

SCOUTS-L

**SCOUTMASTER
MINUTES**

Date: Thu, 4 Aug 1994 15:49:00 EDT
From: Rob White <rsw@TFS.COM>
Subject: WANTED SCOUTMASTER MINUTES

Dr. Stan Frager, Scoutmaster of Troop 30 in Louisville Kentucky and the host of a Sunday night talk show (WHAS AM 840), asked me to help him with a new project of his.

He would like to compile a book of Scoutmaster minutes. He asks that you email me any scoutmaster minutes that you have written yourselves, have heard, or whatever. He will give credit to the author in the book (and I assume a copy of the book).

The source of the minutes does not have to be a Scoutmaster, it could have been anyone (minister, rabbi, girl scout leader, cub scout leader, teacher, coach, etc). The one requirement is that they be suitable for a Scoutmaster to share with his boys.

Rob White	The mail must go through,
TRW Financial Systems EAPS/RBCS	Oh, the mail must go through!
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Date: Fri, 5 Aug 1994 11:18:33 EDT
From: Robert Craig <rcraig@LIBRARY.CARLETON.CA>
Subject: Re: WANTED SCOUTMASTER MINUTES

Here is my submission, I figured with the noise that seems to be going on in rec.scouting, maybe someone might post the request there to at least get off of the BSA for a while!

Bob

[start included text]

**Well,
I reached back into my mind and I remember a few that stand out that were most memorable for me. This first one, I remember being told by my Scout Leader.
I never really grasped the idea behind it, I found the story a bit far fetched and I guess the idea of people hating others for what they were a bit out of my mental grasping. Anyways.....**

**It sat in my head for a while until I happened to be working at a summer camp in Milton, Ontario. We had a boy who just moved from Quebec to Ontario. Marcel was an interesting person. He was a true Quebequois, spoke French and believed strongly in the French culture and separatism. He
Fortunately for us, he also spoke English. For some chance of fate, he was placed in the group with my best friend Craig. Craig came to Canada at the age of 11 from Great Britain. He spoke absolutely no French and was the exact opposite to this young boy.
(Craig adored the English and English Canadian Culture, he believed that Canada was a great country and was very tolerant to others). Marcel, upon**

discovering Craig spoke no French was extremely upset. Going into constant fits of anger, Craig would have to sit down with Marcel to settle him down and discuss his behaviour and attitude to the others at camp. Marcel, never really got along with Craig. Actually he wasn't getting along with anyone, he had the opinion that he was forcibly moved to Ontario, and that these Ontarians were inferior to him as a Francophone.

Craig asked for some suggestions as to how to deal with the situation. I asked if I could speak at the campfire they were having and give the Scouter's 5 (ScoutMaster's Minutes). It was then, the story from my Scout Master made sense:

An arctic cargo flight crashed up in the far Northern areas of Ontario.

The crew consisted of a person from Ontario, a person from Quebec and a person from Manitoba. Each of these people, while from different provinces were also from different cultures by way of ethnicity.

One was an Native Canadian, one was a French Canadian, and the third was a English Canadian. These three people, never brought together

before as all three were travelling on the plain to return to their respective homes on this flight. With the pilot being killed in the crash and the plane sinking into the icy water of Hudson's Bay, the three were left to fend for themselves. Although the three had never met before, they all hated each other as a result of their ethnicity.

With little effort, they were able to get a fire going

and had fed it for a while. With their extensive injuries from the crash, they all were extremely tired and their last search for wood, resulted in the three men each finding a log. Sitting around the fire, each man stared at the others, holding hatred for the person because of who he was and where he was from. As the fire slowly died, one man suggested that someone should feed the fire soon. Each man in turn refused to place their log on the fire as it would be a sacrifice to the other men in the sense he would be helping them. So slowly they sat there and watched the fire slowly die. The cold weather took them quickly. The next morning, a search crew arrived on to the site, finding the three men, each clutching their log. The heat of all three logs, probably would have kept them through the night, but to share their log, was to help another person they didn't like.

Well, I told that story, and I think that most of the kids around the fire just sat there hearing the story but not really understanding it. Sort of like how I had been when my Scout Master told it to us. It did however reach to that young boy. While I never knew the truth behind the story, the boy couldn't believe why these three men held so much hatred towards each other that they wouldn't even try to save themselves. Craig and the boy talked for a while about differences. Later that night, Craig came to me and said that the story worked great, the response from the boy was that if he and Craig were ever in a crash, he would share his log.

Anyways, there is my first story!

My second one I heard during the 5th World Youth Forum in Kandersteg Switzerland

It was told to us by the Chairperson of the Forum, after spending 4 days

with people from around the world creating a position paper on youth

empowerment within Scouting (the idea that youth should be involved in the

decision making and policy making areas of the various levels of National Scouting Associations)

The story went along the lines:

A man was walking through a small village, which actually seemed quite

large. It was very diversified with historic old houses and large modern buildings side by side to each other. At the end of the road,

the man came across a house that looked fabulous. It was beautifully

kept, had a historic appearance, yet looked remarkably modern.

From

inside the man could hear the singing of angels. On the front lawn

was a sign: "Here anything in the world can be obtained"

Eagerly excited, the man ran into the building to behold endless shelves of items and angels running around making sure everything was

in order. At the front of the house was a small desk with the same sign as on the front lawn. And at the desk, sat an angel.

The man exclaimed "Is it true that anything in the world can be obtained here. If so I would like to end world conflict, promote peace amongst the peoples of the world, end famine, clean up rec.scouting (grin)and...."

The angel interjected and said "My good person, you have misunderstood

the sign, for here we only sell the seeds..."

Good Scouting everyone!

Bob

BTW, Scouts Canada currently sells a great book (IMHO) called "Thoughts for Sharing" in it, the book has stories that are suitable for a variety of situations and topics. I seem to remember it being under \$5.00 Canadian.

However that was three years ago when I bought it!

--

**Robert Craig
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the
Ottawa, Canada
Program
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cub**

**(613) 567-6771 (home)
(613) 788-2600 ext. 2728 (work)
OF KINDNESS!--**

**| 1994. The Year of the Beaver! This
| year, Scouts Canada celebrates

| 20th Anniversary of the Beaver

| The Scouting World's first pre-
| program. "Party at the Pond!"
| --PRACTICE RANDOM ACTS**

Date: Sat, 6 Aug 1994 10:27:59 -0230
From: Jamie Cashin <jamie@hagar.udc.neweast.ca>
Subject: Introduction

Hi!

I'm new to scouts-I and Scouting in general, having been involved as a scouter only since last October. I'm a cycling fanatic, volunteering in my provinces cycling association, and an outdoors nut. I like to get out there and do things, I like to be active.

I decided to read the list to see how people were doing their introductions and model mine after theirs. Well, people are people and all are different and that's what makes this world interesting! Besides, after what happened to me a few months ago you think I'd have learned:

I was walking through a mall in my home town of St. John's on the island of Newfoundland (as far east as you can go in North America, incidentally) when Scouts Canada had a booth set up trying to recruit members and leaders. I was given an invitation to attend "Scouting Explained" and decided to attend.

When I was eight years old I wanted to be a Cub. My mom said "No, you wouldn't enjoy it" and I dropped the idea. Boy was she wrong! She was a bit overprotective, and I guess I have remained a bit of a kid at heart because of it all, but not in a bad way.

After thinking for some time, I decided I would try out "this Scouting thing" as I put it to a friend. I was no longer requiring my Moms permission at age 29! I haven't looked back since, and I am looking forward to the new year starting in September.

Well the year went by and the Parent Son banquet came around and I

was asked to speak on behalf of the Scouting leaders. Now, we have a very very successful program here at 3rd St. John's Wesley with active parents and leaders, and boys in all sections, Beavers, Cubs, Scouts, Venturers and Rovers (I've also become a Rover). So here's little old me being asked to do a response to a toast. There were so many better choices! The Provincial Commissioner is a member

of 3rd St. John's Wesley, he could have done it.. no way. They wanted me to do it. So I was in a panic for a week.

I think I have been getting alot more out of Scouting than I ever would have thought possible. I have grown more in the last year, learned more about myself and others, and met more nice people than I have at any other time in my life.

My toast response went something like this:

"I joined Scouts for many reasons, one of which was to teach what I know, to share my life experience. I have found that I am learning more than I am teaching.

"Some of the things I ve learned?

"I ve learned that I like onions and mushrooms with my steak.

"I ve learned that marshmallows stick to adult hair too.

"I ve learned that life is both serious and not serious

"at the same time.

"At spring camp last Sunday, we were getting ready to

"leave. One by one the boys asked if they could ride

"back to town with me. I was confused as to why so

"many of them wanted to travel with me. I expected

"some profound reason, some deep inner characteristic

"of mine that most adults have lost touch with that

"some of these boys were seeing in me. So I asked

"one of the Venturers why. I was told 'you like the

"same kind of music we do and you let us turn it up

"loud.'

"I m learning not to be so serious all the time and

"how to have fun.

"A wise person once said:

"100 years from now it won t matter what kind of car

"I drove, where I lived, what I did for a living or

"how much money I made. But the world will be a better

"place because I was important in the life of a child.

"Well, the person who said that was wise but they forgot

**"one thing. Children are important in the lives of adults
"too. So with that I thank the youth for giving me the
"opportunity to be a leader and to learn from them. I
"hope I've been and will continue to be of some benefit
"in their lives.**

Well that's what I said, and that's how I feel.

**I love Scouting, and the people I've met, and that's why I've joined
scouts'l, to meet more of the kind of people I have met locally.**

**Well, as usual, I've gone on raving far longer than I had intended,
so I'll veave it at that.**

**We're having a provincial Jamboree in Lomond, in Gros Morne
Provincial Park next year from Saturday July 8th to Saturday
July 15th. It's a beautiful place on Canada's youngest province.
I'm looking forward to meeting more great Scouts, Scouters and
volunteers from across this beautiful province of mine. I hope
some of the readers of scouts-l might come up to Newfoundland and
join us!**

Yours in Scouting,

Jamie Cashin

Date: Mon, 8 Aug 1994 00:27:15 BST
From: Ian Ford <ianford@DIRCON.CO.UK>
Subject: SM Minute - Story of Jean Pierre Comboudon (1944) /
Repost

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==Adapted from " The Left Handshake : The Boy Scout Movement
During the War
1939 -45 " by H St. George Saunders, [Collins, London 1949]
pp139 - 140
=====

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No better example of how French Scouts helped their country during
the
occupation can be found than in the story of Jean Pierre Comboudon,
a 16
year-old Rover Scout from Issy les Moulineaux, a suburb of Paris.
After the
invasion the township was cut off by fighting between allied and
occupying
troops. Food was not getting through, and there was general
disorganisation
of services everywhere.

Jean Pierre persuaded the Mayor to give him a free hand. Equipped
with two
lorries, a small sum in cash and a motorcycle he went around local
fields
and farms and collected some ten tons of vegetables. Next he
ventured
further afield into Oise, which was still the scene of actions between
the
retreating Germans and Canadian forces. He and his companion
collected some
thirty tons of foodstuffs. On the way back to town he not only had to
deal
with a flat tyre, but also one of his lorries was hit during an air raid,
and he had to put out the resulting fire. On the way he encountered
two
wounded passers-by, and drove them to the hospital. But the
hospital was
deserted, empty of staff and supplies. He went around the town
collecting

medical supplies and bedding and established the wounded in the hospital before continuing his journey back to Issy. Rations for 25,000 people were issued, which fed the inhabitants until the town was liberated by American forces on 26 June after a battle lasting three days. During this time Jean Pierre rescued wounded .

As if this was not enough, he penetrated a position held by 400 desperate SS troops, who were convinced that they would be slaughtered and determined to fight to the last. Jean Pierre managed to persuade them to surrender to the allies, and by so doing saved many lives on both sides.

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The above is a paraphrase of the original. I occasionally persuade our Scoutmaster to lend me his Scoutmaster's Minute to try to introduce little bits of Scouting history to the troop, and I used this story this year at the troop meeting which fell between Memorial Day and the D-Day anniversary.

Scouts from Transatlantic Council had recently returned from Normandy where we visited the Pointe de Hoc and the American Cemetery. Two Scouts in T401 are dual French / American nationality, and their grandmother visited us in camp and told the boys how she had been a little girl during the D-Day Landings and had watched the American forces come ashore. Her family had been involved with the Resistance, and she herself had previously been interned in a concentration camp.

Clearly this story had particular significance for our Scouts who had

actually visited Omaha Beach a few weeks previously, but I hope that it might be useful to <all> you Scouters and your troops.

**Ian Ford
Troop 401 BSA
(American School in London)**

Date: Tue, 9 Aug 1994 01:55:47 BST
From: Ian Ford <ianford@DIRCON.CO.UK>
Subject: Re: SM Minute - Story of Jean...

>

> Now wait a minute, I think you left out a line or two with "During this t

> Jean

> Pierre rescued wounded ." What are you saying? I think it is a great stor

> and may even use it myself, but that one line seems like something is missi

>

Sorry, I missed a bit from my abridgement. The original sentence in the book

which I was attempting to paraphrase ended :

[During this time Jean Pierre rescued wounded] " ... straight from the firing line, and in this way saved the lives of an American, two soldiers of

the _ Forces Francaise de l'interieur_ and, since chairty knows no nationality, a German . "

IAN

Date: Sun, 21 Aug 1994 14:47:20 -0400
From: Charles Nusbaum <aa904@cleveland.Freenet.Edu>
Subject: What is a Scout
Fellow Scouters,

I thought I'd pass this along. I recieved it at my JLT.

-- SPL Charles Nusbaum
Troop 176

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He enjoys a hike through the woods more than he does a walk over the city streets.

He knows the stars by name and can find his way by them.

When he walks through the woods, he sees things others do not see.

He speaks softly and answers questions modestly.

He knows a braggart but does not challenge him.

* His sense of honor is his only taskmaster, and his honor he guards as
jealously as did the knights of old.

* A Scout practices self-control, for he knows that men who master problems
in the world must first master themselves.

* A Scout never flinches in the face of danger. He must be alert to preserve
his safety and that of others.

He desires a strong body, an alert mind, and an unconquerable spirit.

Always to "Be prepared".

--

**Charles Nusbaum
1998**

**aa904@po.cwru.edu
Concert Band**

**Co-Sysop of The SeaQuest SIG *
Ohio**

*** Saint Ignatius High School - Class of**

*** Saint Ignatius Wildcat Marching &**

B.S.A. Troop 176 - Cleveland,

~~~~~ * Order of the Arrow - Cuyahoga Lodge

No. 17

Date: Wed, 7 Sep 1994 01:23:57 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: Re: PLEASE INSPIRE ME...
To: BRUCE C JOHNSON <JOHNSON@MAIL.LOC.GOV>

Bruce,

In our training we frequently use the story of the Scout in the London fog that helped William Boyce find his way and the subsequent founding of BSA to point out the value of a "good turn" then point out that this selfless act changed the lives of over 20 million American youth over the last 80 years and several million youth in other countries where BSA was instrumental in helping establish a Scouting organization. Then we throw in the kicker, "Think about the value of a single good turn and the effect it can have on others' lives. This Scout without knowing it affected millions upon millions of people and more to come in the future. But you know, if there hadn't been a leader for his Troop, then none of this would have worked out quite the same way. That leader probably never realized just how important his job was, but we now know. In your tenure as leaders you are going to affect Scouts and you are going to cause them to do great things. Some will take a turn for the better and pick better friends staying out of trouble, Others will learn self-esteem and become leaders after us. Still others will through small acts of kindness touch lives beyond our imagination. In the years to come you may learn of the effects of your leadership and you'll know that it was all worthwhile. For now, you will see your accomplishments reflected in the smiles and swelled chests when advancement awards are presented or when a Boy takes on responsibilities without being asked. Simply put your job is the most

important non-paying job that I can think of because you will changes lives forever." In the hush that follows, come to attention, give the Scout sign and begin the appropriate Scout Promise, Oath, etc.

When I've worked with smaller groups in training in tougher areas, I've shared a story from my own life: "The reason I'm still in Scouting as a leader is to repay the debts I owe my Cubmaster and Scoutmasters and my family. You see as a child, I ran with the wrong crowd. There were seven of us then in grade school. We vandalized the building, blew up toilets with M-80s and even burned a voting precinct sign. Clearly, we were all head down the wrong road. I was lucky. I got caught and my folks found out. They were smart enough to get me into Scouting where I could redirect my energies. Today I'm proud to say I've been an Eagle Scout for 27 years, earned the God and Country Award, hold three college degrees, and have a successful career as a senior Government attorney. I can't say the same for the other six. Their folks didn't care. Three are now dead, killed by law enforcement officers. The remaining three are doing life sentences in the Indiana State Penitentiary in Michigan City, Indiana. Now where would I have been without that Cubmaster and those Scoutmasters? They made all the difference in the world."

Yours in Scouting, Michael F. Bowman, a/k/a Professor Beaver
Deputy District Commissioner Exploring, GW Dist., NCAC, BSA
Speaking only for myself, but with Scouting Spirit . . .

_____ mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU _____

Date: Wed, 14 Sep 1994 15:48:00 PDT
From: "Doyle, Ron" <doyler@UH2297P01.DAYTONOH.NCR.COM>
Subject: A Gang To Be Proud Of

It appeared in the letters to the editor section in the Oklahoma City newspaper I think.

A Gang To Be Proud Of

To the Editor:

We heard so much about violence in the urban schools and gangs in the streets that it was with some hesitation that agreed to host a five-day pack trip for 17 teen-age boys from Oklahoma City. We seriously pondered whether it was even wise for our 16 year-old daughter who works for us as a wrangler, to accompany us. We just weren't prepared for the behavior of these young men: Boy Scout Troop 120.

Never had we seen such a group of helpful, respectful, well-mannered gentlemen. Though city boys, they willingly took on all the tasks associated with camp life, from K.P. to cleaning up after the horses. Requests from Scout leaders and wranglers alike were carried out without complaint, and we were often addressed as Sir, Ma'am, Mr. and Ms.

In spite of our initial doubts, it turned out to be such an enjoyable outing for all of us that we just could not pass up the opportunity to commend Oklahoma City, the Boy Scouts of America and the parents and leaders of Troop 120.

We at Mule Creek provide a wide variety of western adventures from one-hour

horseback rides to weakling pack trips. In doing so, we come in contact with a lot of people of all ages and from all walks of life. It s nice to know the Boy Scouts are turning out such fine individuals.

Randy and Brenda Myers,
Mule Creek Outfitters,
Lake George, Colo.

May all of your outings be as rewarding!

Ronald Doyle Worldwide Customer services, AT&T GIS - Dayton
NCR: 622-3179 <Ronald.Doyle@DaytonOH.NCR.COM>
(513) 445-3179 FAX: 445-7542
CubMaster for Pack 390
Eagle of 72 "Once an Eagle always an Eagle"

Date: Fri, 16 Sep 1994 10:49:49 -0700
From: Rick Kendall
<marge.tsf.nid.csc.com!rick@BARNEY.TSF.NID.CSC.COM>
Subject: How many Scoutmasters does it take to hang a bear bag?

First some background. Troop 103 from Lompoc takes a 10 day, 50+ mile trip in the Sierra Nevada mountains every August. This past trip was wonderful. Not as much water this year as last. No wild flowers, but there were bunches of ripe wild currents, blueberries, and some strawberries. Took two patrols of 8 each plus 4 junior leaders and 6 SM/ASM in the "fifth" patrol. The kids have named us the fossil patrol, but thats another story.

We plan our menu mostly from normal grocery store dry goods, supplemented with some back packing food items. Each patrol packs their own gear and food. Each meal is repacked in zip lock bags and parceled out to the patrol members so each of us looses meals evenly through the trip. At night, we put the meal bags in a nylon mesh hammock and hang in a tree some distance from the camp. Well,

day 1 of the 10 day trip of a patrol of 10 people means a lot of bags in the hammock. Should have put up two bags, in two trees:

Attempt #1. Nice tree located, rope successfully thrown over branch, hammock attached. SM John and I are lifting the hammock while the other ASMs are pulling on the other end of the rope. We give one big shove and ... Whoosh, the rope whizzes past and catches on John's wrist breaking his watch band. Could have been much worse. Branch had broken.

Attempt #2. Rope over better branch. Pulling up bag and ... Thump. Really had used two ropes and this time, the knot between the two had failed. ASM to review knot tying section in Scout Handbook.

Attempt #3. Same as #2, except this time, the knot holds, but one of the ropes (not the normal 1/4" nylon, 500 lb test stuff we all carry) breaks. SM John retires to a nice rock on the side. Substitute another rope.

Attempt #4. ASM throwing rock over branch, David & Goliath (sling) style, rock and rope go backwards towards John's rock. I have

never seen him scramble so fast. You see, he has very bad depth perception and can't catch to save his life, so he decided to scramble out of the way. We're all in hysterics by now and glad the other patrols aren't here watching.

Attempt #5. Another ASM hits the branch squarely with the rock.

Attempt #6. SPL comes to help. Rope is over the limb, but at the fork w/ the tree and catches on the fork. 10 minutes to free the rope.

Attempt #7. Rope goes over the branch, but hangs on some twigs. Trying to free the rope, the rock goes over the branch correctly, but the rope comes back towards us.

Attempt #8. Rope doesn't reach the branch (ASM standing on it).

Attempt #9. We made it and pulled it up out of the reach.

We all retire to the fire and a cup of coffee.

p.s. Have never seen a bear up in this area.

YiS,

Rick Kendall

rick@nid.csc.com

ASM, Troop 103

Webelos Leader, Pack 63 Del Rio District, Los Padres Council,
Lompoc CA.

Date: Sun, 18 Sep 1994 00:01:48 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: Re: Larry's reply to <Fire building>
To: SCOUTS-L Youth Groups Discussion List <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.BITNET>

Mike Holmes wrote an interesting account of fellow Wood Badger that built his fire in a backpack well lined with sod and cooked a foil dinner to boot. I couldn't help think of a particular patrol known for its lack of attentiveness being instructed on this particular method and then trying it with only half the directions understood. I had visions of this group double-quick stepping with smoking rucksacks looking for a lake or stream to jump into. All seriousness aside, it sounds like a great idea for a very experienced backpacker, but not something I'd want to try out with very many Scouts.

**Yours in Scouting, Michael F. Bowman, a/k/a Professor Beaver
Deputy District Commissioner Exploring, GW Dist., NCAC, BSA
Speaking only for myself, but with Scouting Spirit . . .
_____ mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU _____**

Date: Thu, 22 Sep 1994 00:48:08 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: Baden-Powell's Last Messages

Chuck Bramlet in his posting on Tue, 20 Sep 1994 quoted a reading at a Scoutmastership Fundamentals course in Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council. Since his posting there have been some questions about its date.

After doing a little research, I found that the message Chuck requoted from his trainers was one of several last messages written by Baden-Powell in his 83rd year of life, that the requoted message was part of longer message to Scouters and Guides, that the requoted message dropped references to Guiders (Girl Guides Leaders) and that some of the requoted sections were reworded and/or omitted key phrases.

The circumstances of the message are these: Baden-Powell's health was seriously deteriorating and by September 1940, he was acutely aware that the end was in sight. While Olave was in Nairobi on Girl Guide business, he pulled out his old battered suitcase and withdrew an envelope that carried the instruction "In the event of my death . . ." Realizing that he might not have another chance, he penned his four last messages and added them to the contents of that envelope. They included a last message to the Boy Scouts, to the Girl Guides, to My Brother Scouters and Guides, and to the General Public. These messages remained in the envelope until after his death on January 8, 1941 at 5:45 A.M. (local time in Kenya). Those messages were released shortly after his death in 1941 and have since been attributed to him in 1941, although they were written in September 1940.

The actual text of the last message that Chuck's trainers were attempting to quote is as follows:

"To MY BROTHER SCOUTERS AND GUIDES: Cecil Rhodes said at the end of his life (and I, in my turn feel the truth of it), 'So much to do and so little time to do it.'

"No one can hope to see the consumation, as well as the start, of a big venture within the short span of one life-time.

"I have had an extraordinary experience in seeing the development of Scouting from its beginning up to its present stage.

"But there is a vast job before it. The Movement is only now getting into its stride. (When I speak of Scouting I include in it Guiding also.)

"The one part which I can claim as mine towards promoting the Movement is that I have been lucky enough to find you men and women to form a group of the right stamp who can be relied upon to carry it on to its goal.

"You will do well to keep your eyes open, in your turn, for worthy successors to whom you can with confidence, hand on the torch. Don't let it become a salaried organization: keep it a voluntary movement of patriotic service.

"The Movement has already, in the comparatively short period of its existence, established itself onto a wide and so strong a footing as to show most encouraging promise of what may be possible to it in the coming years.

"Its aim is to produce healthy, happy, healthful citizens, of both sexes, to eradicate the prevailing narrow self interest, personal, political,

sectarian and national, and to substitute for it a broader spirit of self-sacrifice and service in the cause of humanity; and thus to develop mutual goodwill and cooperation not only within our own country, but abroad, between all countries.

"Experience shows that this consummation is no idle or fantastic dream, but is a practical possibility - if we work for it; and it means, when attained, peace, prosperity, and happiness for all.

"The 'encouraging promise' lies in the fact that the hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who are learning our ideals to-day will be the fathers and mothers of millions in the future, in whom they will in turn inculcate the same ideals -- provided that these are really and unmistakably impressed upon them by their leaders of to-day.

"Therefore you, who are Scouters and Guiders, are not only doing a great work for your neighbors' children but also helping in a practical fashion to pass God's Kingdom of peace and goodwill upon earth.

"So, from my heart, I wish you God-speed in your effort."

BADEN-POWELL

Source: Hillcourt, William, Baden-Powell: The Two Lives of a Hero, 80th Birthday Ed. BSA (1985).

It is unfortunate that someone decided to edit Baden-Powell's message. By so doing, that individual has short-changed many Scouters and altered the full meaning behind the message. Perhaps someone thought it unpolitic to

quote the section admonishing Scouters against a salaried organization, given BSA's professional staff of paid Scouters. Whatever the reason, I think that it was reprehensible and in poor taste. However well-intentioned, the person that altered B-P's last message in this manner acted in a way that is not much different than the communist pseudo-historians that rewrote Soviet history with the ascent of each new leader. If this be regarded as a flame to the "editor" then it should be borne with shame.

Chuck, I am sorry that someone along the line decided that he/she had a better pen than B-P and that you only got half the message from your trainers as a consequence. But you were right to offer the idea of B-P's messages as candidates for a Scoutmaster's or Commissioner's minute. Read in their entirety and proper context, they are very inspirational. Please don't take offense that I launched on the "editor." My comments are not directed at you, but instead at the unknown "editor." I'm just old-fashioned enough that I still like to see things done right and truthfully.

Yours in Scouting, Michael F. Bowman, a/k/a Professor Beaver
Deputy District Commissioner Exploring, GW Dist., NCAC, BSA
Speaking only for myself, but with Scouting Spirit . . .
_____ mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU _____

Date: Mon, 26 Sep 1994 22:35:53 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: Re: Baden-Powell's Last Messages
To: "ELL447::BRAMLET"@ecc6.ateng.az.Honeywell.COM

Chuck,

**That paragraph too! :-))) I was actually thinking about the
proscription
on paid Scouters (folks at Irving tremble at the thought). :*(grin.**

Look forward to hearing how it went at ALT.

**Yours in Scouting, Michael F. Bowman, a/k/a Professor Beaver
Deputy District Commissioner Exploring, GW Dist., NCAC, BSA
Speaking only for myself, but with Scouting Spirit . . .
_____ mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU _____**

Date: Mon, 26 Sep 1994 22:56:59 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: Re: BP's demise
To: "Michael S. Holmes" <HolmesWCW@AOL.COM>

Mike,

I look forward to seeing your article at some future point and hopefully some pictures of the last resting place. Oo. BTW More than once I've spotted the familiar "I have gone home" stones on a grave site in various parts of the country.

**Yours in Scouting, Michael F. Bowman, a/k/a Professor Beaver
Deputy District Commissioner Exploring, GW Dist., NCAC, BSA
Speaking only for myself, but with Scouting Spirit . . .**

_____ mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU _____

Date: Thu, 29 Sep 1994 12:17:42 -0700
From: BRAMLET@ECC4.ATENG.AZ.HONEYWELL.COM
Subject: Another Thought for the Day...

I found this last night in the book of field notes from our "University of Scouting", and thought that I should share it with the net.

WITHIN MY POWER

I am not a Very Important Man, as importance is commonly rated, I do not have great wealth, control a big business, or occupy a position of great honor or authority.

Yet I may someday mold destiny. For it is within my power to become the most important man in the world in the life of a boy. And every boy is a potential atom bomb in human history.

A humble citizen like myself might have been the Scoutmaster of a Troop in which an undersized unhappy Austrian lad by the name of Adolph might have found a joyous boyhood, full of the ideals of brotherhood, goodwill, and kindness. And the world would have been different.

A humble citizen like myself might have been the organizer of a Scout Troop in which a Russian boy called Joe might have learned the lessons of democratic cooperation.

These men would never have known that they had averted world tragedy, yet actually they would have been among the most important men who ever lived.

All about me are boys. They are the makers of history, the builders of tomorrow. If I can have some part in guiding them up the trails of Scouting, on to the high road of noble character and constructive citizenship, I may prove to be the most important man in their lives, the most important man in my community.

A hundred years from now it will not matter what my bank account was, the sort of house I lived in, or the kind of car I drove. But the world may be different, because I was important in the life of a boy.

-- **Forest Witcraft**

Date: Fri, 30 Sep 1994 15:07:57 -0500
From: lollman karen j <lollma@ACC.WUACC.EDU>
Subject: Red Skelton - From the Red Skelton Hour, January 14, 1969

The Pledge of Allegiance

I remember this one teacher. To me, he was the greatest teacher, a real sage of my time. He had such wisdom. We were all reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, and he walked over. Mr. Lasswell was his name. He said:

"I've been listening to you boys and girls recite the Pledge of Allegiance all semester and it seems as though it is becoming monotonous to you. If I may, may I recite it and try to explain to you the meaning of each word.

***I* -- me, an individual, a committee of one.**

***Pledge*--dedicate all of my worldly goods to give without self-pity.**

***Allegiance*--my love and my devotion.**

***To the Flag*--our standard, Old Glory, a symbol of freedom.**

Wherever

she waves, there is respect because your loyalty has given her a dignity

that shouts freedom is everybody's job.

***Of the United*--that means that we have all come together.**

***States*--individual communities that have united into 48 great states.**

48 individual communities with pride and dignity and purpose, all divided

with imaginary boundaries, yet united to a common purpose, and that's

love for country.

Of America

***And to the Republic*--a state in which sovereign power is invested in representatives chosen by the people to govern. And government is the**

people and it's from the people to the leaders, not from the leaders to the people.

For Which It Stands

One Nation -- meaning, so blessed by God.
Indivisible -- incapable of being divided.
With Liberty -- which is freedom and the right of power to live one's own life without threats or fear or some sort of retaliation.
And Justice -- the principle or quality of dealing fairly with others.
For All--which means it's as much your country as it is mine."

Since I was a small boy, two states have been added to our country and two words have been added to the Pledge of Allegiance - "under God".

Wouldn't it be a pity if someone said, "That's a prayer" and that would be eliminated from schools, too?

Red Skelton

Date: Fri, 30 Sep 1994 22:37:00 MST
From: "Chris Haggerty, Sierra Vista, Arizona"
<CHAGGERTY@ARIZBPA.BITNET>
Subject: Red Skelton

Karen,

Thanks for sending this out, it saved a lot of typing and made getting the entire text from the tape a lot easier.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED, here is the complete, un-edited text, as presented by Red Skelton, on The Red Skelton Hour, January 14, 1969. I have tried to recreate this as best as possible. With a hearing impairment, I may have missed a couple of words (hidden in the laughter during his introduction of the pledge), but this should be very close to the exact words that Red Skelton recited for his show.

If you look closely at the two copies (the one sent out by Karen and this copy) you will notice that editing appears to have been done to Karen's copy. I think this was done to make reciting this easier. It is hard to recreate Red's timing and presentation. I still think he was one of the very best and wish he would release his show for re-runs. (I was a boy scout when I saw him do this on his show.) The presentation has background music and is hard to present better than Red Skelton did, especially if you have people there who had watched Red Skelton and they can imagine him standing there doing this.

(Boy, I wish there was a video of this available.)

Grammar is not my forte, so the punctuation may not be correct. I added in some commas, in places to indicate where Red broke up the text while reciting.

The record picks up at the end of his monologue (the Gertrude and Heathcliff seagull routine was used that night-I stand corrected, the gull's name was Heathcliff, not Herman-boy what the years will do to you) with laughter and applause. It ends just before the commercial which followed this segment. (No the commercial is not on the record!):

Red Skelton:

"

Getting back to school, getting back to school, I remember a teacher that I had. Now I only wee, I went, I went through the seventh grade, I went through the seventh grade. I left home when I was 10 years old because I was hungry. (laughter) And .. this is true. I worked in the Summer and went to school in the Winter. But, I had this one teacher, he was the principal of the Harrison school, in Vincennes Indiana. To me, this was the greatest teacher, a real sage of..of my time, anyhow.

He had such wisdom. And we were all reciting the Pledge of Allegiance one day, and he walked over. This little old teacher ... Mr. Lasswell was his name. ... Mr. Lasswell was his ah ...

(at this point a pause and laughter. Red is making faces and playing with his hat!)

He says: ...

"I've been listening to you boys and girls recite the Pledge of Allegiance .. all semester ... and it seems as though it is becoming monotonous to you.

If I may, may I recite it and try to explain to you the meaning of each word.

I -- me, an individual, a committee of one.

Pledge--dedicate all of my worldly goods to give without self-pity.

Allegiance--my love and my devotion.

To the Flag--our standard, Old Glory, a symbol of freedom.

Wherever she

waves, there is respect, because your loyalty has given her a dignity that

shouts freedom is everybody's job.

United--that means that we have all come together.

States--individual communities that have united into 48 great states. 48

individual communities with pride and dignity and purpose, all divided with

imaginary boundaries, yet united to a common purpose, and that's love for country.

And to the Republic--Republic, a state in which sovereign power is invested

in representatives chosen by the people to govern. And government is the

people and it's from the people to the leaders, not from the leaders to the people.

For Which It Stands

One Nation -- One nation, meaning, so blessed by God.

Indivisible -- incapable of being divided.

With Liberty -- which is freedom, the right of power to live one's own life

without threats or fear or some sort of retaliation.

And Justice -- the principle or qualities of dealing fairly with others.

For All--For all... which means boys and girls, it's as much your country, as it is mine."

And now boys and girls let me hear you recite, the Pledge of Allegiance.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Since I was a small boy, two states have been added to our country and two words have been added to the Pledge of Allegiance - "under God".

Wouldn't it be a pity if someone said, "That is a prayer" and that would be eliminated from schools, too?

"

End of text.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE A COPY OF THIS RECORDING, please send me a cassette and a self addressed stamped envelope. Be sure to put the correct postage on the envelope. The cassette I am holding right now weighs almost 3 oz, which translates into at least 4 oz with the envelope or \$.98 in current U.S. Postage. The only other condition is that you do not tell Columbia records, they produced the 45 I own with this on it. For your reference, the label on the record reads:

COLUMBIA

Red Skelton (4:13)

The Pledge of Allegiance

As Reviewed by Red Skelton

on the Red Skelton hour, Jan. 14, 1969

CBS Television Network

Musical Background: Red's White and Blue March.

(R) "Columbia" Marcas Reg. Printed in U.S.A.

(Who knows, maybe they still have this record available and you can get one

from them without the scratchy sounds mine has. (Hey, I used it a lot before I had a cassette player to record it on!).

Chris Haggerty

4714 E. Plaza del Toro, Sierra Vista, Arizona, 85635-4474

Bitnet: CHAGGERTY@ARIZBPA.BITNET

TCP/IP: CHAGGERTY@BPA.ARIZONA.EDU (Internet)

Date: Wed, 5 Oct 1994 22:09:44 EDT
From: Don Izard <IZARD@UBVM.BITNET>
Subject: Please don't curse at those children

The following is copied from the 1994 Kenmore East high school
FOOTBALL program! (I think it might be a poem, author
unknown)

Please don't curse that
child out there,
That's my child you see.
That's only just a child, you know,
and means a lot to me.

We didn't raise our children, dear fans
For YOU to call them names.
They're not trying to be super stars,
For them its sports and games.

So please don't curse the kids out there,
They never try to loose.
Try not to show your ignorance fans,
The fans they can not choose.

The game belongs to them you see,
and you are just a guest.
They don't need a fan like you,
They need the very best.

If you have nothing nice to say,
Please leave the kids alone.
And if you have no manners,
Why don't you stay at home?

So Please don't curse the kids
out there,
Each one's their parents own.
Win or loose or tie you see,
to us, they're number '1'.

Date: Sun, 9 Oct 1994 22:47:33 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: A Scout's View of Honor et al

In some off-line discussions I've had with a few on the list, we've pondered what goes through the mind of a young teen. How do they see things?

What do things like "Trustworthy" mean? What motivates? I promised to

put on the List some excerpts from a Scout's essay on the subject of Honor.

The words and ideas are his own:

--

HONOR, TRUST, LIES & CHEATING

Honor is a very important and almost sacred element in our lives.

Without

honor corruption and cheating would be unstoppable. Although this world is

seething with evil it is still a place where anybody can expect to be treated as another person merely because they can be trusted. Look at

banks or pharmacies - the customers of these institutions trust the teller

