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AND MORE!!!

Dr. Ken LaPolla & Crew - Jamboree 2013 - We Had a Great Time!

By Dr. Ken LaPolla, ASM, Troop 101

In July, Cole Kuszmaul, my son John and I were able to spend a lot of time together at Jamboree 2013 exploring the brand new Summit Bechtel Family National Scout Reserve in the backdrop of West Virginia's New River Gorge Region. To put it mildly, the Summit makes a bold statement-foretelling a vibrant second century for Scouting.

Cole and John saw Scouting on a whole new level, meeting scouting celebrities, such as the Chief Scout Executive, Wayne Brock, The National Commissioner, Tico Perez, Mass, celebrated by the Arch Bishop and Ambassador from the Vatican, and other Scouts from all over the country.

Funny story. We three were visiting the Brownsea Island exhibit and John, hesitantly, started playing some old Scouting games. He started to get really competitive and taking on some of the other Scouts when someone stopped him and asked, "Are you John LaPolla?" Long story short: this Scout was in our Cub Scout Den with Pack 101! It was Johnny Link, who moved to Columbus

just after we crossed over. John then saw the fellowship of Scouting first hand. It was no longer me recognizing others I knew from days gone by.

This was my first Jamboree as a participant. My very first was as a Staff Member in 1981 and I have visited at least two others in between. But, by far, this was the best experience because nothing beats some father and son time together.

The new Camp is beautiful and the facilities top notch. I would give it a 9 out of 10, because we can always improve and this was definitely not a Jamboree for wimps. We averaged 15 medical helicopter flights and over 70 bone fractures a day mostly from the BMX, Mountain biking and skateboard areas. We easily walked 10 to 15 miles daily. The shooting ranges were an hour walk from our Camp, the climbing walls about the same, and the "Garden Spot" view and activity Camps three hours.

Compared to Algonquin, which is my baby, (John was supposed to named Opeongo, "Opi" for short, but that got overruled quickly) this trip was just as much fun and rewarding. The group of Scouts we had, got along as well as any well-seasoned Algonquin group. The Scoutmaster, Larry Elswick, was a great leader for the boys and knew how to get their enthusiasm up. As a matter of fact, all three of us leaders were at the 1981 Jamboree as Scouts, the first Jamboree at Fort AP Hill, and this, the first Jamboree at Bechtel.

As far as changes go, they truly wanted this to be a high-tech Jamboree, incorporating as much online and App utilization as possible. Being the first has its downside.



John LaPolla & Cole Kuszmaul at Jamboree 2013

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Feature profile: Steve Wisniewski

Troop 101 Eagle Scout #83 - May 18, 2000

Editor's note: In past issues of the Alumni Quarterly we have featured pictures of the Troop 101 flag flying in combat over Iraq and Afghanistan. In this issue of the Troop 101 Alumni Quarterly, we get a chance to catch up with Troop 101 Eagle Scout, Army Captain Steve Wisniewski, who took the Troop flag into combat, and hear about Steve's rewarding military career. A word to current Troop 101 Scouts: you'll want to pay close attention to Steve's advice.

AQ: Bring us up to date on your current status and where you are stationed.

Steve: I am currently stationed at Fort Rucker, Alabama as a student attending the Aviation Captains Career Course. Following the course at the end of October, I will be attending the Maintenance Test Pilot Course for the AH-64D Apache Attack Helicopter and Aviation Maintenance Officers Course.

AQ: You no doubt have been in some interesting situations - which ones stand out?

Steve: I have been blessed to experience many unique, amazing, and sometimes challenging situations. Here is a once-over-the-world of my career:

I graduated from The Ohio State University with a Bachelor of Science in Industrial and Systems Engineering. That same day, I had the honor of taking my Oath of Office for my Commission as a Second Lieutenant from Senator John McCain. I started my military career at Fort Benning, Georgia attending Officers Basic Course for three months and then flight school at Fort Rucker, Alabama for almost 2 years.

My first military assignment was with 2-159th Attack Reconnaissance Battalion in Illesheim, Germany serving as a Platoon Leader in a Line Company for over two years. In 2010, I deployed with my Battalion to Iraq for 11 months participating in Operation Iraqi Freedom and Operation New Dawn. Upon redeployment back to Germany, I was assigned to a Battalion staff position and served as the Assistant Operations Officer for 2-159. From May 2012 to March 2013, I deployed with the unit again this time to Afghanistan for Operation Enduring Freedom serving

as Battle Captain and Aviator for Task Force Gunslinger in FOB Sharana for nine months and FOB Shank for one month. This past June I came back to Fort Rucker to attend the Aviation Captains Career Course.

