



Aaargh!!!

I saw this skit when I was an Indian Guide. It involves a narrator, a campfire with everyone facing one way, and someone with a large club.

Narrator: I'm going to tell you a scary story. There was a woman, working alone at a company late at night, listening news on the radio. The radio mentioned car accidents, baseball scores, and trouble in congress. She packed her bags to go home, and as she was turning off the radio, they mentioned an escaped convict.

Radio: The man is a deranged killer. He walks with a limp, dragging one foot, and he carries an bloody axe. He escaped by hacking three prison guards to death. He is armed and dangerous!

Narrator: She turned off the radio, turned off the lights, and walked towards her car through the empty building. But as she walked, she heard footsteps in the distance behind her .. step scrape, step scrape, step scrape. She walked faster. The footsteps came closer, step Scrape, step Scrape, step Scrape. They came closer, closer. Finally she reached the the front door, turned the knob. Locked! She was trapped! Turning around ...

The guy with the club (you need a running start for this) yells "Aaarghhhh!!!" and leaps over the audience (or through a walkway if possible), waving the club and making as much noise as possible.



Drinking Cola

I have no idea.

The Siberian Chickenfarmer

Farmer: "Here, chick chick chick ... Here, chick chick ... chick ..."

Two military times come up behind the farmer.

Police: "Comrade! Vat are you Doink!"

Farmer: "I'm feedink my chickens"

Police: "Vat are you Feedink dem, Comrade??"

Farmer: "Corn."

Police: "Fool! There is a shortage of corn!!!"

They beat him up. Oof. Ow.

Police, dragging him away: "Three years in the work camps for you!"

Narrator: Three years later, ...

Farmer: "Here, chick chick chick ... Here, chick chick ... chick ..."

Two military times come up behind the farmer.

Farmer, standing up some: "Uh oh ..."

Police: "Comrade! Vat are you Doink!"

Farmer: "I'm feedink my chickens"

Police: "Vat are you Feedink dem, Comrade??"

Farmer: "Wheat."

Police: "Fool! There is a shortage of wheat!!!"

They beat him up. Oof. Ow.

Police, dragging him away: "Five years in the work camps for you!"

Narrator: Five years later, ...

Farmer: "Here, chick chick chick ... Here, chick chick ... chick ..."

Two military times come up behind the farmer.

Farmer, standing up some: "Uh oh ..."

Police: "Comrade! Vat are you Doink!"

Farmer: "I'm feedink my chickens"

Police: "Vat are you Feedink them, Comrade??"

Farmer: "Rubles."

Police: "Rubles? But vy are you feedink them rubles, Comrade?"

Farmer: "They can buy their own food!"

Mike the Midget

This is a Tim Conway sketch. You set up a puppet-theater like stage. Mike the midget is really two people. One person's head shows, and his arms are in pants and sneakers are on his hands. The other person stands behind, and puts their arms through a shirt, pretending to be the arms of Mike the Midget. Try having the hands slap a fly, or scratch the chin or head. Try having the feet do a dance, or fight with

the hands. I don't remember any text to this.

The Ugliest Man in the World

The skit is like a circus side-show. Come one, come all, see the World's Ugliest Man. The ugly man has a towel over his head or something so nobody can see him. Any volunteers to see the world's ugliest man?

First volunteer. Pulls up the towel (so nobody else can see the ugliest man), screams in panic and runs offstage.

Second volunteer. Sure, he can't be that ugly. Pull up the towel (so nobody else can see him), be overwhelmed by the ugliness, feel ill and run offstage.

For the third volunteer, choose the scoutmaster, campmaster, or someone tough or in authority. They go in, pull up the towel like the other two have done, then the ugliest man in the world screams and runs offstage.

The Waiting Room

I saw this at a Vacation Bible School Summer Camp. You need six chairs together, and one for the secretary. The scene is a doctor's office.

The first person comes in. His shoulder twitches once every 3 seconds. Secretary: "Please take a seat, the doctor will be with you shortly."

The second guy comes in. One eye twitches once a second. Secretary: "Please take a seat, the doctor will be with you shortly." He takes a seat, and after about 5 seconds, his shoulder starts twitching too, and the first guy's eye starts twitching. The secretary doesn't get any symptoms.

The third guy has the hiccups. Now everyone catches the hiccups, and the third guy gets the two twitches.

The fourth guy sneezes. The fifth guy's legs wobble. The sixth guy occasionally shakes all over.

Wait a bit, with all the patients doing all the symptoms.

A scout comes in with a beach ball under his shirt, like he's pregnant, and all the patients run out screaming. The pregnant scout and secretary watch, wondering what's wrong with them.

"Where's the maternity ward?" Secretary: "Oh, you're in the wrong office, that's two floors up."

I Gotta Go Wee

Five guys sleeping in a tent, all in a row. The scoutmaster on one end, the little scout on the other.

The little scout climbs over all the other sleeping scouts, who try to remain asleep, and shakes the scoutmaster. "Scoutmaster! Scoutmaster! I gotta go wee!"

"Huh? Wha? Go back to sleep." The little scout crawls back over everyone and goes back to sleep for 5 seconds.

The little scout climbs over all the other sleeping scouts, who try to remain asleep, and shakes the scoutmaster. "Scoutmaster! Scoutmaster! I gotta go wee!"

"Huh? Wha? Go back to sleep." The little scout crawls back over everyone and goes back to sleep for 5 seconds.

The little scout climbs over all the other sleeping scouts, who try to remain asleep, and shakes the scoutmaster. "Scoutmaster! Scoutmaster! I gotta go wee!"

"OK! OK!", says the scoutmaster, "If you've gotta go, then go."

The little scout stands up and waves his hands in the air: "Weee!!!!"

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

The Great Aug

Important Guy: "OK, Aug, I want you to sell these pencils."

Aug: "Pen-solls"

Important Guy: "That's right, Aug. Now, when you see someone coming down the street, I want you to tell them what you're selling."

Aug: "Pen-solls"

Important Guy: "Yes, Aug. Be more enthusiastic about it!"

Aug, waving his hands in the air: "Pen-Solls!!!"

Important Guy: "Very good, Aug. Now, people will want to buy your pencils, and they'll ask how much they are. They come in \$2, \$5, and \$10 packs. Got that?"

Aug: "Pen-solls?"

Important Guy: "No: Two, Five, Ten."

Aug: "Two .. Five ... Ten!!!"

