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## Things a Scouter Should Remember

- 1- It's the little things that count.
- 2- Live up to your expectations
- 3- What are the opportunities?
- 4- Do we know what we are doing?
- 5- Kids will live up or down to your expectations.

-Jack Pearse (Quinte Conference)

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## Parents Creed

"If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn...  
If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight...  
If a child lives with fear, he learns to be apprehensive...  
If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to feel guilty...  
If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient...  
If a child lives with encouragement, he learns to be confident...  
If a child lives with praise, he learns to be appreciative...  
If a child lives with acceptance, he learns to love...  
If a child lives with approval, he learns to like himself...  
If a child lives with recognition, he learns it is good to have a goal...  
If a child lives with honesty, he learns what truth is...  
If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice...  
If a child lives with security, he learns to have faith in himself and in those about him...  
If a child lives with friendliness, he learns the world is a nice place in which to live."

- Dorothy Law Nolte

8. \_\_\_\_ Teach knots required for First Class to a young Scout-this can be done with a "First Year" Scout, but not while he is attending the First Year Camper program - unless you teach a class to help with the program.
9. \_\_\_\_ Have your troop work towards completing the camp's Scouting Spirit" award.
10. \_\_\_\_ Spend 3 nights/days in camp with your troop
11. \_\_\_\_ Participate in two adult leader competitions \*or\* act as referee/"amiable dispute settler" at one scout competition
12. \_\_\_\_ Participate in 2 evening activities
13. \_\_\_\_ Take one nap in the afternoon heat-sometimes a few days of practice are required before this requirement can be completed correctly
14. \_\_\_\_ ONCE, while having breakfast, convince any adult staff member to re-fill your coffee or other beverage. NOTE: Experienced adult leaders will encourage adult staff members to "taste-test" returned beverages.
- 15a. \_\_\_\_ Serve as a lifeguard during either a troop swim or free swim
- 15b. \_\_\_\_ Attend free swim as a participant (If unable to comply for medical reasons, a second term as lifeguard may be substituted.)
16. \_\_\_\_ Encourage your troop, either alone or with another troop, to participate in the Campfire.
17. \_\_\_\_ Attend Safety Afloat and Safe Swim Defense course offered at Waterfront.

NOTE: Prior and \*current\* certification will be accepted for completion of this requirement.

## Farewell to a Scouter

For all your time and trouble,  
Dedication to our cause,  
For your care and understanding,  
Selfless giving without pause;  
For our Scouters and our boys,  
And have always stood to help us,  
Through both tragedies and joys:  
We may not have given credit  
Always when it was due,  
But we hope you know our feelings  
As we give our thanks to you;  
Though goodbyes are now upon us,  
May we wish for you, our friend,  
That your time away be shortened,  
And your way lead home again.

By Carol Jordan

## A Toast to the Boys

Here's to the membership,  
Here's to the boys,  
Creators of havoc and  
Makers of noise;  
They scream and they holler  
And batter our ears;  
They run and they tumble  
And drive us to tears;  
But still, in the end,  
They grow and they learn;  
They show off the skills  
And the badges they earn;  
We guide them and teach them  
Because, in the end,  
They're what it's all for -  
We do it for them.  
To the Boys!

## SCOUTMASTER MERIT BADGE

Modified/generalized from an original submission by Scott Pennington, Camp Barstow, Indian Waters Council/SC

1a. \_\_\_\_ Participate in 2 Campsite Inspections

\_\_\_\_

1b. \_\_\_\_ Participate in 2 Uniform Inspections

\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_ Attend 5 Merit Badge sessions with your Scouts

\_\_\_\_

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3. \_\_\_\_ Lead one song before/during/after meal in Dining Hall-this can be done as a "group effort" between several people--staff members may also be "urged" into the fray

4. \_\_\_\_ Spend ten minutes harassing, suggesting improvements, complimenting, or otherwise occupying an adult staff member. NOTE: this may be done immediately following any meal so as to cut into staff nap-time, but a really good adult leader should be able to finish this requirement \*before\* breakfast so as to keep the adult staff member from reaching and thereby emptying the SM coffee pot.