Many experiences stand out for me personally. To start, when I was a cadet in ROTC at Ohio State I had the honor of participating in the Color Guard for every home football game at the Horseshoe starting my sophomore year. I had a chance to carry the huge American Flag and command the Color Guard Detail for many games. I not only had the privilege to lead one of the coolest details in ROTC but I got to attend all home OSU Football games for free. I still get goose bumps thinking of all those memories in the Horseshoe, especially when OSU faced "that team up North!"

Having the opportunity to fly the AH-64D Longbow Apache was a dream come true. I have over 1000 hours (over 700 Combat hours) of flight time in the AH-64D. My greatest personal achievement flying the Apache was earning Pilot-in-Command status. As awesome as "flying" the Apache goes, that feeling pales in comparison with the immense gratification of protecting the Soldiers on the ground. The Apache is the apex predator in our current fight in Afghanistan against insurgent forces. It is an angel in the sky for all the friendly coalition forces on the ground. Even the presence of an Apache severely deters any enemy action. Nothing gives me more satisfaction than hearing the countless "thank you's" from the folks on the ground. The Soldier's job on the ground is much harder and much more important than my job as an Aviator and my job is to do everything I can to support their mission.

Another experience that stands out was having the opportunity to go to Israel for two weeks and train with their Apache pilots. Their hospitality, generosity and professionalism were

impeccable. The highlights of this training included a full aerial tour of Israel from an Apache, air-to-air dog-fight flight training against another Apache, and a humbling tour of Yad Vashem Holocaust Memorial Museum. It was truly a once in a lifetime experience.

I have had other unique experiences, mostly from my last tour in Afghanistan. Serving as a Battle Captain in the Tactical Operations Center and flying in one of the most dangerous parts of Afghanistan was at times challenging, terrifying and sobering to say the least.

Although my deployments have not been the most pleasant experience, I have had my share of fun. While stationed in Germany, I had the opportunity to explore Europe and visit Paris, Berlin, Florence, Venice, Nice, Krakow, Rome, and the cities, villages, and countryside of Germany. I have taken two road trips through the Alps and into Italy. I have also fallen in love with the German Autobahn, German beer, and the famous Nurburgring, a 12-mile LeMans-style driving course. Unless you go to the track, Germany is the only place you can truly enjoy a sports car. I also met the love of my life over four years ago, a beautiful German woman, and we recently became engaged. We are planning a spring wedding next year.

AQ: Then there's that Troop 101 Flag flying in combat, which meant a lot to



Steve, in "his office."

those of us back home. How did you pull that off?

Steve: I was home on a 15 day R&R in the middle of my deployment and I asked Mr. P. if I could take a Troop 101 flag back to Iraq. If I recall, I think he was a little hesitant and concerned whether he would get the flag back. After some reassurance, he gave me the flag and I took it back to Iraq. As a Platoon Leader I was flying on average about 6 days a week, so getting it on a mission was not an issue.

The second time I flew the flag was a little bit more challenging. My Dad had to request the flag from the Troop and then mail to me in Afghanistan. As a Battle Captain, I was flying a lot less than I did in Iraq- about twice a week. However, towards the end of my tour I earned Pilot-in-Command status and flew almost non-stop the last month of my deployment (nine out of every ten days). This time the Troop flag was in a much more dangerous environment, both in the air and on the ground. I flew the flag on my first "cherry" flight as a Pilot-in-Command. Another cool fact is that my co-pilot for this flight was an Eagle Scout also!

I wanted to fly the Troop 101 flag in a Combat Mission for several reasons. First, I wanted to fly the Troop 101 Flag as a matter of pride. How many Boy Scout Troops can claim that one of their Eagle Scouts has flown their Troop flag on a Combat Mission in two separate conflicts? Probably not many! I have flown many American Flags on Combat Missions. However, I wanted to fly something more unique and personal to Troop 101. Flying the flag was a perfect way to take something tangible used by the Troop and give it a unique story. The flag was even driven at a speed of 160 mph on the German Autobahn!

Second, I wanted to inspire current and future 101 Eagle Scouts to do something great and unique. I hope they can take the flag, or something from the Troop, on even more incredible journeys than my own. Imagine a 101 Eagle Scout taking that same flag around the world, up to Mount Everest, or even to the moon, or Mars. Eagle Scouts are destined to do great things, and there is no limit to where that flag can go. Hopefully, another 101 Eagle can take the Troop flag somewhere unique and significant.

Last but not least, I wanted to fly the



Steve with his co-pilot, Gunner Lt.1 Maddy, also an Eagle Scout.

flag for everyone who is part of Troop 101 – especially for those Eagles that are serving in the Military. This flag was flown for all those people who have made Troop 101 a premier Scouting organization, and those people who continue to serve the community and the nation.

