

Wright Patterson Air Force Base

Troop 777
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By
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Historian

This past weekend Troop 777 visited the spectacular Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. On Friday we all gathered at the Hudson Presbyterian Church. Once everyone had arrived and packed their belongings in the vehicles we departed from the church. An hour and a half later we stopped to eat and fuel up the cars. After we were finished we got back on the freeway and continued on toward our destination. After what seemed like a long time we finally arrived at our campsite. From there we unpacked the patrol boxes from the trailer, we grabbed our personal gear and claimed our bunks in the adirondacks and went to bed. The next morning we awoke and cooked breakfast for the patrols. The breakfast menu consisted of eggs and sausage. After breakfast was finished and the dishes were done we put everything away and left for the Air Force Base. After taking a few wrong turns we finally made it. Now when

you think of a museum, you are probably thinking some lame building with a few silly exhibits, if so you couldn't be more wrong. The museum consists of three hangers full of



planes and memorabilia from both World Wars and other conflicts. There is also a hanger on base that has all sorts of planes, rockets and other things. Among these "other things" there are three of the president's planes, such as the Columbine, and The Independence. These planes were especially interesting because they were made to accommodate the presidents. For instance, President F.D. Roosevelt's Air Force One had an elevator in it for his use when he was in his wheelchair. After we were done viewing all of the exhibits, and planes we decided it was time to leave the Base and go bowling. So we all jumped in the cars and headed over to the bowling alley. I think I'm speaking for the entire group when I say that everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. After two hours of bowling it

was time to turn in the shoes and head back to camp. When we got back we were in for a pleasant surprise. It was Forrest Norman's birthday, and his mom packed cupcakes. Soon after we ate the cupcakes a large scale snowball fight broke out. Teams soon formed and everyone was having a great time until, a stray snowball hit the adults. Very quickly after that teams were forgotten and everyone teamed up on the adults. Unfortunately, the younger guys soon lost the advantage, and the adults seemed to just dominate over all. When we finally called armistice it was too late. The damage had been done, maybe not physically but mentally. After a campfire we all felt much better and then went to bed. In the morning we got up and packed up all our belongings. When we all had assembled together Mr. York shared a small vesper. Soon after we finished, we headed homeward with fond memories and facts to share with our families.



The Columbine



A hovercraft inside the museum



*Our patrol on the landing steps of F. D. R's
Air Force One*