

Boy Scouts of America Troop 280



Summer Camp at Bowman

Part 2

(...Begun in Part One)

Rain came on Thursday, the tension from tired and worn scouts rose, and our site score went down two points. I may have broken my



kayaking paddle in half while rowing furiously through the lake that morning. Theatre merit badge held skits that evening, and Johnny and the Soup was revived

once more with a fiery passion, featuring mainly the older scouts in the cast. Craiggles, Chris, and Collin held a campfire in Robinson for Communications merit badge. There were scary stories, knock-knock jokes, songs, a sea shanty from Mr.

O'Neill, Johnny and the Soup, a closing prayer, and cobbler made by Jake, who also made numerous applesauce dishes over the week. In addition to all of this, I thanked the troop for a kind favor they did me.



A notebook was purchased at the firework show for me with everyone's signature on the first page, telling me to "Keep Writing!" I expressed my thankfulness as I do now: it is so wonderful to have the troop encourage my writing! It is a big reason that I love to be the Historian. A "G" for Goshen on the front was a reason I wished not to



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buy the notepad for myself; however on receiving the gift, I said that I would look at it as a “G” for Garback.



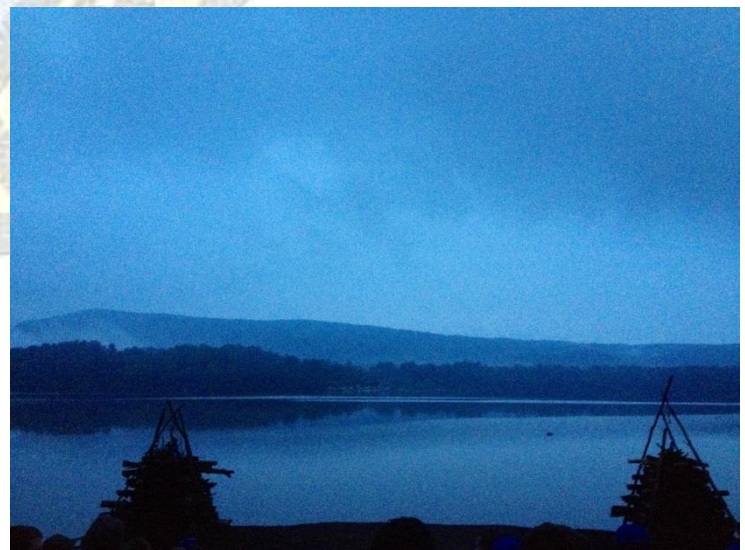
Friday's weather was rain, rain, rain. However, morning badges were still completed. The afternoon badges had ended Thursday due to them beginning a day earlier than the others. The welding program at Bowman was new, to say the least, so the badge was not finished on Thursday. Many scouts went on Friday to complete it. For four hours we waited as one problem after another emerged, whether it was rain, gasoline, machines, wires, or communication.



One bonus was what has been named the “Welding Feist” by Mr. Oakley. Having missed dinner at welding, the scouts received an entire bin of food to enjoy under the Handicraft pavilion. All but three scouts received a partial, or incompleteness, of the badge. Back at camp, I may have (possibly) had a meltdown of laughs and moans, repeating, “Partial!” and, “Four hours!” I may have. May.



At 8:00, we rose the flags on our new flag pole and took a group picture before the Bowman flag lowering and campfire. The rain held for these things, and



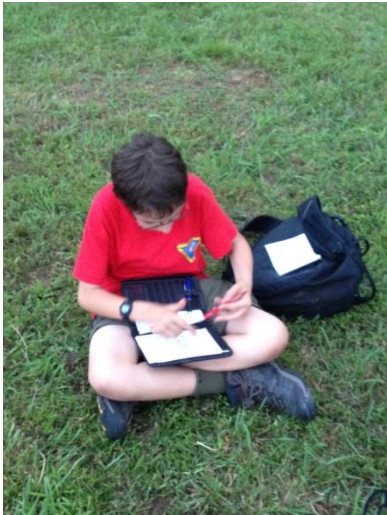
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then came down in the middle of the night. We woke at quarter of five in the morning to find one patrol site's dining fly in a ruin from the passed storm. Everyone packed and departed, a small breakfast provided before we drove off.

A quicker journey home brought us back by 1:00 where we unloaded our gear and separated.

Many memories were made through the "Bowman Goo" and Virginian woods. Buster won an award for the most pep in his first-year scout program. Hacky Sack became an official troop game. The clothing industry was revolutionized with space blankets. Picking wild raspberries is now a cool thing to do in spare time. Tara, Tim, and Mike (staff) are three new friends. The most popular merit badges for the troop included orienteering, theatre, astronomy, and welding. Our site points scored at Robinson did not win us any trophy, but we did come very close, or so we were told by Tim.



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A few scouts advanced in rank over the week, an exciting achievement. The average number of merit badges received was five.

After all of the negative and positive things that can be said of Camp Bowman, the most significant thing, and perhaps the only thing to really matter, is the sheer fact that the troop spent a week with each other to grow and bond; to adventure and laugh. That is what matters with scouting in the end, and is what the sole purpose of the BSA is, in the heart of it. That's what I like to think. It is amazing that our troop can go anywhere and make it into a cherished place for memories. While Virginia may never see Troop 280 again, fingers crossed perhaps, all of us will see Virginia one day when we search the crevices of our minds to remember the "good old days".

Or something like that.



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