



Campfire Planning Book

The Campfire Planning Worksheet

The Campfire Planning Worksheet is printed two-sided. The back side is where you plan the program. The front side is the program agenda, in proper order, used by the Master of Ceremonies.

Have your Dens or Patrols work on skits, songs, stunts, etc. Plan a time when a representative of each Den or Patrol will come to you with the name and type of each item that they will do. Write them on the back side, in the appropriate place, in no particular order. Make sure that if you are not familiar with something they plan to do that you have them perform it for you -- this could avoid an embarrassing situation.

When you have all possible skits, cheers, songs -- even those that the Master of Ceremonies will lead -- written on the planning section, consider how to put them together into a program. As you read above, a Campfire Program should start slowly and quietly, build to a high level, then taper off to a quiet closing. Bracket everything with appropriate opening and closing songs or readings. Mix up the items in the middle for variety. You might consider some stories near the end to wind things down before the closing.

CAMPFIRE PROGRAM

Place _____ Date _____ Time _____ Camp Director's approval: _____ _____	Campers notified: _____ Campfire planning meeting _____ M.C. _____ Song leader _____ Cheermaster _____	Area set up by _____ _____ Campfire built by _____ Fire put out by _____ Cleanup by _____
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Spot	Title of Stung, Song or Story	By _____	Time
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
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8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			
17			
18			
19			
20	Closing		

THE CAMPFIRE PROGRAM PLANNER

How to use this sheet: Be sure that every feature of this campfire program upholds Scouting's highest traditions.

1. in a campfire planning meeting, fill in the top of the "Campfire Program" sheet (over)
2. On the "Campfire Program Planner" (below), list all units and individuals who will participate in the program
3. From each get and write down the name, description, and type of song, stunt or story they have planned.
4. The master-of-the-campfire organizes songs, stunts, and stories in a good sequence, considering timing, variety, smoothness, and showmanship.
5. M.C. makes out the campfire program sheet (over).
6. Copies of the program are given to all participants.

Cheer Planner	Spot

Song Planner	Spot

Campfire Program Planner			
Group or Individual	Description	Type	Spot

Campfire Magic

Jim Sharp and John Spencer

The Leader, April 1980

It is very likely that a boy's-or an adult's-fondest memories of his Scouting experiences are of the times he sat around an evening's campfire with some of his best buddies. Those campfires had a magical quality to them-a quality that often defies description. One would be hard pressed to come up with a better way to end a day in camp, or an evening's activity, than with a campfire. But leaders with the skill and confidence to make good campfires happen often seem few and far between.

Perhaps you are one of those leaders who find it difficult to even think about involving your boys in a campfire, let alone set out to plan one by yourself. It is our hope that the following will help and that you will use the information, ideas and methods we set out, to help develop your skills in planning and leading campfires.

In our review of the resources available to Scouters it quickly became apparent that we have a considerable wealth of information on how to lay fires, how to light them with special effects, how to make campfire robes and torches, etc. What we found most lacking is information on how to plan and provide the leadership for a good campfire program. That's what we have set out to provide you with in this article.

A close relationship exists between the physical arrangements for a campfire and the actual program. While a beautiful setting, a well-designed and well-laid fire (lighted with a special method) is awe inspiring in itself, the magic soon wanes with a poorly planned and executed program. Take the time to develop a quality program, one that is well planned and with close attention paid to format and content, and it will be difficult to detract from it with less than ideal physical arrangements. No doubt you've seen an experienced campfire leader hold a group "in the palm of his hand" in a school gymnasium or church hall seated around an artificial campfire! The reason a good campfire leader is able to do it is program. He has paid particular attention to designing a campfire program that will involve and hold the interest of all the participants.

Why A Campfire?

Perhaps B.-P.'s original idea of a campfire was simply a group of Scouts meeting together in camp at the end of a busy day discussing their achievements during that day and making plans for the following day. Campfires can still serve that very useful purpose and they can do much more. Music can express a mood, release emotion or bring a group closer together. Acting (often in the form of campfire skits) serves a very useful part in a boy's development through which he can learn attitudes and appreciations and through which social and emotional developments are stimulated. Value is not limited to participants. While an audience gains satisfaction by identification with the performers, an enthusiastic audience may so stimulate the players that their performance reaches a high standard.

Whether it be song, acting, or other activity, what is most important is not the quality, it is not the enjoyment of those who hear it or see it. Rather, the real virtue is the effort a boy or group of boys have made-the self consciousness which has been overcome and the sense of achievement when he (or they) sit down to a rousing yell from the rest of the participants.

A campfire is more than just a gathering of people around a fire. Rather than being just an isolated event, a campfire becomes an integral part of Scouting in helping boys develop into the men we want them to become.

A Sing-Song Or A Campfire?

All too often we tend to feel that we can't just sit around a warming fire and have a sing-song. Somehow we have a feeling inside us that someone, somewhere, is expecting us to have a campfire. There is an important difference between a campfire and a sing-song and it is important to realize that either may be appropriate.

Sing-songs can happen whereas campfires must be planned. Don't deprive your boys (or yourself!) of the enjoyment a sing-song can provide. Let them happen, perhaps, at first, with a little urging by yourself. But once you have introduced your boys to the joy of song you'll find that singing will become a natural expression of happiness and well-being. And they will happen-on the trail, in a bus or perhaps as a part of some of your regular meetings.

Campfires are usually seen as more formal events than sing-songs. A campfire requires a considerable amount of advanced planning and can be specifically designed to provide opportunities for further development of boys (or adults) through song leading, acting, etc.

Our experience has shown that there are, perhaps, two rather distinct types of campfires. We've classified them as formal and informal. An informal campfire usually takes place with a bit less planning and a bit less pomp and ceremony than what we have classified as a formal campfire.

The most popular type of campfire is the informal one and this is the one which boys are most often exposed to. There may be some campfire robes; there might be a special technique for lighting the fire; there may be some other special effects such as torches lighting the path to the campfire area, etc. But, just as likely, almost everyone will be gathered around a hastily built campfire with nothing more than the bare necessities in the way of seating and special effects.

The formal campfire has a real flavour of Scouting to it with everyone displaying their prized campfire robes; the campfire circle has been thought out and is very neat; the fire has been laid with care and is lighted as though a thunderbolt has struck it; the pathway to the campfire circle has been cleverly illuminated to guide participants and specially designed torches have been placed at strategic locations surrounding the campfire circle to provide the necessary illumination for skits and stunts; the campfire chief enters the circle and receives an enthusiastic greeting; a well planned program involving most of the participants is executed with skill. The fire burns low and the campfire concludes with an appropriate "Scouters Five Minutes", one or two well-chosen spirituals or quiet songs, a prayer and "Taps". Quietly the campfire chief leaves the circle, followed by the participants, all of whom are in a thoughtful and peaceful mood. A suitable conclusion to another fine Scouting day.

It is important to realize that the informal campfire and the formal campfire each have their place in Scouting. All too often, though, we find that the only people exposed to the formal campfire are Scouters. Youth and adult alike have a common need for pomp and ceremony and it is important that we recognize this need and provide the opportunity for it to be met. By providing the opportunities for your boys to participate in a formal campfire you'll be providing them with some of those memories which will remain in their hearts for many years to come.

The Fire

One very good resource for ideas in building various types of fires suitable for your campfire is the Scout Leaders' Handbook. It is important to remember that the fire will serve as the focal point for your campfire and particular care must be paid to the planning and laying of the fire. It just isn't suitable to pile a great assortment of brush in the centre of your campfire circle and hope that it will light when you throw a match into it!

The fire should be designed to provide warmth to the participants, but it is equally important to ensure that the intensity of the heat will not develop to a point where participants are forced to vacate their spot on the log to retreat to a more safe distance. Through careful attention to design and through experience you'll soon learn to size your fire appropriately so that it will

provide just the amount of warmth you require.

Pay particular attention to the type of wood you use in laying the fire. While you may often find that you have little choice in the matter, try to find dry hardwoods to minimize smoke and sparking.

Special techniques for lighting your campfire can add a real sense of drama which helps to build that magical quality we are seeking. The Scout Leaders' Handbook offers a number of workable suggestions and other ideas have appeared in The Leader (see December, 1979 issue). Whatever means you choose to light your fire, take the time to try it out several times in advance of the "big moment" to ensure that it is going to work well. In the event that your method fails in spite of your calculated preparations, be ready with several matches in your pocket! Don't direct particular attention to the fact that it failed, for few will have known of your plans if you've done your planning well.

Appoint a particular person to be the "fire tender" for the duration of the campfire. It will be his duty to ensure that the fire is properly laid (well in advance, of course) and to tend the fire during the campfire program. He will need to be on his toes and ready to take prompt action if a log rolls from the fire, if the flames leap too high and begin to threaten nearby trees (!) or if a small amount of additional wood need be added to the fire if it burns more quickly than you had planned. Make certain that adequate fire protection equipment is readily at hand whenever you plan a campfire.

Your fire should burn in close relationship to your program-strive for a fire that springs to life with bright flames and burns down at about the same rate as you move towards the close of your program. As everyone joins in the singing of "Taps" and the campfire chief intones the inspiring words of the closing, the fire should be little more than a bed of glowing embers.

The Campfire Chief

The campfire chief is responsible for the campfire program. It is important that he (or she) be ready with a well planned program. He will normally arrange with others to be involved in leading various parts of the program (a job which must be done well in advance to give everyone sufficient time to plan his contribution). The campfire chief is responsible for the campfire opening and closing and often is involved in the "Scouter's Five Minutes". If he does his job well he'll find that he often serves as the "co-ordinator" and involves as many others as is feasible.

The campfire chief should always be held in respect by the campfire participants (regardless of the participants' ages). Normally, he enters the campfire circle after the participants have entered and are standing. The amount of pomp and ceremony which the campfire chief builds into the program is strictly a matter of personal choice. However, he should be greeted with an enthusiastic and respectful cheer such as the popular "Hail, Chief!" as he takes his place.

Anyone can be a campfire chief-all it takes is a bit of imagination, good planning and confidence. Everyone tackles the job in a different way and, perhaps, that is what makes a campfire chief seem a bit of a mystical person. Don't fall into the trap of feeling that you have to imitate to do a good job-your individuality is the most important aspect to consider.

The Setting

What could be more ideal for a campfire setting than a quiet spot in a bit of a hollow, surrounded by trees or a tranquil campfire circle near the shore of a lake? It is important to consider the location for your campfire circle. Try to make it a special spot, away from the more lived-in areas of your camp. Make it a spot people will be drawn to.

If it is a spot which you will be able to use more than once, then you will want to take the time to make it something very special. Again, your imagination and your boys' imagination will help to develop a very special place. Careful attention can be paid to comfortable seating (eight to

twelve inch logs raised slightly off the ground will serve admirably for many years) and you may even want to develop special seating arrangements for the campfire chief, special guests and, possibly, other leaders.

An Indoor Campfire?

It isn't necessary to wait for a warm summer evening for a campfire! It is quite possible to have an excellent campfire take place indoors on a cold winter's night with participants seated around an artificial fire constructed with birch logs and various arrangements of coloured paper, cellophane, lighting and, maybe, a small fan to give life to the flames. All it takes is a little imagination and ingenuity to provide a suitable atmosphere to complement the campfire program. Take the necessary precautions to ensure that your fire doesn't go up in smoke!

The important element for your indoor campfire will always be the campfire program. Pay particular attention to developing your program and you'll find that everyone will soon forget they don't have the open sky overhead.

Campfire Robes

A campfire robe serves admirably to provide the extra protection required against the cold and dampness of the evening while our hearts and the front of our bodies are warmed by the fire. And, too, it can display our traditions and personal history. A smart campfire robe portraying the wearer's history, his achievements and the events of importance in his Scouting career, can be an inspiration to others (boys and adults) to want to work to earn the right to wear a robe which is equally grand. Articles dealing with campfire robe styles have appeared in the October '77 and May '79 issues of The Leader. If you don't have access to back issues, contact your Scout Council office and they may be able to provide you with copies of these articles. Take the time to plan your campfire robe to ensure that it will serve you well for many years.

Duration and Pace

Duration, pace, content and style are some of the considerations which you will have to attend to long before the first song is sung.

The duration of the program is largely determined by the nature and age of the participants. In our experience a campfire program should range in time from a maximum of 20 to 30 minutes for Beavers and Cubs and 40 to 50 minutes being about right for Scouts, Venturers and Rovers. We have found that it is wise never to exceed 50 minutes even when working with a group of adults. The point of having what might appear to be a campfire of short duration is quite simple: if it is going well we leave participants in a very positive mood-longing for more; if it isn't going so well it is wise to conclude it without further prolonging the experience. It is difficult to talk about duration for a campfire program without, at the same time, mentioning the pace, since the two factors combine to give us the framework upon which to place the content. The pace has often been described as a mirror image of the fire itself: rising quickly to a plateau of bright activity and then gradually diminishing, as do the flames, becoming like a glow given off by coals. Below is an outline of a program incorporating this principle of a quick build-up (active) and slowing down toward the closing (reflective).

- Opening
- Welcoming song
- Action song
- Yell
- Skit
- Yell
- Lively or action song
- Round
- Game or skit
- Yell
- General song

Presentation (if any -followed by yell)
General song
Quiet song
Yarn or "Scouter's Five"
Quiet song
Spiritual
Spiritual
Prayer
Closing

The program is sometimes viewed as being a parallel to a day in the life at camp. Either way of looking at the program, as a fire or as a day, is useful in that they both provide us with a guide or a model for us to use in the process of planning the program.

Given that we now have an idea of how long we want the campfire program to be and a particular conception of how we would like to see the pace of the program develop, we can now address ourselves to the question of content.

Program Content

If we are in the business of putting on a campfire in the first place, we might just as well admit that it is a "production" and as such, the content should be managed. As a production, it should have some style and we have found that this is best achieved by using a theme. Not all of the content has to rigidly adhere to the theme but it does help to set and maintain the tone if the opening/closing, yarn (or "Scouter's Five Minutes") and the method used in lighting the fire are tied together. A theme also helps in that it often suggests particular songs and skits that might be appropriate and further help to make the program flow. Think of your program as a piece of music and imagine it flowing in phrases.

The spontaneous part of the program is where the action is -fast, rousing songs, fun action songs that get people moving, simple rounds in which all participate, chants, round games, skits and yells all go into this early half of the program. The specific items will, in part, be determined by the nature and age of the participants and, in part, by the material known to those doing the presentation or leading the group in song. A point to be made at this time is that it is preferable to sing songs that most people know, since it is desirable to have everyone participating. Singing songs known to most, or singing songs that can be "picked up quickly" by the novice, ensure good participation and a feeling on the part of most people that they are involved in the shared campfire experience. Skits, games around the circle, yells and chants should be self explanatory or described easily in a few words in order to be understood. The concept behind a campfire is one of a shared experience and despite the fact that not all of us can easily act, dance or sing, we must be made to feel that we are a part of the proceedings or the point of the exercise is lost.

We have called the second part of the program reflective which describes the mood we are striving for. This portion can be broken down into three parts: the first being the two songs prior to the yarn, slowing the pace in preparation for the yarn; the second is the yarn, giving the participants a few thoughts to ponder, and is followed by the final part which eases the pace down, reinforcing the spiritual aspects of Scouting. Let's look at the parts one at a time.

We have indicated a transition point in the program outline which is appropriate for presentations. If they are fun presentations they fit in with the tone of the preceding program. If they are of a more serious nature then they will fit in with the tone of the later program. Either way, they should be followed up with our Scouting form of appreciation-the yell. The two songs following the presentations set the scene for the yarn. We are sure that you have all had experiences trying to present a few words to a less than receptive audience. Bringing down the high spirits is essential and the two songs prior to the yarn serve to do the latter well.

The yarn should be a brief presentation giving a focus to the late day activities. Four to five minutes is usually adequate to make your point. In developing your theme and content for your

yarn, it is probably best to look at some activity or incident, common to all of the participants, that happened during the day. However, there are many suitable topics, and suggestions often appear in The Leader. B.-P.'s Scouting For Boys has a wealth of ideas. We have seen very effective use made of poems, legends and known stories (such as those about B.-P.) as a yarn. You have a wide selection from which to choose.

The final part of the program consists of a quiet song, spirituals, the prayer and the closing. This part and the yarn should serve to highlight the whole campfire program. The participants should be comfortable with each other and relaxed after a day's activity, and the later part of the program should be supportive of this mood. Most spirituals are well known and leading can often be handled by the shy one in the group without great fear. The closing prayer can take the form of Scout silence or of a more formal benediction. The official closing of the campfire by the campfire chief follows.

After the closing, the campfire chief should make a point of leaving the area decisively to alleviate hesitation about what one should do once the campfire is over. Participants should follow quietly.

Style

Style could be the subject of an article in its own right. However, here are a few points to help bring success to you and your campfire.

The campfire chief should have everyone aware of those who precede him on the program, to ensure that each person involved knows when it is time for his contribution. This allows introductions and fumbling to be kept to a minimum.

The campfire chief should also be aware that slip-ups will happen no matter how well the program has been planned. Be prepared to quickly smooth over the ragged edges when required. Quick thinking on your feet is a great asset.

Flair helps-but, if you don't have it, good execution of your program can be equally beneficial.

If you must read from a written program do so! Give some creative thought to making your notes a part of the props-for example, inscribe your opening, closing and other program notes on scrolls of paper or birchbark.

Well designed torches can be placed to illuminate your notes. But if you don't have a torch and feel you need a flashlight, then use one. It is far better to do so than to be constantly fumbling while trying to have the flames from the fire illuminate your page.

The list of ideas is endless! Perhaps we can best summarize this point by saying that you are in the process of managing a production and it is worthwhile to think out all aspects of the program ahead of time. Consider how you can maximize effects through an awareness of duration, pace and content. Style tends to be something that develops and emerges over a period of time and increasing experience. Some people have it from day one-you can probably easily pick out those people now. But for the rest of us it's a path which we have to travel along, working at developing our style, but the results are worthwhile. You can turn good campfires into great ones!

Good Scouting and good luck!

James E. Sharp is Provincial Field Executive for Interior Region of British Columbia and the Yukon. John Spencer is currently serving as Assistant Regional Commissioner for Interior Region and has been active in Scouting for a considerable number of years.

More Thoughts About Campfires

Reg Roberts
The Leader, December 1985

As promised in the August/September Issue, here is the second in a series of articles about campfires. Again I have used as my resource some material provided by Dave Stephenson of North Vancouver, B.C.

The last article dealt with such things as campfire leadership, instruments at campfires and problems that might arise at a campfire. This time I'd like to look at campfire program content - what we do while we are together.

There's a kind of magic about campfires. It's not evident right away because that's the rowdy fun time but, later, in the fading fire's glow as we sing spirituals and listen to a short yarn, huddling together perhaps for warmth but, most importantly, for human companionship - that's when the magic begins.

Songs

A successful campfire is made of an infinite variety of items - songs, skits, and the happy give and take that signifies this is a pleasurable place to be and a suitable finale to a busy active day or evening.

Of all the material available to us, songs must surely be the most important. Songs break down barriers of reserve and shyness, promote fellowship, generate happy feelings, build morale and bind us together, deepen our loyalty and strengthen our ideals. It seems obvious that it's important to sing the songs in such a way that they express the true spirit of Scouting.

Many "modern" songs have no real place at a Scout campfire, but others fit very well. Every age has songs we should remember, introduce to our campfire programs and pass along to future generations. We may still fondly sing I've Been Working on the Railroad and There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding, but let's not overlook Four Strong Winds and Where Have All the Flowers Gone? Look also at today's music from groups such as Abba, Alabama and the Oak Ridge Boys, and consider as well Bony M's Waters of Babylon, the Coke song I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing and the very popular We Are the World.

Songs are meant to be sung, not shouted and, when properly sung, sound wonderful. The words themselves provide the clue to how to sing a song, but sometimes a very brief explanation of how the song came about or its significance to us can help generate the appropriate sensitivity and expression, particularly with sea shanties and spirituals. Help participants "learn by doing" at the same time as they're having fun.

Try to introduce new songs to a campfire regularly but in small doses. Whenever possible, introduce them at a regular meeting first. Above all, if you are going to lead it, know the song reasonably well before you start.

Types of Songs

Spirituals, those wonderful songs full of rich emotional messages, are usually favourites at a

campfire. They all tell stories that reflect faith and beliefs as important to the original singers as our sacred music is to us today.

Sing cheerful, upbeat songs like Daniel, Rock of My Soul, and Michael Row the Boat with vigour and enthusiasm. Jacob's Ladder, Kum by Ah and Swing Low are slower, more thoughtful songs. Try to have the audience enter into the spirit of the music, be it fast or slow, lighthearted or serious.

Everybody enjoys Sea Shanties. Reminders of the old-time sailing ships with their cargoes of tea, cotton, spices and rum, songs like Blow the Man Down, Fire Down Below or What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor? almost make us feel the roll of the ship and the salty spray as we sing. Sailors sang many shanties to help them keep time, so you can add hammer striking actions or slow foot stomping for effect.

Many Rounds have an "Olde Englande" background and go back at least to the 17th century. Because they sound so beautiful, they deserve to be sung more often. Rounds are also a way of introducing youthful voices to the idea of harmonizing, which isn't always easy.

Sung well, rounds are beautiful. Sung poorly, they can sound dreadful. It will lead to more success if you have everyone sing the round together a few times before dividing into sections. A natural division for groups is in sixes or patrols and it helps to have a leader for each section. Remember to remind the boys that rounds are not intended as contests to see who can shout the loudest.

Perhaps the best known round is Row, Row, Row Your Boat with its million versions from Chew, Chew, Chew Your Food to Soap, Soap, Soap and Towel. But don't forget other rounds such as London's Burning, Little Tommy Tinker, Oh How Lovely is the Evening, The Kookaburra Song, Frere Jacques and Three Blind Mice.

Then there are Action Songs. Many songs just naturally lend themselves to some kind of action, whether simple hand movements or dancing around the campfire in a Zulu extravaganza. Actions are a natural and expected part of a campfire program. They are particularly welcome on a cold night but any action, from foot stomping to hand clapping, provides a lot of fun on any night.

Chester Have You Heard About Harry, Ach Von Der Musica, One Finger, One Thumb and Head and Shoulders are all happy, fun action songs. My Bonny, Peter's Fountain, Love Grows Under the Wild Oak Tree and Green Grow the Rushes are a little more thoughtful and serious - good to use as a lead into the quiet part of the evening.

Two Part or Split Songs are those favourites where one half of the group sings one part of the song and the other half sings a different part. Probably the best known is Ging Gang Gooli but Animal Fair and the old chestnut Ham and Eggs are other good examples.

Then there are Mixed Melodies or Combination Songs where one half of the group sings one song and the other half a different song. For example, one half might sing There's a Long, Long Trail while the other half sings Pack Up Your Troubles. How about Three Blind Mice with Are You Sleeping?

For this kind of singing, you really need a leader for each group and some strict timekeeping, but the resulting sound can be truly delightful.

Whenever people come together, you'll hear Nonsense Songs. Whether they are Scouts, Guides, or campers at Camp Opeongo, the words likely have a special meaning to that

particular group.

Ach Von Der Musica, When It's Springtime in Alaska, My Tall Silk Hat and Insy, Winsy Spider are just a few of the many daffy songs people love to sing.

Always try to make a place in the program for Folk Songs. They are the songs that tell the history of a country and its people - a way we have of passing on our heritage to future generations. This Land is Your Land is one we know well in Canada, but how many other folk songs are there? The Atlantic provinces seem to have cornered the market with songs such as Jack was Every Inch a Sailor, The Squid Jigging Grounds and Nova Scotia Farewell. I can also think of Quebec's Alouette, but what do we have from B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario or the North West Territories?

Skits, Stunts, Sketches

A campfire without a skit is like a pie without the filling. You can rest assured that, although you may be hard-pressed to get young people to volunteer to present a song, you will be overwhelmed by volunteers if you ask them to present a skit or a stunt.

A humorous skit provides a welcome break, especially since the leaders usually are the butt of the jokes. Most often the skits are just clean fun but, occasionally, a skit can be downright embarrassing and you'll need to come up with some appropriate comment to ease the campfire out of a difficult situation. As I mentioned in my last article, you can generally avoid this type of problem if you set out, in advance, guidelines to what is and what is not acceptable.

Funny skits are always acceptable and so are serious ones. The young actors will usually opt for something funny and that's fine. It's their show and the serious input can come from a leader later on. Scouting's traditions and history, the writings of Baden-Powell and everyday life offer a wealth of material. Costumes can enhance the skit, but sometimes the simpler the better.

Remember to tell performers to keep skits short (about three or four minutes) insist on originality, allow time for adequate preparation and rehearsal, and advise against harmful practical jokes.

Finally, recognize the training value in skits and stunts. A shy boy may blossom behind a set of rope whiskers or a floor mop wig where his shyness flies away to be replaced by a developing self-confidence.

There's still more to campfires and I'll tackle that in a final article in the near future. For now, though, while parts of our country are in winter's icy grip, I hope you're not overlooking the potential of indoor campfires. For those who live where the climate is less severe, a winter evening around a blazing fire under the stars will be a memorable experience. Pass the hot chocolate!

Article #R142.

From: jim.speirs@canrem.com (Jim Speirs)

Campfire Magic

Michael Lee Zwiers

The Leader, June/July 1989

Campfire Magic! You've experienced it. You chose the songs, practiced skits, and organized everything into a program. Then you brought people together and began.

Everything went without a hitch. Participants sang the songs enthusiastically and laughed uproariously (or groaned painfully) at the skits. From there, the tone and pace of the program slowed until the final prayer was just a memory on the lips and in the ears.

As the dying campfire crumbled into ashes, campers reluctantly drifted off to bed. You stood before the glowing embers, soaking in their fading warmth and knowing that everything was just right. You've been touched by campfire magic.

Campfires like this are special but rare. They need not be. With a little careful thought and preparation, they can become the rule and not the exception. What follows are some hints and ideas from Alberta's campfire leader training courses to help you plan a campfire program, deliver it smoothly, and bring the magic to it.

Planning

The structure of a magic campfire is like the shape of the fire. It builds up slowly from the lighting and opening to a peak, then subsides gradually to the closing as the fire burns down to embers.

The opening includes parading to the formal circle, introductions, the fire lighting, and a short, upbeat opening verse that sets the mood and guidelines for the fire and welcomes people to the magic of the experience. You may deliver it dramatically with arms in the air or holding a hand over the fire. You may involve participants by having them echo a line or, if you are using a "magic start", asking them to concentrate to inspire the fire to light. Perhaps you'll have a number of torch bearers light the fire as you declare it open.

Build up from the opening with some well known songs, a few rounds, some fun songs, some action songs, a game and stunt or two and, at the peak of excitement, skits and yells. Bring down things slowly with a few rousing songs, some quieter songs, a story or Scouter's Five, a spiritual song or two, vespers and taps, and a closing verse.

You might include a short Scout silence before the verse or invite participants to pause for a moment to listen to night sounds or reflect and be thankful. Many campfire leaders end the verse with "I now declare this campfire closed" but, as Lewis Carroll once said, "They don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them."

Hints For Success

Before the event, review campfire etiquette with your gang. The campfire circle is sacred and always quiet before and after the fire. Prohibit flashlights from the circle. Make a no-talking rule. If wood needs to be added to the fire during the campfire, only the Keeper of the Flame may do it. Applause takes the form of yells, not clapping.

Choose a magic site (on the lakeshore, etc.) and, however you start it, keep the fire a reasonable size. Fires that are too big can take away the magic. To enhance the mystique, you may want to add ashes from your last campfire to this new one. And, if you clean up all the coals and other signs of festivity before the next morning, your campers will always think of the

campfire site as a special place.

Keep the program short. If you will offer refreshments later, plan time so that it won't break up a good program. For the greatest success, involve as many people as possible in the campfire as leaders of songs or yells or players in skits or stunts. If you can, audition songs and skits ahead of time to avoid any possible problems, either with difficulty or poor taste.

Choose songs you enjoy and know your young members enjoy. Stick to the familiar rather than trying to teach a new song, unless it is something really easy, repetitive, and fun. Be sure you include parents and special guests as well as campers. Avoid song sheets or books, a sure way to destroy atmosphere as participants turn their backs to the fire in hopes of catching some light to read the words.

Look for audience feedback. Are they singing and taking part or looking bored? Keep it alive. If a song is too slow, speed it up. If it is really dragging, simply end it and move into a "no fail" song you have up your sleeve. Set a brisk pace with minimum breaks between songs.

Sometimes campers become so caught up in the fun they want to sing every song they've ever heard. You have to be firm, but remind them they can have their own sing song and put in all their favourites at their tent site after the formal campfire is over.

If someone brings along a musical instrument, ensure that it enhances the experience. If it begins to detract by becoming a "solo" act because nobody knows the songs or they are all slow ballads, stop the player firmly but politely.

Announce the next act or song at least one act ahead so that the people involved have time to prepare. If you know who is on next, you can simply whisper in an ear to alert them. Keep a set of quickie yells, stunts, or songs on hand in case a person or group is not ready to perform when the time comes or you need to stop a performance for some reason.

For example if, despite your screening, a group begins a skit or stunt in poor taste, stop it. Indicate simply that it is not appropriate and go on with something else. After the campfire, talk with those involved to explain the reason for your actions.

Once you've eliminated the problem of poor taste, skits or stunts can still go wrong if the players speak too quietly or position themselves badly (e.g. with backs to the audience). That's another good reason for pre-campfire auditions. To work well and safely, a skit needs good light. The Keeper of the Flame can add small sticks to a dim fire. You might also provide pot lights or kerosene lanterns, as long as they aren't so bright they detract from the atmosphere.

Keep a firm rein on proceedings to avoid things like poorly timed announcements that can destroy the magic. If some participants begin to cause a distraction, you can do one of two things. Signal another Scouter to tap them on the shoulder and talk quietly to them, or quickly bring into the program a Scouter's Five related to their behaviour. If you stop a campfire to lecture noisemakers, it's an automatic downer.

A campfire may be magic, but there's no trick to it, just good planning and some common sense. At the many campfires in your future, may you often be touched by the magic.

Scouter Michael Lee Zwiers, Edmonton, Alta., has six years experience at helping with campfire leader training courses.

MAGIC CAMPFIRE STARTS

Compiled by
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8th Whitby Scout Troop
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Ontario, Canada
November 1992

INTRODUCTION

The following compilation of "Magic Campfire Starts" has been collected over a period of years and from a variety of resources. Although new methods have been added to this production, the core of ideas was submitted to The Leader magazine in April 1992 and a modified version appeared in print in the October 1992 issue of that magazine.

The Leader magazine omitted any of the chemical based methods submitted, however the reasons were valid and totally understandable. I have included a full range of magic fire starts in this booklet as I trust that recipients, who intend to practise and refine the art of magic fire starts, will exercise due care and diligence in the attempts to try some or any of the following ideas.

I caution everyone who may wish to try these ideas to be careful. I accept no responsibility for the results of your efforts, whether they be good or bad.

I do however maintain a strong interest in continuing to build and refine the ideas presented here. I would be very interested in hearing from users of this material, your comments on the content and any new ideas that you may have used.

Good Luck, and have fun !

Yours in Scouting,
Scouter Stewart Bowman,

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Unless you are very comfortable with the ideas presented here, the results may not always conform to your expectations - remember Murphy's Law !

With a little forethought, care and caution you can maximize the opportunity for success and minimize the chance for failure.

Don't interpret the following as rules, they are merely clarifying the common-sense approach that most of use anyways.....

1. These ideas are not games and should not be approached as if they are.
2. I know this is contradictory, but only people in full control of their mental faculties should try these. The contradiction being that you've got to be slightly off balance to be an adult scouter anyways !
3. Exercise extreme caution when dealing with corrosive, poisonous, inflammatory material
Always mix and use chemicals outdoors,
Follow instructions to the letter. Do not experiment,
Never throw a lighted match into a mixture to ignite it,
Avoid large quantities - more is NOT better.
4. Practise the chosen fire start several times before you actually use it in front of an

audience, and always have sufficient supplies on hand for your practise runs.

5. Check reaction times between activation and ignition as this will help you plan the story that you will use in conjunction with the fire start. Become familiar with the "noises" that may accompany certain of the fire starts.

6. Always have a "Plan B" ready if "Plan A" fails - and it will, sooner or later.

CAMPFIRE ETIQUETTE.

There are a number of other resources covering the structure and contents of a well planned formal campfire. Repeating these concepts here would be somewhat redundant, but I have taken the liberty of including a copy of an excellent article on campfires that appeared in the June/July '89 issue of The Leader (Appendix III). There is one aspect, however, that I feel does warrant repetition here and that is how we conduct ourselves at the campfire.

There are 3 basic practises which we try to follow at every formal campfire :-

1. No flashlights - we have the fire to light our way,
2. No Clapping or Booing - that's why we have 'cheers',
3. No Talking - unless you're involved in an activity, talking spoils the mood and detracts from whatever is going on.

In campfires I've attended or lead, the later point is sometimes not controlled too well. Scouter, please make sure that your scouts are not the ones disrupting the campfire. Have them show proper respect towards the efforts of the Campfire Leader and participants.

FIRE LAY CONSTRUCTION.

There are a number of different ways to build your fire in preparation for the magic fire start.

Where pre-positioning of the fire-start mechanism is involved, the Council (or Pyramid) fire lay is the preferred style. By building the various layers with dry kindling between the wood pieces, you can easily conceal your fire start material. The natural structure of this style of fire also leaves a 'chamber' in the centre that is just what you need to place your fire start mechanism in, so that any material that has to be added to cause ignition can drop on to the mechanism.

Should your fire start involve material being flown in - such as for the 'Flaming Arrow' fire start - then the Teepee style fire lay might be the choice. Where the 'arrow' enters the fire lay, an opening can be left in the fire material which can be well packed with dry kindling and other quick combustibles.

If your personal favourite is the Log Cabin style, this can also be used quite nicely with some of these magic fire start ideas. This particular style is well suited to electrical based fire starts where the ignition mechanism can be placed in the middle of the fire lay and yet still be hidden by kindling.

One item that I strongly discourage from being included in any fire lay - regardless of the weather conditions - is liquid fuel (white gas; naphtha; charcoal starter fuel, etc.) as the results can be somewhat unpredictable if used with some of the ideas presented here. Any scouter who needs this to get a fire going is probably not suited to trying Magic Fire Start Ideas (see page 3, A Word of Caution, Item #2).

SETTING THE SCENE.

Before everyone gets to the campfire, you can do a lot to prepare the scene and get everyone in the right frame of mind. Three ideas I've seen work very well, but are more appropriate at a District (or higher) camp(oree) where you have a large number of participants involved.

The first involves gathering everyone together away from the campfire area. This avoids disruption or delays at the fire itself, when groups arrive late. It also gives the Camp Fire

Leader an opportunity to go through any last minute instructions. When ready, everyone can then walk quietly in file and form up around the fire site.

The second idea, coupled with the first, solves the problem of everyone not quite knowing where to stand when they get around the fire. Since we are talking about a formal campfire, reinforce this by pre-determining and marking the circumference of the fire site with suitable markers and establish an 'entrance' to this area through a flag honour guard. The Campfire Leader can then lead everyone through the honour guard and around the boundary line. By the time the leader comes back around to the perimeter to the entrance way, everyone else who followed him will be properly positioned around the fire.

The last idea is neat and very effective. Although you can mark the perimeter of the campfire circle in a number of ways, my personal favourite has involved placing lighted candles in brown paper bags. To do this you need a supply of small brown bags, then add a couple of handfuls of sand into each bag. The sand not only keeps the bag anchored on the ground, but it also keeps the neck of the bag open and forms a base in which you place a candle.

If you want to get really clever with this idea, a normal household emergency type candle will burn down at an approximate rate of 2 inches per hour. If you've planned a one hour campfire, anchor the candle with about 2 inches left above the level of the sand.

Pre-position the bags around the perimeter of your campfire circle and have a couple of helpers (depending on the number of candles) light the candles as participants are being lead towards the fire area. This looks really neat for those approaching the area.

Hopefully, if things go right, your perimeter candles will keep your audience from goofing around too much (since they can now be seen ?), will stop them creeping ever closer to the campfire ('cause they don't want to get too close to the candles ?) and will nicely close off the campfire as they all burn down around about the same time - yeh, right ! But give it a try anyways.

Should you wish to be a little more creative or formal in the illumination of your campfire circle, there are a number of styles of 'torches' that can be made.

As with any matters dealing with open flames, please make sure that safety is uppermost in your thoughts when determining style, placement, proximity to people, etc..

THE USE OF STORY'S

Since we frequently arrange camps with a theme, why not evolve your campfire also around a theme which could further impact both your campfire opening comments and the method of lighting.

In any event, magic fire starts deserve to be supported with a story. In determining the story to use remember that it should in some way 'explain' the magic involved; it could get participants active in the fire start itself; and it will enable you to set up particular timing prompts if the fire start needs assistance from others.

Mechanical Fire Starts #2 & #3 include related stories that also explain the fire start , but here are a couple of others that you could adopt & adapt.

Peter the Elf

"While getting the wood ready for the fore tonight, I came across a small wood-elf trapped in the underbrush. Since a scouter is always kind, considerate and helpful, I helped free him. In return he promised to help me if I ever needed it. All I have to do is call."

"Since this is the first time I've ever met a wood-elf, I've no idea if he will keep his promise to me. Maybe we should see if he will help us to light this fire ?"

Shout out - "Peter the Elf, will you light this fire for me ?" - no response. Call a second time, still nothing happens.

"Maybe he can't hear my voice. Let's all shout - Peter the Elf, will you light this fire for me ?"

Time the fire start so that the fire lay ignites after the last shout.

The Indian Pow-Wow

"Some of you may know that, not very far from here is land considered sacred by the indians who used to live in this area. No one can remember what this land was used for, but the scholars think it was where the tribe used to get together for special councils and pow-wows. It's funny, but there's no historical evidence to support this and its all based on local legend."

"Some of you may have noticed the old farm near the camp site entrance. Old Charlie lives there and he's become quite an authority on local indian legends."

"One of the story's he tells is of how the indians used to signal that there was a pow-wow about to start. Once all the council members were around the circle, they would signal that they were all present by stamping their feet on the ground. Like this...." Get everyone to join in.

"At that signal the Council Chief would send a fire arrow into the air to signal the start of the pow-wow."

These ideas should give you a bit of a start in developing your own story's, and don't be afraid to tailor the fire start to the camp theme. The theme could be space, pioneering, circus, UFO's; whatever. A little creativity will enable you to come up with a really great story to introduce the fire.

MAGIC CAMPFIRE STARTS

Everyone thought that the campfire was great ! It was a beautifully clear night, the fire burnt down precisely on schedule; the skits were good; the cheers were new - and appropriate. Everyone knew the words to the songs - and sang in tune (especially the adults !). How can you improve on that ? Well, here are a few ideas to add to your repertoire of campfire magic.

Imagine the scene at your next campfire. Everyone has walked into the campfire circle, your opening is inspirational but everyone is wondering why the fire isn't lit yet. You then lead off with a short story to fit the circumstances and then ask for everyone's help in calling on the appropriate spirits to light the ceremonial fire. A short pause, then..... FLASH! the campfire is roaring away and yet no-one was anywhere near the fire to light it !

These magic campfire starts may help you add that touch of mystique to a potentially memorable occasion.

Mechanical Fire Starts

1] Take a 2 x 4 piece of wood, about 3 - 4 inches long. In the middle of this drill one 3/8" hole all the way through. This should be large enough to put a large nail or spike through and secure the wood to the ground. Still with this same piece of wood, drill as many 1/8" diameter holes in it that you can, but not all the way through the wood. A drill guide will help you to get all these holes the same depth. The depth will be determined by the length of the blue tip wood matches that you should then place in these holes, leaving only the match heads slightly above the wood surface.

Take a second piece of 2 x 4 wood and glue some sandpaper to one side. Also secure a small "eye" screw to one end.

Hold the two blocks of wood together with rubber bands (after staking the first piece of wood in the middle of your fire lay), and surround with plenty of dry kindling.

Attach a wire to the "eye" screw and, at the appropriate moment, pull. The friction of the sandpaper against the match heads will cause them to ignite, thereby setting the kindling on fire.

2] The "Flaming Arrow" is a traditional favourite. Drive a stake

a little beyond the heart of the fire lay, as it is being laid. From this stake run a length of nylon fishing line up to a nearby high point and tie securely so that the line is very taut. The angle should be sufficient to ensure a smooth and fairly rapid decent of the 'arrow' otherwise you run the risk of the flame burning through the fishing line before the arrow reaches the fire.

The arrow is attached to the line through two spools (so make sure you thread the spools onto the line before you tie it off !) To the head of the arrow secure a bundle of dry flammable material. At the appropriate time during the introductory story, an assistant lights the arrow and releases it to slide down to set the fire alight.

One of the benefits of using fishing line for the line to the fire, is that once the fire is alight the fishing line will burn through and the assistant can then retrieve the line without those attending the campfire being aware of it. If you find that the fishing line does not work for you, use wire instead, but tie the wire to fishing line where it passes through the fire lay. This piece will burn away when the fire is lit, allowing you to retrieve the length of wire.

3] Variations on the above method include tying the flammable material directly around a weighted spool and sending that down the line to create a 'fire-ball' effect.

I've also heard of firework sparklers being attached to the arrow to give quite a spectacular impression.

4] One idea included in several scouter resource books is to have

a candle pre-lit in the fire lay, but covered by a #10 Can. The candle is secured to a wooden base with a line attached to it. At the appropriate moment, pull the candle out from the can and the kindling will catch fire.

Electrical Fire Starts

When setting up electrical fire starts, the weight of the wire used to generate heat will depend on the size of the battery you intend to use and the distance between the battery and the ignition device. Practise beforehand will enable you to properly rig your fire start, but, as a guide, use fine wire for a 6 volt battery source. If your power source is a 12 volt car battery a heavier wire will be required.

1] Steel Wool and "D" cell batteries are frequently used in survival techniques as an emergency method of starting a fire. Based on this principal, one camp fire start idea is to use steel wool in the fire lay (surrounded by small dry kindling) remotely attached to a car battery. The battery could be disguised by hiding in a box that would double as a seat for the Campfire Leader, with a switch on the side of the box to complete the electrical circuit and start off your fire.

2] A variation on the above involves a little more creativity with the electrical connections. From the disguised car battery/campfire seat, you'll need 3 electrical circuits and switches. Switch #1 connects to a yellow taillight secured in the fire and hidden under kindling. Switch #2 is hooked up to a two more light bulbs. Switch #3 hooks up to steel wool, as detailed in the previous method.

As part of your campfire opening, get everyone to assist by blowing towards the fire. As they do so, throw switch #1 and everyone should see a yellow glow coming through the fire. Turn off the switch after a second or two.

Obviously not everyone was helping or blowing hard enough, so get them to blow again. Throw switch #2 and a stronger light will be seen in the fire. Turn the switch off after maybe five seconds.

One last time ! Obviously it was the Scouters who weren't trying hard enough. As everyone blows hard for the last time, trigger the third switch to set the fire alight.

Remember to pull the lights attached to Switches #1 & #2 out of the fire lay before you set the fire going, unless you want to compete with exploding light bulbs !

3] Take a block of scrap 2" x 4" with a saw cut through the centre line. Two nails are driven in at either end of the block on opposite sides of the saw cut. These nails will provide 'terminals' to hook up to the power source. Insert an uncovered paper match book into the saw cut, and thread a very fine piece of wire through the match heads, connect the wire to the 'terminals'. Attach the wires from your power source also to the 'terminals' after connecting them through some switching mechanism. When a current is passed through the wire, heat will be generated which will ignite the matches and then set off your campfire kindling.

4] Take a bunch of friction type matches and secure with a rubber band. The bigger the bunch, the more spectacular will be the fire start. Then take a metal spring from a spring-loaded pen and stretch this spring to be slightly larger than the diameter of your bundle of matches. Lay the spring through the matches, so that it is touching the match heads. Place this bundle on kindling in your fire lay.

Remotely attach a battery to the ends of the spring wire, through a switching mechanism. At the correct time, throw the switch and the spring will generate electrical heat which will ignite the matches.

5] This next idea builds on the previous one, but requires a little more creative electrical and carpentry skills. Once you've set it up, however, it could be either your primary fire start method or a back-up method if "Plan A" fails.

Take a piece of deadwood about 5-6 feet in length and at least 1 1/2 inches in diameter at the base. Carefully drill a hole vertically into the base, of a sufficient depth/breadth to hold your battery power source. Run wires (covered where exposure is not necessary) from the battery up the outside of the staff, with one of the wires going through a simple switch set at about the 4 foot mark. The ends of the wires should be stripped and terminate about 8-10 inches below the top end of the staff. Wrap several layers of dry flammable material around the first 8-10 inches from the top of the staff, secure with wire.

Just below the flammable material, tape an open book of matches and run a fine wire, from the wires attached to the battery/switch, through the match heads.

Hold the staff away from your body - yeh, really this is a good idea ! - and trigger the switch to light the match heads which will then catch the flammable material. Your flaming torch can then light the campfire. Since you always keep a bucket of water near your fire, extinguish the torch after use and it'll be able to be used again.

Chemical Fire Starts

1] In the fire lay, place a pre-prepared piece of 2 x 4 wood, with four 6 inch nails driven partially into it. Between the nails, on the wood, place a small aluminum tart cup with at least two tablespoons of Potassium Permanganate (available from most pharmacy's) in it. Supported on the heads of the 4 nails place a second aluminum cup that has had three or four small holes punched in the base. Tilt this cup to one side by placing a twig across two of the nails and then balance the cup so it is supported. In this cup place a quantity of Glycerine (also available from Pharmacy's) - but not enough so that it trickles through the holes. The twig should have a length of fishing line tied to it, with the line stretching away from the fire lay.

By pulling on the fishing line and removing the supporting twig, the cup containing Glycerin will drop to rest horizontally and the glycerine will spread out over the cup's base. A couple of drops will then fall through the pre-punched holes and onto the Potassium Permanganate.

After a short pause the glycerine will react with the Potassium Permanganate and create a flame which will need to catch your kindling thereby setting the fire lay ablaze.

2] Take a model rocket igniter (available at most hobby shops) and pass the igniter through the inside of a paper baggy leaving two little wires sticking out. Then carefully remove the contents of a "Coloured Flower Bloom" or "Giant Fountain" firework (use only one) and place into the paper baggy.

Attach the clips from a model rocket firing device to the two wires coming out of the baggy. Prepare the mechanism by pulling the safety pin. Then, when you're ready, press the firing button and POOF!, another magic fire start.

The next two ideas are particularly clever, and I'll quote from training material prepared by Bill Glover, DRC (Training), Southern Alberta Region, as he explains them excellently....

3] Crush 1 teaspoon of iodine crystals to a very fine powder, then mix with 2 teaspoons of powdered aluminium. **IT IS CRITICAL THAT THIS MIXTURE REMAINS ABSOLUTELY DRY.**

Place this mixture in the fire lay on a piece of plywood, forming a volcano shaped mound. When the participants are gathered around the campfire, ask if anyone has a canteen of water in case the fire gets 'out of hand' (you may want to set this up beforehand). Pat your pockets as if looking for a match, but finding none, ask to borrow some water. Sprinkle it on the fire lay (ensure a few drops hit the iodine/aluminium mixture) and you will be greeted by billowing purple smoke, followed by deep red flames. Someone is bound to ask, "OK. So how do you put it out ?" Simply tell them you'll throw matches on it !

Note: The powdered iodine "evaporates" very quickly. As a result this mixture must be used within about 10 minutes of preparation.

A teaspoon of Pinesol or Pine Oil is placed in a shallow container within the fire lay. The story that Bill uses to introduce this magic fire start is based on the ashes from a previous campfire. The "Ashes" are a half a cup of HTH Granulated chlorine. When the two are combined, they produce a large quantity of white smoke, followed by flames. This is a relatively slow reaction, so Bill opens the campfire with the following story.

"As we gather here tonight, for our formal campfire, I think back to the closing campfire from last year. It was such a great fire, and the feelings of love and friendship so strong. In order to try and rekindle those feeling for our fire tonight, I would like to add some of the ashes from last years fire. Now, before I light the fire tonight, I would like you all to look at this pile of wood, and think about your own feelings about last year's fire, and what made it special for you."

SPECIAL EFFECTS.

Once your camp fire is nicely roaring, it may be appropriate to add 'special effect' flames to enhance a story or just close down the camp fire ceremony with a little more magic.

Try adding a spray of chemicals to the fire. The following can either be sprinkled on the logs as you build the fire lay or added to the fire itself to enhance a story or activity. They all create a flare of coloured flame than can be really effective if not overdone.

COLOURED FLAMES

Yellow - potassium nitrate (salt petre)
sodium chloride (table salt)

Green - borax
barium nitrate
copper sulphate

Purple - lithium chloride

Red - strontium nitrate

Orange - calcium chloride ("Road Salt")

SPARKLES

Silver - powdered aluminium

Gold - iron filings

FLASHES

Red - strontium nitrate } equal parts by powdered magnesium } weight.

Green -

potassium nitrate }
boric acid } equal parts by
powdered magnesium } weight.
powdered sulphur }

SMOKE

black gunpowder } equal parts by
powdered magnesium } weight.

Where the above chemicals or compounds are not readily available from Hardware/Grocery Stores or the local Pharmacy, check the 'Yellow Pages' for a chemical supply company.

In talking to your pharmacist (for example) please ensure that you have developed some sort of level of comfort with the owner before you start asking for a variety of chemicals. Let them know the purpose for the chemicals, and that you are a registered scouter not some closet pyromaniac !

One method of adding chemicals to a campfire without anyone being aware that it was done is to use a photographer's airbulb release. These use a tiny black airhose attached to a squeeze-bulb trigger. The airhose can be buried so as to remain unseen, and the simple act of stepping on the airbulb (perhaps further hidden under a piece of bark) will blow the spray of chemicals onto the fire.

Another method is to take a six inch long piece of 1" copper pipe and stuff 4" pieces of good quality lawn soaker hose into both ends (don't use the clear type of hose). Placed in the fire you'll have an abundance of coloured flames. Using 2 or 3 of these can create a super effect.

A third option is to pre-make "shots" that can be flipped into the fire. A "shot" is made by creating a tightly rolled ball of paper, dipped in wood glue and the roll in a tray of the chosen chemical. The chemical will coat the outside of the ball and react when thrown into the fire. Store these "shots" in an egg carton until needed - one "shot" per egg carton section !

Here's another 'sparkling thought' from the pages of The Leader. You need enough sugar to

give everyone a small handful. After closing the campfire, have everyone walk past the fire embers and toss their sugar onto the fire. You can compare the flashing sparks and quick flares to happy thoughts, or simply enjoy these thoughts in silence.

PHYSICAL LOCATION.

If you want to make your campfire even more memorable (is this possible? - you ask) consider the actual location of your camp fire. Anyone can light a fire in the middle of an open field - why don't you try something different ?

If you're camping by a lake, why not construct a solid raft and have the fire burning on it? Lighting it out of sight of your assembled audience, then allowing it to drift into position behind the camp fire leader will create a very special image. Remember to suitably anchor the raft so that it doesn't keep drifting past you !

An alternative may be to have the fire towed in by canoe (two towing with a third canoe to provide a trailing anchor). The canoeist's can bring the fire raft in and beach it on the shore in front of the assembly.

Back on dry land, why not construct your fire lay a couple of feet above the ground on a lashed frame? More tricky yet would be to have the fire lay built on a secure frame and then hoisted (using rope and pulley's) some distance above the ground. Once the fire is lit, using a "magic fire start" idea, the campfire could then be lowered to the ground to create another memorable opening.

When you have a particularly large group of participants at a campfire, instead on one central fire why not consider having three or four fires in the circle ? In addition to giving a greater illusion of warmth to participants, a 'stage' is naturally formed between the fires for the campfire leader and any groups doing skits, etc..

CONCLUSION.

As the flames from the fire burn down, and participants slowly walk away in wonderment and appreciation, reflect on your achievement. A campfire can be a memorable occasion for youth and adult alike, but it doesn't happen by accident.

The day was long, we've worked and played.
And round this fire, we've good friends made;
We've shared a friendship fine and deep,
And now this circle leaves, to sleep.

As Campfire Leader you have put a lot of time and effort into planning, setting the scene, and stage-managing the evenings activities. Now it is time for you to walk away from the dying embers, reflect on your success, enjoy a time of friendship and fellowship with the scouts and scouters.

Sit back, relax, and start to figure out how you're going to lead your next magic campfire so that it's even more memorable than this one !

Good Luck, have fun, and let me know how it goes.

Scouter Stewart.

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I am particularly indebted to Scouter Bill Glover, DRC (Training), Southern Alberta Region, who not only set me on the trail of collecting these ideas, but he also provided me with a copy of material he had gathered for a training course conducted in Calgary.

A large vote of thanks is also due to the many contributors from the International Scouter Echo (see The Leader - Aug/Sept '92) who provide tangible proof and practical experience of the meaning of Worldwide Brotherhood of Scouting. Not only is there an unparalleled depth of knowledge available for anyone to draw on, but - even though we may never actually meet one another - I consider everyone of them a true friend. In particular, special recognition is due to the following who provided much of the information and a lot of inspiration :

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Scouter Randy Carnduff, Regina, Saskatchewan.

Scouter Fred Welch, Colorado.

Scouter Brad George, Oklahoma.

Scouter Carl McCaskey, Florida.

Scouter John Meed, Regina, Sask.

Scouter Kihe Blackeagle, Texas.

Last, but certainly not least, the greatest acknowledgement has to go to the youth members we do this for. They come in all shapes & sizes; attitudes & aptitudes; motivated & mischievous; but they make it all worthwhile.

Thank you, one and all.

Campfire Openings

Provided by Hans Hussman.

Brother Scouts, in the light of the campfire,
Let us come together with thankful hearts;
And let our ideals be ever before us like a blazing torch
Lighting a warm and steady path,
The light not dimming
And the peace not slackening.
The campfire is open.

As our music cheers us, so be the melody of our lives;
As our mirth unites us, so be the harmony of our hearts;
As our spirits rise to the lilt of our song, so may the Great Spirit uplift us to renewed
endeavour;
And may the happy fellowship of this circle go out into all the world.

The stars shining over us,
Their light shines before us,
Oh God of Nature,
Grant to us a perfect peace.

Kneel always when you light a fire;
Kneel reverently and thankful be,
For God's unfailing charity.

May this fire touch us with the magic of its mystery;
May we see in its dance the ever changing beauty of the world;
May this fire be good medicine where fellowship, adventure, and fun sit side by side;
May this fire tonight remain forever in our hearts;
Even as the first fire kindled by our ancestors has remained alight through the ages.

Tall trees that reach the sky,
Mountains and lakes nearby;
Draw near my friends,
Come sing, my friends,
Our campfire time is nigh.

The fire is lit, come lift your voice;
Let song and skit beguile the hours;
The fire is lit, so let's rejoice,
Our hearts are full, the night is ours.
Cold nights weigh down the forest bough,
Strange shapes go flitting through the gloom;
But see... a spark, a flame and now
The Wilderness is home.

The life of a fire is like the life of a person.
In its infancy, it is faint and weak and must be carefully nourished and tended.
As it catches, it crawls and spreads like a child exploring the world.
In its adolescence, it flares fast and bright, racing for new height.
Soon, it will burn with the steady heat and light of its adulthood.
And finally give us the warmth and glowing friendship of old age.

As the flames leap upward, so be our aims,
As the red logs glow, so be our sympathies;
As the grey ash fades, so be our errors,
As this good fire warms us, so may the scout ideal warm the world.

Leap high, O golden flame, the day is dead,
Bring warmth and cheer, O flame, the sun has fled;
Stoutly your gleam maintain, youths not abed,
Ring out the heart's refrain, goodwill to all.

Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others,
For the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

(Rudyard Kipling)

The simple life and friendly cheer,
May all those find who gather here.

Deep peace of the running wave to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,

Deep peace of the shining stars to you,
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.

Behold the fire my comrades,
May its flames purify your hearts,
Let no unfriendly thoughts be harboured,
Let no uncouth word be spoken
Keep the spirit of the campfire in your hearts forever,
Peace be to all men.

The forests of long ago
Stored up in themselves the warmth of the sunshine of ages past,
And then perished to give it out again and make fleeting pictures in our fire.

As glow the hearts of the logs upon the fire,
So may our hearts glow, and our thoughts be kind,
And peace and deep contentment fill every mind.

Here soon there will be ashes that once were trees,
In Spring they gave us delight,
In Summer, shade,
In Autumn, the colours of their falling leaves,
In Winter the beauty of their branches.
May our lives, like theirs, be lives of service.

Let my voice ring out and over the Earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy and a silver mirth,
Thank God for life!

When dusk descended, purple shadows lenthened,
And evenings sombre hues begin to show,
As darkening skies, the gleaming starlight strengthens,
We're gathered round the campfire's golden glow.

Here is an emblem,
Sparks that upward fly,
So may our hearts be young,
And our spirits high.

Logs burn, flames rise,
Hearts glow, troubles die,
Each for all and all for each,
Happiness within our reach,
Joined together by the good,
Of world-wide Scoutings brotherhood.

Flames leaping - fire bright,
We be brothers here tonight.

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night,
The trees, the grass, the flowers,
The campfires are our delight.

Sparks that upward fly,
Then as they reach the sky,
Memories flood in and warmth prevails,
Fore those who climb the Scouting trails.

Whose hand above the flame is lifted,
Shall be with magic touch engifted,
Brother Scouts, the campfire is open.

From the North,
From the South,
From the East,
From the West,
May good Scouting come to you always.

May shadows that surround us in the night,
Be swept away in firelights glow;
Let spirits rise, and let us all delight
In the songs we know.

Tall trees that reach the sky,
Mountains and lakes nearby;
Draw near my friends,
Come sing my friends,

Our campfire time is nigh.

The fire is lit, come lift your voice;
Let song and skit beguile the hours;
The fire is lit, so let's rejoice,
Our hearts are full, the night is ours.

Come, come, light up the fire,
Come, come, join in the ring,
Here find dreams to inspire,
Stories to tell, songs to sing.

Come what may,
Time and hours run through the roughest day,
Let fun and laughter now our hearts beguile,
And let's forget our troubles for awhile.

These things I have loved;
Starlight and the smell of burning wood,
The flaming campfire,
And the joy of friends close by.

Friends are for caring, when the whole world's down,
Friends are for laughing, when the whole world frowns;
Friends are for good times, when the road is long,
Friends are for sharing, around a campfire.

A little bit of kindness, to each other now and then;
A little bit of blindness to the faults of others when;
A little bit of happiness, a lively Scouting smile;
A little bit of friendship, we'll find its all worthwhile.

I have known the peace of the silent hills,
Have learned, whate'er betide,
Though paths of life turn east and west,
Camp friends can ne'er divide.

Wood smoke at eventide soothes the soul,
And makes an easy ladder for a prayer;

May the smoke of this fire carry your thoughts heavenward,
And make your hearts strong for Scouting.

As our campfire smoke curls upward,
May all that is evil go along with it,
And may some kind evening breeze waft it away,
Never to be seen again,
And may peace and deep contentment be our lot.

As our campfire grows and grows,
Let the smoke from its flames rise to
Carry our troubles and bad thoughts away,
Never to be seen again.
Let the heat of its flames warm us all, and,
As we share its warmth,
We share each other's peace and contentment.

Onward and upward day by day,
Straight is the course, and narrow the way,
But others before us, the path have trod,
And the top of the hill is the heart of God.

The North Wind brings the cold that brings endurance,
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the north)
The South Wind brings the warmth of friendship,
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the south)
The East Wind brings the light of day,
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the east)
The West Wind, from the direction where the sun sinks, brings night and stars.
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the west)
(On direction from the leader, all light fire)

May this campfire be good medicine,
Where fellowship, adventure, and fun go side by side.

By these clear waters,
Stand the tents of our Pack (Troop) .
Dark behind them stands the forest.
Oh, Great Spirit in heaven,
Send us a flame to light our campfire,
That we may for this be grateful,
Oh, Great Spirit we ask this of thee;

Send us fire, and we shall praise thee.
(Fire is lit)
Thank you Great Spirit in heaven,
For this fire and the friendship we will share tonight.

Behold the campfire, my young wolves,
May its flames clean our hearts.
Let no unfriendly thoughts remain,
Let no hurting words be spoken.
Keep the spirit of this campfire in your heart,
For, together, its flame makes us stronger.

Oh Fire!
Long years ago when our fathers fought with great animals,
You were the protection.
From the cruel cold of winter, you saved them.
When they needed food, you changed the flesh of beast
Into savory meat for them.
During all the ages
Your mysterious flame has been a symbol
To them for spirit.
So tonight we light our fire in remembrance of the
Great Spirit who gave you to us.

Where the campfire's dusky smoke
Blends with the eventide,
I can breathe that smoke once more
And live by nature's signs,
The mountain torrent's muffled roar,
The silence of the pines.

Camping time is here again
The maple leaves are falling,
This is the glorious season when
The out-of-doors is calling.

Seven Steps to Successful Skits

Tom Gray

The Leader, November 1987.

A group of boys on stage or around the campfire are putting on a skit. Most of them are inaudible. Those you can hear forget their lines. The punch line is smothered in the actors' giggles. Then there is an embarrassing silence before it dawns on the audience that the thing is over, and a patter of polite applause begins.

You've seen it, I know. It was my troop putting on a skit! After a couple of "bombs". I did a little research and asked some local drama people for advice. The suggestions I received should make our future skits more successful.

1. Provide only an outline, not written lines. The book *Arranging Plays for Children* advises you simply to sketch in the outline of a play or skit. Children are natural actors who will happily improvise lines, and it really doesn't matter if they use exactly the same words each time. In fact, this takes away the pressure to be "correct" and reduces anxiety. The words become the child's own words, and he will remember them more easily.

2. Hold real "auditions". Bryan Way a noted British drama instructor says it's a good idea to do some speech training. Often, neither children nor Scouters realize the effect a roomful of people or a crackling campfire and wind in the trees will have on acoustics. A skit that sounds fine in rehearsal can be lost in performance.

One way to practise projecting the voice is to have your actors rehearse standing five or 10 metres apart so that they have to "call out" to each other. Another method is to rehearse outdoors, with someone standing 15 or 20 metres away from the group to check sound levels. Your actors need to learn to project their voices without shouting. Most children can do it easily, and these kinds of rehearsals may encourage them.

3. Deliver the punch line. Parents at the "bombs" I mentioned earlier told me that the boys came through loud and clear, except when it was time for the punchline. Was it nerves or excitement that made them mumble their delivery from the back of the stage? I don't know, but now that I'm on watch for the problem, I can work to help them correct it. I will be sure the actors move upstage, face the audience and deliver the punchline clearly.

4. Keep props to a minimum. The play's the thing and, for kids, the props often get in the way. I once saw a group do *The Box Factory* having each Cub carry a real cardboard box. The rustling, fumbling, and dropping of boxes interfered with the skit.

English teacher Mary Burrige of Thorsby Jr. High School reminded me that, if props are absolutely essential they need to be big enough that the audience - including the people at the far side of the campers or in the back row of the hall - can see them. Homemade caricature props are usually effective.

5. Use a dramatic punctuation mark to end the skit. I recently watched a student production where the performers just got up and walked off stage. It left the audience wondering whether this was part of the show, the end of the performance, or a sign that all of them had suddenly taken ill. At the time, we weren't at all sure that applause was appropriate but an alert emcee managed to smooth out things.

When I mentioned the experience to drama teacher Laurie Putrice of Breton High School, he

suggested that the problem would not have come up if the group had simply taken a bow before leaving.

6. Position the action. Too often, children forget they have an audience. They talk to each other instead of to the audience. They turn their backs and the audience can't see important gestures or props. You need to remind them frequently with questions such as: "How will you stand so that the audience can see what you're holding?" or "Will anyone know what you're doing if you stand behind Simon?" Generally, questions like these are better than directions because they make the performers think about their actions and the reasons for them.

7. Be prepared for the unexpected. Children are unpredictable. "You never know what the munchkins are going to do," said Gerry Prost, a drama teacher at Thorsby High School. "They love to ad lib. You really have to keep your ears open to hear what they're saying.

And he's right. Here's a case in point.

As the innkeeper, the boy had only one line in the nativity play.

"No room at the inn!" he told Mary and Joseph gruffly.

They asked again.

"No room at the inn!" he repeated forcefully. Joseph explained that they had travelled very far and were very tired, and that Mary was about to have a baby.

There was an unrehearsed pause. "You can have my room. Mary and Joseph," blurted out the little innkeeper.

A teacher with her ears open closed the curtain.

I'm sure nobody was upset by the changed ending. I'll bet there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Greybeard is the Scouting name of 1st Thorsby Troop Scouter Tom Gray, Sunnybrook, Alta. Try his tips when you help your members prepare entertainment for a family or group party next month. In the Skits cut-out on page 35, you'll find Two Original Christmas Skits by Greybeard to get you going.

Campfire Skits

Peanuts

Judge, Bailiff, 3 (or more) Scruffy Guys, Peanuts (person)
Setting: Courthouse

Judge: Order in the court! Order in the court! Bring in the first case!

(Bailiff brings in a scruffy guy.)

Judge: What's your problem?

#1: Duh, I like to throw Peanuts against walls! Hic!

Judge: 30 days psychiatric treatment! Next!

Judge: What's your problem?

#2: Duh, I like to throw Peanuts out the window!

Judge: 30 days psychiatric treatment! Next!

(Judge becomes increasingly bored)

Judge: Oh, not another, What's your problem?

#3: Duh, I like to throw Peanuts into a lake!

Judge: 30 days psychiatric treatment! Why do they send me all the loonies, Next!

(Finally the bailiff brings in the last, really scruffy, bloodied, shirt torn, no shoes, so on.)

Judge: What's your problem? (Sigh....)

Peanuts: I'm Peanuts! (Passes out.)

You've Broken the Rules!

Mean Pirate Captain, 6 Pirates, Lifeguard
Setting: Pirate Ship at Sea

Captain: Okay let's see the first o' you. Which rule did you break?

#1: I... I... I ran around in the dining hall when I should have been sitting down!

Captain: Walk the plank! And you?

#2: I pushed into the canteen line, Sir!

Captain: Walk the plank! And you?

#3: I wasn't quiet when the sign was up!

Captain: Walk the plank! And you?

#4: I was talking after bedtime!

Captain: Walk the plank! And you?

#5: I wasn't listening during badgework!

Captain: Walk the plank! And you?

#6: I was playing with the campfire!

Captain: Walk the plank!

Lifeguard comes out.

Lifeguard: Okay guys, BUDDY UP AND NO TALKING!

The Beer Commercial

Actor(s), Director, Cameraman, Others in a studio
Setting: Studio

Director: Okay, People! Let's get going!

Cameraman: But Sir!

Director: No interruptions! Action!

(Actor, speaking in a dull voice, does a commercial for Scout Beer, talking about its great taste, made from dishwater and leftover porridge, and lots of the special ingredient, "Hop to it," which the Scout leader often said, from Scout camp when ...)

Director: Cut! That sounded like you don't like the stuff! Sound sincere! Okay! Let's try it again!

Cameraman: But Sir!

Director: No buts! Action!

(Actor begins again, appropriately sincere, and there are the usual interruptions by the director, saying it's too fast, too slow, whispers into the actor's ear (who then checks his zipper) until finally, everything goes smoothly.)

(All the while, the Cameraman keeps on interrupting the Director at the same time.)

Director: Cut! And Print! That was fantastic! Let's get out of here!

Cameraman: But Sir! We don't have any film!

The Dumb Actors

Director, Others in a Studio (Clapper Board, Lighting Men), Mother, Son, Doctor, Undertaker, brooms for the actors

("Set the scene" with the "actors" standing around on break, and the Director calling them in, saying that they'd had enough time already.)

Director: Lights, Camera, Action!

Clapper: Scene one, Take one!

(The actors play the scene without the least sign of emotion as lighting people follow and cameraman films. Mother is flipping pancakes at the stove when son walks in.)

Son: Mom, I don't feel too well. (He collapses)

Mom: (Goes over, looks at son.) Oh, I'd better call the doctor. (Moves to the phone, dials making click, click, click sounds.) Doctor, come quick. My son's collapsed.

Doctor: (Enters, checks pulse and breathing.) He's dead. I'd better call the undertaker. (Goes to phone, dials making dialing sounds like Mom did.) Undertaker, you'd better come. I have a dead body here.

Undertaker: (Enters and begins to measure the body.)

Director: (Jumps up.) Cut! Cut! That was terrible. You had no emotion AT ALL! Let's do it again. This time, give me more emotion!

Cast: (Exiting) Right. More emotion.

Director: Lights, Camera, Action!

Clapper: Scene one, Take Two!

(The actors redo the scene, using exactly the same words, but with great hammy histrionics. Mom weeps uncontrollably throughout, son dies very dramatically, etc. At the same point as in Take One, the Director yells, "Cut! Cut!")

Director: That was better, but too fast. Let's try again. This time, slow it down. Lights, Camera, Action!

Clapper: Scene on, Take three!

(The actors redo the scene in slow motion-talking slowly, mowing slowly. For example, when the telephone is dialed it goes click ... click ... click ... and after the doctor check's the son's pulse, the son's hand falls slowly back to the floor, etc. The Director yells "Cut!" in the usual place.)

Director: That was far too slow! Let's speed it up!

(This time the actors do the scene so quickly that the son throws himself to the ground, the doctor is there before Mom can hang up, and so on.)

Director: (At the same place) Cut! That was absolutely terrible! Actors? Do you call yourselves actors!??

Cast: Actors? Who said anything about actors? We're the cleaners! (All pick up brooms and exit.)

Pass the Pepper

Setting: Family Sitting at the Dinner Table, talking in a very thick Southern Drawl.

Ma: Pass the peppa, Pa.

(Goes down the line to Pa, who responds)

Pa: Here's the Black Peppa, Ma.

(Goes down the line to Ma, who responds)

Ma: No, not the Black Peppa, Pa.

(Goes down the line to Pa, who responds)

Pa: Oh. Here's the Chili Peppa, Ma.

(This goes on through different kinds of Peppa i.e. Banana Peppa, Jalepeno Peppa, Red Peppa, Green Peppa, and so on until,)

Ma: Can't you pass the toilet peppa, Pa?

The Bubble Gum on the Street

Kid, Dog, Basketball Player, Car, Jogger and Old Man

Setting: City Street

Kid: Blowing bubbles is just great. Watch. (Blows imaginary bubble; it pops and lands somewhere on the ground.) Hmm. Where did it go? I should look for it. (Goes around and exits, still looking for it.)

(Enter dog, who stops, sniffs at gum, pees on it, and exits. Basketball player is dribbling ball when it gets stuck on the gum-he tries to loosen it and finally does. Car drives right over it. Jogger goes by, his foot gets stuck on it; old man comes by and his cane gets stuck on it. Finally, Kid comes back.)

Kid: Ahh! There's my piece of gum! (Picks it up, pops it in his mouth and continues chewing.)

The Bubble Gum in the Studios

Announcer, Boy

Setting: Stage

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen! Welcome to the world famous WHEEL OF FISH! (Boy comes crawling onto stage.) I say, young man, what are you doing down there?

Boy: (Looking up) I'm looking for my bubble gum!

Announcer: Well, where did you lose it?

Boy: Backstage!

Announcer: Then why look here?

Boy: The lighting is better here!

Submarine Training

Story teller, Victim, appropriate sound effects & Helpers, raincoat, cup of water

Storyteller: I need a volunteer to take submarine training.

(Put victim under the coat and hold up an arm of the coat to use as a periscope.)

Now to be a good submarine captain, you must be able to use the periscope. So let's practice a bit.

Can you see the fire? How about those tents? The table? The moon? The stars?

(Continue until (s)he becomes proficient.)

Let's start our mission. You are the captain of this fine submarine, the S.S. Kaput. You are to bring it about on maneuvers and sink enemy ships. So here we go, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Oh! Here comes an enemy ship to the right! Can you see him?

(Show a drawing of a ship.) Blow him up! (When he fires, sink the ship.) Good going!

Now turn the submarine to port, and then to starboard (Left & right.) Oh, Oh-there's a storm brewing. (Shake him a bit.)

Do you see that Island? Try to go there to seek cover. Can you see the waves? My, aren't they big? And they're crashing against the rocks!

What a big storm! Can you see it? Can you see the waves? No?

(Pour the water down the arm.)

Flora the Flea

Performer

(The performer is putting his trained flea Flora through all her tricks, explaining all her tricks as she does them. His eyes follow every flip, jump, etc. as she performs and lands back in his hand.)

The he asks her to jump to the ceiling. His eyes lose her and she doesn't return. He looks high and low (perhaps with the help of a friend) but can't find her. Finally he looks in someone's hair.)

Performer: (Delighted) Flora! There you are! I'm so glad to have you back.

(looks more closely.) But say ... this isn't Flora!

Alternate Ending ...

(When Flora has done all her tricks,)

Performer: Let's hear a big round of applause for Flora! (Begins to clap, then stops, horrified, realizing what he's done.)

The Party Warehouse

Warehouse Person, Store Manager, 5 Customers, Two Victims, Broomstick
Setting: Party Supplies Store

(Get two victims to hold, at each end, the broomstick-this will be your manager's store counter.)

Customer #1: Hi! I'd like to buy some balloons for my daughter's birthday party.

Manager: Of course, Sir. Let me check with the back. (Calling to back of warehouse.) Do we have any balloons?

Warehouse: (Calling from back-an accent works well, or he's hard of hearing.) Let me check. (Pause) No! No balloons!

Manager: Gee, I'm sorry, Sir. Thank you for stopping by!

(Continue with each customer trying to get cakes, party favours, candies, games for the little darlings, hats, and so on. Each time, the Manager calls back, the warehouse person responds that he'll check, says no, and the manager apologizes. Finally,)

Last Customer: I've been waiting in line here for a while and I've noticed that you don't have anything that anybody wants. What do you have for parties?

Manager: (Slowly looks at each of the victims, considering each.) Well, I do have two suckers on a stick!

The Statue Warehouse

Tour Guide, Group of Tourists (optional), 1 Victim, Statues, Aquaman Statue with mouthful of water
Setting: Statue Museum (or Warehouse of Old, Unused Statues)

Guide: Welcome to the museum of Superheroes. We have an unique collection of statues in that you can press a button and the statues come alive to imitate their real life counterparts. See here, for instance. This is Superman. Watch as I push the button on his chest.

(Superman comes out of stiff standing position and takes a flying position, then resumes a stiff standing position. Guide continues through the tour, occasionally letting someone try the statues of Spiderman, the Flash, Batman, Wonderwoman, each with a different action and way of activating them (pull arm, press nose, and so on.) Finally they get to Aquaman.)

Guide: Now this is our last statue; Aquaman is our pride and joy. However, it seems that sometimes it just won't activate. Better let me try first.

(Pulls arm. Nothing. "Aquaman," he whispers. He tries the arm again. Nothing.)

(To victim) You, Sir? Would you like to try? He's rather finicky. Maybe he'll work if you try.

(Victim tries and Aquaman spits out a mouthful of water at him.)

The Greatest Spitter in the World

GSITW, Partner with metal pot (with a bit of water in it) and a pebble

Setting: Boardwalk, Circus, Amusement Park

(Separate GSITW and partner by about 15 feet.)

Partner: Ladies and Gentlemen! May I present to you the Greatest Spitter in the World! He does all kinds of tricks with a mere spit! Let him show you the simple spit first!

(GSITW sends off a regular spit, which is caught in the pot by the partner. When it's supposed to land, he hits the bottom of the pot with a secret pebble he holds in his hand.)

Partner: Ladies and Gents! That is not all he can do! Watch his fastball!

(Again, another spit which immediately "lands" in the pot. Continue with tricks, such as slow spit, high spit, round the world spit (in which case each turns around, backs facing each other, and the spit takes a while to come around but indeed does,) curve spit, and so on. Finally,)

Partner: Now for his last spit! It's a really difficult spit but we think we have it! It's a high, quadruple axle, curvy, spring jump spit! We must have absolute silence for this one!

(GSITW spits up, partner follows it up, doing 4 spins, it curves side to side, begins to jump up and down in air, then he seems to lose it ... no, there it is ... he goes side to side, trying to catch it, he trips and spills the water on the crowd.)

Sounds of the Lost Scoutmaster

Storyteller, Bird, Frog, Tree, Breeze, Lost Scoutmaster

(Storyteller is telling the story to the campfire crowd, while the other actors, with the exception of the Lost Scoutmaster, have the option to hide in the woods, sit in the crowd, or stand beside the story teller. I suggest the first, for effect. The Lost Scoutmaster, however, must hide in the woods.)

Storyteller: You know, I love camping. It's not like being in the city at all. You hear sounds that you can only hear out in the country.

For instance, lots of birds. (Bird chirps a lot, sings a bird song.) Ah, isn't that lovely?

And the frogs. They have one of those great sounds. (Frog calls out ribbit sounds.)

And though there's breeze in the city, it's just not the same as the breeze in the country. (Light breeze being called out.)

Let's face it; there are trees in the city, but how many? The breeze through a forest is so nice (Light breeze, slight swishing of the trees.)

But the sound I love to hear the most when I go camping is the sound of the Lost Scoutmaster.

(Heavy thumping of the feet; calls out, "Where in the world am I?")

The Highest Tree climber in the World

2 Friends, HTCITW, tree, book

Setting: Campfire

(Tree climber is hidden in the woods and is able to ruffle a bush or tree.)

1: You know, they say there's this really good tree climber trying out for the Olympics. I wonder if he's practicing around here?

2: Call out and see!

1: Hey! Tree Climber! You around here?

Climber: Yep!

1: You practicing?

Climber: Yep!

1: How high are you?

Climber: Oh, not high. About 100 feet.

1: Wow! Can you go higher?

Climber: Yep! (Ruffles tree.) Now I'm at about 200 feet.

1: Fantastic! Can you go higher?

Climber: Yep! (Ruffles tree.) Now I'm at about 275 feet.

1: Neato! Can you go higher?

Climber: Yep! (Ruffles tree.) Now I'm at about 325 feet.

1: Great! Can you go higher?

Climber: Yep! (Ruffles tree.) Now I'm at about 400 feet.

1: Gee! I'm amazed!

2: Excuse me, Sir, but I have a book here that says that the highest tree in the world is only 360 feet high!

Climber: Ahhhhhh!!!!!! (Thump!)

Post Office / King's Royal Paper

Version 1

Post Office Clerk, People in line, Person, a few letters and small boxes, and one wrapped box with a roll of toilet paper in it.

Setting: Post Office

(Person is last in line, clerk is behind a desk, serving people, box with toilet paper)

1: 5 stamps, please.

Clerk: \$2.00, please.

2: My mail, please. (Clerk hands it to him.)

3: This to Albuquerque.

Clerk takes it.

4: Has my package arrived yet?

Clerk: (Checks.) No, I'm sorry Sir.

(Next day, same type scenario occurs, with person 4 always last in line, always asking for his package, which hasn't arrived yet. Each day this repeats, his legs become more and more crossed, he's more fidgety, more nervous, more anxious, more desperate, till finally, on the last day he's up again.)

4: (Yelling out) Has my package arrived yet?

Clerk: Yes Sir! Here it is!

4: (Relieved, tearing open the box and holding up toilet paper) Thank you! Now I can go to the washroom!

Version 2: The King's Royal Paper

Essentially the same type of cast plus a guard;
You also need newspaper, a notepad, scrap paper, cardboard and so on.

Have servants ham it up when their head is about to be cut off.

King: I want my Royal Paper!

1: Here, Sire, The Royal newspaper!

King: No! That's not it! Guard, Off with his head!

2: Sire! Your Royal Writing paper!

King: Fool! Off with his head!

3: Your Highness! Here is The Royal Scratch Paper! King: (Furious) If I wanted to draw I'd have called for Crayons! Off with his head!

4: Your Grace! Here is the Royal Paper! (Hands him the toilet paper.)

King: Thank you! (Runs off to washroom.)

7 Jerks on the Line

2 People on the phone, up to seven Victims, rope
Each person is holding the rope at either end, and talking on the telephone

Person 1: I went fishing the other day!

2: Can't hear you!

1: Said I went fishing the other day!

2: Can't hear you! Maybe the phone company needs more telephone poles!

(Get a couple of victims to hold the rope up in the middle.)

1: That better?

2: A little! Try again.

1: Went fishing the other day!

2: Really? Is it a good sushi bar?

1: No! I went fishing! Maybe they need more poles!

(Get a couple more victims to help hold the rope up.)

1: As I was saying, the spot I was at wasn't great!

2: No, still can't hear you. Did you say you got grapes?

1: Hold on a minute.

(Get another couple of poles.)

1: I said that I went fishing and my luck wasn't too good!

2: That's better! Still a little interference, but you say you hit a pucker? I think one more pole will help greatly.

(Get one more pole.)

2: Perfect!

1: Gee! The phones today. Anyway, I went fishing the other day.

2: Oh? And how did you do? Any bites?

1: Not good. But today, I did get 7 jerks on the line!

The Pilfered Warehouse

Manager, Guard, 3 Workmen, large cardboard boxes.

Setting: Factory Gate.

Manager: (To new guard) I'm giving you the very responsible position of gate guard at this factory. Because of the lack of vigilance by your predecessors, the workers have stolen so many finished articles that the firm is heading for bankruptcy. Your duty is to ensure this is

brought to an end. Do you understand?

Guard: Yes Sir. I am to stop stealing.

Manager: That's right. You can search people if necessary. Now it's up to you, and let's see some results.

Guard: Very good, Sir. (Manager leaves; guard takes post; first workman enters carrying a clothdraped box.) Just a moment. What have you got in that box?

#1: What do you mean?

Guard: What have you got in that box? It's my duty to see that no one takes stuff out of the factory.

#1: Why didn't you say? There's nothing in the box. Look! (He shows everyone the box is empty.)

Guard: Oh, well, that's all right then.

(#1 leaves and #2 enters, box draped as before. Guard and workman go through routine of looking in the box. Repeat with #3. After #3 has left, the manager races in enraged.)

Manager: You idiot! I hired you to stop this pilfering. You've only been here half an hour and already we're losing things!

Guard: But the only people who went out were three men with boxes. I stopped them all and they all had nothing in them.

Manager: You fool! We make boxes!

There's a Bear!

Nature Guide, 3-4 Victims (line them up as you get them)

Guide: I'm going to bring you through an imaginary trip to follow a bear's daily activities. First, I need a volunteer (He will be a victim). First, we'll kneel down, you in front of me. Then I'm going to say, "There's a bear!" and you're going to respond, "Where?" and I'll point him out. You still won't see him and repeat, "Where?" and I'll point him out, and then you'll say, "Ahh. I see him, he's over there!" and point the same way I did.

Guide: There's a bear!

1: Where?

Guide: Over there!

1: Where?

Guide: Over there!

1: Ahh. I see him, he's over there!

(Continue by introducing the other victims, one at a time and lining them up in front of

your previous victim, and repeating the same sketch, but increasing the length as you go through it in a repetitious manner i.e. you point out to #1, then he to #2, then he to #3, then he to #4. Finally,)

Guide: Guess what? He fell over! (Push over your victims)

Nosebleed

Person with nosebleed, 3 Pedestrians, 4th Pedestrian
Setting: City Street

(Nosebleed person is looking down at the ground. #1 comes in and looks around, then down, and mumbles,)

#1: Hmm, what's going down, man? (No answer.)

#2 walks in, does the same thing, as does #3. #4 walks in, looks up for a moment, then asks,

#4: What are you guys doing?

Nosebleed: I don't know what these guys are doing, but I've got a nosebleed!

You Don't Say!

Person on the phone, Friend
Setting: Living Room

Person: (Phone rings, picks it up.) Hello? Yes? You don't say ... You don't say ... You don't say ... You don't say? ... You don't say! ... You don't say. Bye!

Friend: Say, who was on the phone?

Person: He didn't say!

Waiter!

Waiter, Customers
Setting: Restaurant

Customer 1: Waiter! There's a fly in my soup!

Waiter: Shh! Everyone else will want one!

Same line continues on with other customers about a fly being in alphabet soup (He's learning to read!)

What's this fly doing in my soup? (The backstroke, Sir!)

There's a fly in my soup! (Pass him a life preserver!)

I just took a fly out of my soup. What do you think you should do? (Give First Aid!)

Finally,

Last Customer: Waiter, did you know that there's a fly in my ice cream, too?

Waiter: No! I didn't know they were into winter sports!

Why Are You Late?

Boss, 4 Workers
Setting: Office

Boss: Why are you late?

#1: (Rushing into work, breathless.) Sorry I'm late, Boss. My car broke down, so I took the bus. But the driver hit a tree, so I had to take a cab. And it broke down, too. Fortunately, I was near a stable so I borrowed the horse. But it ran so fast that it had a heart attack and collapsed. I had to jog the rest of the way!

(#2 & 3 come in late with exactly the same excuse. The boss becomes a little bit more exasperated each time, until #4 finally comes in, late of course.)

Boss: Why are you late? No, wait. Let me guess. Your car broke down, so you took the bus. But the bus driver hit a tree, so you took a cab. And it broke down too. Fortunately, you were near a stable and so you borrowed the horse. But it ran so fast that it had a heart attack and collapsed, so you had to jog the rest of the way, right?

#4: No boss, you got it all wrong! The streets were so crowded with broken down cars, buses and cabs, trees, dead horses, and worst of all some crazy joggers that I couldn't get through!

The New Bike

Salesman, Buyer, 4 people to be bicycles, Victim
The five "bicycles" are in doggy position.

Salesman: Here, Sir, is our most popular model. It also has an unbelievably low price. Try it.

Buyer: OK -- (tries it) -- no, it's not the right size.

Salesman: Then try this one. It's got 25 gears and goes really fast.

Buyer: No, I don't need that many.

Salesman: All right, try this one.

Buyer: I don't quite like the colour.

Salesman: This one is a great mountain bike; great reports from everyone.

Buyer: Hmmm... OK. Hey! I really like this!

(All of a sudden the mountain bike collapses -falls down.)

Salesman: My, I'm so embarrassed. Are you sure you wouldn't like to purchase one of the other bicycles? They're very good.

Buyer: Not really. I really liked this last one.

Salesman: Hold on, let me get one of my men from the back. (Get your victim.) Do you think you can fix this bike? (Instructs him to lift up the bike and pull this, tighten that.) Now Sir, try it.

Buyer: Hey! This is great! You've just sold this bike! What did your technician do?

Salesman: Well, I guess all that was needed was a nut to hold it up!

The Operation

A shadow show is where you have the bright light behind you and the sheet between you and the audience so that they see the shadows. Your heads can be seen over the top and on the sides, but the action MUST be shadowed on the sheet and be the main attraction. In case you decide not to use the shadow show, no problem. But you need a high table or bench so make it look "real."

Doctor, Nurse, Patient, bright light, white sheet, frying pan, kitchen knife, large rope and wooden needle, all sorts of toys and other silly things to "take out" of the patient's belly.
Setting: Doctor's Office

Patient: (Walking into office.) Doctor! Doctor! I need your help.

Doctor: (Real whacko.) Oh, good, come here and I'll fix you up good. Nurse, anaesthetize the patient!

Patient: But Doctor! (Nurse "hits" him on the head with frypan; he passes out.)

(Time to really ham it up; Doctor is real messy in opening up the patient with knife; he "finds" all sorts of things in the belly, each time explaining that this is a good part of the problem. Every once in a while during the action.)

Patient: (Wakes up.) But Doctor!

Doctor: Nurse! Put him under! (Nurse hits patient with frying pan, restrains, etc.)

Finally, the doctor is finished and sews him up.

Doctor: (Tapping shoulder of the patient, who wakes up.) Do you feel better now?

Patient: But Doctor! I just need to use your phone!!

Is a Train Comin' Today?

Grandma, Grandpa
Setting: Train Station

Grandma: (In old voice) Grandpa, is a train Comin' from the south today?

Grandpa: (Hobbles over to station, checks the schedule, looks to the south, returns, and in an old voice,) No, Grandma.

Grandma: Grandpa, is a train Comin' from the north today?

Grandpa: (Hobbles over to station, checks the schedule, looks to the north, returns.) No, Grandma.

Grandma: Grandpa, is a train Comin' from the east today?

Grandpa: (Hobbles over to station, checks the schedule, looks to the east, returns.) No, Grandma.

Grandma: Grandpa, is a train Comin' from the west today?

Grandpa: (Hobbles over to station, checks the schedule, looks to the west, returns.) No, Grandma.

Grandma: Good. We can cross the tracks now.

Shut Up!

Shut Up, Trouble, Police Officer, Narrator

Setting: Woods, Then a Police Station (as per narration)

Narrator: There once were a brother and sister called Shut Up and Trouble. They liked to go on walks together. (SU & T are walking through the woods.) One day, they were walking along in the woods together and Trouble got lost. (T walks off; SU looks around but can't find her.) So Shut Up went to the police station to report a missing person.

Police officer: Can I help you? What's your name?

Shut Up: Shut Up, Sir.

Police Officer: That's a bit impolite. What's your name, boy?

Shut Up: Shut Up, Sir.

Police Officer: You should watch your manners, boy. What's your name?

Shut Up: Shut Up, Sir.

Police Officer: Young man, are you looking for trouble?

Shut Up: Yes, Sir, she's lost! Do you know where she is?

Food, Water & Mirror on the Sahara

2 or 3 People, cup of water, combs, Narrator

Setting: Sahara Desert

Narrator: Here are some poor, thirsty men on the desert who've been stranded on the desert for days. Let's watch.

(Two or three people are crawling, calling out for water. Time to really ham it up. Finally, they see the cup of water and stagger for it, reaching out. Finally, they get to the water and,)

People: Ahhhh! (Relieved-they take out combs, dip them in water and begin to comb hair.)

You Need a Tie, Sir

Person, 3 Tie Salesmen, Maitre d'
Setting: Desert

Person: (Gasping) Water! I need water!

#1: Sir! Would you like to buy a tie? This one would look so good on you!

Person: I want water, not a tie!

#2: (After a pause) Sir! We're having a tie sale. Would you like to buy a nice tie for a great price?

Person: I'm dying of thirst, and you want to sell me a tie?

#3: (After a pause) Sir! I have these fine silk ties at reasonable prices. Would you care to look at my stock?

Person: Sheesh! What kind of people sell ties in the middle of the desert to thirsty people?
(After a pause; looks to the distance) An oasis! I'm saved! (Scrambles over.) Sir! Please! I would like to buy a glass of water!

Maitre d': I'm sorry Sir, but you can't enter this restaurant without a tie.

A Hot Meal!

Version 1

3 Lost Campers
Setting: Woods

#1: Boy, am I hungry! We haven't eaten in days!

#2: Me too.

#3: And I would just love a hot meal.

#1: (Looking to ground) Wow! A rabbit! Jump it! (#1 & 2 jump it and catch it; they start to eat it.)

#2: (Looking back at #3) Would you like some?

#3: No thanks, I'm waiting for a hot meal.

#1: Suit yourself.

(A little later)

#2: Hey! A squirrel! Get it!

(#1 & 2 get it and start tearing it apart)

#1: (To #3) Would you like a morsel?

#3: No thanks, I'm waiting for a hot meal.

(A little later)

#1: Wow! A moose!

#2: Be very quiet. (#1 & 2 jump it and kill it; they start eating it)

#1: Look, there's plenty here, we don't need to keep it all to ourselves, even if we did get this without your help. There's too much to eat anyway. Want any?

#3: No thanks, I'm waiting for a hot meal.

#2: Are you sure? You haven't eating anything for even longer than us two.

#3: No thanks, I'm waiting for a hot meal.

(After a while,)

#1: Boy, I'm stuffed.

#2: Me too. But I think I'm getting sick. (Throws up.)

#1: I'm sick, too. (Throws up.)

#3: Wow! A hot meal!

Version 2

5 People, Cabby

Setting: Outside of Restaurant

#1: Boy, what a meal. I really gorged myself.

#2: Me too.

#3: Eating that much makes it hard to walk. Let's get a cab.

#4: Agreed.

#5: Taxi!

(They all get in.)

Cabby: Get ready for a good ride, boys.

(The cabby pantomimes driving, going along like a race driver, swerving from side to side, up and down hills, does a real roller coaster ride. Sort of like my driving, if you've experienced it. The people swerve left to right with the driver, all hanging on to dear life and lunch, until they all throw up.)

Cabby: Wow! A five course meal!

Cub Shop

4 Shoppers, Storekeeper, Kid (in underwear, or nightgown), full uniform
Setting: Store

#1: I'd like to buy the Cub Shirt.

Storekeeper: Sure. One moment, please.

(You hear the kid struggling with the keeper in the background-"No, you can't have it!")
(Comes back with a shirt.)

#2: I'd like to buy the accessories to the Cub Uniform.

Storekeeper: Sure. One moment, please.

(You hear the kid struggling with the keeper in the background-"No, you can't have them!") (Comes back with accessories.)

#3: I'd like to buy the pants to go with the Cub Uniform.

Storekeeper: Sure. One moment, please.

(You hear the kid struggling with the keeper in the background-"No, you can't have them!") (Comes back with pants.)

#4: I'd like to buy the right kind of shoes for the Cub Uniform.

Storekeeper: Sure. One moment, please.

(You hear the kid struggling with the keeper in the background-"No, you can't have them!") (Comes back with shoes.)

Kid: (Comes running out in underwear/swim suit) How am I supposed to go to Cubs without my uniform?

The Infantry is Coming!

3-4 People, Person carrying a sapling

#1: (Runs in) The Infantry is coming! Go to the bomb shelters!

#2: (A moment later, runs in) The Infantry is coming! Save yourselves!

#3: (A moment later, runs in) The Infantry is coming! Let's help them!

#4: (A moment later, runs in) The Infantry is coming! Let's watch the tanks!

(A moment later)

Person: And here it is, the Infant Tree.

Keep Canada Beautiful Contest

6 Cubs

Setting: Five Cubs Sitting in Their Clubhouse (indicated by appropriate signs) playing a game.

Cub 1: (Runs in, very excited) Hey, you guys! Did you hear about the big contest?

Cub 2: What contest? What's it about?

Cub 1: The "Keep Canada Beautiful Contest," that's what!

Cub 3: Are there prizes? A contest is no good without prizes.

Cub 1: Sure, lots of prizes. Neat ones like bicycles and radios, and lots of good stuff!

Cub 4: (Gloomily) I bet it's hard. Contests with neat prizes are always hard.

Cub 1: Nope! It's easy. Even the rules say it's SIMPLE-in big letters. The winner is the one who picks the easiest way.

Cub 5: The easiest way to do what?

Cub 1: The easiest way to keep Canada Beautiful. That's what I've been talking about!

Cub 6: (With a swagger) Ha! Then I'm a cinch to win!

Cub 1: Why's it so cinchy for you? What's your great way to keep Canada beautiful?

Cub 6: (Takes out comb and combs his hair) See! That's the easiest way I know to keep Canada Beautiful.

(The others look at him, then at each other. Quickly they surround him, carry or drag him to a large box marked TRASH, and dump him in.)

Cub 1: Like he said, fellahs, we're a cinch to win! That's the easiest way I know to keep Canada beautiful. (they exit, laughing while Cub 6 stands up in the trash box with a disgusted look on his face.)

Brain Shop

Customer, Shopkeeper

Setting: Brain Shop

Customer: Hi! I'm bored with myself. I'd like to buy a new brain and have an all new personality.