5. \_\_\_\_ Compliment two meals cooked in Dining Hall

6. \_\_\_\_ Spend ten minutes complimenting Ranger on his random landscaping using only small mounds of sand or rocks to highlight areas where one should not sit.

7. \_\_\_\_ Pick up 10 pieces of litter.

That your guts were gone, and the best for you  
 was to crawl away and die.  
 'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's despair,  
 and it thrilled you through and through --  
 "I guess I'll make it a spread misere", said Dangerous Dan McGrew.

The music almost died away. . .then it burst like a pent-up flood;  
 And it seemed to say, "Repay, repay",  
 and my eyes were blind with blood.  
 The thought came back of an ancient wrong,  
 and it stung like a frozen lash,  
 And the lust awoke to kill, to kill. . .  
 then the music stopped with a crash,  
 And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned  
 in a most peculiar way;  
 In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt  
 he sat, and I saw him sway;  
 Then his lips went in in a kind of grin,  
 and he spoke, and his voice was calm,  
 And "Boys," says he, "you don't know me, and none of you care a damn;  
 But I want to state, and my words are straight,  
 and I'll bet my poke they're true,  
 That one of you is a hound of hell. . .and that one is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out,  
 and two guns blazed in the dark,  
 And a woman screamed, and the lights went up,  
 and two men lay stiff and stark.  
 Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead,  
 was Dangerous Dan McGrew,  
 While the man from the creeks lay clutched to the breast  
 of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess I ought to know.  
 They say the stranger was crazed with "hooch",  
 and I'm not denying it's so.  
 I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly between us two --  
 The woman that kissed him and -- pinched his poke --  
 was the lady that's known as Lou.

## Pack Scouter's Survival Checklist

- 1- When the boys won't pay attention and you feel like blowing your top, count to ten, then blow your top!
- 2- So you tied the flag on upsidedown. Smile knowingly, give five points to the Cub who spotted it and a lecture to the others on being unobservant.
- 3- Accept the boy for what he is. If that's impossible just be thankful he isn't your son!
- 4- Learn to laugh at yourself. The Cubs probably think you're hilarious anyway.
- 5- Too many Cubs and not enough leaders? What a compliment, it must be you they like!
- 6- When everything goes wrong remember: At least you don't have boils.
- 7- If maintaining your dignity concerns you....quit!
- 8- So you feel like a failure next to the hot shot running the pack next door? Relax...he's probably got ulcers.
- 9- Your spouse has threatened you with divorce if you don't slow down? Slow down....fast!
- 10- Forgot the Cub Promise while investing a new chum did you? Blame your diet.
- 11- Remember you are human, no matter what the boys might tell you.
- 12- So what if you lost your cool on parents' night? At least nobody thinks you're dull!
- 13- Running a meeting is a breeze? You're in trouble. Go take a training course.
- 14- You had to cancel summer camp and nobody loves you? Sure they do. Just ask who's coming back to Cubs nest year!

-Judy Evans

## Why God Made Boys

God made a world out of his dreams  
 Of magic mountains, oceans and streams,  
 Prairies and plains and wooded land;  
 Then paused and thought, "I need someone to stand  
 On top of the mountains, to conquer the seas,  
 Explore the plains and climb the trees;  
 Someone to start out small, and grow  
 Sturdy, strong like a tree; and so  
 He created boys, full of spirit and fun,  
 To explore and conquer, to romp and run  
 With dirty faces, banged-up shins,  
 Flashing eyes and great wide grins,  
 When he completed the task He'd begun,  
 He surely said, "That's a job well done!"

-from Jean Layman

The man stood by the Pearly Gate,  
 His head was bent low,  
 He asked the angel standing there  
 Which way he had to go.  
 "What have you done," the angel asked,  
 "To gain entry here?"  
 "I've run a Cub Pack," he replied,  
 "For years, and years, and years."  
 The Pearly Gates flung open wide  
 And proudly tolled the bell;  
 "Pick up your harp and enter in,  
 You've had your years of hell!"

