

THE HIGH POINT SCOUT

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THE BOOZE TUNNEL

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CHAPTER IV.

Surrender!

In about two minutes there were about 40 of the Home Guards in the main cave. Every man, as he stepped in, leveled his gun on a moonshiner. The moonshiners seeing immediately that they were outnumbered and up against trained men, quickly threw up their hands for surrender.

The captain said, "Each man get a had them to march to him one by one and be disarmed. There were twenty to go through this act.

The captain said, "Each man get a man. Some of you be setting free these men and Scouts who are bound. It will be a job taking these moonshiners to town but, as you all know, the sooner the better?

We were all out of the cave breathing the pure country air and ready, any of us, to hike back to town. About half of the Home Guards and the Scouts were to walk back. The captives and the rest were to ride. As it happened I was allowed to ride as they wanted me to be present to tell any details about the case that might be needed. Soon we were in town and the people began to throng about us. The captives were put in jail to be tried the following morning which was Saturday.

I will tell you that when we Scouts marched in home that Friday morning our mothers were glad to see us for I saw the meeting and expression on the faces of several of the mothers and Scouts as well as meeting my own mother.

The next morning the men were tried and it was found that only two had stock in the booze plant but the other eighteen men were natives of the surrounding country and were protecting the plant for "the sake of" their dally "dram."

The eighteen were fined twenty-five dollars each and the costs while the two owners of the booze firm were fined five hundred dollars each and ten months on the county road.

The Boy Scouts received a one hundred dollar reward for the discovery of "Booze Tunnel." This was

given by the county. The owner of the land on which the plant was stationed gave an acre of land at a place where the boys wanted it and plenty of logs to build a Scout log cabin.

The Scouts had now won the name of being a very useful organization and no longer had trouble in securing the support of the people of that city.

We Scouts are now using Booze Tunnel for a museum. We have all kinds of things which we have gathered from the big woods, in this museum. Many of the city people go out and see the museum. "Booze Tunnel Boy Scout Museum" is its name.

THE END

THE BOY WHO DOES CARE

At a recent father and son banquet in Chicago the father of a scout made the following, according to O. L. Duggan, Field Executive:

"When my boy came to me several years ago and said he wished to join the Boy Scouts I said emphatically 'No.' A few days later he asked a second time to be allowed to join a troop that was being formed at the church. That struck me as peculiar as he usually realized that I meant what I said, so, I was greatly surprised to have him ask a second time.

"I said 'No' again, but immediately began to investigate scouting and found it to be not at all what I had thought, a young army, but that it taught many good and useful things. Still I did not tell him that he might join.

"A few days later he came to me a third time and said, 'Dad, why don't you want me to join the Boy Scouts?' Then I said to him: 'Son, I didn't want you to join the Scouts, but I have made an investigation and if you will promise me that you will live up to the Oath and Law of that organization, I will give you my consent to join.' He was a happy boy and joined the scout troop at the next meeting.

"I cannot tell you how thankful I am that he did join the troop, I cannot think of any other thing that has done as much for my boy as being a scout. We are pals together. My son tells me everything. He is a

good boy and a good scout and the scout organization and the scoutmaster deserves all the credit for what he is today."—"Scouting."

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY DOWN TO SHOO-FLY

I've been a sharp old guy my whole life-time. Even the court can't handle me. If you'll just hold your ear a minute and don't go to sleep, I'll tell you why I'm so sharp. But, of course, I'm not expecting you to do the same thing that I do and I'll advise you not to try it, 'cause I'm an exceptionally bright fellow; leastwise, that's what the folks around Shoo-fly say.

Here goes the story. I ain't never had but one dealing with these here "ordering companies" or whatever you call 'em—you know, I like Sears and Rareback and Charles Wilyams and all such companies. Well, as I was going to say, I never had but one dealing with such folks, and strange to say, I came out the top dog of the bargain. I sent in an order to this company (I can't think of the name) that amounted to fourteen dollars and ninety cents—my wasn't that a whopper!—and they sent me a bill of the goods thirty days before they arrived. Now, I got hot, 'cause I was intending to take my girl to the show the very next Saturday, and told them to send the goods and afterwards I'd pay for them. If they'd had any sense, they wouldn't have done, for I ain't the kind that's in the habit of paying their debts.

Two months passed and I didn't pay my bill, so they had me up before the Shoo-fly court, charged with not paying a fourteen-dollar-and-ninety-cent bill. I pleaded "not guilty" at first, and put up some pretty stiff argument. I told the judge that I wasn't in town at the time the deal was made, but was in Texas, visiting some of my friends. Well, this company tried to produce my signature affixed to the order, but it looked so much like a chicken's scratches in a bread tray that the judge had to adjust his spectacles ten consecutive times in order to translate the first letter. He finally gave up the job and pronounced the signature forgery; but he re-

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