ISSUE 06
January 2011

101 ALUMNI QUARTERLY

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From the President "The State of the Troop"

Tim Ross
President

January 2011

Happy New Year - the 101st year of Scouting – or the first year of Scouting's second century. It's a brand new start in many ways for Troop 101.

Challenges lie ahead for the Troop and Scouting in general: How do we stay "current" and relevant with today's youth and needs, yet true to our past and all those values of Scouting?

A great troop is only as good as its leaders and equipment in offering the boys a once in a lifetime outdoors experience and I am happy to report that, from a trailer and vehicle standpoint, the troop is looking pretty good. We have some money to spend this year on canoe repairs before the Algonquin trip and we will be addressing that issue in the coming months.

We look to the alumni for help putting away a few dollars for when those needs come along. We also are fortunate to have the alumni return from time to time to visit and even help with various programs. I cannot tell you how much this means to the Troop.

Speaking of money and the luxury it provides us in being the best we can possibly be, we have been fortunate that our two major annual fundraisers have been very successful. Year in and year out, our annual Spaghetti Dinner, if you will pardon the pun, has been the Troop's bread and butter. Perhaps by now, you have heard that the Spaghetti Dinner is relocating. (You can read the story on page five of this issue) This is yet another challenge and a dramatic change for us and we are keeping our fingers crossed in moving the annual Palm Sunday dinner to Blessed Sacrament Church. Please help us spread the word.

Through the past five issues of The Alumni Quarterly we have been true to our rich heritage in bringing you in-depth profiles of some of the successful Scouts the Troop has produced. On page two, the featured profile on Eagle Scout #58 Rob Sloan is no exception. No matter where life takes Rob and many other Eagle alums like him, they never seem to forget their experiences with the Troop and how it played a huge role in making them successful people today.

That you and your fellow alums remember the value and importance of this Troop is deeply appreciated and we welcome your suggestions for the Website, our Facebook page, or whatever you can offer to help maintain those ties between that previous century and the Scouts of this one.

-Tim

Alumni Spotlight

Rob Sloan

Cincinnati, Ohio

Troop 101 Eagle Scout #58 - May 12, 1994

Having departed Warren many years ago and heading south for Cincinnati, Rob Sloan, (Eagle Scout # 58, May 12, 1994) has hit his stride in the Queen City where he is partner in an advertising and web design venture.

Entrenched deep in Troop history as a founder of the Great horned Owl Patrol and well remembered for his many campfire renderings of The Cremation of Sam McGee during Troop campouts, Rob took time from his busy holiday schedule to catch up with the Alumni Quarterly.

How's Eagle Scout #58 and life in Cincinnati?

Life is generally good: wife of eight years, six year old son, three year old daughter, dog and a house that's continually filled with laughter.

Like many others we have profiled, yours is a situation where you left Warren/Howland and never came back?

Warren was like a pitstop – a really freaking long pit stop. My folks were transferred from Buffalo, New York when I was a kindergartner. And as soon as I enrolled at the University of Cincinnati, they packed it up and headed to Cleveland. If my in-laws didn't live in nearby McDonald, I'd rarely make it back at all.

And to be honest, Cincinnati feels the same way. Except I've been here for fifteen years. While I'm not crazy about the city itself, the friendships, our church, my company, my two brothers and my son's school gives us plenty of reasons to stay.

You are a partner with ample? What is ample and what do you do?

Ample is a small advertising shop, with a strong suit in interactive (web) design and development. I am one of five partners in the company and one of two graphic designers. We all worked together at our last place of employment (which obviously didn't pan out). So, we started our own agency. Two years later we're thriving, have an office in downtown Cincy and recently hired a couple of crazy talented people. Personally, the experience has been a great test of faith and fortitude. I'm continually grateful for my partners and our business. You can check out our work: http://helloample.com

Is there anything special that Scouting prepared you for in this line of work?

Before having an office, we carried all our equipment in giant wooden boxes like the Ark in Indiana Jones – or like a Patrol on a Troop campout.

