



Newsletter



Volume 15 Number 8

April 1999

Coming Events

April 99						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

- 3 Sat Return from Florida
- 5 Mon TLC - 7:30 pm - cabin
- 6 TUE TROOP COMM, BD. OF REV. (7:00 PM - CABIN)
- 8 THU ROUND TABLE 7:30 PM SMS
- 9 Fri Troop Meeting 7:00-9:00 pm
- 16 Fri Troop Meeting 7:00-9:00 pm
- 23 Fri Troop Swim
- 30-1-2 O/A Weekend

May 99						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

- 3 Mon TLC - 7:30 pm - cabin
- 4 TUE TROOP COMM, BD. OF REV. (7:00 PM - CABIN)
- 9 ADULT LEADER TRAINING (MATJE FARM)
- 13 THU ROUND TABLE 7:30 PM, SMS
- 15 Sat Radnor Races
- 21-22-23 Canoe Trip



- Jun 6 Sun Field Day/Family Picnic
- Jun 19-20 White Water Rafting
- Jun 27-Jul 11 Summer Camp
- Jul 30-Aug 8 Canada Canoe Trip

Note: Adult events are shown in SMALL CAPS.

New Scouts

The troop was recently joined by three new scouts: Ray Calderaro, Rhett Lebus, and Ryan Williamson. Welcome board guys!



Thanks Guys!

Many thanks to Mr. Joe Cady, Mr. Tom Shay, and Mr. Bud Bovard for their help at the Matje Farm trip. These guys took a day off from work and came up early to help getting for the troop's visit.

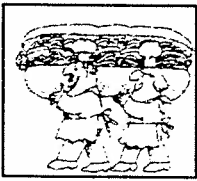
Thank you,
Bob Matje

Top Hoagie Sellers

The following scouts were the top sellers in last month's hoagie sale. Over 500 hoagies were sold by troop scouts.

1. Scott Lee (82)
2. Matt Lewis (52)
3. Alex Dondero (45)
4. Josh Cady (36)
5. Steve Shay (33)
5. Tim Dillow (33)

a tie



Troop Committee

next meeting

Tuesday

April 6

7:00 PM

at the cabin

For Your Information



★Congratulations to the troop's newest Vigil Honor candidates, Adam Larson and Tim Zupko.

★Congratulations also to the winning parols at the Diamind Rock District First Aid Meet: Rattlesnake (2nd place), Moose (3rd place) and Senior Patrol (Staff) for 1st place in the Advanced division.

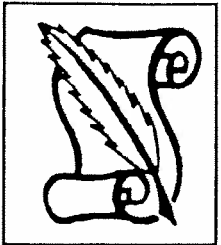
★Friends of Scouting reminder: If you haven't already done so, please send your tax deductible contriduction to Mr. Bruce Balmat. Make your checks payable to "Chester County Council, B.S.A." and send to Bruce Balmat, Malvern, PA 19355. Please make sure you clearly mark your check "Troop 78." Thanks!!

◆Dads: Your input is needed. Attend the next Troop Committee meeting at 7:00 pm on Tues April 6th at the cabin. We especially would like to see the new dads.

Writers Wanted

Reporters and writers are needed for the Newsletter.

Help keep your fellow scouts and their families informed. Also counts toward earning your troop neckerchief. Call Mr. Spritzer ()



(). Contributions from adults are also welcome.

SPL's Thoughts



At the First Aid meet, I think we were all disappointed. Second, third, and fourth place are, by normal standards, not all that bad. To a casual observer, those results are pretty good. To a 78er though, it means we didn't win. We can't harp on that fact now, but maybe with more work, first place would have been obtainable. There were some uncontrollable things that occurred, but they could have been overcome. Before the First Aid meet, I warned that lots of practice would be necessary. The results made it pretty clear which patrols worked the hardest.

This is not just true about the First Aid Meet. I'm talking about merit badges, ranks, and anything else that needs immediate attention. Don't put things off. Things left for tomorrow always seem to be rushed or incomplete. Get things done early, before the deadline. Do your citizenship merit badges before you get Life. Finish First Class before summer camp. Without all that much work, you can accomplish a lot, and save yourself a lot of time and stress.

OOOPS!

Overlooked last month from Parents Night:



Recruit of the Year: (a tie!)
Timothy Dillow
Stephen Shay

George Bellgrau Award for Outstanding Service:
Mr. Win Reber

Sorry guys!!