or pharmacist with their money and medicine.

Without trust, honor and trust the world would not function in a civilized way. If people always doubted other people then nobody could

trust anybody with anything. People who lie are like little specks of dirt on the parts of a car engine who by lying or cheating mess up the whole "honor system." One example of the "honor system" is the offering

baskets at a religious place. A dishonest person could quite easily take

money from the basket, but everyone trusts each other to only put money in.

Another example of the "honor system" is the candy boxes that the Easter

Seals people put in stores. They trust people to put in a dime for every

piece of candy that they take.

In any profession today you could easily lose your job for lying or cheating. It is only because of Honor, truthfulness, and trustworthiness that people can get along with each other. In a workplace people have to trust the other people that they work with to get the job done. If they can't trust the people they work with then nothing gets done because people can't rely on each other to get what they have to get done, done.

Another important aspect of honesty is that people like to be able to trust one another. Friendship, in most cases, derives from one person trusting the other and therefore liking that other person. Trust is also important in a family. Family members need to be able to trust each other so that they can get along. All families have trust between family members.

. . . Another important thing about honesty is that if someone lies, cheats, or something else dishonest, then they will have a sense of guilt.

. . .

. . . Anybody with a clear conscience will be bound to feel better about themselves. Anybody who feels better about themselves will do whatever - fight, write, sing, type, play, run, etc., better. People with a clear conscience are the ones who do well on earth. The ones who feel guilty are the ones who are depressed and end up taking their own life; Except for Politicians! The only people who benefit by lying are Politicians. Their job is to lie to the people do some stuff for the first hundred days and then for the rest of their four years they sit around trying to get re-elected.

Even the badmen of the old West disliked cheating in a card game.
When
someone was caught cheating in a card game he was usually shot.
Ever since
the beginning of time cheating has been ill-favored. In School a
teacher can
send you to the office with an administrative referal for cheating, in
the
Naval academy you will be expelled for cheating or lying. . . .

. . .It stands to reason that since nobody likes a liar then there is
nothing to gain from dishonesty. The truth is always better then the
dishonest falsehoods created by a pathetic liar. When you tell the
truth
people will only like your more. And the more that you tell the
truth, the
better your concience will be and the wiser your decisions. By telling
the truth and being a friendly person you could quite concievably do
to do
because goodwill will always prevail over dishonesty. . . .

. . .Our civilization is built on a foundation of honesty. It is
because of honesty that people can work together. . . .

. . . The most important honesty is that to oneself. If someone can
not be
honest to themself then they won't have any self-esteem. Self-
esteem is
the most important thing you have. With self- esteem, integrity and
a
clear concience they you can trust other people. And if you trust
other
people they will trust you. Trust is like a Tennis match both people
get a
chance to serve. Honesty between two people will bring them
friendship and
then the world will be less one unhappy person.

-----End of Text-----

The author is a 13 year old Star Scout, who liked the idea of posting
some of his thoughts, but was a little unsure of identifying himself.

Yours in Scouting, Michael F. Bowman, a/k/a Professor Beaver
Deputy District Commissioner Exploring, GW Dist., NCAC, BSA
Speaking only for myself, but with Scouting Spirit . . .
_____ mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU _____

Date: Sun, 16 Oct 1994 15:07:19 +100
Reply-To: SCOUTS-L Youth Groups Discussion List <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.BITNET>
Sender: SCOUTS-L Youth Groups Discussion List <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.BITNET>
From: Ian Ford <ianford@DIRCON.CO.UK>
Subject: Re: In The Beginning

Mike Tester makes a good point. I think BSA has a lesson for us all in the use of the " Scoutmaster's Minute " - a thought for the day at the end of the meeting. I have started doing something similar at the end of our Pack meetings.

There are a lot of short stories that can be used as subjects of a Scoutmaster's minute that lead back to the history of Scouting.

In the past I have used :

Potted history of Wood Badge beads - the Zulu wars and siege of Mafeking, including Sgt-Major Goodyear and the first Boy Scouts.

The origin of the left hand-shake. (A Scout is trustworthy)

The story of Jack Cornwell VC (A Scout has courage in all difficulties)

The early days of Wolf Cubs

I will probably use the Cornwell story at T401's meeting nearest to Remembrance Day /Veterans Day. For those of you in the US this is the story of Jack Cornwell, a Boy Scout who joined the British Royal Navy as a boy sailor during the First World War. During the Battle of Jutland he was detailed as a sight-setter on a gun which took a direct hit, killing most of the crew and leaving him mortally wounded. He stayed at his post waiting relief

in case he was required. In recognition of his conspicuous gallantry he was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, our highest bravery award.

British Scouting has a Cornwell Scout Badge which is awarded exclusively to members under the age of 18 for "pre-eminently high character and devotion to duty, together with great courage and endurance." The usual recipients are Scouts who triumph over disability. When I was at school I knew a lad who had received the award for continuing to play an active part in his troop despite two years of very painful treatment for tuberculosis involving prolonged periods of hospitalization and chemotherapy.

Ian Ford

Date: Fri, 11 Nov 1994 15:19:15 GMT
From: bell <bell@RZ.UNI-DUESSELDORF.DE>
Subject: Edelweisspiraten

Dear friends,

Fifty years ago today, here in Cologne six boys at the age of 15/16 were hung to death by the Gestapo. Their crime was that they didn't want to wear a uniform. They didn't join the HJ, as all boys had to, but they formed their own gang, going out to nature at the weekends to camp, taking their guitars to sing songs that weren't convenient for the dictators. They called themselves Edelweisspiraten and in October 1944, most of them were taken to prison and tortured by the Gestapo. Last night I was at a memorial service at the place where the gallows stood. A survivor told us about the time in prison, the tortures, the day when his friends were murdered and his liberation by American soldiers. There were also many scouts and scouters in prisons and KZs. Naturally soon after the Nazis came to power, scouting and other youth-organizations were forbidden in Germany. Only the HJ was allowed and every boy had to join.

Many scout-groups continued their meetings and work illegally and when they were discovered, they had to suffer prison or even death.

Date: Sun, 13 Nov 1994 01:05:10 -0500 (EST)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: Re: Edelweisspiraten
To: bell <bell@RZ.UNI-DUESSELDORF.DE>

Rabe,

Your story about these brave youth was touching. I may use it in a Commissioner's minute at one of our training sessions.

The patches arrived safely. :)) My son, Joshua (13), scooped them up and nearly made off with them as well as the stamp. Many, many thanks! These will be a treasured part of my collection.

**Speaking only for myself in the Scouting Spirit, Michael F Bowman
Used to be a Beaver, National Capital Area Council, B.S.A.
mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU (mfbowman@CAPACCESS.ORG after
12/13/94)**

Date: Mon, 14 Nov 1994 06:01:11 -0600
From: James Hermann <jhermann@AIS.NET>
Subject: Re: Edelweisspiraten
To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.BITNET>

On Fri, 11 Nov 1994, bell wrote:

> Fifty years ago today, here in Cologne six boys at the age of 15/16
were
> hung to death by the Gestapo.
> Their crime was that they didn't want to wear a uniform. They
didn't join
> the HJ, as all boys had to, but they formed their own gang, going out
to

Thank you for sharing this. I think that sometimes we forget
that the moral decisions of youths can result in dire consequences.

To the extent that these boys were "True Scouts", I think that we
all should have a moment of silence to reflect upon the decisions
that Scouts have to make.

In this way, maybe the Edelweisspiraten live on, in each of us,
in every Scout.

Jim

Date: Tue, 15 Nov 1994 01:10:59 MET
From: Gino Lucrezi <lucrezi@iinf01.ing.univaq.it>
Organization: Universita` degli Studi "V. Rivera" - L'Aquila
Subject: Re: Edelweisspiraten

> There were also many scouts and scouters in prisons and KZs.
Naturally soon
> after the Nazis came to power, scouting and other youth-
organizations were
> forbidden in Germany. Only the HJ was allowed and every boy had
to join.
> Many scout-groups continued their meetings and work illegally and
when they
> were discovered, they had to suffer prison or even death.

In Italy, scouting was disbanded in two phases in 1927-28, after lots
of provocations from the "Balilla" in 1926. This didn't prevent the
"Aquila Randagie" (Wandering Eagles) and other groups to keep
doing
some scout activities , in some cases just until the fall of
Mussolini. Many eventually joined Partisan groups, of course.

Fortunately, in 15 years of "Giungla Silente" there are no recorded
cases of captures of underground scouts (but lots of beatings of
former ones suspected of going on).

A book telling the story of many such groups is "Storia dello
Scoutismo in Italia", by Mario Sica (who was recently awarded the
Bronze Wolf), of course in Italian.

Some news about Giulio Cesare "Bad Boy" Uccellini and the Aquila
Randagie can also be found in "Scouting Around the World", by J.S.
Wilson.

Ciao!

Gino

--

Date: Mon, 14 Nov 1994 18:17:18 PST
From: Rodger Morris <rlm@SUNED1.NSWSES.NAVY.MIL>
Subject: Edelweisspiraten

In Spain, the Exploradores de Espana, a recognized member of WOSM, established in the year 1912, were disbanded by executive emergency decree of Francisco Franco in 1939 "for the duration of the present temporary emergency", or words to that effect. Since few things are so permanent as a "temporary emergency", the ban was not lifted until 1976, one year after Franco's death.

Franco, a devout Roman Catholic, set up the Phlange, which was similar in make-up to the fascist Italian Ballila and German Hitlerjugend movements. Membership was compulsory. However, Franco bowed to a personal request from the Pope in the 1960's and allowed the establishment of "El Movimiento Catolico de Espana" (The Catholic Scout Movement of Spain).

The Exploradores de Espana went underground, often with the connivance and covert assistance of local authorities. Children went camping as "camping clubs", then posted sentries and pulled their uniform shirts and neckerchiefs out of the bottoms of their backpacks and did Scouting activities. When the sentries sounded the alarm, the shirts and neckerchiefs went back into the bottoms of the backpacks until after the police left.

To put this into perspective, violating this emergency decree carried a mandatory 20 year prison term without regard to the youth or age of the lawbreaker.

This era is known in Spain as, "La Epoca Clandestina de Escultismo en

Espana" (The Clandestine Epoch of Scouting in Spain). One group that kept Scouting going in Southern Spain was the Kangaroo Patrol. Founded as a regular Scout patrol in April of 1927, the Kangaroos were selected as the honor patrol chosen to carry the Spanish national colors and greet Lord Baden-Powell at the docks of Cadiz harbor on his around the world Scouting tour of the late 1920's.

The Kangaroos fought on both sides during the Civil War of 1936 - 1939.

Then, in the immediate aftermath of the war, even the Franco supporters and loyalists amongst the Kangaroos agreed that Franco was wrong to ban Scouting. They patched up their differences and helped keep Scouting alive in Southern Spain for the next 37 years. Other dedicated individuals performed the same services in isolation in other areas of Spain during this same period of time.

In April of 1985, in recognition of their 55 years of service to Scouting, the Scouts de Espana (the Exploradores de Espana with a new corporate name) awarded the "Lobo de Plata" (Silver Wolf) to the Kangaroo Patrol at the "Campamento de San Jorge" (The Encampment of St. George).

I was privileged to represent the Boy Scouts of America at that ceremony as an invited guest of the Scouts de Espana. I posted some months ago how all the Spanish Scouts and Cubs, Ventures and Rovers were presenting beautiful hand-made gifts. The 11 year old Scout and I who were representing the BSA did not know what the Silver Wolf was. As a result, we were caught

unprepared. Rather than give nothing to the Kangaroos on their special day,
we gifted them with my dirty, dog-eared, cover-held-on-with-tape Scout Handbook with the inscription:

"From the world's largest Scout Association to the world's best. Congratulations on 55 years of Scouting.

The Boy Scouts of America.
Travis Stone
Rodger Morris"

It wasn't much, but it was all we had. Fortunately, the Kangaroos and the Spanish Scouts took it in the spirit in which it was offered. I am pleased to offer this piece of Spanish Scouting history to this forum.

Yours in Scouting,

Rodger
Rodger Morris, rlm@suned1.nswses.navy.mil
Scoutmaster, Troop 852, Ventura County Council, BSA
National Woodbadge 416, Philmont, 1973
"I used to be a Beaver..."

Date: Fri, 18 Nov 1994 02:24:03 +0100
From: Rabe <bell@RZ.UNI-DUESSELDORF.DE>
Subject: Re: Edelweisspiraten

On Thu, 17 Nov 1994 05:47:53 -0600,
James Hermann <jhermann@AIS.net> wrote:

>I sent some email to the author with the same question, but
>have received no reply.

Sorry James,

I am very busy these days, having hardly the time to read my mail,
let
alone answer it.

>I think that the literal translation is probably NOBLE WHITE
PIRATES.

Literaly it is right, but that's thought far too complicated. Edelweiss is
a white flower that grows in the Alps. EDELWEISSPIRATES was an
abusive name
used by Nazis for oppositional youth-groups. Where the Nazis
thought it to
be an insult, the afflicted boys soon took it as an honour and made
the
Edelweiss-flower their sign of recognition.
Somebody wrote, they were true Scouts. Well, the Edelweisspiraten
here in
Cologne knew nothing about Scouting. They were just boys, who
didn't
like the Nazi-surpression. Scouts were maybe more feared by the
Gestapo,
they were refered to as "Buendische Hunde" (very poor translation
would be
"united dogs"). This name as well was adapted by the persecuted
groups and
they too were proud of the Nazi insults. There's still a paperback
available today called "songs of the Buendische Hunde".

Gut Pfad!

Rabe

Ralf.Bell@uni-duesseldorf.de

Date: Sat, 19 Nov 1994 01:52:57 -0500 (EST)
From: "Michael F. Bowman" <mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu>
Subject: Re: BSA: boy run program

Alan,

Why don't you turn your comments around to make a Scoutmaster's minute.

Point out how you came to the Troop, learned to let boys lead, and how

proud you are of what the results are and that in the process the new Eagle

became one of the teachers. The strong tribute is in itself a simple, yet

elagent inspiration to the younger fellows.

Speaking only for myself in the Scouting Spirit, Michael F Bowman

Used to be a Beaver, National Capital Area Council, B.S.A.

mfbowman@CAP.GWU.EDU (mfbowman@CAPACCESS.ORG after 12/13/94)

Date: Thu, 17 Nov 1994 10:42:59 EST-5
From: "Jim Miller, Jr." <jmillerjr@LSFCU.ORG>
Subject: Re: Edelweisspiraten

>

>Dear friends,

>

>I was reading the notes about the Nazis youth at Germany, who are called the HJ. Recently, i saw a movie that is about this topic, and this movie shows the rebellion of the boys and girls who didn't agree with the Nazism. This is a good opportunity to show to boys this terrible face of the humanity, for it never happen anymore. I don't remember the movies's title now, but if someones want to know it, i will send to you. Well, if you want to know more, this film is about the "The Boys of the Swing". Best regards,

>Andre Amaral Almeida<Andre_Scout@Vnet.Ibm.Com>

>Brasilia, Brasil. Scout Group Moraes Antas - 1o.DF

The film is called "Swing Kids" and, IMHO, is an excellent film.

Date: Sun, 20 Nov 94 00:34:22 +0100
From: Rabe <bell@uni-duesseldorf.de>
To: mfbowman@cap.gwu.edu
Subject: Re: Edelweisspiraten

Dear Michael,

**>Your story about these brave youth was touching. I may use it in a
>Commissioner's minute at one of our training sessions.**

**You probably can't imagine how much I was touched that night at
the
memorial service. I am urgently searching for the adress of the
speaker,
because I want him to join one of our meetings and tell the
youngsters
about his experiences during that dark years of German history.**

**>The patches arrived safely. :)) My son, Joshua (13), scooped them
up and
>nearly made off with them as well as the stamp. Many, many
thanks! These
>will be a treasured part of my collection.**

**I am glad you like the patches :-) Does Joshua collect stamps? I could
send
him some Germans, if you want. In my group we collect stamps for a
handicapped project, so I always have plenty of them.**

Gut Pfad!

Rabe

Ralf.Bell@uni-duesseldorf.de

Date: Mon, 21 Nov 1994 13:01:47 GMT
From: bell <bell@RZ.UNI-DUESSELDORF.DE>
Subject: Edelweisspiraten

Hi Jim,

>I think that I forget to put on my thinking cap.

Happens to all of us now and then! ;-)

>Probably everyone in the US has seen the movie "Sound of Music" which includes a song
>called Edelweiss in English. My english dictionary even lists the word as a small white flowing plant from the Swiss Alps.

I haven't seen that film, but I thought that "edelweiss" was known in English as well.

>I guess if an American wanted to produce a similar insult, we would call a group "Pansy Pirates" or "Daisy Pirates". However, the word "Pansy" has two meanings, a flower or a male who is soft or effeminate.

Well, you never stop learning, I knew that 'daisy' was 'Ga"nseblu"mchen' (where x" is an umlaut) but I didn't know that 'pansy' was 'Stief-mu"tterchen' (flower) or 'Homo' (gay). Just looked that up in a dictionary. What does you make think that 'daisy' or 'pansy' could correlate to 'edelweiss'? If there is any second meaning to 'edelweiss', like there is to 'pansy', I don't know about it. I asked myself why the Nazis came to call the outlaws edelweisspirates but didn't find an answer. After all the edelweiss is regarded as a rare and 'noble' flower today, not exactly what you would call a group you want to degrade. Maybe 50 years ago it was different? Interesting is also, that today you still find some graffiti on Colonge walls saying 'Edelweisspiraten sind treu' (edelweisspirates are true). Reminds me of the scout-law, somehow!

Another youth-group that definitely and actively WAS fighting Hitler, called themselves 'White Rose' (Weisse Rose). They were students, influenced by the German Youth Movement. Two famous members of that group (among others) Hans and Sophie Scholl were killed by the Nazis. They were regarded as resistance-fighters straight after the war. Whether it was because they

were students (the Cologne Edelweisspiraten were only 'proletarian kids') or because they printed and distributed anti-nazi-leaflets, I don't know. Interesting is, that they named themselves after a 'white' flower as well.

>What is the difference between "piraten" and "seerauber" (umlaut over a)?

Ups, I am not a linguist, but I would say there is not much difference. 'Seera'uber' (sea-robber) is definitely a German word, whereas 'Pirat' is originally from another language, maybe Italian. Both words mean the same.

>I used the term "true scouts" to refer a them as Scouts in action without knowing about any formal program.

Yeap, got that. As I said, they had nothing to do with scouts, but they got the spirit (Edelweisspiraten sind treu!).

>I think that we have two threads going on this same topic, but

Have we? I think it is time for a confession now:

I DO NOT READ ALL THE MAILS FROM SCOUTS-L!

because

a. I don't have the time to

b. American Scouting is so much different from the German, that I simply

do not understand many of the postings (or am I just too stupid?)

>I find it very interesting.

So do I! I knew about Edelweisspiraten before, but since I have been to that memorial service and heard the speech of one of them, I am absolutely fascinated. So I try to get as much information about them as I can. Funny coincidence, these days a fellow scouter gave me a book called 'The left handshake' Subtitle: 'The Boy Scout Movement during the War 1939-1945' by Hilary St. George Saunders, 1949. As he doesn't speak much English, he asked me to translate it to German ('only'

250 pages). I do not dare thinking of translating it yet, but I would be glad to have it on my computer for a start. I remember there was one of us scanning books. Could you give me some hints, please? I've been playing around with my handy-scanner and the accompanied OCR-program (Perceive) but I've got the feeling, that typing it off would be quicker. How did you do the job?

Gut Pfad!

Rabe

Ralf.Bell@uni-duesseldorf.de

Date: Mon, 21 Nov 1994 21:17:29 -0500
From: Jack Weinmann <aa855@cleveland.Freenet.Edu>
Subject: Parent Involvement

Here's a poem that can be read BEFORE you ask for parnts to volunteer for positions in your pack. It should be read by someone who can put true feeling into the lines without becoming too emotional him/herself. I personally cannot get through it without my voice cracking badly and it brings a tear to my eyes whenever I even type it out, but here goes:

A BOY'S EYES

"I'd like to be a Cub Scvout -----"
(His eyes were deepest blue)
"I'd like to learn, and play, and build
Like Jim and Freddy do."

"I know how to use a hammer;
I can drive a nail if I try.
I'm eight years old, I'm big and strong
And hardly ever cry."

I gave him th application
And parent participation sheet.
(His eyes were filled with sunshine
As he left on dancing feet.)

Next day, my friend was back again,
A dejected little lad.
"I guess I'll skip the Cub Scouts."
(His eyes were dark and sad.)

"My Mom is awful busy,
She has lots of friends, you see.
She'd never have time for a den;
She hardly has, for me."

"And Dad is always working ----
He's hardly ever there.
To give them any more to do
Just wouldn't be quite fair."

He handed back the papers
 With the dignity of eight years,
And, smiling bravely, left me
 (His eyes were filled with tears.)

Do you see your own boy's eyes
 As other people may?
How he looks when you're "too busy"
 Or "just haven't time" today?

A boy is such a special gift ----
 Why don't you realize,
It only takes a little time
 To put sunshine in his eyes.

(Credit given to Pat Beardslec, Den Mother, Hawthorne, California)

If anyone out there knows Pat - PLEASE thank her for me. This has
been
with me for the last 10 years that I have been in Scouting and has
never
failed to emotionally move me.

I HAVE seen parents NOT offer their help after this was read, but if
this
doesn't get them ---- unfortunately ---- probably nothing will!

Hope this helps,

Jack W. Weinmann
Winding Rivers District Committee
Greater Cleveland Council #440
- Council Cub Scout Wood Badge Coordinator
- Council Cub Scout Advancement Chairman

Date: Thu, 8 Dec 1994 15:48:28 -0500
From: "R.P.Stawicki" <rps@PRUXP.PR.ATT.COM>
Subject: poem

Hi All,

I would like to share this with all.

This is a poem my oldest son wrote "just because"
when he was a first year Webelos.

Scouting

Scouting's fun and Scouting's grand
Like traveling from land to land.
Climbing up the Scouting trail,
Not stopping for wind nor hail.

For Scouting is a treasured thing,
Learning about what life will bring.

Bobcat, Wolf, and Bear are fun,
When you get your Webelos badge your almost done.

So, if you see a loyal Scout,
Notice that he tries to do
Lots of good deeds
For me and you.

Robby Stawicki
Webelos 1
Age 10
Feb. 1992

Best wishes to all,
The Stawicki Family
Rob, Donna, Robby, Craig, Krysta, & Brianna

>>>-----> >>>-----> >>>-----> >>>----->

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BUFFALO EAGLE

Date: Tue, 30 May 1995 09:09:46 EDT
From: Michael Smith <msmith@EMST-DC.PLANSYS.COM>
Subject: Please Read - Bad News From Hungary

Last week, Mr. Imre Tasi, the old (50 yrs ago) scout who started a scout group in a poor village in Hungary, died of a heart attack. For those who missed the earlier postings, Mr. Tasi, after the fall of Communism, started a scout group that primarily consisted of orphans being cared for by the local church. This was a very, very poor area and our pack was honored with the task of collecting scouting equipment to help this group get started.

The day before his death, the shipment of scouting equipment and uniforms we sent arrived. Even though he was in extreme pain, Mr. Tasi called all of his boys together to present them with the equipment. After seeing the boy's faces, he told his brother "God can take me now."

With permission from his brother, I would like to share a portion of the eulogy given at his funeral...all scouters should be proud. [Note: In the shipment, we included small flags from all of the countries whose scouts made contributions. We thought this was a nice touch, but little did we know what would follow. Also, what is presented has been roughly translated from his brother's memory]

Over 300 people were at the funeral, the shipment of scout equipment was laid out around the casket and the small flags from the countries were placed on

the altar. Also, the boys all wore at least one uniform part from the shipment.

Exerp from the eulogy:

Imre has given us the greatest gift of all, hope. As we struggle through our daily lives, we can look at his boys and take pride in what the future holds.

For so long, we have felt isolated and rejected by the world. On this altar,

we have flags from the United States of America, Canada, England, and

Australia. Each of these countries are part of what we have called the evil

capitalist empire. What hope do we have when the rest of the world is

determined to exploit the poor and helpless. Imre has shown us that the

world is not as we were taught. Look around Imre's body. What you see is

the rest of the world, not evil capitalists after money, but a kind, loving

world willing to help those in need. These lanterns, these tents, and the

uniforms Imre's boys are wearing were not sold to him, they were given to

him. All Imre did was to let the world know of our needs and the world

responded. There was no profit, there was no gain. Just other people who

care. As our country struggles through change, it is too late for Imre to

reap the benefits of our new freedom. For all of us of Imre's generation, it

is too late. But for our children, it is a beginning. We are striving to become a nation just like those whose flags are upon the altar. Imre

has

shown us that this is an honorable goal. Maybe, just maybe, these boys will

one day be able to send material to another country whose people are in need.

...Mr. Tasi Imre, may God see you as we see you and grant you your
