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## B.P. on Honesty

B.P. said,

"Honesty is a form of honor. An honorable man can be trusted with any amount of valuables with the certainty that he will not steal it. Cheating at any time is a sneaking, underhanded thing to do."

"When you feel inclined to cheat in order to win a game, or feel distressed when a game in which you are playing is going against you, just say to yourself, 'After all it is only a game. It won't kill me if I do lose. One can't win always though I will stick to it in case of a chance coming.'"

"If you keep your head in this way, you will very often find that you win after all from not being overanxious or despairing. And don't forget, whenever you do lose a game, if you are a true Scout, you will at once cheer the winning team or shake hands with and congratulate the fellow who has beaten you."

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## How Poor Planning Can Cause Accidents

(Toronto Star)

Good Friday, dear readers. Today we bring you a bricklayer's accident report that was printed in the newsletter of the English equivalent of the Workmen's Compensation Board. So here, thanks to Fridayphile John Sedgwick is the Bricklayer's accident report.

Dear Sir:

I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block #3 of the accident reporting form. I put "Poor Planning" as the cause of my accident. You said in your letter that I should explain more fully and I trust that the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six-story building. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had about 500 pounds of bricks left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley, which, fortunately, was attached to the side of the building, at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out and loaded the bricks into it. When I went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of bricks. You will note in Block #11 of the accident reporting form that my weight is 135 pounds.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rather rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel which was now proceeding in a downward direction at an equally impressive rate of speed. This explains the fractured skull, minor abrasions and the broken collarbone, as listed in Section III of the accident reporting form.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley which I mentioned in paragraph #2 of this correspondence.

Fortunately, by this time, I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope, in spite of the excruciating pain I was now beginning to experience.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground - and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Now devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel weighed approximately 50 pounds.

I refer you again to my weight in block #11. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, broken tooth, and the severe lacerations of my legs and lower body.

Here my luck began to change slightly. The encounter with the barrel seemed to slow me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell into the pile of bricks and, fortunately, only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that, as I lay there on the pile of bricks in pain, unable to move and watching the empty barrel six stories above me, I again lost my composure and presence of mind and let go of the rope.

Sincerely,

Policy #XYZ 23456789

## Good Enough

By Edgar A Guest

My son, beware of "good enough," it isn't made of sterling stuff;  
It's something any man can do, it marks the many from the few,  
It was not merit to the eye, it's something any man can buy,  
It's name is but a sham and bluff, for it's never "good enough."

With "good enough" the shirkers stop in every factory and shop;  
With "good enough" the failures rest and lose to men who give their best;  
With "good enough" the car breaks down and men fall short of high renown.  
My son, remember and be wise, in "good enough" disaster lies.

With "good enough" have ships been wrecked, the forward march of armies checked,  
Great buildings burned and fortunes lost; nor can the worked compute the cost  
In life and money it has paid because at "good enough" men stayed.  
Who stops at "good enough" shall find success has left him far behind.

There is no "good enough" that's short of what you can do and you ought.  
The flaw which may escape the eye and temporally get by,  
Shall weaken underneath the strain and wreck the ship or car or train,  
For this is true of men and stuff ... only the best is "good enough."

## Lost

This article originally titled "Four lost Scouts found comfortably sleeping by fire" and was taken from the Canadian Press

Four Boy Scouts lost in the woods were so comfortable one asked his rescuer to mark the trail out and he would follow in the morning.

"They were all well-trained, well-skilled and were as snug as bugs in a rug," said Don Bower, a member of the search team in nearby Waverly, N.S.

Mr. Bower said that when the four 12-year-olds were found early Sunday, they had to be persuaded to pack up their sophisticated camp, leave the make-shift lean-to they were sleeping in and go home.

The boys were on an exercise Saturday which included compass and map reading when they became lost. They had been instructed to stay put in such situations.

## Everybody's Canoe

A young Indian brave was busy at work carving a canoe out of a log. As he worked, members of the tribe passed by. Everybody had a piece of advice to offer the young man.