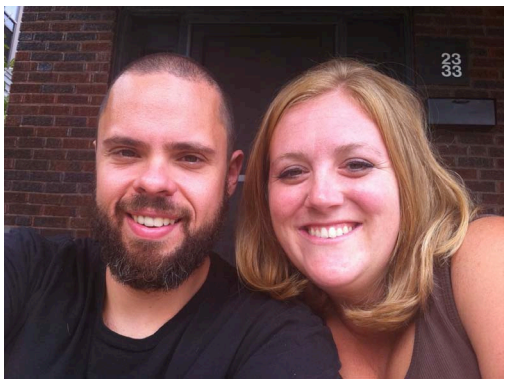
I wouldn't say there's any specific skill that I picked up in Scouting that applies today. However, Scouting instilled in me the confidence to lead. Now that is something that has truly shaped my life.

Do you keep in touch with some of the other guys from back in the day?

Yep. Although I don't see them often, they're still like brothers to me, Greg Dew (#54) and Justin Aubuchon (#61).

What are your earliest memories of joining Troop 101?

I actually transferred from another troop in the area when I was thirteen. At the previous troop, I was the SPL. As you can imagine, that didn't fly too well at 101. It didn't take long before I found my place, the front of the line on a ten mile hike as the pace setter. Oh well. It put some hair on my chest. (And maybe a little on my back. Um. Too much information.)



Rob and his wife, Kristen

Was there any particular time you almost gave up? Who or what changed your mind?

Webelos was seriously lame. I almost threw in the towel. My dad told me to hang in there and finish out the sentence. He asked that I give Boy Scouts three months. If I still didn't like it, then I could quit. Obviously, I stayed. Turned out it was damned good advice.

Many Troop alumni recall your reciting The Cremation of Sam McGee, by Robert W. Service at Troop campouts. Can you still recite it today?

Heck, no! 863 words? Are you kidding? I can barely remember my social security number. Although this may take some time, I will memorize it once more. And some day, recite it again at a winter campout. (Gulp!)

To be fair, the McGee thing wasn't an original idea. There was a fellow who rocked this long before I did. I don't recall his name but I do remember him wearing Uggs twenty years before they became "fashionable." It was a long poem and very impressive to hear recited. I can't think of a more relevant story on a cold winter campout.

Speaking of cold winter campouts, as we read in the previous issue of the Alumni Quarterly Jim Potjunas gives you much credit for helping name the Great Horned Owl Patrol along with Mr. Stephens during a blizzard at a Chickagami Winter campout. You have vivid memories of this?

Oh yes. At that time (and I suppose at any time past and present), there was a bit of angst between the senior leaders and the adults. The aptly named Skunk patrol had the advantage of, well being adults, money, resources, etc. They wore their snooty customized stocking caps while being served hand and foot on campouts. It didn't sit well with us. We had to show our resistance but in a tactful way, like one that wouldn't get us in trouble.

Then came the idea. What's the main

predator of the skunk? We had no idea. So we consulted the Troop Library, Mr. Stephens. With a growing smile he put into flight our legacy, the Great Horned Owl Patrol.

The irony? Eventually, we all became Skunks. Ah, the nearsighted rebellion of youth.

While we're reminiscing, any memorable stories to share about your scouting career with Troop 101?

On a certain fall campout, I can't remember where, our site was near a pond. I recall being on the other side of that pond when I heard the crisp sound of metal on metal cutting through the cold air. Bang! Bang! Bang! I wasn't sure what was going on so I bee- lined it back to the site. There I found my friend Greg Dew. A very, very amped-up Greg.

For some reason Greg decided to pound down a few very rich banana boats. You know, where you stuff a banana full of chocolate and marshmallows then toast it over the fire until it's a gooey mess of goodness. The sugar was more than he could bare. His outlet? Banging two metal pots together like a cymbal-clanking chimp wind-up toy. Needless to say, banana boats were stricken from all future menus. Tang would shortly follow Thanks, Greg.

