

Boy Heroes of Today

Boy Scout
GOLD HONOR MEDAL
Awards

by DAN BEARD

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Editor's Note:

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Dan Beard entertains two of his young friends.

FOREWORD

ONLY a small part of the story of life saving by Boy Scouts is told within these pages. The complete record is, in many respects, without a parallel among boys of any other generation.

As National Scout Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America since the organization of the Movement, I have been chairman of what is known as its National Court of Honor. To this committee is assigned the responsibility for investigating and making suitable recognition of heroism in life saving by Boy Scouts.

The Gold Honor Medal, our highest award, is bestowed on boys, and, in exceptional cases, on leaders, who have in the saving of life displayed unusual bravery and heroism at the risk of their own lives. The honor has been jealously guarded. Only two hundred and fifty awards have been made by the National Court of Honor in twenty-one years. They number less than one-tenth of the awards for rescues, all of them involving some risk of life and limb.

As with the idea of the Good Turn, so well known to the public, the inspiration of the Boy Scout in his rescue work springs from the code which requires him "to help other people at all times." For this he tries to "Be Prepared."

The training he receives, however, is of necessity only the introduction to many difficult subjects, calling for years of practice, to be carried eventually to a full physical and mental development. It is sheer gallantry of spirit alone that has enabled him, in many instances, to complete tasks beyond the capacity of grown men.

Twenty-one of the Gold Honor Medals which have been bestowed were posthumous awards. This tragic fact is sufficient testimony to the heroic spirit of the boys whose stones appear in these pages.

In the last ten years the technique of water and ice rescues has been greatly improved, as have methods of first aid and resuscitation, and the Boy Scout Movement, as a pioneer in this field, has done much to develop and broadcast such knowledge. At the present time each year, nearly twenty-five thousand Tenderfoot scouts are taught to swim in scout camps alone, and twelve to thirteen thousand are qualified in life saving. Methods of safety, rescue and resuscitation are now so widely known among Boy Scouts that such knowledge is weighed in the consideration of every life-saving award made by the National Court of Honor.

I wish to express my appreciation, in a special way, to Messrs. George D. Pratt, Frederick K. Vreeland, Dillon Wallace, James E. West, George J. Fisher, F. C. Mills, E. S. Martin and the late Col. David Abercrombie who have shared with me in the consideration of these life-saving awards; to Mr. Peter O. Lamb who has helped me to coordinate this material and present it in the form in which it is here offered; and to Mr. George Palmer Putnam, Honorary Scout, whose interest has enabled us to place this story of boy heroes before the boys of America.

To those scouts who do not quite comply with the requirements for the Gold Medal, the National Court of Honor awards beautifully illuminated certificates signed and sealed by the Chairman of the Court. We are indebted to the *Pictorial Review* and its editor, the late Arthur Vance, for the generous donation of the certificates and color plates for the printing of same.

The Christlike heroism of our magnificent Boy Scouts is beyond human analysis. We are simply overcome with a sense of awe and compelled to stand hat in hand!

Your National Scout Commissioner has sometimes feared that his exalted idea of the possibilities of boyhood and his firm belief in the existence of a spark of divinity, or "inner light," in the breast of every boy, is not shared with him by all his compatriots. Nevertheless, he is convinced that no one can read this book of self-sacrifice and sublime courage without being impressed with the firm conviction that the chivalry, devotion to duty and sacrifice of life, freely made by these scouts, must be prompted by a spiritual urge beyond the comprehension of a materialistic mind.

DANIEL CARTER BEARD, *National Scout Commissioner.*

CHAPTER I
FIRST AWARDS

IN the early days of the Boy Scout Movement in America, the scoutmaster of a troop at Broken Bow – a small town in Custer County, Nebraska – in his report to the national office wrote despondently of his troop's prospects. He had lost his best scout, the mainstay of the troop; the boy had been in an accident and had met his death most gallantly, the scoutmaster added. Asked for further particulars, and later for signed statements from those able to vouch for the facts, the following was brought to light.

Russell Grimes, a First Class scout, during his school vacation was visiting at his brother-in-law's ranch. An addition to the ranch house was under construction, timber for it being hauled from a wood-lot several miles away. A heavy four-wheeled wagon, drawn by a frisky, half-broken, four-horse team, was used to transport the logs.

Two men were required to operate the wagon; the driver, and a second man stationed at the rear end to work the single brake with which the vehicle was equipped.

The driver asked young Grimes to be his helper. He was somewhat nervous about his team, and explained to the boy that he wanted someone at the brakes on whom he could depend.

He pointed out that when they were weighted down with a heavy load he would be shut in by the logs; that in a dangerous situation jumping clear of the wagon would be almost impossible for him, while it would be a comparatively simple matter for the man riding behind to slip to the ground. In a runaway the brake might prove the only thing that could save him and the team. "Will you stick?" the driver asked Russell Grimes. Grimes promised that he would.

It was not a foolhardy or impossible task that Grimes had undertaken. He was familiar with horses and wagons. He could drive an automobile, knew the value of brakes and their importance in an emergency. Riding behind in the jolting wagon when it was empty, and taking the bumps when it was loaded down with logs, Russell conducted himself as well as any adult helper might have done.

The situation had the possibility of real danger, but no one regarded it too seriously. However, the emergency the driver feared did arise. Returning from the wood-lot with a heavy load something startled the team. In a moment the horses were in a frantic, headlong dash along the roadway. Russell did not need the driver's shout, as the man strained and tugged at the reins, to bring him into action; he was pulling with all his weight on the handle of the brake.

The horses tore along the rough roadway, and it became evident that the team was in a real runaway. Over the bumps, jerked this way and that, Grimes clung to his brake handle. He might have jumped from the back of the wagon and got off with no more than a slight bruise or two; but he had promised to stick, and he was game.

Horses cannot run for ever. The greater the exertion the sooner they tire. The driver pulling on the reins managed to hold them in the roadway. If he could keep them there, a hundred yards or two or three, he would have them in hand again. Instead matters came to a swift and tragic end.

The horses swerved. The wagon jumped off the roadway and turned over. Driver and scout brake-boy were thrown clear out of the wagon. The man was severely injured. Scout Grimes came down on his head with such force that he never regained consciousness.

Had the horses stayed on the roadway a minute or two longer the driver might have brought them under control again. In that case the driver would probably have remarked at the end of the trip, "that's a game kid!" One or two people might have heard of it and patted the boy on the back. But Russell Grimes had lost his life in that game spirit of sticking to his post. Probably, his action had saved the life of the driver.

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These are not idle speculations. They were the thoughts in the minds of the members of the National Court of Honor. About the same time (1919) three other cases arose in which boys who were scouts had lost their lives in attempting to make rescues.

What action should the National Court of Honor take? The committee had been functioning since the organization of the Movement in America. It had among its awards at that time three types of medals it bestowed on scouts for life saving – Bronze, Silver and Gold Medals, denoting the degree of hazard to the scout in effecting the rescue. The committee had awarded thirty-eight Silver Medals and two-hundred-and-five Bronze Medals up to that time, but not a single Gold Honor Medal, none of the cases having been deemed worthy of the “extreme hazard” this award implied.

In the eight years during which awards had already been made – the Boy Scouts of America was organized in 1910 – not a single instance had arisen in which a Boy Scout had lost his life in making a rescue, and now in the course of a few months four such cases appeared. They were not only without precedent, but one of them certainly was outside the terms of the awards which required “the actual saving of life.” Edward Goodnow, a sixteen-year-old scout of Springfield, Mass., had succeeded in rescuing another boy from drowning, before he himself lost his life, but a third scout, Robert Eicher of Jeanette, Pa., had failed in the rescue he attempted.

Eicher, fourteen years old, Second Class scout, a poor swimmer, had no life-saving experience whatever. He was on a picnic with his family and some friends on the day of the tragedy. Rising from luncheon, one of the girls who had just learned to swim went down to the creek with a number of other girls, who could not swim at all, to show them how well she could do it. She jumped into the water – a treacherous little stream, with a strong current and a number of whirlpools – and was immediately in trouble.

The girls shouted for Robert, the only other member of the party who could swim. He was still at lunch, but came running down to the stream, took the situation in at a glance, and jumped in with his clothes and shoes on. He reached the girl, and supporting her tried manfully to breast the current. Drawn down again and again as they were swept down-stream, he tried his best, but towing another person in a strong current was too much for him. He went down in the end still fighting and refusing to relinquish his hold on the girl he attempted to rescue.

Grimes, Goodnow, Eicher had each played his part in an emergency and in doing so had lost his life. Only one had certainly saved a life, yet here was a spirit that it was impossible for us not to recognize. Gordon Seyfried, the fourth of our cases in a sense interpreted for us the spirit which moved these boys and made them act even though it brought such tragic consequences.

George Gordon Seyfried of South Orange, N.-J., a tiny youngster, twelve years old and a Tenderfoot, had been a scout only a few months. He saw his mother’s maid with a revolver, intent on suicide, about to shoot herself. She was a strapping girl, many pounds heavier than the boy, despondent and desperate over a love affair that had gone wrong. Scout Seyfried knew nothing about handling a situation such as this. He grasped the girl’s wrist, and tried to wrench the gun from her hand. In the struggle the gun went off, and the bullet passing through the girl’s left breast struck him in the neck. The girl recovered from her injury, but the boy’s wound proved fatal. In the hospital, just before he died, Gordon Seyfried whispered to his mother: “I tried to do my duty as a Boy Scout.”

Without that spirit – the spirit that willingly takes the great risk in an emergency – what use would be the knowledge of the best means to make water and fire rescues, to resuscitate, and the many other things the advanced Boy Scout learns?

The National Court of Honor bestowed on these scouts – George Gordon Seyfried, Edward Goodnow, Russell Grimes and Robert Eicher, posthumously, the first awards of its Gold Honor Medal, little dreaming of the heights to which the tradition inaugurated by these boys would be carried by their fellow-scouts.

CHAPTER II
THE GREAT SACRIFICE

THE Roll of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America (to 1930) includes seventeen other names, a total of nineteen boys and two leaders, who lost their lives in making rescues. More than half of them were boys under fifteen years of age, and an even greater proportion of them were scouts who had not progressed in their training to the point which would have qualified them to make the rescues they attempted. Confronted by a sudden emergency they did their best, and many succeeded in completing the rescues they attempted before their own strength gave out.

Thomas H. Robinson of Camden, N. J., a Second Class scout, twelve years old, was watching some boys swim in Newton Creek. One of them, a poor swimmer, out about a hundred and fifty feet, found himself in trouble, caught in the ebb tide. He shouted for help, and Robinson, who was only a moderately competent swimmer himself, jumped in and went out to his aid. The scout would have been capable of the task he set himself had the other boy kept his head, but panic-stricken, he grabbed and fought. Robinson, scratched and bruised, went down with the boy twice before mastering him and taking him in a carry. The boys on the bank, incapable of helping the pair, watched the scout, his energy spent in the struggle, his strokes growing feebler with every yard. They were eager enough to help. They reached down the steps of the dock and took Robinson's burden from him. They hauled the half-drowned boy up, paying no attention to the scout. When they turned around Robinson had disappeared. None of them could dive well enough to recover the scout from the deep water, and by the time they summoned adult help it was too late.

Paul Kettner of Leighton, Pa., too, was a youngster, a Tenderfoot. He was playing with a few other boys near the local reservoir. A ten-year-old girl sitting on the bank, tried to reach down and touch the water with her feet. She slipped and was thrown forward into deep water. The reservoir was a cement tank, the sides covered with moss, and offering no foot or handhold by which one might climb out.

Paul's companions seeing him about to jump in after the girl tried to prevent him. They saw him get the girl after a slight struggle, and in a panic they all ran away shouting for help. When they returned both boy and girl had disappeared.

The men whose grappling irons brought them up, with the scout still holding on to the girl, saw numerous marks along the moss-covered cement where Paul Kettner had vainly tried to get a handhold on the slippery sides of the tank.

It is a remarkable spirit that animated so many of these boys, who, like Thomas Robinson, already mentioned, fought it out to the point at which they made their rescues. Five others stand with him in having made similar swimming rescues. Guy Atwood Ruggles of Tecumseh, Oklahoma, dove into Honey Creek and brought up a girl, towed her in and pushed her ashore before he himself sank, with nobody nearby capable of helping him. George Colburn of New Haven, Conn., recovered a young boy who had fallen in a pond and pushed him on a rock. The youngster fell in again, and again George rescued him and helped him on the rock. In trying to climb up himself the scout slipped back into the water and sank. Verne Louis Fontaine of Linden, Calif., was fishing when he saw a ten-year-old boy, who was wading, slip and fall into deep water. The boy's older brother, who could not swim, tried to help the youngster and in turn slipped into the deep water. Fontaine, a poor swimmer, jumped in with all his clothes on, and held up both boys until a better swimmer came in and took the boys from him to shore one at a time. In the effort to make shore himself, Fontaine gave out, went down once and never came up again. William E. Lowrance of Jayton, Texas, a Lone Scout, made a long swim and a good carry to bring a boy out who had got into trouble half-way across the reservoir. Just as the scout sank, he gave the youngster a push that sent him into shallow water. Curtis M. Larsen of Warren, Pa., who

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could swim only slightly, held up his sister in the water until an uncle came out to them in a boat, and sank as soon as the man got a grip on the girl.

Harold Herrman of Portsmouth, Ohio, out hiking in March, passed by Pond Creek where a number of boys were wading. None of them could swim. One boy, in water only ankle deep, slipped and was thrown into the current. Herrman was walking away from the Creek when the accident happened, but he heard the boys' shout to him for help. He was only thirteen, a Second Class scout, and an indifferent swimmer, but he came down to the creek at a run. Seeing that quick action was needed he jumped in clothes and all. There was a slight struggle, but Herrman handled the boy excellently. Taking him in a hair carry, the scout swam towards the bank. Two feet from the edge Herrman tried to stand up, but he was exhausted and his knees buckled under him. As he fell the boy he had rescued lost his head and took him in a strangle-hold. In a moment both boys were swept into the current, into midstream, down, and did not come up again.

Ross Smith, a fifteen-year-old boy of Mendota, Va., had only the rank of Tenderfoot. He was a keen scout, however, and had completed many of his advanced tests, although he had been prevented from passing them because of the illness of his scoutmaster. He was at a picnic on the river when a boat, carrying his older brother, three women and a girl, overturned. A crowd consisting mainly of adults, immediately gathered along the river banks.

Ross dived in, picked the woman most in need of help and brought her ashore. He was a good swimmer and had perfected himself in the regulation scout carries. Jumping in again he saw his brother having a difficult time with one of the women. She was a heavy body, twice Ross's weight, but he took the woman from his brother and brought her safely ashore.

His brother, although relieved of his burden, was so exhausted that, trying to make shore, he gave out and went down when about fifty feet from land. Ross marked the place, came over it and dived. Failing to recover, he came up, took a deep breath, turned over and went down in a surface dive, and never came up again.

Leonard Pufall of Toledo, Ohio, lost his life trying to help two friends in danger of drowning. They were guests at an evening party on the shores of Lake Erie. One of the boys suggested that they go out swimming, although their hostess had forbidden the use of any of her boats. Pufall, on that account, tried to dissuade him. The boy was determined, however, and with two other boys and a girl, took one of the boats – it was in poor condition – and rowed out about five hundred feet. There he dived off, and in doing so overturned the boat, throwing the three occupants into the water. Two of the boys swam ashore. The third, the cause of the accident, took the girl in tow and headed towards land. Pufall, hearing their cries, kicked off his shoes, and, although he was a poor swimmer, began to swim out to them. Meeting the pair he found the boy exhausted and took the girl from him. The boy sank after a few strokes. Pufall himself was able to swim only a few strokes before he, too, collapsed.

Three of the boys on the scout Roll of Honor who lost their lives were in ice accidents. Chester William Meister of Chicago, Ill., was on a day's outing with a number of friends. The boys were forbidden the river because of the thin ice. Disobeying the injunction, one of the boys went on the ice and broke through. Chester, some distance away, hearing him shout and seeing him struggling in the water, ran to his rescue. He broke through in turn, but reached his companion, and succeeded in holding him up until another boy reached a long pole to them. The drowning boy was dragged out, but before the pole could be returned for Chester he was drawn under the ice by the current, his body not being recovered until next day far down-stream. John J. Riedl, Jr. of Casenovia, N.Y., was fishing through the ice when a friend of his broke through some distance away. The boy could not swim, and Riedl knowing it plunged in. Both boys lost their lives before help could come to them. The Carnegie Hero Fund made an award to Riedl of its Bronze Medal and set aside five hundred dollars to be given in his memory to a worthy cause. A companion of William Todhunter's broke through while they were skating on the reservoir in Gallon, Ohio. In attempting to get her out Todhunter broke through. The girl, and another boy who tried to

help them and broke through the ice, were drawn out by a rope thrown to them. Todhunter, a good swimmer, went down before a third cast of the rope could be made.

James Anderson, a fourteen-year-old scout of Sidney, Ohio, lost his life in a strange experience. His troop was running the refreshment stand at the local Chautauqua when a cyclone swept down on the countryside and struck the tents. The canvas, torn from the stakes, began to writhe and dance, throwing over the chairs, and piling the occupants about in heaps.

The poles began to sway, and there was a shout for help to hold them up until the tents were cleared. Young Anderson braced his hundred pounds against the pole of the main tent. His younger brother tried to get Jim out, and not succeeding at first came back a second time. This time Jim took a few steps with him, then seeing a number of people still trying to get out, muttered, "These people's lives are more important than mine," and went back.

It was not his puny weight that gave before the storm, but the pole itself. High above Anderson's head it broke in two, and the top half fell on his head and fractured his skull.

Charles Edward McKnett of Huntington Park, Calif., was on a day's outing at Fish Canyon with his mother, father and two younger brothers, Robert and Francis. The two youngsters ran on ahead. Charles followed at a slower pace making nature observations as he wandered behind them. Suddenly Francis shouted to his big brother that Robert was drowning. Robert had taken, off his shoes and stockings and gone wading in a pool. He had stepped on a slippery rock and skidded into deep water. Charles, although only thirteen years old, was a keen scout and had advanced to First Class rank. He knew something of the dangers of the trail and how treacherous the cold, swift waters of mountain streams can be. He sent Francis scurrying for help to his father, then some strange premonition taking hold of him, he added: "If I don't come out, tell mother I died right." When their bodies were recovered Charles was holding Robert. He had reached his brother but had failed in the effort to get him ashore.

The National Court of Honor bestowed on Charles Edward McKnett posthumously the only award it has made of its Gold Honor Medal with Crossed Palms, which it is authorized to make in cases of exceptional heroism.

CHAPTER III HEROISM AND TRAINING

ACCIDENTS in America take a heavier toll in lives each year than the total of our soldier losses during the world war. The greatest number of our peace-time casualties are the results of automobile accidents. Falls in factories, homes, buildings and other places account for the next highest number. Drownings are third, and by far the greater proportion of them are not in the thronged beaches by the ocean or on our great lakes, but in our inland waters – rivers, streams, ponds. The overwhelming proportion of rescues made by Boy Scouts are swimming rescues; the majority of them have taken place on inland waters.

The National Court of Honor places a high value on heroism and requires in the awards of its Gold Honor Medal "unusual bravery . . . and the risk of his own (rescuer's) life." Only in exceptional cases will it waive the actual making of a successful rescue. "Should a high degree of scout training lessen personal risk," the by-law governing these awards states, "the nominee is not disqualified, but on the contrary, the Court will give especial recognition to demonstrated skill in life-saving methods and scout resourcefulness."

It is difficult to balance all these elements, for no two rescues are alike. Morris Brooks of Little Rock, Ark., ran a hundred and fifty yards to answer a cry for help. A girl being taught to swim had stepped into a deep hole with her instructor, who was only a moderately good swimmer

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himself. The girl became panic-stricken, gripped her teacher, and in a few moments they were both in trouble. A young woman nearby sought to help them, became involved in the struggle, and it was only with great difficulty that she and the man succeeded in extricating themselves from the clutches of the drowning girl. They had given up their efforts when Scout Brooks reached the scene, stripped himself of part of his clothing, plunged in and brought the girl out. Twenty people stood by helpless as he turned the girl over, laid her out on her face and revived her with artificial respiration. Brooks was fourteen years old at the time and a First Class scout. He was not qualified in life saving. The requirements for First Class rank call only for the ability to swim fifty yards. What he knew of carries, breaking holds, correct approaches and resuscitation was in seeing them done – he had not as yet come up to the point where he could take his tests in them. Brooks used what knowledge he had with excellent judgment.

