

Joey Scout Section

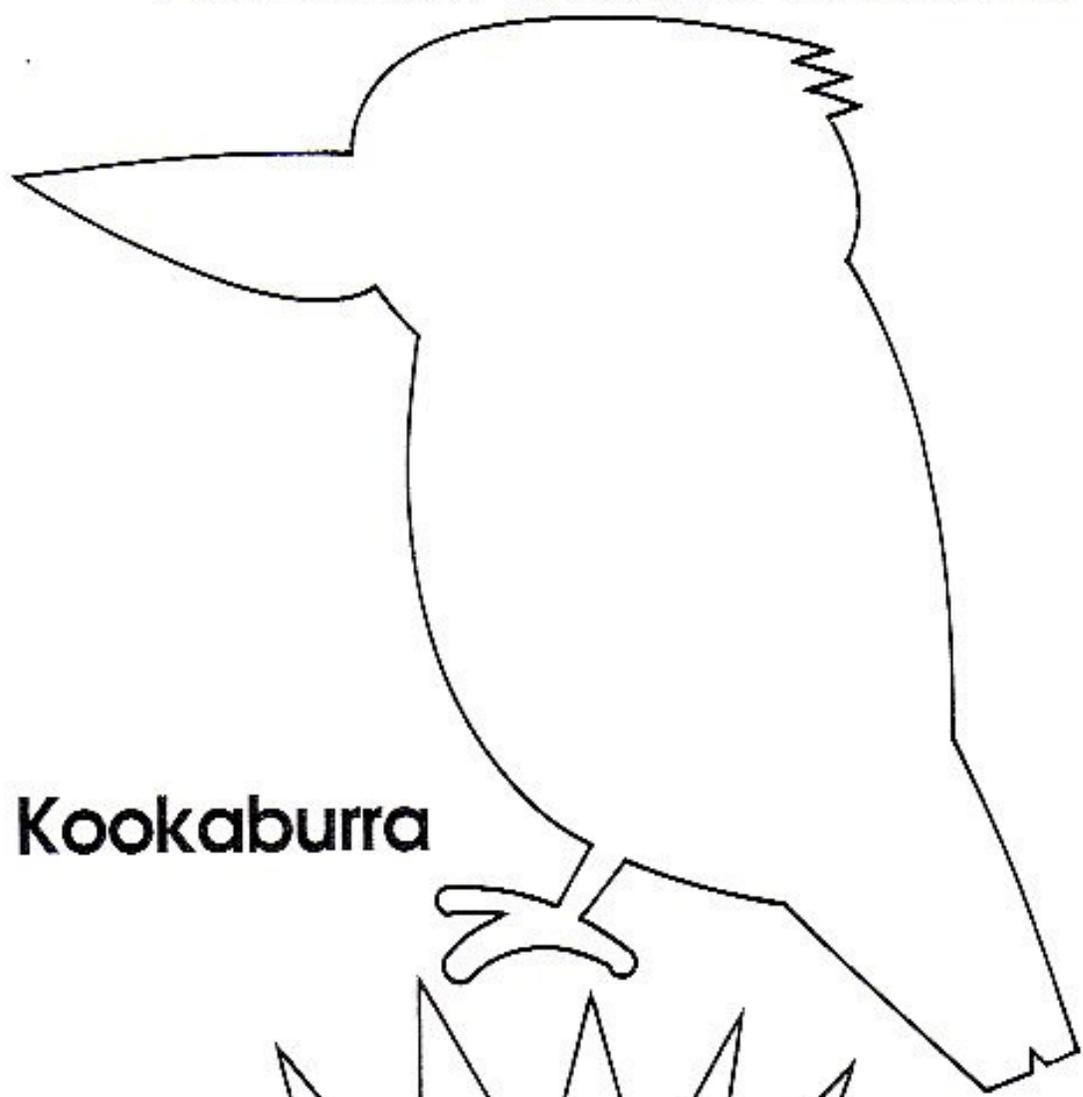
Date:
Leader:

Theme: International – Australia

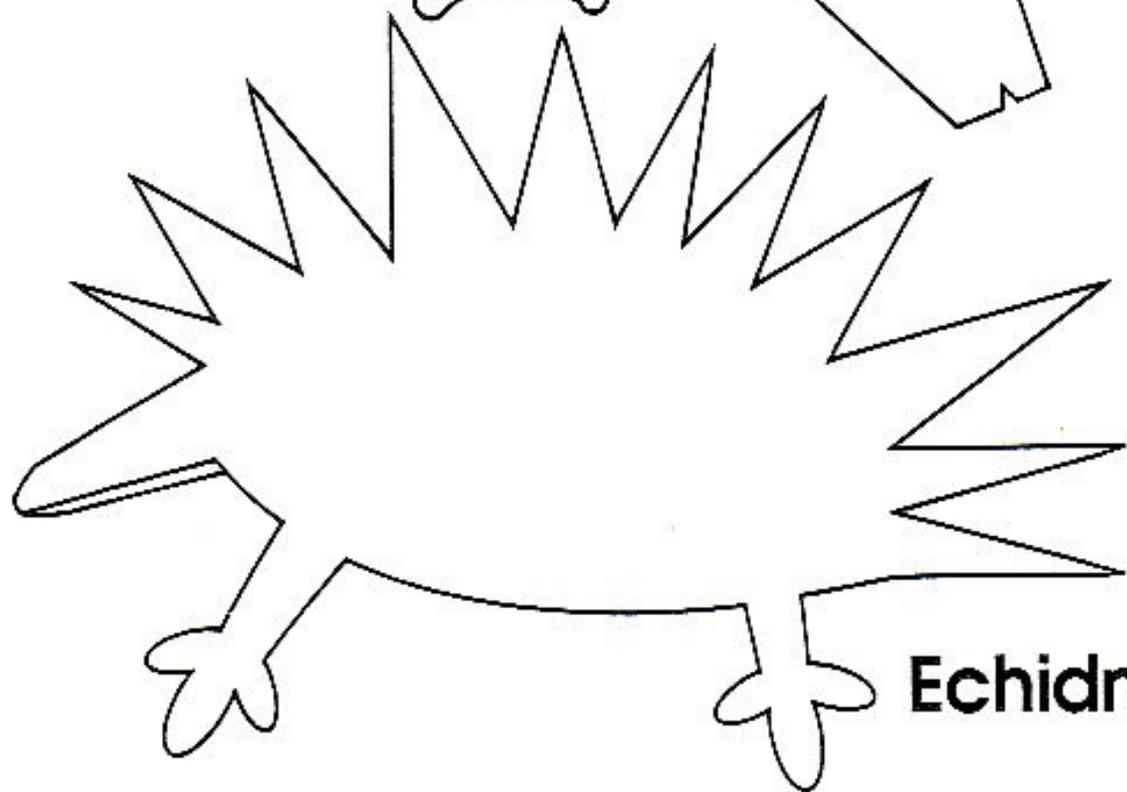
Meeting Type: Normal

Time	Methods of Learning	Activity	Equipment	Leader
00	Ceremony	Opening Ceremony and Welcome Joey Promise		
05	Story	Kookaburra Kookaburras are Australian birds with a very happy laugh. They probably laugh because they love to eat worms and snakes, and often they will sit for very long periods just waiting to spot the head of a worm popping up from the ground. They then fly down from their perch on the tree and using their very strong beaks, dig the worm from the ground and take it back to their tree to eat it. Sometimes they will hold a very large worm in their beak and bash it on the ground to kill it before eating it. (Ref: "Australian Scout" July 2004)		
10	Game	Kookaburra Relay Joeys stand at one end of the hall. Leaders stand with straws at other end of the hall. The worms are on the floor at other end of the hall in front of the leaders. The Joeys, one or two at a time, come up and get a straw. Using suction, but no hands, the Joey bends down and lifts up a worm with the straw and takes it back to the other end. If it drops then it must be picked up again with the straw.	Straws Paper worms	
15	Craft	Sand Pictures Spread glue over animal shapes cut out from light card. Sprinkle sand over the glue. Using food colouring and beach sand can make different coloured sand. Desiccated coconut is a suitable substitute for sand OR Have a picture of an Australian animal. Cover with glue. The Joeys use one coloured sand for the animal and other coloured sand for the background.	Cut out animal shapes Sand Glue	
35	Song	"Tie me Kangaroo Down Sport"	Music	
40	Game	Kangaroo Walk (Ref: "Australian Scout" August 2004) Joey Scouts in a straight line across the hall. Leader asks questions and depending on the answer the Joey scouts take a step forward or backward. Questions include: How many brothers do you have? (One step for each brother) Do you have a sister (one step forward for yes, one step backward for no) Have a finish line and see how many questions it takes to get everyone over the line. You could also do it with letters of the alphabet; if they have that letter in their name they take a step.		
45	Story	Kangaroo gets a Pouch. (Ref: "Australian Scout" August 2004) Or Why the Kangaroo Has a Pouch (see below) – Nature Resource Book page 47-48	Story	
55		Closing Ceremony . Joey Law Prayer Notices and thankyou		

Australian animals and birds

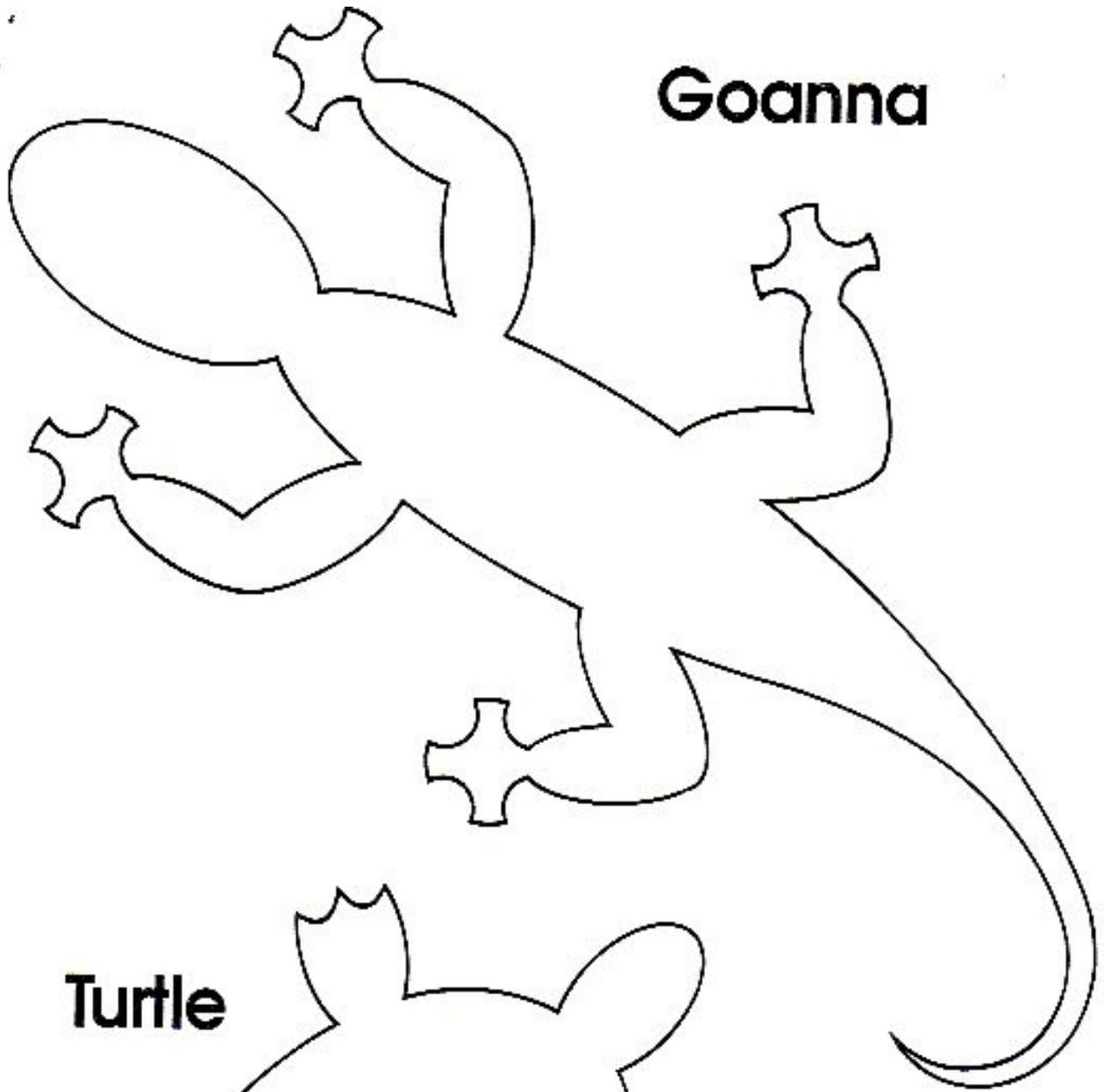