Important Guy: "I think you've got that. Now Aug, one more thing. Someone might ask *why* they should buy your pencils. If they ask that, Aug, I want you to tell them this. 'If you don't, somebody else will'".

Aug: "If you dont ... somebody else will!"

Important Guy: "Very good. Now, get out there and sell pencils!"

The important guy wanders offstage, and Aug wanders to the other side of the stage. A man on the street approaches Aug. Aug runs to him waving his hands.

Aug, in his face: "Pen-Solls!!!"

Man on street: "Hey, you're a real jerk! How many people have you done this to?"

Aug "Two, Five, Ten!"

Man on steed: "You're really asking for a punch in the mouth, buddy."

Aug "If you don't .. somebody else will!"

Man on street punches Aug, who falls flat, that's the end of the skit.

Did You See That?

Stanley, in a strong European accent "Hello there, I am Arthur Stanley Livingstone, the world famous ornithoptitologist! (That means I watch birds, you know.) And this is my nephew and assistant, Todd. Say hello Todd."

Todd, not really paying attention "H'lo"

Stanley "We are here today on location in the midst of the African rain forest, and we should see some very rare birds indeed! I can hardly contain myself. Right Todd?"

Todd "Oh. Uh, yeah."

Stanley slowly, carefully stalks along, looking around, listening for the slightest peep. Todd shuffles after him.

Stanley, turning around, staring with wide open eyes for a second, then jumping up and down "Did you see that!! Did you see that!!!"

Todd "Er, what"

Stanley "You mean you missed it?"

Todd, pauses a second, then admits it "uh, yeah"

Stanley "Well! My word. Todd, that was a very rare bird, the Oohweeoo-plit-plit-plit-awaah. And you missed it. It's named after it's call, you know."

Todd "Mmm, what's it sound like?"

Stanley, after a suspensful pause "peep!"

Stanley continues his slow stalking and looking around, Todd follows after him.

Stanley, stopping and looking up wide-eyed. Todd actually walks into him. "Did you see that!! Did you see that!!!"

Todd "Er, um, well"

Stanley, somewhat cross "Well?"

Todd "No."

Stanley, after a long sigh "Now that, my dear boy, was an Ooh-aah bird. Have you heard of the ooh-aah bird?"

Todd "No"

Stanley "The Ooh-ahh bird, Todd, is a three-pound bird that lays a four-pound egg." *Pantomiming the*

egg-laying process "Ooooooooooooooh .. ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Stanley and Todd continue their pacing about the stage

Stanley, turning around and yelling at Todd "Did you see that!! Did you see that!!!"

Todd, deciding to be clever "Er, um, ah, yes! Yes, I did see that!"

Stanley "Then why in the blazes did you step in it?"

The Lawnmower Sketch

Two guys in the skit, one imitating a lawnmower one trying to start it. The lawnmower goes Rumm! Putt putt putt cough. Rumm cough. He just can't get it started. Call a volunteer from the audience, who will pull the cord and start it first try. Rumm! rum rum rum rum rum rum. "There. You see, all we needed was a real good jerk."

The Banana-Bandana Sketch

Magician: "Hello, hello, what a wonderful crowd we have today! My first trick will be the Disappearing Bandana Trick. For this trick I'll need a volunteer from the audience."

A (fake) volunteer comes up from the audience.

M "Now don't watch me." The magician and volunteer face in opposite directions. The magician takes out a bandana (or hankerchief). "First, of course, you need a bandana. Do you have a bandana?"

*The volunteer, holding up a **banana**: "Yep."*

Magician, opening his bandana and waving it a bit "First, open up the bandana."

The volunteer obediently peels the banana.

Magician, carefully folding the bandana "Now fold it."

Volunteer "Um, fold it, you say?"

Magician, slightly irritated "Yes, fold it."

Volunteer, folding the banana "Well, OK"

Magician, folding the bandana smaller "And fold it again, and again."

Volunteer fold the banana several times, making mush, and making facial expressions like he's not sure the magician is in possession of his senses.

Magician, holding his fist out behind him: "OK? Now, stuff the bandana into my fist."

Volunteer, stuffing the mushed banana into the magician's fist as the magician turns around and stares in disgust "Fine, have the banana. I'm through with this stupid skit!" and the volunteer storms off stage

The Fly

Guy is sleeping, fly buzzes, he tries to shoo it away, doesn't work, buzz buzz, he gets up and tries to swat it with a mime flyswatter. Misses, misses, can't find the fly, back to sleep.

Fly comes back, swat swat swat, jerk head about tracking the fly, swat swat, lose track of it, where is it? back to sleep.

Fly comes back, angry now, swat swat swat swat swat ... you got it! Pick it up by the wing, look at it real close, try to make it fly again, no it's just dead. Eat it, go back to sleep.

The British Are Coming!

I don't remember this one. I think three scared people came running in, out of breath, announcing "the british are coming!!!", then they continue running away. Someone stays on stage all along to observe. I don't remember the ending. Perhaps an old Brit wobbles in and offers tea. Perhaps someone brings in a pair of pants, and it was an extremely bad pun because "britches" sounds sort of like "British". I simply don't recall.

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

Water, Water!

A man, crawling across the stage: "Water, water!!" Someone walks by, and the crawling man tugs on his pantleg. "Water, Water!"

Man walking by: "Sorry." He continues walking.

Another man walks by, the crawling man tugs on his pantleg: "Water, Water!"

Man walking by: "All I've got is this beef jerky, sorry." He keeps walking.

Another man walks by, the crawling man tugs on his pantleg: "Water, Water!"

Man walking by: "No, I don't have any." He keeps walking.

The crawling man sees a cup of water at the other end of the stage. "Water!!" He painfully crawls over there. "Water! Water!"

When he reaches the water, he quickly stands up, dunks his comb in it, and uses it to comb his hair.

The Outhouse Sketch

Father Indian lines up his three sons. "One of you pushed outhouse over cliff, two nights ago. Which of you did it?" "Not me" "not me!" "Not me!!!"

"Come on, I promise not to punish you. Who did it?"

"Not me!" "Not me!" "Not me!"

"Let me tell you story of great American hero, George Washington. When he was a boy, he chopped down a cherry tree. His father came to him and asked, 'George, did you chop down that cherry tree?' 'I cannot tell a lie, father, I chopped down the cherry tree,' said little George. 'You should not have done that, but since you told the truth, I will not punish you.' And George Washington grew up to be President of the United States!"

"Now I ask you. Who pushed outhouse over the cliff?"