RADNOR RACES SATURDAY MAY 15 & SUNDAY MAY 16

Within a week or so you should be receiving a letter urging you to help Troop 78 at this year's Radnor Races on Saturday & Sunday May 15 & 16.

AT THE RISK OF BEING REDUNDANT -- WE NEED YOUR HELP!!!

This is a tremendous undertaking that benefits the community, the Troop and individual scouts.



This year, with the redesign of the race course, Troop 78 faces a real challenge to get our jobs done. We need as many people giving as many hours as they can. We are happy to have Scouts, their parents and siblings, as well as other relatives, friends and neighbors. While we need you all day on Saturday the most critical times are:

PRIME TIME >> 10 AM to 3 PM

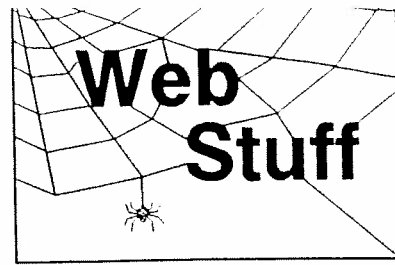
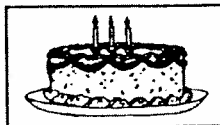
Please be as generous with your time as you possibly can. In any case, **YOUR PROMPT REPLY IS CRUCIAL TO OUR PLANNING.** If you are unable to help us, I still need to hear from you.

Thank you, and I look forward to seeing and working with you on Saturday and Sunday May 15 and 16.

BRIAN ROTHBERG

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

- 1st Bill Trowill
- 2nd Mike Hagan
- 5th Greg McDonnell
- 6th Jon Rothberg
- 8th Chris Flipse
- 17th Fred Stelwagon
- 23rd Joe Palmer



These days many of us have access to the Internet and the World Wide Web at home, at school or at work. This column will present interesting web pages that we find. If you know of any others, send their addresses to your Newsletter editor. (EMAIL address: [redacted])

Calling All CyberScouts Second Try

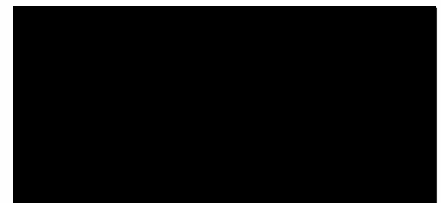
Last month there was **NO** response to our request for e-mail addresses and internet access. We'll try it one more time:

Do you have email? Can you surf the Web? We'd like to know. There are some plans in the making and we'd like to know how many of us have internet access. Can we distribute notices, information, program updates, etc. by email? Should we get a troop web page? Should we set up a troop chat page?

Let us know:

- (1) your email address
- (2) can you access the world wide web?
- (3) would you object to us publishing your email address in the Newsletter?

(If you don't want your email address published, we'll keep it confidential and just use it to send you messages.)



We do have some e-mail addresses for troop members. If there are still no responses this month, we will take it as **no objection** to publishing the list we have.



A Quiet Hero

Once met an older gentleman named Gerald who was born in 1921. He was an interesting storyteller who enthralled me with tales of his youth during The Great Depression. He told me about how his Western Pennsylvania family had no money, but that they had a coal mine on their farm and would barter with other farmers to trade coal for food. He told me about his High School graduation in 1938. He even told me about how he dropped out of college in the middle of his senior year to sign up to fight in World War II. At the time he had been attending college in the morning and working at a diesel engine plant from 3-11PM. He'd crank up the big engines destined for the Navy to put them through a test run, and then sit down amidst the throbbing noise and do his homework. Little did he know that his experience with engines would prove invaluable in the next few months when he would find himself on the other side of the world.

What amazed him most was how the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor galvanized the entire country into a war machine. Just a few months after getting married to his wife "Marg", in July, 1942, he volunteered to join the Army Air Corp (which in 1947 became the Air Force) and was shipped off to basic training in Miami Beach, Florida. Since the country was short on military bases, the Army just took over the island of Miami Beach and put sentries on the bridges back to the mainland. All of the posh hotels were instantly transformed into one big military barracks. After all, during wartime, extraordinary things happened to get our country ready for the upcoming battles. And commandeering one of the world's finest resorts was all taken in stride.

After Basic Training, Gerald bounced around the country as the Army prepared him to fly a C-46 cargo plane. First he went for six weeks to Oshkosh, Wisconsin to be in the College Training Detachment (where he was tested to see if he had the mental ability to become a hot-shot pilot). Then it was off for three months to pre-flight training in Santa Anna, California - where they sorted the recruits out and identified pilot, navigator and bombardier candidates. And finally he went to Ontario, California where he attended a civilian flight school and flew his first airplane alone (going "Solo") after only 15 hours of flight time.

