

He gathered a large number of pumpkins, scooped out the seeds and some of the flesh, then cut a 'face' in one side of each pump-kin. Two triangle eyes, another for the nose and a wide grinning mouth. Then he put a candle inside and popped the stalk back in place. The young lad worked hard, and before the men had left the village to go to the harvest he had a large number of lanterns made. As soon as the last man left, he took one lantern to each house and told the village people to light the candle at night and place the lantern at an open window.

Sure enough the evil spirits came, laughing and cackling, ready to carry off one of the village children. But, when they came close to the village they saw the lanterns. They screamed in fright. They thought the village was full of giant monsters and the lanterns were their heads looking out the windows. They ran back to the hills in fright and hid in their dark dismal caves. They never came near the village again.

Lanterns have been an important part of Japanese culture for many centuries. The spirit of the lantern was known as the Jack Therefore the village people believed it was this good spirit that saved them. So, from then, this type of lantern was known as a Jack O'Lantern, short for Jack of the Lantern.



STORY 3

In Ireland, the Jack O'Lantern is used at Halloween gatherings. The name "Jack O'Lantern" comes from an old Irish tale of a man called Jack who was notorious for his drunkenness and meanness.

One Halloween Night, Jack had far too much to drink, and his soul began to slip from his drunken body. The devil appeared at his side ready to claim his doomed spirit. But Jack was not ready to give up.

Jack begged the Devil, "Let's have one drink together before we go". "Very well", replied the Devil, "But you'll have to pay for it. I don't carry money with me". "I only have one sixpence", said Jack, "But you can change yourself into any shape, so they say. Change yourself into a sixpence and then you can change yourself back when you have the jug of beer".

This seemed a reasonable idea to the Devil, so he muttered an incantation and there he was on the bar, a shining new sixpence.

As quick as a flash Jack snatched him up and put him in his wallet which had a silver catch in the shape of a cross. The cross prevented the Devil from getting out. The Devil was furious, and he cursed and screamed but was unable to get out of the wallet, and so, could not get back into his own shape again.

"If you'll promise to let me alone for a year, I'll let you out", said Jack. The Devil agreed. Now, Jack had an idea that now he had a year's grace, he would reform. He would take his pay home to his wife and children instead of spending nearly all of it at the local pub. He would go to Mass every Sunday, and put some money in the poor box. If he did this the Devil would be unable to take his soul. But alas, Jack soon fell back into his old ways.

Next Halloween Jack was walking along a country road. Suddenly there was the Devil beside him and Jack knew he had come to claim his soul. Just then, they walked under a tree loaded with big red apples.

"Want an apple?" said Jack. "Sure; they are fine looking apples", said the Devil, "But they are so high, how will we pick them?" "Stand on my shoulders so you can reach them," said Jack.

So the Devil climbed up onto Jack's shoulders and swung himself up onto a branch of the tree.

Jack whipped out his pocket-knife and cut a large sign of a cross on the trunk of the tree.

This made it impossible for the Devil to come back down. "Let me down and I'll not claim your soul for ten years", cried the Devil. "Not until you promise never to come after me again", said Jack. The Devil, being desperate, gave his promise.

Before the next Halloween, Jack's body wore out and his soul had to have some place to go.

St. Peter turned him away from Heaven because he had been mean and stingy all his life. But when he got to the gates of Hell, the Devil shouted, "Go away! You tricked me into promising that I'd never claim your soul. I must keep my word. You cannot enter Hell". "But where can I go to?" said Jack, "Back where you come from", said the Devil. "I'll not find my way in the dark".

The Devil answered by throwing a chunk of burning coal from the furnace of Hell. Jack put it inside a turnip he had been chewing on.

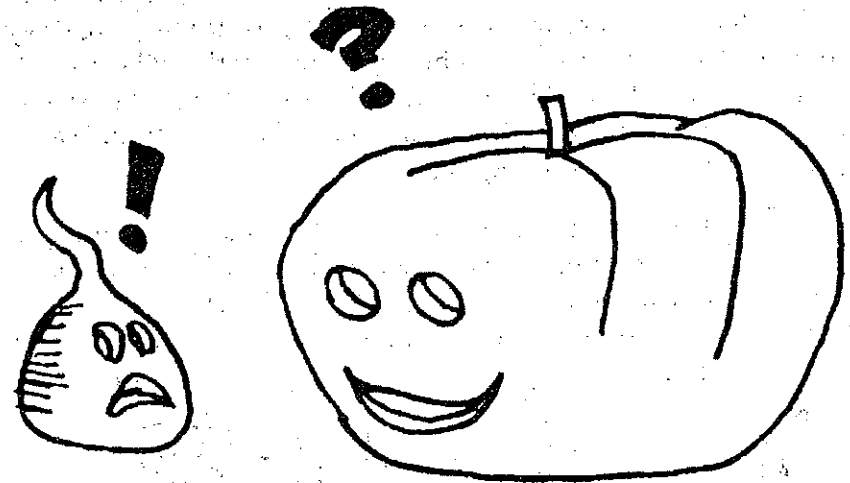
So with this "Jack O'Lantern" he has been wandering the Earth ever since; a lost soul with nowhere to go.



