



Skiing

We held our annual skiing trip mid-January this year. We stayed in Mr. Smith's relative's mountain house as usual; this is a wonderful accommodation for us, so we are always thankful. Our skiing resort was Big Boulder; it is the same place that we always attend and everyone enjoys it very much.

On Friday at 7:30 in the evening, we left Bede's. Not much longer after that, the Oakley's car (which I was in, along with Joey) got a flat tire on the turnpike. I swear I had nothing to do with it.

I remember there being a sound like a frozen dead bird smacking onto the trunk and then a rumbling on our left tilting us to the side ever so slightly. Mr. Dodel's car met us on the narrow side of the road, and a state trooper stopped over.

Decisions were made as a light rain came down and 12-wheelers zoomed across our noses. The Oakley's car was towed away and they returned home while Joey and I squeezed into the other car. We

made it to the Poconos by eleven, and all was well.

The scouts had the loft (as we do every year), and watched a little of *The Fellowship of the Ring* before falling asleep.



Tom Garback-Troop Historian
January 15th-17th, 2016



Boy Scouts of America: Troop 280

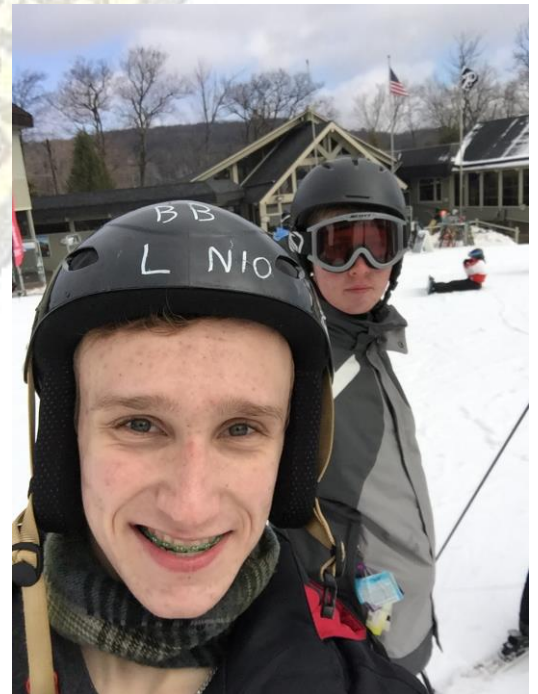
Jake and Mr. Dodel (with my minimal assistance) made French toast for breakfast. Scouts ate at quarter after seven before getting dressed for skiing. Everyone (almost twenty of us) went to Big Boulder, which we arrived at by half past eight. There was no hiking group.



And so the day commenced. Overcast held the skies, but sunlight fought to break through the entire time. The snow was on the slushier side, so it had great grip and control. It was slightly over freezing, and the crowd was mild. Lunch was had in the cafeteria with usual food choices, such as pizza and hot dogs. In total, there were only three (yes, "only three") injuries, all minor: a dislocated elbow, a sliced hand, and a sort-of-sprained wrist. A few others fell with resulting bruises or

bumps (including me, but I'm not complaining).

By 5:15 PM we were gathered inside with our gear returned and ready to leave. At the house people took showers, had pizza and snacks, watched football, and listened to music on the record player in the loft (where it sprung out and down into



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the living room and kitchen with pristine hospitality).

Dinner came a couple hours

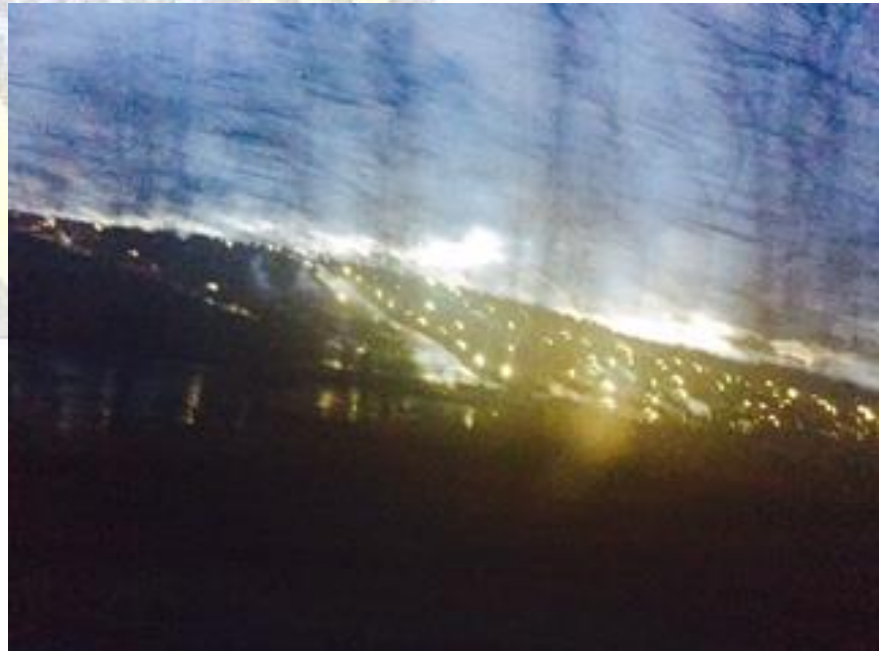
later; there was pork, mashed potatoes, beans, and string beans.

Monopoly was then played, which is never really

“Monopoly”, but rather Troop 280’s *Monopoly*, which (in my opinion) much more

strongly represents corruption in economics.

The next morning we all had leftovers and bagels for breakfast. Then we cleaned the house in record-time and left for mass at Saint Peter the Fisherman. We arrived home by half past noon, and it was cold and windy. Later on in the day, when everyone was home and apart, it snowed like the sky was saying that it couldn’t deny winter any longer.



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