

# THE GILWELL GAZETTE

WOOD BADGE COURSE WR-TN-05 NEWSLETTER

Vol. 2 - Monday

April 4, 2005

## “We are Troop 1, Gilwell!”

During Pack 1 assembly, all six Webelos dens participated in a bridging ceremony and requested to join Boy Scout Troop 1.



Akela and Pack 1 at bridging ceremony.



Welcome to Troop 1.

### MONDAY'S SCHEDULE

7:00AM BREAKFAST AND PATROL SELF-ASSESSMENT  
8:00AM TROOP 1 ASSEMBLY AT GILWELL  
8:30AM COURSE PHOTOS- LOOK GOOD & SMILE  
9:15AM TROOP 1 MEETING AT GILWELL  
11:00AM BREAK  
11:10AM PRESENTATION AT CHARTER HOUSE  
11:40AM PRESENTATION AT CHARTER HOUSE  
12:30PM LUNCH  
1:30PM PATROL LEADERS' COUNCIL  
1:30PM SCOUTS OWN MEETING  
2:00PM PRESENTATION – PATROL SITE  
2:50PM BREAK  
3:00PM PRESENTATION – CHARTER HOUSE  
3:50PM BREAK  
4:00PM PATROL COMPETITION  
5:20PM BREAK  
5:30PM PATROL MEETING AT PATROL SITE  
5:55PM FLAG LOWERING BY PROGRAM PATROL  
6:30PM DINNER  
7:30PM TROOP PRESENTATION AT CHARTER HOUSE  
8:20PM BREAK  
8:30PM TROOP PRESENTATION AT CHARTER HOUSE  
9:20PM BREAK  
9:00PM CRACKER BARREL  
10:00PM LIGHTS OUT



Our first Troop 1 meeting had fun.

## History of Gilwell Park

It is often said that Scouting began with one man (B-P), an island (Brownsea), and a book (Scouting for Boys).

It might be said that Gilwell began with two men and both their dreams. The imaginative mind of Robert Baden-Powell wanted to add training to the enthusiasm of his Scoutmasters: good intentions were not enough to make a good Scoutmaster.

At the same time another man, Mr. De Bois Maclaren, the District Commissioner for Roseneath in Dunbartonshire, was concerned that the Scouts of the back streets of East London, whose love of the new game of Scouting, had only the streets and a few pocket parks for their Scouting. What they needed was a camping ground that belonged to Scouts where Scouts had a right to go when they liked. And, it must not be too far out from East London. In 1918, he promised B-P that he would raise 10,000 pounds (which was a large sum in those days) if B-P would find the place.

Gilwell is first mentioned on the court rolls in 1422, 70 years before Columbus sailed to the New World. By 1918, almost 500 years later, Gilwell

was a derelict estate on the edge of Epping Forest, next door to London's teaming east end, near a small village called Chingford. B-P came face to face with Gilwell on the afternoon of November 22, 1918. What he saw was heavy clay mud, tangled undergrowth, and nettled beds surrounding the place. Walking through Gilwell, the mud tried to suck the shoes off his feet, but finally he got close enough to see the Georgian country house which seemed to be fighting for its existence in the surrounding debris. But B-P was gazing past the present to the future. "A few parties of Scouts and Rovers camping here at week-ends could soon get the place into shape". His mind was made up.

Next, B-P persuaded Maclaren that their two dreams could be one: a training center for Scouters and a camping ground for Scouts. And so it was. Maclaren bought Gilwell for 7,000 pounds and later gave 3,000 pounds to fix up the house. Gilwell opened for Scouts and Scouters on July 25, 1919 with Mrs. Maclaren cutting the ribbon of Scout colors.

Gilwell training was adopted by Scouting nations around the world, and that is why you will find a Gilwell Field waiting for you on this Wood Badge course.

Almost 2 million Scouts have camped at Gilwell along with almost 200,000 of their leaders.

A lot of the old is still preserved today, along with a museum of some of B-P's things. A new training center was built a few years ago and has rooms for large training audiences. Outside the training center is a wall that contains rocks from some of the different Scouting Countries. Notable in the wall is a rock from Mafeking, Africa where B-P became a hero. But that's another story.