Because fog was always rolling in off of the coast and making it perilous to practice landings, his squadron would often fly up to the Mojave Desert for a period of days to practice their "touch and goes." He said that he'll never forget one special return flight when his squadron commander told them all to fly in formation with their props set at high pitch. The piercing noise was impressive as the group swooped down over a football stadium in Pasadena, California. Since it was New Year's Day, 1944, The Rose Bowl was going on and the crowd loved the special salute! It made the headlines in the paper the next day. After that, he went through instrument training in Marfa, Texas, and then went to Reno, Nevada to be trained on how to fly the C-46 cargo plane. However, since that school was presently full, he was temporarily sent up to Great Falls, Montana to fly the big B-17 bombers down to Oklahoma City, Savannah, Georgia, and Miami. It was his job to ferry these huge bombers to various places to get outfitted with guns before they were sent over to the war in Europe. Unlike today, when a

pilot must receive proper training in any plane before they are authorized to take it aloft, back then, once you were issued your pilot's wings, you were supposed to jump in the left seat and take off. Gerald quickly found himself flying all manner of aircraft: UC-78s, AT-6s, B-17s, C-47s and his soon to become beloved C-46s.

In a very short time, he found himself traveling all over the country and having experiences that he never dreamed of. He said that he'll never forget the day that he saw his first jet airplane. He was standing on an airfield in Macon, Georgia when a plane went screaming overhead. He had just witnessed the dawning of a new age in transportation.

One time, he ferried a C-47 up to Alaska where it was picked up by a Russian crew. On that trip he picked up invaluable experience for bad weather flying by using only the instruments to navigate - and he became very aware that when ice builds up on the wing, it disrupts the proper airflow over the wing. Improper airflow disrupts the lift being created by the wing, and the plane starts to fall. Since the propeller is just like a mini wing that spins around and "lifts" the plane forward, ice buildup on the prop is a serious problem under certain conditions. To combat that, they had a tank of isopropyl alcohol which had to be turned on at critical moments. But when the co-pilot couldn't figure out how to make the alcohol spray work, Gerald had to go back to get it flowing. When he returned to his seat, he found that the co-pilot had inadvertently caused the plane to fall over into a screaming dive. Quickly he slipped behind the yoke and recovered from the perilous situation. Then, when he dropped out of "the soup" (heavy

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(Hero ... continued)

cloudcover) and saw a Canadian airfield below, they just came in, landed for the night and waited for

good weather the following day. I wonder if that airfield was named "Brigadoon?"

Gerald eventually returned to C-46 training in Reno, Nevada and then after receiving proper training, flew to Birmingham, Alabama where he picked up his own C-46. With his own plane and crew, he headed down to Miami again and picked up a celestial navigator. That's a person who can chart a course by reading the stars!!! Their next set of orders took them to Puerto Rico, then Venezuela, and finally Brazil - before they headed east out into the Atlantic Ocean. They took off at sunset so that the navigator could read the stars as they flew through the night. His job was to guide them to Ascension Island - a little rocky spot in the middle of the ocean. Remember now, this was in the days before satellite geo-positioning systems which can pinpoint your location at any time on the earth. And this was long before today's airplanes which have on-board computers that automatically fly invisible radio beams in the sky. I can't imagine heading out into the ocean and having my life depend upon whether somebody could read the stars well enough to find an island in the night.

From there they flew to Freetown, West Africa and then up to Rabat, Morocco. For the next three months Gerald made regular runs between Rabat and Cairo, Egypt. In fact, he came to know Cairo very well. During this time it was his job to deliver cargo that ultimately supported the troops as they enclosed on Germany from all fronts. Then, with only six months to go in the European war, on the day after Christmas, 1944, he got orders sending him to "The Hump"!

He flew east out of Cairo to Karachi, India (which is now Pakistan) and after refueling in Agra, India (where the Taj Mahal is), he headed on up to the foothills of

Mount Everest. As the war shifted to the Pacific Theater, the Japanese troops were entrenched everywhere. They had locked up most of the access from the water and so the Americans thought that focus should be placed on coming in over the Himalayan Mountains and establishing a series of bases in Western China. There was only one problem. Before the Japanese invaded, China was in the middle of a civil war. Chiang Kai-shek and his Loyalists had been fighting Mao Tse-tung and the Communists for years. So, whenever Gerald took off and flew a mission up over "The Hump" he never knew who was going to be at the airport to greet him. It could be the Communists, the Loyalists, or even the Japanese. Although he mostly delivered 55 gallon drums of gasoline, bombs and soldiers, one time he had a load of mules. But, after they landed and found the airport was deserted, Gerald simply whacked the mules on the rear legs to get them to jump off the plane - and they were out of there! They may have delivered the cargo to the Japanese, but his orders just said to drop them off in Kun-Ming.