AQ: Speaking of the Troop - can you share a favorite story or two?

Steve: Stories such as the time the Troop took over a Summer Camp with squirt guns, being kicked out of that same Summer Camp, Mr. Stevens choral solos at random times, and the "Whiz in the Kitchen" for Cooking Merit badge are all not appropriate for this respectable newsletter. These stories are best shared over a cold beverage among folks who aren't afraid to laugh at themselves.

I'm going catch a lot of flak for this one, but it is the tamest of the good stories. This story is about the infamous Making Beans skit. I will assume the audience knows about the skit. We are at Winter Event in Chickagami and having a camp-wide Saturday Evening song and skit program in the Dining Hall. Prior to Troop 101 doing the skit, Troop 28 leads the Dining Hall in a very "animated" and "exuberant" rendition of "Purple Stew." After the song, Troop 101 is called up to the stage to perform "Making Beans." The whole audience, Scouts and Adult Leaders, promptly greet the actors with boos and hisses as they walk up to the stage. Troop101 "actors" then go on to perform one of the most amazing renditions of "Making Beans" in Troop 101 history. The fast and slow portions of the skit where magnificent, accented by the melted snow which made one of the actors slip, fall, and resume acting without skipping a beat. The piece de resistance came when performing the "Happy" portion of the skit. In a brilliant twist, the actor making the

beans responds to the question of what he's making with a wink and a grin - "Oh, I'm making Purple Stew!". The audience is rolling with laughter. After the skit, Troop 101 receives a standing ovation from the same people who booed them in coming onto the stage.

AQ: What skills did Scouting teach you that came in handy in the military?

Steve: Leadership and interpersonal skills are, without a doubt, some of the most essential skills for being an Army Officer. Scouting helped lay that foundation for developing and refining my leadership and interpersonal skills. I am by no means a 'natural-born' leader and I must continuously work on my own leadership skills. Scouting was the true start of my education as a leader. The leadership challenges I faced as a Patrol Leader and Senior Patrol Leader are almost the same kind of leadership challenges I face in the Military. Scouting taught me early in my youth some crucial leadership lessons and gave me insight into my own leadership style. This leadership experience ultimately has helped me in all the various jobs and positions I have held both in and out of the Military.

Other skills that have really come in handy are the outdoor skills. It surely helped when I was going through SERE School (Survive, Evade, Resist, Escape). It also makes any field exercise a cake-walk when compared to some of the Troop 101 campouts.

AQ: What advice might you offer to today's Troop 101 Scouts, striving for the Eagle Rank?

Steve: Do not let challenges, adversities, or setbacks discourage you from accomplishing any goal or dream you set for yourself. The famous author Napoleon



Steve - in the skies over Afghanistan

Hill wrote, "Every adversity, every failure and every heartache carries with it the seed of an equivalent or greater benefit". I have personally found this to be true.

Too many people give up on their dreams and goals because of setbacks and failures. I cannot tell you how many setbacks, failures, and ordeals I have experienced from my journey in Scouting (including my Eagle Scout Project), College, Flight School and even recently in my career in the Military. Many times, I have thought about giving up and quitting. When I look back, these failures ultimately have taught me valuable lessons, opened new or unexpected opportunities, or even turned out to be blessings in disguise. The best way to overcome these failures is through persistence, desire, and little bit of Faith. You really can accomplish anything you set your heart and mind to do. Do not let failure be your master.

AQ: What does the Eagle Rank and Scouting mean to you now?

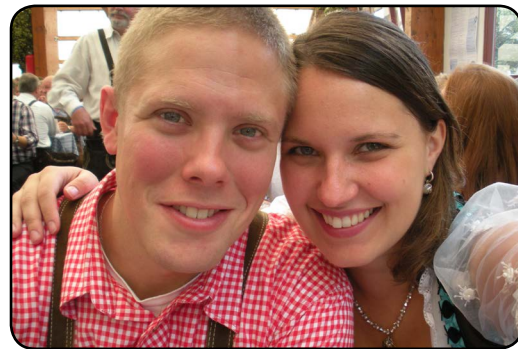
Steve: Scouting and the Eagle Rank are more meaningful to me now than ever before. Scouting has taught me the

importance of Values, Character and Service. The Scout Oath, Law, Motto and Slogan still mean something to me in a world and society sometimes void of Values. The fruits of Scouting are not only in the practical skills it teaches, but also in the character building it instills. These qualities are priceless and few organizations can match the heritage and legacy of Scouting. Scouting also means something more because the memories and the friends I have made will be cherished for a lifetime.

AQ: Where will your military career be taking you in the near future? - Long term?