-by Hessle Venture Scout Unit  
 from 'Scouting' (U.K.) magazine

His eyes went rubbering round the room,  
 and he seemed in a kind of daze,  
 Till at last that old piano fell in the way of his wandering gaze.  
 The rag-time kid was having a drink;  
 there was no one else on the stool,  
 So the stranger stumbles across the room,  
 and flops down there like a fool.

In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt  
 he sat, and I saw him sway;  
 Then he clutched the keys with his talon hands  
 -- my God! but that man could play.

Were you ever out in the Great Alone, when the moon was awful clear,  
 And the icy mountains hemmed you in  
 with a silence you most could \*hear\*;  
 With only the howl of a timber wolf, and you camped there in the cold,  
 A half-dead thing in a stark, dead world,  
 clean mad for the muck called gold;  
 While high overhead, green, yellow and red,  
 the North Lights swept in bars? --  
 Then you've a haunch what the music meant. . .  
 hunger and night and the stars.

And hunger not of the belly kind,  
 that's banished with bacon and beans,  
 But the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home and all that it means;  
 For a fireside far from the cares that are,  
 four walls and a roof above;  
 But oh! so cramful of cosy joy, and crowned with a woman's love --  
 A woman dearer than all the world, and true as Heaven is true --  
 (God! how ghastly she looks through her rouge, --  
 the lady that's known as Lou).

Then on a sudden the music changed,  
 so soft that you scarce could hear;  
 But you felt that your life had been looted clean  
 of all that it once held dear;  
 That someone had stolen the woman you loved;  
 that her love was a devil's lie;

## The Shooting of Dan McGrew

by Robert W. Service

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon;  
The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune;  
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,  
And watching his luck was his light-o'-love,  
the lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was fifty below,  
and into the din and the glare,  
There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks,  
dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.  
He looked like a man with a foot in the grave  
and scarcely the strength of a louse,  
Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar,  
and he called for drinks for the house.  
There was none could place the stranger's face,  
though we searched ourselves for a clue;  
But we drank his health, and the last to drink  
was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes,  
and hold them hard like a spell;  
And such was he, and he looked to me like a man who had lived in hell;  
With a face most hair, and the dreary stare  
of a dog whose day is done,  
As he watered the green stuff in his glass,  
and the drops fell one by one.  
Then I got to figgering who he was, and wondering what he'd do,  
And I turned my head -- and there watching him  
was the lady that's known as Lou.

## Definition of a Boy

After a male baby has grown out long clothes and triangles, and has acquired pants, freckles and so much dirt that relatives do not dare kiss it between meals, it becomes a boy. Boy is nature's answer to the false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig, or act like a jackass, according to the conditions of the moment. A boy is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite. He is a noise, covered with smudges. He is called a tornado because he comes in at the most unexpected times, hits at the most unexpected places, and leaves everything a wreck behind him. He is growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered and kept warm. A joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, and the hope of a nation. Every boy is evidence that God is not yet discouraged with man.

Were it not for boys, newspapers would be undelivered and unread and a thousand picture shows would go bankrupt. Boys are useful in running errands. A boy can easily do the family errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does each errand is equalled only by the speed of a turtle on a july day. The boy is a natural spectator. He watches parades, fires, fights, ball games, automobiles, boats and airplanes with equal fervor, but... he will not watch a clock. The man who invents a click that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes will win the undying gratitude of millions of families whose boys are forever coming to lunch along about dinnertime because they didn't notice the clock. In spite of all efforts to teach boys good manners they faithfully imitate their fathers. But, a boy, if not washed too often, and if kept in a cool quiet place after each accident will survive broken bones, hornets, swimming holes, fights, and nine helpings of pie.

-Author Unknown.