On the other hand, Norman Sanders of Decatur, Ill., an Eagle scout, who had met the requirements for the First Aid, Swimming and Life Saving Merit Badges, was awarded a Gold Honor Medal for a rescue that only his advanced training made possible. He was building a nature trail in the woods when shouts for help summoned him to the nearby Big Creek. Three boys had been swimming there when one got into trouble in deep water. A second tried to help him, fouled in a submerged tree, and was pulled out by a third, who immediately ran towards Sanders, shouting for him to come down and help them.

Sanders came sprinting down to the creek, asked where the boy had sunk, came over the spot, conditioned his lungs, and turned over in the half somersault that, straightening your legs out of the water, gives you the drive downward when making a surface dive. Sanders touched the boy and found that he was caught on a tree stump, so up he came for air. One of the dangers of diving is that if you do not take time to condition your lungs before you go down by a few moments of fast breathing (with emphasis on the exhaling) you stand a chance of fainting while under water. This is probably what happened in the case of Ross Smith who lost his life in going down for his brother. In this second dive Sanders had enough air in his lungs to allow him to release the boy and bring him up. The boy had been under water about five minutes by now. He was heavier than Sanders. It is comparatively easy to tow a person who is not struggling if you can straighten his legs out on the water. The dead weight of the boy made the tow more difficult, but the other boys came out a little way and gave Sanders a hand in bringing him ashore. The boy was apparently dead, but people have been under water as long as half an hour and revived by artificial respiration. The slogan of the rescuer is, “never give up,” and Sanders began to work on him. Before the resuscitation squad and the fire department of the city – which somebody had telephoned for – reached the scene, the boy was breathing again.

As illustration of the various elements of hazard and training it is necessary to consider in making an award of the Gold Honor Medal, two other cases should be mentioned here. Theodore Beech of Manchester, N.Y., a fifteen-year-old boy, was a Second Class scout. He could swim, but had qualified in no scout requirements whatever in swimming and life saving. Sitting half-dressed by the Bruly outlet of Canandaigua Lake, he heard a shout for help. A boy had tied a wire around his waist and started to swim across the outlet. Now he was in serious trouble, for the trailing end of the wire was caught on a rock, and he was tired and floundering. Beech did not at first realize the difficulty or have a plan for rescuing the boy. He dived for the boy, but the current swept Beech past before he could touch the lad. He swam ashore, and as he ran upstream he evolved a better idea of the measures he must adopt. When he dived this time, he continued to the bottom and succeeded in loosening the wire, and holding on to the loose end drew the boy ashore.

John Angle of Shippensburg, Pa., had learned to swim only two weeks previous to the rescue for which he was decorated. Before he left the scout camp he was given his fifty yard test, and the examiner passed him with some reluctance for he was just able to make it. Back home at the local swimming hole he was excelling himself. He had swum three times across the pool without a rest,

and so had run up his fifty yards to about ninety. He could hardly stand as he dragged himself up the bank and lay down.

A twelve-year-old girl, sitting with her parents on the opposite bank, started to swim towards Angle. Half-way over she tired, lost her head, began to beat the water frantically and to swallow water. Her parents, unable themselves to swim, shouted to Angle, the only other person present. Angle immediately jumped in and swam out to the girl, who later said she was so frightened that she did not remember anything that happened. She grabbed at the boy, but he somehow managed to master her quickly. He did not know anything about towing a person and it is doubtful that he could have done so in the circumstances. There was one chance only of preventing a double tragedy, and like a veteran Angle took it. He talked to the girl coolly, quieting her; then he got her to hold on to his belt and turned his face towards the shore. Both of them were so exhausted that they had to be lifted out of the shallow water.

Each of the two hundred and fifty cases in which the Gold Honor Medal has been awarded presents a situation all its own. Sidney Hershowitz of Washington, D. C., belittled his accomplishment when examined by the local Court of Honor. True, there had been a struggle when they went down and the girl grabbed his leg, but then that very leg had been paralyzed most all his life and so it did not matter. As for the rest, he simply got her by the hair just as the picture in the Scout Handbook shows. Charles Mort of Winchester, Va., also a Tenderfoot, found himself grasped and overpowered six times while trying to rescue a companion. Six times he remembered to boost the other up to give him a purchase of air, and six times he returned to the rescue. William Stovall of Waycross, Ga., saw a companion, with whom he was out camping, jump what he thought was a ditch in the dark, and fall into the river. Stovall knew the other boy could not swim so he jumped in after him immediately. The banks were too steep to climb out so he shouted until a boat was brought to them. Duryea Legett of Evanston, Ill., who saved two girls, made a carry of several hundred yards with one. Bruce Lyman of Logandale, Nev., rescued three boys from the river, brought two of them in with one carry and returned to the other so quickly that none of them needed resuscitation. Elbert Miller of Eldorado, Ill., saved a mother and two children, and had to work a long time on the woman before he could revive her. Richard Fitzmorris who rescued a companion from drowning managed to keep it a secret for three years.

Robert S. Dingleline, Jr., of Baxley, Ohio, was not as successful. Within a year his scoutmaster heard of a rescue he made. He took a great deal of satisfaction in securing sundry affidavits as to the rescue, for when Robert had joined the troop he had a deadly fear of water. It was three years before he could swim well enough to qualify for the fifty yard test. Harold B. Rote of Vineland, N. J., a one-armed Eagle scout, dived clear and swam between the dock and a swinging yacht to rescue a drowning boy. He had two other rescues to his credit at the time. Spencer Terhune of Hackensack, N. J., a thirteen-year-old Tenderfoot, made a rescue of a girl while eight adults stood by helpless. John Rothfuss of Sylvania, Ohio, who rescued two women and resuscitated one after working thirty minutes on her said when hailed at a local banquet for his heroism: "It was not a question of heroism but of necessity." Cesare Zampese of Omaha, Nebr., had ten rescues to his credit before he won his Gold Honor Medal by making a double rescue; towing one in; diving in and bringing up a second boy who was lying in the mud and then resuscitating him.

CHAPTER IV QUIET WATERS

IN the story of scout rescues in inland waters, the quiet lakes, canals and ponds have their drama as well as the swift streams. Elmer A. Clark of Redfield, S. D., was swimming in Cottonwood Lake. He is an Eagle scout, and when he heard a little distance away a man shouting for help he felt quite competent to the task of rescuing him. A breeze blowing across the lake made the water somewhat choppy, but Clark made a good approach, that is from the rear to prevent any dangerous holds, then took the man by the hair and started for the shore. The man, however, was still full of fight, or rather full of that desire a drowning person has for grasping and holding on to something substantial. He reached over backwards and got the scout by the neck.

Clark was taken off his guard. The one thing a drowning person does not want to do is to go under water, Clark promptly went down with his man, and although he swallowed some water in doing so, he came up clear and held the man up for a little while at arm's length.

Feeling that he had the man under control, Clark got behind him again, and took him in what is known as the head carry. When towing a person with this carry the rescuer puts his hands under the chin of the drowning person and swims on his back. This time the man turned over right on top of the boy, and down they both went again. The peculiar thing about a drowning person is that he does almost everything possible to prevent a rescue. It is best in cases where a person struggles violently to let him wear himself out, but in deep water this is a chance that a rescuer does not like to take. If the old superstition that a drowning person comes up twice and goes down for the third and last time were true, the rescuer could plan accordingly. But actually a drowning person may bob up a dozen times or he might go down once and never come up again. The water in which Clark found himself was too deep to make a sure recovery.

So coming up the second time Clark held the man at arm's length and tried to push him towards the shore, but the progress was almost nil, as the boy was practically treading water. By this time the matter was becoming really serious. Clark could not keep up indefinitely, for he had swallowed a great deal of water and he felt his own strength giving out. So he turned the man around and attempted a carry again, and once more the man turned over on him. By now the boy was himself nearly out, and he dared not risk another struggle. There was nothing to do but hold the man and push. Inch by inch he pushed the man until he could touch bottom and many willing hands helped them to the shore.

Harry Campbell of Middleport, N. Y., fifteen years old, lived at the hotel on the banks of the Erie Canal. It was after midnight when shouts and cries for help woke him up. Pulling on his trousers he ran out. His scoutmaster also lived in the hotel, and on his way downstairs Campbell shouted to him that a man was drowning in the canal.

Running on to the bridge the boy found a group of men shouting and staring into the canal. Every little while someone would throw a life buoy to the dim figure floundering in the water, which was the cause of the commotion. Taking a life preserver Campbell threw it in. It fell close to the man but from his actions it was plain that the man was either too far gone or could not see the life buoys that were being thrown to him.

Picking a length of rope and running down to the further bank, Campbell asked a man standing nearby to tie it around his waist. The man refused at first feeling that the boy was too young to take the risk, but when he saw that Campbell was determined to go in with or without the rope, the man tied it and held on to the free end.

Campbell dove in and speedily got his man, who was submerged by this time. The scoutmaster entered the water from the opposite hank. Seeing that Campbell had the man in hand he shouted to the men on the bridge to stop throwing in life preservers as they were in danger of being hit by them. As soon as Campbell was ready he called for a haul on the rope, and was pulled in rapidly.

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Scoutmaster and scout took turns at applying artificial respiration and revived the man in about twenty minutes.

Two of the boys who won their Gold Honor Medals on quiet waters also received for the rescues they made the Carnegie Bronze Medal and a scholarship award from the Hero Fund valued at sixteen hundred dollars. One of these boys, Hubert Patterson of Albemarle, N. C., was fourteen years old at the time he made the rescue, and a Second Class scout. He could swim but had had no experience whatever in life saving, for which he later qualified.

Patterson was sitting on the diving tower in Ritchies Lake when his eye caught a man and a woman swimming. The woman suddenly became frightened, and took her companion in a strangling grip. They went down together and came up. The man, taken off guard, began to choke, but continued to beat the water to keep himself afloat. A number of people were around but none of them seemed to realize the trouble until Patterson shouted as he dived off the tower.

Swimming as rapidly as possible to the struggling pair, his inexperience led him to do the worst thing possible. He got between the man and woman to force them apart. The approved tactics in such a situation is to pull one towards you with your arms and force the other with your foot in the opposite direction. He weighed about ninety-four pounds, the woman a hundred and thirty-five, and the man a hundred and fifty pounds. The woman took him in a strangle-hold, but Patterson instinctively took a deep breath and, went down with her. Released under water, he came up with the woman, and had her well in hand when they broke the surface of the water. Some men who heard his shout had swum out by now and helped the man in, while Patterson made a long carry with the woman to the diving raft although he had never practised such a movement before.

Ralph C. Raughley of Elizabeth, N. J., wanted to keep the rescue in which he engaged a secret. To belittle the part he played he said, "any of the fellows in our troop would have done as much." This troop, No. 8 of Elizabeth, N. J., has appeared as a service troop at a number of national conventions held in New York, and Raughley's grandfather to whom he made the remark was so interested in passing the statement along that the scout was eventually betrayed into much greater publicity than he had feared.

Raughley had been ill with malaria for six weeks, and was sent to his grandfather's farm to recuperate. There, after a few days, he said that he would like to swim, so his aged grandparents took him, a girl cousin and a boy who worked on the farm, to a nearby pond. Only the boys could swim, and while they went in the others sat on the bank and watched them. A few minutes in the water was enough for Ralph. He came out complaining that his muscles were tired and that the pains in his head, which he had suffered during his illness, had returned.

He was stretched out on the ground when the other boy, swimming about seventy-five feet from shore, began to yell and call for help. Raughley at first thought the boy was joking, but one look convinced him that the boy was in real trouble. He shouted "I'm coming," and plunged into the water.

The boy had sunk by the time Raughley had swum out to him, but the scout dived and came up with the boy. Realizing Ralph's feeble condition the three people on shore began shouting for help, but there was no one nearby to hear them. That seventy-five feet might have been as many hundred that day to the three who watched him. Seeing Ralph's strokes were becoming feebler every moment, the old man waded out until the water was up to his chin. To give the unconscious boy a chance to breathe, Raughley held his nose as much out of the water as possible and submerged himself as much as he dared while he kicked and reached in a slow motion that just kept them afloat and moving. When at last the old man took the unconscious boy, Ralph tried to walk a step or two, but his legs gave under him, and he had to be helped ashore. He sat down for a while to gather his strength, and as soon as he could stand he gave the other boy artificial respiration and brought him around in good shape. Asked how he managed to hang on to that boy he said, "I could not let him go," then added hastily, "it was nothing; any fellow in our troop would have done as much."

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Two years later he was awarded the Bronze Medal and scholarship of the Carnegie Hero Fund for this rescue.



A group of Gold Honor Medal Scouts. (Top: Left to right) Jack Campbell of Middleport, N. Y. Frederick Keough of Gorham, Maine. (Bottom) Clyde Holeman of Anacortes, Wash. Howard Peterson of Brockton, Mass.



Carries in Practice. Above (left to right) Chin, hair and cross-chest carries. (Below) Demonstration of the chin carry.

CHAPTER V RAGING TORRENTS

SWIFT waters, especially when they are in flood, provide a natural setting for fast moving, quick action. Monroe Hosford of Cayuga, Indiana, was visiting some friends in Alberta, Canada. A man, two women, a small boy and the scout were in a California cart when they tried to cross High Wood River, which was in spring flood. Three tugs became unhooked in the cart and the pole fell down. The man of the party was capable and quite equal to the situation. He unstrapped the horses and rode them out intending to borrow another cart from a nearby settlement.

The water was only three or four feet deep, but it ran so swiftly that it was impossible to walk in it. When the cart began to drift, Hosford stood on the pole and kept that station for an hour and a half until the man returned with the new cart. He drove up alongside the disabled cart and took off one woman and the boy. Relieved of this weight the wagon began to float. The scout asked the second woman to jump, but she ordered him to do it first. Fifteen years old . . . there was nothing else for him to do; he sprang out to the second wagon. Freed from his weight the disabled cart swirled and swept down the current as the woman jumped – too late.

In a moment the current had caught her and she was being whirled down-stream. The man was in a predicament. To leave his horses would be to endanger the new cart and its occupants, but he did not have a chance to debate the question of what action he should take. Hosford was already in the water. Swimming with the current, he caught up with the woman, and as they raced down-stream he edged her gradually out of the swift water and pulled her ashore.

John J. Schoff of Dayton, Ohio, another scout who received the Carnegie Medal and scholarship following the award of the Gold Honor Medal, was an Eagle scout although only fourteen years old. He was swimming in the Stillwater River when he saw two boys suddenly get into trouble nearby. They locked each other in a hold, went down strangling, and in a few moments were in real difficulty. Before he had completed the fifteen feet or so to the boys, Schoff knew that he would find it impossible to tow both of them in the swift flood waters, caused by three days of rain. Each boy was about his own weight.

Schoff took a deep breath, went down and pushed both boys up in the hope that given a breathing spell they would get themselves in hand. When he came up he found them still in a clinch and struggling. His first tactics had failed and there was nothing to do but break and try to tow both of them. Schoff knew his business. He broke them clean, but trying to make the double carry they grasped him, one around each shoulder, so that he could not swim with his arms. To carry them as far as he could towards the shore, he took a deep breath, submerged his head, and began to kick as fast and as hard as he could.

By this time a number of boys had seen the struggle he was having. One of them, Scout Selz, swam out to help him. Feeling that drastic measures were necessary, Selz hit one of the drowning boys on the head to stun him. This is a very difficult, if not impossible thing to do in the water, and its practice is not recommended. Selz succeeded partly, but in attempting to take the boy in a carry he got out of position, was himself caught by the current and swept far down-stream. Schoff, however, still had a hand on the half-unconscious boy. The struggles of both boys were weakening, and he managed to hold them both up, for rescue was near at hand. A life belt, thrown by a living chain, got to Schoff, and he was dragged in holding on to both boys.

In the dusk of a summer evening five women set out in a boat to return to their camp on Perkiomen Creek in New Jersey. The stream was swollen by recent rains. The boat in which the women rode had only a single pair of oars, and as they pulled up the centre of the stream the woman who was rowing lost one of her oars.

The boat began to drift with the current towards Loux's Dam. The women's screams immediately attracted attention, but no one on the banks was in position or knew how to help them. On the bridge by the dam appeared a small group of Boy Scouts hiking back to a camp nearby. People began to shout to them to do something.

The boat was doomed. It must go over the dam. That much was apparent when the boys caught sight of it. It was ten o'clock and almost dark. The rocky bottom made so high a dive impossible, and any swimmer who attempted to help them must inevitably be swept with the boat over the dam. The best that could be hoped for was to save them after they went over the fall.

Two of the boys, W. Leroy Camp, Jr. and Harold C. Pullen, both of Atlantic City, though of different troops, began sprinting across the bridge, stripping their clothes as they ran. Weighted clothes make hard work in the water almost impossible. Jumping ten or eleven feet from the bridge they were in the water a few seconds behind the boat as it plunged down with such force that, it was discovered later, three of the women were actually killed in the fall to the rocks below. In the turmoil of water at the foot of the dam the boys found the boat, overturned, and one woman who was caught under it. Working together they released her as they drifted downstream. They were swept down the creek more than a mile before they got her ashore. The fifth woman was miraculously washed ashore, alive, a mile downstream.

Two scout rescues in swift streams were made under the eyes of so many people that they were, at the time, sensations in their respective communities. Theodore Antonich of Great Falls, Montana, was sitting in his home near the Missouri River, silt laden, broad and swift as it passes

through here. He heard cries that a boy was drowning. A youngster had been playing in the water, holding on to a rope tied to the bridge. The line broke and threw him into the current. A number of people saw the accident, and somebody turned in an alarm. Firemen with pulmotors, and a deputy sheriff with grappling hooks, had already begun racing towards the river when Antonich came on the scene. He sprinted across the bridge, peeling off some of his clothes as he ran. His eyes were fixed on the little figure bobbing up and down on the swift current.

One advantage of a swift current is that a body sinks much more slowly than it does in less turbulent water. Antonich ran as hard as he could downstream, two blocks or so to overtake the boy and allow for the current. He timed his dive to a nicety, caught hold of the boy, and as they were swept down-stream he worked himself out of the current. Catching the overhanging branches of a tree, he drew himself and the boy out of the water. Fortunately there were plenty of people to help now. The hard run and the swim had taken so much out of Antonich that he fainted. A city official, summoned by the alarm, said of this rescue: "That was as fine an example of sheer heroism as ever came to my attention."

John A. Dewey of Mandan, N. D., a fourteen-year-old Tenderfoot scout, literally made the rescue which won him the Gold Honor Medal under the eyes of hundreds of people. He had learned to swim only the summer before.

The Heart River, a tributary of the Missouri, flows through the town of Mandan, and into the great river a few miles east of the town. A February thaw had brought such a volume of water down from the hills that a part of the town was in flood. The main stream boiled and churned through the town, carrying a quantity of drift and floating ice. Hundreds of people from other parts of the town, and nearby Bismarck, were sight-seeing in the flooded part of the city.

One of the residents of Mandan took his eight-year-old son for a ride in his duck boat in the quiet flood water and in the channels between the houses. Running in one of these channels, the boat was caught in the current and swept into the main stream. The man was helpless in the roaring water. The boat dashed against a viaduct and overturned. The man could not swim. He clutched at his son and missed, took hold of a piece of timber and pulled himself out.

Dozens of people saw the accident, saw the boy caught in the centre of the flood current, saw him roll round and round as though he were no more than a piece of driftwood. One man estimated the current as faster than a man could run. Two hundred yards down-stream was the bridge of the Northern Pacific, crossing the river in a Y. The only chance of saving the boy was to intercept him there, and a slim chance it was at that, for the water choked with floating ice and driftwood, drove angrily against the pilings and reached within ten or twelve inches of the railroad ties.

Those two hundred yards would be covered by the drowning boy in thirty to sixty seconds.

John Dewey, standing with some other lads on the bridge, heard shouts and took the situation in immediately. He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his coat as he ran up-stream along the bank. Timing must be the essence of anything he did; timing and then lightning fast action.

Dewey broke water with perfect judgment, coming up with his hands on the boy. There was no chance to make shore, so down he went with the boy to avoid the ties of the railroad bridge. Cars were racing down the street, men, women and boys were running along the bank, as Dewey came clear of the bridge.

To breast out of the stream was still impossible, for ahead of them loomed a sluiceway, and they must go through it or be dashed to pieces. Through the passage Dewey and the boy went, riding the white water as it boiled and churned to a froth in the narrow gateway.

The chance was now or never. A few hundred yards further down-stream and there would be no hope for either one of them. As they were shot over the turbulent water with racing swiftness, young Dewey edged himself out of the current, into the eddies and into shallow water.

