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The
**SCOUTMASTER'S
FIVE MINUTES**

Brief Story-Talks on the
Scout Promise and Law
and Related Subjects

by

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(circa 1953)

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A Successful Scoutmaster

During quiet moments at Troop meetings, or while hiking homeward on the old tote-road trail, he was wont to observe his boys with half-closed eyes, — seeing, not hatless, strawhaired “Buzz,” but a young architect, a builder of homes, following in his father’s footsteps; not irresponsible P.L. “Red” but a hustling young business man; not “Rickie,” but a young dairy farmer; not Don, but a quiet, tall young rector, — *all* of them, if *he* did *his* part, straightforward, level-eyed, dependable men; good citizens and kind neighbours.

If he did *his* part! A weighing responsibility sometimes. Depending on what *he* was *himself*. Frequently, homecoming from a Troop hike out the old cabin trail, he would suddenly find his eyes on the high dark tips of the jackpine, and hear himself saying, “God, help me ‘do my best’.”

There were other factors. When he took over the Troop he had set out, first, to acquire a fair general knowledge of the woodcraft and scoutcraft features of “Baden-Powell Scouting.” Second, to make himself an expert in four: (1) in bivouac camping, including axemanship, friction fire and cooking. (2) In knowledge of the trees of the district. (3) In the ability to keep a compass direction in the woods by various methods, including the stars. (4) In knotting and lashing. And he had succeeded. Incidentally he had had a lot of fun in the doing.

Part of it was the impression left with the boys by their chats together at the end of meetings and around the fire at the cabin, — not so much by what was said, as how he said it; the talks on honour by one who was unquestionably honourable; on unquibbling truthfulness and honesty by one who was unquestionably honest; on human need of Divine guidance as he had found it in his own life...

He was a successful Scoutmaster. Any boy was safe in his hands.

Foreword

The Scoutmaster’s “Five Minutes” at the end of the Troop meeting, in the strangely mystic atmosphere of the indoor camp fire, on in the thoughtful quiet of the council fire at the end of a day in camp, provides one of the most effective opportunities for planting a character-building thought in the young Scout’s mind and memory. It is the hope that this collection of brief talks will prove a useful source of material for such occasions.

The talks should not be read, but memorized in substance and given in the Scouter’s own words. They need not be given consecutively, but as desirable, and the date recorded.

To aid less experienced Scouters, example “**Heading**” words or phrases of the first Talk are printed in blackface. Reading of a Talk several times, underscoring your own headings, making a Key Word Outline (as shown), closing the book and repeating in your own words will be found effective.

But most important of all is the Scoutmaster’s own conviction of the value of the principles discussed. No man can speak to boys convincingly of religious duties, of habitual helpfulness, of honour — of loyalty, courtesy and kindness — unless these principles form the working basis of his own daily life. “What a man *is* speaks more loudly than what he *says*.”



—KEYSTONE OF CHARACTER.
WORLD IMPORTANCE.
STORY OF REGULUS.

HONOUR

DID YOU ever observe the **construction** of a **stone arch**? the most important stone?...The **keystone**, at the **centre** of the **top**. What happens **if** the keystone **breaks** under **pressure**, or **rots** and **crumbles**?...Yes, the arch **collapses**, and a section of a **bridge**, or a **tunnel**, or a whole **building** comes tumbling down.

Some **forty** years ago just this happened to a **newly** built **tower** of the **West Block** of the **Parliament** buildings at Ottawa. A **doorway arch** gave way, and the whole tower came **crashing** to the ground — actually “like a house of cards.” The arch had failed.

Did you ever think that each of **us** has a **keystone** in his own make-up? We have. It is the keystone of **character**, and like the keystone of the arch, it **decides** whether your **character** and my character **stands up** when life puts the **pressure** on. It decides **whether** we turn out to be the **dependable**, **worth while** sort of men we all want to be.

For us **Scouts**, that **keystone** is **HONOUR**, — the HONOUR upon which we all promised to do our best to keep the Scout Promise and Law.

You all understand that being honourable means being **straight** and **aboveboard** about everything, — a man who stands straight and tall in character; a “**straight shooter**”; strictly **honest** and **truthful**; a man whose word “is as **good** as his **bond**”; a man who always keeps a promise, in **small** things or **great**, if humanly possible.

Perhaps you never thought of honour as sometimes a matter of **terrible importance** to the whole **world**. It was a **violation** of **honour** — the **breaking** of **treaties** solemnly made by **Germany**, — that launched all the **horror** and suffering of the Second **World War**. One after the other treaties solemnly signed with Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, Denmark and Russia were cold-bloodedly violated by the Nazis.

And when you speak of such **pledges** being broken — **dishonoured** — you must remember that they were broken not by a hazy something called Germany. They were broken by **individual men**.

Again, had the **French political leaders**, after the first defeat in the north of France, kept their **promise** to keep on fighting if pushed back to the **Mediterranean**, and if beaten there, to fight from **North Africa**; and **if** the **French fleet** had carried on **alongside** their allies of the British fleet, it is almost certain that the **war** would have been **over** a year or more sooner. At least there would have been **no** long drawn out **North African** campaign, with all its death and suffering. And **many** a **torpedoed ship** would still remain **afloat**, and its **crew** of sons and fathers would have **lived** to return to their families.

All this because certain **individuals failed** of their honour. That is how important individual honour can be, — your honour and my honour.

Honour involves **keeping** your **word** in **small** things and in **great** things. A story often told in illustration is that of **Regulus**, a Roman general, who was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians. When the Carthaginians decided to send **ambassadors** to Rome to discuss peace, they attached Regulus to their party. But they first had him **promise** that if peace were not arranged, he would **return** to Carthage, and his prison.

Upon reaching Rome, instead of favouring the Carthaginians' peace terms, Regulus called upon his fellow Romans to **continue the war** until Carthage was defeated. The Romans followed his advice, and the peace discussions ended. This **meant** that Regulus, if he kept his word, would return to Carthage.

The Roman **senators** endeavoured to **dissuade** Regulus from returning. **Priests** offered to **absolve** him from his oath. But Regulus would not agree. “I **swore** to **return**,” he said, “and it is **my duty** to go. **Not** to do so **would dishonour** me.”

Regulus kept his word, and returned, and ultimately was put to death in his Carthaginian prison.

Some **cynical** people would question the **common sense** of Regulus' act; would say that he **threw** his **life away** for nothing. True, had Regulus broken his word of honour he **might** have lived on, perhaps enjoying life for a **few** more **years**. But then he would have died — would by **now** have been dead and **forgotten** many **hundreds** of years. Dying as he did, to keep his word, his high **example** of **honour** **lived** after him, and undoubtedly **inspired** to high thinking **many thousands** of young men of later generations.

Shakespeare agreed with Regulus when he said: "Mine honour is my life; both grow in me. Take honour from me and my life is done."

"A Scout's honour is to be trusted."

FINAL KEY OUTLINE

Keystone	German treaties
West Block	French political leaders
K. of Character	Individuals
Scout Honour	Regulus
Straight-shooter	Shakespeare
World-Importance	Scouts honour is..."



—AN INDIAN'S HONOUR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MARK TWAIN.

HONOUR

IN MY previous Five Minute chat I recalled the story of Regulus the Roman general, who returned to a Carthaginian prison and ultimate death rather than break a promise. Some of the early Indian chiefs of North America had a similarly high code of honour. One of the example stories is told of the famous Apache Chief Geronimo by his biographer F. M. Barrett. Geronimo had arranged to meet Mr. Barrett at the writer's home at a certain time. It was a cold, stormy winter's day. At the appointed hour the Indian Chief's interpreter appeared alone, and reported that Geronimo was ill, and unable to come. The interpreter was drawing a chair to the fire when he paused and listened, then stepped to the window.

Mr. Barrett followed him, and through the flying snow saw a swiftly approaching horseman. It was the old Indian Chief. At the door the Chief swung to the ground. In a hoarse whisper he said, "I promise to come. I am here."

A splendid example of honour in business matters was that given by Sir Walter Scott, the great historical novelist, — you know, the writer of *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*. In order to help out two old school-day friends he invested some money in a big book-selling business. There came a business depression, and the firm went bankrupt, with a huge debt of \$650,000. Although Scott was not legally obligated, and although in poor health, Sir Walter sold his beautiful country home, "Abbotsford," and dedicated what proved to be the balance of his life to paying every creditor by writing further books. It took him seven years, and then he died. One of his biographers wrote: "He did not think health and life too great a price to pay for self-respect. Surely he was as good a knight as any of his story-book heroes."

A great American writer, Mark Twain, lived up to the same fine standard of honour in similar circumstances. He had made some unwise business ventures, and in 1895 was threatened with bankruptcy. Instead of making an assignment, — that is, arranging to pay a certain percentage on the

dollar, — Twain announced that he would raise the money to pay every one of his creditors in full. He at once set about this by arranging a long world lecture tour, made good his promise, and paid every cent of every debt. And he was then 60 years of age.

This is Scout honour in business, boys. Let us never forget to live up to it.



—BEGINS AT HOME.
LIST OF LOYALTIES.
KING AND COUNTRY.

LOYALTY

USUALLY, we think of loyalty in connection with war, — enlisting in the Army or Navy or Air Force, and going off for training, the overseas. Or we think of it in connection with buying Government Bonds, contributing to the Red Cross and the like. Again, we talk of loyalty to our school, particularly its football or baseball or hockey team; and loyalty to our Patrol and Troop.

Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of Scouting, declared that loyalty begins at home. Which of course is true. If we are not loyal to our parents and brothers and sisters we are not likely to make much of a job of being loyal to our friends — or “to the Queen and her officers,” as the Second Scout Law states; nor to our church, to our employers, and so on.

There are many kinds of loyalties, or applications of loyalty. Let us list them, beginning with the loyalty that comes first of all, and which is the first item in our Promise: Loyalty to God — that is, loyally “doing our duty to God.”

Next, loyalty to our Family. Now after that, what?... (Suggestions by boys.)

Yes; that's a good list. I think we might arrange it in this order:

Loyalty —

To God.

To Family.

To Queen, or “flag and country.”

To Chums.

To brother Scout of your Patrol, then of your Troop — including I hope, your Scoutmaster and his Assistant.

To your School.

To the memory of loved ones who have “gone to higher service.”

To the memory of those who gave their lives in the two great World Wars or later, so that Canada might continue a free, democratic country.

To your Employers — when you have a job.

There is one other loyalty, and an important one, that none of you named. A reference to it by Shakespeare is often quoted. It runs:

*To thine own self be true,
And it follows as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

This is loyalty to yourself, — to the good principles of honourable living given you by God's church, your family and Scouting. In other words, loyalty to your own best self in all situations.

One of the loyalties of our list is loyalty to the Queen, sometimes phrased “loyalty to the Queen and country,” or “flag and country.” The Second World War has given us countless splendid examples of loyal, courageous self-sacrifice for country and comrades.

There was the flight engineer of a disabled bomber whose pilot was wounded and unconscious. Although inexperienced in flying a plane, the engineer refused to leave his skipper and bale out to safety. Instead he endeavoured to bring the plane down, and crashed to his death with his pilot comrade. There were many instances of bomber pilots seriously wounded and weak from pain and loss of blood, who clung to their controls until they reached their target, then hung on until they brought their plane and crew safely home.

And there was Sub-Lieut. Charlie Keefer, a former Ottawa Scout, who gave his life while making repeated swimming rescues of members of a torpedoed Norwegian ship, — loyalty to one's international friends.

...his first duty is to God. It is with this idea before us, and reckoning that God is the one Father of us all, that we Scouts count ourselves a brotherhood despite the difference of country, creed or class. — B.P.



—TO GOD, FAMILY, CHUMS,
TO THOSE GONE TO HIGHER SERVICE.

LOYALTY

DURING our last talk we made up a list of various kinds of applications of loyalty. Let us say a few words about each of them.

Loyalty to God: The full understanding of this by each of us comes of course from our Church. But as Scout we have an extra obligation to attend services regularly, to remember our daily prayers, to do our best to do only we know God approves.

Loyalty to our families: Here is where the practise of loyalty begins. It means always to be respectful to your parents, helping them whenever possible, and sticking up for your brothers and sisters if necessary. Generally being a loyal members of the “family team”.

This reminds me of something about the assembly of a bomber aircraft crew that is of great importance. Can anyone tell me what it is?...It is the selecting by the pilot (who is always directed to do this) of a crew that will work together and stick by one another like a family, — like a happy family. This was one of the secrets of the high morale and fighting spirit of our bombers throughout the Second World War. Crew for crew, they repeatedly proved themselves superior to the Nazis and Fascists.

Loyalty to the Queen: I take it you understand that loyalty “to the Queen and her officers,” as the 2nd Scout Law puts it, means several specific things: Personal respect for the Queen, as head of the great Commonwealth family. In wartime it means prompt readiness to offer your services in defence of Canada, at home or overseas — as was so splendidly done by so many Scouts during the World War. In peacetime it means obedience to the laws of the land, and proper recognition of all persons of authority, — policemen, magistrates, judges.

Loyalty to Chums: I need say little about this. But there's a caution I'd like to offer. If a chum “gets in wrong” — does something seriously wrong — remember that to cover him up may only help launch him on the wrong path. Also, under the law you then share the wrongdoing, by “collusion,” or as “being accessory after the fact.” In such a problem you must decide what is true loyalty to your chum, and to the law.

Loyalty to other Scouts: Well, this is practically the same as loyalty to your particular chums. And it means carrying out the 4th Scout Law that a Scout is a brother to every other Scout.

Loyalty to loved ones who have “Gone Home” to Higher Service: This is an intimate, personal matter. It may mean remembering to keep a promise given to someone who had died, — remembering to take care of a younger brother or sister; to carry out certain religious duties. It may mean remembering the anniversary of their passing with flowers.

Loyalty to those who died in the two World Wars, Korea or later. This is expressed by recalling from time to time, particularly on Memorial Days, by church services and placing wreaths on monuments, those soldiers, sailors and airmen, merchant seamen and others, who gave their lives so that Canada has remained as she is today, a country of free men instead of a country of slaves as she would have been under German Nazi or Communist rule.

To quote “From Flanders’ Fields”:

“Let us remember them.”

Let us remember them also in perhaps the most important way, — by doing our part now, and when we are older, to maintain Canada’s democratic laws and institutions.



—THE EIGHT MEN OF GLEN MORISTON
AND BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

LOYALTY

IN April 16, 1746, the Scottish army of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the “Young Pretender” to the British throne, was defeated at Colloden Moor. The Prince, with the help of loyal followers, escaped and fled into the mountains. There he was hunted by the forces of the King, and a reward of £30,000 (\$150,000) was offered for his capture.

For three months he fled here and there, concealing himself in caves; wet, ragged and hungry. Finally, on a day in July, with but one faithful companion, he was making his way through a narrow valley, Glen Moriston, when he saw smoke rising from a small hut. He determined to go there and beg some food. His companion endeavoured to dissuade him, but the Prince declared that they might as well be killed as starve to death, and they went forward.

They entered the hut, and found eight roughly dressed men dining off a large piece of meat. The men comprised a band of outlaws, who had found this hideaway in the hills. All turned quickly to stare at the visitors.

One of them was a former soldier, who had served on the Prince’s forces. And he at once recognized the Prince. With quick wit, not being sure of the attitude of his companions, he pretended to identify the Prince as another acquaintance. “Ho, Dougal M’Cullony,” he said “I’m glad tae see you. Sit doon and ha’ a bite wi’ us.”

Prince Charlie knew that the man had recognized him. He thanked him for the invitation, and eagerly sat down and shared the meal.

After the meal the Prince and his outlaw friend held a council of war. If the Prince remained, the other men in the band, also former soldiers of the Prince’s army, would have to be told. They know of the £30,000 reward for the Prince’s capture and surrender, and that with this also would go a free pardon from the Crown. In other words, great wealth and freedom — great temptation.

