

West Point Cub Scout Pack 23

Fall 07 Camp Out

(as of 2 September 07)

1900 - OPENING CEREMONY

Pledge of Allegiance

Administrative Announcements

1905 - 2000: CAMPFIRE (Ceremony MC: Cub Master)

Equipment: Wolf Den Leader will issue each Wolf Scout a candle to light from a central candle.

The pack is seated around an un-lit campfire (the Webelos I Den has prepared the fire for easy lighting). A PACK Leader enters with a lit torch or candle.

Cubmaster: Who are you?

Webelos Leader: I am the Spirit of Scouting

Cubmaster: Why do you come?

Webelos Leader: To give light to those who need it.

Cubmaster: Will you give light to us?

Webelos Leader: If you are prepared to serve God and country, to help people, and to live by the Cub Scout Promise and Law.

Cubmaster: We will "Do Our Best."

Webelos Leader: Then take your light from my light. (Cubmaster lights candle from the Webelos Leader's candle - Webelos Leader departs.)

Cubmaster: Is there anyone here who can help me spread this 'Light of Service' to our Pack.

Wolf Den Leaders: Our Wolves are ready to serve.

Cubmaster: Then bring the Wolves forward. (Cubmaster lights the candles of all Wolf scouts.) Let's spread this light together by lighting the PACK Council Fire. (All scouts put candles into fire.)

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Campfire Skit: Leaders

Campfire Skit/Recognition: Tigers

Campfire Skit/Recognition: Wolves

Campfire Skit/Recognition: Bears

Campfire Skit/Recognition: Webelos I

Campfire Skit/Recognition: Webelos II

Recognition of New Leaders

CUBMASTER: Tonight we want to welcome our new Pack leadership for the upcoming year. Would the following please step forward:

Tiger Den Leaders: Mr. Blair Williams; Mr. Mark Dunlop

Wolf Den Leaders: Mrs. Cindy Patenaude, Mrs. Tracy Hale

Mr. Lorenzo Rios

Bear Den Leaders: Mr. John Nawoichyk, Mrs. Wendy Nawoichyk

Web I Den Leaders: Mr. Jeff Swab, Mrs. Tracey Fairfax

Web II Den Leaders: Mr. Ron Dodge, Mr. Justin Perusek

Cub Master: Mr. Charlie Packard

Asst Cub Master: Mr. Grant Crawford

Committee Chair: Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford

CUBMASTER: Now, Cub Scouts, let's welcome your leaders with a round of applause!

At this point we will extinguish the fire and adjourn to Smores/ Stories Campfire.

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Around 2030 at Smores/Stories Campfire....

CAMPFIRE STORY - Cub Master

Vinder Viper Story

Years ago, a scout leader inherited a house from his great uncle who died in the war. The house sat on a hill outside of town in the next state and rumors were told that it was haunted. The scout leader traveled to the town to inspect the house and found that it was a wonderful old mansion in great condition, but very, very old. So, he decided to move in and enjoy his inheritance.

A couple weeks after he moved in, late at night, the phone rang. When he answered it, a voice said, 'I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 2 weeks!' and then it hung up before he could say anything. This really shook the man. The next day, he searched the Internet under 'snakes' for 'vinder viper' but found nothing.

A week past with no concerns and again, late one night, the phone rang. 'I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 1 week!' and hung up. This made the scout leader quite nervous, not knowing what a vinder viper was. He asked around the town, and no one had ever heard of any such viper.

Four days later, late at night, the phone rang. 'I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 2 days!' The scout leader is getting much more concerned now.

The next night, the phone rang. 'I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there tomorrow!' Needless to say, the scout leader is just plain scared now.

The next evening, the phone rang. 'I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 1 hour!' The scout leader tries to leave, but his car battery is dead.

Nearly an hour later, the phone rang. 'I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there

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in 2 minutes!' The scout leader runs around locking all the windows and doors and calls 911. The police are on their way.

Soon, there was a knock at the door. The man opened the door a crack and asked, 'Is that the police?'

'No, I am the vinder viper. I come every month to vipe your vindows.'

Notes: The punch line should be delivered as a little old *German* man with such an accent.

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WEBELOS CAMP FIRE STORY - Later

The Cremation of Sam McGee

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, no one really knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold
Seemed to hold him like a vice,
Though he'd often say, in his homely way,
He'd sooner live away from this ice.

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.

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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, Gosh, 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.'

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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, Gosh, 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.

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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.'

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