

**SCOUTS-L**

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**STORIES  
FOR  
CAMPFIRES?**

Date: Sat, 15 Jul 1995 10:50:57 -0400  
From: Merl Whitebook <MAWLAW@AOL.COM>  
Subject: Re: Campfire Stories

Here is another funny (or scary, scream the ending) campfire story.

### SNEAKERS

Only his mother and father called him Todd. To every Scout in Eagle District the name Todd suggested just one nickname, "TOAD", which Toad didn't mind at all. You see, Toad wanted, more than anything else in the world to win the smelly-sneaker contest.

Toad's sneakers were smelly. No doubt of that. But the first year he entered the Indian Nations Council Great Smelly Sneaker Contest, he didn't even get third prize.

The second year Toad entered the smelly-sneaker contest, he worked hard at it all year. He had already learned from an Eagle Scout that not wearing sox mattered. By not wearing sox, Toad made his sneakers much, much smellier.

In addition, Toad fudged on his showers. He turned on the water. He more or less got into the shower and more or less washed most of himself, including his hair. He knew his mom and dad could tell the difference between the smell of clean hair and the smell of dirty hair, but they trusted him to wash his feet. Toad did not wash his feet, which helped the smell of his sneakers considerably.

Still, that second year Toad got only second place.

Toad was bitterly disappointed. After the contest, he stood sad and dejected by a large garbage can, trying to decide if he should just chuck those second-place sneaker right into the garbage.

"Hey kid!" called a hoarse voice from the other side of the can.

"Hey, kid!!!" the voice insisted.

"Yeah?" said Toad.

"How much you wanna win that contest?"

"More than anything!" said Toad.

"I know how you can win, " the voice said.

Toad peered around the garbage can, where a big skinny kid sat on the ground.

**"What'll ya give me if I tell?"**

**Without hesitation, Toad offered his brand new back pack, the thing he loved**

**most, the one he'd worked all summer to earn the money for. He'd give the**

**back pack. Toad offered it to the kid sitting beside the garbage can.**

**"Here's what ya do," said the kid, and he whispered instructions into Toad's**

**ear, then he put a small vial into Toad's hand.**

**"Thanks" said Toad.**

**The kid stood up, shrugged.**

**With a smile of pure delight, Toad offered the tall skinny kid his back pack, but the kid turned his back. "Awww....Keep it," was all he said.**

**Toad raced home. The contest rules said you had to start the year with a**

**clean pair of sneakers. Some Scouts tried to cheat, but not Toad. He was sure he'd win, for in the vial was essence of sneaker, foot sweat mixed with**

**scrapings from the sneakers of the last four winners of the Indian Nations Council Great Smelly Sneaker Contest grand prize. Toad put the precious droplets into his new sneakers. The results were instant and made Toad's eyes water.**

**All that year he went sockless and put plastic bags on his sneakers at night**

**to keep the smell in, even though his parents made him put the sneaker outside. After a few days, at the next troop meeting, even his Scout Master,**

**insisted that Toad's sneakers be left outside. Toad did as his Scout Master said, first bagging the sneakers to keep the concentrated smell from getting diluted.**

**Toad's dedication and hard work paid off. As the day of the Indian Nations**

**Council Great Smelly Sneaker Contest drew closer, it was clear to all of the Scouts that Toad would be the winner.**

**The first judge, a new, young assistant scout master, approached Toad's**

**sneakers. From more than a yard away, he began to retch.**

**The Second judge, an old, experienced Scout Master, wiped his eyes, waved a**

**group of papers before his face, and backed away from Toad's sneakers.**

**The Third judge, the District Executive took a whiff, grinned and said, "Now**

that's more like it!" and awarded Toad First Prize!

Toad was giddy with bliss. When the judges asked if he'd like to donate the sneakers to the Scouting Museum, Toad said "no". He'd wear them home. He'd savor being champion.

Off Toad went, right foot, left foot, wearing championship sneakers, ones you could smell from afar. Right foot, left foot.

Toad was a good long way from home when his left foot started to itch something awful right around his toes, but Toad did not stop to scratch. He went on and on. And it was not long before his right food started to itch something fierce right around his toes, but Toad kept on walking.

And he walked and he walked, and the itch got to itching the whole sole of his right foot and then the whole sole of his left foot.

But Toad kept on walking, without stopping to scratch until he got home.

And the itching was terrible-clear up to his ankles!

With a sigh of relief, Toad got home and reached down to take off his championship smelly sneakers.

