pond, one's dead.

How do you stop a lawyer from crying? Take the gun from his head

How do you keep an idiot busy for three hour's? Put, "Please Turn Over", on both sides of a piece of paper.

Max Trainor - Morrison - Gibraltar

Strange, Random & Frankly Quite Worrying Stories @ Robertson Sub-camp

- ♦ Boys from the Borders were seen setting their underwear on fire (maybe they had been lying!). A fire bucket had to be taken over to them.
- ♦ The Aberdonians strange "tattoos" have been worrying and confusing camp staff. It appears their "artistic ness" doesn't stop at drawing randomly on each others bodies. There is a ginger bread man and a murder outline on the grass in front of their camp. The "police tape & murder outline" scenario has been worrying other sub-campers.
- ♦ The Lanarkshire-Poland patrol, (with help from some Americans), managed to create an insanely sugary hyper-power drink...and then gave it to Captain M-T. It has been said that he drank ALL of the boiled up Irn Bru with added sugar and then started annoying and irritating everyone in sight. Insider information tells me that he tried to walk into his tent but then walked into the tent POLE. It seems only Rebekah from the Lanarkshire patrol had the sensible idea of giving him coffee. Rob from Hiawatha insisted that his tent smelled of *mystery word*.
- ♦ One boy from the Randshire patrol tried to sleep in his hammock last night. Anonymous Uncle said he saw him, left him there for about 10 minutes and then heard a bang onto the table.
- ♦ Last night around the Robertson campfire, there were some mysterious phone callings to random people at 10 o'clock. Boys from Aberdeen and Coatbridge, (who shall remain nameless for now), were phoning people and telling them that they were pregnant. Unfortunately for them, one of the girls' dad answered the phone.
- ♦ David Orr and Podge Productions have created the ultimate camping invention – the Fire Stick. It was invented on the 20. of July 2006 and was first used by the Ayrshire patrol. Instructions for the Fire Stick can be found in the Robertson Marquee.

Frances Woodcock, Scotland, Robertson Sub-Camp

Davy Hay's party extravaganza

On Friday night, there was a huge party in the Murray sub camp. The party was hosted by the Banff and Buchan patrol which invited around 40 people to join them for dinner.

The food was excellent. They cooked chicken korma followed by apple pie and cream. They invited both staff and scouts from lots of different sub camps not knowing most of them.

Peter, one of the hosts said, "Rare fun ma loons. Thanks to abedy who went and might plan another one this week!"



Simmy commented, "Aye, it was guy rare."

Dr. Hay, the head chef said, "fantastic atmosphere. Thanks to all the chiefs that came, especially Marten and Skip(Brucey). It was hooren ace and NAE BAD!"

Tam an Dav - Scotland - Maclean (Skips)

On the Rocks

Over the past week of the camp, the white stones that are meant to represent a Celtic symbol at the top of the hill, have been mysteriously rearranged during the night. Kross Kurrents' Man on the Street, Nathan McConway, asked campers their opinions of what they would rather have instead of the Celtic knot:



Connor-Fife!

Jamie-Celtic F.C

Uncle Sandy-The Robertson 'R'

Uncle Robert-A picture of the earth.

Several people have requested the stones be arranged into a certain shape like at Blair Atholl 2004...

And finally, Adrian from Angus would like the stones to say – That's Nae Cope like!

Nathan McConway - Fife - Robertson

Orienteering – great adventure in Forest

Have you ever been in forest only with map? If not, you have to try orienteering! It is great adventure for active teenagers like you – dear reader.

I am sure that you ask "What is it?". When you are in forest your staff give you map with marked point. Your task is find all points. People run in forest with their one mate. Which group will be faster? I don't know. But don't wait and let's go for orienteering! Moreover people always say something positive about this activity, for example: "It's brilliant, and I met new friend" said Stuart. " This activity taught me using map" tells Matt to our reporter.

For the end our advice : Keep comfortable shoes, something to drink and smile on your face.:-)

Melania Pelczynska/Maciek Krakowski from Poland "Robertson"



LOST AND FOUND

Uncle Martin from Murray Subcamp has lost one of the tassels from his sporan. The other two tassels are missing the lost tassel dearly. There is a big reward of TWO bottles of Irn Bru for anyone who hands in the CORRECT tassel to Uncle Martin in Murray. ☺

Ryan Hamilton (Hammy) & Matt Buchan(Squeak) – Fife - Robertson