rightful
place right by his side. We will miss you. But you will always live in
our
hearts and in these boys. And for generations to come, you will be
known as
the person who has given this humble town hope. [End of eulogy]

It is unclear what will now happen with the boys. Apparently, some
of the
older boys have vowed to continue as best they can with Imre's
dream. Also,
his brother, who has been in the U.S. for about 30 yrs., is looking into
giving up his life here to go back to Hungary to help these boys
[makes my "1
hour a week" effort for the pack seem a bit trivial]. Hopefully,
somebody
will step up and continue his effort, but even if the scouting
movement does
not continue, what Mr. Tasi has done will never die.

Mr. Tasi, I am honored to have known you and you have made me a
better
person.

YiS,
Michael Smith
Committee Chairman, Pack 160, Herndon, VA.
msmith@plansys.com

Date: Sat, 8 Jul 1995 18:54:47 GMT
From: Rodger Morris <rodger@FISHNET.NET>
Subject: Re: VOLUNTEERISM

>HELLO OUT THERE! I'm living in Japan and teaching English to junior
>high students here. I just found out that I will be speaking for the
>prefectural-wide meeting of the Junior Red Cross about volunteer
work done
>by teenagers in the U.S. Does anyone have any[Cfacts, funny stories,
heart-
>warming stories or JUST ANY info on volunteerism among this age
group?
>Please help me if you can. Any info on activities your group does

>would be greatly appreciated. The Japanese people I've talked with here

...

My Boy Scout Troop spent a Troop meeting about a month or so ago picking tangerines on a farm that would have gone to waste. We are inside the quarantine zone for the Mediterranean fruit fly in Camarillo, CA. We donated about 100-150 kg of tangerines to the food bank run by the St. Columba's Episcopal Church of Camarillo.

We had a great deal of fun doing this. We probably wasted about 5-10kg of tangerines in an impromptu tangerine fight, but we filled up our van with as much as we could conveniently carry. We had so much fun doing this service project that our Scouts want to do more projects.

One of our Scouts needs to plan, develop and carry out a service project in order to qualify for Eagle Scout. He has discovered a senior citizens' convalescent home that needs painting. He is planning the details now. We intend to repaint this home and celebrate by having a pizza party.

Remember, KISMIF! Keep It Simple, Make It Fun.

Next year, we intend to go on a trip into Baja California. We know that there is a small school in the mountains of Baja California that has few books. We intend to collect books and other materials and give it to this small one-room school that serves about 20-30 students.

"Think globally, act locally."

Volunteerism is analogous to the story of the old man who was walking on

the beach. Millions of starfish were dying out of water as the tide receded.

Every few steps, the old man would pick up a starfish and throw it into the water.

A young man saw this and asked, "What are you doing, old man?"

The old man

replied, "I am throwing starfish back into the water so they will live."

The young man exclaimed, "You are a stupid old man. Millions of starfish

are dying right now on this beach alone. There are hundreds of beaches

where starfish are dying this instant. You cannot possibly make any difference in the midst of all this death."

The old man bent down and picked up another starfish, then threw it into the

water, then said, "Made a difference to that one!!"

One drop of water is insignificant, but enough drops of water will fill a

dry lake and make the earth bloom.

Yours in Scouting,

Date: Mon, 25 Sep 1995 14:10:20 -0700
From: CHUCK BRAMLET <chuckb@aztec.asu.edu>
Subject: Origin of "Taps"

I found the following last night, while going thru my e-mail. It comes from another list that I subscribe to, and the poster has graciously permitted me to repost it here. I must warn you that the story's truth has been challenged, but I think it still merits our attention.

Many thanks to Hazel Knight for allowing me to repost this.

===== Begin forwarded message =====

From: Hazel Deane Knight
To: Multiple recipients of list ROOTS-L
Subject: Origin of "Taps"
Date: Sat, 23 Sep

I have just read an article extracted from Doug Storer's Encyclopedia of Amazing But True Facts published by Signet I feel worthy of passing on to my fellow Rooters. Perhaps one of you are related to the Captain. I quote in entirety:
"It all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when a Union Army Captain, Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of this narrow strip of land. During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moan of a soldier who lay mortally wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gun fire, the captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling

him toward his encampment. When the captain finally reached his own

lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead.

The captain lit a lantern. Suddenly, he caught his breath and went numb

with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his

own son! The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke

out. Without telling his father, he had enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, the heart-broken father asked permission of his

superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status. His request was partially granted. The captain had asked if he

could have a group of army band members play a funeral dirge for the son

at the funeral. That request was turned down since the soldier was a

Confederate. Out of respect for the father, they did say they could give

him only one musician. The captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to

play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the

pocket of the dead youth's uniform.

This wish was granted. That music was the haunting bugle melody we now

know as "Taps" used at all military funerals."

.....

Hazel Knight

Now, if you don't have tears in your eyes, and a lump in your throat, check

your pulse and make sure you're alive. :.)

YiS,

Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323

Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az.

I "used to be" an Antelope! (and a good ol' Antelope, too...) WEM-10-95

Please E-mail any replies to: >> chuckb@aztec.asu.edu <<

"Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"
"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to", said the Cat.
Lewis Carrol, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"

Date: Tue, 24 Oct 1995 12:38:23 -0400
From: The Scouting Center <xx348@cleveland.Freenet.Edu>
Subject: SOME THINGS IN LIFE THAT COUNT

These phrases were part of a video shown at a company meeting to kick off the annual charity drive at MICROSOFT's HQ, and were sent to me by my nephew, who works there. Enjoy...

SOME THINGS IN LIFE THAT COUNT

Never forget how you got this far.
Always remember how far you can go.
Be a designated driver.
Be the answer to someone's hopes.
Do something nice for someone who will never know.
Take a hot shower.
Drink cool water.
Pass on a thirst for knowledge.
Help someone paint a fence.
Remember it can take great strength to be gentle.
Learn to parallel park.
Sing on key.
If you cant sing on key, sing anyway.
Watch the sun set whenever you can.
Put the cap back on the toothpaste tube.
Build bridges.
Spread joy.
Dont give up on others.
Dont let them give up on you.
Never forget why you fell in love.
Be outraged by injustice.

Spend time with people who are younger.
Spend time with people who are older.
Teach your children compassion.
Dont forget to separate the bottles and the cans.
Eat fresh fruit
When responding to an alias, dont " reply all".
Never underestimate the power of your actions.
Learn to be a good storyteller.
Learn to listen.
If you ever find out whats better, plastic or paper,
please let the rest of us know.
Read the classics.
Follow in the footsteps of heroes.
Leave some footsteps of your own.
Remember to share the remote.
Dont end up having more money than happiness.
Dont end up with more than you give.
Floss.
Make angels in the snow.
Believe in the essential goodness of someone.
Remember where you came from.
Make connections.
Remember meter maids are people too.
Show a kid how to throw a curve ball.
Walk into the wind, if it is the right way to go.
Treat every day as a gift.
Give back.
And remember -
Not everything that counts can be counted.

--

The Scouting Center SIG on the Cleveland Freenet
Serving the Greater Cleveland Council
and the Boy Scouts of America
xx348@Cleveland.Freenet.edu

Date: Fri, 3 Nov 1995 08:54:08 GMT
From: Hutcheson George M <RX29470@DEERE.COM>
Subject: A Scouting Moment

Greetings everyone,

I've been thinking about this all week and just had to share it with the list. You veteran scouters have probably had this happen many times but for me, hey, "its my first frog".

Last Saturday was the outdoor session of Scoutmastership Fundamentals. That morning was windy and cold with intermittent rain and snow. Although it was before dawn I'd gone outside to start the cooking fire so that the coals would be ready when the trainer showed up for his demonstration. Another trainee and I had gotten a nice fire going and were gathering some extra wood when out of the dark a lone scout plopped himself down on a log by our fire. Not an older boy either, he was wearing a Webelos hat.

Seems that his troop was sleeping in a cabin just down the hill and he had woken up cold, saw our fire, and decided to get warm. He, the other leader, and I talked for a while and then he left to take some kindling back to his troop.

This got me thinking, where else could a boy approach two strangers on a miserably cold and wet hilltop without having to wonder about being welcome, not to mention being safe. It's kind of wonderful being the recipient of that much trust. BSA really is a special organization.

Anyway, it sure made my day.

YiS

George Hutcheson
RX29470@Deere.com
Eagle Class of '67

Pack 44/Troop 42
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Date: Sun, 12 Nov 1995 21:48:07 -0800
From: Scott Drown <scottdd@HALCYON.COM>
Subject: A Scoutmaster's Minute

I have been looking about for Scoutmaster's Minutes and Steve Tobin's site has been a lot of help. It is my feeling that the Minute is an important teaching tool and ending to a meeting. I gave the following a couple of weeks ago ad lib but wanted to share it. I hope you will feel it has merit. I called it:

"Memories"

Good Evening.

A few weeks ago the grandfather of one of the Scouts visited the Troop. He was a Scout himself during the Depression in the 1930s, about 60 years ago. It was a hard time for him and many others but he had good memories of Scouting. He watched the meeting and visited with the Scouts and joined in our closing circle for the Scoutmaster's Minute. We then sang Scout Vespers as we always do.

His wife of 30 some odd years was with him and she noticed that the grandfather, who had not been involved in Scouting in years, still remembered the words and tune to the Scout Vespers and was able to sing with the Troop with no hesitation. He remarked to his wife afterwards that that simple song brought back all the memories. Memories of all the things he had done in Scouts, all the fun he had had, all the valuable lessons he had learned in Scouts that later helped him. It also showed him that the traditions of Scouting were still steadfast after so many years.

Memories and traditions powerful things. Memories and tradition are an important part to Scouting. It is important to recall for both Scouts and

Scouters that what we build here in the Troop are memories - traditions.

We build them between ourselves while following the Scout Oath and Law.

They are the start of memories that will last us a lifetime.

So as you walk the Scouting trail remember the memories are what you build.

Pledge yourself to build good memories, good memories of the fun you have

had, good memories of the lessons you have learned.

As you leave tonight reflect on the memories and traditions of Scouting that

you yourself can carry forward to the betterment of all.

Good Night

Not one shred of evidence exists in favor of the idea that life is serious.

Scott Drown

SM Troop 39, Maltby

Mt. Baker Council, Everett Wa.

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 1995 11:42:08 -0500

From: Susan Ganther <susan@EMAIL.UNC.EDU>

Subject: Scoutmaster's Minute

I was deliberating about this story after our Webelos leader asked to have each visiting parent prepare to tell a story from their own life when it is their turn to be the guest at the Webelos meeting. I

decided

it is more appropriate for Scouts than for Webelos, who do not yet have

responsibility for leadership of their unit.

I was climbing in the Sierras with a group and we were winding our way up

a very steep canyon as we approached a peak. I was near the rear of the line when one of the climbers above called down to us that he had pulled a large boulder loose and he was going to have to drop it, but would try to hold it long enough for us to prepare ourselves. Given the steep and narrow nature of the canyon, there was nowhere for us to go to get out of the path the boulder must follow on it's way down, so all we could do to prepare ourselves was to make peace with our maker, and hope it missed.

When he dropped the boulder, which was about 4 or 5 feet in diameter, it carromed off the walls of the canyon on first one side and then the other as it landed between each of us with each crashing bounce. It was one of those moments in life that definately gets your attention. It seemed like it should be a profound, dare I say earthshaking experience :-). So I pondered what might be the moral of this story and briefly thought that the moral might be that it is better to lead than to follow, since the leader will not get any rocks dropped on him. But then I thought about what it would have been like to have been that man holding the boulder that must have seemed like the weight of the world. Knowing that you have to drop it, and that one or more of the people following might be crushed as a result.

It is like that every time you take on a leadership role. There may not be any loose boulders in your future, but you must always be aware that when you are in the lead, the consequences of your actions affect those who follow you, even when you are faced with decisions that are

unavoidable, like dropping that boulder, you must be prepared to live with the results. If you have done everything that you can to be prepared to lead, and you have done your best to do everything that is required of your leadership position, then you should be able to answer that question that each Scout must ask and guiltless sleep... even if you have had to drop the rock.

YiS, Susan

Date: Fri, 24 Nov 1995 10:42:30 -0600
From: Sergio Laurenti <sergio@ASORA.CCI.ORG.AR>
Organization: ASORA - Buenos Aires - Argentina
Subject: Christmas cracker I

Some years ago, the Founder of Scouting in his Christmas message to Scouters said "It has been said that youth is fortified by hope and old age is soothed by content. Youth looks forward with hope, old age looks round with content, and some day, when I grow old, I am going to look round with great content. In the meantime you who are not over eighty-one go on with the work you are doing. There couldn't be better work and you will be earning your old-age pension of content when you will be able to look back with satisfaction on having done a work that was worthwhile. And to the younger ones I say press forward with hope, mix it with optimism and temper it with the sense of proportion. Press forward with a faith in the soundness of the Movement and its future possibilities, and press forward with love which is the most powerful agent of all. That spirit of love is, after all, the spirit of God working with you. Remember "Now abideth Faith, and Hope, and Love - these three. But the greatest of these is Love." Carry on in that spirit and you cannot fail."

(Taken from Another Canny Crack, Colin McKay)

Sergio Laurenti

----- Buenos Aires, Argentina

E-mail: sergio@asora.cci.org.ar

SERGIO_LAURENTI.parti@ecunet.org

Date: Wed, 6 Dec 1995 17:16:09 -0600
From: Marc Solomon <msolomon@TEK1.TEKNIQ.COM>
Subject: CSP Patch Challenge #5

Lisa -

Thank you for selecting me the winner of Challenge #5. Since I did not send the entry through the list, I am posting it on the list now for everybody to enjoy. Meanwhile, I will start working on challenge #6 shortly.

----- Winning Entry for Challenge #5 -----

I am the youngest of four; I have two brothers and a sister. My father was a founder and an ASM for our troop. While both of my older brothers were in the troop, he was very active. A year after I joined the troop, the Scoutmaster decided to switch the meeting night from Friday to Monday. My father was a travelling salesman who was away from Monday to Friday. He soon stopped being an ASM. Needless to say, I was very upset that my father did not spend the same amount of time with me that he spent with my older brothers.

This stopped bothering me slightly before a ten day canoe trip I was taking down the Delaware River. My father had had his first heart attack a week before I was scheduled to leave. A couple of days after the heart attack, while I was visiting my father, he sat me down and went over all my preparations for the canoe trip. He made sure that I had everything I needed for the trip. He went over how to keep my gear dry, what to do if it got wet anyway, how to secure my gear to the canoe, and so on.

Here was a man who was recovering from the most terrifying medical event in his life taking the time to make sure that his son had what he needed for an upcoming Scouting event! I never realized how much my father loved me until that day. I know he knew what this meant to me because 10 years later I wrote him a letter reminding him of this event and telling him what it meant to me.

After my father died, my mother found the letter in my father's car. He carried that letter with him wherever he went. Four months after my father died, I became an Assistant Scoutmaster. Over the eight years since my fathers death, I have been active in Scouting as an ASM, a Unit Commissioner, and a Roundtable Staff Member. I know that a part of the reason I work with the Scouts is in remembrance of my father.

YiS,

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+-----+
| Marc W. Solomon      | Unit Commissioner  |
| msolomon@tek1.tekniq.com | Sycamore District  |
| marcsol@aol.com     | Blackhawk Council, IL |
+-----+
I use to be a wise old owl . . . Now I am just old
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Date: Wed, 20 Dec 1995 13:31:47 UT
From: Michael Sullivan <MRSullivan@MSN.COM>
Subject: SM Minute

Ladies & Gentlemen:

I wanted to highlight Scout Spirit in a Court of Honor Scoutmaster's Minute.
I wanted to attempt to influence the scouts' thinking. I searched the internet, Woods Wisdom, and other resources. Below is an outline of my pitch

to the scouts. Some of the text I have borrowed from a posting on the Scout-L. This is my thanks for the posting. I would enjoy seeing other SM's Minutes here.

Mike Sullivan, SM Troop 1530, NCAC

WHAT IS SCOUT SPIRIT?

(I attempted to obtain some scout answers here.)

Living by the Scout Oath and Scout Law

HOW DO WE LIVE SCOUT SPIRIT?

(I attempted to obtain some scout answers here.)

By following the Scout Oath and the Scout Law.

Trustworthy	Loyal
Helpful	Friendly
Courteous	Kind
Obedient	Cheerful
Thrifty	Brave
Clean	Reverent

(I do not expound here.)

WHAT DOES SCOUT SPIRIT DO FOR YOU?

(I attempted to obtain some scout answers here.)

Living Scout Spirit makes you an Honorable Man

WHY DO WE WANT TO BE HONORABLE MEN?

(I attempted to obtain some scout answers here.)

Society selects Honorable Men for positions of responsibility and trust.

Some of the most obvious positions are senior military leaders and

astronauts.

When you are participating in a battle, or navigating a spacecraft your fellow man wants to be able to trust that you will ACCURATELY fire the guns, or the spacecraft engines at EXACTLY the right time. If you do not, people may die.

Private industry also looks for Honorable Men to run their companies. In just a very few years, colleges will be looking at your records, asking if you are honorable men, worthy of joining other honorable men and women in preparing to run the country's industries.

SCOUTING TRAINS HONORABLE MEN. We do it by having fun through camping with your troop and patrol. You are learning to support your fellow man when you work as a team on a campout, when you hold the belaying line in rappelling, and when you follow your fellow scout through a cave.

When somebody reviews your record, noting a good scouting experience, they will know that you are an HONORABLE MAN.

So, when the Scoutmasters review your Scout Spirit, reviewing your behavior for honorable behavior, they will be reviewing things like the following:

Trustworthy - If you are the waterman, do you keep the container full?

If you are the fireman, do you wander away?

If you are expected to provide a skit, are you ready?

Loyal Do you build the other boys up, or tear them down?
Do you press the "hot buttons" of the scout with a temper, or keep others from pressing them?

Helpful During after meal cleanup do you help out, or leave all the work for others?
Do you help teach the younger scouts when you are asked?

Friendly Are you pleasant? Do you welcome the new scouts?

Courteous Do you treat everyone with dignity?

Cheerful Do you complain when it is your turn to hose down the latrine at summer camp?

Thrifty When you buy the food for the outing, do you spend your money on junk food, or food that will really fill your stomachs on a chilly morning?

Brave Do you have the courage of character to do the right thing, even when the fellows around you are urging you in the wrong direction?

Clean Do you keep yourself clean?
Do you keep your campsite clean?
Do you keep your language clean?

Reverent Do you practice what you preach?
Is your Great Spirit moving your life?

In a 1994 Naval Academy Leadership Forum, GEN Krulak, Commandant of the US Marine Corps. presented the following poem:

THE EAGLE AND THE WOLF

There is a great battle that rages inside me.
One side is a soaring Eagle.
Everything the Eagle stands for is good and true and beautiful,
And it soars above the clouds.
Even though it dips down into the valleys,
It lays its eggs on the mountains.
The other side of me is the howling Wolf,
And that raging, howling wolf represents the worst that is in me.

He eats upon my downfalls and justifies himself by his presence in the pack.

Who wins this great Battle?

The one I feed.

You Scouts must make a choice of whether or not you wish to be an HONORABLE

MAN. Which are you going to feed, the Eagle or the Fox?

Date: Wed, 20 Dec 1995 18:45:43 -0600

From: golden cliff <c60clg1@CORN.CSO.NIU.EDU>

Subject: Saying Goodbye

This isn't in regards to me saying goodbye to the list. It deals with me saying goodbye to some boys.

Monday night I received a Christmas card and a long letter from one of my old Scouts, now a pediatrician at Fort Knox, Kentucky. I always love hearing from "my boys". I receive many such letters this time of year.

Tuesday I read a local weekly newspaper during lunch. As I cruised the paper my eyes were brought to the obituaries where I recognized two names.

Max Clark lost a 3 year battle with Ewing's sarcoma bone cancer on December 13, 1995. Max was not in my troop, but a cub scout in a local pack. They noticed him limping during a Scout pancake breakfast three years ago, when they took him to the doctor his cancer was diagnosed. He was only 10 years old when he died.

Paul A. Heide died at Rush Presbyterian Medical Center in Chicago on December 11, 1995. I do not know the cause of his death. He was 29.

Paul was a Scout in my troop, joining in May 1977.

I ran into Paul a few years ago. I was leaving a convenience store when

someone called out my name. I turned to see a young man that looked familiar. I knew who he was on the second glance, it was Paul. We talked of Scouting, especially a trip to Philmont he had attended with me. On that trip we slept under the stars on all but one night. A New Mexico sky is still the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, clear, bright, and filled with stars. He said that was a very special time in his life. Paul had made it as far as Life before succumbing to other interests and leaving Scouting half way through high school.

He told me then how much Scouting had meant to him, how he wished he'd stayed in the program, how he wished he'd finished Eagle. He thanked me for everything I'd done so many years ago. It was the type of thing that raises a Scoutmaster's spirits; to hear a past Scout, now grown, say that the program had made a difference and was important to him. He said he didn't appreciate Scouting half as much then as he appreciated it now. He said he was beginning to better understand some of the lessons he'd learned.

I didn't realize it then, but that was our goodbye. That's the last time I saw Paul. It meant a great deal to me. This afternoon I wrote sympathy cards to the families of Max and Paul. On one of the cards was a poem that I thought was appropriate for a farewell to those who leave us at such a young age.

We can't know why the lily
has so brief a time to bloom
in the warmth of sunlight's kiss upon its face,

**Before it folds its fragrance in
and bids the world good-night
to rest its beauty in a gentler place,**

**But we can know that nothing
that is loved is ever lost,
and no one who has ever touched a heart
can really pass away,**

**because some beauty lingers on
in each memory of which they've been a part.**

Ellen Brenneman

YIS, Cliff Golden

**Date: Tue, 26 Dec 1995 16:15:10 -0500
From: Rob White <rsw@TFS.COM>
Subject: Candle Power**

**The following are excerpts from _A Back Pocket Full Of Values_
by Francis E. Stein**

**CANDLES
by Francis E. Stein**

**Candle, candle, burning bright,
Just one candle for the night.**

**You will die before dawn's light,
By giving of yourself for another's sight.**

**People, people, scurrying through life,
To eternity you are but just one night.**

**Your dawn is breaking, where went the night,
Where went the light in your life's flight?**

**To curse the darkness or light a light,
Which is love, which is right?**

**Time spent kindly serving another's plight,
Will give happiness and purpose to your life.**

**Many candles burning through many nights,
Will turn many wrongs into many rights.**

**Oh what a world, oh what a sight,
All our candles burning with all that might!**

**(Dedicated to Mary and to cheerful service to God, country,
others and self; the roots of friendship, brotherhood, peace,
and the World Brotherhood of Scouting.)**

**"We must view young people not as empty bottles to be filled
but as candles to be lit" Robert H. Shaffer**

FOR THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION

Dear Youth and Friends of Youth,

There are many values in a burning candle. First, it needs the help of a friend to start it on its mission to serve others. Once lit, its flame burns upward and outward. Its flickering flame makes dancing shadows that mesmerize its viewers into a mood for silent reading, story telling, or imaginary dreaming. One candle offers little light and heat, but one candle can light another candle. The power, sight and feeling of many burning candles is awesome.

