



Newsletter of the BPSA in Canada January 2012

FROM THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S DESK

Well Christmas has come and gone-batteries are dead, lots of lead discovered in the toys made in China. No one wishes to see any more turkey until next Thanksgiving at the earliest. Tree is down and decorations put away for another year.



What to do until the next statutory holiday?

Here are a few ideas. What better time than now to take the youth winter camping. Build snow shelters and igloos. Hold events on a frozen lake-everything from chariot races to speed skating competitions. How about a Parent/Youth ice fishing derby, a day of down hill or cross country skiing. Hiking with the purpose of identifying those animal tracks in the snow. Identify the constellations in the clear crisp night air. Don't forget you can always shovel snow for the disabled and elderly in your neighbourhood, as a good turn of course!

February 22nd is fast approaching and plans should be made now to celebrate our Founder's Birthday. Put on displays, demonstrations of scouting skills, or hold an outdoor meeting so the general public can see what we do and have learned.

Most of all, enjoy yourselves and have fun.

Yours in Traditional Scouting

M. Maloney

Provincial Commissioner



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Thinking Day—Scout-Guide Week February 19-25, 2012

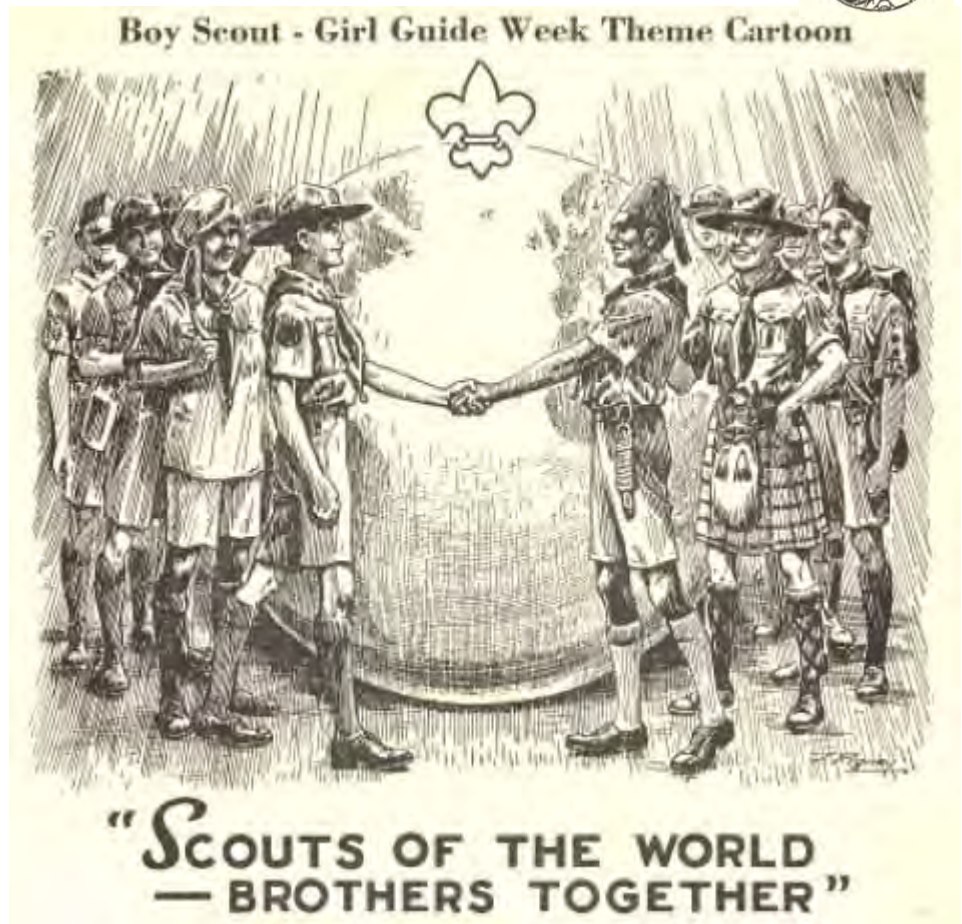


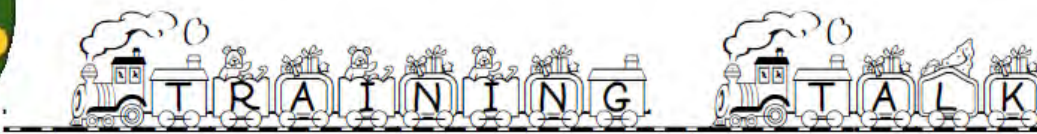
Looking Back....

The year is 1945 and the headline reads Boy Scout—Girl Guide Week.

“This month of February brings Scout Week to Canada—and for the first time an official change in its design—with the co-operation of the Girl Guides. This year then it is Boy Scout-Girl Guide Week.

We would like that spirit to be carried into the activities of the Girl Guides and the Boy Scouts in the cities towns and villages of the Dominion. Boy Scout—Girl Guide Week will present an opportunity to get together and work together. This should not be difficult when we realize that we subscribe to the same promises and laws, our programmes almost parallel one another, and we claim the same founder in B.-P., on the same foundation of principles. Let us use this week to foster and expand this existing bond between our two great organizations.”





by Terry Blaker

THIS MONTH'S TOPIC: T O M I P A S T A

Tomipasta? A new kind of Italian spaghetti? No, **TOMIPASTA** is an acronym that helps write a lesson plan. **T** = Title, **O** = Objectives, **M** = Materials, **I** = Introduction, **P**=Presentation, **S**=Summary, **T**= Testing, **A**=Assignment.