Steve: Short term, after completing MTPC and AMOC, my next assignment will be at Fort Bliss, in El Paso Texas to take command of a Company for 12 to 18 months. After Company Command there are a number of future assignments and professional/civilian education opportunities that I am exploring but nothing is set in stone.

Long term, I am keeping my options open. There are pros and cons to a military



Steve with fiancée, Astrid, in Munich, Germany.

career that have to be weighed carefully, especially if you are looking at transitioning to the civilian workforce. Family, security, deployments, quality of life, and overall balance are all factors to keep in mind for any decision. Right now, some of my long term goals are to continue my education and earn a Master's Degree. The military has a number of opportunities to further my professional and civilian education and to work in a diverse environment - abroad or with other branches of the military like the Air Force or Navy. If I do decide to return to civilian life, I would still love to continue to serve in some capacity in the Reserves or National Guard. I will see when the time comes.

Philmont Dedicates "Ned Gold Room" Gold Family on Hand for Ceremonies

In a ceremony with little pomp and circumstance, but a lot of laughter, Philmont's Hardesty Casa Central Gold Room was dedicated to Ned Gold, the founder of the Philmont Staff Association (PSA), on July 19. "I'm very proud of this. I'm humbled by it, I'm a little bit embarrassed, but with my narcissism, not completely, about the shrine we have here," said Gold, pointing to a display of photos of him on the wall. "It's usually reserved for dead people."

Gold worked at Philmont from 1959 to 1965. He spent his first two years working as a Ranger, became a Program Counselor at Abreu in 1961, then became a Camp Director at Lost Cabin, Fish Camp and finally Cimarroncito. It was at the Lost Cabin campfire that Gold first dreamed up the idea of the PSA, an organization that has helped make many projects financially possible on the Ranch. The PSA is celebrating its 40th anniversary this year.

The building is vastly superior to the old one, according to General Manager John Clark. "The old room was uncomfortable and irritating," Clark said. "It was full of fond memories, but not what we needed."

Almost a dozen members of the Gold family attended the ceremony, including his two brothers, children and grandchildren. "This is the first time the three Gold brothers have been together at Philmont in 45 years," said Gold. "Stand by for something to happen."

During his speech, Gold shared some of his Philmont memories – like when he forced his son, Greg, to hike the Tooth of Time with a full pack so he could take the picture that currently hangs in the Gold room.

Greg Gold, who was sitting in the front row, chuckled as his father recounted the story. Earlier in the program he had spoken and had the chance to tell a few of his own stories including the one's his father and uncles used to tell him growing up.

"I think the motivation [for the PSA] had to be to create a repository for former staff to listen to these stories over and over again," said Greg Gold.

The Hardesty Casa Central will be used as a year round facility. The Ned Gold Room will be used for training 75 percent of the time and participants 25 percent of the time.

Courtesy of PhilNews, Issue 9, 2013 and Katie Landeck.



Ned and family at the Philmont dedication ceremonies. Ned's son Greg Gold, Troop 101 Eagle Scout #31, stands in front of the sign and framed picture.

THE SEPTEMBER CAMPOUT – “HUNGRY” FOR A CHALLENGE

By Jim Potjunas

A couple of Troop 101 Committee Members had just returned from a day at camp where they had supervised an archery program. Over dinner they discussed how they could increase the interest and fun in the sport for their Warren, Ohio troop. Then it came to them – The Hunger Games!

Fast forward one year to September 2013 as four Patrols arrive at Camp McKinley in Lisbon, Ohio. These Scouts are excited. A couple of meetings back, they had watched a video about the history of the Hunger Games with a narration from their Scoutmaster, err make that the President, that sounded a lot like one of the opening scenes from the movie.



Trevor Patchen and Caleb Martin - At one of the Archery events

Older Scouts were especially excited. Usually, they spend their weekend executing whatever program the Patrol Leader's Council has planned. This time they were invited to just show up and compete. One of the Patrols had converted their flag into a District 6 Flag and they were sporting headbands with their district logo.

They know a little about what was to come. They would play for points. And points could be earned and lost in many ways. They weren't yet sure what those were. But they did know that the winning patrol would go to “The Capital” on Saturday night for a prime rib dinner. The others would report to the quartermaster and be issued the ingredients to make spaghetti.

That evening after the normal setup, while each Patrol was preparing a snack over their campfire, they were each visited by an oddly dressed young lady with greetings from the capital and the familiar phrase: “May the Odds Always Be In Your Favor.” Meanwhile, across camp, four Assistant Scoutmasters were cramming for their roles as mentors and narrators. Other Leaders were setting up two archery ranges, a maze, a fire event, a first aid event, 4 water stops and a cornucopia area.

