

# The Troop Newsletter

## Troop 306 – Avon Indiana

November 2008  
Historian - Benjamin Ricks

### Morgan Monroe State Park

If you do not know how we started our trip then look at my previous newsletters. (I get tired of writing the same old boring thing over and over again.) Once we left for Morgan Monroe State Park things went pretty smoothly, except for the occasional disagreement on whether Mr. Jackson was going the right way or not. There was more than one way to get into the park as we soon found out. One entrance was closer to us, but the camp was at the other side. The other entrance was a little farther away, but the camp was right next to it.

A few of us went to the closer entrance, while Mr. Jackson and the rest went to the second entrance. Apparently Mr. Jackson's navigation skills are improving, because he beat us there. Once we arrived we set up camp among tons of fallen leaves. After we set up tents, we had a relaxed day. Some of us played mafia, some cards, and a few of us built a shelter



*The Shelter*

Sometime after lunch we traversed an orienteering course. Sometimes we had trouble finding the right path, but we managed to get back on track eventually. Later while scouting our territory for good locations for a fort (we were back to playing mafia) we found something that surprised us all. We happened upon a bowling ball! (I'm a poet, and I didn't even know it.)



*A bowling ball*



*The boundary bridge of many of our mafia wars*



*A fort in mafia*

After dinner most of us played hide and seek, an interesting game to play in the dark. It took quite a long time to find people; almost everyone gave up! Soon it was time for bed.

But all good things must come to an end. After breakfast we packed up, and left for the scout hut. Then most of us, I'm sure, took a nice long nap.

# Kids Pick the Funniest Poems

Here is an excerpt from the book: Kids Pick the Funniest Poems.

**Mrs. Stein**

The school bell rings, we go inside,  
Our teacher isn't there.  
"Maybe she's sick!" her pet cries out.  
Yeah right. As if I'd care.

I have a D in Language Arts,  
My grade in Math's the same.  
And now my teacher might be sick.  
Could be I'm part to blame.

She doesn't like me, that's a fact,  
I wouldn't tell a lie.  
She says stuff like: "You're very smart,  
But you don't even try."

I start to laugh--my teacher's sick!  
And, boy, I'm feeling fine . . .  
When someone kicks the door right in,  
And there stands Frankenstein.

She's six-foot-eight, her dress is black,  
She's wearing combat boots.  
I start to gasp, she growls and says,  
"I'll be your substitute."

The teacher's pet is whimpering;  
She doesn't stand a chance.  
The smart kid stares and points and faints.  
The bully wets his pants.

"My name is Mrs. Stein," she says,  
and every student cringes.  
She leans the door against the wall,  
She's knocked it off its hinges.

"Now let's begin. You there! Stand up!"  
She looks me in the eye.  
I try to move, my legs won't work.  
I know I'm going to die!

In one big step she's next to me,  
And she does more than hover.  
She blocks the sun, it's dark as night,  
My classmates run for cover.

"Now get up to the board," she says.  
"I'd like to see some action.

Pick up the chalk, explain to us  
Division of a fraction."

I leap away to save my life,  
This time I *really* try.  
I think and think and think and croak,  
"Invert and multiply."

"Correct!" she says. I breathe again  
And head back for my chair.  
"You, FREEZE!" she shouts, and I stop cold.  
"And don't go anywhere."

This all begins at nine o'clock,  
I fight to stay alive.  
It seems to last a million years--  
The clock says nine-o-five.

That's just three hundred seconds,  
And then my turn is through  
She points at every one of us--  
"Now, you. Now, you. Now, you."

We all get nailed this awful day,  
There's nowhere we can hide.  
The lunch bell rings, we cannot eat,  
We simply crawl outside.

We can't believe the other kids  
Who run and play their games.  
Not us, who have big Mrs. Stein--  
Our world is not the same.

The bell has tolled, I must go in,  
My time on earth is through.  
I'll leave this on the playground--  
Here's what you have to do.

You must listen to your teacher  
And pray her health is fine,  
Or one day soon you'll hear the words:  
"My name is Mrs. Stein."

## Definitions

Excerpt = A passage taken out of a literary work.