 (Developed at the Navy's Instructor Training School, San Diego, CA)

HOW TO PLAN A TRAINING SESSION

T opic	I define the purpose of the session with a meaningful topic. I have found that learning is enhanced if the topic name appeals to the learners without confusing them as to the purpose of the session. I don't have to be wildly original - but it helps!
O bjective	I state clearly what the LEARNERS are going to do or know by the end of the session. I consider two kinds of objectives: GENERAL LEARNING OBJECTIVE (GLO) This will be a one sentence general goal. For example: "The candidates will be able to conduct a training session for winter camping." SPECIFIC LEARNING OBJECTIVES (SLO) This is usually a list of specific skills the learners will have acquired. For example: "The candidates will know how to light a fire with only one match."; "The candidates will be able to construct a snow shelter"; "The candidates will know the signs and treatment of hypothermia."
M aterials	This is a list of all the materials I will need to teach this session. I include everything I can think of - chalk, markers, handouts, coffee, sugar, etc. I usually have a standard check list.
I ntroduction	I prepare the introduction of myself, my team, and the topic I am going to present. The purpose of this is to get the learners' attention and motivate them to learn. Think HO-HUM! Wake them up! A shocking statement, a question to be answered, a skit, a picture, anything that really gets their attention. I am careful that my HO-HUM is relevant and meaningful.
P resentation	This is the main part of the presentation. I prepare this as diligently as possible. I try not to rely on notes. I take care to ensure that my presentation covers all my SLOs so that I achieve my GLO.
A pplication	If the learners cannot apply their learning there is no need for them to learn. I provide opportunities for my learners to practice their new skills in meaningful ways.
S ummary	I summarise the learning, emphasizing key points and reviewing all the SLOs and the GLO. I commend the learners for their growth.
T esting	I provide some form of testing to ensure that the objectives have been met. This may not necessarily take place right away. Sometimes it is as simple as asking questions.
A ssignment	This is probably the most important part of the learning. I give my learners some homework. I demand some action. The taking of this action is what reinforces the learning.

T O M I P A S T A !



Letters to a Rover

Letters To A Rover

This short collection of "Letters to a Rover" contains a wealth of wisdom for the Scouter who is about to set out in the world.

