



On the Horizon

New Horizons Toastmasters Club Newsletter
June-August 2007

Club Number 312, Area 27,
Division B, District 60, Region VI

Anoop Singh Kelsi: The Mentee

“Mentoring is giving proper direction to someone who is lost somewhere.”

Anoop Singh Kelsi joined the New Horizons Toastmasters Club in November, 2005. A civil engineer, he received his Bachelor’s Degree from Punjab University, Chandigarh, India, in 1989. He came to Canada in July, 2003. Currently, Anoop is taking a course from Seneca College in English as a Second Language (ESL).

Fred Jones: The Mentor

“It’s always a real pleasure to see people improve with the Toastmasters program.”

Fred Jones has been an enthusiastic member of the New Horizons Toastmasters Club for several years. He has regaled us with stories about gold mining, stationary rowing and much more. Immediate past president this year, president last year, VP of Education and Sergeant-at-Arms before that, Fred is everybody’s mentor.

New Horizons Toastmasters Anoop Kelsi and Fred Jones on mentoring, pages 5 and 6.

High performance mentoring can make a good club ‘great’

Brian S. Robinson has been VP of Education and Club President on six separate occasions. He has served on various committees and worked as an officer for the district. He is currently a member of the Unity Toastmasters Club and a coach

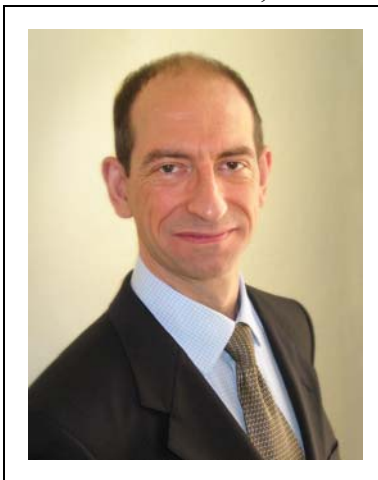
for Halcrow-Yolles Toastmasters Club. The tips for a high performance club mentoring program, which he offers below, form the basis of a handbook he has personally designed. It is available by e-mail. Write to: brian_s_robinson@hotmail.com.

In “The Odyssey” of Homer, the Greek hero Odysseus (known as Ulysses by the Romans) has been away for 10 years fighting in the Trojan War. The war being over, he sets sail from the sacked city of Ilium for his beloved kingdom of Ithaca. He returns to his beautiful wife Penelope, who is fending off potential suitors, and his son Telemachus, who has grown into manhood without benefit of his father’s guidance and wisdom.

Mentor, according to legend, was an old friend of Odysseus, with whom the king had entrusted his entire household when he set sail. It is this trusted Mentor, for instance, who offers Telemachus wise counsel when the son sets out to find his father.

Here, then, is the origin of our word “mentor”. The story gives us a clue to the role of mentors in modern times. Mentors, like Odysseus’s friend Mentor, give the benefit of

**By
Brian S. Robinson, DTM**



their experience and wisdom to someone who does not know the way. Mentors offer guidance.

In Toastmasters, mentors are members who have been with a club long enough to know how it really works and how to make the Toastmaster program work for new members. They provide guidance to the initiate or novice.

The newly-initiated, in my experience, often come into Toastmasters with false assumptions and unrealistic expectations. Unchecked, these assumptions and expectations may cause them to err and throw in their path obstacles that could have been avoided.

Mentors help new members avoid common mistakes so that they achieve more from their club membership in less time. With mentor

***Story continues inside,
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The Meeting in the Park

Many of our members couldn't make it to the meeting on August 22, our first meeting in the park. The nine of us present, however, had a great time. We thought we'd tell you about it.

Erna read some poems with heart...

The First Time*

By Linda Stitt

Let's keep it cool and let's keep it light,
come on baby, I don't have all night,
if we're gonna do it, let's do it right
the first time.

I can't recall just how or who
but I think he was probably a lot like you
and it must have been fine or I'd have been
through
the first time.

And it got to be my favourite pastime
but I don't even remember the last time,
so let's make sure this is real high-class time
the first time.

At this juncture, one expects I'm
not gonna get a lot of sex time,
so don't leave anything to next time
the first time.

Hot and heavy may come later
in the linen closet or the elevator,
but let's take a good time and make it
greater
the first time

*From "Loveplay: A Conversation in Rhyme"
(White Knight Publications). With permission.

The Last Time

By Joe Fromstein

Once thought I'd never get my fill,
and probably I never will,
but still, it felt like army drill
the last time.

Two bodies, clothes on none of them,
lying, just for the fun of them,
and I think that mine was one of them,
the last time.

The episode won't bring me fame;
I didn't even know the dame.
And yet, I wish I'd got her name,
the last time.

Her age escaped my close attention.
I don't know why she had to mention
she was applying for her pension
the last time.

It wasn't very hard to take.
But I thought it might be a mistake
when I found I could hardly stay awake
the last time.

These days it brings, to some degree,
exhaustion more than ecstasy,
and I fear each time that it may be
the last time.

**We dared the elements,
the Great Outdoors:
Time, space, eternity –
and fries and beer**

By Yassamin Gharai
VP of Education

As the time for goodbyes arrived, I thought we had shared more than an evening together. We had somehow connected. A small group of disparate speakers and communicators had taken a Toastmasters meeting outside and become, just briefly, a community of united souls.

I have observed occasions like this before. They are rich, momentous times where, tired but peaceful, you look about you and note expressions of pure contentment, signs of bliss, benevolence, you wish could go on forever, visual representations of the warm emotions that you, yourself, are feeling. One special night, this, for me in my journey with Toastmasters to a state of "eunoia".

A gloomy afternoon prophesied a wet evening. I arrived at 6:50 PM, thinking: "What'll we do if it rains?"

A familiar face, a third-time guest, greeted me. Then Erna pulled up, with five heavy patio chairs in the back of her car. Anoop, Jessie, Julia He, Max, and Erin followed. Another guest, Robert, surprised to find us setting up outdoors, stopped by to pick up an application form. Finally, Clarie showed up -- late.

We had a sizable group for a Toastmasters meeting in the Great Outdoors.

Across from the Edithvale Community Centre (whose proprietors had turned us out for our last meeting of the summer), we clustered under a leafy tree around picnic tables in the park, a motley crew of individuals hanging onto jackets, some of us wrapped in blankets. We thanked the gods for holding back rain!

"Eunoia" was the word-of-the-day...

(As described by Grammarian Clarie Martin on Aug. 22/07 – in the park)

"Eunoia (yoo-NOY-a) is the shortest word in the English language that contains all five main vowels, "a", "e", "i", "o" and "u". The word is derived

from the Greek term *eúnoia* which means "well mind."

"Eunoia is, to be exact, a rarely used medical term denoting a normal mental

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'Dogde'

When a boy receives a promise that he and his dog will be taken to the Great Fair in Montreal, he dreams of all the possibilities except one.

A story by Clarie Martin



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Ever the romantic, Erna brought a candle. She tried fiercely to keep it lit but, alas, the cool, incorrigible breeze wouldn't permit it. To take advantage of the daylight (since candlelight was unavailable), we agreed that the evening's roster of speeches would take priority.

We paused while Toastmaster Anoop gave an inspiring toast about single-mindedness, a word aptly reflecting the attitude of those Toastmasters who tested their mettle in the wild.

Clarie, who was grammarian, insisted upon introducing the word-of-the-day. Minus a blackboard, he made the word visual by asking six of us to raise placards bearing the vowels "a, e, i, o and u" plus one consonant, the letter "n". The letters, properly arranged, spelled "eunoia" (yoo-NOY-a), meaning "well mind". (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eunoia>)

Depending upon your perspective, "well mind" may or may not have found representation among members of this group brazening the elements. The word "eunoia", Clarie told us, is the shortest one in the English language that contains all the major vowels (see article, page 2). We also learned that "oiseau" (meaning "bird") is a similarly short word in the French language, containing all the main vowels.

Clarie also made the placards spell the word "Dodge", the motor vehicle. When the letters were slightly juggled, puzzled onlookers were provided with the word "Dogde", the title of the original story that he so eloquently read. A boy in the story hopes his family will visit the World's Fair in Montreal only to be sorely disappointed. (See story this page.)

Erna's beautiful recital of poems from a book entitled "Loveplay" followed. Co-authored by a former member of the New Horizons Toastmasters Club, poet Joseph (Joe) Fromstein and fellow poet Linda Stitt, the collection of poetry, playful in the extreme, alternated between voices, Joe deftly responding to Linda. (See poems, page 2.)

Julia He took the "table topics" section of the meeting to further heights. She asked, considering the unlimited breathe of the Great Outdoors, that we allow our imaginations to run wild. She wanted to know about our

My dad was immensely proud of the green Dodge Caravan that he bought back in '66 for only \$2000. He said he planned to drive it all the way to Montreal for Expo '67, it was that good a vehicle. He said he would take the whole family along, even my dog Chip, and we'd all have a fine time stopping along the way to take in the sights and 'parlez-vous-ing' left and right and center.

Mom said she could tolerate the *parlez-vous-ing* left and right, but if he tried it in the center of the road, she would turn him over to the *gendarmes toute suite*.