Shopkeeper: (In one of those evil, horror movie voices) Ahh, yes. Well, I can sell you this brain from Billy Crystal for \$5000. Here. Try it. ("Unscrews" head and plops in pretend brain.) How do you feel?

Customer: (In Billy Crystal style voice) Marvelous. I ... feel ... marvelous. But I don't think it's me. Can I try another?

Shopkeeper: Okay. Let me see. (Rummages around.) Let's try this one. It's the brain from Captain Kirk. Only \$5000.

Customer: (In Kirk voice) Scotty ... Can you fix those transporters? No, a bit too famous for me.

Shopkeeper: Sure. I'll go out back. (Rummages around in back of store.)

Here's one from Ronald Reagan. It only costs \$5000. How do you feel?

Customer: (In Ronald Reagan style voice) Welllll ... Bonzo, stop that ... I think that this one's still a bit too famous for me.

Shopkeeper: Hmmm. A tough customer. I'll have to go down to the basement. I'll be back. (Customer comments on the kind of brains he has gotten and what kind he'll get next.)

Ahhh, here we are. The best in the house, not famous at all. I guarantee you'll love it. Only \$15000. (Yes ... \$15000.)

Customer: (Imitates a leader in the crowd for some notorious act, such as putting up the sign and calling out "PACK!" or admonishing the kids or doing a famous routine or the like.) Hmmm ... this is good. But I recognize it. No, wait ... it's (Insert name of person.) I love it! But tell me ... the brains of those three famous people only cost \$5000 apiece. This one, however, comes from a virtually unknown, unimportant person. Why does it cost \$15000?

Shopkeeper: Well, it's never been used!

Pet Shop

Customer, Shopkeeper

Setting: Pet Shop

Customer: I'd like to buy a turtle.

Shopkeeper: Well, here's one of the only three turtles I have left-they sell real well out here but turtle shipments are few and far between.

Customer: Gee, thanks! Just the kind I was looking for, too!

(Later, customer comes in with dead turtle and is a little distraught.)

Customer: Look! He's dead already! How old was he?

Shopkeeper: Here, here. Let me see. Hmm. Look, having pets die on customers on the first day they buy them is bad for business, so here's a new one. No charge.

Customer: Thank you! That's so gracious of you.

(Later, customer comes in with dead turtle and is more distraught.)

Customer: Are you sure these turtles are okay? This one died on me too!

Shopkeeper: Let me see. Hmm. Well, here's the last of my three turtles, and though I won't get another shipment for a while, you can have it for free.

Customer: You are the nicest man I know. Thank you so much!

(Later, customer comes in with dead turtle and is hysterical and crying.)

Customer: What are you trying to do to me? This one died too!

Shopkeeper: Let me see this. This is bugging me too. Say. They all have scratches on the shells. Why? What were you doing with them?

Customer: (Sniffing) Well, I was only trying to give my car a turtle wax!

What's 2+2?

Captain, three or four Pirates

Setting: On the Bridge (Or Deck of a Ship)

Captain: First Mate! What's 2+2?

1st Mate: Duh! One, Sir!

Captain: Good! Bosun! What's 2+2?

Bosun: Uhh ... let's see ... (Counts on fingers) Uhh ... Five, Sir!

Captain: No problem! Gunner! What's 2+2?

Gunner: Sheesh, Captain! Why give me all the hard ones?

Captain: Great! Cook! What's 2+2?

Cook: Let's see. Two apples and two potatoes makes ... (Thinks) Two apples and two potatoes, Sir!

Captain: Pleased to hear it! You! Floor Scrubber! What's 2+2?

Scrubber: Four, Sir!

Captain: Off with his head! (Cuts off head with sword.)

Servant: Beggin' the Captain's pardon, Sir! I think everyone else got it wrong, but the floor scrubber got it right. Why did you kill him?

Captain: He's too smart! He might go after my job some day!

The Ghost of Midnight

Ghost, Family asleep in house

Setting: House at Night

Ghost: (Going up to Mom, wakes her up-uses scary ghost voice.) I am the Ghost of Midnight!

Mom: Ahhh!

Ghost: (To Dad-same thing.) I am the Ghost of Midnight!

Dad: I'm getting out of here!

Ghost: (To son.) I am the Ghost of Midnight!

Son: Help! Mommy!

Ghost: (To daughter.) I am the Ghost of Midnight!

Daughter: (Looks at watch.) Aww, shutup! It's only 11:45!

What's the Problem?

Leader, three or four Kids, Campfire Chief (in campfire blanket)

Setting: Tent Area

Swasin: (Crying on stage)

Kid 1: (Sees leader; goes to him.) Swasin! What's the problem?

Swasin: (Whispers in kid's ear.)

#1 begins to cry too.

#2: Hey! What's the problem?

#1 whispers in #2's ear, and he starts crying too. Continue with #3 and #4.

(Finally, Campfire Chief comes around.)

Chief: Hi! I've come around to collect skit names for the campfire tonight! Hey! What's the problem?

All: We don't have a skit!

The Babies & Dads

Doctor, three Dads

Setting: Hospital

Doctor: Mr. Thompson, congratulations. You're the proud father of twins!

Thompson: What a coincidence-I come from Two Mountains!

(Later,)

Doctor: Mr. Smith, you now have triplets!

Smith: That's quite astonishing! I come from Three Rivers!

Third father faints; doctor revives him.

Doctor: Mr. Smart-what's wrong? Your wife hasn't even given birth yet!

Smart: I come from Thousand Islands!

Ghost With One Black Eye

Ghost, 3 Pedestrians
Setting: City Street

#1: (Bends over; picks up coin.) Wow! A loony!

Ghost: (Comes out; scary voice.) I am the Ghost with one black eye!

(#1 scared; drops loony; runs away)

#2: (Bends over; picks up coin.) Wow! A dollar!

Ghost: (comes out) I am the Ghost with one black eye!

(#2 scared; drops loony; runs away)

#3: (Bends over; picks up coin.) Wow! Money!

Ghost: (Comes out.) I am the Ghost with one black eye!

#3: Keep it up, and you'll get another!

Bus Driver

Several Passengers, Bus Driver, "Stinky"
Setting: Bus

Bus driver drives the bus along the route, and at each stop, more and more people get off the bus, holding their noses, telling the driver to hurry up, pushing against each other, running off the bus, until finally only Stinky and the Driver are left on the bus.

Driver: (Talking to Stinky) Hey! All my passengers left. You know anything about it? (Smells something awful.) Hmm. Something smells -it must be you. Did you wash this morning?

Stinky: Yes.

Driver: Hmm. Deoderant?

Stinky: Yes.

Driver: Hmm. Clean shirt?

Stinky: Yes.

Driver: Clean underwear?

Stinky: Yes.

Driver: Change your socks?

Stinky: Sure! Here are the old ones!

The Screwy Navel

Story Teller, Boy, several characters such as Mom, Dad, Bro, Sis, Drunk, Repairman, Priest, Clerk, Bus Driver, and so on.

Teller: There once was a little boy who had a screw instead of a belly button, and was always curious about it. Finally one day he asks his Mom,

Boy: Mommy, why do I have a screw instead of a belly button like everyone else?

Mom: (Brushing him away,) I don't have time right now. Ask your father.

Teller: The boy goes to his father and asks him the same question.

(He asks; gets the same type of answer ("Paying the bills.") He goes around to several people in the town to whom he is referred by the last person, but always getting the same type of answer. Finally, he goes to the priest.)

Boy: Father, why do I have a screw instead of a belly button like everyone else?

Priest: My son, only God knows of such things. You should pray and ask him.

Boy: Thank you, Father. (Begins praying.) God, why do I have a screw instead of a belly button like everyone else?

Teller: All of a sudden, a big hand appears with a large screwdriver, connects with his screw, and turns. All of a sudden the boy falls down and hears,

God: The screw is there to hold you together!

The Shrimpy Boxer

Version 1

Announcer, big boxer, 72 pound weakling, frypan

Announcer: Ladies and Gents! May I bring your attention to the center ring where we will have our main attraction! Little John will be fighting against a new contender, named Shrimpy! 1-2-3 Go!

(They box-Shrimpy gets hit this way, that way, is really losing until at the last moment, he throws one weak punch and Little John falls unconscious.)

Announcer: 1! 2! 3! Shrimpy wins! Now let's look at that in slow motion!

(Boxers get up, and the scene repeats itself slowly in slow motion, and when Shrimpy is throwing his punch, someone quickly -and I mean unaffected by slow motion-runs up and swings the frypan against Little John's head.)

Version 2

Similar to the above, but it never gets to the fight.

The Announcer is explaining the rules and says "We'll have none of this!" (kicks Little John in the groin)

"Or this!" (breaks arm over his knee) "Or this!" (kicks in the knees)

"And of course this! is prohibited!" (hits over the head with the frypan)

"Understood? Good! Go!"

(And of course one weak punch from Shrimpy knocks him out.)

Doggie Doo

Two friends, doggie doo

Setting: Street

(Two friends are walking along the street, perhaps having a conversation about something, talking about a movie or the latest hockey scores, when all of a sudden-)

John: Hey Frank! Watch out! That may be doggie doo! Smell it to see if it smells like doggie doo!

Frank: (Smells it) Yep! Smells like doggie doo!

John: Touch it to see if it feels like doggie doo!

Frank: (Touches it) Yep! Feels like doggie doo!

John: Taste it to see if it tastes like doggie doo!

Frank: (Tastes it) Yep! Tastes like doggie doo!

John: Well! It's a good thing we didn't walk in it!

The Complaining Monk

Monk, Abbot, narrator

Scene: Abbot's office

Narrator: This skit is about the monks in a monastery who are only allowed to speak two words every ten years. Our friendly monk is about to come in and say his two words, after ten long years of silence.

Abbot: (Chants some blessing, then,) Yes, my son, what do you wish to say?

Monk: Bad food!

Narrator: Well, ten years have gone by, and of course our friendly monk's time has come again to say his two words. He of course is not quite as young as he used to be, and walks a touch more slowly.

Abbot: (Chants some blessing, then,) Yes, my son, what do you wish to say?

Monk: Uncomfortable bed!

Narrator: Well, yet another ten years have gone by, and of course our friendly monk's time has

come again to say his two words. He is really old at this point, having been at the monastery for thirty, long, devoted years.

Abbot: (Chants some blessing, then,) Yes, my son, what do you wish to say?

Monk: I quit!

Abbot: I'm not surprised! You've been here for thirty years and all you've done is complain!

The Announcement

Campfire chief and a volunteer in the audience

Campfire Chief: And now it's time to make a spot announcement.

(Dog barks from the audience.) Thank you Spot.

The Candy Shop

Old storekeeper, very young kid (4 years old)

Setting: Candy Shop

Kid: (Kid walks up to storekeeper and asks) I want five of those penny candies way up at the top.

Storekeeper: You mean those penny candies, way, way, waaaaaay up top?

Kid: Yes, please.

Storekeeper: Sigh! (Kid takes innocent pleasure in watching the storekeeper go up.)

(Storekeeper climbs up and get him five candies, and receives the five cents.)

(This scene repeats itself several times over 3 more days, with the storekeeper being more and more tired each time and becoming equally more frustrated until,)

Storekeeper: Oh! I see that kid coming. I know what he's coming to get, so I'll climb up now to get the candies before he comes in and have it ready for him. (Climbs up and gets the 5 candies.)

Storekeeper: (Kid walks in.) I bet I know what you want. I bet you want five of the penny candies from way up top, right?

Kid: Nope! Not today!

Storekeeper: Sigh! Now I have to climb back up to put them away. (He climbs up, puts them away, then comes down.)

Storekeeper: Now, sonny, what would you like today?

Kid: I would like three of those penny candies way up at the top!

The Loon Hunt

Narrator, two hunters, Medicrin, Loon, wise man
Setting: Out in the woods

Narrator: This is the story of the little-known Medicrin and two hunters' efforts to capture it. For instance, watch.

(The Medicrin, which has been dancing around during the Narrator's speech, suddenly spots the two hunters, who blunderingly, and unsuccessfully, attempt to catch the Medicrin. During the next speech, all actors act according to the Narrator's storyline.)

Narrator: Several times our bold hunters attempt to catch this Medicrin; they use traps, "Medicrin" calls, even a sick loon. (Every once in a while the actors make appropriate comments.) But all this was to no avail. Finally, they consulted a wise man.

Hunter 1: Wise man, we have been trying to catch the Medicrin for quite a while, but without any success. We even tried to lure it with a sick loon, because we'd heard that it was a good idea. What do you suggest?

Wise man: (In one of those old, strained, many years-of-experience sage voices,) You have been going about it almost in the right way. But the Medicrin also needs a sweeter trap!

Hunter 1: (Bewildered) Uh... Thank you, Wise man! Let's go!

Hunter 2: What did he mean by a sweeter trap?

Hunter 1: I don't know. Maybe we should feed our sick loon some sugar!

Hunter 2: Sugar?

Hunter 1: Yeah! You know, like sugar cured ham!

Narrator: And so our brave hunters took a bag of sugar and forced it down the loon's throat. Ahh ... Watch now as the Medicrin spots our loon.

(The Medicrin sees the loon and DIVES for it, at which point, the hunters capture the Medicrin.)

Narrator: Our brave hunters have finally succeeded in capturing the Medicrin. Which, just proves that ... A loonful of sugar helps the Medicrin go down!

49! 49! 49!

Jumper, bystander
Setting: City Street

(A person is jumping on up and down, yelling 49! 49! 49! The second person comes by and notices this; he asks what he's doing.)

Victim: What are you doing?

Jumper: I'm jumping up and down on this manhole yelling 49! 49! 49! It's really fun! Wanna try?

Victim: Sure!

(He takes the jumper's place and yells 49! 49! 49! All of a sudden, the jumper pulls the manhole cover out from under the victim, who falls into the sewer.)

Jumper: 50! 50! 50!

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Compiled by Daniel R. Mott: Roundtable Staff
District 23, West Jordan, Utah

With a couple contributions by Gary Hendra, Pack
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Applause stunts are a great way to recognize a person or den/patrol in a troop/pack meeting for some accomplishment they have performed. Be sure before you start that everyone knows and understands the applause stunt and how to do it. Applause stunts serve more than one purpose they not only provide recognition but also help liven up a meeting. Applause stunts need to be fun. Strive for quality of performance in your stunts.

How to Make a Cheers Box

Find a Cheer laundry detergent box. Print out these cheers, yells and applauses on card stock. Cut the card stock up so that one cheer is on each piece of paper. Put them all in the Cheer box. Take the box to your meetings or campfires. When it is time for a cheer, have a Scout take the cheer out of the box and lead it.

The Cheers, Yells and Applauses

Abe Lincoln Cheer: That was great! HONEST!

Alka Seltzer Cheer: Plop, Plop, Fizz, Fizz, Oh what a relief it is.

Almost: With hands far apart, bring them rapidly together but miss just before meeting each other.

America: A-M-E-R-I-C-A, Cub Scouts(or Boy Scouts), Cub Scouts, USA!

Apollo: Shout: Countdown, 10 - 1 !! BLASTOFF! then with your hand gain orbit and even out. Then say, "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP."

Archery: Mimic shooting an arrow, then call out, "Bull's Eye!"

Artillery: Begin slowly with the flats of your palms and increase in speed: then slow down until finally the last time the hands are not brought together.

Avon Lady: Point a forefinger and shout, "Ding, Dong!"

Barber Shop: Make a razor sharp motion on the palm of your left hand with your right hand, turning your right over with each stroke. Don't forget the barber's flourishes.

Barker's Yell: Showtime, Showtime!

Beaver: Cut a tree by tapping front teeth together, slap your tail by slapping a palm against your thigh, then yell, "TIMBER!"

Bear: Growl like a bear four times, turning halfway around each time.

Bee: Put arms straight out and pretend to fly, while going "Buzz-z-z-z, Buzz-z-z-z."

Ben Franklin: Hold both hands out in front of you as if flying a kite. Jerk back suddenly while saying, "Zap, Zap, Zap."(Lightening)

Bicycle Cheer: Pump, Pump, Pump.

Big Hand: Leader says, "let's give them a big hand" everybody in the audience holds up one of their hands with the palm up.

Big Sneeze: Cup hands in front of nose and sneeze in hands. Having nowhere to put it, wipe your hands in your hair.

Big Rock Candy Mountain Cheer: How sweet it is.

Big Thumb: Hold out a hand at arms length, make a fist with the thumb up. Variation: Add, "GREAT JOB!!"

Black Powder Cheer: Pretend to have black powder in your hand. Pour powder down the barrel. Stamp it down, raise the gun and fire saying, "Click, BANG!"

Blast-off: Start counting backwards from 6 to 1. Bend the knees a little more on each count until you are in a squatting position. Then, while saying, "BLAST OFF!", just straight up in the air.

Bobcat: Stand and give a loud "Meow" three times.

Bow and Arrow: Make motion as if shooting an arrow and say, "Zing, Zing, Zing." Pretend to release an arrow with each zing. Variation: Slowly draw arrow from quiver on your back. Place arrow against string of bow, pull back, release and say "pffft."

Boy/Cub Scout Yell: Rip, Rap, Rap! Rip, Rap, Ree!
Loyal Happy Boy/Cub Scouts are We!

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Boy Scout/Cubby Yell: "What's the best patrol/den?" All the patrols/dens yell back the Boy/Cubby winner's patrol name/den name.

British Rank Yell: Be Prepared! Be Prepared! Shout! Shout! Shout! Tenderfoot! Second Class! First Class Scout!

Broken Arm: Stick arm out in front of you with the lower arm and hand dangling. Swing lower arm and hand back and forth in a limp manner.

Broken Trolley: Pull the bell rope as if ringing a bell, repeating "CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK."

Bull Cheer: Make bull horns with fingers while shouting "El Toro, El Toro !"

Bull Fighter: Hold down cape and move to in appropriate motion while shouting "OLE!"

Call the Hogs Yell: SOOOOOOOO EEEEEEEE, SOOOOOOOO, EEEEEEEE!!!!!! PIG PIG PIG PIG!!!

Can of Applause: Cheer and applaud as cover is removed from can and become quiet as lid is replaced.

Canary Applause (2000 LB): Put hands on opposite shoulders, while opening and closing elbows, say, "Here, kitty, kitty."

Cantaloupe: A variation of the "Watermelon". Cup your hands for the cantaloupe and shorten time and noise for spitting out the seeds. Variation: Hold a piece of cantaloupe in one hand, take a fast bite, turn head and spit out seeds.

Carpenter: Pretend to be holding a hammer in one hand and a nail in the other. Start pounding the nail with the hammer while saying, "Bang, Bang, Ouch".

Cat's Meow: You're the cats MeeeeOOOOW!!! (to person receiving applause)

Caught Fish: Hold out left hand, palm up, and make flopping, gasping motions with the right hand on the palm of the left hand.

Centipede Yell: Group stands and yells: Ninety-nine THUMP!! Ninety-nine THUMP!! Ninety-nine

THUMP!! This wooden leg is murder!!! Variation: MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!!! Variation 2: My shoe bill is outrageous!!!

Cheerio Cheer: Cheerio-Cheerio-Cheerio.

Cheery: Pick a cheery, roll in your mouth, then spit the pit out with a loud "P-TUU."

Chinese: How! How! How! Phooey, Phooey, Phooey.

Chinese Bow: Stand, fold your arms, bow from the waist while saying, "Ah Phooey."

Christmas Bells: Pretend to hold a bell rope, then get the left side of the audience to say "DING" on the downstroke and the other side of the audience to say "DONG" on the upstroke. Repeat three times.

Clam: Fold hands together, interlocking fingers. Make noise by pressing palms together.

Class A: Clap rapidly in the following rhythm: 1-2-3-4, 1-2, 1-2, 1-2-3-4, 1-2, 1-2, 1-2-3-4...(pause)..One big clap.

Class B: Just like the Class A except that on the last clap, you come back with your hands and make one big clap.

Class C: Just like the class B except that after missing the clap, you come back with your hands and make one big clap.

Columbus: Put hands up like you're holding a telescope and shout "Land Ho".

Coconut: Pretend to shinny up a coconut tree,(Place arms out front as if hugging tree, move one hand and arm up a time and then the other), pretend to pick the coconut, let it fall to the ground(whistle as if a bomb was falling), hits the ground with a bang!! Shinny down (reverse your climbing motion), pretend to hit the coconut to open it, then say: THIS SURE IS A NUTTY APPLAUSE!!!

Constitution Cheer: We the people, APPROVE!

Coo Coo: Everyone nod their heads up and down and say: "COO-COO" as many times as you tell them, as if you were striking the hour.

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Cookie Clap: Everyone takes a big bowl in their arms. In bowl, dump ingredients to make cookies, such as: flour, sugar, salt, chocolate chips and dill pickles (have the boys tell out the ingredients and you'll get some odd cookies). After the ingredients are in the bowl, you take a big spoon and with stirring motion yell "Crummy, Crummy, Crummy".

Cork: Hold out one hand as though holding the neck of a bottle. Put a cork in the bottle, then hit it in with the palm of the other hand.

Cow: Pretend to milk cow saying: "Squirt, squirt, squirt, moo."

Cow Yell: MOOOOO!!! MOOOOO!!! MOOOOO!!!

Crab: Have the group stand: Have them pretend to be on a boat, by swaying back and forth, and from side to side, have them grab hold of a rope as if they are hauling in their trap, have them grab the trap box and say: "THIS IS THE BIGGEST KING CRAB I HAVE EVER SEEN!!!"

Coyote: Have the everyone stand, cup their hands around their mouth and say: "YIP, YIP, YIPEEEEE!!!!!" VARIATION: Add: "ARC, ARC, AROOOOOOOOO!! GEE, It's lonely out here."

Cub Scout Yell: "Do Your Best! Be Prepared! Shout! Shout! Shout! Wolf Cub! Bear Cub! Webelos Scout!"

Deep Sea Diver: Pretend to put on your diving suit, adjust your helmet, pretend to close face door, and screw the locks in place. Then pretend to jump into the water by jumping one step ahead, pretend to be sinking to the ocean floor, mumbling, "BLUG, BLUG, BLUG!!!" VARIATION: Add the following when you reach the "bottom": walk around very stiffly in a circle, then slowly bend over and pick up something and yell: "I found the TREASURE!!! I found the TREASURE."

Desert Yell: "Yucca, Yucca, Yucca !!!"

Desert Rat: Clutch throat and say: "HOW, HOW, HOW, WATER, WATER, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG." Wipe your mouth and sigh "AHHHHhhhhhh, I sure feel and look better.!!!" VARIATION: Same as above except when you get the water, take a comb out of the back pocket, dip it into the water, pretend to run

the comb through your hair, pull out a mirror, look at yourself and say the last line above.

Dip Stick: Pretend to get under the hood of your car, find the dip stick, pull it out, and say, "OH, NO, YOU'RE A QUART LOW!!!" Variation: Add to the above: You could sure use an oil change and pretend to put it back, close the hood with a SLAM!!!

Doubtful Yell: How come? (Build up on the HOW COME? Build up on the HOW to a big volume and then cut it off with a soft "COME?")

Dreamer: Pretend to snore and wake up. Stretch and say: WOW, that was a Great Dream !!!

Drum: On legs make a rat-a-tat sound 3 or 4 times, then hit the stomach two times and say "Boom, Boom".

Elephant: Let arm act as a trunk, wave it brokenly in front of your face. Raise your forearm up and down and say, "Peanuts, peanuts anyone?"

Eskimo Cheer: Brrrrr-rrr, Brrrrr-rrr.

Exhausted Yell: How TIRED? (Build up a loud HOW, with a soft TIRED and a stretch.)

Farewell: Hold one hand above the eyes as though looking into the distance while slowly waving the other hand.

Ferris Wheel: Move right arm in a large circle, on the upswing say: "OHHHHH!" On the downswing say: "AHHHHH!" Variation: Insert the following between the ooh and aah above: when you are at the top, hold arm in place and rock back and forth and hold other hand over the eyes and say: "GEE, YOU CAN SURE SEE A LOT FROM UP HERE!!!

Firecracker: Strike a match on the leg, light the firecracker, make noise like fuse "sssss", then yell loudly "BANG!!!"

Fire Engine: Divide the group into four sections: (1) Rings the bell fast, DING; (2) Honks the horn, HONK, HONK, HONK; (3) Sounds the siren, Rrrr, Rrrr, Rrrr; (4) Clangs the clangor, CLANG, CLANG, CLANG. Have all four groups do their parts together.

Fireman Yell: Water, Water, Water! More, More, More !

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Fish: Pretend to a fish by it's tail with one hand with one hand and plug your nose with the other and say: "PEEE-U-EEEE!!!!" Variation 2: Suck in your cheeks, form an "O" with your mouth, move it as if you were a fish, without making a sound!!! Variation 3: Hold your nose and say: "SMELLY, SMELLY, SMELLY!!!"

Fisherman: Pretend to reel out some line, let it drift, yank your pretend pole back and start to reel in the fish. Struggle with it for a short time and say: "I'VE GOT IT!!! I'VE GOT IT!!!"

Flat Tire: Bend down, attach pump to tire, lift and push on pump three times, then say, "BOOM!" and jump back in surprise.

Flea Flip: Flick your middle fingernail with your thumbnail.

Flintstone: Shake hands over the head and say, "Yabba-dabba-doo".

Flower: Like a flower blooming, raise part way in your chair, look around and thumb jump up yelling, "Sproooooong!"

Flute: Pretend to be playing the flute and give two big toots.

Foil Dinner: "RAW, RAW, RAW !!"

Fonz: Make a fist thumbs pointing up with each hand in front of you and say "Aaaaaayyyy."

Frozen Cub (Scout): Wrap your hands around yourself and say "Brrrrrrr".

Fruit Salad: Eat a large piece of pretend watermelon, spit out the seeds, pretend to have a piece of cantaloupe, spit out the seeds, then have a cherry, place a finger in your cheek and give one small pop, as if spitting out the pit of the cherry.

Gee: Cup your hand around the mouth and yell: "GEE, YOU DID A GREAT JOB, KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!!!!" Variation: Insert the persons name after gee. Variation 2: Insert the persons name as in variation one but also substitute a different phrase honoring the person.

Genius Look surprised and say, "Boy look what I discovered" or "Wow, look what I made."

George Washington Cheer: That was great. I cannot tell a lie. Variation: Get out axe and swing it at a tree while saying, "Chip, chop, chop, TIMBER!" then yell, "WRONG TREE!"

Ghost: Wave hands like a ghost and say: "WHOOOO, WHOO, WHOOOOOOO!!!" Variation: Wail, "BOO! BOO! BOO!" three times and then yell: "YAHHH!!!"

Giant Beehive: Tell the group to buzz like a bee. When your hand is raised, the volume should increase. When you lower your hand the volume should decrease. Practice this at various levels.

Go Cart: Stand up with legs bent at right angles, put hands in front of you as if steering and say, "BAAARRROOOOOMMM!" Variation: Add, "Look at me go! BARRRROOOMM!!"

Golf: Shout "FORE" and pretend to hit the ball, place hand over above eyes to follow where the ball went. Variation: Add: Duck and cover your eyes saying: "OH NO! I HIT SOMEONE!!"

Gondolier: Make a motion as if polling a boat, singing out: "O, SOLE MIO"

Good Turn: Stand up and turn around.

Grand: Everyone is sitting down in their chairs. All stomp their feet three times loudly, then slap leg three times, then clap hands 3 times. Then stand up all together and shout "Ra, Ra, Ra!"

Grand How Yell: HOW! HOW! HOO-O-OO-OOW!

Grand Sneeze: "A-h-h-h Chooooo! Three times, each time getting louder.

Grape: Hold one hand out as if holding a bunch of grapes, with the other hand pick a grape, chew it and spit out the pit.

Grape Juice: Every one stomps around as if stomping grapes, then reach down with one hand dipping with a glass and drinking it, saying, "AAAAHhhhhh."

Great Job: Have one half of the audience say, "Great" and the other half say, "Going." Alternate each side.

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Guillotine: Pretend to wind a crank pulling the blade up, tie it off, take an imaginary axe and cut the rope. Knife your hand down like a blade, saying "Slooosh". Then roll one over the other while saying "Thud, flop, flop, flop." Variation: Insert persons name after getting applause on last flop and say: "Haven't you got those heads of lettuce chopped yet."

Guppy: Suck in both sides of your mouth and make a kissing noise three times.

Half a Hand: Hold up one hand with the palm open, with the other hand, cover the open hand so only half shows. Variation: Add a phrase such as you are handy to have around.

Half a How Yell: HUH !!!

Half a How and an UGH Yell: HUH, UGH!!!

Hamburger: Make a hamburger patty by clapping hands turning left hand on top, then left hand on the bottom.

Hangman: Put your hand behind your neck like you are holding a hangman's noose, then roll eyes and stick out your tongue.

Handkerchief: Tell the group that they are supposed to applaud as long as the handkerchief you are about to throw in the air, when it hits the floor to stop applauding. Variation: Catch the handkerchief instead of letting it drop. Vary the applauding by using short throws, long throws, throwing to someone in the audience etc.

Hay DD Straw: Divide the group into two sections, tell one group that when you point to them they are to yell, "HAY". Tell the other section they are to yell, "STRAW" !!! Vary the speed in which you point to the different groups. Variation: When the leader yells hay or straw, the group responds with the opposite word.

Heart and Sole: Slap heart and sole of shoe.

Helper: Group stands and cheers, "Great job! Great JOB! GREAT JOB!" Getting louder each time.

Home Run: Simulate swinging a bat, then shade your eyes with your hands and yell, "Thar she goes."

Hot Dog with Mustard: Get your hot dog and put it in a bun. Pick up the mustard bottle and squeeze some mustard on the hot dog, then take a big bite and say, "Yummmmm!"

How Yell: Raise arm to fullest extent and yell: "HOW!"

How with a Northern Exposure Yell: How, How, How, Brrrrr!

How with a Southern Exposure Yell: How, How, How, You'all!

Howdy Yell: HOOOOW DDD DEEEE!!!

Howdy Pard: HOOOOW DDD DEEE PARRRD!!!!

Indiana Jones: Swing hand and arm back and then forward simulating the snapping of a whip. Snakes, it would have to be snakes.

Indian: Stomp feet three times, beat chest three times, 5 Indian yells with hand over mouth.

Invention Cheer: I've made it, I've made it, I don't know what it is, but I've made it.

Javelin: Hold hand as if close over a javelin, raise arm above shoulder and pretend to throw the javelin forward, wait a couple of seconds and say "Thud".

Jaws(Shark) Cheer: Chomp, Chomp, Chomp.

Jaws (version 2): Hold arms to cover face (Hands holding elbows) yell "AAAAAH, HELP!"

Jet Clap: Swish your hand across the front of you like a jet and clap your hands twice, real fast to simulate the sonic boom.

Jolly Green Giant Cheer: HO, HO, HO!

Knight: Kneel and place your right hand on your left shoulder, then on your right shoulder, while saying - - I dub thee Sir Knight.

Liberty Bell Yell: Ding, Ding, Ding, Dong! Let freedom ring!

Lightening: With one hand draw a zig-zag in the air in front of you saying, "ZAP, ZAP, ZAP."

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Lights in the Sky Yell: Look up in the star to find the stars, then say, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Twinkle".

Livewire: Grab onto a live electrical wire and shake the whole body.

Locomotive: Begin on the heels of your hands, slowly and together. Gradually increase speed, working towards the finger tips and finally over the ends of the fingers. The last part is raise your hand over your eyes as a gesture of looking in the distance.

Louder and Louder (a yell from one den or patrol to another):

"I like Cub (or Boy) Scouts; yes, I do! I like Cub (or Boy) Scouts; how about you?" And point to the group that is to respond in the same way.

Lumberjack: Pretend to be chopping a tree then shout "Chop, Chop, Chop, TIMMMMBERRRR!"

Mad Doctor Cheer: Scalpel, sponge, sponge, sponge, oops.

Mad Scientist: Pretend to hold a test tube in one hand. Pour something into it; then something else, then shout "Boooommm!"

Marilyn Monroe: (Sway hips) "HIP, hip, hooray", "Hip, hip, hooray."

Match: Pretend to strike a match on the seat of your pants, it lights on the second try. Look at it burn, shake your hand and yell "EEEEEEEEEEEEEE-OOOOOOOO_____OOW!"

Mexican Hat Dance: Put hands on feet and stamp feet while turning around in a circle.

Milk Shake: Shake contents in a shaker bottle, slurp the drink.

Model "T": Pretend to honk your horn and say "Ooooga, Ooooga, Ooooga".

Moose Cheer: Place open hands by ears to form antlers and call "OOOOO-AAA-OOOO."

Mosquito: With hand, slap yourself on the neck, arms, legs, while saying "Oooo, Aaaah." This can also be done by taking one finger and moving it around in the air as a mosquito flying (making a buzzing sound at the same time), letting it land on

your arm, slapping at it, and then shaking off the dead mosquito.

Mother Cheer: Mother, Mother, She's the one. If Mother can't do it, it can't be done.

Motorboat: Flutter your hand in front of you while your tongue flutters.

Motorcycle: Lift up the left foot and slam it down starting the engine with your hands pretending to hold handlebars and saying "V-V-r-a-a-a-m-m-m-m."

Mountain Climbers: Pretend climbing on mountain. A rock slips off. Put your hand over your eyes, look down and yell - Look OUT BELOW !

Mount Rushmore Cheer: WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, LINCOLN, ROOSEVELT !

Mount Saint Helen's Cheer: Make fists out of both hands and put them together. Make the sound of steam building "ssssSSSS", the sound builds; then when the mountain erupts yell "POP as hands and arms extend over the head.

Nail Pounding: Start the nail, drive it in and hit the thumb yelling, "OOO-UUU-CCC-HHH!"

A Nickel's Worth: Flip your thumb as though flipping a coin, then catch it and slap it on the back of your hand.

Olympics: Join hands, raise them over head and shout, "Go for the Gold!"

Once Over: Circle hands, at bottom of circle clap palm of one hand and back of the other hand together.

One How Yell: Yell the word "HOW" loudly. Can be built up to more how's as needed.

OPEC (Oil Well) Yell: "CRUDE, CRUDE, CRUDE."

PTA Clap: Just plain old clapping for those who lack any imagination.

Pack/Troop: Everyone yell together, "Clap your hands," then clap hands together two times. Then yell "Stomp your feet," then stomp feet three times on the floor. Then say, "PACK(TROOP) _____ can't be beat."

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Pack/Troop Cheer: Razzle, dazzle, never frazzle, not a thread but wool. All together, all together, that's the way we pull.

Pancake: Pretend to be holding a frying pan and a spatula in your hands. Pretend to put the spatula under the pancake and flip the pancake into the air. Look into the air as though watching the pancake flip in the air. Catch the pancake with the spatula, and flip it on your hand making a loud "Clap."

Paper Bag: Make motions to simulate opening a paper bag., forming neck, blowing it up and pop it, saying "POP" loudly.

Party Cheer: Throw hands in the air and say, "Confetti, Confetti, Confetti."

Pat on the Back: Everyone pat the back of the left shoulder with their right hand.

Pennsylvania University Cheer: Draw right fist back to shoulder, then throw punch while yelling P U.

Personal Cheer: Stomp feet three times and shout personal name.

Pinata Cheer: Pretend to hit pinata, say "Swoosh" (Miss), "Swoosh" (miss), "Swoosh" (hit) "HOORAY."

Pinewood Derby: Start with a hand up above the head and then with a crying motion swoop the hand down saying, "Swish, Thud."

Pinky: Clap little fingers together.

Pirate: "Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of Sprite. Variation: Avast Ye land lubbers! Walk that plank! Glub, Glub, Glub. Variation 2: "Hoist the Jolly Roger! We're off to find the treasure! Yo Ho Ho !!

Pole Vault: Stand two fingers of one hand on the other arm like legs. Have them run down the arm to the wrist and then leap into the air, as the hand comes down, CLAP!

Pony: Clap your hands together, then slap your leg with each hand to simulate a pony trot.

Pony Express Yell: Have everyone gallop in place and shout, "YIPPEEEEEEEEEEE".

Popeye: 1st group yells: "Where's my spinach! Where's my spinach! 2nd group yells: "Toot, toot! You're Popeye the sailor man! Here's your spinach! 1st group: "well, blow me down, I love my spinach! Toot, toot!

President: Salute and say: "Hail to the Chief."

Pump: Have everyone get out their bucket, hang it on the end of their pump, back up a step or two, then pretend to take hold of the pump handle and start to pump. Do this for about ten pumps and say: "The bucket is full."

Race Car: Say "Varooooom" five times starting quietly and increasing in loudness each time while shifting gears with right hand.

Rainstorm Cheer: To simulate rain, have everyone pat one finger of the left hand and one finger of the right hand. Gradually increase the intensity of the storm by increasing the fingers hitting together. Decrease the number of fingers as the storm passes.

Real Big Hand: Make a fist with the thumb extended, put thumb to lips and pretend to blow, open hand and extend fingers gradually with each puff. Hold up hand when fully extended.

Relay: First person in row claps next person's hand and so on down to the end of the row.

Reverse Applause: Move hands away from each other.

Road Runner: Beep-Beep-Zoom."

Robot: Walk stiff legged with arms in place saying in a monotone voice, "DOES NOT COMPUTE, DOES NOT COMPUTE!"

Rooster: Placing your thumbs in your armpits, wave the arms up and down while crowing.

Round of Applause: While clapping hands, move them around in a circle in front of you.

Rudolph: Put thumbs to your head with fingers up, forming antlers. Wrinkle your nose, saying. Blink, Blink, Blink."

Salt and Pepper: Hold both fists out in front of you and raise up the thumbs. Gradually increasing the

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

number of fingers hitting together. Decrease the number of fingers as the storm passes.

Santa Claus: Reach out and hold stomach saying loudly, "HO, HO, HO" three times. Variation: Add: "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Santa Claus Chimney: Pretend to be driving your sleigh, say: "Whoa!" (pulling up on the reins), get out of the sleigh, pretend to climb into the chimney, begin to slide down and struggle, say: "Wheeze, grunt, rattle, clank, oh, no," move hands as if falling trying to grasp the sides of the chimney, then yell: "Craaaaassshhhh" and then put your finger to your mouth and say, "Shhhhhhh!"

Satellite: Put your right hand over your head, making a circular motion with the right hand, opening and closing the right fist, while saying "Gleep, Gleep, Gleep". Variation: Begin with a countdown from 10, at zero, yell, "BLASTOFF!" stretch arm over head saying "Gleep, Gleep, Gleep" and turn around three times.

Saw: Pretend to get a piece of lumber, measure it, pretend to draw a line, place pencil behind the ear, pick up your pretend saw and begin to saw holding your lumber with one hand and sawing with the other, while making your best sawing impression.

Seal: Extend arms, cross hands at the wrist and flap hands several times.

Seal of Approval: Put your thumbs in your armpits, then move arms up and down like a seal moving its flippers and say "Arf, Arf, Arf" several times. Variation: Add: Pretend you are balancing a ball on the end of your nose.

Siesta Cheer: Remain seated and pull an imaginary sombrero over face while snoring loudly.

Silent Yell: Raise both fists to level with hand and shout without any sound while shaking both fists. Or else have everyone stand in unison and open their mouths and scream without making any sound.

Silent Smoke: Make a fist with one hand, point the index finger, hold it close to the chest, then with a circular motion, begin to slowly raise your arm, keeping the finger extended until it is high over your head.

Six Shooter: Point finger in the air and say "BANG" six times, then blow smoke from the end of the gun.

Skateboard: Stand up and move top part of body from one side to the other as if trying to keep balance and say, "Zooooommm."

Sky Rocket: Make a motion of striking a match on your pants, lean over to light your rocket. Make a "SH, SH, SH" sound, point from the floor to the sky as if you were following it in flight with your finger. CLAP hands and say "BOOM" spread arms wide and say "AH____AH____AH".

Sleigh: Say "Ding-a-ling" three times.

Stamp of Approval: Pound the palm of your left hand rapidly with your right fist. For another version, throw a handkerchief or cap in the air, have the boys stamp their feet until the cap hits the floor.

Steamboat: Use both hands to make large rotary motion as if they were paddle wheels. At the same time say "Chug-achug-chug". Then reach up with the right hand and pull down saying "Toot, Toot".

Super-scout: Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. It's Super-scout!

Swimmer's Belly: Put both hands out in front of you and slap your hands together once. Look both ways and say, "Where's the water, where's the water."

Swine Yell: Suueeee, Pig! Pig! Pig!

Sword: Pretend to have a sword in your hand. Swing it across the body three times saying, "Swish, Swish, Swish."

Texas How: How! How! Howdy pardner!

Three Strikes: Turn head to the side sharply while saying, "Strike!" Do these three times and end with, "You're out!"

Tiger: Shout, "Grrreat! Thrust fist upward Tony Tiger style.

Tightrope Walker: Have your arms out as if balancing on a tightrope. Lean to one side and say "Aaaiiiii" as you simulate falling.

Cheers, Yells, and Applauses

Tonto: Leader says "Where does Tonto take his trash?" The audience yells in reply, "To de dump, to de dump, to de dump dump dump," to the rhythm of a running horse in a sing-song manner while clapping hands on thighs. (Like Lone Ranger)

Tortilla: Slap both hands together, alternating one hand and the other >from top to bottom. On every fourth clap, shout, "OLE!"

Toucan Yell: Hold hands in front of mouth, simulating a bird opening its beak, several times while saying "TOUCAN, TOUCAN, TOUCAN! A CUB(SCOUT) CAN TOO!!!"

Train: Divide audience into groups to make different train sounds, get faster and faster until a bell rings.

Trumpet: da-da-da-da-dada-da-da-CHARGE!

Turkey Yell: Say "Gobble, gobble,," then rub stomach saying "Yum, yum".

Turtle: Fold arms in front of face with face hidden.

Two & One-half How's or How How Ugh Yell: Yell "How, How, Ugh!!!" (as this is done emphasize each How with your fist in front of your body. On Ugh, yank your arms back to the side of your body. Do it more rapidly and bit off each word more quickly each time.

Two & One-half How's (Tired): Instead of UGH, use a tired slow UUUUUUHHHHHH. For a variation, try the contented HOW, giving a sigh instead of the UGH.

Two-Handed Saw: Everyone pairs off into two's. Each pair sticks their hands out with their thumbs up. Alternately grab each other's thumbs until all four hands are each holding a thumb. Move arms and hands back and forth as if sawing.

Umpire: Stee-rike!

Viking: Attack! Attack! Attack! Retreat! Retreat! Retreat! Retreat!

Walk: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Watermelon: Hold a piece of watermelon in both hands, make the motions of taking several bites, turn head and spit out the seeds.

Webelos Yell: Webelos are great, they can't be beat! So let's give a yell, Webelos are swell!

Weight lifter: Attempt to lift bar-bell and say "AAAaagh!" as you get the weight up above the head, then drop it to the floor saying, "THUD!"

When I Do: The orders are "When I bring my hands together, you do. When I do not, you must not." Then go through several false motions to see if you can catch the group napping.

Western How: Stamp feet three times, slap knees three times, whip hand around head three times, and yell "YIPPI-I-A."

Whip: Pretend to holding a whip and make the motion of snapping it in the air while saying "YWAH, YWAH, YWAH".

Witch: Say in witchy voice: "Heee, Heee, Heee."

Wolf: Wolf, wolf, wolf, then give wolf howl.

Yodelers: Cup hands around mouth saying, "Yodel, ley, lee, who."

Stories

Compiled by Rick Clements

This is a collection of stories that I have found. I found many of them on Scouting related discussions on different computer networks. I have used some of them at campfires and as part of Cub Scout ceremonies. - Rick Clements

INDIAN STORIES

WHY THE CHIPMUNK HAS BLACK STRIPES

Once upon a time, long ago, the animals had tribes and chiefs just like the people. Porcupine was the head chief of all the tribes because nothing could ever get near enough to hurt him.

One night, Porcupine sent out word calling all the animals together for a great council of the tribes. He had a very important matter for them to consider, he said. From far and wide, from treetops and holes in the ground, the animals came hurrying in answer to their chieftain's summons.

They built a great blazing council fire in the forest and seated themselves around in a big ring. Then Porcupine stood up to address them. His quills quivered and gleamed in the firelight, and for a minute or two, he did not speak. He looked very much worried indeed.

"I cannot decide," he said, finally. "I cannot decide whether or we shall have night or daylight all the time."

Well, that started a great commotion. Everyone had something different to say. Some wanted it daytime always and some wanted it night. They all talked at once, and they all talked very loud

so you could not hear what any of them were saying, except Bear. He rocked to and fro on his hind legs, trying to drown out the others by rumbling in a big deep voice, "Always night! Always night! Always night!"

A little chipmunk who had been sitting on the outskirts of the council became annoyed. Chipmunks hate to sit still for any time. "You can talk all you like," he shrilled out in his tiny squeaky voice. "You can talk all you like, but the light will come whether you want it or not. The light will come."

The other animals did not pay any attention to him but went on bawling and roaring and growling until they were hoarse. Chipmunk danced with excitement on the outskirts of the crowd shrieking, "The light will come! The light will come!"

And before they knew it, a faint flush had crept up the sky, and the golden disc of the sun rose above the tree-tops. Shafts of sunlight touched the tops of the open space where the council met. The fire looked weak and pale. It was daylight.

An astonished silence settled upon the gathered council of the animals. Could it be possible that it was daylight whether they wished it or not?

A shrill voice suddenly piped up from the edge of the assembly.

"What did I tell..."

"Grrrrr!"

Chipmunk was gone like a flash through the trees with Bear after him. Bear was clumsy and Chipmunk so quick that he slipped into a hold in a tree before Bear could catch him. But, just before he disappeared, Bear struck at him with his paw.

The black stripes that run down the chipmunk's sides today show where Bear's claws hit him long ago at the council when the animals tried to decide whether they should have darkness or daylight all the time.

HOW DOGS CAME TO THE INDIANS

Two Ojibwa Indians in a canoe had been blown far from shore by a great wind. They had gone far and were hungry and lost. They had little strength left to paddle, so they drifted before the wind. At last their canoe was blown onto a beach and they were glad, but not for long. Looking for the tracks of animals, they saw some huge footprints which they knew must be those of a giant. They were afraid and hid in the bushes. As they crouched low, a big arrow thudded into the ground close beside them. Then a huge giant came toward them. A caribou hung from his belt, but the man was so big that it looked like a rabbit. He told them that he did not hurt people and he like to be a friend to little people, who seemed to the giant to be so helpless.

He asked the two lost Indians to come home with him, and since they had no food and their weapons had been lost in the storm at sea, they were glad to go with him. An evil Windigo spirit came to the lodge of the giant and told the two men that the giant had other men hidden away in the forest because he like to eat them. The Windigo pretended to be a friend, but he was the one who wanted the men because he was an eater of people. The Windigo became very angry when the giant would not give him the two men, and finally the giant became angry too. He took a big stick and turned over a big bowl with it. A strange animal which the Indians had never seen before lay on the floor, looking up at them. It looked like a wolf to them, but the giant called the animal 'Dog.' The giant told him to kill the evil Windigo spirit. The beast sprang to its feet, shook himself, and started to grow, and grow, and grow. The more he shook himself, the more he grew and the fiercer he became. He sprang at the Windigo and killed him; then the dog grew smaller and smaller and crept under the bowl.

The giant saw that the Indians were much surprised and please with Dog and said that he would give it to them, though it was his pet. He told the men that he would command Dog to take them home. They had no idea how this could be done, though they had seen that the giant was a maker of magic, but they thanked the friendly giant for his great gift. The giant took the men and the dog to the seashore and gave the dog a command. At once it began to grow bigger and bigger, until it was nearly as big as a horse. The giant put the two men onto the back of the dog and told them to hold on very tightly. As Dog ran into the sea, he grew still bigger and when the water was deep enough he started to swim strongly away from the shore.