"I think you are making your canoe too wide," one of them said. The young brave, wishing to show respect for the advice of an elder, narrowed down the canoe.

A little later, another warrior stopped by. "I'm afraid you are cutting the stern too full," he said. Again, the young brave listened to his elder and cut down the stern.

Very soon, yet another member of the tribe stopped, watched for awhile, then said, "The bow is too sheer." The young brave accepted this advice as well and changed the line of the bow.

Finally, the canoe was complete and the young brave launched it. As soon as it hit the water, it capsized. Laboriously, he hauled it back onto the beach. Then he found another log and began his work anew.

Very soon, a member of his tribe stopped by to offer some advice, but this time the young brave was ready.

"See that canoe over there?" he asked, pointing to the useless craft on the beach. "That is everybody's canoe." Then he nodded at the work in progress. "This one," he said, "is my canoe"

-Author Unknown

## Remember

When you are out in the woods remember what you throw away will be around for years to come:

Aluminum cans 80 to 100 years  
Leather up to 50 years  
Nylon fabrics 30 to 40 years  
Plastics 10 to 30 years  
Orange peel 2 weeks to 5 months

Is this what you want people to remember you for?

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## Here's a Thought

It's amazing what heights can be attained through cooperation. After all, Niagra Falls is nothing more than a lot of little drips, working together.

## The Man in the Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for self  
And the world makes you king for a day,  
Just go to a mirror and look at yourself,  
And see what THAT man has to say.  
For it isn't your father or mother or wife  
Whose judgment upon you must pass;  
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life  
Is the one staring back from the glass.  
Some people may think you a straight-shootin chum  
And call you a wonderful guy,  
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum  
If you can't look him straight in the eye.  
He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest  
For he's with you clear up to the end,  
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test  
If the man in the glass is your friend.  
You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years  
And get pats on the back as you pass,  
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears  
If you've cheated the man in the glass.

## He Had a Year To Do It In

He had a year to do it in! So brushed the thought away;  
A chap with half the energy, Might do it in a day.  
A year! 'Twas too ridiculous, As everyone should find;  
However, he would get it done And have it off his mind.

But not today. A few months hence would suit him better still:  
Meanwhile, a far less irksome job Might occupy his skill.  
He would not let the matter pass Entirely from him, No;  
And doubtless he might take it up In, say a month or so.

He had six months to do it in! For six long months had flown;  
Well, why should that alarm a chap With talents like his own?  
The job, whence once embarked upon, Would soon be rattled though;  
However, he would think of it, In, say, a week or two.

He had three months to do it in! "Oh brothr!" was his cry;  
The thing hangs on me like a weight, Each day that passes by.  
Let's see; three months? Ah, that's enough But, just to clear the  
doubt,  
Make arrangements for a start Before the month is out.

He had a week to do it in! And care was in his glance:  
"It's hard," he cried, "that flight of time, Won't give a chap a  
chance!"  
He still delayed; the swift week passed, As weeks will ever run,  
And though a year was given him, The task was still undone.

## The Scout Left-Handshake

(from "Tenderfoot to Queen's Scout")

The grandson of an Ashanti Chief who fought against Lord Baden Powell told this story of the origin of the Scout Left-Handshake. When the Chief surrendered to B.P., the latter extended his right hand as a token of friendship. The Ashanti Chief however, insisted on shaking with the left hand, explaining, "the bravest of the brave shake hands with the left hand, as, in order to do so, they must throw away their greatest protection, their shield." Thus Scouts shake hands with the left hand as proof of their good faith and true friendship.

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## It Makes a Difference

A young boy walking the beach one morning noticed an old man picking up starfish and tossing them back into the sea. He caught up to the man and asked him why he was doing this.

"Because the stranded starfish will die when the sun comes up. They dry out," the man explained.

"But the beach goes on and on, and there are millions of starfish," countered the boy, "How can what you do make any difference?"

The old man looked at the starfish in his hand, "It makes a difference to this one," he said, and tossed it to safety in the waves.

-an adaptation by T. Gray

## Footprints

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with God while, across the sky, flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand - one belonging to him and the other to God.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed that, many times along the path of his life, there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life. This really bothered him, and he questioned God about it.

"Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way," he said. "But I have noticed that, during the most troubled times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why, when I needed you most, you left me."

"My precious child," the Lord replied, "I love you and I would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints in the sand, it was then that I carried you."

-from Scouting (U.K.) magazine

## Lessons from Geese

As each bird flaps its wings, it creates an uplift for others behind him. There is 71 percent more flying range in V-formation than flying alone.

*Lesson: People who share a common direction and sense of common purpose can get there quicker.*

Whenever a goose flies out of formation, it quickly feels the drag and tries to get back into position.

*Lesson: It's harder to do something alone than together.*

When the lead goose gets tired, it rotates back into the formation and another goose flies at the head.

*Lesson: Shared leadership and interdependence gives us each a chance to lead as well as opportunities to rest.*

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 is encouraging and not discouraging.*

When a goose gets sick or wounded and falls, two geese fall out and stay with it until it revives or dies. Then they catch up or join another flock.

*Lesson: Stand by your colleagues in difficult times as well as in good.*

By Angeles Arrien



They keep a path a sacred groove - along which all their lives they move. But how the wise old wood-gods laugh - who saw the first primeval calf. Ah, many things this tale might teach - but I am not ordained to preach.

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## A Leader

A leader is best when people barely know he exists.

Not so good when people obey and acclaim him.

Worse when they despise him.

But a good leader who talks little,  
when his work is done and his aim fulfilled,  
They will say, We did it ourselves.

Loa - Tzu (Chinese Philosopher)

## B.P.'s Last Message

Dear Scouts,

If you have ever seen the play "Peter Pan" you will remember how the pirate chief was always making his dying speech because he was afraid that possibly when the time came for him to die he might not have time to get it off his chest. It is much the same with me, and so, although I am not at this moment dying, I shall be doing so one of these days and I want to send you a parting word of good-bye.

Remember, it is the last you will hear from me, so think it over.

I have had a most happy life and I want each of you to have as happy a life too.

I believe that God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can be useful and so enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look on the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

But the real way to happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it when your turn comes to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but have done your best. "Be Prepared" in this way, to live happy and to die happy--Stick to your Scout Promise always--even after you have ceased to be a boy--and God help you to do it.

Your friend,

Baden Powell

## The Watch

As everyone knows, the watch has as its basic reason for existence, the job of keeping its owner informed as to the correct time of day or night. An important task in itself, in a world that seems to operate, more and more, on schedules, where a few minutes can often mean the difference between success and failure; happiness and sorrow; defeat and victory.

When it operates properly a watch is a good friend; when it stops, loses or gains time, it is a source of frustration.

The watch can help teach us the value of time and of dependability but it can perform a secondary service, by reminding its owner of a code of conduct. Take the five letters of the alphabet that make the word and see what a glance at your timepiece can remind you of:

It can remind you to:

WATCH your Words; remember you are often judged by what you say and how you say it. Careless tongue can do much damage.

WATCH your ACTIONS; it has been said that actions speak louder than words.

WATCH your THOUGHTS; many people think their thoughts are private. Perhaps someone higher knows and is disappointed when your thoughts are not worthy of ourselves.

WATCH your COMPANIONS; we are often judged by the company we keep.

WATCH your HEALTH; your health is a precious God-given gift. Protect and value it.

## St. George

The Knights of the Round table had as their patron saint St. George, because he was the only one of all the saints who was a horseman. He is the Patron Saint of cavalry and a special saint of England.