"Not me!" "Not me!" "I cannot tell a lie, father, I pushed the outhouse over the cliff."

"!@#\$\$%!!!" (The father beats up the son who pushed the outhouse over the cliff.)

"Why did you beat me up? When George Washington told the truth, his father did not punish him!"

"George Washington's father wasn't IN the tree when George Washington chopped it down!"

The Lighthouse Sketch

First of two guys: "This is the lighthouse sketch. We need a volunteer from the audience to be the lighthouse. Any volunteers?" *(Pick a girl, but don't say you need a girl.)* "OK, you are going to be the lighthouse. I need you to stand up straight right here, and don't move. Oh, you're moving! Stand straight and still."

First guy: "Now we need to row out and light the lighthouse." *The two guys sit on the floor, pretending to be in a rowboat. "Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!" They scoot along backwards to the lighthouse, like they are rowing a rowboat.*

First guy: "Now it's time to light the lighthouse. Matches! Matches?"

Second guy, hitting his forehead: "We forgot the matches!"

Pretend to row back to shore and get the matches, then row back

First guy: "Matches? Good. Wick?"

Second guy: "We forgot the wick!"

Pretend to row back to shore and get the matches, then row back

First guy: "We've got the wick now? Good. Matches?"

Second guy: "Um, ..."

First guy> "You forgot the matches again."

Second guy nods. Pretend to row back to shore and get the matches, then row back.

First guy: "Matches."

Second guy: "Matches."

First guy: "Wick."

Second guy: "Wick."

First guy: "Finally! Now it's time to light the lighthouse!"

Both guys kiss the girl on the cheeks, then run offstage as fast as they can. Hopefully the girl will blush, lighting the lighthouse.

Quazimoto, the Hunchback of Notre Dame

(A guy hunched over, with a squinched eye) Oh. Hello there. I'm Quazimoto, the hunchback of Notre Dame. I ring the bells. (He demonstrates pulling the ropes which swings the bells, up, down, up, down,

and the big bells ring, bong, bong, bong, bong.) It's hard ringing these bells. (Contemplate that.) So I put an ad in the paper for an assistant. (knock knock knock) Oh. That must be him now. (Go down the long winding spiral staircase, still hunched over.) I have a long winding staircase, you know. (Continue going down.) (Open the big heavy door.) Hello?

Hi! I read your ad in the paper, and I want to be your assistant!!! (Guy with no arms, or arms behind his back.)

(Contemplate) But you don't have any arms.

I really really really want to ring bells! Please please please, give me a chance!

(Contemplate) Well. OK. Walk this way. (Go up the staircase, hunched and arms dragging)

I can't, I don't have any arms! (going up perfectly straight with arms behind them)

OK. Here are the bells. Here is how I ring them (up, down, up, down, bong, bong, bong, bong). I don't know what you're going to do. You don't have any arms.

I can do it! Just watch! (He gets a running start, then whacks the bell with his face.) Boooooong!!!

(Quazimoto, who has an amazed look cross his face) Wow...that was the most beautiful sound I've ever heard! Please, Please do it again!

(The assistant gets a running start, misses the bell and falls to his death.)

Ew. Squished bellringer.

(Knock knock knock) (Quazimoto descends the staircase)

(Police come in) Quazimoto, do you know this man??

(Quazimoto turns the guy over, looks at the face, puts him down again.) No. But his face rings a bell.

Quazimoto II

(A guy hunched over, with a squinched eye) Oh. Hello there. I'm Quazimoto, the hunchback of Notre Dame. I ring the bells. (He demonstrates pulling the ropes which swings the bells, and the big bells ring.) I still need an assistant, so I put another ad in the paper. (knock knock knock) Oh. That must be him now. (Go down the long winding spiral staircase, still hunched over.) I have a long winding staircase, you know. (Continue going down.) (Open the big heavy door.) Hello?

Hi! I read your ad in the paper, and I want to be your assistant!!! (Guy with no arms, or arms behind his back.)

(Contemplate) I thought you were dead.

That was my brother! He so wanted to be a bellringer, that was his life's ambition! His greatest dream!

With him dead, I felt that I just had to come and take his place!!

(Contemplate) But you don't have any arms.

I really really really want to ring bells! Please please please, give me a chance!

(Contemplate) Well. OK. Walk this way. (Go up the staircase, hunched and arms dragging)

I can't, I don't have any arms! (going up perfectly straight with arms behind them)

OK. Here are the bells. Here is how I ring them (up, down, up, down, bong, bong, bong, bong). I don't know what you're going to do. You don't have any arms.

I can do it! Just watch! (He gets a running start, then whacks the bell with his face.) Boooooong!!!

(Quazimoto, who has an amazed look cross his face) Wow...that was the most beautiful sound I've ever heard! Please, Please do it again!

(The assistant gets a running start, misses the bell and falls to his death.) AAAAH! (splat)

Ew. Squished bellringer.

(Knock knock knock) (Quazimoto descends the staircase)

(Police come in) Quazimoto, do you know this man??

(Quazimoto turns the guy over, looks at the face, puts him down again.) No. But he's a dead ringer for his brother.

Clyde Klutzo

(Clyde is a blithering idiot, in a Nazi U-boat. There is the captain at the periscope, three people with their hands on the shoulders of the person in front of them, and Clyde at the back. The captain waves back and forth a bit and the people behind do whatever the captain does, imitating waves. Whatever the captain commands is echoed as quickly as possible through the chain of command. That's about 2 seconds per person, otherwise it gets real boring.

"Here vee are in our Nazi U-Boot. Ahead vee have an enemy fessel. Prepare dee torpedos!"

(Prepare dee torpedoes, prepare dee torpedoes, prepare dee torpedoes.)

After staring at the many buttons with a stupified expression, Clyde says "I don't know how!"

(He don't know how, he don't know how, he don't know how, back to the captain in front.)

Mein Gott, vat stupidity! Press dee Green button!

(press dee green button, ...)

Clyde hunts a bit, brightens up, and presses the green button.

"I haff him! Fire dee torpedoes!" (Fire ...)

"I don't know how..." (He don't ...)

"By dee Fuerher's mustache ... press dee Blue button!" (Press ...)

Clyde presses the blue button with a flourish, then the chain of command from clyde back to the captain says Shhhh! Shhhh! Shhhh! to imitate the torpedo being fired and rushing ahead.

"Damm! Vee missed! Read torpedo Two!" (Ready ...)

