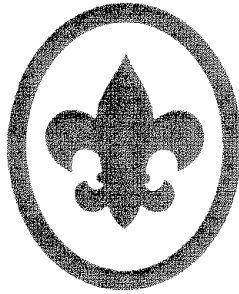
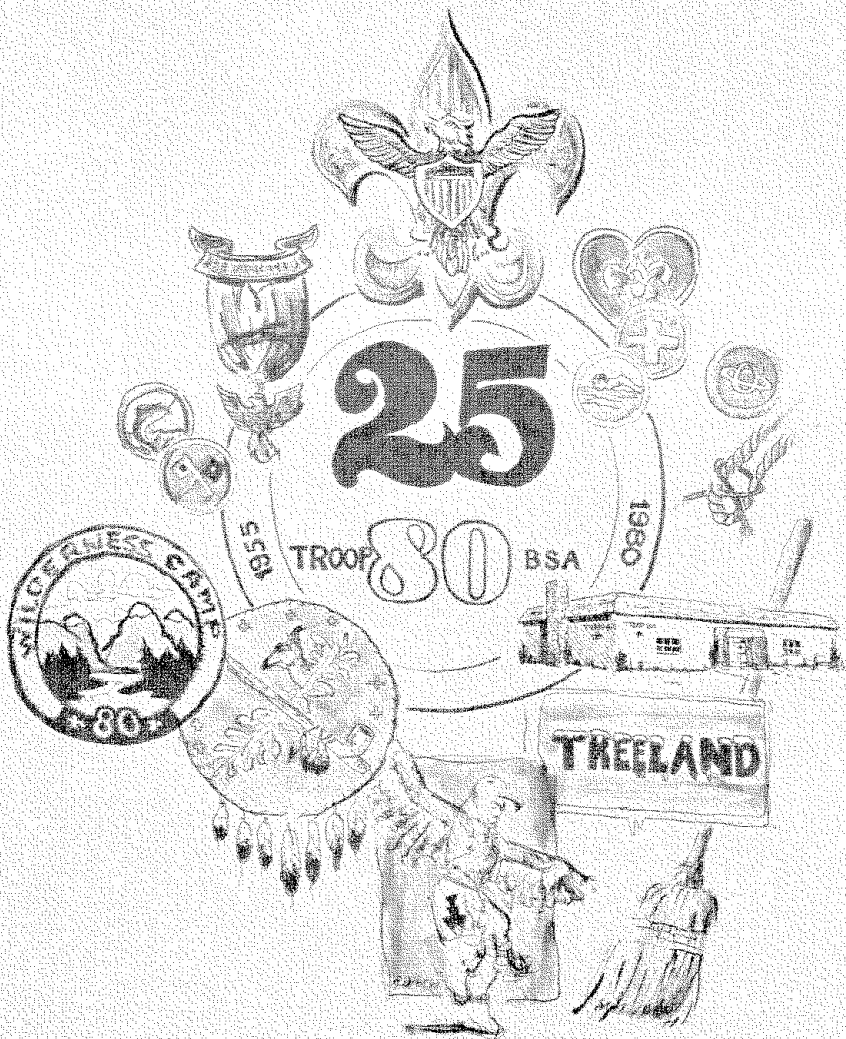


The Incredible 80's
or
Another Campfire Story by Uncle Poppe



Cover Design by: Gary Roller
Illustrations by: Darrell Skipworth

TROOP 80
Boy Scouts of America



THE INCREDIBLE 80's OR ANOTHER CAMPFIRE STORY BY UNCLE POPPE

February, 1955 to February, 1980

Absolutely nothing malicious was intended by the scout who brought his sling shot and plenty of ammunition to a Midnight Canyon summer camp. The use of a sling shot at a troop activity was strictly forbidden. The sling shot was discovered by the Scoutmaster who extracted it with the promise to return it in Amarillo. There was little to be gained by also taking the marbles that the scout had brought along for ammunition. Nothing was seen of the marbles until the following Saturday at Santa Fe as everyone was getting ready for bed in the gym of Storey Junior High. Our sling shot shooter was preparing to bed down high up in the balcony. While moving his marbles, they banged against a bench and the thin fabric of the pillow case in which he had them gave way. The marbles took off in all directions — but mostly down — and they moved fast. All frantic efforts by our scout and his neighbors to stop the eventual disposition were in vain. The marbles clipped along rapidly — bouncing once or so on each level of the steeply tiered balcony until they reached the edge and vaulted into space. There was a long pause while each descended to the gym floor. Some arrived with a good, firm bang and a series of bounces. Others seemed to just quietly disappear as they landed in a bed roll. All would have been well if those below had merely collected and retained the marbles, but no — they enjoyed the sound so much that they gave each recovered marble a chance to do it again and again and again. . . Eventually the Scoutmaster restored order and collected the marbles which he wished he had collected earlier. For years after, it wasn't uncommon to find scouts at summer camp with marbles and no sling shot. And so it goes with Troop 80 Boy Scouts. This is one aspect of scouting and there are many, many more.