After a very long time, the two Ojibwa began to see a part of the seacoast which they knew, and soon the dog headed for shore. As he neared the beach, he became smaller and smaller so that the Indians had to swim for the last part of their journey. The dog left them close to their lodges and disappeared into the forest. When the men told their tribe of their adventure, the people though that the men were speaking falsely. "Show us even the little mystery animal, Dog, and we shall believe you," a chief said.

A few moons came and went and then, one morning while the tribe slept, the dog returned to the two men. It allowed them to pet it and took food from their hands. The tribe was very much surprised to see this new creature. It stayed with the tribe.

That, as the Indians tell, was how the first dog came to the earth.

-- An Ojibwa story, thanks to Harold Stein

HOW FIRE CAME TO THE SIX NATIONS

Often, around the fire in the long house of the Iroquois, during the Moon of the Long Nights, this tale is told.

Three Arrows was a boy of the Mohawk tribe. Although he had not yet seen fourteen winters he was already known among the Iroquois for his skill and daring. His arrows sped true to their mark. His name was given him when with three bone-tipped arrows he brought down three flying wild geese from the same flock. He could travel in the forest as softly as the south wind and he was a skillful hunter, but he never killed a bird or animal unless his clan needed food. He was well-versed in woodcraft, fleet of foot, and a clever wrestler. His people said, 'Soon he will be a chief like his father.' The sun shone strong in the heart of Three Arrows, because soon he would have to meet the test of strength and endurance through which the boys of his clan attained manhood. He had no fear of the outcome of the dream fast which was so soon to take. His father was a great chief and a good man, and the boy's life had been patterned after that of his father.

When the grass was knee-high, Three Arrows left his village with his father. They climbed to a sacred place in the mountains. They found a narrow cave at the back of a little plateau. Here Three Arrows decided to live for his few days of prayer and vigil. He was not permitted to eat anything during the days and nights of his dream fast. He had no weapons, and his only clothing was a breechclout and moccasins. His father left the boy with the promise that he would visit him each day that the ceremony lasted, at dawn.

Three Arrows prayed to the Great Spirit. He begged that soon his clan spirit would appear in a dream and tell him what his guardian animal or bird was to be. When he knew this, he would adopt that bird or animal as his special guardian for the rest of his life. When the dream came he would be free to return to his people, his dream fast successfully achieved.

For five suns Three Arrows spent his days and nights on the rocky plateau, only climbing down to the little spring for water after each sunset. His heart was filled with a dark cloud because that morning his father had sadly warned him that the next day, the sixth sun, he must return to his village even if no dream had come to him in the night. This meant returning to his people in disgrace without the chance of taking another dream fast.

That night Three Arrows, weak from hunger and weary from ceaseless watch, cried out to the Great Mystery. 'O Great Spirit, have pity on him who stands humbly before Thee. Let his clan spirit or a sign from beyond the thunderbird come to him before tomorrow's sunrise, if it be Thy will.' As he prayed, the wind suddenly veered from east to north. This cheered Three Arrows because the wind was now the wind of the great bear, and the bear was the totem of his clan. When he entered the cavern he smelled for the first time the unmistakable odor of a bear: this was strong medicine. He crouched at the opening of the cave, too excited to lie down although his tired body craved rest. As he gazed out into the night he heard the rumble of thunder, saw the lightning flash, and felt the fierce breath of the wind from the north. Suddenly a vision came to him, and a gigantic bear stood beside him in the cave. Then Three Arrows heard it say, 'Listen well, Mohawk. Your clan spirit has heard your prayer. Tonight you will learn a great mystery which will bring help and gladness to all your people.' A terrible clash of thunder brought the dazed boy to his feet as the bear disappeared. He looked from the cave just as a streak of lightning flashed across the sky in the form of a blazing arrow. Was this the sign from the thunderbird ?

Suddenly the air was filled with a fearful sound. A shrill shrieking came from the ledge just above the cave. It sounded as though mountain lions fought in the storm; yet Three Arrows felt no fear as he climbed toward the ledge. As his keen eyes grew accustomed to the dim light he saw that the force of the wind was causing two young balsam trees to rub violently against each other. The strange noise was caused by friction, and as he listened and watched fear filled his heart, for, from where the two trees rubbed together a flash of lightning showed smoke. Fascinated, he watched until flickers of flames followed the smoke. He had never seen fire of any kind at close range nor had any of his people. He scrambled down to the cave and covered his eyes in dread of this strange magic. Then he smelt bear again and he thought of his vision, his clan spirit, the bear, and its message. This was the mystery which he was to reveal to his people. The blazing arrow in the sky was to be his totem, and his new name - Blazing Arrow.

At daybreak, Blazing Arrow climbed onto the ledge and broke two dried sticks from what remained of one of the balsams. He rubbed them violently together, but nothing happened. 'The magic is too powerful for me,' he thought. Then a picture of his clan and village formed in his mind, and he patiently rubbed the hot sticks together again. His will power took the place of his tired muscles. Soon a little wisp of smoke greeted his renewed efforts, then came a

bright spark on one of the stick. Blazing Arrow waved it as he had seen the fiery arrow wave in the night sky. A resinous blister on the stick glowed, then flamed - fire had come to the Six Nations !
-- An Iroquois story, thanks to Harold Stein

TAIL OF FIRE

So long ago that the time could not be counted by suns or moons, a band of Cowichan Indians was drying deer meat in the sun. They spoke of how good it would be if they only had a small sun to warm them when the big sun left to let darkness come. They thought that they would never get that thing because what they wanted would take much power and magic, more than even their most powerful shamans had.

As the people wished and talked, a little bird chirped loudly close by. It flew close to the people and they saw that it was a beautiful brown bird with a bright red tail which seemed to flicker even when the bird sat still. The bird looked down on the Indians from a branch just over their heads.

'What do you want, little bird?' asked an old man who had power to speak with birds.

'Nothing do I wish, Wise One, but I bring you what you wish,' it replied. 'I have something which is called fire on my tail, which is hot like a small sun. It will comfort you when the winds of winter blow, cook your meat, and bring cheer when the sun has gone, but it must be earned. Tell your tribe to meet me here when the sun comes again and ask each one to bring a little dry branch with pitch pine on it.'

Before the people could ask why, the bird suddenly disappeared. 'We should obey the wishes of that bird,' the old man counseled. 'It may bring much good fortune to us.'

When the sun shone again, the people awaited the coming of the bird. Each carried a pine branch with pitch pine on it, as they had been told. A loud tweet made the people look upward. The brown bird sat on a branch above their heads, though nobody had seen it come. It asked in a language that all understood, 'Are you ready?'

They answered, 'Yes!'

'Then you must follow me, and the one who first catches up with me will be given fire, but only if the one who does so is one who does right, is patient, and tries hard without losing courage. Come!'

The bird flew off over rough ground and thick forest. The chase proved too hard for many and they gave up. Over fast-flowing streams and dangerous marshes and swamps, the bird flew. More and more of the people had neither the strength nor courage to keep on and they were forced to drop out of the chase. 'Too hard!' 'Too difficult!' 'Too dangerous!' they gasped as they fell on the ground to rest.

At last one young warrior got close enough to call to the bird, 'Give me of your fire, little bird. I have followed you far and well and I have done no wrong.'

'It is not as you say,' said the bird, flying higher and faster than before. 'You think only of yourself. That is bad. You shall not have my fire.'

A second young man caught up with the bird. 'Share your fire with me,' he called. 'I am a good man.'

'A good man does not take that which belongs to another,' the bird answered, flying faster and faster. Soon, seeing it was no longer followed, the bird flew to the ground and perched beside a woman who was nursing an old man who looked very sick. 'Bring a dry branch with pitch pine on it,' said the brown bird. 'Fire have I on my tail and you shall have it. It will keep your sick man warm and cook your food.'

The woman was afraid of a bird that could speak. When she found her voice, she said, 'You are good, little one, but I deserve not a magic gift. What I do, I do because it is right. The inner voice tells me that I must take care of one who is sick.'

'Much good I know you do,' said the bird, 'and it is greater good than that done by many people because the good you do, you think is only your duty. Come, bring a branch and take of my fire. You think first of others, so you may share the gift with them.'

The woman gladly brought a branch and lit it at the little fire which flickered on the bird's tail. Since that time, the Indians have had fire.

-- A Cowichan Story, thanks to Harold Stein

THE FIRST MOCCASINS

There was once a great chief of the Plains who had very tender feet. Other mighty chiefs laughed at him; little chiefs only smiled as he hobbled past; and though they did not dare to smile, the people of the tribe also enjoyed the big chief's discomfort. All of them were in the same canoe, having no horses and only bare feet, but luckily very few of them had tender feet. The unhappily medicine man who was advisor to the Chief-of-the- Tender-Feet was afraid and troubled. Each time he was called before the chief he was asked, 'What are you going to do about it?' The 'it' meant the chief's tender feet.

Forced by fear, the medicine man at last hit upon a plan. Though he knew that it was not the real answer to the chief's foot problem, nevertheless it was a good makeshift. The medicine man had some women of the tribe weave a long, narrow mat of reeds, and when the big chief had to go anywhere, four braves unrolled the mat in front of him so that he walked in comfort. One day, the braves were worn out from seeing that the chief's feet were not worn out. They carelessly unrolled the mat over a place where flint arrowheads had been chipped. The arrowheads had long ago taken flight, but the needle-sharp chips remained. When the big chief's tender feet were wounded by these chips, he uttered a series of whoops which made the nearby aspen tree leaves quiver so hard that they have been trembling ever since.

That night the poor medicine man was given an impossible task by the angry chief: 'Cover the whole earth with mats so thick that my feet will not suffer. If you fail, you will die when the moon is round.'

The frightened maker of magic crept back to his lodge. He did not wish to be put to death on the night of the full moon, but he could think of no way to avoid it. Suddenly he saw the hide of an elk which he had killed pegged to the ground, with two women busily scraping the hair from the hide, and an idea flashed into his groping mind. He sent out many hunters; many women were busy for many days; many braves with hunting knives cut, and women sewed with bone needles and rawhide sinews.

On the day before the moon was round, the medicine man went to the chief and told him that he had covered as much of the earth as was possible in so short a time. When the chief looked from the door of his lodge, he saw many paths of skin stretching as far as he could see. Long strips which could be moved from place to place connected the main leather paths. Even the chief thought that this time the magic of the medicine man had solved tenderfoot transportation for all time - but this was not to be !

One day, as the big chief was walking along one of his smooth, tough leather paths, he saw a pretty maiden of the tribe gliding ahead of him, walking on the hard earth on one side of the chief's pathway. She glanced back when she heard the pitter-patter of his feet on the elk hide pathway and seemed to smile. The chief set off on the run to catch up with her, his eyes fixed on the back of She-Who-Smiled, and so his feet strayed from the narrow path and landed in a bunch of needle-sharp thorns! The girl ran for her life when she heard the hideous howls of the chief, and Indians in the distant village thought that they were being attacked by wildcats.

Two suns later, when the chief was calm enough to speak again, he had his medicine man brought before him and told the unhappy man that next day, when the sun was high, he would be sent with all speed to the land of shadows.

That night, the medicine man climbed to the top of a high hill in search of advice from friendly spirits on how to cover the entire earth with leather. He slept, and in a dream vision he was shown the answer to his problem. Amid vivid flashes of lightning, he tore down the steep hillside, howling louder than the big chief at times, as jagged rocks wounded his bare feet and legs. He did not stop until he was safely inside his lodge. He worked all night and until the warriors who were to send him on the shadow trail came for him, just before noon the next day. He was surrounded by the war-club armed guards. He was clutching close to his heart something tightly rolled in a piece of deerskin. His cheerful smile surprised those who saw him pass. 'Wah, he is brave!' said the men of the tribe. 'He is very brave!' said the women of the tribe.

The big chief was waiting just outside his lodge. He gave the guards swift, stern orders. Before the maker of magic could be led away, he asked leave to say a few words to the chief. 'Speak!' said the chief, sorry to lose a clever medicine man who was very good at most kinds of magic. Even the chief knew that covering the entire earth with leather was an impossible task.

The medicine man quickly knelt beside the chief, unrolled the two objects which he took from his bundle and slipped one of them on each foot of the chief. The chief seemed to be wearing a pair of bear's hairless feet, instead of bare feet, and he was puzzled at first as he looked at the elk hide handicraft of his medicine man. 'Big chief,' the

medicine man exclaimed joyfully, 'I have found the way to cover the earth with leather! For you, O chief, from now on the earth will always be covered with leather.' And so it was. -- A Plains Indian story, thanks to Harold Stein

WHY THE MOUSE IS SO SILKY

One day, on his wanderings in the land of the Swampy Cree, Wesukechak, know as Bitter Spirit, saw a big, round stone lying beside the rocky path. Because Bitter Spirit could talk and understand the language of nature, he always spoke to the birds and beasts and many other things. Now he spoke to the stone. 'Can you run fast?' he asked.

'Oh, yes,' answered the stone. 'Once I get started, I can run very fast.'

'Good!' Bitter Spirit cried. 'Then you must race me.'

'I will,' answered the stone, 'if you can push me to where I can start.'

With great difficulty, the maker of magic did so, and without waiting, the stone started to roll downhill, going faster and faster.

Wesukechak caught up with it almost at ground level and mocked it as he ran past. 'You are a turtle,' he laughed. 'You cannot travel fast.'

The stone was very angry but did not reply.

Bitter Spirit ran and ran until he was so tired that he fell down on his face and slept soundly. The stone caught up with him at last and rolled up his legs and then onto his back, where it was stopped by his shoulders. It could roll no further. Being a big and very heavy stone, it held Bitter Spirit on the ground so that he could not move. The maker of magic had awakened in pain when the stone rolled onto his legs but he could not escape in time. 'Roll off my back, stone,' he shouted angrily. 'You are heavy; I hurt, and I cannot move.'

'You mocked me when you passed me,' said the stone, 'but you see I have caught up with you. Now that I have stopped, I cannot move until someone sets me rolling again. I must stay here.'

For many, many moons, the stone rested on the back of Bitter Spirit and the maker of magic could not help himself to get free. At last, Thunder decided to send some of his bolts of lightning to smash the stone and set Bitter Spirit free.

'And so, O stone, you are punished for holding me here so long,' cried the wondermaker as he continued on his way.

His clothes had been torn and worn, so Bitter Spirit threw them into a bark lodge which he saw nearby, ordering that they be mended. They were thrown outside so quickly and had been so well repaired that Bitter Spirit cried out in surprise. 'Who are you in that lodge? Come out, so that I may see and reward you.' The maker of magic was much surprised when he saw a lithe mouse creep out of the lodge. It was an ugly, fat, rough-haired little creature in those days, with a short, stubby nose.

Bitter Spirit picked the mouse up very gently and stroked its little blunt nose until it became pointed. 'Now you will be able to smell out your food better,' he said.

Next, he brushed and combed its rough hair with his fingers until the hairs of the little creature became soft as down and smooth as the fur of an otter. 'Now you will be able to run more easily into little holes in tree trunks when your enemies come,' Wesukechak said, and so it was.

To this day, the mouse is soft and furry and it sniffs daintily with its long nose.

-- Thanks to Harold Stein

WHY THE OPOSSUM'S TAIL IS BARE

It must be remembered that the animals which appear in Indian myths and legends are not the same as those which exist now. When the world began, animals were much bigger, stronger and cleverer than their present counterparts but, because of man's cruelty and aggression, these left the earth and took the rainbow path to Galunlati, the Sky Land, where they still remain. The animals which came after them - those we know today - are but poor, weak imitations of those first creatures.

In the beginning, before this happened, all living things - men, animals, plants and trees - spoke the same language and behaved in much the same way. Animals, like people, were organized into tribes. They had chiefs, lived in houses, held councils and ceremonies.

Many animals had characteristics which we would not recognize today. The rabbit, for example, was fierce, bold and cunning, and a great mischief maker. It was through Rabbit's tricks that

the deer lost his sharp wolf-like teeth, the buzzard his handsome topknot of feathers and the opossum his long, bushy tail.

Opossum was very proud of his tail which, in those days, was covered with thick black fur. He spent long hours cleaning and brushing it and composing songs about its beauty and vigor. Sometimes, when he walked through the village, he carried his tail erect, like a banner rippling in the breeze. At other times, he swept it low behind him, like a train. It was useful as well as beautiful, for when Opossum lay down to sleep, he tucked it under him to make a soft bed, and in cold weather he folded it over his body to keep himself warm.

Rabbit was very jealous of Opossum's tail. He, too, had once had a long bushy tail but, during the course of a fight with Bear, he had lost most of it and now had only a short fluffy tuft. The sight of Opossum strutting before the other animals and swirling his tail ostentatiously, filled Rabbit with rage and he made up his mind to play a trick on him at the first opportunity.

At this time, when the animals still lived harmoniously together, each had his appointed station and duty. Thus, Frog was leader in the council and Rabbit, because of his speed, was employed to carry messages and announcements to the others.

As was their custom from time to time, the animals decided to hold a great council to discuss important matters and Rabbit, as usual, was given the task of arranging the gathering and delivering the invitations. Councils were also occasions for feasting and dancing and Rabbit saw a way of bringing about Opossum's downfall.

When Rabbit arrived with the news of the meeting, Opossum was sitting by the door of his lodge engaged in his favorite occupation - grooming his tail.

'I come to call you to the great council tomorrow, brother Opossum,' said Rabbit. 'Will you attend and join in the dance?'

'Only if I am given a special seat,' replied the conceited Opossum, carefully smoothing some untidy hairs at the tip of his tail. 'After all,' he went on, grinning maliciously at Rabbit, 'I have such a beautiful long tail that I ought to sit where everyone can see and admire it.'

Rabbit was almost beside himself with fury, but he pretended not to notice the jibe and said, 'But of course, brother Opossum! I will personally see to it that you have the best seat in the council lodge, and I will also send someone to dress your tail specially for the dance.'

Opossum was delighted by this suggestion and Rabbit left him singing the praises of his tail even more loudly than usual.

Next, Rabbit called on the cricket, whom Indians call the barber, because of his fame as an expert hair-cutter. Cricket listened with growing amazement as Rabbit recounted his conversation with Opossum. Like all the other animals, he found Opossum's vanity and arrogance very tiresome.

He began to protest, but Rabbit held up a paw and said, 'Wait a moment. I have a plan and I need your help. Listen...', and he dropped his voice as he told Cricket what he wanted him to do.

Early next morning Cricket presented himself at Opossum's door and said that he had been sent by Rabbit to prepare the famous tail for the council that evening. Opossum made himself comfortable on the floor and stretched out his tail. Cricket began to comb it gently.

'I will wrap this red cord round your tail as I comb it,' he explained, 'so that it will remain smooth and neat for the dance tonight.'

Opossum found Cricket's ministrations so soothing that he fell asleep, awakening just as Cricket was tying the final knot in the red cord which now completely swathed his tail.

'I will keep it bound up until the very last moment,' thought Opossum gleefully. 'How envious the others will be when I finally reveal it in all its beauty!'

That evening, his tail still tightly wrapped in the red cord, Opossum marched into the council lodge and was led to his special seat by a strangely obsequious Rabbit.

Soon it was time for the dancing to take place. The drums and rattles began to sound. Opossum stood up, loosened the cord from his tail and stepped proudly into the center of the dance floor. He began to sing.

'Look at my beautiful tail!' he sang as he circled the floor. 'See how it sweeps the ground!'

There was a great shout from the audience and some of the animals began to applaud. 'How they admire me!' thought Opossum and he continued dancing and singing loudly. 'See how my tail gleams in the firelight!'

Again everyone shouted and cheered. Opossum began to have just the merest suspicion that all was not quite as it should be. Was there possibly a hint of mockery in their voices? He dismissed such an absurd idea and continued dancing.

'My tail is stronger than the eagle's, more lustrous than the raven's!'

At this the animals shrieked so loudly that Opossum stopped in his tracks and looked at them. To his astonishment and chagrin they were all convulsed with laughter, some leaning weakly on their neighbor's shoulders, others rolling on the ground in their mirth. Several were pointing at his tail.

Bewildered, Opossum looked down and saw to his horror that his tail, his beautiful, thick, glossy tail, was now bald and scaly like that of a lizard. Nothing remained of its former glory. While pretending to comb it, the wily Cricket had snipped off every single hair.

Opossum was so overcome with shame and confusion that he could not utter a sound. Instead he rolled over helplessly on his back, grimacing with embarrassment, just as opossums still do today, when taken by surprise.

-- A Cherokee story, thanks to Harold Stein

RABBIT SHOOTS THE SUN

It was the height of summer, the time of year called Hadotso, the Great Heat. All day long, from a blue and cloudless sky, the blazing sun beat down upon the earth. No rain had fallen for many days and there was not the slightest breath of wind to cool the stifling air. Everything was hot and dry. Even the rose-red cliffs of the canyons and mesas seemed to take on a more brilliant color than before.

The animals drooped with misery. They were parched and hungry, for it was too hot to hunt for food and, panting heavily, they sought what shade they could under the rocks and bushes.

Rabbit was the unhappiest of all. Twice that day the shimmering heat had tempted him across the baked earth towards visions of water and cool, shady trees. He had exhausted himself in his desperate attempts to reach them, only to find the mirages dissolve before him, receding further and further into the distance.

Now, tired and wretched, he dragged himself into the shadow of an overhanging rock and crouched there listlessly. His soft fur was caked with the red dust of the desert. His head swam and his eyes ached from the sun's glare.

'Why does it have to be so hot?' he groaned. 'What have we done to deserve such torment?' He squinted up at the sun and shouted furiously, 'Go away! You are making everything too hot!'

Sun took no notice at all and continued to pour down his fiery beams, forcing Rabbit to retreat once more into the shade of the rock. 'Sun needs to be taught a lesson,' grumbled Rabbit. 'I have a good mind to go and fight him. If he refuses to stop shining, I will kill him!'

His determination to punish Sun made him forget his weariness and, in spite of the oppressive heat, he set off at a run towards the eastern edge of the world where the Sun came up each morning.

As he ran, he practiced with his bow and arrows and, to make himself brave and strong, he fought with everything which crossed his path. He fought with the gophers and the lizards. He hurled his throwing stick at beetles, ants and dragonflies. He shot at the yucca and the giant cactus. He became a very fierce rabbit indeed.

By the time he reached the edge of the world, Sun had left the sky and was nowhere to be seen.

'The coward!' sneered Rabbit. 'He is afraid to fight, but he will not escape me so easily,' and he settled to wait behind a clump of bushes.

In those days, Sun did not appear slowly as he does now. Instead he rushed up over the horizon and into the heavens with one mighty bound. Rabbit knew that he would have to act quickly in order to ambush him and he fixed his eyes intently on the spot where the Sun usually appeared.

Sun, however, had heard all Rabbit's threats and had watched him fighting. He knew that he was lying in wait among the bushes. He was not at all afraid of this puny creature and he thought that he might have some amusement at his expense.

He rolled some distance away from his usual place and swept up into the sky before Rabbit knew what was happening. By the time Rabbit had gathered his startled wits and released his bowstring, Sun was already high above him and out of range.

Rabbit stamped and shouted with rage and vexation. Sun laughed and laughed and shone even more fiercely than before.

Although almost dead from heat, Rabbit would not give up. Next morning he tried again, but this time Sun came up in a different place and evaded him once more.

Day after day the same thing happened. Sometimes Sun sprang up on Rabbit's right, sometimes on his left and sometimes straight in front of him, but always where Rabbit least expected him.

One morning, however, Sun grew careless. He rose more leisurely than usual, and this time, Rabbit was ready. Swiftly he drew his bow. His arrow whizzed through the air and buried itself deep in Sun's side.

Rabbit was jubilant! At last he had shot his enemy! Wild with joy, he leaped up and down. He rolled on the ground, hugging himself. He turned somersaults. He looked at Sun again - and stopped short.

Where his arrow had pierced Sun, there was a gaping wound and, from that wound, there gushed a stream of liquid fire. Suddenly it seemed as if the whole world had been set ablaze. Flames shot up and rushed towards Rabbit, crackling and roaring.

Rabbit paused not a moment longer. He took to his heels in panic and ran as fast as he could away from the fire. He spied a lone cottonwood tree and scuttled towards it.

'Everything is burning!' he cried. 'Will you shelter me?'

The cottonwood shook its slender branches mournfully. 'What can I do?' it asked. 'I will be burned to the ground.'

Rabbit ran on. Behind him, the flames were coming closer. He could feel their breath on his back. A greasewood tree lay in his path.

'Hide me! Hide me!' Rabbit gasped. 'The fire is coming.'

'I cannot help you,' answered the greasewood tree. 'I will be burned up roots and branches.'

Terrified and almost out of breath, Rabbit continued to run, but his strength was failing. He could feel the fire licking at his heels and his fur was beginning to singe. Suddenly he heard a voice calling to him.

'Quickly, come under me! The fire will pass over me so swiftly that it will only scorch my top.'

It was the voice of a small green bush with flowers like bunches of cotton capping its thin branches. Gratefully, Rabbit dived below it and lay there quivering, his eyes tightly shut, his ears flat against his body.

With a thunderous roar, the sheet of flame leaped overhead. The little bush crackled and sizzled. Then, gradually, the noise receded and everything grew quiet once more.

Rabbit raised his head cautiously and looked around. Everywhere the earth lay black and smoking, but the fire had passed on. He was safe!

The little bush which had sheltered him was no longer green. Burned and scorched by the fire, it had turned a golden yellow. People now call it the desert yellow brush, for, although it first grows green, it always turns yellow when it feels the heat of the sun.

Rabbit never recovered from his fright. To this day, he bears brown spots where the fire scorched the back of his neck. He is no longer fierce and quarrelsome, but runs and hides at the slightest noise.

As for Sun, he too was never quite the same. He now makes himself so bright that no one can look at him long enough to sight an arrow and he always peers very warily over the horizon before he brings his full body into view.

-- A Hopi story

THE INDIAN & THE SNAKE

As a young boy, often times, Indians are sent away, in search of a vision. This was the case of this one particular young Indian boy. He started to go up to the top of the mountain in search of his vision ... And as he climbed up the mountain, the air got cooler and cooler ... And he came upon a snake laying in the path. The snake was shivering, and said to the young Indian boy. "Please help me ... I can't move, I am so cold that I can no longer make it any further down the mountain." The young Indian boy said to the snake "No way! You're a snake, if I pick you up, you'll bite me!" The snake replied ... "No, no I won't, I promise I won't bite you if you'll only pick me up and help get me down the mountain..." So the young Indian boy picked up the snake, put him in his shirt, continued climbing to the top of the mountain in search of his vision ... When he got back down to the bottom of the mountain, he reached in, took out the snake, and the snake bit this young Indian boy. The boy replied to the snake "Hey! You bit me, you said that if I'd help you out, that you wouldn't bite me!" the snake replied to the young Indian boy ... "But you knew what I was when you picked me up!"

-- Thanks to Brad George, SM BSA Troop #23 OKC/OKLA

SPIRIT ANIMAL

As scouts we often visit the woods, but don't really spend a lot of time in the wilderness, especially not alone. One often wonders what it would be like to spend long periods of time alone in the woods. Could you cope?

Our native Indians believe that one advantage to spending time alone in the wilderness, is that you might meet your spirit animal. They believe that everyone has their own specific spirit animal, and to meet your spirit animal is to make your life more complete. An Indian might be canoeing alone across a lake, when he spies a bear on the shore. And as the bear looks into his eyes, he'll just know, that that's his spirit animal. Of course you can only meet your spirit animal when you're alone.

One kind of white man often spends a lot of time in the bush, and that's a trapper. It's a very lonely existence, spending weeks on the trap lines, as you go from lake to lake, trail to trail, collecting furs. They tell the story of one particular trapper who worked in the Haliburton area. One evening he was sitting near his campfire enjoying his coffee just after sundown. He'd had a good day, a lot of good furs, and now he was almost ready for bed. He stared into the embers of the campfire as it slowly faded away, thinking of how bright the fire was and how it always made the surrounding area look so very dark.

He thought he saw something at the edge of the fire.... No it was nothing. Then he saw it again. At the edge of the firelight was a raccoon, sitting very still and staring at him. "That's odd", he thought, "this isn't how raccoons normally act." He hissed at the raccoon, but it wouldn't go away. So he ignored it for a little while, expecting it would move on. After a few minutes he glanced back, and the raccoon was still there staring at him with those eerie animal eyes. This time he picked up a rock and threw it at the raccoon. "WHAT!?", he thought, "I could have sworn I hit that coon!", but the rock seemed to have passed through the animal.

The trapper was now getting very nervous. He completely ignored the spot where the raccoon had been (or maybe still was). He put out the fire, and headed in darkness for his tent, the half full moon in the clear sky illuminating the way. "A good night's sleep and everything will be fine in the morning", he thought. Something caught his eye and his head jerked sharply to the right. There it was on the side of path: the raccoon, sitting still and staring at the trapper. He ignored it and quickly turned away. BUT there it was on his left now. He hurried on to the tent now, only a few yards away, looking only at his feet. As he reached the tent he glanced up. THERE IT WAS. the raccoon sitting between him and his tent!

About three weeks later they found him running through the woods, nearly naked and his body had been heavily bruised and torn. He'd been living like a wild savage, eating dirt or leaves, even worse than most animals. Although he spent the next twenty years in an insane asylum, he never regained the use of his mind. Some say he just snapped after spending too much time alone, especially in the woods..... Some think he met his spirit animal.

-- Thanks to Blair Madore, University of Waterloo, Canada

WHY THE WEASEL IS NERVOUS

The weasel, Sihkooseu, once played a bad trick on the Bitter Spirit, Wesukechak. That is why they are not friends.

The important chief Bright Nose, Wastasekoot, of the Swampy Cree tribe, had a lovely daughter who was admired by many chiefs who wished to marry her. Though she loved one of the chiefs, her father decided to hold a council and the first chief to guess her secret name could marry her. She agreed because she thought that the only one who knew her name was the one she loved.

Bitter Spirit decided to enter the contest with everyone else. Since he did not know her name, he made a plan to discover it. He went to the old net maker, the spider, and asked him to call on the girl and, by some trick, discover her name. Spider agreed. He climbed a tall tree, spun a long thread, and floated on it until he neared the camp of the chief with the beautiful daughter. Then he floated down onto the top of the chief's wigwam, peeped down, and saw the father and daughter talking about the contest, and heard the chief whisper to his daughter, 'Nobody will ever guess that your secret name is For-ever-and-ever.' In this way, the Spider discovered her name. He was very pleased with himself at learning this so soon, and set off to tell his friend.

Spider walked many days through the forest because there was no suitable flying wind. He began to worry that he would arrive back too late. Then he saw the weasel and begged his help. He asked Weasel to hurry and tell Bitter Spirit the girl's secret name and Weasel agreed. But as Weasel started running, he began to think things over and decided to use the information for himself instead of telling it to Bitter Spirit as he had promised. The more he thought about this, the more he liked the idea.

Weasel went to the chief's camp when the guessing contest was being held. One by one, the guessers failed. Since the girl's suitor knew her secret name, he felt safe and did not go early, so Weasel was there before him. When Weasel's turn came, he told the chief that the girl's name was For-ever-and-ever. The chief was amazed and the daughter fainted. Being honorable, the chief accepted Weasel as his son-in-law-to-be and set the date for the marriage. Weasel was very happy, so happy that he forgot about his mean trick.

The spider finally reached home and asked Bitter Spirit when his wedding was to take place. Bitter Spirit replied that he did not go to the council, since he did not have the name in time, but he had heard that Weasel had won the girl.

Spider was very angry and told Bitter Spirit what really had happened. Bitter Spirit became very angry and told the girl's father about it. Then the chief became angry with Spider for

listening and with Weasel for his trick. He decided that they were all at fault and his daughter could choose for herself. The happy girl did so.

Weasel heard that he was to be punished, so he ran away. He ran and ran. Even today, he stops and listens and trembles, as though Bitter Spirit is still chasing him.

-- A Swampy Cree story, thanks to Harold Stein

THE GREAT FLOOD

Long before missionaries ever arrived in the New World, the Indians had ancient legends of a great flood, similar to that of Noah. This is the one the Cowichan tell.

In ancient times, there were so many people in the land that they lived everywhere. Soon hunting became bad and food scarce, so that the people quarreled over hunting territories.

Even in those days, the people were skilled in making fine canoes and paddles from cedars, and clothing and baskets from their bark. In dreams their wise old men could see the future, and there came a time when they all had similar bad dreams that kept coming to them over and over again. The dreams warned of a great flood. This troubled the wise men who told each other about their dreams. They found that they all had dreamed that rain fell for such a long time, or that the river rose, causing a great flood so that all of the people were drowned. They were much afraid and called a council to hear their dreams and decide what should be done. One said that they should build a great raft by tying many canoes together. Some of the people agreed, but others laughed at the old men and their dreams.

The people who believed in the dreams worked hard building the raft. It took many moons of hard work, lashing huge cedar log canoes together with strong ropes of cedar bark. When it was completed, they tied the raft with a great rope of cedar bark to the top of Mount Cowichan by passing one end of the rope through the center of a huge stone which can still be seen there.

During the time the people were working on the raft, those who did not believe in the dreams were idle and still laughed, but they did admire the fine, solid raft when it was at last finished and floated in Cowichan Bay.

Soon after the raft was ready, huge raindrops started falling, rivers overflowed, and the valleys were flooded. Although people climbed Mount Cowichan to avoid the great flood, it too was soon under water. But those who had believed the dreams took food to the raft and they and their families climbed into it as the waters rose. They lived on the raft many days and could see nothing but water. Even the mountain tops had disappeared beneath the flood. The people became much afraid when their canoes began to flood and they prayed for help. Nothing happened for a long time; then the rain stopped.

The waters began to go down after a time, and finally the raft was grounded on top of Mount Cowichan. The huge stone anchor and heavy rope had held it safe. As the water gradually sank lower and lower, the people could see their lands, but their homes had all been swept away. The valleys and forests had been destroyed. The people went back to their old land and started to rebuild their homes.

After a long time the number of people increased, until once again the land was filled and the people started to quarrel again. This time they separated into tribes and clans, all going to different places. The storytellers say this is how people spread all over the earth.

-- A Salish story, thanks to Harold Stein

THE ORIGIN OF THE WINDS

Long ago, when the world was still quite new, there were no winds at all, neither the gentle breeze of summer nor the fierce winter gale. Everything was perfectly still. Nothing disturbed the marsh grass on the shore and, when snow fell, it fell straight to earth instead of blowing and swirling into drifts as it does now.

At that time, in a village near the mouth of the Yukon River, there lived a couple who had no children. This made them very sad. Often the woman would sigh and say, 'How happy we would be if only we had a child!'

Her husband would sigh too and answer, 'Yes, if we had a son, I would teach him to stalk bears and seals over the ice-floes, and to make traps and snares. What will become of us in our old age with no one to provide for us? Who will give festivals for our souls when we are dead?'

These thoughts troubled them deeply and on many a long winter evening they sat in the flickering firelight, imagining how different life might be if they had a child.

One night the woman had a strange dream, in which she saw a sled pulled by three dogs, one brown, one white and one black, draw up outside her door. The driver leaned from his seat and beckoned her. 'Come,' he said. 'Sit here by me. I will take you on a journey.'

Wondering and fearful, the woman did as she was told. No sooner had she seated herself than the driver cracked his whip and the sled rose high into the air. Through the night-black sky they flew, faster and faster, past stars sparkling like hoar-frost. The woman was no longer afraid for she knew that this must be Igaluk, the Moon Spirit, who often comes to comfort those in distress.

Suddenly the sled stopped and the panting dogs lay down to rest. On all sides, as far as the eye could see, lay a great plain of smooth ice, the glittering expanse broken only by one small stunted tree.

Igaluk pointed and said, 'You who so desire a child, look at that tree over there. Make a doll from its trunk and you will find happiness.'

Before she could learn more, the woman awoke. So vivid was her dream that she at once roused her husband. She told him what she had seen and begged him to find the tree.

The man rubbed the sleep from his eyes. 'What would be the point?' he grumbled. 'It would only be a doll, not a real child.' But the woman persisted and finally, for the sake of peace, the man shouldered his axe and set out to look for the tree.

At the edge of the village where the snow lay thick and untrodden, he saw a bright path stretching far into the distance. It was now full day, yet the path shone like moonlight and the man knew that this was the direction which he must take.

For many hours he journeyed along the path of light until at last, on the horizon, he saw something shining very brightly. As he came nearer he saw that it was the tree of which his wife had spoken. The man cut it down with his axe and carried it home.

That evening, while he carved the figure of a small boy from some of the wood, his wife made a little suit of sealskin and, when the doll was finished, she dressed it and set it in the place of honor on the bench opposite the door. From the remaining wood the man carved a set of toy dishes and some tiny weapons, a spear and a knife, tipped with bone. His wife filled the dishes with food and water and set them before the doll.

Before going to bed, the couple sat and gazed at the doll. Although it was no more than six inches high, it was very lifelike, with eyes made from tiny chips of ivory.

'I cannot think why we have gone to all this trouble,' said the man gloomily. 'We are no better off than before.'

'Perhaps not,' replied his wife, 'but at least it will give us some amusement and something to talk about.'

During the night the woman awoke suddenly. Close at hand she heard several low whistles. She shook her husband and said, 'Did you hear that? It was the doll!'

They jumped up and, by the glow of their hastily lit lamp, they saw that the doll had eaten the food and drunk the water. They saw it breathe and its eyes move. The woman picked it up in her arms and hugged it.

They played with the doll for some time until it grew sleepy. Then they carefully returned it to the bench and went back to bed, delighted with their new toy.

In the morning, however, when they awoke, the doll had gone. Rushing outside, they saw its footprints leading away through the village. They followed as fast as they could, but at the edge of the village the tracks stopped and there was no trace of the doll. Sadly the couple returned home.

Although they did not know it, the doll was traveling along the path of light which the man had taken the day before. On and on he went until he came to the eastern edge of day where the sky comes down to meet the earth and walls in the light.

Looking up, the doll saw a hole in the sky wall, covered over with a piece of skin. The cover was bulging inwards, as if there was some powerful force on the other side. The doll was curious and, drawing his knife, he slashed the cords holding the cover in place and pulled it aside.

At once a great wind rushed in, carrying birds and animals with it. The doll peered through the hole and saw the Sky Land on the other side, looking just like earth, with mountains, trees and rivers.

When he felt that the wind had blown long enough, the doll drew the skin cover back over the hole, saying sternly, 'Wind, sometimes blow hard, sometimes soft, and sometimes not at all.' Then he went on his way.

When he came to the south, he saw another piece of skin covering an opening in the sky wall and bulging as before. Again the doll drew his knife and this time a warmer wind blew in, bringing more animals, trees and bushes. After a time the doll closed up the opening with the same words as before and passed on towards the west.

There he found yet another opening like the others, but this time, as soon as the cords were cut, the wind blew in a heavy rainstorm with waves and spray from the great ocean on the other side. The doll hastened to cover up the hole and instructed this wind as he had one the others.

When he came to the north, the cold was so intense that he hesitated for some time before he dared to open the hole in the sky there. When he finally did so, a fierce blast whistled in, with great masses of snow and ice, so that the doll was at once frozen to the marrow and he closed that opening very quickly indeed.

Admonishing the wind as before, the doll now turned his steps inwards, away from the sky wall and traveled on until he came to the very center of the earth's plain. There he saw the sky arching overhead like a huge tent, supported on a framework of tall slender poles. Satisfied that he had now traveled the whole world over, the doll decided to return to the village from which he started.

His foster-parents greeted him with great joy, for they feared that he had gone forever. The doll told them and all the people of the village about his travels and how he had let the winds into the world. Everyone was pleased for with the wind came good hunting. The winds brought the birds of the air and the land animals, and they stirred up the sea currents so that seals and walrus could be found all along the coast.

Because he had brought good fortune as the Moon Spirit had predicted, the doll was honored in special festivals afterwards. Shamans made dolls like him to help them in their magic and parents also made dolls for their children, knowing that they bring happiness to those who care for them.

-- Alaskan Eskimo legend, thanks to Harold Stein

RABBIT AND THE MOON MAN

Long ago, Rabbit was a great hunter. He lived with his grandmother in a lodge which stood deep in the Micmac forest. It was winter and Rabbit set traps and laid snares to catch game for food. He caught many small animals and birds, until one day he discovered that some mysterious being was robbing his traps. Rabbit and his grandmother became hungry. Though he visited his traps very early each morning, he always found them empty.

At first Rabbit thought that the robber might be a cunning wolverine, until one morning he found long, narrow footprints alongside his trap line. It was, he thought, the tracks of the robber, but they looked like moonbeams. Each morning Rabbit rose earlier and earlier, but the being of the long foot was always ahead of him and always his traps were empty.

Rabbit made a trap from a bowstring with the loop so cleverly fastened that he felt certain that he would catch the robber when it came. He took one end of the thong with him and hid himself behind a clump of bushes from which he could watch his snare. It was bright moonlight while he waited, but suddenly it became very dark as the moon disappeared. A few stars were still shining and there were no clouds in the sky, so Rabbit wondered what had happened to the moon.

Someone or something came stealthily through the trees and then Rabbit was almost blinded by a flash of bright, white light which went straight to his trap line and shone through the snare which he had set. Quick as a lightning flash, Rabbit jerked the bowstring and tightened the noose. There was a sound of struggling and the light lurched from side to side. Rabbit knew by the tugging on his string that he had caught the robber. He fastened the bowstring to a nearby sapling to hold the loop tight.

Rabbit raced back to tell his grandmother, who was a wise old woman, what had happened. She told him that he must return at once and see who or what he had caught. Rabbit, who was very frightened, wanted to wait for daylight but his grandmother said that might be too late, so he returned to his trap line.

When he came near his traps, Rabbit saw that the bright light was still there. It was so bright that it hurt his eyes. He bathed them in the icy water of a nearby brook, but still they smarted. He made big snowballs and threw them at the light, in the hope of putting it out. As they went close to the light, he heard them sizzle and saw them melt. Next, Rabbit scooped up great paw-fuls of soft clay from the stream and made many big clay balls. He was a good shot and threw the balls with all of his force at the dancing white light. He heard them strike hard and then his prisoner shouted.

Then a strange, quivering voice asked why he had been snared and demanded that he be set free at once, because he was the man in the moon and he must be home before dawn came. His face had been spotted with clay and, when Rabbit went closer, the moon man saw him and threatened to kill him and all of his tribe if he were not released at once.

Rabbit was so terrified that he raced back to tell his grandmother about his strange captive. She too was much afraid and told Rabbit to return and release the thief immediately. Rabbit went back, and his voice shook with fear as he told the man in the moon that he would be released if he promised never to rob the snares again. To make doubly sure, Rabbit asked him to promise that he would never return to earth, and the moon man swore that he would never do so. Rabbit could hardly see in the dazzling light, but at last he managed to gnaw through the bowstring with his teeth and the man in the moon soon disappeared in the sky, leaving a bright trail of light behind him.

Rabbit had been nearly blinded by the great light and his shoulders were badly scorched. Even today, rabbits blink as

though light is too strong for their eyes; their eyelids are pink, and their eyes water if they look at a bright light. Their lips quiver, telling of Rabbit's terror.

The man in the moon has never returned to earth. When he lights the world, one can still see the marks of the clay which Rabbit threw on his face. Sometimes he disappears for a few nights, when he is trying to rub the marks of the clay balls from his face. Then the world is dark; but when the man in the moon appears again, one can see that he has never been able to clean the clay marks from his shining face.

-- Thanks to Jim Speirs

HONEYED WORDS CAN'T SWEETEN EVIL

Big Blue Heron was standing in the marsh looking at his reflection in the water. He raised his black-crested head to listen.

Two little White Weasels had come along to the river. They were mother and son. When they saw Blue Heron, they stopped to look.

'What a beautiful big bird-person!' said the son.

'He is called Blue Heron. He carries his head high!'

'Yes, Mother, he is tall as a tree. Were I so tall, I could carry you across this swift river.'

Blue Heron was pleased to hear himself so praised. He liked to hear other say that he was big.

He bent down low and spoke to the two. 'I will help you go across. Come down to where you see that old tree lying in the stream. I will lie down in the water at the end and put my bill deep into the bank on the other side. You two run across the tree. Then use my body as a bridge and you will get to the other side.'

They all went to the old tree lying in the water. Blue Heron lay down in the water at the end and stuck his bill deep into the bank on the other side. Mother and son White Weasel ran lightly and quickly across the log, over Blue Heron, and were safe and dry on the other side. They thanked Blue Heron and said they would tell all the persons in the woods how fine Blue Heron was. Then they went on their way.

Old Wolf had been standing on the riverbank watching how the weasels had gotten across.

'What a fine way it would be for me to cross the river. I am old and my bones ache.'

When Blue Heron came back to the marsh, Wolf said to him, 'Now I know why you Blue Herons are in the marsh - so you can be a bridge for persons to cross the river. I want to go across, but I am old and my bones hurt. Lie down in the water for me so I can cross.'

Blue Heron was angry. He didn't like being called a bridge. Old Wolf saw he had spoken foolish words and decided to use honeyed words.

'You are big and strong, Blue Heron, and that is why your body is such a fine bridge. You could carry me across like a feather.'

Blue Heron smiled at Wolf and said, 'Old Wolf, get on my back and I'll carry you across.'

Wolf grinned from ear to ear thinking how easily he had tricked Blue Heron.

He jumped on the bird's back and Heron went into the rushing river. When he got to the middle, he stopped.

'Friend Wolf,' said Blue Heron, 'you made a mistake. I am not strong enough to carry you across. For that you need two herons. I can carry you only halfway. Now you must get another heron to carry you the rest of the way.'

He gave his body a strong twist and Wolf fell into the water.

'You wait here, Wolf, for another heron to come and carry you to the other side.' Then he flew into the marsh.

The water ran swiftly. No heron came, so where did Wolf go? To the bottom of the river...

Since that day, no wolf has ever trusted a heron.

-- Algonquin Legend, thanks to Jim Speirs

THE GREAT FATHER MOSQUITO

One time there lived a giant Mosquito. He was bigger than a bear and more terrifying. When he flew through the air, the Sun couldn't be seen and it became dark as night. The zooming of his wings was wilder than a storm. And when he was hungry, he would fly into a camp and carry off an Indian or two and pick their bones clean.

Again and again the Tuscarora tried to destroy the wild beast but their arrows fell off him like dew drops off a leaf. They did not know what to do.

So the chief and the medicine men in the tribe ordered a big meeting to pray to the Great Father in Heaven to take pity on them and help them destroy the monster Mosquito. They burned great fires and they sang, and they danced and they prayed.

The Great Father in Heaven, the Sky Holder, heard their loud cry for help and decided to come to their rescue. He came down from the sky, looking for the monster to do battle with him and destroy him.

The great Mosquito heard this and he knew he could not beat the Sky Holder, so he decided to run away. He flew and he flew and he flew so fast no one could see him. He was faster than lightning. The only sound was the wild zooming of his wings through the air. But Sky Holder was after him just as fast.

The giant monster flew around lakes, over rivers and over mountains toward the East. Sky Holder kept after him, never tiring.

When Sun was going down in a red mist at the end of the sky, the great monster came to the large lakes of the East. He turned to look and saw the Great Father was coming nearer.

Swiftly and wildly, at the speed of eagles, the monster flew toward the Salt Lake and there the Sky Holder reached him. The battle was short and the monster Mosquito was destroyed. His blood spattered and flew in all directions. And... a strange thing happened. From the blood were born small mosquitoes with sharp stingers.

No sooner were they born than they attacked Sky Holder without fear. They stung him so hard he was sorry for what he had done, but he could not undo it. These small mosquitoes with the sharp stingers multiplied a thousand fold.

It happened long ago, but to this day we have thousands of mosquitoes with sharp stingers.

-- Tuscarora Legend, thanks to Jim Speirs

THE ESKIMO INDIAN AND HIS FOX WIFE

Far up in the cold North, where winds blow sharply and snow falls thickly, an Indian hunter lived all alone. His only friends were Sun, Wind, Snow and Stars.