Scores of men and boys came rushing down to help them, and just in time. John Dewey collapsed before he could be carried out. He was taken home, put to bed and kept under a doctor's care. The youngster he had saved was in even worse shape. They worked on him an hour

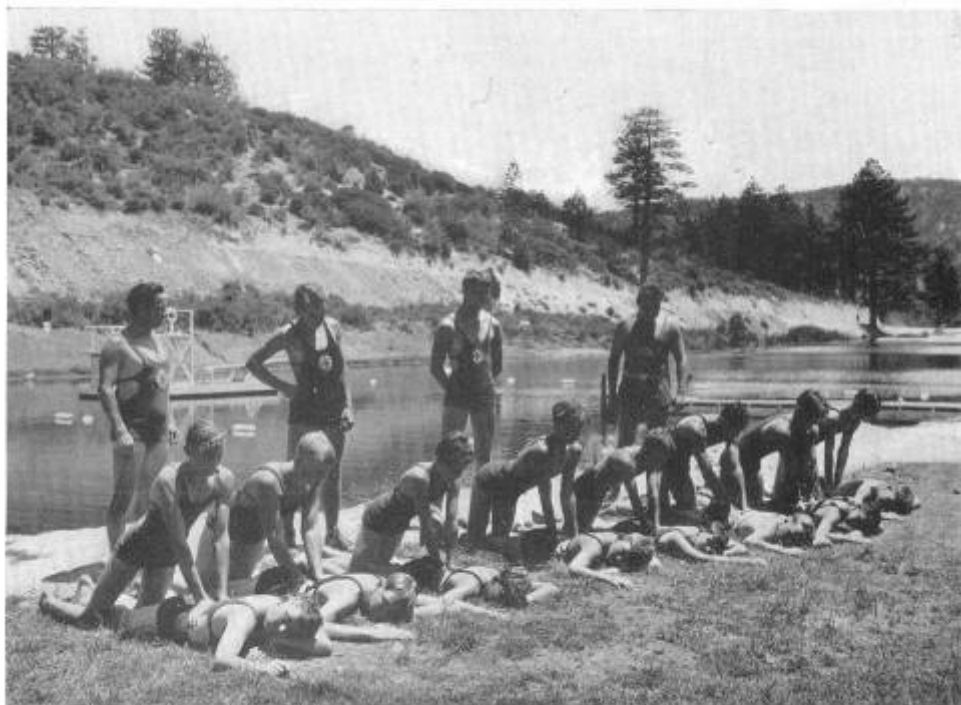
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and a half before he regained consciousness, and it was dawn before his condition permitted him to be moved from the cabin into which he had been carried after his rescue.

As for Dewey, he recovered within a few hours. There was no getting away from it, however – he was the town's hero and had to face a throng of visitors. He was embarrassed and tongue-tied. When urged to make a public statement, he gulped and remarked: "Gee, the water was cold!"



Chief Scout Executive West, Tony Alonge, Brooklyn Boy Scout and Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner; Scout Alonge received the Honor Medal for rescuing a young man in a rough sea.



Los Angeles (Calif.) Practising the bone pressure method of artificial respiration.

CHAPTER VI ANGRY SEAS

POPULAR ocean beaches, patrolled by life guards, appear less frequently as the scene of scout rescues than other bodies of water not so carefully protected. Only exceptional situations have brought the scout into the picture as a rescuer. Most of these rescues have been made by older scouts, advanced in rank, trained life-savers and good swimmers, although the records of the National Court of Honor have a few striking exceptions. One of these is the award made to Robert B. Clark of Cranston, R. I., when he was twelve years old and a Tenderfoot. He was a good swimmer although he had had no experience in life saving. About two hundred yards out from where he was swimming in the Atlantic Clark saw two men struggle in the water. They sank, broke, and then one man swam towards the shore while the other floundered. The scout swam towards the drowning man and being inexperienced he made a front approach. He was gripped by the man, thirty or forty pounds heavier than himself and both went down. Fortunately when they came up the man was all in. Clark made the long carry with instinctive good judgment and brought the man ashore although he himself was nearly exhausted. A number of people helped carry the unconscious man on the beach and gave him first aid.

Another example of a good ocean rescue by a younger scout is the case of Lewis K. Elliot of Chicago, Ill., fourteen years old, Second Class rank. On a vacation at Spray Beach, N. J., he was playing ball when he heard a man calling for help.

The undertow along the ocean front that day had been wicked, and several people were drowned along the New Jersey coast. Dozens of men and women were around and among them many experienced swimmers and habitués of the resort. A regular summer resident, who

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witnessed the whole affair, later said that only a small child oblivious of the danger or a very brave person would have attempted what Elliot did.

The boy sprinted down the beach, ran into the water, and dived through the breakers. Coming up with the man, a Philadelphia clergyman, who happened to be the scoutmaster of a troop in that city, Elliot saw that the man himself was too far gone to help himself. He tried towing him, but the added weight prevented him from making any headway against the current towards the shore. To continue to buck the undertow could only end in one way. Out a little way was a sandbar on which, although it was submerged, a man could stand. He towed the man there, and finding that the man could stand there a while, Elliot began to swim ashore. The man did not lose his head fortunately. For a moment he was afraid that the boy was deserting him, but he felt reassured when the scout told him he would come back.

A chain of men and women were wading out to meet the boy by this time, the foremost carrying a life buoy and line. Looking at the slight youngster the man at the head of the line was dubious about allowing him to go back but Elliot assured him that he could make it.

A crowd began to gather as he began his second trip, towing the life preserver. He got his man safely and both were hauled ashore by the life line. The admiring praise of a group that gathered around him embarrassed Elliot. "I couldn't let the man drown, could I?" he asked, as a big wave breaking near them sent the circle scurrying back. It gave Elliot a chance to slip away and finish his ball game.

Bob Couch of Los Angeles, Calif., an Eagle scout, received his Gold Honor Medal for going through the rip tide at Ridondo Beach and bringing in two men. A party of men out swimming were caught in the current a hundred yards from shore. A crowd of people watched them battle back to land. As soon as it became evident that two of them would be unable to make it, Couch went out and brought them in one at a time, bucking the tide with such pluck that a number of people who watched the rescues declared that the sixteen-year-old boy's deed was the finest thing they had ever witnessed.

Lazare F. Bernhard of South Pasadena, Calif., like Elliot was playing ball when he heard a shout that a man was in trouble. An Eagle scout and a trained life-saver he felt equal to an ordinary emergency. Out two hundred feet or so was a man who had become exhausted trying to swim to land against an offshore current. Bernhard came up fast, misjudged the condition of the man, and made a front approach. He found himself gripped and in a hold he had some difficulty in breaking even under water. When they came up again, Bernhard made his approach from behind and took the man, now completely exhausted, in a cross-chest carry. With only one arm working he found it necessary to swim at an angle to make any progress towards the shore, more than doubling the straight line distance to shallow water. When he first tried to stand up the undertow swept him off his feet, but he got the man into shallow water, packed him out with the fireman's lift, and worked over him more than an hour before circulation was completely restored. Scout Bernhard was also awarded the Bronze Medal and scholarship of the Carnegie Hero Fund for this rescue.

George M. Stacy of Manchester, N. H., had so much trouble bringing a man he rescued through the undertow and huge waves breaking on the surf that he fainted. His first question when he recovered was, "Did I save him?"

Edward A. Bush of Brooklyn, N. Y., was umpiring a game of baseball played by some younger boys near Fort Hamilton when he heard a shout of "Woman overboard." He was only fifteen but a trained life-saver. He sprinted three hundred yards, peeling off his clothes as he ran, and jumped down the sea wall to the rocks below. In addition to a choppy sea and an ebb tide which runs out at this point with a strong current, the woman, a suicide case, began to struggle. Bush, however, handled her like a veteran, brought her ashore, and boosted her, thirty or forty pounds heavier than he was, to the people who reached down, then climbed up the wall and examined her. Finding her breathing and without any serious injuries, he slipped out of the circle just as a policeman came up and took charge of matters. After sending the woman to a hospital in an

ambulance the policeman began to inquire how she had fallen in and who had rescued her. From the ball players he learned where Bush lived. Going there he found that Bush had changed his wet clothes, and had said nothing to his mother. The police reported the rescue to the local scout office.

Howard Russell Peterson of Brockton, Mass., crowded into a day as much excitement as most people see in a year on our beaches. He was at Ocean Bluffs, Mass., at his summer home, when someone called his attention to a crowd rapidly gathering on the beach. Through his telescope he saw three people in distress some little distance offshore.

Peterson was qualified both in scout life saving and first aid. He raced towards the beach hoping to be of some service. By the time he reached the crowd, rescuers had brought all three persons ashore, and a doctor was treating them. He volunteered his help and took turns with the doctor in giving artificial respiration. One of the rescuers now collapsed, and needed help. He had rushed into the sea, breaking off a strenuous game of tennis, and the cold water had brought a rush of blood to his head. The scout helped the doctor to get the man into the shade, kept his head cool and his body warm.

Peterson was engaged in looking after this man when he heard a loud scream that another person was in the undertow. A young woman was being carried out and was shouting for help. She had already drifted about a hundred and fifty feet from shore into deep water. Peterson and three young men, one of them marked by his shock of red hair, raced into the surf and began to swim after her. The scout got to her first, turned her over in a comfortable carry, and asked the others to swim ashore. The red-head did not seem to be in very good condition, but Peterson did not worry about him. He brought the girl into shallow water where someone waded out and took her from him. As he walked ashore he turned around to see how the others were getting along.

One glance was enough to show that the two would-be rescuers were having a hard time with the red-headed boy, and would themselves be in trouble soon. Peterson immediately went back, took the exhausted boy from the other two, asking them to make shore, and began to tow him with a hair carry.

In the meantime two men, eager to help, launched a life boat, which they were not competent to handle. They let it turn sidewise to the breaking sea when Peterson was within a few feet of it. A wave struck it broadside and turned it over. The scout placed the red-headed boy on top of the overturned boat and called on the two men who had been in it to help him tow the boat ashore. Only a few seconds of effort were necessary to show him that it would be impossible to do this against the surf and current.

As soon as this became evident Peterson called to the others to let the boat go and make for shore. He himself again took the red-headed boy in a carry. Thirty or forty people, eager to help, formed a chain of hands, the foremost reaching out a life preserver to the scout. They had advanced so far that the leader was treading water. No sooner had Peterson taken hold of the life buoy than the chain broke and the rope came loose. Abandoning the life preserver, the scout swam with his charge towards shore, and got him into shallow water without any further mishap other than being swept off his feet the first time he tried to stand up. Somebody carried the red-headed boy ashore.

This had hardly been done when there came another cry of distress. One of the men who had formed the living chain was being swept out and was shouting for help. There was still something left in Peterson and after the man he went. The man was in fairly good shape, kept his head, and Peterson was able to bring him into shallow water without much trouble, letting nothing interfere with his carry this time. Two girls and a man fully clothed waded in, the former helping the man who had been in distress ashore, the latter helping Peterson to dry land. There the scout keeled over. The doctor worked on him, wrapped him in blankets, and when the boy had recovered had him taken home. There his mother put him in bed and would not let him up until six o'clock that evening.

A great many people had begun to gather and

as they stood around in a circle the day's excite-

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Some time later during the evening Peterson took a stroll on the beach. Coming to the place of the morning excitement he saw a girl and two men frolicking in the surf. They were pretty nearly at the depth at which the undertow had been so strong, so Peterson ran down to the water to warn them. He had almost reached the edge of the water when the girl flung up her arms screamed for help. One of the men held on but they were caught and both were being swept out. Peterson realized that he was in no condition to attempt another rescue. He sprinted towards some sand dunes where some men were lying and shouted to them. Three young men answered his call immediately, and being good swimmers they succeeded without much trouble in bringing the girl and man out.

A great many people had begun to gather and as they stood around in a circle the day's excitement proved too much for at least one woman. Her own daughter had been among those saved from drowning that day. Right there, in the midst of the crowd, she rushed at the scout, flung her arms around him and kissed him, shouting hysterically, "You are an angel from heaven!"

CHAPTER VII SEA SCOUT TRADITION

THE handling of canoes and small boats is a part of the training of the advanced scout, and the best methods of rescues from boats are a part of the requirements of scout Life Guards. Going into the water to save a drowning person should always be a last resort and to do it when other means are possible, is frowned upon as mere heroics and bad judgment. To haul a person in by rope or pole may not bring in any element of daring, but the business of the scout rescuer is not to play the hero but to help in distress, and to do so with as great safety and efficiency as the circumstances make possible.

Yet leaving a boat might be as good judgment sometimes as staying in it while making a rescue. An illustration of this is found in a rescue made by Sidney J. Wilson of Detroit, Michigan, for which he received the Gold Honor Medal award. Wilson, at his summer home on the lake, had just come into possession of a new boat, a sailing skiff, of which he was very proud. After trying it out he decided to show the women of the family how sweetly the boat handled. In his enthusiasm he did not forget the ordinary precautions of a good sailor. He had oars for an emergency as well as life preservers should any accident occur.

The pleasant sail was interrupted when he saw a rowboat in which two men and two children were riding suddenly capsize some distance away. Wilson immediately eased on the rudder, bringing the nose of his skiff in the direction of the other boat, and doused his sails as he came alongside the overturned boat. The situation, as he sized it up, made him do some quick thinking. Both men, each with a child, were thrashing the water clear of the rowboat. The one nearest him could swim somewhat; the second could not swim at all and was floundering badly. To come alongside and haul them in was to risk putting his own light skiff, with its women passengers, in danger. He had to make sure that they entered his own boat carefully. So out went the life preservers, and the scout followed them into the water.

Taking the child from the nearest man he handed her up to one of the women; then boosted the man onto the skiff. Wilson was unprepared for the necessity of going into the water, and he had been forced to do so with all his clothes on. Now they were becoming a drag on him as he went to the second man, who was drifting by this time with his burden under water. He had to go under

water himself to get them, and only an oar held out to him made it possible for him to bring them to the boat and assist them into it. He himself was hauled on board exhausted.

William Johnson of Spokane, Wash., and Wray Farmin of Sandpoint, Idaho, both Eagle scouts, were at the camp of the Spokane Council on Lake Diamond. At about eight-fifteen one evening a sudden wind-storm came up. An alarm was sent through the camp immediately. All open and unprotected fires were extinguished, tent stakes examined, and other precautions rapidly taken to guard against a heavy blow. The camp director and the older boys had hardly finished this task when a cry of help came from the lake. It was dark by now. The cries sounded like women's voices, and the position some four hundred feet offshore.

Johnson and Farmin hauled out a heavy flat-bottomed boat. The camp director was reluctant to let them go out, for the water was being whipped by the wind into a miniature sea. He ordered them to make the rescue with life preservers and not to leave the boat unless it was absolutely necessary. He watched their progress anxiously, following with his eyes the arc from the flashlight the boys were using. Fortunately the women kept up their cries for help, and were speedily located by the sound of their voices.

A man and three women, summer residents on the lake, had been riding in a new steel boat, powered with an outboard motor, when the windstorm caught them. The man, who was steering, thought he could make the run to their cottage in time, but as the waves began to break over the boat he decided to ground it on the nearest beach. Turning, he was caught in a trough of the waves. Two or three of them struck the boat broadside throwing all the occupants into the water. The boat, which fortunately was equipped with air chambers, floated although it was swamped. The man disappeared immediately. Later it was found that he had a weak heart.

In the circle of their flashlight the boys saw that two of the girls were holding on to the boat, although the waves slapped the boat so heavily that they were occasionally jerked off. The girls were in pretty good shape, however, and Farmin at the oars handled his boat neatly while Johnson took them off.

The third woman was not as easily located. Unable to hold on to the boat she had drifted, and Johnson had to go in the water to get her, for she was unconscious by the time they found her. It was necessary to work on this woman immediately if she was to be saved. To make the best speed Johnson stayed in the water, hanging on to the boat, and holding up the woman while Farmin rowed as hard as he could back to camp. There several people worked on her, restored her breathing and brought her around. The two boys returned again to the scene of the accident, and searched it thoroughly in the hope that they might recover the man. His body was not found until two or three days later.

Stewart Meigs of Santa Barbara, Calif., won his Honor Medal for his share in a rescue that had some elements of good land scouting and sea scouting. He was a First Class scout before he passed into the ranks of the Sea Scouts, and he showed the training of both branches of scout activities. The rescue was made by Meigs and his father working together.

Stewart was camping with his father and some friends on Santa Cruz, the largest of a group of islands off the Santa Barbara coast. Three men and one woman of the party, all of them between forty and fifty years of age, set out one morning for a sail in a skiff on the waters of the Santa Barbara Channel. The Meigs have been people of the sea for many generations. Their New England ancestors had owned merchantmen in the proud days when our clipper ships showed their heels to everything that floated on the seven seas.

As the party set out the elder Meigs noted the direction of the wind, sniffed the air, and shook his head. He did not like it. It would begin to blow in a few minutes, and a small skiff, tricky sails and inexperienced watermen were not an auspicious combination in the seas that would shortly be running in the channel. He jumped into another skiff, and rowed out of the harbor, so that he could keep an eye on them as they went down the channel, for they had been beyond hailing distance when he first saw them. What he now saw was even worse than he expected. Three miles away, caught in the blow, the skiff had capsized. He rowed back hurriedly, shouting

for his sixteen-year-old son. Stewart was fortunately at hand, and father and son bent their backs to a steady stroke for the long pull before them.

With each succeeding minute the force of the wind was increasing and the water growing rougher. They came on the scene of the accident by a point of the island known as Arch Rock where the sea breaks through a natural archway. The coast line all along here is high cliff, almost unscalable. Searching the water they saw one man clinging to the cliff just out of the water. Taking him off was no job for a novice. The boat had to be brought close enough to the cliff to make the rescue, yet must be held in check against the run of the waves if it was not to be dashed to pieces against the rocks. This is always the greatest danger in bringing a boat alongside any object in high seas, but the Meigs father and son had often worked together, and now, though they had some difficulty doing so, they managed to take the man off.

The man collapsed in the boat, but they could give him no attention. Continuing their search they found the woman who had been in the party, the wife of the man they had already rescued. She was floating, completely unconscious and seemingly in a bad way. Neither of the other two men could be seen. If the lives of the people they had rescued were to be saved they must be given attention immediately.

No harbor was available for miles. There was a sloping stony beach at the foot of the cliff, which could only be reached by going through the Arch, and they had to take a chance at making that haven. The Meigs ran their boat through the archway and hauled it up on shore to save it from being battered to pieces. Later the other skiff washed ashore here, and they hauled it, too, out of the water. The man they had rescued was easily restored, although he remained in a state of collapse. While his father attended to the man, Stewart began artificial respiration on the woman. He worked on her two hours before he would give up, but all his efforts to restore her breathing were useless.

In the meantime sea and wind continued to rise. The waves slapping against the archway were throwing spray and drift a hundred feet in the air. Food and warm blankets for the man must be forthcoming soon or the effect on him of the exposure might prove fatal. Stewart thought he would try to scale the cliff and make the journey for help overland. It was pretty sheer but his father was game to let him try. The boy made about a hundred feet, but the slate like substance was loosened so constantly by the boy's experimental hand and footholds that his father ordered him down. Stewart tried again and again to find a way over, but without success.

At about five o'clock the wind began to die down and Meigs, Sr., felt they might make a run for some beach from which it would be possible to reach their camp. The body of the woman was wrapped in the sails of the wrecked boat and laid in the bottom of their boat. The man was stretched out too, so that the skiff would have all the weight they could give her keel in the heavy sea. They managed to clear the archway, but they found that their only chance of keeping the boat from swamping was to hold it head on to the heavy seas. They let it drift towards the first beach which looked as if it might provide access over the cliffs.

It was dusk when Stewart set out, climbed the cliff, marked the position of his camp, and made as short a cut to it as he could. Food, blankets and first aid equipment were packed hurriedly. No men were present, but a woman who had spent recently several months hiking in the Rockies volunteered to return with him, believing that her experience might be of service if they lost their way. Stewart proved entirely equal to the situation, however. His companion says that not once did he hesitate on his back trail, although he had no other light than the narrow arc of his flashlight. They reached the elder Meigs and the rescued man at about midnight.

All the parties involved in the rescue for which Robert Witherspoon of Rochester, N. Y., was awarded his Honor Medal acted like cool veterans.

Two men were sailing a fourteen foot dinghy on Lake Ontario. When they started out it was fair with a slight breeze, which presently died down completely. A mile and a half from shore they were becalmed. The sky had grown cloudy, and as that indicated wind that would appear presently, they decided to wait for it and left their sails up. As they expected the wind did come,

but it descended on them so suddenly and with such force, accompanied by rain and a lashing sea, that before they could get their sails down the canvas bellied out and overturned the boat.

The men hung on to the boat, bottom side up. It gave them a pretty good handhold. The only danger was from rolling, and there was some difficulty in preventing this for the wind was increasing to a gale and the seas running higher every minute. They managed to stick with it while they shouted for help on the chance that somebody might hear them. This was good judgment although there was no immediate sign of help. It was a long swim in a heavy sea, even if they could strip their clothing. Often in such boat accidents good swimmers are drowned trying to make a long swim in water-logged clothes, while others, who cannot swim at all, are saved because they are forced to hang on to the boat. It began to grow dark, and cold, too.

Scout Witherspoon and his brother, a former scout (only boys who are registered scouts at the time of a rescue are eligible for the scout Life Saving awards) had come up to open the family summer home on the lake. They saw the skiff turn over and set about doing what was necessary to rescue the men. Only by boat could it be done. Their own craft, a flat-bottom, fourteen foot boat, with a sixteen horse power outboard motor, was still in a barn, a hundred yards from the lake where it had been stored the previous fall. The boys carried the boat down to the water and found it was fairly tight. Acting as speedily as possible, but coolly and carefully, they filled the engine tank with gasoline, primed and started her, shipped a pair of oars and set out.

Approaching from windward, the boys slowed down as they went by the men and shouted to them that they were coming back and warned them that they would have to be careful as they were hauled aboard. Circling in the lee of the boat they came downwind again, extended an oar and hauled the first man aboard while the boat was still in motion. Once again they made a turn on the leeward. As they came downwind for the third time they reached out an oar and took the second man aboard. The actual rescuing was done in a few minutes with all the smoothness and precision of a life-saving rehearsal.

One of the men asserted that the way the boys handled their craft on the journey back to shore with four persons in the small boat and a heavy wind and a high sea was real seamanship. The Witherspoons landed the two men none the worse for their trying experience.

CHAPTER VIII SCOUT WAYS

ONLY one of the rescues mentioned in the preceding pages, that made by John J. Schoff of Dayton, Ohio, occurred among scouts in an organized scout camp. Accidents do occur in them, of course, as at other places, but the workmanlike safety devices that are always in evidence at a scout waterfront during swimming periods, and the scout training which assures a number of skilled life-savers and swimmers on the scene, make it almost impossible for such accidents to develop into a serious condition. At the scout waterfront, boats, life preservers, ropes, poles are always in appointed positions. All the non-swimmers, known as sinkers, are marked and a special part in the swimming area is assigned to them. A buddy system, whereby two boys always swim together, makes sure that each boy has at least one other who is constantly by him. In addition to this, the scout's rank gives an instant clue to the minimum that can be expected from each boy in a pinch.

Swimming does not become a scout requirement until a boy seeks First Class rank, the tests for which he can take three months after he has become a scout, although he can prepare for them as soon as he has joined a troop. This is not a very severe test, calling only for the ability

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to swim fifty yards, any stroke or style. The first aid he must know is also still somewhat rudimentary.

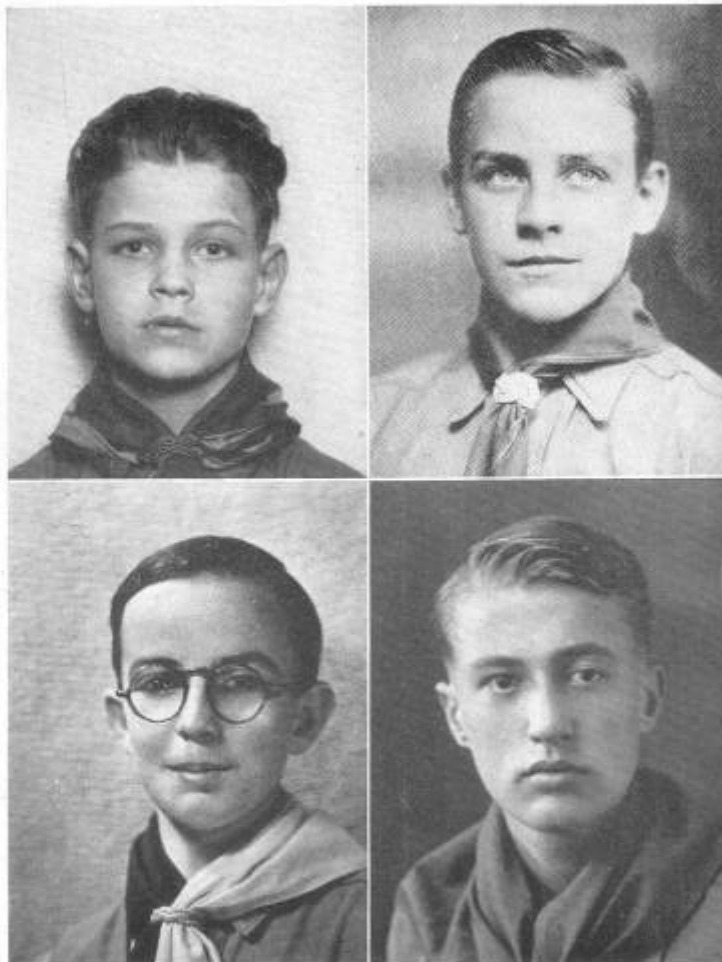


A minor casualty of the St. Louis (Mo.) tornado receives first aid.

It is when the scout gets into his Merit Badge program that he really begins to learn the business of rescue. The two really important Merit Badges for the rescuer are the First Aid and Life Saving badges. All Life scouts have the first of these, but may or may not have the second. All Eagle scouts must take these two tests, among others, before they qualify for that rank. The First Aid badge requires the scout not only to be able to apply the prone pressure method of artificial respiration, which can be used in drowning cases and all other forms of asphyxiation, but he must also know the best methods of releasing a person from contact with electrical wires, qualify in bandaging, dressing and treating accidents, bites, and other emergencies that might arise, especially in the out-of-doors. The Life Saving Badge is aimed entirely at swimming rescues. To qualify the scout must be able to swim properly with the breast, crawl and side strokes, and on his back; he must be able to dive from the surface of the water, go down at least seven feet and bring up an object at least twelve inches in diameter and not less than ten pounds in weight; he must demonstrate the head, cross chest, hair, and tired swimmer's carries; undress in the water and swim thereafter a hundred yards; and he must give an actual exhibition in the

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water of breaking a wrist-hold, a front strangle-hold and a back strangle-hold, the clutches which a drowning person commonly uses.



A group of Gold Honor Medal Scouts. (Top: Left to right) Jesse W. Dees of Peoria, Ill. Patrick Mulverhill of Malone, N. Y. (Bottom) Boyd McQuin of Long Beach, Calif., and John A. Dewey of Mandan, N. D.

The scout Life Guard is still further advanced in life saving. He can swim at least a quarter of a mile; he must be able to dive and demonstrate at least a good straight, front or racing dive. He has to show that he can handle a boat in a manner that may be necessary in life saving; that he can throw a seventeen inch life preserver with sixty feet of line three times in one minute between two objects five feet apart and at least ten yards from him. He has to be prepared to answer any questions on water safety or life saving that may be asked of him by the examiners, and have behind him a certain amount of actual experience in teaching other boys swimming and life saving. In addition to this a scout Life Guard must know how to sight between two objects to mark the place where anyone has sunk, and how to organize what is known as a lost bather's drill – that is, the best method of recovering a body, whose exact location is uncertain, by a diving formation of several swimmers or with boats and grappling irons.

Since a patrol of such boys is always available during swimming periods, acting as a lookout, with the buddy system in operation, and many life-savers themselves in the water, accidents of any

serious nature in the regular scout camp are few and far between. In the records of the Honor Medal awards of the Boy Scouts of America, however, there is at least one case in which two awards were made for rescues that took place in a scout camp, although the accident could not have happened in quite the same way during a regular camping period.

The rescues took place a week before the regular opening of the Lawrence County, Pa., scout camp at Kennedy's Mills on Slippery Rock Creek. A number of boys and scoutmasters were spending a pre-season week-end at the camp. It was visitors' day and a number of parents had come up to see the place where their scout sons were going to spend their vacations. It had been raining heavily for some days past, and the creek ran swift, high and muddy. For two days no swimming had been allowed, but today a number of scoutmasters and boys pleaded with the Scout Executive, who acted as director of the camp during the summer, that they be allowed to go in for a little while. The Executive rescinded his order, specifying a short time-limit to the swimming, and permitting only those who could swim fifty yards to enter the water. He himself, having a lame foot, stayed on shore with the numerous visitors. The raft, hauled out the previous year, was still on land. Boats were out of the water. The buddy system and Life Guards were not yet organized for the camping period.

The McDonalds, parents of one of the scouts, asked William Wallace, an Eagle scout and therefore qualified in life saving and swimming, to take their boy out and teach him to swim. Young McDonald could swim a little at the time, but probably not the fifty yards specified by the Scout Executive.

In deep water, about thirty-five feet from shore, McDonald took a cramp in his legs, became panicky, grabbed Wallace, and both went down. Taken off his guard, Wallace swallowed a lot of water in the ducking, but he kept his head. Breaking McDonald's hold under water he came to the surface holding up the other boy. McDonald continued to struggle and Wallace realized he might soon be in serious trouble. He "hollered" to the Scout Executive. The local Court of Honor, examining him and others before it sent this case to the national Court of Honor, asked Wallace "what he hollered." Wallace replied "I just hollered" – an excellent thing for anyone in trouble in the water or going out to make a rescue to do. Accidents in the water happen with amazing speed and to shout for help when any trouble is feared is good sense.

The Scout Executive, seeing the struggling boys, blew one shrill blast on his whistle – the signal for attention. Up and down the bank boys halted in their tracks, and those in the creek began to tread water listening for the next signal. The Executive looked up and down the creek and bank rapidly so that he could take in the position of the various boys, but in the few seconds he took his eyes off the two boys in trouble he missed a byplay that might have proved serious.

A youngster, a new Tenderfoot, close to the two boys in trouble, unfamiliar with scout methods and unresponsive as yet to its discipline, disregarded the cautionary signal and approached the two boys to help them. His zeal overran his ability. Wallace was only in a fairly bad way. He was by this time, released from the first holds that had drawn him under, holding up McDonald by the waist. The Tenderfoot, unequal to the task he had set himself, became involved with both of them, lost his head, grabbed them, and down all three of them went.

Wallace's life-saving experience made him competent, of course, to break any ordinary hold. Under water he treated the Tenderfoot pretty rough. He broke the hold with such a forceful thrust of his foot into the Tenderfoot's stomach that the youngster shot out of the water with a force that turned him over backward in a somersault as he fell back into the water.

The boys in trouble were drifting with the current. (From the point of the first alarm to the point of the rescue was about sixty yards.) The whole thing was taking such a toll of Wallace's strength that he could hardly hold his own head above water. However, he continued to hold up McDonald. Even when the two gradually went down until completely submerged Wallace continued to push up the younger boy.

In the few seconds it took the Scout Executive to glance up and down the creek and take in the situation he settled on the rescuers. On the beached raft was Edward Raney, on the bank closer to the scene of the accident was Sam Fisher. They were both qualified in life saving. The Executive's order was snapped out to them rather than to the scoutmasters present. To Fisher he said: "Get McDonald;" to Raney, "Get Wallace." One of these boys was nursing a foot he had just cut, but both broke the water instantly in racing dives, and began to churn it in a fast crawl, being careful, however, to mark the drifting boys. To a number of requests from scoutmasters and other boys that they too be allowed to go in the Executive shook his head. He had not witnessed the submersion of the young Tenderfoot and naturally gave no orders concerning him.

As neatly as though it were an exhibition drill, Sam Fisher, the first on the scene, coming over the place where the boys had gone down, turned over in a surface dive and came up with McDonald. McDonald was still conscious, for until the last moment Wallace had pushed him up to let him breathe. Fisher turned McDonald half over, took him in a cross-chest carry, the favorite of the life-savers because it gives you a good control of the subject and allows one free arm. Ed Raney, a few feet behind Fisher, came up as fast, turned over and brought Wallace up also in a single dive. Then he began to tow him as smartly with the same carry Fisher was using. They made the shore in the same order as if on parade. McDonald was in pretty good shape; Wallace was unconscious and his pulse so feeble that they could feel it only in his kidneys. Fifteen minutes of artificial respiration restored his breathing, however.

Among those who noticed the ill-advised attempt of the young Tenderfoot and his submersion was James MacMurdo. When he realized that the Executive was unaware of this further catastrophe he located the boy with his foot, dove in, brought him up and towed him across the creek to the further bank.

The National Court of Honor held Wallace as having assumed responsibility for McDonald therefore in duty bound to do everything possible to help him. Since this was the case he was ineligible for any award, but the Court commended him for his gallantry in holding up his charge even while he himself was under water. To James MacMurdo it awarded its Certificate of Heroism; to Ed Raney and Sam Fisher the Gold Honor Medal.

CHAPTER IX FROZEN WATERS

AMONG the rescues from drowning made by scouts are a great many that have resulted from ice accidents. The technique that a rescuer must use here is very different from the approaches and carries in warmer water. Heavy winter clothing has an initial advantage in that it provides sufficient buoyancy so that a person thrown into water usually floats. This first advantage turns into a grave hazard once the clothes become water-logged. To swim any distance in them is almost impossible.

Ice freezes faster in shallow water so that the first portion of the ice to give way is usually over deep water. The gap widens rapidly once the ice has broken and lost some of its support. The rescuer's approach along the ice must therefore be extremely careful, and his only chance lies in making as wide a distribution of his weight as possible. When a plank, sled or rope is not available, even the greatest caution does not always prevent breaking through. Ice rescues must be made rapidly for few people are sufficiently hardened to the cold water to escape the consequences caused by the exposure entailed.

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George Dickerson of Bridgeport, Conn., a fourteen-year-old Tenderfoot, who received a Gold Honor Medal for an ice rescue was fishing for eels when he heard a cry for help some distance away. Sprinting to the scene he found a boy in a fifteen foot square of water about seventy-five feet from shore. He was clinging to the ice. A crowd had collected as close to the hole as it dared to go and was throwing sticks towards the open water.

Two young men seeing Dickerson's intention of advancing, tried to hold him back, but the boy broke away, got hold of a stick, and crawled towards the break lying on his face. The lad in the water took hold of the extended stick and Dickerson pulled. The added strain was too much for the ice. It gave way, and both boys were in the water. Dickerson took the boy in tow and kept breaking the ice until he found a firm piece. Then he boosted the boy and himself up, and started for the shore. They went twenty feet or so and broke through again. Dickerson repeated his tactics, got the boy and himself out again but this time had to drag the boy ashore, where a number of friendly hands were held out to them. The rescued boy was ill for several days.

The records of the Gold Honor Medal awards show many instances in which boys, who knew a little first aid and rescue work, took charge of a serious situation when adults stood by helplessly, training enabling many a boy to act with coolness and knowledge while older people simply wrung their hands.

Harvey Warn, Jr., of Whitefish, Mont., made a rescue under such circumstances. Dozens of people standing on a nearby bridge and on shore did not seem to know what to do when a three-year-old boy broke through the ice on Whitefish River and eventually sank. Warn came on the scene and dived in feet first, but failed to recover the boy who was lying under a ten foot ledge of ice in eight feet of water. He succeeded the second time, however, but all the efforts made to revive the rescued youngster were unavailing.

A Mexican section hand on the railroad called to Robert B. Mitchell of Riverside, Ill., returning home from school, that two children had fallen in the river. This man had broken through the ice himself a few days previous and had lost his nerve.

A boy and a girl, each seven years old, had been playing on the ice. The girl broke through, and the boy had fallen in while trying to pull her out. As Mitchell, a fourteen-year-old Star scout came running up he saw the boy hanging on to the ice. He advanced cautiously and pulled him out. It was only then that he noticed the little girl. She was floating in the centre of the pool face down. The scout jumped in, hauled her out and to the shore and helped to revive her.

Warner Simmons of Kokomo, Ind., jumped in after an older boy who had broken through the ice and was in a bad way, and held him up until they were drawn ashore. He fainted, but recovered quickly and gave the rescued boy artificial respiration, improvised a stretcher and had him carried home. Two years previous Simmons had received a Certificate of Heroism for a rescue made in the same body of water. George Griffith of Chicago, Ill., succeeded in making an ice rescue by using a long pole. Chester William Meister lost his life in attempting to make this rescue, as narrated elsewhere. The crowd that had collected forcibly prevented Griffith from diving for Meister because it appeared almost certain that he, too, would be swept under the ice by the current. Howard Sallows of Minneapolis, Minn., skating at night, heard cries for help. With a companion he hurried to the scene, found two girls clinging to the ice in an open hole, and drew them out. While taking the girls ashore one of them hysterically insisted that her brother was in the water. Sallows ran back alone. In the dark he could see nothing, so he entered the water and felt around with his feet. He managed to catch the man's clothing with his foot and brought him up. His skating companions returned and helped him to get the man out.

William Sutherland of Danvers, Mass., had for a number of years been only a Second Class scout, unable to advance in rank because a horror of water prevented him from qualifying for the swimming test. This fear was so strong that he could not be induced to enter a boat. He was with a younger companion when the scream of a woman, crossing a frozen pond, attracted his attention. This woman and her sister were taking a short cut across the pond from which ice had

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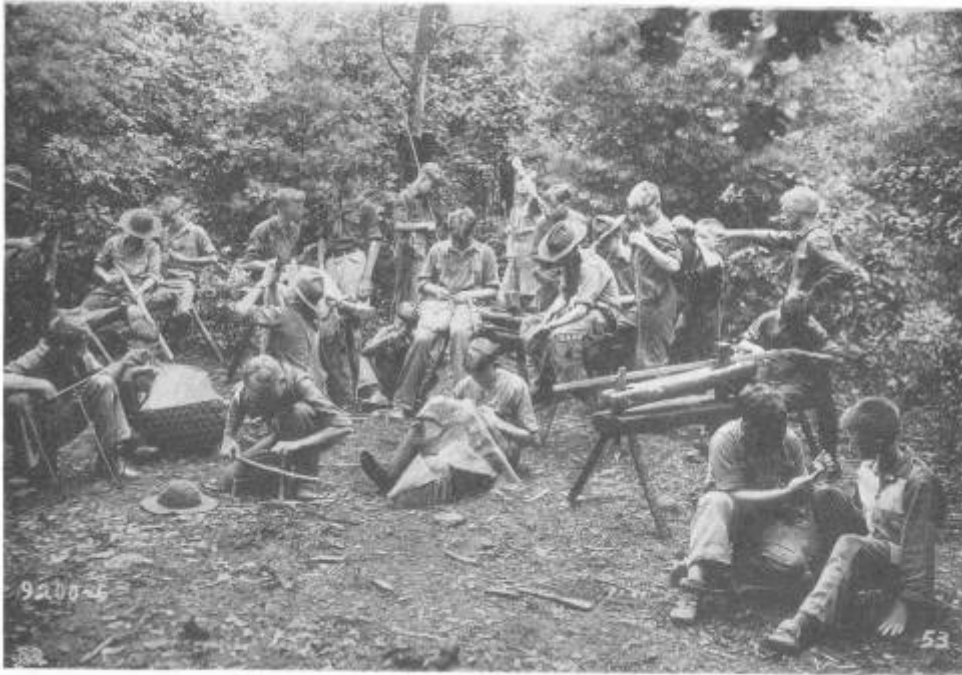
recently been cut when they broke through some yards from the shore. At the time the scout was suffering from a wounded arm in which seven stitches had been taken.



Governor-General of the Philippines, Henry L. Stimson, decorating Teodoro Casipit, the first Filipino Boy Scout to receive the Gold Honor Medal.

Nevertheless when Sutherland found himself faced with an emergency he advanced to the break crawling. Then, with the younger boy holding on to his feet, he pulled the two women out. They weighed one hundred and forty and one hundred and ninety pounds, and had broken through in water eight to ten feet deep.

Two small boys, playing on the shores of Lake Superior, near Duluth, Minn., slipped from the ice banks and fell into the water. Their companions screamed. Somebody turned in a hurry call for the coast guard. Shouts of the accident reached a group of boys playing hockey some distance away. Two scouts, Merle Brown and George Lane came racing to the scene. One of the youngsters was floating unconscious by this time, ten or fifteen yards from shore. Brown kicked off his skates, dived in and brought him out. The second boy was on an ice floe, and Lane lowered himself fifteen feet and carried the boy out through shallow water. Both youngsters were taken to the warming room nearby and resuscitated by artificial respiration before the coast guard rescue truck came roaring to the scene. The coast guard made the following report of the incident: "The prompt action, presence of mind, restorative measures applied without thought of consequences of this further exposure of the two boys effecting the rescue is deserving of the highest commendation and award. While we arrived on the scene perhaps in time to effect a rescue, if the children had still been in the water, I am positive that they could not have stood the additional exposure and would have perished if the above named boys skating nearby had not acted promptly when other children gave the alarm." The hazard to his own life was not considered sufficient to award George Lane the Honor Medal. He received a Certificate of Heroism; Merle Brown the Gold Honor Medal.