I don't know how... (he don't ...)

"Wass fuer ein Dummkopf ... press dee Yellow Button!" (Press ...)

Shhhh! Shhh! Shhhhh! (the torpedo is fired)

"Vee haff missed again! Iff vee miss a third time, I shall kill myself! Ready torpedo Three! " (Ready ...)

"I don't know how..." (he don't ...)

"Dee Orange button!" (Press...)

Shhhh! Shhhh! Shhhhhhh!

"Vee haff missed a third time. I am not vurthee to serff mein Fuerher. Aufviedersehen." And he shoots himself.

The second guy picks up the gun, and shoots himself. And the third. And the fourth.

Clyde Klutzo picks up the gun, looks at it this way and that, then says, "I don't know how..."

If the audience already knows this skit, an alternative ending has them hit the fessel. They join arms in a circle and dance around singing "We sunk a rowboat! We sunk a rowboat!" to the tune of "Nyah, nyah, nyeh nyah nyah")

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

The Three Scouts

Three scouts: and Eagle, a First Class, and a Tenderfoot. They're running from the dogs. They're exhausted. They're about to get caught, so they climb some trees. (Three other people are the trees.)

The dogs go to the first tree, with the authorities behind them. The Eagle Scout does bird imitations. "Dumb dogs, there's nothing but birds up that tree!"

They go to the next tree, where the First Class Scout does a cat imitation. "Dumb dogs, that's just a cat!"

They goto the final tree, where the tenderfoot is hiding. "Mooooo!"

The Firing Squad

Commander: "Lead the prisoners this way! They must be put to death by the Firing Squad" The Commander, followed by the 5 guards, followed by the 3 prisoners, walk across stage. The prisoners linger at the end.

One of the prisoners: "We've got to escape! If we say there's a natural disaster, maybe the guards will panic and we can escape in the confusion." They catch up with the guards.

Commander: "Bring out the first prisoner! Prepare to shoot him! Ready! Aim!"

Prisoner, waving his arms: "Earthquake!"

The firing squad panics, some hit the ground, some run away, the first prisoner escapes in the confusion.

Commander: "Fools! Our first prisoner has escaped! Bring out the second prisoner! Ready! Aim!"

Second prisoner, waving his arms: "Tornado!"

The firing squad panics, some hit the ground, some run away, the second prisoner escapes in the confusion.

Commander: "Fools! Our second prisoner has escaped! Bring out the third prisoner! Ready! Aim!"

Third prisoner, waving his arms: "Fire!!!"

The Thirsty Donkey

The man leads his donkey around the campfire. "Water! Water!" cries the donkey with a raspy voice.

"Patience, jackass, patience" says the man.

The man leads his donkey around the campfire. "Water! Water!" cries the donkey with a raspy voice.

"Patience, jackass, patience" says the man.

The man leads his donkey around the campfire. "Water! Water!" cries the donkey with a raspy voice.

"Patience, jackass, patience" says the man.

The man leads his donkey around the campfire. "Water! Water!" cries the donkey with a raspy voice.

"Patience, jackass, patience" says the man.

And they keep walking in circles around the campfire and repeating this (about 5 times) until someone in the audience yells, "Hey, when are you going to get to the punchline???"

The man yells back "Patience, jackass, patience!!"

I Saw a Bear

You get three to a dozen people all in a row, each doing the same thing. They should be volunteers, except for one the one who is leading it, who is on the end.

The leader: "I saw a bear!"

"Where?" say all the volunteers

"There!" says the leader, and the leader points in some direction, and the volunteers all do too.

You do this over and over again, but the leader does something different every time. The volunteers (and the leader) have to keep doing all the previous things. Eventually you are squatting down with your legs crossed and arms pointed in a knot or something, then the guy leading it falls sideways and knocks everyone down like dominoes.

The Water Table

Another volunteer gets to be a table. Three or four skit people get a real water pitcher and glasses, real chairs, pull up chairs around the volunteer table, pour themselves full glasses of water which they place on the volunteer, along with the pitcher, have a conversation, then pick up their chairs and leave. Be careful not to get the volunteer wet in the process.

The water table is left with the glasses and pitcher on his back, and he is up to his own devices to get them off without getting wet.

The Candy Shop

Ask for two volunteers, who just stand there in the candy shop.

A customer comes in and asks for chocolate covered cherries. Sorry, no chocolate covered cherries. Peanut brittle? Sorry, just sold our last peanut brittle. Toffee. You must have toffee. Um, well, not today. Licorice? Fresh out of licorice.

Well, what do you have? "Well, all we've got are these two suckers."

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

The Motorcycle

I have no idea. Really.

OK, at first I thought the punchline was "we just needed a real jerk", but there aren't really any jerks involved in starting a motorcycle. I think the motorcycle wouldn't start, and it's like the lawnmower sketch, but I really have no idea. Maybe it really was unique and inspired but I just don't remember.

If I Were Not A Boy Scout

This is done to a tune.

g c c d d e c g c c d d e
 If I were not a boy scout, I know what I would be,
 g c c d d e c
 If I were not a boy scout, .. verse

Verses: it's cumulative, each new person comes, does their line, then everyone together.

c g f e d c
 A farmer I would be!
 Come on Bessie give, the ba by's got to live! Ugh!
 A birdwatcher, that's me!
 Hark! a Lark! Fly ing Through the Park! Splat!
 A garbageman for me!
 Lift it, Heave it, Throw it In the Bin! Pew!
 A carpenter, that's me!
 Two by Four, Nail it To the Floor! Ow!
 Make up as many verses as you want, usually about 7.

The Poker Sketch

I have no idea. No inkling at all what I was thinking about when I wrote this down.

The World's Greatest Spitter

The world's greatest spitter is bragging and demonstrating on how well he can spit. He has an assistant, who has an empty pail. When the assistant catches the spit, he thwacks the bottom of the pail with his fingers to make it go ping.

First, do the world's highest spit. Spit up.

Next, do the world's fastest spit. Ping the pail at the same time as he spits.

Next, do the world's slowest spit. Spit in slow motion, wait a while, look at your watch, then catch it. Ping.

Catch the world's highest spit. (Someone objects. Explain it traveled further than the slowest spit.)

Next, prepare yourself, do the world's biggest spit. Hock for a while. Do it behind a sheet. Someone objects. The world's greatest spitter grabs the pail (now a different pail, actually, filled with water) and throws the water at him to demonstrate how big the spit was.