Kookaburra

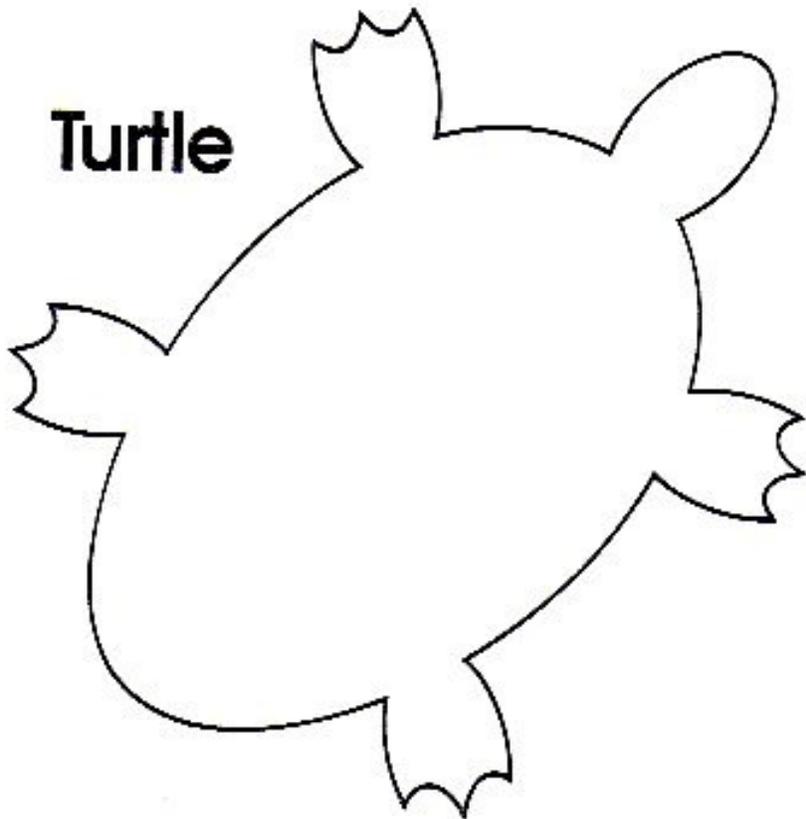


Echidna

