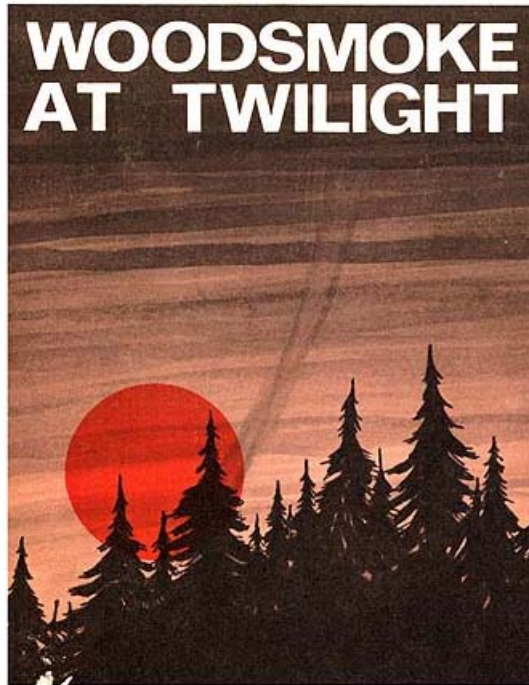


Woodsmoke at Twilight

By

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Stories for Cubs and Scouts

Dedication

To all the “Knights of the Bare Knees” now enjoying the Game of Scouting, to those who are now men, and to the memory of those who have “Gone Home.”

“They are the Men of Tomorrow —
Builders of Destiny, they —
Men who will be glad
Of the chance that they had
To be the Boy Scouts of Today.”

E. W. Oxley

Caledonia, Ontario
December, 1954

A. NORMAN MCMILLAN
Gilwell 1929

Editor’s Note:

The reader is reminded that these stories have been written in the 1940s and 1950s. Consequently, they may use some terms or express sentiments which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

If you find them offensive, we ask you to please delete this file from your system.

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“Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!”

Rudyard Kipling.

Be Prepared

“First Aid is O.K.,” said Jack, flinging his well filled haversack over his shoulder, “but it seems to me we get lectures on it all the time.”

“Yes, I know,” agreed Don, “but it’s little use unless you learn it pretty thoroughly.”

“Look at the Second Troop!” argued Jack. “They’ve got a brass band and everything. They don’t spend all their time tying reef knots and bandaging broken legs. I asked Scouter why we couldn’t have a band.”

“And what did he say?” queried his companion.

“Said bands don’t make for the best Scouting. Scouts should keep to the outdoors. . . . Jumpin’ catfish, we spend most of our time indoors studying musty old first aid.”

Don picked up a stout stick and began whittling the end with his Scout knife. “Scouter wants the Troop to win the First Aid Shield at the Spring Rally . . . that’s why he’s cramming first aid just now. We get lots of outdoor Scouting in the Spring, Summer and Fall, now, don’t we?”

Jack assented cheerfully enough. “Yep. And we get enough by ourselves on these Saturday afternoon hikes. Too bad the rest of the chaps would rather go to the show.”

They climbed the fence by the MacDonald’s bush and headed for the creek.

“I’m going to make another stab at baking today,” Jack announced. “Last time the dough was so hard we played duck on the rock with it!”

“If at once you don’t succeed,” admonished Don. “Remember my first try? The blame thing tasted like wallpaper paste.”

Jack laughed heartily at the thought and pointed to a plane that circled overhead. It was not an uncommon sight, for both boys lived within six miles of one of the Commonwealth Air Training Schools.

“It’s a Harvard, isn’t it?” speculated Don. “Boy, what I’d give to be able to fly one of those things.”

Jack seized his chum’s arm.

“There’s something funny about that plane, Don,—” he hesitated, as the plane took a sudden dive earthwards. “If you ask me, I think that pilot’s in trouble.”

“Great Caesar!” exclaimed Donald, “I think he’s going to land in this field!”

“You’re right there,” cried Jack. “But not from choice. That plane’s going to crash. Something’s wrong.”

Hardly had Jack finished his sentence before his prophecy was fulfilled. Like a wounded bird, the plane slid to the earth not two hundred yards from where the amazed Scouts were standing. A burst of flame shot from the engine, and before the two boys could find words, the entire body was a flaming mass.

“Come on!” yelled Jack, “We’ve got to get help.

“No time for that,” replied Don. “We’ve got to get the pilot out.”

Both Scouts raced towards the wreck. Desperately, their faces covered with hastily dampened handkerchiefs, they worked to release the trapped, unconscious pilot. Somehow,— they could never quite remember how, they succeeded in lifting him from the cockpit, and removing him to a safe distance from the inferno. There they laid him on the ground and set about making him as comfortable as they could.

“Good thing we brought that first aid kit, Jack,” shouted Don.

“I’m scared . . . this chap’s bleeding to death.”

He took a deep breath. “We’ve got to apply a tourniquet. Give me your neckerchief, and pass me that stick over there. Fast, man, fast!”

They worked nervously over the tourniquet, and were relieved when the flow of blood ceased. Suddenly the air was rent by the weird scream of a siren. Jack and Don glanced at the gate at the far end of the field. The ambulance from the camp was bearing towards them.

“Thank goodness, they’ve come,” muttered Jack. “Believe me, I was scared.”

“Me, too!” said his companion, in a subdued voice. “Boy, what I could do with more knowledge in first aid.”

The Medical Officer approached them, after attending to the injured pilot. “Boys, you’ve done a dandy job on this chap. He owes his life to you. There’s no doubt about that!”

The Scouts exclaimed in chorus: “Will he be all right, sir?”

“I think he will. Can’t say for sure. He’s lucky to be alive,” replied the officer, picking up his kit and mopping his brow.

Word of the accident had spread through the town before the scouts reached their homes. The part that the Lynx Patrol Leader and his Second had played in the rescue was the talk at every supper table that night. Scouter dropped around at Don’s house just after supper.

“Don, we’re mighty proud of what you and Jack did this afternoon,” he enthused.

Don shook his head.

“We owe it all to you, sir. I know now what you meant when you said we must be thorough in our first aid. I guess the Chief Scout knew what he was doing when he chose ‘Be Prepared’ for the Scout motto.”

Friend to All

“Well, I don’t want him in my patrol,” exclaimed Donald Wilkins. “and I hope he doesn’t come to camp.

“You’ll have to put up with him,” warned Lawrence Whitelaw, “if Scouter puts him in the Beaver Patrol.”

“It’ll be just too bad for Mr. Chink, if he does, that’s all,” replied Don grimly. “I could kick the daylight out of him.” He concluded these remarks by kicking viciously at a tin can that lay on the walk.

Rumour had it that a new recruit had joined the Troop, a Chinese boy, Jack Lee by name, who had recently moved to Cedarhurst from the West Coast.

When the two Scouts arrived at Headquarters they found everyone discussing the approaching camp at Gull Lake. The Annual Troop Camp was the great event of the year. Every spare penny earned by the Scouts of the 1st Cedarhurst Troop went towards the Camp Fund.

The closing June meeting was brief. Scouter Mack gave the scouts clear and explicit directions regarding the necessary equipment. They were to leave Cedarhurst on the first Saturday in July.

Before the closing ceremony Scouter introduced Jack Lee, the new recruit.

“Jack is a long way from home,” he said kindly, “so I want you fellows to help make him feel at home.”

“I wished he’d stayed at home,” whispered Don Wilkins to Jim Miller, “Darn Chink!”

Scouter Mack had not heard Don’s remark, but had glanced in the direction of the Beaver Patrol and said: “I’m assigning Jack to the Beaver Patrol, under the watchful eye of Gus Lyall.”

The Patrol Leader of the Beavers grinned and saluted his leader. Jack Lee rather shyly joined the Patrol and stood at attention, though obviously ill at ease.

Scouter continued: “Jack is coming to Gull Lake with us. He is an expert basket weaver and perhaps will help us in earning that badge.” He nodded to Patrol Leader Morrison of the Sea Gulls. “Take over the flag, will you, Roger?”

Patrol Leader Morrison stepped forward promptly and at a given signal from their Scoutmaster the Troop sprang smartly to attention. Scout silence followed and the meeting was at an end.

Tom Spratt made his way to the new recruit. “Where did you learn basket weaving?” he asked, in friendly fashion.

“My father taught me,” replied Jack Lee. “It is quite simple.”

They moved together towards the door. Donald Wilkins stuck out his foot as they passed and Jack tripped and fell headlong to the floor. Picking himself up, he grinned good-naturedly and said, “So sorry.” “Well, watch where you’re going next time,” warned Wilkins, a sneer on his face.

“If you’d keep your feet where they belong,” exclaimed Spratt, “nobody would trip over them. “They passed out into the warm June night.

Wilkins turned to Miller and remarked. “Why does he have to come to camp?”

“He’s as much right to come to camp as any of us,” replied Miller, “Leave him alone, can’t you.”

"I'll leave him alone alright," concluded Wilkins. He turned and made his way over to where Mr. Mack was discussing details with the Patrol Leaders. Raising his voice above the others he asked.

"Mr. Mack, may I bring my stamp album to camp?"

"Of course, Don," replied Scouter. "Be sure and keep it in a safe place though. You know how it is at camp.

Wilkins had a mania for stamp collecting. He owned the best collection for miles around. One couldn't think of Wilkins without his album.

The first Saturday in July was dry and hot. The sun beat mercilessly down on the early arrivals at the Scout Hall, crowded together under the shade of a nearby verandah roof. At precisely ten o'clock Scouter arrived in his car and proceeded to pack into it eight scouts and their luggage. It was a truly remarkable achievement, as the car only held six comfortably. Mr. Dick, a good friend of the Cedarhurst Troop, arrived a few minutes later and the remaining seven scouts were arranged in his car.

Mr. Dick and Mr. Mack held a short consultation, and then the cars moved slowly through the town, the boys cheering and waving goodbye to friends and relatives.

"This is it," said Scouter. "One whole week under the stars, far from the madding crowd." He turned to Jack Lee who was seated beside him.

"Done much camping, jack?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. We camped every summer in the Kootenay Valley, in B.C."

"Well, it will not be new to you then," said Scouter, "There's nothing like it?" Jack nodded his agreement.

In the other car Don Wilkins, his stamp album held securely under his arm, was discussing the new recruit.

"Thinks he's smart because he can make baskets. Bet his old man was a peddler."

"Oh stow it, can't you," said Gus Lyall, "If you don't like him, you don't like him. All right. I can't see anything wrong with him."

"How about a song," suggested Mr. Dick, diplomatically. "Come on, Lawrence, give us a tune."

Lawrence broke into "Pack up your troubles" and the occupants of the car joined in with enthusiasm.

They reached Gull Lake by two in the afternoon and proceeded to pitch camp under the capable direction of their leader.

"The Beavers will act as Duty Patrol for the rest of the day," announced Scouter. "Don Wilkins and Jack Lee will fetch the water from the spring."

Wilkins scowled. "Did you hear that?" he grumbled. "As if it's not bad enough to just have him at camp, I've got to act as nurse maid and cart him around with me."

"For crying out loud!" said his Patrol Leader, "Can't you forget it? Or are you going to harp on that all week? Try acting like a Scout, can't you?"

"And be nice to good little boysie woysies," mimicked Wilkins. "If you're so fond of Mr. Chinaman why don't you fetch the water?"

"Because you've been ordered to do so, that's why," replied Gus, severely, "Now scram!"

Wilkins picked up the water pail, and called to Jack Lee. "Come on, Lee. Grandpa will show you where the spring is."

Lyall watched the two disappear over the hill before he turned to his Second, Lawrence. "Some day Don Wilkins is going to get what's coming to him. Too bad, though, Scouter sent Jack Lee with him today."

"Hope he doesn't beat up the new recruit," replied Lawrence. "I rather like him. Seems like a nice kid."

At the first evening campfire Scouter outlined the program for the week. "Tomorrow afternoon we are going on a Treasure Hunt. Roger Morrison and two members of his Patrol will lay the trail. The Beavers and all the remaining scouts will follow one hour later."

"What's the treasure to be, Scouter?" asked Tom Spratt. "That is a secret," answered the Scoutmaster. "Much more interesting if you don't know."

"Probably a one cent stick of candy or some chop suey", suggested Wilkins glaring at Jack Lee.

"We'll turn in early tonight," said Scouter, "so let's sing our closing song and hit the hay."

After prayers came dismissal and Mr. Mack called Gus and Roger over to the fire.

"Well, what do you think of our new recruit?" he asked. "He seems O.K. to me, sir. But I don't like the way Wilkins treats him. The poor kid must feel it."

Scouter gazed intently into the dying embers.

"I've noticed that, Gus. Wilkins is a problem. I think I'll have a chat with the fellows about the Scout law of friendship, but I don't want to do it with Jack present."

Gus came along with a suggestion. "Jack asked me if I thought you would mind if he stayed in camp tomorrow instead of going on the treasure hunt."

"Why does he want to remain in camp?" Scouter asked.

"I think he feels badly about the way Wilkins treats him!" the Beaver P.L. explained.

"That shouldn't be," said Scouter, "still it would give me a chance to speak to the boys, and someone must remain in camp." He frowned and broke the stick he held in his hands. "Well, let's hit the hay. Tomorrow is another day."

The Beavers waited impatiently for three o'clock. When Angus gave the word they raced along the woodland trail, watching every tree and every by path for signs laid by the Leader of the Seagulls.

"Here's the first arrow," shouted Lawrence Whitelaw in glee, "it points to the right." With increasing zest for the game they continued to follow the well laid trail. About half an hour later they came upon the last sign. Somewhere within the radius of a hundred yards the treasure was hidden.

"We'll go over every inch of the ground," said Gus. "They think they're pretty smart, but they're not smart enough. No sir!"

It was Tom Spratt who made the discovery.

"I've found it," he shouted. "Under this pile of rocks." The others gathered around expectantly.

"It's a couple of semaphore flags," cried Tom, "just what I needed!" He passed them around for inspection.

The scouts who had laid the trail began to appear from their places of hiding.

"Bet we can lay a harder trail next time," boasted Miller. "That was a cinch."

"It might have been more difficult" commented Scouter.

He reached for his whistle and blew a resounding blast. "I want a word with you before we make tracks for camp, he said. The boys gathered around and waited.

"I want to tell you a story," Scouter began, "it's about Jack Lee, our new recruit."

Gus glanced at Wilkins. The expression on his face was anything but pleasant.

"I thought you should know," continued Mr. Mack, "that Jack's father was killed in China while fighting for his country. He died a hero's death. The papers were full of it. Jack lives alone with his mother. He has two older brothers who returned to fight under the flag of free China. Now, I think that when we know that, we ought to go out of our way to befriend Jack. Let's think a little more about the meaning behind the scout law." A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout. "That means that colour or race doesn't really matter. See what I mean?"

He was about to continue further when there was a sudden outburst from Lawrence Whitelaw.

"Sorry for butting in, Scouter, but isn't that smoke just about where the camp is?"

Scouter stood up, shaded his eyes and exclaimed. "Great Scott! That's more than smoke . . . that's a bush fire . . . come on, fellows, back to camp." He led the way, and they retraced their steps at top speed. Their pulse beats quickened as they came nearer the camp. No doubt about it, their camp was in danger.

Wilkins ventured a remark. "That fool Chink . . . bet he's gone and set fire to camp just for spite."

"Quiet, you!" said Gus, "don't be a fool. Will you never learn?"

When they emerged from the woods the scene that met their eyes made them gasp in astonishment and dismay. The ground around the camp was burnt black. The Beaver's tent was a smouldering mess. A grass fire still burned a short distance from the camp kitchen. They saw Jack Lee, dressed only in shorts, beating desperately at the flames. They rushed madly to his assistance and in ten minutes all was under control.

"What happened, Jack?" cried Scouter, looking the lad squarely in the eye. "You've been burnt!"

"It's nothing, sir," replied Jack, courageously. "I hardly know how it started. I was reading in my tent, when I heard the sound that fire makes in grass and bush. I went out to investigate and found a grass fire spreading rapidly towards the camp site from over there." He pointed towards a clearing not far distant. A sharp cry pierced the air.

"My stamp album," wailed Wilkins, "It's lost . . . I had it hidden under my pillow in the tent . . . it was worth thousands."

"Please, Don," exclaimed Jack, "it's quite safe. I saved it for you. It's up on the hill yonder beside that poplar."

Wilkins gasped. "You saved it!" He raced up the hill and returned hugging his precious album. He opened it and glanced through the pages.

Scouter turned to Jack Lee. "That burn on your arm needs attention, lad. Gus, bring my first aid kit. It's in my haversack."

As he applied the soothing ointment to the new recruit's arm, a very sober Wilkins approached the group. Addressing his leader he said, in a tremulous voice. "Sir, I guess I've been somewhat of a chump. I want to thank Jack for saving my album. I wouldn't have done it if I'd been in his shoes."

Scouter smiled at Wilkins. "Anything else, Don?" He noticed the troubled expression on the scout's face.

“Yes, sir. I’m afraid the fire was my fault. I lighted a smudge fire over there in the clearing, and I guess it wasn’t out. I didn’t mean to do it.”

“That was careless of you, Don. But confession is good for the soul. Here, you finish bandaging Jack’s arm while I look at the damage.”

Don took the bandage from his Scoutmaster, and looked shamefacedly at Jack Lee.

“Why did you do it? . . . after the way I’ve treated you?” he asked. Jack smiled that pleasant shy smile of his and replied.

“I knew how much you valued it. What are a few burns when a friend’s treasure is in danger .

“You got burnt rescuing my album?” Don exclaimed in surprise.

“Well, yes, perhaps I did, but its O.K. now, because I’ve made a new friend. My esteemed father used to say — ‘Best way to get rid of enemy is to make him friend’.”

Don placed his arm around the Chinese scout’s shoulder. “And I though I knew all about Scouting. How about teaching me how to weave baskets?”

“O.K. CHUM,” agreed Jack Lee.

Loyalty

Proud of his new Scout uniform Jack Evans hastened across the Town Square in the direction of the Scout Hall. Walter Weekes hailed him from the ball diamond.

"I'm not going to Scouts tonight," he called, "I'm playing ball."

"Scouter wants everybody out," Jack called back, "The Rally's on Saturday and we need the practice."

"I don't care!" Walter replied with an air of indifference, "I'd rather play ball."

Jack was joined by Eric Richardson and the two scouts turned the corner of Orkney Street and entered the lighted Scout Hall.

"Walter's not coming," Jack informed his Scoutmaster as he saluted and headed for the Lynx corner.

"What's the matter this time?" queried his leader.

"He's playing ball," Jack replied.

Scouter Turner shook his head at his Assistant Bill Williams.

"Same old thing. Whatever appeals most at the time! Honestly, Bill I've never known a kid who had a poorer sense of loyalty. He needs to be taught a lesson."

"Why not keep all delinquents out of the Rally on Saturday?" suggested Bill.

"We should do that," agreed Scouter, "but Walter needs the training and punishing him in that way won't make him a better scout. However, if he persists we've got to do something. Perhaps, we could take away some privilege he values highly until such time as he shows himself worthy."

Walter Weekes turned up at the Rally as large as life. Despite his irregular attendance he entered the contests with zest and carried off one first and two seconds.

"I don't know how he does it," exclaimed Bill.

"He's a bright youngster," said Scouter, "He just hasn't learned the meaning of the word loyalty . . . no sense of duty whatsoever."

Walter was absent from the next two meetings and at the Court of Honour held on the Friday evening Jack Evans spoke for his patrol.

"We feel, Scouter," he began, "that something ought to be done about Walt. He's letting our Patrol down."

"What do you think we should do!" queried Mr. Turner.

"I think I speak for every Patrol when I say — he shouldn't be allowed to go to camp. We get fed up with the chaps who attend whenever there's anything special like a bun feed or a Rally and skip other nights."

The other Patrol Leaders expressed themselves in like manner.

"I would move," said Eric, "that Walter be informed of the decision of the court."

Mr. Turner compressed his lips as he glanced at Bill. "Unless," he added, "there is evidence of a change of heart between now and camp."

The Court assented unanimously and the meeting closed with the Scout Promise and Silence.

Around nine o'clock the following evening there was a gentle knock at Scouter's Study door.

Mr. Turner returned the book he had been reading to the shelf and opened the door. Walter Weekes, wearing a dejected expression stood before him.

“Hello, Walt,” he greeted. “Come in and sit down. You don’t appear very happy.”

“Scouter,” Walter blurted, “the fellows say I can’t go to camp.

Mr. Turner was silent for half a minute, then, looking intently at the portrait of Baden Powell that hung on his study wall, he asked, “Walt, do you think you deserve to go?”

“I don’t see why I can’t,” replied the boy.

“You know why the Court of Honour reached that decision?”

“Yes, Scouter.”

“Don’t you think they were right?”

“Perhaps they were,” Walt answered, tears welling up in his eyes.

“Come here, Walt,” Scouter said, kindly.

Walter stood before his leader and Mr. Turner drew him to the arm of his chair. “I want you at camp, Walt,” he said, “but one of the first things a Scout must learn is this . . . duty must come before pleasure. It’s not doing what you like but doing what you must whether you like it or not that makes us men.”

He placed his arm affectionately around the boy. “Now, the decision of the Court was provisional — that is — no camp unless there is a change of heart. How about it, Walt?”

“I see what you mean, Scouter,” Walter answered slowly, “I know I’ve been careless. If I turn over a new leaf, may I go?”

“That’s what the Court said,” explained Scouter.

Two brown arms embraced Mr. Turner in a bear’s hug. Walter seldom showed his feelings but he was undoubtedly moved by the conversation with his Scoutmaster.

“Thanks, Scouter,” he said, “thanks for letting me go —and for this chat — I’ll promise to be faithful.”