Weird faces were carved on the sides of the vegetables and the glow of the light shone through the holes. It was hoped these would chase away the demons of the night and let the villagers walk home in safety.

When Halloween became popular in America many, many years later, pumpkins were used because they were more plentiful. Candles are placed in them instead of coals. When it gets dark they go knocking on the neighbourhood doors saying trick or treat.

STORY 2



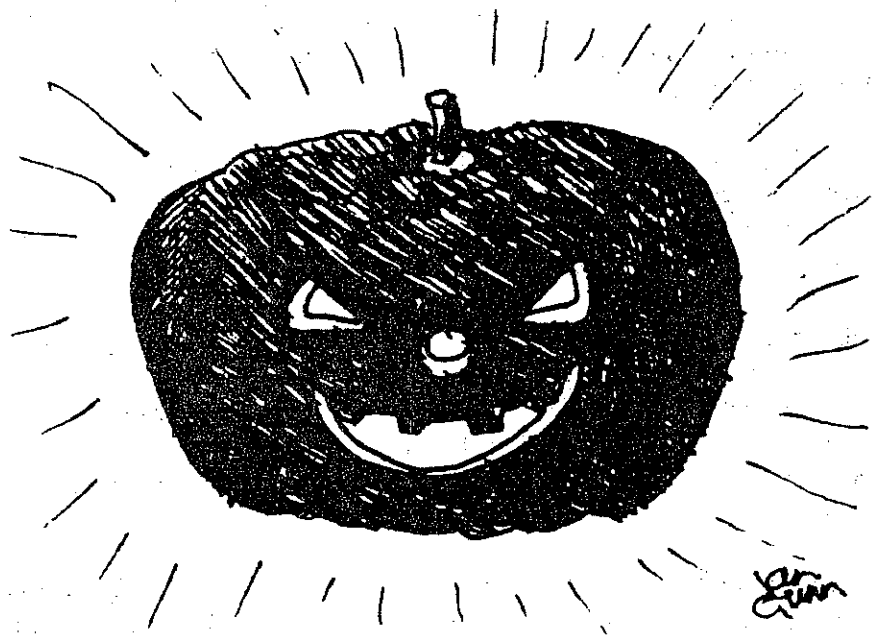
In a very small village in a remote part of Japan. The people were so poor that the crops they grew were not enough to sustain them throughout the year.

So the very young men would go away to other areas in the harvest time, to either earn money to buy grain, or be paid in produce. The village was left to the old folk, women and children. They tended the fields and did the harvest.

Some evil spirits lived in the hills nearby, and when they heard the men had left the village, they came at night and raided it and carried off a child to use as a sacrifice to their Gods.

Each harvest, the people of the village lived in fear of the evil spirits. Then, one day, when harvest time was approaching, a young lad had an idea. He said not a word to anyone, but set about his business.

HALLO'WEEN



"There are many stories of how 'Jack O'Lantern originated and its association with Halloween. Here are a number of very different stories said to have come from different countries, and I am sure there are many more than these".

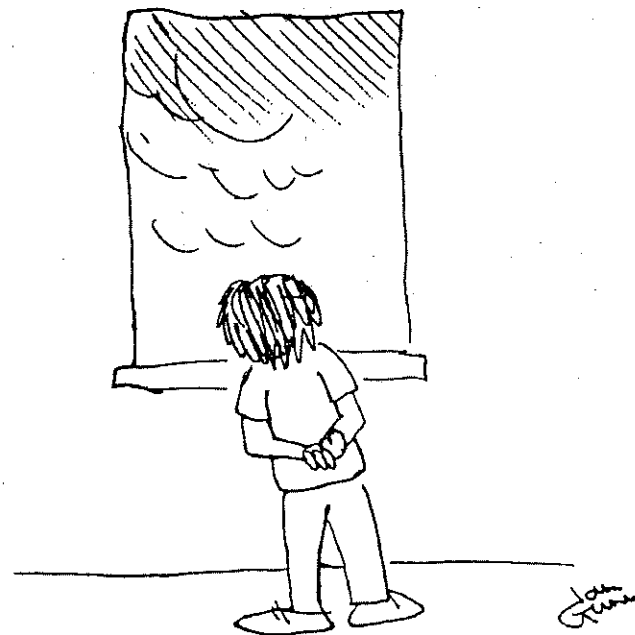
STORY 1

The Ancient Scottish Druid Priests lit holy bonfires on the night of the thirty-first of October. On this day and night they celebrated the feast of All Saints. It was also the shortest day of the year. The long dark nights were supposed to be filled with witches and demons. The good spirits only dwelt in the daylight hours.