Good luck and have fun.

Reference: The Gilwell Story Rex Hazlewood, Deputy Camp Chief of Gilwell

# The "Totem"

You may notice an intricate little drawing on the staff's presentation charts, table markers or on the back cover of your songbook. This "totem" is a form of logo for a specific Wood Badge patrol, and is one of Wood Badge's many traditions. The "totem" frequently symbolizes a special experience the patrol shared while on "the hill" and occasionally includes the course designation within the design. When staffers share meals at your patrol site or table, they will bring their table "totems" with them and are definitely conversation pieces. Your patrol may want to develop their own "totem" during the course and unveil it to the rest of the troop, with *prior* OK from your Senior Patrol Leader, at a Gilwell troop assembly.

## Working Your Ticket...

*by Lord Baden-Powell*

I have been asked, many times, why in Wood Badge, we talk about "Working Your Ticket"? The phrase comes from my earlier years with the British Army, and you should try to understand the make-up of the British Army's Officer Corps.

Most Officers were from well-to-do families, who had outside income to compensate for the "not very much" army pay, but there were many (and I was included) that had little or no such benefits, and were expected to purchase our own uniforms, attend local social functions, and to pay our own way on holiday excursions and trips.

In order to afford these "extras", it was necessary to find ways of earning extra moneys, and in my case, I bought, trained and sold polo ponies, wrote newspaper and magazine articles, and acted in local productions, among other ways.

Thus it goes in the life of an army officer, until one day you realize, that within a few years, you would be up for retirement, that you were stationed many thousand of miles from your home, in another part of the world, and you would have to pay your own way.

And so you would plan to work your "ticket."

As the British Army would pay for your travel tickets, in command transfers, you would start watching for openings in an area, that you could transfer to, that would get you closer to home. And by so doing, you would be "Working your army ticket", from point to point, accomplishing your goal and decreasing the distance between your station and the British Isles, and hopefully and eventually, you end up near your home, at the time of your discharge from the army.

So, we use the same principle in Wood Badge, our ticket that we write, is the road map we follow. And then by going from point to point in achieving our goals, we are "Working our Ticket" to get us nearer home in our challenge to become better informed scouts.

*Lord Robert Baden-Powell*



### Editor's Notes

This newsletter, The GILWELL GAZETTE, needs your support. Patrol Scribes, your valuable contributions of an article about your patrol and life here at Gilwell are very much needed. Please submit no more than a half page article to us at dinner each day.

Also, we have a flash memory reader. Let us borrow your memory stick and use your digital pictures. Thanks, Bob & Nguyet (Troop Scribes)



**DRINK WATER**



**DRINK WATER.**



We, the Bobwhites of Tung Nguyen 5, proudly present ourselves to the whole camp. Our troop is of much diversity. The youngest member is 20 years old, and the eldest is 66 years of age. We came from different States and working in different fields. Bobwhite members are:

1/ Tr. Anh Quoc Tran; 43 y/o from Fort Worth, TX, Catholic Priest for Diocese of Fort Worth as Director of Vocations. Chaplain for DCCS-BSA Fort Worth. He has joined Scout since 1999, Hobby included Golf & Travel.

2/ TR. Tran Ngoc Le; 66 y/o. Los Angeles, CA; retired massage Therapist and Physical Therapist; Joined in Scout in 1990. Hobby: Music and Poetry.

3/ Trish Mai ( Anh); 20 y/o. Westminster, CA, Student; Scout since 2003; Hobby included movie & shopping

4/ Tr. Ho Duc Tien; 56 y/o; San Jose, CA, Technical; Scout since 1962; Hobby included camping & travel.

5/ Danh, Kinh luan; 41 y/o; Orlando, FL; Sr. software developer; Scout since 1974; Hobby included collecting stamps & Coins.

6/ Tr. Tran Anh Kiet: 50 y/o; San Jose; CA; Mechanical; Scout since 1968; Hobby included Music and Scouting.