The Prince declared he would trust them, and facing the men he told them who he was. At once every man vowed he would stand by him.

They made the Prince a bed in the cabin. They took turns mounting guard at either end of the glen. They hunted food. They visited farms and villages to secure him delicacies. And finally, after two months, when word of plans for the Prince's escape came through to them, they guarded him safely out to the sea shore, where he was put aboard a boat for France.

Many years later in Edinburgh a poor man, Hugh Chisholm by name, told the story. He was one of the eight. He always shook hands with his left hand. His explanation was that the Prince had shaken his right hand in farewell, and he had then sworn never to give the hand to any other man.

In the loyal outlaw band there were two Macdonalds, three Chisholms, a Macgregor, a Grant and a Macmillan. For the privilege of guarding their Prince they had passed up what in those days was very great wealth, and a free pardon. It is one of the finest stories of loyalty in history.



—DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S
BLACK FRIENDS

LOYALTY

IF WE were looking for a particularly good example of loyalty to a friend, and under hard conditions, we probably would not think of going to black men in Africa. But tonight I am going to tell such a story, — of the loyalty of a band of African natives and a hike through the jungle that I am afraid few of us would have felt like tackling.

The natives were friends and companions of the great African missionary and explorer David Livingstone. When the missionary became seriously ill in his later years, his native companions carried him on a litter, or stretcher, day after day and week after week through the forest and jungle. Their idea was to get him out to civilization and proper medical care. But the missionary continued to grow weaker, and finally died.

These black men could have buried Livingstone right there, appropriated his personal belongings and gone back to their villages. Their sense of loyalty would not permit this. First they embalmed the body by a native method. They made a careful inventory of all the missionary's belongings. Then they set out to carry him and his possessions through the dense tropical forests and jungles clear to the coast, so that the remains might be shipped home to England.

How long was that jungle hike? Well, the exact distance is not known, but the little party of black men left Lake Bangweolo, where Dr. Livingstone dies, at the end of April, 1873, and they did not reach the eastern coast until February of the following year, 1874.

That is, they hiked, carrying the missionary's remains, for practically ten months! And at any time during the long journey these coloured men could have called it off. They could have buried the remains and gone back home.

Loyalty to a friend! The 2nd Scout Law.



—A BOER BOY WHO FACED
A FIRING SQUAD.

LOYALTY

TONIGHT I am going to tell you a story of the South African or Boer War, of 1900. It was related by a British officer, Major Seely, about a Boer boy — a South African Dutch boy — who was willing to face death rather than be disloyal to his own people.

Major Seely and his column of British troops were pursuing a Boer commando (all Boer fighting units were known as commandos), which was headed by a certain Boer general. The British were most anxious to capture this particular general. They met the boy, and stopped to question him. From an involuntary remark the officer knew that the boy was aware of the direction taken by the Boer leader.

“I decided,” said Major Seely, “to do something for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my own men’s lives were at stake. I told the boy that if he did not tell me where the Boer leader had gone I would have him shot. He still refused, and I put him against a wall and ordered my men to get ready to shoot. At the same time I whispered to them, ‘For heaven’s sake, don’t shoot!’”

“The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was in deadly earnest. I ordered the men to aim. The rifles were levelled at the boy. ‘Now,’ I said, ‘before I give the word — which way did the General go?’ I remember the look on the boy’s face, — a look which I have seen but once. He was transfigured before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, ‘I will not say!’”

“There was nothing for it but to shake his hand and go away.”

That is a fine story of courage, but particularly I am thinking of it as a splendid example of loyalty to one’s friends, — loyalty that the threat of immediate death could not break. I wonder how many of us would have stood such a test?



—IN SPORTS.

THE TAIL-END SOCCER TEAM.

LOYALTY

A FEW years ago a certain team in a soccer league in the Niagara Peninsula went through the entire season without winning a game. Yet every man turned up for every game, and a full team played with fine spirit through every games period, — always trying, and never downhearted when once again they lost. Several of the men would have been welcomed by the other teams of the league, but they would not leave their own team.

At the end of the football season the league officials were sorry that they could not present each member of the no-victory team with a special medal, — “as acknowledgement of the splendid sporting spirit they had shown.”

The team was made up of veterans of the First World War. They had demonstrated the same spirit of steadfast loyalty to one another that as Canadian soldiers they had shown in the terrible battles and the rain and cold and mud of Flanders.

Team loyalty! A great quality, isn’t it!... The same among Scouts — Patrol loyalty and Troop loyalty.

Loyalty to Employers was one of the loyalties we had in our list a few weeks ago. There is not as much mention of this today as there should be. Often men are anxious to get jobs, sometimes literally beg employers for work. Yet, once they have the work they begin to talk of their employers almost as enemies, and do as little as they can get away with. Not very logical, is it!

One of the world's most successful consulting engineers gave this advice to young engineering students: "Be loyal and true to your employers. Follow their instructions implicitly — so long as that which they request is honourable. Should they ask you to do something which you regard as dishonourable, tender your resignation...Don't be content with working six or eight hours a day; if necessary put in ten or twelve. The man who works only by the clock never will be a success."



HELPFULNESS

SOME twenty years ago there was a particularly disastrous forest fire over a wide area of Northern Ontario. Many homes were burned and many lives were lost. Many more would have been lost but for the courage of the rescuers. Naturally these included a number of Scouts and leaders.

Perhaps you don't know what a real forest fire is like. Well, it's a pretty terrible thing. Usually there's a strong wind blowing, and then the fire travels actually as fast as a train. The flames literally race along the ground, and flash up evergreen trees, one after the other, as though the trees were covered with powder. The air is full of grey, stinging smoke and flying cinders, and through the murk, blood red flames roar like some great monster, hungry to lick out your life.

Well this was that kind of fire. Around the little mining town of North Cobalt the flames were driven by a 70 mile-an-hour wind. All escape was cut off except by the railroad. An engineer and fireman were directed to take a string of box cars in to the town, to bring out refugees.

Scout Malone Moore, of the 1st Timmins Troop, 16 years old, volunteered to go with the enginemmen. There were two miles of the choking smoke and fire, with the possibility at any moment that the engine would strike a fallen tree, or a fire-spread rail, and plunge into the ditch.

But the train got through, and Scout Moore did his part in assisting the frightened people aboard. Fortunately there came a shift in the wind, and the train got safely away.

That change of wind also possibly saved the lives of Rover Scout Rathwell and District Commissioner Rev. Ellis Grindley, who had been helping people to the railroad. They remained to join the fire fighters when the wind changed. Both were injured.

The same change of wind likewise possibly saved Scoutmaster Severt, of the 1st Cobalt Troop, who was doing rescue work at Haileybury. In one case he had to forcibly remove an aged woman from her home, and carry her to safety.

Meanwhile the boys of his Troop at Cobalt were doing splendid service in looking after refugees from the burning area. They served refreshments, located missing children and restored them to their parents, and collected and distributed clothing. Some of the boys were on fire patrol in the northern outskirts of the town, and put out a number of fires.

I think you will agree that all this was real 3rd Scout Law Service — especially if you have had any experience with a forest fire, or even a grass and brush fire. Or even a good eye-full of smoke at a campfire.

If any of you ever have the chance of carrying out the 3rd Scout Law of helping other people under such difficult and dangerous circumstances I know you will make good too.

"A Scout's Duty is to be useful and to help others — even at the cost of his own pleasure, comfort, or safety."



HELPFULNESS

WE'LL call this story "No Baksheesh!" Most of you know something of the widespread begging on the streets of cities of the east — Egypt, Palestine, India — by all kinds of beggars, blind, crippled, some horribly diseased; many just lazy.

Begging is as old as history in the East. As a matter of fact about the only modernization of Eastern begging has been the beggar's habit of rushing to pose in front of tourists' cameras, then shouting "Baksheesh!"

A young missionary told of two "Baksheesh" incidents, one of the old type, and one quite new and different. From Jerusalem she had gone to Bethany. As soon as she arrived she was pursued by beggars.

One little girl, perhaps six years, persisted, close at her heels. Finally the missionary asked her to stand and pose for a picture. The child promptly did so. Scarcely had the camera clicked when she sprang forward with hands out crying "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" The young missionary gave her a small coin. The child did not think this sufficient. She stamped her tiny feet and stormed in Arabic at the top of her shrill voice and threw the coin to the ground.

Wrote the young missionary, "I finally got used to paying millemes or piastres for every sort of tiny service. And then one day I drove out to Ain Karim, where it is said John the Baptist was born. At the bus stop an Arab boy of about 12 years ran up and offered to carry my luggage.

"Mohammed was his name, and indicated his religion too. He was very happy because the Christian missionary was teaching him to read, and he could already talk bits of English.

"There was quite a climb up the hillside to the missionary's house. At the house Mohammed handed over the luggage. But instead of holding out his hand for baksheesh he merely said in English, 'Good-bye.'

"I offered him the usual tip. Mohammed shook his head decidedly.

"No baksheesh!" he protested. 'Boy Scout!'"



—THE SCOUT AND THE SMALLPOX CASE.
THE LOST CHILD.

HELPFULNESS

SOME years ago a Vancouver Sea Scout, Roland Stacy, went to sea as an apprentice on a freighter. On his first voyage another seaman developed smallpox. The captain called for volunteer nurses to take care of him. Stacy promptly stepped forward. With another volunteer he was quarantined with the smallpox case. You know how infectious smallpox is.

While the Sea Scout was on duty the vessel ran into very stormy weather. The patient was out of his mind and raving, and the Scout had a fight to keep him in his bunk, while the ship pitched and rolled. Finally the Sea Scout had to secure rope and tie the poor fellow in his bed. You can guess that his deftness with knots then stood him in good stead.

Unfortunately the patient's illness developed into a case of the deadly Asiatic blackpox, and the seaman died. Happily the Scout did not contract it. I do not know, but quite likely his Scout training in first aid, and perhaps the Ambulance Man and Public Health and Missioner, had taught him the precautions to take in the presence of such danger.

But largely I have told you this story as a reminder of what is involved in our promise "to help others at all times," — that this promise doesn't mean merely doing small good turns, but may sooner or later involve the doing of something very important, and perhaps seriously dangerous.

Here's another story of a good Scout's service job. At Giroux Lake, near Cobalt, in Northern Ontario, one day in June, a little five year old boy, Raymond MacKenzie, wandered off into the bush and became lost. It was at the height of the blackfly season.

If you don't know what blackflies are like, — they are a hundred times worse than mosquitoes. They come at you in clouds, their bite is like a sharp electric stab, and yet they are so small that it is difficult to see individual flies. The Indians call them "No se'ums."

Well it was at the height of the fly season, so you can guess the alarm of the parents.

P.L. Billy Beaton of the Scouts was quickly appealed to. Quickly he had his "Night Hawk" Patrol together, they equipped themselves with fly oil and masks, and were off for the spot where the little lad had last been seen.

The bush was very thick, and was cut up with old trenches and ditches let by prospectors. There's not much to tell of the search. The boys just spread out and plunged into the bush. An hour later they found the child, — standing in muskeg water up to his waist; his face and hands smeared with blood from the blackfly bites. P.L. Beaton, in the best Scout-headwork style, sent a Scout back to town with the news of the rescue. He removed and placed his own fly mask over the little boy and with the rest of the Patrol, headed for home.

Just good Scoutwork, — the 3rd Law.



—SCOUT MESSENGERS OF MERCY
OF THE LABRADOR.

HELPFULNESS

EACH year the report of the Scout Troop of the little fishing village of Makkovik, in northern Labrador, gives the story of some deed of service and heroism performed by boys of that Troop. Usually it concerns help for the sick or dying in isolated homes of that barren country during the bitter winter months. The following story was taken from the 1942 report of acting-Scoutmaster Perrault and published in the *St. Johns Telegram*:

"During the past winter there were several cases of sickness, and several of the boys had to leave their work and hurry to the Mission Station for medicine and help. One case in particular is worth recording:

"One of the Scouts had been in the country trapping, and for eleven days had been walking on snowshoes. He arrived at a log cabin at the head of one of the bays, about 50 miles from the Mission Station, and found a young woman there very ill.

"He was very tired, but after a cup of tea and a bite to eat he hurried on to his own home, a distance of thirty miles. There he had about two hours' rest, and started off to walk another eight miles over the barren hills.

"He reached a log cabin where another member of the Troop lived, and passed on the message, and within a short while this other member was speeding on his way on snowshoes to the Mission Station, a distance of another twelve miles.

"The weather was most disagreeable and it was a hard walk against blinding snow and wind, but after about four hours the message was delivered, and one hour afterward a team of dogs and a komatik (a type of toboggan) with two men took medicine and help to the sick woman."

According to the same report, another Scout stayed at a log cabin to which he had carried medicine for a very sick child and a man, and looked after them for several days.

—WHAT HOMELESSNESS MEANS.
DR. BARNARDO.
FRIENDLINESS AT SCHOOL.

FRIENDLINESS

SUPPOSE all of you boys have homes? A place to eat and a place to sleep? Parents?...Of course I knew that. Did you ever think what it would be like to have no parents and no home, — no place to go at night?

There are many lads in the predicament in Europe — whose homes were destroyed and whose parents were killed in the Second World War. As a matter of fact there were lads like that in all big cities before the war, although not as many as there once were, — before the time of such friends of homeless boys as that great practical Christian Dr. Barnardo, founder of the Barnardo Home for Boys in London. From this Home and from branches in other parts of England many thousands of homeless lads were sent out to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the Empire, and so given a chance in life. And most of them became fine, useful citizens. A very large number enlisted and served in both the First and Second World Wars, and many gave their lives.

Dr. Barnardo first became interested in homeless lads when one cold, rainy night many years ago in London he came upon a little group of boys sleeping under an arch of London Bridge. They were huddled together on the bare, damp stones, in an effort to keep warm.

Dr. Barnardo felt that he could not go away and leave them there, so he took them to his own home. He then and there determined that something must be done for as many as possible of all such boys. And that was the start of the Barnardo Homes and all their wonderful work. It was a real 4th Scout Law kind of job, — being “a friend to all.”

Of course I don't expect that we could start a Barnardo Home project. But let us remember this — that each Barnardo boy was just one boy. And every one of us sooner or later has an opportunity to help some other boy in some important way. Let us keep that in mind.

There is one opportunity of showing friendliness that all of you sometimes have at school. This is helping to make new boys feel at home. Often a new boy is given a rather rough ride for a while. Sometimes his appearance on the playgrounds brings a challenge to fight from some scrappy kid. That's a chance for a Scout who remembers his 4th Law, — to take the new lad's part, and do what he can to make him feel welcome, and that he has friends in the new crowd. If any of you have ever gone to a new, strange school you will appreciate the feeling.

“A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.”

We in the Scouts are players in the same team with the Boys' Brigade, Church Lads, Y.M.C.A., Education Departments, and others. Co-operation is the only way. — B.P.

—THE PARALYZED BOY.
THE SICK FARM LAD AND
THE CAMPING SCOUTS

FRIENDLINESS

FRRIENDLINESS is something more than a mere matter of being cordial. Like other characteristics, it doesn't really mean much unless you "do something about it" when you have the opportunity. It is tied up with the 3rd Law, of helping others.

Here is an example: Not long ago a certain Canadian Troop learned that a boy in their community, not a Scout, had become paralysed as the result of an accident, and would have to remain in bed a long time. On their own initiative the boys arranged to call on him, in relays, each week — to keep him provided with reading material, and in general to do all they could to make him comfortable and happy.

Friendliness and helpfulness!

Here is another good story: During their summer camp some years ago another Troop learned of a lonesome invalid boy on a neighbouring farm. Some of the Scouts went over and called on him, just to visit and cheer him up. Of course they talked about Scouting, and what they were doing at the camp, and shortly the sick boy wondered whether he couldn't become a Scout too, even if he was invalid. The Scouts told him that of course he would, and began teaching him the Tenderfoot knots and the other tests.