The people of each village would gather round their bonfire just before sunset, and as soon as it was dark the priests would light the fires.

After much merry making in the glow of the firelight it would be time to go home. So coals from the holy fire were taken and put into scooped out turnips.

WINDOW IN THE SKY



One day after school, Tony sat at the table drinking a cup of nice hot chocolate.

He looked up at his Mum and said, "Mum, you say God is all around us, so why can't I see him?"

"Well, come over here and look out the window. See, it's been raining all day and the clouds are grey. They cover the whole sky. We know the sun is still up there even though we can't see it." answered Tony's mum.

"If you come a little closer to the window and look at the garden along the path, you will see all the daffodil bulbs shooting above the soil. They didn't need to see God to know it was Spring. God made the seasons, the same as He made the soil for the plants to grow in."

"There are lots of things we know are there although we can't see them. Daddy and I love you very much. You can't see love, but you know by the way we do things for you that we love you. We take care of you, help you to learn all the things you have to know, make sure you eat good food and

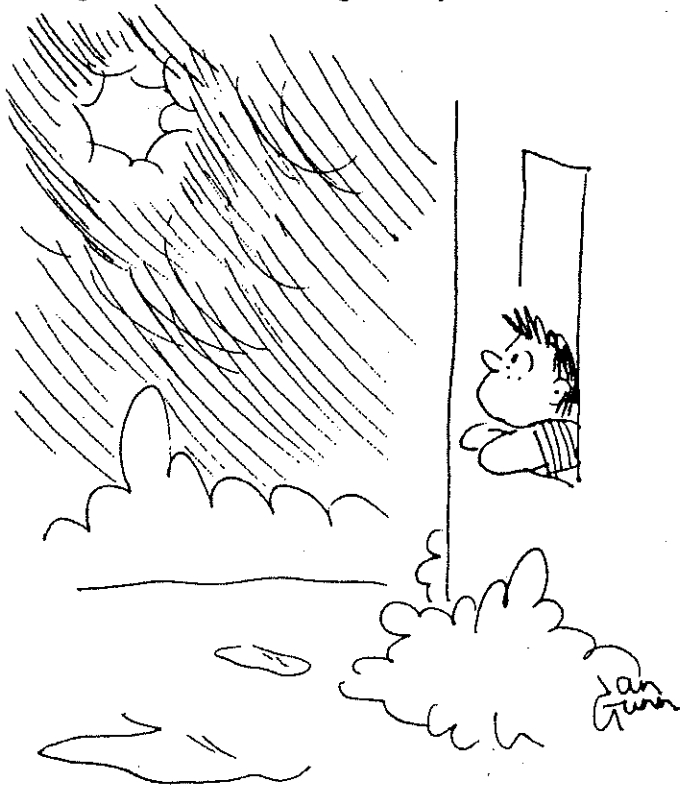
play sport, to exercise and grow healthy. We enjoy holidays and lots of fun times together, and we are always there when you are sad."

"Friendship is another thing you don't see, but know it's there. Matthew is your best friend, so it's the things you do for each other, the enjoyment of the things you do together, and the happiness that comes from being in each other's company that proves there is friendship."

"It's the things around us that tell us God is there. The rain and the sunshine that make the flowers grow, the little animals that arrive every Spring, the tall trees that grow where no man has ever been, the land, the sea, and the sky all play their part in nature's plan. And this all shows us God is there." explained Tony's Mum.

Tony went a little closer to the window. He saw a break in the grey clouds, a patch of blue showed through.

"It's just as though the clouds had a window too, to show us the sun is really up there shining all the time." thought Tony.



than fresh meat loves salt". The King was horrified, how could she say such a thing? Surely this had no meaning, so she couldn't really love him at all. The King was so angry by now he rose to his feet and shouted at her, "You will leave my kingdom immediately - never to return. I see you clearly do not love me, but instead try to make fun of me".

The little Princess turned away in tears. She left the palace and went to live in another kingdom of a distant cousin. As time passed the King grew older. Many times he thought of his little daughter, and always there was sadness. Why did she not love him?

One day a messenger brought a letter to the palace. It was an invitation to a wedding in his cousin's kingdom. When the King arrived the wedding was about to take place. It was a beautiful wedding, and afterwards everyone went into the banquet hall. The most delicious feast was laid out. Everyone sat down, they tasted the food, they looked around, tasted it again - silence.