Saturday morning came quickly with reveille,

breakfasts, and the flag raising. All the SPL knew was that he had to have all of that out of the way and his four Patrols lined up and ready by 9:00. And they were not to be prepared. The instructions were to bring the clothes on your backs and nothing in your pockets. All else would be provided, assuming you were quick and clever enough.

There was that strangely dressed girl again, all bubbly and welcoming. Each Patrol received pins to pin on their shirts. These were “lives” to be surrendered when a challenge was lost. More details to come later. Then she introduced the Game Master. Was that a tux he was wearing? No, it was just a t-shirt. Patrol Leaders recognized him as one of the Assistant Scoutmasters who would certainly provide for a challenging day.

It started immediately with four backpacks in a field littered with all kinds of other little bags. It was a relay race. The first Scout had to retrieve a pack then each other Scout could go after a bag. But two “mutants” were wandering around the field. They were former Scouts who came home from college to help out. If they touched you it was freeze tag. Instead of retrieving a bag, you had to tag and free a fellow Patrol Member.

Once the field was free of bags and “frozen” Scouts, their instructions were to flee to the first point on the map that was attached to the pack. There they found water and a chance to take stock of what they had gathered. They also met their Mentors who also carried a backpack and that notebook they had been studying the night before. Throughout the day they would travel to five different stops as directed by their map. They zigzagged across the Camp and changed each time they heard the boom of a cannon in the distance. Each Patrol had gone in a different direction. Along the way, they accumulated a granola bar, an apple, and a fruit cup for lunch. This put the “hunger” in Hunger Games.

At First Aid, they did the usual stuff, answered questions and the like. But just when they thought



Chris Pospisil - Fire Building

Trivia

1. What color on the American Flag is associated with vigilance, justice, and perseverance?
2. What is another name for an evergreen tree?
3. Who was the first Chief Scout Executive of Boy Scouts?
4. What is the name of the game that Baden Powell used to teach Scouts to be observant?
5. What constellation is shaped like a "W"?

Fun Facts

Jamboree 2013 had 30,037 youth and adult participants.

Scouts and Venturers ventured off the Summit property to give back to West Virginia communities. Over 148,800 hours of service.

1. Blue
2. Conifer
3. James E. West
4. Kim's Game
5. Cassiopeia

Answers

they were done, the instructor walked across the site and covered up a table that had a bunch of First Aid stuff on it. He then asked them to make a list of what was there. This was for the rest of their points. Why hadn't he said something before?

One of the Archery stops had them shooting for things that would help along the way. Another stop had them build a fire to burn through a line that held a bag suspended from a tree. One Patrol used flint & steel and eventually succeeded only to find out they had a couple matches in their backpack, had they only looked more carefully. And three of the four Patrols discovered that the bag contained a box of Twinkies!

Between these events, their Mentor would stop and ask them knowledge



District 1 - Tracker Jacker

questions. Each question and answer was taken from the Scout Handbook. If they met another Patrol along the way, they could challenge them. It was a one-Scout-on-one-Scout challenge and they had to follow a rotation. If you won, you got the other guy's pin. Those were worth points. But challenges were different than the knowledge questions. Some were skill challenges, like Indian wrestling or reciting the Scout Law backwards. Still others were just plain luck, like rock-paper-scissors or the roll of the dice.



The Game Masters

Lunch took each Patrol to a water station. All was calm for the first time until near the end, their Mentor opened his book and read that the Patrol Leader had met with an accident and broken his upper arm. It needed splinted and secured and he would only be able to speak and guide for the rest of the day. It was up to the others to do the tasks.

Then with a boom from the cannon it was on to the other events with more knowledge questions for points and some chance challenges along the trail if they ran into another Patrol. The other stations included the second archery stop where they shot at playing cards. If you hit a card, then that's how many points you were playing for. You then got to spin a dial and whichever Patrol or 'district' it landed on lost that many points. But your own district was on the dial as well.

Another station had you attacked by "Tracker Jackers" and temporarily blinded as you felt your way along a rope maze.

Ultimately everyone returned to field where they had started and there was a tug-of-war while points were tallied and the Hawk Patrol, District 6, was named the winner of this year's Hunger Games.



The Troop 101 Tributes, at the end of the day



Cole and John with BSA National Commissioner Tico Perez

The online medical form process and daily program updates had a lot of kinks, but the Staff did their best to remedy the situations, the ingenuity of Scouting! But, no lie, you could get a full Wi-Fi signal just about anywhere in the 10,000 acres of camp we had to go. The president of AT&T was the chairman of the Jamboree and he challenged his tech guys to develop a Wi-Fi system that the 50,000 Scouts and Staff couldn't overload. Sometimes it was a little sluggish, but for the most part it was a full signal.

