

BOY SCOUT TROOP 888

NEWSLETTER

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After Hurricane Floyd, October's Huntington Beach Camping Trip Meets With Hurricane Number 2!



Following cleanup after breakfast, Tristian Addington, Ian Barker, Mat Silverberg, Dan Messich, and Hiram Ruiz pause under the patrol's dining area.



Near the patrol's foil-cooking pit, Junior Assistant Scoutmaster Tony Speedling standing between Scorpion Patrol Leader Cory Keibler and Killer Bees Assistant Patrol Leader Brandon Sipes.

Hurricane Floyd flooded us out of even trying to camp on September 18 and 19. So, keeping the same location and plans, patrols just added two more meals to the menus and we moved our September trip to October for a two-nighter at Huntington Beach State Park, October 15-17. We knew Hurricane Irene was blowing our way, but we decided to brave it, even ready to use extra guylines on the tents if we had to. Like September, all food for every meal was to be foil-cooked. (The Scorpion's foil-cooked steak on Friday night was sensational!) Because of the expected bad weather, it was decided we'd use one large shared area for all patrol cooking and another large area for eating and storing all patrol gear. Each patrol was able to set up their tents wherever they chose throughout Huntington Beach's primitive sites. Unfortunately, because of Hurricane Irene we had to cut the trip short when we were advised by Park Rangers to break camp after lunch.



Five Miles to Go! James Bumgardner, Sam Snodgrass, Russell Spatholt, Kurt Lester, Chris Danes, and Travis Collins set out on their 5-Mile Map and Compass Hike late Saturday morning. Required for Second Class, the troop usually walks five miles from Loris High School to Camp Hardee where each Scout builds a fire and cooks lunch. These six Scouts were able to complete a more scenic hike at Huntington Beach State Park.



Bird Watching? All those dots are birds! This is just a small fraction of what we witnessed during the Purple Martin "feeding frenzy" at Huntington Beach State Park, on Saturday morning.

Something really unusual happened before we heard we wouldn't be able to stay Saturday night. It was like a scene from Alfred Hitchcock's movie "The Birds!" None of us had ever seen anything like it before. On Saturday morning, thousands of birds gathered above the strip of bushes and brush in an airborne cluster, between the beach and where we camped. They swirled around in a fast-flying thick cloud, at times like a brown whirlwind. It turned out that what we were witnessing was a feeding frenzy of Purple Martins scooping up swarms of mosquitoes in mid-air. What an awesome display! At one point, a number of birds flew closer to our patrols' cooking area, and it was hilarious to see Teddy Fontana caught in the middle, with a concerned look on his face, as he dodged and ducked several birds that were swooping nearby.

Because of the two campout cancellations, Mr. Lester thought the troop deserved something special for November's trip. Patrols voted and the results are on page two. (Over)