Dad said he knew very little about French, if that's what she was getting at, but he was pretty darn certain – 'CERTAIN', he repeated, giving me a wink – that 'gendarmes' had nothing at all to do with the Province of Quebec and everything in the world to do with

France. And France, he said, was on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean and he didn't have the slightest intention of going there even if they were having an Expo and he could turn the Dodge Caravan into a submarine for the trip.

Mom said, laughing, "*Excusez-moi, Monsieur, mais il faut que je prépare le dîner avant d'arriver à la frontière du Québec!*"

I was not to abuse the van in any way either as I quickly learned one day while playing with my own toy car on the hood of the Dodge. My miniature sedan, made of tin, resembled a police car with a bubble of red for a siren and four semi-circles protruding from the underside. I 'swooshed' this vehicle across the hood of the Dodge Caravan, imagining I think that I was in hot pursuit of a speeder somewhere on the Trans-Canada Highway. Perhaps I



passed into Quebec and my 'gendarmes' raced to intercept my dad hastening to the Expo in Montreal.

Dad came out of the house and saw me careering over the fender of the Dodge Caravan. Inspecting the hood, he observed that the tiny tin tires of my toy had made several parallel grooves in the green paint. Silently, he used his shirt-covered forearm to plane across the hood repeatedly as if to render the scratches invisible. Mom offered her sympathies and expressed her belief that the Dodge Caravan had not been 'ruined', as her husband would have it, and that a tiny scratch would hardly be noticed on the super-highway that would carry us in a year's times to the gates of Montreal

"I know one thing," said my dad, grudgingly, "there'll be one less passenger to take along if a certain young fellow doesn't watch his step."

"*Cer-TAIN!*" I submitted, hopefully. My dad was not amused.

Dad was not amused by my dog Chip's attention to the van either. He would not allow the animal inside the vehicle and, when Chip decided to mark his territory by urinating on a back hubcap, Dad sequestered the dog to a far corner of the yard and tethered him with a rope to a picket fence. He said he did not want that dog within fifty feet of the vehicle and Mom, amused, said that he ought to tie Chip to the other side of the fence then since there was hardly fifty feet between it and the house.

I said, "Mom, how are we going to take Chip with us to Montreal, if he's not allowed to go near the van?"

"We're not going to Montreal!" said Mom, defiantly, and Dad glowered at her, at me and at the dog, too. He savagely kicked the pissed-on tire of the Dodge Caravan. It was the best Mom could do to keep from laughing out loud.

Dad would not allow Chip inside the van ever. After a time, he permitted him to roam the yard free of his rope,

but, if we went out for a Sunday drive, Chip would not be there in the back seat beside me. I would look out the window and the small furry mutt would be sitting on his haunches in the driveway as we pulled way. When we returned, Chip would be all ears and tail, jumping and bouncing up and down attempting to catch a glimpse of me through a side window. Dad would leap out and shoo him away with a curse and Chip would dash for the far perimeter.

Mom admonished my dad angrily: "My God, Chuck, it's only a van."

"And that's only a dog," said my dad, "and he didn't cost us any \$2000."

"He's worth more than \$2000 to me," I ventured.

"Shut up," said my father, "and put that dog on a rope before I take him down to the lake..."

"Chuck!" cried my mother. "For goodness sake!" And they went into the house.

I knew what Dad meant by taking Chip 'down to the lake'. I sometimes took the dog down there myself for a swim. I would throw sticks well out into the water and Chip, in a flash, would wade out to them and bring them back, tirelessly. "Nobody but me is taking you down to the lake, boy," I told Chip, hugging him fiercely. "You don't have to worry about that!"

One day when I came home, I could not find Chip anywhere. I searched all over. I even looked inside the Dodge Caravan. Then I ran into the house and challenged my dad.

"What have you done with Chip?" I shouted, standing about ten feet from him in his basement workshop.

"With Chip?" Dad said, looking up from a band saw.

"If you took him down to the lake..." I cried.

"Sure," said Dad, "I took him down to the lake..." Bemused, he turned away to continue the work he was doing with

We dared the elements

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dreams. Let the infinite be our guide, she told us.

Inspired by the location (Anoop and I had the foresight to bring blankets that, being bright green, helped us blend into the background), we all leaped from our lawn chairs and shared a lot in just two minutes.

Who won table topics? We all did. When you're asked to talk about your hopes and dreams, your wants and wishes, there are no losers.

The meeting in the park continued with Erin and Max evaluating Clarie's and Erna's speeches. No one was disappointed. When I evaluated the meeting, I could only give it what it deserved, an "E", the letter on the placard I had been given. "E" is for 'excellent'.

After adjourning the meeting, some of us picked up our lawn chairs and placards and other paraphernalia and headed for the "Golden Star" diner on Yonge Street. Max generously treated us to sandwiches and fries and Clarie got the beer.