What is scouting? What is a scout troop? More importantly what is Troop 80? Or perhaps the question should be — who is Troop 80? It is sincerely hoped that these questions will be answered in the succeeding paragraphs. In the process of assembling these findings, we shall undoubtedly discover other questions — some which we can and will answer. Some will be those that only you can answer and some perhaps would be far better left unanswered. You will surely know which is which.

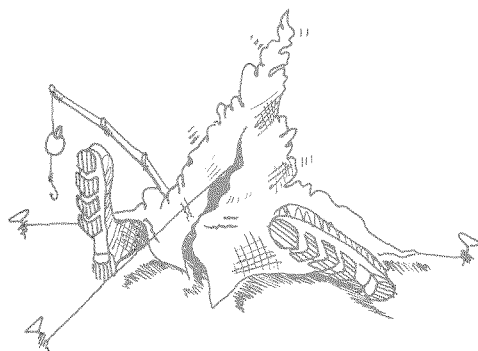
Although there have been efforts in past years to restrict the number of boys in Troop 80, the very concepts of scouting as espoused by this troop, ruled against any such curtailment. But a scout troop is so much more than boys and men and leaders and committees. The attributes of a troop include, but are not limited to, such qualities as fraternalism, friendship, sharing, achievement, leadership, planning, teaching, learning, citizenship, fun. In addition, each boy acquires innumerable skills all of which combine to produce a more complete and thoroughly grounded Boy Scout alumnus than might otherwise have occurred.

Originally formed in 1950 under the sponsorship of Avondale Baptist Church and rechartered in 1951, Troop 80 did not charter again until February 28, 1955, with Ted Swift as the Scoutmaster. Institutional representative was Jack Bryant who was also the committee chairman. On Ted Swift's resignation as Scoutmaster in 1955, Jack Bryant assumed the duties of interim Scoutmaster until a replacement could be found. Wonder if anyone even tried? Troop 80 membership was 43 in 1955 and although only 39 boys were registered in 1956, that was the beginning of a steady increase in membership to the incredible peak year of 1970 with 180 registrations.



Problems of funds and adequate adult support were significant factors in the Scoutmaster's conduct of this growing troop. Fortunately the new Scoutmaster early evidenced many special talents that were to play very important roles in the eventual total success of this new upstart scout troop. There were no doubt many boys who might question the value of some of those talents. For instance, broom swinging — great skill and force with both hands, or even just one — might not be considered something of value by many boys or even a few of the men. On the way

home from an outing with an unusually rambunctious busload, the Scoutmaster would schedule a prompt bus unloading with a mere swat as a ticket for readmission. Even with only a one handed rendering, you could feel every straw — sometimes for days. And, oh! those at night (about midnight for the tent that couldn't sleep) with no more protection than one layer of pajama. . . Yet, you were proud of the one you got on the last night of your first campout — we're still not sure how the little guys were kept from ending up in orbit. There are probably some who still have scars from the broken wire wrapping. No one ever really won in the swat swapping, but they had fun.



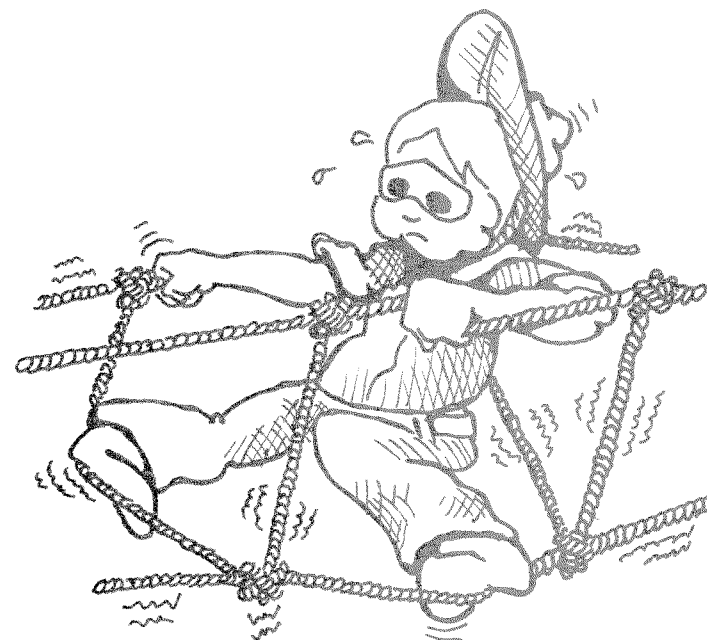
The Scoutmaster's skill as a salesman, unequalled by anyone before or since, was critical to troop growth. From this special ability alone came more committee men, the use of a little Chevie bus (Thanks, Mr. Graham), a Canadian army tent (Thanks, Mr. Hill), cooking grills, cook boxes, a pickup truck, (Thanks Post 80), use of the church for meetings. Mr. Hunter of the surplus outlet on Georgia probably winced every time he saw the new Scoutmaster come into the store. The 1954 pickup procured from the Explorer Post was the pride and joy of the troop. Unfortunately in January, 1959, the seller still hadn't been paid. Neither had a list of other folks who had furnished needed items for summer camp and troop operation. The finances were in sad shape. So, in early January, 1959, after a troop meeting, a number of new and unsuspecting fathers gathered with the then existing committee. The committee chairman reported that he would be unable to serve any longer; the finance man stated that the deficit spending program he was forced to operate due to lack of funds was beyond his ability. He too resigned and left the meeting. The advancement chairman had already resigned and didn't attend the meeting. So, the new adults who had come to "help" got jobs, and an entirely new committee was "selected" — another of the Scoutmaster's talents! Over the years there have been many fantastic people, boys and adults, who have made great contributions to the success of Troop 80, but only a few of these can be singled out. However this new committee provided such a significant change in troop administration and management that this report would be incomplete without including their specific identities. It was this crew that reshaped Troop 80 and did much to propel it to the phenomenal success it has been privileged to enjoy.