Handicraft projects in a forest camp.

Gold Honor Medals for joint rescues on the ice have been awarded to a number of boys. Samuel Lancaster and Archie Howell of Boonville, Mo., worked together and took a boy out who had fallen through the ice. Merkle Hougendobler and Lawrence Drum of Milton, Pa., had a difficult time with a boy, who had coasted down hill on to the Susquehanna River and broken through. Hougendobler pushed a sled out to him, but the boy could not hold it. In attempting to get closer to the boy the scout himself broke through. The ice kept breaking as he tried with one hand, while holding the boy with the other, to get a hold on the ice. When Hougendobler finally found firm ice, the boy had been drawn part way under the ice by the swift current, so that the scout was unable to draw him out. Drum, who was passing by, ran out to help them. Lying flat on his face he held the boy until Hougendobler could boost himself on the firm ice. Then each gripping one of the boy's arms they managed to work the unconscious boy out from under the ice. They carried him into a store nearby and resuscitated him.

Ernest Hoggan of McGill, Nev., dived in twice at night to recover a boy who had broken through the ice. Paul Holman of South Akron, Ohio, dived in and recovered two girls who had broken through the ice and gone to the bottom, brought them up, and placed them on safe ice. By the time a boat pushed across the ice reached them he was himself unconscious. William G. Holford, Jr., of Portland, Ore., broke through in trying to get a girl out, but managed to hold her up until a chain formed and took them off. Lawrence Koth of Austin, Tex., went into the water after a little boy who had broken through the ice, rescued him, and, later, another boy who fell in. Wilson Schooley of Mercer, Wis., took a boy out from a hole in the ice at night, lying on "rubber" ice. Sherman Potter of Sandusky, Ohio, a Negro scout, towed a boy thirty feet before he got him on firm ice, and hauled him out with his sweater. Potter was ill several days from the exposure.

Dean Cooke of Whitefish, Montana, was sitting on the bank while a number of high school boys and girls were skating. Six boys and girls decided on one last "Crack the Whip." As the two ends came together, the ice gave way, and the whole party was thrown into the water. Cooke ran

down, and lying on his face managed to get a couple of the girls out. He broke through when there was just one girl and one boy left in the water.

The boy was a much better swimmer than he was, so Cooke swam out to the girl and towed her to the ice edge, where he got her on his back. By this time his hands had become so numb that he could not crawl out. A plank was pushed out to them but he could not take hold. It was nearly thirty minutes before a line could be thrown out to him. Finding it impossible to grasp it, he took the rope in his teeth. The ice kept breaking as he was hauled out with the girl on his back, but he managed to keep his teeth-hold on the rope. The other boy was drowned. When Cooke saw he was getting into trouble, he held out a hand to him, but their fingers were too numb to take hold.

CHAPTER X FIRE FIGHTERS

THE first scout to win the Gold Honor Medal and live to hear the commendation of the scout Movement was George Noble of Chariton, Iowa, to whom an award was made in 1920. Noble, an older boy, had just been promoted to assist the scoutmaster of his troop. He was touring the small Iowa towns with a motion picture, "Hearts of the World," carrying film, projector and other paraphernalia in an automobile. Driving from one town to another in the early morning he noticed a building on fire in the distance. Proceeding to the place he found a farmer, his wife, daughter, and hired man outside. They had been trying to put out the fire when a can of gasoline exploded and drove them all out. The mother was wringing her hands – her two small children, a boy and a girl, were still in the burning building. All of them had suffered burns. The hired man had attempted to make his way into the building for the children but had been driven out.

Noble wet his handkerchief for a respirator, doused his clothes at the water trough, learned where the children were, and entered the building. He came out in a few minutes with the little girl wrapped in blankets. Dousing his clothes again he went in, but he could not locate the little boy and came out for better directions. Getting these, he went back into the building. He was making his way to the second story when the floor beneath him began to give way, but leaping upwards he caught a beam, and hauled himself to the floor above.

Noble was sure he had the location right this time, but in the smoke-filled room he could not find the boy. Almost on the point of giving up he lifted the lid of a trunk and found that the little boy, frightened by the smoke and fire, had taken refuge in it. Noble had no time to do anything. The floor gave way, and when he began to collect his wits again he was sitting on top of the trunk in the basement. Both boys were shaken by the fall, but Noble recovered quickly and managed to get the youngster out into the open.

The scout had a first aid kit in his car, and after treating the family and hired man for burns and bruises, packed them in his automobile and sent them to the nearest doctor for treatment. When they returned they found that Noble had fainted while treating his own burns. He recovered, however, and left shortly thereafter to keep his engagement.

In the excitement nobody had thought of inquiring his name, and he might have remained unknown had he not deposited a set of valuable tools on the ground while unpacking to get at his first aid kit, and forgotten them. When he returned two or three days later to ask if anybody had seen them, the farmer learned his name, and the subsequent publicity called the matter to his scoutmaster's attention.

Jack Hirshman of Minneapolis, Minn., is another scout who won his Honor Medal for a fire rescue. He is widely known among scouts as one of the six chosen from the Movement as finalists for the honor of accompanying Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expedition. Jack and his

younger brother Gardner were alone on the farm one winter morning. The weather was forty-five degrees below zero when they went into the kitchen to get something to eat. They found the kitchen on fire. There was some water in buckets there and this they threw on the fire, but it was of little use for the fire had taken a firm hold.

Going into the next room to get at the telephone, Jack found that this room, too, was ablaze. He attempted to save some of the furniture, handing it to Gardner through a window, but he was soon driven out. A supply of sulphur, bought for the purpose of fumigating a chicken house, added to the difficulty of standing the smoke.

The boys circled the house in the hope of saving some of the household things, and succeeded in getting some furniture out before they were again driven out. At this point Gardner heard his pet kitten scream, and immediately plunged into the house to bring it out. He was overcome before he got very far. Jack went in after his brother, and succeeded in dragging him out, although himself nearly overcome. Both boys were burned badly on the face and hands.

Although scout awards are not usually made to leaders, Bernard A. Dawson of Zanesville, Ohio, an assistant scoutmaster, was awarded a Gold Honor Medal for going into a burning garage and rescuing a boy. He found the child with his clothes on fire, lying unconscious under a weight of burning tubes and tires. Dawson resuscitated the boy after he got him out. A similar rescue won Allen W. Lewis, a sixteen-year-old Brooklyn, N. Y., scout, his Honor Medal. Lewis was walking along the street with a younger boy when he noticed smoke coming out of a garage. It was too thick to be the exhaust from a car, so asking the youngster to run to the corner and turn in an alarm, Lewis sprinted towards the garage, shouting as he ran. Two men rushed past him saying they would roll the cars out.

When they failed to come out, Lewis wet his handkerchief, tied it across his nose and mouth and went in. In the smoke-filled room he could see both men lying by one of the cars. Pulling out his scout neckerchief which, fortunately, he was carrying in his pocket, he tied the hands of one of the men and brought him up for the fireman's drag. Lewis weighed only about a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and each of the men around a hundred and fifty, yet he was loath to leave the second man. So he hitched his foot through the belt of the second man, and began to slowly drag them both to the open air.

When Lewis got the men outside a policeman was on the scene. The scout worked on one man, while the other boy (too young to be a scout but being trained by Lewis at the time in his Tenderfoot tests) worked on the other. Both men were revived. Lewis collapsed by the time the fire engine and the ambulance arrived and the doctor treated him before sending him home in a taxi.

Harry Berg of Philadelphia, Pa., twelve years old, woke up one night and heard his parents calling to him from the ground that the house was on fire. They had awakened in the middle of the night and had found their room on fire and the passageway to the children's rooms impassable. They had jumped out of the second floor window, had run around the house and called to him. Harry went into his sisters' room, and lowered two of them out of the bathroom window, so that they might be saved the drop as much as possible. He went back into the smoke-filled room and brought out his third sister, six years old, but he could not induce her to make the jump. So he wet her clothes, as he had the others, and stayed with her until the firemen took them off with a ladder. He was burned so severely that he was in danger of losing his eyesight and had to remain in a hospital several weeks.

Don Clardy, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, noticed a two-story house on fire during school recess. Although only thirteen at the time, he was a First Class scout and had earned both the Firemanship and First Aid Merit badges. Running in the direction of the fire he found a woman standing in front of the blazing house screaming that her baby was inside. Remembering to keep his nose as close to the ground as possible in entering a smoke-filled building, Don crawled in on hands and knees. Fortunately the baby was crying and though the smoke made it impossible to see anything, Clardy was able to locate the room by the sound. When he found the child it was

unconscious. He crawled back with it and rendered such first aid as was necessary to revive the child. A number of adults witnessed the rescue.

Francis W. Wayland of Washington, D. C, while at Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va., woke up one night between two and three o'clock, choking and stifling from the smoke and heat of a fire. He opened the door of his room, and saw that the interior and stairway of the building was ablaze.

He had some difficulty in waking the two boys who shared the room with him, but managed to do so. The room was filled with dense smoke as Wayland knotted the sheets into a rope, and lowered one of the boys to the ground, three floors below. The flames were leaping out of a lower floor as he began to lower the second boy. Before this boy could touch the ground the flames cut the improvised rope and the fall to the ground wrenched his ankle.

The flames had now eaten through the doorway and the window was also on fire. The dormitory was an old building with high floors and a partly sunken basement, but there was nothing for Wayland to do but chance it. He was forced to make the jump in his bare feet and landed on the cement walk. His heel was crushed, both legs fractured and his back injured. The headmaster says that he took the fall without a cry or a groan, asking only how the other boys had fared.

CHAPTER XI CITY STREETS AND POWER LINES

FIRE fighters of a different order are Henry Malcolm Wood of Atlanta, Ga., and Robert E. Howe of Waterloo, Iowa, who received Honor Medals for saving people whose clothes were on fire. Wood, a thirteen-year-old Tenderfoot, heard his grandmother screaming and found her rushing towards the front of the house, with her clothes flaming. The explosion of a gasoline heater had set her clothes on fire, and as is common in such accidents, the panic-stricken old lady did the worst thing possible. She started to run, thus fanning the flames instead of stifling them. Young Wood threw her on the ground, beat out the flames with his hands and sweater, and telephoned for the doctor. The injuries the grandmother received proved fatal some time later. The boy's hands and arms were severely burned.

Robert Howe, an advanced scout, sixteen years of age, did everything he could to prevent having an award made to him. He maintained that he did no more in the emergency in which he took part than should have been expected of him as a scout. Indeed, it was only the peculiar circumstances that merited the award. Each year there are one or two cases in which scouts finding somebody with their clothes on fire, make a flying tackle, and follow the usual methods in smothering the flames.

Howe's rescue was called to the attention of the local scout office by a letter from a local doctor, who said that he wanted to commend the Movement for the excellent training it gave its members. The prompt action of one of them had undoubtedly saved the life of one of his little patients.

From inquiries the following was learned. A number of little children were playing with matches on the doorstep of one of the houses in a residential street. A lighted match was accidentally dropped on the dress of a little girl and her clothing flamed up immediately. Screeching in terror and pain she started to run down the street and numbers of adults who saw her were too taken aback by the unexpected sight to do anything. Howe, riding by on a bicycle, saw her, jumped off, sprinted after the girl, threw her on the grass and rolling her over and over slowly smothered out the flames.

So far the action was commendable, but further inquiry revealed the fact that Howe had had his right arm in a sling. A few days before his hand had been crushed in a machine and at the time he was in danger of losing three fingers. It was also found that the tightly bound dressing on his hand was treated with an alcoholic solution and strapped on. Had it caught fire his position would certainly have been serious and might have resulted in the loss of his arm.

Although automobile accidents are responsible for the largest number of injuries and fatalities in this country only two Honor Medal awards have been made to Boy Scouts for rescues in connection with them. Robert James Lee of Manhattan, N. Y., thirteen years old, riding his bicycle along the street, saw a fast moving limousine coming towards him. Just then two youngsters chasing each other across the street ran directly in the path of the car on the narrow roadway. Leaping off his bicycle Lee jumped towards the boys and pulled them out of the way just in time. His bicycle was smashed and the rear mudguard of the automobile swiped him without serious hurt. The incident was witnessed by a motorcycle patrolman in the distance and was reported by him. Police headquarters passed the report on to the local scout office,

James E. Rowland of Camden, N. J., the other scout to win his award in a similar way, ran across the road, picked up a youngster in the path of a fast moving truck and leaped with him. The truck, tearing by, ripped the scout's coat.

Asphyxiation from illuminating gas and contact with electric wires are prolific sources of accidents, but only a few instances appear in the Gold Honor Medal records. William Marshall of Kenosha, Wis., won an Honor Medal for saving a man from the former. He was at home when somebody shouted that there had been an accident in a neighboring house. People began to run out of their houses immediately. Marshall, his father, and another man entered the kitchen and found the man lying on the floor at the foot of the stove, with all the burners open. They opened the windows, turned off the gas and carried the man outside. The man was apparently dead, and none of the adults present knew what to do except to wait for the doctor who had been sent for. Marshall created a sensation by taking charge of the situation. Resuscitation in such cases is similar to drowning (which is also a case of asphyxiation) and is supplemented by rubbing the patient's hands and arms towards the heart to restore circulation, while keeping him warm. When the doctor arrived thirty minutes later the man was breathing.

In the early days of the scout Movement information with regard to the handling of such cases and those due to electric shock (and the best way of rescuing people so injured) was not as widely known among scouts as in recent years. Joseph Mardis of East Liverpool, Ohio, in those early days made a daring bid for his scoutmaster's life. The troop was camping, out, and at night noticed a fire in a nearby town. A number of boys started running towards it, the scoutmaster and Mardis in the lead. They were the first to arrive on the scene.

A high tension electric wire, carrying 2,200 volts, burned and fell to the street. The wire struck the scoutmaster on his bare chest and knocked him, still in contact with it, to the ground. Mardis tried to pull the scoutmaster out, but the shock threw him some distance at the same time singeing his hair and hands. Mardis returned, however, and tried again. This time he succeeded in jerking the man clear of the wire.

With the help of a bystander Mardis carried the scoutmaster across the street and started to give him artificial respiration. He was too sick to keep on and somebody took his place, but he refused to have his own burns attended to until the scoutmaster's breathing was restored. He was then taken away, but the scoutmaster never regained consciousness. It is believed that somebody turned him on his back immediately after the scout left and the respiration ceased.

Leroy Byers of Parsons, Kansas, only thirteen, heeded the scout warning never to touch a person in contact with a live wire. He was picking mulberries with a companion when the other boy fell and was caught in some high tension wires carrying 2,300 volts. Byers slipped down the tree, got a dry board, re climbed the tree and knocked the wire away from the boy, dropping him to the ground. Finding that the boy although unconscious was breathing, he packed him

home with a fireman's lift, so that he could as speedily as possible have the attention of a doctor. A third boy who was present when the accident happened was so terror-stricken that he ran away.

Frank Cada of Chicago, Ill., was fishing with a number of boys at Batavia, Ill. They were having no success whatever with the bait they carried, and Frank and another boy decided that they would go to a nearby creek and see if they could get a supply of minnows.

With wet feet, trousers rolled up, they were about to cross the railroad tracks when they heard an approaching train and began to hurry, Cada, who was in the lead, crossed the tracks in safety. Looking back he saw his companion slip and fall with his leg in contact with the third rail, Frank ran as hard as he could to a wooden fence and pried a board loose. He found that it was partly wet, but decided that it would have to do in the emergency.

The conductor was standing by the motorman of the interurban train and both saw the boys at the same time, but the train was travelling too fast to be pulled up in the short space. The moment before the train went by with its brakes screeching, Cada managed to push the boy's legs clear. Immediately he laid the unconscious boy between the third rails of the up and down tracks and began to work on him. In a few minutes the boy was breathing and the conductor helped Cada to carry him to the train, where the scout continued to work on him until the ambulance that was summoned at the next stop took the boy to a hospital.

CHAPTER XII

TORNADO, TRAIL, TRAIN AND BLIZZARD

THERE are some situations for which there can be no training and the action of the scout rescuer has to be determined simply by sound sense and good judgment.

Although Boy Scouts in great numbers have 'engaged in organized rescue and relief in disasters created by tornadoes and cyclones, only one rescue has been considered by the National Court of Honor as worthy of the Gold Honor Medal. This award was made to Cyprian Haithman, a member of the Negro Sea Scout troop of Washington, D. C., following a cyclone in November, 1927, which destroyed a part of the southeast section of that city. Haithman's heroism was called to the attention of the scout office by General Barnett, who heard of the boy's bravery through his relief workers.

At the height of the storm when the upper floors of a row of houses were torn off and wrecked, and the lower floors caving in, this scout, breaking away from people who tried to restrain him, made an entrance through the debris into one of the houses and rescued a woman and child, pinned by falling timber and plaster. Haithman had to widen the entrance, which had partly closed behind him, before he could get them out. A short time later he made another entrance into these buildings when he learned that two other children had been trapped in them, and succeeded in bringing them out.

Johannes Bartholwsky of Los Angeles, Calif., a twelve-year-old Tenderfoot, was building a trail along a cliff with a companion when the earth under the second boy's feet gave way. As this boy was sliding down a forty foot drop to a rocky bottom, he managed to grasp a shrub and to dig the fingers of his other hand into a tiny niche.

The only hand-hold Bartholwsky could find by which to reach his companion was a small tree. Hanging on to this with one hand – he weighed seventy-five pounds – he reached the other to his friend, and gradually pulled up the other boy, eleven pounds heavier, until they were both able to scramble on the path and to safety. The roots of the small tree were so loosened by the strain that shortly after the boys were safe on the trail the tree fell of its own weight down the cliff.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Douglas Stoehr of Springfield, Ohio, also twelve years of age and a Tenderfoot, won his Gold Honor Medal when he came on the run in response to the screams of some women who were pointing frantically to a seven-year-old boy on the traction line. Three heavily loaded freight cars were approaching the youngster at high speed. Stoehr ran across, picked up the boy, and leaped eight feet, clearing the oncoming cars by an inch.

Walter Fichter of West Hazleton, Pa., thirteen years old, Tenderfoot, was also awarded an Honor Medal for saving a boy from a railroad train. Out on a hike with three other scouts, Fichter crossed over the creek on the railroad bridge. The line curves around as it approaches the bridge, which is without footpath or guard rail, and consists of nothing but spaced ties on which rails are laid. It is only about six feet broad, so that the ties extend only a few inches from the rails on either side. The bridge is about thirty feet long and stands about thirty-eight feet above a shallow stream with a rocky bottom.

When about forty or fifty yards from the bridge, the scouts heard the whistle of a train approaching. Three young boys on the bridge also heard the whistle and were hurrying to get over. The smallest of these boys – five years old – tripped and fell on one of the sills in the middle of the tracks.

Young as he was this boy acted with fine judgment. As Fichter came back at a sprint, the youngster rolled over, cleared the rails, and hung on to one of the sills. Fichter crossed the rails a few feet ahead of the train (the boy was on the opposite side of the tracks), and flung himself face down on the sills outside the rails.

The bulge of the freight cars extended beyond the edge of the sills. Had Fichter raised his body he would have been struck and swept off, but the few inches clearance between the cars and the ties allowed him enough space, lying flat, to crawl forward to the boy, who was crying but hanging on doggedly. By this time the tiny youngster was on the underside of one of the ties, with nothing under him but the drop to the creek bed; he was hanging on like a monkey with two hands and one leg wound around a wooden sill. Fichter held the boy up while the long freight rumbled over them, then drew the youngster up, none the worse for the experience, though “we were pretty badly scared.”

A curious accident was that in which Wilson J. Martin of Brookfield, Mo., played a part which won him the Gold Honor Medal. Martin was skating with a few companions one afternoon. Some of the boys wanted a rest and so entered an ice plant, which was not being used at the time. Presently one of them ran out of a side door on to a sort of verandah, where the floor was divided into several compartments by boards three or four inches thick. The boy, running along one of these boards, struck his shoulder against an exposed pipe. The pipe broke, the boy was pitched sideways on his face. Before he realized what had happened ammonia stored in the refrigeration system of the plant was spraying down on his back and legs. He was enveloped in a fog of gas. Some of it got into his eyes and bewildered him as to directions. He shouted for help.