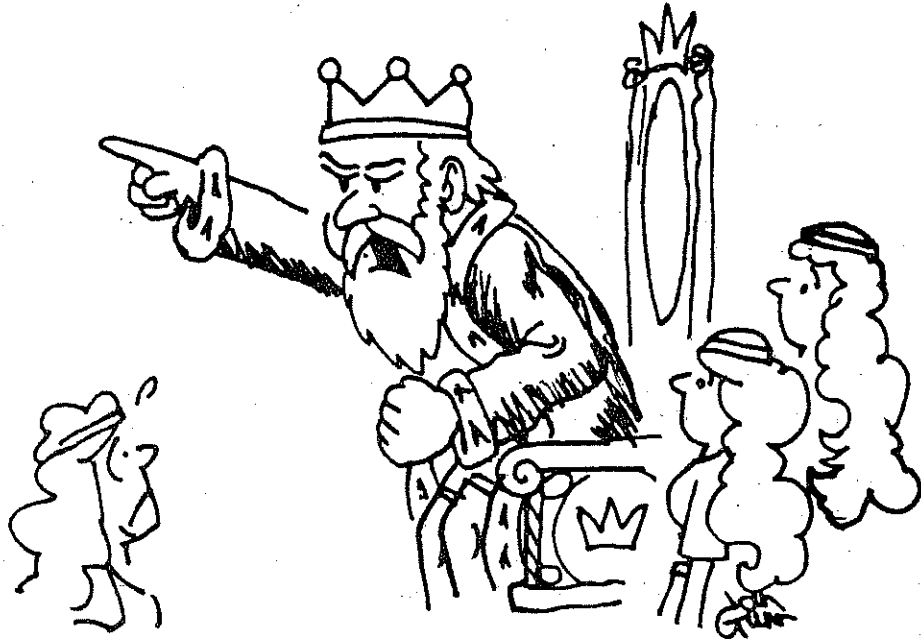
The King started to weep. The bride came up to him and said, "Why do you weep on this very happy day?" The King said, "Once I had three beautiful young daughters and when I asked them how much they loved me, the first two said the things I wanted to hear. But really, they have gone their own ways and left me alone. The youngest of my daughters said she loved me more than fresh meat loved salt. I thought she didn't love me at all, so I sent her away. Now I taste this beautiful food before me. It has no salt in it, and the meat has no flavour. I know now she was the one that loved me most of all", and again the King wept.

The bride put her hand on his and said, "Father". Then the servants took away the tasteless food and brought in more. This time the salt had been added to the dishes.

It is very important that we always say the things we believe in rather than the things we know people would like to hear. At the same time we must be careful not to deliberately hurt anyone.

A Cub is on his honour to tell the truth at all times.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER



Once upon a time in the tiny Kingdom of Taya, lived a King, who had three lovely daughters. One day the King called his daughters to him. He looked at the three lovely young ladies. And he said to each in turn, "How much do you love me?" The eldest daughter said, "I love you as much as a beautiful butterfly loves to fly in the warm sunlight".

Indeed you love me well, you will receive your inheritance on the day you are married," said the King.

The second daughter said, "I love you as much as the fresh spring grass loves the morning dew".

"Yes, you too love me well", said the King. "You will receive your inheritance when you marry".

The King could hardly wait to hear what the third daughter had to say. She was the youngest, and always seemed to be the closest to him, he was sure her answer would delight him even more than the other two.

The young maiden looked at her father and said, "Father, I love you more

HOW SPRING CAME TO THE FOREST



In Central Europe there was a tiny village nestled near a beautiful forest. As soon as the warm Spring days arrived the children of the village would come and play in the forest.

It had been a particularly long, cold winter. The children looked forward to once again getting outdoors and playing in the forest.

At last the Winter snow melted, but the days were still very cold. Some of the children ventured into the forest to see if Spring had arrived.

They were sad and disappointed; not a bird, a rabbit or a deer to be seen. The flower bulbs were still hiding well below the soil. So days passed and again the children went down to the forest, and again they were disappointed. Spring was certainly not there - perhaps Spring had forgotten them this year.

Several more days passed and the children went to the forest again. It was clear Spring had not yet come. Sadly the children went home. They were sure now that Spring was not going to come that year. The children amused themselves indoors and didn't notice the days gradually getting a little warmer.

Mean time there was a slight stirring in the forest, tiny shoots appeared from the ground, birds started to build their nests. At last Spring had come to the forest. Soon the flower buds appeared, the birds laid their eggs, and the baby rabbits began hopping about.

But the children didn't come to the forest.

The birds and the animals held a meeting, and it was decided that the birds would build baskets. In these they would lay an egg, the flowers would give up their best blooms, and the rabbits would deliver the baskets.