They showed us how they used fiber optics and nanotechnology to make it happen. And with all those electrical gadgets around, every outlet was used or pirated to charge everything and anything. In addition, we all had solar chargers strapped to our packs and tents to harvest as much solar energy as possible. Some ingenious Scouts and future "robber barons" even commandeered outlets, challenging Scouts to charge their



John and Dr. Ken with Gill Clay, Lord Robert Baden-Powell's granddaughter

phones utilizing the Jamboree gold standard of currency - patches! The Summit is not far from Warren and I would like the Scouts of Troop 101 to experience Bechtel and especially any Jamboree now that they are so close to us. The Summit is only about a five to six hour drive from Warren.

Future plans for the camp include summer camp and high adventure programs. It would be nice for the Troop to visit the area, but I'm not sure if the cost would allow it for most. They would definitely get their money's worth, however. On the other side, I would also encourage anyone to apply for Staff.

John, Cole and I had a great time and, as the Jamboree slogan states, "Go Big, Get Wild!" and at this Jamboree, they definitely kept their promise.

Being an Eagle Scout Pays Off, in Some Cases Literally

College scholarship applications being accepted now through December 31

The National Eagle Scout Association offers scholarships for Eagles entering college, a big help for families as tuitions continue to rise at universities nationwide.

Graduating high schoolers can apply for 2014 NESA scholarships beginning Oct. 1, 2013, with a submission deadline of Dec. 31, 2013.

The most impressive story is the impact of those scholarships, which has grown over time. The number of NESA scholarships awarded jumped from 77 in 2007 to 218 in 2013. That's an increase of 183 percent. In a sign of skyrocketing generosity from Scouting benefactors, the biggest year-to-year jump in scholarship numbers happened this year.

In just seven years, the total money given out to Eagle Scouts for scholarships has gone from almost a quarter-million dollars to well over a half-million dollars.

In 2007, \$224,000 in scholarships was awarded; this year, \$594,500 will be awarded. That's a jump of 165 percent in less than a decade.

Once again, the biggest year-to-year increase was 2012 to 2013,

a good sign that the future of NESA and Scouting as a whole is strong.

A big reason for the increase in the total amount of scholarships awarded is the introduction of the \$25,000 United Health Foundation scholarship in 2010 and the \$50,000 NESA STEM scholarship in 2012.

That's an impressive chunk of change and a great motivator for Eagle Scouts.

Once again, graduating high schoolers can apply now for 2014 NESA scholarships with a submission deadline of Dec. 31, 2013.



<http://nesa.org/scholarships.html>

Generations:

MY FIRST PHILMONT: 1955 - Ned C. Gold, Jr.

The picture is old – nearly 50 years old. It is faded; it is stained and it is torn. But there is a story in it. In the upper left corner you will see two black faces: two black Scouts. In the era when the picture was taken – 1955 – “they” weren’t called black. In the center you will see a leader with glasses; that’s my Dad – Ned Gold, Sr. At the lower right, you will see a pudgy young Scout. That’s me at the age of 13 just after I received my Eagle award and on the first day of my first Philmont expedition – June 21, 1955. And this is my first Philmont story, the first of many that were to come.

I cannot remember a time when Philmont was not a part of my life; I cannot remember a time when Scouting was not a part of my life. Having been born and raised in Santa Fe to a Scouting father who was at the dedication of Philturn Rocky Mountain Scout Camp in 1939, I had always enjoyed Scouting and Philmont as a predominant presence in my life. But before I was old enough to hike Philmont’s trails, our family moved from Santa Fe, which had been the family homestead since 1834, to Virginia. Of course Scouting continued as a very important part of our family’s life in our new home and, as was expected of me, very soon after arriving, I joined a Scout Troop. It wasn’t long before Dad was a council officer for the Robert E. Lee Council as he had been for the Northern New Mexico Council.

Virginia in the 1950’s presented culture shock and bewilderment to a young boy from the Southwest who was used to a tri-cultural environment where the question of equality of all was not an issue; equality in my young mind was simply the unquestioned way-of-life. But in Virginia, “The Old South” with all of its vestiges of discrimination was the way-of-life. The Civil War was still being waged as if it had never ended, not only in words but through deep seeded segregation. To my new found friends I was a “Yankee” and a “Foreigner” to boot (after all, New Mexico was not a state, but “a foreign country.”) It took months before I was accepted as part of the group. I was bewildered by the pervasive matter-of- fact segregation. Blacks, who were known by the “N” word or as “the colored,” were not allowed in “our” white schools.

“They” sat in the balcony of our small town theater. “They” sat at the back of the bus and I don’t mean the school bus; there were no school buses for “them.” “They” were certainly not found in white churches or in white restaurants. “They” lived in their own part of town. And of course “they” were not in “our” Scout Troops. “They” were even relegated to an all black Scout camp.

