



## AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz \*

### A Scout Is Brave



*"He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers and threats of enemies. Defeat does not down him."*

Recently, a number of Boy Scout heroes were awarded medals of heroism, in token of recognition for their undaunted courage to risk their own lives for the sake of others.

John Noble, formerly a Tenderfoot Scout of Troop 70, Manila, was awarded a Silver Life Saving Medal for saving the life of his father, who was nearly drowned in Manila Bay after their sailboat capsized on January 30, 1937.

Lone Scout Clarendo Lelis, a Tenderfoot Scout from Tribe 10, Gubat, Sorsogon, received a Bronze Life Saving Medal for saving Antonio Enaje from drowning in the ocean, on February 6, 1937.

First Class Scout Eladio Montilla of Troop 529, Jaro, Leyte, received a Bronze Life Saving Medal for saving Gregorio Quilaquil from drowning in the Cabayongon River on April 22, 1936. The victim was unconscious when the rescuer reached the shore and the Schaeffer method of artificial respiration was applied.

These boys deserve the warm congratulations of every brother scout. They are brave lads. In accomplishing what they have done, they risked their very lives.

River accidents do not occur everyday, however, and a thoughtful Scout might want to know how he can be brave always, and thus live to the tenth point of the Scout Law, even if he fails to receive the honor of being awarded a medal for heroism.

Bravery does not lie merely in such eloquent demonstrations as daring rescues and courageous attempts to preserve human life. Bravery is of

two kinds, and one of them,—although the less sensational, perhaps,—is the more heroic of the two—*moral bravery*.

Moral courage is the fortitude to resist temptations and wrong inclinations. Hardly an hour passes when a man is not assailed by evil thoughts almost on every side of him. As Scouts, we are taught to be brave,—not only to risk our lives and personal safety for others, but also to fight off the daily temptations that attack us.

Have you ever experienced sitting in a classroom during an examination, with beads of perspiration on your brow, and the realization that without outside help, you will not get a passing mark? Have you ever felt that urge to glance at your seatmate's paper and see his answers? Then those are the times when your moral bravery is being put to a test. The more will it be of a test when your seatmate happens to be a "kind" one, and offers to help you voluntarily. Will you accept his help and thus pass in the examination? Or will you think seriously over such an act and resolve to fight the temptation off, come what may in the future? Accept his help, and you pass; refuse it, and you fail. Have you the courage to face failure? Have you that spirit of justice which tells you not to copy your neighbor's answers, since it is your own fault that you yourself, do not know the answers to the questions? If you have that spirit,—then you are a real Scout, for you are *morally brave*.

A very excellent display of moral courage, I beheld one rainy Sunday afternoon, inside a Japanese refreshment parlor a block away from our Troop meeting room.

I was seated in one corner of the parlor, and the door being shut to prevent the entrance of the rain (it was raining very hard), it was quite dark inside. The electric bulb in the center was

\* Publicity Manager, Philippine Council, B. S. A.

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which rested on the desk and cried.

The principal took him to the box.

"Please don't let me go near that box," Marcelo begged. "It is not necessary. I shall tell you the truth. I stole that money because I had nothing to report to you. My uncle borrowed my sales yesterday and today he has no money to return. I was afraid you would punish me if I could not report the sales so I got Maria's money when the pupils were out on their lines. Of course, I would pay Maria as soon as my uncle will have returned the money he borrowed.

"Were you doing right when you got Maria's money?" asked the principal.

"No, sir, but I was, thinking only of myself right then," Marcelo replied.

"Where is the money?" the principal asked again.

"Here it is," Marcelo answered as he put his hand in his pocket. From it he drew out a small paper package containing coins and handed it to the principal.

"Bring your uncle here tomorrow," he said to Marcelo. "I want to see him."

"You may now go home," he said to the class.

As soon as everybody had gone away, Joe and the principal went to the office. They found Rod still peeping through a tiny hole near the bow. He had been watching for any signal from Joe while the latter was in the library during the investigation.

"Thank you, boys," the

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dim and its light was badly diffused throughout the place. Three tables away from me, directly beneath the electric bulb, was a noisy group of boys. Their faces were familiar to me, and even their manner of conversation was not strange. They were the members of the "Black Pirate" gang, a notorious association of mischievous street boys, shoe shiners, and the like, who indulged in egg-stealing escapades and neighborhood brawls at times. The leader was a "tough" boy of fourteen, whom they called "Max." His name was Maximo.

As I was saying, they were very noisy,—so noisy, indeed, that at the time when the excitement among them seemed to be at its highest peak, I quite forgot the cake I was munching. I diverted my full attention to the group and was not

principal said to Joe and Rod. "That was splendid work."

The two boys grinned at each other and passed out.

### (Next month: JOE AND THE BURGLAR) HELPS FOR STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Why were the pupils busy? What happened in the class of Miss Cruz?

Why did Joe use the box instead of telling the principal to search Marcelo? That would have been a shorter way.

What do you think happened when Marcelo's uncle met the principal?

Was Marcelo punished? If so, tell why and how.

surprised to find among them a boy who had recently joined our troop. Apparently, he was the target just then of the entire group.

All statements seemed to be directed at him, and a boisterous laugh which, every now and then could be heard, was, as I could see, an attack against him also.

The nature of the controversy, I soon found out.

"A sissy—that's what you are!" Maximo's voice was loud and full of scorn. "Won't smoke now, eh? Look!—" and he suddenly faced the group. "Look at our Boy Scout—he won't smoke!"

Laughter followed. Joel. (that was the name of the victim) was silent. His face was pale and his eyes were red. He rose to leave, but Maximo clutched his shirt and forced him down on his chair.

"Won't smoke, eh?" asked the malicious leader of the "Black Pirates," as he whiffed a wreath of smoke and blew it straight into Joel's face.

"Yes, I will not smoke," came the firm voice of the little 12-year old Tenderfoot. "Our Scoutmaster said it's bad for small boys—especially Scouts,—to smoke, and I believe him. I will not smoke!"

"That's what I told you before," butt in Nano, a boy of thirteen. This Boy Scout business will soften you up and make you a sissy instead of a man."

"Smoking doesn't make you a man," Joel retorted scornfully.

"But you can't deny that be-

fore you joined this Boy Scout affair, you smoked, no? When you became a 'Black Pirate' last year, you were as good as any one of us in smoking, no?" Nano snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"That was when I was not yet a Boy Scout, and as ignorant as any of you are. Now, I know it's not good to smoke. I took the Scout Oath last week, and I promised not to smoke. I will not."

"Then you are no longer one of us!" came the rasping voice of Max. "You're through, as far as being a Black Pirate is concerned. We can't accept sissies around here!"

Complete silence fell on the group, for each one of them knew the significance of being ousted from the gang. Eagerly, I watched the boys.

"All right!"

Joel stood, and pushed the chair backward with a loud noise.

"All right!" he repeated, hitching up his trousers, and his voice, louder than before.

"I'm going away from your foolish, dirty 'Black Pirate' gang. Mother has always told me it's not good, and that all of you are bad boys. I used to disregard her advice, but I know it's true now.

"I'm not going to smoke. And furthermore, I'm quitting your gang. Go where you will and do what you like. I'm through with you from now on!"

## THIS EARTH OF OURS

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upwards. These are known as capillary passages and these help water to ascend from below to the roots of plants.

In color the soil may be black, gray, brown, or even dull yellow. It may be either clayey and compact or sandy and porous. The fertility of the soil directly affects us. Many people live in places where the soil is fertile because they can make an easier living there.

Now let us see what the different kinds of soil are. Soil that remains above the bed rock from which it was formed is called *residual* soil. Soil that has been carried from the place where it was formed and deposited somewhere else is called *transported* soil. *Volcanic* soil is erupted from volcanoes.

What kind or kinds of soil are found in your locality? Tell your classmates what experiences you have had with the soil of Antipolo, of rice fields, in your garden or near a river bank.

## THE FOREST OFFERS

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ladder is used. The nuts are also allowed to drop to the ground as they do when fully ripe.

Then the husk is removed from the nuts by soaking them

With that, the little boy strode out of the parlor, into the rain, and ran across the street, to take shelter inside the Drug Store there.

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## JOKES

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Teacher—"If you would apply for a position what would you put in the body of your letter?"

Luisa—"I have read in the newspaper that you are in need of a typewriter. I am very glad to apply for the position."

Moises—"Why are you limping, Cirilo? Is your foot sore?"

Cirilo—"No."

Moises—"Why don't you walk straight?"

Cirilo—"Because I stepped on the horse manure of the carabao."

Pacifico—"Why do you have a black eye?"

Adriano—"Because of that beautiful new classmate of ours."

Pacifico—"Did she strike you with her wooden shoe?"

Adriano—"No, while looking at her, I bumped my face against the wall."

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in cold water. In about an hour the pulp is removed. The nuts are then dried in the sun. Another method is to allow the husk to rot off by piling the nuts in a shade. Then the pili nuts are gathered and packed and shipped for export. Some of these finally find their way to our homes.