



Newsletter of the BPSA in Canada February 2013

FROM THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S DESK

As I sat here 'thinking' about Scout/Guide Week, I pondered about the conception the general public has about our and other scouting movements around the world.

Do they know we exist and if so, how and in what context?

As a young boy, a proud member of the 1st Maple Leaf Cub Pack in Downsview, Ontario, I tried to wear, proudly, my uniform, which in those days consisted of a cap with yellow piping, green wool long sleeved sweat-shirt, necker with pack colours, dark blue wool blend shorts, dark blue stockings with green tops and garters and brightly polished black oxfords. This changed once I was promoted to scouts, the cap was replaced with a stetson and the sweater with a shirt and of course a staff.

One of the most important things I remember was to do a 'Good Turn' every day. My pack and troop would do grocery shopping for shut ins, shovel driveways and sideways of accumulated snow, mow lawns (with a hand pushed reel type mower) and trim the edges and hedges with hand shears, rake the clippings and dispose of them. In the fall of course we raked leaves. We also washed outside windows and did other things such as fence painting. We performed all of these tasks (other than painting) in full uniform and would not take anything for our labours. Well, ok, but homemade cookies and milk didn't really count, did it?

Yes we had our fund raising opportunities such as Apple Day, the meeting prior to Apple Day was spent decorating our six quart baskets and polishing the apples. What a great evening that was! On the Saturday, we met at Scout Hall with our baskets and our leaders helped us fill them up and gave us a supply of thank you tags. Our baskets were judged and at the end of the day the cub who sold the most



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apples got a weekend with the Scouts at a proper scout camp. I remember that camp well and it was the impetus for me to find a Scout Troop when we moved out to the country. I found one, the 1st Dunbarton Scout Troop, only 6 miles from home and was able to peddle my bicycle to the meetings.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered that the 'do a good turn everyday' was not only encouraged, but practiced in my new troop.

This brings me to today. Unfortunately in my travels around the province I fail to see members of scouting out and about doing good deeds. The thought (after all, it is Thinking Week, popped into my head that either they do not have to funding to purchase a uniform, or they are in disguise!

As I drive around my village which is comprised of a lot of senior citizens, I observe numerous driveways left unshovelled with high windrows of snow across the access. Where are the members of scouting? What values are they not discovering in life, what kind of society are we headed for.

I was confined to the house for 8 weeks following foot surgery and to my surprise a couple of teenage brothers and their dad arrived and shovelled my driveway. Oh yeah, the dad just happened to be one of my cubs from the 70's.

Some things do get passed along from generation to generation after all.

Please do not get the impression that I am attempting to put anyone down, but it would be nice to see our members out doing good deeds in full uniform.

Ten years ago I was in Langford on Tag Day, formerly known as Apple Day and was meeting a Commissioner at Tim Horton's for coffee and a young man around 16 years of age asked if I wanted to purchase an apple, he was wearing multi coloured jogging pants (or maybe they were pyjamas) boots, a dark hoodie and ball cap. I enquired as to what group he represented and his response was, "I am a Venturer", well I could not resist the opportunity to let him know what a disappointment and disgrace he was to Scouts Canada. I discovered that his uniform was at home. He must have been embarrassed because he left Timmy's only to return 15 minutes later and asked if he looked better? I complemented him and could not help but observe that every one who talked with him made a donation and left with a brightly polished apple and a smile.

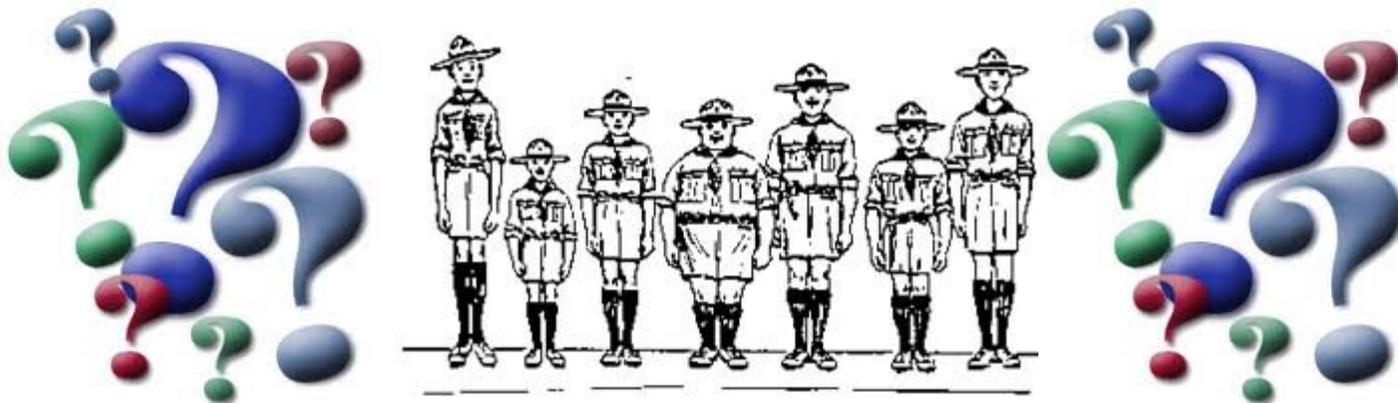
Just a few thoughts for you to chew on this Thinking Day.