Not only will it be appreciated by those who have grown up in the Scouting Movement, but by all young men who are facing the problems of life today for the first time.

Dear David,

When you came round for a cup of tea last Sunday I meant to have a serious talk with you about a lot of important things, as it was the last time I would see you before you went to Egypt, but somehow I never got round to it. It was partly because Squiffy and Joe dropped in and started yarning about the ideal site they have found for the Troop camp next summer, and partly because when it comes to the point I always find it difficult to give advice to a young fellow, even a chap like you who I've known ever since he was a Cub.

I feel horribly guilty at letting the chance slip, particularly in your case, as since your parents were killed in the accident I have always felt a special responsibility towards you, and you have always at least seemed to value the odd bits of advice I have plucked up courage to give you from time to time.

So that is why, at nearly midnight, I am writing you this long letter. I'm sitting in my old armchair in my room that you know so well, with three walls lined with books (did you ever return Conrad's Lord Jim, by the way?) and the fireplace wall covered with photographs of the Scouts I have known since I first became an A.S.M. in 1927. The smaller armchair on the opposite side of the hearth is empty, but I seem to see you sitting there, in various uniforms. First as a Cub, then as a Scout, then as a Senior, then (for such a little while) as a Rover, and lastly as a sapper in Her Majesty's Corps of Royal Engineers.

Do you remember that evening, just after your eleventh birthday, when you were enrolled in the Troop and took the Scout Promise? Old Hankin was the Scoutmaster then, and Pat Williams who died in Korea was your P.L. "I promise on my honour," you said, "to do my best to do my duty to God and the King . . ."

What I meant to talk to you about this afternoon, and what I'm going to write to you about tonight, is the first part of that promise, your duty to God. And in a way I have a clearer field where you are concerned than I would have with some young fellows, because if you were already a member of any Church I should have to be pretty guarded in what I said. Quite rightly, when a Scout belongs to a specific Church, his Scout Leaders are in honour bound not to do or say anything likely to weaken his allegiance to that Church. But you, like so many young fellows today, are what may be called a "vague" Christian, with a careless and (dare I say it?) rather smug contempt for organised religion.

I know perfectly well that you would feel insulted if anybody suggested you were not a "Christian," and I know you intimately enough to be sure that you have always done your best to obey the Ten Commandments and the all important eleventh commandment about loving your neighbour as yourself. If you were sitting opposite me now in that other armchair, pretending to enjoy puffing at that new pipe of yours that doesn't seem to keep alight for five minutes together, I know that at this stage you would say:

"I think a chap can be just as good a Christian without going to church."
Maybe he can, in some cases, but not, I think, in many.

Let me give you my own experience. As a boy I never went to church, or only so very occasionally that the services made no impression on me, but when I was about sixteen a friend of mine induced me to go with him to his particular church one Sunday evening, and within a short time I had become a church member and a Sunday school teacher, and this Sunday school teaching led directly to my becoming a Scoutmaster. For about seven years the church was the centre of my life. I attended morning and evening service, taught in the Sunday school, ran the Scouts, collected for the missionary society and so forth. I think perhaps I almost overdid it, if you can overdo a good thing.

It is all so long ago that looking back I can judge myself in those churchgoing days as if I were another person, and so there is no thought of boasting in my mind when I tell you that in those years I came pretty close to being a real Christian. I had very high standards of right and wrong, and though, being human, I went astray occasionally, I was always fighting to be my best self. If, for instance, on Saturday I did something I knew was wrong, the Sunday services, when I knelt in the presence of my friends and in the sight of God, would remind me again of the standards from which I had fallen, and I would try to make the next week worthier than the last.

Then, when I was about twenty three, I moved to another town and to another job, and for a bit it was physically impossible for me to go to church on Sundays, and in that place I never joined a church at all, and rarely went to any sort of service except perhaps a Scouts' Own or an Armistice Service.

I went on like this for some years. I was still busy helping run Scouts and engaged in other work of a useful character for the community, but I drifted into thinking, as the young fellows of your generation are so apt to think, that "a chap could be just as good a Christian, whether he goes to church or not."

Looking back I can see that my own life proved that this was nonsense. The lack of that weekly reminder of the high standards that Christ demands of His children began to show itself in a gradual falling off in my moral standards. I had never been a teetotaller, and now I found that to make up for the loss of the fellowship I had enjoyed in the church community, I spent more and more of my time in public houses. My new friends were most of them not bad fellows, but they had lower standards: they told dirty stories, and their attitude to sacred and beautiful things was different. Then the war came and I was swept up in it like everybody else, and in 1944 I found myself an officer in charge of African troops in the Middle East, and the first night I joined them something happened as important to me as what happened that evening when I was sixteen and my pal took me to church with him.

We were in a tented camp at Quassassin, between Cairo and Ismailia, and our officers' mess was a big E.P.I.P. tent, lighted by hurricane lamps. I was playing poker with four other officers, and drinking more gin than was good for me, to overcome my nervousness in the strange surroundings, when suddenly from outside the tent came the sound of men singing a hymn. I knew the tune so well, it was "Jesus, Lover of my soul" and the sound of it took me back over the years to my first day as a Sunday school teacher, sitting with a dozen impish boys in that shabby suburban church.

We white officers were drinking gin and playing poker, and the black Africans from Buganda were singing hymns in their tents, hymns that had been taught their fathers by long dead and forgotten missionaries who had left their bones to rot in Africa for Jesus Christ's sake.

I learned a lot from those African Christians. There were humbugs among them, as there are in the English churches, but the best of them were saints, and it was clear that for most of them Christianity was a living force, as it had been with me in the old days.

Silvester Kikomeko, Alexander Katangala, Christopher Henry Malavu . . . how their names come back to me across the years! Between them they led me back to Christ, and to a renewed belief in organised religion and regular worship. I'm so sure now, and I wish I could help you to be sure, that if you can be a good Christian without going to church, you can be a much better Christian if

you have that weekly reminder which regular worship gives you.

You'll be a better man if you link up with a church and worship regularly, and if you "break bread, in remembrance of Him."

So much for you. But the Church of Christ, to me, seems like a great army mobilised to fight all the evil and cruelty and ugliness of the world. I like to think that each denomination of the great Church is like a battalion of that mighty army (and it is all to the good if the members of each battalion think they are the best battalion of the lot!) with its own destined part to play in the battle. Christ needs you in that great army. It would be a very happy day for me if I heard from you that you had done "your duty to God" by joining some battalion of that army. I'd naturally like you to join my own battalion, which I, of course, think is the best, but so long as you are fighting somewhere in the line I shall be satisfied.

Just two final words on this subject, for the fire has gone out and I'm getting cold. Don't be put off from joining an organised church because you find a few humbugs and whited sepulchres in it. They are the ones that somehow catch the public eye, but you can take it from me, having had a long experience of both, that the churchgoer is on average a much better citizen and Christian than the pub crawler or the non churchgoer. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and you'll find that in any town it is the churchgoers that do most of the social and charitable work. I'll never forget that when I was a Scout Commissioner in East London we had thirty five Troops. Thirty three of them were given hospitality by churches, and none by pubs or Agnostic Societies! And before the Government stepped in ninety nine hundredths of the Children's Homes and Old People's Homes were run by regular churchgoers of the despised organised churches.

Do you ever read that Bible I gave you? Fools regard it as an old fashioned book, but in my opinion, and I have struggled through very many thousands of books in my time, the Bible is the most up to the minute blueprint for life of them all. Try reading it right through some time, one chapter a day. Odd bits, of course, are rather dull, but you will be surprised to find how human and thrilling and wise most of it is, and when you get as far as the New Testament I will be very much surprised if you can keep to your resolution to read only one chapter a day.

