

# THE HIGH POINT SCOUT

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## THE BOOZE TUNNEL

(By Walter Crissman.)

### CHAPTER II.

#### A Serious Affair.

I now turned my attention to my hands, which were bound together very tightly and were not pleasant by any means. I began twisting my arms about and, not to my surprise, I discovered the men had done a good job. How could I get away from this place?

Reflecting back upon the many stories I had read about captives freeing themselves by cutting their bonds with rocks, I unconsciously glanced over to a part of the floor where the cement was cracked and large, sharp pieces were laying, point up, invitingly.

The only way for me to get to it was to roll, so I did. I managed to get my bound hands over a sharp piece of cement, and began sawing back and forth, sometimes cutting the rope but most often my hands and arms. But, finally, the rope fell apart, giving me freedom to loose my feet.

After I had freed myself I began to jump around like a one-year-old colt, which had been let out of his stable from a day's confinement. This affected the unblocked circulation of my blood once more. I then bounded out of the cave by the entrance thru which I had been forced in.

I was now on the top surface again, inhaling the fresh air. But I did not wish to meet my new acquaintances again just now. I made a bee-line for the campfire of the boys, and reached the camp circle when the boys were becoming alarmed about my long absence. They were planning a search already as they had tried the different "scout," signals and had received no answer except the echo of their voice. They asked where I had been and I told them I had been exploring a little and happened to get a good distance away from camp.

"It is 9.30 o'clock, boys, pack your haversacks, be ready to leave in five minutes," came the orders from the patrol leader.

In three minutes every boy was waiting for further orders.

"Attention! Forward! March!" were the orders and we were off.

As we went through the woods to the main road I managed to get with Roy Beeker and told him that I wanted him to wait on me for a few minutes.

We had gone up the road several yards, when I told Jack that I would stop and lace my leggings better, and that he need not stop the boys and wait for me. Roy spoke up and said, "I'll wait and keep Criss company." This was all right with Jack.

Forty-five minutes from that time we were knocking on the door of the sheriff's home. The sheriff came to the door and I told him what had happened and he said he would be ready to start with help in about fifteen minutes. He was as good as his word for he was ready with six men and two cars when the fifteen minutes were out. The sheriff, one of the men and we three scouts occupied one car and the deputy and other men the other. We sped toward that spring as fast as those cars would take us and were soon close by. The cars were driven into the woods about one-fourth of a mile from the cave so that the men would not suspicion us being after them.

The sheriff said, "The deputy and three of the men will watch the hole this boy has been into and the other two men, the three scouts and I will go to the other opening." We went with the deputy to his post and then to ours. The sheriff told us to circle around the opening in the bushes and all come to him when he whistled. We did as we were told.

As I lay there I saw a man coming out of the opening and he had a keg on his shoulder. It seemed that he was coming directly toward me, and indeed he did come very near me but passed on by and set the

While lacing my leggings I related to Roy what happened to me that night and told him that I had noticed still another opening about 900 yards away from the one I had entered and I wanted him to go with me to this place and see if it was another opening to the cave.

Roy was a boy with a detective

spirit in him and this was the reason I had selected him.

He said, in a very serious way, just the mode in which I wanted him to say it, "I will go."

I finished lacing my leggings and we started out for the opening. Soon we were near it and Roy circled around to one side and I to the other. As I lay there watching the opening I wondered if Roy was in a safe place. I did not have much time to wonder for as I looked I saw two men come up to the opening from the opposite side and one of them had Roy by the collar, dragging him. They dragged him on into the opening and I was left out there in the bushes to think and hope for the best.

I thought the best thing for me to do was to hurry to town and get help so I struck out. Just a little beyond the spring, out on the road, I met Jack and Walt Beeker, who had come to see what was keeping us. I told them the story and we all walked swiftly toward town. We dug down in a very cozy hiding place and re-entered the cave. It seemed that the moonshiners had a certain number of gallons to get out that night.

I slipped over to the sheriff and asked him if he saw the man, and he said he did and he whistled softly.

[Continued next month]

If every boy would do unto every girl  
As he would have the other boy do  
unto his own sister,  
And if every man who honors motherhood,  
Would do unto every woman as he  
would have  
The other man do unto his own  
daughter or sister:  
A song-burst of happiness would  
send its echoes  
Around old Mother Earth, and the  
coming generations  
Would know fewer tears and fewer  
heart-aches.

—Ren Mulford, Jr.

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