During the rest of the camp they took turns visiting him. Then the camp ended, and they all went over for a final visit and to say good-bye. But that wasn't the end of it. At Christmas a number of the boys of the Troop hiked the seven miles out to the farm, and invested the sick boy as a Scout. Two years later the boy had fully recovered his health, and was coming in regularly to attend his Troop meetings. His mother credited his recovery to the Scouts, — to the effect on him of their friendliness and companionship, and the general new interest in life that Scouting had given him.

I'm sure you boys would have like to have taken part in a good turn like that.

By the way that particular good turn had another 4th Law angle. You probably know that occasionally town and city boys are inclined to look down on country boys, and think that they somehow know more. Well these Scouts didn't feel that way; they were just friendly to a shut-in boy they happened to hear about.

Of course there is no ground for the idea that city boys know more than country boys — except, of course, as regards to certain features of life in the town or city which are not included in farm or village life. And, again, there are lots of things about country life, and very valuable things, of which town and city boys know little, or nothing. Country boys learn the fundamentals of life — they understand the work involved in producing food; they learn family team work, through having certain chores to do every day; then there's the good food, lots of clean air and sunshine, and daily walks to school — sometimes several miles. All things that give the best foundation of health for future years.

These probably were some of the reasons behind a statement made by a prominent American at a conference on "Rural Scouting." He declared that the future leadership standards of the United States were then being shaped among the boys in the villages and on the farms; that from among these boys would come the majority of the country's leaders of the next generation. Presumably that also applies to Canada. It is a fact that many of our prominent business, professional and public men were farm or village lads.

But particularly I want you to remember the shut-in boys that those Scouts did such a fine good turn for. Let us keep this in mind next time we go to camp.

—SCOUTS WHO GAVE THEIR
LIVES FOR OTHERS.
GLADSTON AND THE COACHMAN.

FRIENDLINESS

RESCUES from drowning are no novelty for Scouts. Over the years some hundreds of people have been saved. Several Scouts have given their lives in attempting rescues, — during recent years there was Patrol Leader Ernie Callow of Wellington, Ont.; Scout Milne of Sorel, Que., and Scout Carman Caulfield of Grand Bay, N.B. (There is a beautiful stained-glass window in Saint John's Anglican Church at Grand Falls in memory of Carman Caulfield. He gave his life trying to save another Scout. He was just 14).

One rescue on record had a somewhat unusual added feature. It was winter. A boy, a non-Scout, had broken through the ice when skating. Two Scouts got him out, hurried him off home and advised him to take a hot bath and go to bed for a while.

A short time later the Scouts saw the boy downtown at a street corner. He had a paper route, and was waiting for his papers. Promptly the Scouts send him back home to bed, and themselves delivered the papers.

A nice combination of the 4th Scout Law, and the 3rd as well, — friendly, and helpful.

Probably few of us realize how much our happiness and success in life depends upon the encouragement of our friends. Mrs. Browning, the poetess, once asked Charles Kingsley, the writer, the secret of his success, and he replied: "I had a friend." He meant that his great success as a novelist was due largely to the encouragement given him during years of disappointment by some good friend.

It was told of the great Statesman, William Gladstone, when Prime Minister of England, that he brought an old coachman up to London for medical treatment. When he left the old man with a physician he charged the doctor to send him word should there come a crisis in the old man's illness. A crisis came. The word of it found the Prime Minister in an important conference. At once he dropped everything and hastened across London to the bedside of the old coachman. And he sat beside his bed, speaking words of comfort, as the old man passed into the Dark Valley.

These stories remind us of the meaning of our promise to be a friend to all — and without regard to family circumstances, religion, etc.

It is essential, if he (the Scoutmaster) is to succeed in putting the right character into his boys, that he should himself practise what he preaches...Boys are imitative, and what the Scoutmaster gives off they pick up and reflect. — B.P.



— "WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST."
THE BIRKENHEAD AND TITANIC.
HOME COURTESY BACKGROUND.

COURTESY

ONE of the traditions we of the English-speaking Anglo-Saxon nations have been proud of is our thought for others in the presence of danger, — as expressed in that old rule of the sea, "Women and children first!"

History contains numerous examples of this. Perhaps the most notable was the story of the sinking of the British troopship Birkenhead, loaded with soldiers and many of their wives and children. The disaster occurred on a stormy winter night in 1852, when the Birkenhead ran upon rocks off the coast of South Africa. The ship at once began breaking up. Without hesitation or confusion the soldiers took their places on the deck, as on parade, and stood quietly there while the women and children were placed in the

few boats. They were still standing when the ship went down. In the famous painting of the incident there is shown, in the foreground, a young drummer boy, quietly standing, like the rest.

And there was the sinking of the Titanic in the icy North Atlantic, in April, of 1912, after striking a submerged iceberg. There were not enough boats for all, and again it was "Women and children first!" There was no panic. The male passengers and the crew — and remember, it was a new crew — joined in quietly reassuring the women and kiddies and placing them in the lifeboats. The members of the ship's orchestra took their places on one of the broad promenade decks and began playing. They were still playing — playing "Nearer My God to Thee" — as the giant vessel finally sank.

Something over 1500 souls went down. Quietly. It was one of history's most splendid demonstrations of deliberate human courage and self-control, — and of Anglo-Saxon courtesy toward women and children.

As a reverse example, a number of sad ship-wreck stories could be told of non-Anglo-Saxon passenger vessels in which crew and male passengers trampled women and children in the mad scramble to reach the lifeboats.

Catastrophes on land also offer some examples, both good and bad. A few years ago some 500 persons lost their lives in the burning of a dance hall, the Cocoanut Grove, near Boston, Mass. While there were some splendid acts of courageous self-control and efforts to help others, one grime feature was a pile of 65 bodies at a revolving door exit, the result of a mad "me-first" rush.

These are stories of courtesy under extreme tests. But as we have said before, behind such examples of courageous courtesy there is the background of courtesy in normal life — the habit of courtesy. Which of course begins at home.

A Scout is courteous.



COURTESY

ALL of you know the "cloak" story of Sir Walter Raleigh and the first Queen Elizabeth, how that gallant courtier spread his cape on a muddy spot in the road so that the Queen might pass dry-shod.

A story is told of another courtier of far different circumstances. He was a ragged little New York newsboy. On Christmas day, along with other poor children, he was standing before a mission hall awaiting admittance to a Christmas feast. One thinly clad little girl with ragged shoes seemed to be suffering particularly from the cold. She kept shifting from one foot to the other. The newsboy observed her. Suddenly he pulled off his cap and tossed it to the ground at her feet. "Stand on that kid," he said.

There are two kinds of courtesy. First, purely formal courtesy; acts of good manners carried out merely because it is expected of you. Second, acts done out of thoughtfulness for others. If you give up your bus seat to a lady merely because you feel you must, it is not true courtesy. If you rise and give your seat because you wish the lady to be more comfortable, that is courtesy.

True courtesy comes from this habit of thought for others. A nice illustration is given in a story occasionally told of the late King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales. He was dining with a party which included a man of little social experience. During the luncheon the man poured his tea into his saucer for drinking. Immediately the prince also poured his tea into his saucer, and so drank it, — in order that the other might be saved the discomfiture of discovering that he had committed a breach of conventional table manners. A similar story of thoughtfulness is related of Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who when a guest dropped and broke a cup of a valuable set, immediately dropped her own, to save the guest's feelings.

Sometimes boy who really are thoughtful for others do not know how to show it gracefully. This can be acquired by observation and practise. A Scout is courteous.



—THE KING AND THE FLAG
ON THE GROUND.
THE USE OF "SIR."

COURTESY

LAST week I think I told you the story of King Edward VII and the guest who poured his tea into his saucer, — an example of the true spirit of courtesy by the King.

Another such story concerns an incident in Italy. The King was on a holiday cruise in the Mediterranean. He had occasion to land unexpectedly at a minor Italian seaport. Rain had been falling and the roads were muddy. The local officials had placed a carpet between the pier and the carriage, but it was not quite long enough, and in the gap someone had, quite improperly, laid an Italian flag.

The King landed from his yacht, passed along the carpet and came to the flag on the ground. Instantly he stepped aside into the mud and raised his hat — in respect to the national emblem of the country he was visiting. It was a quite unexpected situation — not covered by any conventional practice of courtesy. So the King's action was carried out on the spur of the moment — like the tea and saucer incident. It again demonstrated that King Edward VII possessed the fine instinct of habitual courtesy.

Here is a Canadian, and Scouting example of the same thing. One of our outstanding Canadian Scout leaders was invited to address a gathering on boys' work. Unknown to him another speaker, the advocate of another boys' work programme, also had been invited to address the meeting, and spoke first. The Scout leader, called to the platform, complimented the previous speaker and then asked to be excused from saying anything regarding the programme which he himself represented. In other words, he would do nothing to take from the success of the other man's address.

There occasionally are people who habitually disparage courtesy and good manners. They seem to consider them unmanly, "sissy." But don't let that ever affect you. Courtesy, especially toward women and children, always has been part of the character equipment of a gentleman, — such habits as raising when guests enter the room; always standing to talk to a lady or to older persons; at the table never seating yourself until all the ladies present are seated.

One of the benefits of Army and Naval training is the use of sir when addressing a senior, or any older man. This is always pleasing, and yet certainly never lowers a boy in any intelligent person's estimation.

The value of habitual courtesy in business is well known. Most large department stores now have an educational course for the training of young clerks in salesmanship, and this instruction particularly emphasizes courtesy. In fact courtesy is described as "the foundation of successful salesmanship." The year-after-year success of certain large department stores has been credited very largely to the reputation of its clerks for unflinching courtesy.

Courtesy has been called the lubricant that makes the machinery of life run smoothly and pleasantly. Every normal person likes to be greeted with a cheery, friendly, "Hello," or "Good morning," or "Good evening." It is just as easy to be friendly and courteous as to be grumpy.

So, — at home, on the street, in the playground, in business, the true Scout is always courteous, — for common-sense as well as ideal reasons — and because he is a Scout.

It is of first importance that every Scouter examine himself closely, suppress faults he is bound to possess, and train himself to practice what he preaches, — to give his lads the right example for shaping their lives, characters and careers. — B.P.



—OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.
PETS DURING HOLIDAYS
A TRAIN-WRECK GOOD TURN.

FRIEND TO ANIMALS

LET us talk for a few minutes tonight about animals — Scouts and animals. By the way, how would you define “being a friend to animals?” The same general idea as being a friend to another boy?

Wouldn't you in some ways be more considerate of animals than human beings — because of their limited understanding? Because they can't talk back and explain things? Because they can't help themselves in many situations? I think we should in some ways be more considerate with them than with humans.

It has been said that kindness to animals is one of the evidences of civilization and culture.

It must be admitted that in your own country in the earlier days there was considerable thoughtlessness in the treatment of animals. It was considered a good joke to tie a tin can to a stray dog's tail, — to watch him tearing frantically down the street with the can bouncing and banging behind him, until he dropped from exhaustion and crawled into some dark corner. It is a good sign that you seldom today hear of such cruelty. You do occasionally see boys — not Scouts of course — throwing stones at a dog or cat or using a sling-shot or air-gun on birds.

Most of us have cats or dogs at home, and we meet other people's pets on the street practically every day. We can be kind to them by never teasing or hurting them; by never setting one after the other, and by preventing others doing this. If we have a cat or dog of our own we can show ourselves kind by seeing that they are always fed properly, and have comfortable sleeping places, and the like. The same with pigeons, rabbits, chickens and other pets — feeding and watering them regularly and keeping their pens or cages clean.

During the summer there frequently is an opportunity of showing yourself true to the 6th Scout Law by looking after cats that have been left at home and forgotten by thoughtless owners off on vacation.

Occasionally you may have an opportunity of doing something special. There was the case of Scout Baldwin of a Montreal Troop a few years ago. He was on a vacation train that was wrecked near Bic, Que. In the baggage car, which was thrown over on its side, were a number of cats and dogs, on the way to summer cottages. They had been buried beneath piles of baggage. Scout Baldwin at once thought of the animals, and ran forward to help them. With the conductor and baggage man he worked for two hours releasing the dogs and cat, and all but one were freed without serious injury.

That was a nice 6th Law job.



FRIEND TO ANIMALS

IN our last talk on the 6th Scout Law I mentioned the Quebec Scout who helped save a number of dogs and cats when a summer holiday train was wrecked. Our Scout medal award cases tell of a number of such good turns to animals in distress. There was Scout Ernie Gould of Kenora, who crept out on a log boom to rescue two exhausted hunting dogs. There was Scoutmaster Weston of a Hamilton Troop, who rescued four horses from a burning stable — although he was handicapped by an artificial leg.

And there was Scout Ralph Brown of Moscow, Ont. One winter's night his mother saw a light from our on the frozen lake near their home. The light remained in one place, which was unusual; farmers often took a short-cut across the ice at night, carrying a lantern. So Ralph ran out on the lake to discover if someone was in trouble. He found that a horse and cutter had broken through. He could not reach the spot because of the size of the break. He ran back home and got his father, and they dragged a boat to the opening, and so reached the cutter. They rescued the man, but it looked as if they would have to leave the horse. Ralph wasn't the give-up kind, however. He got out his knife, had his father tie a rope round his waist, and while his Dad hung on, leaned head down under the water, beneath the horse, and cut the traces. Then they pulled the horse ashore.

Needless to say no true Scout will kill birds or squirrels merely for the fun of hunting and killing something. The question of hunting and trapping offers some difficulty for Canadian boys, particularly in hunting districts. Undoubtedly certain wild animals and birds are provided by the Almighty as a source of food and clothing — when needed. Each boy who may have the opportunity to hunt and trap must decide the matter for himself — must ask himself his exact reasons for hunting and trapping, and whether they are sufficient for a Scout.

Here is an example of a wrong reason: In some districts every few years there is a trapping craze among town and village boys. They are going to get rich being trappers and selling furs. They gather up all sorts of traps — from bear traps to mouse traps — and plant them to catch muskrats, weasels, skunks, moles, ground-hogs, squirrels — anything. But most of the lads really know nothing about trapping, and this results in many animal tragedies. Some are caught in ways that cause great pain; some escape, dragging a poorly-anchored trap from a broken leg. But worst of all, some boys get tired of visiting their “trap lines,” and captured animals are left to die a lingering death.

And that's not all. Often when an animal of some value is secured it is not properly skinned, and the pelt is of little or no value. Still another unfortunate result is that cats and dogs sometimes are caught and maimed.

The same general idea applies to hunting with a rifle or shot-gun. Never do this just for fun. And one rule should be laid down as absolute — that no Scout goes hunting who does not thoroughly understand the safe handling of firearms.



—*FARM ANIMALS.*
HANDLING HORSES.
DEALING WITH CRUELTY.

FRIEND TO ANIMALS

LAST week we talked of kindness to small animals. The same principle of consideration applies to larger animals — horses, cows, sheep, pigs. How can we prove ourselves friends to these?... (The answer here will depend upon the location and make-up of the Troop. Where the boys have had little to do with farm animals the query can be the broader one of what would be kind treatment by those

who are working with farm animals. The answers will cover proper feeding and housing, field shelters against the storms of fall and winter, blanketing horses left standing after a winter's drive, etc.)

One necessity to proper treatment of horses is learning how to handle them properly; and this might come within the experience of any city Scout on occasion.

You will notice a great difference between certain teamsters in their handling of horses. For example, when starting a heavy load, the thoughtless or ignorant driver may scold, whip, jerk the lines, and 'jump' his team into their collars. On the other hand, the knowing driver eases his horses in, then with a quiet voice and a steady, taut line encourages them to a steady pull. The difference between the two kinds of drivers is yet more marked when backing a team with a heavy load in some difficult location, — say backing a coal wagon up over a kerbing.

What would you do to help a horse and an ignorant driver in such a case?...Yes, place a plank along the kerb to provide a "ramp" would be one way.