Martin, rounding a corner of the plant, heard a hissing noise, which sounded like released steam, saw the cloud of gas, and hearing the call for help, ran up to the scene of the accident. He entered the ammonia fog, groped around and found the boy, threw his arm over his shoulder and packed him out into the open air. The boy felt choked from the gas he had swallowed and was freezing from the ammonia. He was nearly crazed with the pain and his clothes felt like ice on his body. He tried to tear off his clothes, but Martin forcibly prevented him from doing this and carried him to the nearest house. Here he telephoned for the doctor, and stripped the boy of his clothes (the ammonia fumes coming from the clothes were so strong that the boys could not stay in the same room with them) and put him to bed. The smarting pain in the boy's face and eyes made him want to rub and scratch, and again Martin prevented him by force from doing it. None of the boys or the adults in the house knew what might be done for the boy. The doctor was of the opinion that but for Martin's instinctive good judgment the boy would have died from the effects of the ammonia. Martin himself was burned by the ammonia in making the rescue and had to receive medical attention.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Burtis Juhl of Crystal Lake, Iowa, was awarded an Honor Medal for saving two children in a blizzard. The winter morning was fair and clear when the school busses took the children to school from the neighboring farms. In the afternoon, without any warning, a storm began to brew. The temperature fell rapidly to twenty below zero, and the wind rose to a velocity of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Snow began to fall so thick that one could not see across the street. In a short time the storm grew so severe that it was described as the worst the residents had ever experienced. Half the neighboring farms suffered losses in strayed and frozen cattle.



St. Louis (Mo.) Boy Scouts were mobilized following the tornado to help in relief and clearing up the destroyed area.

School was closed, and an attempt made to send the children home. All the busses, however, were forced to turn back by the snowdrifts that were piled along the roads and by the impossibility of getting the horses to face the wind – all except one bus which was caught in a drift and had to be abandoned, the children being carried to shelter in a nearby farmhouse.

The bus in which Burtis Juhl was riding with a number of younger children was halted by a snowbank half a mile from the schoolhouse. The driver seeing that it would be impossible to continue, started to turn around but had some difficulty in controlling his horses. In the momentary halt a number of the children got out, but Juhl, the oldest boy present (he was fifteen

years old), got them all back. A broken window made riding in the bus uncomfortable and the little children did not like it.



Temporary overnight shelters and cooks at work.

While Juhl's back was turned two children, aged six and seven, whose home was four or five hundred yards from the point at which they had halted, slipped out and started for their farmhouse just as the bus began to move. When Juhl saw the children they had gone only a few yards, but the wind, whipping in their faces, had already turned them from the direction of their home.

Juhl jumped out of the moving bus (the driver was unable to do anything with his restive horses and was forced to continue), ran after the two youngsters, picked them up and, with one under each arm, began to head towards the farmhouse. Snow was piled as high as six feet in some places, and as he floundered along in the biting wind, the children were so uncomfortable that they began to cry and kick. Their mother, alone at home, unable to see any distance through the falling snow, heard them crying for fifteen minutes before she saw the scout stumbling towards the house with them under his arms.

Juhl's hands and face were frozen, and he was almost blinded by the ice that had formed over his eyes. He was somewhat groggy from the beating he had taken, but the woman could not induce him to come into the house. All he could think of was that his little sister was at the school and that she might be in some similar predicament.

He was stubbornly plugging his way back through the storm when a rescue party of men following the busses came up with him, picked him up and carried him to a nearby house, where he was treated until a doctor could take charge of him.

CHAPTER XIII IN TERRITORIAL AMERICA

SEVEN Gold Honor Medal awards have been made by the National Court of Honor to Boy Scouts in Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands.

The only scout In Hawaii to win the award, Kenkichi Teruya of Waikapu, Maui, was twelve years old and of Second Class rank when he rescued a boy from drowning. Swimming with a number of other boys in little groups in the sugar company's reservoir, he heard a scream for help and saw, about fifty yards away, a boy thrashing the water and shouting for help. This boy had paddled out on a board, and when thirty feet out from shore the board had slipped from under him. He was panic-stricken as were the other boys near him, who simply began shouting for help.

Teruya was without any life-saving experience whatever, and an indifferent swimmer. When he got to the boy, whose head alone was bobbing up and down now, he took him by the waist. The drowning boy promptly clasped him around the neck, but the scout managed to break his hold under water. Coming up, Teruya held the boy by the hair but he had never tried a carry before and could make no progress, so he shoved and pushed, sometimes standing on the bottom, the water being just over their heads. With this hop, skip and jump idea he managed finally to get to the place where he could keep his own nose out of the water and carry the boy put. Teruya is of very slight build and at the time weighed only seventy-three pounds,

William Chabert of Rio Piedras, the only Porto Rican scout to win the Honor Medal, was one of a party of six boys who had hiked out of town for the purpose of gathering flowers for a funeral. On their way back, the driver of a truck carrying a load of crushed stones invited them to ride with him. They were crossing a bridge when a swiftly moving car struck the truck. The car smashed; the truck was turned left and crashed through the coping of the bridge, coming to a halt with its front wheels suspended over the stream. One of the boys was thrown out, and fell to the stream bed where he lay unconscious. The stones began to slide down the truck. Chabert leaped from the bridge, ran into the stream, rushed beneath the overhanging truck, passing through the shower of falling stones, and snatched his unconscious companion from the water.

The two Philippine scouts who won the Honor Medal are Theodorico G. Casipit of Manila and Leonardo de la Cruz of Iloilo. Both were Tenderfoots at the time. Casipit was on a visit to Bigaa where a fiesta was being held. During the celebrations he was walking along the river when his eye caught sight of a boat in the middle of the stream. Its occupants were the boatman, a man and three women. As he watched it something happened, the boat capsized, throwing the occupants into the water. The boatman took the lady nearest him; the other man seemed to have all he could do to take care of the woman next to him. The third girl, unaided, sank out of sight. Casipit kicked off his shoes – he was in scout uniform and so was marked by many – and dived in. Reaching the scene he dived in again, came up with the girl, and towed her ashore.

Leonardo de la Cruz, twelve years old, was walking home from school. The town was in flood with water knee deep in the streets. The scout noticed a little distance away a boy fall into an open canal. This was a long ditch that had been dug to lay pipes, and the flood had turned it into a miniature torrent flowing into the river. Dozens of boys near the scene were so horror-stricken that they could do nothing. Leonardo ran up, jumped in and caught hold of the youngster, but the current swept them both along some distance before he managed to get a foothold on a pipe and drag the boy out. The youngster was in bad shape, but de la Cruz resuscitated him with artificial respiration.

Three Alaskan scouts, Jerry Cochran, Lew Cochran and Philip Lydick received the Honor Medal for making a joint rescue of six children in Eyak Lake. A number of small children were bathing in shallow water, while their mothers stayed on shore. About seventy-five yards out was a diving raft with the three scouts, who were by turns swimming and sunning themselves. To

add to the delight of the youngsters playing in the shallow water, a homemade sea sled, driven by an outboard motor and capable of doing thirty miles an hour came along, and its owner and builder offered to take each of them in small groups for a ride. Several trips were made with the children screaming with delight.

Six children were on the trip that ended disastrously – the eldest a girl of fifteen, the youngest only four years of age. The sled raced out about two hundred and fifty yards, turned and came back towards the shore. The children were piled at the bow of the boat, riding clear of the water, when, about seventy-five yards from the raft, the engine went suddenly dead. The nose dipped and the boat overturned throwing everybody into the water. The boat sank immediately. The man came up once, shouted for help, sank, and never reappeared.

Only the eldest girl among these children, a plucky Girl Scout, could swim and she was a beginner who had learned her first strokes a few days previously. She tried to support two of the younger children, but they, clinging too closely to her, soon had her in trouble. Her action, and the thrashing of the youngsters were just enough to keep all from swallowing too much water and sinking irretrievably before help arrived.

A mother who was on shore states that the scouts on the raft hit the water the instant the boat overturned. Two of them were Tenderfoots, one a Star scout. None of them had any life-saving experience. What happened after they got to the scene was a confusion of trying to hold up the youngsters, or releasing one to dive for another that sank. All they could hope to do was to keep all the children afloat until help arrived. The Girl Scout, given a few minutes to recover her breath and clear her head, was able to keep herself afloat. She was able to give the most coherent account of what happened. The mothers, who screamed frantically and waded out into water waist deep, were unable to detach any of the incidents of those long minutes with the children in deep water. Jerry Cochran went down eight or ten feet to recover a girl who had sunk. Lew Cochran was at one time holding up four children. One of the boys grabbed a sheepskin coat that was floating, placed a child on it and found it kept her up. Another scout made a child hold on to a floating oil can. Both the coat and the can probably floated off the boat.

Not a man was anywhere near, neither was there any boat or life-saving equipment of any kind on shore. Two scouts, members of the same troop, nearby, hearing the screams dashed into the water for the raft, and cut it adrift in the hope that they could steer it to their comrades struggling in the water. The wind, however, drifted it sideways and the boys found it too large and clumsy to handle with their improvised paddles. Jerry Cochran, thirteen years old, took one child in a carry towards the raft, but before he got very far help appeared from an unexpected quarter.

An old Indian, one of the last who remains on what was once his tribal hunting grounds, saw the boat overturn while he was standing several hundred yards away on the other side of the lake. He put out in a weather-beaten skiff, and arrived on the scene just when things looked blackest. Lew Cochran and Philip Lydick handed up the youngsters to him and themselves clambered into the boat, while Jerry continued his carry to the raft.

CHAPTER XIV
UNDER FIRE I

THOUSANDS of hikes, encampments, gypsy caravans, canoe expeditions, tours and other outdoor enterprises are conducted each year by various troops and councils throughout the country. Safety ideas and practices are so carefully followed that accidents, especially of a serious nature, are few and far between – one for every two or three hundred thousand boys engaged in organized scout activities. There are in the records of the National Court of Honor two instances, however, in which organized groups of scouts were confronted with unexpected emergencies – both resulting in loss of life – which tested the discipline and resourcefulness of scout training to the utmost.



Chicago Sea Scouts who manned the "Northern Light" on her voyage to the Arctic.

At the end of the camping season of the Butte, Montana, council, nine boys and a scout leader set out for a four and a half days' hike through the Highland Range of the Rockies. This was in the nature of a "proving yourself" hike, which a great many scout councils conduct, notably the one in Seattle, Wash. Seattle sends out small groups of boys considered capable of such pioneering, without leaders, into nearby unmapped territory. They have discovered among other things a lake and a peak in this region, and the United States Government has entered these discoveries in its official maps with the names given them by the scouts.

These Butte scouts, although the youngest was only fourteen, were all advanced in rank and well fitted for the strenuous experience. The first leg of the hike was planned to pass over three peaks – Red Mountain, Devil's Peak, and Table Mountain each of them over ten thousand feet

above sea level, and connected with each other by a hog's back. The boys started out at 7:30 A. M., each with a fully equipped pack, for the short hike before they began their first climb of five thousand feet up Red Mountain. They passed the cabin of an old prospector, who volunteered to show them the best way up this peak. A bright sunny day, they pulled up at twelve-thirty, just below the timber line, for lunch. After the meal the prospector left them.



A group of Boy Scout hikers in the Grand Canyon.

At two o'clock they stood on the top of Red Mountain, with the whole panorama of hills, valleys and streams spread before them. Far in the distance to the southeast were the headwaters of the Missouri, once the stronghold of the Black-feet. Here Bridger had come in the Thirties with two hundred trappers to beard these raiders in their very den. Further to the south was Virginia City, where thirty years later the gold seekers were to make the first settlement of Montana. Those trapper scouts and frontiersmen had made the tradition that the little group on the top of Red Mountain followed, and as they leaned against the wind that was sweeping the crest they felt exhilarated; those few minutes on the top were worth the long arduous pull uphill they had just experienced.

Devil's Peak now. They had to be careful going down the shale-covered mountainside, but they came down swiftly, and started in Indian file across the hog's back that linked the two peaks. Half-way along this ridge the skies began to darken. Clouds moving swiftly began to mass overhead. Lightning streaked and danced a zigzag in the sky. Thunder roared over their heads. The wind rose. Rain turned into hail, the temperature to freezing.

It was no good trying to find shelter in so exposed a place. The only thing to do was to push on. The lightning began to play around them, and one boy got enough electricity from a flash through his wet hat to give him a slight shock. But there is no running away from the lightning.

No shelter anywhere. The only thing to do was to keep on over Devil's Peak and across on the other side. Up the rise again and to the top of the mountain. It was dark and frowning as they climbed. Now on the crest the whole world began to clear before their eyes. Such is the mountain country, where summer storms come and go with surprising speed. The clouds began to fly away as quickly as they had assembled, although in the distance there were still a few flashes of lightning. A rainbow appeared in the sky.

The boys made only a short halt on Devil's Peak. Although their clothes were drying fast they wanted to push on to a good camping spot, so down the second peak they went, and headed across the second hog's back towards Table Mountain, a mile and a half away. Tramping in Indian file again across the narrow foothold they had to step with care. Strung out, they began to climb the third peak. They had hardly noticed that the storm which had so quickly come and gone had begun to gather over them again. It struck this time without warning.

All that the boys remembered was a blinding blue light that hissed and crackled, a bolt that seemed to cut the heavens like a knife, and a roar of thunder that was deafening in their ears. They were straggled out in a somewhat extended line, but each was flung in a different direction, and all were knocked unconscious.

Nobody knew how long they were unconscious or who was the first to recover. Those who were able began to look after the others, and pretty soon they were able to sum up the plight they were in. One boy was undoubtedly dead – Henry Heidman. It was subsequently found that a bolt had struck him behind the left ear, travelled forward and down, piercing his heart, and had passed out of the left shoulder, undoubtedly killing him instantly. Three boys were badly hurt – Carl Shiner with severe electric burns on his back and abdomen; Thomas Lamphier, injured in the left leg, a bolt following the bone and leaving at the ball of the foot, making a deep burn there; William Kent with a deep burn in the centre of his back that exposed his muscles, and a large burn on the right side of his abdomen. The partly-recovered boys had a serious situation in Kent because the shock had left him wildly delirious. He was threshing about the rocks and a drop would have plunged him hundreds of feet down the mountainside. At first it took four boys to hold him.

It was soon realized that if these injured boys were to be saved all of them must have medical attention quickly, and that the survivors must all buckle to and work with an efficient plan. The nearest human habitation was a ranch house in the valley eleven miles away, four or five thousand feet below the place of the accident. A point was marked on the map as a rendezvous for the help they would bring, and Omer Bradford, a sixteen-year-old Star scout, and Wilbur Marvin, First Class, the youngest of the group, set out for the Nelson ranch. Descending the mountain and travelling through country they had not seen before, these boys made the ranch in an hour and three-quarters, following a straight line without their compasses which had been put out of commission by the thunderbolt.

Willard Murray, a First Class scout, fifteen years old, gathered up shelter halves, food and blankets, which were scattered over the mountainside, and undertook the task of setting up an emergency camp at the base of the mountain where the injured boys, when they were brought down, would find shelter, a warm fire and a hot meal waiting for them.

John McCarthy, sixteen, Eagle; James Weal, sixteen, Star; and the scout leader, Benjamin Owen, worked several hours on the three wounded boys. It was nearly dark by the time Shiner and Kent could stand on their feet. McCarthy and Weal assisted them foot by foot down the rocky face of the mountain. Lamphier was unable to stand up because of the injury to his leg and foot, although his wound was less serious than those suffered by the other two, and it was necessary for Benjamin Owen to pack Lamphier on his back and carry him down hill. One of the participants in this experience said later: "I am not equal to the task of describing the nightmare and torture of

that descent that was made by inches, crawling, sliding. We were forced to zigzag our way across the face of the mountain, for the descent was too steep to go directly down.”

Some time after their arrival at the emergency camp a party from the ranch reached them in wagons, and took the injured boys to the ranch house, where a doctor who had been summoned was waiting for them. The boys who were able went up the mountain the next morning and brought down the body of their dead comrade.

Bradford, McCarthy, Marvin, Murray and Weal each received the Gold Honor Medal and Lamphier, Shiner and Kent the commendation of the National Court of Honor for the cool way in which they had conducted themselves despite their injuries. Benjamin Owen's part, though considered in the line of his duty as a scout leader, was held so praiseworthy that he, too, was awarded the Gold Honor Medal.

CHAPTER XV UNDER FIRE. II

THOSE Butte boys, being picked scouts, were in a way fitted by their training for the cool discipline and resourcefulness with which they met their emergency on the mountainside. The tragic experience of Troop 45, Rockwood, Tenn., caught the whole troop, which included not only its advanced scouts but its Tenderfoots, some of them with less than a month's service in the troop. Practically its entire membership – twenty-two boys – was involved.

Troop 45 of Rockwood has a long history. It was organized many years ago by an Eagle scout, J. C. Acuff, who became its first scoutmaster and later a Scout Executive. James T. Wright, who succeeded Acuff as leader, had come up from the ranks of the troop. Under these two men the troop had acquired a tradition of coaching itself to be prepared for any emergency.

Seven miles out of Rockwood, on White Creek, was a bungalow that might, with permission, be used by any community group. Troop 45 frequently used this as a week-end camp. The boys came up one Friday evening, with the rain falling in a drizzle. The downpour continued and eventually grew so heavy that when Scoutmaster Wright tried to read a story after supper the patter of rain on the house was so loud that it was impossible to hear him. No concern regarding flood was felt by anyone. The bungalow was firmly built on a rock foundation, and in the memory of the oldest inhabitant the high water mark on the creek had never risen above the steps of the building.

About three A. M. Wright woke up, and with his assistant looked out of the door. The water was up to the top step of the cabin, but the rain looked as if it were letting up. They felt there was no particular danger and went back to bed.

An hour later one of the boys, rolling over on his cot, let his arm fall over the side, and woke up with hand in water. He called to the scoutmaster, and in a few minutes all the boys were up and dressed. Wright waded out to the road, about two hundred yards away. A slough had formed between the bungalow and the highway. In spots it was pretty deep and to cross it the boys would have to swim. A current was running by the bungalow and it was difficult to stand in it. Trees in the way, floating driftwood, the darkness and the number of young Tenderfoots made the idea of trying to leave the bungalow now more hazardous than staying with it, for it was sturdily constructed.

Word was passed for all to climb on the roof of the bungalow. Here the patrol leaders checked their patrols and found all present. The boys were in good spirits, they were laughing and joking, and Tenderfoots were “kidded” about much more uncomfortable experiences than this that scouts had to go through, for the rain and the cold were far from pleasant. Up-stream,

where the Dixie Highway and the railroad bridge crossed the creek, a man appeared and exchanged signals from his flashlight with the boys on the roof. One of the boys tried to talk to him in Morse, but the man could not receive and turned away.

The man on the bridge, Mr. Wilmer H. Shamhart, father of two boys on the roof, had been called on the telephone at about four o'clock by the father of another scout, who heard that the railroad was apprehensive of a washout on the line. Mr. Shamhart was not very much concerned, but he had come out to see how matters stood. His feeling was that in a bad situation his sons were safer with the troop under the leadership of Scoutmaster Wright than they would be with him, and he continued to express this conviction later, although one of his boys was among those lost. After looking at the water in the creek and exchanging flashes with the scout on the roof, he went to a nearby telephone and called Mrs. Shamhart telling her that everything was all right, that the water was high, but that it would start to go down soon.

When Mr. Shamhart returned it was beginning to grow lighter. In the added visibility he still felt that the situation was not serious and decided to go home. He had taken a few steps when he noticed that the highway bridge was yielding to the pressure of the debris piled against it. As he watched, the bridge tore loose and swung into the stream. It bumped against the trees close to the bungalow, but not on the building itself.

Still Mr. Shamhart was not worried. It was only when he saw that spray was breaking over the top of the railroad bridge, fifteen or twenty feet higher than the bridge over the highway that he became really alarmed. At the same moment he heard a terrific roar up-stream and looking back saw a solid wall of water, saw logs and debris, ten or fifteen feet high, come rushing down the creek. He knew that if that angry mountain struck the bungalow it would carry it away. He ran down the side of the stream, then turned back to a little settlement where he could get help. He felt that there was little chance now that anybody in the bungalow would escape with his life. One of the people Mr. Shamhart found at the settlement, eager to aid him, was Charles Acuff, who had founded Troop 45, back here on vacation.

