



## Today's Agenda

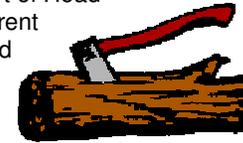
Start	Event	Location
07:00 AM	Breakfast/Patrol Assessment	Gilwell Hall
07:45 AM	Devotional	Chapel
08:00 AM	Troop Assembly	Gilwell Field
08:30 AM	Troop Meeting	Troop Room
10:15 AM	Break	
10:30 AM	Troop Presentation	Gilwell Hall
11:00 AM	Troop Presentation	Gilwell Hall
11:50 AM	Break	
12:00 PM	Lunch	Gilwell Hall
01:00 PM	Patrol Leaders' Council	Troop Room
01:30 PM	Patrol Presentation	Patrol Learning Sites
02:20 PM	Break	
02:30 PM	Troop Presentation	Gilwell Hall
03:20 PM	Break	
03:30 PM	Troop Activity	Troop Room
04:50 PM	Break	
05:00 PM	Patrol Meeting	Patrol Learning Sites
05:45 PM	Flag Retrieval	Gilwell Field
06:00 PM	Dinner	Gilwell Hall
07:00 PM	Troop Activity	Gilwell Hall
07:50 PM	Break	
08:00 PM	Troop Activity	Gilwell Hall
09:00 PM	Cracker Barrel	Wooten Lodge
10:00 PM	Lights Out	
Camp George Thomas Phone Number: 580.588.3328		

# THE GILWELL GAZETTE

VOLUME WB-2118 Day 2

Gilwell Park, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 2011

Gidney, the first Camp Chief of Gilwell Park as opposed to Scout Headquarters. Gilwell Park has always been the property of Scout Headquarters. Gidney wanted to be sure that, although the Park was a part of Headquarters, it was quite different and much more associated with the outdoors and woodcraft side of Scouting rather than the "business" side. He therefore adopted the symbol for use



## The Axe and the Log

on all leader training publications and letterheads. Gidney's leader courses always featured a great deal of practical activity and axes were as prominent as "billy cans." Great emphasis

was placed on safety with tools. Axes were always expected to be "masked" by burying the blade in a log of wood. Hence there were examples of axes properly masked all over the Training Camp and they clearly struck Gidney

as an ideal symbol to denote all that the training courses stood for! Gidney was the first Camp Chief of Gilwell during the first Wood Badge course in 1919. He was known for his axe

throwing exhibitions and training course in axemanship. Chief Gidney also invented the Gilwell scarf with the MacLaren Tartan.

## Webelos Cross Over to Troop 1

If you were a Scout in your youth, you probably recall your Cub Scout crossover or Girl Scout bridging ceremony. It's a special ceremony designed to mark a momentous transition. After five long hours in Cub Scouting, the members of Pack 1 made that transition yesterday, crossing the wooden bridge to become the newest members of Troop 1 Gilwell.

Immediately after crossing over, our new scouts were placed into patrols. Our patrol names have great historical significance, as every Wood Badge course in the United States uses the same "critters" in the same order: Beaver, Bobwhite, Eagle, Fox, Owl, Bear (and in larger courses, Buffalo and Antelope). Once you're a certain critter, you're now

that critter for life, and you join a large brotherhood/sisterhood of fellow critter-mates.

"A journey of a thousand miles begins but with one step." Your Wood Badge journey started yesterday. Godspeed.

During the years preceding Scouting, British soldiers who were stationed overseas had to earn their passage or ticket home after their term of service was complete. This is why it is called a TICKET, but just what is it? A ticket is a contract between you and a member of the staff, usually referred to as a Troop Guide or Ticket Counselor. This contract is your commitment to practice using the leadership skills taught at Wood Badge in the performance of your Scouting job.

#### Purpose of a Ticket

The purpose of a Wood Badge ticket is to help you realize your personal vision of your role in Scouting. Ideally, you will write your ticket around your primary job in Scouting.

#### A Ticket Consists of Four Parts:

- A list of your personal values
- A description of your Scouting role or job
- A statement of your vision of success
- A mission composed of five significant goals that can be attained within 18 months.

#### Your Vision

You should not expect that you will realize your vision immediately upon completion of the five goals; reaching your goals is an initial part of a longterm work in progress.