How many values for living can you find in the poem and the above paragraph? Where is your candle? Who is going to light it? What could your one candle do? What can many candles do? Probe your inner voice. Listen and heed, change an ideal into a deed, and light up the world! Finally, a candle gives its life for others. When your candle finally says "good night," will its light have made a difference in another's "sight."

Love,
Francis

"The best candle is understanding."

"A candle lights others and consumes itself."

"Life is not the wick or the candle - it is the burning."

"Better to light one candle than curse the darkness."

"A candle-glow can pierce the darkness."

How many good deed examples can you give that impacted the world?

"This I believe: A hundred years from now it will not matter what my bank account was, the sort of house I lived in, or the kind of car I drove. But the world may be different because I was important in the life of a boy."

Help Other People

Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of scouting, said this to scouts everywhere: "I often, think, when the sun goes down, the world is hidden by a big blanket from the light of heaven, but the stars are little holes pierced in that blanket by those who have done good deeds in this world. The stars are not all the same size: some are big, some are little, and some men have done small deeds but they have made their hole in the blanket by doing good before they go to heaven. Try to make your hole in the blanket by good work while you are on earth. It is something to be good, but it is far better to do good." Think of Baden-Powell's words when you promise "To help other people."

"Deeds are fruits, words are leaves." - English

"Good deeds are the best prayer." - Serbian

"Action is the proper fruit of knowledge." - English
"Better one living word than a hundred dead ones." - German

From _A Back Pocket Full Of Values_ By Francis E. Stein

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Date: Fri, 9 Feb 1996 13:34:17 PST
From: Peter Van Houten <peterva@SOLAR.VND.TEK.COM>
Subject: An 86-Year-Old Tradition

Picked this up at Roundtable last night, felt it was worth sharing.

As well known as Santa Claus and as American as the star-spangled banner is the Boy Scouts of America, which turned 86 years old, Thursday, Feb 8, 1996. It seems as though Scouting has always been around. Most of us are aware of its outdoor activities and fun-filled events. However, there is another side to this values-driven organization. Scouting is a Cub Scout learning about wildlife conservation; a Boy Scout discovering the technical world of computers, or an Explorer preparing an experiment that will be aboard a future space shuttle flight. Scouting has reached people with disabilities it continues to serve youth in the inner city; it has materials aimed at the latchkey child, male or female, in Scouting or out, who must learn to cope much of the time on his or her own; it also appeals to teenage girls and young women who comprise more than 40 percent of Exploring's membership. 5 Million young people are registered in the Boy Scouts of America, and as of 1994, the Boy Scouts of America had more than 92 million alumni. If they were all alive today, they would comprise the eleventh largest country in population in the world.

It is good to know that, though times and techniques change, some things don't -- such as the principles of the BSA. Its purposes of reaching young people and guiding them toward good citizenship, sound character, and strong bodies haven't changed since 1910.

The BSA doesn't operate in a vacuum. There are unsung community heroes -- the chartered organization and volunteers -- who play vital roles in getting programs to our youth.

As the Boy Scouts of America takes time to reflect on its past this month, let us all take time to salute the more than 1.5 million volunteer adult leaders who have committed themselves to teach young Americans a basic set of values to use over thier lifetime.

Thank you fellow leaders -- You do make a difference!

Peter

Fun Facts about scouting:

How many volunteer-hours are given to scouting by it's 1.2 million registered adult leader each year if each leader spent:

one hour/week	=	62,400,000 hours/year
two hours/wekk	=	124,800,000 hours/year
three hours/week	=	187,200,000 hours/year
four hours/week	=	249,600,000 hours/year
five hours/week	=	312,000,000 hours/year

[Wow!]

Of the 104th Congress, aproximately 50 percent (302) participated in Scouting . . . 241 as Scouts, 12 as leaders and 49 as both Scouts and Leaders.

Of the 302 members of the 104th Congress that participated in Scouting, 23 are Eagles, 6 have been awarded teh Silver Beaver Award, and 2 have been awarded the Silver Antelope Award.

Of the 214 US Astronauts, 130 were involved in Scouts and 33 were Eagle Scouts.

Aproximately 36 percent of the West Point Cadets were involved in Scouting as youth and 10 percent are Eagle Scouts.

Aproximately 28 percent of the Air Force Academy Cadets were involved

in Scouting as youth and nearly 10 percent are Eagle Scouts.

All four US Military Academies send cadets to Philmont to serve as rangers to acquire additional leadership experience.

Through the end of 1994, 1,358,402 young men were awarded the Eagle Scout Award...achieved by only approximately 2 percent of Scouts.

Through 1994, the top five merit badges most often earned were:

First Aid -- 5,124,000

Swimming -- 4,643,654

Cooking -- 3,603,987

Camping -- 3,343,904

Safety -- 2,613,439

The merit badges earned through 1994 stacked end-to-end would equal the height of Mt. Everest (29,141) 391 times.

The merit badges earned through 1994 could cover the floor of the Astordome over 10 times.

The BSA has awarded 88,966,370 merit badges through the end of 1994.

These badges lined up end-to-end would make a straight line that would stretch from Chicago to Los Angeles...a line in excess of 2000 miles.

Pinewood Derby cars jointly constructed by Cub Scouts and their parents since 1954 could ring the track the track of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway 1,100 times, a distance equal to 5 1/2 complete Indy races.

Pinewood Derby cars made since 1954 could form a line stretching from LA to NYC and back, a total of more than 5,500 miles.

Philmont Scout Ranch had over 24,000 participants during 1994 who hiked approximately 1,391,900 miles.

Date: Tue, 9 Jan 1996 23:54:32 -0800

**From: Alan Houser <troop24@EMF.NET>
Subject: Scoutmaster's Minute**

Found this story this evening & thought it might work as a Scoutmaster's minute:

There is an old story of the missionary Sadhu Sundar Singh. He was traveling through the Himalayas with a Monk in the bitter cold. Night was coming and the Monk said, "If we don't reach the monastery by nightfall, we are in danger of freezing to death." Just as they reached a narrow path, they heard the cries of a man who had fallen over the edge. The Monk said, "Do not stop. God has brought him to his fate. He must work it out himself."

Sadhu replied, "God sent me here to help my brother. I cannot abandon him." The Monk went on and Sadhu climbed down a steep path. When he found the man, he saw that his leg was broken and he could not walk. Sadhu made a sling from his blanket and tied the man to his back. He then began a torturing climb. He made his way through the deepening snow. It was dark and it was all he could do to follow the path. He perserved, and faint with exhaustion, he finally saw the lights of the Monastery. As he moved toward the light, he stumbled for the first time and nearly fell. He did not stumble from exhaustion, but over an object. As he brushed the snow off the object, he looked down and saw that it was the body of the Monk.

Years later when a student asked him, "What is life's most difficult task?" he replied, "To have no burden to carry."

===

Alan R. Houser ** Scoutmaster, Berkeley Troop 24 **
troop24@emf.net

** WWW page ** <http://www.emf.net/~troop24/t24.html> **

Date: Thu, 25 Jan 1996 10:09:40 -0500

To: mfbowman@capaccess.org

Subject: Re: Opening

Michael:

Sorry my attachment didn't attach. Here is the poem in e-mail:

"PRETTY GOOD IS, IN FACT, PRETTY BAD"

There once was a pretty good student,
Who sat in a pretty good
class.

And was taught by a pretty
good teacher,
Who always let pretty good
pass.

He wasn't terrific at reading.
He wasn't a whiz-bang at
math.

But for him education was
leading
Straight down a pretty good path.

He didn't find school too
exciting,
But he wanted to do pretty
well,
And he did have some trouble with writing,
And nobody had taught him
to spell.

When doing arithmetic
problems,
Pretty good was regarded as
fine.
Five plus five needn't always

add up to be ten,
A pretty good answer was
nine.

The Pretty good class that he
sat in

Was part of a pretty good
school.

And the student was not an
exception,

On the contrary, he was the
rule.

The pretty good school that
he went to

Was there in a pretty good
town.

And nobody there seemed to
notice

He could not tell a verb from
a noun.

The pretty good student in
fact was

Part of a pretty good mob.

And the first time he knew
what he lacked was

When he looked for a pretty
good job.

It was then, when he sought a
position,

He discovered that life could
be tough.

And he soon had a sneaky
suspicion

Pretty good might not be
good enough.

The pretty good town in our
story

Was part of a pretty good
state,

Which had pretty good aspirations,
And prayed for a pretty good fate.

There once was a pretty good nation,
Pretty proud of the greatness it had,
Which learned much to late,
If you want to be great,
Pretty good is, in fact, pretty bad.

-- The Osgood File
copyright 1986, CBS, Inc.

.....On Our Honor, Let's Do Our Best!

.....
.....

Experience is a wonderful thing. It lets you recognize a mistake when you make it again. Carpe Diem!
Whit Smith, ASM T-18, Atlanta (Emory) GA
I use to be an Owl, ... but I'll always be an Eagle
DeKalb District, Atlanta Area Council BSA <smith30030@aol.com>

.....
.....

Date: Mon, 5 Feb 1996 14:43:20 -0500
From: Jess Olonoff <jolonoff@GATE.NET>
Subject: A Scoutmaster's Minute?

To all,

I came upon this today and thought it might make a very good Scoutmaster's Minute. It might make a good crossover ceremony as well.

Lessons for Life From Geese

As each bird flaps its wings, it creates an uplift for the bird following. By flying in a V formation, the whole flock adds a 71%

longer flying range than if each bird flew alone.

Lesson: People who share a common direction and sense of community can go where they are going quicker and easier when they travel on the thrust of one another.

Whenever a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistence of trying to fly alone and quickly gets back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the bird immediately in front.

Lesson: If we have as much sense as a goose, we will stay in formation with those who are headed where we want to go.

When the lead goose tires, it rotates back into the formation and another goose takes over at the point position.

Lesson: It pays to take turns doing the hard tasks and sharing leadership because people, like geese, are interdependent upon each other.

The geese in formation honk from behind to encourage those up front to keep up their speed.

Lesson: We need to make sure our honking from behind is encouraging--not something less helpful.

When a goose gets sick or wounded or shot down, two geese drop out of formation and follow him down to help and protect him. They stay with him until he is either able to fly again or dies. They then launch out on their own, either with another formation or to catch up with the original flock.

Lesson: If we have as much sense as geese, we'll stand by each other like they do.

Regards, Jess

**Jess Olonoff, CM Pack-206 | Eagle - 1970, T-10 Tulsa, Okla.
Riverglades Elem. - Parkland, Fla. | Ta-Tsu-Hwa - Ordeal '69,
Brthrhd '70
Lighthouse Dstrct - S. Fl. Council | Scout in NYC-Brooklyn 61-66, Tulsa
66-71
jolonoff@gate.net | Scouter Boca Raton 73-74, Parkland
94-
<http://www.gate.net/~jolonoff> | O-Shot-Caw - Lodge 265**

**Date: Wed, 31 Jan 1996 18:51:11 -0600
From: golden cliff <c60clg1@corn.cso.niu.edu>
Subject: Re: Native American (understanding)**

WARNING. WARNING. THIS IS A LONG POST. OK, you've been warned.

Ted Burton told a great story in his post on Native American Regalia. I also have a story concerning understanding. This is a true story.

My troop was backpacking in Mexico. We were in one of the most remote areas of Mexico, the Copper Canyon region. Specifically, we were backpacking the Batopilas canyon, which is 1,000 feet deeper than the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

It was the night before Easter 1988. We were in the village of Batopilas, Mexico enjoying their great fiesta. As we returned to our campsite downriver from the village, we saw the flickering light of fire. We ran to our campsite to see what was wrong. What we found was a Tarahumara indian sitting in the center of our campsite tending to a small fire he'd built.

In the firelight we saw the young man; with black hair, dark eyes, red blouse, white loin cloth, dark brown skin, muscular legs, and sandals. He held a large machete that was driven into the sand. He looked up at us with eyes filled with caution and suspicion. We looked at him with similar eyes. We tried to communicate to him in english and spanish. He did not respond. A discussion arose among our group concerning our mysterious stranger. Why was he here and all alone? Was he a renegade?, ...driven out by his tribe?, ...a fugitive? ...criminal? What did he want? Why does he hold a weapon? All types of sinister reasons for his presence were discussed. I finally sent part of our group to the village to bring back the sheriff, someone to take this dangerous intruder away.

After a time they returned to our campsite. They hadn't found a sheriff, but found a missionary instead. He was accompanied by an englishman whom we had met earlier in Batopilas. The missionary sat down next to the indian and in a quiet patient voice spoke in an exotic language I had never before heard, the language of the Tarahumara.

After awhile the indian let go of his machete and started to laugh. The missionary had told him all of our suspicions. The missionary then told us that it was the custom of the Tarahumara to recieve hospitality at the camps of others as they journeyed on a religious pilgrimage. The indian's name was Meteu. Yes, it was Meteu. Meteu was on such a journey.

We suddenly felt very ashamed. We offered Meteu food, drink, and welcome. With the missionary as our interpreter, we introduced ourselves

and exchanged a pleasant conversation. Meteu spoke in a soft voice and seemed very kind and gentle in manner. He was 19 years old and was journeying to a place where he could speak directly into the ear of God.

After the missionary and englishman left, some of my boys went to bed, a few of us stayed at the campfire with our new friend Meteu. I drew cartoons of animals in my notebook and spoke their names. Meteu responded by saying the animal's name in Tarahumara. He was amused by this game. Much of the night we played this game or just sat quietly staring into the fire and listening to the sounds of the canyon.

We offered Meteu a place to lay in our tent, but he declined. We retired to the tent with the door open toward the fire and Meteu. In the early hours of the morning, still in blackness, Meteu kicked out the fire and walked to our tent. He said something in Tarahumara and extended his hand to each of us, then walked off into the darkness.

The next day was Easter. We hiked down the canyon to a village called Satevo. Located there is the "Lost Mission of Satevo", a large beautiful baroque church presumably built by the Spaniards in the 1750's. It was unknown to the outside world until a backpacker/explorer named Richard D. Fisher of Tucson, Arizona photographed it in 1984.

There is a legend of the Tarahumara indians of northwest Mexico that deep within a remote canyon, a piece of heaven was placed on earth so that the Tarahumara people could speak directly into the ear of God. It is believed the source of that legend is the place known today as the "Lost

Mission of Satevo". Hiking to that ancient church was the greatest Easter experience I have ever known, an experience that I believe was shared earlier that same day by Meteu. He would have arrived as the first rays of morning light struck the great dome and bell tower.

When we first met Meteu the previous night, our meeting had been filled with fear and suspicion. After the missionary gave us the gift of understanding, those negative feelings were replaced with newfound friendship. After the missionary left, friendship and goodwill became the basis of our understanding. Putting away your fear and extending your hand in friendship is always the key to understanding others. That was the lesson we all learned that night.

The "Lost Mission of Satevo" has stood for centuries as a symbol of the faith of those that built it, and those that continue to seek it. We shared a similar journey with Meteu through our experience that Easter. Even though we spoke different languages, held different beliefs, and were members of different cultures, we found much in common through our brief friendship. Those commonalities transcended culture, language, and beliefs; they resided in our common humanity.

Our boys learned a very valuable lesson about understanding others on that night in April 1988, the night we met a young man named Meteu.

YIS, Cliff Golden cgolden@niu.edu First Lutheran Church; DeKalb, IL

Scoutmaster Troop 33

Three Fires Council, Illinois

Cliff,

Your posting arrived on my birthday, but unfortunately, I was under the

weather with a nasty bit of a cold that kept me from the keyboard.

Now

here's where things get a little strange. In my fever I kept dreaming that I had to find a computer file to get an answer to a question, which didn't make a lot of sense, but it had to with a question in Scouting.

Then I remember just briefly recalling my vigil before the fire some 25

years ago. Didn't particularly make any sense, but sometimes things like

that don't. Anyway, during that vigil I remember imaginining a young

Indian man of my own age then (18) sitting across the fire and wondering

how such an Indian would have felt in keeping a vigil, waiting for a spirit sign or dream perhaps. Wondering how he would feel about us,

those of us in Scouting? In my imagining the young man's face was painted in the contrasting paints of meteu, probably because I most often

took the part of meteu in lodge events. I had almost forgotten this part

of my vigil until the fever hit. Well once I got back online and started looking around, it didn't take long to read your posting.

I have to tell you I got a bit of a chill and delight. You see, in a way the story you have related is the answer to those musings of 25 years

ago - the funny part being how I was made prepared to be aware.

To be certain, I will keep your story on file for future use as a Scouter's minute for a campfire and somehow I already have this feeling

that there will be a right time. :-)

Speaking Only for Myself in the Scouting Spirit, Michael F. Bowman
a/k/a Professor Beaver (WB), ASTA #2566, OA Vigil Honor '71, Eagle Scout '67, Serving as Deputy District Commissioner for Training,
G.W.Dist., Nat. Capital Area Council, BSA - mfbowman@capaccess.org
Michael,

Happy 43rd Birthday. I'll be celebrating 42 in two months. I did my vigil in 1977 at age 23.

Until I read your post, it never occurred to me what is so obvious now.

We prepared a place for Meteu to sleep and offered it to him, he declined. I thought at the time we had not entirely earned his trust, but now I realize he had to stay awake, to keep vigil by the fire, preparing himself.

If Satevo is the source of the legend, which I believe it is, then it is a very sacred place among the Tarahumara. It is common for indians to

journey 100 miles on foot to go there. I've often wondered what could

have been so very important to bring him there on the holiest of days,

Easter, at the most sacred time of the day, dawn. Yes the Tarahumara

celebrate Easter, it is a remnant left from the Spanish, the Tarahumara

call it Semana Santa.

Another strange thing also occurred that night. I spoke of an englishman

that accompanied the missionary from Batopilas. He and the missionary

were strangers. Our boys sought out the englishman because we had met

him earlier that night. He had been in Batopilas for a period of time. He knew who to ask to find a translator, turning out to be the missionary.

They both came to our campsite after hearing of our mysterious visitor.

I was not wearing a uniform, none of us were. In this part of Mexico they don't know what Scouting is. It would have frightened them to see

uniforms with american flags. But I was wearing my Scout belt.

The englishman spotted the BSA buckle, and asked if I had been a Scout.

He laughed when I explained that I was a Scoutmaster and we were a group of Scouts. The boys were all aged 16-20. As it turned out he was currently on vacation, but would soon be returning to his troop back in England, where he was a Scoutmaster. He was also wearing a Scout belt.

The missionary also started to smile, pointing to his buckle emblazoned with a Fleur de Lis. He had grown up in Guadalajara, and had been a Scoutmaster before he left to become a missionary. We were standing in the bottom of this 6,000 foot canyon in the middle of nowhere. We were three strangers from three different countries, three Scoutmasters, brought together that night by an indian named Meteu. I don't think they understood the significance of that name, but it struck me as being very ironic.

I thought about telling that story a few months ago when there was a thread on incidents about Scout uniforms. I decided it was too complicated to explain. (so I told about the time I received a ticket from a Kansas trooper while a fellow Scouter in uniform got off)

We had several other strange experiences on that trip, but the image of Meteu has haunted my memory. I often think of him.

YIS, Cliff Golden

Date: Tue, 20 Feb 1996 20:07:17 -0600
From: Lew Orans <lporans@ONRAMP.NET>
Subject: Re: New JLTC Staff Guide

Charlie:
Since I am in the know on this one, and I know that there is a fair amount of interest in the subject, here are some notes on what to expect.

The changes really are not fundamental. The essence or core of the conference remains unchanged. The direction set in 1992/3 is the same. You should be able to proceed with staff development based on the 1992/3 printing. The following is a brief summary of the changes which should be helpful as your staff prepares for the Conference.

--Added a detailed Table of Contents and Alphabetical Index (yes, now you can actually find something without having to leaf through the Staff Guide page-by-page). (Please note: These are based on the materials previously distributed to NJLIC participants at Philmont in 1993-1995).

--Re-emphasized the importance of the staff organization including scoutcraft instructors for as many patrols as you have. These additions to the traditional staff spread the work, free up the Patrol Counselors to be counselors and guides, enhance the quality of Scoutcraft work at the course, and help to get the job done, done right, done on time, with everybody pleased with the outcome, participating and ready for the next challenge. (This one should cause some real grouching--but where we have tried it out, in real courses, it works!).

--Added a discussion of "JLTC is a special place" to the staff development process. (You will find this material covered in the new printing of the Wood Badge Staff Guide and also in the supplemental training piece "Continuing Education for Scout Leaders" which included it in the presentation on Ethics-in-Action). This discussion can really help set the tone for the course by focusing the staff on the environment they will

create in which learning can take place.

--Added suggested questions for reflections on: Forming the Group, Counseling, Planning, Representing the Group, and Sharing Leadership.

--Complete revision of Effective Teaching (including reflection questions).
The new version ties together some of the learning from other skills. It also brings the subject and its importance into clearer focus.

--Major revisions to Setting the Example. Adding a discussion with the troop of "Scouting as a special place." A set of reflection questions has been added with a direct link to personal conferences goals.

--Revisions, additions and reflection questions for Controlling Group Performance. Again the aim was to clarify the skill for participants.

There were some other minor edits, corrections of typos, etc.

Many of the changes parallel changes made to the 1995 printing of the Wood Badge Staff Guide and include and reinforce the materials in the Scoutmaster Junior Leader Training Kit, chapters 7 and 10 of the Scoutmaster Handbook, Scoutmastership Fundamentals, Wood Badge and Train-the-Trainer.

Please let me know if you have any questions. I will do my best to help in whatever way I can.

Be Prepared!
Yours in Scouting,
Lew Orans
Houston, Texas

Date: Tue, 26 Dec 1995 16:15:10 -0500
From: Rob White <rsw@TFS.COM>
Subject: Candle Power

The following are excerpts from _A Back Pocket Full Of Values_
by Francis E. Stein

CANDLES

by Francis E. Stein

Candle, candle, burning bright,
Just one candle for the night.

You will die before dawn's light,
By giving of yourself for another's sight.

People, people, scurrying through life,
To eternity you are but just one night.

Your dawn is breaking, where went the night,
Where went the light in your life's flight?

To curse the darkness or light a light,
Which is love, which is right?

Time spent kindly serving another's plight,
Will give happiness and purpose to your life.

Many candles burning through many nights,
Will turn many wrongs into many rights.

Oh what a world, oh what a sight,
All our candles burning with all that might!

(Dedicated to Mary and to cheerful service to God, country,
others and self; the roots of friendship, brotherhood, peace,
and the World Brotherhood of Scouting.)

"We must view young people not as empty bottles to be filled
but as candles to be lit" Robert H. Shaffer

FOR THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION

Dear Youth and Friends of Youth,

There are many values in a burning candle. First, it needs the help of a friend to start it on its mission to serve others. Once lit, its flame burns upward and outward. Its flickering flame makes dancing shadows that mesmerize its viewers into a mood for silent reading, story telling, or imaginary dreaming. One candle offers little light and heat, but one candle can light another candle. The power, sight and feeling of many burning candles is awesome.

How many values for living can you find in the poem and the above paragraph? Where is your candle? Who is going to light it? What could your one candle do? What can many candles do? Probe your inner voice. Listen and heed, change an ideal into a deed, and light up the world! Finally, a candle gives its life for others. When your candle finally says "good night," will its light have made a difference in another's "sight."

Love,
Francis

"The best candle is understanding."
"A candle lights others and consumes itself."
"Life is not the wick or the candle - it is the burning."
"Better to light one candle than curse the darkness."
"A candle-glow can pierce the darkness."

How many good deed examples can you give that impacted the world?