Back in those days pilots were still discovering things. For instance, Gerald said that "The Jet Stream" which we all know from today's weather forecasts was unknown. He remembers flying along one time at 25,000 feet, when he noticed that the plane had not moved. By flying directly into the Jet Stream at the same speed as the wind was blowing, the two canceled each other out, and Gerald found that the plane was standing still - stuck up in the air.

Gerald flew all of his flights with an old map which was practically worthless. Since the area had not been properly mapped before, and navigation equipment on the ground was virtually non-existent, he simply looked out the window and guessed which way to go. Up over the world's tallest mountains. Again and again. In six months, Gerald flew more than 1,000 hours - which is about six hours of flying every day. There was

the materials where they were needed - in good weather and in bad.

Keeping China supplied was extremely dangerous. Not only would the weather drastically change in the middle of a flight, you had to worry about equipment failure and sabotage by Japanese sympathizers. In fact, more pilots died crossing "The Hump" than in all of the European War combined. Since they did most of their flying at night to avoid easy detection by the Japanese, bailing out in the snowcapped mountains was perilous. Consequently, the number of crashed airplanes along the route caused it to be re-named "The Aluminum Trail".

The Chinese Communists valued the sacrifices that those pilots made so much that in 1988 (a year before the pro-democracy crackdown at Tiennimen Square), Gerald and 24 other "Hump" pilots were invited back to Kun-Ming to be honored for their sacrifices during the war. He still has the medal with which they honored him that day.

After the war, he settled down in El Paso, Texas and worked for the Gas Company. At the same time he went on to teach accounting and economics at El Paso's Texas Western University. And, in 1976 he took early retirement and moved back to his parent's farm in Butler County, Pennsylvania. He ended up teaching again at his alma mater Grove City College for another ten years and then really retired in 1986.

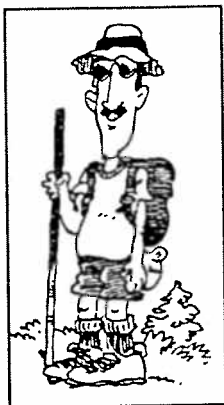
During his years in El Paso, he developed a decades long love affair with Yellowstone National Park, and just like "Old Faithful," he continues to return there every Spring. He was there in 1989 when the vast fires consumed most of the park, and he's watched as the wildlife recovered during the ensuing years.

You can find him working in "Canyon" store where he is the Fishing/Camping Manager in charge of outdoor equipment sales between April 15th and October 15th this year. Although he's worked at five or six of

(continued on next page...)

the fourteen stores throughout the park, he likes "Canyon" the best of all because it is in the heart of the best fishing area. Even though he is 78 years young and has had both knees replaced, that doesn't stop him from doing what he likes to do best: fish and tell interesting stories about his life. But he only tells you things if you ask.

So, the next time you are down at Winter Camp, or up at Matje Farm, and you see Gerald "Bud" Bovard (alias: Mark Deese's grandfather) stoking the wood stove, ask him to tell you about the time when he was on a tea plantation and saw a pregnant woman step behind a rock to deliver her baby, and then go right back to work picking tea.



Summer camp approaches rapidly. On June 27th the troop will begin its annual two-week encampment at Horseshoe Scout Reservation in Rising Sun, MD. We need a \$10 deposit for each week you plan to attend. Deposits are due April 16th. Bring to the troop meeting, or send to Mr. Reber. Money in your scout account may also be used. Make checks payable to "Willistown Troop 78, B.S.A." The full (discounted) fee this year is \$185 per week per scout. The balance of the full fee is due by May 21st. **Bonus:** All scouts who pay their full fee by May 21st will get a free troop T-shirt. A class 2 medical form is required for all scouts attending camp. This requires a **doctor's examination** within the last 3 years. Medical forms must be turned in to Steve D'Antonio **no later than Sunday June 20th**. If your medical form is not at camp you may be sent home. **Parents** - schedule those doctor's physicals **NOW**. (Suggestion: Keep a copy of the medical form; it's good for 3 years.)