#### Diversity

At least one goal must address increasing diversity within the Boy Scouts of America.

For each goal, you should indicate:

- Who
- What
- Where
- When
- Why
- How Measured
- How Verified



# The Wood Badge Ticket

## BUFFALO PATROL

HAPPY TO INFORM ALL, THAT ALL SCOUTS COMPLETED WOGGLES DURING THE SESSION, COMPLETED TOTEM AND PATROL YELL.

BUFFALO PATROL. . .

"THE OTHER RED MEAT!!"

If you've ever been driving at 60 MPH and suddenly slammed on the brakes because you thought you saw a Patrol critter at a yard sale...

...You Might Be A Wood Badger!

## Eagles Soaring High!

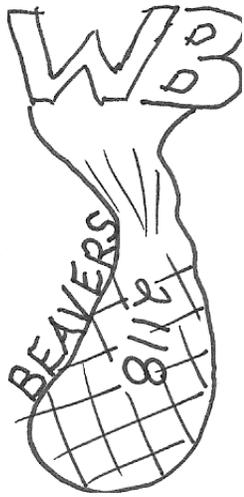
**Five proud members crossed over to the Eagle Patrol from Den 6. Upon crossing over the the patrol we selected Teddy Leyba as our Patrol Leader. We spent most of the first day carefully listening to our illustrious leaders. Our trusty talons were frustratingly unwinding and knotting these little red woggles. Nests are set up so we will soar on over the cracker barrel to leave some Feed—Back!**

## Serendipity

Scouting is not only a way of life, but meant to be. My son and I joined our Troop in December 2009 after completing the Cub Scout journey. Although I never finished Cub Scouts as a boy; it seems fate has brought me another chance.

Recently, I discovered that my Scoutmaster lived in the same neighborhood I lived in as a boy and his son attended the same school as I. Our Troop's favorite handyman and greatest volunteer today had a son that I went to school with from kindergarten to graduation. He is my fellow Wood Badge companion this fall and when talking about his time as a Cub in Den 2 Pack 86 we both realized that we were in the same Pack.

Shipwreck Wynn  
Bobwhite Patrol



### The Bear Patrol

**Highlights--**

**Knowing the importance of working as a team... many tasks were accomplished on our 1<sup>st</sup> day of weekend 1. Just to site a couple, woggles were hand crafted under the leadership of our Mama Bear and Troop Guide "Rhonda Rodericks". As a patrol, we helped one another. Andy Hoke and Kristina Farley assisted all the Bears. We also worked as a team completing a jigsaw picture. When we discovered there was a missing piece, we quickly fanned out to locate it. We're looking forward to the future days while at Wood Badge because the success of tomorrow's youth depends on the preparation put in today.**

The sun sets 47% faster than normal when setting up camp. It sets another 28% faster if rain is eminent.



### Owl Patrol

*Owl Always Remember Our 1<sup>st</sup> Day*  
 From sipping juice out of a straw as quickly as possible, to watching our fearless leader Dorothy get to the Wizard, our first day was filled with fun and information, leaving us with a lot to think about. Whooo are we as individuals, whooo are we as a team, whooo decided to make Reveille at 6:00am? In the end, we came together as a group, found our strengths and weaknesses, and are ready to take on tomorrow and what it may bring our way!

## S.M.A.R.T.

All ticket items should be S M A R T (specific, measurable, attainable, relevant, and timely). The preceding acronym may be used by you and your Troop Guide to evaluate a good workable ticket item. Hopefully these questions will help you to evaluate the items you might select for your ticket.

**Specific** - Describe this ticket goal in enough detail so that you and your ticket counselor now specifically what is to be done; how it is important, or how it will have an impact on the program. Is it challenging?

**Measurable** - Describe how this ticket goal is measurable. How will you know when the goal has been accomplished?

**Attainable** - Describe how this ticket goal is attainable. Can it be accomplished?

**Relevant** - Describe how this ticket goal is relevant. How does it relate to your Scouting job?

**Timely** - Describe how this ticket goal is timely. Can it be accomplished in a reasonable amount of time? "A goal without a deadline is only a dream!"

## WOGGLE WORKS

**IS YOUR MIND GETTING BOGGLED WITH WOGGLES?**



**PAY US... WE'LL TIE IT FOR YOU!!!**



"We must change boys from a 'what can I get' to a 'what can I give' attitude."