When he got up in the morning, he had to prepare his own food and clean his house. When he came home, he had to scrape his own skin- clothing and his skin-boots and hand them out to dry. And he had to do his own cooking and washing. It was not an easy life for him.

One day, when daylight was sinking into darkness, he came home and stopped at his door. To his great surprise, everything was in order as it had never been before. The earthen floor was swept and the food in the pot was steaming hot and ready to eat. Everything was in order as if a good wife had done it.

Who had done it ? He looked all over - everywhere - inside and outside. There was no one around. He ate the good food and lay down to sleep, wondering who had done this good deed for him.

The next morning he went out to hunt as he always did, and when he came home... he found his home all in fine order again, and his food was ready for him - just as the day before. His skin- clothing was scraped and his boots were hanging up to dry. Again he looked and looked to find who was so kind to him, but he couldn't find tracks anywhere. He just couldn't understand it.

Day after day the hunter found his house and clothes cared for. Then he said to himself, "I must find out who does all these things for me. Only a good wife would do it and I have no wife. Who can it be? I must find the person."

Next morning he went out hunting as he always did, but he only went a little distance and then turned back and hid near the house to watch.

Pretty soon a sleek fox with a long red tail came loping along. It ran right up to the house and went in.

"That fox is going into my house to steal my food," the Indian said to himself.

He crept up to his house and looked in, ready to slay the fox. But when he saw what was there, he stopped in great surprise.

Right in the middle of the room there was a beautiful girl, dressed in the finest skin-clothes he had ever seen. And on the wall he saw hanging... the skin of a fox!

"Who are you?" the Indian cried. "What are you doing here? Why do you clean my house? Did you cook my food? Is it you who cleaned my skins and boots ?"

"Yes, I have cleaned this house and cooked your food. I have scraped these skins and dried your boots. I have done what I do well," the beautiful girl said. "Now you see how life can be made easier. I hope you are please. I do what I can do well. Then I feel happy and proud."

"I am pleased," said the hunter. "Will you stay with me all the time? I would be proud to share this life and my home with you. Then I too could do what I do well."

"Very well, I will stay. But you must promise never to complain about me, or to ask from where I came."

The hunter promised. From then on, they were happy to be together as husband and wife. He did the hunting while she prepared the skins and took care of their home.

Everything was fine. They were good and hard workers.

One day, the man smelled a strange, musky odor that he did not like.

"Woman," the man said, "there is a strange, musky odor in the house since you have come here. You must have brought it with you."

"Yes, it came with me, and it is a good smell."

"Where have you brought it from?" asked the hunter.

"You have broken the promises you made! You said you would not complain about me. And you promised not to ask from where I came. Now I must leave you."

The woman threw away her skin-dress and put on her fox skin that had been hanging on the wall. Then she slipped out of the house as a fox.

From that time on, the man lived alone. He had to do everything himself, just as before the Fox Woman had come to him. And she never returned.

-- Labrador Eskimo Legend, thanks to Jim Speirs

THE LOON

The Indians in the Pacific Northwest traveled mainly by water, because the forest were so thick it was difficult to travel by land. This story tells how they were able to find their way back to shore.

One day, a little girl went deep into the forest. She walked until she found a family of loons. She stopped and played with the loons. In fact, she stayed for several days, becoming good friends with the loons. They taught her many things. But, soon, she new it was time to return to her family, so she said good bye and returned to her village.

In time, this little girl grew to be a Mother and then Grandmother. One day she was out in a canoe with her two Grandchildren. All of the sudden the fog rolled in. [pause] They couldn't see the shore. [pause] They heard a splashing off in the distance. [pause] The children thought it was a sea monster. [pause] But, the Grandmother new it was something far worse. [pause] It was hunters from a tribe farther north. If they captured them, they would take them as slaves. The children would never see their family or village again.

The Grandmother told the children to get down in the canoe and be quiet. The other canoe passed by them with out seeing them. The children were still hiding in the bottom of the canoe. But, how would they find their way back to the village? [pause] How would the avoid the hunters in the other canoe?

The Grandmother started to sing. This was a strange song. The Grandmother sung often, and the children new all of her songs. They thought. The children looked up. Where their Grandmother had been sitting, there was a giant loon. It spread its wings and flew out of the canoe. It circled the canoe and then flew off. The children watched it fly off into the fog. Soon, the loon returned and circled again. When it left, this time, the children followed it. It lead them safely back to their village. For you see, only the loon has eyes that can see though the fog.

When the Grandmother was a girl, playing with the loons, they thought her a song. If see ever sang that song, [pause] she would change into a loon [pause] FOREVER. So when the Indians were canoeing in the fog, they always listen for Grandmother loon to guide them back to shore.

-- Thanks to Chief Lalooska, recorded from memory by Rick Clements

THE RAVEN

Long ago, near the beginning of the world. Gray Eagle was the guardian of the sun and moon and stars, of fresh water, and of fire. Gray Eagle hated people so much that he kept these things hidden. People lived in darkness, without fire and without fresh water.

Gray Eagle had a beautiful daughter, and Raven fell in love with her. At that time Raven was a handsome young man. He changed himself into a snow-white bird, and as a snow-white bird he pleased Gray Eagle's daughter. She invited him to her father's lodge.

When Raven saw the sun and the moon and the stars and fresh water hanging on the sides of Eagle's lodge, he knew what he had to do. He waited for his chance to seize them when no one was watching.

He stole all of them, and a brand of fire also, and he flew out of the lodge through the smoke hole.

As soon as Raven got outside, he hung the sun up in the sky. It made so much light that he was able to fly far out to an island in the middle of the ocean. When the sun set, he fastened the moon up in the sky and hung the stars around in different places. By this new light he kept on flying, carrying with him the fresh water and the brand of fire he had stolen.

He flew back over land. When he had reached the right place, he dropped all the water he had stolen. It fell to the ground and there became the source of all the fresh-water streams and lakes in the world.

Then Raven flew on, holding the brand of fire in his bill. The smoke from the fire blew back over his white feathers and made them black. When his bill began to burn, he had to drop the firebrand. It struck the rocks and went into the rocks. That is why, if you strike two stones together, fire will drop out.

Raven's feathers never became white again after they were blackened by the smoke from the firebrand. That is why Raven is now a black bird.

-- This story is from a tribe in the Puget Sound area recorded in Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest

GHOST STORIES

HE WHO FOLLOWS ME

This is a ghost story I taped from an old-time radio program. I didn't tape the credits, but I know the name of it is He Who Follows Me, adapted for radio by Richard Thorn. I find an old diary at a flea market for about fifty cents, and copied the story down into it. I then take it to camp with my troop and tell them it is the diary of my late great Uncle Bill. Then, I simply start reading it to them. Granted, much of this is too detailed to be part of someone's REAL diary, but the Scouts are wrapped up in the story too much to notice.

March 3, 1938

Today, Helen and I came across one of the delightful old southern mansions. We decided to stop and make a study of the place. Helen was especially interested in taking some color pictures to illustrate our lecture series in the fall.

Although no one was home, we felt that no one would mind us taking a look around the place. We both felt it a shame that the owners let the place rundown. It was probably beautiful in its day. It could still be renovated, but not without a lot of money being spent.

After some shots of the house from the front and side, I noticed a building in back of the house. No one was to stop us, so we moved back there to take a look. The grounds of the back was more shabby than the front, but seeing how much needed done, it would be impossible without major construction work. Part of the mansion was still livable, though not very secure.

The building we were nearing didn't seem so worn down. It was in remarkably fine condition. It was built a lot later than the house was, I estimated it as no more than twenty years old. It was made of stone, gray stone. Somebody probably had lived in the old house not too long ago, and during that time constructed this building. But we both still felt it a shame that they let what must have been a wonderful place rundown like this.

We both stopped in front of the stone building. Helen made the observation that it didn't have any windows, something I had noticed too. I told her it was probably used for storage. It was then that Helen pointed to the broken padlock on the door. Our curiosity getting the best of us, we decided to check inside, to make sure everything was all right.

The massive heavy iron door swung open reluctantly. We stepped inside. Although there were no windows, light entered the structure through a skylight in the ceiling. The cold, damp musty air chilled our bones. Helen looked around the room, and laid her eyes on a large stone block in the middle of the floor, right where the light was coming down from the skylight. This was not a storehouse by any stretch of the imagination. This was a mausoleum, and the stone case on the floor was a sarcophagus, a stone coffin. There was nothing else in there, but Helen, and I to an extent, felt crowded.

Helen wanted to get a picture of the sarcophagus, with the light laying over. We didn't think there was enough light for our camera, but we decided to try.

After the first shot, we heard movement outside and a man yell to us. I explained that we saw that the lock was broken and decided to explore. He told us that he wasn't mad, but that we still shouldn't of came in here, because "he" wouldn't like it. When I pressed the man to tell me who "he" was, he answered "the thing that sleeps in that stone coffin."

"This man must be crazy," I thought. He asked us why we didn't pay attention to the warning. Not knowing what he meant, he took us outside and showed us the writing above the door. "IF YOU ENTER HERE, INTO THE REALM OF DEATH, I SHALL FOLLOW YOU, AND BRING HIM WITH ME." He said it was a shame that we didn't see it, because we didn't know what we were getting ourselves into.

I once again apologized and told him we didn't want any legal trouble. He said we were already in enough trouble, none of it being legal, because it didn't matter to "him." This time, Helen asked about "him," and the man went into his story. "They called him Mr. Thomas when he was livin'. They call him The Dead that Walks now that he's dead. He cam to get that name because people around he 'as seen 'em, at night. He is dead, but they did see him walkin'. I know, cause I seen him myself." "I know you ain't believin' what I'm tellin' ya. I don't care what you

believe. But you listen to what I'm sayin' now. If I was you I'd get as far away from this place as I could. Not just this place, but this town, this part of the country."

I didn't understand the urgency, so the man continued with the story, hoping to convince us.

"Old Thomas came from some place in Europe. I say "Old," but he really wasn't old. Just seemed that way. He bought the house and grounds here and had them cleaned up, till the place looked like it was brand new. Then he started buildin' this here buildin'."

"There was something funny 'bout Thomas; somethin' in his eyes. Made ya frightened of him. His eyes, they looked like the eyes of a dead man."

"He never acted like anyone I ever knew. He was always talking about death, always tellin' me how he could come back after death. I was the caretaker then, just like I am now."

"After this building was completed, I use to watch him at night. He'd come out here. It seemed as though he was in some sort of trance. He'd stay out here for hours. And when he'd come back to the house his eyes would glisten and shine, so you couldn't hardly look at him."

"A week before he died, he told me that as long as I live, I was to take care of this place. 'Cause if I didn't he'd come back an kill me. Then he died. Just like that. He was put in here, in that coffin."

"One night, about two months later when the moon was full, I heard a noise. And when I had come out to look I saw the door to this place open, and him come out. I could hear his footsteps, something queer and draggin'-like. Then he turned around, and I could see his face in the moonlight: pale and pasty. Sick lookin'. Those eyes of his seemed like to burning coals of fire."

"He seemed to be lookin' at me. I heard him say, 'They have disturbed me, and the moon has awakened me. I shall follow them.' That's what he said. I heard him just as straight as your hearin' me. And then, he vanished into the night."

"Towards morning, I heard his footsteps again. I heard that big iron door closin'. And I knew he was back."

"The next day I heard Ralph Cummins died the night before, screaming something about not meanin' to go into the mausoleum. I knew who killed him."

"This has happened again and again for the last ten years since he's been dead. Folks around hear say he'll follow you around wherever you go if you come inside here."

"Why haven't you been killed?" I asked, thinking I have caught him in his lie.

"Cause he needs me, Hee hee. He ain't gonna kill me. But if I was you, I get out of this part of the country."

March 3, Later.

I sit here and write these words. It is late and the moon has risen full in the sky. Helen is standing by the window looking out.

For some reason, I am frightened. Yet I know that a few months from now I will laugh at the memory of my fright. However, in the morning, I do believe that we will leave this place. Helen is glad. She doesn't not believe the caretaker's story, but she is concerned, just as I.

March 3, Still Later.

When I joined Helen at the window, a husky man appeared on the street below. He looked up at us.

The thing I noticed first was his face. Pale and pasty looking. Helen was startled by his eyes -- two bright coals of fire, just as the caretaker had described.

The man down in the street, whomever he was, left after about ten minutes. He has given us quite a fright. If I had felt any doubts as to whether we should leave this place they have all been dispelled now. I don't know what to believe.

Helen has just gone to bed. I think I shall do the same.

March 4, 1938.

Upon settling down to sleep last night, we heard footsteps coming from the room above us. I called down to the desk clerk, who only told us that the room above ours was unoccupied.

We left the hotel a short time after hearing the steps. We went immediately to our car and drove all night and all day.

We are stopping now in a motel almost one-thousand miles away. It is reassuring to know that he cannot possibly follow us.

I am very tired. I will go to bed and get an early start in the morning.

March 5, 1938.

Last night was not very comforting either. We heard the same footsteps outside our room, and Helen saw the man's face at the window.

This morning when I went into pay the bill, the man who owns the motel said that a strange pasty-faced man had been in earlier and told him to tell me that he would follow me.

March 11, 1938.

It is impossible to get any material together that will help me in my work. Everywhere we go, he's there also.

March 16, 1938.

The clerk told us this guy had said it was OK for us to go ahead because he was going to follow us.

March 22, 1938.

He left a message with the lady at the desk lady telling us that he would be in touch.

April 7, 1938.

He left another message at the desk. The manager had the nerve to ask me if he was a friend of ours.

April 18, 1938.

Another disturbing night without sleep. More footsteps from the hall outside.

April 29, 1938.

Expecting it when we went to check out this morning, I asked the clerk if there were any messages. The clerk said a husky man in a white suit came by and said he'd follow us.

May 15, 1938.

I don't know what to do anymore. We cannot stop for the night without him showing up. The only sleep we get anymore is in the car while on the road.

May 30, 1938.

Helen and I argued again today. Since we've been on the run, that seems to be all that we can do. She suggested we go home. I fear that he will stalk us there, too. She felt it was the only place left to turn. I didn't know what to do or say, so we left for home.

June 23, 1938.

We arrived home this evening. I called Gary as soon as we got home. He said he'd be out within the hour to see us.

June 24, 1938.

Gary wasn't able to help us in any way. I did not really expecting any help. I was hoping he would be able to offer some concrete suggestion as to what to do. However, last night was the first night in months that we haven't been aware of his presence.

Maybe Helen is right. Perhaps he won't follow us here.

July 3, 1938.

We have not seen, nor heard, anything unusual since we first came home. I feel as a man might feel who has been given a new lease on life.

July 10, 1938.

Still nothing.

August 19, 1938.

For the past two months, a feeling of peace and security has enveloped the house. Helen and I have been able to go around with no sense of danger or dread. But last night that feeling was shattered...

[At this point I tell them a clipping from the newspaper was inserted into the diary. It was a clipping of a funeral notice for my Great Aunt Helen. It was, of course, too old and fragile to bring on the camp out. (WINK WINK.)]

According to one of their family friends (Gary?) my Great Uncle Bill went upstairs to investigate some footsteps, leaving my Great Aunt Helen downstairs alone.

When he got to the room that the noise came from, he found it empty. Going back downstairs, he found Helen, dead, with her eyes wide open.]

August 23, 1938.

I sit here in the empty house, writing this. I know that Thomas will come for me too. I write this in the hope that someone will find it. Read it. And maybe understand my death.

It is lonely here. Yet, suddenly I feel as if I am not alone. Someone is hear with me.

He is here, in this room with me. I am afraid to turn to meet him. Those eyes of his burning in to me. Yet, I must. I pray that someone reads this. Perhaps he will

[The August 23 entry was the last he ever made. I simply close the diary and let the scouts wonder. I simply tell them that my Uncle Bill was found just like my aunt. The coroner could not determine a cause of death, but our family knows what killed him -- The Dead that Walks. --

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE

by Robert Service

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold,
And the Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was the night on the marge of Lake LaBarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

Now, Sam McGee was from Tennessee
Where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the south to roam
'Round the pole, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold
Seemed to hold him like a spell,
Though he'd often say, in his homely way,
He'd sooner live in hell.

On a Christmas day we were mushing our way
Over the Dawson Trail.
Talk of your cold--through the parka's fold
It stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze
'Till sometimes we couldn't see.
It wasn't much fun, but the only one
To whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night as we lay packed tight
In our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead
Were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and "Cap", says he,
"I'll cash in this trip, I guess,
And if I do, I'm asking that you
Won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low I couldn't say no,
And he says with a sort of moan,
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold
'Till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'ta'int being dead, it's my awful dread
Of the icy grave that pains,
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair,
You'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed,
And I swore that I would not fail.
We started on at the streak of dawn,
But, God, he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day
Of his home in Tennessee,
And before nightfall, a corpse was all
That was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death
As I hurried, horror driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid
Because of a promise given.
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say,
"You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you
To cremate those last remains."

Now, a promise made is a debt unpaid,
And the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, 'though my lips were dumb,
In my heart, how I cursed the load.
In the long, long night by the lone firelight
While the huskies 'round in a ring
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows
Oh, God, how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay
Seemed to heavy and heavier grow.
And on I went, though the dogs were spent
And the grub was getting low.
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad,
But I swore I would not give in,
And often I'd sing to the hateful thing,
And it hearkened with a grin.

'Till I came to the marge of Lake LaBarge,
And a derelict there lay.
It was jammed in the ice, and I saw in a trice
It was called the "Alice May".
I looked at it, and I thought a bit,
And I looked at my frozen chum,
Then, "Here", said I, with a sudden cry,
"Is my crematorium."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor
And lit the boiler fire.
Some coal I found that was lying around
And heaped the fuel higher.
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared,
Such a blaze you seldom see.
Then I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal
And I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like
To hear him sizzle so.
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled,
And the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled
Down my cheek, and I don't know why,
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak
Went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow
I wrestled with gristly fear.
But the stars came out, and they danced about
'Ere again I ventured near.
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said,
"I'll just take a peek inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked",
And the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking calm and cool
In the heart of the furnace roar.
He wore a smile you could see a mile,
And he said, "Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear
You'll let in the cold and storm.
Since I left Plumbtree down in Tennessee
It's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold,
And the Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was the night on the marge of Lake LaBarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

THE WITCH OF COOS

Robert Frost

I staid the night for shelter at a farm Behind the mountain, with a mother and son, Two old-believers. They did all the talking.

MOTHER. Folks think a witch who has familiar spirits She could call up to pass a winter evening, But won't, should be burned at the stake or something. Summoning spirits isn't "Button, button, Who's got the button," I would have them know.

SON. Mother can make a common table rear And kick with two legs like an army mule.

MOTHER. And when I've done it, what good have I done? Rather than tip a table for you, let me Tell you what Ralle the Sioux Control once told me. He said the dead had souls, but when I asked him How could that be--I thought the dead were souls, He broke my trance. Don't that make you suspicious That there's something the dead are keeping back? Yes, there's something the dead are keeping back.

SON. You wouldn't want to tell him what we have UP attic, mother?

MOTHER. Bones--a skeleton.

SON. But the headboard of mother's bet is pushed Against the attic door: the door is nailed. It's harmless. Mother hears it in the night Halting perplexed behind the barrier Of door and headboard. Where it wants to get is back into the cellar where it came from.

MOTHER. We'll never let them, will we, son! We'll never!

SON. It left the cellar forty years ago And carried itself like a pile of dishes Up one flight from the cellar to the kitchen, Another from the kitchen to the bedroom, Another from the bedroom to the attic, Right past both father and mother, and neither stopped it. Father had gone upstairs; mother was downstairs. I was a baby: I don't know where I was.

MOTHER. The only fault my husband found with me-- I went to sleep before I went to bed, Especially in winter when the bed Might just as well be ice and the clothes snow. The night the bones came up the cellar-stairs Toffile had gone to bed alone and left me, But left an open door to cool the room off So as to sort of turn me out of it. I was just coming to myself enough To wonder where the cold was coming from, When I heard Toffile upstairs in the bedroom And thought I heard him downstairs in the cellar. The board we had laid down to walk dry-shod on When there was water in the cellar in spring Struck the hard cellar bottom. And then someone Began the stairs, tow footsteps for each step, The way a man with one leg and a crutch, Or a little child, comes up. It wasn't Toffile: It wasn't anyone who could be there. The bulkhead double-doors were double-locked And swollen tight and buried under snow. The cellar windows were banked up with sawdust And swollen tight and buried under snow. It was the bones. I knew them--and good reason. My first impulse was to get to the knob And hold the door. But the bones didn't try The door; they halted helpless on the landing, Waiting for things to happen in their favor. The faintest restless rustling ran all through them. I never could have done the thing I did If the wish hadn't been too strong in me To see how they were mounted for this walk. I had a vision of them put together Not like a man, but like a chandelier. So suddenly I flung the door wide on him. A moment he stood balancing with emotion, And all but lost himself. (A tongue of fire Flashed out and licked along his upper teeth. Smoke rolled inside the sockets of his eyes.) Then he came at me with one hand outstretched, The way he did in life once; but this time I struck the hand off brittle on the floor, And fell back from him on the floor myself. The finger-pieces slid in all directions. (Where did I see one of those pieces lately? Hand me my button-box-it must be there.) I sat up on the floor and shouted, "Toffile, It's coming up to you." It had its choice Of the door to the cellar or the hall. It took the hall door for the novelty, And set off briskly for so slow a thing, Still going every which way in the joints, though, So that it looked like lightning or a scribble, From the slap I had just now given its hand. I listened till it almost climbed the stairs From the hall to the only finished bedroom, Before I got up to do anything; Then ran and shouted, "Shut the bedroom door, Toffile, for my sake!" "Company?" he said, "Don't make me get up; I'm too warm in bed." So lying forward weakly on the handrail I pushed myself upstairs, and in the light (The kitchen had been dark) I had to own I could see nothing. "Toffile, I don't see it. It's with us in the room though. It's the bones." "What bones?" "The cellar bones--out of the grave." That made him throw his bare legs out of bed And sit up by me and take hold of me. I wanted to put out the light and see If I could see it, or else mow the room, With our arms at the level of our knees, And bring the chalk-pile down. "I'll tell you what-- It's looking for another door to try. The uncommonly deep snow has made him think Of his old song, The Wild Colonial Boy, He always used to sing along the tote-road. He's after an open door to get out- doors. Let's

trap him with an open door up attic." Toffile agreed to that, and sure enough, Almost the moment he was given an opening, The steps began to climb the attic stairs. I heard them. Toffile didn't seem to hear them. "Quick!" I slammed to the door and held the knob. "Toffile, get nails." I made him nail the door shut, And push the headboard of the bed against it. Then we asked was there anything Up attic that we'd ever want again. The attic was less to us than the cellar. If the bones liked the attic, let them have it. Let them stay in the attic. When they sometimes Come down the stairs at night and stand perplexed Behind the door and headboard of the bed, Brushing their chalky skull with chalky fingers, With sounds like the dry rattling of a shutter, That's what I sit up in the dark to say-- To no one any more since Toffile died. Let them stay in the attic since they went there. I promised Toffile to be cruel to them For helping them to be cruel once to him.

SON. We think they had a grave down in the cellar.

MOTHER. We know they had a grave down in the cellar.

SON. We never could find out whose bones they were.

MOTHER. Yes, we could too, son. Tell the truth for once. They were a man's his father killed for me. I mean a man he killed instead of me. The least I could do was to help dig their grave. We were about it one night in the cellar. Son knows the story: but 'twas not for him To tell the truth, suppose the time had come. Son looks surprised to see me end a lie We'd kept all these years between ourselves So as to have it ready for outsiders. But tonight I don't care enough to lie-- I don't remember why I ever cared. Toffile, if he were here, I don't believe Could tell you why he ever cared himself. . .

She hadn't found the finger-bone she wanted Among the buttons poured out in her lap. I verified the name next morning: Toffile. The rural letter-box said Toffile Lajway.

WHITE EYES

In fact, there's a Boy Scout camp not far from where this occurred.

The San Bernardino Mountains contains a lot of wilderness regions which saw substantial activity about 100 years ago. Here, miners and loggers worked to bring materials down to the Los Angeles basin. But, like most industries of that time, there was a high profit motive, and workers lives were not as important as they were now.

One day, a mine tunnel collapsed, trapping a number of men within. They were able to survive, after a fashion, by drinking water which seeped into the tunnels, eating rats, mushrooms, and their dead co-workers. They worked from within to dig themselves out, confident that on the other side, others were digging from the outside in. Well, maybe not that confident, since the mining company was not known for its compassion.

Well, it took them a while, but they finally managed to dig themselves out. Then, the formerly trapped miners found two surprises. First, since they had lived in darkness for a long period of time, they could no longer stand the sunlight, and their eyes were pure white---no color except for their pupils, which were dilated. Second, not one man had lifted a shovel to dig them out.

They then made a pact, these men, to take revenge on those who had abandoned them. Soon after, mysterious instances of men being killed in the mountains occurred. These men were usually found mauled, bloody and torn. Close examination showed the teeth marks on them were from human teeth. One man was even beaten by his arm which had been torn off at the shoulder.

Soon thereafter, the mining company went out of business: No one was willing to work in those mountains, and even groups of men at night were at risk. Rumor had it that the White-Eyes were out for blood.

Now, since this happened about 100 years ago, and since only men were working in the mines, there should be no more White-Eyes around. So, we're safe---or are we? Several years ago, a hiker was found mauled on the trail, with human teeth marks.

Embellish the story as you wish! You may even want to adapt it to your locale. But beware---when I told this story to a group of campers at summer camp once, some boys (in my troop, first timers, and other troops there) were scared out of their wits, especially since it occurred so close to where they were at.

-- Thanks to Mas Sayano Assistant Scoutmaster, Los Angeles Area Council

WRAP WRAP WRAP

Like many of you, I was brought up with the ghost story by the campfire. We waited anxiously to hear another good one. (I must say that this was before such movies as Freddie came on -- Movies weren't that bold yet.)

Being on the other end of the campfire, I find myself mixed. When a SM must stay up all night with a new scout because the story was too real puts it in a different light. Now, don't get me wrong. Out of the two troops that I've been associated with, both love the ghost stories.

However, we have adopted a philosophy in telling the stories. When the audience is populated with young scouts, we add parts to the story that break the mood somewhat, yet still give the thrill that the scouts seek. Then as the Scouts mature, work them into the good wall hangers.

As an example, I've enclosed a story that I've had good results with in many groups. I'll just hit the highlights here, then expand a little at the end.

----- story -----

A Troop sets camp in a secluded area by a lake in the mountains. Just at the edge of the clearing stands an old trapper's cabin. As all SM's do at the campfire, this SM tells the following tale:

Many years ago this land was sacred hunting ground for the (pick your tribe) Indians in this area. The game in this field was always plentiful -- until the white man came and built that cabin. The tribe elders were enraged at this encroachment, and sent their best warriors to oust the intruder.

The leader of the raiding party had seen this intruder, and knew him to be an old man with little spirit, so instead of harming him, they decided to scare him out. The Indian crept up to the house and gently wrapped on the wall.

This attracted the attention of the home owner, but finding nothing there, he went back to his work. Again the Indian wrapped on the wall. This cat and mouse game went on for the majority of the night. The white man was becoming afraid of this mystery noise, so he reached for the shotgun he kept over the mantle. The next time the Indian wrapped, the man was prepared and decapitated the Indian with a single shot. The tribe elders, on seeing how easily the white man conquered their best, banned all people from setting foot in their sacred hunting ground. To insure this, the medicine man called on the spirit of the be-headed warrior to guard the land. It is said that on dark rainy nights, the warrior can still be heard prowling around the old home.

Once the story was told, the SM bade the boys good night and all turned in.

As can happen on spring nights, a thunder cloud began to build and soon the campers found themselves in a wind that was taking the tents away, and drenching them with cold ice water. The leaders decided that the safest thing would be to seek shelter in the old house. The boys eagerly moved into the old house, except for the troop cook -- he was thinking of that old Indian and really didn't want any part of the house. So, just in case he took two of his biggest pans with him for protection.

The storm raged on, but the boys had settled down inside the cabin. Suddenly, a faint noise could be heard, wrap, wrap, wrap. Most of the boys didn't hear it, but the cook heard it well. Soon all the scouts were up listening to the wrap, wrap, wrap. The SM went over to the side where it appeared to be coming from and the noise stopped. (A number of cycles here to build up the suspense. However, the cook was given pans for a reason -- he's the skittish one of the group and is liable to swing at anything.) The noise has grown in volume and intensity, and the SM has realized that he must go outside and fix whatever is loose on the house. He takes the senior scouts with him, which unfortunately is the cook. (Suspenseful) they walk around the house and find that the wrapping noise is coming from a hole in the stone fireplace. The SM carefully inserts his hand into the hole and removes a roll of wrapping paper going wrap, wrap, wrap.

-end of story-

Now to expand on the concept. 1. The corny ending will take the stress off of the story, helping reinforce the thought that it is not real. Besides a laugh is a good thing to create at a campfire. 2. The whole story can be spiced up to make it as thrilling as you want. It won't take too much imagination and a little acting to keep them on the edge of their seats. 3. The cook is a pressure release in the story. He is very high strung and can swing at anything from his own shadow to the scoutmaster. Use him in humorous ways to take the edge off of the story as you go. 4. Taylor the story to your group. If your group is young and gullible, use the cook a little more. If they are seasoned campers, pour on the suspense. We usually find a good mix works wonders. Keep in mind that young

boys/girls can fix their minds on something like this very easily and they will not sleep in the wood, especially new Scouts.

You'll know you did well when you hear that catch phrase wrap, wrap, wrap echo around the camp for the next few days.

HUMOUROUS STORIES

A NIGHT NEAR THE TOOTH

I didn't EXACTLY stay on the Tooth of Time. We were running late when we stopped Shafer's Peak and the danger of walking fast down the narrow trail with sheer drops on each side in the falling darkness finally overcame us. We set up a dining fly in a wide spot and placed our packs (with little food) away from us. Some settled under the fly, and some under the stars.

Our scoutmaster and a couple of the boys took a miniature radio out to an overlook for a bit of news. It was to be an eventful night! One of the boys was prone to nose bleeding but had not had problems ... until now. In a fainting sway he nearly pitched over the side. Instead he body checked our small scoutmaster. With a yell that summoned two of us by name but in a tone that revealed the emergency, we jumped from our sleeping bags and (almost) streaked over to carry the boy back to his bag. He was fine.

As we slept, a deer or two came silently through our "camp" pausing astride one camper who awoke and missed seeing the stars! The sure footed animal moved on without incident (unlike burros near water!). We were sleeping peacefully despite a rising wind in the early morning darkness.

The wind had loosened a corner of our fly and it was flapping in the breeze. About that time, two hikers bound for sunrise on the tooth, heard the flapping and thought the shadows contained a hungry bear. As is procedure, they drew out their mess kits and clanged the pieces in a horrible racket to scare the bear! Our scoutmaster came out of his MUMMY bag without unzipping it! It scared US silly! We all thought we had a bear in our midst!

We were all a bit anxious about not making our designated camp but it simply was unsafe. Still, this story is repeated around our campfire with each new batch of scouts in our troop. OH, and we did get to see sunrise over the tooth!

-- Thanks to Andy Webb

CAMPFIRES

**From A Fine And Pleasant Misery
by Patrick F. McManus**

The campfire was of two basic kinds: the Smudge and the Inferno.

The Smudge was what you used when you were desperately in need of heat. By hovering over the Smudge the camper could usually manage to thaw ice from his hands before being kippered to death. The Inferno was what you always used for cooking. Experts on camp cooking claimed you were supposed to cook over something called "a bed of glowing coals." The "bed of glowing coals" was a fiction concocted by experts on camp cooking. As a result, the camp cook was frequently pictured, by artists who should have known better, as a tranquil man hunkered down by a bed of glowing coals, turning plump trout in the frying pan with the blade of his knife. In reality, the camp cook is a wildly distraught individual who charged though waves of heat and speared savagely with a long sharp stick a burning hunk of meat he had tossed on the grill from twenty feet away. Meat roasted over an Inferno was either raw or extra well done. The cook, if he was lucky, came out medium rare.

SECURITY GUYS

Two summers ago, when I was deputy director of the CIA, a friend and I traversed the Olympic Mountain Range in Washington State, hiking 70 miles north to south. Snow in August, ice axes in hand, fording rivers with ropes and in the swift current nearly being carried downstream pack and all; watching with middle-aged sadistic pleasure as my much younger security escorts struggle up the trail.

Or the summer before, canoeing 50 mile long Ross Lake in Washington near the Canadian border in over-loaded canoes in a driving wind and rainstorm, foot high swells threatening to capsize us, wondering if we'd escape with our lives.

Then having the security guys, also struggling, paddle up alongside to report that they had a radio call from Washington ... and "?could I get to a secure telephone?" This when I thought I might never even see the shore again.

But this message gave me a determination to survive ... if only to get pack to Washington and find out who had placed that call.

-- Part of a story by Robert Gates, in Scouting Magazine

WESTERN STORIES

THE BALLAD OF JOHNNY O'DELL

Wild are the tales of the Pony Express
And most of them are true if I don't miss my guess.
But wildest of all tales that they tell
Is that of fearless young Johnny O'Dell.

Johnny was little, but he was a man
Whom none could outride, outshoot or outplan.
Ride, he could ride anything that could run
And could outdo any man with a gun.

Back in those days there were men in the West
And Johnny O'Dell was as good as the best.
Only the bravest could carry the mail
Through terrible dangers that haunted the trail.

Dangers there were on the night I describe,
For Johnny encountered an Indian tribe.
Blackie, his horse, gave a new burst of speed.
No Indian pinto could equal that steed.

Bullets and arrows whizzed over his head
As into the foe and right through them he sped.
Outlaws had raided the station ahead
The horses were stolen, his partner was dead.

Onward went Johnny over the trail.
For such was the life when you carry the mail
Rivers they forded for bridges there were none
While crossing one stream he was stopped by a gun.

"Halt!" cried a man on the bank of the creek-
As together they fired by the light of the sun.
Still lay the stranger whom Johnny had met,
For all that I know he is lying there yet.

Onward went Johnny into the West,
As a spot of crimson appeared on his vest.
Together they continued their hazardous ride,
The powerful horse with the brave man astride.

Into the town of Red Gulch did they go,
As blotches of blood marked their way through the snow.
This was the end of the perilous trail
Through bullets, and arrows; through blizzards and hail.

Johnny dismounted and cried with a wail,
"Oh, Darn it all, I've forgotten the mail!"

STORIES WITH A MORAL

IF ONLY ...

Won Lee was a stone cutter who lived in ancient China. He cut large stones and he cut small stones. He made them into ornaments for gardens. Some he cut to build houses. He was proud of his work, but sometimes he would think, "If only I had more money" or "If only I had less work."

One day, Won Lee was walking home from work. The sun was very hot and he was tired, so he sat down at the side of the road. He felt the heat of the sun and thought, "It's the sun that gives us the daylight, the warmth to grow our crops. Surely the sun must be the most powerful of all things."

Won Lee said quietly to himself, "God, if only I could be the sun. I would love to feel what it is like to be the most powerful, the greatest of all things."

God answered Won Lee. "You may become the sun." He said. And Won Lee became the sun. He felt wonderful; so strong and powerful. He shone down on the world far below.

After a few days, a puffy white cloud appeared in the sky. It drifted about and, when it came near Won Lee, it blotted out his rays and cast a shadow on the world. Won Lee was sad. Surely this cloud was more powerful than he? "If only I were the cloud. That would make me the greatest of all things," he said.

God heard, and again He answered: "Won Lee, you may become the cloud." So Won Lee floated about the sky feeling very grand.

One day, Won Lee saw a great black cloud coming his way. Soon it surrounded him, and he saw the black cloud dripping droplets of water. The drops fell on the earth and made a mighty river.

Won Lee thought that this black cloud must be very powerful to swallow up a cloud and turn itself into a river, so he said, "If only I were the river. How mighty I would be. Then I would be truly happy."

Again God heard and answered: "Okay. You may be the river."

So Won Lee flowed along, feeling the mighty rush of water. Then he came to a bend in the river. There was a great boulder jutting out into the river. The great boulder held the river, swirling it back on itself.

Won Lee thought, "The rock! The rock! At last I have found the mightiest of all things. If this rock can hold back the raging river, then it is the greatest. If only I were this great big rock, I would be happy."

So God made Won Lee into the boulder and he stood there, holding back the water and feeling very great and happy. Then, one day, along came a man who cut a large piece off the boulder. Won Lee was sad. No longer was he the greatest if this man could come along and cut him up.

"If only I could be the man who cut up the stone, I would surely be the greatest," Won Lee thought.

And God said to Won Lee: "But you are the Stone Cutter!"

-- Australian Scout magazine

WINTER CUB STORY

During our 1991 (Feb) winter camp, I was called to tell a story during campfire. The weather outside was bitterly cold (-25 Celsius) and the wind was howling. I hadn't given a story much thought, because I usually have one tucked away in the back of my mind for all occasions. This time I was stumped. After a couple milliseconds, the brain kicked in and the light went on. We were inside the main cabin for an indoor fire. I turned the lights down low, leaving only a small spotlight on the Wolf's head above the fireplace. I got a chair, turned it around & sat down on it backwards. The atmosphere was somber, and quiet. You could hear the wind howling outside.

-- Start of Story

Years ago, right here at this camp, a Cub pack, much like ours came out for the weekend. As with most every pack, there's always one Cub, who's much better than everyone else in his camping skills. This Pack had an exceptional Cub, who everyone looked up to, to help them out if they were having any problems. This Cub could walk farther than anyone else, catch bigger fish, make a better snow-fort to sleep in, start a fire with one match every time, could snowshoe faster than the leaders, and many more skills. Everyone would ask him for help, because he was so good. The leaders relayed on him to help teach all the Cub skills, and he did it with a smile on his face. Everyone liked him because he was so friendly.

Saturday night, he and a few of his friends decided to sleep outside in a snow fort. The Cub helped everyone to get settled, before turning in himself. The Camp Chief came out to check on them periodically, so no one would get cold. In the middle of the night, the Cub was awoken by the call to nature. He woke up a couple of his buddies to go with him, as he knew that no one should go anywhere without a buddy. His friends told him that since he was the best Cub in the pack, and knew so much, that there was no chance for something to go wrong. You all know, that flattery is great for one's ego, and this Cub was no different. He got dressed and ventured outside to one of the biffies, to complete his task.

After he had done, he got dressed again, and started back to his snow fort. But when he opened the door to the biffie, he saw that a storm had moved in. He started to return to his fort, but the tracks he had left had been blown over by the storm. He tried to find his way back, but the wind was driving the snow in his eyes and he couldn't see anything. He walked as fast as he could to where he thought the fort was, but he couldn't find it. He walked, and stumbled in the storm for what seemed a long time, when he realized he was in trouble. He remembered the first rule when lost in the winter: stop and build a fire. He found a spot to dig out a cave in a snow bank, and crawled in. He had an emergency kit with him, and quickly had a fire going.

The next morning, everyone awoke to find a clean, crisp layer of white snow had covered the camp. It didn't take long for the Cub's friends to realized that he was missing, and they ran to tell the rest of the camp. Everyone got dressed in their warmest clothes and quickly started a search party. They scoured the entire camp for hours, but couldn't find the Lost Cub. For the rest of the day, everyone searched for him. They called the police to help, but still couldn't find him. For days, search parties combed the area looking for the Cub, but he was never found.

It was a sad year for that Cub Pack. They had lost a great friend. In the Spring, they gathered again at the camp to search for the Cub's remains. Again, everyone searched everywhere, but couldn't find him.

I often walk through these woods at night, and often think about the Lost Cub. It's been said that if you are walking alone through these woods at night, you may feel a cold draft shiver down your back. It maybe the Lost Cub reminding you to get a BUDDY!

-- End of Story

I've told this story a couple other times, and have gotten the same re-action; sadness & remorse from all. It's really helped to emphasize the "buddy system" in our Pack. I still get questions from older Cubs - Was that story real? I never answer.

-- Thanks to Randy Carnduff

THE RABBI & THE SOAP MAKER

A Rabbi and a soap maker were walking along and the soap maker questioned the Rabbi by asking, "What good is religion? There's been religion for a long time, but people are still bad to each other"

The Rabbi was silent until they saw a boy who was dirty from playing in the street. The Rabbi asked the soap maker, "What good is soap? We've had soap for many, many years and people still get dirty"

The soap maker protested the comparison and insisted that the soap had to be used in order to keep people clean. "Exactly my point", said the Rabbi. "Religion", he said, "has to be applied in order to do anybody any good."

THE KOOLAMUNGA TEST

Long ago, somewhere in Africa, a little place called Koolamunga had a Scout troop but no Cub Pack. When the missionary, John Cristy, sent out word that he was going to start a pack, all the boys who were too young to be Scouts rushed over to join.

John looked out at rows and rows of faces - black, white, brown, yellow, and some so dirty you couldn't tell. It was impossible to start a pack with 40 or 50 Cubs ! "You can't be a Cub until you are eight," he said, "so would everybody younger please go home."

Nobody left. The six and seven-year-olds stood as tall as they could and tried to look tough. John realized he would have to sort them out some other way. So he told them the Cub Law. And then he said, "Next week, we will have an obstacle race. You can all come, but I shall start the pack with the 12 boys who do their best to keep the Law during the race."

A big crowd gathered on race day. The Scouts came along to help John pick his 12 Cubs. John designed an obstacle course so tough that it automatically eliminated the boys who were too young. The others had to run half a kilometer downhill to the river through prickles and a mangrove swamp with knee-deep mud. Then they had to swim across the river. On the other side, they had to climb a steep bank, go along the top, cross over the river again by a fallen tree bridge, and finally climb 300 m up the hill to the finish.

"This is not a race," John told them. "It's a test to see who can really do his best to keep the Cub Law." And he was already sorting them out. Some jabbered away and didn't listen to the rules. One put his foot over the starting line. "Ready, steady, GO!" John shouted, and off they went.

Very soon, some of them were yelling and swearing at the prickles. In the swamp, some gave up, pretending they were hurt. One boy thought he would be clever and sneak along the bank instead of swimming across the river.

A small boy caught his foot in a floating branch and thought it was a crocodile. John didn't blame him for yelling, but noticed a red-headed boy swim back to pull the branch free. Then he saw a white hand shoot out and duck a black head. That settled the white boy's chances, but the black face came up smiling and the boy swam on without complaint. On the tree bridge, there was a good deal of bumping, some by mistake and some by mistake-on-purpose.

Only 20 boys finished the race, and the first 12 home were sure they would be chosen. But the Scouts put aside those who had cheated or taken short cuts, those who had pretended to be hurt, and those who had sworn or lost their temper.

John chose only boys who had done their best to keep the Cub Law. There were 11 of them. For the 12th, he chose a boy named Peter who was watching but hadn't taken part in the race. John knew his mother was ill. She'd asked Peter to look after the younger children to make sure they didn't fall into the river, and he did it without a grumble.

And who do you think he asked to be his sixers ? He chose the red-haired boy who had turned back to help with the crocodile that wasn't a crocodile, and the black boy who came up smiling after being ducked.

And that's how the 1st Koolamunga Pack began. If you'd been there, would you have been one of the 12 chosen ?

-- Leader Magazine, January, 1989

MISCELLANEOUS STORIES

THE FARMER

There was this farmer who had many fields. And throughout all his fields, he worked very very hard at keeping all the animals away, and as such, out of his crops that he worked very very hard to plant.

And ... He was successful in keeping all the animals out. No birds, no deer, NOTHING got through all his wire fences and traps that he had set out to keep the animals out.

As time went on, this farmer got more and more lonely. So lonely as a matter of fact, that one day, he went out into his fields, held his arms out wide and called to all of the animals to come. He stood there all day and night with his arms out wide, calling to all the animals, but you know what, none of the animals came ... No, not one. ... And what was the reason none came?

All of the animals were afraid of the farmers ... new scarecrow out in the field.

-- Thanks to Brad George

HE DREW

This Poem was written by a Grade 12 Student who committed suicide some 2 weeks later.

He always wanted to explain things.

But no one cared.

So he drew.

Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything. He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky. He would lie out on the grass and look up in the sky. And it would be only him and the sky and the things inside him that needed saying. And it was after that he drew the picture. It was a beautiful picture. He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it. And he would look at it every night and think about it. And when it was dark, and his eyes were closed, he could still see it. And it was all of him. And he loved it. When he started school he brought it with him. Not to show anyone, but just to have it with him like a friend. It was funny about school. He sat in a square, brown desk. Like all the other square, brown desks. And he thought it should be red. And his room was a square brown room. Like all the other rooms. And it was tight and close. And stiff. He hated to hold the pencil and chalk, With his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor, Stiff. With the teacher watching and watching. The teacher came and spoke to him. She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys. He said he didn't like them. And she said it didn't matter. After that they drew. And he drew all yellow and it was the way he felt about morning. And it was beautiful. The teacher came and smiled at him. "What's this?" she said. "Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing? Isn't that beautiful?" After that his mother bought him a tie. And he always drew airplanes and rocket ships like everyone else. And he threw the old picture away. And when he lay alone looking at the sky, it was big and blue and all of everything. But he wasn't anymore. He was square inside And brown And his hands were stiff. And he was like everyone else. And the things inside him that needed saying didn't need it anymore. It had stopped pushing. It was crushed. Stiff. Like everything else.

-- Thanks to Heather McCaslin, Troop Scouter

SCOUTING STORIES

WEBELOS

Hear now the Webelos legend; The tale of the Webelos tribe; The tale of Akela its Chieftain.

'Hoo', called the owl in the darkness and Mowglie, the Indian boy Lay in his tipi and listened to the rustle of trees in the night.

'Boom' went the deep muffled beat of the great ceremonial drum; the braves of the tribe were convening, He wished he could answer that call.

Quick, like the flight of an arrow; Quiet, in the hush of the night; Before a great fire ring they gathered Awaiting Akela their Chief.

Here in the great council ring fire On top of the cliff there they met. Here often they come for decisions Here, too, the Great Spirit they sought.

Here they sought help from the Spirit On hunt or on warpath; in peace. Here they met their Chief Akela; Awaited his final decrees.

Now with the 'boom' of the big drum All was quiet, the night was quiet still. The great ceremonial fire, when lighted, illuminated the hill

The tom-toms began, set the rhythm, Akela stepped into the Ring. First low and slow, then ... like thunder... The beat as he danced near the fire.

Dancing with grace, full of gesture, In costume he told of his life. He told of the strength of his father, The powerful 'Arrow of Light'

'Kind Eyes' his mother, taught those things that only a mother can know. He once save her life with his arrow; His father helped fashion his bow.

The tom-toms beat on and his dance Told of trips to the forest, where wolf Taught him the ways of the wild life of the ground, of the tracks, ways to food.

Through dancing and gesture he told how he next faced the Bear and learned The meaning of Courage; and then He became a young Scout on the trail.

Akela, the Wise, closed his dance. By sign and by gesture he told How the Tribe can be strong only when The boys of the Tribe are quite strong.

He said this, 'The future is hidden But if we are strong and are brave, If we can teach our boys to be square, Our tribe will continue to be strong.'

"Let us name our tribe for the Bobcat, The Wolf and the Bear and the Scout, The Webelos Tribe we'll be called and The strongest of all we will be."

Akela thus ended his dance The beat of the tom-tom was stilled. In silence the warriors stood, Then gave the great guttural "HOW"!

The fire burned low, all was still. No sound broke the hush on the hill, Save the crackle of embers and all The mysterious half- noises of night.

The braves raised their right hand toward heaven. "Living Circle" was formed with their left. The Webelos pledge was then given; "To live and help live" was their pledge.

This, then, is the Webelos legend. This, then, is the reason they're strong. They honor the pledge which they make; "To live and help live" is their goal.