Story number two: Portraying the cook in the smash revival of the campfire skit, "Makin' Beans". Enough said.

What's the reaction from people when they find out you are an Eagle Scout?

The question I get most frequently goes like this: Scouting is pretty cool, right? I mean, you go camping, wilderness survival, repel, hike, play with knives and fire. That's some sick stuff, especially for a kid. So why do they make you dress up like such dorks in those stupid uniforms?

But for the people that have donned the green and red knee-highs, they're typically impressed. And even more so, once I begin telling them about 101.

Quite an experience, wasn't it?

Yes, and I've yet to experience an organization, inside or outside of Scouting, that rivals the impact that Troop 101 makes. Mr. P's dedication to this program blows me away. He's placed the needs of his community in front of his own year after year. I can't imagine changing the lives of so many people in such a positive and enriching way. The volunteered time necessary to do this is simply staggering. I'm truly blessed to have shared in this exceptional brotherhood. Thank you very much for the opportunity to stir up these special memories.

Son, Calvin and daughter Maggie

Poem: The Cremation of Sam McGee

There are strange things done in the midnight sun, by the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales, that would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights, but the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge, I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold! Through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'taint being dead—it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;
Then I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked;" . . . then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun, by the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales, that would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights, but the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge, I cremated Sam McGee.

Greg Gold Named "Lawyer of the Year"

Troop 101 Eagle Scout #31
October 13, 1987

Greg Gold, Troop 101 Eagle Scout #31 (October, 1987) has just been named "Lawyer of The Year" by LawyersUSA, a respected weekly publication.

A Denver attorney for the last 15 years, Greg has been highly successful as a trial lawyer and a number of years ago was chosen "The Outstanding Young Trial Lawyer" by The Colorado Trial Lawyers Association", which he is now an officer and a director.

Over the years, Greg has had some very high profile cases including one that put him on ABC's Good Morning America interviewed in New York by Diane Sawyer.

But recently he outdid himself when he asked a jury to award $10,000,000, but the jury awarded $15,000,000 against Wal-Mart in a slip and fall case, a notoriously difficult type of case to win. It is the largest verdict of its kind in the annals of American law.

Greg discovered and proved in the middle of trial that Wal-Mart had lied about the whole case in a terrible cover up for nearly 3 years. It was a true Perry Mason moment.

Wal-Mart is doing everything it can to get the case overturned. Greg pointed out to their general counsel and some of their high profile lawyers that Wal-Mart founder Sam Walton was an Eagle Scout just as Greg is, and that ole' Sam would not have been proud that they had violated the first point of the Scout Law – A Scout Is Trustworthy!

"Sam would not have been proud that they had violated the first point of the Scout Law – A Scout Is Trustworthy!."

Greg is the son of Troop 101 Alumnus and noted Warren Attorney Ned. C. Gold.

LawyersUSA
www.lawyersusaonline.com

Another Viewpoint

Ten Things Boy Scouts Taught Me

By Geoffrey Webb

"Watching the 100-year anniversary Jamboree on the Internet reminded me of how much I got from Scouting myself," – Geoff Webb, CFO, Eagle Scout, New York City

Here are ten things Boy Scouts taught me:

1. How to tie knots. I'm amazed how many people don't know how to tie a good knot – let alone the right knot for the right job. If that's you, here are some basics.

2. Working hard and playing hard go together. Pour yourself fully into whatever you're doing. I can remember getting home Sunday afternoon after a campout, falling asleep, and not waking up until the next morning. To this day, I don't know if it was the work or the fun that wore me out more.

3. How to build a fire. Something stirs deep within a man's soul when he masters fire. If you've ever nurtured spark into flame – on purpose – you know what I mean.

4. Teamwork works. Boy Scouts aren't saints; they're normal boys – complete with all the bravado, awkwardness, and selfishness associated with most adolescent males. How we learned together to overcome our immaturity and find ways to work as a team continues to serve me with grown-ups today.

