



THE BROWNSEA GAZETTE

The Newsletter of Independent Scouting

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December 2007

Christmas Thoughts....

Christmas is around the corner, the first snowfall of the season has come and gone, and autumn is very quickly drawing to a close.

The American President, Calvin Coolidge once said: "Christmas is not a time nor a season, but a state of mind. To cherish peace and goodwill, to be plenteous in mercy, is to have the real spirit of Christmas."

I wish each and every member a happy Christmas blessed with peace and goodwill. I hope that, through our greetings and gifts, we pass on this message, where ever you may be, of love, joy and peace on earth.



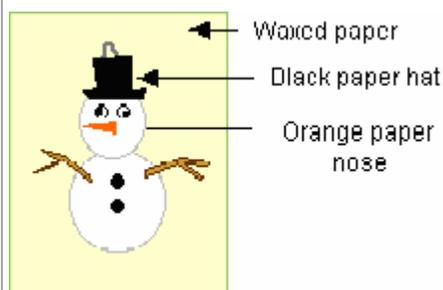
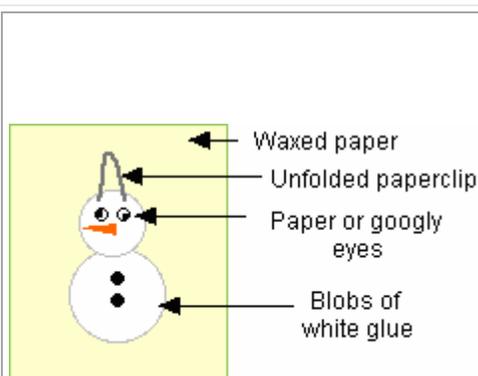


Craft Corner for the Junior Sections

Snowman Ornament

SUPPLIES NEEDED:

- White glue (like Elmer's glue)
- Paper clip
- Waxed paper
- Scraps of construction paper: black, and orange
- A hole punch (for cutting eyes, and buttons)
- Scissors
- Googly eyes (from a craft store) - optional
- Tiny buttons - optional
- 2 very tiny twigs (for arms)
- String or yarn (for hanging it)



Working on waxed paper, spread 2 or 3 blobs of white glue in the shape of a snowman. Unfold a paper clip into a V-shape (to use as a hanger).

Cut a tiny hat from black construction paper and put it on the snowman on top of the paper clip hanger. Put the ends of the paper clip into the glue at the top of the snowman. For the snowman's eyes, use black paper circles cut with a hole punch, or use googly eyes. Put the eyes on the snowman. Add a tiny orange (carrot-shaped) nose. Add a few paper buttons (or small real buttons) down the front of the body.



Let the glue dry - it will take a few days. When it dries, the glue will become transparent. When it is completely dry, peel it gently off the waxed paper. String the snowman on some yarn for a cool necklace or use a shorter string to use as an ornament.





Otter Tales

Long, long ago, when the world was young, the People of the Sky were so restless and travelled so much that they made trails in the heavens. Now, if we watch the sky all through the night, we can see which way they go.

But one star does not travel. That is the North Star. He cannot travel. He cannot move. When he was on the earth long, long ago, he was known as Na-gah, the mountain sheep, the son of Shinoh. He was brave, daring, sure-footed, and courageous. His father was so proud of him and loved him so much that he put large earrings on the sides of his head and made him look dignified, important, and commanding.

Every day, Na-gah was climbing, climbing, climbing. He hunted for the roughest and the highest mountains, climbed them, lived among them, and was happy. Once in the very long ago, he found a very high peak. Its sides were steep and smooth, and its sharp peak reached up into the clouds. Na-gah looked up and said, "I wonder what is up there. I will climb to the very highest point."

Around and around the mountain he travelled, looking for a trail. But he could find no trail. There was nothing but sheer cliffs all the way around. This was the first mountain Na-gah had ever seen that he could not climb.

He wondered and wondered what he should do. He felt sure that his father would feel ashamed of him if he knew that there was a mountain that his son could not climb. Na-gah determined that he would find a way up to its top. His father would be proud to see him standing on the top of such a peak.

Again and again he walked around the mountain, stopping now and then to peer up the steep cliff, hoping to see a crevice on which he could find footing. Again and again, he went up as far as he could, but always had to turn around and come down. At last he found a big crack in a rock that went down, not up. Down he went into it and soon found a hole that turned upward. His heart was made glad. Up and up he climbed.