Usually you will notice a striking difference in the appearance of the teams of the two kinds of drivers. One team will be well fed and well groomed from mane to hocks, the other pair will be dull and dusty in appearance, their hocks stained from standing in unclean bedding, and probably thin of body.

Boys driving horse-drawn delivery wagons occasionally display unkindness, — whipping their animals, jerking or sawing the lines. This is particularly the case in smaller towns and villages, possibly because of the absence of any organization such as the Humane Society or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In such places Scouts may do many a good turn for animals by asking kind treatment where it is not shown. In flagrant cases where the appeal is ignored the matter should be reported to an officer of one of the societies mentioned, or the magistrate.



—FIRST AID FOR A DOG.
APPROACHING, HANDLING.
THE TAPE MUZZLE.

FRIEND TO ANIMALS

IF you are going to give first aid treatment to an injured animal you must first know how to gain his confidence and how to handle him safely.

In approaching an injured dog you must remember that the animal has undergone a severe experience and is suffering from shock. Also, since you are a stranger to him, he is not sure of your intentions. Under these circumstances even the best dispositioned dogs may bite.

It is the same with a sick dog.

If you come upon a strange dog injured or sick, approach him quietly and confidently. Never show fear. Never be in a hurry; do not make sudden moves. Talk to him quietly. The human voice will do wonders in overcoming fright and excitement in an animal. Do not allow yourself to become excited, as an animal is quick to sense nervousness.

A muzzle always should be used. In handling the animal you may accidentally hurt him, and any dog can then be excused for biting.

To apply the muzzle it may be necessary to manoeuvre the dog into a corner. Quiet talking and smooth actions will achieve this. The vicious dog usually is best approached with quiet firmness, and, most important, absolutely no sign of apprehension.

The so-called tape muzzle is best. It may be improvised from anything suitable at hand, — a piece of 2- or 4-inch bandage, or a piece of cloth or rope. It should be wide enough not to cut into the dog's flesh. It need not be drawn so tight as to cause the animal discomfort.

Your dog once muzzled, you are ready to make an examination of his injury and give first aid.

Remember to work quietly, confidently and without excitement.



—DISCIPLINE IN HOCKEY.
TRACK TRAINING, BUSINESS.
SELF-DISCIPLINE.

OBEDIENCE

I AM going to tell you two or three stories, — just stories. Then you are to tell me whether the incidents could have happened.

Once upon a time, in a certain school hockey league, there was a team made up entirely of kids who were quite sure that they had nothing more to learn about the game. Know-it-alls. They thought it beneath their dignity to accept advice or directions from anyone. If during the game the team captain directed them to cover their man, they made a point of following the puck all over the ice. If a defence was told to keep his position, he would stick out his chest and on the next chance carry the puck all the way through for a goal shot. Whenever the goalie felt like it he took a run down the ice and left the net wide open.

Of course this team simply walked away with the league championship! Or did it?

Another story: A certain boy on a track team was to represent his school in the mile run. The team had a trainer, but our miler couldn't see himself taking training orders from anyone. So he exercised when he felt like it, stayed out late with the soda fountain crowd, smoked cigarettes, etc. The runners for the other schools stuck to their training table and training rules. And when the great race came, our independent hero of course won hands down! Or did he?...Probably "won lying down" around the quarter-mile pole.

Yes, these are ridiculous stories. But actually no more ridiculous than the doings of any boy at home, school, college, or at a Troop meeting who thinks he is "too big" to obey his parents, teachers or professors, or his Patrol Leader or Scoutmaster, — a policeman, or anyone who has a right to tell him to do or not to do a certain thing.

The word "discipline" usually is connected in the mind with soldiering. It should not be, for as a matter of fact discipline — or the habit of obedience — is one of the most important factors in your everyday life or mine. It has to do with your success at school, with your success in sport, with your success in business, even with your health. In fact I do not believe you can think of any circumstances in life in which obedience to some direction or some custom, or some physical or other law, is not involved. But more on this point later.

You know of course that I have been talking about the 7th Scout Law, — "A Scout obeys the orders of his parents, Patrol Leader or Scoutmaster without question." It's simply based on common sense.

The full explanation of the 7th Scout Law adds, "Even if he is given an order he does not like, he must carry it out. Afterwards he may state any reason against it; but when the order is given, he must carry it out at once. This is discipline."



OBEDIENCE

THE last time we had a few words about the 7th Scout Law I told several imaginary stories of fresh kids who made a great success in sport (question!) because they were too big to do as they were told by a hockey captain, a track team trainer.

Let us carry that idea farther. You may find the argument useful some day.

If you were ill, for instance, would you want to be taken care of by a nurse who refused to follow the doctor's instructions? Who when directed to give you your medicine once an hour, gave it "when she remembered" or "when she felt good and ready"? Or instead of a fruit salad, gave you a nice cold potato? Hardly.

No; you only need to argue it out a bit to see that slowness to obey, instead of being the sign of a he-man, is only a sign of an "empty attic." Brainlessness.

Obedience does not imply inferiority. It does not take from one's self-respect. As a matter of fact it is one of those elements that make life liveable. It brings us our milk in the morning — through obedience to his instructions by the men at the pasteurizing plant, and the obedience of the men on the dairy farms who cared for the cows.

It is the same with everything. Anyone who is too "manly" to work should not eat, because in eating he is sponging on others who are willing to obey, and who thus make their contribution to the running of the great machine of social human life. In other words, obedience is playing the game.

Let's say a word about obedience to parents. Some of you have small brothers. You know that they will do all sorts of things that are dangerous if they are not warned against them, or prevented. Playing with matches, for example. Perhaps some of you have cautioned a little brother about this, and told him he would burn himself; and perhaps he has said, "No he wouldn't," and probably you told him to go ahead then and burn himself, and find out, and you wondered how he could be such a little idiot.

Did it never occur to you that there is just as much difference between what your little brother knows and what you know, as there is between what you know and what your mother and father know? There is.

There are a great many things in life of which one can get a real understanding only through years of experience, — in no other way. And this will always be so, even if you have more education along certain lines that have your parents.

Just remember this the next time you want to do something that looks alright to you, but that your parents object to. They may not be able to explain definitely just why they think it unwise, but out of their very much longer experience of life they have an instinct that tells them. So listen to them, and save your fingers from being burnt like the little brother with the matches. And some "burning" can be much more serious than burning with matches.



—WHEN DISOBEDIENCE BROUGHT DEATH.

A STORY AND MESSAGE FROM BADEN-POWELL.

OBEDIENCE

OUR first Scout Handbook, called *The Canadian Boy Scout*, was published in 1911. Its Preface was a message from General Baden-Powell, as he then was, the Founder of Scouting. In this message he told a story of the South African war that has a good reminder to us all.

It happened in 1901, when Baden-Powell, of "B.-P.", as he was called, was a colonel in command of a force of mounted infantry. Under his command was a young officer, a first-class, all-round scout, who

could follow a track, conceal himself, watch, and make excellent reports on enemy movements. He was a brave and as hardy as anyone could wish to be. But he had one failing. He would not always obey orders strictly.

One day Colonel B.-P.'s troopers were lying in ambush, to surprise a commando of Boers. His orders to his men were to lie low and not make a move. In spite of this, the young officer slipped away to do some special scrutiny of his own. Presently shots were heard. He had run into a Boer scout, they had fired at each other, the Boer was killed and the officer was mortally wounded.

Other Boer scouts heard the shots. They came up quickly, found the wounded British officer, — and of course knew at once that there was a British column in the vicinity. They hastened off and warned their own main body, and the whole project of Baden-Powell's force was defeated.

In his Preface to the Handbook, B.-P. added: "No, I have no use for a fellow who cannot obey orders, even though he may be a good Scout in other ways." He went on:

"From what I have seen of you Canadian boys I have a great admiration for you. You already are good Scouts in the woods, but to be perfectly reliable you must also be sure that you are disciplined and can obey orders, however distasteful they may be, without any hesitation — and cheerily.

"Canada can become a very big nation," he went on, "if each one of you determines to do his bit in making it so. A nation is not made merely by its territory or its wealth, it is made by its men.

"If they are men of grit and energy, who work together like a football team, each in his place and 'playing the game' in obedience to the rules and to the orders of the captain, they will win, they will make a great nation. If they only loaf through the game, each in his own way, it is not likely that any country will succeed.

"So — play up, Canadian lads! 'Play the game.' Sink your own personal comfort, think of your country, and work hard, each one of you, to be an all-round good Scout who can be relied on in a tight corner to stick it out and obey orders."

That's a story and a message for you boys — for each of you — from one of the world's really great men: the man whose ideas of what boys like to do resulted in the creation of the Boy Scouts, the greatest international brotherhood of boys that the world has ever known. He was a man who lived just the kind of adventurous life that any of you would love to live, — as a cavalry officer (he was the outstanding hero of the Boer war, through his defense of Mafeking); as a clever scout in wars on the frontiers of India, and in the Zulu and Matabele country in Africa; as a sportsman and horseman (he was a daring polo player); as a big game hunter in India and Africa; as an explorer. In a word, he was a genuine all-round First Class Scout. So let's remember what he said about a Scout "obeying orders," and the story of the officer who lost his life because he disobeyed.



—THE CLERK WHO SMILED.
EDISON'S PERSISTENCE.
CHEERFUL STAYING-POWER.

CHEERFULNESS

YOU may smile when I tell you that Lord Baden-Powell, our Founder, first wrote this Law to read: "A Scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances." That would have made a pretty wide open proposition, wouldn't it! B.-P. soon realized that all circumstances would be misunderstood, and changed the law to read "all difficulties."

In further explaining the Law, Baden-Powell said in *Scouting for Boys*: "When a Scout gets an order he should obey it cheerfully and readily, not in a slow, hangdog sort of way. Scouts never grouse at hardships, nor whine at each other, not grumble when put out, but go on, whistling and smiling."

I'm pretty sure you appreciate that there is a lot of very practical good sense in carrying out the 8th Law, — for you yourself, as a Scout, and for other people. No one likes a grouch, — and on the other hand, everyone likes a good-natured, laughing, smiling, cheerful person.

Roland Phillips, in his book *Letters to a Patrol Leader* tells the story of a young clerk in an office, who one day was much surprised when an old lady seized his hand and thanked him for all he had done for her. "But," the clerk said, "I haven't done anything for you." "Oh, yes you have," she replied. "You have a merry smile on your face in all weathers, and it does an old lady like me a power of good just to see it."

You must have heard the old saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." Of course it's not entirely true, but there is a lot in it.

"A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties..."

Someone has said that the only difference between people in the matter of disappointments and troubles is their attitude toward disappointments and troubles. Because everyone has them, sooner or later, in one form or another.

Some of you may think that money solves all troubles; that to be rich means to be happy — and free of troubles. Let me tell you seriously, boys, that there is more unhappiness of one kind or another among wealthy people than in families of quite moderate means. In other words, wealth also brings its difficulties, and the need of "smiling and whistling."

One of Canada's champion pole vaulters, Alex Cameron, once said that it had done him more good to lose than to win vaulting contests. It had been good discipline.

It is a great thing to be able to take defeats and disappointments and come back with a smile. It is one of the great helps in making a success of life. In fact, the chief difference between the man who fails in life and the man who succeeds is staying power. How much can you endure, and come up smiling?

Never spend time grumbling over your disappointments or defeats. See what you can learn from them. Thomas Edison, the great inventor, tried things over and over again. When working on an "electric light" he tried countless things as filament. Finally he concentrated on cotton thread burned to a strand of carbon. Again and again the fragile "hair" broke. But finally a little black loop was safely inside a glass bulb, current was turned on, — and the world's first electric light was glowing.

Above all things, don't whine over disappointments. It is not the number of times you fall, but the number of times you get up and push on that counts. Never mind how you feel. Never pity yourself.

Remember, it's rough weather and hard going that makes strong bodies, — and strong minds and strong character.

"A Scout smiles and whistles..."



—UNDER SUFFERING.

JACK CORNWELL.

WALLACE KINNAIRD.

CHEERFULNESS

OUR highest medal award is the Cornwell Badge, — given in recognition of fortitude and cheerfulness under great suffering. As you know it was established in memory of Scout Jack Cornwell, a young sailor on a British warship, who gave a splendid example of courage and steadfastness in carrying out his duties and remaining at his gun post after a fatal injury during the great Battle of Jutland of the First World War. The badge is rarely awarded; but 15 in Canada, I believe.

The Cornwell Badge can be considered an award for carrying out the 8th Scout Law of cheerfulness under the most trying circumstances.

One of the Canadian Scouts to receive the award was Wallace Kinnaird, of a Toronto Troop. In 1931 Wallace had a leg injured during a football game. The injury developed serious complications, and it was found necessary to amputate the leg at the hip. The trouble persisted, and it became a certainty that Wallace Kinnaird could not live longer than a year and a half at the outside. He was taken to Thistledown Hospital. Whatever his first thoughts, Wallace faced the situation with deliberate courage; and notwithstanding the certainty of death, and great suffering as well, he turned to the helping of other boys of the Hospital Handicapped Scouts and Cubs.

After his death this was the tribute paid to him by the Nurse Supervisor of the Hospital: "During all this time we never saw him show anything but courage and the most amazing and infectious good cheer to his companions, although it was evident to a perceiving person that he had his dark hours.

"Not only did he display a cheerful and sunny countenance at all times, but he put a real effort into encouraging and helping the other boys, — many of them more fortunate than he, — fostering industry and ambition in them, setting an example of obedience, courtesy and thoughtfulness, and all this with complete unconsciousness of doing anything praiseworthy or unique. This boy's brave, bright spirit was an inspiration to those who lived with him."

The Cornwell Badge was presented to Scout Kinnaird on December 17th. On the 31st he died.

Let this story of Wallace Kinnaird remind us to "smile and whistle" in face of the little difficulties and disappointments that come our way.

—A CHEERY BOY SCOUT WHO
TRAVELLED IN A WHEEL CHAIR.

CHEERFULNESS

WHEN you think of "smiling and whistling under all difficulties," most of you, I imagine, think of small things, — little disappointments such as not being able to go to a movie or a game, or having to stay in of an evening to do home work, or breaking your bike; or a toothache and having to go to the dentist. Things like that.

But listen to this story of "smiling and whistling under difficulties.": In 1944 a Medal of Merit was awarded, posthumously, to Harold Russell, Secretary-Treasurer of the Scout Association at Fort William, "for outstandingly useful and cheerful service to Scouting," notwithstanding a serious physical handicap.

Harold Russell had been a cripple from birth. He had no use of his legs whatsoever. When he was old enough to understand, he had two choices: To gloomily accept himself as a useless invalid for life, or to determine to make the best of things — "to smile and whistle" and make the best of his terrible difficulty. Well, he chose to "smile and whistle."

He learned to get around by the use of his hands and a wheel chair. He went to school. He went to church. He didn't, as some invalids do, develop a feeling of resentment against the Almighty because of his condition. As soon as he was old enough he began participating in church work. One job he assumed was the getting out each week of the church calendar, himself collecting the notices and other material.

Then he became a Rover Scout, and as his "Rover quest" accepted the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Scout Association. He made this one of his most active jobs. His records and reports were a model of care, and always were at the district or provincial office when due. In preparation for the annual Scout Apple Day he assumed the responsibility for seeing that window cards and posters were distributed and effectively displayed. On Apple Day he largely took charge of the Scout and Cub apple salesmen, pushing himself here and there about the city streets in his chair.

But the full story of Harold Russell was not discovered until after he had passed away. It was then learned that continuously throughout the years he had suffered from painful ulcers on his undeveloped legs. Not once had he mentioned this outside his family.

His Mother spoke particularly of his courage and resolution when he started school. He was determined to acquire an education and fit himself to be of some real use in life in spite of his handicap.

Wrote District Scout Commissioner Ellard: "I visited him frequently during his last illness, and while his Mother told me of his condition, Russell himself spoke only of his Scout work, and how he was planning to 'catch up on it one of these days.' During his last hours, while always in pain, he was still cheerful and brave. Living and dying, he was a true Scout."



—IN SAVING AND SPENDING.
IN HEALTH AND STRENGTH.
MUSCLE OF THE MIND.

THRIFT

I THINK I once told you an imaginary story of a lad who knew too much to train for the championship mile run of a school track meet, and who in consequence won the lying-down championship at the quarter-pole.

You laughed of course. If I had told, as an another imaginary happening, that this brilliant athlete (question mark) entered the famous Boston Marathon, and "trained" in the same way at the corner drugstore and smoke-shop hang-out, you would have had another good laugh.

Just why?...Yes, because you know our hero couldn't have staggered a full mile, let alone the Marathon 27; because he hadn't trained, he hadn't built up and hardened his muscles, he hadn't conditioned his heart and lungs. As a matter of fact, he had softened himself; weakened his natural strength by self-indulgence and laziness.

In other words — and this is what I was coming to — he had not practised the principle of Thrift of his strength and his will power — he had not practised the principle of our 9th Scout Law.

You probably have thought of Thrift as concerning only money. Well, you were mistaken. It is part of the Scout code of "Be Prepared" for the future in many different directions. One of the most important is the thrifty building up of health and strength for the long distance race that life actually is. Remind yourself of this once in a while. Or better, every morning, when you jump briskly out of bed, as I hope you all do, step to your wide open window, take a few good deep lung-fulls of fresh air, and go through some of the Scout "good morning" exercises that Baden-Powell has given you in Scouting for Boys.

That largely concerns muscles. Did you ever think that it is necessary for us to develop "muscle of the mind"? Another name is self-control, one of the most important of all our equipments for a useful, successful, service-giving life. Well the 9th Law practise of Thrift comes in here: Learning self-control in the saving and wise spending of money. Learning to fight off the temptation to spend your money foolishly — for unnecessary things; paying more than things are worth; going too often to the movies, and the like.

A Scout is thrifty. It's a fine all-round Be Prepared idea.



THRIFT

DID you ever have someone come up to you, say they had a chance to buy a good little money-making business — a gas station, or a small restaurant perhaps — and, “All I need is the loan of a thousand dollars. A sure thing Bill. My big chance.”

Well, quite likely that will happen to you some day; and I'd like to offer you a few suggestions. First, a borrower is seldom a thrifty person; usually he has spent his money as he earned it — for anything that took his fancy. He has not learned to handle money in a sensible, businesslike way, and it is unlikely that he would be able to manage the money end of any business sensibly and wisely. So the chances of his paying back a loan are pretty slim. In addition he may develop a grudge against you because he owes you money — a somewhat strange but human failing.

Shakespeare phrased it:

*Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.*

Sometimes borrowers are of that class of lazy, undisciplined people who claim that the world “owes them a living.” I know none of you lads ever will be bitten by that funny idea. Let us analyse the foolishness of it: First, it must mean that the world owes us food to eat. Let us say, bread. Who owes us the bread? It can only be the farmer who plows a field, plants wheat, and reaps it in the Fall; the thresher who threshes it; the miller who grinds it into flour; the truck drivers and railway men who transport the flour to bakeries; the bakers who make it into bread, and the bakeshops or bakery wagon drivers who distribute it.

Well, do all these workers “owe” bread to anyone? To the man or boy who hasn't the honesty of mind or common sense to see that everyone must do something to contribute to the chain of effort that brings a loaf of bread to a person's table? And the same with other things that make life possible. Everyone must make some contribution to the wheel of production. No, the world owes no one a living.

That idea of someone else “owing me a living” possibly grew out of the Government “dole” distributed to families of unemployed persons during the depression years of the early 1930's. It was a most unfortunate early experience for many boys and girls — their learning, as it must have seemed to them, that it was not really necessary to work in order to have food.

I'm sure you lads will agree that the boys of the early Canadian pioneers had a far better, manlier start in life from seeing their fathers face all their many difficulties standing on their own two feet — often with nothing more than a good sharp axe, a gun, an ox and a home-made plow. It's the pioneers — their independence, resourcefulness and courage — that we Scouts hold as our example and try to follow.

And one part of our “following” is 9th Law Thrift — so we can always stand independently on our own feet.



THRIFT

HOW many of you are 13?...One day in the year 1847 (before most of you were born!) a boy named Tim became an apprentice clerk in a drygoods store in Portglenone, Ireland. He was one of a family of nine children, whose father was dead; and the mother was having a pretty hard time making ends meet.

Tim's apprenticeship was to last five years. The pay was very small and the hours long. The apprentices lived in the store, and for a time Tim slept under a counter. But he stuck it out, and learned

all he could about drygoods and clerking and bookkeeping. At the end of the apprenticeship he came to Canada.

His first job was in a village store. He saved thriftily, and soon bought a country store of his own. Later he joined a brother in a bigger store at St. Mary's, then finally sold his share, moved to Toronto and bought a small drygoods business at the corner of Queen and Young.

What was Tim's full name?...Right. Timothy Eaton. Today on that same spot stands one of the greatest stores in Canada, and there are other big Eaton stores in a dozen cities almost across the Dominion.

Then there was Theodore Loblaw, of the great chain of Loblaw stores. He came to Toronto, a 17 year old country boy, took a \$3.25 per week job in a grocery, — and immediately began systematically saving out of his small salary. Also he made thrifty use of his time, learning all he could of the grocery business; studying bookkeeping at night school. In a few years he had his own store, then several others, — then the Dominion Stores chain; sold that, and launched the Loblaw self-serve "Groceries," today one of Canada's greatest business enterprises.

You will notice that the foundation of the success of all these great Canadian business men was laid when they were young. And that foundation was?...That's it. Thrift of money; learning to spend to advantage. And thrift of time.

The full explanation of the 9th Scout Law is: "A Scout is thrifty. That is, he is always ready to earn money honestly, and he does not spend it foolishly or needlessly. Instead he should place it in the bank against a time of need, or to help put himself through college, or start himself in business when older. For many young men are unable to start college or to take advantage of excellent business opportunities because they lack capital which they might have possessed had they but saved a little each year when they were boys."

So, if you have not already done so, boys, start a savings account — with a particular purpose, such as college, or starting yourself in some line of business, some day; or, if you have not yet decided just what you want to be, save for the general purpose of being "on the way" when you do decide. You will find it very interesting to watch the balance of your bank book grow.



THRIFT

THERE is an ancient saying, from the days of knights on horseback, "For want of a nail a shoe was lost, for want of a shoe a horse was lost, for want of a horse a rider was lost, for want of a rider a battle was lost."

There is a rumour today that some boys are very careless with their things — even with other people's things. They chuck their school books here and there, and forget them. To save a couple of steps they try to hang their sweater up in the air, and if it doesn't stick they leave it on the door. They borrow Dad's tools, and drop them when they're through...I see some of you know the story.

I suppose you never thought of the 9th Law at such times — that thrift includes taking care of things; that a good hammer lost is a dollar lost; that things lost require replacement.

So, boys, let's tidy up a bit on this kind of unthrifty carelessness.

There is another angle of 9th Law thrift. This is the thrift of buying of good quality, whenever possible. A really good suit of clothes, for example, will outlast several cheaper suits, and the same with many other things.

A word about buying on the instalment plan. Occasionally this may be necessary, but it should be avoided whenever possible. During the last business depression many thousands of people were quickly

in financial difficulties as soon as they were out of work. They were unable to meet payments on radios, cars, bicycles, furniture, even clothing; and in many instances they lost them and the money they had paid on them. Another point — you usually pay less by saving until you can pay cash outright, getting a lower price. And you then are not worried when instalment payments come due.

Of course one must guard against becoming a miser. Remember old Scrooge of the Christmas Carol, who made money his god. Some sad family tragedies have originated in the money-first obsession of a father.

Remember the Bible story told in Luke, Chapter 12, beginning at the 16th verse:

“And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barn, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits, and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

There is danger in both extremes of thrift — carelessness on the one hand, avarice and niggardliness on the other. A good Scout keeps the balance between the extremes.

—*TIME IS MONEY.*
LEARNING A LANGUAGE DURING TRAVEL.
JOHN BUCHANAN'S EXAMPLE.

THRIFT

HAVE you heard the saying, “Time is money?” Here’s an example: Many people working in big cities, like London and New York, and who live outside, and go backwards and forwards each day by bus or train, have mastered several languages by brief study during the trips. Some, with the aid of a pocket dictionary, have developed a fine and very useful knowledge of words — adding a few new ones each day. “John Buchanan” (the writing name of Lord Tweedsmuir, who when he died was Governor-General and our Chief Scout for Canada) gave us a splendid example of the thrifty use of time. Many of his novels, including his famous mystery-adventure story *The 39 Steps*, were written bit by bit in a sick bed, or on a pad on his knee while travelling — anywhere he found a spare moment. He save his time as other men save their money. And what a pleasure his saving gave the world in books! *Hontingtower*, *Castle Gay* (a grand adventure yarn if you haven’t read it), *The Three Hostages*, *The Magic Walking Stick*, written especially for boys. Over 30 of them.

There is an old Canadian saying, “Make hay while the sun shines.” In England there’s an old sun dial with the inscription, “It is later than I thought!” Another way of saying “Be Prepared,” or: “A Scout prepares for the future by being thrifty in all things now — of his health, of his money, of his time.” The 9th Scout Law.

Thrift is a part of manliness, because it means hard work and self-denial. — B.P.

—*ONE OF THE RULES OF A GREAT BUSINESS SUCCESS.*
THE “CLEAN-CUT” BOY.

CLEANLINESS

A WEEK or so ago I mentioned Theodore Loblaw, the originator of the great chain of Loblaw Groceries. When Mr. Loblaw launched his first store, in addition to the big self-serve idea, he laid down three rules as operating principles. They were *Honesty*, *High Quality* and *Cleanliness*. The first two were of course not new, but his emphasis on the third, *Cleanliness*, was new as something to be given particular attention.

You boys probably take cleanliness in grocery and other food stores as something to be expected. It was not always so. A comparatively few years ago, while some stores were reasonably clean and tidy, others were extremely untidy. Meat in butcher shops was unprotected from flies; small grocery and general stores often displayed boxes of dried cod, herrings, fruit, et cetera, in store entrances or on the sidewalk, in boxes open to flies and dust.

So it can be said that one of the reasons for a great modern business success was CLEANLINESS.

Here is an interesting and tragic little story of a lad, the son of an old-time grocer in a central Ontario town, who hadn't yet discovered the business idea of bright cleanliness. Through his Scouting, including camping under a well-trained Scoutmaster, Billy developed a dream of modernizing his father's store. The father was not very responsive. Billy was not a strong lad; he suffered from some constitutional heart trouble. During his last illness, in bed, he drew up complete plans for the changes of the store, including fittings and a specially designed vitrolite front. Then he died. In his memory his father set about making the improvements, and today this store is the fine, modern, brightly clean store that the Scout had dreamed of.

There is a close association of the idea of cleanliness of food and attractive cleanliness of character. You have heard the expression, "He's a nice, clean-cut chap." You know it means a lad or man who has a straightforward, clear-eyed look; who is clean in appearance and habits. He has a clean complexion, from good eating, regular exercise and baths.

Also he is clean in his talk and in his thinking. He doesn't knock around with boys who go in for unclean talk and unclean stories.

That is what is meant by the 10th Scout Law: "A Scout is clean in thought, word and deed." Never allow yourself to be tempted away from that standard, boys.



—TOWARD GOD AND HIS INSTITUTIONS.
DETAILED MATTERS.

REVERENCE

WE ARE accustomed to being reminded about Reverence toward God and His institutions (as we should be) by our chaplain, by Sunday School teachers and by our parents, especially our mothers. I am going to read you a statement on the spirit of Reverence by one of the most famous American college football coaches, Fielding Yost, of the University of Michigan: Here it is:

"Reverence, as I interpret it, is a way of looking at the big, beautiful things of life. You revere the Bible, you Mother, your Father. You honour and respect them all. You look up to them from the lower level of youth and inexperience."

Let us think for a few minutes of some of the things that are entitled to our reverence. First, an attitude of reverence toward God's house — the church. Remember that it is a building very solemnly dedicated to the worship of God and the carrying on of instruction and appropriate kinds of work in His

service. Obviously it is not a place in which to run about noisily — as you might in an ordinary building. And when meeting in a basement Sunday School hall, devotional gatherings in other parts of the church building should not be disturbed — out of reverence.

We should be reverent toward the religious edifices and shrines of those of other denominations. Incidentally we should remember that most of us are what we are in religion through accident of birth. We should show an attitude of reverent respect toward funerals, while in cemeteries; toward monuments marking historic sites.

Finally (I mention it last because I particularly want you to remember it) as Scouts we must during all church services set an example of quietness, and reverent attention.



WHY CHURCH & SUNDAY SCHOOL

IN A book of “Retrospects,” one of Canada’s outstanding journalists, the late P. D. Ross, wrote in considerable detail of a tour of Egypt and the Holy Land. He told of a visit to the ruins of ancient Karnak, on the Nile; of the wonderful “Avenue of the Thousand Sphinxes”; of solid columns of granite 100 feet high still standing; how he walked for two hours in a temple enclosure and saw but a portion of the fallen halls and courts.

Yet, among all these wonderful, majestic remains there were no signs of hospitals, orphanages, or schools, nor of any buildings dedicated to human advancement or the alleviation of human suffering. Nothing among these decaying structures erected by the whip-driven labour of armies of slaves except glorification of dead Pharaohs, or of the images of bulls, or dogs, or cats, or crocodiles, or hawks and beetles.

In contrast Mr. Ross told of the great Asswan Dam, that holds back the flood waters of the Nile and thus maintains the fertility of Egypt throughout the year. He compares this with the great Pyramid of Cheops, or approximately the same size — a useless monument to human vanity erected by years of sweating labour by tens of thousands of brutally driven human slaves.

Against this picture of Egypt during some six thousand years, Mr. Ross turned to the “wonder of the ages of the earth,” the civilizing effect upon mankind of the divine teachings of Jesus Christ in less than 2000 years.

To emphasize the contrast he recalls that Christ preached for but three years; that He travelled on foot through a very small part of the world, and at a time when the only means of common communication was by word of mouth. And yet so tremendous was the power of His new doctrine of love and compassion and of the individual importance of every human soul, that a world revolution of thinking resulted, and finally brought the conception of political freedom and democratic civilization.

This “democratic way of life” still is our good fortune, despite the threatened return of virtual slavery and medieval barbarisms represented today by Russian Communism.

And so boys, — this is one of the reasons why we go to church and Sunday School; To give thanks, to express to the Almighty our appreciation of His goodness to us in sending His only son to bring the world the democratic freedom we enjoy today.

There is another reason. All of us need regular reminding and reinspiration of that spirit in us which we sometimes call “our better selves.” We need reminding to be kind and generous and patient. We need spiritual refreshment just as we need the physical refreshment of food and drink. No boy or man can live his best without it.



COURAGE

I THINK most of you know the story back of our Cornwell Badge, awarded to Scouts who have stood up to severe suffering with steady, cheery courage. If not, here it is: Jack Cornwell was a Ship's Boy aboard the cruiser *Chester* in the great naval battle of Jutland between the British and German fleets in 1916. He was a member of a deck gun crew of ten. One after the other all were killed save two, who were severely wounded. Jack himself had been wounded early in the fight. Finally the gun could not be brought to bear upon the enemy. Nevertheless Jack continued to stand his exposed position, to be ready for orders which might come. He died shortly after the engagement.

In his despatch on the battle Admiral Sir David Beatty made special mention of the young Scout hero. He wrote: "Boy (1st Class) John Travers Cornwell of *Chester* was mortally wounded early in the action. He nevertheless remained standing alone at a most exposed spot, quietly awaiting orders till the end of the action, with the gun's crew dead and wounded around him. His age was under sixteen and a half years. I regret that he has since died, but I recommend his case for special recognition in justice to his memory and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him."