Lastly, let me add that in this letter I have dealt only with the "outward side of the cup." I am not a priest or a parson, and it is not for me to write of the inner meaning of religion, or to analyze faith.

All I beg you to do is to give religion a chance in your own life. Go to all the churches and services you can until you find one that calls to your soul, and then seek out the priest or parson and ask him to help you. You'll never find full manhood without religion, and we shan't build the world we want to build until young men like you join Christ's army, openly and proudly.

Yours ever,

A.D.C.





SCOUT LAW No. 6

A Scout is a Friend to Animals.

Another installment of Scouter Roland Philipps' Letters to a Patrol Leader on the meaning of the Scout Law.

My dear Jim,

A rather nervous recruit was being examined on the Scout Law.

His idea of the fourth Scout Law was that "A Scout is a Friend to All and a brother to every other animal, no matter to what social class he may belong." It was a splendid answer, except that it should have been given as the sixth Scout Law and not as the fourth.

A Scout is a Friend to Animals because he is a friend to all, and a good Scout will certainly try to be a brother to every other animal, quite independently of their social distinctions.

It is true that some animals are a curious kind of breed, without much hair on their backs, while others are woolly or fluffy. But the fact that the first kind are called Scouts, while the second kind are called lambs and kittens, makes not the least difference to the fact that you and they are friends.

They may be tiny little animals like ants, or they may be very large animals like elephants. They may be rather silly animals like mules, or they may be rather clever animals like Scoutmasters. The great point about them all, however, is that they have two big things in common.

The first is that they were all created by the same Father, God. The second is that they all have a share in the greatest of all possessions, Life.

The nervous Scout was therefore right, for all the animals and human beings in the world are brothers, and it is their duty to treat one another if possible with kindness and respect.

You may say that if a lion meets the Chief Scout in the jungle, it is not at all likely to treat him with either; but then a lion has never been to a council school, and it is quite unlike a Leader of the Lions in that it knows nothing at all about the Scout Law.

A Scout has had more of a chance than any other animal of learning something of what are known sometimes as the Christian Virtues; and when a Scout gets a chance he always uses it.

I remember asking a Scout what he meant by kindness to animals, and he made all the other boys yell with laughter when he said:

"Please, sir, you treat them just as if they were human beings."

The other boys had a vision, I suppose, of a lady cat being given a seat in an omnibus, or of a blind dormouse being carefully conducted to the door of a Braille library.

But the "Prize Comic" (as they chose to call their brother Scout) happened to be right, for the idea of the sixth Scout Law is that we should treat animals with just the same kindness and consideration as we show to human beings.

The beginning of being kind to animals is to understand them. We can only understand them if we know something about them.

A Scout will read books about animals, and will take every chance he gets of learning their habits.

I know a man who has studied ants all his life who would be upset for many months if he thought he had trodden on one when he might have avoided it.

It is not because he is unduly sensitive, but simply because he knows so much of the wonderful work which ants do, that he regards their lives as being precious and not lightly to be taken away.

Nobody who is fond of animals would ever want to be cruel to them; but it is rather a sad thing to know that boys are not kind to animals by nature, and unless they are taught kindness they are very likely to be cruel.

Cruelty often arises from mere foolishness.

Sometimes boys chase a horse round a field or a hen round a yard. Sometimes they throw stones at a dog or fasten something to the tail of a cat. They think it fun.

But this is the kind of fun that a Scout must not allow for a moment. He must use whatever power he possesses to stop these things, whether they are done by his friends or whether they are done by strangers.

Sometimes boys are out looking for birds' nests and they take all the eggs or even pull down the nest.

Both these actions are very cruel, and Scouts will prevent any other boys from indulging in them.

If a Scout collects eggs, he will not take more than one egg from a nest; but the thing is not to collect eggs at all, but to learn to draw a little sketch of the eggs and of the nest together, or to photograph them.

A good Scout can even do this while the bird is sitting without disturbing her. This gives first-rate practice in quiet stalking.