The Magic Blanket

There is a blanket held up by two guys kneeling behind it. "This is a magic blanket. Anything that goes over it comes back enlarged".

"Oh, really?"

Put over a little bouncy ball, get a beach ball back.

Drop a pebble over, a big rock gets pushed out from underneath it.

Put one drop of water in a glass with an eyedropper, put the glass over, a full glass comes back.

Drink the water, pretty good, toss the rest of the water over your shoulder.

A pail of water is immediately thrown back at you.

The Trained Caterpillar

"This is Eddy, the amazing trained caterpillar." *(Three or four guys with a sheet over them, sort of like a Chinese New Year Dragon.)* "Eddy, left!" *(Everyone shambles left)* "Eddy, right!" *(Everyone shambles right.)* "Eddy, sit!" *(The caterpillar sits.)* "Eddy, fetch!" *(Throw something that can be picked up with the feet, the first guy gets it with his foot and the others stabilize him, return it.)*

"OK, now for Eddy's best trick. We've been practicing this all week. We need a volunteer from the audience. Lie down, and Eddy will walk over you without harming you!" *(Eddy does it, but the last guy dumps a glass of water on the volunteer.)* "Oh! Sorry! Eddy's not potty-trained yet."

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

The Vending Machine

"I'm dying of thirst! Water! Water! What's this? A vending machine?"

"DEPOSIT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PLEASE" *It's a guy holding a pitcher of water and a cup.*

"Twenty five cents? Oh. Hm." *He takes a quarter out and puts it in the guy's shirt-pocket.*

The machine holds out the glass, holds out the pitcher, and mechanically pours the water into the space right next to the glass, missing the glass and pouring on the ground. The thirsty man desperately tries to grab the water being poured on the ground.

"Water! Water!"

"DEPOSIT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PLEASE"

The thirsty man digs in his pockets, finds another quarter. He puts it in the machine's shirt pocket. The machine holds out the glass, holds out the pitcher, and mechanically pours the water into glass.

"Water!" The thirsty man starts to take it, but before he does the machine turns the glass upside down, dumping the water on the ground. The thirsty man scrambles for the water on the ground, but doesn't get any.

"Water! How do I get water out of this stupid machine?"

"DEPOSIT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PLEASE"

The thirsty man digs in his pockets, finds another quarter. He puts it in the machine's shirt pocket. The machine holds out the glass, holds out the pitcher, and mechanically pours the water into glass. Then the machine drinks it itself.

After digging in both pockets "I've only got one quarter left. I better get some water this time!"

The thirsty man places his last quarter in the machine's pocket, and the machine spits water in his face (the machine stored it in its cheeks when it drank the previous glass).

Tag, You're It

Two counselors everyone recognizes, Chuck and Ray.

Chuck with a club is chasing Ray, who is running. Run through the audience, hide behind the master of ceremonies, whatever. No holds barred, Ray must run and Chuck must grab him. But they both run out of the ring without one catching the other.

Next interlude, Ray comes into the ring panting. Has anyone seen Chuck? Ray is trying to hide, but Chuck seems to find him wherever he goes. Don't tell him where I am! Then you hear Chuck yelling from outside the ring, and Ray runs off. Chuck chases after him, intent on blood it seems.

Next interlude, Chuck comes into the ring panting carrying his club. Has anyone seen that no-good Ray? Chuck is going to get him, and when he catches him he's going to give it to Ray good. Ray is actually hiding in the audience, wearing a poncho and groucho-marx glasses. Chuck spots him, Ray jumps up and runs off.

Next interlude, they come crashing in again, but Ray trips. Chuck towers over him, raises his club, then taps him with his other hand. "You're it!" He drops the club and runs. Ray picks up the club and chases him.

Pickin' Cotton

A guy is standing in the middle of the ring. Someone wanders in, stage left, carrying a boombox.

"Hey, nice radio! Where'd you get it?"

"Pickin' Cotton" and he continues wandering off stage right.

Another guy wanders in wearing a fancy shirt, stage left.

"Wow, cool shirt! Where'd you get it?"

"Pickin' Cotton" and he wanders off stage right.

Another guy wanders in wearing bright pants and fancy shoes, stage left.

"Awesome shoes, man. Where'd you get them?"

"Pickin' Cotton" and he wanders off stage right.

A guy limps in, stage left, beat up and wearing nothing except a towel wrapped around him.

"Who are you??"

"I'm Cotton!" and he limps off stage right.

The Blanket Tossing Team

This takes about six guys, who form a circle around an invisible blanket, with a small invisible guy (Bruce) who sits in the middle of the invisible blanket and gets tossed.

"We're an Olympic blanket tossing team, and Bruce in the middle here is our star blanket bouncer. We'll toss Bruce a bit just to warm up. One, two, three! One, two, three! One, two, three!"

On three each time, the team lets the pretend blanket go slack, then pull it taught. They watch the invisible Bruce go up in the air, then come down, and the gently catch him again in the blanket. Each time they toss him higher. The team has to be in sync, and they have to watch about the same spot -- the easiest way to do this is to have everyone just imitate the leader, who is the speaker.

"OK, we're all limbered up now?" *The team murmurs in agreement.* "Then let's toss Bruce a bit higher. One, two, three!"

Bruce comes up, and the team adjusts their position a bit to catch him as he comes down.

"One, two, three!" *This wait about ten seconds, and move quite a bit to get under him. Move this way and that before finally catching him.*

"One, two, three!" *twenty seconds this time, almost lose track of him, adjust the position here, there, and here again.*

"What? What's that you say, Bruce?" *pause* "Audience, you are in luck! Bruce wants to go for the world record blanket toss! Ready team? One! Two! Thu-reee!!!" *A mighty toss! The team shifts positions, like trying to catch a high fly ball.* "There he goes! He's past the trees! He's really up there!" *pause, looking hard into the sky* "Do you see him? I've lost him. Where'd he go?" *another pause* "Oh well." *The team leaves the stage, and the program continues.*

After another skit and song, and preferably in the middle of awards or announcements of some sort, "Bruce! Quick team!" *The blanket tossing team runs back on stage, positions themselves this way and that, and catches Bruce.* "Let's have a big hand for Bruce! Yeay!!!"

The Old Gum

This skit is entirely silent.

The first person comes in, chewing gum. He blows a big bubble, it pops, he scrapes it off his face. He wads up his gum, throws it over his shoulder, and walks offstage.