Good Scouting to all

YiTS

Commissioner Mike



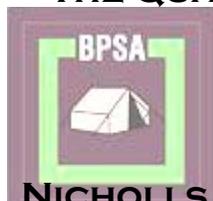


1. In what European countries where Scouting exists would you drive on the left of the road?
2. If you saw a camp where all the tents were jet black, from what country would the occupants probably come?
3. If you saw Scouts wearing birch bark shoes where would they come from?
4. Rover Scouts carrying thumbsticks made of Diamond Tree Willow would come from which country?
5. Rover Scouts carrying thumbsticks made of Wattle would come from which country?
6. If you saw Scouts wearing deckled black and yellow lanyards where would they come from?
7. From what countries do Eagle Scouts come?
8. Where are they from and what are: – (a) Routiers (b) Rowans
9. With what countries do you associate the following religions? a) Mormon b) Buddhist c) Orthodox d) Hindu e) Dutch Reform f) Lutheran g) Confucian h) Shinto

Quartermaster Store



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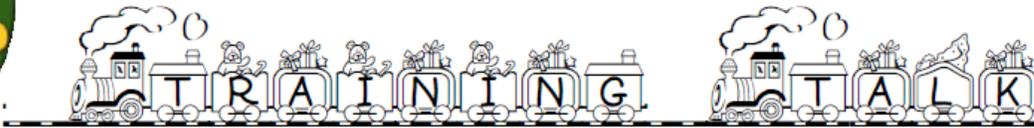


R. NICHOLLS REMAINS OUR SUPPLIER FOR TAN SHIRTS ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE INCREASED THE PRICE TO \$19 FOR SHORT SLEEVE AND \$20 FOR LONG SLEEVE SHIRTS.

WE ARE LOOKING AT STOCKING SHORT SLEEVE SHIRTS IN FOREST GREEN. THEY MAY TAKE A WHILE AS THEY ARE COMING FROM OVERSEAS. LONG SLEEVE SHIRTS HAVE TOO MANY VARIABLES TO KEEP IN STOCK.

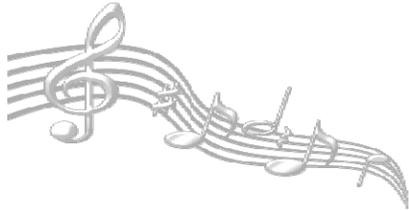
IF THERE IS SOMETHING YOU THINK WE SHOULD BE SOURCING, PLEASE LET US KNOW QM.BPSA@GMAIL.COM





by Terry Blaker

I remember an old Scout song, often sung at training sessions. The chorus goes like this:



*Get out the old handbook.
Give it another look.
Follow the founder and be true to
yourself.
Then, when the spirit's waning,
Don't stand around complaining,
Go take a course of training.
Do it yourself!*



(Tune: Scotland the Brave)

As BPSA grows it is hoped that we will be able to conduct more training sessions. At present we are somewhat hobbled by large distances and small numbers. So what's a leader to do in the meantime? The answer is in the first three lines of the chorus. Then obey the last line.

It has always amazed me during my many years as a trainer that many leaders come to the training without ever having opened a book. They run their Packs and Troops as they have been shown to do and plan the meetings based on which tests the youth are interested in. They play games that they have heard about from other leaders and oftentimes from the youth themselves. While this is all well and good, they are missing out on a lot of good information which will make their job easier and much more fun. And it's all available in books that you can download for FREE.



First off, read the youth manual from cover to cover, completely, as soon as possible. Don't wait until certain parts seem necessary. It is amazing how seeing the full picture helps make sense of everything else. Then, read the leader's manual from cover to cover. Then read it again in sections as the year progresses preferably before each meeting.

Now for the good stuff. Read the life of the Founder, Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell. Not the short bits that are in the manual, but a full story such as:

E.E. Reynolds, B-P, The Story of His Life, (London, Oxford University Press, 1943). You can read it at: <http://www.pinetreeweb.com/bp-reynolds.htm>

Then treat yourself to the following books:

- Aids to Scoutmastership by Sir Robert Baden-Powell
- Scouting For Boys by Sir Robert Baden-Powell
- Scoutmaster's First Year by The Boy Scouts Association (Canada)
- Golden Arrow Training Handbook by The Boy Scouts Association (Canada)
- Tenderfoot to Queen's Scout..... by F.E.L.Coombs
- Scouting Games..... by Sir Robert Baden-Powell

All these books are available from the Library at our website <http://www.bpsa-bc.org>

And then, go to <http://www.thedump.scoutscan.com/> and scour through all the books there.

That'll keep you busy. By the way, all these books can be downloaded to your tablet or smart phone and you can read them at your leisure.

ENJOY!





ROVERS



BE FIT!

“THE first duty of a citizen to the State is to make himself a strong, long-lived, capable citizen, able to work and produce, the guardian and maintainer of a home, an all-round man, loyal, patriotic, ‘a friend and helper of mankind.’ The Greeks taught the virtues of self-knowledge, self-control and self-devotion as the basis of citizenship. But this sort of life can only be built upon healthy physique.” This passage occurs in the *Handbook of Suggestions on Health Education*, which is published by the Board of Education. Although it is written primarily for school teachers, it will help many Rovers and Rover Leaders since it contains suggestions how to give useful talks on the value of exercise, fresh air, rest, cleanliness, care of the eyes, and the preservation of good health. One of the first obligations of citizenship is, then, to keep one’s body fit. Remember Kipling’s words : –

“Nations have passed away and left no traces,
And History gives the naked cause of it –
One single, simple reason in all cases;
They fell because their peoples were not fit.”

