

We left Ringwood at 18:30 hours, three adults, and eleven Scouts. Destination Yaw-paw, (The other side of the Mountain) With our equipment and meals stowed we proceeded to Mahwah. Upon arriving the sun was just setting. We could still see the light at the end of the mountain. We were the only troop on the mountain. Upon entering the rangers' house, my allergies kicked in. Mold, Spores or worse? Equipped with a camp map David H the acting SPL led the way. The scouts with their hands full of bagged meals, and equipment in duffle bags proceeded on the trail. As in life there are choices to be made on the route up to John Coyle Cabin. Do you take the long and scenic trail or the short and direct trail? They decided to take a combination of both. First they started by taking the scenic trail until they reached what appeared to be the end of the road. Following a group consultation, and the checking of the map, they were once again proceeding up the mountain to the final destination. With their one track minds eye, they passed up two wheel barrels that would have helped them carry their supplies, allowing the adults to commandeer one. One lower campsite before Coyle Cabin, they decided to leave coolers and assorted supplies for a later trip.

Upon arriving the glimmer of light that existed at the top of the mountain was replaced by a darkness encasing us with a glint of the night stars. Setting up camp commenced. In a matter of minutes the campsite was littered with tents and the no-occupancy sign went up. The night sky was awakening to the flames of the campfire at the blink of an eye. The gathering of wood was substantial since it appeared that Coyle Cabin had not been used in some time. The cracker barrel aperitif of Devil dogs, Mountain Dew, cookies and crackers was opened with a few scouts from one patrol (John S, David H, and Tim B) making themselves at home with the other patrols cracker barrel. After being advised not to take the other patrols cracker barrel it appeared that it was a gastric misunderstanding that will not or should not happen again. Following a win, Brian H, joined the motley crew on the top of the mountain. Bradley B had his first unprovoked nose bleed only one of two this weekend. Zack G, in his one man tent was more than courteous by allowing two others evicted from another area, to share his tent, until they were told to go find someplace else to sleep. It was a one man tent. The weather was cooperating even though Tom W made his presence. By this time, a second troop had arrived in camp and set up below our camp. A welcoming committee consisting of Joseph J, Zack G, Bradley B, Jake H, and others proceeded to befriend the other troop. To their amazement the troop from Rockaway was celebrating a birthday with a sheet cake that they gracelessly shared with the welcoming group from Troop 76. Upon returning with cake, a second group along with members of the first group proceeded to the other campsite for more cake. Upon returning, the annual bull frog chasing contest was started with the frogs being the winners for this night. The scouts settled in for the night, well almost. A number of scouts decided to sleep under the stars on assorted moss covered cliffs.

After a nightlong burning fire, we awoke to a beautiful clear morning. The menu consisted of Taylor Ham Egg and Cheese sandwiches, Sausage and eggs, and French toast with Sausages. The early morning brought Tyler W, and Dan W, into the mix. The scouts settled in for their adventure by lakes. The start of the acorn wars was to commence. First against the other troop that turned out not to be any competition for Troop 76. So they chose to choose teams and have their own acorn wars. I am happy to report there were no fatalities. Dan W returned to camp for ice for the scratches on his face resulting from a so called acorn. As the inquisition gathered speed, upon close examination by Dan W,

and Jim H, the choice was that the acorn was the size of a softball, or was thrown by a starting pitcher for the New York Yankees. Dan W composed himself and then the true story was weaved. Young Patawan David H, and Dan W, decided to try their luck at wooden stick fighting which resulted in one winner and one facially scratched victim. Although Dan W, story was conceptually true, it did take some time for that acorn to become a branch.

For Saturday's lunch the scouts had sandwiches and chips, while at the request of Jim H, the adults had Monticristo sandwiches. A number of scouts worked on some advancement while others fished and hiked throughout the day. During the fishing excursions, Jim H, luck followed him to the lower lake. Upon finding a fishing spot on the upper lake, the lures of choice had been getting stuck on a ridge in the water. After numerous assaults with a branch to retrieve the lures, Jim H, decided to travel to the lower lake to try his fishing prowess. Fishing at the lower lake, Jim H's, luck repeated again. But this time he had a rack of canoes and boats at his disposal. Upon attempting to use a canoe, he was met by the lock and chain, his ingenuity allowed him to find a blue paddle boat under the stage. Upon becoming seaworthy, he proceeded to secure his lure, and returned the boat, only to have to repeat his salvage actions based on his next cast. While all the time in the water he was waiting to hear "Hey what are you think you're doing with that boat" from a not so friendly ranger.

The early afternoon brought us Kevin G, and Derik G who had other responsibilities to attend to on Friday and early Saturday. Following the next acorn war, they settled in for dinner preparation. One patrol lead by Jake H, was offering hot dogs and hamburgers, while the other patrol lead by Evan C, offered Dutch oven lasagna, while at the request of Matt B, and Tony T, the adults settled in for some imported select beef cuts from Australia encased in bacon. Not one word was heard at the adults table. As the meal ended, Matt B was heard saying "I can't eat one more (DXXX) thing." Scoutmaster Tom L, and Scout Tom L arrived to pay a visit and check on the well-being of the crew. This night's bullfrog chasing contest ended with one fatality, whose legs were devoured by Tom L, and Evan C, with a remark following that it tasted like fishy chicken. Well, we all know they will survive in the woods.

The northern winds arrived as the cooler air settled in. I immediately settled into bed following the meal. Upon waking up for the nightly walk, Jake H, Evan C, Dan W, were wrapped in their sleeping bags sleeping by the fire. Our casualties for the night included Zack G, newly purchased flashlight. Gentlemen we do not throw other people's property especially flashlights in the fire. We shall have a discussion about this.

All hands on deck were awakening early Sunday morning. Breakfast consisted of Bagels, Pop Tarts, Montecristo sandwiches, fruit oatmeal and of course any leftover food you did not want to carry back down.

After tearing the camp down, and policing the area, the scouts proceeded down the mountain. Some scouts still need some direction in packing for camping trips, (a future area to be covered.) After a few boots falling off of packs, and some other personal belongings, we reached the camp masters home. Upon reaching the camp master, Kevin G, and Tim B, who found the rifle range and the archery range signs scattered in the woods, returned the signs to the camp master, as they completed their good deed

for the day. Following a trip debriefing we loaded the vehicles and headed for home, another fine trip for the scouts of troop 76.