Second person walks in. Halfway across stage, they stop. They've stepped in gum, it's all over their shoe. They make a face, pick the gum off their shoe, wad it up, and throw it over their shoulder.

Third person is a jogger. The gum lands in their hair. They pull the gooey gum out of their hair, it's really stuck in there, eventually they pull most of it out, wad it up, and throw it over their shoulder.

Fourth guy is walking his dog and stretching. The gum lands in his armpit. He pulls the gooey gum out from his armpit, wads it up, throws it on the ground. His dog pees on it.

The first guy comes back in. He bends over, picks up the gum, sniffs it, tosses it back in his mouth and starts chewing. He walks offstage.

The Cancer Sketch

Three scouts surround a scout on a table.

"Oh, Doctor, do you think you can save him?"

"I don't know. The patient has a bad case of cancer. This will be tough. Knife."

The nurse hands him a knife. "Knife, sir"

"Fork"

The nurse hands him a fork. "Fork, sir"

"Salt and Pepper"

The nurse hands him salt and pepper. "Salt and pepper, sir"

"We have found the liver"

"Here are the bowels, sir" *Bowels smell bad. "Eewwww!"*

"Monkey wrench. I have found the cancer." *Nurse hands him a monkey wrench.*

"Tweezers. There, that should do it."

"You have removed the can, sir!" *The nurse holds up an old tin can.*

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

The Dudley Doright Skit

The only one who knows what is going on in this skit is the narrator. Everyone else is actual volunteers from the audience. It may work best if the narrator just wings it; here's one go at it.

"For this skit, I need four volunteers from the audience. You, you, you, and you. Now this is the Dudley Doright skit. You're going to be Snyderly Whiplash, the evil villian. Can you do an evil villian laugh?"

whiplash "Hnuck, hnuck hnuck!"

"Well I suppose that will do. How about, 'Curses, foiled again'?"

whiplash "Curses, Foiled Again!"

"OK, stand there and look evil and scheming. Now you will be Dudley Doright, the Canadian Mountie, the hero. I need you to say, 'I'll save you, Nell!'."

Dudley "I'll save you, Nell!"

"Fine, fine. You, you're Nell. You're a maiden in distress. Look more distressed. Now cry for help."

"Help! Help! Oh save me, Dudley!"

"And you have to say, 'My hero!' whenever I mention Dudley. Dudley."

"My Hero!"

"Um, yes. And you're Dudley's horse, Horse. Look horselike. Now our continuing Stooory begins with the evil Snyderly Whiplash carrying off Nell (Whiplash, you're supposed to be carrying Nell. Pick her up, carry her. Keep looking evil.), where was I, carrying Nell to the railroad tracks and tying her in front of the approaching train."

"In, fact, let's have a fifth volunteer" *pick someone large* "You're the train. You're going to run over over Nell if Dudley doesn't rescue her."

"Now where was I. Ah, Snyderly Whiplash is carrying off Nell. He's tying her to the railroad tracks. He gives an evil laugh. Nell is crying for help. The train is chugging along the track in the distance, slowly approaching. Dudley hears Nell's cries for help, and he rides to the rescue."

"When Snyderly Whiplash sees Dudley Doright, he starts quaking in his boots" *Snyderly bites his fingernails and shakes his knees.*

"Dudley, the very image of manhood, is about to foil Snyderly's schemes. He flexes his muscles. He does jumpingjacks. He does pushups."

"Snyderly, sensing the opportunity, sits on Dudley, and gives an evil laugh, as the train comes closer and closer!"

"Horse, peacefully grazing, nibbles through Nell's ropes."

"Nell escapes! She pulls Snyderly back and sits on him! Snyderly curses."

"Curses! Foiled again!"

"While Dudley, brushing himself off, wanders in front of the oncoming train! What will happen next? Will Dudley survive? Will Snyderly ever succeed? And what about Horse? Stay tuned for our next exciting episode of Dudley Doright, the Canadian Mountie!"

Eat That Food

This very straightforward skit requires a lot of some sort of food (biscuits, marshmallows, or bananas are good), and volunteers. Contestants bet how long it would take them to eat ten marshmallows. Whoever bets lowest actually has to do it in that period of time.

"I can eat ten marshmallows in twenty seconds."

"I can do it in ten."

"I can do it in five."

"Eat that food!"

Fred the Trained Flea

"Here in my hand is Fred the Trained Flea. Fred will perform for you some amazing feats. Watch closely."

"Fred, do jumping jacks! Very good! Cheer, everyone!"

"Fred, do a somersault!"

"Fred, do a high jump!" *Watch him go way up, then back down.*

"Now Fred will do a long jump. I need a volunteer to catch Fred." *Pick a scoutmaster, or someone in authority.*

"Fred, do a longjump!" *Watch Fred jump to the volunteer* "Oh! He seems to have jumped into your hair!"

Walk over to the volunteer, start picking through their hair. "Here we are .. no, that's not Fred." *toss the flea over your shoulder* "Ah! No, that's not Fred." "That's not Fred." "Fred, are you in there?" "That's not Fred either." "Boy, there's a lot of fleas in here." "Fred? Fred?" ...

The German POW Camp

A colonel standing straight and goosestepping is followed by five prisoners of war, hunched and tired and cold.

"Ziss iss a P.O.W. Camp, and you vill march!"

The last prisoner sneezes "Achoo!"

The guard turns around "Who iss it who sneezed? Did you sneeze?"

First prisoner: "No"

"Liar!" The colonel shoots the first prisoner, who falls down dead. They keep marching.

The last person sneezes. "Achoo!"

... and so on, until the colonel has killed all but the last prisoner, and they are still marching. The last prisoner sneezes again, "Achoo!"

The guard turns around "Who iss it who sneezed? Did you sneeze?"

"Yes, it was me"

"Gesundheit!" and they march off stage.

Is it Time Yet?

Five people are sleeping side by side in a tent. A little guy on one end, the scoutmaster on the other.

After a 10-second wait, the little guy climbs over everyone, shakes the Scoutmaster awake, and asks, "Is it time yet?"

"No, it's not time yet, go back to sleep" The little guy crawls back.

After a 10-second wait, the little guy climbs over everyone, shakes the Scoutmaster awake, and asks, "Is it time yet?"

"No, it's not time yet, go back to sleep" The little guy crawls back.

After a 10-second wait, the little guy climbs over everyone, shakes the Scoutmaster awake, and asks, "Is it time yet?"