## The Calf Path

By Sam Walter Foss

One day through the primeval wood - A calf walked home as good calves should; but made a trail all bent askew - a crooked trail as all calves do. Since then three hundred years have fled - and I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail, - and thereby hands my moral tale. The trail was taken up next day - by a lone dog that passed that way. And then a wise bellwether sheep - pursued the trail o'er vale and steep. And drew the flock behind him, too - as good bellweathers always do. And from that day, o'er hill and glade, through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out - and dodged and turned and bent about. And uttered words of righteous wrath - because 'twas such a crooked path. But still they followed - do not laugh - the first migrations of that calf. And through this winding wood-way stalked - because he wobbled when he walked. This forest path became a lane - that bent and turned and turned again. This crooked lane became a road - were many a poor horse with his load, toiled on beneath the burning sun - and traveled some three miles in one. And thus a century and a half - they trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet - the road became a village street. And this, before men were aware - a city's crowded thoroughfare. And soon the central street was this - of a renowned metropolis. And men two centuries and a half - trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout - followed this zigzag calf about. And o'er his crooked journey went - the traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led - by one calf near three centuries dead. They followed still his crooked way, and lost one hundred years a day. For thus such reverence is lent - to well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach - were I ordained and called to preach. For men are prone to go it blind - along the calf-path of the mind. And work away from sun to sun - to do what other men have done. They follow in the beaten track - and out and in, and forth and back. And still their devious course pursue - to keep the path that others do.

## Disaster Day

Sometimes it's only when things go wrong that we start to learn. When everything's going well, you can just coast along. Why bother learning, when your doing all right as it is.

But when things go wrong, you realize how much more there is to know. You realize how much better things could be. You've got something to aim for.

The Scout motto is "Be Prepared". In these last few hours, we've realized that we could have been more prepared than we were.

-CJ '85 "Focus Break"

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## If The Earth

If the Earth were only a few meters in diameter, floating a few meters above a field somewhere, people would come from everywhere to marvel at it. People would walk around it, marvelling at its big pools of water, its little pools, and the water flowing between the pools. People would marvel at the bumps on it and the holes in it, and they would marvel at the very thin layer of gas surrounding it and the water suspended in the gas. The people would marvel at all the creatures walking around the surface of the ball and at the creatures in the water.

The People would declare it as sacred because it was the only one, and they would protect it so that it would not be hurt. The ball would be the greatest wonder known, and people would come to pray to it, to be healed, to gain knowledge, to know beauty, and to wonder how it could be. People would love it and defend it with their lives because they would somehow know that their lives, their own roundness, could be nothing without it. If the Earth were only a few meters in diameter...

-From "Scouting (UK) Magazine"

He is also the Patron Saint of Boy Scouts everywhere. Therefore, all Scouts should know his story.

St. George was born in Cappadocia in the year A.D. 303. He enlisted as a cavalry soldier when he was seventeen, and soon became renowned for his bravery.

On one occasion he came to a city named Selem, near which lived a dragon who had to be fed daily with one of the citizens, drawn by lot.

The day St. George came there, the lot had fallen upon the king's daughter, Cleolinda. St. George resolved that she should not die, and so he went out and attacked the dragon, who lived in a swamp close by, and killed him.

St. George was typical of what a Scout should be:

When he was faced by difficulty or danger, however great it appeared-even in the shape of a dragon-he did not avoid it or fear it, but went at it with all the power he could put into himself and his horse. Although inadequately armed for such an encounter, having merely a spear, he charged in, did his best, and finally succeeded in overcoming a difficulty which nobody had dared to tackle.

That is exactly the way in which a Scout should face a difficulty or danger, no matter how great or terrifying it may appear to him or how ill-equipped he may be for the struggle.

He should go at it boldly and confidently, using every power that he can to try to overcome it, and the probability is that he will succeed.

St. George's Day is April 23rd. On that day all good Scouts make a special point of thinking about the Promise and the Scout Law. Remember this on the next 23rd April and send greetings to Brother Scouts around the world.

-From "Scouting for Boys"  
By Baden Powell

## The More You Put In

The chaplain and his young son were camping just outside a small seaside town. Not far away was a tiny church that had no minister, so the chaplain offered his services for the Sunday. No fee was payable.

As the chaplain and his son were passing out of the door after the service, the son noticed a small box which had on it the words "For Contributions".

"Father, don't you think you should put something in the box?" the son asked.

"Certainly," the chaplain said. He dug into his pocket, pulled out a dollar, and put it into the box.

The two had gone a little way back to the camp when a man came running after them.