-- Arranged from the prose by Milton Klint, Salina, Kansas

AKELA'S TEST

I found this as a skit in a 1962 edition of The How To Book Of Cub Scouting. I modified it for an advancement ceremony. I changed the main character from Brave Heart to Akela. I also changed the events a little to fit the advancement ranks we had. I left it as a ceremony when I included it here. You can use it as a ceremony or change it into a story or skit.

Baloo: Akela had to pass a test to prove himself worthy of becoming chief. All the braves were given four arrows. These were special arrows, once they had been used they would shatter. They could only eat food they had caught themselves. The brave who stayed out the longest would become chief.

Akela: I walked far from camp and stopped at the side of a clearing. I waited all night for a deer to come by. I took careful aim and shot. It provided me with food for many days. Its hide provided me with clothing.

Baloo: This showed that Akela had learned the basic skills he needed. It also showed the virtue of patience. The rank of Bobcat indicates the Cub Scout has learned the basic skills. Will _____ come up and join us by the campfire. Your parents will join you later. _____ has earned his (their) Bobcat badge(s).

Akela: I walked along the trail near the stream. There, I came upon a friend laying in the trail. He had used up all his arrows and was starving. I saw a squirrel in a nearby tree. I wanted to save my arrows for bigger game, but my friend was starving. So, I shot the squirrel for my friend.

Baloo: This showed Akela had learned the value of friendship and that he was unselfish. The Wolf badge indicates the Cub Scout has learned new things as he travels the trail of Scouting. Will _____ come up and join us by the campfire. _____ has earned his (their) Wolf badge(s).

Akela: As I followed the trail by the stream, I came face to face with a huge bear. It growled and started running toward me. I strung my bow, took careful aim and when he was near I shot and killed him. He provided me with food for many more days. His heavy coat provided me with shelter from the cold nights.

Baloo: This showed Akela is brave. This is also why honor the Cubs at the next level of accomplishment with the Bear badge. Will _____ come up and join us by the campfire. _____ has earned his (their) Bear badge(s).

Akela: The meet from the bear lasted for many days, but soon I had to continue on to search for more food. I came upon a wolf that had just killed a deer. The wolf saw me and ran off. I was hungry, but I had promised to only eat food I had killed, so I continued on.

Baloo: This showed Akela's honesty. To earn the Webelos badge, the Cub Scout must learn the Boy Scout law which includes honesty. Will _____ come up and join us by the campfire. _____ has earned his (their) Webelos badge(s).

Akela: I was many days from our camp. I needed food to give me the strength to make it back to camp. So, I tracked the wolf I had seen before. I took my last arrow, took careful aim and missed. I was scared because I had no food or arrows. As I started back to camp, I prayed to the great spirit. Suddenly, I saw the arrow; it was still whole. I followed the wolf's trail again. I took aim and shot him. I now had enough food to return home.

Baloo: Akela learned that sometimes you have to ask for help. Our Cub Scouts sometimes need help also. Their parents provide that help. So, will the parents please come up and stand behind their sons.

-- Thanks to Rick Clements, Cubmaster, Pack 225

STORY TELLING

These are general guidelines to try. It will take some trial and error to find what works for you. I've seen things work great for someone, but I have been unable to make them work. I have been able to adapt them and make them work.

WHEN TO TELL STORIES

The following suggestions are from Blair Madore.

- Only do it at camp, and not all the time. It keeps them wanting more.
- Never repeat a story. Never read a story (exception: the diary story that was posted earlier- great idea!). [At Webelos Resident Camp, I saw a story read with very good results. It was Cub Scouts by Patrick F. McManus. This is an other case of what works for you.]
- Wait for it to be very dark and the campfire to be nothing but embers. Insist on complete silence. When the story is over end the campfire. Send the scouts to bed immediately (or after a quick mug up).
- Never tell them "it's just a story". If they ask if it's true, try lines like "What do you think?"

CHOOSING A STORY

You can write your own story, use one that's written or modify a story that's written. But, the final story needs to fit both you and your audience. As the workbook The Entertaining Speaker from Toastmasters International says, "It should suit your personal style and outlook on life. If you aren't comfortable with a story or a set of funny lines, your material won't go over well as part of an entertaining speech."

If you are writing an entertaining story, your personal experiences are a good starting point, but you don't have to stick to the facts. You can stretch the facts, combine different events or even modify a joke to fit. Also, a story doesn't have to be funny to be entertaining; the ghost stories and the "Winter Cub Story" are entertaining by being dramatic.

If you are using an existing story, the workbook Storytelling from Toastmasters International offers the following points to consider.

- The age of the audience. Are your listeners adults, teenagers or children? Different age groups prefer different types of stories.
- The type of audience. Are your listeners boys, girls, men women?
- The social and intellectual levels of your listeners. Generally, younger children enjoy stories with plot and action. Older children and adults like stories with more humor and interplay with characters. All ages enjoy rhythm and movement of event in stories. Stories should be well paced, with few slow and no dull spots.

You also need to consider how your story will fit with other events. For example, if the story will be used at the beginning of a campfire, it should have a lot of excitement and energy. If the story will be used near the end, it should be quieter and more thoughtful.

Stories are usually better told than acted out. If you act them out they become more of a skit. I had the instructor at Pow Wow (a Cub Scout leader training session) tell us that it's better to just stand than incorporate any movement. My experience tends not to agree with that; gestures -- if they are natural -- add to the story.

The gestures also depend on the audience. A friend of mine, who is a seminary student, said he was taught that elementary school age children like more gestures and movement. That agrees with the following statement from Gestures: Your Body Speaks from Toastmasters International.

You may, on occasion, have to adapt your gestures to fit the size and nature of your audience. The larger the audience, the broader and slower your gestures should be. Young audiences are usually attracted to a speaker who uses vigorous gestures, but older, more conservative groups may feel irritated or threatened by a speaker whose physical actions are too powerful.

Shaggy Dog Stories

From the MacScouter Scouting Resources Online site @ www.macscouter.com

Dogs in the Wild West

One hot and dry day in the Wild West, this dog walks into a saloon and says, "Gimme a beer". Evidently this type of thing wasn't too rare 'round those parts because the bartender said, "I'm sorry, but we don't serve dogs here." The dog then took out a silver dollar, dropped it on the bar, and said, "Look, I got money, and I want a beer." This scene had the potential to get ugly. The bartender, getting a little irate, said one more time, "We do not serve dogs here. Please leave." The dog growled, so the bartender pulled out a gun and shot the dog in the foot! The dog yelped, and ran out the door.

The next day, the swinging bar doors were tossed open and in walks the dog that had been in the saloon the day before. He was dressed all in black. A black cowboy hat, a black vest, three black cowboy boots and one black bandage. The dog looks around, waits for the talking to quiet down, and says, "I'm lookin' fer the man who shot my paw."

-- Thanks to Steve Poggio, steve.poggio@channel1.com

The Very Special Bus

There once was this man who was looking for a job. He applied for a bus driver's job at the county board of education. The head of the school board granted him an interview. During the interview the man was told there was only one bus driver job left, the one that drove the special education bus. The man said he would take the job but the school official asked that he look at the bus first. They went outside down a row of yellow school buses and at the end was a small van with Sesame Street characters painted all over it. The man was a little reluctant at first but the official told him all the kids would be at the bus stops and all he had to do was pick them up in the morning and take them home in the evening. The man need the job badly so he took it.

The first day on the job he comes to the bus stop and there is a little girl standing there who is very fat. She gets on the bus and the driver says, "Hi! What's your name?" The girl replies, "My name is Patty" and takes a seat. He comes to the next stop and there is another little girl there who is fatter than the first. She gets on the bus and the driver asks, "What your name?". She says "My name is Patty" then takes a seat by the first girl.

At the next stop there is a little boy standing there. When he gets on the bus he says, "Hi I'm Ross and I'm special." At the next stop there is another little boy standing there and when asked his name he says, "Hi I'm Lester Cheatum". Lester takes the seat behind the driver, pulls off his shoes. He starts picking the loose skin on his bunyons and throwing it at the driver. This being the last stop, the driver takes the group of special kits to school.

This same scene happens every day for a week. On Friday the driver goes into the superintendent's office and say, "I quit! I can't take it anymore!" When asked why the driver says, "Every day it's the same thing! Two obese Patty's, special Ross, Lester Cheatum picking bunyons on a Sesame Street bus".

-- Thanks to John Sugg, OPP00JS@AUDUCADM.DUC.AUBURN.EDU

Dances with Cucumbers

May 5, 1863 -- Here on the frontier, I sometimes wonder if the ancients were right. With no other friendly face within 150 miles, it seems as if I have fallen off the edge of the Earth.

I spend my time now reading what books I have and cultivating my patch of cucumbers (which I brought back from the Holy Land, cf. Prince_of_Thieves). The "purpose" of this fort, to hold back the Indians, has fallen away with my civilized veneer.

May 7, 1863 -- This morning I had an interesting and silent encounter. One of the tribe of Indians nearby watched me perform my morning tasks and then left without a word. I am excited by the prospect of contact with the natives of the area.

May 20, 1863 -- I have finally convinced the Indians to parlay with me. I taught them the word for "fort", feeling that it would be simple enough for them to learn. They in turn taught me the Indian word "titonka", apparently a small but tough, powerfully merchandised horseless carriage of metal construction. I envy these people their simplicity.

June 7, 1863 -- Today I visited the Indians' village. It is on one of the many flat-topped plateaus in the area. As the decline of the buffalo proceeds, so too does this Indian tribe face decline. I will try to teach them agriculture.

They have also told me their name for themselves. It is "Anasazi"... which apparently means "people called Anasazi" in their language. I am called by them "Stinchapecsal" which means "he who should bathe more regularly".

July 8, 1863 -- A rude awakening. The Indians are fully aware of agriculture and in fact have nothing to do with the buffalo (what kind of nomadic tribe would build a village on a mesa?); unfortunately, they are suffering a drought.

Knowing a remedy, I have told them to dig a ditch from the nearby stream up the mountainside to their mesa-top fields. In the meantime, I am pickling my cucumbers.

July 20, 1863 -- The drought is desperate, but the ditch is finished and my pickles are ready. I am lining the ditch with pickles. The Anasazi are doubtful, but I have promised them results in the morning.

July 21, 1863 -- Success! The stream has been diverted and now flows up the mountainside to the Anasazi fields. Amazed by this seeming magic, I told them that it was simply a well-known fact in my world. After all, everyone knows that "dill waters run steep".

-- Thanks to Steven Andrew Wolfman, saw1@acpub.duke.edu

The Bush Pilot

A British bush pilot is flying on a job through the Australian outback when he encounters engine problems and is forced to make a crash landing. He survives, but is found unconscious and is taken to a local mission hospital which is run by the Sisters of Mercy. Upon awakening, he is greeted by the mother superior who advises him where he is and asks if there is anything he wants. He replies, "I am a bit thirsty...could I have a cup of tea?" to which the mother superior says, "I'm terribly sorry, but our supply truck is late and we are out of regular tea. However, we do have a sort of native drink that is brewed from koala hides." the pilot thinks awhile and replies, "Well, I just have to have my cuppa...you can bring me that, thanks."

The nun leaves and returns in a few minutes with a steaming cup. The pilot takes the cup gratefully, but upon taking a sip, instantly gags and spits it out. "This tea is filled with hair!", he exclaims disgustedly.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry!"

The nun replies, "I forgot to tell you: The koala tea of mercy is not strained!"

-- Thanks to Bill Snedden, bsnedden@aol.com

Buford at the Bank

Buford, a fairly handsome Southern Bullfrog, hops into a bank lobby one day, brief case neatly tucked under his right foreleg. Buford hops up to the first open teller window and sits down in front of a teller, Miss Mary Greene. He announces, "I need a loan."

Miss Greene, not wanting to look too uncool with this frog talking to her, pauses only briefly to reflect on this situation, then says, "Well, the Everglades Savings and Loan doesn't usually give loans to amphibians."

Quickly opening the brief case, Buford produces construction permits and blueprints. Showing them to Miss Greene, he says, "But I need a loan. You see I have this construction project in mind. Down in the swamp, we need affordable housing for all my in-laws and out-laws. I have the permits. Freddy, an architect newt friend of mine has drawn up the plans. Everything is approved and in order. So you see, all I need is the financing."

For Miss Greene, this is getting stranger by the moment. It isn't enough that there is this talking frog only inches in front of her, but now he is talking about plans, permits and a newt architect. Just before she loses it completely, Miss Greene blurts out, "I can't help you. You must see our loan officer, Miss Black. Wait here for a moment and I'll get her."

Miss Greene is gone for a while. After several minutes of animated conversation at the other side of the bank she returns with the loan officer. "Hello, I'm Miss Patricia Black, the Loan Officer here. How can I help you?" Well, Buford goes through his speech once again, tells her about the plans and permits, about the housing and his friend Freddy the newt architect. Thinking she could put an end to this foolishness quickly, Miss Black asks, "What do you have to put up for collateral for a loan? You must have something of value to mortgage against a loan like this."

Buford digs into his brief case once more. "I have this!" he exclaims as he draws forth a crystal trinket on a silver chain. "I can't give you a loan based on this THING," Miss Black says, pointing at Buford's treasure. Buford begs. He pleads. Finally, Buford demands to see the bank manager. Miss Greene, the teller, leaves for a moment to get the bank manager. Another animated conversation ensues at the other side of the bank. The manager comes over and asks "What's the problem, Miss Black?" "Well, Mr. Brown..." and the Loan Manager explains that the frog wants to take out a loan, to construct housing in the swamp for his in-laws and out-laws and he has plans and permits, but all he has is this trinket as collateral. The manager bemused by this whole situation, takes the trinket in hand, examines it carefully, then hands it back to Buford saying, "It's a knick knack, Patty Black. Give the frog a loan."

-- Thanks to Kevin Doyle , and elaborated by Gary Hendra

Let's try that one again...

A frog walks/hops into a bank, and asks to see someone about applying for a loan.

"Oh, Mr. Paddywack will be glad to help you," says the teller, looking down at the frog rather dubiously. "Just have a seat at that desk over there, and he'll be right with you."

So the frog sits down, and presently, the loan officer comes over. "Good day, sir, how may I help you?" he says, raising an eyebrow.

"I need a loan," says the frog, "I want to do some renovations on my lillypond."

"Well..." says the loan officer, "we are not in the practice of approving loans for amphibians..." he said condescendingly, looking over the rims of his hornrimmed glasses.

"But why not?" exclaims the frog, "I've got an excellent credit record! I've never been late on my visa payment!"

The loan officer sighs. "Sir, I'm afraid we would need some type of collateral, and I'm-"

"But I've got it!" exclaims the frog. "I've got an extensive collection of hummels I can use as collateral-"

"I'm sorry," cuts in the loan officer, "but I don't think we'll be able to help you," he begins, but just then his supervisor comes up behind the desk.

"What seems to be the problem?" he says to the loan officer.

"Uh, um, Sir, this fro- um, gentleman, wanted to obtain a loan," says the loan officer, "but I've been trying to tell him that we can't-"

"I've got a hummel as collateral!" the frog breaks in.

"What in the world is a hummel???" says the loan officer condescendingly.

The supervisor looks exasperated. "It's a nick-nack, Paddywack! Give the frog a loan!"

-- Thanks to the Giant Panda, Tony Quon, quon@hg.uleth.ca

Soviet Ingenuity

So the Soviets got sick of buying wheat from the Americans and began to spend millions on research into grains. Finally U.S. intelligence found out that the Soviet scientists had developed a new grain that yielded twice the harvest of conventional wheat and grew in half the time. Several agents died before it was discovered that the new grain was called "Krilk". The CIA was panicked! Without the Soviet dependency on American grains the security of the West could be forever compromised.

Congress quickly convened and appropriated several hundred million dollars for the CIA to send up spy satellites over Russia to learn the secrets of Krilk. Finally, after several years, the satellites began to send back images of the factory deep in the Soviet Union that was processing the Krilk. The CIA sent in over a hundred agents. None returned. The process remained a secret. The satellites were next to useless because they could only see the outside of the building, not the actual milling of the harvests. Finally the Soviet Ambassador in Washington sent a message to the President of the U.S. to let him know that all further attempts to learn the secrets would be futile.

The message read...."You are wasting your money. Everyone knows that it's no use spying over milled Krilk!"

-- Thanks to Steve Poggio, steve.poggio@channel1.com

A Long Way to Go...

It came to pass that a very poor peasant was down to his last meal.

Deciding he could no longer live in squalor, he decide to sell the only thing he owned... his talking mule. This was no ordinary Francis type of talking mule, this one could tell jokes and sing and keep the local townspeople very happy. With much regret, the peasant sets off to the big city to sell his mule. He sets up on a street corner and the mule draws an immediate crowd. The mule is so funny that the crowds can't remain standing because they're laughing so hard. Finally, a man comes up to the peasant and says "I'm a talent scout for The Tonight Show. I MUST have your mule for our show." Unfortunately, the talent scout had just been pickpocketed, and had lost his wallet. The only thing of value he had was a subway token. He convinced the peasant to trade the mule for the "Magic Token of Good Fortune" and secured the mule. On the way home, the peasant realized that he had been taken, and he was broken hearted. He used his subway token to get him to the edge of the city. When he put the token in the slot, alarms went off and he was notified that he was the 1 billionth rider of the subway, and that he just won 50 million dollars.

Meanwhile, the Mule was so funny that he took over Jay's job, and eventually put Dave, Conan, John and every other late nighter out of business. The Morale of the story: A Mule that is funny is soon bartered.

-- Thanks to David Stribling

The King's Throne

In the deep forests of equatorial Africa, two rival tribes were constantly trying to outdo each other. Since they shared a common hunting area, one might set up fake prey decoys in order to have the other waste their time in useless locations while the first would then be able to hunt the better area with out having to worry about having their catch stolen at the last minute. At other times, they might kidnap a member of the rival tribe, and paint embarrassing pictures on the captive's body before releasing him(her) back to his own tribe.

The two tribes were mostly non-violent, choosing to avoid war, although skirmishes did result when one side or the other was seen as crossing the line past acceptable competition. On such occasions the two tribal Kings would meet to personally resolve the matter and even administer discipline if required.

On one occasion, a group of warriors of one tribe stole the throne of the other tribe's King. Although this throne was big and heavy, they dragged it through the forest to their own village and displayed it in the tribal gathering structure where the village held its ceremonial meetings and celebrations. The local King was very pleased with the prank, but was jealous of his rival having a bigger and better throne than he did. He knew

that if the throne was not returned in a couple of days, the rival King would visit to retrieve the throne and demand the guilty parties be punished. On the other hand, he wanted to keep the throne for himself. The council agreed that the throne could be hidden in the rafters of their ceremonial house until the other tribe gave up looking for it; leaving the local King to claim it as his own in time. To celebrate this great achievement and their clever plan, a party was thrown in the ceremonial house that evening. While the party was in progress in the building, the heavy weight of the throne stowed in the rafters caused the whole edifice to collapse injuring many of the tribesmen inside. The rival King arrived and uncovered the whole plan, prompting him to remove the throne and to discipline the local King for participating in the theft.

The moral of the story is that people who live in grass houses, shouldn't stow thrones.

-- Thanks to Elmer Thiessen, elmer_thiessen@MINDLINK.BC.CA

Roy Rogers and the Cougar

There was this western town whose ranchers were being bothered by a cougar. This cougar had attacked the ranchers livestock on many occasions. The ranchers in this town hired the famous Roy Rogers to lead a posse to track down this cougar and kill him.

Roy lead this posse wearing his brand new alligator skin boots. he had just acquired them as was very proud of the way they looked.

After tracking the cougar for a number of days, they finally came upon him. Roy took a shot but missed, letting the cougar get away. That night the posse set up camp. While everyone was sleeping, the cougar attacked the campsite, but was chased off without anyone getting hurt. Unfortunately in the foray, the cat did destroy Roy alligator skin boots.

Roy was very upset about losing his new boots. He rode back to town (which was painful without boots), got an old pair of boots, and went out after the cougar by himself. After a few days of tracking, he caught up with the cougar. He picked up his rifle, aimed, and with one shot, killed the cougar.

He placed the cougar on the back of the horse and rode back to town with it. As the ranchers in town saw the carcass on the back of the horse

they came out and cheered Roy's success. As he rode up in front of the hotel, surrounded by cheering ranchers and townfolk, Dale Evans came out of the hotel and asked, "Pardon me, Roy, is that the cat that chewed your new shoes?"

-- Thanks to Marc W. Solomon, msolomon@tek1.tekniq.com

During the French Revolution

During the French Revolution, the "common people" were intent on ridding themselves of all vestiges of the Royalty and nobility. The Reign of Terror ensued and all nobility was hunted down. Some were allowed to leave the country, however most were executed at the guillotine. One nobleman in particular had sent his family into hiding in hopes of saving them. Soon he was caught. The crowd searched in vain for his family, but they were well hidden. Threats were made but he always replied, "I'll never tell!". Finally the crowd dragged him to the guillotine and offered to let he and his family leave the country if he would only disclose their location. Again he replied "I'll never tell!". They dragged him up onto the platform next to the horrible machine and asked him again. Still he replied "I'll never tell!". They laid his neck across the cutting board and asked him once more. Again he replied "I'll never tell!". They slowly hoisted the blade and again asked for the location of his family. Weakly he replied " I'll never tell". They waited to see if his resolve would fail, he remained silent. Just as the executioner pulled the release and the blade began to fall the Count called out "Wait, I'll tell, I'll t....."

The moral to this story, don't hatchet your Count before he chickens!

-- Thanks to Frank Brown, BrownF-CIC-TI@micmac.redstone.army.mil

Sir Lancelot's Mission

King Arthur sends Sir Lancelot out on an important mission to deliver a message to the king of Spain. It is a long distance, and Lancelot looks in the Kingdom for a good horse to take him there. His own horse is sick, and all he can find is an old mare, but, since he has to leave quickly, he takes the mare.

About 3 days out of the Kingdom, Lancelot realizes his mistake. The horse gets tired and appears to be going lame. He finally makes it to a small village and gets to the Inn. He goes up to the Innkeeper and explains his problem. That is, he needs a good horse so that he can fulfill his mission to deliver the message for the king. The Innkeeper replies that this is only a small village, and most of the horses around are not up to the task. He is welcome to look around, however, and if he can find anything, he is certainly welcome to it.

Lancelot looks around the village, and true as the Innkeeper has said, no good horse is to be found. As Lancelot is about to give up, he comes across a stable boy carting some feed. He asks the stable boy if there is any beast of burden in the village that he can use to fulfill his mission. The stable boy thinks for a minute, and starts to reply no, but then says, go see if Old Mange in the barn can help you.

Lancelot goes over to the barn expecting to find a horse. What he finds is a very large dog: almost as large as a pony. The dog is a mess, however. It is mangy, parts of its fur are falling off, and it is full of fleas. Lancelot is desperate at this point, and he looks it over carefully. It does, however, appear to be strong enough to take him to Spain (which is only 3 days away at this point).

Lancelot goes back to the Innkeeper, and acknowledges that he cannot find a horse in the village that he can use. He says, however that this dog, Old Mange, might be able to take him most (if not all) of the way to his destination. The Innkeeper hears this, stiffens up, and says : Sir. I wouldn't send a Knight out on a dog like that.

-- Thanks to Steve Jacobson, sajjac@winternet.com

Farmer Jones and the Big Quake

On a bright and sunny morning in May, Farmer Jones went out to plow his fields. He led old Bessie, his plow horse, out of the barn and hitched her up to the plow. The aroma of newly plowed earth wafted behind him as he produced a ruler straight furrow across the field. Suddenly his reverie was broken as a strong earthquake struck. As the ground shook beneath his feet, he fell to his knees. His plow fell over almost on top of him, as did old Bessie. But, beyond the fence in the next field, the bull remained standing.

Farmer Jones stood, dusted himself off, and grabbed the reins to right old Bessie. He pulled the plow upright, hitched up the horse again and began to plow. Shaken somewhat by the strange experience, the furrow began to zig a little from side to side as Bessie pulled the plow blade through the fertile ground. After only a few seconds a strong aftershock rolled through the farm. Again it was strong enough to knock Farmer Jones from his feet, topple his plow, and with a loud protest, drive old Bessie to the ground. This time the farmer looked back across the field toward the house and noticed that the goats and cows had fallen over, too But, beyond the fence in the next field, the bull remained standing.

Shaken and puzzled, Farmer Jones picked himself up and dusted off his overalls. Righting the horse and plow, he quieted old Bessie as best he could. She seemed more rattled by all this that he was. As strong as the two earthquakes were, Farmer Jones could not understand how the bull remained standing. So he started toward the other field to see if he could find out what was going on with the bull. As he crossed the field, and climbed through the fence into the field where the bull stood, a very strong aftershock struck -- much worse than either of the preceding earthquakes -- putting him on the ground flat on his face. Looking behind himself he saw Old Bessie and the plow had fallen down again. Down toward the house the goats and cows had fallen down again. In fact, this aftershock was so strong that the chickens had fallen over as well. The front porch on the farmhouse had crashed down and the walls looked as though they would not last much longer. But, only a few feet away from him, the bull remained standing.

He picked himself up, dusted off, and without bothering to right either horse or plow, marched toward the bull. Shaken to the core, puzzled and angry, Farmer Jones shouted, demanding to know why everything on the farm had been knocked over by the earthquakes and the bull had remained on his feet. Much to Farmer Jones' astonishment, the bull replied, "We bulls wobble, but we don't fall down!"

--Thanks to Kyna & Gary Hendra, hendra@macscouter.com

The Doctor's Drink

It seems there was a friendly little bar right next to a medical training hospital in the big city. Many of the doctors and nurses would stop in there on their way home, after long shifts in the hospital. One day, a local college student named Gina, intent on earning book money for the next term, came into the bar looking for a job as an evening bartender. As it happened, one of the bartenders had just quit, providing the needed open position. The owner was quite happy to give her the position and began her training that evening.

As she was being briefed about the "regulars", the subject of one of the more unusual doctors came up. Every day, at the end of his shift, one particular Doctor Avery came in for a rather unusual drink. He always ordered a Walnut Daiquiri. A Walnut Daiquiri is a strange drink -- not the kind of fruity drink one would expect. It was thought the good doctor must have invented it for himself, finding some special pleasure in the taste of walnuts.

A few days later Doctor Avery arrived just as the new bartender, Gina, was going on duty. When queried as to his desired libation, as expected, the doctor ordered a Walnut Daiquiri. The bar tender set about making the daiquiri, and discovered to her horror that there were no walnuts to be found. She quickly searched behind the bar, the refrigerators and in the back room. Nothing! She was in a fix -- she wanted to keep Doctor Avery as a good customer, and didn't want him to complain to her boss. Thinking quickly, she searched once again for something to substitute. Finding another nut ... figuring that this was a weird drink to begin with, and after a long day, the doctor wouldn't notice, anyway.

Setting the drink before the doctor, she could see a certain relief come over the him, as at the end of a hard day, he anticipated the refreshment that awaited him. The doctor raised the glass to his lips, took a big swallow, and coughing and sputtering, demanded to know if she were attempting to poison him. "Young lady, exactly WHAT is this you have just given me?" he demanded. Putting on her best innocent face, Gina the new bartender replied, "Well, that's a Hickory Daiquiri, Doc!"

--Thanks to Kyna & Gary Hendra, hendra@macscouter.com

Yes Men

OK, you know that in Hollywood, every movie producer has his "Yes Man" whose job is to follow the producer around and say, "Yes, CB", "Right, CB" and so on. Well, one of these Yes Men got depressed, so down in fact that he was unable to function. So he consulted a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist quickly determined the problem, and told the Yes Man that he just had to find a release for his negative feelings, and say "No."

"But if I said 'no' I'd get fired!" The yes man protested.

The psychiatrist said, "Oh, I don't mean on the job, I mean go out to the Grand Canyon and find a ledge off the trail, and there you can yell 'NO!' to your heart's content and no one will be the wiser."

Well, the Yes Man decided to try it. He went to the Grand Canyon and found a spot off the trail, and stood there and very timidly said, "no." It felt good, so he tried it a little louder, "No." Even better! soon he was shouting "NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!!!!" at the top of his lungs and feeling great.

He went back to work a changed man, and said "Yes!" with all the proper enthusiasm, because on the weekend he could escape to the Grand Canyon and say "NO!" Other Yes men decided to try this also, and soon every weekend the Grand Canyon was crammed with Yes Men shouting "NO!"

A new Yes Man came to Hollywood, and he too felt the need of such a release, but when he tried to find a ledge in the Grand Canyon, all of them seemed to be taken. He hunted and hunted, but everywhere he found was already taken by another Yes Man.

Finally he found a small ledge which had been overlooked because of its size. Thankfully he scurried out on it and stood there and said "No." It felt great! So he wound up and released an enormous "NO!" and in so doing lost his balance and fell to his death. Which just goes to prove that a little No Ledge can be a dangerous thing.

-- Thanks to Hugh R Jochan and Steven Andrew Wolfman, saw1@acpub.duke.edu

Ft. Worth Zoo Finds Extraordinary Talent in Ordinary Gnu

Ft. Worth - The Ft. Worth Zoo today has an animal which may be the rival of Co-Co the gorilla. Maddie the Gnu was to be moved to her new home in the Zoo this morning, but until the Gnu's Pen could be readied, Richard Leak, the Zoo's African Fauna expert, advised leaving Maddie in the bathroom. The bathroom had been almost complete except for tiling the floor. This morning the floor was completely tiled.

Zoo officials insist that no one was in that bathroom all night except the wildebeast. If that is true, the Wildebeast managed to tile 350 sq. feet of public bathroom in one night. "These animals have capabilities we simply cannot know," was Richard Leak's comment on the subject.

Leak also lent some insight on the circumstances of the animal's arrival: "[The Fort Worth Zoo] had recently been given a large donation to make 'real wildlife' accessible to the public, so I was asked to find ... perfectly average animals for the zoo. This was supposed to be an absolutely typical wildebeast."

The bathroom mentioned is a large public bathroom adjacent to the gnu's living area. The new marble tiling for which Maddie is purportedly responsible was described as "excellent, an incredible job" by the professional tiler who arrived today to do the job.

Both the new bathroom and the new animals are being funded by the same grant from Telco Corporation's president and CEO, Linda Skarst. Ms. Skarst is a wildlife activist and felt that exposure to real animals in their natural environments would encourage children to become comfortable with wild animals.

When asked if Maddie could still qualify as an average representative of her species after this incident, Ms. Skarst replied, "Oh, yes! This just proves that Maddie is ... a typical gnu and a tiler, too."

-- Thanks to Hugh R Jochn and Steven Andrew Wolfman, saw1@acpub.duke.edu

Rabbi Liebner in the Valley of the Treads

On the topic of celestial guidance, Rabbi Liebner has something of an odd contribution...

The town of Treadville was small but prosperous and lay in a high valley surrounded by higher mountains. The Treads (for that is what they named themselves) were wealthy enough to love more than work and humble enough to make more than money. Little disturbed their peace until a late autumn night.

On that night, the Treads beheld a small but bright light gleaming from the top of a neighboring mountain. Curious in their ease, they soon decided to climb the mountain -- the highest of those around -- to discover the source of the light.

None arrived at the summit. At a point about halfway to the peak an extension of the mountain, seamless in the granite and shaped like an immense foot, lurched from the slope and hurled the luckless climbers from the slope. Strangely, few were harmed by the fall, but none reached the peak.

And so for years, decades, and then centuries the Treads wondered what could be the source of that radiant glow? Then, one day, one Rabbi Liebner entered the village and learned of the mystery of Tread Valley. The Rabbi was fascinated by the story and felt the touch of God in its weave. That night he watched the light and knew. He knew that he had been chosen to seek its source.

The Treads were not jealous of their mysteries; they invited the Rabbi to climb the peak the next day... and made all preparations for his inevitable fall. Thus, he set out.

That afternoon, Rabbi Liebner reached Foot's Fall, the point where the mountain made its wishes known..... and nothing happened. The Rabbi continued upwards to the cheers of the town; at sunset he reached the summit.

There, on the mountain's brow, he stumbled to a halt. Before him stood a brilliant temple bathed in celestial light, encircled by a holy sheen. Rabbi Liebner was awed. Finally, he summoned the strength to murmur a question and a prayer.

"Oh Lord, thank you for this vision! But why have I been chosen to surmount this peak? Why not the good people of Treadville in the many years they have tried?"

And to his eternal joy, the Rabbi heard in a thunderous voice from heaven, "Silly Rabbi, kicks are for Treads."

The Mosquito

The other night my wife yelled from the bathroom that there was a strange bug flying around in there. She had just started to get her bath and get ready for bed. Sometimes she likes to burn scented candles while relaxing and this was one of those times. I came in and spotted a mosquito that was flitting around

the light. It had been trapped in a spider/cob web and was still dangling a piece of web from its body. This is what made it look so strange. Anyhow, I picked up a slipper and started to swat the thing. Well I missed as usual and asked my wife to hand me the fly swatter. I made one more swipe then yelled "never mind." I had contacted on the last swing and knocked the mosquito into the candle flame. There was a puff of smoke and the candle went out. She asked if I got it. I picked up a pair of tweezers and lifted the dead bug out of the melted wax and candle wick. As I held it up I said "Yeah...I waxed the little sucker." --Thanks to Randy Crowe

The Chicken in the Library

A librarian is working away at her desk when she notices that a chicken has come into the library and is patiently waiting in front of the desk. When the chicken sees that it has the librarian's attention, it squawks, "Book, book, book, BOOK!"

The librarian complies, putting a couple of books down in front of the chicken. The chicken quickly grabs them and disappears.

The next day, the librarian is again disturbed by the same chicken, who puts the previous day's pile of books down on the desk and again squawks, "Book, book, book, BOOK!"

The librarian shakes her head, wondering what the chicken is doing with these books, but eventually finds some more books for the chicken. The chicken disappears.

The next day, the librarian is once again disturbed by the chicken, who squawks (in a rather irritated fashion, it seems), "Book, book, book, BOOK!" By now, the librarian's curiosity has gotten the better of her, so she gets a pile of books for the chicken, and follows the bird when it leaves the library. She follows it through the parking lot, down the street for several blocks, and finally into a large park. The chicken disappears into a small grove of trees, and the librarian follows. On the other side of the trees is a small marsh. The chicken has stopped on the side of the marsh. The librarian, now really curious, hurries over and sees that there is a small frog next to the chicken, examining each book, one at a time. The librarian comes within earshot just in time to hear the frog saying, "Read it, read it, read it..."

-- Thanks to Tony Quon, QUON@HG.ULETH.CA

The Page

Once upon a time there was a large and prosperous Kingdom run by a wise and powerful King. Then disaster struck in the form of a strange plague, which caused people to sicken and die horribly within a few weeks. The population of the Kingdom was declining rapidly. All the physicians in the land were called to the Kingdom, but none of them had any idea of what to do about this new disease.

The oldest of the physicians said that he had once heard that many years ago, when his grandfather was a boy, the Kingdom had been struck by just such a mysterious sickness. The pestilence had been ended with a magic potion prepared by an old sorceress. It was said that she was still alive, but her home was in the middle of the Dark Forest.

"The Dark Forest!" everyone gasped. They all knew that the Dark Forest was the most dangerous place in the region. Perhaps the most dangerous place in the entire world, for in the Dark Forest lived the Yellow Fingers, which grabbed any traveler who entered and would squeeze him to death. But no one could come up with another plan to save the Kingdom, so it was decided that someone had to defy the Yellow Fingers and find the ancient sorceress in the middle of the Dark Forest.

The King called his bravest Knight and explained the situation. Without hesitation, the brave Knight marched off into the forest ... and was never heard from again.

The King then called his second bravest Knight. The second bravest Knight hesitated for a moment before going into the fatal forest. But once he went in ... and was never heard from again.

So the King called his third and fourth bravest Knights, who took a bit more persuading. None of them ever returned from the forest. Finally the remaining Knights, who were not very brave at all, went into hiding.

The King was reduced to a state of despair. Then one of the King's young pages, came to him and offered to go into the Dark Forest and get the magic potion from the old sorceress.

The King was touched by the boy's foolish bravery, but he said, "Don't you realize that the Dark Forest is the home of the Yellow Fingers, and that many of my bravest Knights have perished there?"

The boy said that he knew all about it, but he was still quite sure that he would be able to accomplish his mission. In the end the King reluctantly agreed to let the page go. He was so desperate that he didn't know what else to do.

The Page walked off into the Dark Forest, and the King confidently expected never to see him again. Therefore the King was not merely surprised but very nearly hysterical with joy when, two days later, the Page came walking out of the Dark Forest clutching the formula for the magic potion that would save the Kingdom.

"How did you do it?" cried the King

The page just smiled, and said, "From now on let your Pages do the walking through the Yellow Fingers."

-- Thanks to Merl Whitebook, Troop 1, Tulsa, Okla

A Tale of Two Pets

I remember it was about that time that Jim Sloane used to work in our Finance Branch. Now that was a character. He was, in my opinion, an unusual individual who was interested in some rather exotic subjects. The most unusual thing about him was his pet, (rumoured to have been captured somewhere in Africa) which reminded me of a piece of granite with eyes, which he called Teddy. Teddy typically just sat there, doing nothing, but sometimes it lifted a lower edge and sucked in powdered sugar. That was all it ate. No one ever saw it move, but every once in a while it wasn't where people thought it was. There was a theory that it moved when no one was looking.

Bob Laverty, a Management Services employee, constantly ridiculed poor Teddy, saying mean and nasty things about it. Laverty's pet looked like an iguana, and to me, at least, was the ugliest looking thing that you would ever want to see. He called this 'iguana' by the unlikely name of Dolly.

Well, one day Sloane had had enough of these comments, and challenged Laverty to a race. His Teddy against Laverty's Dolly. And to make things a bit more interesting, he suggested a rather hefty wager on the outcome, which Laverty quickly agreed to. Soon everyone got into the act. Every one of them bet on Dolly. At least it moved. Sloane covered it all. He'd been saving his salary for some time (for some exotic project, no doubt) and put every penny of it on Teddy. The race course was set in the basement garage. At one end, two bowls were set out, one with powdered sugar for Teddy, and another with ground meat for Dolly. Dolly started off at once and began moving along the floor slowly toward the meat. All in attendance cheered it on.

Teddy just sat there without budging.

"Sugar, Teddy. Sugar." said Sloane, pointing. Teddy did not move. It looked more like a rock than ever, but Sloane did not seem concerned.

Finally, when Dolly had 'ran' half-way across the garage, Sloane said casually to Teddy, "If you don't get out there, Teddy, I'm going to get a hammer and chip you into pebbles."

That was when people realized how truly different Teddy was. Sloane had no sooner made his threat when Teddy just disappeared from its place and re-appeared smack on top of the sugar.

Sloane won, of course, and he counted his winnings slowly and luxuriously.

Laverty said bitterly, "You knew the damn thing would do that."

"No, I didn't," said Sloane, "but I knew he would win. It was a sure thing."

"How come ?", said Laverty.

"It's an old saying everyone knows. Sloane's Teddy wins the race."

--Thanks to Jim Speirs, speirs@mail.north.net

Freddy Fish

Freddy Fish and Sam Clam were the best of friends, and did everything together. One day, though, both perished in a freak mishap. Freddy Fish went to heaven, and immediately looked around for his best friend. Not finding him, he asked St. Peter where Sam was.

"Sorry, he didn't make it in."

"You mean he's down there?" asked Freddy.

"Yes."

"Well, I want to go see him!"

"This is highly unorthodox," said St. Peter. "I'll ask the big guy."

Moments later St. Peter returned and said:

"You can go, but you can only stay for one hour."

"Great!" said Freddy, and grabbed his harp before anyone changed their minds. He went to the elevator, and went down.

When the elevator doors opened, Freddy saw a huge sign:

SAM'S DISCOTHEQUE

He went in, and discovered that it was run by his old friend. They sat down and reminisced about old times, and had a few drinks. Time flew by, and when Freddy noticed his watch, he saw that he had fifteen seconds left to return. He jumped out of his chair, yelled a goodbye to Sam Clam, and raced to the elevator.

The elevator doors opened in heaven with only one second to spare. St. Peter was standing there with a stopwatch.

"You just barely made it," said St. Peter.

"I know," panted Freddy, out of breath. "But I have to go back there!"

"What do you mean!?!?" asked an incredulous St. Peter.

So Freddy Fish says (* groan *):

"I left my harp in Sam Clam's Disco!"

-- Thanks to "The Giant Panda - B.J.O.D. Owner / Moderator", bjod@hg.uleth.ca

A Hard Day's Knight

Many years ago a traveler came to the ancient land of Day. As he traveled through the country side he saw many fields and pastures. The people working the land all appeared to be peasants, living in abject poverty. However all he passed seemed to be in good spirits. Asking a peasant how he could be so happy while living in such an impoverished state the man told him that this land was ruled by a huge, intelligent and

benevolent bear called King Mu. He continued to inform the traveler that while he was poor now he could, when he thought he was ready, participate in a kind of rite of passage and become a knight.

Asking what was involved in this rite the peasant replied, "You know the usual stuff, drinking till dawn, reciting sports scores from five years past, telling tall tales about women he had never met, discussing the advantages of the designated hitter rule, and many other things of similar difficulty." The traveler agreed that would be a grueling test indeed. "Tell me peasant, what are the rewards for passing such a test?" asked the traveler.

"Why, sir, when you are made a knight you receive all the goodies. You get things like a Royal Express card. No limit on those things you know sir. You can move to a nice Condo on the beach, and maybe even get a trophy wife to replace the one you got now."

"Amazing!", said the traveler, "This I would have to see to believe."

"There's a test going on now in the capital." said the peasant.

So the traveler moved on down the road to the capital to see for himself if all was as the peasant had said. Passing through the gates and into the beautiful capital city he saw that the Festival of Testing was indeed in progress. In the center of the town, on a raised ornate throne sat King Mu, who was indeed a bear and looked that if he stood, would be at least twelve feet tall. Moving through the crowd the traveler saw

three men standing before the throne. Two of the men looked to be in fine shape, clear of eye, with their collars buttoned down and wearing a neck scarf in a power color. Both had at some point in the competition won the honorary Rolex sun dial, which they wore on their wrists. The third man however, looked horrible. His eyes were blood shot, and as he stood holding his head, he looked like he was not to steady on his feet.

Rising from his throne the king approached the two men and placing a huge paw on each of their shoulders the king announced, " These two men I make knights and grant unto them all the privileges they deserve." Turning to the third man the king said, "This man did not however pass the test." With that he raised a paw and much to the traveler's horror struck the man down, killing him on the spot. At that point a king's aide brought forth a great shaggy dog , at least four foot at the shoulder, and presented it to the grief stricken family. Turing in shock and confusion, the traveler asked the man standing next to explain what had just transpired.

"Why, everyone knows," said the man, "there's nothing better, after a bad Day's knight, than the dog of the bear the hit you."

-- Thanks to Hugh & Terry Fidler, fidler@thepoint.net

The Monks Tale

Three friars were banished from their monastery for various rule violations, so they decided to start a business together. They traveled around until they found a town that they liked, and opened up a plant shop. Their floral business was soon thriving.

One day, a woman was shopping at the friar's store, and while she was strolling down an aisle with her toddler, a large plant reached out, grabbed the child, and ate it. Needless to say, the women was quite upset at the loss of her child. However, the friars refused to believe that one of their plants could have done such a thing. The woman told all of her friends about the incident, and soon everyone in the town was in an uproar. They decided to kick the friars out of town. Every person in the town, except for a man named Hugh, gathered outside of the friars shop, shouting, waving sticks, and demanding that they leave. But the friars said "No. We're not leaving". So the townspeople gave up and went home.

Well, a couple weeks later, another woman was walking through the friar's shop, looking at plants with her baby, when a plant grabbed her child and ate it. She ran through the streets screaming that a plant had swallowed her baby. The townspeople were outraged, and again gathered outside the floral shop (except for Hugh), waving torches, and demanding that the friars leave town at once. But the friars said, "No way." and all the people gave up and went home.

A few days later, yet another woman dared to take her child into the floral shop. She held her infant tightly in her arms, but it was no use. A large ficus wrestled the child from her arms, and ate it.

When the townspeople heard of this, they were extremely upset. They again gathered outside the friar's store (except for Hugh), yelling and threatening bodily harm to the friars if they didn't leave town. But the friars said, "We're staying". So, the citizens gave up and began to go home. Just then, Hugh showed up. He walked up to the friars, and said, "Get out of town, now!". The friars immediately packed up all their belongings and fled that very day, never to be heard from again.

The moral of this story is: Only Hugh can prevent florist friars.

-- Thanks to Hugh B. Fidler, fidler@thepoint.net

The Rabbi's Tale

There was once a rabbi who undertook a missionary-style trip to a South American rain forest country. He was to spend a year with a very primitive, remote tribe known only as the Trids. The rabbi knew that the only way to gain their acceptance would be to adopt all of their many tribal customs, such as dress, diet, studying their beliefs and so on. Much of this was difficult to learn for the city-born rabbi, but as the months progressed he grew in the many ways of the Trids.

One day, returning from an extended walk in the rain forest, the rabbi entered the tribal village to find the entire Trid tribe lined up side by side in the village commons area. Behind this line walked the tribal chief. One by one he would stop behind each tribe member and deliver a swift kick to the rear end. This, thought

the rabbi as he watched, is one of the strangest rituals I've seen yet. But he knew that he must participate if he wished to win their confidence. Solemnly he took his place at the end of the line. The chief reached the end of the line and was just about to deliver the kick when suddenly he realized that it was the rabbi before him.

"I cannot do this thing", said the chief firmly. The rabbi was shocked. Wasn't he yet accepted by the tribe?

"Why not?" he asked.

The chief replied, "Silly rabbi! Kicks are for Trids!"

-- Thanks to Hugh & Terry Fidler, fidler@thepoint.net

Alexander's Dilemma

The armies of Alexander the Great were greatly feared in their day, but there was one problem that they had that almost defeated them. Alexander could not get his people to staff meetings on time. He always held the meetings at 6:00PM each day after the day's battle was done, but frequently his generals either forgot or let the time slip up on them and missed the staff meeting. This angered Alexander very much, to say the least!

So he called in his research guys and set up a project to come up with a method of determining the time at 6:00PM each day. There were no clocks in those days, at least none that could be carried around. (The smallest was a giant water clock) "Find a way my staff can determine the hour of the day, or at least when it gets to be 6 o'clock!", he said, "Cost is no object."

A study was instituted and, with several brain-storming sessions, came up with the following idea. In a land some distance away, there grew a bush whose berries contained a type of dye that changed color at 6 each evening. They found that by dyeing strips of cloth and issuing them to the generals, they could see when it was 6 by the color change, and could get to the meetings on time. Needless to say this pleased Alexander very much.

It was then turned over to the marketing group to come up with a name of this new invention as Alexander saw definite market potential in the strips. "It can be worn on the wrist and can be easily watched for the color change", said one junior executive. "I therefore propose to call it the wrist watch." This name was immediately hooted down as being too bland and obvious. Another man suggested it be worn in the navel and could be observed by looking down, therefore it should be called the Navel Observatory. This idea was rejected out of hand as being too weird and too technical sounding for the general public.

Finally the senior vice president, who up to now had been silent, spoke and rendered his decision. "We shall call it a Timeband, and in honor of the Great Alexander, it shall be known as 'Alexander's Rag Timeband!'

-- Thanks to Hugh & Terry Fidler, fidler@thepoint.net

The Poor Little Dutch Boy

Life was desperate in rural Holland. As far as he could remember, the poor little dutch boy could remember nothing but hardships. Food was scarce, his father was abusive, and there was nothing to do after school but chores. Every day was another hardship. The boy loved to dive from the windmill into the canal, but his father hated to find that he had skipped out on his chores. Whenever he returned, his father would beat him. However, if he didn't skip out, his father would find a reason to beat him anyhow. Life was nothing but hardships, except for the secret escapes to practice diving from the windmill.