"Yes, it is time!" Everyone gets up, then goes back to sleep in a different order. Something like 1,2,3,4,5 => 4,1,5,3,2. (Omigod, I specified a permutation in a scout skit. There is no hope for me.)

The Infantry

A scout runs in to a camp of soldiers yelling "The infantry is coming! The infantry is five miles away!"

The soldiers look up, mumble, and act nervous.

A scout runs into the camp of soldiers yelling "The infantry is coming! The infantry is one mile away!" The soldiers stand up and start gathering their gear.

A scout runs into the camp of soldiers yelling "The infantry is coming! They're just over the hill!" All the soldiers scream and run away, opposite direction that the scout came from.

Two people run in from the direction the scouts came from, carrying an infant tree. They run after the soldiers

The Four Seasons

The narrator narrates, everyone else is volunteers.

"I need eleven volunteers for this skit."

"This skit is called the Four Seasons. You three are trees. You three are leaves in trees, get up in the trees. You're poison ivy, cling to the roots of one of the trees. You're tree's blood, you run through the trees. You two are birds, flit from tree to tree and sing. And you're the babbling brook. You have to babble."

"Babble babble babble babble ..."

"In the spring, the leaves come out on the trees. The birds flit from tree to tree."

"In the summer, the leaves open up and the sun shines down on the forest. The birds form flocks"

"In the fall, the leaves drop from the trees. The birds fly away south."

"In the winter, the brook freezes and stops babbling. All seems still in the forest. But beneath it all there is still life. Look! The sap is still running!"

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

The King's Raisins

"I am the King. Bring me my raisins!"

First squire "Here are raisins, sire, from the hills of California!"

"Those raisins are not fit for peasants! Bring me my raisins!"

Second squire "Here are raisins, sire, from the vinyards of France!"

"They are hardly worth sneezing at. Bring me my raisins!"

Third squire "These raisins, sire, were handpicked with tweezers by Benedictine Monks in Germany! Bring me my royal raisin supplier!"

Two guys drag in the royal raisin supplier

"Why have you not brought me my raisins?"

Royal raisin supplier "My rabbit died!"

The Samurai Watermelon Cutter

You need three people, a bandana, a watermelon, a machete, and lots of room.

One person has the bandana around their forehead like a samurai. He closes his eyes and meditates like a samurai, slowly raising his machete.

The two people toss the watermelon in the air in front of him, then stand back.

"Hai!" The guy cuts the watermelon in half in midair with the machete. (I believe this comes from a Saturday Night Live sketch about a samurai chef who cut all manner of things (tomatoes, etc) this way.)

Repeat until the watermelon chunks are too hard to hit, then carve them up the normal way and everyone can eat.

The Special Papers

"I am King, squire, and I need you to bring me my special papers."

Bringing in some diplomatic looking things "Here are your papers, sire."

"Fool! These are not my special papers. Off with his head! Squire two, bring me my special papers! Do not fail!"

Bringing in a Wall Street Journal "Here are your special papers, sire"

"Fool! These are not my special papers. To the dungeons with him! Squire three, bring me my special papers!"

Bringing him a roll of toilet paper "Here are the special papers, sire"

"And just in time!" *The king grabs the toilet paper and runs offstage.*

The Toothpaste Sketch

This skit involved one real toothbrush, one real tube of toothpaste, one real cup of water, and seven people who wake up and really brush their teeth with them. The last one really drank the water.

It makes me feel ill just remembering it. This is a good skit *not* to do.

The Failed Reporter

"I'm a reporter. I have been for 12 years. And in all that time, I've never had a real scoop. Never. I'm a failure. I've done this long enough, so now I'm going to jump off this bridge and kill myself. One, two, ..."

"Wait! Wait! Why are you jumping?"

"I'm a failed reporter. I've never had a real scoop."

"Oh. You think you have it bad, I'm a truck driver, and I've got hemmorroids. I think I'll join you."

"One, two, ..."

"Wait! What are you all doing?" "We're committing suicide." "Oh, I'm a grade school teacher. I just realized that I can't stand whiney little kids. I think I'll join you."

"One, two, ..."

"Wait! What are you doing?" "We're committing suicide." "Well I'm a florist, and I've got hayfever." *sneeze!* "I think I'll join you."

"One, two, ..."

"Wait! What are you doing?" "We're committing suicide." "I'm a dentist, *hic* and I've had the hiccups for the last *hic* five years. Would you like a tooth removed *hic*?" *He holds one of those pointy dentist things, and each time he hics his hands jerk around* "No!" "Then I think I'll *hic* join you."

"One! Two! Three!!!" *They all jump, except for the reporter.*

"Four people jump to their grisly deaths! What a scoop!" *He runs offstage, scribbling furiously on his*

notepad.

Gallagher

This is another skit well worth avoiding.

The basic idea is to get a wooden stump, a bunch of fruits and vegetables, and a very large mallet. You place each of the vegetables on the stump and hit them with the mallet, spraying bits of vegetables all over yourself and the audience. Tomatoes, watermelons, and squashes work fairly well. So does half-pint milk cartons. You want fairly explosive foods that don't stain clothes.

Botch didn't *quite* get thrown off camp staff for doing this.

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits

Ask the Blind Man

I've heard this many times from many places, but I've never seen it written down. Here it is, written down.

Gather round gentlemen, ladies, and tramps,
Crosseyed mosquitoes and bowlegged ants.
Grab a chair and sit on the floor,
I'll tell you a story you never heard before.

One bright day in the middle of the night,
Two dead boys got up to fight.
Back to back they faced each other,
Drew their swords, and Shot each other.

A deaf policeman heard the noise,
He came and killed those two dead boys.
If you don't believe this lie is true,
Ask the Blind Man. He saw it too.

I Can't Pay The Rent!!!

This very short sketch uses a comb as a mustache, a hair bow, and a tie. There's only one person, and he's only got one comb. You do the whole skit as fast as you can. (Actually it works better with a hankerchief instead of a comb.)

I CAN'T pay the rent!



You MUST pay the rent!



But I CAN'T pay the rent!



But you MUST pay the rent!



But I CAN'T pay the rent!



But you MUST pay the rent!



I'll pay the rent!



My hero!



Curses! Foiled again!



Jabberwocky

This is a poem by Lewis Carroll, it's in lots of his books. I've written it here from memory so it may contain a few mistakes.

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimbel in the wabe
All mimsey were the borogoves,
and the Moam Raths outgrabe.

