
THE HIGH POINT SCOUT

Published monthly by the Boy Scouts
of America, Troop Three,
High Point, N. C.

Circulation, Guaranteed, 1,000 Copies
Each Issue.

Walter Crissman.....Editor
Nady Cates.....Associate Editor
Kearney Crissman, Business Manager

Subscription Price.....25c Year
Advertising Rates on Application.

Our Motto....."Be Prepared."

THE BOY SCOUT IN SPRING.

Spring makes him feel like going out
Away from the paved streets of
town,
And rambling through woods and all
about
Over sure 'nough natural ground.

Spring makes him want to stay out
o'er night
And hear the old screech owl,
His harsh cry he has to fight
By getting closer to his pal.

He is then up with the singing of the
birds,
And gives himself a good stretching
out.

He utters these nature loving words,
"Oh! this is the life of a Scout."

—By The Editor.

Last Monday evening, at the Pres-
byterian church, at a joint meeting
of troops 2 and 3, Mr. Thomas E.
Dodamead, one of our splendid sol-
diers who has returned from France,
gave us a most interesting account of
his experiences in France. His talk
thrilled the boys, as he told them of
what he had been through, of what it
meant to have the shells and bombs
falling all around you, and the hard-
ships of army life in turning back
the Huns. Not only what he said,
but his presence, his spirit, his char-
acter was an inspiration. He closed
with a splendid appeal to the boys on
what it means to lead a clean life. We
wish all the boys of the city could
have heard him.

We appreciate the kind words of
the H. P. H. S. This excellent paper
of the High Schol is an inspiration to
us. It is ably edited, and deserves
the support of the citizenship of High

Point, whether directly connected
with the schools or not. We are all
connected with the schools. But we
wonder if Superintendent Taylor and
the faculty feel the sympathy and co-
operation of the community as they
deserve. We wish the H. P. H. S. to
know we are heartily with them, and
wish them the greatest success.

TOM AND THE COUNTERFEITERS.

(By Nady Cates.)

CHAPTER I.
Tom's Good Turn.

Tom Broadwell, a Boy Scout and
possessor of a high spirit, was stand-
ing at the corner of a building in his
home village at about the hour of six
o'clock, when the sun was bidding the
village good-night. He was looking
about for some one to help, for he
had not yet done his daily good turn.

As he stood there, a man sitting
in a buggy driving his horse at a lively
gait caught his casual glance. Just as
he passed by, a package fell from the
rear of his buggy and landed in the
dusty road. Now was Tom's chance
to do his good turn.

"Hi, there! Wait a minute!" yell-
ed Tom with all the force of his lungs,
at the same time advancing toward
the package.

Yet the man went on urging his
horse at a lively speed.

Tom picked up the package, which
was nearly buried in the dust and
started out as fast as his legs would
carry him, for he was determined that
this should be his good turn.

The horse was puffing and blowing
so much that Tom knew he would soon
slacken his speed. He had, evidently,
been running some time.

Tom ran on and on until the man
had entered a patch of woods in the
outskirts of the village and had stop-
ped the horse to a standstill and
whistled a peculiar whistle.

Tom had now slowed down to a
walk and was some distance in the
rear. He tried to hail the man, but
his wind was too far gone to even
make a sound. He had nearly reach-
ed the buggy, when two men appear-
ed from the thick woods on one side
of the road and began conversing in
low tones to the driver of the horse.

Tom was on the point of stepping
up to the man in buggy, when a com-
ment from that individual made him
draw back into the shadow of the
trees.

"Whatever you do; don't let any-

(Continued to Next Page)