The Captain of the *Chester* wrote Jack's mother: "His devotion to duty was an example for us all. The wounds which resulted in his death within a short time were received in the first few minutes of the action. He remained steadily at his most exposed post at the gun, waiting for his orders. His gun would not bear on the enemy. All but two of the crew of ten were killed or wounded, and he was the only one who was in such an exposed position. But he felt he might be needed — and indeed he might have been. So he stayed, standing and waiting, under heavy fire, with just his own brave heart and God's help to support him."

The Victoria Cross, as you know the Commonwealth's highest award for bravery, was presented by the King to Jack Cornwell's mother. Jack was a member of St. Mary's Mission Troop, of Manor Park, London.

By strange coincidence Jack Cornwell's act of bravery was almost exactly duplicated in the Second World War by another Scout, also named Jack, Leading Seaman Jack Mantle of H.M.S. *Foylebank*. This was the citation:

"Leading Seaman Jack Mantle was in charge of the starboard pompom when the *Foylebank* was attacked by enemy aircraft on July 4th, 1940. Early in the action his left leg was shattered by a bomb, but he stood fast at his gun and went on firing with hand-gear only. For the ship's electric power had failed. Almost at once he was wounded again in many places. Between his bursts of fire he had time to reflect on the grievous injuries of which he would soon die, but his great courage bore him up till the end of the fight, when he fell by the gun he had so valiantly served.



—SCOTTISH SCOUT HEROS
OF THE GERMAN RAIDS ON CLYDESIDE.

COURAGE

YOU know something of the splendid, courageous service rendered by the Scouts of Britain during the last World War. Here is the story of a Scottish Patrol Leader who went through two very heavy German air raids on the ship building communities along the river Clyde — Clydeside, as it is called:

I noted on my way to the first aid post, where I was a stretcher-bearer, that people were standing in the doorways, looking skyward. Twelve hours later I passed along the same street. There was no one standing in the doorways. There were no doorways to stand in.

I reported for duty in the basement of the school. It was here we stretcher-bearers received messages from the Control Centre. The phone rang as I entered. Everyone in the basement was silent. I heard the telephonist repeat the Depot name. He wrote down his first message for help, passed it quickly to the Depot Leader, my Scoutmaster, and the first stretcher unit made for the door.

Message after message came in, and first aid party after party left, and returned bearing injured persons.

Suddenly the room shook violently. Glass fell everywhere. The door burst open, the light went out. The phone went dead.

At first we dare not strike a match, for there was a smell of gas. Finally a storm lantern was lit. Then came another bomb, very near, and the lantern went out. We were now realizing the full meaning of the word "blitz".

In place of the phone, Scout messengers began coming in with calls for help. Then word came down that the school roof above us was afire, from incendiaries.

Everyone got busy moving out the casualties to shelters in the playground. Sparks from the burning roof were flying all around. And we could now see what was happening elsewhere — fires in every direction.

The school continued to burn, and there was danger of the walls collapsing. It was decided to evacuate all casualties to another school some distance away. We did this amidst crashing explosions and a rain of incendiaries.

Would the raid never end? It did, after nine and half hours. The "all clear" was the sweetest sound I ever heard. But our work went on for another six hours, then most of us Scouts were relieved to get some sleep, — so as to be ready for the expected return visit of the Germans.

I headed for home. Would it still be standing? Were my parents safe? Many familiar landmarks were gone — schools, churches and houses. But my own home was still there. Unbelievable but true!

I fell into bed thankfully, praying God never to let me go through anything like that again.

All next day homeless people were coming to our school, which now was a First Aid Post, a Rest Centre and a Morgue.

When the sirens again sounded that night the homeless people were gathered into the shelters in the school yard. This second raid, while not so long, was more intense, with many more fires and more destruction for high explosive bombs.

But finally it passed, and with the "all clear" and the coming of morning, mobile canteens appeared. Some were from other towns. I was asked by my Scoutmaster to act as a guide for one of them. Most of my day was spent on this duty.

The story was told in *The Scottish Scout*. The Editor added: "The P.L.'s and Scouts of the West of Scotland were prepared and when the occasion came they did their duty quickly, efficiently and effectively." And we would add, "With splendid courage."



COURAGE

ONE of the great historic incidents of the Second World War was the evacuation from France to England in 1940 of a British Army of some 300,000 men — the British Expeditionary Force whose Belgian and French allies had failed it on either flank and compelled its retreat. The

evacuation was carried out by one of the strangest fleets every assembled — warships, torpedo-boats, ferryboats, tugs, yachts, fishing boats, motorcraft of every kind.

On such an emergency occasion Scouts of course played their part. One such story was told of a Sea Scout Troop of Mortlake, on the River Thames above London. The Troop had a 45-foot motor picket boat, *Minotaur*, formerly belonging to the Royal Navy.

At 11 p.m., May 29th, 1940, the British Admiralty called upon Sea Scoutmaster Gill to report as soon as possible the *Minotaur* and a Sea Scout crew at a down-river station. Within the hour motorboat and its crew of eager Scouts was sliding down the river, in the dark. Early morning found them at the station. They made an all-day and all-night run down the coast, and were at their destination at a southeast port at 9 a.m. of the 30th.

Here two armed naval ratings joined them. Additional fuel and provisions were taken aboard, and the Sea Scoutmaster was directed to head for the French coast.

The Channel was dotted with craft. Those outbound, like *Minotaur*, were empty; those returning were crowded with soldiers. Swift destroyers raced by, throwing up wash that threatened to swamp the Sea Scout craft.

Minotaur plowed on, and late in the afternoon tragic Dunkirk came into view. The beaches were still black with men. Some units were lined up on shore, some groups were streaming into the sea toward the small boats that were coming and going between the beach and the vessels off shore. Quickly the Scout motorboat was on its assigned task of towing strings of the small boats backwards and forwards.

At first there was little interference from the enemy. Then there came the roar of Nazi planes, immediately followed by the earsplitting thunder of ack-ack guns from the warships. From shore, among the waiting soldiers, came the crash of bursting bombs.

One plane swung low over the Sea Scout boat, but the bomb missed. Another plane crashed flaming into the sea a few yards distant.

The raiders disappeared, and the Scouts “got on with the job.” Finally their fuel ran low, and on direction they took a final load of the exhausted soldiers out to a trawler, then headed back across the Channel.

In spite of some Nazi machine gunning they made the trip safely. They took a brief rest, then were directed to stand by with *Minotaur*, since faster boats were now making the crossing. Promptly Scoutmaster Gill and his boys shipped aboard one of the faster craft, as additional crew, under convoy of a seagoing tug.

It was night when they again made Dunkirk, but light from burning oil tanks made it almost as light as day. The job this time was the bringing of soldiers from the end of the Dunkirk harbour mole out to the tug. German artillery was now shelling the pier and the beaches. The speedy motorboat carried on, however, and finally the tug was loaded to capacity. The boat had barely left the mole on its last trip when a shell struck and demolished the end of the pier.

On the way home the Sea Scouts made another transfer, this time to a naval cutter filled with troops. And another opportunity of usefulness came. The naval officer in charge had lost his charts. The Sea Scoutmaster took over, laid a course and brought the cutter safely into the east coast port.

Once again Scouts were *Prepared* by thoroughly training, and made good when the call for service came.



COURAGE

YOU will remember the story of the part taken in the historic evacuation of Dunkirk by the Sea Scouts of Mortlake, on the Thames. Here is the story of the part taken by a former Canadian Sea Scout in demolition work on harbour docks, cranes, oil tanks, etc., at Dunkirk which could be of use to the Germans. The Scout was Sub-Lieutenant Jack Pickford, formerly of the Royal St. Lawrence Y.C. Sea Scouts of Montreal, and the details were secured from letters to his family.

After telling how he was called back from week-end leave and specially equipped with army uniform, naval cap, gas mask, tin hat and water bottle, Sub. Lt. Pickford continued in part:

We then went on board a patrol vessel and proceeded to sea. You can imagine how excited we were, and somewhat nervous too. The ship was loaded with explosives. I was in command of a part of sixteen seamen and one Petty Officer.

We arrived at our destination unmolested about 11 a.m., and transferred to another destroyer. Shortly after, we had our first air attack, and I had my baptism of fire. With explosives on board, even a small bomb would have finished us off completely, but we gave them so heavy a barrage that they did not come very close.

Going into the harbour we had another air attack, but came through alright.

I wish I could describe the scene. The Germans were expected to take the city in a couple of hours, and evacuees were streaming into the place. They were the most pitiful sight. They came by the thousands, with only a few possessions over their shoulders, and hanging on to their children for dear life. Some (even men) were crying on the wharf because we could not take them. Stragglers of the British Expeditionary Force kept arriving, and we took them aboard.

One of the stranger things happened shortly after we docked. An army lorry drove up, with three Canadian soldiers on board. They were privates of an Easter regiment and had been left behind when the lorry had broken down. They had repaired it, and had been cruising about France for ten days, having a wonderful time with the Germans always on their tail. They were fine fellows and were glad to let us have their truck, and to drive it for us.

Well, we managed to get four trucks together, loaded each with explosives, and set off. Two of the Canadians came with my party — and were surprised to find a Canadian naval officer in charge.

At our destination the Commander told me what he wanted blown up. We worked like lunatics until all our charges were placed, then went from job to job, lit the fuses and watched them blow up.

To get back to the ship we had to drive through flames of several oil tanks. My Canadian driver and I put our heads down and drove like mad. It was wonderful the way the soldier handled the truck, and we got through. Before leaving the beach we blew up a large crane, and then the lorry. The destroyer was literally packed with troops and refugees, so the return voyage was somewhat cramped. We reported to the Commander the next morning, and he was well pleased with our work.

All credit was due my Petty Officer. He realized that I did not know much about the technicalities of the job, and yet he always let me give the commands, with quiet suggestions from time to time. I thanked him warmly, and praised him to the Commander. I also told the Commander about my two Canadian Army friends, and he asked for their names, so he could arrange a leave for them. The rest of us also were given 5 days' leave.

Back aboard our ship, we had a good bath and a shave and got into our navy uniforms again. Boy, did it feel good!



—THE ANGLO-SAXON STANDARD.
KING GEORGE V'S CODE.
RUNNING AND TENNIS STORIES.

SPORTSMANSHIP

EVERYONE admires a good sportsman. Frequently he is called “a good sport,” sometimes “a square shooter.” The terms do not mean quite the same as good-sportsmanship. A “good sport” to you may be someone who always agrees to do what you want to do, or who will lend you a dime, or a quarter. A “square shooter” is one who is always straight and aboveboard, always truthful and honest. A good sportsman is something more.

How would you boys describe him?...

Yes, I think we can sum it up and say that a good sportsman is one who plays the game according to the rules; who always accepts the decision of the umpire; who plays for the team and not for himself; who plays his hardest to win, but accepts defeat without rancour, — and who has the same attitude toward the game of life at home, at school; when he takes up his life employment — on the farm, in the workshop or in business.

King George V used this phrase: “Teach me to win if I may; if I may not win, then above all teach me to be a good loser.”

There are a number of stories of good sportsmanship during field sports and football at college. Some years ago, during the annual cross country run between McGill and Toronto 'Varsity, held at Montreal, Wiggins, the McGill long distance star, was running in second place some little distance behind a Toronto runner. Wiggins knew every foot of the course. On arriving at a certain point he discovered that the Toronto man had taken the wrong turn. Wiggins halted, shouted, and brought the 'Varsity runner back, set him on the right road, and allowed him to regain his previous lead before following. And the Toronto man won the race. In other words, although certain victory was offered through his opponent's error, Wiggins refused to take advantage of it. He would win or lose only on a fair test of stamina and speed.

Another example: Some years ago a tennis team representing England against the United States in the world championship Davis Cup tournament included the famous Doherty brothers. In one of the singles matches the judge of play gave one of the brothers the point for a ball which Doherty saw had cut the base line, instead of clearing it. On the next play he deliberately allowed his opponent to score a point. He would not accept an advantage which he did not think he was entitled to, even when the point was awarded him by the judge of play.

Wiggins and Doherty were sportsmen of the best type. Let us Scouts be that kind of sportsmen.



SPORTSMANSHIP

IN 1924 Queen's and Toronto 'Varsity were playing the deciding game of the college rugby championship, at Toronto. Queen's was two points up. 'Varsity apparently had a chance of scoring. In the play, Batstone of Queen's, one of the most brilliant half-backs of his day, lost the sole of his shoe. According to the rules this did not stop the game; Batstone would run off, a substitute come in and the game continue. Immediately, however, Captain Snider of 'Varsity ordered the game halted until Batstone could secure another shoe and return to the line-up. And Queen's won the game and the championship. With Batstone's substitute playing, it is possible 'Varsity would have scored, and won. But the higher code of the game was more important than the mere winning of it.

The test of sportsmanship in a football game is not always confined to the players. Some years back the rugby teams of University of New Brunswick and Mount Allison (they play the original English rugby game in the Maritimes) were playing in the year's final. The deciding moment and apparent victory of U. of N.B. came with a run and touchdown during the last few minutes of play.

There was a question whether the runner had not stepped over the side line. The linesman, Greg Feeney of N.B., was appealed to. He declared that the N.B. runner *had* stepped over the line. This meant the nullification of the scout, and a “down” opposite the point of running out. In the tension of the moment the N.B. team and its supporters crowded excitedly about the linesman.

Greg Feeney merely repeated, “He stepped over! What else could I say?”

The ball was brought back and put into play at the spot indicated. Mount A. held, and N.B. lost the match, and the championship. But the fact, and the score of the game, will be forgotten long before Gregory Feeney's example of courageous good sportsmanship in a tense situation.

Another story: During a football game between Queen's and Toronto at Queen's the score was 6-5 for Queen's with only a few minutes to play, when a Queen's substitute ran out on the field, and forgot to report to the time-keeper. A few minutes after, Leadley dropped a perfect field goal. This meant a score of 9-5 for Queen's, and the almost certain clinching of the game.

At the moment of the kick, however, there were 13 Queen's players on the field. Only the time-keeper had observed this. He was “Jimmy” Bews, the Queen's physical director. He had only to keep quiet, and the game was practically won for his team. But immediately he ran out on the field and drew the referee's attention to the fact. And the score was disallowed.

Snyder, Greg Feeney and Jimmy Bews were the Scout kind of sportsmen.



SPORTSMANSHIP

ONCE when having a story circle discussion of sportsmanship a Canadian Troop combined the various ideas of the different Patrols into this list of things meant by good sportsmanship as they understood it.

1. Winning well and losing better.
2. Being able to take it when you lose.
3. Not bragging or boasting when you win.
4. Cheering the winners when your team loses.
5. Agreeing with the referee.
6. Patting the losers on the back and wishing them luck.
7. Not being a sore head if you lose; lose with a smile even if you feel bad inside.
8. Playing fair and putting all you've got into it.
9. Not using your heavier weight against a smaller player.
10. Not calling people cheaters who beat you.
11. If there is a chance to win by cheating, you don't do it.
12. Playing hard right to the end, whether you are winning or losing.
13. Being glad to share your sports things with others.

I don't think we have said anything yet about hockey in these sportsmanship talks. Georges Vezina, the famous goalkeeper of the Montreal Canadiens, had a very fine reputation as a sportsman. When he retired from the game in 1926 it was not his exceptional record as a goalkeeper that was most referred to by sports writers throughout Canada and the United States, but his good sportsmanship. A characteristic editorial in *The Ottawa Citizen* bore the title, “Georges Vezina, Sportsman of the Ice.” The editorial quoted Cooper Smeaton, the well known hockey referee, as saying, “Georges Vezina played up and played the game. If there was an argument over a goal at his net, we would ask Georges. If it was a goal, Georges would say ‘Yes.’ If it was not, Georges would say, ‘No.’ and whatever he said we knew was straight.