Eventually the boy, now in his late teens, heard of a great contest in far-away Atlanta. The best divers in the world, along with the best of everything else would meet to decide who was REALLY the best. It would be the perfect escape from the hardships of his mundane life.

He runs away from home, sneaks aboard a freighter in Rotterdam and waits. No good. Of course, he is discovered. Beaten by the crew, bloody, he is sent home to his unimpressed father, who finds new hardships for him to endure.

A better storyteller than I could tell you of his next four or five attempts to get to the Atlanta games, each of which failed, yielding nothing but ever more painful hardships. The poor little dutch boy stoically endured each of them, persevering and enduring.

Eventually, he stows away in a cruise liner heading for the USA. He isn't found until four days out at sea. The captain has the discretion of calling for a chopper to take him back to the Netherlands, or to let him continue the trip and let immigration in Atlanta deal with the problem. The captain listens to the boy describing how he's been doing difficult dives all his life, and how demonstrating the perfection he's developed to the rest of the world in Atlanta is his only chance to escape from the hardships of his normal life.

The captain decides to let the boy demonstrate his abilities. If the boy can execute a perfect dive from the top of the radar mast, he can continue to the Olympics. So, the radar is turned off, and the boy climbs the hundred feet to the top of the radar mast. He looks down.

He has never dived from a ship before. The gentle sway of the ship is magnified by the height of the radar mast. He didn't expect this. Looking down, he sees ... pool, deck, sea, deck, pool, deck, sea, deck, pool... he jumps! ... and misses! He crashes right THROUGH the deck! Everyone runs for the stairs to see if he's OK. There's a splintered hole in the B deck. Even the metal decks of the C, D, and E decks have been burst. They find the crumpled body crumpled against the very hull itself, and even that is dented.

Everyone is astonished when he sits up, dazed, but apparently unhurt. The captain, horrified and apologetic, rushes forward. "My goodness! I never should have asked you to try that! Are you OK?" The boy shakes his head and answers:

"That's OK. I'm used to it. I've been through many HARD SHIPS before."

-- Thanks to Greg Goss

The Escaped Panda

A panda bear escapes from the zoo and is forced to live on his own. It turns out that he really enjoys eating in nice restaurants, but of course being a panda with no job and no money he is unable to pay his bill. Being, also, an exceptionally intelligent panda he devises a scheme that lets him eat in any restaurant he wishes.

One day he decides to try a particularly nice restaurant but when he asks the maitre d' for a table he's told, "I've heard about you. You're the panda that never pays for his meal. We won't seat you here." So, the panda leaves the restaurant and sits on a bench across the street from the restaurant and contemplates his empty tummy.

Some while later the panda sees the maitre d' leave the restaurant. The panda goes back and asks the assistant maitre d' for a table, and is seated by the assistant who has never heard about the panda's tricks. The panda has a wonderful meal. (At this point you may "shaggy dog" this story as much as you like, or the audience will bear. Give details about the wonderful meal the panda enjoys)

Just as he finishes dessert the panda is approached by the maitre d' who has returned to discover the assistant maitre d's mistake. When the maitre d' demands payment the panda pulls a gun, shoots the maitre d' and starts to leave. The assistant maitre d' stops the panda and asks, "Where do you think you are going?"

"I'm leaving."

"You can't leave!"

"Sure I can."

"No you can't!"

At which point the panda produces the encyclopedia volume "P", opens it and tells the assistant, "Read this."

The assistant maitre d' reads aloud: "Panda, an animal indigenous to China that EATS, SHOOTS and LEAVES."

-- Thanks to Dan O'Canna Lexington, Kentucky

The Big Headache

There once was a man who decided he had to visit Australia once in his life. He read up on everything he could find, visited all the Australian web sites on the Internet and saved his money so he could make this once in a lifetime vacation.

The day finally came when it all came together and he was ready to leave. He boarded the plane and some hours later stepped off the plane at Sidney International. Australia at last!

Unfortunately, on his first day sightseeing, he began to get a bad headache. Thinking it was probably just jet lag he took two aspirin and continued his tour. The headache didn't go away, however, so he asked the tour guide where was the best place to go for treatment. "Sir, you'll want to go to the emergency room at the Mercy Hospital", the guide told him, "It's not far from here."

At the hospital, the doctor suggested he stay there overnight for observation and he agreed. He was assigned a room and a nun who was a nurse came in to see him. When he told her about his headache, she asked him if he had tried their Koala tea. "It's made from the fur of the Koala bear and has great healing properties", she said. He said he was willing to try anything at that point and asked that she bring him a cup.

Presently, the nun came back in with a cup of liquid. He looked in the cup and saw it had a mass of hair in the bottom. Feeling rather nauseous, he said he didn't believe he could drink the tea with all that hair in the cup. "Couldn't you strain it out or something", he asked.

The nun was indignant. She said, "Sir, I'll have you know the Koala tea of Mercy is not strained!"

- Thanks to Hugh & Terry Fittler

The Rope

I was Abilene's sheriff. I think I was the youngest sheriff in the territories. One afternoon, while I was playing 5-card stud in my favorite saloon, I happened to glance out towards the street.

I saw a rope ride into town.

Right away I knew it was trouble. Nobody likes ropes. This one had been riding all day. It looked as dry, and it probably smelled as bad, as the old straw broom that One-Eye Judd has been using in his stable for the last five years. The rope headed straight for the saloon where I was sitting, obviously hankering for good whiskey to wash away the trail dust. I could see how the rope moved like a cobra, maybe 30 feet coiled in the dust and ready to lash out. I checked my shootin' iron under the table, trying not to be obvious.

The rope used its "head" to push the saloon's swinging door open. It snaked its way across the floor to the bar, pulled itself up onto a stool and called for a drink. The bartender was a new fellow from Laramie. He glared at the rope and said, "Are you a rope?" When the rope answered, "Yes", the bartender said, "Get out. We don't serve ropes in here." When the rope didn't move, the bartender carefully reached over the bar, took hold of the rope's main coil with one hand, while holding its "head" in a death grip with the other hand, walked to the door, and threw all 35 feet of the noisome thing out onto the street.

A couple of the men smiled, but nothing else happened. I relaxed and picked up my cards again. Apparently there wasn't going to be trouble. But then I heard someone bellow, "That stinkin' rope is heading for the other saloon! Let's get him!"

I looked at my cards -- 4 jacks. Why does trouble always wait till I draw a winner? I hurried out into the street, just as the rope entered the other saloon. I could see how tired the rope was, really dragging itself. I felt sorry for the poor thing, but I didn't let the townfolk see this in my face. One man can't fight an entire town, if you take my meaning.

In less time than it takes to load a six-gun, the rope came flying out the saloon door and landed in a heap in the middle of the street. Well, it was a rope. What else did it expect?

I knew this affair wasn't over. So I stood in the shadows and waited. After a few minutes, I saw two other ropes slinking down the far side of the street. They crossed over and began to talk with the newcomer. I could hear most of what they said.

"What happened to you?" asked one of the local ropes.

The newcomer described what had happened in each saloon.

"Oh," said third rope, "obviously you don't know the trick. Watch me."

The third rope unravelled both of its ends until they looked like paint brushes. Then the rope looped and twisted itself into a tangled mess. I wondered how it could keep track of itself like that, or even know where its ends were; but it scooted handily across the street and under the swinging door of the nearest saloon and up onto a barstool inside. I was impressed. Can you slide 100 feet on your stomach with your arms and legs twisted together? I guess ropes have the instinct for it. I watched as the bartender approached and asked suspiciously,

"Are you a rope?"

The rope replied, "Nope, I'm afraid not."

-- Thanks to Cathy Porter, NATIVE TEXAN, Webelos Den Leader, Pack 1087

The Doctor

A doctor was just starting out on his own, when he found that he just had too much work to do. Now this man was brilliant, and had particularly good people skills. Once he got a patient, they would just not see anyone else.

It seems that this man had been reading recently about the advances in cloning, and decided to have a clone made of himself to do his work.

For years it worked perfectly. His clone took care of all his patients, and he got to relax. However, the clone began to have some personality disorders. It would insult patients, and treat them very badly. It got so bad that business was suffering. The doctor decided that he just had to get rid of the clone or lose his business.

So.....one morning on their morning jog.... they jogged right over a bridge. The doctor pushed the clone over to his death.

The doctor again began seeing his old patients, and things were going exceptionally well, until a fisherman "caught" the dead clone body in the river. When the police found that the real doctor was still, in fact, alive, and that this was a clone, they didn't know just what to charge the doctor for doing wrong. After much deliberation, they decided to charge him for... Making an obscene clone fall.

-- Thanks to Cheryl Rogers

The Boy Scout Troop 92



Songbook

This booklet of unusual campfire songs and gross songs was compiled for Pack and Troop 92
by R. Gary Hendra, the MacScouter
April 1997

Campfire Songs

Do Your Ears Hang Low

1. Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
Like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

2. Do your ears flip-flop?
Can you use them for a mop?
Are they stringy at the bottom?
Are they curly at the top?
Can you use them for a swatter?
Can you use them for a blotter?
Do your ears flip-flop?

3. Do your ears hang high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do they droop when they're wet?
Do they stiffen when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor
With a minimum of labor?
Do your ears hang high?

4. Do your ears hang wide?
Do they flap from side to side?
Do they wave in the breeze
From the slightest little sneeze?
Can you soar above the nation
With a feeling of elation?
Do your ears hang wide?

5. Do your ears fall off
When you give a great big cough?
Do they lie there on the ground
Or bounce around at every sound?
Can you stick them in your pocket,
Just like little Davey Crockett?
Do your ears fall off

6. Do your ears hang wide?
Do they flap from side to side?
Do they wave in the breeze
From the slightest little sneeze?
Can you soar above the nation
With a feeling of elation?
Do your ears hang wide?

7. Do your ears hang wide?
Can you soar and can you glide?
Can you hike the Grand Canyon
While you're touching both the sides?
Do they get nice & sore
When you're walking through the door?
Do your ears hang wide?

8. Do your ears hang askew?
Can you use one stirring stew,
While the other's picking berries
Or making mountain dew?
Can you hold an elevator
While you signal to a waiter?
Do your ears hang askew?

9. Do your ears fall off
When you sneeze or when you cough?
When you're sloping up the hogs,
Do they wind up in the trough?
Would they both be gone
If Mommy didn't sew them on?
Do your ears fall off?

10. Does your nose stick out?
Do you have a long snout?
Does it scrape on the floor?
Do you smash it in doors?
Do you poke her in the eye,
When you're trying to be sly?
Does your nose stick out?

11. Do your eyes bug out?
Do they roll down your snout?
Do you go cross-eyed
When you're looking for a Trout?

Can you see your image clearer
Without looking in the mirror?

Tie Me Kangaroo Down

The first verse is almost spoken or narrated

There's an old Australian stockman - lying, dying...
And he gets himself up onto one elbow
And turns to his mates who are all gathered around
And he says....

I'm going, Blue; this you gotta do,
I'm not gonna pull through, Blue,
So this you gotta do . . .

Chorus:

*Tie me kangaroo down, sport
Tie me kangaroo down.
Tie me kangaroo down, sport
Tie me kangaroo down.*

Watch me wallabies feed, mate
Watch me wallabies feed.
They're a dangerous breed, mate
So, watch me wallabies feed.

Chorus

Let me wombats go loose, Bruce,
Let me wombats go loose.
They're of no further use, Bruce,
So let me wombats go lose.

Chorus

Keep me cockatoo cool, curl
Keep me cockatoo cool.
Don't go actin' the fool, curl
Just keep me cockatoo cool.

Chorus

Take me koala back, Jack
Take me koala back.
He lives somewhere out on the track, Jack
So, take me koala back.

Chorus

Do your eyes bug out?

Let me Abos go loose, Lou
Let me Abos go loose.
They're of no further use, Lou
So, let me Abos go loose.

Chorus

Mind me platypus duck, Bill
Mind me platypus duck.
Don't let him go running amuck, Bill
Just, mind me platypus duck.

Chorus

Play your diggeridoo, Blue
Play your diggeridoo.
(Dying) Like, keep playing it 'til I shoot
through, Blue
Play your diggeridoo.

Chorus

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred
Tan me hide when I'm dead.
So, we tanned his hide, when he died, Clyde
And that's it hangin' on the shed.

Chorus

Pink Pajamas

(To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Oh, I wear my pink pajamas in the summer
when it's hot,
And I wear my flannel nighties in the winter
when it's not,
And sometimes in the springtime, and
sometimes in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with
nothing on at all.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, what's it to ya?
Balmy breezes blowin' through ya
With nothing on at all!

Bear In Tennis Shoes

The other day, (group repeats)
I met a bear, (group repeats)
In tennis shoes, (group repeats)
A dandy pair. (group repeats)
(All) The other day I met a bear,
In tennis shoes a dandy pair.

(Continue in a similar manner with:)

He said to me, "Why don't you run,
Because you ain't got any gun."

And so I ran, away from there,
But right behind, me was that bear.

Ahead of me there was a tree,
A big, big, tree, Oh glory be!

The nearest branch was ten feet up,
I'd have to jump and trust my luck.

And so I jumped, into the air,
But I missed that branch,
on the way up there.

Now don't you fret, now don't you frown,
'Cause I caught that branch,
on the way back down.

The moral of, this story is
Don't talk to bears, in tennis shoes.

Quartermaster's Store

There are snakes, snakes, snakes,
Big as garden rakes,
At the store, at the store.
There are snakes, snakes, snakes,
Big as garden rakes,
At the Quartermaster's Store

CHORUS:

My eyes are dim, I can not see,
I have not brought my specks with me.
I have not brought my specks with me.

There are mice, mice, mice,
Running through the rice...

There are rats, rats, rats,
As big as alley cats...

There are spiders, spiders, spiders,
Swimming in the cider...

There are fleas, fleas, fleas,
Landing on the cheese...

There are bats, bats, bats,
Bigger than the rats...

There are beavers, beavers, beavers,
Running from the cleavers...

There are eagles, eagles, eagles,
Chasing all the beagles...

There are foxes, foxes, foxes,
Sitting on the boxes...

There are owls, owls, owls,
Eating paper towels...

There are bears, bears, bears,
With curlers in their hair...

There was butter, butter, butter
Scraped up from the gutter,

There was gravy, gravy, gravy,
Enough to sink the navy ...

There were tables, tables, tables,
With legs like Betty gables ...

There were chairs, chairs, chairs,
Floating down the stairs ...

There were lice, lice, lice,
packaged up like rice ...

There were ants, ants, ants,
Wearing rubber pants ...

There were kippers, kippers, kippers,
That go about in slippers ...

There was cake, cake, cake,
That gave us tummy ache ...

There were beans, beans, beans,
As big as submarines ...

There were eggs, eggs, eggs,
That walk about on legs ...

There were turtles, turtles, turtles,
Wearing rubber girdles ...

ETC!!!

One Sunny Day

A song/chant to do with the audience

One sunny day
(echo)
I met a bear
(echo)
Out in the woods
(echo)
A way out there
(echo)

(All)
One sunny day
I met a bear
Out in the woods
A way out there

(other verses sung in the same manner)

He looked at me
I looked at him
He sized up me
I sized up him

He said to me
Why don't you run?
I can see you
Ain't got a gun

And so I ran
Away from there
Right behind me was

That great big bear

In front of me
There was a tree
Oh my oh me
A great big tree

The nearest branch
Was ten feet up
I'd have to jump
And trust to luck

And so I jumped
Into the air
I missed that branch
A way up there

Now don't you fret
Now don't you frown
I caught that branch
On the way back down

That's all there is
There ain't no more
Unless I meet
That bear once more

Next time I saw
That great big bear
He was a rug
On the bathroom floor

Ging Gang Gooli

During the first World Jamboree B.P. was looking for a song that everyone could sing, no matter what their language was. Ging Gang Gooli was the result. It is of no language, but it means a lot of fun. The story was apparently created later.

In the deepest darkest Africa there is a legend concerning the Great Gray Ghost Elephant. Every year, after the rains, the great gray ghost elephant arose from the mists and wandered throughout the land at dawn. When he came to a village, he would stop and sniff the air, then he would either go around the village or through it. If he went round the village, the village would have a prosperous year, if he went through it, there would be hunger and drought.

The village of War-Cha had been visited three years in a row by the elephant and things were pretty bad indeed. The village leader, Ging-Ganga was very worried, as was the village medicine man Hay-la-shay. Together, they decided to do something about the problem. Now Ging-Ganga and his warriors were huge men with big shields and spears. They decided to stand in the path of the elephant and shake their shields and spears at it to frighten it away. Hay-la-shay and his followers were going to cast magic spells to deter the elephant by shaking their medicine bags, as the elephant approached. The medicine bags made the sound - shalawally, shalawally, shalawally.

Very early in the morning of the day the Great Gray Ghost Elephant came, the villagers gathered at the edge of the village, on one side were Ging-Ganga and his warriors, (indicate right) and on the other was Hay-la-shay and his followers (indicate left). As they waited the warriors sang softly about their leader - Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha, Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo, Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha, Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo. As they waited the medicine men sang of their leader - Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho, Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho.

And they shook their medicine bags - Shalli-walli, shalli-walli, Shalli-walli, shalli-walli.

And from the river came the mighty great gray ghost elephant's reply - Oompa, oompa, oompa...

The elephant came closer, so the warriors beat their shields and sang louder (signal warriors to stand and beat their thighs in time) - Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha, Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo, Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha, Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo.

Then the medicine men rose and sang loudly - Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho, Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho. And they shook their medicine bags - Shalli-walli, shalli-walli, Shalli-walli, shalli-walli. And the mighty great gray ghost elephant turned aside and went round the village saying - Oompa, oompa, oompa...

There was great rejoicing in the village and all the villagers joined in to sing Ging gang gooli....

Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha,
Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo,
Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha,
Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo.

Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho,
Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho.

Shalli-walli, shalli-walli, Shalli-walli, shalli-walli.

Oompa, oompa, oompa...

Waltzing Mathilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited til his billy boiled
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.

*Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda,
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me,
And he sang as he watched and waited til his billy boiled,
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.*

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.

*Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda,
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.*

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers - one, two, three,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.

*Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda,
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.*

Up jumped the swagman, and sprang into the billabong,
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.

Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda,

*You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.*

On Top of Spaghetti

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokie)

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese.
I lost my poor meatball,
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,
And onto the floor.
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush.
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty
As tasty could be,
And early next summer
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered
With beautiful moss,
It grew lovely meatballs
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatballs
And don't ever sneeze.

Underwear

Tune: "Over There"

Underwear, Underwear,
How I itch in my woolen underwear.
How I wish I'd gotten a pair of cotton,
So I wouldn't itch everywhere.

BVDs make me sneeze.
When the breeze from the trees
Hits my knees.
Coming over, I'm coming over,
In my gosh darned, itchy,
Woolen underwear.

My Leader

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My leader fell into a pothole
In a glacier while climbing an Alp.
He's still there after 50 long winters,
And all you can see is his scalp.

Chorus:

*Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my leader to me, to
me.*

*Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my leader to me, to
me.*

My leader was proud of his whiskers,
To shave them would give him the blues.
They hung all the way to his ankles,
And he used them for shining his shoes.

My leader had faith in a sailboat
He had built from an old hollow tree.
My leader set sail for Australia,
Now my leader lies under the sea.

My leader made friends with hyenas,
He gave them a ride on his raft.
When a crocodile reached up and
grabbed him,
The hyenas just sat there and
laughed.

My leader annoyed his dear parents
They tossed him right out of the bus.
And if we don't mend our behavior,
Why that's what will happen to us.

Chorus:

Hey Lollee

Hey Lollee, lollee,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Hey Lollee, lollee,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

This is a crazy kind of song,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
You make it up as you go along,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

When calypso singers sing this song,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
It sometimes lasts the whole day long,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

First you invent a simple rhyme,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Then another one to rhyme,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

While you catch on I'll sing a verse,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Then you do one that's even worse,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

I know a boy named Sammy--C, (or use
another name that rhymes)
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
He sings "Hey Lollee" in just one key,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

Tonight we've chosen another key,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
You won't be hearing from Sammy--C,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

He sings "Hey Lollee" day and night,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

It never seems to come out right,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

I know a man name Mr. Jones,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
When he sings, everybody groans,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

The singer you fast the getter it's tuff,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
To line up makes that you won't muff,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

Let's put this song back on the shelf,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
If you want anymore you can sing it yourself,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

Mary Had a Swarm of Bees

Mary had a swarm of bees
Swarm of bees, swarm of bees
Mary had a swarm of bees
and they to save their lives
had to go where Mary went,
Mary went, Mary went.
Had to go where Mary went
'Cause Mary had the hives.

Tree Toad

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

A tree toad loved a fair she toad
That lived up in a tree;
She was a fair three-toed tree toad
But a two-toed toad was he.
The two-toed tree toad tried to win
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground
That the three-toed tree toad trod.

Now three-toed tree toads have no care
For two-toed tree toad love,
But the two-toed tree toad fain would share
A tree home up above.
In vain the two-toed tree toad tried;
He couldn't please her whim.

In her tree toad bower with veto power,
The she toad vetoed him!

Two Little Fleas

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Two little fleas together sat
They cried when one flea said;
"I've had no place to lay my head,
Since my old dog is dead.
I've traveled far from place to place
And farther will I roam.
But the next old dog that shows his face
Will be my home sweet home."

Ant Marching Song

The ants go marching one by one.
Hurrah, Hurrah.
The ants go marching one by one.
Hurrah, Hurrah.
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to chew some
gum.
And they all go marching,
Down to the ground to get out of the
rain.
Boom, boom, boom, boom.

(Insert the following lines, replacing
one by one/to shoot his gun, etc.)

Two by two to tie his shoe.
Three by three to climb a tree.
Four by four to close the door.
Five by five to pick up sticks.
Seven by seven to look at heaven.
Eight by eight to shut the gate.
Nine by nine to tell the time.
Ten by ten to say THE END.

chorus:

*So (or "and") they all go marching
Down...to the ground...
to get out of the rain"*

Taps

Sing with reverence.

Day is done
Gone the sun
From the Lakes
From the hills
From the sky
All is well
Safely rest
God is nigh.

Fading light
Dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky,
Gleaming bright,
From afar,
Drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Thanks and praise,
For our days,
Neath the sun,
Neath the stars,
Neath the sky,
As we go,
This we know,
God is nigh.

Gross Songs

Mister Toad

(Sung to the tune of Oh, Christmas Tree.)

Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Is it because you didn't know
That passing cars could hurt you so?
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?

Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Is it because you didn't care?
You look so peaceful lying there.
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?

Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
You used to be so green and fat
But now you're red and oh so flat.
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?

Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
I see you took a heavy load,
cause you are now part of the road.
Oh Mister Toad, oh Mister Toad

Why did you jump into the road?

Jaws

(Tune: Do Re Mi)

JAWS A shark, a great big shark
TEETH The things that kinda crunch
BITE The friendly sharks "hello"
US His favorite juicy lunch
BLOOD That turns the ocean red
CHOMP That means the sharks been fed
GULP I guess that we're now dead
That brings us back to
JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!
JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!

Gopher Guts

Great green globs of
Greasy grimy gopher guts,
Mutilated monkey meat,
Little birdies dirty feet,
Great green globs of
Greasy grimy gopher guts,
and I forgot my spoon!

But I brought my fork!!! Yum

Great Green Globes of
Greasy, Grimy Gopher Guts,
Mutilated Monkey Meat
Turdy, dirty, birdy-feet.
All mixed up with all-purpose porpoise pus
And me without my spoon

But I brought my straw!!! Slurp

Mom, Wash My Underwear

Tune: "God Bless America"

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
We can find them, and move them,
From the heap by the side of the chair.
To the washer, to the clothesline,

To my backpack, to my rear.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.

Oh My Monster Frankenstein

In a castle, near a mountain,
Near the dark and murky Rhine.
Dwelt a doctor, the concoctor,
Of the monster, Frankenstein.

Chorus:

*Oh my monster, oh my monster,
Oh my monster, Frankenstein.
You were built to last forever,
Dreadful scary Frankenstein.*

In a graveyard, near the castle,
Where the sun refused to shine,
He found noses and some toeses
For his monster Frankenstein.

(Chorus)

So he took them and he built him,
From the pieces he did find,
And with lightning he animated,
The scary monster Frankenstein.

(Chorus)

Scared the townsfolk, scared the
Police,
Scared the kids did Frankenstein,
Til with torches, they did scare him,
To the castle by the Rhine.

My Bonnie

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The height of its contents to see.
I lit up a match to assist her,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

*Bring back. Bring Back.
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back. Bring Back.
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.*

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I stuck my feet out of the window,
Next morning my neighbors were dead.

*Bring back. Bring Back.
Oh, bring back my neighbors to me, to me.
Bring back. Bring Back.
Oh, bring back my neighbors to me.*

My Bonnie has tuberculosis,
My Bonnie has only one lung,
My Bonnie can cough up raw oysters'
And roll them around on her tongue.

Roll them, roll them.
Roll them around on her tongue, her tongue.
Roll them, roll them.
Roll them around on her tongue.

My luncheon lies over the ocean,
My breakfast lies over the rail.
My supper lies in great commotion,
Won't someone please bring me a pail.

*Clams and ice cream , clams and ice cream
Clams and ice cream don't agree with me,
with me.*

*Clams and ice cream , clams and ice cream
Clams and ice cream don't agree with me.*

Who knows what I had for breakfast?
Who knows what I had for tea?
Who knows what I had for supper?
Just look out the window and see!

Worms

Nobody likes me,
Everybody hates me!
I'm gonna eat some worms.
Chorus (Repeat after each verse)
Long, slim slimy ones,
short, fat juicy ones,
Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy, wuzzy worms.

First you get a bucket,
Then you get a shovel,
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

First you pull the heads off,
Then you suck the guts out.
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

Down goes the first one,
Down goes the second one,
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

Up comes the first one,
Up comes the second one,
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

Everybody likes me,
Nobody hates me!
Why did I eat those worms?

Chop up their heads and
Squeeze out their juice,
And throw their tails away.
Nobody knows how I survive
On worms three times a day!

Oh, Tom the Toad

(Sung to the tune of Oh Christmas Tree)

1. Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Didn't you see, that light turn red?
Now there are tracks, across your head.
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

2. Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Why were you running from the mutts?
Now that truck, spread out your guts...
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

3. Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
You did not see the hook ahead,
And now your head is stuffed with bread.
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?

4. Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.
You did not see the foot ahead,
and now your just a spot of red,
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.

5. Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
You used to like to play and track.
But now you are a gator's snack.
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?

6. Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
You were so big and green and fat
But now you're small and red and flat.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?

7. Oh Al the Gater, Oh Al the Gater
You should have waited until later.
Oh Al the Gater, Oh Al the Gater
You should have waited until later.
You sat upon the yellow line,
and now you're just a streak of slime
Oh Al the Gater, Oh Al the Gater
You should have waited until later.

8. Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
You did not look from East to West
Now on the road there's such a mess.
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?

9. Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
You did not see that truck go by
Now you look like a butterfly.
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?

10. Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
You thought you'd beat that bus across
Now you look like a pile of moss.
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet

11. Armadillo Tex, Armadillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Armadillo Tex, Armadillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Across the yellow line you strayed,
The truck hit you - like a grenade!
Armadillo Tex, Armadillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?

12. Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
You didn't look as you jumped out,
A ten-ton truck ran up your snout!
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?

13. Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
In the air you'd quickly speed,
An eighteen-wheeler made you bleed.
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?

14. Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Out in the lane you boldly went,
Now your bod's not worth a cent!
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.

15. Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
You did not see that car ahead
And you were flattened by the tread.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

16. Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Out on the road you quickly jumped,
You didn't count on getting bumped.
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?

17. Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Along the road you swooped and flapped,
But a trucker's windshield got you zapped!
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?

18. Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
In the road you thought you'd travel,
Now you're ground into the gravel.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.

19. Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Why were you running from the mutts?
Now that truck, spread out your guts...
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

20. Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
You did not see the hook ahead,
And now your head is stuffed with bread.
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?

21. Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.
Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.
Despite the other's evidence,
Please tell us why you had no sense
Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.

22. *I ran across! I ran across!*
In memory of those we lost!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!
I had to prove to Tom & Sue,
& Sam & Pete, I could get through!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!

My Dog Rover

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I overran with the mower.
One leg is missing, another is gone,
One leg is scattered all over the lawn.
No need explaining, the one remaining,
Is stuck in the kitchen door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I overran with the mower.

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
Who died on the kitchen floor.
One leg is broken, the other is lame,
The third leg is missing, the fourth needs a
cane.
No need explaining, the tail remaining
Was caught in the oven door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
Who died on the kitchen floor.

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I ran over last night.
One leg is broken,
The other is bent,
On the top of his head,
There's a great, big, dent.
There's no need explaining,
The part's remaining,

Are Spread from left to right.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I ran over last night.

Bug Juice

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

At camp with the Cub Scouts,
They gave us a drink,
We thought it was Koolaid,
Because it was pink.

But the thing that they told us,
Would have grossed out a moose,
For that good tasting pink drink,
Was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity,
Like tasty Koolaid,
But the bugs that were in it,
were murdered with Raid.

We drank by the gallons,
We drank by the ton,
But then the next morning,
We all had the runs.

Next time you drind bug juice,
And a fly drives you mad,
He's just getting even,
Because you swallowed his dad.

Mom, Wash My Underware

Tune: "God Bless America"

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
We can find them, and move them,
From the heap by the side of the chair.
To the washer, to the clothesline,
To my backpack, to my rear.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.

-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323,
Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon
Council, Phoenix, Az.

Underware

Tune: "Over There"

Underware, Underware,
How I itch in my woolen underwear.
How I wish I'd gotten a pair of cotton,
So I wouldn't itch everywhere.

BVDs make me sneeze.
When the breeze from the trees
Hits my knees.
Coming over, I'm coming over,
In my gosh darned, itchy, woolen underwear.

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CAMP FIRE OPENINGS.

The simple life and friendly cheer,
May all those find who gather here.

Sweet is the brotherhood to which we belong,
And doubly sweet is the brotherhood of song.

CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

Camp fire's burning, camp fire's burning,
Draw nearer, draw nearer,
In the gloaming, in the gloaming,
Come sing and be merry.

IT'S A GOOD TIME TO GET ACQUAINTED

(Tune - Tipperary)

It's a good time to get acquainted
It's a good time to know
Who is sitting close beside you
And to smile and say "Hello"
Goodbye, chilly feeling
Goodbye, glassy stare
If we all join hands and pull together
We're sure to get there.

WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
And who knows when we'll be all together again
Singing all together again, we're here.

ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH.

All things shall perish from under the sky.
All things shall perish from under the sky.
Music alone shall live,
Music alone shall live,
Music alone shall live,
Never to die.

WHEN THE SCOUTS COME HIKING IN.

(Tune: When the Saints go Marching In)

Oh when the Scouts come hiking in,
When the Scouts come hiking in,
I want to be at that camp-fire
When the Scouts come hiking in.

Now here comes Dave - he needs a shave -
When the Scouts come hiking in,
And we'll have Dave at that camp-fire,
When the Scouts come hiking in.

Now here comes John, with his short shorts on ...

Now here comes Pete, with his aching feet ...

Now here comes Tom, going like a bomb ...

Now here comes Keith, with his clean white teeth..

Now here comes Skip, with a merry quip ...

Now here comes Kim - Oh No, not him!

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of spaghetti,
All covered in cheese,
I lost my poor meat ball
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table
And unto the floor,
And then my poor meat ball
Rolled out of the door.
It rolled down the garden
and under a bush,
And then my poor meat ball
was nothing but mush!

So,
If you have spaghetti,
All covered in cheese,
Hold onto your meat ball,
'Cause someone might sneeze!

QUARTER MASTER'S STORES.

Chorus:

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have not brought my specs with me!

There was bread, bread harder than your head
In the stores, in the stores
There was bread, bread just like lumps of lead
In the quarter master's stores.
There were rats, rats big as blooming cats
In the stores, in the stores
There were rats, rats lying about on mats
In the quarter master's stores.

There was cake, cake hard as cattle cake
In the stores, in the stores
There was cake, cake give you belly ache
In the quarter master's stores.

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There was skip, skip giving us the slip
In the stores, in the stores
There was skip, skip giving us the slip
In the quarter master's stores.

SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Under the spreading chestnut tree
Where I held you on my knee,
We were happy as could be,
Under the spreading chestnut tree

Actions

Spreading - arms outstretched over head.
Chest - strike chest
Nut - tap head
Tree - arms outstretched over head.
Held - arms as though embracing.
Knee - strike knee.
Happy - Scowl and emit a growl.

Last line same as first.

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
(Wooh Wooh)
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
(Wooh Wooh)
She'll be coming round the mountain, she'll be coming
round the mountain
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
(Wooh Wooh)
She'll be riding six white horses when she comes
(Whoa back)
She'll be riding six white horses when she comes
(Whoa back)
She'll be riding six white horses, riding six white horses,
She'll be riding six white horses when she comes
(Whoa back, Wooh Wooh)
Oh we'll all go down to meet her when she comes
(Hi Babe)
Oh we'll all go down to meet her when she comes
(Hi Babe)
Oh we'll all go down to meet her, we'll all go down to
meet her
Oh we'll all go down to meet her when she comes
(Hi Babe, etc)
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas when she comes
(Whistle twice)
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas when she comes
(One whistle)
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas, She'll be wearing silk
pyjamas

She'll be wearing silk pyjamas when she comes
(Whistle twice, etc)

Oh we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes
(hack hack), etc.

Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she
comes (Yum Yum), etc.

Oh she'll have to sleep with grandma when she comes
(Snore snore), etc.

HE JUMPED FROM 40,000 FEET

He jumped from 40,000 feet without a parachute
He jumped from 40,000 feet without a parachute
He jumped from 40,000 feet without a parachute
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die. Hey!
Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die. Hey!
Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

They scraped him off the tarmac like a lump of
strawberry jam.

They put him in a matchbox and they sent him home to
mum.

She put it on the mantelpiece beside his dear old dad.

He fell from the mantelpiece into the roaring flames

The moral of the story is to look before you leap

THE WILD ROVER.

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, No nay never no more.

I went into an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'nay',
'Sure it's custom like yours I can have anyway'.

Then out of my pocket I drew sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,
She said 'I have whiskey and wines of the best,
And the words that I spoke you were only in jest.

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I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
And if they forgive me as oft times before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

I'VE BEEN A SCOUT LEADER

I've been a Scout Leader for many a year
And entered this game with trepidation and fear
But now that its over I feel somewhat glad
And I never will rejoin this newfangled fad

Chorus

And it's no nay never, no! nay! never, no more
Will I be a Scout Leader, no, never no more.

I went into a Scout Den I used to frequent
And I told the young lads our funds they were spent
Then out of my trailer I took camping gear
And the cries of dismay turned to yells of good cheer.

BADGER'S ARMY

By David Walsh

We're all part of Badger's army,
Sandford Scout Troop, Thirty three,
Hills and mountains we will climb,
We love Scouting all the time
And Badger is our leader dressed in green.

Bivouacking on a hillside,
Hiking on the Wicklow Way
Singing songs with all our might
Round the camp-fire in the night
With Roy on his guitar to lead the way

We go hiking in the winter
We go even when it snows
In the summertime we camp
Even if it's very damp
In Powerscourt where the Dargle river flows.

OLD MACDONALD

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,
And on his farm he had some pigs, ee-i, ee-i, o,
Tall pigs, short pigs, short pigs, tall pigs,
Fat pigs, thin pigs, thin pigs, fat pigs,
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,
And on his farm he had some cows, ee-i, ee-i, o,
Tall cows, short cows, short cows, tall cows,
Fat cows, thin cows, thin cows, fat cows,

Tall pigs, short pigs, short pigs, tall pigs,
Fat pigs, thin pigs, thin pigs, fat pigs,

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,

KOOKABURRA

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree.
Merry merry King of the bush is he
Laugh Kookaburra, Laugh, Kookaburra
Gay your life must be

WORMS

Nobody likes me, everybody hates me,
Think I'll go and eat worms,
Long thin skinny ones, short fat juicy ones,
See how they wriggle and squirm,
Bite their heads off, suck their juice out,
Throw the skins away.
You should see how well I thrive,
On worms three times a day.

FOUND A PEANUT

Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut over
there,
Thought I'd eat it, thought I'd eat it, thought I'd eat it,
didn't care.

Rather tasty, rather tasty, rather tasty but now,
Got a pain, got a pain, got a pain, don't know how.

Fetch a doctor, fetch a doctor, fetch a doctor, fetch
him quick.
Appendicitis, appendicitis, appendicitis, feeling sick

Cut him open, cut him open, cut him open, save his life.
Sew him up, sew him up, sew him up around my knife.

Cut him open, cut him open, cut him open 'til its found,
Sew him up, sew him up, have you seen my specs
around.

Cut him open, cut him open, cut him open, - ad
nauseam.

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YOU'LL NEVER GET TO HEAVEN.

You'll never get to heaven
In an old Ford car
'Cos an old Ford car
Won't go that far

You'll never get to heaven in an old Ford car
'Cos an old Ford car won't go that far
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

You'll never get to heaven in a limousine
'Cos the Lord ain't got no gasoline.

You'll never get to heaven in a Jumbo jet
'Cos the Lord ain't got no runways yet.

You'll never get to heaven in a Girl Guides arms
'Cos the Lord doesn't want those feminine charms.
You'll never get to heaven in a biscuit tin
'Cos a biscuit tin's got biscuits in.

You'll never get to heaven in an apple tree
'Cos an apple tree's got roots you see

B-P SPIRIT

I've got that B-P spirit,
Right in my head, right in my head, right in my head,
I've got that B-P spirit right in my head,
Right in my head to stay.

Deep in my heart,

All round my feet,

I've got that B-P spirit, All over me, all over me, all over me,
I've got that B-P spirit all over me,
All over me to stay.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN CALLED MICHAEL FINIGININ

There was an old man called Michael Finigin
He grew whiskers on his chinigin
The wind came up and blew them inigin
Poor old Michael Finigin! Beginigin!

There was an old man called Michael Finigin
He kicked up an awful dinigin

Because they said he must not singigin
Poor old Michael Finigin! Beginigin!

There was an old man called Michael Finigin
He went fishing with a pinigin
Caught a fish but dropped it inigin
Poor old Michael Finigin! Beginigin!

There was an old man called Michael Finiginin
He grew fat and then grew thinigin
Then he died and had to beginigin
Poor old Michael Finigin! STOP!

IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT

If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
If you're happy and you know it, and you really want
to show it,
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands

If you're happy and you know it, stamp your feet

If you're happy and you know it, click your fingers

If you're happy and you know it, nod your head

If you're happy and you know it, say "We are!"

If you're happy and you know it, do all five.

FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

Oh Flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen.

Chorus.

That stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held.

Those days are passed now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again.

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Repeat verse one.

CAMPING. **(Tune: Daisy)**

Camping, camping, that's what we like to do
Ev'ry summer, we're off for a week or two
We never mind the weather
As long as we're together
But we don't approve of no room to move,
In a hike tent that's built for two.

FOOD, TERRIBLE FOOD

Food, terrible food, burnt sausage and mustard
We're not in the mood for cold porridge and custard
Fried eggs with their edges black
What next is the question
We're all gonna suffer from indigestion
Food, terrible food, those soggy old cornflakes
That lumpy fruit duff, that's all that our cook makes
We have to eat the stuff, don't want to be rude
But food - horrible food - sickening food - terrible food.

McTAVISH IS DEAD

Oh, McTavish is dead and his brother don't know it
His brother is dead and McTavish don't know it,
They're both of them dead and in the same bed
And neither one knows that the other is dead.

Ging Gang Gooli

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli watcha
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo,
Ging gang gooli gooli gooli watcha
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo,
Hayla - hayla shayla - hayla shayla hayla hoo
Hayla - hayla shayla - hayla shayla hayla hoo
Shally-wally, shally-wally, Shally-wally, shally-wally,

Oompah, oompah, oompah

The singers are divided into two parts. All sing the song through, then Part 1 keeps up the "Oompah, Oompah" whilst Part II starts again. When they meet at the end Part I sings the words whilst Part II takes over the "Oompah, Oompah".

CHEER BOYS CHEER.

One dark night when we were all in bed,
Old Mrs O'Leary left a light on in the shed
The cow kicked it over, then winked her eye and said
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight"

Chorus

Cheer, Boys, Cheer, the school is burning down
Cheer, Boys, Cheer, it's burning to the ground
Cheer, Boys, Cheer, it's the only one in town,
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight"

APPLE PIE BAKER.

My mother's an apple-pie baker,
My father, he fiddles for tin,
My sister scrubs floors for a living
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in,
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in,
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.

OH, WE AIN'T GONNA SING

Oh we ain't gonna sing no more, no more,
We ain't gonna sing no more,
That old song's got whiskers on,
So we ain't gonna sing no more,

I MET A BEAR

The other day
I met a bear,
Up in the woods
Away up there.

He looked at me
I looked at him
He sized up me
I sized up him

He said to me
Why don't you run,
I see you ain't
Got any gun

And so I ran
Away from there
But right behind
Me was that bear.

And then I saw
Ahead of me,
A great big tree
O Lordy Me

The nearest branch
Was ten feet up

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I'd have to jump
And trust to luck

And so I jumped
Into the air
But I missed that branch
Away up there

Now don't you fret
Now don't you frown
For I caught that branch
On the way back down

That's all there is
There ain't no more
Unless I meet
That bear once more
And that bear I
Did meet once more
He was a mat
On the bedroom floor.

THE JELLYFISH SONG

Three blind jellyfish, three blind jellyfish,
Three blind jellyfish, sitting on a rock.

And along came a big wave, WOOOOSH.

A WOONEY GOONEY

A wooney gooney cha a wooney
A wooney gooney cha a wooney
I, I, I, ippee I, I, anna
I, I, I, ippee I, I, anna
A wooney, A wooney, cheche!

AN OLD AUSTRIAN YODELLER

An old Austrian Yodeller,
On an mountain top high,
Met up with an Avalanche,
Interrupting his cry.

Yo de le hi, Yo de le hi hi,
I Shhh !
Yo de le hi hi.

(2) A shaggy dog - arf! arf!
(3) A grizzly bear - grr! grr!
(4) A milking cow - shh! shh!
(5) A pretty maid - X! X!
(6) Her father - Bang! Bang!

CAPTAINS

Captains they do nothing,
Lieutenants they do less
Patrol leaders go watering
and get themselves a mess.
Seconds they go wooding,
that's if they want some sup,
But all that's left for the jolly Girl Guides
is the dirty washing up.

Oh, we ain't gonna work no more no more,
We ain't gonna work no more.
We worked last year and the year before,
We ain't gonna work no more.

Captains they have scented soap,
Lieutenants, they have Pears,
Patrol Leaders have Yardley
and give themselves such airs.
Seconds they have Sunlight
to make their faces shine,
But all that's left for the jolly Girl Guides
is the Lifeboy every time.

Oh, we ain't gonna wash no more, etc.

Captains, they have turkey,
Lieutenants they have duck,
Patrol Leaders have chocolate
and think themselves in luck,
Seconds they have bully beef
and sometimes they have ham,
But all that's left for the jolly Girl Guides
is a slice of bread and jam.

Oh, we ain't gonna eat no more, etc.

Captains, they are married,
Lieutenants they're engaged,
Patrol Leaders are courting,
although they're under age,
Seconds they have boy friends,
as many as they please,
But all that left for the jolly Girl Guides
are the Scouts with knobby knees.

Oh, we ain't gonna court no more, etc.

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DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW?

Do your ears hang low?
Can they waggle to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
Like a regimental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

Yes, my ears hang low.
And they waggle to and fro
I can tie them in a knot,
I can tie them in a bow.
I can throw them over my shoulder
Like a regimental soldier
Yes, my ears hang low!

THE RATTLING BOG

Chorus
Ro, ro the rattling bog
The bog down in the valley o
Rare bog a rattling bog
a bog down in the valley o.

And on that bog there was a tree,
A rare tree, a rattling tree,
The tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

And on that tree there was a limb.
And on that limb there was a branch.
And on that branch there was a twig.
And on that twig there was a leaf.
And on that leaf there was a nest.
And in that nest there was an egg.
And on that egg there was a bird.
And on that bird there was a wing.
And on that wing there was a feather.
And on that feather there was a flea,
A rare flea, a rattling flea,
The flea on the feather and the feather on the wing,
And the wing on the bird and the bird on the egg,
And the egg on the nest and the nest on the leaf,
And the leaf on the twig and the twig on the branch,
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley -
O.

LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH.

Land of the silver birch,
Home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose
Wanders at will

Chorus
Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more,
Boom-did-di-eye-di, Boom-did-di-eye-di,
Boom-did-di-eye-di, Boom

My heart is sick for you,
Here in the lowlands,
I will return to you,
Hills of the north.

Swift as the silver fish,
Canoe of birch bark,
Thy mighty waters,
Carry me forth.

There where the blue lake lies,
I'll set my wigwam,
Close to the water's edge,
Silent and still.

TZENA

Israeli - Words by Henry Morris

Tzena, Tzena, Tzena, Tzena,
Can't you hear the music playing
In the village square?
Tzena, Tzena, join the celebration,
There'll be people there from every nation,
Dawn will find us dancing in the sunlight,
Dancing in the village square.

SAILING

I am sailing, I am sailing,
home again 'cross the sea,
I am sailing stormy waters,
To be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying,
Like a bird 'cross the sky
I am flying, passing high clouds
To be with you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
Thro' the dark night far away
I am dying, forever trying,
To be with you who can say.

A Scout's Campfire Songbook

We are sailing, we are sailing,
Home again 'cross the sea
We are sailing stormy waters
To be near you, to be free.

LET IT BE

When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom - let it be

And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom - let it be

And when the broken hearted people
Living in the world agree
There will be an answer - let it be.

LET US SING TOGETHER

Let us sing together,
Let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.
Let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.
Let us sing again and again,
Let us sing again and again,
One and all a joyous song.

TOO OLD TO CAMP

(Tune: When I grow too old to dream)

When I grow too old to camp
I'll have this to remember;
When I grow too old to camp
I'll have this night to recall;
So, good Scouting all,
Whate'er may be our part;
For when I grow too old to camp
This night will live in my heart.

WHO'LL COME A-SCOUTING?

(Tune: Waltzing Matilda)

Once a mighty soldier, beloved by his fellow men
Under the shade of the flag of the free
Took some boys and trained them,
Made them strong and brave and true.
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

Chorus:
Keep on a-working, never a-shirking,
Carry out the rules as he wanted them to be,

And we'll sing as we put our shoulders
And our brains to work,
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

Soon the little band grew, swelling great in number,
Through other countries, one, two, three,
Then around the world it spread,
Stronger, ever stronger,
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

Chorus:
Keep on praying, keep on saying,
If we work hard enough, then we'll stay free.
And we'll sing as we put our shoulders
And our brains to work,
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

SCOUTER'S SMILE

(Tune: When Irish Eyes are Smiling)

When Scouters all are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in spring
For amid their joy and laughter
You can hear the music ring.
When all the crowd are happy
And the night seems bright and gay,
With that fine old Scouting spirit,
Sure it wins you right away.

WITH THE SCENT OF WOODSMOKE

(Tune: Lilli Marlene)

With the scent of woodsmoke drifting on the air,
And the glow of firelight we always love to share,
Visions of camp-fires all return,
And as the logs flame up and burn,
We dream of bygone camp-fires and long for those to come.

Tongues of yellow fire flickering up on high,
Reaching twisting fingers up to a starlit sky,
Voices recall songs old and new,
Songs once dear to our fathers too,
Who dreamed of bygone camp-fires and longed for those to come.

Gently dying embers cast a rosy glow,
Voices slowly sinking to tones so soft and low,
Slowly upon the still night air,
Fall faithful voices hushed in prayer,
That dream of bygone camp-fires and long for those to come.