In a foreword to G. M. Butler’s book, *Modern Athletics*, Professor P.J. Noel Baker writes as follows: “The ancient Greeks were the first to create much of what we now think most beautiful and most valuable in the civilisation of the West. Among other things, they were the first to create track and field athletics. . . There are more and more people in Great Britain today who think of track and field athletics as the ancient Greeks used to. . . They look forward to the time when every city and town throughout the country will have its stadium, and when the athletes who use these stadia will be numbered by the hundred thousand. They believe that the social results, both physical and moral, of such a development as this of the game of athletics would be immeasurably good.” It has been surmised by some that this Greek devotion to athletics sapped ultimately some of the finest qualities of the race, but this I doubt, holding that disease and incessant warfare were more obvious causes of the final fall of the Hellenic manliness before the Macedonian debasements and the Roman armies. Had the Greek city states, which insisted on there being a truce during the Olympic Games, extended that truce to the period of preparation for them, and anticipated the nation wide application of the Fourth Scout Law, a happier issue might have been recorded.

There is no doubt that athletic training can be carried too far, if the Greek insistence on moderation in all things is forgotten in practice. Physical exercises must be linked up with corresponding development of the mind and character; it is absolutely vital to balance these varieties of training and to prevent any one being pushed excessively. We Rovers should do our best to bring this scheme of national athletics into existence, with all due safeguards, but it is even more clearly our bounden duty to teach the world what good can be done by our own hiking and camping which combine physical and mental benefits with character development on a broader basis.

In addition to getting your own body healthy, and keeping it so, you have, then, as a Rover, the additional responsibility of doing all you can to promote the extension of physical culture in your country. Rovers must lead in these things much more than they are doing yet. Local Associations should be active, for example, in helping to preserve the open country with its footpaths as well as in multiplying playing fields. Crews should realise their duties in stimulating an active interest in all forms of athletic activities, for we are “a Brotherhood of the *Open Air and Service*; . . . hikers on the *Open Road* and *Campers of the Woods*.” (*Rovering to Success*.) With its wide outlook, the Scout Movement, through its Rover section, has to-day a great chance of ensuring that the present and future generations have a corner in the sun. I would even go so far as to say that if we fail in this, the world will eventually dismiss us as an organisation with contempt, as having failed in our most obvious duty. One of the most important functions of the Rover Den is to be a place where fellows can get together for advice and help in making themselves physically fit, and plan campaigns to use and to defend all the local possibilities of open-air recreation. What a power for good we could be! Surely in that sentence combining open-air and service there is to be read the suggestion that we should do our best to win back the nation to a more open-air life, rejoicing more in clambering over hills than in paying to watch other people play games, unless, of course, we are there to learn how to improve our own playing abilities. If you want to “be fit” you will have to “beef it,” putting some “beef” or muscle into your open-air work! We have to learn and to teach others the joy of the keen dawn breeze greeting us on the downs or in a boat; of the light and warmth of the sun on the bare body; of the glorious assault of the waves on the skin and thrusting limbs; of the muscles, heart and nerves rejoicing in the quest of personal fitness. We have a goodly heritage, but some need to be reminded of its existence.

“I know not where the white road runs nor what the blue
hills are,
But a man can have the Sun for a friend, and for his guide
a star;
And there’s no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,

For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of
a bird.

“Yonder the blue horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the Sun and the
white road and the sky.”

(“Wander-Thirst,” by GERALD GOULD.)

Fill your Den bookcase, then, with books giving details about the various possibilities. Use the Scout Motto, “Be Prepared”; stock your mind with ideas and plans in the dark evenings of winter, so that you may make the most of every golden spring and summer. Is not this a quest worth following for its own sake, as well as for the physical fitness it offers? Only a few words, surely, are necessary to commend to you such hiking, rambling, exploring and camping; or trekking and “triking” (see Hike and Trek); or the rush through or over the waves; or climbing mountains, hills, cliffs and trees; or the mutual competing in games and athletic sports. We are not all alike in our tastes, and we will not despise what a brother enjoys of these things, for are we not brethren of the open air with very varying opportunities, uniting to make the best of this life out of doors? Then, put first things – first! Our bodies, given to us to train by all these means, shall be the fitter to house our minds suitably and make our ideals come true; shall be abler in service to God and our Country. Our Arrowhead badge must point the way, in this, as in other things. “I believe,” said a late Minister of Health, “that, given healthier bodies, our people could lead the world to a happier era of nobler living.” He was talking to doctors, but the message comes with even more force and inspiration to Rover Scouts.