5. How to face fear. I learned to swim before I was a scout. At scout camp I got the chance to swim a mile. Then I learned how to swim out to a thrashing, drowning person twice my size, subdue him, and drag him to safety. I threw up the morning before my Lifesaving Merit Badge test.

6. Farts are flammable. 'nuf said.

7. How to cook on a campfire. I can make more than cereal now because I was forced to cook breakfast and dinner over open flames.

8. Lots of archaic stuff. I learned to ride a horse, use a compass, shoot a bow and arrow, navigate by the stars, built a lean-to, tell time from the sun, identify edible plants, show respect to others, keep myself physically fit, be prepared, and to help other people even when it's inconvenient.

9. How to be miserable…and like it. Let's face it, for most of us being uncomfortable at times is just part of life. Learning to be cheerful in miserable conditions has been a wonderfully free-ing skill. Life is an adventure and rarely goes as planned, but whatever happens there's a joy if you can find it.

10. Service is powerful. Ultimately Scouting works because it's focused on something more than just campouts and merit badges and troop meetings. We were – and are – part of something bigger than ourselves; an organization that is, at its core, about serving others.

Editor's Note: *Geoff Webb, Eagle Scout, is Vice President and Chief Freedom Officer at Graceworks, an international leadership and communications consulting firm in New York City.*

Three Troop 101 Eagles Receive Centennial Eagle Patch

Three of our Scouts made Eagle in 2010 and will receive the Centennial Eagle patch. Alex Jimenez, Don Witt, and Mike Fenstermaker.

Congrats to Mike, Don and Alex!

Major Changes to Historic Troop 101 Annual Spaghetti Dinner

April 17, 2011 Annual Fundraiser Moves to Blessed Sacrament Church

For three decades the Troop has held its annual Palm Sunday Spaghetti Dinner fundraiser at the Elks Club. However, with the Nicholson Center leasing out most of the Elks upstairs, it is impractical for us to hold our Spaghetti Dinner there. We have made arrangements to use Blessed Sacrament Church, where Pack 101 meets.

This change will present several challenges and opportunities for us. We are going to need help from everyone to make this work.

At the Elks, we have been “spoiled” when we needed something. All we had to do was run downstairs and get it. We must now plan well and take everything with us to Blessed Sacrament.

Tables, chairs, logistics will all be new this year. So there will be challenges throughout the day. A few extra hands and a flexible attitude will be needed to make this a success.

This dinner along with the accompanying basket sale conducted by Eagle’s Wings is critical to our fundraising. Please do whatever you can to help through this change.

Spaghetti Dinner 2010

The potentially good news is this: with the dinner conveniently located in Reagan Hall near the Sanctuary, there may be a nice spike in attendance from Blessed Sacrament parishioners. On the other hand, mindful of a possible attendance drop due to the change in location, we are going to have to guesstimate very carefully on how much food to purchase and prepare. It is going to be difficult to anticipate how many people will attend.

Please contact Alumni President Tim Ross or Scoutmaster Jim Potjunas if you would like to lend a helping hand.

Trivia

1. Who was the spotlight of our Second Issue, last Spring?

2. What High Adventure Trip will take place this August?

3. How many Centennial Eagles are there from Troop 101?

4. What two requirements make a 101 Eagle Scout a "101 Eagle"?

5. What will a Scout in Troop 101 receive when he passes First Class Camp?

Fun Facts

The Troop 101 Photo Gallery contained 37,204 images and Videos from 1975 - 2010.

This will be the first year the Spaghetti Dinner has not been held at the Elks Lodge.

Answers

1. Greg Joseph
2. Algonquin
3. 3
4. First Class Camp & Cooking
5. A Hiking Staye & Red Stripe on his Neckerchief

Scoutmaster's Column

A Look Back at Eagle's Wings

Jim Potjunas
Scoutmaster

Originally the Mothers' Auxiliary, Eagle's Wings had its name change and rebirth during the Family Campout of June 1994. It was a cold and rainy weekend and there was not much to do in the way of regular camping activities. A group of moms sat together under a dining fly during the drizzle and discussed how they might better help the troop. There were several moms present, but the names I remember are Sandy Potjunas and Kathy Aubuchon. It was late afternoon when they approached me with their proposal to change the name because they didn't want this organization to be just for mom's. They wanted to be independent enough to run their own projects, raise their own money, yet still have a direct tie to the troop. I recall them pushing Kathy to the front of the group and declaring her to be their new president.