A subsequent examination made as to the cause of these great walls of water revealed the fact that three separate cloud-bursts had struck the ridges at the foot of which White Creek flowed. These cloud-bursts had made great gashes in the hillside. One of them, about twenty feet wide, had scooped out a path down hill, carrying a boulder weighing about ten tons a hundred feet, uprooting trees twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, and swelling the creek into a river six to eight feet deep and two hundred feet wide, piling itself on the stream already in flood through the heavy rain.

Little of what was happening could the scouts on the roof guess. In the semi-darkness they could only see a short distance. They noted the continued rise of the water. When Scoutmaster Wright's new car was carried away, it was treated as a joke. It was only when the highway bridge gave way that they realized that the situation was really serious. Patrols were checked again, shoes and sweaters were pulled off. Instructions were to lie flat on the roof. If the bungalow tore loose they were to stay on the roof until a tree or the bank provided a safer haven. The area of water was seen to be so widened, the current so swift, with obstructions in the way of driftwood, trees, barns, telephone poles and floating debris, that a long swim in it would be next to impossible. The highway bridge swept by harmlessly, but with it had come a great deal of driftwood that piled against trees nearby and against the bungalow itself. It was about six o'clock and still fairly dark (this was in March) when the house left its foundations. It pitched forward and swung into the stream. One of the boys says it went down-stream at about twenty miles an hour, bucking like a bronco, and breaking up as it went along.

In a few minutes, the reason Scoutmaster Wright had kept them on the roof became apparent. As the house disintegrated the roof flattened out and became a raft. There was only one miscalculation. The roof cracked in two and tore apart, throwing several boys into the water. The two parts of the roof swirled from each other, and then came together with a crash, again spilling one or two of the boys. A few boys were caught in this jam with severe injury to legs. Wright

and his older scouts pulled several back on the floating roof. Two or three of the boys who were thrown off were good swimmers, and managed to ride a log or take hold of the branches of a tree as they swept by; one of them, who was severely injured, managed to mount the derelict highway bridge as he was swept down-stream. In these first minutes a few were injured but only one was lost. Banged against trees and logs the rafts held. They were carried nearly two miles down-stream. Disaster overtook them when one piece of the roof swamped and the other struck a pile of logs with such force that it broke up. Here Scoutmaster Wright disappeared. He had gone into the water a dozen times bringing boys back to the raft, but this time he went after a boy and never came back. Seven boys were lost in all. It was ten hours before the surviving boys were taken off, a number of them seriously injured.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the *élan* of these youngsters caught in a desperate situation. Jack Hamby, pulled out by two older scouts when the two sections of the roof collided, when asked if he was “banged up” very badly said no, but his finger was cut off. Another boy being rescued by Willie Evans and Ted Derrick, calmly told them that his “leg was hung.” They found when they got him on the raft that his leg was broken and his hip out of joint. This boy, a twelve-year-old Tenderfoot named Tom Douglas, says that he just lay quietly until the raft struck the logs and broke up.

Douglas’s subsequent experiences are an illuminating commentary on the way Troop 45 conducted itself in its terrible ordeal. Willie Evans lifted Douglas into a tree, climbed up beside him, and made him comfortable, propping the injured leg on another branch. This tree – these were all great pines – washed down, and again Douglas was helpless in the water. Evans towed Douglas to another tree, carried him up and again made him comfortable. After a time this tree, too washed down. Douglas says: “This time Willie, trying to get me, went under. When he came up he made for a tree leaving me, but when he was almost there he turned and came back to me. I had been holding to the limb on which I had been sitting, but it had gone under and come loose. I was going under when Willie grabbed me and towed me to the third tree, which he carried me up, setting me between three limbs which were about ten feet above the water and propping up my leg because it was hurting.”

The older boys helped the injured ones from the trees where they had placed them when a rescue boat came to them many hours later.

So swift was the current, so difficult was it to navigate through the logs, trees and debris, that it took Charles Acuff and another man in a boat two hours to traverse two hundred yards when they made a successful attempt to take off a boy who was severely injured. Mr. Shamhart, looking at the wall of water as it roared down towards the bungalow, was sure that nobody in it could survive; the whole community, many of them now gathered on the banks, were equally certain that no group other than its scout troop could have come out of this ordeal without the loss of every life. The swimmers thrown in at the first crack-up of the roof handled themselves coolly in the swift water. One of them who fell between the two pieces of the roof, dived clear, caught a log and rode it down the current. Thrown off, he swam to another log and attempted to paddle it out of the current, could make no headway owing to the driftwood, and was forced to let it ride until he found refuge in a tree. Another, also riding a log from which he was knocked off several times, caught the branches of a tree as he was swept under it and drew himself up. Of the boys who were lost, one was caught in the rafters under water, and some others were knocked unconscious by driftwood when thrown in the water.

For their heroism that day Willie Evans, Ted Derrick and J. C. Acuff were awarded the Gold Honor Medal. A posthumous award was made to Scoutmaster Wright.

A sequel, illustrating the nerve of the members of Troop 45, is furnished by its senior patrol leader, Joe Brashears. He was injured severely in the March disaster and had to walk on crutches for several weeks. Yet we find him a few months later winning the Gold Honor Medal for running a hundred yards down to this very creek, diving into ten or fifteen feet of water, bringing up a woman who had sunk, towing her to the bank and reviving her.

GOLD HONOR MEDAL AWARDS

* Denotes Posthumous awards.

1919

- *George Gordon Seyfried. Troop I, South Orange, N. J. Age, Twelve. Rank, Tenderfoot.
Lost his life in the attempt to save a woman from suicide.
- *Edward Goodnow. Troop 14, Springfield, Mass. Sixteen.
Lost his life in rescuing a boy from drowning.
- *Russell Grimes. Troop 1, Broken Bow, Nebr. Seventeen. First Class.
Lost his life trying to save a runaway team and its driver.
- *Robert W. Eicher. Troop 1, Jeannette, Pa. Fourteen. Second Class.
Lost his life in the attempt to save a girl from drowning.

1920

- George Noble. Troop 2, Charlton, Iowa. Nineteen. Asst. Scoutmaster.
Rescued two children from a burning building.
- Joseph H. Mardis. Troop 1, East Liverpool, Ohio. Seventeen. Second Class.
Rescued his scoutmaster from contact with high tension electric wire.

1921

- * Thomas H. Robinson. Troop 4, Camden, N. J. Twelve. Second Class.
Lost his life in rescuing a boy from drowning.
- Henry Alstone Skilton. Troop 12, Wilmington, Del. Fifteen. Life.
Rescued a comrade from drowning.
- Harold B. Rote. Troop 7, Vineland, N. J. Fifteen. Eagle.
Rescued a child from drowning.

1922

- Robert B. Clarke. Troop 3, Cranston, R. I. Twelve. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a man from drowning.
- Theodore Beech. Troop I, Manchester, N. Y. Fifteen. Second Class.
- George Adgate. Troop 3, Wheaton, 111. Fifteen. First Class.
Saved a comrade from drowning.
- Edwin Johnston. Troop 1, Ruthton, Minn. Fourteen. Second Class.
- Kenneth Harders. Troop 1, Ruthton, Minn. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued an older boy from drowning.
- William Marshall. Troop 5, Kenosha, Wis. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued a man from gas asphyxiation.
- Manuel Camarillo. Troop 1, El Paso, Texas. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a child from drowning.
- Ralph Beatty. Troop 6, Geneva, N. Y. Fifteen. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
- Omer Bradford. Troop 1, Butte, Mont. Sixteen.
- Wilbur Marvin. Troop 5, Butte, Mont. Fourteen. First Class.
- John McCarthy. Troop 20, Butte, Mont. Sixteen. Eagle.
- Willard Murray. Troop 6, Butte, Mont. Fifteen. First Class.
- James Weal. Troop 6, Butte, Mont. Sixteen. Life.
- Benjamin Owen. Butte, Mont. Scout Executive.
Rescued three comrades injured in electric storm.

Boy Heroes Of Today

1923

Earle Wallis. Troop 1, College Park, Ga. Fourteen. Second Class.
Billy Mizelle. Troop 1, College Park, Ga. Fifteen. First Class.
Rescued a girl from drowning.
Joseph Kalei. Troop 33, Oakland, Calif. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
William M. Dickson. Troop 3, Olyphant, Pa. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a man from drowning.
John Patrick Dutton. Darlington, Idaho. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Henry Malcolm Wood. Troop 23, Atlanta, Ga. Thirteen. First Class.
Rescued his grandmother whose clothes were on fire.
Thomas Taranto. Troop 6, Ridgefield Park, N. J. Fourteen. First Class.
Saved a comrade from drowning.
Lawrence Le Sage. Troop 5, Concordia, Kans. Fifteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Morris Brooks. Troop 5, Little Rock, Ark. Fourteen. First Class.
Rescued a girl from drowning.
Lawrence Nelson. St. Paul, Minn. Twelve. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a girl from drowning.
Bryan Bogart. Troop 1, Kirwin, Kans. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

1924

*Paul Kettner. Troop 5, Lehigh, Pa. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Lost his life in the attempt to rescue a girl from drowning.
*Chester William Meister. Troop 19, Chicago, Ill. Twelve. Second Class.
Lost his life in the attempt to save a comrade who had broken through the ice.
George Griffith. Troop 19, Chicago, Ill. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued two boys who had broken through the ice.
Markle Hougenobler. Troop 1, Milton, Pa. Fifteen. First Class.
Lawrence Drum. Troop 2, Milton, Pa. Eighteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.
Stewart Meigs. Troop 10, Santa Barbara, Calif. Sixteen. First Class. Sea Scout.
Rescued a man from drowning.
Le Roy Camp. Troop 4, Atlantic City. Fourteen. First Class.
Harold Pullen. Troop 27, Atlantic City. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a woman from drowning.
Sydney J. Wilson. Troop 12, Detroit, Mich. Eighteen. First Class.
Rescued two men and two children from drowning.
John J. Schoff. Troop 35, Dayton, Ohio. Fourteen. Eagle.
Rescued two boys from drowning.
Joseph Link. Troop 1, Freeport, Texas. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Howard Sallows. Troop 78, Minneapolis, Minn. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued two girls and a man who had broken through the ice.
Rex Guinee. Troop 1, Tower Hill, Ill. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued two boys from drowning.
William Chabert. Troop I, Rio Piedras, Porto Rico. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from being crushed by falling stones.
William Johnson. Troop 12, Spokane, Wash. Eighteen. Eagle.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Wray Farmin. Troop 1, Sandpoint, Idaho. Nineteen. Eagle.
Rescued three women from drowning.

1925

* Leonard Pufall. Troop 18, Toledo, Ohio. Eighteen. Tenderfoot.
Lost his life in the attempted rescue of a girl.
Johannes Bartholwsky. Troop 34, Los Angeles, Calif. Twelve. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a companion who had slipped down an embankment.
Adolph Platsky. Troop 61, Asbury Park, N. J. Twelve. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.
Dean Cooke. Troop I, Whltefish, Mont. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued three girls who had broken through the ice.
George Dickerson. Troop 6, Bridgeport, Conn. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.
Virgil Cooke. Troop 5, Clarksdale, Miss. Thirteen. First Class.
Joe Price Walton. Troop 4, Clarksdale, Miss. Sixteen. Second Class.
Rescued two boys from drowning.
William Stovall. Troop 3, Waycross, Ga. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a comrade from drowning,
Patrick Sampler. Troop 1, Wannette, Okla. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued a man from drowning.
Norman Loop. Troop 1, Goodrich, Mich. Seventeen. Tenderfoot.
Saved a comrade from drowning.
William Burnett. Troop 15, Topeka, Kans. Asst. Scoutmaster.
Rescued a man, and attempted rescue of a boy from drowning.
Thomas Gill. Troop 7, Baton Rouge, La. Twelve. Tenderfoot.
Rescued his brother and sister from drowning.
Herbert Jordon. Troop 1, Bladenboro, N. G. Sixteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued three girls from drowning.
Walter Ellsmore. Troop 1, Woodland, Me. Fifteen. Second Class.
Rescued a girl from drowning.
Lester Hall. Troop 2, Pierce, Nebr. Sixteen. First Class.
Harold Eyestone. Troop 2, Pierce, Nebr. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued two girls from drowning.
Sam Fisher. Troop 2, New Castle, Pa. Fourteen. First Class.
Edward Raney. Troop 2, New Castle, Pa. Fifteen. Eagle.
Rescued two boys from drowning.
David Goss. Troop 15, Evanston, Ill. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
William O'Keefe. Troop 13, Evanston, Ill. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued three children from drowning.
Howard G. Kelly. Troop 1, American Fork, Utah. Sixteen. Star.
Saved a comrade from drowning.
Clyde Holeman. Troop 3, Anacortes, Wash. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Saved a comrade from drowning.

1926

* Verne Louis Fontaine. Troop 1, Linden, Calif. Sixteen. Second Class.
Lost his life in saving two boys from drowning.
Don Clardy, Jr. Troop 15, Dallas, Texas. Thirteen. First Class.
Rescued a child from a burning house.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Allen W. Lewis. Troop 110, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sixteen, First Class.
Saved two men from a burning garage.
LeRoy Byers. Troop 13, Parson, Kans. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Saved a companion from being electrocuted.
Arthur van Dell. Troop 9, Maiden, Mass. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued a girl from drowning.



Building the "Eagle Scout Trail" in Glacier National Park.

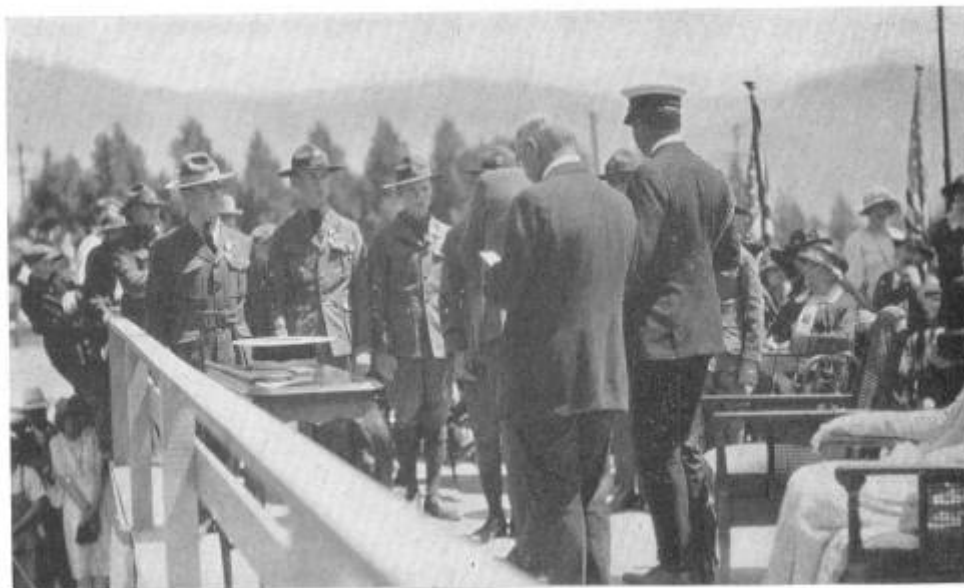
Duryea Legett. Troop 23, Aurora, Ill. Seventeen. Eagle.
Rescued two girls from drowning.
John Brooks. Troop 42, Jersey City, N. J. Sixteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a man and a woman from drowning.
Donald T. Flesher. Troop 1, Mount Vernon, Ind. Fifteen. First Class.
Attempted rescue of a comrade from drowning.
Marlin Fisher. Troop 1, Wichita, Kans. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Saved a companion from drowning.
Lewis K. Elliot. Troop 835, Chicago, 111. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued a man from drowning.
Raymond Bowen. Troop 1, Goodrich, Minn. Seventeen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
William C. Letson. Troop 1, Somerville, N. J. Sixteen. First Class.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Rescued a boy from drowning.

John Walters. Troop 79, Newark, N. J. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.

Rescued a man from drowning.



The President of the United States, Warren G. Harding, decorating six Butte (Mont.) Boy Scouts with the Gold Honor Medal.

Cesare Zampese. Troop 13, Omaha, Nebr. Fifteen. Second Class.

Rescued two boys from drowning.

Lyman Boyle. Troop 4, Frankfort, Ind, Thirteen. First Class.

Rescued a woman from drowning.

Nick Heban. Troop 47, Rossford, Ohio. Seventeen. Second Class.

Rescued two boys from drowning.

Lawrence Koth. Troop 1, Austin, Pa. Fifteen. First Class.

Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.

Ralph C. Raughley. Troop 8, Elizabeth, N. J. Fifteen. First Class.

Rescued a boy from drowning.

George M. Stacy. Troop 1, Manchester, N. H. Asst. Scoutmaster.

Rescued a man from drowning.

Burroughs Hill. Troop 9, Norfolk, Va. Eighteen. Eagle.

Rescued a man from drowning.

Lawrence D. Kelly. Waterville, Iowa. Fifteen. Lone Scout.

Rescued three girls from drowning.

Sherman Potter. Troop 11, Sandusky, Ohio. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.

Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.

Donald B. Roberts. Troop 3, Houlton, Me. Fourteen. Second Class.

Rescued a man from drowning.

John J. Henley. Troop 2, Evanston, Wyo. Fourteen. First Class.

Rescued a boy from drowning.

Boy Heroes Of Today

1927

George Barnes. Troop 4, Belleville, N. J. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a girl from drowning.

Frank Cada. Troop 285, Chicago, Ill. Eighteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy who had fallen on the third rail in front of an approaching train.

Jesse W. Dees. Troop 40, Princeville, Ill. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

James E. Rowland. Troop 4, Camden, N. J. Sixteen. Life.
Saved a boy from being run over by a truck.

Douglas Stoehr. Troop 11, Springfield, Ohio. Twelve. Second Class.
Saved a child from being run over by a train.

Elwood Langdon. Troop 156, Brooklyn, N. Y. Thirteen. First Class.

David Bunch. Troop 156, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fifteen. First Class.

Henry Abbott. Troop 156, Brooklyn, N. Y. Thirteen. First Class.
Rescued a companion from drowning.

James Brown McLean. Troop 1, West Alexandria, Ohio. Fourteen. Second Class.

Robert A. Schenke. Troop 1, West Alexandria, Ohio. Fifteen. Second Class.
Rescued four women from drowning.

Oscar E. Durant, Jr. Troop 17, Wilmington, N. C. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Robert James Lee. Troop 719, Manhattan, N. Y. Thirteen. First Class.
Saved two boys from being run over by an automobile.

Berval Hawkins. Troop 33, Mount Olive, N. C. Fifteen. First Class.
Rescued a companion from drowning.

Jack Hirshman. Troop 110, Minneapolis, Minn. Seventeen. Eagle.
Rescued his brother from a burning house.

Lazare F. Bernhard. Troop 13, South Pasadena, Calif. Eighteen. Eagle.
Rescued a man from drowning.

Carlton Ball. Troop 1, Jackson, Calif. Sixteen. Eagle.
Rescued a woman and a girl from drowning.

Allen James Zisbrick. Troop 54, St. Charles, Minn. Sixteen. Second Class.
Rescued two girls from drowning.

Robert E. Howe. Troop 1, Waterloo, Iowa. Sixteen. Life.
Saved a girl whose clothes were on fire.

Leonardo de la Cruz. Troop 121, Iloilo, P. I. Twelve. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Theodorico G. Casipit. Troop 53, Manila, P. I. Seventeen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a woman from drowning.

Lowell Bradford. Troop 42, Washington, D. C. Thirteen. Eagle.
Rescued a woman from drowning.

Richard Fitzmorris. Troop 4, Boston, Mass. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued a companion from drowning.

Samuel Lancaster. Troop 3, Booneville, Mo. Sixteen. Second Class.

Archie Howell. Troop 3, Booneville, Mo. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.

William Sutherland. Troop 5, Danvers, Mass. Eighteen. Second Class.
Rescued two women who had broken through the ice,

George Kutzezman. Troop 711, Brooklyn, N. Y. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued two boys from drowning.

Charles L. Diamond. Troop 1, Riverhead, N. Y. Eighteen. First Class.
Rescued two children from drowning.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Elton Holmes. Troop 21, Vista, Wash. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a woman from drowning.

Francis W. Wayland. Troop 100, Washington, D. C. Sixteen. Eagle.
Rescued two boys in a burning building,

*James Anderson. Troop 2, Sidney, Ohio. Fourteen. First Class.
Lost his life in the attempt to save the people in a tent during a storm.

Clarence Childers. Troop 9, Parkesburg, W. Va. Twelve. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Robert Cooper. Troop n, Elgin, Ill. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Attempted rescue of two boys from drowning.