Scoutmaster
Committee Chairman
Finance Chairman
Advancement Chairman
Assistant Scoutmaster
Committee Member

Jack Bryant
Claude Alexander
Welton Sides
Fred Poppe
Fritz Crisler
Ralph Thompson

The seemingly insurmountable financial problems were quickly solved. The committee chairman and finance man and Scoutmaster jointly signed for a personal loan of sufficient funds to pay off all debts. The pickup, now painted black and white, was truly troop property. Mr. Graham donated a 32-passenger bus which also was painted black and white — you can easily guess who promoted the new bus along with the paint job and appropriate lettering. Through the boys' delivery of an advertisement newspaper funds were generated to pay off the loan.

The summer camp of 1959 was held at the lower campsite in Midnight Canyon — but not quite according to plan. It was a great camp from the boys' point of view, but for the adults it was a disaster. First Mr. Graham's bus broke down — Ah! but he rented a Trailways over the highway bus that did great until it got hung up on the road in from Questa. Spending the first night in the bus wasn't as good as sleeping in Witt's cabins, but somehow telling about sleeping in the bus was much more adventuresome than sleeping in a cabin or tent. Combining the post and troop on a summer camp was not successful considering the spread in ages and was never attempted again. During the camp, a bridge was built over Midnight Creek at the campsite along with another one for "old ladies". (My, but that water was cold!)



Troop 80 is unique for a multitude of reasons, but that which truly sets it apart and above others is its programming which so skillfully establishes a balance between learning and fun. Fundamental to this has been the active boy participation in program planning along with maximum adult participation in all boy activities. When the new, large campsite was first established at Midnight, it was a group of boys who dug and built the first latrine — up high due to the steep walls. With proper respect for the assisting adult, the boys named that monumental structure “Humphrey’s Highland” — which title it retained through all the years of camping at that site. There were many successors who rebuilt it, but each retained the name of the founder.



Also unique because of its consistency, has been the church service held every Sunday that the troop was in camp, on a hike or on the road. Few were professional preachers, but many good lessons, songs, and serious thoughts evolved from these special services.

Other memories are built on camp fires in the open summer and winter, under the dining fly due to the rain, even in a gym at some remote location, without a fire. There were boy created and rendered skits, songs, a story, and always a prayer to finish off the day. Once in a while there was so much realism in the story that occasionally one of the boys couldn't sleep and chose a scoutmaster to share his problem. This was often the case after the story about the Jackson Brothers. By the way, were those jewels real? Also, there were the few boys and an occasional adult who fell asleep during the story and didn't hear the end. Of course, no one would tell them how it came out.