—SELF-CONTROL.
A HOCKEY STAR'S EXAMPLE.

SPORTSMANSHIP

I THINK my last sportsmanship story was about a famous hockey goalkeeper of Montreal Canadiens, Georges Vezina. Here is a story of another famous member of that famous team. It illustrates the good sportsmanship of controlling your temper. The incident was described this way, under the title of "Sportsmanship" in *The Toronto Record*:

Before Canadiens stepped on the ice for the final game of their recent triumphant road series at Detroit, Manager Hart took Aurel Joliat aside and warned him that the intention of the other club was to goad Joliat into a series of penalties, thus depriving the Habitants of their brilliant left wing. The manager begged Joliat to ignore all such efforts, no matter what the provocation, and this Joliat promised to do. Immediately after the start, Johnny Sheppard skated up to Joliat and remarked: "You're yellow, and I'm going to make you quit." Joliat merely gave his old black cap another hitch and went on about his business. Time after time, Sheppard made insulting remarks, but the black cap got all the play from Joliat. Starting the third period, Sheppard skated up to Joliat, put out his hand and said: "I apologize, I didn't mean a thing I said — I was only working on orders. I think you're a great little fellow and a real sportsman." And that ended the incident. Joliat was the star of the game.

—THE HIGH SCHOOL QUARTER.
THE BANTAM HOCKEY STAR AND THE SUBSTITUTE.

SPORTSMANSHIP

SOME few years ago, during a Winnipeg High School football playoff, one team was behind with only a few minutes to play. They started a final desperate drive, to pull the game out of the fire. The quarterback in particular got into high gear. He circled the ends time after time, and slashed through a tackle for substantial gains. Finally he had carried the ball to within a few yards of a touchdown.

The teams went into huddle. The quarter turned to one of his backs. "Smithy, it's your turn now. Right through tackle!"

Smithy hesitated. "Why shouldn't you take it — for the score?" he asked.

"I'm calling the signals," returned the quarter. "You carry the ball!"

And here, you'll note, was both good sportsmanship and good generalship. The other team again set itself to block the plunging quarter. The new ball carrier went over without a hand reaching him for an easy score.

Here is another western story. In a bantam league hockey final a certain team included one of those good sportsmen bench warmers who faithfully turn up for each game, although they may never get into a league contest. The team had one outstanding player, its chief scorer. Late in the game, with the team safely leading by 5 to 0, the sub was at last sent in — to play alongside the star.

The two soon landed in a scramble behind the goal. The sub banged the puck out. The star snared it and smashed it into the net. And then quickly he shot over to the press box waving his stick at the scorekeeper. "Mark that assist down to Jake," he yelled. "An assist for Jake!"

This same young sportsman, by the way, went through seven seasons of junior hockey with but one minor penalty.

—A WHEEL-CHAIR STUDENT HERO.
A FARM BOY WHO WON FAME AT HOME.

BOYS WHO WOULDN'T BE STUMPED

BOYS sometimes think fate has given them a rough deal; that they haven't as good a chance as other boys. Let me tell you a couple of stories of boys who started with a *real* handicap, but who got somewhere in spite of it.

In the Fall of 1912 a lad applied for enrolment at Williams, one of the old New England colleges. He had only \$300 towards his first year fees and expenses of approximately \$1,000. He planned to earn the balance by doing typewriting for other students and by winning an occasional scholarship.

To one puzzled question at the college office he answered that he would hire another student to push him to and from classes. He lived in a wheel-chair! He couldn't walk!

Four years later Edward Oakes gave the valedictory address of his graduating class — from his wheel-chair. He had headed his class in each of his four years. He had earned the money needed and had paid all his bills. This graduation "citation" was read concerning him: "Edward Frances Oakes — an athlete of the mind and spirit, quietly and cheerfully mastering fate by indomitable will."

A valued possession of many scientific libraries is a volume containing hundreds of enlarged photographs of snowflakes and frost crystals.

Whose work? Believe it or not, they were taken at home by a Vermont country boy, Wilson Bentley. He left the little country school when he was 14, to work on the farm. One winter when he was 15, he was standing at a window watching snowflakes falling. His mother, a former school-teacher, suggested that he take a snowflake, and place it under a small microscope which she produced. Wilson did so, and the beauty and delicacy of its design fascinated him. He studied others, and presently it became his hobby. During the next four winters he studied thousands of snowflakes, and began making pen and ink sketches of them.

He persuaded his father to buy him a camera with a magnifying lens. With this he kept adding to his collection of pictures of snowflake forms and frost and ice crystals. His work finally attracted wide attention, and with the publication of his book he became known to scientists all over the world.

Which reminds us that it's not the handicaps that stop us, but the way we tackle things.

BOYS WHO WOULDN'T BE STUMPED

THOSE of you who are track sport fans will know of the great American mile runner Glen Cunningham. Can anyone tell his story?

When he was a boy, Glen, with his brother Floyd, had the winter job of starting the morning fire in their Kansas country school. One morning Floyd poured what he thought was kerosene over the wood, and struck a match. He had used gasoline. There was a terrific explosion. In a moment the schoolhouse was ablaze and Floyd was burned to death.

Glen had escaped, but he was so severely burned that it was thought that he would never walk again. One leg was warped, crooked. But Glen was a fighter, not a quitter. He determined that he would not be

an invalid. With regular massaging and exercising he and his family worked at the leg. After a few months he was able to walk unsteadily. When finally he was able to walk almost normally, he began trying to run.

It was a fight all the way, but he kept at it. And — a real “believe it or not” — the boy who it was thought would never walk again, represented his State, Kansas, at the Olympic races in 1932 at Los Angeles, — and won both the half-mile and the mile! After that Glen Cunningham ran in many races, broke several records, and became one of the most popular track athletes of his day. Incidentally he never boasted of his victories and never offered an alibi when defeated.

Here is another kind of fight-to-success story: At a musical festival at Ocean Grove, N.J., in 1903, a 12-year-old boy soprano attracted the attention of the great contralto Ernestine Schumann-Heinke. She told him that if he would work for it he would some day be a great singer. They boy set about earning money for singing lessons. Later, one of his jobs was painting a gas storage tank. Another was loading ice on trucks from 3 a.m. to 7. He worked and saved, and continued his singing lessons; and at 19 he was able to go to New York for advanced instruction. Such lessons are costly — \$10 or more an hour. Economy was still necessary, and he shared a room with three young men. He looked for work between lessons, and found a position in an insurance office.

The First World War brought interruption and our young singer showed his spirit by enlisting in the U.S.A. Air Force. Happily, he came back, and resumed his studies.

The final return for all this effort came in 1933, when Richard Crooks was accepted as a member of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. His first appearance, singing the role of Des Grieux, was a sensational success. He received nearly forty curtain calls and was acclaimed as one of America's greatest tenors. Since then he has sung in Canada, Australia, South Africa and many countries of Europe.

Boys, any of you can reach any goal you like if you go after it as Richard Crooks did!



—“BUZZ” BUERLING, *THE WORLD WAR ACE*
WHO HAD TO FIGHT HIS WAY UP.

DIFFICULTIES and SUCCESS

I KNOW that some of you lads sometimes think you have not as good a chance as some other boys for doing what you would like to do in life, — although I know, too, that none of you are the sissy kind who want things handed to them on a silver platter. You are ready to work for what you want, but — well, you have to help out a bit at home, perhaps; and for that and other reasons you sometimes feel in the dumps, discouraged.

It is worthwhile occasionally to hear of what other boys have done in similar circumstances.

Before the last World War hundreds of lads were making and experimenting with airplane models, and hoping some day to fly a real plane. One High School boy at Verdun, Quebec, was determined to do something more than hope. Each evening he would bike to St. Hubert airport, and offer to do any dirty job around a plane — to learn something, and with the hope of getting up for a flight. Occasionally one of the pilots did take him up.

Then he got a job, and began saving enough to pay for regular flying lessons. Finally he completed the necessary number of flying hours, took his test, passed it, and received his pilot's license.

When the war came he at once visited an R.C.A.F. recruiting station. But to his great disappointment he was turned down, because he had not passed his Senior Matriculation. Again, — determination! He learned that the Royal Air Force in England did not require this educational standard. But he lacked the necessary money for a steamship passage to Liverpool or London. How to get there?

He went in to the Montreal waterfront, applied for and got a job on a cattle boat. He landed in Southampton, hitch-hiked to London, headed for the nearest R.A.F. recruiting office — and was accepted.

It was “Buzz” Buerling, who became one of the famous aces of the Second World War, with a score of 31 enemy planes brought down. His total doubtless would have been larger had he not been withdrawn from fighting in order to become a special instructor in the air fighting technique he had developed to so high a degree.

“Buzz” Buerling got there because in his kid days he wouldn’t lie down to difficulties. He “kept in there pitching.”



—THE STORY OF JOHN DAVEY
THE “TREE DOCTOR”.

DIFFICULTIES and SUCCESS

I SUPPOSE you have heard of sick trees? What makes them sick?...Yes, insects, bark bruises, the cutting of roots or too many limbs at the wrong time of year, being struck and splintered by lightning. And old trees develop dry rot.

I think you all have some idea of tree surgery and know that it is taught at forestry schools. Have you ever seen a “tree surgeon” at work? Well, in the case of diseased trunks he carves out all the dead wood, applies tar or something similar, then fills the cavity with a fine cement that becomes very hard.

You should know something of the man who first developed tree surgery, and became widely known as “The Tree Doctor.” He was the Scout kind; his life was a good example of getting somewhere in spite of a handicap when he was a boy.

He was John Davey, born near Torquay, England. And, believe it or not, he was 20 years old when he started to school to learn to read and write. Since he was eight years old he had been working on a farm, for sixpence a day. He was still on the farm, working twelve hours a day. To attend the evening classes he walked four miles.

As soon as he was able to read a little John Davey bought a Bible, a hymn book and a dictionary. He carried them wherever he went, so he could read during spare moments. And, by the way, that’s a splendid plan for developing a mastery of words.

A few years later, and now a fairly well educated man, John Davey emigrated to the United States. He arrived with very little money, and took a position as a caretaker of a cemetery. Back in England, on the farm, he had always been interested in flowers and trees. Now he began making them a subject of serious study, and applied what he learned to the improvement of the cemetery grounds. So successful was he that people began coming considerable distances to study his landscaping.

From flowers and trees he turned his attention to insects injurious to them, then to the “doctoring” of injured trees. He developed methods which attracted wide interest and earned him the name “The Tree Doctor.” Finally he published a book which is still regarded as an authority on the subject.



WOODCRAFT

EVERY year Canadian newspapers carry a number of stories of persons lost in the bush or woods, and of search parties seeking them. And the lost persons are not always children or old folks, nor woodcraft greenhorns. Sometimes they are experienced woodsmen, hunters or prospectors.

Occasionally they are not found until dead from exposure and hunger.

If you have not had at least a taste of the experience — if you have never during a hike suddenly stopped and wondered where you were, and were not sure of it — you may find it difficult to understand just why a grown person should actually become lost. As a lesson try this sometime when deep in the woods, or in a partly cleared but hilly or rolling country, and on a cloudy day; Look at your compass, face north, fix your eyes on a certain tree a little distance ahead, put the compass in your pocket and move on. When you reach that tree, pick another, in the same direction, and so on. After going say a hundred yards take out your compass and check. Nine times out of ten you will find you have considerably changed direction.

Generally speaking, how does a man become lost? In the first place he usually is without a compass. If he is a hunter, his mind is principally on game, and he is taking little note of landscape features, and so when the time comes to return he suddenly has the panicky realization that he does not know where he is. Then comes the feeling — a *feeling* only — that a certain direction is the right direction, and he sets off rapidly.

One of the peculiar hallucinations of a lost person is that *feeling* that a certain direction is the right direction — without regard to reason. It is told of a certain lost hunter, when found, that he insisted the sun had gone down in the wrong place.

Well, now let us talk of precautions to be taken against getting lost, — say during a day-long hike into the woods from camp. And we will suppose you are without a compass. With your hike kit on your back, you have halted at the camp outskirts, where the trail enters the woods. You note the time. You note the position of the sun in relation to the direction you are taking. You note the direction of the wind. If there is only slight air movement, you toss up some bits of dry grass, or any light dust — or a dead dry leaf ground up in your palm — and observe their drift as they fall. Or you moisten your thumb (we'll suppose you have washed it) and hold it up. The cold side will be windward. You look up and observe the drift of any clouds.

Then you set off. And at once you begin observing landmark features: The general slope of the ground. Tall, broken-topped or peculiarly-shaped trees. Kinds of trees. Large rocks. Swampy spots. Rivulets, streams, glimpses of a lake. Occasionally you look back for a rear view of the landmarks. You do all this casually, of course, — not giving all your attention to it; and after a time you will do it almost unconsciously.



—IF LOST IN THE WOODS.

VARIOUS METHODS OF FINDING DIRECTIONS.

WOODCRAFT

LAST week we talked about getting lost in the woods, and how a Scout should guard against such a possibility. Tonight we will assume that you are on a summer hike in the woods, and have discovered, late in the afternoon, that you do not know where you are. You left camp early this morning, heading north. You are without a compass. (I don't know why, but you are!)

The first thing to do is resolutely fight off any tendency to become panicky. You sit down on a log or stump, relax, and tell yourself, like the Indian, "Me no lost! Teepee lost!"

You repeat to yourself that there is nothing to worry about — so long as you do nothing foolish. Then you quietly proceed to think things over, and figure out the North.

And — and this is most important — you absolutely disregard and *feeling* about the direction. You are going to work it out purely with your mind — and eyes, ears, nose, cheek, thumb, like "Alouette."

You proceed to try several of these methods, until they check and agree in result:

1. You recall the direction of the wind, and the drift of the clouds if any, when you left camp, and check with such clouds as you can now see, and what wind you can feel on your cheek. If the breeze is faint, you use the wet thumb or dust method.

2. You endeavour to locate the sun. Its position at this time will be almost due west. If the sky is cloudy, or if you are unable to discover reflected sunlight in the tops of trees because of their density, you move on until you find a fairly open spot, and try the "knife shadow" method. Open a blade of your Scout knife, and stand the point on your thumbnail — after first lightly moistening the nail. Usually you will see at least a faint shadow. A little turning of the blade will reveal the direction from which the light comes — which of course will indicate the West.

3. Look for several tall trees whose tips are bent. Their lean will be in the direction of the most frequent wind in that area (In most sections of Canada the prevailing winds are from the south-west and affected trees lean to the northeast. A particularly consistent example in the Maritimes is the Tamarack or Hackmatack, whose tips frequently point like fingers to the northeast.)

4. If there are in the neighbourhood a number of large tree stumps of an old lumber cutting, the high side of the stumps can be taken as indicating the direction in which the logs were hauled out. This direction if followed will lead to the old tote road, which will be grown over perhaps, but still traceable. It will lead to some outside road or stream.

5. If there are streams in the district, find and follow one of them down its course. This may prove difficult and fatiguing, but in the end will bring you out somewhere.

Finally, when satisfied that you have established the North (and if not following a tote road or stream) you set off southward. If there is sunlight, observable or shown by a shadow method, you keep this in a fixed direction with respect to your body. If there is a breeze you keep this, for example, always on the right cheek.

And there you are! When you appear at camp, a bit late, and the gang calls, "Where you been? Lost, eh?" you can say, "Lost, nothing!" And you weren't. The camp was temporarily misplaced.

To meet their spirit of adventure I held up for their ideal the doings of backwoodsmen and knights, adventurers and explorers, as the heroes for them to follow. — B.P.



WOODCRAFT

ONE of the curious tendencies of lost persons is the inclination to "walk in circles". Various theories have been advanced to explain this. A series of experiments to determine the reason was once carried out by Dr. A.A. Schaeffer of the University of Kansas.

