

# THE HIGH POINT SCOUT

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## THE BOOZE TUNNEL.

(WALTER CRISSMAN)

### CHAPTER I.

#### The First Smell.

It was during the later part of one of those bright weeks we sometimes see in February, about the 6th day, when the Scouts of "Troop Three," were notified to, "be prepared." the next evening at 6:30 o'clock at their regular meeting place with all things necessary to pass off their cooking in the Second Class test. The notice was short (yet long for scouts) and showed the promptness of the boys for there were eight of them present and each had his scout staff.

Jack West, our patrol leader, gave the word to get in line and we readily did so. He then said, "Boys, we will go to the 'spring.'" We all knew what he meant when he said this for it was a small spring fixed up very nicely with a rock and cement combination. It was sometimes called the Mineral Spring, as there was a lot of mineral rock around it. The place was about four miles from our town, Hightoro, N. C. Jack said, "Boys, we must come back home tonight and you know that means step lively." We marched joyfully.

Just before getting to the spring there was a path that led through the woods to it. Of course we scouts took it, for the scout loves to explore the woods.

Down this path about two hundred yards I had noticed before, off a little distance to one side, two or three mounds and a deep tunnel-like hole at the center of one. As I passed these mounds that night, somehow, I wanted to look into that hole at night. I said nothing then but went on with the boys and we arrived at the spring about 7:30 o'clock.

The first thing to do was to get wood for a fire so we scattered out and got it. We soon had a roaring fire. Some of the boys were now making ready for cooking.

While the boys were all very busy around the fire I slipped away into the darkness of the woods and made my way around to the hole I have

mentioned. I kept under the shadow of the trees so that I would not be so easily seen. I was now very near the hole and I stopped and viewed the surroundings to make sure there was no one to see me. Feeling satisfied about this I crept up to the hole and stood beside a tree on the shadowed side. I could now see into the hole and I watched for an opening in what appeared to be the bottom. As I stood there looking down into the dark cavern, suddenly I saw a light and it seemed to get brighter step by step. This caused me to think that some one might be coming out of the cave, for I no longer called it a hole, as I was now satisfied that it was a cave for some purpose, and if I was caught standing there at this time, matters might be worse for me. With these thoughts I turned to go back and join the boys for a while, but as I did so I stood face to face with a cruel looking man who wore a broad brim hat, a heavy beard, and long hair. His clothes hung about him in rough-neck style making him appear very unpleasant to me. A man from the cave now joined him.

I tell you I had many thoughts while these two men stood there with me. I wished that I had stayed around the camp fire with the boys. Then I thought, "there is no use crying over spilt milk, I will make the best of it."

The men hurried me into the cave in a very rough manner. When we were in the cave, the men took me over to one corner of what I called the main room and tied me. They went off to one side and began to talk in undertone so that I could not understand. While they were mumbling I had time to look around and see what kind of a place I was in.

It was a very large room, to my estimation about fifteen by thirty feet. The room was fixed with all modern conveniences necessary for that purpose. It was braced very mechanically so that there was no danger of the earth falling in. The power was received from a force of water which came through a pipe on the East side, and ran out at the North end. A turbine was run by the water and it was connected up with

a generator which made electricity for the lights and the different brewing machines. It was indeed a very up-to-date plant.

The men now came over to me and one of them gruffly said, (the one I learned to be Cal), "Say kid, what are you prowling around here and nosing into every thing at night for?" I replied, "Can't you see I am a Boy Scout by my uniform? You said it right when you said prowling around for that was just what I was doin'. I was seeing what I could see. I came down here with a party of scouts and we intended to go back to town to-night." Then Cal said, "I guess you will spend the night with us and no tellin' how much longer and what we will have you doin'." The men turned and went down to the other end of the cave. Here they stopped, looked very straight at me and then disappeared through an almost hidden opening. There I lay tied, over in one corner of a large underground room all alone. How could I escape?

(To be continued.)

#### The Reliable Scout.

Here's to the steadfast, reliable scout,

The scout with the tongue that is true,

Who won't promise to do any more than he can,

But who'll do what he says he will do.

He may not be clever, he is often quite blunt,

Without either polish or air;

Yet though it's not him to "put up a front,"

He is there when you need him, he's there.

So here's to the scout on whom one can rely,

And here's to his lasting success.

May his species continue to e're multiply.

And his shadow, may it never grow less.

—Boys' Life.

DID YOU KNOW that every day spent in school means twenty-five dollar added to your life's earnings?