Beware the Jabberwock, my son,
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jub-jub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch.

The son took vorpal blade in hand
Long time his manxome foe he sought
Then rested he by the Tum tum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And whilst, in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame
Flew wiffing through the tulgey wood
And burbled as it came.

One two, one two and through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
and left it dead. And with its head
He went galumphing back.

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day, calloo, callay!
He chortled in his joy.

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimbel in the wabe
All mimsey were the borogoves,
and the Moam Raths outgrabe.

The Ghost with the One Black Eye

This was the only ghost story anyone knew in my grade school in Ohio. I've been told it is well known in Kentucky too. My wife, who grew up in California, had never heard it before.

A secretary walked into a hotel and asked for a room.

"Sorry," said the hotel manager, "there's only one room left but that's haunted."

"I'm a schoolteacher. I don't believe in ghosts. I'll take it."

So she went to the room and was getting ready for bed when she heard ...

"... i'm the ghost with the one black eye ... I'M THE GHOST WITH THE ONE BLACK EYE ..."

Scared, she ran out of the hotel and was never seen again.

Next a big tough man walked into the hotel. He asked for a room.

"Sorry," said the hotel manager, "there's only one room left but that's haunted."

"I'm a big tough guy. I'm not afraid of ghosts! I'll take it."

So he went to the room and was taking a shower when he heard ...

"... i'm the ghost with the one black eye ... I'M THE GHOST WITH THE ONE BLACK EYE ..."

Scared, he ran out of the hotel NAKED and was never seen again.

Then this little kid came in and asked for a room.

"Sorry, kid, there's only one room left and that's haunted."

"That's OK, I'll take it."

The kid was getting ready for bed, when he heard ...

"... i'm the ghost with the one black eye ... I'M THE GHOST WITH THE ONE BLACK EYE ..."

"If you don't shut up you're gonna be the ghost with two black eyes!"

I'm my own grampaw

This is a song. The words are pretty complicated, and the ones I remember don't seem to be the ones anyone else uses, so I'll write down the ones I remember. I don't know who wrote the song.

Chorus:

I'm my own grampaw (EFEDC),

I'm my own grampaw (FGFED),

It sounds funny I know (EFGFEG),

But it really is so (FGAFGA), oh (AGF)
I'm my own grampaw (EFEDC).

Verse 1

Many many years ago when I was twenty-three,
I met with a widder who was pretty as can be,
The widder had a daughter who had flowing hair of red,
My father met the widder's daughter, soon they too were wed, oh ...

Verse 2

The problems that I'm speaking of had only just begun.
My father soon became the father of a tiny son.
To make the situation worse, although it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy, oh ...

Verse 3

My father's now my son-in-law, although he's still my father.
This is the truth, you see, because he's married to my daughter.
And my poor daughter's more than just an aunt to her own brother
My father's now my son in law, so she's my own step mother, oh ...

Verse 4

I like to tell my father, although it makes him mad,
That he's his mother's brother's cousin's uncle's own grandad,
And here's a bit that I have always thought was rather wild,
Since I'm my daughter's son-in-law I am my own grandchild, oh ...

Verse 5

My wife is mother to my father, and it makes me blue,
Although she is my wife she is my ... grandmother too,
This brings me to the strangest thing my family ever saw,
Since I'm my father's father-in-law, I am my own grampaw, oh ...

Ms Lucy

I remember this from second grade (1974). The girls sang it constantly, accompanied by a complicated patty cake thing with the hands that I can't reproduce easily on a web page. (Thanks go to Holly who reminded me how the 3rd verse went, and sings "Ms. Suzi" instead of "Ms Lucy".) (More thanks to Night Fey, who knew of the "I know I know my paw" verse. I had always heard it end "and that is all I know, know; know know!") (Thanks to AACSMizz Lucy had a baby, (C F C D C A C)
She named it Tiny Tim, (C F C D E flat E)
She put him in the bathtub, (C E C D C A C)
To see if he could swim. (C D C D E F)

He drank up all the water,
He ate up all the soap,
He tried to eat the bathtub
But it wouldn't go down his throat.

Ms Lucy called the doctor,
Ms Lucy called the nurse,
Ms Lucy called the lady
with the alligator purse.

"Measles" said the doctor,
"Tonsils" said the nurse,
"Hungry" said the lady
with the alligator purse.

Ms Lucy had a steamboat,
The steamboat had a bell,
The steamboat went to heaven,
Ms Lucy went to

Hello operator,
Please give me Number 9,
And if you disconnect me,
I'll kick you from

Behind the 'fridgerator,
There was a piece of glass,
Ms Lucy fell upon it,
And broke her little

Ask me no more questions,
I'll tell you no more lies,
The boys are in the bathroom
Zipping up their

Flies are in the city,
A city's like a park,
Ms Lucy and her boyfriend,
Are kissing in the

Dark is like a movie,
A movie's like a show,
A show is like a TV,
And that is all

I know I know my maw
I know I know my paw
I know I know my sister
when she does the cha-cha-cha! (wiggle hips accordingly).

My father remembers this from when he was in grade school:

Helen had a steamboat (E E D D C C)
Steamboat had a bell (C C D E-flat E)

Steamboat went to heaven (E E D D C C)

Helen went to (C C D E-flat)

Helen had a steamboat ... (E E D D C C ...)

Hey Bonny Shore

It's a Hey Bonny Shore (C C G F# E D)

And a Watchee Tatchee Tatch, (E D B B B B B)

a Hey Bonny Shore (C G F# E D)

And a Watchee Tatchee Tatch. (E D B B B B B)

Shinka Hoya (F C F C)

Ziggedy Es ge Roo! (F)

ke Zah! ke Zah! (C F C F)

ke Shuynkahaygen Shuynkahaygen (C F F D D F F D D)

Ziggedy Ziggedy Zah! (F F F F F)

ke Shuynkahaygen Shuynkahaygen (C F F D D F F D D)

Ziggedy Ziggedy Zah! (F F F F F)

This is from college. It's more said than sung. It was called "cups". Everyone had two cups, turned upside down, and to the beat they clap them down but one to the right (so they lose one cup and gain one cup). Except, for the "Ziggedy Ziggedy Zah" you keep hold of your cups on the "Ziggedy Ziggedy". The second time through you just hum it. The third time through is silent. You have to remember to do the right thing on the Ziggedy Ziggedies. There was some penalty for messing up. The game was repeated several times.

Back to ye olde catalogue of boy scout skits