

A Scoutmaster's Dream

by Mrs. Mildred Goodwin

The Scoutmaster sat in a big chair and groaned.
His weekend camping ended, at last he was home.
Tonight he could sleep in his own nice soft bed,
No shouts from the Scouts would ring in his head.
A hot bath and then he was soon fast asleep,
Content, for tonight -- no vigil to keep.

But somehow in dreamland great men he did meet,
They called him by name as he walked down the street.
At first he was puzzled; now who could they be?
And then he remembered -- Scout Camporees!
The lads were grown men now, no longer just boys,
The lines on their faces showed sorrows and joys.

His heart was made glad, they remembered his name;
Perhaps all his scouting has not been in vain.
The nights by the campfire, the stars in the sky,
The hands held in reverence, "On my Honor" pledge I.
The boys of today, men tomorrow will be,
And the Scoutmaster's dream fulfilled, we shall see