Walter Weekes kept his word.

Water Shy Jones

“Tom Jones is just scared, that’s all,” sneered Jack Williams. “He could learn to swim like anyone else, if he wanted to.” He dived off the recently erected diving board and when he emerged from the water and was drying himself in the hot sun, Bill Barlow continued the conversation.

“Of course, Scouter stands up for him. Claims that he can get a doctor’s certificate or something, instead of trying his test like the rest of us.”

“I still say he hasn’t got what it takes,” insisted Jack. “Well, he doesn’t know what he’s missing.”

They donned their scout shorts and headed for the camp on the run. They found the troop engaged in the task of preparing the noonday meal.

“Better get a hustle on, scouts,” called Scouter. “We’re going on a hike to Idlewylde right after dinner.”

Jack and Bill obeyed cheerfully enough and soon the patrols were enjoying lamb stew and preserves, their appetites sharpened by life in the open.

By two o’clock the patrols were assembled in front of Scouter’s tent in readiness for their annual hike to Idlewylde. Tom Jones and Ernie Brown had been assigned to duty patrol at camp. They were to guard camp against unwelcome prowlers and receive the camp provisions that had been ordered from town.

As soon as the last patrol had disappeared over the brow of the hill, Ernie turned to Tom and exclaimed: “Let’s go down to the beach and dig in the sand.”

“O.K.” agreed Tom. “We can hear the town delivery truck when it arrives.”

Ernie, easily bored, soon grew tired of his sand digging.

“Let’s go for a swim,” he suggested.

“Not supposed to,” warned Tom.

“Oh, who will know?” He paused and added, “I forgot, you don’t swim. Mind if I go in?”

“It’s up to you,” said Tom. “But you know what Scouter said.”

“O surely he doesn’t expect us to sit around and do nothing,” argued Ernie. “I’m going anyway.”

So saying he raced back to his tent and returned wearing his bathing trunks. With a shout he dashed into the tempting water. His strong overhand stroke took him in the direction of a huge rock known to the campers as ‘Swimmer’s Rest’. He pulled himself up on the rock and waved at Tom who sat on the shore, his hands clasped over his knees.

“Come on in, Tom, the water’s swell.”

“Wish I could,” Tom shouted back.

He watched as Ernie poised for a dive. How he longed to be able to swim and dive as well as his chums. He looked on admiringly as Ernie neared the shore.

Suddenly he sensed that something was wrong with Ernie. He heard him shout.

“Help, Tom. Cramp!”

Tom leaped to his feet at the terrifying words, he must help, but how? He hated water, and the doctor had advised against it. But Ernie was in danger.

He hesitated but a moment. Then drawing off his sandals, he rushed into the water. It wasn't deep, but the sudden chill made him wince. Frantically he made his way to his chum, fearful that every step would take him beyond his depth. If that happened he would be useless. Ernie was in desperate straits when Tom reached him. He seized him around the waist and slowly struggled towards shore. Then both scouts sank wearily to the ground.

Ernie was the first to recover. He threw his arms around his friend with a gesture of affection.

"Thanks, Tom," he gasped. "You saved my life although you can't swim."

Tom made no reply. He lay on the beach motionless as death. Ernie looked at him in alarm.

"Tom! Tom!" he cried, shaking him gently by the shoulder.

Tom did not reply, but opened his eyes and smiled.

"Boy, I thought you had passed out on me, exclaimed Ernie, in relief. "Was I ever scared!"

Tom's lips parted, and at last he spoke in short jerks.

"I'm . . . all . . . right . . . I . . . guess.

"I'll say you're all right," cried Ernie enthusiastically. "Just wait till the troop hears about this."

"Please," exclaimed Tom, in alarm, "don't tell . . . remember Scouter may have you up for swimming out of hours."

"I don't care about that. I was a fool. I deserve all I get," said Ernie.

The honk of a car horn reached their ears.

"It's the supplies from town," said Ernie, rising to his feet with difficulty. "Are you better now? Think you can make it?"

"Sure, I'm O.K.," said Tom. "Let's go."

When they had stored the supplies in the mess tent, they threw themselves down in the shade of the poplars. Both were still suffering from fatigue.

"Hi, fellows!" a voice called from the crest of the hill. "Loafing as usual, I see."

It was Jack Williams, the first of the troop to reach camp.

"Boy," exclaimed Jack. "You missed it. We found the dandiest spot, built a pioneer bridge, and had a swell swim." He looked with contempt at Tom. "Of course, swimming wouldn't interest you would it?"

Tom winced, and shook his head at Ernie, but his chum could remain silent no longer. He faced Williams, and in a voice not gentle, he said, "Listen to me, you blowhard, I've got something to say, and you're going to listen." He paused. "On second thought I think I'll save it until the others get back."

He had not long to wait, for Scouter and the others appeared at that moment. To the entire group he told his story, not sparing himself.

That night around a campfire the troop sang with gusto "For he's a jolly good fellow." It was Jack Williams that led the cheers for "The hero of the hour — Tom Jones."

Jerry's Fault

Scoutmaster Ernest Evans called Jerry Oakes to one side.

"Just a final word, Jerry," began his leader, "No one knows your failing better than you do yourself but sometimes in the excitement of the moment you forget."

A sober Jerry looked into his Scoutmaster's eyes. "I know it, Scouter," he replied, "I don't mean to disobey but sometimes I can't seem to help it."

"We all have faults," Scouter continued, "we must try to overcome them. Forgetting orders is one of your faults. Try hard on this trip to conquer it, won't you? Sometimes the consequences of disobedience are serious."

Jerry's brown eyes were serious as he replied. "I'll do my best, Scouter." Jerry was perfectly sincere about it at the moment. But tomorrow was another day.

The canoe trip to Gull Lake was the highlight of the ten day camp at Cedarcrest. Only boys who had passed tests in swimming and canoeing could go. Those who could not go envied the lucky ones. It was the most thrilling experience of camp.

Jerry was to travel bow with Harry Thompson at the stern. Scouter had chosen Harry as a companion for Jerry because Harry possessed sane judgment and could be depended upon to give leadership to the younger boy whose judgment was usually poor.

There were four canoes in all and the quartette was in charge of Frank Burton, a Junior Leader. Frank explained on the map the course they intended to follow. "We don't need to stick together," he said, "but it would be wise no to get too far apart. We'll try to make the same camping ground each night. Now, three miles from Mildon we reach our first portage. There's a treacherous rapids there. Don't get the idea that you can shoot them. You'll have to portage and you'll find it best to go to the right."

Jerry and Harry paddled with such precision that they were well past Emerald Island by the end of the first hour.

"Another two hours should bring us to the first portage", Harry informed his companion.

"That's where the rapids are," exclaimed Jerry. "Ever shoot any rapids, Harry?"

"Never," Harry replied, "and hope I never have to. I can swim well enough in calm water. I'd hate to be caught in the swirling waters of a rapids."

Jerry disagreed. "I think it would be fun."

"Well, don't get any ideas," warned Harry. "Remember Scouters orders . . . no foolishness."

They reached the first portage at 6.30 that evening and brought the canoe to shore well above the rough water. Looking back up the river they could see no sign of the other canoes.

"We've beat them," boasted Jerry. He leaped from the canoe and ran along the river's bank to gain a better view of the rapids. Harry followed at a distance.

"Boy, O Boy! aren't they smart," shouted Jerry to his companion. "Harry, hadn't we better pitch camp, so we can have supper when the others arrive?"

"Good idea!" agreed Harry, pleased that his younger companion showed so much initiative.

"I'll go gather firewood," said Jerry. He dashed off into the woods and was lost to view. Harry unpacked the tent and provisions and carried them to a satisfactory campsite nearer the rapids. He

cleared a site with his axe and was preparing the tent for raising when he heard a triumphant cry from Jerry. It came from up the river. He turned quickly and his pulse skipped a dozen beats at what he saw. Young Jerry in the stern of the canoe, was guiding the craft directly into the path of the rapids.

“The silly idiot!” muttered Harry, dropping his axe and rushing to the river’s edge. He called madly to Jerry. “Don’t be a fool. Bear over to the shore.”

It was too late. Jerry was quite helpless in the grip of the powerful current. He seemed unaware of his danger, however, as he sat, paddle in hand, in the stern of the frail craft. He was making a valiant attempt to guide the canoe safely through the angry waters.

“Great Caesar!” exclaimed Harry to himself, “I do believe the young scamp is going to make it.”

No sooner had the words passed his lips before the canoe struck a jagged rock. There was a cry of terror from Jerry as he was thrown into the swirling waters. Seized with panic, Harry stood helpless, his eyes glued on the terrifying scene. What could he do? Perhaps if he waited by the calmer water Jerry might come through all right. He raced several yards downstream and waited. There he was, struggling with the current. Harry leaped into the swiftly flowing river and struggled to keep his balance. Nearer and nearer came Jerry. He was attempting to swim now and was bearing over towards Harry. Bracing his feet against a rock, Harry stretched forth his hands and grasped Jerry by the shoulders as he passed. With considerable effort he brought him to shore. When he saw that Jerry was little the worse for his experience, Harry gave him the severest lecture the young lad had ever received.

“Sure!” Harry exploded, “you came through it . . . but you might not have . . . and you nearly gave me heart failure . . . and look at the canoe . . . a gash a foot long below the water level too.”

Jerry was all remorse. “That means that we can’t go on, he groaned, “the trip is spoiled.”

“Sure it’s spoiled,” exclaimed Harry, “and you spoiled it . . . just because you haven’t learned to obey orders. You HAD to play the fool.”

When Frank Burton and the others had arrived, Jerry received another going over. However, Frank was ingenious and managed to repair the canoe.

“I promise I’ll never disobey again,” pleaded Jerry, “but let me finish the trip.”

“Disobedience can bring serious consequences,” Frank reminded him of their leader’s words.

“From now on, promised Jerry, “I obey all orders and without question.”

“Well, see you keep that promise,” Harry Thompson admonished, “and if you do, then, and only then will you be a man, my son, to quote Kipling.”

Jerry was better than his word. The remainder of the trip was free from hair raising adventure and throughout the rest of the camp the most obedient scout was Jerry Oakes.

Presence of Mind

“You’ve got to think and act quickly,” said Mr. Turner, the Scoutmaster, “that’s why I want to speak tonight about first aid in case someone’s clothing catches fire.”

Jack Williams stifled a yawn. “Here we go again,” he whispered to Don Wilkins, “tell me when he finishes.”

“Better stay awake,” muttered Don, “may find it useful some day.”

“Rot!” retorted Jack, “I’ve been listening to lectures on first aid for two years now and never had to bandage a finger.”

They turned their attention, nevertheless, to what their leader was saying.

“I heard of the case of a woman’s dress catching fire in a restaurant. Several men present tried to extinguish the flame with napkins and their hands. The woman was so badly burned she died as a result. Now what should a Scout have done?”

Several raised their hands. “Well, Bill?”

“Smothered her,” exclaimed Bill.

The Scoutmaster was forced to smile and the Troop laughed at Bill’s answer.

“All right,” the Scoutmaster said, raising his hand for silence.

“Bill’s answer is a little vague and too blunt but he has the idea. A Scout would have taken his coat, or a rug or a blanket and smothered the flames. Often it’s necessary to throw the person to the floor. Fire cannot continue to burn where it has no air.”

Mr. Turner proceeded to demonstrate the Fireman’s Lift on Don Wilkins.

“It’s all right, I suppose,” exclaimed Jack as he walked home with Don, “but how often are you called upon to use first aid?”

“Be prepared,” replied Don, “the time may come some day. You’ve got to be ready for the unexpected.”

Jack discovered his mother alone in the kitchen.

“Hello, son,” she called to him, “have a good time?”

“Uh huh,” grunted Jack, without enthusiasm, “Pop home?”

“No, your father is at a meeting,” Mrs. Williams replied. “I was wondering,” she continued, “how you’d like some home made fudge. I saved some sugar.”

“That would be swell,” exclaimed Jack. He ran upstairs to remove his scarf and accessories, as his mother had taught him to be tidy. He opened his desk and studied the blue prints for a model plane.

He was studying the plans intently when he heard a scream from the kitchen. His heart skipped a beat. It was a scream of terror. He bounded down the stairs and made for the kitchen. The sight that met his eyes made him gasp. His mother’s clothes were on fire. She was frantically clutching at the flames but to no purpose.

With keen presence of mind Jack rushed to the living room and seized the oriental rug. Returning to the kitchen he shouted: “Lie down, Mom!” Although highly excited, his mother complied with his command. Quickly with the rug he smothered the flames until only the sickly odour of burnt clothing bore evidence to the fact that fire had menaced his mother’s life.

He assisted her gently into the living room where she lay down on the chesterfield, exhausted.

“Are you all right, Mom?” he cried.

“Oh, Jackie,” she gasped, “you were marvellous. It was the fudge . . . it caught fire . . . it’s ruined.”

Jack smiled grimly. “Bother the fudge!” he exclaimed. “Are you badly burnt?” He didn’t wait for an answer but hastened to the medicine cabinet and returned with the burn lotion which he applied, as she directed, to her hands and shoulders. So intent were they with their task that they had not noticed the entrance of Mr. Williams.

“What’s going on here?” asked that gentleman, gazing in amazement at the strange scene before him.

Mrs. Williams related the details to her husband, as he sat beside her.

“Jack behaved gallantly,” she concluded, “just seemed to know what to do!”

Jack’s thoughts reverted to the meeting that night. He recalled his critical attitude towards his Scoutmaster’s lecture.

“I learned what to do at Scouts tonight,” he explained. “Mr. Turner taught us.”

“Well, Mr. Turner deserves a medal as well,” exclaimed Jack’s father..

“Your mother is but slightly burned. She might have been scarred for life.”

If Jack hadn’t been home and known what to do,” said Mrs. Williams, “I’m afraid you would be minus a wife and mother.”

She smiled tenderly at her husband and son.

“The fudge is ruined,” she said, “and I saved all that sugar for two whole weeks!”

It Happened At Cedar Crest

The opening day at Cedarcrest Camp dawned bright and warm. By the time Scouter had called the camp together for the flag break and morning prayers it had become exceedingly hot.

“What a day for a swim!” exclaimed Joe Snell to his friend Ken Burns, “I’m going to stay in all afternoon.”

“Just try it,” continued Ken, “You know Scouter only lets us stay in an hour and a half.”

“There’s a lot more on the program today than just swimming,” chimed in Jackie Ellsworth who had overheard their remarks, “Scouter said we were hiking to Laidlaw’s Creek to study bridge building.”

Joe turned upon Jackie, a sneer on his lips, “Of course, you wouldn’t be interested in swimming anyway. You’re afraid of deep water. You just putter around near the shore with the other sissies.”

Jackie made no reply as Scouter blew his whistle and the troop came to the alert for flag raising.

“Remember, Scouts,” the Scoutmaster announced “tent inspection in twenty minutes and then down to the beach for the Athlete’s Badge. Remember, also, the Scout Law is the law of this camp.”

The Scouts broke off and returned to their tents to prepare for inspection. Joe walked with Ken and reverted to their conversation about Jackie Ellsworth the youngest member of the troop.

“Makes you sick the way he’s always hanging around Scouter trying to get in his good books. It’s a wonder Scouter bothers with him when he’s so afraid of the water.”

Ken attempted to defend the youngest scout: “He’s only a kid yet,” he said, “Give him time and he’ll swim as well as you.

“But he doesn’t even try. He deserves to be shoved in and that’s not a bad idea at that,” smiled Joe maliciously.

When the eleven o’clock whistle sounded all scouts, with the exception of the duty patrol, scampered to their tents and into their bathing trunks, and dashed wildly down to the beach. When the life guards had gained their positions Scouter gave the signal and the troop made for the water. The swimmers sought the diving board on the dock, the non swimmers hugged the shore.

Joe clambered up the dock ladder and shook himself like a wet Terrier after his first dip, and then stretched himself out on the boards to bask in the delicious warmth of the sun. Ken joined him and the two conversed in undertones.

“You’ll get sunburned if you don’t take care,” a voice behind them remarked. They turned to view their advisor. It was Jackie Ellsworth who had wandered out from shore to watch the diving.

“And you’ll get tanned where it hurts most,” retorted Joe, ill naturedly, “Why don’t you mind your own business?”

“I will,” replied Jackie, “only it was Scouter who told me to warn you about sunburn.”

“Well, you tell Scouter that it might be more to the point if he worried about those who can’t swim,” was Joe’s final thrust as Jackie to avoid further argument turned away and stood watching the scouts in the water. “Makes me sick every time I talk with him,” grunted Joe.

“Then why don’t you avoid him?” suggested Ken, “you always have an argument. The kid means well.”

“Well, me for another dive,” he shouted, leaping to his feet and rushing towards the springboard. As he passed Jackie he was seized with a sudden impulse and couldn’t resist. With the intent of making it

appear accidental, suddenly he stumbled against Jackie and sent him flying off the dock into ten feet of water.

“Now, you’ve done it,” shouted Ken, “the kid can’t swim a stroke.”

“Perhaps he’ll learn pretty fast,” replied Joe, “There he is now. Golly, is he ever scared!”

Jackie’s head had appeared above the water. He was spluttering and gasping for breath and one hand was beating the water in a frantic attempt to grasp something. There was a shout from the far end of the dock and Scouter bore down upon them.

“That lad can’t swim, Joe. Don’t you know that?” he exclaimed.

The sight of Jackie’s frightened face, and the full realization of what he had done made Joe remorseful for his foolishness. Stepping forward a pace, he poised himself for a dive. It was a perfect dive and brought him within five feet of the struggling boy. With expert precision he turned the boy on his back and placing one arm around his chest started for shore. Scouter had thrown off his shoes and plunged in and was swimming along side as a safety precaution.

When they had reached shore in safety and Jackie was found to be none the worse for his sudden ducking, Scouter turned to Joe.

“Nice bit of rescue work there, Joe. How did he happen to fall in?” Joe hung his head and stammered, “I pushed him, sir. I didn’t realize how dangerous it was. I was a fool.”

“It’s always dangerous to fool around deep water, Joe. You should have known better. Why did you do it?”

“No good reason, Scouter. I thought Jackie was afraid of the water and wasn’t trying to learn to swim.

Scouter frowned. “Hardly the way to make him like the water, is it?”

“No, sir.”

At this juncture Jackie interrupted their conversation. “Thanks for pulling me out, Joe. You were swell. I’d give anything to be able to swim and dive like you.

Joe looked from Jackie to Scouter and from Scouter to Jackie again. The Scoutmaster had read his thoughts.

“You’re all right, Jackie,” he said, with sincerity, “If Scouter will give his permission and you are willing I’d like to teach you to swim. Guess I might have been doing that instead of finding fault with you for not trying.”

“That would be great!” Jackie exclaimed with all the enthusiasm of a twelve year old boy. “There’s no one I’d like better for a teacher.”

Scouter retraced his steps to camp in company with his Assistant, Bill Watkins.

“The Scout Law is the law of this camp,” he remarked, “you come to it by strange and wonderful paths but you get there just the same.”

“I’ve seen two enemies become friends and I’ve never known a quarrel to be mended in such a strange manner. First he pushed him in, then he rescued him and when his victim admired his prowess in the water, he offered to teach him the fascinating art of swimming and his offer was gladly accepted. Too bad we adults can’t settle our disputes as amicably.”

The Commissioner's Visit

The scoutmaster shook his head. "I don't know what more we can do," he said. "We certainly set an example in the matter of uniform but there are always some that turn up at meetings either carelessly dressed or with only parts of their uniform."

He glanced in the direction of three slovenly dressed members of the Eagle Patrol.

"They're just lazy," exclaimed Bill Watkins, the Assistant, "they say they can't be bothered."

"But that's not Scout like behaviour," continued Mr. Turner, "we've tried the marking system but the offenders don't appear to care if they let their Patrol down."

He opened his small program book and glanced at his watch. "Well, I'll give them another pep talk and see what comes of it."

He blew a lusty blast on his whistle and made the horseshoe signal with both hands. When the Troop had assembled before him for flag lowering, he seized his opportunity.

"I'm sorry to see that some Scouts are still slack as regards the wearing of uniforms," he said, "I wouldn't say anything if you didn't own one but I know that every Scout possesses a uniform and I do know, too, that the Troop would look much smarter if every chap did his part. Next week let's have every Scout in full uniform."

Harold Kirby winked slyly at Walter Evans. As they left the Hall together he expressed his sentiments on the matter. "Why does Scouter have to keep harping on our wearing uniforms?" he exclaimed. "What difference does it make? I'm not going to wear mine until I'm good and ready."

"Neither am I," agreed Walter. "It's all right if there's a Rally or a Parade or something but why be so fussy about an ordinary meeting?"

When Harold and Walter appeared on the next meeting night in their everyday garb, disappointment was evident on the face of their leader. Mr. Turner commented on the fact to his assistant.

"Well, my talk didn't seem to do any good. What would you suggest now?" "Haven't any ideas," replied Bill, "unless we give them their walking tickets."

The Scoutmaster shook his head.

"Don't want to lose them. They're not bad chaps, you know . . . if they would only work and take things more seriously."

"They don't know the meaning of the word 'obedience'," returned Bill. "A Scout obeys orders of his Scoutmaster without questions. What about bringing them before the Court of Honour? They're old enough to know better."

Scouter was about to reply when he noticed a stranger in Scout Leader's uniform enter the Hall.

"Wonder who this is?" he asked in a whisper.

The stranger approached them.

"Mr. Turner, Scoutmaster?" he queried.

"That's right," replied Scouter, saluting. He recognized the visitor's hat badge. It denoted the rank of Commissioner.

"My name's McBride," their visitor informed them, extending his left hand.

Mr. Turner grasped it warmly.