Training for Fitness in Daily Life

Only general hints can be given because circumstances vary; the training most suited for a clerk is not the best for a blacksmith or a seaman. So, you must explore for yourself, and blaze a trail to make the way easier for others. Certain principles, however, apply to all types. Your heart, lungs and muscles, etc., must be working at the level demanded by your daily work taken together with your recreation, with a margin for exceptional calls. Similarly, your nervous system must, by training, acquire the ability to rule these physical activities without painful straining. These bodily activities result in the formation of what are called waste products. When a muscle contracts, for example, its energy is derived from the breaking down of substances in it. What is left in the muscle afterwards is useless and often harmful to the body, so it has to be drained away by the blood, and expelled eventually from the body by the lungs, skin and kidneys principally. Healthy muscular action implies good drainage, as well as good food supply to the muscle; failing this, cramps are felt. Something similar occurs in the case of the brain.

The Greeks, who were skilled athletic trainers, always emphasised the importance of keeping a proper balance. Their well known motto was: “nothing in excess.” If you aim at developing big muscles your heart must alter so as to be able to supply them with plenty of blood, while attending to the needs of the rest of the body. I once knew a young physical instructor who caught pneumonia while looking after a rather weak and invalid Scout who had this disease. The Scout recovered, although consumptive, and grew up to be strong, but the instructor died in three days. Why? His muscles were good, but his heart had not been watched; it had done its best to rise to the occasion for the large muscles, but there was very little margin for emergencies. Pneumonia came with its heavy strain on the already overworked heart, and death was inevitable. Had the Greek maxim been followed, and a proper balance been struck, the heart would have had its full margin of safety.

Exercise and recreation must be balanced against your work in life. A job at which you have to sit all day in a room and use your brains should be balanced by muscular activities in the open air. The night air, as air, is just as good for this as the day air, so you will keep your bedroom windows open. While you are sleeping your body has a lot of repair work to do. Let the wind breathe upon your sleeping face if you can manage it; you will find those “cobwebs” get swept out of your brain, or, in other words, you will think more clearly the next day. Moreover, you will get bronzed! You won’t catch cold, if you are warmly wrapped up! The Chief sleeps out on his balcony during winter nights when it is freezing hard and there is snow on the ground. You, perhaps, camp out in the summer, and then come back to a small, airless bedroom; how very dangerous! Farmers are most anxious about their cows when they return in winter to their stalls from the meadows; that is when disease is most likely. The risk is much less when they leave their stalls, in the spring, and get out into the open air. The moral is obvious. But there is yet another point; let my mountain guide’s voice be heard – “climb slowly.” Start your training slowly. Balance the intensity of your training against the level of fitness at which you start; start gently, for “tomorrow is yet a day” and will take you on a little faster and further.

Balance the training of different parts of your body against the rest of the body activities. Do not overload the stomach before muscular exercise; allow two hours for the digestion of a moderately light meal. See that the waste from the food you eat is removed from the body regularly, increasing such food as brown bread, fruit, vegetables and prunes rather than using opening medicines. Balance sleep against activity; you will probably find, that you can do with less sleep as you get into training, because it becomes better and deeper. The too common habit of sleeping very late on Sunday mornings leads to excessive relaxation, slothfulness and self-indulgence, rather than to recreation of the physical energy. Lack of desire to get up in the morning is a sure sign that the body and mind are not being properly balanced against the daily calls upon them. The difficulty can be overcome by taking thought, securing better quality sleep, getting a more Scouty outlook on the demands of daily life, and gradually developing self-control and a stronger will. Of course, emergencies come again and again when this balance is inevitably broken down; that is why you must have laid up beforehand a reserve margin for such emergencies. Loss of sleep is very often a matter of trifling importance. It is the worry-

ing about it, unnecessary worrying in so many cases, which causes that weary feeling next day.

Training for general fitness involves tuning up the whole body and especially the heart, lungs, muscles and nerves. This cannot be done in a hurry. The brothers Abrahams, in their useful book *Training for Athletes*, calculate that two months is necessary, and this is a very general view. For their power, the muscles depend on oxygen as well as on sugar, etc.; the body is very clever at making the right sort of sugar out of your ordinary food, but it trusts you to supply it with enough of the oxygen in the air. During training, your body gradually gains more effective muscle cells, heart cells, nerve cells, as well as blood cells. It will take several bouts of training to get yourself into the best possible physical condition if you have not done much of this sort of thing previously.

The length of training depends not only upon such previous periods of training; the individual capacity to respond to the training has to be considered also. So, you will have to do your own exploration as regards your own needs and possibilities, both in your daily life and in your sports. You have to change your untrained body into a trained one; the heart and muscles learning their lessons, nerves becoming more quick to transmit messages to increasingly sensitive receiving stations in the muscles and brain, the skin and kidneys becoming smarter at their job of getting rid of the waste products, and working together happily as well as loyally under the command of a more determined will-power. Abrahams adds: "The man who has trained learns to know the capacity of his body, the resources of strength and endurance which he possesses. This acquaintance with his own powers teaches him confidence and responsibility, and encourages him to attempt and achieve in the more serious things in life what would have seemed to him impossible." Physical fitness is the first duty of Rover Scouts, more so than of other members of the community, because, as our Arrowhead badge signifies, we have to point the way to better citizenship in the daily job as well as in the open air.

Remember two sorts of practices, namely, those which require more especially a power of endurance, and those which require a power of effort. Walking, for example, requires and increases endurance; sprinting does the same for effort. So, in your planning, see that you select the kinds you want to supply the special quality you desire. I will give some hints in the next chapter, but I may say here that the heart is helped by the use of the "Scout-pace" over distances of a mile and upwards, and the lungs by breathing exercises in front of an open window if you cannot do them, in the open air. Breathe in through the nose; hold the breath for a few seconds; then breathe it out to the last rustle. This practice opens up the upper part of the lungs, increases the respiratory capacity, and tends to prevent consumption.