Martin Luther King Jr., and Rosa Parks had not yet emerged as leaders of the

Editor’s note: On this, the 50th anniversary of the Civil Rights March on Washington, comes this compelling account of what it was like being a Scout and growing up in the midst of a segregated society in the 50s as seen through the eyes of a young Boy Scout:

Ned Gold Jr. Here is his story:

infant civil rights movement. The Supreme Court’s decision in Brown v. Topeka Board of Education still had wet ink. Some 55 years later, the segregated society of that era seems now to be only a distant nightmare; certainly not something I lived through. But I did!

And while all of this may seem removed from any relevance to Philmont, it formed the background for my first real Philmont experience – and story. And so, more than 55 years after my first Philmont trek – PX 1 – in June and July of 1955, I feel compelled to relate a few of the lessons learned; lessons to last for eternity; lessons in moral courage; lessons from my father – my most respected Scout leader.

For a young Scout the Philmont experience does not begin at the gateway to Camping Headquarters; it begins perhaps the day he joins his troop; it begins when he or she first hears of the awaiting adventure, and dreams. The lessons for each Scout touched by the Philmont experience may be different but they are lessons for a lifetime. And so it was to be for me.



Phillip and Sammy (top row far left) Ned Gold Sr. (center behind sign) Ned Jr. (first row, far right.)

Dad became the contingent leader of the Robert E. Lee Council's "PX 1" - "Philmont Expedition 1." We didn't know it at the time but PX 1 was the forerunner of what would become the standard trek of today. It was an experiment that Jack Rhea, who was in his first year as Director of Camping, the position now known as Program Director, had formulated.

The PX 1 contingent began to form. Scouts began registering from throughout the Council. Several from my troop enrolled. And then the unspeakable happened: two "colored" Scouts registered! Phillip and Sammy. Years later I learned the inside story of how it was that these two Scouts were allowed to join our contingent.

There was an outcry from Council Board members. Few would permit it. No "colored" Scout had ever been allowed to participate in activities with white Scouts. It just didn't happen. It wasn't right. The matter became divisive. It seemed that the only solution was to place "them" with The National Capitol Area Council's contingent. Dad would have none of it. He stood up in the board meeting and with bold determination declared, "They are our Scouts; I'm the contingent leader; they are going with us!" And so they did! The board, to its everlasting credit, breached the invisible wall. But not until Dad had done a sell job on the other parents - the compromise condition put upon him by the board and for which he was well equipped to handle: It wasn't easy to say "No" to Dad!

The appointed day arrived - June 13, 1955. We gathered in a park in Richmond to load our Trailways bus that was to be our home for the trip out and back. A near 2,000 mile journey awaited us. Parents, siblings and friends were there to wish us well. Were it not for their color, Phillip, Sammy and their families would have been lost in the crowd as they tried to remain unobtrusive. While "they" had been present for pre-Philmont training and Dad had tried to include "them" as part of the group, acceptance was far less than certain.

We boarded the bus and, as accustomed, they all moved to the back. Since the bus was filled to capacity, white boys had to sit nearby. The first few miles were filled with beginning excitement. But as the miles rolled, the routine of a long trip set in and the discomfort of "their" presence hung in the air. Dad knew this had to quickly change. He decided to assign seats by

Crew. Phillip and Sammy's Crew was placed at the front of the bus and that is where "they" sat. I can still sense the uneasiness of it all.

But then things began to change. The Scouting Spirit prevailed. There were jokes, songs, stories, horsing around; all - even "they" - joined in. And in the first day there was a miraculous acceptance of "their" presence. It was no longer about "them"; it about was "US."

Because Dad knew he would have to be careful where we stopped for meals in certain states, he would check with each restaurant before we entered to be sure "they" were welcome. The farther West we ventured, the less necessary this became and he stopped checking.

By the time we hit HQ's gateway, the vestiges of discrimination seemed as far removed as the Civil War. Phillip and Sammy were just our Scouts - all one. And that is the way we went through Philmont. Color was simply not a part of who we were. Phillip and Sammy found total acceptance. In fact they became the Spirit of the group. It says a great deal about the microcosmic society of Philmont and Scouting that there was not one mention of "their" presence - from within or out of our group. Philmont became for us simply the Great Adventure that all Scouts experience.

On July 4, 1955 we departed Philmont after spending time at the Rodeo. To Santa Fe, Albuquerque, El Paso, Big Springs and Houston - we rolled home. Then we arrived back in the deep South - Louisiana, where color mattered. But we had forgotten; Dad had forgotten.