Soon it became so dark that he could not see, and the cave was full of loose rocks that slipped under his feet and rolled down. Soon he heard a big, fearsome noise coming up through the shaft at the same time the rolling rocks were dashed to pieces at the bottom. In the darkness he slipped often and skinned his knees. His courage and determination began to fail. He had never before seen a place so dark and dangerous. He was afraid, and he was also very tired.

"I will go back and look again for a better place to climb," he said to himself. "I am not afraid out on the open cliffs, but this dark hole fills me with fear. I'm scared! I want to get out of here!"

But when Na-gah turned to go down, he found that the rolling rocks had closed the cave below him. He could not get down. He saw only one thing now that he could do: He must go on climbing until he came out somewhere.

After a long climb, he saw a little light, and he knew that he was coming out of the hole. "Now I am happy," he said aloud. "I am glad that I really came up through that dark hole."

Looking around him, he became almost breathless, for he found that he was on the top of a very high peak! There was scarcely room for him to turn around, and looking down from this height made him dizzy. He saw great cliffs below him, in every direction, and saw only a small place in which he could move. Nowhere on the outside could he get down, and the cave was closed on the inside...

"Here I must stay until I die," he said. "But I have climbed my mountain! I have climbed my mountain at last!

He ate a little grass and drank a little water that he found in the holes in the rocks. Then he felt better. He was higher than any mountain he could see and he could look down on the earth, far below him.

About this time, his father was out walking over the sky. He looked everywhere for his son, but could not find him. He called loudly, "Na-gah! Na-gah!" And his son answered him from the top of the highest cliffs. When Shinoh saw him there, he felt sorrowful, to himself, "My brave son can never come down. Always he must stay on the top of the highest mountain. He can travel and climb no more.

"I will not let my brave son die. I will turn him into a star, and he can stand there and shine where everyone can see him. He shall be a guide mark for all the living things on the earth or in the sky."

And so Na-gah became a star that every living thing can see. It is the only star that will always be found at the same place. Always he stands still. Directions are set by him. Travellers, looking up at him, can always find their way. He does not move around as the other stars do, and so he is called "the Fixed Star." And because he is in the true north all the time, our people call him Qui-am-i Wintook Poot-see. These words mean "the North Star."

Besides Na-gah, other mountain sheep are in the sky. They are called "Big Dipper" and "Little Dipper." They too have found the great mountain and have been challenged by it. They have seen Na-gah standing on its top, and they want to go on up to him.

Shinoh, the father of North Star, turned them into stars, and you may see them in the sky at the foot of the big mountain. Always they are travelling. They go around and around the mountain, seeking the trail that leads upward to Na-gah, who stands on the top. He is still the North Star.



Camp Cooking



Camp Recipe Corner

This month's recipe comes to us from the dark and dusty archives of the 77th York County Rovers...this month's backpacking gourmets.....yet again.

Breakfast Fajitas

Ingredients: For each person you require:

- 2 eggs or equivalent quantity of dried egg
- 1 Tbsp. dried or 2 Tbsp. fresh mushrooms
- 1 Tbsp. dried or 2 Tbsp. fresh green pepper
- 1 Tbsp. sun dried or 2 Tbsp. fresh tomato
- 1 Tbsp. dried or 2 Tbsp. fresh onion
- ¼ cup grated cheese
- 2 soft flour tortilla shells (8" size)

Directions: Reconstitute dried vegetables in water. Drain. Fry in 1 Tbsp. oil. Add eggs and scramble together. Serve on tortilla shells and cover with grated cheese; wrap and eat. You can add canned or dried meat to the scramble but there is enough protein already.





The Backpacker's Corner

Leave No Trace Camping in Winter

Winter generally provides a blanket of snow which protects underlying soil and vegetation, the major concerns for minimizing impact. However, when thin snow cover is compressed and compacted in early or late season, snowmelt can be delayed, shortening the growing season. Also, early and late winter trips can run into melting conditions, where top layers of soil melted by the sun lie overtop frozen ground. Erosion, and destruction of plant life is extremely likely at these times, and winter travel is best avoided. Otherwise travel in small groups and visit either remote places where your disturbances won't be compounded by others following you (allowing for recovery) or high impact areas that have already been disturbed. Special considerations exist for high altitude and glacier conditions.