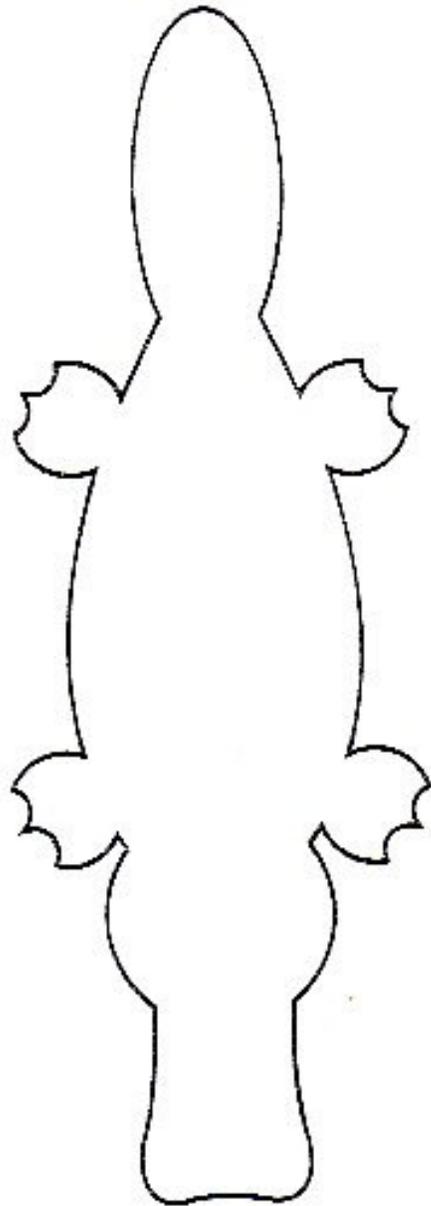
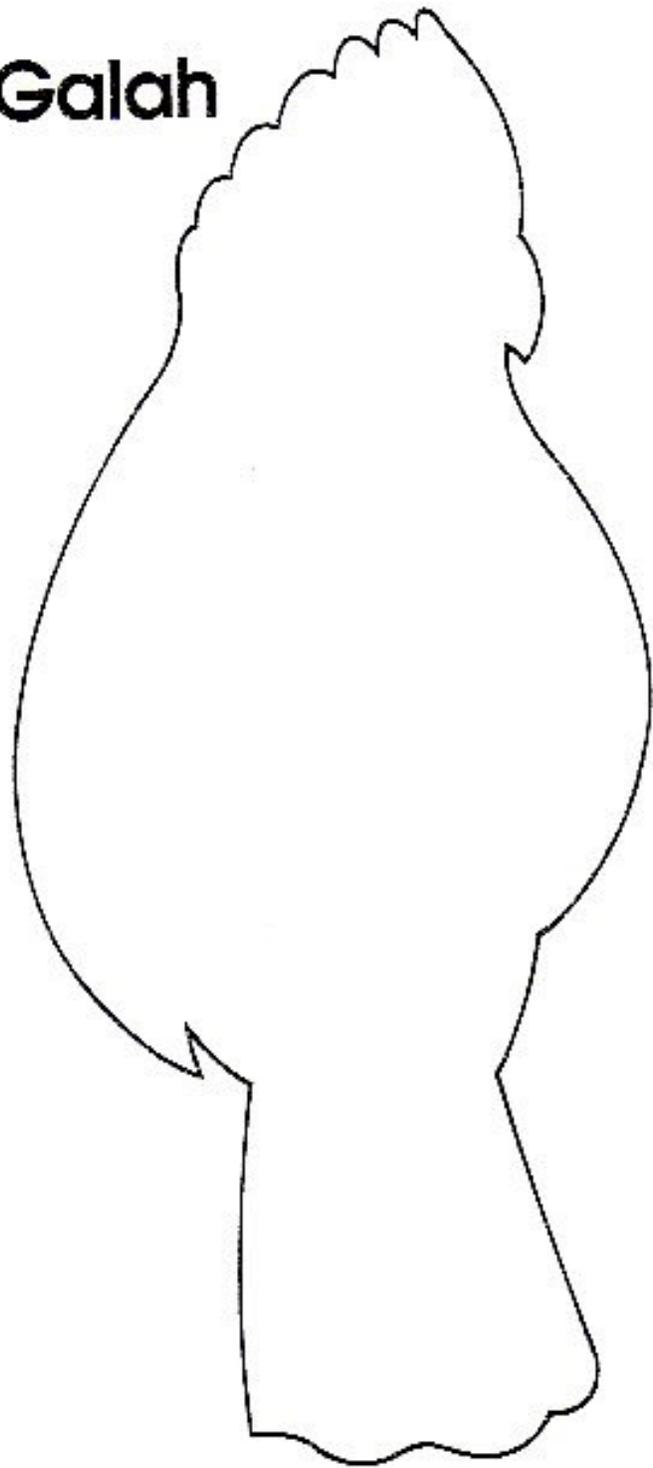
Goanna