A good "wind" implies that the respiratory capacity is ample; that the powerfully beating heart is sending plenty of oxygen to the muscles; that the blood is carrying off the waste products; and that the muscles are capable of making full use of the oxygen in the blood cells with the greatest economy and efficiency. They must work rhythmically in correct degree and order, and this is one of the great gifts offered by the valuable system of primary gymnastics introduced by Niels Bukh for the country dwellers of Denmark. His system, properly followed, lays a magnificent foundation for all kinds of activity in the open air, and for development of the mind along good lines as well. Like so much else in life, it cannot be learned from a book; it must be acquired personally from an expert teacher, but, still, I think I ought to mention his book.

We might get help from the cinematograph, and especially from slow motion films, but even so, I believe that personal teaching will always be necessary. I hope to see some day a series of properly trained Rovers going from county to county, teaching the art in association with experienced doctors, for I believe that, otherwise, the scheme is not without danger. Yet, to quote Niels Bukh, the practices are "especially appropriate for young healthy folk who wish to wring the full benefit and joy from work and life."

Big muscles, so admired by some, are not necessarily good things to have. As Abrahams points out, big muscles are not always efficient muscles; if untrained, they have in them many idle strands, and there is then no true rhythm in their contracting. The "second wind" is the sign that the process of getting rid of the waste products has become steady at the high level necessitated by the exercise. The respiratory muscles have got into their stride, and seem to know it. The heart, which has dilated, is dealing in each beat with larger quantities of oxygen-laden blood, having become steadied in its action. In this connection it may be added that, while deep breathing helps a man who has "run himself out" in a short race, it is no good if this has happened after a long race. As a rule, a man runs himself to a standstill, his muscles giving out before the heart, and very little permanent harm resulting. In the boy, the heart fails before the muscles, and lifelong trouble may follow from one such overstrain. In these days of so many books by experts on training, it is criminal to allow a boy to run any such risk, since his average capacity at his age and weight can be determined easily. Scoutmasters and Rovers should remember this, and study training carefully.

At the intermediate age of the young Rover, his heart differing from, that of the boy and of the man over 30, a simple way of keeping a watch on it during training may be mentioned. Obtain for the Den a block of wood 13 inches high, 12 inches broad, and about 20 inches long. Or, better still, you can have a strong box made with these dimensions, and use it to store your first aid outfit and other things. It is only the height that matters. Find out first the rate your pulse is beating after sitting still placidly for about fifteen minutes. Try this on three or four occasions until you are satisfied that a fair average rate is 65, 69, 74, or whatever the figure is. Now step up and down on the block for three minutes at the rate of eighteen times in one minute; sit down and count your pulse again immediately. It will probably have risen by about 20 beats or so. Remain sitting, and count it after the lapse of three minutes, when it should be back at about the normal rate, or even slightly below it; you need not take any notice of trifling variations. Try the same practice when you are run down, and you will see that the three minutes stepping up and down causes the pulse rate to rise higher, and to take longer in coming back to the normal resting place. Try it when you are getting into good training, and you will find that the rate does not quicken quite so much, and returns more quickly to the normal. Try it if you have unfortunately over-trained, and you will see how the pulse rate indicates again that you are in an unhealthy condition.

Now, please do not run away and try this frequently because you are sure you have heart trouble, and then get jumpy and nervous because you think the rate is slightly out of the normal. You may take it that the chances of your overstraining your heart are very small, and if a doctor has passed you as fit in the last few years, you need not worry at all, even if you do get an occasional "palpitation." On the other hand, if you are one of those misguided people who think that cigarette smoking in excess, and with inhaling, does you no harm, the pulse chart will show you the truth. Try it on a friend after his next Christmas "binge."

When I was younger we used to organise a soccer football team for the Christmas season. We always had a special match on Boxing Day, a free and easy match indeed, but one sufficiently interesting to prevent us from being gluttons or smoking too much on Christmas Day. It kept us reasonably fit from the muscular and heart point of view during the days after the festival. Many people use Boxing Day for a hike into the country, which, I think, is a much better thing to do than standing still watching a football match. Try the pulse game before you go on that long hike in the summer, and again on your return, feeling thoroughly fit, or before and after camp. It is only a rough rule of thumb method, but it does help to remind you from time to time of your duty to the Scout Movement – keeping yourself as fit as possible.

To comfort some of you still further, let me say that the dilatation of the heart which you get in physical exercise is only likely to be harmful when you are exercising violently without previous training. Under the age of 30 a week's relative resting will put that all right again, but over 30 you must be a little more careful. If you have kept yourself fit by hiking or sports up to the age of 30, the danger in later life is much less, especially as then the muscles give out as a rule before the heart is seriously affected. Middle-aged men in offices should go into suitable training before they try to climb mountains on their holidays. Similarly, after a very athletic holiday, do remember to go back gradually to a sedentary life, taking a walk or run before work and in the evening, and so letting your heart down lightly.

