



## Bells

Being in camp brought a lot of new sounds for those raised in the city. With the sound of the incessant Whippoorwill over and over, or the hoot of an owl, those are sounds that became etched in your memory. However, it was the BELLS that were so distinctive. BELLS!! Oh yeah, those BELLS that Grey Owl sold along with all the other Indian regalia. At the campfire at night, you could hear the BELLS coming through the woods getting louder and louder. For a young Scout, this had a sense of mystique and anticipation. Then you would pass by these Indians with the lit smudge pots and torches when they became bigger than life.

For the Indian dances, the drum had its own beat, but the BELLS added to the overall dance rhythm. Then who can forget the Order of the Arrow tap outs (sorry to say, no more 'tapping' now, just have to 'call' them out). With those Indians going up and down a row with a torch to light up the faces, the BELLS could be heard. When they came behind you, you knew when they stopped as the BELLS stopped. You just hoped they went on and you were not the one they were seeking. Even after the ceremony, you could hear them leave through the woods as the BELLS slowly faded away with their journey in the darkness. I bet right now you are remembering the BELLS from your own camp experiences.