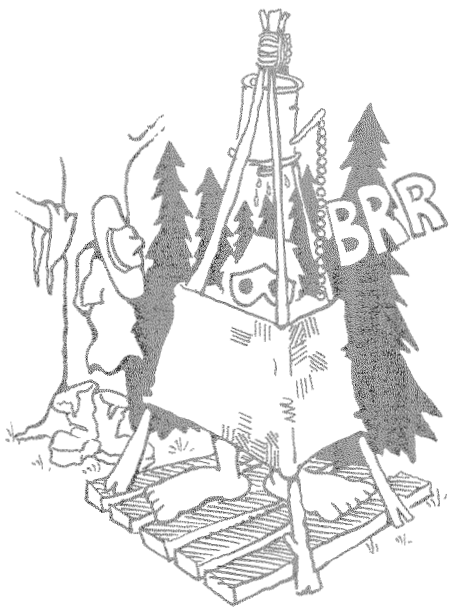


Regularity, a highly commendable Troop 80 characteristic (this hasn't anything to do with prunes served at the second breakfast at summer camp) is exceedingly apparent by the programmed troop meetings every single week, a hike or campout every month and the real effort taken to start each activity on time. Normally this did not present a serious problem for late comers on bus trips out of town since parents could make a fast run to catch the buses. On too many occasions in those early years, the tardy boys and their mothers or fathers easily could have eventually caught up with the troop as they sat idly by the side of the road somewhere considering what to do about a flat tire, an empty gas tank, a burned out engine, inoperative lights, a turned over trailer, a loose tarp, an overheated engine, a noncooperating fuel pump, a problem gas tank or was it the fuel line, running over a herd of cattle, or any of a myriad of deterrents to maintaining a schedule — even if it started at 5:00 a.m. If the equipment wasn't problem enough, sometimes road conditions were — like the boys pushing a bus through 2 miles of mud; and always there were the anxious boys who wanted to get underway — well, except for the time one boy brought about a hundred comic books along — quietest trip ever taken by Troop 80. Too often those delays got the troop into camp late, with a need to set up in a hurry, many times in the dark. By industry, good training, and leadership, all was always accomplished.

Of special note was a unique winter camp at Camp Don. Just as the boys finished putting up the tents late on Friday evening, it started to snow. Saturday morning the troop was awakened by early risers chopping wood for a fire in order to get breakfast started. There were tents down due to the weight of the snow (not sure whether those wood choppers really were early risers). The Scoutmaster's center pole had broken during night, and it was COLD. Troop 80 stayed the entire weekend although all the other troops who had been there left for home by Saturday noon. With boots made from plastic ground cloths and pieces of plastic for sleds, the Troop 80 boys had a great time.

There was that rainstorm at Lake McClelland where we'd gone for a summer camp shake down. The local state park ranger said our camp would be 4 feet under water by morning. It wasn't, although many a tent had an internal drainage system. It took a bit of doing to route those streams of water between bedrolls. That brings to mind the 1976 summer camp at Midnight with comparable little rivers going through the Scoutmaster's tent. It also proved to be a good time to find out that the original Canadian Army tent wasn't so waterproof any more.

Those attending that camp in 1976 will remember it for our close brush with a near tragedy. The great demand for clear thinking and immediate action was completely met and in so doing provided Frank Jones with a complete healing from his accidental fall into a wash tub of boiling hot water. It also taught a scout troop the value of knowing first aid, the importance of the "don't panic" rule and the tremendous value of prayer.



Among the really significant events that distinctly influenced the direction of growth of Troop 80 was the proposition of Troop 9 to help us raise a little money by selling Christmas trees. Our first effort was in 1959, with the trees to be furnished by Troop 9 on consignment for a 40-60 split of the profits. Troop 9 would take back any trees that didn't sell. Our expenses were \$165.47 that year. We had net earnings of \$539.35 for Troop 80's 60% share. Believing that by dedicating a month and a half of meaningful service themselves and using no-cost labor, the troop committee elected to go into the Christmas tree business on their own the next year. The buying trips, setting up the lots, merchandising, dealing with the public, including all the boys in the act, and caring for the trees contributed far more good than just the financial gain. Even the friendly talks while standing around the 55 gallon drum fire on a cold winter day were worthy experiences.

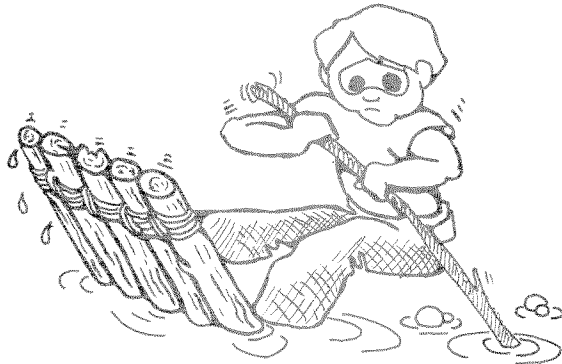
There were problems too in the Christmas tree business. The season started each year with the signing of the note for funds to buy the trees. Each committee member, on signing, could be held individually liable for the total amount. There were the drying winds, the importance of getting quality trees (no dogs), losses at night, finding someone to cover the lot during the day. All were handled, especially the day coverage. Bless those mothers and wives who did yeoman service year after year. We had a special and difficult problem during the first solo Christmas tree season of 1960. Because of the number of trees we had to sell that year and believing that Sunday sales were acceptable to the church, it was decided that the lot must be open for business Sunday afternoon. This proved to be contrary to the desires of Avondale Baptist Church, our sponsor. They discontinued sponsorship of the troop and we were forced to seek another sponsor. The local Elks Lodge, with a new building, accepted Troop 80. Both the sales and the new sponsor were successes.