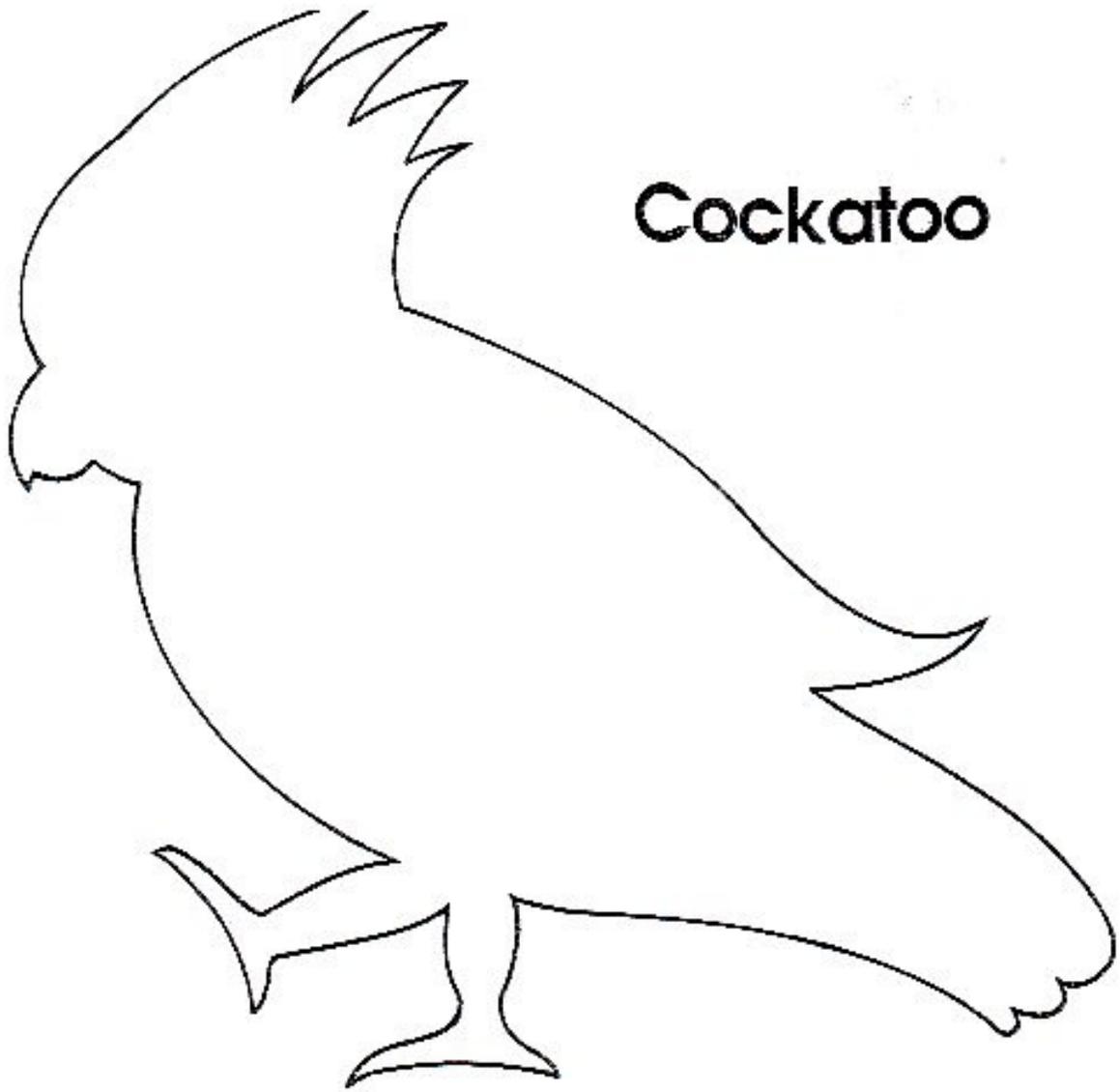
Turtle



Galah

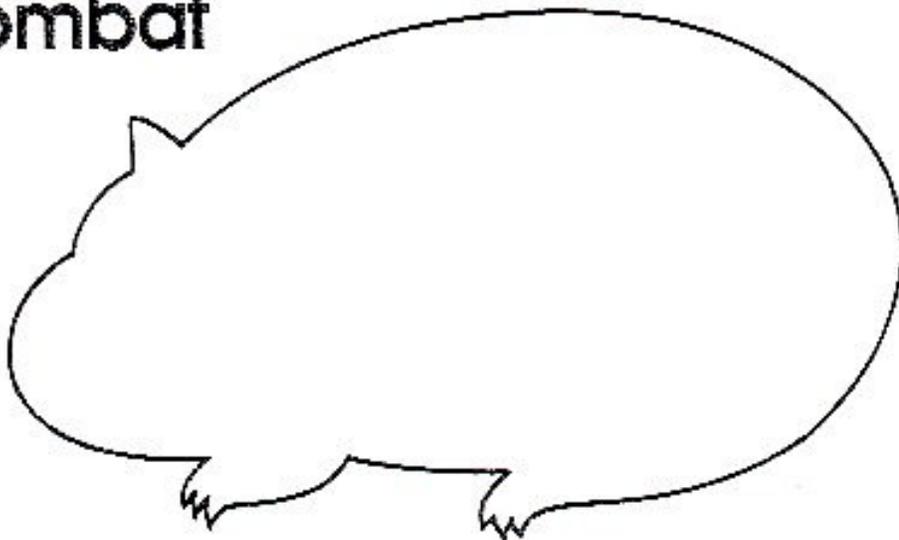


Platypus



Cockatoo

Wombat



Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport

By Rolf Harris

<http://www.rich.durge.org/rolf/kangaroo.html>

[Spoken:]

There's an old Australian stockman, lying, dying,
and he gets himself up on one elbow,
and he turns to his mates,
who are gathered 'round him and he says:

Watch me wallabys feed mate.
Watch me wallabys feed.
They're a dangerous breed mate.
So watch me wallabys feed.
Altogether now!