The experiments were not made in the woods (which I suppose would not have been practicable, for observation), but out in open spaces, with the subjects blindfolded. Some of the tests were carried out on open prairie, some in winter on the ice of a reservoir, some on a race track. A total of 300 persons took part. They not only walked, but swan, rode and drove cars.

In every case, although starting off in a straight line, the subjects soon began to turn in a more or less regularly contracting spiral circle. Dr. Schaeffer described it as a "clock-spring circle."

A 24-year-old imbecile with the mind of a 4-year-old child followed the same spiral course as that taken by normal persons. This fact was taken to indicate that the intellect does not play a determining part in the "circling". No difference was found between right- and left-hand persons.

The conclusion arrived at was that the “spiralling mechanism” — which appeared to be located in the central nervous system — was the explanation of the mystery; that in “lost” situations the mechanism that controls balance and orientation does not function normally.

The nature of the “spiralling mechanism” was not explained, neither were suggestions offered for counteracting the tendency — the prevention of losing one’s self. It was a typical scientific study to discover a basic cause.

Anyway, now you know what to expect of you “spiralling mechanism,” if you are ever foolish enough to become lost, and start off for home in an excited hurry, instead of keeping cool and using your brain like a good Scout. Don’t “spiral.”



—BADEN-POWELL AND HIS BRIDGE-MAKING HOBBY.
A CANADIAN AXEMAN.

SCOUTCRAFT

THIS is a chat on one of the hobbies of Lord Baden-Powell, when he was a young officer in the British Army, and before he had invented Scouting. The hobby was the making of model bridges. He told of it in the magazine *The Scout*.

Through this hobby of making model bridges, he said, he had come to fancy himself as a bridge-builder for any kind of emergency. Finally a chance came to make good, when he was ordered to the West Coast of Africa to organize and lead a force of native Army scouts in connection with a British expedition.

My business, he said, was to go ahead with these native scouts and prepare a way for the main body, which was to march up from the coast through 120 miles of swamp and forest. We had to cut a road through the bush and carry it over many miles of marsh and some 200 streams and rivers.

I was in my glory. My hobby came in like billy-o, and enabled me to build bridges of every different kind and type for the different kinds of streams. Otherwise we should have been endlessly held up.

Talking of bridges reminds me that I once had with me as a guide in Canada a woodsman who with his axe and no other tool could do the finest as well as the biggest work, from cutting down a tree to sharpening a pencil. By the way, sharpening a pencil is a good test of the cutting edge of any tool.

Ben showed us his skill one day in camp by making a dandy little bridge across the creek to my shack. The logs were of course neatly trimmed, and cut to lock; but what made me stare were the floor boards. They were as smooth and straight as if they had been done with a plane or saw.

The whole thing had been constructed with the axe. And it was a bit of work that evidently gave Ben the greatest satisfaction. It was indeed a work of art.

There is pleasure in making a thing skilfully; but I believe Ben’s joy was really all the greater because he saw that the bridge was of real use to me.

It is something to make a thing for yourself, but it is more — a lot more — to make it for someone else.

And believe me, who have had a happy life, taking the rough with the smooth, that if you carve out a career for yourself, though it may be with poor tools, and hard material, it will give you far greater satisfaction than one which has been handed over to you ready made, with lots of money and nothing to do.

Make your own way in the world, and you will find that Heaven need not be some vague place behind the stars, but right here on earth, in the busy-ness of making things, and more especially in making other people happy.



—NIGHT HIKING.
NIGHT SOUNDS AND ODOURS.
MAKING CAMP IN THE DARK.

SCOUTCRAFT

I KNOW you would like to hear the story of the “midnight Hike” of three Australian Patrol Leaders as once related by “Tenderfoot Scouter” in the magazine *Scouting in New South Wales*.

Why we started at midnight I don't know, Tenderfoot Scouter began. Anyway, it was a grand night, and a grand sensation walking along in the dim half-light of the moon, with our ears, eyes and noses working overtime to follow the trail.

A lull in our subdued conversation made us realize how clearly sound travels on a calm night. We heard a cow lowing up the river. Bob, the Owl P.L., murmured something about Skip once telling him that sound travelled unbelievable distances at night downstream, and with the breeze. We listened for some moments, and there it was again, distant and faint but clear, the cow's long-drawn “moo.”

The noise we made disturbed two bandicoots (that's a kind of bush rat) in the nearby hedge, and we laughed at their funny bouncing run and indignant mmp! mmp! as they disappeared.

As we made our way down through the dew-covered bracken along the river, we tried to recognize the different scents in the cool air. The lantana was strong and sickly sweet. There were other strong odours too — like the sheep paddocks — but we soon were able to distinguish the rarer and more delicate scents of the damp earth, the river, the flowers hidden by the darkness.

Rabbits scurried away as we neared our familiar Peewit Patrol campsite. At the camp we were surprised to discover two canoeists, curled up alongside their canoe, asleep. We crept by them to our own little spot. In a whisper I challenged Bob and Sam to put up our hike shelter of groundsheets and make our beds without a light. We unpacked by touch alone, and did it very silently. In fifteen minutes we were snuggling into our blankets.

In the morning the canoeists got a tremendous shock when they opened their eyes to discover a full-blown camp that wasn't there the night before. I know, although we didn't say it, that the three of us were as pleased as Punch at our successful piece of night time woodcraft.

We had a great day. We swam, and Sam taught us some of his tricks in the water. I showed the others how to disguise themselves in the bracken, and little hints like keeping off the skyline and “freezing.”

Mealtime brought us to Bob the Owl P.L.'s private camp site. Sam and I listened to Bob's yarns about cooking without a Dixie. Bob was like an owl in a way, — he would listen to what other people said about camp cooking, then go off with his Patrol to prove whether they were right or not. He was always trying out new fireplaces, cooking sausages and other things in clay, as the natives do, and the like. His Patrol sometimes dined like kings, and other times nearly starved, through mistakes. But their experiments still went on.

The fun and learning we got at that camp was wonderful. As we packed our gear and began our homeward hike there was a sense of new comradeship. It was only an ordinary outing of ordinary boys but somehow the three of us have stuck together ever since.

So there you are. I've given you enough suggestions to keep you going for a month: Midnight hikes, finding a secret Patrol meeting place, practising camping, dressing and undressing in the dark; learning to use your ears and nose for night Scouting, and always to be on the lookout for new ideas in carrying your food and in cooking. It's a fascinating and thrilling game.



SCOUTCRAFT

TRAVELLERS in Australia tell many stories of the extraordinary skill of the Australian Black, or Aborigine, as a tracker. During the South African War an officer of an Australian contingent boasted of the cunning of his Black tracker to a group of British officers. He told one remarkable tale after another, and finally he was challenged to make good by a demonstration. The conditions chosen were these:

The five British officers, two afoot and three mounted were to start at various intervals and in whatever direction they might elect, and proceed for a period agreed upon. The Black tracker, knowing only the colour of the horse that each mounted man rode, and having seen only the print of the shoes that each hiker wore, should trace them all within a certain limit of time, and subsequently report the movements of each with reasonable accuracy.

The Black tracker had an entertaining day of it. He returned to camp quite contemptuous of the bushcraft of the five officers. And he had not been spared, for the officers had taken him over stony ground, and had sought in every other way to bewilder him.

He had followed the tracks of the mounted men on the run, identifying the movements of each by the colour of horse hairs he had seen and picked up. He told how the first horseman had dismounted and lighted his pipe, how the second had been thrown when riding at a canter, and how the third had dismounted, rested in the shade and climbed a tree for a view of the country.

He described accurately the movements of the officers on foot. One had tramped his course without fault or accident. The other had taken off his shoe — according to the evidence of a wisp of wool from his sock — had cut his foot and therefore walked lame.

When the tracker concluded his report it was acknowledged by the five officers that he had not made a single mistake.



A MINERAL DETECTIVE

SOME of you boys may regard the study of rocks — *Geology* — as a dull subject. Actually it can be mighty interesting — real outdoor Scouting. Tonight I am going to tell you a “detective story” to prove it.

First, what is gypsum?...Yes; a soft, light-coloured, non-metallic rock that shreds easily. It is widely used in making building materials — fire-proof and sound-proof insulation; plaster wallboard (gyproc); hardwall plaster, etc. And it provides the “Plaster of Paris” we use in making tracking casts.

Now for the story. Some years ago, during excavation for the enlarged Welland Canal, a seam of gypsum was disclosed. It was good quality, but too narrow to be of commercial value. A gypsum products company heard of the discovery, and asked the Department of Mines at Ottawa if its geologists could discover where the seam of gypsum ran, and whether it might become wider.

A geologist was sent. He studied the small fossils in the rock above and below the layer of gypsum, and checked with a geological map of the Niagara Peninsula. And finally he announced that if the company would drill at a spot about 40 miles away (south of Hamilton) they would relocate the gypsum seam at about 90 feet. And in all probability the seam would be wider.

The drilling was made. Practically at the depth named the drill struck a gypsum bed of seven feet! And for years a big plant has been mining and manufacturing gypsum products on that site.

Wasn't that a real piece of mineral detective work — "mineral scouting"? Well, that's geology. How about some of you lads going in for it? Starting by studying the Prospector and Miner badge tests? Rock and fossil hunting make a mighty interesting hike objective. A fine Patrol project is the making of a collection of the rocks and fossils to be found in the district. How about it?



INSPIRING CONFIDENCE

IN his reminiscences of his career, Mr. John D. Rockefeller says this in regard to a critical epoch in his fortunes:

"I went to a bank president whom I know, and who knew me. I remember perfectly how anxious I was to get that loan and to establish myself favourably with the banker. This gentleman was T. P. Handy, a sweet and gentle old man, well known as a high-grade, beautiful character. For fifty years he was interested in young men. He knew me as a boy in the Cleveland schools. I gave him all the particulars of our business, telling him frankly about our affairs — what we wanted to use the money for, etc., etc. I waited for the verdict with almost trembling eagerness.

'How much do you want?' he said.

'Two thousand dollars.'

'All right, Mr. Rockefeller, you can have it,' he replied. 'Just give me your own warehouse receipts; they're good enough for me.'

As I left that bank, my elation can hardly be imagined. I held up my head — think of it, a bank had trusted me for \$2,000! I felt that I was now a man of importance in the community."

The confidence of the bank president in him and his business ventures had strengthened his own self-appreciation and confidence.

from Stories for Talks to Boys

BY F. H. CHELEY



ACTION BELONGS TO THE YOUNG

THE world's interests," says Dr. Trumbull, "are under God, in the hands of the young." "The most beautiful works of all art were done in youth," says Ruskin. "Almost everything," wrote Disraeli, "that is great has been done by youth." It was the youth Hercules who performed the Twelve Labours. Alexander was a mere youth when he rolled back the Asiatic hordes that threatened to overwhelm European civilization almost at its birth. Romulus founded Rome at twenty. Pitt and Bolingbroke were ministers almost before they were men. Gladstone was in Parliament in early manhood. Newton made some of his greatest discoveries before he was twenty-five. Keats died at twenty-five, Shelly at twenty-nine. Luther was a triumphant reformer at twenty-five. Ignatius Loyola

founded his society at thirty. Whitefield and Wesley began their great revival when students at Oxford; and the former made his influence felt throughout England before he was twenty-four. Victor Hugo wrote a tragedy at fifteen, and had taken three prizes at the Academy and gained the title of Master before he was twenty.

—Orison Swett Marden

from Stories for Talks to Boys

BY F. H. CHELEY



STRAIGHT CHARACTER

IS HE straight?"

"Straight as a gun-barrel. You can depend upon him in every spot and place."

This was said of a boy who had asked for a place and had given as reference the gentleman who made this firm reply.

How straight is a gun-barrel? In the factory where guns are made the metal is rolled and pressed and ground and polished until the most practiced eye cannot detect the slightest curve in it anywhere. Not until it is so can it be permitted to go out of the factory. Over and over again it must be tested and tried until it is as perfect as men and machines can make it. If the gun-barrel were not straight, no one every could hit what he aimed at; the bullet could not help flying wide of the mark.

And hitting the mark is the thing. "Straight" is a homely word, but it is full of deepest meaning. No one can ever reach his aim, be it ever so high, unless he always does the true, manly thing. One little, mean, underhanded act and his life may be marred forever. The world wants men who are straight.

—Edgar L. Vincent in the Visitor

from Stories for Talks to Boys

BY F. H. CHELEY



SAVED BY HIS ASSOCIATIONS

A YOUNG man had worked his way through subordinate positions in a bank to one where almost unlimited trust was placed in him. He held the combination which unlocked the vaults and safes in which the money and securities of the bank were kept. In the safe a large package of United States bonds, never sealed, was kept as a favour for a wealthy depositor. One day the owner found that a certain bond was missing, and reported the fact to the president of the bank. The president called the young cashier and told him of the loss. The cashier, strong in knowledge that no departure from the rule of strict integrity could be summoned against him, said to his superior officer: "The owner is labouring under a misapprehension. I cannot believe that he would wilfully bring a false accusation. There are but two alternatives, he is in error or I am a thief. It is for you to decide. What is your decision?"

The president replied: "I have watched your course in the bank. I am familiar, by report concerning them, with your associates and your ways of life. I have studied the expressions of your character. I am absolutely certain that it would be impossible for you to take the bond. It is possible that the owner is mistaken. Give yourself no concern about it. Perhaps time will clear up the matter." Time did clear it up, for it was found that the owner had sold the missing bond and forgotten the transaction. Had the

cashier been know to have one evil associate, no matter how good a record he himself bore, the charge against him would have stood and he would have been dismissed from the bank, a disgraced man.

from Stories for Talks to Boys

BY F. H. CHELEY



COURAGE IS BUT CREATIVENESS IN ACTION

BUT, you say “What is this thing which is called character — which everybody ought to desire?” Perhaps a definition will not be out of place just here in order to help us keep our thinking straight.

“Character,” said the great English statesman, J. Ramsay MacDonald, “is that power in man which enables him to see what is good in experience and what is bad in experience; that power in man which enables him to link himself with the great past and make himself responsible for the future. Character is that power in man which organizes his life so that the passing moment presents itself to him not as something that is to be seized for its own sake and when done with forgotten, but simply an incident in eternity, something that is going to yield fruit, never going to be lost, never left behind. Character, which enables man to see himself, not as a reckless or irresponsible individual, but as one of humanity, as a thought of God, maturing as the ages go until his humanity becomes divinity itself.”

Character, you see from this definition, is the ability to choose the best and to project it into all the life about us. Character is courageous creativeness expressing itself in a splendid citizenship. The whole wide world needs character as never before — not a namby-pamby, meek and lowly, simple goodness, but rather an aggressive, positively thinking and acting programme of enthusiastic participation in the whole of life about us. This involved, confused, frustrated old world of ours is never going forward to new and better frontiers until youth everywhere desires character above all else, in order that they may lead off and upward to a better day. Character today is not a mere passive set of ethical concepts, but an aggressive programme of purposeful, deliberate action. It is a programme of everyday living, of everyday relationship with all whom we contact on the unselfish plane of mutual advantage. Emerson tells us that the truest test of civilization is not the census; not the size of cities; not the crops; but the kind of men the country turns out — which is but another way of saying that character is the thing above all else which counts.

from Stories for Talks to Boys

BY F. H. CHELEY



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for Further Talks on The Scout Promise and Law

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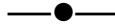
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Code of King Arthur's Knights

BE ALWAYS ready, with your armour on, except when you are taking your rest at night.
Defend the poor and help them that cannot defend themselves.
Do nothing to hurt or offend anyone else.
Be Prepared to fight in defense of your country.
At whatever you are working, try and win honour and a name for honesty.
Never break a promise.
Maintain the honour of your country with your life.
Rather die honest than live dishonestly.
Chivalry requireth that youth should be trained to perform the most laborious and humble offices with cheerfulness and grace; and to do good unto others.