*Harold Herrman. Troop 17, Portsmouth, Ohio. Thirteen. Second Class.
Lost his life in the attempt to save a boy from drowning.

Paul H. Hohman. Troop 10, South Akron, Ohio. Twenty. Life.
Rescued two girls who had broken through the ice.

F. M. Johnson, Jr. Troop 1, Eagle Lake, Tex. Scoutmaster.
Rescued two men and a woman from drowning.

Alvin Naab. Troop I, Comstock, Nebr. Eighteen. First Class.
Rescued a child from drowning.

Howard Russell Peterson. Troop 13, Brockton, Mass. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued a man, a woman and a boy from drowning.

Charles F. Ruel. Troop 14, Jamaica, N. Y. Asst. Scoutmaster.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Charles J. Smith. Troop 1, Dayton, Ky. Thirteen. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

*Ross Smith, Troop 1, Mendota, Va. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued two women and lost his life in the attempted rescue of his brother from drowning.

Spencer Terhune. Troop 1, Hackensack, N. J. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a girl from drowning.

Harley Warn, Jr. Troop 2, Whitefish, Mont. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Attempted rescue of a child from drowning.

1928

*George Colburn. Troop 29, New Haven, Conn. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Lost his life in rescuing a boy from drowning.

*Curtis M. Larsen. Troop 4, Warren, Pa. Thirteen. Second Class.
Lost his life in saving his sister from drowning.

*William Earl Lowrance. Jayton, Tex. Sixteen. Lone Scout.
Lost his life in saving a boy from drowning.

*Charles Edward McKnett. Troop 17, Huntington Park, Calif. Thirteen. First Class.
Lost his life in an attempt to rescue his brother from drowning. Gold Honor Medal with
Palms.

*Guy Atwood Ruggles, Jr. Troop 16, Tecumseh, Okla. Twenty-one. Life.
Lost his life in rescuing a girl from drowning.

*John J. Riedl, Jr. Troop 18, Cazenovia, N. Y. Sixteen. Second Class.
Lost his life in the attempt to rescue a boy who had broken through the ice.

Samuel Anselmo. Troop 2, Raritan, N. J. Sixteen. Second Class.
Rescued a woman from drowning.

Benjamin Barone. Troop I, Raritan, N. J. Fifteen. Second Class.
Rescued a child who had broken through the ice.

Harry Berg. Troop 161, Philadelphia, Pa. Twelve. Second Class.
Rescued his sister from a burning house,

Boy Heroes Of Today

William O. Britton. Troop 2, Newark, N. J. Asst. Scoutmaster.

Rescued a child from drowning.

Edward A. Bush. Troop 105, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fifteen. Life.

Rescued a woman from drowning.



A Boy Scout patrol cooking its own "grub".

Jack Campbell. Troop 1, Middleport, N. Y. Twelve. Tenderfoot.

Rescued a boy from drowning.

Watts Chance. Troop 5, Millville, N. J. Sixteen. Eagle.

Newton Wallen. Troop 5, Millville, N. J. Seventeen. First Class.

Rescued two men from drowning.

Robert S. Dingleline, Jr. Troop 24, Baxley, Ohio. Fifteen. Life.

Rescued a girl from drowning.

Joseph Erlenwein. Troop 21, Columbus, Ohio. Sixteen. Star. Sea Scout.

Rescued two women from drowning.

Cyprian Haithman. Troop 500, Washington, D. C. Fifteen. First Class. Sea Scout.

Rescued a woman and three children from houses demolished by cyclone.

Monroe Hosford. Troop 1, Cayuga, Ind. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.

Rescued a woman from drowning.

Burtis Juhl. Troop 1, Crystal Lake, Iowa. Fifteen. Second Class.

Rescued two children in a blizzard.

Frederick J. Keough. Troop 1, Gorham, Me. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.

Rescued a boy from drowning.

Bruce J. Lyman. Troop 503, Logandale, Nev. Sixteen. First Class.

Rescued three boys from drowning.

Marshall Olphant. Troop 10, Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Sixteen. Eagle.

Rescued a man from drowning.

William E. Roberts. Troop 23, Clarksdale, Miss. Eighteen. Asst. Scoutmaster.

Rescued a boy from drowning.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Warner Simmons. Troop 15, Kokomo, Ind. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.
William Untermark. Troop 50, Brookfield, Ill. Twelve. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Harold Washington. Troop 5, Sandord, Me. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning. Paul E. White. Troop 2, Shonn, Ky. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Forrest W. Haughie. Troop 2, Stratford, Conn. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a comrade from drowning.
Kenneth E. Addis. Troop 6, Zanesville, Ohio. Fifteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Patsy Frank. Troop 23, Concrete, Wash. Sixteen. Star.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Harry Campbell. Troop 23, Middleport, N. Y. Fifteen. First Class.
Rescued a man from drowning.
Henry Arnold. Troop 98, Chewelah, Wash. Fourteen. Star.
Rescued a man from drowning.
Dominick Abdo. Troop 50, Clark Mills, N. Y. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued two boys from drowning.
Theodore Antonich. Troop 11, Great Falls, Mont. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Jack Richardson. Troop 2, Great Falls, Mont. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued a man from drowning.

1929

Willie Evans. Troop 45, Rockwood, Tenn. Seventeen. Life.
Ted Derrick. Troop 45, Rockwood, Tenn. Fifteen. Life.
*James T. Wright. Troop 45, Rockwood, Tenn. Scoutmaster.
J. C. Acuff. Middlesboro, Ky. Scout Executive.
For numerous rescues of members of this troop caught in flood water.
John Angle. Troop 44, Shippensburg, Pa. Fifteen. First Class.
Rescued a girl from drowning.
Leonard Banyea. Troop 17, Windsor, Vt. Sixteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Lawrence Bee. Troop 28, Provo, Utah. Seventeen. Eagle.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Charles Bieler. Troop 25, Jersey City, N. J. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued a man and a girl from drowning.
Joe Braahears. Troop 45, Rockwood, Tenn. Eighteen. Eagle.
Rescued a woman from drowning.
Henry C. Dean. Troop 40, Magnolia, Minn. Nineteen. First Class.
Robert Brooks. Troop 40, Magnolia, Minn. Fourteen. First Class.
Rescued three boys from drowning.
Elmer A. Clark. Troop 8, Redfield, S. D. Seventeen. Eagle.
Rescued a man from drowning.
Bob Couch. Troop 266, Los Angeles, Calif. Sixteen. Eagle.
Rescued two men from drowning.
Newton Crouch. Troop 2, Griffen, Ga. Fifteen. First Class.
Rescued a girl from drowning.
Bernard A. Dawson. Troop 4, Zanesville, Ohio. Asst. Scoutmaster.
Rescued a boy from a burning garage.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Walter Fichter. Troop 1, West Hazleton, Pa. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from a railroad bridge,
Sidney Hershowitz. Troop 30, Washington, D. C. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
William Bennett. Troop 24, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
William G. Holford, Jr. Troop 110, Portland, Ore. Fourteen. First Class.
Rescued a girl who had broken through the ice.
William Vernon Hood. Troop 45, Brownsville, Tenn. Eighteen. First Class,
Attempted rescue of a woman from drowning.
William David Jordon. Troop 2, Park Ridge, 111. Thirteen. Star.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
John Lazorizhak. Troop 7, Sharon, Pa. Thirteen. Second Class.
Rescued his brother from drowning.
James Lucas. Troop 18, Macon, Ga. Thirteen. Eagle.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Wilson J. Martin. Troop 3, Brookfield, Mo. Sixteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from ammonia fumes.
Thomas Messeder. Troop 237, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fifteen. Second Class.
Rescued two boys from drowning.
Hubert Patterson, Jr. Troop 1, Albemarle, N. C. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued a woman from drowning.
Raymond Phipps. Troop 22, Union Gap, Wash. Twelve. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Roy Hal Reeves. Troop 49, Arthur, Ill. Seventeen. Eagle.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
John Rothfuss. Troop 89, Syivania, Ohio. Seventeen. Life.
Rescued two women from drowning.
Wilson Schooley. Troop 1, Mercer, Wis. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the
Howard K. St. Thomas. Troop 3, Foxboro, Mass. Sixteen. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
George Sherman. Troop 88, Agawam, Mass. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Joe Thonemann. Troop 505, Middletown, N. Y. Fifteen. Second Class,
Rescued two boys from drowning.
Marlow White. Troop 6, Pensacola, Fla. Twelve. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.
James Van Weelden. Troop 2, Nyack, N. Y. Fourteen. Tenderfoot,
Rescued a boy from drowning.
Franklin Hearn. Troop 13, Toledo, Ohio. Seventeen. Life.
Rescued a girl from drowning.
Stanley Ruckman. Troop 107, Northampton, Mass. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.

1930

Walter Becker. Troop 15, New Ulm, Minn. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued two girls from drowning.
William Berry. Troop 17, Everglades, Fla. Twelve. Second Class.
Rescued a woman from drowning.
Francis Billman. Troop 26, Battle Creek, Mich. Thirteen. First Class.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Paul Gunyon. Troop 33, Battle Creek, Mich. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.

Fred Bowman. Troop 30, Springfield, Mass. Seventeen. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Merle H. Brown. Troop 6, Duluth, Minn. Sixteen, Star. Sea Scout,
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Charles William Centner. Troop I, Battle Creek, Mich. Fifteen. Eagle.
Rescued a woman from drowning.

Jerry Cochran. Troop 2, Cardova, Alaska. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.

Lew Cochran. Troop 2, Cardova, Alaska. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.

Philip Lydick. Troop 2, Cardova, Alaska. Fifteen. Star.
Rescued six children from drowning.

John A. Dewey. Troop 52, Mandan, N. D. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Bruce Estey. Troop 6, South Pasadena, Calif. Nineteen. Eagle.
Rescued a woman from drowning.

Owen Charles Hall. Troop I, Oakland, Ill. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Ernest Hoggan. Troop 64, McGill, Nev. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy who had broken through the ice.

Chester Jackson. Troop I (17), Barbarville, Ky. Fourteen. Second Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

William B. Kern. Troop 1, Winchester, Va. Eighteen. Asst. Scoutmaster.
Rescued a girl from drowning.

Lewis H. Knicely. Troop 2 (13), Martinsburg, W. Va. Scoutmaster.
Rescued two men from drowning.

Walter Leatham. Troop 12, Alameda, Calif. Twelve. Second Class.
Rescued a man from drowning.

Elbert Miller. Troop 3, Eldorado, Ill. Fifteen. Second Class.
Rescued a woman and two children from drowning.

Boyd McGinn. Troop 14, Long Beach, Calif. Twelve. First Class.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Russell Mason. Troop 13, Jackson, Mich. Seventeen. Eagle. Sea Scout.
Rescued a woman and child from drowning.

Alex Mellon. Troop 189, Creighton, Pa. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a girl from drowning.

Robert B. Mitchell. Troop 24, Riverside, Ill. Fourteen. Star.
Rescued two children who had broken through the ice.

Lester E. Moebius. Troop 68, Alexis, Ohio. Fourteen. Second Class,
Rescued two girls from drowning.

Charles Mort. Troop 5, Winchester, Va. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a companion from drowning.

Patrick Mulverhill. Troop 15, Malone, N. Y. Fourteen. Tenderfoot.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Harry C. Quin, Jr. Troop 3, Clinton, Okla. Fourteen. First Class.
Rescued two boys from drowning.

Norman Sanders, Troop 14, Decatur, Ill. Seventeen. Eagle.
Rescued a boy from drowning.

Philip D. Simon. Troop 71, Niles, Mich. Fourteen. Eagle.
Rescued two children from drowning.

Kenldchi Teruya. Troop 27, Walkapu, Maui, Hawaii. Twelve. Second Class.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Rescued a boy from drowning.

* William Todhunter. Troop 1, Galion, Ohio. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.

Lost his life in attempted rescue of a woman who had broken through the ice.

Edward Walainis. Troop 18, New Haven, Mich. Sixteen. Star.

Rescued a girl from drowning.

Robert Witherspoon. Troop 31, Rochester, N. Y. Seventeen. Eagle.

Rescued two men from drowning.

Paul K. Taylor. Troop n, Highland Park, Mich. Thirteen. First Class.

Rescued two children from drowning.

1931

CITATIONS

* John H. Braumbaugh, Jr. Troop 3, Wilmette, 111. Sixteen. Tenderfoot.

Lost his life in rescuing a companion in danger of being struck by a railroad train. Trams were approaching both on the up and down tracks and Braumbaugh, in getting his companion out of danger, was forced to delay his own leap.

Durbrow Wallace. Troop 13, Staten Island, N. Y. Seventeen. Tenderfoot.

Wallace was walking past Mailing's Pond when he heard the screams of some children. Running down to the pond he learned that one child had disappeared in the water. He dived into ten feet of water, failed to recover the first time, but succeeded in his second attempt, brought the little boy ashore and revived him with artificial respiration.

James Hood. Troop 1, Baltic, Conn. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.

Hood was resting on shore during a swim in the Shetucket River. A girl swimming out to a boat anchored in midstream was caught in the current and began to scream. The scout running down entered the water, reached the girl, and mastered her after a struggle. He could not make shore against the current, but held on to the girl while they were swept down-stream until a motor boat that had put out reached them.

Lloyd James Morrell. Troop 2, Weymouth, Mass. Thirteen. Second Class.

Morrell rescued a boy who broke through the ice nearly two hundred yards from the shore of Whitman's Pond. The scout skated to within ten feet of the boy, then lay on his face and crawled to the break, pulling the boy out with a hockey stick.

John L. Morrell, Jr. Troop 2, Weymouth, Mass. Sixteen. Second Class.

A cousin of Lloyd James Morrell. He made a rescue on the same day, but some hours later, of a boy who broke in at the same place. He used the same tactics, advancing on his skates, then lying down and crawling, and using his hockey stick to draw the boy out.

Ramon Tassinari. Troop 33, Wareham, Mass. Seventeen. Life.

Tassinari was driving in an automobile when he heard cries and saw some men running towards Mill Pond. Stripping as he ran he swam out a hundred yards to a man floundering, and took him in a carry after a short struggle. A cold current in the lake exhausted him and when two-thirds of the distance was completed he was not sure that he could finish it. A boat was already launched, however, and his shout for help was speedily answered.

Francis Williams, Troop 202, Quincy, Fla. Sixteen. Life.

A group of girls at a Sunday school picnic were playing in shallow water. One of them began to swim out, and found herself in trouble in about twelve feet of water. Williams had come down

Boy Heroes Of Today

here with his scoutmaster to take his Life Saving tests, and had just completed them. He answered this real test immediately. Before he could get to the girl she had disappeared, but coming over the spot he went down in a surface dive, brought her up, turned her over neatly in a cross-chest carry and towed her ashore.

* Kenneth M. Hall. Troop 43, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fifteen. Second Class.

While on board a sloop with some other boys, a leak in the gasoline tank seeped through to the galley, and caused an explosion. Hall, though so badly burned that he succumbed to his injuries, stayed below and turned off the gasoline stove, and took other precautions to prevent the fire reaching the gasoline tank.

Fay R. Minchall Troop 3, Waterford, Wis. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.

Minchall rescued two small boys who broke through the ice while skating on the mill pond, carrying them out one at a time. The second boy was drawn under the ice by suction of the mill, which was in operation at the time, but Minchall managed to get him out.

Tony Alonge. Troop 10, Brooklyn, N. Y. Thirteen. Tenderfoot.

At Bay Parkway Beach, in a rough sea, Alonge swam out a hundred feet to an eighteen-year-old boy who was drowning, and towed him in after a slow, hard swim. The young man was unconscious by the time the scout brought him ashore, failed to respond to the artificial respiration Alonge gave him, but recovered in hospital.

Stanley Stefl. Troop 1, Grindstone, Pa. Fifteen. First Class.

Stefl crawled to a young boy who had broken through the ice, but he found it impossible to reach him lying on the edge. So he jumped into the water and held the youngster up until two others were able to give them enough help to get them both out.

Frank McIntosh. Troop 14, Grand Fork, N. D., Seventeen. Star.

Rescued two girls from drowning in Red River. The girls, unable to swim, stepped accidentally into deep water. One of them McIntosh brought out easily, but the second caught in the swift current was swept downstream. The scout managed to overtake her and bring her in.

Lloyd Gumpert. Troop 267, El Segundo, Calif. Sixteen. First Class.

Scout Gumpert with a friend was on the cliffs overlooking the ocean when he heard an eleven-year-old girl in the water scream for help. Sending his companion for help, Gumpert ran down to the beach, swam out and brought the girl ashore safely. Learning from her that her companion, a man, was also in trouble, Scout Gumpert swam out again and found the man floating face downwards. Bucking the tide with his burden, Gumpert was exhausted half-way in, but assistance brought by his companion reached them and the unconscious man was brought safely ashore. He was revived by artificial respiration.

Leonard R. Hardy. Troop 25, Highlands, N. J. Sixteen. Eagle.

In a strong undertow off Highland Beach, N. J., Scout Hardy made a double rescue, first of a man nearly twice his weight, semi-conscious, who had taken a companion in a strangle-hold. Unable to break the hold or to take them in a carry because of their weight, Hardy held them up, and gradually edged them to a sandbar. A professional life guard brought them ashore. Scout Hardy immediately afterwards rescued a woman, bringing her ashore unconscious and helping to revive her with artificial respiration.

Boy Heroes Of Today

Trafton T. Buchanan, Troop I, Renova, Pa. Fifteen. Tenderfoot.

Buchanan out on a hike, dressed in high boots, khaki breeches and a sweat shirt saw an eight-year-old boy fall into the Susquehanna River. A poor swimmer, but realizing that he must act quickly, he jumped in immediately, got hold of the boy, but was swept towards the middle of the stream. He managed, however, to edge out of the current, and with the help of another boy carried the semi-conscious youngster out and revived him.

George L. Nelson. Troop 10, Long Beach, Calif. Asst. Scoutmaster.

In a high sea with waves dashing against the rocks on Laguna Beach, Nelson rescued a woman who was swept off her feet and carried out to sea. He was fishing several hundred feet away when he heard the alarm, and although a poor swimmer, managed to reach the drowning woman and keep her afloat, pushing and swimming towards the shore. They were battered by the high waves (eight feet or more in height) against the rocks before they could be drawn ashore, Nelson's cuts and bruises confining him to bed and the doctor's care for several days.

Gerald Barbeau. Troop 24, Pasadena, Calif. Scoutmaster.

Barbeau rescued an eight-year-old boy at Arch Beach, Laguna. The youngster, playing on the rocks was knocked down and carried out by a rip-tide beyond the breakers. Hearing the cries of the boy's mother, Scoutmaster Barbeau entered the water and battling through the surf came up with the youngster floating face down. After a hard struggle against the tide and breakers, and the danger of being thrown against the rocks, he succeeded in bringing the boy ashore and restored his breathing with artificial respiration.

*David Davis. Troop 12, Findlay, Ohio. Sixteen. Eagle.

Clo Edgington. Troop 12, Findlay, Ohio. Sixteen. Eagle.

The two scouts, with two companions, went out to skate on the local reservoir. While Edgington was getting his skates from the automobile, one of the boys, Donovan Whities, broke through. As he was a poor swimmer, Scout Davis immediately jumped in after him, followed by the third boy, Louis Glenn Love, Jr. The two boys were finding it difficult to get Whities to the solid ice, when Scout Edgington came running back. Scout Davis shouted to him to stay out and not risk his life, but Edgington went in, and tried by diving under Whities to boost him up. Edgington then started to break the thin ice in front of the trio. Struggling shorewards behind him, Davis, exhausted, sank, followed by Love, and, finally, Whities. Edgington scrambled to the bank, removed his shoes and clothing, and went down twice to the bottom in ten to twelve feet of water, but failed to recover. Numbed and exhausted he was preparing to dive again when other help arrived, but the bodies were not recovered until several hours later.

Joseph A. Smith, Jr. Troop 88, Worcester, Mass. Nineteen. Eagle. Asst. Scoutmaster.

Scout Smith rescued a man, working in a sewer, who fell in and was swept downstream a quarter of a mile. He was hanging on to a projection twenty-four feet below the surface, when Smith and two men, one a professional life guard, went down a manhole to his rescue. The life guard was overcome by gas and had to be carried out. Smith and the other worker succeeded in fastening a rope around the man and slowly dragging him out.

Charles Caven. Troop 5, Fairfax, Minn. Twelve. Tenderfoot.

Scout Caven rescued a woman who had become exhausted while swimming and had gone down in seven feet of water. The scout, who was on a raft, swam out and brought her up. He was not strong enough to make the carry to shore, but managed to get her to the raft, where others helped her to safety.