“Then, you are our new Commissioner Welcome to our meeting. We were about to begin.”

“Fine!” exclaimed the Commissioner, “I won’t delay you but a moment. I would like a word with you in private.

They withdrew to the seclusion of the Scoutmaster’s den. While they conversed the Scouts speculated as to the reason for the visit of the Commissioner

“Just the usual routine,” suggested Harold Kirby. “He’ll give us a talk on what a wonderful movement we’re in and all that. I’ve heard it all before.”

When Mr. Turner and the Commissioner re-entered the Hall, Scouter blew his whistle and the Scouts assembled in the familiar formation. When Bill had broken the flag Mr. Turner introduced the Commissioner. The Commissioner stepped forward and faced the Scouts.

“I’m going to inspect tonight, Scouts,” he began, “and those boys to whom I whisper the words ‘You’ll do’ will please remain after the meeting has been dismissed. Is that clear?”

Their curiosity aroused, the Troop stood rigidly at attention as the Commissioner made his way along the ranks. Every now and then he paused to whisper the mysterious words to one of the members. At the far end of the room Harold Kirby whispered to Walter Evans.

“Wonder what’s up? Perhaps we should have worn our uniforms.”

“Quiet!” warned Walter. “Here he comes.”

During Patrol instruction in the corners speculation continued concerning the purpose for which certain Scouts had been chosen.

“Did you notice he only picked Scouts in full uniform?” remarked Harry Thompson.

“So what?” jeered Harold. “Probably wants you to collect rags and paper next Saturday afternoon. No thanks! Not for me.”

A games period followed the instruction but Scouter dispensed with his usual five minute chat.

“Remember the request of the Commissioner,” he reminded them. “All Scouts to whom he spoke he wishes to remain.”

When all but the chosen few had departed the Commissioner gathered them about him in the leader’s den.

“I guess you are a bit mystified by it all,” he said, with a broad grin. “Well, I won’t keep you in suspense long. This is what I have in mind. I’ve chosen six of you for a bit of real adventure. This Summer, with your parent’s permission, you are going with me on a six hundred mile Scouting trip, part of the way by train, part by plane and the rest by canoe. At each small town enroute you will put on a demonstration of Scout work and I will make my little speech. It will require some hard work on your part but we’ll have heaps of fun.” He watched the growing delight in the faces of the boys.

“I might add that I picked the six of you for two reasons. First, you are all First Class Scouts. Second, you were all neatly dressed in full uniform. I know that uniform isn’t everything but I know also that the Scout who pays attention to small details will not fail in the greater task.”

The Old Wolf Knows

“Shall we fetch our air guns?” Norman Brown asked Scouter when the Troop was assembled for the closing ceremonies.

“I intended mentioning that,” said the Scoutmaster. “Air guns will not be taken on the hike.”

A murmur of disappointment spread throughout the Scout ranks.

“Aw, Scouter!” exclaimed Tom Hawkins. “We could have lots of fun with our B.B. guns.”

“I know,” replied Scouter, “but airguns don’t go with a Scout hike. They are in the way and they can be dangerous.”

He glanced at a small black book he held in his hand.

“Saturday morning. Ten o’clock—here at Headquarters. That is all. Good night and good Scouting,” he said with finality.

As Norman and Tom walked home together they discussed the coming hike and their Leader’s decision regarding B.B. guns.

“I can’t see why we can’t bring them,” grumbled Tom. “We could have loads of fun.”

“Scouter is too strict, if you ask me,” was Norman’s comment. He picked up a stick and struck a lamppost a resounding crack. Suddenly he exclaimed, “I’ve got it, Tom! I’m going to take my airgun anyway.

“Scouter will be mad,” warned Tom, “He may take marks off your Patrol. No marks — no prizes. Remember?”

“But he won’t know,” explained Norman. “I’ll hide the gun across the bridge and stay behind the others. When we get to Mackenzie Creek we can go off by ourselves and do some shooting.”

Tom frowned. “You’re taking an awful chance,” he said. “Oh. I don’t know,” replied his chum. “Scouter will only lecture me if he finds out, but he needn’t find out.”

They reached the corner of Elm Street.

“So long, Norm,” said Tom. “See you Saturday.” He turned down the lane leading to his home, jumped the fence and disappeared indoors.

* * *

The weather on Saturday morning was perfect. The weatherman had predicted rain, but the day was warm and sunny. The Troop had turned out in full force. They sat on the steps of the Scout Hall waiting for the arrival of their Scoutmaster.

Norman Brown called Tom aside.

“I’ve got it hidden,” he informed his friend, “Don’t forget now, we stay behind the others.”

Scouter arrived and the Scouts gathered around to receive their Patrol instructions.

“We’ll camp and cook on the Patrol system today,” he announced.

“Each Patrol by itself, until the evening campfire. I’ve a pleasant surprise up my sleeve. I’ll tell you about it later.”

The faces of the boys revealed their keen anticipation.

“O.K.,” said Scouter. “Let’s go.”

They hiked in small groups. Those at the front did not notice that Tom and Norman hung back. Each Scout was concerned with his own plans for the day.

By half past eleven they reached their destination.

“As it is nearly dinnertime,” announced Scouter, “we’ll prepare dinner at once. Those of you that want to pass your cooking tests give me a shout and I’ll sample what you’ve prepared. Hope it’s good!”

Accordingly each Patrol began preparations for their noon day meal. Apart from the others Tom and Norman ate their sandwiches in silence.

“Can’t be bothered bringing stuff to cook,” exclaimed Norman.

“I want my food and I want it quick!”

“You’ll never become proficient in cooking unless you practise it,” said his Patrol Leader, who had overheard his remark. “I have an idea you could do with more practice.”

“Can’t be bothered,” Norman repeated. “I’ll let my wife do the cooking — that is, when I get one.”

“Can’t imagine anyone marrying you,” scoffed Eddie. “I pity the poor girl.”

After dinner Scouter blew his whistle and explained his plans for the afternoon.

“The Beaver Patrol will lay the trail. Make it difficult,” he said, nodding to Jack Fisher, the Patrol Leader of that Patrol. “Last time it was too easy.”

“We’ll make it hard all right,” promised Jack. “Bet you’ll never find us.”

“We’ll give you fifteen minutes’ start,” said Scouter. “Get going!” The remaining Scouts watched the Beavers disappear over the hill. Norman winked at Tom Hawkins and drew him to one side.

“As soon as we start after the others,” he whispered, “we’ll drop back and pick up the gun. Don’t let them see you,” he warned.

The trail the Beavers had laid did prove more difficult. It was fully two hours before the two Patrols returned to their campsite. “We couldn’t see that sign up in the big maple,” said Gordon Moore. “No one thought of looking up. We all had our eyes glued to the ground.”

“That’s the trouble,” remarked Scouter, “most of us go along with our noses stuck to the ground. We don’t see the beauties overhead.” He glanced around him.

“Where’s Norman?” he asked, anxiously.

“Tom isn’t here either,” exclaimed Eddie. “We must have left them behind. Norman’s weight is a handicap.”

The others smiled at the mention of his plumpness.

“They’ll turn up,” said Scouter, hopefully. “Now, I want you chaps to gather wood for the campfire tonight.”

Suddenly the air was pierced by a wailing cry. It came from the direction of the meadow. They turned towards the hill over which they had come.

“Help! Help!”

Every Scout raced to the crest of the hill. On the meadow some two hundred yards away they saw the distressed figure of a Scout.

“It’s Norman!” exclaimed his Patrol Leader. “He’s shouting for help. Let’s go!”

Down the hill they speed, keeping pace with their Leader.

“What’s wrong?” cried Scouter, as he came up to Norman and saw the frightened expression on his plump face.

“Oh, Scouter,” wailed Norman; “it’s Tom. He’s hurt. It’s all my fault. A pellet from my air rifle hit him in the eye.”

As they hastened across the open fields Norman confessed everything. Scouter made no reply. Action was needed. It was no time for lectures. He knew Norman had learned his lesson.

They found Tom lying in the shade of a giant oak, his hand over his injured eye.

“Let’s have a look, old boy,” said Scouter, kindly. “Easy, now.” He examined the eye carefully and proceeded to render what first aid was necessary. The Troop stood around in awed silence. At last the Scoutmaster spoke.

“It’s not serious,” he said, to the relief of all. “Mighty sore, I’ll wager you that, but it didn’t strike the eye ball.”

He turned to the two Patrol Leaders.

“Make a hand seat and bring Tom along to camp.” Slowly the procession made its way back through the meadow and over the hill.

Norman called Scouter aside.

“I’m terribly sorry, sir, that I disobeyed orders. I realize now how serious it might have been.” He looked wistfully down at the ground, his eyes on his shoes.

Scouter placed his arm around the boy’s shoulder.

“We all have to learn many lessons,” he said. “Sometimes we learn the hard way.” He tightened his grip on Norman’s shoulder. “Do you remember the Cub law? The Cub gives in to the Old Wolf. The Cub does not give in to himself.” Norman nodded.

“Very often the Old Wolf knows best,” said Scouter, the shadow of a smile on his lips. Then, in a less serious voice he said, “By the way, Norm, the surprise I had planned for tonight was a marshmallow roast. Now, we’ve got to get Tom home. A doctor should look at his eye just to be sure. How would you like to build a fire in the Scout Hall and we’ll have our campfire there instead?” A humbled Norman looked up, gratitude in his eye.

“That would be swell, Scouter.” He turned to go, but faced his leader once again. “And thanks . . . Old Wolf,” he added.

A First Class Hike Adventure . . .

Cabin in the Bush

“Now that fine weather is with us,” commented Mr. Turner, “some of you will be ready for your First Class journey. Those who are interested remain afterwards and I’ll explain what I want done.”

Ronald Knight smiled across at his chum Jack Ritchie. Jack returned the smile. He knew that it meant they would make the journey together. Ever since the two boys had joined the 1st Troop they had come up together through the Tenderfoot and Second Class tests. Now they were ready for the final test of the First Class Scout.

When the Troop had been dismissed they waited along with Bill Baker and Ernie Long. Scouter surveyed the four Scouts with an appraising eye as they stood around his desk.

“Okay, Scouts,” he exclaimed, “take a chair and relax.”

They dropped into the most comfortable chairs the den possessed and gave their attention to their Leader.

“Of course you and Jack will be going together,” Mr. Turner began, addressing Ronald, “and that will mean that Ernie and Bill will be companions for the trip.” Both boys assented. “Well,” continued the Scoutmaster, “what’s to be done? You’ve prepared yourselves for this final test by many hikes and several camps. You’ve mastered the fine art of fire lighting and cooking. You’ve learned to make yourselves comfortable even without the use of modern inventions. You’ve learned to be resourceful, and now you’re ready for your 14 mile overnight hike. You’ll need a small pup tent unless you plan to build a shelter. The latter will cut down on the weight you carry. Remember you’ll be taking blankets and the equipment necessary for three or four meals.”

“What about the report of our trip?” queried Jack.

“I’m coming to that, boy,” the Scoutmaster assured him. “You will make a log of your journey with details of time, interesting incidents, observations of nature and wild life. This along with the scale map you must draw will give me a good idea of your proficiency and how you made out. Any questions?”

“What if it rains?” Ernie asked, pessimist as always.

“If it storms badly before you have your shelter built, take cover, of course. No sense in getting soaked. If you find that your shelter won’t keep out the rain, you may seek shelter in a neighbouring barn or a deserted house, providing the house isn’t haunted,” he continued with a smile.

“No haunted houses for me,” exclaimed Jack, “me no like.”

“Don’t forget to take along your lariat,” suggested Ernie to Jack. “You may be able to bring home a ghost alive.”

The others laughed as Jack retorted, “I’ve never left my lariat at home yet, have I?”

Jack Ritchie’s lariat was the subject of much good natured jesting in the 1st Troop. Jack was a boy of hobbies. When ever he became interested in a particular hobby he would not rest until he had either mastered it or acquired all the knowledge concerning it that books and experience could give him. He had practised with his lariat so diligently that he was proficient as a Western cowboy.

With hearty good wishes Mr. Turner bade them farewell. Ronald and Jack walked home together, discussing in detail their proposed trip for next Friday.

“Fourteen miles seems an awfully long way, sighed Jack, as he and Ronald trudged wearily along the river road.

“We’re two miles past Middleport,” Ronald informed his chum, “we’ve only two more miles to go.” He, too, felt the strain of the journey but as he was the older by six months, he was determined not to acknowledge his fatigue.

Another hour brought them to the river’s edge and they threw off their haversacks and dropped wearily to the soft ground.

“Let’s rest a while,” sighed Jack, “we’ve a good half hour before dark and we can set up camp in no time.”

Ronald assented cheerfully. As he lay back on the soft, green grass, and stretched his limbs, he glanced at the sky above.

“Not too promising a night,” he exclaimed, “look at those clouds over there.”

He had no sooner uttered the sentence when a low rumble of thunder reached their ears, and a flash of lightning shot across the sky. “There’s a bad storm coming,” warned Jack, “we’d better get our shelter built.”

They rose at once and made for the woods nearby, just as the rain commenced to fall. Ronald hesitated in his tracks. “That does it,” he said, “we can’t build a shelter now. Scouter said we could take’ a shelter in a barn if we were caught in a storm.

“Or a deserted haunted house,” Jack reminded him, shuddering as another flash of lightning illuminated the woods, and shadows seem to spring to life around them.

Suddenly he seized his chum’s arm. “Talking of deserted houses,” he almost shouted, “what’s that in the clearing ahead? Doesn’t look to me as if anyone lives there. There’s no light.”

Ronald followed his friend’s gaze. In the clearing stood a neat, well built log cabin with a single door and no windows.

Both Scouts hesitated. “Better be careful,” Jack warned, “might be someone living there.”

“Well, what if there is, they won’t turn anyone away on a night like this.”

A heavy downpour of rain decided the matter for Ronald. Gathering his courage he made a dash for the front door of the cabin. Not wishing to be left alone in the dark woods Jack hastened to follow but in his haste, tripped over a stump and fell headlong to the ground. He picked himself up and brushed some blood from a grazed knee.

Except for the sound of the rain all was still as the tomb. He looked towards the cabin. Ronald had disappeared within and the door had closed on him. That was strange, thought Jack. He might at least have held the door open for him. Suddenly he heard a muffled cry — a cry of distress as if someone was trying to call out and couldn’t.

Jack’s first impulse was to race to the door. Then, on second thought he hesitated. If something had happened to Ronald he would be of more use outside. Someone in the cabin may have resented Ronald’s bold entry and were showing their displeasure in no uncertain terms. To follow Ron through the door would only spell disaster. Jack immediately dropped to the ground and in Scout fashion crept into the long grass. Slowly, he crept around to the rear of the cabin. There was one small window but he dare not show his face. They might see him when a flash of lightning streaked across the sky. His brain worked feverishly as he lay in the long grass, drenched with rain. He must use strategy. If only he could entice those within to come out . . . but how?

Perhaps they didn't know that Ronald had a companion. Ronald wouldn't tell them. Of that he was certain. Then his hand touched his lariat, fastened to his belt. His faithful lariat gave him an idea. It was worth trying.

He whipped out his knife and cut a length of stout cord from several feet he carried in his haversack. Slowly through the darkness he made his way to a tree several yards from the front of the cabin. Then, very cautiously, back again to a tree on the opposite side. Then, out to the woods again, this time armed with a shiny billy can. When he had completed his plans he took up a position around the edge of the cabin a few feet from the door.

"Well, here goes," he muttered to himself. Then in a voice that was intended to represent breathlessness he shouted: "I've got help Ron! The police are here."

He listened breathlessly as he heard rusty hinges squeak. Slowly the cabin door opened. He reached for a cord and jerked. The billy can which he had attached to a tree in the woods clanged. There was a revolver shot, as he had guessed it the harmless billy can, and then a thud as someone tripped over the rope he had stretched across the cabin door.

He heard loud cursing and then another thud as someone else tripped over the first.

Quick as a flash Jack leaped from hiding and poising his lariat, swung it over the heads of the two men on the ground and drew it taut. What a shot! Lassoed both as neatly as a cowpuncher lassoes a bronco. There was no time for congratulations. The man with the gun was struggling to free himself from the rope. His hand was struggling upwards.

Out from the cabin door came a hand, clasping a stout stick, smack on the man's upraised hand. The man cursed violently and Jack turned to face Ronald who had regained his freedom in time to assist his chum. "Nasty specimens these," exclaimed Ronald. "Boy! Was I ever glad to hear your voice . . . but where are the police?"

"Just a ruse, my dear Watson," replied Jack. "The lariat did the trick."

"Good work," congratulated Ronald. "But we'd better tie them up securely. Do you know who they are?"

"No relatives of yours, I hope," grinned Jack.

"They're wanted for the bank robbery at Belkirk . . . I remember reading that they might be hiding out somewhere."

"Well, I'll be burned in oil," exclaimed Jack, "we'd better get help after all."

"No need of that," exclaimed a deep voice behind them. They wheeled about and saw with relief two men in uniform, one a Mountie, the other a Provincial Constable.

"How about an explanation, Scouts?" said the Mountie.

Ronald related the story of their innocently walking into the hide out and told in glowing terms of Jack's part in the rescue.

"Don't thank me," said Jack, with genuine humility, "thank my lariat . . . it's never failed me yet."

He grinned broadly as he shook the hands of both officers of the law. Then, turning to Ron, he added: "Well, do we finish out First Class Hike or do we call it a day . . . or night, rather?"

"I'm for finishing it," enthused Ron. "Boy, what a report we'll have for Scouter!"

The Cry of the Wolf

A quarter of a mile from the town of Cedarhurst on the road to Evansville stands a dilapidated deserted house known to all Scouts as “The Haunted House”. It belonged at one time to an old gentleman who had disappeared mysteriously one dark night twenty years ago.

No one ever claimed the land and no one cared to inhabit the old frame building. It had fallen into complete ruin. There was not a pane of glass in any of the windows and part of the roof had collapsed.

On many a Scout hike a courageous member of the 1st Cedarhurst Troop would dare a less courageous Scout to spend a night in the haunted house but no one as yet had ever taken up the dare. Parents were an obstacle to such an adventure.

“I’d sleep there over night if someone would sleep with me,” Jack Stubbs ventured to suggest, “But I wouldn’t stay there alone.”

“I’d stay with you,” said Bob Browne, “but my parents wouldn’t let me.

“They have sense,” Jim interjected. “What earthly good would it do anyone to spend a night there? There’s no such thing as a haunted house.”

“All right,” jeered Doug Devlin, “Why don’t you stay there over night?”

“Because, as I’ve told you,” Jim replied, “There’s no purpose in it. It doesn’t accomplish anything.”

“Except to show you’re not afraid,” retorted Doug.

“Oh, I’m not afraid!” said Jim.

Jim was to have cause to prove his courage sooner than he expected. He was returning home alone on the evening of August 11, a night long to be remembered by the inhabitants of three counties. Exciting news had come over the radio but as Jim had been spending the evening with old Mr. Burke who detested radios he had heard nothing.

As he neared the deserted house on that memorable night he fancied he saw a beam of light flash skywards. He stopped in his tracks and waited. It was more than a fancy. There it was again! Jim was as curious as any boy. He determined to investigate.

He moved silently to avoid any dead twig that might make his presence known. He could hear voices now, angry voices raised in argument. There was a heated quarrel in progress. He knelt by an open window and listened.

“I say, lay low for a day and get going tomorrow night,” exclaimed one voice.

“And I say, let’s get going now,” growled another.

“Don’t be a fool!” retorted the first, “The whole country will be swarming with cops. Every road will be watched. I say — wait until tomorrow night.”

Cold sweat stood out on Jim’s forehead. Something was wrong. Innocent people don’t fear the police. His brain worked feverishly. He must get away and summon help. There was evil work afoot. He mustn’t let them hear him. He dreaded to think what his fate might be if they caught him. He didn’t relish the sound of their harsh voices.

It came without warning. Sneezes often happen that way. Before Jim realized what he had done a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and he was lifted bodily through the open window. He stared into the dazzling beam of a flashlight.

“Snoopin’ eh?” a rough voice growled, “We don’t like snoopers. What do you know, kid? Out with it.

“I saw a light and came to see what it was,” Jim replied, a tremor in his voice.

The man turned to his companion. “I told you to douse the light, you mullet head Blinky. See what you’ve done!”

“What’s the duff,” growled Blinky. “The kid ain’t going to talk.”

“I know he ain’t but he might have been a copper.”

“Okay. Okay. And now what?”

“We’ll tie the kid up and skip. Thanks to your stupidity we’ll have to chance it now.”

They proceeded to tie Jim securely. He knew it was useless to resist. He was one boy against two strong men. He submitted meekly and was kicked for his patience into a corner.

As the men departed, Blinky growled, “And if you know what’s good for you you’ll keep that mouth of yours shut.”

Jim waited until the stillness of the night assured him he was alone. Then, he began to struggle with the ropes. It was hopeless. They were not amateurs at knot tying. He couldn’t free himself in a month of Sundays. There was but one chance. If only he could remove the kerchief from his mouth!

He crawled over to the window and rising with difficulty a kneeling position caught the kerchief on a protruding nail. Risking a severe cut to his mouth he commenced to tear kerchief. After many discouraging attempts his efforts were finally rewarded.

Bob Browne, the Second of the Wolf Patrol of the 1st Cedarhurst Troop, gazed through the open window of his bedroom at the moon and stars. He couldn’t bring himself sleep. It was a perfect night for camping out.

Suddenly he rose on one elbow and listened. That sound! The cry of the wolf! His Patrol call! There was only one out in his Patrol could give it like that. But what would Jim be doing out at this time of the night. Bob tiptoed to the window. Jim would never do such a thing for fun. It isn’t like Jim. He must be in trouble.

Bob dressed and dropped from his window to the woodshed roof. He had never sneaked out before but his parents might not understand and Jim needed him.

As he made his way along the dimly lighted street it came him like a bolt from the blue. The Wolf howls originated the haunted house. He swallowed hard and made his way towards the mysterious old dwelling. What if it were not Jim’s howl? A great sense of relief surged over him when Jim’s voice broke the silence of the night. “That you Bob? knew you’d come if you recognized the old wolf howl.” Quickly Bob released his friend and as they raced for the nearest phone Jim related the events of the past hour. In an excited voice he repeated the story to the police.

The local police acted without a moment’s delay and as result of the Scout’s quick thinking the Evansville Bank robbers were in custody within three hours. Blinky had been right. They should have laid low but Jim had turned the tables.

Jim was congratulated on all sides. Bob, too, shared in the praise. It was his trained ear that recognized the sound of the wolf in the night.

Jim was the first and the last of the Cedarhurst Scouts to know what it was like to be alone at night in the “Haunted House.”

“And never a ghost did I see,” he exclaimed to the Troop

“But I don’t mind admitting that the two real live rogues I encountered had my blood running cold.”

Buried Treasure

“That was a dandy story!” Bob Browne exclaimed to his friend Bill Kennedy. “Wish we could have adventures like that to day.”

“There never was a real Treasure Island,” Bill asserted.

“Perhaps not,” returned Bob, “but long ago there were pirates and buried treasure. I wonder if anywhere in the world there is treasure that nobody has discovered?”

“Bet not,” said Bill. “That only happens in books.”

The two scouts left the ancient building that served as headquarters for the 1st Cedarhurst Troop and raced for home.

“See you tomorrow night,” Bob cried in parting. “Don’t forget to bring your flashlight.”

Patrol Leader Bob Browne of the Wolf Patrol and his Second, Bill Kennedy, had planned a weekend in their own Patrol den, a deserted shack 5½ miles from Cedarhurst. For many weeks they had prepared for this first outing of the season. As they trudged the last mile Bob exclaimed, “Boy! I’ll be glad to turn in tonight. It seems more like ten miles to me.”

“It wouldn’t be so bad if you didn’t have to carry blankets and grub,” sighed Bill, “What say we leave our blankets there?”

“Okay,” agreed Bob, as single file they entered the woods. Their Den, which they hadn’t visited for two months, greeted them around the path’s end.

Bob inserted the key in the lock. The door refused to budge.

“Just a minute. Hold everything,” exclaimed Bob. “No wonder it won’t open. The lock’s been changed!”

“You’re right but who ... ?”

“Your guess is as good as mine,” his Patrol Leader replied. “We’ll have to break in the door.”

After the fourth attempt the door yielded and the Scouts fearfully surveyed the interior. Everything was in order.

“Doesn’t look as if anyone’s been snooping,” Bob concluded, “Boy! I’d like to know who changed the lock. Did you notice something funny about the new lock? It looked just like the old one. Whoever changed it didn’t want us to know it had been changed.”

“But, that’s silly,” Bill replied. “We knew it was changed when the key wouldn’t turn.”

“I know, but perhaps they thought it would open with our key. But why put on a new lock?”

“I give up. It’s a mystery to me. Let’s hit the hay. I’m dead tired.”

* * *

The weatherman had promised a clear night but at midnight it commenced to rain and a strong wind howled around the shack. The slamming of the cabin door awakened Bob.

“I can’t sleep with that door banging,” he muttered. “Bill ‘here’s your flashlight? I’m going to put the table against the door.”

“In my haversack,” Bill muttered, sleepily. “You don’t need it. It isn’t that far.”

Bob decided Bill was right and crept out of bed. As he crossed the floor in the darkness he stumbled suddenly and fell headlong to the floor.

“O my shin!” he groaned, “You and your ideas.” “What tripped you?”

“You tell me. I’m going to get that flashlight.”

He discovered the haversack under Bill’s cot and fumbled for the light. He turned the beam on the floor and uttered a loud exclamation.

“Well what do you know? There’s a loose board . . . never remember that before. I helped nail those boards myself with three inch nails.”

Then Bob gave a shout that almost deafened his companion. Bill leaped from his bed to the side of his chum.

“Jeepers! Bill. There are several boards loose and an old sack or something buried underneath.”

Together they removed the boards and dragged out the sack.

“Hold the light. What are you nervous about?” With his Scout knife Bob cut the twine that bound the mouth of the sack and turned out the contents on the floor. Both boys gasped. Bundles of ten dollar bills lay scattered over the cabin floor.

“Look at that!” exclaimed Bob. “I never saw so much money in my life. What do you think? Who do you What were you saying about buried treasure and such things never happening to day?”

Suddenly, he seized his chum’s arm.

“Bill, old scout. There must be some connection between this and the new lock on the door. But who do you suppose?”

“Somebody’s hidden it here and intends to pick it up later. They didn’t think we’d turn up first. The new lock was intended to look like the old.”

“That’s it,” agreed Bob. An unpleasant thought suddenly took possession of his mind. “Sup-sup-suppose,” he stuttered, “they come back to get it while we’re still here.”

“Yipe!” Bill shrieked, “Let’s get out of here pronto.”

“Now you’re talking, chum.” agreed Bob. “We’ll have to turn the money over to the police. We can’t keep it.”

“Suppose not,” frowned his companion. “Let’s get moving.”

* * *

Five minutes later the scouts were out of the woods and on the side road that leads to Cedarhurst. On the outskirts of the town they saw Chief of Police McPherson patrolling the dimly lighted streets. With bated breath they told their story.

Chief McPherson lead the way into his office in the Town Hall. When he had examined the bills closely he smiled broadly at the two boys.

“Well, Scouts, I suppose you’re wondering where all this money came from and who owns it? You’ve done a good piece of work tonight. You’ve uncovered the money that was stolen from the Queens Centre Bank about one month ago.

“I remember,” Bob exclaimed. “I heard pop talking about it.”

“And do you know, Scouts,” continued the Chief, “there’s a reward of \$500 for the return of the money. What do you think of that?”

The Scouts stuttered in unison. “You mean . . . we . . . get . . . five hundred dollars?”

“You found the money didn’t you?”

Bob grinned across at Bill.

“The days of buried treasure aren’t past, Bill old scout. What say we turn it over to the Troop for a new Scout Hall?”

“Okay by me,” Bill replied. “I don’t think I’d know what to do with it.”

Leaders Not Pushers

"I got the water yesterday," grumbled Willie Sims, "I don't see why I have to fetch it today." He seized the water pail when his Patrol Leader Jack Wilson gave him a withering look.

Jack's gaze followed the tenderfoot as he sauntered along the beaten path. "Never saw a more cheerful or willing specimen in all my days," Jack exclaimed sarcastically to his Second, Carl Hailer, "Just bubbling over with a desire to help . . . I don't think."

Carl nodded, his agreement. "Always trying to shirk," he said. "There are times I wonder what he does to justify his existence."

Scouter overheard the last comment and called the two leaders aside. "Strange about Willie," he commented, "he works like nobody's business at home. Guess it's because he has to . . . but here at camp he's anything but energetic. Wonder why?"

"It's usually the shirkers at home that shirk at camp," was Carl's comment. "He seems to enjoy camp well enough."

"Sure he does," chimed in Jack, "and eats enough for three Scouts." Scouter seized upon Jack's statement.

"I've noticed his ravenous appetite," he mused. "Eats as if he has been half starved. Could be he doesn't get enough at home."

"Yet you say he works harder at home," exclaimed Jack.

"Because he must," explained their leader.

"Worked too hard, perhaps and not enough nourishment to go with it."

They concluded their discussion as Willie appeared with a full pail. Scouter approached the lad.

"Atta boy, Willie," he exclaimed. Then, he added, "I want to see you in my tent a moment."

Willie followed his Scoutmaster obediently.

"Sit down, Scout," invited Scouter, motioning the lad to a box which served as a seat. "Enjoying yourself at camp?"

"It's okay," Willie replied.

"Any improvements you could suggest," queried his leader, looking soberly at the Scout.

Willie squinted one brown eye. When he realized that his Scouter was quite serious, he replied: "Too much hard work, sir."

"But you get hard work at home, don't you, lad?" Scouter asked, kindly.

"That's just it, Scouter." A tear appeared in his eye as he hesitated. "I get so much at home . . . I . . . I . . . hoped it would be different here."

Scouter threw his arms around the boy's shoulder and drew him closer. "I guess it's not much of a holiday at that," he comforted, "but of course everybody has to help in some way.

"I know sir," Willie interrupted, "but I get all the work to do for the whole Patrol. They tell me 'A Scout obeys orders' and order me around as if I was a blooming nursemaid."

"If that is true," replied Scouter, "it must end."

Willie began to cry in earnest now. He laid his head on Scouter's chest. "I'd like to stay at camp forever," he sobbed, "if only they wouldn't make me do all the dirty work."

Scouter's grip tightened on his Scout. "Now listen to me, Willie, old boy," he said. "There are a few changes due. Go back to your tent and don't mention our little chat, eh?"

That night Scouter held a conference with his Patrol Leaders. "I hope you fellows are sharing the work," he commenced in a serious strain, "we don't want shirkers because where someone shirks an extra burden falls upon some other fellow." He glanced at Jack and Carl.

"As leaders," he continued, "it's always better to lead than to push. A Patrol Leader can shirk too. He has no right to expect one Scout to do all the menial tasks. They must be shared equally by all."

Jack remained behind when the others had retired.

"You hit me pretty hard, sir," he said, "but I guess I had it coming to me. I've done a lot of thinking about it ever since you told me about Willie's home and all that. I've been all wrong.

Scouter extended his left hand and Jack seized it eagerly. "We all make mistakes, Jack," he said. "Perhaps every leader has to remind himself that his job is to lead rather than to push."

Grand River Warrior

On November 24, 1807, Thayendanegea lay near death. His last words, whispered to a chieftain of his tribe, "Have pity on the poor Indians. If you can get any influence with the great, endeavour to do them all the good you can."

The body of the War Chief of the Six Nations was taken to Grand River and buried beside the walls of His Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks.

In the centre of the busy City of Brantford they raised a beautiful monument to his worth and valour. The Captain of the Mohawks is enshrined in the hearts of the people of Canada as a loyal subject and a dauntless hero.

His life was bound up with the lives of the people in that tract of land six miles wide on each side of the Grand River which runs with a southerly course into the waters of Lake Erie.

Brant obtained the title deeds to this territory for the Indians in the autumn of 1784. It was a gift, as indicted by the terms of the award "which the Mohawks and others of the Six Nations . . . with their posterity," were to enjoy for ever.

* * *

On a sultry July afternoon in the year nineteen hundred and thirty eight Jack Silverhorn went swimming in the Grand. Jack was tall for his nine years, well proportioned, with the smooth brown skin of the Mohawks and dark flashing eyes beneath thick black hair.

His grandparents had known Thayendanegea and his great grandfather, an United Empire Loyalist, had fought with the Iroquois Confederacy under the Captaincy of the heroic War Chief.

Jack seldom mentioned the exploits of his forebearers. He lived among descendants of Scottish immigrants who had settled in the picturesque village of Caledonia that hugs the Grand about eighteen miles from Brantford.

Jack's father, much to the regret of his grandfather, had left the Six Nations Reserve and had come to reside in Caledonia where he had secured work with the Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine Company. He had married a white girl ten years his junior and Jack had been born two years later. The Indian lad had learned by sad experience that to boast of the exploits of his ancestors brought only ridicule.

It is true that he had friends in Public School, but he knew that several parents didn't approve of him. He was an Indian, and a half bred at that. He had been snubbed several times but had borne the indignities with patience. Sometimes he wished he had lived in days long past when his people, courageous and proud, had roamed the Grand River Valley as chieftains and lords.

His father Joseph had embraced the Christian faith but attended no church. Jack, however, had been sent when barely six years old to the large, red brick church on the main street of the village. He had puzzled over the signboard which read — "Caledonia Presbyterian Church. All Welcome."

"Anyone can go here," his father had informed him.

"Even an Indian?" he had asked. He remembered the strange reply of his teacher on that first Sunday. She had smiled at him, put her hand on his shoulder and replied, "in Christ there is no East nor West."

After Sunday School had been dismissed, he recalled with bitterness the words hurled at him by George McDougall . . . words that had stung . . . words that he could never forget.

"We don't want Indians here," George had hissed, "Why don't you stay on the Reserve where you belong!"

Silently at the supper table that night, his father had upbraided him for sulkiness until he had blurted out the truth.

"I don't want to go again," he had cried.

"You'll go," his father had insisted, "and always remember this. Your great grandparents were here long before the grandparents of George ever thought of coming to Canada."

Miss Wallace had learned of the incident and had severely reprimanded George, but Jack couldn't forget.

Then, there was the day when the pupils of Grade 5 had exchanged Christmas gifts. George had drawn Jack's name but claimed that he had forgotten to buy a gift, and the Indian boy had sat, amid the jollity of the Christmas party, with tears welling up in his dark eyes.

Miss Wallace had risen to the occasion by slipping a shiny fifty cent piece into an envelope and handing it to Jack, but Jack knew and his boyish heart had bled.

As he dried himself in the hot sun on the banks of the Grand, he was thinking of George's birthday party, to which he hadn't been invited. He knew why. Mrs. McDougal didn't like him. She lavished her affection on her only son and on three Persian cats. An Indian boy was beneath her notice. She considered him a bad influence on George.

He donned his jersey and tweed shorts and sat on a fallen log while he drew on his cotton socks and shoes. He didn't care! They didn't need to think he did! It was more fun swimming in the Grand and building fires by the river's edge. That was the life for a boy whose forefathers had fought under Thayendanagea. Anyway, he was going to camp with the Pack in August. He was a Sixer and the Pack knew he was a good Cub. He had his second star and five proficiency badges. Akela was his best friend and he knew that Akela cared. He remembered how Akela had put his arm around him by the campfire that night and whispered, "You're my best Cub, Jack!" he was proud of that. He would show the others that he could be a friend to all even if some were not friendly to him. Giving vent to a shout to show his indifference to childish snobbery, he raced along the river bank for Caledonia and home.

Home to Jack Silverhorn was a four roomed frame house that overlooked the peaceful waters of the Grand River. His mother, talented artistically, had furnished their home with attractive furniture.

Jack had his own room with two small windows that overlooked the river. He had been permitted to furnish and decorate it to suit his boyish taste.

"Hello, son!" his mother greeted him in the kitchen, "Where have you been?"

"Swimming," Jack replied without enthusiasm.

"Bob and Brian with you?" queried Mrs. Silverhorn.

"Nope."

"Why not?"

Jack made his way to the bread box and cut himself a thick slice of baker's bread.

"They're at McDougal's party," he replied as he spread a generous helping of jam over his bread.

His mother frowned as she nodded. "Oh, yes, I had forgotten. She gave the mashed potatoes an unnecessary dig with the masher. "Cubs tonight, isn't there?"

"I suppose so, replied her son, "but there won't be many there. Most of the kids were invited to the party."

"I don't know why George has a party on Cub night," his mother said.

“Oh, George doesn’t care. He’s not a Cub and I’m glad he isn’t.”

Mrs. Silverhorn wiped off the oil cloth table and set the table for two.

“Wash your hands, dear,” she said, “Daddy is working late tonight.”

“I washed them at the river,” replied Jack, as he helped himself to a heaping plate of potatoes and beets and slid two slices of bologna on his plate.

There was little conversation during the meal. Mrs. Silverhorn was tired and Jack was deep in thought, but as he finished the last spoonful he looked across at his mother and said, “Mom, why don’t people like us?”

“But they do, son,” she said, her face grave, “Bob and Brian are good friends, and Daddy and I have many friends too.”

“But why doesn’t George’s mother like me?” persisted Jack, his questioning eyes intent upon his mother’s face.

Mrs. Silverhorn drew her son to her. “I don’t know how anyone could help liking my boy,” she said, “Why, I just love him.”

Jack hugged his mother closely and buried his dark head on her shoulder. Deep sobs shook his sturdy frame. “I hate them . . . I hate them . . . I could kill them,” he sobbed.

“Now — now — Jack boy, that’s no way to talk — you mustn’t. It’s wrong to hate.”

“But it’s wrong to treat me like they do,” he retorted.

“I know, I know, but hating them won’t help matters. Now just forget about it and run along and get dressed for Cubs.”

Jack withdrew to the sanctuary of his own room. As he changed into his green Cub jersey and shorts, he gazed intently at the large painting of Thayendanegea that hung on the wall.

“I wish,” he muttered, “I wish I’d been a scout with you. I’d have scalped every last one of them.”

When Jack arrived at the Cub Hall behind the Village Library, he found Mr. Turner, his Cubmaster, in consultation with three other Sixers, none of whom had been invited to George’s party.

“Hi, Jack!” greeted Akela, “We’ve just been talking about forming another Six. Bob and Brian are both bringing new recruits tonight.”

“But I don’t think they’ll be here,” Jack informed his leader, “They are at a party.”

“I know, but the whole party is coming later,” replied Mr. Turner. “I’m making you Sixer of the new boys. They are Billy Evans, Brian Peart, Jake Williams, Ronald Wren, and George McDougal.

Jack’s dark face flushed and he bit his lip before replying.

“Is George joining?”

“Sure thing,” Akela answered, “he’s wanted to for some time now.”

“Does he have to be in my Six?” said Jack.

“I’d like him to be,” returned his leader, “Don’t you want him?”

“He doesn’t like me!”

“Nonsense? What makes you think that? In the Cubs everybody likes everybody.”

Before Jack could reply, the door opened and the crowd from George’s party rushed into the room. Akela blew a lusty blast on his whistle and the group of boys froze to attention.

“All recruits will please sit on the bench by the window,” he ordered, “The rest will form the Rock Circle.”

As Jack passed the bench on which the new boys sat, he heard a remark which he knew came from the lips of his enemy, George.

“How did he ever get two stripes?”

Jack’s lips tightened, but he pretended not to notice. He proceeded to the Red Six and began instruction in knots. After instruction and the gaines period, Akela lined up the recruits.

“We’re forming a new Six,” he announced “and I’m appointing Sixer Jack Silverhorn in charge. Jack has had plenty of experience. You’ll get along fine together.”

There was an audible groan from George McDougal. Akeia glancetl sharply at the new recruits. “What’s the matter, George?” he queried.

“I’d rather go in another Six,” replied George.

“I want you to go in the Blue Six,” said Akela firmly, “I can see no reason why you shouldn’t.”

George’s face clouded but he made no further remark. Jack gathered his new Six about him in their den and proceeded to enter their names in his book as George looked sullenly on. Finally, just as the call to Grand Howl sounded George sneered, “I’d never have joined if I’d tought I’d have you for a Sixer.”

Jack faced his persecutor his black eyes flashed as he spoke the biting words. “I’m sure I don’t want you in this Six, but as Akela has put you here, . . . you snob.”

He turned on his heel and marched from the room. He had the last word. it was all he could do to keep himself from hitting George. He was glad he had triumphed. He would make a Cub of him if that were possible.

That night a bitter and somewhat remorseful Jack cried himself to sleep.

Like Brant, the War Chief of the Six Nations, Joseph Silverhorn was a devoted Christian he had never associated with any of the Village churches but as a boy he had diligently attended at Ohsweken. Like every Indian, the wonderful things he saw all about him in the world of nature held his mind in a spell To him there was One who had created all things, and Who was ever ready to aid His children.

Above the limestone fireplace in the Silverhorn home was a framed motto bearing the words of Brant: “This country was given to us by the Great Spirit above; we wish to enjoy it.”

The elder Silverhorn often brooded over the treatment meted out to his young son. He was determined however, that Jack should stand upon his own feet and win his way in the world unaided. He was strict with Jack in regard to day and Sunday School attendance.

“You must get an education,” he had told him, “and you must learn all there is to know about the Christian faith. The great Thayendanega was a devout Christian and well read.”

Jack’s eyes would shine at the mention of his hero’s name and the desire to be like the great War Chief inspired him to study. What did the unfriendly attitude of some matter? This country was given to them by the Great Spirit, it was theirs to enjoy. He must equip himself to serve his people. He must study.

Jack was ten years old on the day when Great Britain declared war on Nazi Germany. Little was said at the Silverhorn supper table that night but talk ran freely at the Gypsum Mine.

On a brisk afternoon towards the end of the month of October Joseph Silverhorn left his work at the Mine and walked doggedly towards the village, past the Sachem office, past the two beer parlours and

the Milling Company across the bridge towards home. He discovered Mary, his wife, knitting by the window that overlooked the river.

He changed his working clothes and threw himself into the wine coloured easy chair. Picking up a Toronto newspaper, he read the war news with close attention.

Jack entered the kitchen. "Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad!" he called. "We're having a hike on Saturday . . . out to Mackenzie Creek. It's to be a treasure hunt and Bob and I are to lay the treasure.

"That's fine," returned his mother, smiling tenderly at him. "Get ready for supper. Dad has promised to take us for a row on the river."

"That's swell," enthused Jack, pouring water into the enamel basin as he began soaping his grimy hands.

Joseph Silverhorn ate his supper in silence, but immediately the meal was ended he pushed back his chair. "Come into Jack's room both of you," he said.

Jack looked across at his mother in bewilderment and Mrs. Silverhorn returned the look. Complying with his wish, they followed Joseph into the bedroom.

"What's up, Dad?" queried an ever curious Jack.

Joseph gathered his wife and son to him in a close embrace. Looking steadfastly at the portrait of Thayendanega, he exclaimed.

"The Chief marches again! I'm going to war."

"I knew it," exclaimed Mary, a tremor in her voice, "I knew it before you left for work this morning. I could tell. I don't know how."

"Does that mean you'll be going soon, Dad?" asked Jack. "Fairly soon, I guess. This country was given us to enjoy and also to defend." He smiled down at his son. "You'll be chief here now and you'll have to take good care of your mother."

"When are you joining, Joe?"

"Tomorrow. In Hamilton. I'm going to try to get into the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry."

As Jack looked up at the tall, bronzed figure of his father. A great wave of love and admiration swept over him. He flung himself at his father's arms and Joseph held him close.

That night, as Jack lay awake in bed, he pondered over what his father's decision would mean to all of them. He knew, young as he was, that the road before them would not be easy. Like a good Cub he vowed that he would do his best to carry on as chief until Dad came back. The possibility of his father not coming back never entered his mind. The Great Spirit would look after his children.

Eighteen weary Cubs, with grubby hands and knees, followed their Cubmaster along the tracks towards Caledonia. Tired, but buoyant with the joy of life, they reached the railway bridge and turned along the river road.

The hike had been marred by only a single incident and the swollen and discoloured left eyes of George McDougal and Jack Silverhorn spoke of their part in the drama.

George had made a slighting remark about Joseph Silverhorn and the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry. Jack had attacked him in a fury and they had fought until the blood flowed and each had won a discoloured eye.

Mr. Turner hesitated until Jack came along.

"I'm sorry, Jack," he began, "Fighting another Cub is not in keeping within the Cub Law. The Cub does not give in to himself. Remember?"

A sober Jack looked at his leader.

"I'm sorry, Akela," he exclaimed, "I just couldn't take it. I lost my temper. George is always ribbing me about the regiment and my being an Indian.

Jack linked his arm through that of his Cubmaster. "I'll try to keep my temper," he promised, "but no one is going to say anything against Dad."

"Heard from him lately?" asked Akela.

"Mom had a letter last week. He's in England now. He's a Corporal."

"Two stripes, eh? Just like you have," said Scouter, "Stripes are given to those who are faithful and to those who are good leaders."

"Not to those who get into scraps, I guess. I see what you mean. I'm sorry about George."

"That's over now," Akela replied, a twinkle in his eye, "I rather think George deserved it even if I shouldn't say so."

They parted at the bridge. Jack more conscious than ever of his Sixer's stripes, made tracks for home, wondering what his mother would say when she saw his black eye.

Immediately after the four o'clock bell had dismissed classes, Jack and Bob ran down the walk through the trees to the church.

Miss Graham was already there and several of the girls were deep in rehearsals. The boys sat on a bench at the back of the Sunday School room and waited their call.

The Annual Sunday School Concert was to be held on the twentieth of the month and rehearsals had been called for every afternoon after school.

Jack and Bob were to sing, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" and Miss Graham, with infinite patience, had rehearsed them until her frayed nerves could endure no more.

"Now, kids," she announced at last, "We'll run through everything once more. Please pay attention and try to take things seriously." She had discovered that discipline during school hours is one thing. Discipline after school hours is quite a different matter.

With perfect poise, due to inward confidence, Jack and Bob stood on the platform and sang their duet. At the conclusion, Miss Graham praised them warmly.

"Jack," she requested, "I'd like to speak to you afterwards if you can spare a minute."

When the last child had departed, his teacher said, "I was wondering if you would give your father's address overseas? It's a little late to think of it now but the church wants to send him a Christmas box."

Jack's dark eyes glistened at the mention of his father's name. "Dad's a Sergeant now, he informed her with pride, "and Mr. Turner is making me Senior Sixer of the Pack. That will mean that both of us will have three stripes."

"That's splendid," Miss Graham enthused, "I've heard that Mr. Turner thinks a lot of you. He must, when he promotes you to Senior Sixer."

"He's swell," exclaimed Jack, enthusiasm for his leader radiating from his face, "Next to Dad I like him best of all the men in the world."

"I'm sure you do," smiled the teacher, "He tells me you suggested sending gifts to all former Scouts in the services."

"It was Mom's idea. She said that, when you're far away from home, letters and gifts and things mean a terrible lot."

Promising to give his teacher his father's address, Jack sallied forth with a song in his heart. Mr. Turner thought a lot of him. So did Miss Graham. Somehow he felt at peace with the world. He didn't even hate George quite so much.

The chief topic of conversation in Caledonia in mid-March days was speculation as to when the ice in the Grand would go out. Three days of mild weather had brought a warning from the Village Council to keep off the treacherous ice. But skating above the dam was too great an attraction for several boys who, ignoring the warning, had donned skates for a final dash across the ice.

Jack watched them from his bedroom window. He had been working on a model aeroplane which he hoped to enter in the contest sponsored by the Caledonia Club.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. One of the boys had fallen through the ice and his companions had fled in terror, screaming for help.

Jack seized his hockey stick from under the bed, flung open the door and raced for the river. As he neared the danger zone, he dropped flat on his stomach and pushing his hockey stick ahead of him made his way cautiously towards the boy in the water. It was young George McDougal!

"Don't try to climb out, George!" he shouted, "Keep cool!" the expression almost made him smile despite his fear. George was probably too cool, most likely nearly frozen.

He reached the Cub and passed the hockey stick over the opening in the ice. "See if it will bear your weight," he directed, "then roll slowly towards me."

George, teeth chattering and eyes filled with terror, obeyed and was soon on safer ice. Jack helped him to his feet and together they reached the bank.

"Come up to the house and get dried."

"I'm all right," chattered George, "I'd better go home."

"You'll do as I say," ordered his companion, "You're in no state to go anywhere."

George made no further protest but allowed Jack to assist him to the frame house by the river's edge.

A frightened mother met them half way there.

"Oh Jack!" she cried, "I saw it all from Mrs. Rankin's house and I could do nothing. I was almost paralyzed with fright. You were wonderful."

She aided George to a chair beside the Quebec heater.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed sympathetically, "You're almost frozen." I'll make a cup of hot tea while you change your clothes."

Jack wrapped a blanket around the shivering George and went to assist his mother. He brought George a pair of his own breeches and a sweater.

Not until George had sipped the hot tea did he speak. Then, in evident embarrassment, he said: "Thanks, Jack, for what you did, I'd have drowned. You know that, don't you? You saved my life. I'd have drowned sure. I've never been so cold."

Before Jack could reply, several of the village boys and men crowded into the room.

"We heard about it from Pete and Jack," they said. "Is he all right?"

“I think he’s all right now,” Mrs. Silverhorn replied, “My boy pulled him out. He’ll be able to go home as soon as he’s thawed out.”

Word of Jack’s heroic act had spread like wildfire through the village. In the Milling Company’s office the next day the consensus of opinion was that the lad should be given a medal.

Acting on the suggestion, Cubmaster Harold Turner wrote the Board of Honour of the Boy Scouts Association and presented all the facts.

At the next Good Deed Parade in nearby Hamilton, Senior Sixer Jack Silverhorn, Age 11, was awarded the Bronze Cross “For his special heroism in rescuing another boy who had fallen into the Grand River.” The presentation was made before the assembled gathering of over three thousand Cubs and Scouts. The old Armouries, where his father had trained with the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, rang with their cheers.

Mrs. Silverhorn had not heard from her soldier husband for six weeks and she was worried. Neighbours had tried to comfort her with the age worn adage that ‘no news is good news’, but Mary had replied, “Not in war! It means that Joe is in action and when he’s in action he’s in danger.”

It was on the last day of April that the telegram arrived. The local Station Agent had requested Rev. Donald McDonald, minister of the Presbyterian Church, to deliver the message.

When Mary opened the door, and saw the minister her face went an ashen white. “It’s Joe!” she cried, “What’s happened?”

Mr. McDonald stepped inside, closed the door and took her hand in his. “It’s not the worst news,” he hastened to assure her, “Joe has been wounded. How badly we do not know. Details will follow later.”

With fearful hearts, Mrs. Silverhorn and Jack waited for further word but none came. Three long weary weeks passed and still no letter nor telegram.

“Please, God, don’t let him die,” prayed Mary as they sat down to supper on the evening of the twenty third of May. She looked into her boy’s eyes and tears coursed down her cheeks. Jack rose and embraced his mother tenderly.

“Everything will be all right,” he comforted, “They couldn’t kill Dad if they tried. He’s a war chief of the Six Nations. He’ll be back.” Mother and son clung in a close embrace.

With true Indian Stoicism, Jack managed to retain his composure before his mother, but that night alone in his room he gave vent to his fears and grief.

“Daddy . . . Daddy . . .” he sobbed, “We need you please come home.” He dropped to his knees on the bare floor and poured out his heart. “O God, please bring Daddy back to us. We miss him . . . he’s all we’ve got . . . please . . . please.” He covered his face with his hands and sobbed bitterly.

Fame came to Caledonia in a day. The Village on the Grand made the headlines in every Canadian Daily and the local Grand River Sachem turned out a Special Edition for the first time in its history.

Mrs. Silverhorn’s eyes shone with almost a holy radiance. Jack was beside himself with joy. He danced around his mother and whooped as his Indian forebearers must have done after a victory under the Great War Chief.

Crowds in the Post Office, the Milling Company and on every street corner spoke of nothing else. A constant stream of visitors dropped in at the four roomed frame cottage on the historic Grand.

Up the river, the warm May sun seemed to shine with an added radiance on the birthplace of Pauline Johnson. The old hand propelled ferry was busy transporting holiday makers from Brant County across to the Reserve. The old Ferryman chattered unceasingly on one theme.

Across Edinburgh Square, along Argyll Street, over the handsome bridge, and up the river road walked the Rev. Donald McDonald, spring in his step and a smile on his face. He wanted to bring a message that would add to the joy of an Indian boy and his devoted white mother.

He tapped lightly on the door of the Silverhorn home and was greeted by Mary herself: "Isn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed, "My Joe . . . a hero!"

"My hearty congratulations" enthused, the Reverend Mr. McDonald, "and to know Joe's well again and on his way home. Caledonia is proud of him and proud, too, of you and your son. To think that Jack and his Dad have both won medals for heroism . . . and within two months of each other."

Jack broke into the conversation.

"But mine's nothing compared to Dad's. Golly! The Victoria Cross! I can't wait to see Dad. Do you suppose he'll be wearing it when he comes?"

Mrs. Silverhorn smiled across at the minister.

"Mr. McDonald," she said, "I am proud of Joe and my boy. I married into a proud race. We were given this land not only to enjoy but to defend. I am happiest in the knowledge that both my husband and my son have won the esteem of their fellows. Jack's best friend now is George McDougal but he had to save his life to win his friendship. I am proud that the blood of the Six Nations has flowed for freedom and glad that in doing so they have earned the respect of those with whom they have always wished to live as brothers."

"Thank you, Mrs. Silverhorn," said the minister bowing, "I've heard many a sermon that did not touch me as your words have done."

"Would you care to see our portrait of the great Joseph Brant?" she invited.

She led the way into Jack's room.

"His last words," she said, "were 'Have pity on the poor Indians'. The Indians want brotherhood, so do the Negroes, so do all the misunderstood and oppressed races . . . they want to feel wanted, if you know what I mean, and I believe you do. For that they died and others will be willing to die yet. They want to live their lives at peace in this country that God gave to them but they want to be treated as brothers."

Jack slipped his brown hand into that of his mother.

"When will our war Chief be home, Mom? I want to see that V.C."

The Pet Show

“Mom,” Cub Jack Harkness called, as he burst into the kitchen. “Mom, Mr. Simpson says.. “ He stopped abruptly. His mother wasn’t there. He opened the hail door and shouted again, “O Mom!”

“What is it, dear?” his mother called from upstairs. “I’m up in the attic.”

Jack raced up the stairs, two steps at a time and discovered his mother busily engaged in rummaging through an old trunk.

“What is it, Jack?” Mrs. Harkness repeated when her eight year old son appeared before her, his face flushed and hot. Evidently something was in the wind. She had never seen Jack so excited.

“It’s Mr. Simpson, Mom,” Jack hesitated in order to get his breath.

Mrs. Harkness asked, “Well Jack, what’s wrong with Mr. Simpson?”

“Nothing, Mom. He’s swell. He said we could bring our pets to school. There’s to be a Pet Show, and I’m going to take Skippy. Can I, Mom.”

So that was it. Mrs. Harkness smiled pleasantly at Jack as she replied, “Yes, of course, you may.”

“I’m going to teach Skippy how to sit up and everything. The first prize is \$50.00. Just think, Mom, fifty dollars!”

Having laid his plans before his mother, Jack departed to look for Skippy and found him asleep under the back porch.

Skippy was a pretty little fox terrier, all white in colouring except for a diamond shaped black patch on his back and head.

“Come on, Skippy, old boy,” Jack called to his pet, “you’re going to be the smartest doggy in the show.”

The next two hours Jack and Skippy spent together in the meadows by the river. When they returned to the house at supper time Jack could talk of nothing but Skippy and the Pet Show.

“I taught him to roll over, and stand up and beg,” he informed his mother proudly, as she stirred the vegetable soup on the stove.

“Ronald Evans says his dog Butch will win the prize but he’s not as smart as Skippy, is he, Mom?”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” said Mrs. Harkness, “I’ve never set eyes on Butch that I know of.”

“He’s an ugly old bull dog,” Jack enlightened her. “He won’t win. Skippy will for sure.”

“Well, I hope so,” his mother said. “Go wash your hands. Supper will be ready as soon as Daddy gets home.”

Around the supper table all conversation centred around the coming big event in the life of Jack and Skippy.

As time passed and the day of the show drew nearer Jack’s excitement knew no bounds. All his spare moments were spent with Skippy. Every day the dog learned new tricks.

Two days before the event Jack arrived home from school, a look of pride in his eye, his face beaming.

“I met Mr. Burns this afternoon, Mom,” he related. “He said Skippy was a terribly smart dog . . . and might easily win. . . . He ought to know . . . he’s one of the judges.”

“That was nice of him to say that, Jack,” said his mother, “but you mustn’t build your hopes too high. There are a lot of other dogs entered, you know.”

“None as nice as Skippy,” replied Jack confidently. “Come on, boy! That’s a good dog.” He leaned out of the kitchen window and watched Skippy playing with a rubber ball in the yard.

On Thursday, the day before the Pet Show, Jack came slowly up the walk to the house. Something must have happened. This was a different Jackie, thought his mother, as she watched him approach the door. He entered the kitchen, kissed his mother, and said in a tragic voice, “Mom, something terrible has happened. Ronald Evans has been run over. He’s in the hospital.”

“How dreadful!” exclaimed Mrs. Harkness, laying down a saucepan.

“How did it happen?”

“It was awful, Mom. I saw it all. Ronnie’s dog, Butch, ran out in the road in front of a truck. Ronnie ran after him, and the truck ran over both of them. Butch is dead and Ronnie’s badly hurt.”

Mrs. Harkness exclaimed sympathetically, “I’m terribly sorry, Jack. Poor Mrs. Evans . . . she has such a hard time of it!”

“Why, Mom, is she poor?” Jack asked.

“Very poor, dear. And she’s had so much sickness.”

Jack was silent for some time, then, in a sober voice he said:

“Mom, Ronnie said that if he won the prize he was going to give it to his mother. I guess he knew she needed it, eh?”

“I guess so dear,” agreed his mother.

That night at supper Jack appeared thoughtful. Knowing that he was disturbed by thoughts of the accident, Mrs. Harkness made no attempt to engage him in conversation. She was pleased that he showed sympathy for Ronnie who had been a rival.

The day of the much anticipated Pet Show arrived and the pets had been carefully judged. The audience sat awaiting the results, the youthful owners poised nervously on the edge of their chairs. Jack’s heart thumped as he waited for that awful moment.

Mr. Burns, Chairman of the Judging Committee, rose to his feet. There was loud applause and hearty cheering.

“I’m happy to announce,” he said, in a clear voice that carried well, “that the first prize, a Fifty Dollar Bill, has been awarded to Master Ronald Evans, for his dog Skippy. Ronald is at present in the hospital, having met with an accident, but I am pleased to say will soon be well and strong again.”

Loud and prolonged applause greeted this announcement.

Mrs. Harkness turned in amazement to her son. “Jack, dear, there must be some mistake . . . Skippy is your dog. Then she stopped. The look on Jack’s face caused her to end her sentence abruptly. Tears stood in his eyes, but pride and joy were there, too. He turned to his mother, and said, hesitatingly:

“You see, Mom, Ronald couldn’t enter Butch because Butch was dead . . . So I entered Skippy in Ronald’s name. .

You know what you said about Ronnie’s mother. Guess she needs it more than we do.”

Mrs. Harkness wanted so much to take him in her arms, but she refrained because of the crowd. Instead she pressed his hand in hers. “I’m so proud of you, son,” she said.

In silence, but triumphantly Jack and his mother returned to their home. As they turned into the walk Jack uttered an exclamation that almost upset his mother.

Woodsmoke at Twilight

“Look, Mom, at the swell bicycle. Wonder who owns it?” There on the verandah was a shiny new ‘cycle. Jack ran up the verandah steps towards it. On the handlebars was a tag.

Jack read the inscription written there, and turned to his mother, with a radiant face. “O, Mom. It’s for me!” Excitedly he read aloud.

“To Jack Harkness from Walter Burns. In appreciation for services rendered — a good deed.”

S.O.S. . . . - - - . . .

“You Don’t want me to go,” grumbled Joan, as she sat on the verandah steps of their summer cottage.

“Of course, we would love to have you with us,” replied her mother, “but the Guide Rally is tomorrow, and you must learn your Morse Code thoroughly.”

“Oh, I’m tired of Morse,” Joan scolded, a scowl marring her otherwise serene features. “What earthly use is it, anyway?” Mrs. Moyes bent and kissed her daughter on the brow. “It can be very useful, Joan, dear. But even if it weren’t much use, it is one of the Second Class tests, and it must be mastered.”

She patted Joan’s hand, and bidding her goodbye once again, walked gingerly along the gravel path that led from the cottage to the beach where her husband awaited her beside the canoe.

“Joan did so much want to come,” she said, settling herself in the bow. “Perhaps we should have taken her,” said John Moyes, “I doubt if she’ll really concentrate on her task once she’s alone!”

“Joan must learn,” Mrs. Moyes replied. “She is too prone to grow tired of things . . . the novelty wears off too soon. I do want her to make a good Guide. Pampering won’t help.”

“I suppose you’re right,” assented her husband, “although I imagine we were much the same when we were young.”

Mrs. Moyes made no reply but turned her attention to paddling. The canoe shot away from the shore, and turned its nose in the direction of Clover Island.

Joan sat on the step, disconsolate, as she watched the progress of the canoe. How she wished that the Rally was weeks away. Not that she disliked Guide Rallies . . . they were grand, but her mother was so terribly conscientious about everything.

It had been the same with her music lessons. She recalled the long, weary hours her mother had insisted on her practising when she wanted so much to be on the tennis court with Lois and Jean. But she had passed her Grade exams. She gave her mother credit for that . . . but Morse . . . well, it was alright for Scouts and sailors and such, but she felt Guides would be better employed knitting.

She ran into the cottage and returned to the verandah with a cushion, a rug, and one of the Anne books. Spreading the rug on the floor, she settled herself comfortably thereon and turned her attention to the novel. “I’ll read four chapters,” she promised herself, “and then I’ll get on with that silly old Morse.”

At the end of the third chapter, however, as she found it difficult to see in the growing darkness, she tossed the book aside. She lay back completely relaxed, and exclaimed, “What a night to be paddling!” And here she was ordered to remain at home to study silly dots and dashes . . . sometimes she couldn’t understand her mother.

She sighed, and peered out over the lake, calm as a mill pond. There was Clover Island. She simply idolized Clover Island. It was her dreamland where exciting things happened . . . where Pirates might hold secret meetings, and where shipwrecked mariners could make use of their knowledge of woodcraft to eke out a Crusoe like existence.

She sat up suddenly and peered into the growing darkness. Was that a light on the island? She knew it was uninhabited and yet she was sure she had seen an electric light. She must be dreaming! But, no, there it was again . . . on and off on and off. The truth dawned upon her suddenly. Someone was using a flashlight for signalling. It was the Morse Code.

She snatched her pad and pencil and attempted to read the dots and dashes. Dot. Dot. Dot. that was easy, she thought that was S. . . now came the same three flashes but longer . . . dash, dash, dash . . . that was O . . . she knew that much, at least. Why of course, it was S.O.S., the signal for help! But who could it be? Some boys, perhaps, playing a game.

The light persisted. She leaped to her feet with a sharp cry when she realized what it might mean. Her mother and father were on that Island. They might be in trouble. She must get help.

She raced down the path and sped along the shore in the direction of MacFie's cottage. Racing up the steps she pounded frantically on the screen door.

Mr. MacFie appeared, surprise written on his tanned face. "Why, Joan, whatever is the matter? You're all out of breath? Come in, child."

"I think its Mum and Dad," Joan explained breathlessly. "They're on Clover Island, and they're in trouble . . . at least someone over there is sending S.O.S. messages with a flashlight." She paused for breath.

"Well, if you think there is someone in trouble, we'll just get in my launch and mozy over," said Mr. MacFie.

He disappeared into the sitting room, explained matters to his wife, and returned carrying a first aid kit. "Thought we might need it," he said, as they hastened to the dock where "Marion III" was securely tied.

The trip across seemed long to Joan, who crouched near the cabin, her eyes glued on Clover Island. As they drew near to the Island she gave a sharp cry. The launch's headlight fell upon two figures on the beach.

"It is Dad and Mum," cried Joan, "and Dad is lying on the ground . . . he's been hurt!"

"Don't get excited," Mr. Moyes called out to his daughter, as Joan leaped from the launch and rushed towards him. "It's only my leg. A clean break. But our old canoe sprung a leak, and we thought we were stranded here for all time."

He smile mischievously at his wife beside him. "Your mother, Joan, thought of the flashlight and the Morse. She knows a few letters of the alphabet, you know."

Joan hugged her mother in a close embrace. "Oh, Mum!" she exclaimed, a catch in her voice, "Am I ever glad I learned Morse!"

Bob Browne — Wolf Cub

The curtain fell on the last act of the Third Annual Concert of the 1st Cedarhurst Pack. Prolonged applause followed. Eight year old Bob Browne turned to his mother.

“Boy! That was swell!” he exclaimed with enthusiasm. “Mom, you said I could join the cubs when I’m old enough and I’m eight now. Can I join, Mom?”

“I’d like you to join, Bobbie,” replied his mother. “You can join next Friday. It was a fine concert. The boys did so well. Mr. Turner deserves much credit.”

The following Friday Bob appeared at the Cub Hall in company with Jack Stuart his best chum. They were given a warm welcome by Cubmaster Jack Turner and the other members of the Pack.

Shortly after their arrival, the Cubmaster whom the cubs called Akela opened the meeting by calling lustily “Pack! Pack! Pack!” The cubs quickly formed the Parade Circle and proceeded to welcome Akela by giving him the Grand Howl. They squatted down on their heels with their hands or “paws” on the ground between their feet and their knees on either side. Then came the howl — “Akay-1-a, wee-e-ll do-o-o--o-o-u-ur BEST!” The last word they shouted sharp and short as they sprang to their feet, with two fingers of each hand pointing upwards at each side of their heads like the two ears of the wolf.

From his place in the circle Jim Philip, the Senior Sixer of the Pack called out, “Dyb dyb dyb dyb” which Bob was to learn meant “Do your best!” Every cub then dropped his left hand to his side but kept the right hand up with two fingers spread out in the cub salute.

“We-e-ll Dob-dob-dob!” they replied, and Bob knew this meant ‘We’ll do our best.’”

Then the Pack stood at alert, awaiting the further orders of their leader.

When the cubs had gone to their corners, Akela called together the new recruits.

“Before you can become a Wolf Cub,” he explained, “you must learn well the Cub Law and Promise — how to salute and the meaning of the Grand Howl. When you have mastered that, you will be invested and receive your Cub Badge.”

He called to Jim Philip: “Jim, tell these boys the Law of the Wolf Cub Pack.”

Without a moment’s hesitation Jim replied, “The Cub gives in to the Old Wolf. The Cub does not give in to himself.”

“Correct,” said Akela. “Now it is very important that we understand what the law means . . . the Cub obeys his older leader . . . the one with more experience and knowledge . . . he does not do just what he wants to do . . . he doesn’t give in to self . . . he is not selfish. Now, Jim, give us the Cub Promise.”

Again the Senior Sixer replied in a clear voice:

“I promise to do my best —
To do my duty to God and the King
To keep the Law of the Wolf Cub Pack
And to do a good turn to somebody every day.”

“Right, again,” smiled Mr. Turner. “Now, boys, I want you to work hard on your Tenderpad. You’ll enjoy the meetings. We have loads of fun and we learn many useful things. I know we’ll get along well together. I’ll answer any questions after the meeting.”

After inspection and the weekly dues had been taken the Pack played three lively games in which Bob and Jack joined.

Then, all gathered in the Rock Circle for instruction on the composition of the Union Flag and a thrilling story by Akela.

The meeting, all too soon for the new recruits, came on an end.

“I’m going to get my uniform next week,” said Bob as he walked home with Jack, “and I’ll be able to wear it as soon as I’m invested. It shouldn’t take long to learn your Tenderpad.”

“I’m going to try to get mine too,” said Jack. “I think I know the law now and my brother Fred, who’s in the Scouts is going to help me with my knots when we get on a bit.”

As they parted at the corner of the street, Bob saluted Jack with the Cub sign of friendship.

“See you next week,” he shouted, as Jack raced for home. He had joined the Wolf Cubs. Happy days were ahead!

Bob Browne’s Investiture

Two weeks after Bob Browne had joined the 1st Cedarhurst Pack he was invested as a Wolf Cub. Dressed in his neat new uniform, green cap, jersey and shorts, he had made the cub Promise in the presence of the Pack. Jack Stuart had been invested with him and that pleased Bob because he liked Jack best of all his friends.

Senior Sixer Jim Philip had started him on his First Star tests. He must learn the composition of the Union Jack, tie two knots, turn a somersault, throw and catch a ball at ten yards, know why he should keep clean, be able to tell the time and many other tests.

“It sounds like a lot,” said Jim, “but take each test one at a time and master them. In tying knots you must learn their uses — not much use learning knots unless you know when to use them.”

Bob remembered the reef knot because Dr. Jones had used it when he had broken his arm two years ago.

“Master your knots until you can tie them with your eyes shut,” Jim continued. “Don’t be satisfied with anything less. Remember the Cub motto, ‘Do your best’.”

“Jim’s a smart cub, isn’t he?” Bob remarked to Jack, as they chatted after the meeting. “I’m going to work hard and perhaps I’ll be Senior Sixer some day.”

“Jim has all twelve Proficiency badges, but then he’s been in the cubs nearly four years. I saw his service stars.”

“Just being in the cubs a long time didn’t make him head cub,” said Bob, “Akela told me that Jim had never missed a meeting, had never been late, always wears his uniform and is very unselfish. He is always trying to help. All the kids like him.”

“I’ve noticed that,” said Jack, “Bill McAlpine has been in cubs over three years and he hasn’t even passed his Second Star. Just lazy, I guess.”

“Some kids just come for a good time,” his chum answered, “I guess, if you want to get on, you’ve got to work and work hard.”

Bob Browne Goes Rambling

On a bright, crisp Saturday morning in February Bob went on a ramble with the Pack. With haversack slung over shoulder he walked briskly beside Jack Stuart and Gary Morrison. Akela lead the way across the fields of snow. They planned to reach Mowgli's Den in time for dinner. "I want you to watch for animal and bird tracks," said Akela, "A prize to the Cub who sees and can identify the most."

No sooner had he made this announcement than Senior Sixer Philip saw rabbit tracks in the snow. The cubs gathered around and drew a sketch of the tracks in their little black note books.

"That's the idea," congratulated Akela. "Keep your eyes open and you'll be surprised at the number of tracks you'll find."

By eleven o'clock they reached Mowgli's Den, a well built log cabin, set high on a hill. The Blue Six started a fire in the stove and the remaining Sixes opened haversacks and prepared the lunch. Each cub had brought wieners and buns and Akela promised them cocoa.

What fun they had in the cozy den! Bob enjoyed the lunch but most of all the talk on Tracking that followed. The prize for the most observant cub went to Jim Philip, but he turned it over to his Second, Harry Bain, whom he claimed really deserved it "as he had only been in Cubs a year."

On the return journey they played a tracking game. The Red Six laid the tracks and the Green and Blue Sixes followed the trail.

Nineteen weary but happy Wolf Cubs sought the comfort of their beds that night.

It was Bob's first Winter Ramble and he thought it was tops.

Bob Browne's Good Turn

"Cubs and Scouts sometimes forget," began Cubmaster Turner, "the serious part of their cub and scout work." He glanced kindly at the attentive group of smartly uniformed cubs before him. "I am thinking especially," he continued, "about the matter of the daily good turn. Do we really take it seriously? Do we really try to be helpful? Do we go out of our way to do a good turn to somebody every day?"

Several of the cubs examined their shoes intently. They were ashamed to look their leader in the face. What Mr. Turner had said was true and they knew it. Weeks had passed and they hadn't even tried to do anybody a good turn.

They had run errands for Mom but that was only what was expected of a cub. They were only doing their share in the home but they hadn't really gone out of their way to help someone who needed helping.

When Bob Browne reached home that night, he discovered his mother knitting on a Red Cross sweater.

"Mom," he began, hesitatingly, "do you know any good turn I could do? Akela wants us to report next meeting on some good turn we've done and I can't think of any."

Mrs. Browne laid aside her knitting.

"Now, isn't that strange, she said, "I've been sitting here thinking about old Mrs. Burke."

"You mean the old lady in the shack on the back street?" asked Bob.

“Yes . . . she lives all alone and lately I’ve noticed on ash collection days that she never has any ashes out. I had just made up my mind to drop in and find out what’s wrong.”

“You mean that I might help her with the ashes,” suggested Bob.

“I’m sure you could and there must be many other ways in which a strong boy could be of service to a frail old lady.”

The next day Bob accompanied his mother when she called on Mrs. Burke. They found the old lady sick in bed. At sight of the two visitors she exclaimed:

“Why, bless my heart, and it’s kind of you to drop in! I’ve had a touch of flu for the past week and I’ve not had my nose outside the door.”

Mrs. Browne and Bob spent over two hours tidying up the old lady’s home and left with the promise to return on the morrow.

The visit on the morrow was only the beginning of many visits to the little home on the side street. Twice every week Bob removed the ashes, filled the wood box, hauled coal and performed a dozen different chores. His mother became a regular visitor, too, and always went laden with good things to eat.

New life had come to old Mrs. Burke and Bob Browne had discovered how to keep his cub promise to do a good turn to somebody every day.”

Bob Browne’s Spring Ramble

That Saturday in April was one of those entrancing Spring days when you pity anyone who is forced to remain indoors.

It was the day the 1st Cedarhurst Wolf Cub Pack had chosen for their first Spring Ramble.

Bob had leaped out of bed and rushed for the window to see if Old Sol was shining.

“Yippee,” he shouted, “What a day!”

He donned his new cub shorts and green topped socks, ate a hurried breakfast, packed his lunch and ran across the Square in the direction of Cub Headquarters.

Akela had promised to teach them the art of fire making and he had brought matches in a water proof container.

Ten minutes later he and twenty brother cubs were trudging along the River road, revelling in the joys of Spring.

“We leave the road at Wren’s flats,” explained Akela, “and hike another mile and a half before we park for lunch. Keep in single file on the left side of the road and watch out for cars.”

When they had reached the wooded area known as Moore’s Bush, they awaited instructions from their leader.

“Gather around, Cubs,” Mr. Turner called, “and we’ll get a few pointers on fire making.”

The eager Pack crowded around the Cub Master.

“Now, always remember to begin your fire with a small amount of very small chips or twigs. These must be of dry deadwood. About this, place little sticks leaning together in the shape of a pyramid. When the fire is well alight, bigger sticks can be added and finally logs. The kind of fire you make, of

course, will depend on what you intend to cook. No use building a bonfire if you're only frying an egg.

When Akela had issued matches to each Six, the cubs went off in search of firewood. When sufficient had been gathered, they commenced their test under the watchful eye of Akela and Senior Sixer Jim Philip.

It was not long before Jack Stubbs appeared before Akela. "We're out of matches, Akela," he said, "May we have another try?"

"What's wrong?" asked Mr. Turner. "Are you sure you used small deadwood?" He glanced at the jumbled heap that represented the Blue Six's attempt at a fire, and added, "You must remember to build it so that air can circulate. You've just thrown a handful of wood in a pile and smothered it".

Patently he showed them again. When he arose, he handed Jack another match. "Now light your fire," he exclaimed, "and I think you'll have a fire that any backwoodsman would be proud to own."

Bob Browne's Six came out winners.

"It seems awfully simple," exclaimed Bob, "but it's not so easy when you do it without paper. I've always used paper before."

"It's too easy with paper," cried Jim Philip, "If you have paper almost anyone can light a fire. The real test is done without paper."

Before a blazing grate fire in the living room at home Bob related to his mother and father the events of his first Spring Ramble.

"Did you make sure your fire was out before you left?" asked his father. "Yep," Bob replied, "Akela says that is the first rule to remember. First and last . . . Safety First."

One Eye Open

In the months Bob Browne had been a cub he had made rapid progress. On the night he received his First Star, Akela had said, "Cub Browne, you have been with the Pack many months now and have proven yourself obedient to the Cub Law. This First Star will inform all that you have one eye open. I know that you will not be content until you have earned your Second Star and can see clearly with both eyes.

Bob knew beforehand that he was to receive his First Star on that memorable Friday evening. What he didn't know was that Akela was promoting him to the rank of Second in the Blue Six. It came as a complete surprise.

"I know you will do your best to assist your Sixer," Akela said, "Try hard to make your Six the best in the Pack."

Bob was thrilled with his promotion especially as he liked his new Sixer, Jamie McMaster.

On the following Saturday Jamie introduced him to some of the Second Star tests.

"There are so many interesting things to learn," said Jamie, "Signalling, compass, more knots, model making, skipping, more first aid, nature study, and oodles and oodles of things. You can study for some badges, too while learning your Second Star work."

"I've got my Guide Badge underway already," said Bob, "and I've been working on my Collector's Badge for months now. I've got some dandy stamps and I'm collecting coins too."

“That’s swell,” enthused Jamie, “I bet Akela will make you a Sixer before many months have passed.”

“Do you think he will?” Bob’s eyes sparkled. “Boy! That would be swell. I’m going to work hard. I want that Second Star.”

Cub Observer

After school on Friday the Pack went on a ramble to Thomson’s Bush. Akela had given clear orders. Every Cub was to bring a lunch and be home by 9 o’clock. Daylight Saving time permitted them to remain later than usual. When Akela called the Pack to order only three cubs were missing. “Pack,” the Old Wolf announced, “We’re going to have lots of fun to day. This ramble is held for a very special purpose — to discover as many birds and animals as we can. Let’s call it a Cub Observer ramble.”

“Will it help us to earn the Cub Observer Badge?” Ian Smith asked.

“It certainly will,” Akela replied. “I know four Sixers that are very anxious to earn that badge. This is their chance. But it’s an opportunity for all of us to learn more about the habits of the wild life just outside Cedarhurst.”

The Cubmaster looked with affection upon the eager faces before him. “Now, I’m not going with you,” he said.

A universal groan escaped from the lips of the assembled Pack.

“Not going, sir?” frowned Tony Arrell, “but why? . . . it won’t be any fun without you!”

Akela smiled. “Let me explain,” he said, “I’m not going just NOW. Earlier this afternoon Baloo and I laid a trail with signs on the ground . . . made from twigs and stones. Baloo is hidden out there now. You must find him. Bagheera will go with you but he won’t help you find the trail . . . not unless you get hopelessly lost and you are much too clever for that.”

Tony Arrell stuck out his chest. “We’ll not get lost, Akela. We’ll find Baloo and roast him for supper.”

The cubs laughed as Akela nodded to Bagheera and the twenty one cubs started down the path towards Thomson’s Creek.

They had gone barely two hundred yards when Bob Browne shouted to the others.

“There’s an arrow . . . formed from twigs . . . it’s as clear as clear.”

Wayne McAdam raced ahead, bent on discovering the next sign. Suddenly he stopped in his tracks and called to Bagheera.

“Sir, what does this mean?”

On the ground was a sign unfamiliar to Wayne.

“That’s a Scout sign,” explained Bagheera. “Someday very soon — several of you will be going up to Scouts. That will be a great day in your life. You will learn many Scout signs in your Tenderfoot tests. This is one of them. What do you think it means?”

Tony ventured a guess. Pointing with his thumb he said, “Go seven miles that way!”

Bagheera smiled down at the smallest member of the Pack.

“Have a heart, Tony. Akela would hardly send us on a seven mile ramble on an empty stomach. No, cubs, it means there is a message hidden seven paces in the direction of the arrow. We can’t expect

you to know the Scout signs when you're in the Cubs but we thought it would be interesting for you to learn a few."

Bob Browne immediately paced off the distance. One —two — three — seven."

"There's no message!" exclaimed a disgusted Tony.

"Perhaps it's buried," suggested David McMillan.

"Here it is," shouted Tony in triumph, holding a paper aloft, "It was under this stone. There's writing on it."

"Read it out!" clamored the others.

The Message read:— "Go to the large maple tree near the cairn. There you will find another message."

It was Bob Browne's alert eyes that discovered the message at the Maple tree. It was hidden in a cleft near the base of the tree.

"Baloo," the message read, "is hidden 300 yards from here. Find him!"

As if shot from a catapult the cubs scattered in all directions. For ten minutes they searched. Baloo was well hidden for they could find no trace of him.

"He must have gone home!" exclaimed a weary David.

No sooner had he uttered the words than a blood-curdling growl reached their ears.

"Listen!" shushed Jamie, "I heard a growl and it came from no bear or I'm a monkey's uncle."

Suddenly Bob Browne tripped and fell headlong to the hard ground. Before his amazed eyes as he lay there, the object over which he had tripped rose, shook itself, and laughed aloud.

"It's Baloo!" shouted Bob, "I found him . . . he was hidden under these branches and old straw."

Bob will always remember the Observer Ramble. After supper Akela called in the lists they had made. It was a long list. The Pack had spotted 3 Downy Woodpeckers, 2 Scarlet Tanagers, 16 crows, 8 Robins, dozens of Starlings, 2 Groundhogs, 7 Grey Squirrels 1 Turtle, 1 Rabbit and 2 Snakes.

For ten minutes Akela discussed with them the habits of the birds and beasts of the woods. Then the Pack sang—sang with a gusto that surpassed even the singing of the birds of the woods—sang as if they wanted all the world to hear.

At last when they could sing no more, Akela told them a thrilling tale of boyish courage and adventure.

"And now, Cubs, the Grand Howl and our prayers. Let us thank God for the wonderful time we've had together."

There were times when Bob Browne found it difficult to pray. This was not one of them. From a heart filled with goodwill he prayed, "Thank you, dear Father, for this day and my chums and Akela and all the others. Make me a real cub always. Amen."

The Dance of Kaa

The night the Pack danced the Dance of Kaa was the night the parents and friends of the 1st Cedarhurst Pack came to see the cubs in action. For several weeks the cubs had prepared for their

annual “Open Night.” When the time for the opening ceremonies had arrived the hall was crowded with parents and friends. Bob led in the Grand Howl, proud that his Mom and Dad were there to see.

Each Six had prepared a skit, showing the tests that must be passed before the First and Second Stars could be worn. Bob’s Six told the story of the composition of the Union Flag and with amazing speed tied and explained the two First Star knots — the Reef and Sheet bend.

When all the Sixes had finished Bob led the Pack in the Jungle Dance of Kaa, the Python. Bob had been chosen to represent the head of Kaa. With a hissing sound he fastened his keen blue eyes on the nearest Banderlog who stood motionless “frozen from fright.” Slowly the stupid monkey passed between his legs and was “swallowed” becoming in a twinkling, part of Kaa. So they proceeded twisting silently until all of the mischievous Banderlog had become a part of the mighty serpent. Then, growing sleepy with much eating, Kaa slowly coiled up in the centre of the hall and went to sleep. The dance was over.

Akela called the Pack into formation for games. “I wonder if the Dads would like to play in a relay against their cub sons?” he invited.

Eight fathers volunteered. Akela had chosen Hoop Relay. Each team must run to the end of the hall, pass a hoop over their heads and return to their Six.

The audience roared with laughter when Jamie’s father, who weighs 210 lbs. wriggled with difficulty through the hoop.

“Made it!” he gasped, “Thought I was stuck, didn’t you?”

The evening closed with a campfire scene. There was a skit by the Red Six, lusty singing led by Baloo, a short story by Akela, the Mouse Howl and prayers.

As Bob Browne munched on a sandwich prepared by the Mother’s Auxiliary, he overheard Mrs. McAdam say, “Mr. Turner, it was a splendid evening. It was so interesting. It must take a great deal of your time. We do appreciate what you are doing. We have never been to a Parent’s Night before.”

Bob thought it was a splendid evening too. He was so proud that his Mom and Dad had been there to see him in action.

County Field Day

Haldimand County Field Day was sunny and warm. Every Cub in the 1st Cedarhurst Pack stood waiting for the arrival of the truck that was to convey them to Cedarbrae.

No one knew the programme for the day except the Commissioner and his committee but every Cub was determined to do his best. All tests were based on first and second Star work as outlined in the Cub Book.

Seven Packs and five Troops formed a horseshoe around the tall flag pole. The large assembly of the “Knights of the Bare Knees” came to alert. They sang “O Canada” and “The National Anthem.”

When the Commissioner had addressed the Packs and Troops, he gave the sealed orders to all Scouters.

“Scouters,” he explained, “the Judges will mark your opening ceremony, then events will follow in order as planned. Good Hunting and Good Scouting, all!”

Bob was proud of his Pack that day even if, in their excitement they did muff the Grand Howl.

In the message relay Bob, who was the last to run, breathlessly repeated to the examiner the message he had received.

“Sixtysix Sixers sent several sign boards to the circus.”

“Boy!, he remarked to his chum Garry, “that was a tongue twister. Almost as bad as Mom’s favourite “Six thistle sitters and six sieves of sifted thistles.”

Next came the knot contest. Not a cub on the team missed a knot and every cub knew the uses too. In the First Aid test, Jerry Bates said, “You DON’T cover a scald or burn.”

“Jumpin’ catfish,” Bob whispered to his Second, “We went over that a hundred times. He just got mixed up, I guess. He knows you do cover a scald and burn.”

“O well,” Jack Stubbs said hopefully, “that’s only the first mistake.”

Lunch hour brought a break. Milk and ice cream along with their lunches gave the Pack new zest and energy. After lunch questions on bird and animal lore started off the afternoon session. All members of the team wore the Observer Badge. Bob listened to the answers given. How well they would compare with the competing teams time alone would tell.

“Next test — Semaphore signalling!” bellowed the loud speaker.

“Here it comes!” groaned Bob, “This is where many packs fall down.”

Bob was to send to Garry Balsdon and his team mate Wayne McAdam read the message. “It matters not whether we win or lose. It is how well we play the game.”

“Brother!” muttered Bob, “What is W? . . . oh, I know, I know.” Clearly he raised the flags to position.

Ten cubs formed a team for the Tug-of-war. Cedarbrae was to pull against Cedarhurst.

“Come on Fatso, get in there,” Jack Stubbs called out to the heaviest member of the Pack, “Give her all you’ve got!”

With clenched fists Akela stood alongside the Cedarhurst team and gave encouragement. To look at him you would have thought he was a one man team.

“Come on, Cedarhurst!” yelled the side lines. “You’ve got them. Steady now . . . steady . . . just hold it . . . now . . . away you go . . . they’re giving.”

Suddenly their opponents gave up hope. The rope tightened to the breaking point, then slipped and a cry of victory rent the air. Cedarhurst won the next heats and the final.

Bob overheard a Scouter remark to a visitor, “Cedarhurst has lots of beef and grit. They are doing very well. There’s just one more contest —the 50 yards dash.”

The Pack pinned their hopes on Garry Balsdon.

“Come on Garry, old boy,” Bob called out to his chum, “You can do it.”

“Get on your mark, get set, go!”

Down the cinder track they flew. Before the shouting had died down it was all over. Garry had won by a yard and was carried off the field.

Now came the waiting for the results. Akela called the Pack together and entertained them with a story. Many of them were tired but tongues wagged as they discussed the highlights of the day. Who would win the coveted shield? Cedarhurst had won it twice only to lose it to Cedarbrae. Would it go home to Cedarhurst today?

A Whistle blew. The Packs sprang to alert. The Commissioner, all smiles, spoke from his position at the flag pole.

“Cubs and Scouts,” e began, “it has been a good day . . . a very good day. You have acted as cubs and scouts should act. The various contests have shown me that you are playing well this great game of Scouting and Cubbing. Your semaphore is a little weak. It will improve if you take your teams outdoors and practise and practise and practise. Here as elsewhere practise makes perfect.”

He paused and grinned.

“Now, for the results. I’m going to start at the bottom. Otterville 78 points. They were poor in Semaphore and in knots. Springhill 80 points — they must learn the uses of the knots — Digby 81 points — they haven’t the muscle. They were last in running and in tug-of-war and fell down in semaphore too, Claresholme 83 points — getting better — Carstairs 85 points — lost their marks in First Aid . . . and now who is next?”

Cedarbrae and Cedarhurst held their breath. Why did the Commissioner tease so? The suspense was almost more than they could bear.

“Do you really want to know?” teased the Commissioner.

“Please, Sir,” the Packs cried in unison.

“Well, cubs,” he drawled, “this year the Shield goes to Cedar . . . (pause) HURST. They have a total of 89 points. Cedarbrae 87. Pretty close, I would say. Congratulations to the 1st Cedarhurst Pack!”

He stepped forward to present the Shield to Cubmaster Turner amidst the cheering of the Packs.

Field Day was over and Cedarhurst had won.

Pack Holiday

Bob Browne left for camp at Gull Lake on Saturday morning. He and the other members of the 1st Cedarhurst Pack travelled by truck loaned through the courtesy of Jerry Smith’s father.

On their arrival they discovered that the tents had been pitched. Bob was disappointed. He had looked forward to pitching his own tent. “Don’t worry,” said Akela, “you’ll have many opportunities to display your campcraft before camp is over.”

Bob’s tent was the first in the line of four tents. It was well sheltered from the wind and was only two hundred yards from the lake and attractive sand beach. His tent mates, besides Sixer Jamie McMaster, were Dave Simser, Walter Josling, Daryl Small and Ronnie Edwards.

Akela blew his whistle and gathered the cubs around him.

“The Blue Six will act as Duty Six today,” he explained, “and from tomorrow on consult the bulletin board for the day’s programme. This afternoon we will spend in making camp comfortable. There is a prize for the tent that makes the most useful gadgets.”

At this announcement the cubs cheered and dispersed in all directions in search of wood suitable for gadget making.

After dinner came a rest period followed by their first swim in the lake. Senior Sixer Jim Philip and Lloyd Parkin, the Assistant Cubmaster, took their stations as lifeguards.

“I’m going to learn to swim before camp is over,” exclaimed Bob to Jack Stubbs as they raced for the water. “I’d like to be able to swim as well as Lloyd.”

“Akela is having special classes for non-swimmers,” Jack informed him, “I want to learn to dive.”

Following their first swim, the Pack, with the exception of those on duty, went for an exploration hike. They explored every nook and cranny along a mile of shore. It was a group of tired but happy cubs that returned to camp to nurse their appetites until the supper whistle blew.

Camp fire that first night was brief.

“I want you to get all the shut eye you can tonight,” said Akela. “No talking after lights out. If every cub plays the game, we’ll get along dandy.”

They rose, linked arms and sang taps.

“Day is done, Gone the sun
From the lake, from the hill, from the sky,
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.”

Bob turned in to dream of happy camping days. Ten glorious days lay ahead and this was only the beginning. As he said his prayers, he thanked God for the happiness that being a Cub had brought him.

Bob Browne’s Cedarhurst Adventure

On the second day at Cedarhurst Camp the Pack went on a Treasure Hunt. At 2 o’clock the Red Six left to lay the trail and twenty minutes later Bob and the Blue and Green Sixes followed in pursuit.

The trail led half a mile along the shore to an inlet known as Pirate’s Cove, then inland through dense growth. Keen observation on the part of every cub was necessary to discover the well disguised signs laid by the wary Reds.

Suddenly the wooded area ended and the path led along a treacherous cat walk.

“Jeepers!” exclaimed Walter Josling, “I don’t like it. What did they have to come along here for? I thought this was out of bounds.”

“I think it is,” assented Jamie, “but the arrows point along here, so let’s go.”

He led the way and Bob and the others followed, stepping cautiously along the narrow path.

Suddenly Bob heard a cry of terror behind him. He froze in his tracks and was almost paralyzed with fright at what he saw. Walter had lost his footing and was rolling helplessly down the steep embankment. Before they could cry out in dismay, his descent ended on a ledge forty feet down, and Walt’s terror stricken face peered up at them.

Jamie, summoning his wits, called down, “Hold tight. Walt. We’ll get help.”

Quickly he tied a bowline in the length of rope he carried, secured it to a stout tree and lowered the rope over the side. Cupping his hands he called down.

“Walt, are you hurt?”

“My ankle hurts something awful,” Walt replied, “but I’ll be all right, I guess.”

“Put the bowline under your armpits. That will hold you and Bob will get help. If your leg is bad, we don’t want to make it worse by hauling you up. We won’t be long. Keep your chin up.”

With pounding heart Bob raced for camp and in five minutes returned with Akela and Baloo.

With care Akela descended to the ledge where Walter lay and examined his leg.

“Only a bad sprain,” he said in a hopeful voice, much to the relief of the excited cubs above. “He’ll be all right.”

The task of bringing the frightened cub to the top was accomplished with difficulty as Walter was in evident distress from the many bruises and cuts. But, with the help of Baloo and a dozen strong Cub arms, the task was finally accomplished. Akela and Baloo made a hand seat and transported Walter back to camp. When he had been placed on a camp cot and his ankle securely strapped, Akela called the Pack together. “Fellows,” he began, “this wouldn’t have happened if my orders had been obeyed. I told you the cat walk was out of bounds. It’s much too dangerous.”

He looked squarely at the Red Six.

“But it has happened and we are grateful it wasn’t worse. I must congratulate the Blue Six on the manner in which they performed the rescue. They proved themselves quick-thinking Cubs. They used their knowledge of knots, knew how much to attempt, and when to call for grown up help. It was well done.”

An understanding smile spread over his tanned features.

“But remember, Cubs, disobedience can bring serious results.” He glanced at Bob Browne and said: “Let’s have the Cub Law, Bob.”

Bob replied without hesitation, “The cub gives in to the Old Wolf. The cub does not give in to himself.”

“Right!” said Akela. “That means absolute obedience to the leader. Okay. Everybody except the Duty Six get ready for a swim.”

Bob Browne “Goes Up”

Bob had often heard his mother say that “Time flies!” He didn’t agree. When he was waiting for camping days to arrive or for the first ramble in Spring, it seemed to him that time stood still.

But now that he was almost twelve years old and was looking back over his happy years in the Pack it did seem if time had flown.

Akela had told him that he was to “Go up” to the Troop on Friday the 12th of April. Akela had often told his cubs of that great day when they would leave the Pack and enter the new world of adventure called Scouting.

Bob wasn’t happy about leaving Akela, Baloo and the others but he knew that every Cub should look forward with delight to entering the Troop.

As he pulled on his Cub sweater he noticed the twelve proficiency badges he had earned were not as new looking as they had been on the day he had sewn them on. His Senior Sixer armlets were slightly frayed. He remembered how proud he had been when Akela had promoted him to Senior Sixer and his pride when he had received each badge from Mr. Turner’s hand. Tonight, as he thought about it, it seemed so long ago.

At exactly 7:30 on that never-to-be-forgotten Friday night the Pack formed Parade Circle at one end of the Den. At the far end, the Scout Troop, twenty four strong, in their natty uniforms, formed a horseshoe.

The Pack gave the Grand Howl and Bob was called out in front of Akela.

“We wish you Good Hunting,” began his Cubmaster, smiling warmly at Bob. “We want you to repeat the Cub Promise for the last time.”

The words brought tears to Bob’s eyes but he compressed his lips, brought his right hand smartly to the salute and in a voice that quivered ever so slightly spoke the familiar words of the Promise. . . . my best . . . duty to God . . . the Queen . . . keep the Law of the Wolf Cub Pack . . . a good turn . . . to somebody . . . everyday.”

Slowly Bob made the rounds of the Pack, shaking the hand of every cub. He resumed his place in the centre, then walking beside the Cubmaster whom he loved and admired so much, he came to a position facing Mr. Young, the Scoutmaster.

They shook hands.

“This is to be your Patrol Leader,” he heard Mr. Young say. “You already know John Burt. He is leader of the Wolves. That will be your Patrol. We welcome you to the 1st Cedarhurst Troop.”

Bob shook John Burt’s hand. He liked John. He was glad he was to be in his Patrol. He knew the other members, too. They were Ronnie Clark, Brian Smith, Bob Nagy, Bill Clark, Dick Osborne, Brian Peart, Ted Browne and Paul Coon. They were all good scouts.

Cheers greeted him from all sides. The ceremony was over! Bob Browne, with mixed feelings of sadness and joy, had gone Up” to the Troop. He was entering the great new Land of Scouting.

That's Discipline

"But I'd much rather go skating," grumbled Jack Williams, as he stood in the doorway of his mother's bedroom. "It's your duty to go to Cub meeting," insisted his mother, "Run along now and get into your uniform."

"Oh shucks!" exclaimed Jack in disgust, "I never have any fun like the other kids."

He went, nevertheless, and began slowly and without spirit to don his Wolf Cub's attire. He called good bye to his mother and made his way towards the Cub Headquarters. Mr. Godden, the Cubmaster was already there.

"Hello, Jack," his leader greeted "How's the boy?" Jack replied but not in his usual cheery manner. Mr. Godden looked at him curiously, but made no comment. Curley Taylor and Brian Peart drifted in and began questioning their leader about proficiency badge work. Jack picked up a comic magazine he had bought on the way and turned the pages indifferently. As each cub arrived, he glanced at the door.

"Bob and Hugh won't be coming," he muttered to himself, "they're going skating. THEIR mothers let them do whatever they like."

The alert whistle sounded, the cubs froze and formed the circle for the Grand Howl. Inspection followed. Jack had neglected to sew on his Observer Badge which he had earned some time before. He didn't care, although it annoyed him when the other members of his six glared at him menacingly.

Ten minutes was spent on instruction on the House Orderly Badge. Jack showed no interest. His thoughts were with Bob and Hugh as they skimmed over the ice. Even the games period seemed dull tonight. He saw Mr. Godden glance his way several times, a perplexed look on his face.

The Cubmaster's five minute talk began and Jack commenced idly to count the number of stars on the wall chart. Suddenly he heard Mr. Godden call his name. "Jack," the Cubmaster asked, "What is the Cub law?"

He didn't need to think he could trap him in that. He knew. "The Cub gives in to the Old Wolf. The Cub does not give in to himself," replied Jack.

"Right," said Mr. Godden. "But I wonder if we understand just all that means?"

He paused, and looking out the window, continued in an even voice. "Several Cubs have been absent many times during the past few weeks. They have skipped Cubs to go skating or to the movie. They seem to like skating and the show better than they like Cubs. Now I know that we all get bored at times." Here Mr. Godden cleared his throat. "But these boys have forgotten that often we have to do many things when we would much prefer to do somethings else. They forget that the Cub does not give in to himself. Now there is such a thing as a sense of duty. There is such a thing as loyalty to an organization. Sports are fine. There is nothing better in their proper place. The sooner we learn that, the better for all of us."

Jack felt as if Mr. Godden's eyes were fastened on him. He glanced cautiously at his Cubmaster. Mr. Godden was till gazing out the window.

"And now, the Grand Howl and Silence," concluded Akela.

As Jack said good night and turned in the direction of his home he wondered how Mr. Godden knew! What his leader had said — reminded him of something his father had said to him before he had left for overseas.

"Jack," Captain Williams had said, "Soldiers, sailors and airmen often have to do a lot of things they don't like to do, but that's discipline."

Bird Wardens

“Anyone know what an ornithologist is?” asked the Scoutmaster, as he stirred up the fire.

Jack Simpson raised his hand. “Well, Jack?” said his leader.

“Hasn’t it something to do with birds?” ventured Jack.

“That’s right,” Scouter replied, “A man who studies birds is called an ornithologist. Now, Don has suggested that the Troop study for the Bird Warden’s badge. How does that strike you?”

Every boy responded with enthusiasm.

“It will take us some time to earn the badge,” continued the Scoutmaster, “one of the requirements is that the candidate must have fed the birds in his district for at least one year.

“I fed the birds all last winter,” announced Billy King, the youngest member of the Troop.

“Good for you!” exclaimed Scouter. “I dare say many of us remembered the birds during the cold winter months. But there’s a great deal more to the badge than that.”

He paused to place another log on the camp fire.

“How many of you have heard of Mark Twain?” he asked, surveying the assembled scouts in their smart khaki uniforms.

A dozen hands went up.

“Good. Most of you have read his story about Tom Sawyer. Well, Mark Twain’s real name was Samuel Clemens. He was a great American writer. Before we turn in I want to read you what he wrote about ‘ornithologers’.”

He opened a small black book that he carried in his pocket and commenced to read by the light of the blazing fire.

“I could have been an ‘ornithologer’ myself, because I always loved birds and creatures. And I started out to learn how to be one. I saw a bird sitting on a dead limb of a high tree, singing away with his head tilted back and his mouth open — and before I thought I fired my gun at him; his song stopped all suddenly, and he fell from the branch, limp like a rag, and I ran and picked him up — and he was dead: his body was warm in my hand, and his head rolled about this way and that, like as if his neck was broke, and there was a white skin over his eyes, and one drop of red blood sparkled on the side of his head — and — laws! I couldn’t see nothing for tears. I haven’t ever murdered no creature since then that warn’t doing me no harm — and I ain’t agoing to neither.”

Scouter closed the book and looking into the fire, said:

“That’s why we want to become Bird Wardens. We want to protect our feathered friends, not destroy them, unless as Mark Twain said . . . they do no harm.”

Victory or Defeat

Scout Jack Evans was in a serious state of depression. His team had lost the hockey game. That alone was not enough to account for his present dejection of spirits. He had lost before, and usually with good grace. But today nothing could rouse him from his depression.

His mother, whose experiences with boys had taught her much, waited patiently for the situation to develop and at last the silence was broken. Solemnly Jack said:

“Mother, God was on the side of the other team today, and they won.

“Perhaps, they won,” suggested his mother, “because they were the better team.”

Jack frowned and his blue eyes showed fire. “But they weren’t, Mom, they lost their tempers and cheated and swore. We made up our minds to play fair and cut out the bad language. And they won and we were licked. God was on their side, and it’s not fair.”

Mrs. Evans tried to comfort him but Jack would not be consoled. The ugly fact remained. His team that had tried to keep the rules and play fair had been beaten by a team that didn’t give a hang about these things. God, it seemed, was on the side of might — not right. You couldn’t explain that if you argued all night.

Jack’s father arrived home from work at six o’clock and before Jack had seen him, Mrs. Evans had related the incident and presented Jack’s problem.

Mr. Evans pondered the matter carefully before ascending the stairs to his son’s room. He discovered Jack sprawled out on his bed, perplexity written on his face.

“Well, my boy, I hear you won out today,” he exclaimed, cheerfully.

“Well, then,” retorted Jack, “you heard wrong, ‘cause we didn’t; we were licked.”

“Oh, but I heard that there were two contests”, continued his father with caution, “Which did you win?”

Jack sat up and folded his hands over two rather dirty knees.

“I don’t know what you’re driving at, Dad. What do you mean?”

Mr. Evans sat down on the bed beside his son.

“Mother told me all about it, Jack. She told me you lost the match but you won in what really counts. You didn’t beat the other side but you conquered yourselves when you refused to cheat, lose your tempers or swear. I want to congratulate you, Jack. You won out and I’m proud of you.”

The sullen look disappeared from Jack’s face as he came to see the truth in his father’s words. A slight smile appeared on his lips.

“I never thought of it in that way, Dad,” he said, “Then God was really on our side all the time, wasn’t He?”

“Inasmuch as you were on the side of right,” replied his father, “You must have been on God’s side and He on yours. You know, son, a great man, many years ago spoke a wise word when he said — ‘Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.’ Do you think you understand?”

Jack nodded. “Thanks, Dad. I see it differently now. I guess I had the wrong idea about God, and a lot of other things too.”

Hometown

To say that Jack Williams was disappointed is to put it mildly. His boyish heart was so set on the trip West that Mr. Smithers' blunt, "Sorry, Jack, I can't make it!" had fallen like a bolt from the blue.

All the thirteen years of his boyhood had been spent in Otterville. He had never been outside the county. Almost all his chums had been as far as the city at least.

He remembered how thrilled he had been when he was told that Mr. Smither, his Sunday School teacher, had been called to the West Coast for the summer and had invited him to go along. He had pictured the trip across the wide expanse of prairie and through the foothill country. He had thrilled at the prospect of viewing the Canadian Rockies with their now capped peaks — and now — he wasn't going.

What would his school chums say? He had talked about the trip day on end until he was the most envied boy in the entire school. Now he would be held up for ridicule.

"Behold this dreamer cometh!" he could hear them say, "Thought he was pretty smart! Across Canada by car!" About as far as he would get would be to the old creek where they swam on a summer's afternoon.

Suddenly he hated Otterville and everything about it. It was a stuffy old place and he was sick of it. In this despondent mood he turned his steps homeward. He saw Pete Moffat and Jerry Sawyer outside the drug store. They hadn't seen him so he cut down the block in order to avoid them. He didn't want to talk to anyone. He was mad at the world.

Ahead of him on the walk was an elderly gentleman whom he had never seen before. Otterville was so small you always knew when a stranger arrived. He quickened his pace in order to pass him when he noticed he was tapping the sidewalk in front of him with a cane. Only blind people act in that manner, thought Jack.

He stepped off the walk that he might not crowd the stranger when he heard himself addressed in a cheery voice.

"Do you mind if I walk along with you?"

Displeased as he was with things in general, Jack could not refuse the request of a blind stranger, so he replied:

"Certainly not."

The stranger took hold of Jack's arm firmly and they walked a few paces in silence. What could you talk about with such a man? That was what Jack was thinking. But almost immediately the blind man exclaimed: "Isn't it a beautiful day?"

Then as they walked along this man whom he had never seen before talked of the beauty of the grass, and trees, and flowers, of the brightness of the day, and the rapture of life that seemed to be in the air. Then he told Jack how he had lost the sight of his eyes in an accident many years before, but he had learned to love the simple and beautiful things and he still enjoyed them even though he could see them only in his mind.

By the time they had reached Chestnut Street Jack felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. Here was a man supremely happy, talking to him about the beauties of the world — a world that he couldn't even see. "Thanks, my boy," the stranger said, as they parted, "See you again, perhaps."

His parting words seemed ill chosen, mused Jack. See him again! and yet perhaps this man saw more of the beauty of the world than he did.

By the time Jack had reached his own street his mind had cleared and the depression was gone. He would still have liked to have gone West with Mr. Smither, but he no longer hated Otterville. In fact, he began to realize that he loved it . . . loved the old creek that flowed past the deserted mill; loved the humble cottages and the kind, simple, cheery folk that lived in them. There was time yet to see the outside world. He would enjoy the beauties of his own world right where he was . . . and HE had eyes with which to view it all.

Next day Jack was visited by Mr. Smither. He explained why it was that they couldn't go west that summer.

"But next summer we'll make it," he assured him, "and remember I'm counting on you to go with me."

Jack recalled words spoken by his father some time before. "Jack," he had said, "anticipation is half the fun of life."

He had a whole year to dream about the trip. In the meantime he would enjoy the beauties of his hometown. It was, after all, the best little town in all Canada.

Oral Composition

Lone Scout Jack Evans removed his shoes and socks and carrying them in his right hand stepped cautiously into the swiftly flowing waters of the Belly River.

The sudden contact with the icy water sent a shiver up his spine. It was early June but the river still proclaimed its origin in the mountains.

Halfway across the ford Jack heard a shout and glanced shorewards. Earl Devlin waved to him from the bank.

“Hi! Earl,” he called “I’ve got to run over to the schoolhouse. I forgot my composition textbook and the oral is on Monday. The inspector’s coming.”

“You’re telling me!” exclaimed Earl, with a toss of his blond head, “Want me to go along!”