Backcountry travel and camping

- Winter clothing and equipment, even when "natural" coloured will show up well against the snow. Brighter colors can be a safety measure, as people and equipment can easily be lost in a winter storm. Since there are less people out in the winter, the visual impact is less.
- Winter is an exceptionally quiet season in the backcountry. Travel quietly and avoid excess commotion at your campsite.
- One of the greatest impacts can be on wildlife. Animals in the winter have limited food supplies and are often stressed to their limits to survive. Being disturbed by backcountry travelers can drive them away from food sources, require them to use more energy, and can lead to death. Animals may seem more "approachable" in the winter. This is because they are trying to conserve energy. Do *not* approach wildlife too closely.
- Camping
- Tent, igloo and snow cave sites should be selected away from trails and open bodies of water if possible.
- All campsites and cooking areas should be disguised when you leave so that accidental stains are covered, and so that camping areas will be undetectable after 2 - 3 inches of snow has fallen.
- Large snow structures such as igloos and snow caves can be left intact, as long as the rest of the camping area is well camouflaged. Occasionally these snow structures can be used again by other grateful winter travelers.
- Camp away from animal feeding, watering, and bedding areas.

- **Fires** - Under winter conditions, it can be difficult to build a disguisable fireplace or to gather wood by acceptable means. Since any downed wood is under the snow and possibly wet, wood is both difficult to find and may not be usable for a fire. Gathering wood from lives trees can have significant impacts on an area especially at high use sites. Therefore, one should carefully examine the location, the ecosystem, and the ability to clean up the site after the fire before deciding to build one. Obviously, in a real emergency, a fire might need to be built in spite of the impact it might have on the environment
- **Sanitation** - Lack of sunlight and cold temperatures retard the decomposition of fecal material.
- Maximizing sunlight will help but will leave a visual impact if others are in the area. The best solution is to dig a cathole in just below the surface of the snow. Keep in mind that after the thaw, the feces will be resting on the ground. So pick a cathole site far from any water, summer trails, or summer camping areas. Locate a site with as much ground cover (grass or forest downfall), and as little slope as possible to minimize washing into surface water, and *maximize feces-soil contact*.
- For maximum fecal dispersion, persons should make personal holes as needed. There is no reason for a group's waste to be deposited in one place. Head away from camp. Snow should be kicked over urine stains to prevent the "yellow snow" effect. Toilet paper can be a problem in the winter. Burning it once it has hit the snow is very difficult. You can burn it in a tin can or pack it out. A better idea may be to use snow or ice (although powder snow is difficult to use).
- You almost never need to wash pans in the winter. A simple scouring with snow will freeze all particles. They can be packed out with garbage (or left for the next meal). Ending dinner with hot drinks usually takes care of any food particles. Water left over from pasta is full of carbohydrates and makes good drink water. If you do have leftover cooking water, solid food waste should be strained out of the water and packed out. The water should be concentrated in sump holes far from water sources to prevent massive unsightly stains on the snow. The sump holes should be covered when breaking camp. Leftover grease will cool to a solid and can be carried out. Minimize all solid food since animals will often dig up sump holes.
- Litter is especially difficult to check in the winter when dropped items can be lost so easily in the snow. Special attention should be given to plastic bags, white toilet paper (use coloured or better unbleached, or use snow or ice), candy wrappers and candle wax. Candy wrappers should be removed from all candy before leaving town to prevent accidental litter. Candle wax should be caught in a cup and packed out.





The Patrol System

II. BEGINNING THE RIGHT WAY

The simplest approach to an exposition of the Patrol System is to follow the progress of an imaginary Troop from its infancy to maturity, and, as we go, describe and explain the working out of this key method. Let it be clearly understood that this history of the 5th Noeyewash Troop does not set a pattern to which all other Troops in all circumstances must conform in detail; the principles which will be illustrated apply to all, but the practical application must vary with conditions. Further, it should be noted that this account of the development of the 5th Noeyewash Troop is limited to one aspect — the use of the Patrol System; for simplicity, and reasonable brevity, all other aspects will be ignored, or only touched in passing.

George Clarke, aged 26, decided that he would like to run a Scout Troop in the town of Noeyewash (15,000 inhabitants). We are not concerned with how or why he came to have this idea, nor need we go into details of his negotiations with the District Commissioner and the Local Association, nor of his visits to Troops and the gallons of advice poured over him. He found himself relying more and more on the advice of the District Scoutmaster, who in his heyday had been a grand Scoutmaster; but he had reached the stage when he felt it better to hand over to younger men, who had got into the habit of consulting him in all kinds of difficulties.

