

# ◆ This Just In ◆

## White Stag Troop 954 Is Dearly Missed

Here is the story of why there is no longer a troop 954 in White Stag, and why the food quartermasters want you to stay off the concrete. It was a picture perfect day during precourse here at White Stag when troop 954 of White Stag gathered on the concrete to talk about how many walk outs there would be during the course. I remember Joe saying something like no would eat all week, but the rest of the guys in troop 954 said he was wrong. But as far as troop 954 goes he was right. I was on my way to my tent when all of the sudden there was a big bright flash and a big boom and troop 954 was gone. Everyone for troop 950, 951, 952, and 953 arose and ran to find out what had happened, but all they found was that troop 954 was gone and there was stuff all over the place. All I could figure is that troop 954 had spontaneously combusted. How was I to know I was right? Later that day it was confirmed that they had in fact spontaneously combusted. Later that day, we had found out that the concrete was radioactive, and Mr. Sedberry ordered that everyone stay off the concrete pad, but how would the food quartermasters put the food out? Luckily I had remembered passing the radio active shack on my way up to White Stag precourse. It's right next to Burger King. So I told Mr. Sedberry that I could solve this problem by going to the Radio Active Shack to pick up some special shoes. So I took off down I-69 to Indianapolis to buy the shoes. Luckily for me I was not hungry because there was a fire at Burger King causing lots of water damage, so much that there was a flood warning in Indianapolis.



*The sloppy Joe, Fred, Tom, Bill and Mike mix is done..*

I returned just in time for dinner. The special shoes worked, but were too expensive to buy for the participants. So we bought just enough for the staff. The next problem was the first aid lodge. How would we get the participants to the lodge? So we dug up that part of the concrete to make a path for them. Now they are safe to get to Mrs. McC. The dinner that night was a sad sight because of the empty chairs that night. As the week went on, we got used to the fact that 954 was gone. We just concentrated on getting ready for the course. But still, stepping on the concrete pad was not the same without Joe, Fred, Tom, Bill, Mike, and the rest of Troop 954. Just when we thought the worst was over, the participants showed up for the course. We were getting ready to serve them lunch when Mr. Dawson ran out saying that someone had misplaced the Manwhich mix. Mr. Hatch suggested using the fine white powder left after the

from the spontaneous combustion of 954. So they did. They served it up and we had the best lunch that we had ever had in White Stag history. Everyone was happy with the donation of 954 to our great lunch. The Sloppy Joe, Fred, Tom, Bill, Mike, and rest of Troop 954 was delicious. They may not always be remembered in our hearts, but they will always be remembered in our stomachs. So that is the story of the concrete pad, and why the quartermasters don't want us to step on it. We will have a moment of silence Wed. morning for the one week anniversary of Troop 954's Spontaneous combustion. And one last word of advice, stay off the concrete pad, and don't eat at Burger King.



**Troop 954 we'll miss  
you!  
Love always  
the Staff.**