Tie me kangaroo down sport,
tie me kangaroo down.
Tie me kangaroo down sport,
tie me kangaroo down.

Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl,
keep me cockatoo cool.
Don't go acting the fool, Curl,
just keep me cockatoo cool.
Altogether now!

Take me koala back, Jack,
take me koala back.
He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac,
so take me koala back.
Altogether now!

Mind me platypus duck, Bill,
mind me platypus duck.
Don't let him go running amok, Bill,
mind me platypus duck.
Altogether now!

Play your digeridoo, Blue,
play your digeridoo.
Keep playing 'til I shoot thro' Blue,
play your digerydoo.
Altogether now!

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,
tan me hide when I'm dead.
So we tanned his hide when he died Clyde,
(Spoken) And that's it hanging on the shed.
Altogether now!

STORIES AND SONGS

WHY THE KANGAROO HAS A POUCH

A long time ago, in Australian Dreamtime, kangaroos had no pouch. Mrs Kangaroo was unhappy. Her baby was such a worry. Every time she put him down he hopped away and got lost. Mrs Kangaroo had been looking after her baby all morning and now she was hungry. Looking around, she saw a large stone. She would leave her baby near it, then she would know where to find him. She wanted to nibble the sweet grass that grew nearby. Just as she rested on her short fore-paws and began to eat, she heard a grunting sound.

A voice said 'Oh dear! Oh dear! Old and useless. that's what I am; no use to anybody'. Looking up, Mrs Kangaroo saw an old wombat moving slowly along. 'What's the matter, Wombat?' she asked. 'Oh dear, oh dear, I'm just wombling about the world with nobody to care whether I live or die! But who is that speaking?' 'It's me, Mrs Kangaroo. Can't you see me?' Dear me, I haven't set eyes on anybody this year. I'm blind with nobody to show me where the sweet grass is'. 'I'll show you the way to some grass', said Mrs Kangaroo, hopping towards him and turning around. 'Catch hold of my tail then I'll go slowly. Now just take your time.'

Mrs Kangaroo stood still as a lizard having a sunbath and the wombat caught hold of her tail, then Mrs Kangaroo moved slowly ahead. Every time the old wombat lost his grip, Mrs Kangaroo carefully put her tail within his reach, and said *'There, there, wombat, you'll be alright.'* At last they came to the sweet grass. Wombat ate and ate, while Mrs Kangaroo went back to get her baby.

Of course, the baby had hopped away from the stone. It was a long time before Mrs Kangaroo found him. The old wombat had gone to sleep. Suddenly, Mrs Kangaroo felt danger. She sat up, ears pricked eyes bright and sniffed the air. Yes, there was danger. Picking up her baby, she hopped to some bushes.

From her hiding place, Mrs Kangaroo saw an Aboriginal hunter fitting his spear to his woomera. She saw that he was going to kill the old wombat. The Aboriginal gave one look at her and then went away. The kangaroo was the totem of his tribe; a sacred animal that could not be killed. Mrs Kangaroo's heart was still thumping. She turned to the wombat, but he had gone.

Far away, in his home, the Great Spirit was thinking. He had changed himself into the old wombat to find out which animal was the kindest in the bush. Mrs Kangaroo had been the only one to take pity on him. What could he give her?

His eyes fell on a golden dilly-bag, which had been made by the Grass Spirit. Just the very thing! In it, she could carry her baby. Calling to one of his children, he told him to take the dilly-bag to Mrs Kangaroo. *'Tell her to tie the bag around her waist. I shall make it grow to her.'*

As soon as Mrs Kangaroo tied the dilly-bag around her, it became part of her body. It was a lovely furry cradle for her baby.

Mrs Kangaroo now had to teach her baby to stay in the pouch. This took a long time.

She taught this by playing a game of pouch hiding. Mrs Kangaroo found she could make the pouch bigger or smaller. When her enemies were chasing her, she would hop along with her baby until she came to some bushes. Then, with her short fore-paws, she would throw the little one out. The enemy would follow her and the little baby would be safe.

After Mrs Kangaroo got her pouch, all of her cousins – the wallabies, wallaroo and the little kangaroo mice – wanted one too. Mrs Kangaroo asked the great Spirit if they could have one too. The Great Spirit sent word that he would ask the Spirit of the Grass to make one for every brave and gentle mother of the kangaroo family.