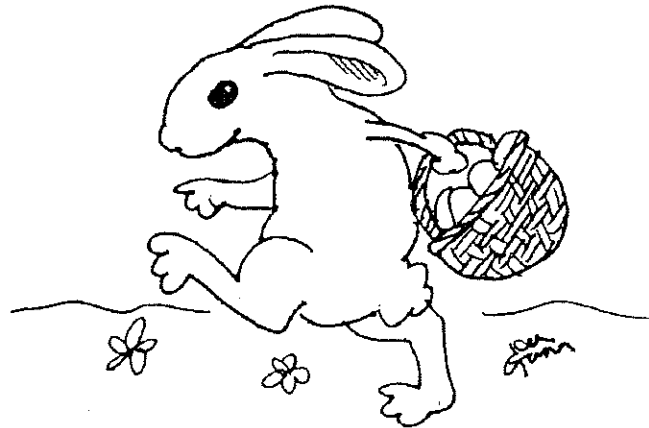
Next day was Easter Sunday, well before dawn the rabbits carried the baskets with their eggs and flowers to the doorstep of every cottage where children lived.

When the children woke up they saw the baskets, and ran down to the forest, for they knew that Spring had come at last.

The forest rang with the sound of laughing children. The birds joined in, singing their sweetest song. The flowers opened their finest buds and the rabbits and deer watched from behind the trees as the children played in the forest. At last the forest had come to life, and everyone was happy.

Ever after on Easter Sunday, long before dawn, the rabbits delivered their baskets to the doorsteps of the children of the village. This was their promise that Spring would always return, bursting with new life.

That is the story of how Spring came to the forest, and why we have an Easter Rabbit.



"Will you fetch me some of those". The farmer's wife returned with them and he added them to the pot. By this time the water was just beginning to boil. "I'm sure you have some fine barley in your cupboard", said the Swagman, "Just a handful of that will do". And into the pot it went. "Now I need something to stir it with", and with that the Swag-man took a large hambone from the side bench and stirred the soup. "I'll leave that for a while now", he said.

"Now, since I have done you such a fine good turn, you might like to make me a cup of tea while the soup cooks!" The farmer's wife made some tea, and by now the kitchen was filled with the delicious smell of soup.

The Swagman stirred the soup again, and smiling to himself, he said that his magic stone had done its work once more, the soup was ready to eat. With that he took the smooth, pure white stone from the soup, whipped it very carefully and put it back into his swag.

"Now, if you have set the table, I'll serve the soup; perhaps we might have some of that nice fresh bread you baked early this morning, to eat with it!" It certainly was beautiful soup but, did the Swagman in fact trick the farmer's wife? Was his stone really magic?

Did he really do a good turn or was it a rather clever way to get a free meal. What really is a good turn?

Discuss It.



STONE SOUP



Once upon a time an old Swagman came to a farmhouse. He knocked, and waited for the farmer's wife to answer the door. "Good Day" he said. "I can do you a great service", and with that he took a smooth white stone from his swag. "This is a magic stone, it will make the most beautiful soup you have ever tasted. Show me to your kitchen and I will demonstrate its magic powers. At the same time I'll do you a special good turn, and provide your family with a delicious lunch".

The farmer's wife was rather intrigued; she showed the Swagman to her kitchen.

"Fetch me a large saucepan half full of water", he said. The farmer's wife did this. Then the Swagman popped the smooth, pure white stone in the water. With a slight splash it sank to the bottom of the pot.

Then the Swagman glanced round the kitchen; he spied a bunch of onions hanging in the corner. "Oh, a couple of those would do just fine", and he popped them in the pot. The water was beginning to warm up, "I see you have a garden of fine vegetables" said the Swagman.

VIKING GODS



The Viking believed in many Gods; some of the days of the week are named after them.

The one we probably know best is Thor, the God of Thunder. He was the son of Odin, "The God of the Hanged". His very name meant fury.

His worshippers believed the only way to hold check on his terrible wrath was to offer him blood of sacrificial victims.

These were both human and animal; killed at regular intervals.

Deep groves in the forest were favoured for worshipping their Gods, and often the trees around the sacred place would weigh down with the blood dripping corpses of horses, dogs and humans. The ravens who ate the carcasses were always associated with Odin. Drawings and carvings always showed Odin accompanied by his two faithful ravens.

Long after the coming of Christianity, Odin was remembered as the God of the Wind. In the height of Winter storms, the people would tremble, believing the roaring thunder and lightning was caused by Odin and his band of wild hunters chasing their prey across the stormy sky.

It was Odin's wife Frigg who gave her name to Friday and another wife Tyr from whom Tuesday is named, while Thursday is named after his son, Thor.

The Viking Gods were many and always strong and powerful. Vikings worshipped in many places such as an island in the centre of a lake, an outcrop of bare rock, deep in the centre of a forest or on the fringe of swamps.

Often at these places a wooden temple called a "hof" would be erected to house carved wooden images of the Gods.

DEATH OF A VIKING CHIEF

When a Viking Chief died, he would have a very spectacular funeral. The richer and greater the warrior, the grander the funeral was.