"This I believe: A hundred years from now it will not matter what my bank account was, the sort of house I lived in, or the kind of car I drove. But the world may be different because I was important in the life of a boy."

Help Other People

Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of scouting, said this to scouts everywhere: "I often, think, when the sun goes down, the world is hidden by a big blanket from the light of heaven, but the stars are little holes pierced in that blanket by those who have done good deeds in this world. The stars are not all the same size: some are big, some are little, and some men have done small deeds but they have made their hole in the blanket by doing good before they go to heaven. Try to make your hole in the blanket by good work while you are on earth. It is something to be good, but it is far better to do good." Think of Baden-Powell's words when you promise "To help other people."

"Deeds are fruits, words are leaves." - English

"Good deeds are the best prayer." - Serbian

"Action is the proper fruit of knowledge." - English

"Better one living word than a hundred dead ones." - German

From _A Back Pocket Full Of Values_ By Francis E. Stein

--

Rob White

rsw@tfs.COM

Date: Tue, 9 Jan 1996 23:54:32 -0800

From: Alan Houser <troop24@EMF.NET>

Subject: Scoutmaster's Minute

Found this story this evening & thought it might work as a Scoutmaster's minute:

There is an old story of the missionary Sadhu Sundar Singh. He was traveling through the Himalayas with a Monk in the bitter cold. Night was coming and the Monk said, "If we don't reach the monastery by nightfall,

we are in danger of freezing to death." Just as they reached a narrow path,
they heard the cries of a man who had fallen over the edge. The Monk said,
"Do not stop. God has brought him to his fate. He must work it out himself."

Sadhu replied, "God sent me here to help my brother. I cannot abandon him."

The Monk went on and Sadhu climbed down a steep path. When he found the man, he saw that his leg was broken and he could not walk. Sadhu made a sling from his blanket and tied the man to his back. He then began a torturing climb. He made his way through the deepening snow. It was dark and it was all he could do to follow the path. He perserved, and faint with exhaustion, he finally saw the lights of the Monastery. As he moved toward the light, he stumbled for the first time and nearly fell. He did not stumble from exhaustion, but over an object. As he brushed the snow off the object, he looked down and saw that it was the body of the Monk.

Years later when a student asked him, "What is life's most difficult task?"

he replied, "To have no burden to carry."

===

Alan R. Houser ** Scoutmaster, Berkeley Troop 24 **
troop24@emf.net

** WWW page ** <http://www.emf.net/~troop24/t24.html> **

Date: Thu, 25 Jan 1996 10:09:40 -0500

To: mfbowman@capaccess.org

Subject: Re: Opening

Michael:

Sorry my attachment didn't attach. Here is the poem in e-mail:

"PRETTY GOOD IS, IN FACT, PRETTY BAD"

There once was a pretty good student,
Who sat in a pretty good class.
And was taught by a pretty good teacher,
Who always let pretty good pass.

He wasn't terrific at reading.
He wasn't a whiz-bang at math.
But for him education was leading
Straight down a pretty good path.

He didn't find school too exciting,
But he wanted to do pretty well,
And he did have some trouble with writing,
And nobody had taught him to spell.

When doing arithmetic problems,
Pretty good was regarded as fine.
Five plus five needn't always add up to be ten,
A pretty good answer was nine.

The Pretty good class that he sat in
Was part of a pretty good school.
And the student was not an exception,
On the contrary, he was the rule.

The pretty good school that he went to
Was there in a pretty good town.
And nobody there seemed to notice
He could not tell a verb from a noun.

The pretty good student in fact was
Part of a pretty good mob.
And the first time he knew what he lacked was
When he looked for a pretty good job.

It was then, when he sought a position,
He discovered that life could be tough.
And he soon had a sneaky suspicion
Pretty good might not be good enough.

The pretty good town in our story
Was part of a pretty good state,
Which had pretty good aspirations,
And prayed for a pretty good fate.

There once was a pretty good nation,
Pretty proud of the greatness it had,
Which learned much to late,
If you want to be great,
Pretty good is, in fact, pretty bad.

-- The Osgood File
copyright 1986, CBS, Inc.

.....On Our Honor, Let's Do Our Best!
Experience is a wonderful thing. It lets you recognize
a mistake when you make it again. Carpe Diem!
Whit Smith, ASM T-18, Atlanta (Emory) GA
I use to be an Owl, ... but I'll always be an Eagle
DeKalb District, Atlanta Area Council BSA <smith30030@aol.com>

Date: Mon, 6 May 1996 17:23:40 -0500
From: John Philip Gilbreath <jphil@TENET.EDU>
Subject: Good Story

I have found many Scoutmaster Minutes, Songs, Stories, and all kinds
of great ideas to use. Here is a talk that I give my staff at camp, the
campers, students, Eagle CoH, and anywhere an inspirational talk is
needed.

The Eagle and the Prairie Chickens

The Indian brave was walking by the cliffs when he stumbled across
an eagle egg. He picked it up, turned his gaze upward, shook his
head, and knew that he could not climb the cliff to return the egg to
its nest. He searched until he found the nest of a prairie chicken and
placed the egg in with the prairie chicken eggs. The eagle hatched
and stayed on the ground with the prairie chickens scratching in the
dirt for bugs and worms and seeds and never flying more than ten or
fifteen feet, not knowing within its heart it had the ability to soar the
skies.

One day a mighty eagle was soaring the skies when the little eagle looked up and exclaimed, "Wow, what kind of bird is that!" The prairie chickens hollered out, Shut up! That's the mighty eagle. You'll never be able to soar like that. Keep scratching in the dirt for bugs and worms and seeds."

So the little eagle spent its life only flying a few feet from place to place on the ground as it scratched in the dirt for bugs and worms and seed with the rest of the prairie chickens. Finally, it died, not knowing that within it it had the ability to soar like the eagle, but lived its life listening to the prairie chickens around it, and all it did was scratch in the dirt for bugs and worms and seed.

(From here modify to fit your audience.

How many times do we listen to the prairie chickens in our lives when within us we have the ability to soar with the eagles. We would like to be challenged and so ar, but the prairie chickens say, "You can't soar. Be happy to scratch in the dirt for bugs and worms and seeds." They say you're dumb, you're stupid, you can't do that. We listen, turn our heads and thoughts back to the ground and scratch in the dirt for bugs and worms and seeds.

Meanwhile back at the eagles' nest what has going on there. The eagles built the nest out of sticks that are not at all comfortable to lay on, so to make it a soft and a suitable place to raise their young the eagles pull the soft downy feathers from their breasts and line the nest with these so that the little eaglets will have a nice soft warm place to grow up. Time has passed. the eaglets are now teenagers. They are kicked back watching MTV and hitting the icebox and cabinet for drinks and chips.

Deuteronomy 32:11 says, "Like an eagle that stirs up its nest that flutters over its young, spreading out its wings, catching them, bearing them on its pinions..." Mom comes in and starts pulling out the soft downy feathers, tossing them to the wind. All of a sudden it is not such a soft place any more. The little ones are squirming and hollering, "Ouch!"

The mother eagle then stirreth her nest, which is to say she kicks the little darlings out of the nest. They are now on the edge of the cliff by the nest. They look waaaaaaay down! Momma eagle walks behind one of them and gives him a kick. Off he goes falling,

falling, screaming, "Awaaaaa aaaaakkkk!" flapping and a flopping, falling hundreds of feet. The ground is rushing up, and it looks like the little one will be splattered on the rocks below. When right at the last moment the mother eagle swoops down, clasp the little eagle in her great talons, and returns the little one to the cliff. With huge eyes and its heart pounding the little eagle looks up at its mom, and screams, "Don't ever do that again!!!! But guess what! Mother eagle knows that if the little ones are going to soar then they need to be pushed and challenged. Sure enough. She gives him another push, and another, and another until at last the eaglets begin to soar with great exuberance.

(Again change to fit your audience.)

We as Scouters need to be pushed and challenge so that we can do the same for our scouts. We must be careful not to be scratching in the dirt for bugs and worms and seeds, nor should we let our scouts scratch in the dirt for bugs and worms and seeds with they have within them the potential to soar.

I got the idea for this from John Hagee, pastor of the Cornerstone Church in San Antonio. I have expanded it, and thrown in a few thoughts.

Use and enjoy.

J. Phil

J. Phil Gilbreath
Math
John R. Lowrance Middle School
117 North Fourth Street
Jacksboro, TX 76458
jphil@tenet.edu

Date: Sat, 8 Jun 1996 21:34:32 -0700
From: Alan Houser <troop24@EMF.NET>
Subject: Scoutmaster's Minute

Here is a story I recently adapted into a Scoutmaster's minute that was well received by my Scouts.

Alan R. Houser ** Scoutmaster, Berkeley Troop 24 **
troop24@emf.net

** WWW page ** <http://www.emf.net/~troop24/t24.html> **

== * == * == * == * == * == * == * == * == * == * == * == * ==

Once there was a man who said some things about a friend that were neither true nor complimentary. Afterwards, he felt ashamed and went to his friend and apologized. Still, as he walked around town, he could hear the false words being repeated. Troubled by this, he went to the wisest man in the community.

"How can I undo this terrible wrong that I did", he asked the wise man. The wise man thought for a moment and said, "Bring me a feather pillow." The man did so and quickly returned. "Now go to the hilltop outside of town, slit open the pillowcase, and shake it until all of the feathers are gone." Again, the man quickly did as he was instructed. When he returned to the wise man, the wise man said, "Now go and pick up every single feather and place them all back into the pillowcase." The man replied, "But that's impossible. There is no way that I can find all those feathers and put them back." "Indeed," answered the wise man, "and there is no way to gather back the words that you cast into the air either."

And so it is. Once we speak, we can never gather the words back into the pillowcase. So it is important to think about what we are going to say before we cast our words into the wind.

From <@pucc.PRINCETON.EDU:owner-scouts-l@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
Wed Jul 10 18:09:01 1996

Return-Path: <@pucc.PRINCETON.EDU:owner-scouts-l@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>

Received: from pucc.PRINCETON.EDU (smtpc@pucc.Princeton.EDU [128.112.129.99]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with SMTP id SAA23969; Wed, 10 Jul 1996 18:09:01 -0400

Received: from PUCC.PRINCETON.EDU by pucc.PRINCETON.EDU (IBM VM SMTP V2R2)

with BSMTP id 9009; Wed, 10 Jul 96 18:06:15 EDT

Received: from TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU (NJE origin MAILER@TCUBVM) by PUCC.PRINCETON.EDU (LMail V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTP id 2955; Wed, 10 Jul 1996 18:06:15 -0400

Received: from TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU (NJE origin LISTSERV@TCUBVM) by

TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU (LMail V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTP id 8094; Wed,
10 Jul 1996 17:03:29 -0600
Received: from TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU by TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU
(LISTSERV release 1.8b)
with NJE id 8089 for SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU; Wed, 10
Jul 1996
17:02:51 -0600
Received: from TCUBVM (NJE origin SMTP@TCUBVM) by
TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU (LMail
V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTP id 8088; Wed, 10 Jul 1996 17:02:50
-0600
Received: from n-link.com by tcubvm.is.tcu.edu (IBM VM SMTP
V2R2) with TCP;
Wed, 10 Jul 96 17:02:47 CST
Received: from LOCALNAME (mserver58 [206.97.138.97]) by n-
link.com
(8.6.12/8.6.9) with SMTP id RAA01637 for
<Scouts-l@tcubvm.is.tcu.edu>; Wed, 10 Jul 1996 17:01:46 -0500
X-Sender: wolfcsm@mail.n-link.com (Unverified)
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Light Version 1.5.2
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Message-ID: <199607102201.RAA01637@n-link.com>
Date: Wed, 10 Jul 1996 17:01:46 -0500
Reply-To: SCOUTS-L - Youth Groups Discussion List
<SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
Sender: SCOUTS-L - Youth Groups Discussion List
<SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
From: Hal Dudley <wolfcsm@N-LINK.COM>
Subject: Our Nations Flag
To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-
L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
Status: RO
X-Status:

I have a strong opinion about the flag and courtesy to it. 24 years
of
being one who defends it and our freedom, in the Army and 18 years
before
that being raised by a man who had spent 26 years of his life in the
Navy
have ingrained that opinion.

I want to share something with you all. It is by an unknown author

Somewhere a bugle softly sounds
The message of renown,
And men inside their buildings wait
Until the flag comes down

And others run to get their cars,
Quite harrowed or dismayed,
Afraid they will not reach the gate
Before retreat is played-
Not thinking of the flag or the men
Who fought to keep it flying

How many would be glad to stand,
Whose bodies are now mute,
Or have no hand they might raise
And stand in proud salute

so accept it not as duty
But a privilege even more
and receive it as an honor
Instead of just a chore

Now, this was written for and about folks in the military but, there is
a
message for Scouts and Scouters alike.

Hal Dudley
Killeen, Texas

Date: Wed, 10 Jul 1996 18:50:23 -0400
From: Dave Rogers <DA6ver6@AOL.COM>
Subject: Re: Philmont drought
To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>

1. Signe, you're right it was Trek No. 11.
2. I surely don't have time, but gotta do this sometime, so here goes,
a
semi-review of my trip, complete with highs and lows:

We didn't make any itinerary changes, altho fate and Philmont had a couple in store for us. Our crew couldn't do black powder because of burn ban, our much anticipated Fourth of July fireworks watching from the Tooth fizzled because of N.M. fireworks ban and we had to miss rock-climbing at Miners Park after conservation project at Stonewall Pass made trip in rain and mud from Uracca to Miners Park last 10 hours or so.

Also, after hiking 12 miles from Sawmill through Ute Gulch Commissary to arrive at Harlan at 2 p.m., they told us they were understaffed and we couldn't do shotgun shooting program (we were the fourth crew in that day; nevermind that we hiked 12 miles or that we booked our trek in April). It was even more thrilling since the next day we had to hike back on same trail along Deer Lake Mesa all the way to Ute Gulch to turn for Clark's Fork.

The final unpleasantry for us included our troop's traditional Philmont "goodie package" we were supposed to pick up at Phillips Junction Commissary only to have some front office guy cancel our delivery.

But at least we didn't have happen to us what happened to the other crew from our troop. They had an adviser who was at first blackflagged on his check-in physical (hi bloodpressure plus he's 250 or so). Turns out the b/p cuff was too small, giving readings too high, and fellow persuaded staff to send him out for 2 days on a trial basis. He did wonderful up and down Uracca, returned to base with Rangers and passed second b/p with flying colors. He

rejoined trek and was fine until day 8 when he complained of chest pain as he departed Clear Creek for Mt. Phillips. Another crew adviser, who's an MD, tried to get Clear Creek guys to radio base that he thought the guy was having a heart attack. It took many minutes to get guys to make radio call and at first, base camp guys didn't understand severity. They suggested he lighten his pack and go on. After three hours, they ambulated him off the mountain and he spent the night in the health center, where it turned out, he did not have a heart attack. He missed the rest of the trek, but met us all at the bottom and returned home with us for a checkup. Everyone concerned was lucky.

NOW, I CONSIDER MYSELF DARN LUCKY TO HAVE GONE TO PHILMONT... All the above whining was just that. It was one of the greatest experiences of my life. On first look, after hiking up and down Uracca, I knew I was going to die before finishing, that I'd never reach my 41st birthday on Day 7 of trek. By Day 5, I was convinced I could handle anything, which was good since I spent my birthday shivering with my son in rain jackets and boots that turned out not to be waterproof as we huffed and puffed up Mt. Phillips. We couldn't see anything but clouds from the top, but the sun came out on Comanche Peak and the views from there and the rest of the trek were among the most God-affirming experiences I've ever had; perhaps only the births of my two children can compare. In a chapel service after it was over, a fresh-looking Scout asked me, "How was it?" I told him, "It was harder than anything I

could ever imagine and better than anything I've ever done." He turned to show me the arrowhead patch hanging from his right pocket flap and said, "I know."

My trip to Philmont left me with the feeling that anything is possible, the sense that I can do anything I set my mind on ... and now, I guess I better get to doing it.

YIS,
Dave Rogers
ASM, Troop 85, Beaumont, TX

Date: Mon, 22 Jul 1996 16:22:55 -0400
From: Ed Faynor <EDFAYNOR@AOL.COM>
Subject: Re: Flags & patriotism

In a message dated 96-07-11 Ed Darrell wrote:

>Acknowledging discussion before, I address the issue of how to instill pride
>and reverence for the U.S. flag.
>
>The answer is simple and difficult: Model the way. Do it yourself:

To add to your response, I would like to share a way that our Troop tries to instill a sense of respect and appreciation for our Flag and the Nation and People that it represents.

It has become a tradition that on one night during Summer Camp the entire Troop assembles in full Class "A"s and we proceed through a program of Flag History and Meaning, short readings with a Patriotic theme and which culminates in the burning of several hundred American Flags which have been accumulated by our local VFW over the last year.

We have been granted the privilege of providing an appropriate retirement ceremony for the many Flags which have been locally flown over the

graves of all the men and women who served our Nation in the military since the American Revolution and which have flown over the businesses and Public buildings in our area.

Picture a Scout encampment with a blazing fire on an island in the middle of an Appalachian Mountain lake. Backdrop to the fire is a huge American Flag.

Fifteen Scouts and Seven Adult Leaders (three former Scoutmasters and the current Scoutmaster participating), full Class "A" uniforms. As the large

Flag is

lowered, Retreat is sounded by a lone bugle and echoes across the lake. The

Flag is placed into the fire by the Color Guard. Each Scout in turn receives

several Flags and adds them to the fire with a moment of silent contemplation

or a brief statement. Each Leader shares a thought as they also add Flags

to the ever growing blaze. The Flags that have flown over the graves give off

an eerie green flame. The last Leader adds three handfuls of Flags and

names three fallen comrades, one of which was his Naval Academy roommate.

Breathing evenly becomes very difficult. The mountains return the sounds of

Taps

and the Scouts retire to their bedrolls in self induced silence.

Ed Faynor

ASM Troop 61 Southbury, CT

Acting Scoutmaster Summer Camp

Cedarlands Scout Reservation

EDFAYNOR@AOL.COM

Date: Thu, 8 Aug 1996 16:25:30 -0500

From: Terry Slade <TMSLADE@IPGATE.ACTX.EDU>

Subject: CSP challenge story

CSP challenge story

Each Christmas Pack meeting, our pack passes out the boys Pine wood derby cars and the prizes earned through the units popcorn sales. Our pack supplements the Councils prizes with pack prizes of our own to sweeten the sales a bit.

One of our cubs has a muscular disease and needs the help of a walker to get around. He must try even harder than everybody else as

he wants to be treated as an equal in every way. Of the 80 boys that sold popcorn in the pack, he was number 7 in sales with over 600 dollars in sold popcorn.

He earned all the prizes from Weaver and the Council and the pack gave him a gumball machine for his good work.

I was dressed up as the jolly St. Nick for the meeting and was the one to pass out the stuff. This Scout came up to me and asked if I wouldn't mind taking the gumball machine to a needy kid as he had

one already. A tear came to Santa's eye that night as I said I would do my best. This to me was the meaning of Scouting and Christmas.

Date: Thu, 8 Aug 1996 16:47:21 -0500
From: Terry Slade <TMSLADE@IPGATE.ACTX.EDU>
Subject: CSP #2 challenge story.

CSP #2 challenge story.

Each year at the local Council summer camp: the program director gives out an award called "Poo Bah's Gold". The award consists of a gold coin from the scout shop with the Scout symbol on one side and the Oath on the other. It is given to an outstanding Scouter for a job above and beyond the call of duty. We usually give out a couple each day. By Tuesday at lunch, none had been presented.

We had set up a rather large PA system on the porch in front of the mess hall where a friendly game of "wiffle ball" and frisbies flew freely. I was one of the Camp Commissioneers and pretended to be a DJ and played the music on the PA.

My Nephew came to me and gave me \$.75 cents. I asked what the money was for and he said that he had found it over by a tree while catching a frisbie. This made me feel very proud as the trading post was open not 10 feet from me with all kinds of sweets and junk food.

How tempting the smell of popcorn and sodas must have been out in the 95 degree sun that afternoon, but he had turned the three quarters in to lost and found anyways.

With a grin on my face, a proud uncle (and Scouter) made sure this boy was rewarded with a gold coin in front of the group. I have raised him since he was 5 (what happened to his parents isn't important) and he turned 14 last Sunday. He hopes to earn Eagle in November and is a starter on his school Football and basketball teams.

How's that for a story about what Scouting is all about.

Date: Thu, 8 Aug 1996 23:53:04 MDT
From: Jonathan Dixon <dixonj@ROCOCO.COLORADO.EDU>
Subject: Re: CSP Challenge

I guess I will weigh in with my story, although it comes from when I was a scout so perhaps it doesn't count. :)

Mine comes from a city-wide camporee when I was about 16. Since I was an Eagle and JASM, it was decided that I was too old to compete with any of the patrols, and since there wasn't anything specifically for the older boys and the troop adults didn't need help running their station, I wound up spending the morning teaching the Webelos dens that were there some of the basic skills they needed for Webelos and Arrow of Light. Specifically the first aid skills.

Things were just sort of plugging along when the den from our feeder pack came along. As I'm starting to teach, one of the boys pipes up with the info that his father (standing right there) is a paramedic in down. Great, I get to teach First Aid while a paramedic stands and watches. Didn't do much for my stress level! :)

After lunch, the Webelos were scheduled to join in on some of the competitions, so I tagged along with the group from our feeder pack (having nothing better to do). Most of the skills were still too much for them to be able to do much, but they were having fun. Then we came to First Aid. Since they needed a victim, I volunteered. The first few things they were asked about weren't things they had covered, so the tester wound up talking them thru those. But what I

will always remember is when the tester presented them with the scenario of blood spurting from my arm, every single one of them immediately grabbed my arm tightly and started to raise it (so I would have been fine even if I was bleeding in half a dozen spots on both arms), just as we'd gone over in the morning session. I knew then that they had actually learned this useful skill, and that my time that morning had been well spent.

I've had similar moments since then, but none as dramatic in reminding me of the effect we can have without even fully realizing it at the time.

Jon

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Jon Dixon
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Date: Thu, 8 Aug 1996 21:49:11 -0500
From: golden cliff <c60clg1@corn.cso.niu.edu>
Subject: Re: CSP Challenge

There are several reasons why I am in Scouting. One of the major ones was my Scoutmaster, but I've already told that story before on Scouts-L. Refer to Scouter's Journal vol 1 no 2, "Life Not Making Eagle".

Not only do adult leaders have a profound effect on Scouts, but sometimes a Scout can have a profound effect on an adult leader.

This story begins in the summer of 1976. I was serving as the Field Sports Director at Chin-Be-Gota Scout Reservation near Birnamwood, Wisconsin. (the camp no longer exists)

Orienteering merit badge was still fairly new. I taught that class as well as run the rifle range, and supervise the Field Sports staff.

There was a young Scout by the name of Brian. He had several things that

made him stand out from the other boys. He had blond hair, bright blue eyes, and a smile that lit up his entire face. He also had a pair of legs that were badly twisted and used a set of crutches to get around camp.

Many boys in Brian's troop were taking Orienteering merit badge and having a great time with it. We had courses running all over camp. Brian would often come down the othe field sports area and shoot at the rifle range. He was a friendly and talkative boy. I got into the habit of talking with Brian after he was done shooting.

He talked with great enthusiasm of next summer. He was scheduled to go to England for an operation that would straighten out his legs. Next year he would be able to play baseball and soccer and run like other boys. He promised that next year he would come to camp and take my Orienteering class. I told him I would be looking forward to it.

The next summer came and I was again working on staff. I was eager for Troop 45 of Plano, Illinois to arrive at camp, Brian's troop. I really wanted to see him running like the other boys.

I can still picture in my mind the first time I saw Brian that summer. I was sitting on a bench in front of the Trading Post eating a popsicle. There was Brian making his way down the road in a wheelchair. He didn't see me, and I didn't call out to him. I didn't know what to say. I just sat their in silence staring at him in his wheelchair. I wasn't prepared for that, I was expecting to see an excited boy with rejeuvinated legs that could finally run again.

The next day at the Field Sports Area, there were boys eagerly waiting under the dining fly where I taught Orienteering. There were several boys