Over the next year they organized as an independent non-profit, got themselves set up as a Coleman distributor, worked with Committee Chairman, Fred Sloan, to establish a written agreement regarding the relationship that included a loan from the troop of $2,000. They established the basket sale at the Spaghetti Dinner, which was to become their single greatest fundraiser. They continued running the troop Christmas Party and within a couple years, took over the Halloween Party as well. They became our official source for blue neckerchiefs to be silkscreened as the 101 neckerchief as well as the occasional special edition for things like the bike trip. They continued to coordinate refreshments for Courts of Honor and when we moved to Manatoc in 2000, they began planning the Wednesday night picnics.

Back in the day, new Scouts would show up with a $150 sleeping bag or more often something like a Snoopy or Garfield one. Rarely did they shop appropriately as we did not do a good job of educating new members about equipment. The Coleman dealership brought good quality, low priced bags and backpacks along with an education about what was needed for camping gear. For more than a decade it was the primary source for basic camping gear for Scouts and leaders alike. (I still use my Coleman backpack and sleeping bags.) But Coleman was bought out and the arrangement was no longer favorable. Good quality and good priced gear started showing up at the new camping stores and Wal-Mart's around us. So it's time had passed. (Both the Coleman dealership and the basket raffle were Sandy's contributions to the organization. She ran both for many years.)

It was always part of our annual Christmas Party for Scouts to have a gift exchange. Each Scout would bring a gift worth about five bucks and we would number them and Scouts would draw a number and go home with a new flashlight, mess kit, or compass. One day Sandy said with all our gifts and blessings as a troop, wouldn't it make more sense to do something for someone else? So Eagle's Wings tried a couple different projects including gifts and visits to a nursing home.

Then we came upon the Salvation Army project. Sandy sat on the Auxiliary Board and said there were many families that did not make the Angel Tree for various reasons. Some filed too late. Some had a child that was a year too old so younger ones got gifts and that child got nothing. Well, we tried the Angel Tree idea, wondering if everyone's five dollar gift was going to be enough. But families were generous. Everyone helped and donated far more, as they do today. And when we went out that first Saturday to deliver the gifts, it was unanimous that this would be our annual service project as a joint venture between the troop and Eagle's Wings.

Over the years Eagle's Wings funds have replaced all of our dining flies, all of the patrol cookware, purchased tents, made contributions to the new trailer, helped keep the suburban running, and sent funds to the Troop Alumni Association to help build up that fund for the big ticket items. In its heyday, the Coleman distributorship helped out several other troop as well as the Girl Scouts with low cost quality gear. Many of the faces have changed over the years. The organization is so much more than the original Mother's Auxiliary that my own mother used to run with Nancy Peterson back in the 70's when the troop first started. They have new leadership again this year as other Scouts age out of the program. And there are some new and exciting ideas being discussed. Which reminds me, I need to go ask them about some new tents . . .

Have you seen all those photos!!!

www.troopphoto.troop101.net

The Troop 101 photo gallery now contains over ***36,000*** photos from 1975 to the present. New to the gallery, check out some old Patrol Movies and Slideshows!

Chickagami - July 1992

Algonquin Canada - August 2003

Algonquin Canada - August 2007

Winter Event - January 1999

Family Camp - June 2002

Manatoc - October 1982

101 ALUMNI QUARTERLY

Upcoming Events

- **Annual Spaghetti Dinner**

  The Troop will be holding its annual Spaghetti Dinner on Palm Sunday at The Blessed Sacrament Church. Be sure to note the change in location this year. More on page 5 in this issue of the Alumni Quarterly.

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