

GHOST BOY OF HOYT

Amidst the campfire stories of Hoyt, one tale endures: the legend of the Ghost Boy of Hoyt.

To this day, the legend continues to be passed down from generation to generation.

It's your turn to hear the story of the Ghost Boy at the Saturday Campfire!



**Cub Scout Safari Weekend at Hoyt Scout Reservation
October 5, 2024 — Cub Scout age friendly Ghost Story**

The Ghost Boy of Hoyt Scout Reservation

The Hoyt Scout Reservation nestled in West Redding, Connecticut, has been a cherished retreat for Scouts for decades. Its woods, crystal-clear streams, and open fields provide a perfect playground for young adventurers seeking to learn about nature, friendship, and themselves. But amidst the stories of campfire songs, camporees and thrilling hikes, one legend stands out—the legend of the Ghost Boy of Hoyt.

Many years ago, long before most of the current campers were born, there was a boy named Toby. Toby loved Hoyt more than anything else in the world. He was known for his boundless energy, kind heart, and adventurous spirit. Toby often helped younger scouts who were lost or scared in the dense forest, guiding them back to their campsites with a smile and a reassuring hand.

One summer, a sudden storm caught the camp by surprise. Torrential rain and howling winds lashed the forest, causing chaos and fear. In the midst of the storm, a young scout got separated from his group. Hearing the boy's cries for help, Toby rushed out into the storm, determined to find and save him. He did find the lost scout and safely led him back to the camp, but tragically, Toby himself was never seen again. It was believed that he had been swept away by the swollen river while ensuring the other boy's safety.

The camp mourned the loss of their brave, selfless friend. In memory of Toby, a small memorial was placed near the campfire circle, where scouts still gather every night.

As the years passed, strange but heartwarming stories began to emerge from Hoyt Scout Reservation. Campers spoke of a friendly presence, a ghost boy who seemed to help those in need. Young scouts who got lost in the woods would suddenly find themselves guided back to safety by an unseen hand. Those who wandered too close to the river at night often felt a gentle tug, pulling them back from danger.

Many campers reported hearing soft, scratching sounds on their tents at night. While at first this unnerved them, they soon realized that the ghost boy was just checking to make sure they were safe and sound. The scratching became a comforting sign, a nightly reminder that Toby was still there, watching over them.



One particular night, a scout named Jake found himself separated from his group during a night hike. Panic set in as he wandered aimlessly through the dark forest. Just when despair began to take hold, Jake heard a soft voice whispering his name. Following the voice, he saw a faint, glowing figure ahead. The figure led him through the trees, past familiar landmarks, and finally back to his campsite.

When Jake shared his experience, the older scouts smiled knowingly. They had all heard the stories and some had their own encounters with the ghost boy. As Jake drifted off to sleep that night, he heard the familiar scratching on his tent. Instead of fear, he felt a sense of calm and whispered, "Thank you, Toby."

To this day, the legend of the Ghost Boy of Hoyt Scout Reservation continues to be passed down from generation to generation. New campers are told of Toby's bravery and kindness, and how his spirit still lingers, ensuring that every scout is safe. The ghost boy is not a figure of fear, but a guardian, forever watching over the place he loved, and the campers who love it in return. And every night, as the wind rustles the leaves and the firelight flickers, the soft scratching on the tents is a gentle reminder that Toby is still there, a silent protector in the night.

This ghost story about a lost Scout at Hoyt was a fall camporee favorite in the 1980s. A master storyteller had newcomers spooked, while veterans eagerly awaited it each year. We've recreated it as a friendly ghost tale, perfect for Cub Scouts. — John Hanks