milling about and one boy seated in a wheelchair. I gathered my materials and went out to the group. Brian greeted me with his blue eyes and illuminating smile. He had kept his promise to me, he was there to earn the Orienteering merit badge.

That night the Camp Director, John McKenzie, pulled me aside. John said he heard Brian was in the Orienteering class. He told me it was very important to Brian and asked me to work with him in any way I could. I told John that of course I would.

I offered Brian the option of slightly modified requirements since he was handicapped. Brian wouldn't hear of it. He wanted to earn the same merit badge as the other boys doing the exact same requirements.

The first few days we always work on book requirements (that weeds out the Scouts who aren't serious). Running the courses is the fun part, that comes near the end of the week. The requirements state that a Scout must run three Orienteering courses, one of which must be a cross country course.

Our cross country course was routed through swamp, thickets, and dense woods. It was a killer course, but the boys loved it. With the help of my field sports staff I routed a new cross country course which was "handicapped accessible". We cleared brush, moved downed logs, pruned low branches, and sought the most level ground. If Brian could stay on course, it would be possible for him to do it in a wheelchair.

You might wonder, how does a boy that can't walk measure his pace? He determines the circumference of his wheelchair's wheel, ties a bandana around the wheel and counts the number of rotations multiplied by the

circumference. The book only says you have to measure your pace, it doesn't say you have to be able to walk.

Brian was a bright boy and easily learned the techniques and skills required to complete the badge. When his wheelchair got stuck in a rut, another boy would give him a push. When another boy would had trouble doing the math to determine pace, Brian would coach him through it.

Brian's troop camped at Campsite #9, the farthest site in the camp. It was 3/4 mile from the Trading Post, and a full mile from Field Sports. Before you arrived at Field Sports you had to climb a steep hill, the staff called it "Cliff's Hill" since it led to my area of camp. Brian did 2 miles round trip every day in a wheelchair to get to the Field Sports Area. That's tough even without the hill.

By the end of the week Brian had completed the requirements for Orienteering merit badge. I've never seen a prouder boy.

I would have our little talks after merit class was over. He still had the same enthusiasm and optimism. He didn't talk about baseball, soccer, or running any more. The doctors had told him he would never walk again. Instead he talked of his new goal, to be the first wheelchair bound Scout in Two Rivers Council to earn the Eagle Scout Award.

That 12 year old boy with his small frail body is probably the bravest person I have ever known. He taught me and everyone at camp that summer an important lesson about the truest meaning of the Scout Spirit.

I saw Brian the next year at an Order of the Arrow function. I was happy to congratulate him on becoming an Arrowman and talk with him again. I didn't see Brian for years after that.

In February 1982 I attended our council's Eagle banquet with the family of my troop's newest Eagle Scout. There is a ceremony, the finale of the evening, where a commencement program takes place. Scouts cross a stage as their names are called out alphabetically to receive an Eagle paper weight with "Eagle Class of 1982" engraved on it.

They were reading the names of Eagles, Eagle Scouts were crossing the stage, I was reading my program because my Eagle Scout wouldn't be called for awhile, his last name was Lane. Suddenly my attention was broken. A familiar name had been called.

As I said before, Brian's goal was to become the first wheelchair bound Scout in Two Rivers Council to earn the Eagle Scout Award. Well I have to tell you that Brian never realized that goal.

I looked up from my program and gazed upon a young man I barely recognized making his way across the stage in a walker. As he reached center stage he paused and looked out at the audience. The young man with blond hair and piercing blue eyes stopped and smiled. As he smiled his entire face lit up with pride. I recognized instantly the 17 year old Eagle Scout as Brian.

The doctors years ago had told Brian he would never walk again. I guess Brian taught those doctors an important lesson. Never underestimate the courage and determination of a 12 year old boy. He earned his Eagle Scout Award, but he was no longer wheelchair bound when he did it.

At the end of the evening, I told the family that I had arrived with that I

needed to talk with a very important person. Our featured speaker that night had been a state legislator. A crowd of people were gathered around him at the front of the room. No one could find me there. I was in the back of the room talking with an Eagle Scout named Brian.

I haven't seen Brian Bernhardt since that night. If he is still alive, he would be 30 years old now. It's boys like Brian that demonstrate the value of the Scouting program. I think Scouting had a profound effect on Brian. I also think that Brian had a profound effect on all those in Scouting that came in contact with him.

I know he had a profound effect on me.

YIS, Cliff Golden
Scoutmaster Troop 33; DeKalb, Illinois
Three Fires Council (formerly Two Rivers)

Date: Fri, 9 Aug 1996 14:47:13 CDT
From: Scott Killen <SKILLEN@AUTOTESTER.COM>
Subject: Re: CSP Challenge #6

Last spring our troop went on our annual rappelling camping trip with a large number of 1st time kids. One boy in particular was somewhat reluctant to back over the edge. My job was to help him get over.

After 10 minutes or so of coaxing and deciding he finally took the step. Sure enough, his worst fears were realized. He went over backwards, the belay man locked him on the cliff - upside down.

You never HEARD such screaming. I can't even begin to describe it. Dad was harnessed and ready to go after him (he was a fireman that knew what he was doing). What a situation.

I began by removing dad from the picture, told him to give Johnny a chance.

Then over and over and over, I patted Johnny on the leg and told him he was ok and that he could get himself out of the situation.

Sure enough, after eternity, he discovered that 1) No one was coming to help him and 2) He wasn't about to die!

Then he began to listen, and we talked him into a rightside up state. He completed the remainder of the trip down with no trouble to a resounding round of applause from everyone around.

Shortly thereafter HE TRIED ONCE MORE! I was so proud of him. Sure enough, that first step got him again. This time he caught himself before he ended up completely upside down. As he slipped he shouted with a half-smile, half-grimace ... "Oh no, not again!"

I was really proud of that kid. Dad gave him a chance to succeed and he did. I know for a certainty that he learned something about himself on that cliff.

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+-----< Scott >-----+
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Date: Wed, 14 Aug 1996 09:24:02 CST
From: Barry C Runnels <Barry_C_Runnels@MMACMAIL.JCCBI.GOV>
Subject: Scouting in the heart

Hello everyone and for those of you back from Camp Alexander
"GOOD
MORNING THRILL SEEKERS!"

Our Troop just got back from Camp Alexander in Colorado last
Sunday. I
want to thank everyone who help me plan this trip near Colorado
Springs.

I was just reading the letters about uniforms and I don't disagree
with them at all but I wanted to tell you what happen to us on
the way
home from camp.

We got our Scouts up last Saturday at 4:00 A.M. to make a 8:00
whitewater rafting trip near Canon City. We asked the Scouts to
keep a
small bag of travel clothes to change into after the rafting. But
packing in the dark after a long week, well we looked pretty
rough. We
did not look like a Boy Scout Troop to say the least.

That night we stopped at a Pizza Hut in Texas on our way to
Amarillo.

I was the last one in the restaurant and the 28 Scouts where
sitting
down in a area to themselves. We adults sat at the other end of
the
restaurant.

When the bill came, I found Pizza Hut did not charge us for the
drinks
and gave us a big discount on the pizza. One of the adults told me
as
all the Scouts walked in, the boys put the Scout sign up and all
were
quiet. At that point the waitress knew we were Boys Scouts but
even
more, she was impressed how 28 boys behaved while visiting her
restaurant. The place was full of local patrons and none appeared
offended by the 28 Scouts. I would love to have had Class "A"s on
at

the time but the Scouts did have their a BSA Class "A" attitude with them and it showed. Truly Scouting in the Heart.

I love this Scouting Stuff.

Barry Runnels
Committee Troop 386
Edmond Oklahoma

Date: Wed, 14 Aug 1996 22:40:45 -0500
From: Glenn Letts <gletts@EXECPC.COM>
Subject: Re: CSP Challenge #6

Why am I a scouter, should be the correct phrase. About 6.5 years ago a young lad joined t-159 and because he had cancer his dad joined with him, needed to be on the outings with this young scout. His doctor thought he was a little crazy when in the first year he wanted to do the wilderness survival merit badge and also in Jan. try for his polar bear patch (winter camping), we live in Wisconsin, got both. About a year later went off treatment and both stayed active in the troop. This boy has been in last 4 summers to National Jambo, Philmont twice, once with the troop and once as OA trail crew, summer camp staff and much more. This summer he got Vigil, passed his Eagle board and is currently at NOAC. My son inspired me not only to be at campouts but to have fun and stay active with him in both a troop and a post, and in the OA if I can find time to do the ordel.

Glenn Letts

Date: Thu, 15 Aug 1996 07:03:51 -0500
From: "Greg L. Gough" <ggough@MAIL.ORION.ORG>
Subject: Re: CSP Challenge #6

Well, I thought about posting this for the Challenge and then Susan's post pushed me off my fence so, here goes.

Last year at summer camp along the Buffalo River we were backpacking to a neat place along the river. We came upon a 50 - 60 foot bluff and other scouts were jumping into a 20 ft hole from about 25ft up. Of course our scouts wanted to give it a try. Two adults were already acting as spotters and had checked the area. Being a lifeguard, I did the same and gave instructions to our scouts to make it as safe as possible. Our SPL went up and jumped and immediately swam over to me. He said we had a problem. I asked him what it was and he detailed out that when he got to the jumping point he found a young african american scout who wouldn't jump. We made our decision and climbed to his location. The climb involved using hand holds for about 15 of the 25 feet and was pretty much vertical. Once there we sat down beside him, introduced ourselves and started talking to him. In a little while I asked him if he was going to jump. He said that he was scared and it was higher than it looked. I assured him that it was ok not to jump but he couldn't just stay here. I then said "we (looking at my SPL) can get you down from here if you want". Well he did and I reminded him of the trip up and told him he had to do exactly what we said. I told him that I would start down first and place his feet on the next foot hold while my SPL would spot the next hand hold and help him acquire it. It took us an hour to back him off that bluff and when we got him down he was a very happy camper. We had learned that he was a recent Webelos cross over and this was his first

year at camp. His buddies had left him on the bluff when he wouldn't jump. He had been up there for over an hour. Once down and back on shore I asked one of the other adults when they were going back to camp and if this scout could go with them. With arrangements made we turned to say goodbye to our friend. He asked us "are you guys Eagle scouts?". I told him that I am and that my SPL was a Life scout getting very close to Eagle. "I thought so" was his answer followed by "I am going to be an Eagle". I was proud of my SPL and the bravery shown by that young scout.

Greg Gough

SM Troop 201, Ozark, MO. I used to be an Owl but I will always be an Eagle!

Date: Fri, 16 Aug 1996 11:03:39 -0400
From: Ed Faynor <EDFAYNOR@AOL.COM>
Subject: Re: CSP Challenge #6

Marc,

In relation to most of the rest of the list, I am what can be considered as a newbie to Scouting so my cache of scout stories is small but growing. My first introduction to this world was two years ago as a second year Webelos Den Leader. It was a small den and had my son and some of his friends. One was Bobby. He is all of 4' 4" and weighs soaking wet about 53 lbs. He wears glasses and looks very scholarly, but he can be a hellion. His attitude to Scouting waxes and wanes. He and my son, both Arrow of Light, joined the same Scout Troop. Summer camp this year was Bobby's first and his tent mate was a boy new to the Troop (4 weeks). Sunday night after dinner, Bobby's buddy develops stomach problems (24 hr flu) and is in the infirmary all night with several bouts of vomiting.

Monday morning we are preparing for a hike to the climbing / rappelling area. It was about four miles one way through a

forested trail. The Scouts are loading day packs with lunch, sneakers, rain gear, water, and other required items. The tent mate shows up smiling, he was released from the infirmary.

The show hits the road, I was one of the last out of the campsite and about five minutes behind. About < mile into the trail, I catch up with the last scout in line. It s Bobby. There is this bulging pack on his back and he is leaning forward just to carry it. I came up behind him and said, "quite a load there, Bobby". His response was " since Chris (tentmate) was sick and didn t have a good day pack, I m carrying his stuff too. If he feels OK he ll carry it on the way back."

What do you do. I watched Bobby work the hardest of any young man his size up to about the two mile mark. It was more than enough. I passed the word forward to the leaders to take a break. I suggested that the Senior Scouts let Bobby lead the trail for a while. They caught on quickly. Soon that bulging pack was on a fifteen year old football player and Bobby was standing upright with a pack that was more manageable. He led the way for the rest of the hike in, and it was at a pretty good pace.

Why stay a Scouter? It only takes one positive instance where a young boy in a scouting environment steps beyond himself and your expectations to make it all worthwhile. To repeat a favorite closing " We do it for the stories we can tell"

YIS
Ed Faynor
ASM Troop 61
Southbury, CT.
EDFAYNOR@AOL.COM

Date: Wed, 21 Aug 1996 17:46:40 -0400
From: Susan Ganther <susan@EMAIL.UNC.EDU>
Subject: Medicine Man, in his own words

I have not been a prodigy member for some time now, and so only just

learned of Dwayne Pritchett's (Medicine Man) death from the recent posts here on Scouts-L. I had saved a few of Dwayne's posts from Prodigy and two of them seem appropriate to repost here.

The following was posted to Prodigy sometime in 1994 or 1995 by Dwayne Pritchett.

I guess it's time I let you know who the Medicine Man is. I'm Dwayne Pritchett from Cahokia Mounds District, Trails West Council, in west central Illinois bordering on the St Louis area. I have just over 10 years tenure in Scouting, having served as a Tiger Coach, Den Leader, Webelos Den Leader, Pack Committee Chairman, Assistant Scoutmaster, and Boy Scout Roundtable Commissioner. Many of these jobs have been accomplished twice since I have two boys aged 16 and 9 in Scouting. There are presently eight adult training and service knots on my uniform. About the only training I have left on the council level is Doctorate of Commissioner Science. Someday I'll get to Philmont. I have served as an adult leader to National Jamboree. I am Brotherhood in Kishkakon Lodge, OA. I am a proud member of Fuzzy and the Hooter Owls, NC-543 and may get to earn my third bead next year.

Beware those of you who are new to Scouting or this BB. If you haven't figured it out by now, the most contagious and infectious "disease" in the world is Scouting Spirit. Get involved and catch it!
MEDICINE MAN

The following was posted to Prodigy on 2/14/95 by Dwayne Pritchett.

Death has touched our troop again last week. We met and filed past the

bier and brought some comfort and joy to the family. Last night at troop meeting around closing time it occurred to us that we did not have a suitable ceremony for a memorial, nor could any of us recall one in Scouting prose. This is the results of our efforts.

The troop forms a living circle-OA style-with the circle unfinished on either side of the bier.

An instrumental version of Brian Adams' "I Do it for You" from Robin Hood

plays in the background.

The S.P.L. stands outside the circle directly across from the bier, faces the gathering and says:

A member of our Scouting family is no longer with us. Yet, the circle you

see is not really broken. Once a Scout, always and ever a Scout. We have

touched a life; they have shared ours. That bond cannot be broken by time, distance, or even death.

Can you imagine the adventures and possibilities of a troop that has Baden-Powell serving as Scoutmaster, Ernest Thompson Seaton as Senior

Patrol Leader, and Dan Beard as Patrol Leader? We all will find out someday; our comrade and friend is finding out now. The campfire is glowing, the stories are flowing, the patrol method is going, and the Great Master of Scouting is all knowing.

We say in memory of our Scoutmate: On my honor, I will do my best to do

my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law, to help other

people at all times, and to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

YIS MEDICINE MAN

I am sorry that the Medicine Man can no longer be with us, but he is in

good company now.

YiS, Susan

Date: Wed, 4 Sep 1996 12:30:27 -0700

From: Don Wells <Donald.Wells@EBAY.SUN.COM>

Subject: Re: Adult knots - Scout awards

To all,

I know that I contributed to one of the more colorful topics of discussion,
I just wanted to relate something that happened to me not too long ago.

I was at a Scouting function and a Scouter walked up to me and pointed at the Eagle square knot I had on my shirt and asked me how it felt to get that special award. I told him that since I was the very first Eagle Scout in my family that that award held a great deal of significance, and that that was one of the highest points of my life. I wear my square knot with pride.

When my Scoutmaster, David High, died a year ago, I was asked to be a pall bearer at his funeral. As a matter of fact, all of the Eagles this man had while he was a Scoutmaster were asked to be a pall bearer, and to wear our Eagle ribbons. Three of us were able to make it from my old troop, and I was the only one to still have his ribbon. During the eulogy, the man giving it noted that the pall bearers were made up of Eagle Scouts who had earned this award under Davids tutelage. He said that he was proud to see that one of the men still had his Eagle ribbon and was wearing it.
At the graveside I was taken aside and told how happy the family was that at least

of bedlam!)

The enclosed was given to all the faculty/staff by my beloved principal, himself the father of 4 sons. Please pass it along...

BEHAVIORAL LABELING

If an adult is reinforced for behaving appropriately, we call it **RECOGNITION**.

If a child is reinforced for behaving appropriately, we call it **BRIBERY**.

If an adult laughs, we call it **SOCIALIZING**.

If a child laughs, we call it **MISBEHAVING**.

If an adult sticks to something, we call it **PERSERVERANCE**.

If a child sticks to something, we call it **STUBBORNESS**.

If an adult is not paying attention, we call it **PREOCCUPATION**.

If a child is not paying attention, we call it **DISTRACTION**.

If an adult tells his/her side of the story, we call it **CLARIFICATION**.

If a child tells his/her side of the story, we call it **TALKING BACK**.

If an adult raises voices in anger, we call it **EXPRESSION**.

If a child raises voices in anger, we call it a **TEMPER TANTRUM**.

If an adult hits a child, we call it **DISCIPLINE**.

If a child hits a child, we call it **FIGHTING**.

If an adult behaves in an unusual way, we call him/her **UNIQUE**.

If a child behaves in an unusual way, we refer him/her for a **PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION**.

Reprinted from the Colorado Society of School Psychologists
Newsletter

Barbara Butler Long
ASM- Troop 100

**Indian Waters Council, Columbia, SC
Brotherhood, Muscogee Lodge 221
Muscogee Cookteam-Fabulously Feeding Foxes for over Fifty Years
used to be a Bobwhite in Flight- SE 604
Proud mother of an Eagle Scout**

**Date: Wed, 9 Oct 1996 11:19:13 -0400
Reply-To: SCOUTS-L - Youth Groups Discussion List
<SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
Sender: SCOUTS-L - Youth Groups Discussion List
<SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
From: Ed Darrell <EDarr1776@AOL.COM>
Subject: Re: Do your Best
To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-
L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
Status: RO
X-Status:**

In a message dated 96-10-05 21:54:57 EDT, Pete wrote:

**>In the grand old tradition of the "Scoutmaster's Minute" I have
>started a "Cubmaster's minute" I want to do one on "Do Your Best".**

**This story may be apocryphal, at least to the RAF briefing Churchill
before
the Battle of Britain. I've never been able to confirm it, and if
anyone out
there CAN confirm it, I'd like to have a citation. The British won the
battle, and Churchill said what I quote him as saying in tribute to the
RAF.**

But here goes:

**In the darkest days for Britain during World War II, it became
apparent to
the British that Hitler would send his Luftwaffe against the island.
For
centuries the English Channel had protected the island from attack
from the
continent. Hitler's air force was the best in the world, and it looked
as
though superior air power would make the Channel moot.**

The top commanders of the Royal Air Force drew the unenviable task of briefing the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, of the situation. Their briefing was relatively short. They told Churchill that the Germans had more airplanes, better airplanes, better-trained pilots and greater armaments.

The Royal Air Force, by contrast, was short on ammunition, short on airplanes, short on spare parts, not so well trained as they should be, and short on experience. The RAF commanders closed off, telling Churchill that they were sure that in the grand tradition of Nelson at Trafalgar, every Brit would do his duty. "We will do our best."

"Your best is not good enough," Churchill replied. "You must do what is necessary!"

Some accounts say the RAF officers retreated, discouraged, but that clearly is not the case. Despite having every possible advantage on the other side, the RAF proceeded to fight and win the Battle of Britain with a flair that inspired the Allied forces on to victory. This was one of the great turning points of Western Civilization, indeed of all world history. Had this battle gone the other way, democracy would not be so widespread as it is, if indeed the concept of government by the consent of the people to be governed could have survived at all.

On August 20, 1940, Churchill gave tribute to the heroes of the Royal Air Force in the House of Commons. You will immediately recognize the words he spoke: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Never underestimate the power of human will. When faced with impossible odds, the resolve to "do your best" can turn the odds on their ear, do what is necessary, change the course of history. In 1940 it was necessary that each person in the RAF do his absolute best. To a man, they did. Had they not done so, Scouts could meet nowhere in this world, safely, as we do tonight.

It is a proud tradition that we continue, to uphold the idea that to "Do your best" -- to do OUR best -- will be enough to keep us wise, strong and free.

Best,

Ed Darrell, Duncanville, Texas

Date: Thu, 17 Oct 1996 07:38:53 -0500
Reply-To: SCOUTS-L - Youth Groups Discussion List
<SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
Sender: SCOUTS-L - Youth Groups Discussion List
<SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
From: Mark Arend <arend@PEOPLES.NET>
Subject: SM minute idea
To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>
Status: RO
X-Status:

This was in the Dear Abby column this summer. It might make a good Scoutmasters Minute.

President Garfield's "Rules for Living"

While a young man, President Garfield received these "rules for living" from an elderly friend. He cherished them to the end of his life.

Never be idle.
Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.
Live within your income.
Never speak evil of anyone.
Keep good company, or none.
Live up to your engagements.
Never play games of chance.
Drink no intoxicating drinks.
Good character is above everything else.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
Never borrow if you can possibly help it.
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
When you speak to a person, look into his eyes.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
Never run into debt unless you see a way out again.
Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If anybody speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one believes him.
When you retire at night, think over what you have done during the day.
If your hands cannot be employed usefully, attend to the culture of your mind.
Read the above carefully and thoughtfully at least once a week.

Mark W. Arend
Beaver Dam Community Library
311 N. Spring St.
Beaver Dam, Wisc. 53916
(414) 887-4631 (fax 887-4633)

Outside of a dog, a book is
man's best friend. Inside of
a dog it's too dark to read.
--Groucho Marx

Scoutmaster, Troop 736

arend@peoples.net

Date: Sat, 30 Nov 1996 16:36:51 -0600
Reply-To: Mark Arend <arend@PEOPLES.NET>
Sender: Scouts-L Youth Group List <Scouts-L@tcu.edu>
From: Mark Arend <arend@PEOPLES.NET>
Subject: SM Minute

To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>

Status: RO

X-Status:

You will remember my "Presidential Scouting" posting of a month ago; I have been continuing my researches into this. I got a nice package of materials from the Harry S Truman Library, among which was a letter the President sent to the BSA for a training conference in 1947. Several paragraphs in this letter make a good Scoutmasters Minute:

"The Boy Scouts of America, since it was founded in 1910, has contributed greatly to the character training of our youth. With all the problems we face today, not only in the United States, but in the world, there is nothing more important than the proper education and guidance of young people from whom will come the leaders of tomorrow.

We Americans have a tremendous responsibility. While food, clothing and shelter are urgently needed the major task which faces us is not economic, it is *moral*. The world needs self-reliant young people who have a sincere regard for others, irrespective of racial origin or religious belief. If we can impress upon our youth principles of friendliness and mutual respect, we shall go a long way toward establishing a better understanding among the nations of the world. The Boy Scouts of America is making a vital contribution to the character building of our boys and young men. Scouting is giving them leadership, adventure in the out-of-doors, training in woodcraft, nature study and other worthwhile activities.