Over the next three hours, we covered a lot of topics, conversationally: religion, politics, words, expressions, philosophy, contests, South Africa, harvest, Iran, Newfoundland, greetings, Germany, Mandarin, High German, Persian, and more.

What did you miss, you, who dared not attend a Toastmasters meeting in the park -- in the Great Outdoors?

Eunoia means 'well mind'

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state, something that might be very well in decline among members of our group since we are outside tonight discussing this and numerous other things.

"The Greek philosopher, Aristotle, used the term in his *Ethics* to refer to the kind and benevolent feelings of goodwill that a spouse has towards her mate, which makes me wonder whether Aristotle had ever been married. In any case, for Aristotle, the idea of "eunoia", well-mindedness, was essential to a firm foundation in human life.

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the band saw.

“Goddam you!” I cursed and, seizing a hammer that rested on a window ledge, I leaped on the stairs and shot up into the house. I was out-of-doors before Dad could catch me. I managed to get several firm blows in on a rear door of the van before he seized my arm and wrenched the hammer from my grip.

“I ought to...” said my dad, inadvertently raising the hammer in a threatening manner that Mom, returning, observed over the front gate.

“Chuck! What the hell are you doing?”

Dad’s arm went limp and the hand holding the hammer dropped harmlessly to his side. “Look! Look what *he* did to my van,” he said, a slight whine to his voice, thrusting with the head of the hammer at two large dents in the rear door.

“So what!” cried Mom. She pushed open the gate and rushed with Chip into the yard. The dog strained towards me on a leash.

“You okay, my love,” Mom said, clutching me in her arms, the dog dancing in circles around us. “Come, honey,” she said, “come in the house.” Standing up, she brushed by her husband, actually pushing him off balance and into the van. She glared at him savagely as she passed, towing the dog and me behind her.

“See if I ever sit in that van again!” she said.

Mom was as good as her word. She never allowed herself to ride in the Dodge Caravan thereafter. It was obvious that one more person would not be taking the fabulous drive to the Expo in Montreal.

Dad tried to make amends. He often took me out for rides now. Down to the grocery store for an ice cream, up the road just out of town where we parked and picked blueberries, down to the lake to watch Chip swim. He also began allowing Chip to ride in the

van, always in the back with me though, and he never complained. The passenger seat in the front, Mom’s place, always went empty.

I grew as familiar with the Dodge Caravan as I was with our house and the yard with the white picket fence. I had seen my father drive it so often that I fancied that I could do it myself and was thoroughly overjoyed when my dad informed me that he would show me how someday. The van was a standard, Dad said, but not that difficult to drive. You just had to be careful how much pressure you put on the gas pedal and how you released the clutch after you put the van into gear.

I said I had seen him do it so many times that I felt sure I could get the hang of it. To encourage him to start giving me lessons, I advised him that my knowing how to drive would be a great asset to him on the long trip we planned to take to Montreal, to Expo ‘67. He smiled and said that, even if I could get the hang of driving the van, it would be a good many years before I would be eligible for a license. Without a license, he said, I could not drive.

“Not even in Quebec!” I said, astounded that a province then promising so many wonders held such horrendous limitations.

“Non, *Monsieur*, *passage interdit...even in Quebec*,” said my dad.

Making plans to drive to Montreal as he had promised, Dad still hoped that Mom would join us. He often spoke in terms of three. We would need three sets of dishes, for instance, and three sleeping bags. We could camp along the way to save money and stay in motels, he said, to freshen up.

We started out for a store intending to buy sleeping bags when, five minutes later, Dad remembered that he used to have one. He had taken it on a fishing trip a few years ago. He thought he knew where it was. He ought to look at it and see whether it was still useful, though he had a feeling he had lent it some time ago to a neighbour who never returned it.

Eunoia is ‘beautiful thinking’

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“Toronto poet and performer/artist, Christian Bok has created a work called “Eunoia”. Its chapters are written using words limited to a single vowel. He defines eunoia as “beautiful thinking”, which might serve as a motto for New Horizons, if we hadn’t ruined things by taking our procession into the park.

“Anyway, your word-of-the-day today is eunoia. I ask you to attempt to use it throughout the evening. “Clarie,” you might say, “your choice of reading material tonight indicates a state of eunoia.” Or: “Erna, by choosing to read poems, you’ve exemplified eunoia; that is, beautiful thinking.”

Anoop Kelsi on mentoring

“Fred Jones (current Immediate Past President, New Horizons Toastmasters Club) acted as my mentor for the first couple of speeches that I made. Fred helped me to structure my speeches. For example, in my very first speech, known as the “icebreaker”, I wrote in what I consider a “zigzag” fashion. I asked Fred if he could help me and he said he’d be happy to.

