

"The official citation sounds very bald and cold, but under the circumstances this is one of the finest pieces of heroism shown by boys in the history of scouting. The one who entered the building was Sea Scout Cyprian Haithman, age 15, member of the sea scout ship 500, of Washington, D. C., which is composed entirely of colored boys. He was given the highest award within the power of the Boy Scouts of America, which is the gold medal of honor."

*Training.*—"During the panic on board the ferry boat *Bronx* a sea scout kept his head and by his coolness in the face of impending disaster showed clearly the results of his training in sea scouting. Sea Scout David Flannagan was a passenger on this boat at the time when the men's cabin collapsed due to the excess weight of passengers on the upper deck and the resulting rush which almost turned the boat over caused at least three passengers to be swept overboard. He was on the upper deck and coolly picked up a number of children who had been knocked down. He assisted frightened mothers to gather their children together, and calmly stood on the rail of the ship and passed down life preservers to the struggling passengers, meanwhile attempting to calm them by his words."

Certainly this young man carried out to the letter his pledge taken on entering sea scouting. Congratulations are extended to Sea Scout Flannagan for his splendid conduct in this instance, and to leaders of the Staten Island sea scouts who are responsible for the training of the group of which he is a member.

*Our slogan.*—"Opportunity for rendering service to boats and ships in distress are not very frequent, and when these opportunities come the rendering of service is nearly always fraught with tremendous dangers and difficulties. Seldom has it been the privilege of a group of sea scouts to render service to a large ship crowded with people. However, last month, while the sea scout boat of the Mount Clemens, Mich., sea scouts, under the command of Commodore William J. Marshall, was cruising, he received a request from the captain of the *Thousand Islander* to rescue her after she had gone aground, and while the 2,000 people aboard looked on, Commodore Marshall and his crew got a line aboard and after some clever seamanship work towed the steamer to safety. The officers, crew, and passengers of the ship showed their gratitude toward the sea scouts by loud and prolonged applause and tooting of the whistle from the steamer.

"Proceeding on their way the sea scouts later sighted a scow, with two men aboard, which was sinking in Lake St. Clair. They immediately went to their rescue, took the two men aboard and towed the scow to safety.

*Leadership.*—

"Well done Mount Clemens."

"When the students of Central High School, St. Joseph, