



Eulogy For Toby Shellard 22nd January 2006

By Jonathan Govier

Toby was a great story teller and we are so fortunate that some of these stories were recorded in the memoirs of the scout Group. Many of us I'm sure have been witness to Toby's story telling. How often have we told and re-told these stories at the end of the campfire, while all the folk lie watching the embers die down; or, under the patrol canvas while preparing that sumptuous dinner over the log fire; or why not say, whenever 2 or more of us scouts get together for, "old-time-sake".

One of his last, story telling times, a few months ago, was for our December edition of the Carajás Gazette. Toby, in his usual straightforward manner, was asked: "Looking back at 73 years of scouting what do you feel was the most significant event in this time?". Toby, without hesitating for a single moment, replied: "Everything. All my life in Scouting has been unforgettable."

When I became a Scout, Toby had already taken up his post with Wilson Sons in Rio so I never got to see much of him at the time. I really only got know Toby when I became a young leader, back in the '80s. Toby had become a real "carioca" and the thought of coming back to São Paulo had not crossed his mind. Toby was a very happily retired man in Rio de Janeiro, living in a nice apartment in the "cidade maravilhosa".

Toby was always so conscious of his physique and kept strictly to his P.E. programme. Every day went walking up and down Ipanema beach for his casual stroll – it lasted 8 kilometers! Just what retirement should be!

On weekends, or whenever he wanted a little change of scenery he would "escape" to his house in Frade. Frade was and still is, an idyllic spot. He used to call it the "pinico do mundo", sometimes it just didn't stop raining. The house on the canal

was very handy as he could go out sailing, kayaking or just spend time resting in the hammock. (I never saw him do that!)

This is where us young leaders come back into the story. Paul Thomsen, Chris Downey and especially Herry Fuldauer wanted the young leaders to receive a “bit” of wise advise from Toby at the same time as reminding Toby that the Carajás wanted him to feel and remain part of the scouting family.

This of course suited Toby very well. Toby made sure that we all paid for our stay. So we all had to do our chores while at Frade, painting windows and shutters, scraping wooden walls and so on – ah, it was a pre-fab house so it was all wood you know. Work would start early morning. Our wake up call was either scout music or Burl Ives at top volume. There was no way you could get a sleep in. All the times I´ve listened to Burl Ives since (I have a CD!) it reminds me of the good times we used to have at our Indaba´s in Frade. (Indaba, by the way, is a leaders meeting). From now on it will remind me of Toby.

Of course we had good recompense from all our labours as we would go out into the bay in the afternoon for a spin around on the motorboat. Ah, and before you ask, nobody was allowed to be pilot! This was Toby´s exclusive privilege.

We will never will forget those days at Frade. Thank you Toby for those wonderful times. Thank you for all the very good advise.

Sometime later Toby suffered a horrendous accident. He was run over by a speed boat. But Toby was an athlete. He recovered fast and soon was on his two legs again strolling up and down Ipanema.

Years passed and Toby decided the rest of his retirement should be spent closer to family and his Paulista friends. Often he would turn round to me and pull my leg about the miserable weather in São Paulo. He used to joke about going back to Rio.



Returning back to São Paulo, Toby resumed his roll as Chairman of the Group Council with the Carajás. Toby hosted countless executive committee meetings at his flat. I guess, they will never be the same again, without his insight and especially the way he would very vividly make his point by telling us a story of the past.

Telling stories of what scouting was like in the good ol´days, as he used to say: “when a Troop was a Troop” was so inspirational to many of us young leaders.

Toby would make a point of telling stories to the young patrol leaders of today of how scouting was in the past, the adventures and accidents. Toby would never run out of stories. At the young age of 17 he started a clandestine scout Group known as the Bandeirantes Boys Club. This was during the Vargas dictatorship in 1942. Soon after he took on the responsibility of formal scouting in 1944 and seven years later became the second Brazilian to attend a wood-badge training course for leaders at Gilwell Park in England. He traveled extensively with Scouting, by ship in those days. He attended World Jamborees in Austria, Greece and Idaho as well as two World Scout conferences and Gilwell Reunions. He met Lady Baden Powell twice and loved to tell the story how lady BP remembered his name some 9 years later. Toby received awards from the Scout Association in London and the Brazilian Scout Association (UEB) he received the highest honour - the “Tapir de Prata”

Toby was a Scout at heart. His life conduct was based on the Scout law and he kept to it. Toby was a man of character, witty, often serious, often strict, but a true scout. Toby knew what he wanted, how he wanted and when he wanted, he was decided about matters. But he was humble. He never expected gratification or honours for all the years as a volunteer in scouting. He never spoke about himself or his personal achievements.

Toby has played a part in our lives at many different times and in many different ways during the last 81 years. Each one of us will remember Toby in a particular



way, as a fellow Scout, a leader, a friend. I am sure there are many more stories to be told, about how Toby got his nickname. At 12 he was nicknamed “short-cut Toby” but never stopped there, Toby continued to plan his elaborate “short-cuts”. How about his Land Rover Lollo or John McNab, do you remember them? Over the last few years, he made a point of just dropping in at the scout meetings on Wednesday evenings to make sure all was on track. If it wasn't, he would let me know next morning.

Baden Powell, when he wrote the Leaders Handbook, made a point of stating that a leader's job is not to be a parent or a teacher but to act as an older brother. Toby was like an older brother to me and I always took his advice very seriously. I would certainly think about it at any rate.

The last piece of advice left by our founder Baden Powell in his “Last Message”, and which I am sure Toby lived by was:

But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it and 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

Thank you Toby for being such a companion. Thank you for being part of our lives. Thank you for your example and the true meaning of leadership. We will always remember you.

Good Camping Toby!