Here is George with permission to go ahead. He has found a derelict stable as a Headquarters with a bit of land behind it overgrown with weeds and full of lumber. And, most important of all, he has managed to collect half a dozen boys who are willing to give Scouting a trial.

They all got together for the first time one late spring evening, and as they stood in front of the stable, George felt that the plan he had made for his first Troop Meeting was all wrong. He had worked it out carefully; first he would explain something about Scouting — how it started, and the kinds of things it meant. Then would come a game, and after that some instruction in Tenderfoot knots; another game followed by a yarn and prayers. Actually only the last item was carried out — much to the astonishment of the boys — for as soon as he saw them together, he instinctively *felt* that his programme would not work, so he wisely scrapped it.

As a start he took down names and addresses and other particulars. Here are the main facts he collected.

Arthur Newton. Aged 11 1/2. Father — a lorry driver.

Harry Petts. Aged 12. Father — a shop assistant.

Ted Wootton. Aged 11 (suspected of being “not quite 11”). Father — a policeman.

Fred Jones. Aged 12 1/2. Father — a cabinet maker.

Bert Selby, Aged 13. Father — a doctor.

Dick Saunders. Aged 12. Father — a greengrocer

Arthur and Fred were pals, and so were Harry and Bert. Dick and Ted were casual acquaintances of the others. Suddenly George realised what was wrong — these six kids did not make a gang, and that gave him his first idea. They must *do* something right away. So he suggested that they should make a bonfire of all the burnable rubbish lying about. The effect was magical. Coats were soon off, and tongues wagging as the lumber was piled up on the bit of spare ground. Who was to light the fire? George just ached to show them how! But he was wise enough to let the boys try themselves. He watched them to see who came out as the natural leader. Bert Selby shoved himself forward at first, but his “bossing” produced a little smoke and nothing else. Then they all messed about with matches and paper and bits of wood; at one moment it looked as though they would succeed, but the fire went out. At that Fred said, “It’s no good trying to get all this lot going at once. Let’s start a small fire alongside and put the stuff on.” Now Fred had hardly spoken a word all evening, and George was surprised to see how the others — with the exception of Bert — fell in line.

At last the fire was well ablaze. While it was burning, they explored the stable. The door was fairly sound, but the ladder up to the loft had disappeared. George found himself saying, “We shall have to do so-and-so,” and the boys threw in a few suggestions. By the time the fire died down, all the first shyness had vanished. As they stood round the glowing embers, he said, “We’ll just have a prayer and then pack up for to-night; same time next week.” He noticed the look of surprise as he said the word “prayer,” but he could not have wished for a better setting for the occasion. As the boys were getting ready to go he said, “I shall be up here most evenings putting things straight. If anyone has nothing better to do, come along and give me a hand.”

George had a lot of thinking to do that evening; the reality had been quite different from his dream. One thing stood out most clearly — he had not realised before that a bunch of boys collected more or less haphazardly does not automatically become a Patrol; a Patrol spirit could only come gradually through Scouting activities and ideals. He himself must give the lead, and for the present be the Patrol Leader. As he followed this idea through, he saw that in this way he would be setting a standard of Patrol Leadership which would be carried on as the Troop grew. So he there and then called himself — in his own mind — the Patrol Leader of the Something Patrol; he’d let the boys (the Patrol in Council, of course!) choose the name.

That night he began the practice which he was to continue for years, of keeping notes of the meeting. This, too, he felt was an idea the future Patrol Leaders should follow; it helped to keep track of the progress of each Scout and it emphasised the need for doing something definite at each meeting.

The next week was a busy one. George visited the parents of the boys, and then each evening was down at the Headquarters getting the place to rights. Only Dick turned up on the first evening, but the following night two others came and before the next Meeting all had given a hand except Bert Selby. That Meeting followed roughly the lines George had planned for the first because by this time they all knew more about each other. Afterwards they had a Patrol Council and decided to call themselves the Hound Patrol — and when they all started baying George was rather glad there were no houses very close to the stables. He could hear the boys baying as they trooped off down the street — in a bunch this time, he noted.

There is no need here to follow in detail the progress of the Hound Patrol as they worked at their tests, had rough and tumble games, went off for Saturday afternoon stunts, and gradually got to understand what Scouting means in practice. George had the boys separately at odd times to explain the Law so that when the great day came for Investiture as Boy Scouts he knew each fairly well and felt confident that all would realise the seriousness of making the Promise.