The Chieftan's Long Boat would be dragged up onto the shore, and the Chieftan's body placed on a bed in the middle of the boat. He would be dressed in his finest clothes and armed as a warrior. Next to him magnificent hunting dogs and stallions which he had owned, would be tethered. Large quantities of food and drink would be placed around him.

A group of warriors would come forward and beat loudly on their wooden shields. While this was going on another warrior would slay each of the animals in turn, with a single stroke of his axe, first the dogs, then the horses. Next, one of the Chief's young wives would be dragged to her place of slaughter. She would be dressed in fine silken clothes and would be wearing costly jewelry. After drinking some ale from a horn, an old hag would come from the crowd and draw a ritual dagger from under her cloak and with one simple blow would stab the girl to death.

Meanwhile the warriors beat their shields to drown out her cries. She would then be placed beside her dead husband.

Flaming torches would then be flung onto the deck and as it burned the Viking crowd would shout up at the sky, wishing the Chieftan and his wife a safe journey to the after life and a glorious eternity with Odin in Valhalla.

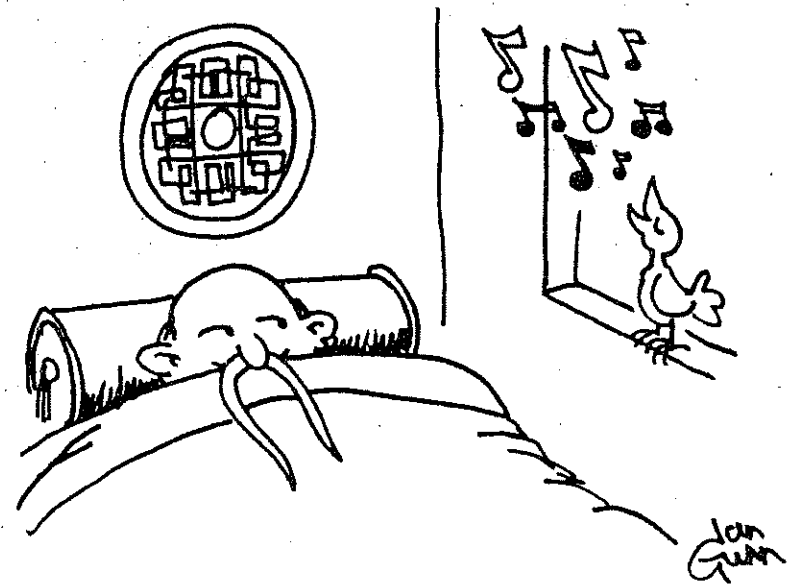
The nightingale flew out of the cage and up into a tree. That night it came back to the window and sat on the sill and sang, then flew off.

Each night it came back and sat on the window sill and sang to the Emperor. After awhile the Emperor got better. He went out to his garden. The nightingale flew down onto a branch just above his head and sang more sweetly than ever before. Then he flew away.

He never returned, and when the Emperor walked into his garden he often stopped under the tree and remembered the sweet song of the nightingale. He was happy he had let the little bird go. You see, he could never really own the bird because it was born to be free".

Tommy looked at the little bird in the cage. He took the cage and set it on a fence post. He opened the door, the little bird hopped out and sat on the fence wire for a second or two, then it flapped its wings and flew away.

Each time Tommy went for a walk in the paddocks he would look at the birds flying around and wonder which one it was that he had looked after. He said to himself, "Yes, I am glad I let my little bird go free because I know how I like to be free to do the things that I want to".



He thought of all these little creatures as his friends, but mother said they were born to be free and it was cruel to keep them. But Tommy thought the bird was really his; after all, if he hadn't found it and looked after it, surely it would have died.

Mother looked at Tommy and said, "I will tell you a story and perhaps you'll understand better".

"Once upon a time there was a very wealthy Emporer in China. He had a big palace surrounded by the most beautiful gardens you had ever seen. One night when the Emporer was walking through his garden he heard a bird singing. It was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard. Each night he would come to the same spot in the garden and listen to the bird singing.

"One night he took one of his servants and said, 'I want you to take as many servants as you wish and catch that bird which sings to me each night. I have a beautiful golden cage made for him. I will give him everything he wants and then he can sing for me all the time.'

"So the servants caught the bird and put him in the beautiful golden cage. To the Emporer's surprise the bird did not sing, even when the tastiest pieces of food were found for him. He just sat there very sad on the golden perch.

"One day the Emporer fell very ill, and nothing anyone, could do could make him feel better. One day he said 'I'm sure if I could hear my little bird sing again I would feel better'. So the servants bought the bird in its cage into the Emporer's bedroom. To the Emporer's surprise the little bird didn't look very well either; it certainly looked very sad.

"The Emporer said to his servant, 'Why haven't you been looking after my bird? What is wrong with him?'