Unfortunately the economic needs of a Boy Scout Troop cannot be met by dues from the boys. Other sources of funds have to be found. Troop 80 relies on the annual Christmas tree sales and light bulb sales. From profits of these two activities, the troop has been able to procure needed equipment, reduce the cost of trips and camps for the boys and even construct its own facility designed for scouting. The troop has used its earned funds for additional buses, a storage building, many tents, equipment, fantastic trips and one pickup truck. You say two pickup trucks? No, just the 1979 one-ton. The red '69 3/4 ton truck was a most generous gift of Delmer Durrett.

This contribution by Mr. Durrett was the basis of the establishment in 1969 of the Delmer Durrett Leadership Award. This award annually recognizes the leadership qualities of the senior patrol leader. Steve Bryant was the first recipient. The W. T. Graham Award, which had been established in 1959 with Rick Poppe as the first recipient, was replaced by the E. Welton Sides Award in 1977 to continue to honor the outstanding scout each year. Jeff Scott was the first to be recognized under the new identity.



Each month the Green Bar, more recently the Troop Leadership Council, assembled with the Scoutmasters and committee members to plan the next month's meetings and outings. From their planning came many outstanding trips and camps. Of special note were those to the Alabates Ranch and Coetas Creek where the boys hunted for and found Indian artifacts, Adobe Walls where they found 50 caliber slugs from the occasion of the Indians trying to stop the last large buffalo hunt, the train ride and hike out of Durango, Colorado, Opel Lake, (some will remember that one as the time two boys were lost all night), and the many trips to the old town of Midnight. We lost a boy up there one time, and Dick Devoe volunteered to search for him. He strapped on Jack's knife and pistol belt, started off at a run and immediately fell full length. The pistol belt had fallen down to his ankles, trapping him. He finally elected to go without the extra security. Another time John Abrahamson and his whole patrol were totally lost on a hike to Coetas Creek. Of the two delightful trips to Yellowstone Park, the first one in 1971 didn't seem so great at first as we found we had to share the campsite with the Craighead's grizzlies. Long will those on that trip remember that big fellow right in our path to camp when we came back from the ranger lecture on Yellowstone Park, as well as their regular visits each night. They bit holes in half of our water jugs. To remedy the situation, everything edible went into the trailer — of course, the bears even tried to get in there. The mosquitos also seemed very bad at that summer camp until the hike to Heart Lake. It wasn't the Park Ranger that ran the troop out for lack of a fire permit. It was the bigger and hungrier mosquitos they encountered before they ever got to the lake.



We've had problems with varmints on other occasions. The "No-see-ums" in Midnight Canyon, the mosquitos on the Green and Colorado River raft trips. Cattle and sheep drives through camp have also added their share of excitement. How about the live chicken dinner at Camp Don along about 1959? There were some who would rather have skipped dinner. And speaking of bears — the most famous of all that ever visited a Troop 80 campsite was the one that attacked Jack on the only scout campout in which he slept in a "quick camp." In his sleep he punched out a corner while fighting off the bear. All of this was triggered by Glen Campbell's story of the bear in Ute Canyon. Scout Larry Springer subsequently wrote the words to a song to commemorate this special event:

*Well, here we are in Midnight Canyon,
Brought here by that guy over there.
And we'll tell you why that guy over yonder
Is often called by the name of Bear.*

*Now, a few years ago, when we were all sleepin',
A Big Black Bear came followin' a scent;
And he kept on going, just mindin' his business,
Until he came to Mr. Bryant's tent.*

*First he stuck in his nose and started a sniffin',
As if he were after a fresh piece of meat,
But we just can't keep from sort of believin'
That what he smelled was Mr. Bryant's feet.*

*Then that Big Black Bear with his tongue so gently licked
Jack's hands as if to give a hint.
(spoken) Well it must have been some notion
Which prompted that motion
That sent Jack's hand through the wall of the tent.*

*Well, here we are in Midnight Canyon
Here in the mountains where there just ain't much room
So now we're thinkin' we had better start running because
Bear Bryant is lookin' for a broom.*

Larry Springer

Most Troop 80 sponsored campouts have tended to be quite primitive with perhaps one exception and this one very limited. However, once at least, the scoutmaster's tent during a summer camp at Midnight Canyon was illuminated by an electric light. It was a very lovely experience, but it **sure** didn't put out the heat of a Coleman. How long was that extension from the pick-up to the tent, Ted? The running water in the kitchen project just never seemed to get done even though we had our own Professional Engineer. How come, Mr. Abrahamson?