Quotable Quotes

"When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years." — *Mark Twain*

"One machine can do the work of of 50 ordinary men. No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man." — *Elbert Hubbard*

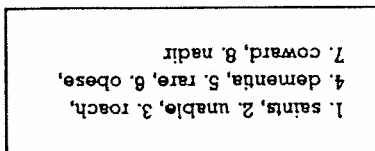
"No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted." — *Aesop*

"Middle age is when you're sitting at home on Saturday night and the telephone rings, and you hope it isn't for you." — *Ogden Nash*

Puzzle Corner

notes

1. John, Paul, George, but not Ringo: s _ _ _ _ _
2. Cannot do: u _ _ _ _ _
3. Not wanted in the kitchen: r _ _ _ _ _
4. Not sanity: d _ _ _ _ _
5. Not common: r _ _ _ _ _
6. Not thin: o _ _ _ _ _
7. not a hero: c _ _ _ _ _
8. not the zenith: n _ _ _ _ _



Dance Team Happenings



The Dance Team performed twice in March. On Saturday March 20th they performed for Pack 20's Blue and Gold Banquet at the Christiana Fire House in Parkesburg. Attending were **Tom Childers, Jeff Hart, Eric Kimmel, Steve Shay, Dan Wagner** and adults **Doc & Mrs. Lenker, Mike Spritzer** and **Chris Wagner**. With Dan drumming throughout, they performed the *Sneak-Up Dance* (Eric, Tom, Steve Jeff), the *Fluffy Dance* (with Jeff on flute and Eric demonstrating); all helped as the cubs attempted the dance. Finally, with Dan drumming and Jeff on flute, Tom performed the *Hopi Hoop Dance*.

On Sunday March 21st they gave another performance at a Blue and Gold Banquet held at St. Basil's Church in Kimberton. In attendance were **Tom Childers, Brett D'Antonio, Jeff Hart, Eric Kimmel, Steve Shay, Dan Wagner**, and adults **Doc Lenker** and **Chris Wagner**. This time Brett drummed throughout. They performed the *Sneak-Up Dance* (all), the *Eagle Dance* (Eric, Steve, Jeff on flute), and finally, the *Hopi Hoop Dance* (Tom). Afterward, they assisted in the pack's *Webelos Crossing Over* ceremony.

Used Uniform Exchange

Don't buy that new uniform.... yet! First check with Mrs. Betsy Lee *(Scott's mother), our uniform exchange manager to see what's available. Call her at 647-3084.

If you have any old uniform parts which no longer fit, or which you don't need any more, bring them to the cabin. Scott will take them home for the exchange.



TOMBSTONES

Sherlock

Here lies
Ezekial Aikle
Age 102
The Good Die Young

Here lies Ann Mann
Who lived an old maid
But died an old Mann

Here lies
Johnny Yeast
Pardon me
For not rising

Here lies the body
of Jonathan Blake
Stepped on the gas
Instead of the brake

Here lies Butch
We planted him raw
He was quick on the trigger
But slow on the draw

Sir John Strange
Here lies an honest lawyer
And that is Strange

Here lies Lester Moore
Four slugs from a .44
No Les No More

I told you I was sick!

(John Penny's epitaph)
Reader if cash thou art
In want of any
Dug 4 feet deep
And thou wilt find a Penny

She always said
Her feet were killing her
But nobody believed her

Oops! Harry Edsel
Born 1903 -- Died 1942
Looked up the elevator shaft
To see if the car was on the way
down
It was

Here lies an Atheist
All dressed up
And no place to go

Sherlock Holmes and Watson were
on a camping and hiking trip. They
had gone to bed and were lying
there looking up at the sky.

Holmes said, "Watson, look up. What
do you see?"

"Well, I see thousands of stars."

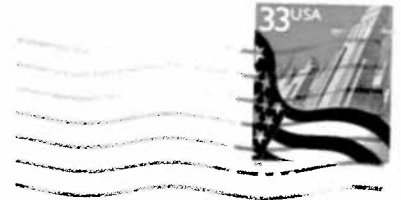
"And what does that mean to you?"

"Well, I suppose it means that of all
the planets and suns and moons in
the universe, that we are truly the
one most blessed with the reason to
deduce theorems to make our way in
this world of criminal enterprises
and blind greed. It means that we
are truly small in the eyes of God but
struggle each day to be worthy of
the senses and spirit we have been
blessed with. And, I suppose, at the
very least, in the meteorological
sense, it means that it is most likely
that we will have another nice day
tomorrow. What does it mean to
you, Holmes?"

"To me, it means someone has stolen
our tent."



Newsletter



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