"It's our custom to give the minister whatever is dropped into the box," he said when he caught up with them. "I found this dollar and here it is." And he handed back the money the chaplain had donated.

After the man had left, the boy looked up at his dad. "Father," he said, "if you had only put more into the box, you would have got so much more out."

And isn't that true about everything - Scouting, living? The more you put in you will get out.

- By Rev. Bill Sutherland  
Printed in "Scottish Scout News"

As I pause to think of something,  
That sets some men apart.

It seems to me that goals in life  
Must be the place to start.

Imagine playing football  
On an unmarked field of green.

Not a goal line to be sought,  
Not a goal post to be seen.

It would be an aimless battle,  
Were there nothing to be gained.

Without a thing to strive for,  
Not a score to be attained.

We must have purpose in our lives,  
For the flame that warms the soul,

Is an everlasting vision.  
Every man must have his goal.

by J. Holst

## How To Tell A Winner From A Loser

A winner says, "Let's find out" - a loser says, "Nobody knows". When a winner makes an error he says "I was wrong" - when a loser makes an error he says, "It wasn't my fault".

A winner credits his winning to "Good Luck", even though it wasn't. A loser blames his "bad luck", even though it wasn't.

A winner makes commitments - a loser makes excuses.

A winner knows what to fight for and what to compromise on - a loser compromises on what he shouldn't and fights for what is not worthwhile.

A winner says "I'm not as good as I ought to be" - a loser says, "I'm not as bad as a lot of other guys".

A winner listens - a loser just waits until it's time to talk.

A winner would rather be admired than liked, although he would prefer both; a loser would rather be liked than admired, and is even willing to pay the price of contempt for it.

A winner respects those who are superior to him, and tries to learn from them; a loser resents those who are superior to him and tries to find chinks in their armour.

A winner Feels responsible for more than his job - a loser says, "I only work here".

A winner says, "there ought to be a better way" - a loser says, "that's the way it's always been done".

## Goals

## Thoughts About Symbols

Similar symbols can have different meanings around the world. Take a star, for example. There's the star associated with Christ's birth, the Jewish Star of David, the Muslim star and crescent. To the people who use it, each star symbol has great meaning. The owl symbol is yet another example. An owl is considered wise in the western world but foolish in India.

All people react to color, as well, and often use it to express ideas, as in the North American expression, "He's feeling blue" or "I saw red!" But colors, like symbols, can have different meanings in different cultures. Red can mean anger or passion in the west, but signifies joy in China and the Ukraine. In India, it is the color for a bridal gown. Yellow can signify wisdom or the harvest to a Russian, joy to a European, fear or cowardice to a North American, and spirituality to a Buddhist. Green is a holy color to Muslims and a color of hope in the Ukraine. In the English language, it is used as an expression for tranquility, envy, or naivety.

It's something to think about. How many different cultures are represented in your section or group?

-Thanks to North Waterloo District's  
"Scouting News"

## The Knights' Code

The laws of the knights were these:

- Be always ready, with your armour on, except when you are taking your rest at night.
- At whatever you are working try to win honor and a name for honesty.
- Defend the poor and weak.
- Help them that cannot defend themselves.
- Do nothing to hurt or offend anyone else.
- Be prepared to fight in the defence of their country
- Work for honor rather than profit.
- Never break your promise.
- Maintain the honor of your country with your life.
- Rather die honest than live shamelessly.
- Chivalry requireth that youth should be trained to perform the most laborious and humble offices with cheerfulness and grace; and to do good unto others.

-From "Scouting for Boys"  
By Baden Powell

## Do It Now

One motto which I like very much and which every Scout should think about and act upon is this, "I shall only pass this way (through this life) once; any good therefore that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it NOW. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Once, when driving in my car, I passed a man on a sunny, dusty road, and I thought after I had passed him whether I might not have offered to give him a lift. Then I thought probably he would be going a short distance only, to some house a little farther along.

But as I sped farther and farther upon my way, I saw no house and no turning, and therefore I argued that the poor man would have to be walking all this dusty way when I might have helped him along it. I had missed my opportunity. I had not "done it now".

From "Adventuring With Baden Powell"