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THE SCOUTING DAY

(Tune: Perfect Day)

When you come to the end of a Scouting day,
And you sit in the camp-fire light,
And the sky has turned from the blue to the grey,
With the shades of the coming night,
Do you think what the end of a Scouting Day
Can mean in a real boy's life,
When the whistle blows and the flag comes down,
And there's peace in the world of strife?

Well, this is the end of a Scouting day,
Near the end of our journey, too,
And the days that are gone cannot be recalled:
What have they ment to you?
For we've shared the same tent and, side by side,
The streets of this old world trod.
In sun and rain we've done our best,
And we're closer grown to God.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Chorus:

We shall not, we shall not be moved,
We shall not, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing by the water side,
We shall not be moved.

We're on our way to heaven,
We shall not be moved,
We're on our way to heaven,
We shall not be moved.

We're on that road to freedom,
We're brothers together,
We're on our way to heaven

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day,
Oh, deep in my heart,
I do believe,
We shall overcome some day,

THE GIPSY ROVER

The Gipsy rover came over the hill
Down to the valley so shady
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:

Ah dee doo, ah dee doo dah day

Ah dee doo, ah dee day dee

He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gates
She left her own fond lover
She left her servants and her state
To follow the gipsy rover.

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
Roamed the valleys all over
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gipsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the River Plady
And there was music and there was wine
For the gipsy and his lady

"He is no gipsy, father dear,
But lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gipsy rover."

ANY DREAM WILL DO

I closed my eyes, drew back the curtain
To see for certain what I thought I knew
Far far away someone was weeping
but the world was sleeping, any dream will do.
I wore my coat with golden lining,
Bright colours shining wonderful and new
And in the east the dawn was breaking
And the world was waking, any dream will do.
A crash of drums, a flash of light
My golden cloak flew out of sight
the colours faded into darkness, I was left alone.
May I return to the beginning, the light is dimming
And the dream is too.
The world and I, we are still waiting,
Still hesitating, any dream will do.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail,
Before they sleep on the sand?
How many times must a cannon-ball fly,
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind.

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How many years must a mountain exist,
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free,
How many times can a man turn his head,
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

THE BATTERED ELM TREE

From out the battered elm tree
The owl's cry we hear
And from the distant forest
The cuckoo answers clear
Cuckoo, cuckoo, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo.

TEACH THE WORLD TO SING

I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony
And hold it close and in my arms
And keep it company.

I'd like to see the world for once
All standing hand in hand
And hear it echo through the years
Of peace throughout the land.

MORNINGTON RIDE

Chorus:
Rocking, rolling, riding
Out along the bay
All bound for Mornington
Many miles away.

Driver at the engine
Fireman rings the bell
Sandman swings the lantern
To show that all is well

Somewhere there is sunshine
Somewhere there is rain
Somewhere there is Mornington
Many miles away.

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost but now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my heart relieved,
How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believed.
Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

LEWIS BRIDAL SONG

Step we gaily on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mari's wedding.

Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling thro' the town,
All for sake of Mari.

Chorus

Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them a' by far,
Is our darling Mari.

Chorus

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,
That's the toast for Mari.

Chorus.

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

Hill you ho boys, let her go boys,
Bring her head round, now all together,
Hill you ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing home, home to Mingulay.
What care we tho' white the Minch is?
What care we, for wind and weather,
Let her go boys, ev'ry inch is,
Wearing home, home to Mingulay.

Chorus.

Wives are waiting on the bank,
Or looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her round boys, and we'll anchor,
Ere the sun sets at Mingulay.

Chorus.

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THE BLAIR ATHOLL SONG.

Here in the heart of Scotland,
Nature's glories never cease.
Amid the soft green hills of Perthshire,
We have known Blair Atholl's peace.

Haste ye back, haste ye back,
Haste ye back and don't forget
Happy days here at Blair Atholl,
May God bless our Jamborette.

We have clasped our hands in friendship
We have talked into the night,
Each has sung of his own homeland
By the camp-fire's fading light.
Chorus

Some men are blessed with vision,
Jack Stewart was such a man.
He's no longer here to guide us
But we'll carry out his plan.
Chorus

Now the Jamborette is over
In parting some shed tears
Time can't rob us of the memories.
May they warm us through the years.

Chorus, chorus.

THE HAPPY WANDERER.

I love to go a wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.
Val-da-ri Val-da-ra Val-da-ri Val-da-ra
ha ha ha ha ha Val-da-ri Val-da-ra
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
"Come join my happy song!"

Chorus
I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me.
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet,
From ev'ry greenwood tree.

Chorus
Oh may I go awandering,

until the day I die!
Oh may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky!
Chorus.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Heigh Ho, anybody home,
Meat or drink or money have I none
Still I will be happy.
(Start quiet, then get louder and louder, then quiet again).

BARGES

Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light,
Silently flows the river to the sea,
And the barges too go silently.

Chorus.
Barges, I would like to go with you,
I would like to sail the ocean blue,
Barges, have you treasure in your hold,
Do you fight with pirates brave and bold.

Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light,
Starboard shines green and port is glowing red
I can see them flickering far ahead.
Out of my window looking in the night
I can see the barges flickering light
Harbour ahead and anchorage in view
I will find my resting place with you.

Away from my window on into the night
I will watch till they are out of sight
Taking their cargo far across the sea
I wish that someday they'd take me.

A SCOUT HYMN

Grant us, O God, that in our youth
We may learn duty, faith and truth
And by our Promise and our Law
Serve the great end our Founder saw.

In brotherhood throughout the world
May the Scout banner be unfurled;
Let not our feet in sin be snared,
Help us in life to Be Prepared.
For Thee, O God, our spirits search;
For Thee, our colours in Thy church;
For Thee, our hope, for Thee, our pride;
For Thee, our strength and all beside.

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ONWARD, BOY SCOUTS, ONWARD (Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers)

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
Brothers for the right;
Live our Scout Laws gladly,
Onward in their light;
Let our Promise loyally
Mark our trail each day;
So this legend guide our journey,
"Be Prepared" always.

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
Brothers for the right;
Live our Scout Laws gladly,
Onward in their light.

Live the life of honor,
Word that truth designed;
Loyal be and helpful,
Friendly, courteous kind;
Practice now obedience
With a cheerful part;
Thrifty, brave and clean completely,
Reverent in heart.

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Morning has broken
like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird,
Praise for the singing!
praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass,
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
Sprung in the completeness
where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation

of the new day!

KUM BY YA.

Kum by ya, my Lord, kum by ya,
Kum by ya, my Lord, kum by ya,
Kum by ya, my Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

Someone's crying, Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

Someone's praying, Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

Someone's singing, Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

ROCK MY SOUL

Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
O rock my soul.

Too high, can't get over it,
Too high, can't get over it,
Too high, can't get over it,
Got to through the door, O Lordy.

Too wide, can't get round it,

Too deep, can't get under it,

Too high, can't get over it,
Too wide, can't get round it,
Too deep, can't get under it,
Got to through the door, O Lordy.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING (Tune - Morning has broken)

Praise and thanksgiving, Father we offer,
for all things living thou madest good;
Harvest of sown fields, fruits of the orchard
hay from the mown fields, blossom and wood.

Bless thou the labour we bring to serve thee,
that with our neighbour we may be fed.
Sowing or tilling, we would work with thee;
Harvesting, milling, for daily bread.

Father, providing food for thy children,
thy wisdom guiding teaches us share
one with another, so that rejoicing

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with us, our brother may know thy care.

Then will thy blessing reach every people;
all men confessing thy gracious hand.
Where thy will reigneth no man will hunger;
thy love sustaineth; fruitful the land.

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Chorus

Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia
Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia

Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluia
Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluia

The river Jordan is chilly and cold, Alleluia
Chills the body but not the soul, Alleluia

The river is deep and the river is wide, Alleluia
Milk and honey on the other side, Alleluia

SPIRIT OF GOD

Chorus

Spirit of God, unseen as the wind,
gentle as is the dove,
teach us the truth and help us believe,
show to us Jesus' love.

You spoke to us long, long ago,
gave us the written word,
we read it still, needing its truth,
through it Gods voice is heard.
Without your help, we fail our Lord,
We cannot live his way,
We need your power, we need your strength,
following Christ each day.

JOHNNY APPLESEED.

The Lord is good to me,
And so I thank the Lord,
For giving me the things I need,
The sun, the rain and the appleseed.
The Lord is good to me.

And every seed that grows
Will grow into a tree.
And one day soon
There'll be apples there,
For everyone in the world to share.
The Lord is good to me.

MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE

Make me a channel of your peace:
where there is hatred let me bring your love,
where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,
and where there's doubt, true faith in you:

O Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved, as to love with all my soul!

Make me a channel of your peace:
where there's despair in life let me bring hope,
where there is darkness, only light,
and where there's sadness, ever joy:

O Master, grant

Make me a channel of your peace:
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

ONE MORE STEP

One more step along the world I go,
one more step along the world I go:
from the old things to the new
keep me travelling along with you:

And it's from the old I travel to the new;
keep me travelling along with you.

Round the corner of the world I turn,
more and more about the world I learn;
all the new things that I see
you'll be looking at along with me:

As I travel through the bad and good,
keep me travelling the way I should;
where I see no way to go
you'll be telling the way, I know:

Give me courage when the world is rough,
keep me loving though the world is tough;
leap and sing in all I do,
keep me travelling along with you:

You are older than the world can be,
you are younger than the life in me;
ever old and ever new,
keep me travelling along with you:

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GIVE ME OIL IN MY LAMP

Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning,
give me in my lamp, I pray;
Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning,
keep me burning till the break of day.

Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,
sing hosanna to the King of kings!
Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,
sing hosanna to the King !

Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
give me joy in my heart, I pray;
give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
keep me praising till the break of day.

Give me peace in my heart, keep me loving,
give me peace in my heart, I pray;
give me peace in my heart, keep me loving,
keep me loving till the break of day.

Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
give me love in my heart, I pray;
give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
keep me serving till the break of day.

IN MY FATHERS HOUSE.

Oh come and go with me,
To my father's house,
To my father's house,
To my father's house,
Oh come and go with me,
To my father's house,
Where there's peace, peace, peace.
There's sweet communion there.
There'll be no parting there.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure its like a morn in Spring
With a lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing.

When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright & gay,
But when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they'd steal your heart away.

MOLLY MALONE

In Dublin's fair City, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
Where she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh.
Chorus

Alive, Alive Oh.
Alive, Alive Oh.
Crying, Cockles and Mussels,
Alive, Alive Oh.

She was a fishmonger,
And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they both wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh.

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh.
MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE.

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight
With people here working by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the streets

At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold
But for all that I found there I might as well be
where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course
Well now he is here at the head of the force
I met him today he was crossing the strand
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand

And there we stood talking of days that were gone
While the whole population of London looked on
But for all his great powers he is wishful like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

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BANKS OF MY OWN LOVELY LEE.

How oft do my thoughts in their fancy take flight
To the home of my childhood away,
To the days when each patriot's vision seemed
bright
And I dreamed that these joys should decay.

Then my heart was as wild as the wild winds that blow
Down the Mardyke through each elm tree
There I sported and played 'neath the green leafy shade
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.
There I sported and played 'neath the green leafy shade
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.

ORO SE DE BEATA 'BHAILE.

Oro se de beata 'bhaile
Oro se de beata 'bhaile
Oro se de beata 'bhaile
Anois ar teacht an samhraidh

Se de beata a bhean ba leanmhar
B'e ar gcreach tu bheit i ngeibhinn
Do dhuice brea i seilbh meirleac
'S tu diolta na Gallaibh.

Ta Grainne Mhaol ag teacht thar saile
Oglaigh armtha lei mar gharda;
Gaeil iad fein no Gaill na Spainnig
'S cuirfid ruaig ag Gallaibh

A bhui le ri na bhfeart go bhfeiceann
Muna mbeim beo 'na dhiaidh ach seachtain
Grainne Mhaol agus mile gaiscioc
Ag fogairt fain ar Gallaigh.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine
Lived a miner, forty-miner
And his daughter, Clementine.

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone for ever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water

Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine
But alas I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

How I messed her, how I missed her
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.

And the moral of this story
All you Scouts may well define
Mouth-to-Mouth resuscitation
Would have saved my Clementine

EVERYBODY LOVES SATURDAY NIGHT

Everybody loves Saturday night
Everyone loves Saturday night
Everybody, everybody,
Everybody, everybody,
Everybody loves Saturday night

Tout la monde aime Samedi soir (French)
Jederman liebt Samstagabend (German)

WHAT SHALL WE DO

What shall we do with a ----- who's dozy
Lies in bed when the morn is rosy,
Won't get up 'cos he says he's cosy
Early in the morning.

Hooray an' up he rises,
Hooray an' up he rises,
Hooray an' up he rises,
Early in the morning.

Take him, shake him and jolly well wake him,
Take him, shake him and jolly well wake him,
Take him, shake him and jolly well wake him,
Early in the morning.

A Scout's Campfire Songbook

TAPS

Day is done, Gone the sun,
From the sea, from the hills, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.

Fading light dims the sight;
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright,
From afar, drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

DAYLIGHT TAPS

Thanks and praise for our days
'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'neath the sky.
As we go, this we know.
God is nigh.

A VESPER.

(Tune: Tannenbaum)

Softly falls the light of day,
While our camp-fire fades away;
Silently each Scout should ask
'Have I done my daily task?'
'Have I kept my honour bright?'
'Can I guiltless sleep tonight?'
'Have I done and have I dared, in
Everything to be prepared?'

THE DAY THOU GAVEST.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

GO WELL AND SAFELY.

Go well and safely,
Go well and safely,
Go well and safely,
The Lord be ever with you.

Stay well and safely,
Stay well and safely,
Stay well and safely,
The Lord be ever with you.

GOODNIGHT, LADIES.

Goodnight ladies, goodnight ladies,
Goodnight ladies, we're going to leave you now.

Chorus

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the deep blue sea.

Goodnight Cub Scouts,
Goodnight Scouts,
Goodnight Girl Guides,

Alternative first verse and chorus

Goodnight campers, goodnight campers,
Goodnight campers, it's time to say goodnight.

Chorus

Sadly it's time to part, time to part, time to part,
Sadly it's time to part, and to say goodnight

NORWEGIAN ECHO

We have campfired here
By the deep blue sea
And the slender trees
On a lonesome isle

All that we hold dear
In the north and south
Can be seen so clear
in the golden glow

As the sun goes down
Everything is still
Then our camp-fire song
Echoes o'er the hill.

We have campfired here,
By the deep deep fjord.
And the slender trees,
On Norwegian soil.

A Scout's Campfire Songbook

AN tAMHRAN NAISUNTA

Sinne Fianne Fail, ata faoi gheall ag Eireinn
Buion dar slua thar toinn do rainig chugainn
Faoi mhoid bheith saor, seantir ar sinsear feasta
Ni fhagtar faoin tioran na faoinn trail.

Anocht a theam sa bearna baoil
Le gean a Ghaeil chun bais no saoil,
Le gunna-screach, faoi lamhach na boilear
Seo libh canaig amhran na bhfiann.

Or

Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland
Some have come from a land beyond the wave,
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
Tonight we'll man the "bearna baoil"
In Erin's cause, come woe or wail,
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal
We'll chant a soldiers song.

Walk-ons, Short Skits and One Liners

The style of a walk-on is simple. A walk-on should in general be pre-arranged with the person who is supposed to be up there talking. If it is not pre-arranged it can be more of a practical joke. While the leader is talking, a Scout walks on stage doing or saying something. The leader responds accordingly, usually in an exasperated way, and the scout then says the groaner punch line.

A series of Run-ons

1) The first person calls from out of sight "Hey Fred, look! I'm in the top of a 100 foot tall tree."

The second person: "But Joe, we don't have any 100 foot tall trees in camp. First person: "Oh nooooo....", screams as he is falling.

2) 1st person: "Excuse me, but is that the sun or the moon?"

2nd person: "I don't know. I'm new to these parts too."

3) Two boys playing quick draw:

1st boy: "My Scoutmaster (Cubmaster etc.) can shoot a gun faster than any man in the West."

2nd boy: "Really?" What do they call your Scoutmaster."

1st boy: "Toeless Joe."

4) 1st boy: "I heard you had an accident on your hike today."

2nd boy: "No but I did get bitten by a rattlesnake."

1st boy: "You don't call that an accident?"

2nd boy: "Heck no, he did that on purpose."

5) DRAG: Have two boys drag a third boy across the stage. The third boy says: "What a drag!"

6) Big Chief: Bring in 10 scalps, kill 5 buffalo bare handed and go into desert without water for a moon. Then I will pronounce you Big Brave. You understand? Indian Brave: Yes. What do I do to get pronounced Little Brave.

7) A boy walks across stage carrying a car door. He is asked why he is carrying the car door. The boy answers so that he can roll down the window when it gets hot.

8) The scene is a courtroom scene with one person as the judge. A person walks through the court carrying a sign or a skunk stuffed animal. The judge watching says: "Odor in the court! Odor in the court!"

9) The three boys are in a line facing the audience.
Second Boy in Line: This story begins with "Once upon a time"

First Boy: Hey, wait a minute, I'm the beginning.

Middle Boy: I'm the middle.

Last Boy: That's nothing I'm the end.

10) A boy is sitting on the bank with a fishing pole in hand. There is a NO FISHING sign nearby. The game warden appears.

Fisherman: Are you the game warden.

Game warden: Yep!

Fisherman: Just teaching him how to swim (pointing to the worm on the pole)

11) (Boy runs on interrupting leader): "We interrupt this program for an important news flash." Turns flashlight on and off, shining it in the audience's eyes. Most effective at a campfire.

12) 1st Scout: Say wasn't there a rap at the door?

2nd Scout: I didn't hear anything.

1st Scout: Yes, I'm sure there was a rap at the door!

2nd Scout: I'm sure I didn't hear anything.

The first scout then goes to the door and brings in a coat and tells the audience as he holds it up for them to see. I knew there was a rap at the door.

13) 1st Scout: I went fishing last week.

2nd Scout: What did you catch?

1st Scout: Three bass and one smelt.

2nd Scout: It did? Which one?

14) A group of boys are discussing a football game.

1st boy: I sure hope that the _____ wins.

2nd boy: Well I'm sure that _____ will win.

3rd boy: Why _____ will beat them 40 to nuthin'.

4th boy: I can tell you the score of the game before it starts.

The Others: Oh Yeah? You're not that smart.

4th boy: Nuttin' to Nuttin' of course (The others chase him off.)

15) First Scout: I bet I can jump higher than a house.

Second Scout: I bet you can't.

First Scout: Yes I can. Did you ever see a house jump.

16) Leader: I can make everyone in the audience into an old fashioned Indian.

Walk-ons, Short Skits and One Liners

Audience: How?

Leader: (Leader raises right hand and then says, "How!")

17) Why are you pulling that rope for? Did you ever try to push one.

18) Wire for Mr. Jones. I'm Mr. Jones. The clerk hands him a piece of wire.

19) Two guys talking, first asks the second where he is going; second says fishing. First asks second what he has in his mouth and the first says worms. The first guy says good luck and slaps second guy on the back.

20) Radio Announcer: We interrupt this program for a spot announcement.

Dog (offstage): Arf! Arf! Arf!

Announcer: Thank you, Spot.

21) Scout 1:(running on stage) "They're after me!"

Scout 2: "Who's after you."

Scout 3: "The squirrels! They think I'm nuts!"

22) Librarian: "Please be quiet, young man. The people near you can't even read."

Scout: "Then what are doing in a library?"

23) Scout 1: "Did you hear how my mother strained herself."

Scout 2: "No, how did she manage to do it?"

Scout 3: "She ran through a screen door."

24) Fortune Teller: "That will be \$20 for two questions."

Client: "Isn't that a lot of money for two questions?"

Fortune Teller: "Yes, it is. Now what is your second question?"

The Announcement

A five second gag to put into a loose moment.

Cast: Campfire chief and a volunteer in the audience

Campfire Chief: And now it's time to make a spot announcement. (Dog barks from the audience.) Thank you Spot.

Going to Court

This one is a run on that requires the above-mentioned partner whose been around for years and will be for years more, and good timing. One of the nice things about this one is that you can use as little as two appearances or if necessary, you can expand upon it to other situations involving the wordplay about "case" and court. Another line would be at the beginning where the litigant goes to someone for advice, but they say that they don't have a case, prompting them to go buy a briefcase.

Cast: Campfire Chief, litigant, briefcase

Setting: Campfire

Each time the litigant comes in, the campfire chief is about to announce or close a skit. Requires perfect timing or a chief who is able to blend in the litigant's entries perfectly, or both.

Chief: Hello? I'm trying to introduce the next item? What are you doing here?

Litigant: (coming in with briefcase) Uh, excuse me, but I need to tell you something. My inspection results today were terrible, so I'm going to (lift up briefcase) bring my case to court.

Next appearance, the litigant is crawling on the ground with a flashlight, without the briefcase:

Chief: Oh, it's you again. What are you doing down on the ground?

Litigant: I lost my case! I'm looking for it!

Next appearance, the litigant is up on a table, a high chair, a tall tree stump, in a tree, whatever, carrying his briefcase. He makes noise to get attention, and the chief shines a light on him.

Chief: What are you doing now?

Litigator: I'm bringing my case to a higher court!

Last appearance is a little dangerous. Be careful to have plenty of open space where people won't get hurt, and that the chief is ready for this.

Suddenly the briefcase is flying through the air and the Chief catches it -- if only to protect the audience :) -- and exclaims:

Chief: (Flustered) What's this all about?

Litigator: My case got thrown out of court!

Walk-ons, Short Skits and One Liners

Version 2:

From: Tom Oldershaw

Scene: A person standing on a stage reciting a long story (or some other activity). A second person will enter at various stages and interrupt him, after which the story teller starts again.

The second person will need the following props: A briefcase, and a step ladder.

1. Person 2 walks on with a briefcase. First person asks him what he's doing. Reply: "I'm taking by case to court". Walks off.
2. Enters again with a step ladder. Same as before, this time replying: "I'm taking my case to a higher court"
3. This time, person two places the hands of the story teller in front of him, and puts his case on them. "I rest my case" (This one works best when the story teller doesn't know about it).
4. This time, without a case: "I lost my case" [We also "lost the case" by searching all around the stage, cabinets under the stage, near the MC ('scuse me, 'pardon me), under his papers, etc. Then tell him you "lost your case."]
5. Entry with a banana and case: "What are you doing with that banana?" "I am appealing my case!"
6. Next time: Open and close the case as you walk across the stage. When MC asks what you are doing, tell him/her "...it's an open and shut case!"
7. Person enters, case open and inverted. MC asks, "Now what are you doing?" Person replies, "My case got overturned."

Beam Me Up

Scout: Walks on stage, looks around slowly and says, "Scotty! The aliens are very unfriendly!! Quick!! Beam me aboard!!"

Another scout in the audience: THUNK (the sound of a 2x4 landing on stage)

Smoke Signals

1st scout, "Hey George, look over there, smoke signals."

2nd scout, "Oh yes Mike, what do they say?"

1st scout, pretending to look away through binoculars, says very slowly, "Help... My... Blankets... On... Fire."

1st scout looking back at 2nd scout, "Help my blankets on fire?"

Little Brother

Scout 1: Whatcha doing ?

Scout 2: Writing a letter to my little brother.

Scout 1: Why are you writing so slowly?

Scout 1: Because my little brother can't read very fast!

Squirrels

A quickie goes like this: Persons runs "onstage" screaming "they're after me! They're after me!"

MC asks "Who's after you"

Person replies "The squirrels, they think I'm nuts"

Its All Around Me!

You need two characters, one on stage and the other to rush on in a panic, swatting the air, looking desperate and yelling, "It's all around me, it's all around me!"

"What? What's all around you?" the first player asks. The other replies,

"My belt, of course!"

Leaving

Player walks across the area scattering handfuls of leaves he takes from a big bag. Another player approaches and asks, "What are you doing?"

1st Player: I'm leaving!

-- Thanks to Brenda Beckett, Owen Sound, Ont.

Pulling String

Two scouts needed, or one scout and the MC.

One: (walks onto stage area pulling a string big enough to see)

Two:(asks) What are you doing

One: I'm pulling a string

Two: what are you doing that for?

One: Well, have you ever tried to push one?!

All Over Me

Two scouts needed, or one scout and the MC.

"They're all over me, they're all over me!"

"What's all over you?"

"My clothes!"

Throwing Up

And one more from me...

Walk across the front of the room tossing a ball several inches to a foot up in the air.

Set up a plant in the audience or Cubmaster asks "What are you doing?"

Replies, " I'm throwing up!"

Walk-ons, Short Skits and One Liners

Fire Drill

Through the meeting or campfire, different people run through with some container (cups, buckets, cans, etc). Eventually the MC stops one of them and asks what's going on to which the reply is "your tent (car, house whatever) is on fire". Now when we do it we add a great deal to it depending on the location setting etc. The water carriers ham it up by making it look like a real effort or something very serious. The MC makes some comment to the audience each time one runs through including things like requesting a cup of coffee the next time someone runs through. Sometimes we have people "offstage" cheering the runner through. And sometimes we change the "punch line". Like MC: where's the fire?, runner: there's no fire, so & so is thirsty, at which time someone walks across with a cup and wiping their mouth saying ahhhhhhh. I think you can get the idea from there.

-- Thanks to Hank Heine:

Alien

Alien comes in - traditional "take me to your leader" routine etc. When taken to leader the alien says, "Stop singing, Ging Gang Goolie -- it's our national anthem..."

-- Thanks to Karin O'Neil:

The Ruler

Mike: Why do you keep the ruler on the newspaper when you're reading?

Spike: I want to get the story straight!

I'm a Rabbit

Cub 1: Ask me if I'm a rabbit.

Cub 2: Okay Are you a rabbit?

Cub 1: Yes. Now ask me if I'm a beaver.

Cub 2: Are you a beaver?

Cub 1: No, stupid. I already told you I was a rabbit!

Missed

Scene 1: Guy juggling balls. Drops one. Snaps fingers and says, "Missed!" Exits.

Scene 2: Same guy juggling balls. Drops one. Snaps fingers and says, "Missed!" Exits.

Scene 3: Same guy says. "If I don't get it this time, I'll shoot myself!" Juggles balls. Drops one. Exits (Sound of gunshot)

Same guy re-appears, snaps fingers and says, "Missed!"

Pop Quiz

Teacher: What has five fingers and can be made of leather? Johnny : Eh... I don't know.

Teacher: One glove! Now, what has 10 fingers and can he made of leather?

Johnny : Eh.... I don't know.

Teacher: Two gloves! Now, who is the Governor General of Canada? Johnny : Eh.... Three gloves?

Wait! Wait!

Shopper: Have you any four-volt two-watt bulbs?

Clerk : For what?

Shopper: No, four-volt, two-watt.

Clerk : Two what?

Shopper: yes!

Clerk : No.

What a Day

(Three tired looking hikers enter, drop packs and flop in a circle.)

Hiker 1: (groans) What a day.

Hiker 2: (after a pause, groans) What a day.

Hiker 3: (happily) Yeah, it sure was!

Hiker 2: (angrily) If you can't stick to the subject, I'm leaving! (First two hikers stalk off, leaving third looking very surprised).

The Nutty Fisherman

Center stage is a lad fishing from a billy can or bucket, he keeps pulling the rod as though he has something on the line. A passer by looks at him as he walks by and then walks on, after a few steps the passer by comes back to the lad.

Passer by: "What are you doing there then?"

Fisher: "I'm fishing, what does it look as though I'm doing?"

Passer by: "Fishing eh!, what are you fishing for."

Fisher: "I'm fishing for suckers."

Passer by: "Have you caught any?"

Fisher: "Yes you're the third today"

Bee Sting

1st scout: "OOOOOUCH , OOOOH , OOOUCH."

2nd scout: "What's the matter with you?"

1st scout: "A bee's stung my thumb."

2nd scout: "Try putting some cream on it then."

1st scout: "But the bee will be miles away by this time."

Finale

"They're all around me!"

"What?"

"Cheesy run-ons!"

Walk-ons, Short Skits and One Liners



Campfire Closings

Provided by Hans Hussman

As darkness creeps into our circle of light,
Embers that glow and sigh
Draw our friendship circle closer,
Whisper memories that will not die;
God's magic danced in our fire's flames,
And fills the gathering night
With mystery and a wondrous peace.
That bids safe sleep 'til morning's light.

The stars shining over us,
Their light shines before us,
Oh God of Nature,
Grant to us a perfect peace

Once you have been a camper,
Something has come to stay
Something has come that nothing
Will ever take away.
We came as strangers, we became friends, we part as brothers.

The day was long; we've worked and played,
And round this fire, we've good friends made;
We've shared a friendship fine and deep,
And now this circle leaves to sleep.

A fire, in it's later life, goes dim.
No longer does it have the fierce brightness of it's youth.
Still, it gives a gentle, steady warmth, just as an elderly man or woman shares the
warmth of understanding and the steadiness of experience.

And, this is a fact of life: all things must die.
The memory of those passed on lives deep and dear in our hearts.
This fire will fade to cold ash, but it's flame will glow in our memory
- Leader, May '91.

Around the fire's glow the silent night
Pressed close and closer to the dying flame,
And in the narrowing circle of it's light
Closer and closer to its heart we came.

Wood and water, wind and tree,
Wisdom, strength and courtesy,
Scouting favour go with thee.

Sparkling Thoughts

You need enough sugar to give everyone in the circle a small handful. After the closing, ask the group to gather around the dying embers. Pass around the jar of sugar and quietly ask people to take some and hold onto it. When everyone is ready, together toss the sugar on the fire. You can compare the flashing sparks and quick flames to happy thoughts or simply enjoy these happy thoughts in silence.

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and hear the gentle breeze,
Then sings my soul, my saviour God to Thee,
How great thou art, how great Thou art.

Where little furred and feathered folk,
In leafy coverts hide,
And where the campfire's dusky smoke,
Blends with the eventide,
I want to breathe that smoke once more,
And live by nature's signs,
And mountain torrents muffled roar,
The silence of the pines.

Whatever you are, be noble.
Whatever you do, do well.
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
Spread happiness wherever you dwell.

There is a destiny that makes us all brothers
None goes his way alone.
What we put into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own.

We came as strangers,
We became friends,
We part as brothers.

Wood and water, wind and tree,
Wisdom, strength and courtesy,
Jungle favor go with thee.

I sought my soul, but my soul I could not see,
I sought my God, but God eluded me,
I sought my brother -- and found all three.

(After a rainy day)
It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why? Rain's my choice.

By the blazing council's firelight,
We have met in comradeship tonight,
Round among the whispering trees,
Guard our golden memories,
And so before we close our eyes to sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep,
Scouting friendships strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

Slowly the flames flicker and fade,
As friends of each this fire has made,
Black ashes now, once were livid coals,
Reminders to us of Scouting's goals.

May the spirit of Scouting rest with you,
May the blessing of God remain with you,
To each of the message true,
Scouting will stand or fall by you.

As logs glow upon the fire,
So may our hearts glow,
And our thoughts be kind,
And peace and deep content,
Fill every mind.

Deep peace of the running stream to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
Deep peace of the shining stars to you,
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.

Did you ever watch the campfire, when the wood has fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten round the embers crimson glow,
Tell me, were you ever nearer to the land of hearts desire,
Than when you sat there thinking with your face towards the fire.

(to the tune of Taps)

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky,
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.

Around the fire's glow, the silent night,
Pressed close and closer to the dying flame,
And in the narrowing circle of its light,
Closer and closer to its heart we came.

A fire, in its later life, goes dim. No longer does it have the fierce brightness of its youth. Still, it gives a gentle, steady warmth, just as an elderly man or woman shares the warmth of understanding and the steadiness of experience.

And, this is a fact of life: all things must die. The memory of those passed-on lives deep and dear in our hearts. This fire will fade to cold ash, but its flame will glow in our memory.
- Greybeard

As glow the logs upon the fire,
So may our hearts glow and our thoughts be kind,
And peace and deep contentment,
Fill every mind.

Those trees have served us well,
That have brought warmth and cheer
To our campfire.
May we, like these, bring warmth and cheer,
To the lives of others.

And so, before we close our eyes in sleep,

Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting friendships, strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

Wood smoke at eventide soothes the soul,
And makes an easy ladder for a prayer.
May the smoke of this fire
Carry your thoughts heavenward,
And make your hearts strong for good Scouting.

Now Chil the kite brings home the night,
That Mang the bat sets free.
The herds are shut in byre and hut,
For loosed till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon, tusk and claw.
Oh, hear the call -- Good Hunting all,
That keep the Jungle Law.

Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight,
Thro' all the sky.

To do our best each day
Is our aim in every way;
Be with us good, through the night;
That tomorrow we might
Perform our duties, learn and play,
Grow evere stronger, the Scouting way.

My Friends -
The coals of the council fire burn low,
Our council is nearly ended;
Let the smoke of the dying embers,
Carry our prayers to the Great Spirit;
Our council is ended.

The embers of our campfire
Are now slowly dying,
The birds and wood folk
have gone to thier rest.

The stars shining o'er us,
Their light shines before us;
Oh God of nature,
Grant to us a perfect peace.

37) Let's remember the food we've shared,
The games we've played, the songs we've sung;
Let's remember all of these things.

Let's remember the skit's we've played,
The hikes we've hiked, the problems we've shared;
Let's remember all of these things.

Let's remember the games we've played,
The friends we've made, the fires we've burned;
Let's remember all of these things.

Yes, let's remember all of these things;
I now declare this council fire closed,
Its memories stored forever in our hearts and minds.

May you sleep deep and wake refreshed,
With the sun shining down on you and a happy heart.

Zulu Farewell-

Go well and safely, go well and safely, go well and safely, the Lord be ever with you. Stay well and safely, stay well and safely, stay well and safely, the Lord be ever with you.

Once you have been a camper,
Something has come to stay,
Something has come that nothing
Will ever take away.
We came as strangers, we became friends, we part as brothers.

LAST CAMPFIRES

Comes the last day of many days,
The last campfire of all too few,
Last - but not lost.
In years ahead,
These times our memories shall renew.

Each campfire lights anew,
A flame of friendship true,
The joy we've had in knowing you,
Will last the whole year through.

Now as we close our last campfire,
Let's pause for a moment and praise
The Almighty God who saw fit to inspire
Our founder, who gave us these days.
May the Lord grant us His blessing,
And fill our hearts with the spirit
Of truth and peace, now and forever more.

Try this at a closing campfire. Each of the eight speakers holds up a large card showing his or her letter. You can spell out just about any word that has meaning to the people at your campfire.

M is for the memories we share tonight-the memories of camp.
O is for the opportunities we have to grow together, to learn new skills, and to share fellowship around this campfire tonight.
S is for the super things we have done here and the super people we have met and made our friends.
Q is for the quiet times we experience together times to reflect and give thanks.
U is for the ultimate peacefulness of the outdoors.
I is for the inspiration we receive from nature and from our friends.
T is for the terrific leaders who have been with us at camp.
O is for "On with the Show!"
Put them all together, and what do you have?

MOSQUITO!

CAMPFIRE CLOSINGS.

After the closing verse say
"I declare this campfire closed"

C # 1

And so before we close our eyes in sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep,
Scouting friendships strong and deep,
'Till we meet again

C # 2

As another campfire ends
Let us reflect on the life of that great man, B.P.,
Who made it all possible.

C # 3

Around the campfire's glow, the silent night,
Pressed close to the dying flame,
And in the narrowing circle of light,
Closer and closer to my heart God came.

C # 4

Around the fire's glow, the silent night
Pressed closer and closer to the dying flame,
And in the narrowing circle of light,
Closer and closer to God my heart came.

C # 5

As glow the logs upon the fire,
So may our hearts glow,
And our thoughts be kind,
And peace and deep content,
Fill every mind.

C # 6

Blazing campfires make our spirits light,
As we meet in fellowship tonight,
Scouts united for a world that's free,
Fires have lighted in our camporee.

C # 7

Bless all the beavers everywhere,
Help them their promise to share,
Guide them all safely home today,
Watch over them while they work and play,
Good night and busy building tomorrow.

C # 8 (Tune: Till we meet again)

By the blazing council fire's light
We have met in comradeship tonight
Round among the whispering trees,
Guard our golden memories,
And so before we close our eyes to sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep,
Scouting friendships strong and deep,

"Till we meet again.

C # 9

Comes the last day of many days,
The last campfire of all too few,
Last but not lost in years ahead,
These times our memories shall renew.

C # 10

Dear Father God, take special care of him,
He's very trusting and he is so very young,
Return him sun browned, sturdy, strong of limb,
With songs of wind and water on his tongue,
With friends, adventures, campfire dreams to prize,
And memories of mountains in his eyes.

C # 11

Deep peace of the running stream to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you
Deep peace of the shining stars to you
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.

C # 12 (Tune: Fire's burning)

Did you ever watch the campfire,
When the wood has fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten
Around the embers crimson glow,
Tell me, were you ever nearer
The land of hearts desire,
Than when you sat there thinking
With your face toward the fire.

C # 13

Each campfire lights anew,
A flame of friendship true,
The joy we've had in knowing you,
Will last the whole year through.

C # 14

Fading campfires 'neath a starry sky
Sil'vry bugles sound their lullaby,
Scouting friendships fashioned here today,
Bind us closer....when we are away.

C # 15 (TAPS)

Fading light, dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky gleaming bright,
From afar drawing nigh
Falls the night.

CHORUS (actions)

Day is done, (stand motionless)

Gone the sun (point skyward)

From the lake (extend both arms toward the earth)

From the hills (move both arms fully extended toward the hills)

From the sky (move both arms toward the sky)
All is well, safely rest (lower arms slowly)
God is nigh. (bow head).

While the light fades from sight,
And the stars, gleaming rays, softly send,
To Thy hands, we our souls, Lord commend.

C # 16

Faith is a grasping of almighty power,
The hand of man laid on the arm of God,
The grand and blessed hour,
In which things impossible to me,
Become possible O Lord, through Thee

C # 17

Father guide us, where brave men have trod,
Help us know the Fatherhood of God,
Here beside us.... let us know Thy plan,
May we show the Brotherhood of Man?

C # 18

Flames a-leaping fire bright,
We be brothers here tonight.
Logs burn flames rise,
Hearts glow, troubles die,
Each for all, and all for each,
Happiness within our reach,
Joined together by the good,
Of the World Wide Scouting Brotherhood.

C # 19

Fire's burning, fire's burning,
Draw nearer, draw nearer,
In the gloaming, in the gloaming,
Come sing and be merry,

C # 20

Gently dying embers cast a rosy glow
Voices slowly sinking to tones so soft and low
Slowly, upon the still night air,
Fall faithful voices hushed in prayer
That dream of bygone campfires,
And long for those to come.

C # 21 CAMP VESPER

God of the night, the stars, the skies,
Watch o'er the fires of day.
Be with us as the sunset dies
And colours fade away
May incense from our campfires
Bear our gratitude to You in prayer.

Most days begin with the song of birds
And meadows bright with dew,
With breezes blowing fresh and clean

Beneath a sky of blue.
Our meals combined with songs and fun,
Bring comradeship for everyone.
We thank you for eventful days,
That challenge us to try,
To play the game with sportsmanship
And set our standards high.
Now as the daylight fades away
We thank you for a happy day.
May incense from our campfires
Bear our gratitude to You in prayer.

Most days begin with the song of birds
And meadows bright with dew,
With breezes blowing fresh and clean
Beneath a sky of blue.
Our meals combined with songs and fun,
Bring comradeship for everyone.

We thank you for eventful days,
That challenge us to try,
To play the game with sportsmanship
And set our standards high.
Now as the daylight fades away
We thank you for a happy day.

C # 22
Good night, good night,
Far flies the light,
But still above us shining brightly,
We feel God's love,
Flame out above,
So trustingly we sing, Good night,
Good night.

C # 23
Good night to you all,
And sweet be your sleep,
May silence surround you,
Your slumber be deep,
Good night, Good night,
Good night, Good night.

C # 24 (ZULU FAREWELL)
Go well and safely,
Go well and safely,
Go well and safely,
The Lord be ever with you.

C#25
Hear us, God, Beavers bright,
Keep us safe from morn 'till night,
Guide us in your own sweet way,
Bring us back another day.

C # 26

Help us O Lord to love thee day by day,
To do our duty and enjoy our play,
O Lord over us care,
And as beavers, help us share, share, share.

C # 27

I sought my soul, but my soul I could not see,
I sought my God, But my God eluded me,
I sought my brother ----- and found all three.

C # 28 (Tune: - Keep the home fires burning)

Keep the campfire burning
While our thoughts are turning
To the stories songs and yells
The long day's fun
Warm red embers gleaming
Stars oe'r head are beaming
Plan tomorrow's big new joys
Till the day is done.

C # 29

Keep the spirit of this campfire in your heart for ever.

C # 30

M-m-m ... I want to linger
M-m-m ... a little longer,
M-m-m ... a little longer here with you
M-m-m ... this has been the perfect way
M-m-m ... for all of us to say
M-m-m ... this is good day but not goodbye

Form a circle. Put arms on the shoulders of the 2 people next to you.
Hum the tune once then sing softly.

C # 31

May the spirit of Scouting rest with you,
May the blessing of God remain with you,
To each of us the message true,
Scouting will stand or fall by you.

C # 32

Men my masters! Men my lovers!
Ye have fought and ye have bled
Gather round my bloody embers,
Softly glowing by my bed,
By my heart of solace dreaming
Rest ye and be comforted.

C # 33

Now as we come to our last campfire,
Let's pause for a moment and praise
The Almighty God who saw fit to inspire
Our Founder who gave us these day

C # 34

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus give the weary,
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tend'rest blessing,
May our eyelids close.

When the morning wakens,
Then may we arise
Pure fresh and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

C # 35 (Aloah)

Proudly sweeps the rain cloud o'er the cliff,
Borne swiftly by the western gale
While the songs of lovers' parting grief,
Sadly echoes amid the flowering vale,
Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
The winds will carry back my sad refrain.
One fond embrace before we say goodbye,
Until we meet again.

C # 36

Scouts of the world where 'ere you be,
God shed His blessed grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

C # 37

Slowly the flames flicker and fade,
As friends of each this fire has made,
Black ashes now, once were vivid coals,
Reminders to us of Scouting's goals,

C # 38

Softly falls the light of day
As our campfire fades away;
Silently each Scout / cub should ask,
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honour bright?
Can I guiltless rest tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to 'Be Prepared.'

C # 39

Softly falls the light of day
As our campfire fades away
Silently each cub should ask,
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my cub laws too,
Taught to me by old Baloo?
Always try to do my best,
God grant me a quiet rest.

C # 40

The golden sun sinks in the west,
Great spirit calls our scouters to rest,
We've had our work, we've had our play,
And now, to live the true Scouter's way.

C # 41

There is a destiny that makes us all brothers
None goes his way alone,
What we put into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own.

C # 42

We came as strangers,
We became friends,
We part as brothers.

C # 43

We thank you Lord for our fire,
As we camp upon this night,
May our love for you never tire,
And we be guided by your light.

As the flames point to the sky,
And the logs burn and glow,
While the sparks upward fly,
The nearer to you we grow.

As the campfire warms us,
Logs burn and to ashes made,
For your love will never fade.

And when our fire dims to an end,
Let scouting be in our heart and mind,
Your message of goodwill we will send
And all your gifts to men of every kind.

C # 44

Where little furred and feathered folk
In leafy coverts hide,
And where the campfire's dusty smoke
Blends with the eventide,
I want to breathe that smoke once more,
And live by nature's signs
And mountain torrents muffled roar,
The silence of the pines.

C # 45

Whatever you are, be noble,
Whatever you do, do well,
Whatever you speak, speak kindly
Spread happiness wherever you dwell.

C # 46

Wood and water, wind and tree,
Wisdom strength and courtesy,
Jungle favour go with thee.

Graduation Campfires

by Peter Van Houten

One of our discussion prior was on 'When boys move to next level'. I'm putting together the final preparations of our graduation ceremony now, so I thought I'd share it with you.

First of all, other than the Webelos Crossing Over Ceremony, which is held in March, we keep boys in their respective dens/tiger cub groups until June 1 (irregardless of what Council/national does with our membership roster). We started this tradtion last year and have found the boys are in exciting anticipation for this years event. We have TWO graduation campfires. One which addresses, graduation from Tigers/Wolfs to the next level, and the other for Bears/Webelos-1 to their next level!

We've reserved one of our local Day Camps for the setting. It's a VERY NICE camp, with a gathering area, and a long trail with a long suspension bridge over a creak that leads to a meadow 'Campfire' area. Our campfire is as follows:

1. Gathering of all boys in the upper area -- I'll lead two songs to get them in the spirit, "If you're Happy and you know it - clap your hands" and "Swiss Boy" (This is a favorite and we only do it at this campfire.)
2. After the songs, I give a brief instruction that we're about to be called into the campfire area. We will proceed in line, boys first, parents follow. They should maintain quiet and observe the surrounding nature as we approach the campfire bowl.
3. I signal my Assistant CM, who blows an Elk Horn. This is in return, answered by another Elk horn, blown from the Meadow. And in the distance we hear the tomtom begin beating.
4. I lead the boys down the path, across the bridge, down the trail into the campfire bowl, where we wait until everyone has arrived.
5. I stand with the fire between me and the boys and declare that because last years campfire was so special and meaningful, I've saved the ashes to spread on this years fire. I entice the boys to help me light the fire with their Scout Spirit as I spread the ashes on the fire. [Actually the ashes are 'Granular Cholrine, being spread into a container of Pine-Sol. The result being lots of white smoke and a flame flair, which will start the fire. It is very impressive if done correctly and with spirit.]
6. After the fire has started we do a action song. Something along the line of Zulu Chief, or "Robert Baden Powell-Had Many Scouts".
7. Cheer -- From our 'Cheer Box'
8. Skit -- This year's skit will be presented by a group of Boy Scouts whom have graduated from our Pack.
9. Action Song -- Malo.
10. Cheer -- From our 'Cheer Box'
11. Story -- The story this year is about 'Scout Spirt' I use a large gallon jar, filled 3/4 with fine dirt, and a ping pong ball. When I turn it upside down the ping pong ball is on the bottom. The ping pong ball is a Scout. As I talk about the virtues of Scouting I slightly Shake the jar. Within a few shakes (about one minute of talking) the ping pong ball appears at the top of jar

having overcome the great weight of the dirt. The moral of the story focuses on that the virtues of Scouting overcomes all that is dumped on you.

12. Award ceremony -- This is the first year we've included major award presentations (ie. Wolf, Bear, Webelos, etc.) and that is because we lost the school for our last pack meeting.
13. Graduation Ceremony. Each group is called up around the fire - They are congratulated for being a part of Scouting and for continuing along Akela's trail. The Tiger Ceremony is really beefed up to include presentation of certificate, pin, patch and segment, then the presentation of their Wolf Scarf and book. The Wolf, Bear ceremony includes removal of the old scarf and presentation of the new, along with the book. Webelos-1 to Webelos-2 includes the presentation of a new Slide. It's one of those Safety Pin Indian Bonnet's made by one of our mothers (very nice).
14. After the Graduation Ceremony, we sing 'Mm Mm I want to linger'
15. I call all boys to circle the campfire in a friendship circle, with parents standing behind the boys. Standing in the middle I offer up the following closing remarks:

Wood smoke at eventide smoothes the soul
and makes an easy ladder for a prayer.
May the smoke of this fire
carry your thoughts Heavenward
and make your hearts strong for good scouting.

16. We then close the campfire with singing 'Cub Scout Vespers'. After the first verse, we break the friendship circle and my Assistant CM leads the boys back up the trail, over the bridge to the upper camp area. As they are leaving the campfire area we hum the Cub Scout vespers tune.

This graduation leaves a very momentous reminder in the minds of the boys! Many of the boys who've graduated recall the graduation campfire as one of those times they liked about Cub Scouting.

Hope your campfires are as memorable.