The servant said 'This little bird is a nightingale. He was born to fly in the air, to feel the warmth of the sunshine, to shelter from the rain in a leafy tree. But most of all a nightingale likes to find a favourite spot it can go to at dusk, somewhere it can sit and sing. You were indeed honoured that he favoured your garden'.

"The Emporer said to his servant "I have been very wrong. This little bird should be free. I have no right to keep it locked up. Take it to the window and open the cage and let my little bird fly away".

A JUNGLE STORY



It was a warm, still night in the jungle and the animals were just starting to stir after the day's sleep, ready for the nightly hunt. Father wolf lay across the entrance to his den. He stretched and shook the sleep from each paw. Mother wolf lay inside the cave feeding her two young cubs.

There was a rustle of the tall grass, and into the clearing crawled Tabaqui, the sneaking jackal. "How are your beautiful children this fair night? Did you know Shere Khan was hunting in this part of the jungle?"

"Trouble always follows when someone changes their hunting ground", grumbled Father wolf.

Somewhere a short distance away came a deep throated roar. This was followed by screaming, yelling and much confusion. Father wolf stood, every muscle ready for action. The grass rustled, and into the clearing stumbled a little brown boy. He crawled right past Father wolf into the den and snuggled in between the two cubs, near Mother wolf.

Outside Shere Khan, the tiger, came roaring and howling, shouting, "Give me my man cub."

Now Shere Khan had come upon a woodcutter and his wife and their little boy sitting round their fire. With a mighty spring he had leapt at them, missed, and one paw landed in the fire. Now he was mad with rage.

Mother wolf put her head to the cave entrance and said as fiercely as she could, "Go away, you shall not have the man cub, he has made himself at home among my cubs. He has earned a place in my family."

Shere Khan knew better than to argue with an enraged wolf, so he growled and mumbled that one day he would have his prey. Mother wolf turned and looked at the little boy. She said, "Not a hair on his body. He is just like a frog. I shall call him Mowgli, which means Little Frog."



THE NIGHTINGALE



Tommy Saunders lived on a rather large farm. He loved to walk around the paddocks, or down by the dam. But best of all, he loved to go into the big barn. There were lots of bales of hay stacked at one end. The chickens made their nest in the hay, and sometimes there were baby calves tethered by the door. If he was very quiet and Smokey and Sooty, the farm cats, were not around, a little field mouse would come out from the bales of hay. The mouse would sniff around until he found a grain of wheat or corn, then dart back under the hay with it.

Tommy was always bringing home all sorts of creatures; a butterfly, a grasshopper.

One day he found a bird with a damaged wing. Tommy was always very kind and gentle to everything he caught. He would put them in a jar, a box or a cage, and he made sure they always had food and water. But Tommy's mother always made him let go after a little while.

This was always a sad time for Tommy, especially the time when the little bird's wing had mended and Mummy said it was time for it to go.

THE MIRROR



A long time ago in a remote village in China, there lived a merchant. It was his custom to go to the far off city once a year, and purchase the goods to bring back to sell to the people of the village and surrounding valley. The merchant had a son whom he trained to look after his business while he went on these long trips. For many years this was a very happy arrangement - the father went off to buy the goods, the son stayed home and sold them, and the people bought the things they needed.

The son married a beautiful young lady, and they were very happy. The merchant grew very old, and one day became extremely ill and died. So now the son had to go to the far off city to buy the goods. He started off and after some time he arrived at the city. He soon found the market-place and set about purchasing the goods he needed to take back with him.

As he walked from stall to stall something caught his eye. He picked it up. He was astounded; here in the middle of this distant city was a portrait of his father as a young man. What the son did not know was that he was looking into a mirror and the portrait he saw was actually his own reflection. So he bought the mirror and took it home for himself.

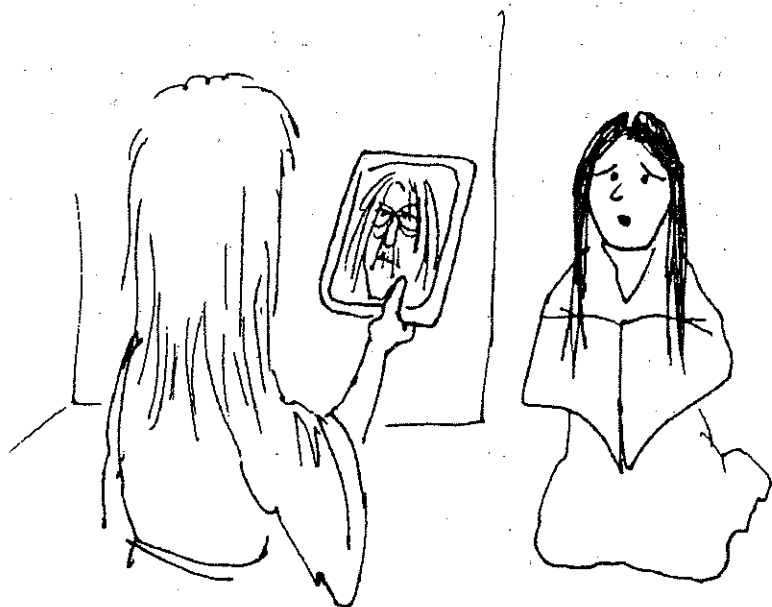
On arriving home he showed the mirror to his wife and when she looked into it she saw a lovely young woman.