Remember while you are young to learn to enjoy such sports as walking, swimming and golf, which you can continue and even improve when you are over 40. Do not limit yourself to Rugged or sprinting, for they will desert you with "the bloom of youth!" As regards exercises, see that they are chosen to suit the main functions of the limbs concerned; the lower limbs being trained for support and leaping, the upper ones for grasping, striking, throwing and catching. Turn your exercises into games whenever you can; you will avoid staleness thereby, and be keeping up a good old British custom. This staleness is a sort of slow poisoning of the nervous system; the vitality gets less, you wake tired in the morning, cannot concentrate on your work, lose interest, and become irritable. The cure is suitably designed rest, wise feeding, and appropriate training activities.

As regards food, the opinions of different trainers vary, and so do individual needs. The athlete does not want fat on him, but, on the other hand, it is a good reserve in the case of an illness, if there is not too much of it, of course. This talk is mainly about your daily life, and so you will see that you should not train away the last ounce of fat, but be moderate in this as in other things such as eating sugar, a fine supply of energy. Fresh fruit and vegetables provide you with "vitamins," the life, if not the soul of physical activity. Eat ordinary food and chew it thoroughly; that is what Mr. Gladstone is supposed to have said in 1874; 32 bites for each mouthful! Do not forget to keep your chewing apparatus clean and in good order. Decaying teeth discharge poison into your body continuously. A foul mouth fouls the brain mechanism as well as the body machinery. Clean your teeth at night also. Drink between meals rather than during them. There is no need to starve; you may even expect to put on weight during training if you have little fat to lose, and your muscles increase in size. Whatever your form of training is, don't break it off suddenly; if you do you will get "palpitations," fat will accumulate, and you are likely to think you are going to be ill!

Lastly – the muscles; develop them by well-chosen exercises. Butler suggests three or four minutes of them before going to bed at night, tiresome at first, but later automatic and easy – so he says. If this causes wakefulness, you are overdoing it; reduce the time for a bit. Take half a dozen exercises and do a few of each; don't stale yourself by concentrating on one or two only. On the other hand, certain authorities think that such evening exercises are quite wrong, and that the morning is the right time for them. The point is, do they suit you? If not, do not do them! Find out by experiment, repeated experiment.

Remember that over-developed muscles are like parasites; they suck away your vitality. Exercises involving effort are, therefore, in the long run, rather less valuable than those requiring endurance. The best are those which involve balanced effort and endurance, but the question of age comes in here as usual. The younger you are, the more value you can get out of effort exercises, but do not forget to build up your power of endurance. You cannot expect to keep fit by a few muscular exercises only; so balance all your training. Try to keep in good condition by a little running or tennis in the morning before work, and by rambles or hikes during the week-end. Then your next bout of serious training for the football season, or your mountain-climbing holiday, will be much easier and more effective.

ROVER SCOUTING — CHATS WITH ROVER SCOUTS AND THEIR MATES

BY

F. W. W. GRIFFIN, M.A., M.D.



SCOUT LAW No. 9

A Scout is Thrifty.

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

My dear Jim,

A Scout is thrifty—that is to say, he saves. What does he save? He saves everything that he can. It was not long ago that a Patrol-leader was bathing with his six brother Crocodiles in the river Lea.

Rather dangerous you might think for the other people in the river! As a matter of fact, it was still more dangerous for the Scouts, because one of them jumped in out of his depth when he had not the least idea how to swim.

As most of the Crocodiles were quite small, he would probably have been drowned, except that his Patrol-leader dived in and brought him safely to the bank just in time. The Patrol-leader had saved his brother Scout.

You ask me whether that is thrift. Well, I think it is.

The whole object of saving is to keep the thing until the time when you need it. That little Crocodile is certain to be needed on many occasions, to do Good Turns, to help his family at home, and perhaps one day to look after his own family when he grows to be a man.

The Patrol-leader, then, was thrifty, because he saved something that was needed—the life of a brother Scout.

It is not often that a Scout has a chance of doing that kind of saving, but every Scout is called upon to save his money, his health, and the trouble other people will have to take if he fails to do his own job.

The Chief tells you that a Scout “saves every penny he can and puts it into the bank, so that he may have money to keep himself with when out of work, and thus not make himself a burden to others; or that he may have money to give away to others when they need it.”

The only way of saving properly is to make it a habit.

When a Kangaroo goes to work, he will try to put aside a few pennies every week. If he saves 3d. a week, he will find that he has saved 13s. by the end of the year, and later on he will get a little interest on it as well.

A Scout is not necessarily thrifty because he saves 3d. a week, nor even if he saves £10 a year. It all depends upon the position he is in and on what money he is earning.

I know a boy who is earning 12s. a week, and he spends nearly all of it getting the proper kind of food for his mother, who is ill. Yet he is a thrifty Scout, because he is saving his mother's health, which is more important than money. When his mother is well again, he means to save some money and get himself a bicycle. He started being thrifty in this way before he joined the Scouts, and I thought perhaps he would teach his troop more about thrift than they would teach him.

When I last met him I asked him as a joke whether the Scouts had taught him to be thrifty. He said: “Yes, sir.”

He then showed me his boots. They looked a very fine pair, and I asked him where he had got them.

“I have got them from our troop headquarters,” he said, with a smile. “My patrol are working for their Leather-worker's Badge, and after three or four lessons we were able to sole and heel our own boots.”

His little sister aged six lives in the street next door to mine in Bethnal Green. On her birthday I went round to congratulate her.

As soon as she saw me she ran in to fetch a wonderful little chest of drawers, which had been given her as a present by her brother. It was for her doll's wardrobe, she told me, and it was made entirely out of match boxes (five a penny), which had been glued together to make a little chest of drawers.

“You will have to get some little dresses,” I said, “to put inside them.”

Then she opened one of the drawers to show me that there was a little dress already there. It is true that it was only made out of a piece of a torn handkerchief, and that its colour had only come from an old bottle of red ink but, still, there it was—a little present made by a poor Scout for his sister on her sixth birthday.

I looked at her merry smile, and then went home prouder than ever of the East London Scouts, and hoping that other boys would have the unselfishness to carry out the ninth Scout Law in the same way.

Sometimes I am taken to a troop headquarters where the walls are covered with magnificent pictures in beautiful frames, where a display is given with an eight-guinea trek-cart, and where many of the ornaments look as if they had come out of a Royal palace, and had lost their way going home.

Most of these things have been given by the vice-presidents, and if I want to see their names they are set out in full at the top of the troop notepaper.

“What lucky chaps they are !” I think to myself, and they certainly are lucky to get so many presents from kind ladies and gentlemen who are taking an interest in them.

Then I wander off and make my way to Stepney or Poplar. A Scout is standing waiting for me in the street. He gives me a salute and shakes my left hand so vigorously that he nearly dislocates my shoulder. He almost carries me off to his headquarters “to see what we are doing, sir.”

I come to see. It is true that in opening the door some green paint nearly finds its way into my left eye. It is also true that I nearly knock over a pail of water, and that I do quite knock over a Scout who is kneeling beside it and scrubbing the floor.

Then at last I arrive safely in the middle of the room. No! They are not doing Ambulance, nor even Signaling, Knot-tying, or Physical Drill.

But although they are doing none of these things, you can take my word for it that they are Scouting with a vengeance, and if the Chief were there it would do him good to see them.

At the far end of the room there is a Patrol Leader putting in a window-pane, while his Second is cutting out a groove for the sash-cord, to enable the window to open and shut after it has been put in.

Three or four Scouts are occupied in painting the walls, while farther round a Scout is carving a design on a picture frame. I ask him what picture the frame is going to hold, and he shows me a jolly photograph of the troop at last year’s summer camp. The photograph was taken by one of the boys themselves.

Another Scout is deeply engrossed in some splicing. He is making a rope-ladder, which is going to be suspended from the little loft up above.

“An ordinary ladder would get in the way, sir,” he explains,” and we cannot make stairs, as they would take up too much room.”

I express a desire to be hoisted up into the loft, although warned by the Scoutmaster that I will get very dusty. However, I manage to get up with the help of two Scouts, who hoist me on their poles.

That loft is certainly dusty, but I would not have missed seeing it for anything, for there I find a patrol of Scouts sitting round with needles repairing the holes in some of their tents. One boy has taken a turn on the heel of his stocking by way of variety.

When I get down again, I have another look round. The wall which is now being painted has five little notice boards, a separate one for each patrol. A little farther along there are some carefully pressed flowers fastened upon a large sheet of cardboard. Beyond that again is a shelf which holds the troop Patrol Cup as well as two model bridges.

The other things on the wall are several cheery mottoes, and a decorated board on which are written the ten Scout Laws. Every one of these things has been made by the boys themselves.

As I walk home, I think of the ninth Scout Law. The boys had set to work on a place which it would have cost perhaps £10 or £15 to convert into a troop headquarters; yet they had not only done it themselves without spending money, but they were actually making themselves considerably richer than when they had started.

They started with nothing and they would finish with a troop headquarters.

But that was not all. There were also at least twenty Badges which they would earn while engaged in this splendid work, and they would have got something which no money can buy, namely, the real Scout spirit of thrift—that is to say, the spirit that makes one desire to be self supporting in order to be more free to help others in their time of need.

Your sincere brother Scout,

Roland B. Phillipps





Winter Outings For Otters

During the winter months a little extra attention will have to be paid to the health and safety of the Otters. For short periods outdoors, ordinary winter clothing may be sufficient. On the other hand, for a full evening, Saturday morning or afternoon, you should pay special attention to avoid unnecessary hardships and possibly, Hypothermia. If the weather conditions are going to be too cold, too windy, or may lead to the Otters getting wet, then you should consider postponing the outing to another time, or have an alternate plan. Layers of light clothing are more effective than a single layer of heavy clothing. Mittens and hats are essential. Winter offers various opportunities for creative expression. You've all seen youngsters spread eagle in the snow, waving their arms to make snow angels. Consider making snow sculptures. They don't have to be complicated. Have the Otters look at snowflakes under a magnifying glass. At another meeting, have them make snowflakes.

Glitter Snowflakes

This is a super easy craft to make. Simply draw a snowflake with glue, sprinkle with glitter, and that's it! Place

a piece of wax paper over a simple snowflake pattern. Using super tacky glue, squeeze a line of glue very carefully, following the pattern. The thicker the line, the fatter your snowflake. Sprinkle the glue with the glitter of your choice. Let dry, then peel the finished snowflake from the wax paper.