Over the years there have been occasional irritants to Troop 80's activities; yet they have never really prevented a successful conclusion to the activity. Perhaps such merely added a bit of spice to the event. The skunk that came to the family night dinner at Camp Don could have made things interesting. We survived the bears beautifully in Yellowstone even though they weren't afraid of a Coleman lantern or a fire. Others include: those rainy days at Midnight and elsewhere, especially the Latier hike where everyone would have drowned if it hadn't been for the ranger cabin, the dining fly drainage problems in spite of Welton Sides' skillful design and construction, those infernal bus break downs, (seems like we were perpetually pushing a bus), the cold showers at the different gyms about the country, a totally inverted canoe in the Rio Grande, the swats for getting back late from the jeep ride, the lack of fish in nearly every lake the boys tried, the bravado of the boys that found the mine in Midnight Canyon (Whatever happened to the ore car?), the tree coming through the bus window, Jack and Leo's loaded cigars, the uncooked noodles at Adobe Walls, the broken bridge at the "old" lady's house, the two trees that

challenged passage into Midnight Canyon, sewing tarps that hadn't quite made it past one of the trees, the swamp we always got stuck in, the water fights, 8 degree below zero camp on Coetas Creek, Sgt. Staggs trying to teach the troop to march, boys giving a go to some cigars (it was more fun doing it on their own than under supervision of the Scoutmaster), the racket caused by an occasional boy who got reversed in his sleeping bag and thought the world had come to an end, and those "everybody up" calls in the morning.

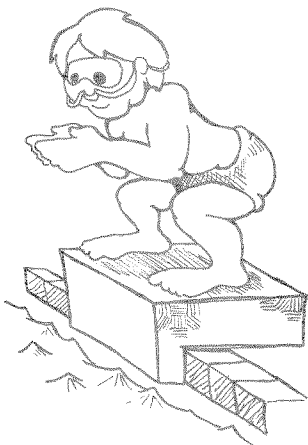


On the other hand there were those many joyful experiences, that you wouldn't trade for a million dollars. Among the happy memories are: breakfast at the Busy Bee Cafe in Dalhart, your tent finally all set up, meeting the other group at the top of Columbine Pass off the Durango-Silverton Railroad, the smell of bacon frying on a beautiful clear morning, the glow of a camp fire, the closing of sales at the Christmas tree lot, Family Night, finding an animal track in the snow, making an advancement, going swimming in February, passing lifesaving, weaving a lanyard, being in a winning patrol at camporee, climbing to the top of a tower you helped lash together, cutting spruce trees for the Scout Building bridge, the banquet after summer camp, that can of cold pop at a gas stop during a hot summer trip, going to the National Jamboree, making a raft trip, the skits at camp fires, shooting the B-B guns, the father and son banquet — especially if you attended the banquet when the lady Santa Claus passed out the presents, building a fish dam, ice skating at Camp Don, riding into Midnight Canyon in a grain truck with Claude Alexander who as a real con

man got the old boy to take her all the way in, the father-son camp outs, a tour of Carlsbad Cavern, becoming an Eagle Scout, being elected patrol leader, having dinner at the Bar D Chuckwagon, buying something for mom from the Indians at Santa Fe, or eating chili popcorn and studying the pictures at the Taos Inn, helping to put up the Troop 80 donated flag pole at the new Council Scout Office, shooting arrows at the porcupine in the old cottonwood tree on Turkey Creek, finding all the robins wintering in a slide canyon of Camp Don Harrington, putting on an Indian dance show, watching the Koshares, or being entertained by a real Indian in Pueblo while waiting for transportation home, or throwing knives at a stump at summer camp without Jack being any the wiser, (ha!) Larry Rhea's igniting the first fire place fire at the dedication of the new building, the chicken and later the steak dinners on returning from the Latier hike, Uncle Poppe's camp fire stories and a warm sleeping bag at the end of a fun-filled day.

It is doubted that many remember or even knew of the experience of one of our leaders with the wild turkeys we encountered on an overnight on the J. A. Ranch. During the hike in, we saw a large flock of wild turkeys upstream a little from our camp site. After dark our leader attempted to catch one. He had spotted the white feathers in the dark and had crept very close. Coincident with the grab he flashed his flashlight — lo — it wasn't a turkey — it was a skunk. He missed the grab and a more grateful scouter doesn't exist.