We entered a restaurant for lunch - all of us. Dad had not first checked. There was a strange uneasiness provoked by stares from other restaurant patrons as we took our seats. Then it hit us. And there was an audible silence. The restaurant owner approached Dad. "Hey mister," he said in the Cajun drawl of Southern Louisiana, "you gotta get them n****r boys out of my restaurant." The world halted. We sat stunned. Now WE - all of us - felt, perhaps for the first time in most of our young lives, the heavy burden of discrimination that had been Phillip and Sammy's lot to bear since before their birth! It was devastating!

I knew the look on Dad's face; it was not a pleasant one; it was the one that meant anger, indignation. It was the one that

evoked his most cutting tongue. I quaked inside. He slowly arose from his chair intensely staring at the owner. In his most authoritative voice and with finger pointed in the owner's face, he angrily intoned, "They are NOT 'N****R' boys, they are OUR Scouts. And if they go, we ALL go! RIGHT BOYS?"

The silence was broken. Cheers broke out among all of us. We knew we were ONE! We didn't need prompting! We arose in unison and started filing out as we continued cheers that didn't stop until we were miles down the road. The owner pushed it: "Ayhh didn't mean the white boys; jest the n****r boys." Dad whirled around, stared him down and declared, "You apparently didn't understand me. If they go, we ALL go!" The stunned owner ran after Dad demanding payment for the ordered, but un-served meals. Dad threw some cash at him. "Here, take your money!" And we were gone.

It would be a few more years before the Civil Rights Movement would explode on our national scene. But for those of us on PX 1 it began in June 1955. It matured on the Philmont trails.

I've thought often of the moral courage it took for Dad to make his stand back in those days in Richmond and in that Louisiana restaurant.

I've thought often of the courage of Phillip and Sammy and their parents. The courage of the board to take a stand.

I've thought of the fellow Scouts of PX 1 and the ghosts most of them had to wrestle with.

I've thought of our days on Philmont's trails as we were led to life's trails.

In years to come, I would try to emulate the courage demonstrated in those days. In law school I joined the Civil Rights Movement and lobbied for passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 through the encouragement of Dad and a special law school dean. I would even meet with Martin Luther King and experience his great presence.

Hanging in the palimpsest was PX 1 and Dad. A lifetime of lessons from my first Philmont experience.

UPCOMING EVENTS & ACTIVITIES

• October

October 18-20, 2013 - Raccoon Creek Backpacking

October 28, 2013 - Troop 101 Halloween Party

• November

November 8-10 - Beaver Creek Campout

• December

December 8 - Troop 101 Christmas Party

December 21 - Salvation Army Gift Delivery

December 28 - Troop Alumni Holiday Gathering

FOR MORE EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES BE SURE TO CHECK OUT THE TROOP CALENDAR AT
<http://Troop101.net/calendar.asp>



The Troop is ready to take your order for delicious Peterson nut products. Please e-mail scoutmaster@Troop101.net to place an order. If you live local, a Scout will contact you with a catalog of this year's selection. Orders will be taken thru October.

If you would rather order online, head over to: <http://store.troop101.net>.

Saying Goodbye to Friends and Family



Richard E. "Dick" Orwig, Friend of Troop 101

Richard "Dick" Orwig, 87, a long time Troop 101 friend, Howland Township Trustee and community leader passed away peacefully on Thursday, Aug. 29 at his home surrounded by his family following a short illness.

Dick attended countless numbers of Troop 101 Eagle Court of Honors over the years and took great delight in presenting our Eagles Scouts with a special proclamation from the Howland Township Trustees.

A lifetime Howland resident, Dick graduated from Howland High School in 1943. After high school, he served in the U.S. Army during World War II for three years, attaining the rank of master sergeant. He was stationed in Iwo Jima, Saipan and Okinawa. He received the American Theater Ribbon, the Asiatic Pacific Theater Ribbon, the Meritorious Unit Award and the World War II Victory Medal.

He was one of the co-founders of the Howland Athletic Club in 1954, where he was a manager for five years, past-president and lifetime trustee. He was active in the club for 40 years.

In 1962, Dick was elected to the Howland Board of Education, where he served for 16 years, 12 years as president. In 1978, Dick was elected to the Howland Township Board of Trustees and served as trustee for 32 years.

Affectionately known as "Mr. Howland," Dick was honored as Howland's first "Man of the Year."

He was a 64-year member of the American Legion and past-president of American Legion Post 700 in Howland and a member of the first class of the Howland Achievement Hall of Fame and the SCOPE Society of Honors.

Dick was a lifetime member of Howland Community Church.

The family suggests material contributions be made to the Richard E. Orwig Scholarship to be established at Howland Schools, c/o Tom Orwig, 2855 Niles Vienna Road, Niles, OH 44446.