He decided that the Investiture should take place at their first week-end camp. With a couple of borrowed tents and a builder's handcart they set off, all feeling a bit self-conscious in their new uniforms. That camp was a landmark in the Troop's history. Not only did it see the first Investiture — round the camp fire — but George announced that he had picked out the Patrol Leaders of the first two Patrols; they were Fred Jones and Harry Petts. He noticed that Bert Selby looked a bit glum — he had proved the most difficult of the crowd, but when the new Patrol Leaders chose their Seconds, Harry chose Bert, and Fred picked on Dick.

George had a long talk with the Patrol Leaders on Sunday after Scouts' Own; he showed them the records he had been keeping of attendances and activities (but not his personal records of each boy); then he gave each a Patrol Record Book and a small note-book. Every Monday evening he wanted them to come along to the Headquarters to discuss with him how each of their Scouts was getting on, and suggest what they should do next. He explained that this was the beginning of the Court of Honour and later on, when there were more Patrol Leaders and they knew more about Scouting, they would meet without him.

At that camp too, George established an idea he had been steadily building up — that each Scout must have some definite job to do in addition to his training. For some weeks now the business of improving and taking care of the Headquarters had been shared out amongst them. At camp, similarly, each had his particular bit of responsibility — collecting wood, scavenging, looking after the fire, cooking, keeping the tents shipshape, and so on. The point of this he made clear to the Patrol Leaders — every Scout must have his job — however small — in the life of the Patrol. Even if he wasn't very good at it, he must stick to it and the others must rally round him and help him to learn how to do the job properly.

So Fred became Patrol Leader of the Hounds, and Harry chose the name of Wolf for his Patrol. Arthur remained in the Hounds to be with Fred, and Ted became a Wolf

"Your next job," said George, "is to fill up your Patrols. If each of you can bring one recruit, the job's done."

After he got back from the camp, George had a long talk with the District Scoutmaster, who listened with close interest to all that had so far happened to the 5th Noeyewash Troop.

"That's fine," he said. "You're beginning to see the problems now that you've had a bit of experience. Don't expect results too quickly. Take, for instance, this Patrol System way of doing things. There are two dangers about it; one is that you may come to think of it as an easy way out for you. It isn't. It's far harder than giving mass instruction. You'll have to watch how the Patrol Leaders do their job, and, of course, for some time you'll have to train them in the way they should go. Remember, they are only boys, and if they're of the bossy type, may become little tyrants; and they can't be expected to know much about training others. The second danger is that you may get to concentrate too much on the Patrol Leaders. The aim of the System is to train all Scouts in responsibility. Of course not all are capable of being Patrol Leaders. Some are good Seconds, but all benefit from having even a small job of work to do on their own. Responsibility is not merely a matter of bossing other people about."

We want each of these youngsters to understand that he has a personal responsibility in the success and progress of the Patrol — a good step to citizenship. You've evidently felt a Patrol spirit developing amongst the Hounds."

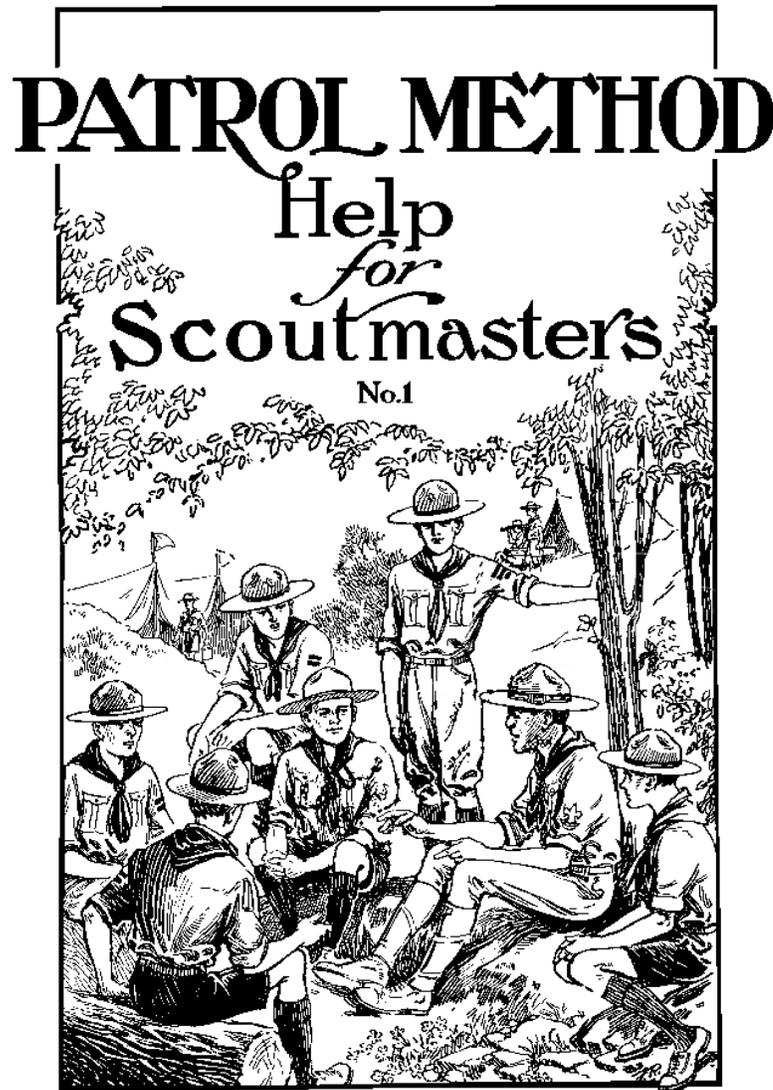
"Yes," said George. "And it seems a pity that the Patrol has to be broken up."