Fred advised me to organize my words, sentences and information differently. He told me: “Describe just one of your personality traits and elaborate upon it with examples.”

I valued the opinion of such an intelligent and helpful person and took his advice to heart. I rewrote and improved my speech along the lines Fred suggested. I mentioned only one characteristic, stubbornness, and it worked well for me.

I received my club’s ‘best speaker award’ that evening.”

Anoop has since completed his Competent Communicator, participated in numerous roles during weekly meetings, and won his club’s “Humorous Speech Contest” last year.



Dad backed the van into the driveway and jumped out leaving me to wait in the back seat. Chip, taking the parking of the van as a cue, hankered to get out, too. The dog had grown used to Dad by now and habitually left the van whenever he did. Often I would open the door and Chip would glide from the seat and follow at Dad's ankles. My dad would tolerate this, even seemed amused by it at times. Then I would get out and Chip would tumble back to me. From me to Dad the little dog would run and back again, linking us in some strange fashion with an invisible cord.

This time I did not leave the van as Dad hurried into the house with Chip at his heels. I stayed behind because I noticed that Dad had left the keys in the ignition. The engine was still running. I climbed into the front seat behind the steering wheel and gripped it with both hands. I pretended to be driving the Trans-Canada Highway to Montreal.

I yanked the steering wheel first left, then right, and straightened it out again and, before long, I could see the City of Dreams on the horizon. I saw the glitter and the dazzle of Expo '67 before me; the white domes of pavilions; the entranceway that, in my imagination, shot up ramp-like into the air and allowed the van to float forward into a delirious blue sky and descend into the translucency of the world of tomorrow.

I put the gearshift into the drive position as I had seen Dad do hundreds of times and, reaching, pushed heavily down on the clutch with one foot and tapped the gas pedal with the other. When I released the clutch, the van shot forward. Startled, I throttled the brake and the van bounced to a stop. I had nosed it out into the road. I decided I ought to return the van to its former position. In reverse, I again hit the gas and the Dodge Caravan burst backward, stopping at least two feet beyond where it had rested. I took it forward again, too far, and then back once more, and finally, sweating, got it to stop in approximately the same place my dad had left it.

Dad hurried out of the house empty-handed and dashed towards the van. I expected him to be angry as he pulled open the driver's side door.

"Dad, ah," I lied, "it just started..."

"Son, get out of the van," my father ordered, but the sharp edge that I expected was not in his voice.

"I was going to Montreal," I said, "to Expo '67, you and me and Mom..."

Dad's line of vision shifted to the rear of the van. "I know," he said. "Get out now and go in the house." His eyes lodged upon mine for a second, then traveled a short distance away. His head rose and he looked towards Mom who, belatedly, had followed him outside. She was someone to whom I could appeal. However, this time she stood helpless upon the steps, a hand held to her mouth, fingers pressed against her lips.

"I didn't, Dad..." I said, stepping from the Dodge Caravan, "I didn't mean..."

I followed Dad's line of sight now where it returned to marvel at something on the ground just feet away. I acknowledged the tilt of his head, the direction of his gaze and saw at last what he had seen, what I had not expected to see ever, not here, not in Montreal.

Beneath the van lay Chip, a mass of fur and blood.

Not long afterwards, Dad sold the Dodge Caravan losing a bit of money. I think he told Mom, because of the two large dents in the rear door. We never did make it to Expo '67 in Montreal. Mom could not be convinced to go and, without Chip, I did not want to go either. Chip and Mom and me and Dad, that was the way I had planned it in my mind, the long drive in the Dodge Caravan to the heart of Canada for the big fair and the time of our lives.

Now Chip was dead and I had killed him. Dad and I buried him in a corner

Fred Jones on mentoring

"Mentoring Anoop Singh Kelsi was a great joy. When Anoop first approached me, we discussed his first speech, his "icebreaker. He had joined the club just weeks before and hadn't had, to my knowledge, a great deal of public speaking experience. He was not sure how to approach this first speech.

We discussed some details of the speech he was planning to make. He put his thoughts down in long-hand, which enabled me to give them a quick review. I made a few small suggestions. I think, mostly, he needed someone to give his effort "the stamp of approval". He was on the right track and I had no problem doing so.

Anoop's "icebreaker" went well – very well indeed. I could see, everyone could see, that he had worked hard to perfect the speech. It didn't surprise me that he came away from that meeting with the "best speaker" of the evening award.

After that first speech, he approached me again about other speeches. I was delighted to help and to see that this initially reluctant speaker was quickly becoming a confident, competent communicator. His successes and abilities grew as he proceeded through the Competent Communicator program.

It was a pleasure to observe Anoop's rapid growth. When I see people like Anoop speak with guests and club members about the positive effects that the Toastmasters experience has had upon them, I am absolutely delighted.

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of our yard. I made a wooden cross to mount over his grave and I painted on it the nonsense word 'Dogde' with red paint I found in Dad's workshop.

"No," I said, "no."

I knew I had made the proper link between machine and animal, between dream and reality, between the golden, glorious future symbolized by the World's Fair in Montreal and the unexpected truth.

"Not Chip?" asked Dad.

§§§

"No," I said.

'Dogde' © Clarie Martin 2007

"And you spelled it wrong," he advised.

Illustration courtesy of Ace Clipart.
www.ace-clipart.com

Fred Jones on mentoring

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Anoop is a valuable member of our club. It's great that I may have helped him in some small way on his path to becoming a complete communicator and Toastmaster."

Brian Robinson on mentoring

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encouragement, new members accelerate their learning curve, which increases their commitment. They are able to focus promptly on the tasks ahead of them, giving their best to everything they do.

Active and successful mentoring programs are more than beneficial. They work like magic for individual members and for the club as a whole. The experience at my own club has convinced me of this. It was a good club before and a 'great' one afterwards.

Not long after establishing a mentoring program, member satisfaction at my club rose to an all-time high and the turnover rate decreased. Cancellation of scheduled speeches declined dramatically while member participation noticeably improved.

These successes can be replicated at your club by following these simple rules for a high-performance club mentoring program:

1. Form a 'mentor committee' with a chairperson. This chairperson will be the one individual whose job it is to set up and maintain the program. The chair, in effect, implements the program, offers total support to participants, does the inevitable follow-up, and is completely accountable to all club members.
2. Provide guidelines for mentors and for those who are to be mentored so that all participants are clear about their roles and responsibilities. Recognizing that people need instruction and direction will ensure a more effective program.
3. Hold monthly mentor committee meetings and report on the status of the program. Let mentors know how work is progressing with

You're a Toastmaster and you like a challenge

Enter a contest

There are two types of people, those who like to be challenged and those who don't.

Toastmasters belong to the former category. They ready themselves for challenges and they do so by entering contests. The next major event of this kind begins at our club on September 26, 2007. It's our annual Humorous Speech and Table Topics contests. Last year several New Horizons Toastmasters Club members entered each category. Anoop Kelsi and Clarie Martin, respectively, moved forward to the area levels.

Every year Toastmasters International (www.toastmasters.org) establishes four contests with elaborate rules that begin at the club level. Winners from each club represent their clubs at the next level, the area contests. Those winners move on to district and regional contests until, finally, the best competitors match styles at the celebrated international level.

All Toastmasters hope that their clubs will be represented at each level of a contest and that, finally, their fellow members will hit the jackpot and win the Big Ones. The New Horizons Toastmasters Club, already very much

a distinguished club, would be further distinguished by having our members win either of the upcoming contests at any level. But win or lose, merely having participated in the contests is exciting for speakers and audiences alike. Everyone gets involved. The contest experience is one not to be missed whether you astound listeners with savage wit and wry retort or amaze them with quick thinking and just seconds of preparation. The contest experience is your playing field also when you volunteer to judge and time speakers or take on any one of numerous roles.

Here we're discussing the two fall contests, the Humorous Speech and Table Topics contests. (There are two in the spring known as the International Speech and Evaluation contests). These contests are a huge part of the Toastmasters International educational program. They provide an opportunity for proficient speakers to gain contest experience and they provide interesting educational opportunities for club members and members of the public.

Why should people in our club enter the contests? It's simple really. It's an

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Enter a contest

Brian Robinson on mentoring

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opportunity to show off your skills, to showcase those skills you've acquired by due diligence to the rules of artful speaking.

It's time to prove to yourselves, and others, that the long path to successful communication that you tentatively set foot upon when you first joined Toastmasters has paid off.

Before you might have been too shy, too timid, to talk to yourself in the mirror much less to groups of 10 or 20 or 200 people; or you might have worried that you couldn't tell a joke if your life depended on it; or you swore that you would die outright if anyone

insisted that you give a blessing at a family barbeque, never mind at a church social or a formal dinner.

Learn more now when you summon up the courage to take part in our club's contests. Learn from other contestants. Be the centre of attention, the pride of our club. Brag, justifiably, to your family, friends and colleagues.

And, best of all, know in your own heart that you are one who steps out of the comfort zone, who enjoys planning, preparing, participating and learning, that you are that type of individual who likes to be challenged – a true Toastmaster.

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their Toastmasters-in-training and permit them to share their ideas and express their concerns. Sharing mentoring tips and tricks is particularly valuable and helps create better mentors.

To be a successful mentor, all anyone needs is a proper attitude, a little knowledge, and the desire to help others or a wish to return something to a club.

If you want to help new members succeed, if you want to have an amazingly successful club, develop a high-performance mentoring program using the guidelines I have described. The rewards are worth it.

Toastmaster trains her eye on young scientists

This summer Toastmaster Sylvia Ley put her communication and leadership skills to the test. She led a large group of children in experiments designed to help them understand and improve their eating habits.

In this article she talks about her role in that experience, a project coordinated by the Science Outreach and SCI-Camp programs at the University of Toronto. To learn more about the project, follow the link:

<http://www.ecf.utoronto.ca/~sciout/>



- 100 sandwich bags, \$.99
- 24 plastic spoons, \$.69
- 50 plastic cups, \$1.99
- 2 cans frozen lemonade concentrate, \$.69 each
- 1 package of sliced hams, \$2.49
- 1 box of 450g crackers, \$2.79

The cashier scrutinizes my face one more time as she rings up my purchases. What must she be thinking? Enough supplies for: an underground bunker; a combat mission, a meeting of Toastmasters? I have bought a lot, I think, but I don't explain.

-friendly classroom with big windows, audio visual equipment, and new desks and chairs, I distribute the food and the drinks with the plastic eating utensils and cups. I worry about the fresh new carpet in the room.

The classroom door flies open and a

smiling girl walks in, followed by another and another and, then, another. I consider apologizing about the damage to the carpet beforehand. I withhold the thought when a science camp coordinator joins us and informs me that I could have just a few more children than originally intended.

A few more! I now have some 60 of them, children from Grades 3 to 5 seated restlessly in the classroom. This is not "a few" more by my definition! My head

spins. Has Toastmasters prepared me for this? Couldn't I just be "timer" and not "teacher"? Dozens of little faces look up to me. They don't know that my pre-determined teaching format works only for smaller groups.

THINK! I tell myself. What was I thinking when I volunteered to speak at a University of Toronto science camp. Think! Think on my feet! Isn't that what all those table topics sessions trained me for?

Going into action, I have

the children work in groups of three. There's an experiment to be performed. It has nothing to do with noise, but the noise level rises to a roar and threatens to lift the roof from the building. The experiment progresses much faster than I think because children work better in groups. At one point, a precocious fifth grader puts her hand up and insists on giving me a description of Canada's Food Guide. Yes! Thank you! I feel like the adult contestant

Later, in a high-tech

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Toastmaster training works well at wedding

Toastmaster Yollanda Zhang tells us (as if we'd imagine anything else) that she had an "incredibly busy summer"-- teaching summer school, preparing for her first full-time teaching job, and buying her first home and moving into it. She regrets that she has had no time at all to attend club meetings.

However, having recently returned from a friend's wedding in Vancouver, she assures us that her Toastmasters International training played a big part in her summer's success. In this article, she shares one special experience with us.

A few months before my friend's wedding, the bride's father joined a Toastmasters club in Vancouver in order to improve his public speaking skills. A few days before the wedding, I asked him about his experience with Toastmasters and, excitedly, he told me that he was totally addicted to the program. Then, jokingly, he asked me to evaluate his speech during the wedding reception.

Here's my evaluation: Mr. Tan delivered an outstanding speech that brought tears to his daughter's eyes and touched everyone in the audience. It was a Toastmasters story for the books.

Mr. Tan, who will be moving to Toronto soon, asked me to help him find a new club. I already have a particularly good club in mind.

As bridesmaid and master-of-ceremonies, I brought my Toastmasters experience to the wedding as well.

As a matter-of-fact, the speech I delivered at the reception was a 'toast' that I first tested at a New Horizons Toastmasters Club meeting several months ago. I received some great pointers from club members that



Toastmaster Yollanda Zhang gives one of her best performances ever as she 'toasts' bride and groom, Chris and Melody Lau, and 150 guests at a recent wedding celebration in Vancouver.

I used, wisely, in improving my speech.

My toast was a hit. Here's part of what I said:

"I have known the happy couple for almost eight years, almost as long as they've been dating, so trust me when I say that Chris and Melody are the most supportive and loving friends anyone could ever ask for. Chris and I met at university and have gone through several life-changing moments together.

Melody has been an amazing girlfriend and fiancé to Chris and will be an even more amazing wife."

As a Toastmaster, I have drawn important lessons from chairing club meetings, organizing contests, running workshops and developing programs for youth. Such consistent rigorous training encouraged me, in this case, to help my friend deliver a memorable evening to 150 smiling wedding guests. Even the agenda I prepared, closely resembling an agenda at a weekly New Horizons Toastmasters Club meeting (excluding 'word-of-the-day') was a success.

It was a wedding one bride and groom will long remember and so will I.