Apart from any sketches or photographs, however, a Scout can keep a notebook in which he enters full particulars giving a description of the nest, where it was found, the colour and number of the eggs, and date.

If the nest is in the neighbourhood of a country Scout's home, he will also make a note by means of observation of the time it takes for the eggs to hatch; whether the male bird takes a turn in sitting on them as well as the female; on what the little birds are fed, and how long they stay in the nest before they are taught to fly or to run about.

Such a notebook will be of great value and interest. A Scout will try to be a real friend to animals, both big and small. He will take a pride in the fact that they are not frightened of him, because they have found out that he will not hurt them.

An old gentleman used to be seen standing in Hyde Park with his hands outstretched and pigeons sitting on his head and shoulders.

On making enquiries one found that he had visited the Park in the same way every day for twenty years, and that gradually the pigeons had got to know him and to trust him because he was their friend. You will find the same thing with several of the keepers at the Zoological Gardens. They are able to go amongst some of the most savage animals and feed them out of their hands. The animals know them and trust them, because after long experience they have found them to be loyal and kind. They have found that they are their friends.

You will tell your patrol that if they keep any animals at home they will not only study their habits, but they will give up a minute or two every day to thinking of their requirements and needs.

If this were done by people who kept pets it would never be the case that starving cats were left locked up in houses when the owners go away to the seaside for their holiday.

It would never be the case that bird-cages or rabbit hatches were either made too small or else kept in a dirty condition.

Both rabbits and birds are by nature very clean, and for them to have dirt left in their hutches or cages would be just as bad as for a Scout to find his bed night after night filled with some filth or mud.

A great deal of cruelty is shown to dogs by people who think they are fond of them. If a Patrol Leader said that he was fond of his patrol, there are several ways in which you could put the matter to the test. The best of them probably would be to find out whether in his Scout work he was trying to carry out their wishes, or whether he was merely always thinking of his own. Just the same test may be made with the owner of an animal.

What every dog needs is sufficient exercise, and many dogs become ill through not being exercised nearly enough.

A dog cannot tell you that he wants exercise, but a Scout who possesses a dog will think to himself each day how he can arrange for it to go for a jolly walk, and somehow or other will manage to arrange it.

Another form of cruelty to dogs is by keeping them chained up in a yard to guard the fowls or the house or for some other purpose.

Some dogs are kept day after day fastened up in this way without being allowed to have a run.

The result is that they lead a miserable existence and lose all their fine nature. They nearly always become savage, and in some cases they go mad.

If you are a Scout, you will try to set a specially high standard of kindness to dumb animals.

I have sometimes seen Scouts being extremely brutal to crabs on the seashore. They regard them as different from other animals, "Because," as one boy said, "they are trying to hurt you, sir."

This is quite a mistake. Some animals look more ferocious and savage than others, and if anybody tries to play the fool with a crab he remembers it afterwards. A crab, however, is just as much one of God's creatures as a horse or a dog, and no Scout will ever give it pain if he can avoid doing so.

There are some cases in which animals and insects have to be killed.

Some animals, such as rabbits or sheep, are part of our food; while others, such as wasps, flies, rats, and adders, have to be put to death because they are harmful.

In these cases, however, a Scout will do his very best to see that the killing of such an animal or insect is painless.

If he pulls a fish out of the river or out of the sea, he will give it a knock on the head. If he knocks a wasp on to the floor or on to the ground with a knife or fork, he will put his foot on it at once.

He will hate to see clipper traps for either rats or rabbits. Rats can be poisoned, and rabbits can be caught in other ways which are not so cruel.

Last, and above all, a Scout will not merely "do animals no harm," but he will try to do them a great deal of good. He will not be ashamed to jump out from the pavement and put his shoulder to the wheel when he sees a horse struggling to get along on a muddy day.

If a cart is standing on a hill without a brake, he will put a stone under the wheel or else back it gently against the curb.