On a winter hike, observe animal tracks in the snow. Talk to the Otters about hibernation, and which animals remain out in the winter. Make a colony snowman and sprinkle bird seed over it. Talk about which birds fly south and which ones stay. While standing around the snowman, do "The Snowman" finger play.

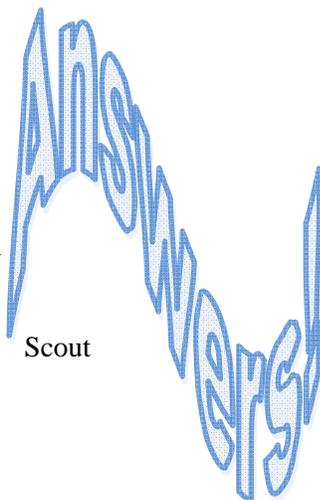
Here's a prayer for winter:

*Thank you God, for the snow. It
 make our cheeks and noses glow. It
 turns the world all clean and bright,
 And gives the plants a long, safe
 night. It lets us slide and skate and
 ski, And build our snowman 1, 2 , 3.
 It sparkles under moon and sun.
 Thank you God for so much fun.*

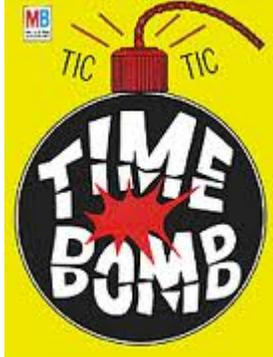
Being outdoors often make one feel special. A greater awareness of the changing seasons and the cycle of living things, can impart a greater appreciation of all living things.



1. Great Britain, Eire, Sweden
2. Germany
3. Finland
4. Canada
5. Australia
6. Thailand
7. United States of America and Philippines (both to score)
- 8a. France – a form of Rover Scout
- b. Netherlands – a form of Rover Scout



- 9a. U.S.A. and Canada (and many others)
- b. Any Asiatic country except the Middle East
- c. Greece (Perhaps Russia or Turkey)
- d. India
- e. South Africa
- f. Scandinavian countries, Holland, Germany
- g. China
- h. Japan



Somewhere I read about this game where you hide an egg timer in “plain view”, that is, it must be visible without having to move anything. You set the timer for 5 minutes and then tell your players they have to find the bomb before it goes off. Once they find it, they should nonchalantly pretend to keep looking and make their way over to the leader to whisper, not point, to the location of the bomb. Those that do not find it within the allotted time are “blown away”.

I thought this would be a great game to teach observation skills so at our camp last weekend we introduced the game and it was an instant hit. Our camp was at an old roadhouse on the Gold Rush Trail called Cottonwood House. (www.cottonwoodhouse.ca) Cottonwood House is one of the most famous and still remaining of the road houses along the Cariboo Wagon Road. It was built in 1864 by John Ryder and Allen Smith. The early years of its operation as a business saw it

change owners several times. However, when John Boyd gained title to the house in March of 1874, stability was achieved. The Boyd family operated the house continuously until the fall of 1951.

A landmark, Cottonwood House developed a reputation among travelers as a stopping place of high quality. The barns, fields and Cottonwood River relieved the freight animals of their burden and gave an opportunity to regain their strength. The “hotel” offered fresh wholesome foods as well as a comfortable rest in clean rooms. Both private and dormitory rooms were available and dinner was served in a large dining room.

The hotel was not the only business at Cottonwood. The Boyd farm supplied feed for freight and dairy animals and supplies for the miners were also stocked. Messages could be left here for others travelling or living in the area. News was circulated and a post office was established helping to make the farm a focal point of the community. The Province of British Columbia bought Cottonwood House in 1963 and designated it as a Provincial Historic Site.

Today they have nice rustic cabins with 3 bunk beds in each and an activity building where we cooked our meals. It is operated by the School District and they have graciously let us camp there in the winter when it is closed to the public. There is no running water in winter, we have to bring our own, and there are no working toilets — we bring our porti-potties. The cabins have limited heat so they are more like wooden tents — a great way to winter camp! The cabins are rented out in the summer months for only \$35 a night (sleeps 6) which also includes admission to all the Cottonwood House attractions.

OK, back to the game.

We held our game in the General Store, which was built in 1888. The walls are lined with pictures of days gone by and of the Boyd family. The antique artifacts around the room made for great hiding places and to teach the Timber Wolves about what life was like 100 years ago.

After several hides, we decided to reward the Timber Wolf that found it first with the privilege of hiding it next. After each “bomb” went off, we gathered all the Timber Wolves and had them stare a blank wall so the timer could be set and hidden again. At the word GO, there was a mad rush to be the first to find it. Everyone wanted to find it and the enthusiasm was immense. After an hour, we decided it was getting late and time to return to the cabins. They wanted more! This game is a definite keeper and the egg timer will accompany us to many more camps for sure.



The following weekend we returned to Cottonwood for an Explorer Camp and I decided to give the game a try with the older youth. I have to say it was just as much a hit with them as it was for the Timber Wolves. The hiding places were trickier, but the rules are always the same — you have to be able to see it without moving anything. The only suggestion I can make is to try and find a timer that does not tick too loud. Even with a quiet tick, some of the older kids learned to use more than their eyes to find it.

Good Hunting!