## No Heroes?

"There are no heroes in Scouting," declared Akela. We were discussing the low membership in our section compared with the high attendance in the local hockey leagues. "Every kid in town wants to be Wayne Gretzky. Nobody wants to be Baden-Powell. There's no glamour in Scouting. And besides, there's no money in it!"

Argue as I might, I had to concede the strength of hockey's pull. Yet I still feel Akela is wrong, Scouting is full of heroes, from B.P. on down. If the boys are unaware of them, perhaps we - you and I, Akela - are at fault.

For 80 years throughout the world, Scouts have been helping at natural disasters, fighting poverty and ignorance, assisting in war zones, saving lives. By the nature of the movement, Scouts tend to be quiet heroes. There is no one to announce, "He shoots! He scours!" when a Scout does a good turn, but that doesn't mean the heroes don't exist.

And glamour! An international jamboree, with thousands of Scouts in their distinctive national uniforms! White water canoe trips! Camping on mountain crags, on salt-scorched deserts, by placid lakes. The countless dramatic challenges of Scouting! Perhaps, if our troop offered more of these, Scouting would have more appeal in this town.

But still, Akela is right on one point. There's no money in it!

\*There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.\*



Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;  
 It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice  
     it was called the "Alice May".  
 And I looked at it, and I thought a bit,  
     and I looked at my frozen chum;  
 Then "Here", said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;  
 Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;  
 The flames just soared, and the furnace roared --  
     such a blaze you seldom see;  
 And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;  
 And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled,  
     and the wind began to blow.  
 It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled  
     down my cheeks, and I don't know why;  
 And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;  
 But the stars came out and they danced about  
     ere again I ventured near;  
 I was sick with dread, but I bravely said:  
     "I'll just take a peep inside.  
 I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; . . .  
     then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm,  
     in the heart of the furnace roar;  
 And he wore a smile you could see a mile,  
     and he said: "Please close that door.  
 It's fine in here, but I greatly fear  
     you'll let in the cold and storm --  
 Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee,  
     it's the first time I've been warm."

## B.P. on Scouting

What we need and what, thank God, we've got in most places in our movement, is not merely the spirit of good-natured tolerance but of watchful sympathy and readiness to help one another. We not only need it but we've "got to have it" if we are going to teach our boys by the only sound way, that is through our own example, that greatest of principles - goodwill and cooperation.

## The Cremation of Sam McGee

by Robert W. Service

\*There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
 By the men who moil for gold;  
 The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
 That would make your blood run cold;  
 The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
 But the queerest they ever did see  
 Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
 I cremated Sam McGee.\*

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.  
 Why he left his home in the South to roam  
 'round the Pole, God only knows.  
 He was always cold, but the land of gold  
 seemed to hold him like a spell;  
 Though he'd often say in his homely way  
 that he'd "sooner live in hell".

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.  
 Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold  
 it stabbed like a driven nail.  
 If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze  
 till sometimes we couldn't see;  
 It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight  
 in our robes beneath the snow,  
 And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead  
 were dancing heel and toe,  
 He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;  
 And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no;  
 then he says with a sort of moan:  
 "It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold  
 till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.  
 Yet 'tain't being dead -- it's my awful dread  
 of the icy grave that pains;  
 So I want you to swear that, foul or fair,  
 you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;  
 And we started on at the streak of dawn;  
 but God! he looked ghastly pale.  
 He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day  
 of his home in Tennessee;  
 And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death,  
 and I hurried, horror-driven,  
 With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid,  
 because of a promise given;  
 It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say:  
 "You may tax your brawn and brains,  
 But you promised true, and it's up to you  
 to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid,  
 and the trail has its own stern code.  
 In the days to come, though my lips were dumb,  
 in my heart how I cursed that load.  
 In the long, long night, by the lone firelight,  
 while the huskies, round in a ring,  
 Howled out their woes to the homeless snows --  
 O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;  
 And on I went, though the dogs were spent  
 and the grub was getting low;  
 The trail was bad, and I felt half mad,  
 but I swore I would not give in;  
 And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.