

True Stories of Courageous Scouts

How Boys Did Their Duty When Lives Were In Danger
—Other Boy Scout News

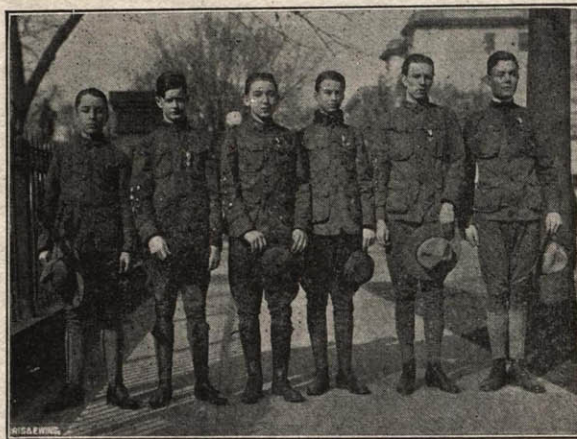
JACKSON'S MILL DAM—Sounds just like a swimming hole, doesn't it? The oldest Scout in Montgomery County, Maryland, cannot remember when boys began to use it for that purpose. On the 25th of August, 1914, a party of boys went there, as usual. The one who could swim the least proved to be the swiftest in shedding his clothes and he was in the water before the rest. He made the mistake of going in too far, and before he realized it he was beyond his depth, frightened, strangling and sinking. Several boys saw him go down—only one grasped the desperate seriousness of the situation. Scout Howard S. Gately dove, broke the strangle hold which the drowning boy secured the instant he felt his rescuer, and brought him safely to shore. The Scout and his chums kept the affair quiet, but it leaked out in December, and a bronze medal has been awarded.

Caught in the Undertow

SURF and undertow—Scouts should remember that always when the waves come tumbling in, the water must go sliding out again somewhere down below their foaming crests. The Scout who went wading and swimming out into the icy surf of Lake Michigan on Sept. 6—out toward Merritt Lamb, his Scout Commissioner—had no thought of endangering his own life or that of his leader. One outstanding fault of boyhood is its failure to stop, think and consider before rushing into its pleasures. Only when the great waves engulfed him and the fierce current wrenched his feet from under him did this Scout see the danger. Heroic work on the part of the man and the coolness of both in the presence of death won against crushing odds. It was the desire of the troop that the bravery of their leader should be recognized and thus it happened that the matter was placed before the Court of Honor and a bronze medal awarded.

Where Brains and Training Counted

WE tried to reach her in the canoe, but utterly failed. I dove in and reached her when she came up to the surface. I held her head above water until help arrived," said Ernest Leech, of Milford, Conn., when asked about the rescue which he made on August 19, 1914. Exactly the right thing done at the right time. He might have overturned the canoe, or it might have drifted him too far away to be of service if he had continued his strenuous effort to bring it up against the strong wind. He might have exhausted his strength by a vain attempt to reach the shore, an eighth of a mile away, with the girl who was doubled up with a numbing cramp. Being a Scout, he did the right thing—took a safe hold and just kept her head above water until the girls in a passing boat could reach them.



Scouts Whom President Wilson Honored at the White House (See Story on This Page).

The right thing was not so hard to do as the wrong thing—making the decision was where his brains and training counted. Bronze medal.

Saved By His Legs

THIS Scout could not swim because the boy whom he was trying to rescue grabbed him by the hair, pushed his head under the muddy water of the Des Moines River and held him down. However, this is not an obituary notice. The Scout, not being in a position to swim, fly or motor, made use of the oldest form of human locomotion and just walked. It was a short walk, fortunately, and his breath held out until he deposited his companion on the bank. This happened in Story City, Iowa, and it is a true story, backed up by the affidavits of eye witnesses. Scout Luther Hansen now modestly wears a bronze medal.

An Accident with a Moral

THE moral of this story is to listen to advice even if it does come from your brother. Bass Pond is just about the right distance for a Saturday hike from Springfield, Mass. The bunch which went out there last June found an old boat, half full of water, just waiting to be used to dive from. As sometimes happens, the brother who could swim only a little insisted on going out to the old boat even though the one who could swim well advised him to stay nearer shore. A poor swimmer plus deep water equals a funeral—except when there is somebody around who has a Scout's courage and a Scout's training. Scout Robert A. Baldwin, Jr., was the one who robbed the undertaker. The fellow whom the drowning boy grabbed at first knew enough of life-saving to break the grip and save himself, or Robert might have made a double play. The bronze medal will be proudly shown to his grandchildren, perhaps, in after years.

Pluck and Persistence Won

WHEN the Court of Honor saw the words "Pork Barrel" in the affidavit

of Avil J. Houser, and others, they paused in alarm. These words always suggest a certain well-known method of handing fat "plums" to politicians, but in this case it was only the name of the old swimming hole in the Tioughnioge River near Courtland, N. Y., where Scouts Houser and S. Jackson Lyman pluckily and persistently kept after a drowning friend until they saved his life. He was learning to swim by lying on a plank and paddling, but he slipped off. They pushed the plank toward him but he was too far gone to grasp it. Houser swam to him then and his arm was caught in a vice-like grip. He struggled out of it but lost hold of his unconscious friend, who immediately sank. He dove once but could not find him—

tried again and brought him to the surface, only to have the limp form slip again from his hands. The third time, with the help of Lyman, he succeeded in bringing the unconscious boy to the shore. Then came a heart-breaking struggle to revive him by means of artificial respiration. Neither of the rescuers was as large or as strong as the rescued, but after half an hour they succeeded so well that all three walked home together.

"I Think He is a Hero—"

"THE rescue took place on a beach. The party was floating and could not swim. She stopped to get her breath on a water-soaked log. The log went under and so did she. I was pulled under the water by her once, but succeeded in getting her to safety." One more young lady has learned that the very best thing in the world to lean upon under almost any circumstances is a trustworthy, loyal, helpful, brave, clean and reverent Scout. As *Boys' Life* is read mostly by boys, it will be safe to give his name, even though he is "sweet sixteen" and all that. Bryan Francis, Kansas City, Mo. "I think he is a hero and is deserving of any medal you might see fit to give him." Guess who said that!

Honored by President Wilson

This is a picture of the boys who received badges in the White House from President Wilson on February 11. The Scout on the extreme left is Howard Gately, who was given a bronze medal for life-saving. The other boys received Eagle badges. Their names are as follows, reading from left to right: Edward Pardoe, Samuel Hardy, Edward Sheiry, Clinton Allard, Frank Watson.

Another Washington Scout, Lawrence T. Prentice, was eligible for an Eagle Scout badge at the same time, but his work made it impossible to attend the White House meeting. The President sent his badge to him, with his congratulations.