But when Toad took of the Championship Smelly Sneakers and got ready to scratch, Toad discovered that..... ..

**HIS  
FEET  
WERE  
GONE!**

If you can share some campfire stories or skits, that are not frequently told, I would be in your favor.

**YIS  
Merl Whitebook  
Troop 1  
Tulsa, Oklahoma**

**Date: Tue, 23 Apr 1996 09:24:05 -0400  
From: Wendy Meador <nhmeadors@TOP.MONAD.NET>  
Subject: Re: Indian Chief & 3 Braves**

> I am looking for the complete story about the Indian Chief and his

>tasking of the 3 Braves.

Don,

This might be something you could use, it's kind of long (to post here) but hope it's the one you were thinking of:

**"CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN"**  
From Woodland Tales  
By Ernest Thompson Seton

Afar in our dry southwestern country is an Indian village, and in the offing is a high mountain, towering up out of the desert. It is considered a great feat to climb this mountain. So that all the boys of the village were eager to attempt it. One day the Chief said; "Now boys you may all go today and try to climb the mountain. Start right after breakfast, and go each of you as far as you can. Then when you are tired, come back; but let each one bring me a twig from the place where he turned."

Away they went full of hope each feeling that he surely could reach the top. But soon a fat, pudgy boy came slowly back, and in his hand he held out to the Chief a leaf of cactus.

The Chief smiled and said, "My boy, you did not reach the foot of the mountain, you did not even get across the desert."

Later, a second boy returned. He carried a twig of sagebrush. "Well," said the Chief, "You reached the mountain's foot but you did not climb upward."

The next had a cottonwood spray. "Good", said the Chief, "You got up as far as the springs."

Another came later with some buckthorn. The Chief smiled when he saw it

and spoke thus: "You were climbing; you were up to the first slide rock."

Late in the afternoon, one arrived with a cedar spray, and the old man said, "Well done. You went half way up."

An hour afterward, one came with a switch of pine. To him the Chief said, "Good, you went to the third belt; you made it three quarters of the climb."

The sun was low when the last returned. He was a tall, splendid boy of noble character. His hand was empty as he approached the Chief, but his countenance was radiant, and he said: "My father, there were no trees where

I got to; there were no twigs, but I saw the shining sea."

Now the old man's face glowed, too, as he said aloud and almost sang: "I knew it. When I looked on your face, I knew it. You have been to the top. You need no twigs for token. It is written in your eyes, and rings in your

voice. My boy, you have felt the uplift, you have seen the glory of the mountain."

Oh ye Scouts, keep this in mind, then: the badges that we offer for attainment are not "prizes." Prizes are things of value taken by violence from their rightful owners. These are merely tokens of what you have done or where you have been. They are mere twigs from the trail to show how far you got in climbing the mountain.

Date: Mon, 16 Sep 1996 23:45:00 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@CapAccess.org>  
To: SCOUTS-L - Youth Groups Discussion List <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>  
cc: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>  
Subject: Re: WANTED: Ghost Stories

Dave Hill isn't the only one to have a bad experience with ghost stories. At the Scout Camp I attended as a youth, it was a ritual that on the first night of camp the "Legend of Red Eye" would be told at the campfire. In this legend from the French and Indian Wars, a trapper was captured and put to death for spying. To teach him a lesson his eyes were gouged out and a large glowing red coal was placed into his forehead before he was burned alive. The legend then recounted how the ghost still prowled seeking his revenge. After leaving the campfire the Troops walked by an old blockhouse. As they did a sheet gathered around a red battery lantern was made to slide down a wire toward the road. Of course many of the Scouts broke into a run. :-)) I can remember that I used to be able to run like a deer. :-))) This practice went on for years, until during one week of camp, when a youngish Scout was on his way to the latreen. Coming toward him was another Scout just finished with his nightly duties. This exiting Scout was using one of the old Scout flashlights with the red lens in place to help his night vision. The youngish Scout panicked, thought it was the ghost come to get him, opened his Scout knife and threw it at the ghost. The exiting Scout was wounded, but no long lasting physical damage. After this the practice of telling the Legend of Redeye ceased.

I still love ghost stories, but when with Scouts, find that there are many better stories that can be told. Ray Harriot's Stories For Around the Campfire is an excellent source. I'm sure that our resident librarians can tell us a few more good books. Mike? Mark?

Speaking only for myself in the Scouting Spirit, Michael F. Bowman

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