Again, when horses are slipping about he may throw down gravel to enable them to get a better grip; or, if he sees a horse that has dropped its nosebag, he will pick it up and replace it.

If he sees a heavy cart being driven out of a field, he will rush to open the gate, in order that the horses may not have the extra strain through the cart having to be brought to a standstill.

On a road he may find a stone or a brick in a rut and he will pick it out and throw it away.

On a hill-top far away in the country he will sometimes find a sheep that has fallen over on its back and cannot get up again. A Scout will be glad that he is there, as by his discovery he may be just in time to save the sheep's life.

The sixth Scout Law needs a book all to itself, and you must remember that I am only touching little bits of the subject in this letter. It is the most beautiful of all our Laws, because it means that a Scout will want to make a noble and generous study of his fellow creatures.



Your sincere brother Scout,

Roland B. Phillipps





Boys Grow Best When:

1. They are with adults who are at ease with them and who seem to enjoy them most of the time...
2. They are permitted to make mistakes which will not harm them unduly, and are permitted to live with adults who do not themselves pretend to be perfect...
3. Those about them believe in them and express confidence through words and through giving them freedom...
4. Those about them understand what they are trying to achieve and support and team with them in their endeavours...
5. Those about them permit them to express doubts, to raise questions, to try their own ideas...
6. They understand the limits of the freedom within which they can make decisions, and when this freedom is limited to the responsibility they feel able to carry at their stage of development...
7. Those about them deal with them with firmness and consistency...
8. Adults around them behave as adults and show what the adults way is like...
9. Those about them gear their expectancy of a child's behaviour to his capacity for that behaviour...
10. Those about them help them to succeed when they need help, but let them struggle when they are winning by themselves...
11. Those about them understand how they grow and develop, and provide motivation and opportunity for encouraging sound growth...
12. They feel strong within themselves, when they feel they are just the kind of person wanted by their family, their friends, their community and nation...
13. There is an atmosphere of friendliness and warmth whether with adults or children...
14. They meet actual life situations, emotionally charged, and deal with them successfully whether with or without adult help...
15. Their performance expectancy is related to themselves and not to others...
16. They are interested in what they are doing for its own sake. They will be interested when it has meaning to them. Children forced to perform at tasks in which they have no interest or understanding are not helped but actually blocked. Those who attempt it are battling against human nature and will lose in the end...



WALKING THE PLANK

There is a little trick about walking along a plank or, indeed, any sort of balancing act which we will let you know. It is to look at something which is stationary, perfectly still and perfectly straight in front of you. It works like magic when you are trying to keep steady.



Have you ever tried to teach anybody to ride a bicycle? You know how they will look at their front wheel and how it makes them wobble and fall all over the place. If they would only look straight ahead they would not fall off. So it is with your plank - do not look down at your feet, they will be all right, just hold yourself erect and look straight ahead.

Why do you need to know how to walk a plank? Well, you might be captured by pirates though thank goodness that sort of walking the plank is thoroughly out of date, but to be able to balance may help you in an emergency. What about a Fire? You *may* have to make your way along a narrow bit of wall and up high too. Or in a flood you may have to escape by the same sort of route, you just never know, and the more used you are to balancing and not losing your head the more use you will be in an emergency.



MORSE CODE

The Morse Code was invented, as you may guess, by a chap called Morse, and it was designed to be a way of signaling that you listened to instead of looking at. The best way to learn Morse is to learn it by sound, and very good fun it is to use a buzzer and tapper. Of course, it has been used all the world over for many years between ships and aircraft and for all kinds of important and exciting reasons. It is not only used by sound, though; there is a way of sending Morse by flags but Cubs do not use this method. One of the most interesting ways is by using lamps and you can have a great deal of fun sending Morse by using an ordinary torch. There is no easy way of learning the Morse Code; it is just a matter of hard work and practice. Here is the code for you, and we wish you the best of luck with it.