"That can't be helped. In fact it has its advantages. There is a risk of a Patrol becoming too much of a closed gang, A Patrol Leader has two loyalties at least — so has each Scout — one to his Patrol and the other to the Troop, and if it's to the advantage of the Troop as a whole to take a Scout out of one Patrol to become Patrol Leader of another, it is just part of the show."

"I can see that," replied George. "It's a funny thing, but I almost regret that I shall no longer be — as I've thought of myself — Patrol Leader of the Hounds."

"But you'll always be Patrol Leader of your Patrol Leaders," said the District Scoutmaster.

Downloaded from the DUMP at <http://www.thedump.scoutscan.com/> "Working the Patrol System" by E.E. Reynolds





BPSA - Ontario NEWS

The weather has turned cold and snowy, and Environment Canada tell us to expect the coldest winter in 15 years this year.....sounds like a great season for winter camping and hiking !! For those Groups that will be undertaking winter events please ensure that all safety precautions for the weather are carried out. We certainly do not want anyone to have frostbite or hypothermia this winter season.

Email enquires keep coming in asking for information on how to form new Scouting Groups. This month we have heard from individuals in Montreal and Hamilton, hopefully we will have good news to tell you all in a month or two.

It's never too early to start preparing; the next WFIS World Jamboree will be held in 2011 in Mexico – start saving your pennies now. This is the first WFIS Jamboree held on this side of the Atlantic, and we would like to see lots of Canadian Flags at the opening ceremonies. As we get more details we will pass them along to you.

Speaking of Flags...the BPSA flags are now available from the QM, and here they are:



Have a great and safe Christmas everyone.

Bill Nangle,
Provincial Commissioner
BPSA-Ontario



BPSA – British Columbia NEWS

Well here it is, December already and most of our Beautiful province is dusted with the white stuff known as snow.

We had a new group start up in the Central Cariboo. Actually they are one of the oldest groups in British Columbia and have joined our ranks and we are happy to have 1st Kersely as part of our Scouting Family in BC!

Interest has been shown by several other groups but are hesitant to make a change. I am confident that as we continue to grow and keep our membership fees reasonable then we will see a lot of growth.

Plans are underway to hold a Wood Beads I course in the late spring, probably in the Cariboo Region as that is where we have the most leaders. It would also be nice if we are able to hold a Wood Beads II course within a year.

Contact has been made with a Scouting Group in England and we have received an invitation to attend a special jamboree in 2008 in England. For more information, drop me an email at: prov.comm@gmail.com and I will forward the information to you.

May you all have a Blessed and Safe Christmas and New Year. Don't forget to have your groups 'do a good turn' over this Holiday Season!

Cheers,

Mike Maloney,
Provincial Commissioner
BPSA-BC

Submissions for the next edition should be sent to:
BPSA.01@GMAIL.COM

Remember that this is **YOUR** newsletter and we need
YOUR submissions and articles.

DO YOU HAVE ANY GOOD CAMP RECIPES? SEND THEM TO US AS WELL!!

TELL US ABOUT YOUR CAMPS OR HIKES.....WE WANT TO READ
ABOUT THEM!!

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS THAT WILL HELP OTHER LEADERS WITH THEIR
PROGRAMS? SEND THEM ALONG!!

SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS FOR THE NEXT BPSA NEWSLETTER TO:

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