A major essential of quality scouting is its program and the consistency with which it is administered. A considerable variety of nearly perfect conditions must exist in order to attain this quality. Troop 80 has truly distinguished itself in this realm and more than adequately handled the related demands. Sponsorship by the Elks Lodge was most timely as the troop suddenly found itself without a home, and the Elks large open basement in their new building created an ideal meeting place. Soon after we started to meet there on a relatively set, once-a-week schedule, we were occasionally forced to change meeting nights due to their special events. Also, they put in a first and then a second pool table. Then they added many large chairs. At the same time Troop 80 was growing. Effective Scout meetings became very difficult. In 1962 the concerned adults incorporated "80 Scouts" as a non-profit organization in accordance with the appropriate laws of the state of Texas. The troop's inability to find a meeting place of sufficient capacity and consistent availability, prompted the eventual purchase of the 9 lots at Plains and Bellaire. This provided a permanent outdoor area for scout meetings and a permanent location for Christmas tree sales. The purchase was initiated through the donated efforts of Winston Smith, a lawyer friend of the troop, who in 1964, successfully handled the very extensive litigation necessary to acquire a clear title, so that the property was finally ours. The next logical step was construction of the building. The original plan after purchase of the lots was to erect a metal building to house the buses which could be rolled out to permit use of the covered space for special scout events. However, due to the planning, scrounging and ingenuity of Leo Seeds, we were most fortunate to receive instead this most beautiful building. The building was formally occupied in August, and dedicated in November, 1967.

Boy membership had reached 139 in 1965. Earlier efforts to halt membership at 80, (the troop number), were futile. While attempting to hold at 100, no one was able to come up with the proper response to the scout who on introducing his friend or brother said, "And he wants to be in this troop with me." So, growth to an average of 130 registered boys followed.

Appendix 1

Registrations by year from 1955-1979
(without adjustment for dropouts)

1955-43	1960-77	1965-139	1970-180	1975-143
1956-39	1961-89	1966-130	1971-156	1976-148
1957-47	1962-104	1967-129	1972-158	1977-146
1958-54	1963-117	1968-130	1973-147	1978-128
1959-63	1964-114	1969-162	1974-141	1979-138

Only quality leadership, adequate meeting space, extensive planning and dedicated adults could provide on-going, meaningful scouting to this number of boys. Obviously it has been most successful or this growth would not have occurred nor have been maintained. Changes were, in fact, constant in order to continue with a viable program that stayed with the demands of the time, number of boys and the national Boy Scout program. When the cap was replaced by the beret, Troop 80 changed to the beret. When "Green Bar" changed to Troop Leadership Council, Troop 80 changed also. An "all troop" activity was conducted every month; however, starting in 1971, high adventure trips were interspersed among the formal campouts and backpacking trips. Two visits were made to Yellowstone National Park. The entire troop went to Moraine State Park in Pennsylvania to the National Jamboree in 1973. There have been two separate river raft



trips. The troop's ability to do these trips with the number of boys involved was possible thanks to their own dependable buses. The first 45 seat model was purchased in 1971 and the second in 1975. Primary drivers of these new vehicles were the scoutmaster, Jack Bryant, and first assistant scoutmaster, Walter Skipworth, who has given much to Troop 80. A previously owned bus was given to a minority Scout troop in Dallas, whose Scoutmaster, Mike Alexander, is a Troop 80 alumnus.



During the early years there had been an older boy activity with varying degrees of activity. Even as an Aero Squadron, it didn't tend to draw off Troop 80's older boys. They preferred to come back to Troop 80 meetings. Most had either experienced or had not desired leadership duties and were without specific responsibility to the Troop. To accommodate these boys, and other registered Scouts, an Indian dance group was formed under the direction of the troop Scoutmaster. A former Koshari Indian dancer was the first instructor. Practice sessions were held in the Elks Lodge Meeting Hall each Sunday afternoon. Unknown to Troop 80 at that time was the fact that an Indian dance troop, under the leadership of Ralph Ireland had existed previously. It was through the efforts of Ralph Ireland, who heard about Troop 80's Indian dancers, that the Kwahadi Indians were revived. Ralph Ireland had been the original Koshari Scout Troop Scoutmaster in La Junta, Colorado and was an excellent dance instructor. Soon there were enough trained boys with adequate personal costumes and Kwahadi specialty costumes to allow them to perform for other Scout units and even non-scouting functions. In 1969 the former Aero Squadron was rechartered as an Indian Explorer Post under the sponsorship of 80 Scouts, Inc. Ralph Ireland was the dance instructor and Charles Richie served as Post Advisor. Nearly a hundred active explorers provided excellent performances in Amarillo and throughout the United States. In June, 1977, Avondale Elementary School released their charter for Cub Pack 80 to the sponsorship of 80 scouts, Inc. and all units (Cub, Troop, Post) now meet for regularly scheduled activities in the Troop 80 Scout Building.

It is estimated that during the 25 year period February, 1955, to February, 1980, an excess of 1000 boys have spent an average of 2½ years as members of Troop 80. During that period, each boy acquired enough new experiences, developed sufficient additional skills to make him a more complete person and a better citizen than he might otherwise have been. This is truly a most commendable contribution to make to a community. In addition, Boy Scout Troop 80 has been an active participant in Civil Defense exercises. The boys planted trees at Camp Don Harrington, helped clean up portions of Amarillo, improved Palo Duro State Park, and performed other community service projects as part of a troop, patrol or personal advancement effort. Eighty Scouts Inc., as a Boy Scout sponsoring institution, is a member of the Scout Sustaining Membership Fund. Their Scoutmaster, Jack Bryant, exceedingly active in civic and community affairs, has also served on the Llano Estacada Boy Scout Council for a number of years, two of them as president.