Mafia = A fun war game

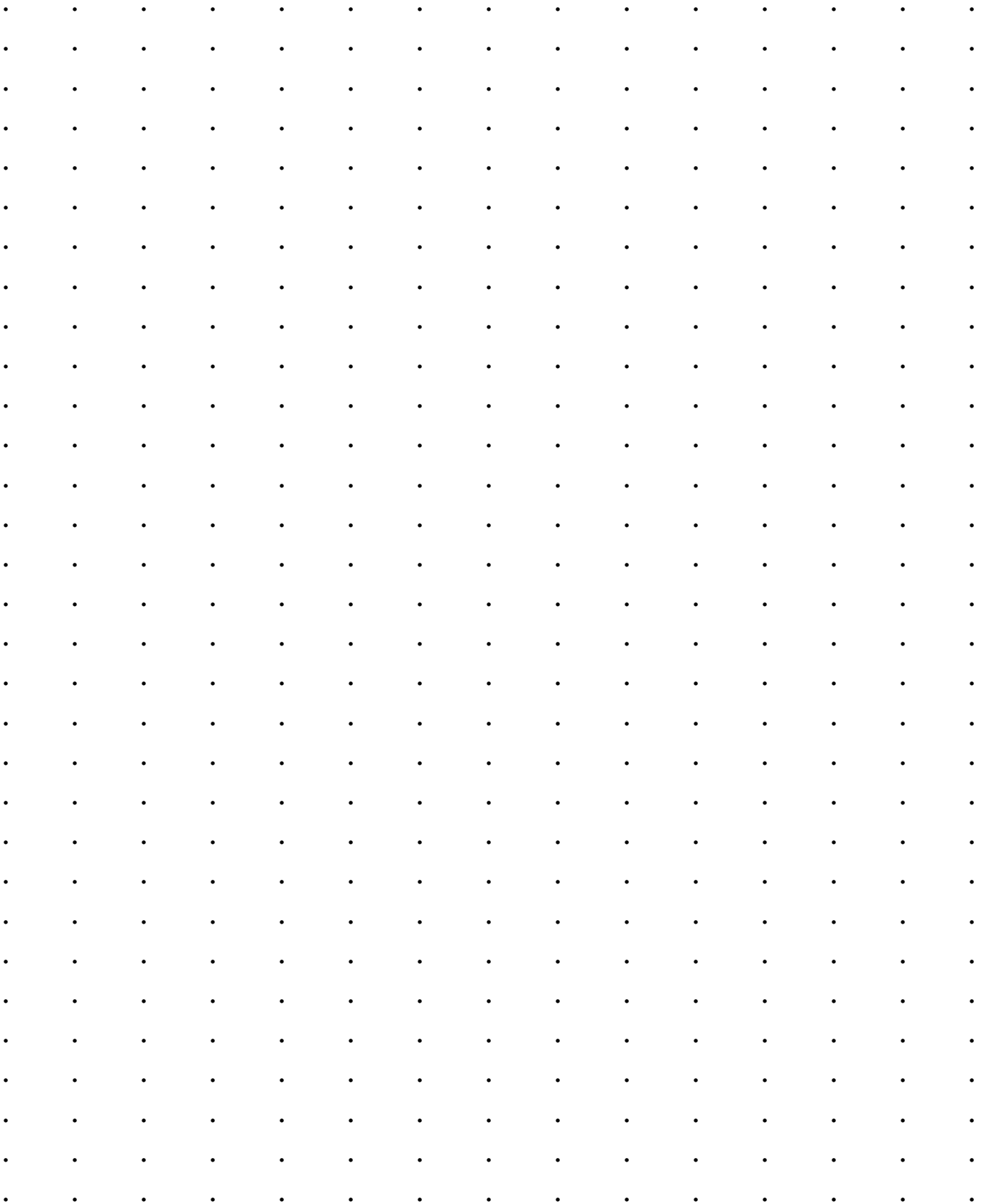
Previous definitions (In case you missed the last ones)

Shenanigans = Shenanigans is just a lot of stuff that's going on that's ridiculous or silly and makes no sense.

Police line: A large line formed to pick up trash all over the campground(s)

# Giant Dot Game

Draw a horizontal or vertical line to connect the dots. Take turns drawing lines with a friend. Try to make as many boxes as possible



## Upcoming events

Feb 21-22

Ice Fishing at Russell's

Mar 28-29

Camping at Morgan-Monroe State Forest

Apr 24-26

Spring Camporee

May 16-17

Camping at Versailles State Park

Jun 03-07

Family Trip to St. Louis

Jul 12-18

Boy Scout Summer Camp at Camp Krietenstein

Aug 22-23

Camping at Clifty Falls

Sep 26-27

Backpacking Trip

Oct 23-25

Battle of Belzer at Camp Belzer

Nov 21-22

Camping at McCormick's Creek

Dec 05-06

Camping at Scout Hut

Dec 14

Troop Christmas Party

Until we meet again... At the scout hut!