

Troop 510!

Greetings on this fine fine Friday morning, the morning of our last full day in camp. As we woke this morning after the pizza fire last night, echoes of "splashy, splashy, splash, and Cats in the Cradle, and the Owasippe Hymn are still playing in all of our minds. For those that have been... "All the wealth of Earth and heaven, Bless thy woods and dales..." is a great way to quietly close any campfire, and especially one led by seasoned camp councilors at their last campfire as a youth.



But, as usual I get ahead of myself. Since we last found a way to get a message through the bubble, life has continued on its hectic camp pace. LOTS of bacon has been crisped perfectly:



Milkweed has been discovered to only flower if the plant is more than 1 year old.



It has been discovered that there is a SPICE bin in the trailer and it is FILLED with things that make steak and mashed potatoes just awesome!



More merit badges classes... tough work having classes in the "Eagles Nest". Very tough work...



And our usual Thursday night pizza box fire had to be replaced with camp made dutch oven pizza because ... well we can't leave the bubble. Turns out Trevor W the elder know how to make pizza dough....really, really well.



Note to the rest of the Troop: look out world, these first years like their song and skit on the enthusiastic side. Its going to be GREAT!

This morning they are off to the waterfront to make sure the water in Lake Emerick really is that wonderful. No requirements. No classes. Just climb onto the raft, jump off, repeat all morning.



It really doesn't get much better.

This afternoon, we tidy up signing off books for all that they have accomplished, make sure we left no cowtails in the trading post, and sadly return the taj's and the patrol bins to the trailer clean and ready for their next adventure. After that, perhaps tonight, around our last fire, we'll here more about... "Hi, my name is Joe. I work in a button factory. I have a wife,..." It is always great to hear about Joe...



Until we meet again tomorrow morning, Saturday, at about noon in the St. Raphael parking lot.

Yours in scouting,

Scott McConnell