Immediately she was very sad. Why would her husband bring home a portrait of another woman and why was he so excited about it? Surely the woman must mean a lot to him.

So next day she took the mirror to the High Priestess and told her story. The High Priestess, a very old lady has grown very old and wrinkled and is no longer nice to look upon. I will put her away where she can do no more harm."

Like the reflection in the mirror, what do people see when they look at our faces. Is it a happy face, bad tempered, scowling or a nice pleasant face? People always look at another's face to see, what sort of person they are. If you wear a happy face, people around you will feel happier. If you smile at someone, they will probably smile back at you.

When asked what he meant by doing a good turn, Lord Baden-Powell said, "To give someone a smile is one of the best things you can do." To smile at someone really is a good turn you can do for them.



Preface

Story telling is as old as time itself. The culture of whole nations have survived for centuries by just this method.

Stories can be told for pure pleasure; to express a point of view; tell a message or for teaching. The way we tell the story will determine how much the listener will learn or remember.

We can all learn the art of story telling. I admit some people have a more natural flair than others. This just means the others have to practise a bit more.

First you must read, and reread the story, make it a fairly short simple one if you are a beginner. When you think you know it well enough – sit in front of a mirror, and tell it to yourself. Are you umming and thinging too much? Do you wave your hands about too much? Sit too still? No movement can be boring--too much, distracting.

Tell the story to your children--the children next door, the cat, the budgie, anyone who will listen, even Grandma if you can catch her.

Make sure you are clear on the introduction and the conclusion. Make a few notes or headings if you like. But don't read a story if you can help it, it takes a lot more skill to read one in an interesting way than to tell one.

When you tell your story to the Pack, sit them down and then sit down in front of them, then you are all more or less at eye level. If you sit on a chair, the boys on the floor, you lose some atmosphere. If you enjoy the story then it's pretty certain the Cubs will too.

You can tell yarns anywhere – anytime – Pack meetings – outings – Cubs Owns or when travelling.

Where do you find stories? Books, papers, radio, T.V., or try making up your own.

Stretch your mind a little. Do you remember some you loved as a child? Make a collection of your own and write them down in a book.

I have tried to give you a wide variety of stories in this book, some may sound faintly familiar, others I assure you, are original.

I hope you enjoy them and enjoy telling them.

Avis Pyle

NOTES

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MORE YARNS FOR CUBS

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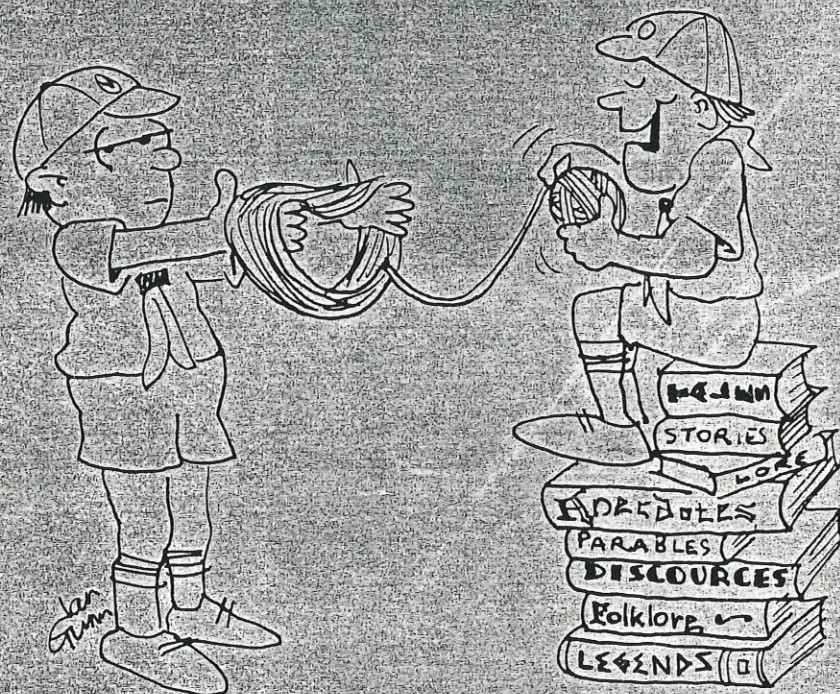
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