



WWII Weekend

The troop returned to the Reading Air Show, as is our annual tradition, last weekend. We had eighteen people attend, which is the highest amount in many months! It truly seems that no one can ever get enough of the WWII Weekend.



We left, as we usually do, on Friday evening around half past seven. On our way up, Mrs. Chalupa had her Easy Pass. This was shaping up to be a fantastic trip (I guess)!

The drive took about two and a half hours. This year, we tried a new campsite, which is called Shady Oaks. From what we've seen so far, it is perfectly suitable, and the owners are very friendly (*and* there aren't any demonized teddy bears, which is a bonus).

For breakfast we made bacon, sausage, eggs, and toast. The process flowed well, so we were able to eat, clean, and leave for the air show by eight-thirty.

The Reading Air Show is a familiar event for those whom have attended before, but it maintains its strong character and excitement for history. Scouts splurged



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on war uniforms, weapons, and other items. There is such a vast collection of options for purchase, and that doesn't even include the food. Aircrafts, performers, reenactments, museums, displays, and interactive stations densely cover the Reading airport's fields.



Although the skies were covered in clouds, it was still ghastly hot. The crowd was steady, and time flew by.

We met at half past three to leave. Back at camp, we made cheeseburgers and French fries for dinner. The owners of the camp were celebrating their one-year anniversary, so they kindly invited us to have some cake. Naturally, we just had Tom and Craig "dance" awkwardly around their dancefloor. Then we prepped for the swing dance, which we arrived at near eight in the evening.



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It was a very fun event, with most people dressed up and dancing in the hanger. The weather held up for everyone, too. A few scouts danced with some girls (and one of them may have been me).

We left in time to get back to camp before it was really late.

Spots of rain came in the middle of the night, but there was nothing too destructive in our midst.



Sunday morning brought packing up camp and driving to eight o'clock mass at Saint Frances de Sales. After that we had breakfast at the Red Plate Diner. From there, it was back to Bede's.

To some scouts, this was the first camping trip of the summer.

To others, it was the last of the school year. Either way, everyone felt the significance of the weekend. Another year of

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WWII celebration is gone, but I'm sure there are many more still to come.



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