

ODE TO HAUNTED HOUSE 1991

The summer's not over, I'm not even done with my tanning,
But the time has already come to start Haunted House planning.
With two eager chapters who ready and willing,
The thoughts of profits to come were really thrilling.

So how will we start this God-awful task,
That makes every member put on a mask;
To miss any know-how would be just a pity,
So let us first form an Executive Committee.

First Chairmen and V.P.'s started the muster,
Then Treasurers and Presidents blew in with a bluster.
Since the money involved would be quite an amount,
It was urgent we first form a joint checking account.

Two signatures required, either Fred, Tom, Jane or Bill,
Just to make sure no one's robbing the till.
But chairmen beware - for here comes the first whammy,
All vouchers must be signed by you, John or Tami!

So let's get to building - it should be like cake,
For there really are very few panels to make.
And we'll do it like last year; only enlarge it,
With our new Chace account, we simply go charge it.

With so much good planning and a punctual start,
Why did John turn into such an old fart?
I promised the permits. I gave him the nod.
What did he want, an edict from God?

The walls soon went up - the wiring passes,
Now we need some room chairmen to get off their asses.
Rooms from Blue Hills and Plainville; and from Foxboro five.
Hey you guys from Mansfield, are you all still alive?

But we got it together, we're finally prepared.
Let's bring through our children. I hope they're not scared.
We'll practice the rooms; our guides we will teach.
Let's make sure John just censors his speech.

It's opening night and everyone's primed.
Do we have an idea how to handle the line?
Let them stop at the food stand - that's Geri's creation.
Poor souls, do they know it all came from donation?

We'll sell them all hotdogs and popcorn and cocoa,
If Harriet doesn't first drive us all loco.
But she knows about popcorn, and sometimes she's barking,
But next year let's get her out to do parking.

It's time to don makeup - this year we're not dumb.
Lauren found a place to buy by the drum.
Finding a bargain was quite an endeavor,
But who knew the blood would stay on Forever!

Now start the show. But is John that ass-tight?
He said room chairmen - bring your own flashlight.
Is he kidding? Oh well, we'll just let it all slide;
The greater concern is with finding some guides.

I promised I'd lead good men to the fore.
But how did I know it would be such a chore?
These people came out cloaked in black, white and red,
But no one warned me that they'd all be brain-dead.

My greatest disciple was named Malachi.
To see him do makeup would make grown men cry.
His cloak was dark, his face was from Hades,
But boy, could he ever schmooze with the ladies!

Let's go down the tunnel, let's read them the rules,
Let them know who's in charge - we're nobody's fools.
It will be very dark - I don't want to alarm you,
Just don't touch the actors and no one will harm you.

Now follow my voice and come right this way,
We don't want to lose you; or you'll have to pay.
Pass by the ghost room; if you clear it, you're lucky,
Now all you have to contend with is Chucky.

Step round the corner, the spiders abound.
But who knows if the big one will fall to the ground.
If the big spider gets undone from the net,
Our ten-year-old exterminator may still get it yet.

Now back to the maze, and on to the next room,
Where surely we'll find there to be love in bloom.
But some of the guides are stuck on the line,
Dave Brown still smells love in the air everytime.

The girl in the parlor sat by the fire,
But what did she do to draw her friend's ire?
Just what transpired we know not - or why,
Until she stood up and screamed out, My Eye!

As we wind down the hall we know terror's ahead,
And somehow we suspect that the villain's named Fred.
With Webster and Badger in the very same room,
What can we guess but the greatest of doom?

We know there was a guy dying to reappear.
In fact, we even tried to bury him last year.
Then Webster's gut offered an alien attack,
Which gave Dr. Death the chance to come back.

The Milwaukee Hospital waiting room is just on your right,
Hey Jay! with some luck you may even remember your lines there tonight.
With Bobbi as rear guide, it should be quite easy,
But don't let the spare parts room make you too queasy.

So cross the hall and look in the air,
But beware of the man who's just hanging up there.
He'll grab you and Feel you of that you'll be certain,
But watch out for Frankie, who comes out from the curtain.

Enter the dungeon with nail bed and cage.
When they looked for manpower, was there a minimum age?
This room ran on shoestring, but let's not take sides,
All of their members were working as guides.

Lead down the hallway into the dark,
Look for the room that was chaired by a spark.
With all of the voltage used nightly in there,
We still couldn't keep the guy in the chair.

Now on to the car crash, the author's in bed,
We thought the poor guy was probably dead.
We heard him whimper, and beg her, and stammer,
But she had no mercy with the 16-pound hammer.

Enter the garden and look, there ahead,
The house of the witch, but you need not dread.
Trust me, I assure you we are not alone,
But if we're discovered, you'll be on your own.

For at first she'll be friendly, then may treat you with scorn,
As you exit her house toward the field of the corn.
While you look at her palm trees she's once again sweet,
But beware of young Kyle who'll bite at your feet.

The nights, they seemed endless. Will this ever be done?
By the way all you new members, did we say this was fun?
It is! But of course it's not without some pain.
And of course there's always that matter of rain.

But fear not young Mateys, Old Salty's in town.
If not to keep guiding, then to shut the line down.
For stopping by midnight, you'll have to blame Tom.
But consensus has it that Webster caused the real stink bomb.

The new phone system was a definite plus,
And for guiding to the ladies room, thank God we have Russ.
The traffic was incredible, it seemed never to stop,
But some how we managed, even without Robo-cop.

We hit a new record, 1200 in one night,
The rooms were all jumping and management was tight.
All those people through the house and not even a lost one,
But did sonebody say Tami went to Boston?

All kidding aside - a triumph - and we're finally through it.
Thanks Tami and John - we knew you could do it!
But why not, with all the good people like these,
After all don't forget - we are the JAYCEES!