As more and more boys become Scouts, they will be inspired to do their best to do their duty to God and their country and to obey the Scout Law, to help other people at all times and keep themselves physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

What a greater nation this would be if the principles of Scouting could be woven more closely into our daily lives. Let us work together to make the program of the Boy Scouts available to every American Boy."

Mark W. Arend

Beaver Dam Community Library

311 N. Spring St.

Beaver Dam, Wisc. 53916

(414) 887-4631 (fax 887-4633)

Outside of a dog, a book is

man's best friend. Inside of

a dog it's too dark to read.

--Groucho Marx

www.peoples.net/~bdlib/

Scoutmaster, Troop 736

<mailto:arend@peoples.net>

Date: Fri, 7 Feb 1997 10:09:08 -0600

Reply-To: "Greg L. Gough" <ggough@MAIL.ORION.ORG>

Sender: Scouts-L Youth Group List <Scouts-L@tcu.edu>

From: "Greg L. Gough" <ggough@MAIL.ORION.ORG>

Subject: Re: Need some Scoutmaster Minutes

X-To: Bob Nix <BOB_NIX_at_PO.MCOA2.CONE@MOSESCONE.COM>

To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>

In-Reply-To:

<9701078553.AA855335945@mchsgate.mosescone.com>

Status: RO

X-Status:

This is dedicated to Lisa Varner

Once there was a very large green bullfrog who lived in a modest sized pond. Even though many other animals and fish lived around this pond the

bullfrog didnt have any friends. You see, the friends he once had were gone. They were tired of his boasting and tried to stay out of his way.

This situation changed when the geese began to migrate through the area.

Two geese actually became his friends. They spent many a long day visiting, swimming and doing the things friends do. Then one day the two

geese told the frog it was time for them to continue their migration. The frog was sad and asked if they could take him with them. He suggested that they let him climb on one of their backs and hang onto

their neck. Both geese agreed that he was entirely too fat for one goose

to carry. Further saddened, the frog began to think and finally came up

with an idea. Listen, he said, How about we take a string and each of you take hold of a end with your mouth and bite down hard, then I will

bite in the middle of the string and you can fly me between you. The geese pondered the idea and decided to give it a try. All were ready and

the geese began to flap and run. The frog hopped along with the string

in his mouth until he was lifted from the ground and was airborne.

Oh

what a feeling thought the frog. Onward they flew for days on end until

they flew over a farmer out in his field. The farmer looked up and upon

seeing the geese and frog remarked, My, my, a flying frog, I wonder who

taught those geese to fly such a big frog? Hearing this the frog said, I DID!!!. That night the farmer feasted on very large succulent frog legs. Check your ego, dont let it get so far out of control that you lose your friends or worse yet, end up on someones plate.

Greg Gough

SM Troop 201, Ozark, MO. I used to be an Owl but I will always be an Eagle!

Date: Wed, 26 Mar 1997 17:03:31 -0500

From: Peter Farnham <pfarnham@CAPACCESS.ORG>
Subject: New Scoutmaster's Minutes

Hi all,

here's a SM minute I wrote after an evening spent "star-gazing" with some of my scouts who needed the requirement for First Class (finding directions at night w/o a compass).

STARS TO STEER BY...

We spent tonight studying the stars, and I hope all o fyou got a little tast of how fascinating this is. I've grown to like star-gazing in recent years. It's nice to know that no matter how much things change down here on Earth, the stars never change--at least not enough to so we'll ever notice.

Sailors learned thousands of years ago that the positions of the stars were always the same in relation to each other, and that you could always find them in the same places in the sky, depending on th etime of night and the time of year. The stars were immutable-0-they were always there, regular and predictable. The sea may change, a ship may change, captains may change, but the stars never did. ; A sailor could steer his ship by them and never have to worry about getting lost.

Stars are sort of like values in that way, aren't they? We have a lot of stars in scouting's sky--the twelver points of the scout law. What are some others? The Oath has some stars in it, doesn't it? What about our motto? That's a star too, right? And our slogan?

A poet once wrote, "Give me a tall ship and a star to steer her by." Remember that scouting's values are stars, too--and if you always set your course by them, your chances of geting lost are pretty slim.

YiS (I used to be a Beaver...)

**Pete Farnham
SM, Troop 113
GW District, NCAC
Alexandria, VA**

**Date: Thu, 27 Mar 1997 21:03:26 -0500
From: Joe Servos <jservos@BSERV.COM>
Subject: Scouters Five-New
To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>**

**I came across what I think is a great "Five" in the
1997 Boulder Dam Council Pow Wow Book.**

Lights and Stars

**This is the season of lights and beautiful stars when days are short
and
nights are long. Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of Scouting, once
said this
to his Scouts.**

**"I often think when the sun goes down, the world is hidden by a big
blanket
from the light of heaven. But the stars are little holes pierced in that
blanket by those that have done good deeds in this world. The stars
are not
all the same size; some are big, and some are little. So some men
have done
great deeds, and some men have done small deeds; but they have all
made their
hole in the blanket by doing good, before they went to heaven."**

**Lets remember when we look at the starry sky, to make our own
hole in the
blanket, by doing good deeds and treating other people the way we
would want
to be treated.**

Hope you like it as much as do.

YIS

**Joe Servos
27th Guelph Ont. Canada Cubs**

**Date: Thu, 3 Apr 1997 01:21:05 -0600
From: golden cliff <c60clg1@CORN.CSO.NIU.EDU>
Subject: Scoutmaster's Minute: Life's Choices**

I don't claim authorship to this. I did some editing on the original which was from a post on Explorernet. I think it makes a good Scoutmaster's Minute.

I will be reading this at an Eagle Court of Honor this weekend. Our new Eagle Scout's name is Trent Antrup, he currently serves as a Webelo Den Chief and as the Kishwaukee Chapter Chief for the Order of the Arrow.

He replaced the previous Chapter Chief, a remarkable young man who resigned under tragic circumstances.

This Scoutmaster's Minute is for Trent Antrup and all the boys in the troop, but mainly it's in honor of one of our Life Scouts that "aged out" in November. His name is Jonathan Tallman.

Jonathan is a good looking kid who is well liked by all who know him. He is an honor student and an excellent athlete. He will be graduating from DeKalb High School this spring. He plans to study architecture at the University of Kansas at Lawrence next fall.

Jonathan resigned as OA Chapter Chief and dropped out as an active Scout late last spring in order to spend more time and care for his mother after she was diagnosed with leukemia.

Patricia Tallman's wake was this evening and her funeral will be tomorrow.

She was a great lady. I attended her wake earlier this evening to pay my respects to Jonathan, his father Bernie, and his brother Philip. They all seem to be holding up very well given the circumstances.

I am very proud of Jonathan's accomplishments as a Scout. Jonathan never completed his Eagle Award, but in my mind he exemplifies everything an Eagle Scout should be.

He had to make some difficult choices and change his priorities this past year, but I believe he chose well.

This is for Jonathan.

LIFE'S CHOICES

Life isn't about keeping score.

It's not about how many friends you have or how accepted you are.

It's not about if you have plans this weekend or if you're alone.

It isn't about who you're dating, who you used to date, how many people you've dated, or if you've dated anyone at all.

It isn't about who your family is or how much money they have or what kind of car you drive or where you go to school.

It's not about how beautiful or ugly you are, the clothes you wear, the shoes you wear, or what kind of music you listen to.

It's not about if your hair is blonde, red, black, or brown or if your skin is too light or too dark.

**It's not about how smart you are, how smart everybody else thinks you are,
or how smart standardized tests say you are.**

It's not about what clubs you're in or how good you are at "your" sport.

It's not about representing your whole being on a piece of paper called a resume and then seeing who will "accept the written you."

Life just isn't about those things.

Life is about choices.

Life is about who you love.

It's about who you make happy.

It's about kindness and generosity.

It's about holding and sharing trust.

It's about friendship.

It's about what you say, what you mean, and thinking heartening thoughts.

It's about faith, integrity, and knowing your own heart.

It's about carrying inner love, letting it grow, and spreading it.

Most of all, it's about using your life to touch other people's hearts in such a way that could have never occurred alone.

Only you choose the way those hearts are affected, and those choices make up what your life is all about.

YIS, Cliff Golden

**Scoutmaster Troop 33; DeKalb, Illinois
Three Fires Council BSA**

**Date: Mon, 14 Apr 1997 21:30:12 -0400
From: Cliff Egel <CEgel2@AOL.COM>
Subject: A Scoutmaster Minute- Anyway**

We happened upon the following gem as a note on a bulletin board in a George Washington National Forest campground in 1992. I have no clue as to its author or source. But it sounded like a good candidate for a Scoutmaster Minute. I used it at last week's regular meeting and was rewarded with spontaneous applause from all 30-odd Scouts present. It's moments like this that make it all worthwhile... So I thought that it would be a good one to share:

Anyway

People are unreasonable, illogical, and self centered. Love them anyway.

If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish motives. Do good anyway.

If you are successful, you will win false friends and real enemies. Be successful anyway.

The good you do will be forgotten tomorrow. Do it anyway.

Honesty and frankness will make you vulnerable. Be honest and frank anyway.

People favor the underdog, but chum up to the top dog. Fight for the underdog anyway.

What you spend years building can be destroyed overnight. Build anyway.

Give the world the best you can and chances are you'll get kicked in the teeth. Give it anyway.

**>From note at George Washington National Forest campground
8/13/92.**

Best Wishes,

**Cliff Egel
Scoutmaster, Troop 39
LaGrange, IL**

Date: Thu, 15 May 1997 20:13:35 -0500

From: Mark Arend <arend@PEOPLES.NET>

Subject: what is leadership?

This is from Joan Lloyd's "Changing Workplace" column in the Milwaukee Journal/Sentinal from 27 April. She worked with former Pres. Bush on his recent visit to Wisconsin and she got to thinking other leaders and she came up with the following traits which she found they all share. I've shortened it somewhat to fit so it's not as good as the original. Hope you find it as interesting as I did.

They have a moral compass. All truly great leaders have a strong, clear sense of values to guide them.

They know their life's mission. They are focused & determined to pursue a mission; that mission usually centers around helping other people rather than themselves.

They have courage under fire. They are able to withstand personal criticism. They are able to make tough decisions in spite of criticism or loss of political points.

They have integrity under pressure. Great leaders refuse to yield to temptations & pressures that would move them away from their personal code

of ethics.

They are servant leaders. They believe they should serve the people they lead, not the other way around.

They give back to others. They help others and volunteer their time.

They're humble. Rather than arrogance and self-importance they are aware of how quickly personal popularity can fade.

They have a sense of humor. They can poke fun at themselves. They are fun to be around & make work seem less stressful.

They have an unspoken power that comes from influence. They don't have to flash status symbols or throw their weight around; they don't shout or talk down to people.

They are well prepared for their role. They have gained wisdom through life or work experiences.

They have their priorities straight. They aren't so driven that they become oblivious to the things that keep them a whole, ballanced person.

They appreciate and acknowledge the contributions of others as they work toward a common goal.

Mark W. Arend
Beaver Dam Community Library
311 N. Spring St.
Beaver Dam, Wisc. 53916
(414) 887-4631 (fax 887-4633)

Outside of a dog, a book is
man's best friend. Inside of
a dog it's too dark to read.
--Groucho Marx

www.peoples.net/~bdlib/
Scoutmaster, Troop 736

mailto:arend@peoples.net

Date: Thu, 22 May 1997 20:03:31 -0500
From: golden cliff <c60clg1@CORN.CSO.NIU.EDU>
Subject: Scouting Life's Problems

There have been questions recently about dealing with serious problems ranging from drinking and drugs to suicide. These types of problems are relatively rare in Scouting, but they do exist.

When I first started as a Scoutmaster in 1976, I had a handful of teenagers and one eleven year old. The eleven year old was named Kevin.

Kevin was a fantastic kid; intelligent, great sense of humor, fun loving, and filled with energy. The older boys easily adopted him as their little buddy. He was one of my favorite Scouts.

Kevin stayed in Scouting until age 16, when other interests drew him away. He had the perfect family, was popular in school, and seemingly had everything in the world going for him. At age 22 Kevin took his own life. He is buried not far from my parents and grandparents, I often visit his grave.

I've worked with three boys after their attempted suicide. One boy was the victim of sexual abuse, another from alcohol and chemical addiction, and the third was in foster care as a result of abuse and neglect from his family. Scouting helped them. Two of those boys became Eagle Scouts.

A good friend lost his daughter to suicide. She was only 16 years old. She was bright, beautiful, and popular in school. A witness said she dropped her purse to the ground before stepping into the path of a high speed freight train. A moment later her purse was all that remained.

These incidents are very disturbing and raise several issues but yield no answers or lessons. At least I've never found any.

As volunteer Scouters we can teach the ideals of Scouting through our everyday lives and the opportunities granted us through the Scouting program. We can use Scouting to reach kids in a positive way.

I think if you believe in someone long enough, sooner or later they will start believing in themselves. Yes, I know how corny that sounds, but I still believe it's true, at least most of the time. Youth that act tough on the outside still feel vulnerable on the inside. I don't believe in "bad kids", only "bad problems". Attack the problem, not the kid. There's still a need for rules and consequences, but they need to understand we're hoping for their success, not waiting to pounce on their failure.

Faith isn't an additional cost, it's an additional investment of our hearts. There's no guarantee we won't be hurt or disappointed, that's always a risk. No matter how hard we believe in someone, they have free will, we can't control what they think or do. Bad things can happen, life doesn't always have Hollywood endings. Part of faith is to look unflinching toward the good, and not be defeated by the bad.

As volunteers we are sometimes very limited in what we can do. Many problems require intervention by trained professionals.

Someone once compared Scouters to lighthouses. They stand tall and send out a bright focused beam of light warning of danger and guiding toward a safe and a true route.

It's easy to become disillusioned after tragedy strikes or someone is lost to serious problems. Those are times of trial. If we give up then, it

would be like extinguishing the light of a lighthouse because one ship was lost. We see the one lost, we never know how many we've saved or have yet to save.

There is no simple answer to problem kids. There are many variables and they are often unique to each person and each situation. We can't fix every problem, or for that matter even always understand them. We can however focus our energies on providing a safe positive program and believing in what we do. We can look for the best in each boy and try to help him build a foundation on the finest attributes within him. We can guide them and teach them faith and patience through our actions. We can find the courage and strength to persevere even when all our best efforts fail.

Some view Scouting as a science, others as an art. I see it as a calling. How we each answer that calling can impact many young people.

The world is a place of beauty and truth, and also pain and danger. What one sees and experiences is often determined by the route one takes.

Scouting presents a clear safe route for young people. We are the guides along that route. There are no guarantees for success, there is only the satisfaction of knowing we are doing our best. Millions have traveled that route, millions more will follow. We see the individual faces, hear their laughter, and experience the joy, pride, occasional frustration, and sometimes even pain along the way.

In all my years of Scouting I have always found far more joy and pride

than anything else. I guess the trick is to share that experience with as many young people as possible. Joy and pride have a way of extinguishing even the worst of problems.

Of course there's much more to it than that, but I've gone on too long already.

YIS, Cliff Golden

**Scoutmaster Troop 33, Advisor Post 333
First Lutheran Church; DeKalb, Illinois
Three Fires Council BSA**

From craig00@inu.net Thu May 29 23:24:43 1997

Return-Path: craig00@inu.net

Received: from downtown.inu.net (downtown.inu.net [208.129.164.2]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with SMTP id XAA02785; Thu, 29 May 1997 23:24:43 -0400

Received: from [208.129.164.77] by downtown.inu.net (SMTPD32-3.04) id A6A782500AA; Thu, 29 May 1997 22:16:55 -0500

Message-ID: <338E350F.236A@inu.net>

Date: Thu, 29 May 1997 19:01:51 -0700

From: Craig Bond <craig00@inu.net>

Organization: Tall Timbers District, East Texas Area Council, BSA

X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.01KIT (Win16; U)

MIME-Version: 1.0

**To: edelen.tom@juno.com, timlind@ksu.edu, sbolt@inu.net,
reggie@angelinabank.com, mfbowman@CapAccess.org,
maree@spiritsigns.com,
Lydia Pourciau <pourciau@earthlink.net>, nobdyukno@aol.com,
cox@vt8200.vetmed.lsu.edu, dsquyres@ponderosalaw.com,
cdk7552@juno.com,
jimb@uma1.co.umatilla.or.us, csinghal@CapAccess.org,
jcporter@ix.netcom.com, clanof6@communique.net**

Subject: Re: inspirational story to save

References:

<MAPI.Id.0016.00756479627361203030303730303037@MAPI.to.RF C822>

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Status: RO

X-Status:

Judy Johnson wrote:

>

> I received this from a friend at work, just a few minutes ago.

> I thought it would be good to pass on. Gary and Mike (and
> anyone else) you may put it on your inspiration pages. Also,
> please note the source that my friend lists for this.

>

> **Date: Thu, 29 May 1997**

> **From: Ron Thruston**

> **Subject: Jerry - attitude on life**

>

> -----

> **Hi:**

> this came to me from my friend's Woodbadge counselor (Boy
Scouts). It is

> well worth passing on.

>

> **ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING.....By Francie Baltazar-Schwartz**

>

> Jerry was the kind of guy you love to hate. He was always in a
good

> mood and always had something positive to say. When someone
would ask him

> how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I would be
twins!"

> He was a unique restaurant manager because he had several
waiters who had

> followed him around from restaurant to restaurant. The reason the
waiters

> followed Jerry was because of his attitude. He was a natural
motivator. If

> an employee was having a bad day, Jerry was there telling the
employee how

> to look on the positive side of the situation. Seeing this style
really

> made me curious, so one day I went up to Jerry and asked him, "I
don't get

> it! You can't be a positive person all of the time. How do you do
it?"

> Jerry replied, "Each morning I wake up and say to myself, 'Jerry,
you

> have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can
> choose to be in a bad mood.' I choose to be in a good mood. Each time
> something bad happens, I can choose to be a victim or I can choose to learn
> from it. I choose to learn from it. Every time someone comes to me
> complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the
> positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life."
> "Yeah, right, it's not that easy," I protested.
> "Yes it is," Jerry said. "Life is all about choices. When you cut away
> all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to
> situations. You choose how people will affect your mood. You choose to be in
> a good mood or bad mood. The bottom line It's your choice how you live
> life."
> I reflected on what Jerry said. Soon thereafter, I left the restaurant
> industry to start my own business. We lost touch, but often thought about
> him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it.
> Several years later, I heard that Jerry did something you are never
> supposed to do in a restaurant business. He left the back door open one
> morning and was held up at gunpoint by three armed robbers. While trying to
> open the safe, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off the
> combination. The robbers panicked and shot him. Luckily, Jerry was found
> relatively quickly and rushed to the local trauma center. After 18 hours of
> surgery and weeks of intensive care, Jerry was released from the hospital
> with fragments of the bullets still in his body. I saw Jerry about six
> months after the accident. When I asked him how he was, he replied, "If I
> were any better, I'd be twins. Wanna see my scars?"

> I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his
> mind as the robbery took place.
> "The first thing that went through my mind was that I should have locked
> the back door," Jerry replied. "Then, as I lay on the floor, I remembered
> that I had two choices I could choose to live, or I could choose to die. I
> chose to live.
> "Weren't you scared? Did you lose consciousness?" I asked.
> Jerry continued, "The paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was
> going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the emergency room and I saw
> the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared.
> In their eyes, I read, 'He's a dead man.' I knew I needed to take action."
> "What did you do?" I asked.
> "Well, there was a big, burly nurse shouting questions at me," said
> Jerry.
> "She asked if I was allergic to anything. 'Yes,' I replied. The doctors
> and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply... I took a deep
> breath and yelled, 'Bullets!' Over their laughter, I told them, 'I am
> choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead.'"
> Jerry lived thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his
> amazing attitude. I learned from him that every day we have the choice to
> live fully. Attitude, after all, is everything.
>
> [You have 2 choices now
> 1. save or delete this mail from your mail box.
> 2. forward it to your dear ones and choose to pass this on.
> Hopefully, you will choose choice 2.]
>
> I left the bracketed there, as it was part of the original message.
>
> Hope you folks can use this...

>
> **YiS,**
>
> **Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323**
> **Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az.**
>
> **I "used to be" an Antelope! (and a good ol' Antelope, too...) WEM-**
> **10-95**
> **Please E-mail any replies to: >> chuckb@aztec.asu.edu <<**
> **Member DNRC**

> -----
> -
> **"It's easy to say no when there is a deeper yes burning within." --**
> **Dr. Stephen R. Covey**
> -----
> -

>
> **YIB@S,**
> **Judy Johnson**
> **411 West Lincoln Road**
> **Stockton, California 95207**
> **(209) 986-7444**
>
> **mailto:judybsa@inreach.com**
>
> **District Executive, Boy Scouts of America**
> **Forty-Niner Council**
> **Calaveras and Tokay Districts**
> **I used to be a Beaver (Cub Scout)**
> **I used to be an Eagle (Boy Scout)**

--
Craig Bond
Lufkin, Texas

All the most important decisions in life are based on insufficient data.

Date: Wed, 28 May 1997 10:03:59 -0700 (MST)
From: chuckb@aztec.asu.edu (CHUCK BRAMLET)
Subject: Closing ceremony for Court of Honor

To: mfbowman@CAPACCESS.ORG, SCOUTS-L@TCU.EDU

Thought you folks might be interested in what I did to the closing ceremony that Mike posted in reply to my question. BTW, it seemed to make an impression...

Closing Ceremony for Court of Honor:

Props:

Two red candles

One silver candle

Two white candles (any other different color than red or silver will do as well)

(battery Xmas candles painted can be substituted)

Candles are held by adult leader representatives.

Give the Scout Sign until the group is silent. Have 4 leaders off-stage walk silently to the front with the lit candles. They stand on either side of you (two on each side) - all in silence.

Say the following:

These four candles burning brightly represent the light that adult leaders give to our Scouts to help them grow in citizenship, in character, and in fitness. This is fitting because without these leaders these Scouts would be left to fend for themselves in darkness.

Without Council and District leaders (District rep extinguishes the silver candle, then steps back) there would be less light, but still enough.

Without the Troop Committee (TC rep extinguishes a red candle, then steps back) there would be even less light, but still enough.

Without the Scoutmaster and other Troop leaders (SM extinguishes other red candle, then steps back) there would be much, much less light.

Finally, we see only a small light left. The most important light of all. This is you, the parents who help these Scouts. Without your help (extinguish white candle, then step back) who will cast a guiding light for these Scouts to lead them from darkness?

Have a staged parent in the back of the room come forward with a lit candle. When the parent reaches the front, the others step forward again.

Alternate ending:

Have a staged parent in the back of the room come forward with a lit candle. When the parent reaches the front, they turn and walk back thru the audience with the others following.

Also, I did the narration and held the parent's candle.

I would like to thank Mike Bowman for the original script, and whoever

it was for the ides about cutting off a 2-liter soda bottle to use as a chimney to protect the candle from the wind. Worked great! But I slipped the bottle over the candle because the candle was too tall to stay within the shield.

YiS,

Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323

Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az.

I "used to be" an Antelope! (and a good ol' Antelope, too...) WEM-10-95

Please E-mail any replies to: >> chuckb@aztec.asu.edu <<
Member DNRC

"It's easy to say no when there is a deeper yes burning within." --
Dr. Stephen R. Covey
