

BOY SCOUTS

Hey! Scout, attention! Who saw the groundhog? Scouts Francis Ray and Leslie Evans were the first to pass the tenderfoot examinations.

Wauseka Hauser, representing the Oregonian and Oregon Journal in our burg, has the Scout idea—he handed to Scoutmaster Francisco a hard earned fifty-cents for his fee.

Buglers for the troops are in order. Scout Howard Trinder and Scout Walter Majhor have purchased two bugles from Montgomery Ward. Troop 8 and Troop 5 are lucky.

Why are the Scouts wearing the smile that won't come off? The three troops are now registered at the National Headquarters. No foolin'—Once a Scout, always a Scout. Each member has a card.

Charles DePoe a first class Scout during his student days at Chemawa and once awarded the "best camper" prize at Cascadia Boy Scout Camp has volunteered his services to troop 7. He will be a valuable aid.

At the last meeting no time was lost. Each scout was at something—"Be prepared for the tests" was in the air. If you don't think we mean business, step in and visit us—we might show you some knots but no *doughnuts*.

Scout Executive West of the Cascade Area was out again to pay us a visit and to see that we got started right. We appreciate his interest in us and we are going to repay him for his interest by making our troops a credit to his area.

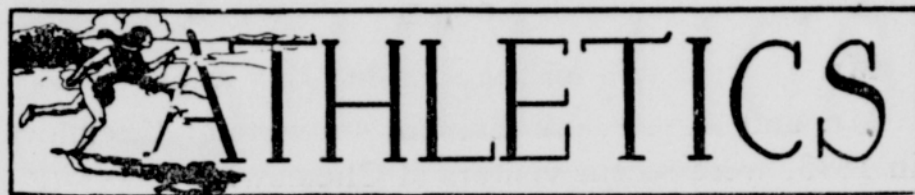
George Gallegoes one of our promising new students has also seen the opportunity to better himself and decided that Scouting was the route he wanted. He paid his fee into troop 7. George has had considerable experience on the outside, especially in mine working. He learned first aid and will be a help.

The following list of gentlemen have shown their interest in the welfare of the boys and scouting—They have signed to act as committeemen for the troops. With these men behind us I am sure that scouting will have good backing and there will be something doin'. Troop 8, Messrs. Decorah, Kirk and Mason; troop 5, Messrs. Downie, James and Fisher; troop 7, Messrs. Larsen, Lobdell, and Dr. Sisco.

Several Scouts have been discussing lately whether or not they should administer first aid to Bob, the dog that got honorable mention in the American recently. It is known that he is minus a part of his rudder from being touched by one of Scoutmaster Francisco's speeding trains. He is watch dog for the house mother of Mitchell Hall and the boys feel that he should have a glass eye—"No see good now."

Do you know: That the Boy Scouts represent twenty-one different tribes, come from eight states and have one real Eskimo? That the Chippewa and Sioux have ceased to be enemies and are Scouting together? That the Klamaths, Modocs and Wascos have forgotten all about the early lava-bed wars and are listed in our troops? That the Nez Perce boy has heard many tales of Chief Joseph (one of the world's greatest military strategists) and his achievements so that he, too, has taken up the idea that he can achieve something in Scouting? That the Scouts will be the future men of these tribes?

—G. W. B.



Again we taste defeat. Not only taste it—the fact is, during the past week, we've eaten quite a mouthful.

The first defeat of the week was administered by Oregon City high school. On Wednesday evening Mr. Sanders' grapplers staged a return match with Oregon City and had it not been for the unfortunate ineligibility of Pete McCluskey's opponent would have won the match. As it was our bone-crushers gave the more experienced Oregon City crew an uncomfortable evening and lost only by the narrow margin of eight points, the score being 56 to 48. George and LeRoy Pepion and "Lindy" Dumont won their matches and Terry Courtney, Louis Baker and Mathew James lost theirs. McCluskey won an exhibition match. Bright spots in the contest were George Pepion's speedy and victorious first fall, which took just 40 seconds, and "Lindys" aggressive use of the wrist-lock.

Our "B" basketball team lost to Parrish Junior high on Wednesday evening. The first half was close—15 to 16—but in the second stanza our boys had only one peek at the book while Parrish tossed them in from every where but the bleachers. The final score was 31 to 16

Not long ago West Linn's teams came here and went away with two scalps—both belonging to us. Last Friday we boarded one of the S. P.'s big motor busses and meant to bring them back but instead lost two more. The girls were defeated 31 to 19 and the boys lost 37 to 26. This makes our string of defeats quite long and we are wondering if the end isn't near or have our hoopers allowed it to become a habit? We cannot excuse ourselves much longer on the pretext that we are good losers for that privilege is accorded the fellow who has been in the habit of winning. We are now long past that stage and are looking for the hard losers—the fellows who are so all-fired discontented with themselves that they refuse to be licked any longer and are ready to work and sweat till the cows come home. For the opposition is too strong and only the will to do can clear the way. A self-satisfied group will never do it—the job is too big. But one that has not lost hope and will say, "It can be done," and is willing to extend themselves in every way possible can and will come out on top.

As the final event of this disastrous week the Chemawa Boy Scouts did a good turn to the Salem Pioneers in Salem Saturday afternoon and lost 32 to 12.