Young scientists

From page 8

on "Are You Smarter Than a Fifth Grader?" Obviously, I'm not.

Quickly, I alter my session. Interactive discussion, I surmise, is what's needed here. Students ask questions and others respond; I facilitate. We cover a peculiar array of topics from cheese manufacturing to energy drinks. Time flies. Soon we wrap up and summarize what we have learned. The children have a lot to say. They, almost undermine the word 'summary', but their eyes twinkle. They are shining repositories of new knowledge. Some ask if I might stay a little longer, answer some questions. I do.

Walking to my car later, I feel tired but energized at the same time. I've learned that communicating with children and sharing what I know with them makes me feel great.

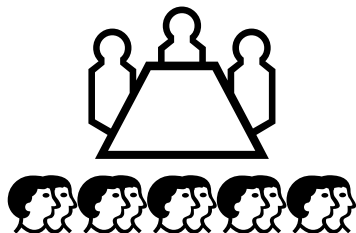
I am content. For two years, I've been a Toastmaster. I hardly realized the communication skills I'd gained. I learned by completing the exercises in communication manuals. I have improved by watching others in action at meetings. I've been helped by reading about other people's experiences in Toastmasters newsletters and magazines.

If we push this research a little further, we find a woman in the mists of the history of mentoring, Athena, the Greek goddess of Wisdom and War. Also in *The Odyssey*, Athena masquerades as a Mentor, Telemachus's guide, to help Telemachus search for his father Odysseus. Therefore, mentoring has multilayered roots, including the gendering of both the male (hu)man Mentor and the female goddess Athena. With the guidance and help of the goddess Athena, Telemachus found Odysseus and both made it home to save the family fortune. www.asu.edu/clubs/gwa/GWAMentorhandbook.pdf

Mentors are guides, friends, cheerleaders, coaches, listeners, role models and listening boards.

www.unt.edu/mentoring

Enter a contest.



Are you eligible? Yes, if...

You are an active Toastmaster in good standing i.e. you have paid your dues.
Your club is in good standing. (Our club, New Horizons Toastmasters, is definitely in good standing.)

***Tell your club executive team right NOW.
You can enter either or both of these contests.***

Table Topics Contest.

Continue practicing your impromptu speaking. Talk to last year's participants. All contestants receive the same topic, something of a general nature. Speaking time is two minutes. The topic is a reasonable and will not require detailed knowledge. Your response should lead to an opinion or conclusion.

Humorous Speech Contest.

You select your speech topic. You prepare your own 5-to-7 minute original speech. You need to identify quoted material during your presentation.

General information.

All contestants will speak from the same platform or area designated by the contest chairman. A lectern/podium will be available. However, the use of the lectern/podium is up to you. This equipment will be available for you to practice prior to the contest. You are responsible for arranging your preferred setup of the lectern/podium and any other equipment in a quiet manner before being introduced by the Toastmaster.

Good luck.

Up in space: Toastmaster Arian Khandani may not be making the first speech in space, but she had a hand in getting bone cell specimens outside the earth's atmosphere. Arian, a research assistant and technician, is a member of a three-person team that designed the project. The others are Prof. Rene Harrison of the University of Toronto Scarborough and PHD student Noushin Nabavi. Harrison, a cell biology professor, says the specimens are going up in space as part of an international project to study bone loss and will travel in an unmanned Foton spacecraft lifting off in September for a 12-day flight. The project is part of a joint venture between the Canadian Space Agency (CSA) and the European Space Agency (ESA).

New Members 2007: January—Stacey Richards, Harun Yusufzai; February—Aqnu Rastogi; March—Jessie Zhu; April—Aaron Berman, Janet Feng, Shyrose Panjani; May—Zamir Javer, Nataliya Bezsalova; June—Matt Calaminici, Batsi Chikoore; July—Yeulli Zhu, Jiahua (Jerry) Duan

New Horizons Toastmasters Club Executive (2007-2008)

President: **Erna Brusch**
VP of Education: **Yassamin Gharai**
VP of Membership: **Vadim Katcherovski**
VP of Pubic Relations: **Clarie Martin**
(assisted by **Yollanda Zhang** and **Sylvia Ley**)
Secretary: **Erin McLaughlin**
Treasurer: **Julia He**
Sergeant-at-Arms: **Le Vu**
Immediate Past President: **Fred Jones**

Questions or comments?

**Contact Clarie Martin, editor,
On the Horizon, by e-mail:**

clariemartin@yahoo.com

The New Horizons Toastmasters Club meets nearly every Wednesday between 7:05-9:00 P.M. at the Edithville Community Centre, 7 Edithville Drive (south side of Finch Avenue West, between Yonge and Bathurst streets) in North York. Guests are always welcome. Drop in.