SCREEKA
SCREEKA



Among the many things for which Troop 80 is especially proud is the number of boys who attained the rank of Eagle Scout. A total of 52 Eagles have been awarded as evidenced by the Eagle Recognition Board, developed by Joe Dickson in 1970 and on display in the Scout Building.

Troop 80 Eagles

1958	Bruce Bishop	1972	Bradley Cox
	Courney Crisler		Daivd M. Bones
	Dan Street		Steven Stewart
	Charles C. Frawley	1973	Steven Loechel
1959	Jack E. Bryant		William Phillips
1960	Gary Farmer		Mark Hinman
	Ricky Hill		Richard Knapp
	Richard W. Jensen		Flynt Moreland
1961	Tommy Sides		John E. Cowden
	Frederick H. Poppe, Jr.		Robert Rudd
	Jack Seeds		John Cooksey
	Joe Riggs		Larry E. Tomlinson
1962	Dale Denny		J. Stewart Bass
	Rick DeVoe		Leonard D. Parson
1963	Mike Williams		Carl G. Dahlberg
	John Jones		Gregory Stewart
	Leslie Lee		Mark Schneider
	Thomas F. Roller		John L. Scott III
1964	Mike E. Alexander		Trey DeGrassi
	Larry Rhea	1975	R. Mark Andres
1965	Mark T. Henslee		Kelley E. Thomas
	Joe Dickson		Allen M. Matthews
	Charles Warren Howard		Douglas H. McCarty
	Stephen L. Jones		Clifford L. Ramey
	Jim V. Elsey		Matt R. Schneider
	Russel O. Gard		William L. Parsons
1966	James Savage	1976	David J. Solis
	David G. Moore		Kevin Stewart
	David T. Smith		Darrell W. Jayroe
	Randall K. Watson		Donald R. Morrow, Jr.
	Vance McSwain		Charles M. Elsea
	Jerry F. Derrick	1977	Kevin C. Brown
	Stanley V. Stockton		Victor Taylor
1967	Kent T. Roberts		Todd A. Pittman
	David N. Garner	1978	Richard L. Craig
1968	Brian D. Cowen		David E. Garner
1969	Steve N. Bryant		Jeff Scott
	Charles C. Morgan		Robert Raef
	Steve Tomlinson		Jay Marcus Goodson
1970	Mark W. Golden		Shaun Manning
	Craig M. Cowan	1979	James Walker
	Jim W. McKee		Bryan H. Collins
	C. Michael Gardner		Danny C. O'Tanger
1971	Clarence H. Annett		Stephen S. Dickerson
	Frederic M. Wolfram		Stephen L. Tillery
1972	Robert L. Pinkston		
	David L. Bickerstaff		



Each Court of Honor is a serious and solemn affair with due recognition given to the boy for his advancement and also to his parents because their encouragement and assistance are an essential ingredient in the overall effectiveness of the scouting movement.

An adult social program was instituted in the early years to strengthen the bonds of the committee members and their wives based upon their common interest in scouting. Many hours of special effort and planning have been devoted to scouting by the wives of the committee members. Margie, the wife of the Troop 80 Scoutmaster, was the prime mover in scheduling committee members' wives and boys' mothers for day time work in the Christmas tree lot. She organized the family night dinners and served as contact with the troop for parents of the boys during a high adventure trip or when they were on an overnight hike or camp. She is a beautiful, special lady.

The proper conduct and administration of a Boy Scout troop the size of Troop 80 can only be effectively handled by sincerely dedicated adults, yet the effort was thoroughly justified in the minds of the leaders by the growth and improvement discernible in each boy. To see the faces of boys as they display an obvious love of the outdoors which they acquired as scouts and to discern their joy of accomplishment — be it to tie a bowline, cook a fish they have caught, carry a pack up a steep hill, respond when called on for a prayer, affix a bandage, or identify a star, somehow creates in the leader a warmth that can't be described or measured. It is sincerely believed that each boy who has been touched by scouting, even if for only a little while, is a stronger person for it and better able to meet today's challenges. Also, the adult leader who assisted in bringing on this response has also become a more complete person through the simple process of helping the boy.



It is indeed a tremendous pleasure to document, at least partially, the 25 year record of this wholesome Boy Scout activity. The true total character of Troop 80 is unquestionably the collective qualities of every boy, man, mother, father and wife that have participated to some degree in some facet of its history. To each of these is extended deep and sincere thanks for making this Boy Scout organization what I choose to call the truly "Incredible 80's."