“Sure,” returned Jack, “I didn’t ride Faithful. He’s got a lame leg and Dad said not to ride him for a few days.”

The two boys climbed the footpath from the river’s edge and headed for the open prairie. The school was only two miles towards McBride and they reached it within an hour.

Jack found his text in his crowded desk and they were about to leave the room when Earl seized his friend’s wrist.

“Listen!” he exclaimed in a half whisper, “Did you hear that?” Jack stood motionless. “It sounds like a muffled groan,” he conjectured “Someone’s in the woodshed.”

They crept cautiously towards the rear of the school. It was dark inside the shed as the only window was covered with cardboard. But as their eyes grew accustomed to the dark they saw the huddled figure of a man lying near the woodpile. He was securely tied with binder twine and a kerchief covered his mouth.

Earl untied the kerchief and Jack cut the twine with his scout knife. A series of groans greeted their performance. Then the man exclaimed, “Good lads! You’ve earned my undying gratitude ... and . . . I’ll see that you are rewarded.

“What happened?” queried Jack as he observed the well tailored suit of the stranger.

“I was held up on the Carleton Road,” the man explained, “They took my car and my wallet and transported me to this vile shed. I was afraid no one would come until Monday that was their idea, I suppose. What brought you to school on Saturday?”

Jack explained the reason for their presence in the school. “Well, it’s lucky for me that you forgot your text. Where do you live?”

“On the banks of the Belly River,” Jack informed him, “Can we help you in any way?”

“I’d like to report the holdup to the police,” he replied, “Got a phone at your place?”

“Sure thing,” Jack replied.

“Well, lead the way,” said their new acquaintance, “and I’ll follow.”

On their arrival at the Evans’ home the stranger reported to the nearest Mounted Police station while Mrs. Evans prepared a cup of tea. Mr. Evans was preparing to drive into town and offered the gentleman a lift.

“I’d be most grateful,” replied the stranger, “I was telling your son here how fortunate I was that he happened along. I’ll see that he is suitably rewarded.”

“Jack wants no reward for doing what anyone would have done,” his father replied.

“Of course not,” agreed Jack, “I’ll admit I was a little scared when I heard the groan from the woodshed. I’m glad Earl was with me.”

Jack and his mother stood on the verandah steps and waved goodbye as their car departed for town. Then, turning to his mother, he exclaimed, “I wonder who he is? He never told us.”

“Not even a hint,” said Mrs. Evans, “He seemed like a real nice gentleman . . . dreadful the things folks will do. One is not safe in broad daylight.”

“Well, anyway,” Jack continued, “I’ve got a subject for my oral on Monday. I’m going to call it ‘The Stranger in the Woodshed’.”

On Monday morning Jack arrived early at school. He had warned Earl not to mention anything about their Saturday adventure.

“I’m using it for my oral. Of course, I’ve added a lot even to the capture of the holdup gang.

Earl promised to keep the secret.

After recess their teacher, Miss Hanson, appeared distressed. She explained the reason to the class. “I’ve been expecting the Inspector this morning,” she said, “I was anxious to have him judge your oral compositions. But as he hasn’t arrived we’ll have to proceed without him. Jack Evans will start.”

Jack cleared his throat, rose from his seat and made his way to the front. He was thrilled with the story he was about to tell.

“The title of my composition,” he began, “is The Stranger in the Woodshed.” Then suddenly he stopped and his face grew red.

“Go on, Jack,” encouraged Miss Hanson, “It sounds interesting.” Jack’s face grew redder and redder. Finally, he spluttered, “I . . . I’ve forgotten . . . I can’t . . . remember.” There in the doorway stood the Stranger and the truth had dawned. The stranger was the Inspector.

Miss Hanson had risen and was conversing with their delayed visitor. Jack had resumed his seat in evident confusion. Miss Hanson smiled at the class and introduced the Inspector.

“This is Inspector Coombs,” she said, “He will judge the compositions.” Mr. Coombs faced the class and there was a twinkle in his eyes.

“I’m afraid I interrupted Jack Evans just as he was beginning,” he said, “I’m sorry because his title sounded most interesting.”

Jack blushed and looked down at his shoes. He heard the Inspector say, “I’d like to hear the rest. Come along Jack.”

Jack stared at the Inspector but remained speechless.

“Come along, Jack,” urged Miss Hanson. Then seeing his embarrassment she added, “I’m afraid Jack has forgotten.”

Jack leapt to his feet. “Please,” he pleaded, “don’t ask me . . . I didn’t know . . . I never dreamed . . . I didn’t think . . . I never knew that the man in the woodshed was the Inspector.”

The class looked startled and then a burst of laughter shook the room. Mr. Coombs held up his hand for silence.

“I think I had better explain,” he said. He told the story from beginning to end and spoke in glowing terms of the part played by Jack and Earl. “Moreover,” he continued, “I think you will be interested in the end of the story. My car has been recovered and the thieves are in custody of the police.”

Woodsmoke at Twilight

He smiled at Jack. "I wonder," he asked, "if your oral had a happy ending?"

His embarrassment dispelled by the Inspector's kind understanding Jack replied: "Jeepers! I had you down as a wealthy Indian Prince in disguise, robbed of priceless jewels by the members of a secret order."

Mr. Coombs joined heartily in the laughter that followed this statement. He turned to Miss Hanson with a twinkle in his eye. "I think that Jack has the makings of a real teller of tales. He possesses a vivid imagination and that is one essential. I'm sure you will agree with me that he rates an A in Oral Composition."

Jamboree of Firendship

“A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.” This is the Fourth Scout Law. No one who attended the First Canadian Boy Scout Jamboree will doubt the friendliness of Scouts. It was a Jamboree of Friendship. It was a rallying ground for friends from all parts of our vast Dominion.

Connaught camp grounds near Ottawa, the Nation’s Capital, was the site chosen for this First Canadian Jamboree. The camp opened on Saturday, July 16th, 1949. On the Sunday an impressive combined church service was held. The singing from the throats of almost three thousand scouts will be remembered when months have passed into years.

On Monday the Jamboree was officially opened by His Excellency Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor General and Chief Scout for Canada. Twenty seven hundred scouts from every province in the Dominion of Canada along with a Contingent from the United States and Cuba marched past the King’s Representative. What a colourful sight these stalwart “Knights of the Bare Knees” presented to the interested visitors from far and near. Canada’s newest Province, Newfoundland, was represented and every province as far as the Pacific shores of B.C. and the Yukon.

On Monday evening the first joint campfire was opened by the Camp Chief Eli Boyaner of New Brunswick. There was a rousing sing song and a pointed yarn by F. Haydn Dimmock, the honoured guest from Britain and celebrated editor of “The Scout.” An impressive hush fell upon the assembled gathering as they observed Scout’s Silence after the singing of “Abide With Me..”

The Jamboree was off to an excellent start. Every morning bus loads of excited scouts from selected sub camps were whisked away to Ottawa for an all day visit to the Parliament buildings, the Experimental Farm, the Archives, War Museum and the Rockcliffe Airport. Many of these scouts had never travelled more than a few miles from their homes.

Every afternoon contingents from the various Provinces presented displays in the central arena. These were excellently produced. Typical of all and worthy of special mention was the contribution of Alberta. The one hundred and ninety-nine scouts from the Foothills Province presented a colourful pageant depicting the early Indians, the coming of the fur traders and the Mounties, the early settlers and the life of the courageous pioneers of the West. A truly life like rodeo, complete with imported chuck wagons and “steers” drew much applause and laughter.

Ontario staged an exciting Scout Circus and Musical Ride along with an historical pageant. Nova Scotia had brought along Scout Pipers, and their Scottish dances added still more colour to their pageant “The Barons of Nova Scotia.”

The audience was made aware of the many natural resources of the Dominion as well as being introduced to the magnificent work that the scouts of our Nation are doing. Those who were privileged to attend will agree that the greatest resource our nation possesses are the youth who participated in these colourful displays. To them, and others like them, Canada looks for leaders in the years ahead. The displays spoke of much work. They were an inspiration to all who witnessed them.

There were many interesting personalities at this First Canadian Jamboree. The Contingent from the United States of America was led by “Uncle” Otto Hornung who is in his seventy fourth year. He is a colourful character, who possesses almost every decoration in the handbook and has attended every Jamboree of Scouting. As part of the American Scouts’ contribution he displayed his fire making talents by starting a fire with flint and steel. Following this, the Scouts from the nation to the south erected two towers bearing the banner “Thanks Canada” and the flags of the two great nations. The Band of the Royal Canadian Air Force struck up “God Bless America” and followed with “O Canada.”

The camp was divided into four Sub camps, named fittingly — Loyalty, Courage, Goodwill and Friendship. These are the foundation stones of Scouting. Was courage at the Jamboree? Indeed, it was. Two polio victims in the New Brunswick contingent watched their fellow scouts march past the Chief Scout. How proud they were! Even if they couldn't take part, they were there at the FIRST Canadian Jamboree. Another Western Scout showed true courage or "spunk" as the scouts would have said, when he broke a leg en route but continued to the Jamboree with the Contingent. He wasn't going back home! He wanted to carry on, even under difficulties.

Friendship and Goodwill was in evidence everywhere. American Scouts from Dallas, Texas, fraternized with Scouts from Kimberley, B.C. and Scouts from Cuba chatted like old friends with Scouts from Halifax, St. John and Charlottetown. Badge swapping was popular but it was the cordial goodwill and friendliness everywhere that was most noticeable. Here, in one small area, were twenty seven hundred scouts striving to be loyal to the ideals of their world wide movement.

The Jamboree of Friendship is over. Scouts from near and far have returned to their respective homes. The event is over but the memories will linger and they are precious memories. They will be revived often. Every time Jim Jones from Lethbridge, Alberta, shows his numerous snaps to a friend from Calgary or Rocky Mountain House, he will relive again those happy days when he camped with brother Scouts on the grounds beside the Ottawa River.

The Jamboree was a success. And as the Camp Chief said, "In a few years these lads will be Canada's leading citizens if they managed to capture something of the spirit and ideals of "Jambo 1949."

Tales of Courage

*"This is the Trail that the Scout shall know
Where knightly qualities thrive and grow;
The trail of honor and truth and worth
And the strength that springs from the good brown earth;
The trail that scouts, in their seeking blaze
Through the toughest tangle; the deepest maze,
Till out of boyhood the scout comes straight
To manhood's splendid and high estate!"*

—Berton Braley

Robert Louis Stevenson

Sickness Couldn't Conquer Him

Robert Louis Stevenson, famous author of "Treasure Island" was born in Edinburgh, Scotland on November 13th, 1850. He was a delicate child. Much of his time was spent in a sick bed. But he possessed unusual powers of imagination and while in bed his mind wandered to far away places.

In search for some location that would improve his health he moved from place to place. These travels took him to Switzerland, France, the Adirondack Mountains and California. In this southerly State of America he married. It was for his step son, a boy of thirteen, that he wrote his thrilling story of adventure "Treasure Island."

The most exciting part of his life began in 1888 when he chartered a yacht and cruised among the South Sea Islands. Finally, he settled on the Island of Upolu in Samoa.

On this beautiful Island he threw in his lot with the natives and was able to bring about a better understanding between the Samoans and his own Government. Because of this he won their eternal affection. They gave him the name of "Tusitala" which means in our language, "The Teller of Stories."

The natives loved him dearly and when he died they cut a path up the steep face of the mountain behind his house, so that his body could be carried to the top.

During his brief span of life, this courageous soul, who would not be conquered by sickness, endeared himself to all ages everywhere. The simplicity of "A Child's Garden of Verses." has touched the heart of the child. It was because he never forgot his own childhood and the fascinating "Land of Counterpane." In his stories of adventure we are introduced to a wonder world amidst tropical seas and to mystery and courage in far away places.

Even in suffering he brought a message of cheer to all. These lines speak to us of his great courage and his true faith.

*"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake."*

The Boy Who Climbed

Not far from a small town in Scotland is an old, ruined castle. The tower or “Keep” was very high and a fence had been erected about the base of the tower so that visitors might not get into danger. But one day many years ago a Scottish lad climbed to the very top of the tower and left his name on the top most stone.

When he came down, he was soundly punished by his father. He had disobeyed and done a foolhardy act and he deserved to be punished. Nevertheless his action proved he had courage. He was to show greater courage when he became a man. The boy who climbed was David Livingstone, Explorer and Missionary, who for many years explored the unexplored African jungles, fought the evil slave trade, and brought the Gospel to the black people of a neglected country.

His grave may be seen among the Empire’s glorious dead in Westminster Abbey. There is a memorial to him in Blantyre, Scotland, his birthplace but his greatest memorial is the great mission station called Livingstonia.

On David Livingstone’s tombstone in Westminster Abbey are the words:

“Brought by faithful hands
over land and sea
DAVID LIVINGSTONE
Missionary
Traveller
Philanthropist
Born March 19, 1813
at Blantyre, Lanarkshire,
Died, May 1, 1873
at Chitambo’s Village, Ulala.”

Two of the “faithful hands” mentioned were Susi and Chuma. They led the party of natives who carried his body eight hundred miles to the sea near Zanzibar.

They crossed high mountains and rivers four miles wide. They went through country where lions, pythons and crocodiles dwelt. After ten months they reached the sea and boarded ship for England.

They brought with them Livingstone’s valuable papers. Susi even brought some seeds that his friend had gathered and presented them to Kew Gardens.

Much later a granddaughter of Susi visited England bringing with her a strange gift. It was a pair of pincers and some bark from a tree. The pincers were used by the famous missionary to free slaves from their chains and the bark provided the covering for his body when his two devoted servants carried it to the sea.

The Boy who climbed has been an inspiration to countless thousands of Christian people of every race and colour.

A Boy Who Won the Victoria Cross

Jack Cornwell was an enthusiastic member of the St. Mary's Mission Boy Scout Troop. He was such a keen member that he had won several badges of which he was justly proud.

As a member of the Scout organization he learned a very important lesson. He learned the meaning of discipline. He had a high sense of duty and loyalty.

While he was still a boy he joined the British Navy and when he was just over sixteen years of age he took part in the Battle of Horn's Reef on June 1, 1916. He died from wounds received during this battle. But there is much more to the story than that. The Captain of the ship "The Chester" tells of his courage in a letter to Jack's mother.

"His devotion to duty was an example for all of us. The wounds which resulted in his death within a short time were received in the first few minutes of action. He remained steadily at his most exposed post at the gun, waiting for his orders. His gun would not bear on the enemy. All but two of the crew of ten were killed or wounded, and he was the only one who was in such an exposed position.

But he felt he might be needed — and indeed he might have been. So he stayed there, standing and waiting, under heavy fire, with just his own brave heart and God's help to support him."

A friend on the same ship wrote of him: "He was my chum, and no fellow could wish better; in fact, he was a real Scout. We often used to sit under one of the big guns in the evening chatting about Scouting."

The King presented the Victoria Cross, the highest award for bravery, to Scout Cornwell's mother in recognition of her boy's heroism.

Later the Boy Scouts Association instituted a special award known as the Cornwell Scout Badge. It was their way of honouring a brave member of their organization. This badge is awarded today to scouts who have been recommended for pre eminently high character, devotion to duty, and specific acts of physical courage. It has been presented to those who have undergone great suffering in a heroic manner. There are heroes in peacetime as well as in days of war.

The Boy Who Conquered Blindness

A boy by the name of Louis lived in a village in France not far from the great City of Paris. His father was a harness maker. One day when Louis was three years old he met with an accident in his father's shop. One eye was pierced by a sharp awl. The inflammation spread to the other eye. Louis became blind and never saw the light of day again.

When he was old enough to go to school he was sent to Paris to an institution for teaching the blind. At that time methods for teaching the blind were unsatisfactory and very difficult. But young Louis worked hard and became a teacher in the school.

He set his heart on inventing an easier method of reading. With amazing patience he worked day and night and at last when only twenty years of age, he succeeded.

The method he invented has been known ever since as the Braille System of reading for the blind. It consists of only six raised points or dots which the finger tips can recognize quickly. By varying the arrangement of the dots the alphabet is made, and the blind can by gentle finger touch spell out the words.

Young Louis Braille became a clever musician and was organist in a large church in Paris. But the greatest thing he did was to place in the hands of the blind a golden key which has opened for them a world of knowledge and happiness.

The Man Who Decided to Go Alone

WALTER GOWANS

— Pioneer Missionary of the Sudan —

Kilmarnock, Scotland, was the birthplace of Walter Gowans but Canada became the land of his adoption when he was but a boy. One of his sisters was serving as a missionary in China when Walter became seriously interested in that part of Africa known as The Sudan.

He immediately offered his services to every foreign mission board but all refused his offer. They didn't have the money to undertake new work.

Undaunted, Gowans determined to go alone without the backing of an official board. He was joined in his courageous undertaking by Rowland V. Bingham and Thomas Kent.

When these three young men reached Lagos in West Africa other missionaries predicted dire calamity to their mission. But they refused to be turned back. They believed that God would open the way for them if they were faithful.

It was necessary to leave one behind at the coast. As Bingham had been weakened by an attack of malaria he was the logical choice. The other two commenced the journey into what was called "The White Man's Grave."

Some five or six hundred miles from the mouth of the Niger River Gowans and Kent crossed to the City of Bida. Mr. Kent found it necessary to return to the coast for supplies.

He bade farewell to Walter Gowans. He was never to see his friend again — on earth.

Meanwhile the little town in which Gowans awaited the return of his friends was surrounded by a slave trader. For two weeks the courageous blacks fought against the slavers until the natives were starved into submission. Although very ill with dysentery Gowans shared the sufferings of his black friends. After growing steadily worse he reached Lana. There a party of white travellers found him. Recognizing his condition as serious, they decided to send him back to the coast.

Slowly the little party of black men, one faithful servant boy and the missionary made their way through the jungle. Two days later they entered the town of Girku. Walter Gowans was very ill and his faithful companion watched by his bedside. In the morning the black boy discovered that his friend had passed away in the night. He buried him outside that native village and sent on the few belongings to the others.

One month later Thomas Kent died. What was there to show for the effort of these three courageous young crusaders? Nothing but two lonely graves! The whole expedition was written down as a failure.

But was it a failure? Hear the rest of the story! The deaths of Walter Gowans and Thomas Kent were not in vain. The surviving member of that pioneer party, Rowland Bingham, lived to see the Gospel banner flying over the Sudan and hundreds of missionaries at work in that dark country.

Thus began the Sudan Interior Mission. Many of the children of the Sudan missionaries live in the Gowans Home in Collingwood, Ontario. It was founded in 1921 by Mr. Bingham and was called the Gowans Home after that courageous Pioneer, the young Scottish Canadian Walter Gowans, who felt the burden of the Sudan and gave his all.

John Weir Foote, V.C.

— *The Canadian Padre who won the V.C.* —

As a boy John Foote belonged to the 1st Madoc Boy Scout Troop. In the Scouts and in the Sunday School of St. Peter's Presbyterian Church as well as in his Christian home he learned well the meaning of discipline. He learned at work and school and play to think upon those things that are "lovely and of good report."

When he grew to manhood he chose the Christian ministry as his life work and studied at the University of Western Ontario and the Presbyterian College in Montreal. After graduation he served the church at Fort Coulonge in the Province of Quebec and later at Port Hope in Ontario.

When war came in 1939 John Foote volunteered as a Chaplain. After training he was assigned to Chaplain duties with the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, a famous Canadian regiment.

Dieppe is one of the fields of battle that will live long in the memory of Canadians. The men of Canada went out to meet the enemy and nothing seen or imagined could make them hesitate. Major Foote saw his men in difficulty on the beach head, left the ship that was to take him back to England and joined his comrades on the shore.

The citation covering the award of the Victoria Cross tells the story: "Upon landing on the beach under heavy fire, he attached himself to the regimental aid post which had been set up in a slight depression on the beach, but which was only sufficient to give cover to men lying down. During the subsequent period of approximately eight hours, while action continued, this officer not only assisted the regimental medical officer in ministering to the wounded in the regimental aid post, but time and again left this shelter to inject morphine, give first aid and carry wounded personnel from the open beach to the regimental aid post. On these occasions, with utter disregard for his personal safety, Honorary Captain Foote exposed himself to an inferno of fire and saved many lives by his gallant efforts.

During the action, as the tide went out, the regimental aid post was moved to the shelter of a stranded landing craft. Honorary Captain Foote continued tirelessly and courageously to carry wounded men from the exposed beach to the cover of the landing craft. Also he removed wounded from inside the landing craft when ammunition had been set on fire by enemy shells. When landing craft appeared, he carried wounded from the regimental aid post to the landing craft through heavy fire with no consideration for his own safety.

On several occasions this officer had the opportunity to embark but returned to the beach as his chief concern was the care and evacuation of the wounded. He refused a final opportunity to leave the shore, choosing to suffer the fate of the men he had ministered to for over three years.

Honorary Captain Foote personally saved many lives by his efforts and his example inspired all around him. Those who observed him state that the calmness of this heroic man as he walked about, collecting the wounded on the fire swept beach will never be forgotten.

During the many months that followed, as Padre in a Prisoner of War Camp, Major Foote set an example of great courage. It was sometime before the outside world knew that the mysterious "Padre X" of Dieppe was the Rev. John W. Foote, formerly minister of St. Paul's Church, Port Hope, and the beloved Chaplain of Canada's R.H.L.I.

For his great courage the King awarded the Victoria Cross to this former Madoc Scout. On his return to Canada, other honours were showered upon him. He became a member of Parliament. He was appointed Minister of Reform Institutions for the Province of Ontario. He was honoured with a Doctor of Divinity Degree and with an LL.D.

John Foote will be remembered in the annals of Canada's history as the only Canadian Chaplain who won the Empire's outstanding award for Valour — the Victoria Cross.