~Baden-Powell

## A Midnight Phone Call

A midnight phone call stirs a parent's heart like nothing else. We all know what it's like to get that phone call in the middle of the night.

Panicky thoughts filled my sleep-dazed mind as I grabbed the receiver. "Hello?" My heart pounded, I gripped the phone tighter and eyed my husband, who was now turning to face my side of the bed. "Mama?" The voice answered. I could hardly hear the whisper over the static. But my thoughts immediately went to my daughter. When the desperate sound of a young crying voice became clear on the line, I grabbed for my husband and squeezed his wrist. "Mama, I know it's late. But don't...please don't say anything until I finish. And before you ask, yes, I've been drinking. I nearly ran off the road a few miles back and..." I drew in a sharp, shallow breath, released my husband's arm and pressed my hand against my forehead. Sleep still fogged my mind, and I attempted to fight back the panic. Something wasn't right.

"I got so scared. All I could think of was how it would hurt you if a policeman came to your door and said I'd been killed. I want... to come home. I know running away was wrong. I know you've been worried sick. I should have called you days ago but I was afraid...afraid..." Sobs of deep-felt emotion flowed from the receiver and poured into my heart. Immediately I pictured my daughter's face in my mind, and my fogged senses seemed to clear, "I think ---"

"No! Please let me finish! Please!" She pleaded, not so much in anger, but in desperation. "I'm pregnant, Mama. I know I shouldn't be drinking now, especially now, but I'm scared, Mama. So scared!" The voice broke again, and I bit into my lip, feeling my own eyes fill with moisture.

I looked up at my husband, who sat silent mouthing, "Who is it?" I shook my head and when I didn't answer, he jumped up and left the room, returning seconds later with a portable phone held to his ear. She must have heard the click in the line because she asked, "Are you still there? Please don't hang up on me! I need you. I feel so alone." I clutched the phone and stared at my husband, seeking guidance. "I'm here, I wouldn't hang up," I said. "I should have told you, Mama. I know I should have told you. But, when we talk, you just keep telling me what I should do. You read all those pamphlets on how to talk about sex and all, but all you ever do is talk. You don't ever listen to me, Mama. You never let me tell you how I feel. It is as if my feelings aren't important. Because you're my mother you think you have all the answers, but sometimes I don't

## A Midnight Phone Call (cont'd)

need answers... I just want someone to listen."

I swallowed the lump in my throat and stared at the how-to-talk-to-your-kids pamphlets scattered on my night stand. "I'm listening," I whispered.

"You know, back there on the road after I got the car under control, I started thinking about the baby and taking care of it. Then I saw this phone booth and it was as if I could hear you preaching to me about how-people shouldn't drink and drive. So I called a taxi. I want to come home." "That's good honey," I said, relief filling my chest. My husband came closer, sat down beside me and laced his fingers through mine.

"But you know, I think I can drive now."

"No!" I snapped. My muscles stiffened and I tightened the clasp on my husband's hand. "Please, wait for the taxi. Don't hang up on me until the taxi gets there."

"I just want to come home, Mama."

"I know. But do this for your mama. Wait for the taxi, please." I listened to the silence, fearing. When I didn't hear her answer, I bit into my lip and closed my eyes. Somehow I had to stop her from driving. "There's the taxi, now." Only when I heard someone in the background asking about a Yellow Cab did I feel my tension easing. "I'm coming home, Mama." There was a click, and the phone went silent. Moving from the bed with tears forming in my eyes, I walked out into the hall and went to stand in my 9 year old daughter's room. My husband came from behind, wrapped his arms around me and rested his chin on the top of my head. I wiped the tears from my cheeks. "We have to learn to listen," I said to him.

He studied me for a second, then asked, "Do you think she'll ever know she dialed the wrong number?" I looked at our sleeping daughter, then back at him.

"Maybe it wasn't such a wrong number."

"Mom, Dad, what are you doing?" The muffled voice came from under the covers. I walked over to my daughter, who now sat up staring into the darkness.

"We're practicing," I answered. "Practicing what?" she mumbled and laid back on the mattress, but her eyes already closed in slumber. "Listening," I whispered.

The very essence of leadership is that you have to have vision. You can't blow an uncertain trumpet.

~Theodore M Hesburgh