**Listening - Lắng và Nghe**

*By Eagle Patrol*

Để cho nước trong, người ta cần một thời gian vừa đủ để vẩn đục lắng xuống, đọng lại hay tụ lại. Hôm nay,

chính vì sự thiếu thốn của cái chất “Lắng” mà một thành viên tên Khoa trong đội Eagle làm tôi khó chịu.

Một trò chơi nhỏ: Listening - Lắng Nghe, đòi hỏi 2 người tham dự. Một người sẽ nói và một người nghe.

May mắn thay, tôi được chọn làm người “Nói”, vì chung tôi đã chán ngấy mấy giờ ngồi trong lớp để “nghe”. Trò chơi này cho tôi cơ hội phục hồi lại bắp thịt mép. Tôi chọn một chuyện đi tâm đắc để kể cho anh ta nghe. Dĩ nhiên, tôi hằng hái chuỗi người vào câu chuyện và dùng giọng trầm bổng để lôi cuốn anh ta. Tài thuyết phục của tôi đã nhiều phen hiệu quả nên tôi lăm lăm chờ đợi nơi anh một cái miệng há to thần phục vì tôi kể bằng cả điệu bộ và lại còn biết cách ngắt câu lúc tối cần.

Ngần này cố gắng, chả hiểu sao đối tượng của tôi vẫn lơ lơ như phỗng đá. Ngược lại, anh ta hình như còn hừng hực đôi môi mấp máy để chực nhảy xổ vào câu chuyện của tôi.

Tôi mắng thầm :

- “ Một là hấn vô duyên, hai là hấn sợ miệng ăn da non .”

Tuy khó chịu, nhưng đã trót thì phải trét. Tôi cố gắng vin vào sự cầu may nên đưa ra một câu nóng hổi để dò đường :

- “Anh có biết hôm đó tôi suýt bị xe lửa cán không ?”

Mẹ kiếp ! Nội câu trên thôi, cũng đủ làm một người giật bắn người. Nội câu nói đó thôi, cũng xứng đáng hàng tit lớn, tô đậm trong tám cột trang nhất ! Ấy thế mà đối tượng của tôi vẫn dửng dưng như người vô cảm. Tôi khó chịu lắm, gờ mắt kiểng để nhìn thêm đối tượng của tôi cho rõ nét. Trước mặt tôi là một người phải nói nghi biểu khác phàm, thân hình cao lớn, thiên đình rộng, hai thùy châu to và dày rù xuống hai bên má.

Tôi lẩm bẩm:

- “ Chém cha, cha nội này phải là có vấn đề .”

Tôi lại nhủ thầm trong dạ:

- “ Rõ ràng là hấn có nghe nhưng hồn hấn không “lắng””.

Nổi nóng làm thành, tôi tự an ủi:

- “Ồi thôi, Tô Tần tái sinh ắt cũng phải chào thua.”

Sau năm phút làm chuyện toi công, anh Troop Guide Long ra hiệu cho mọi người trở vào bàn họp. Tôi chưa kịp hờn hờ tay phân trần thì Anh Long đã kịp cản lại và cười xoa :

- “ Đây chỉ là trò chơi thôi ! Mục đích chính của Khoa là tạo sự khó chịu và cản trở trong việc kể chuyện của anh .”

Chung hứng, tôi cố vén môi tạo ra một nụ cười cầu hoà. Hình như hiểu ý, Khoa tặng lại tôi nụ cười ấm áp. Lạ thay, nếu chỉ cách đây ít phút, tôi sẽ coi đó là nụ cười méo mó và hăm tãi. Bây giờ Khoa bỗng thấy dễ thương hơn, đẹp trai hơn. Té ra họ chỉ muốn dạy tôi một bài học là người nói phải có kẻ nghe. Nếu tôi về lại đoàn của mình mà chỉ nói trong khi các thiếu sinh không chịu lắng nghe thì cũng vô ích. Sự tức tởn đột ngột gây trong tôi cảm giác thấy mình tầm thường. Tuy vậy, tôi cũng cảm ơn Anh Long đã dạy cho tôi một bài học thật là hay.

Hai chữ Lắng Nghe đơn giản mà bây giờ tôi mới thực tình hiểu trọn ý. Không ai có thể nghe nếu thiếu yếu tố tối cần thiết là “lắng”







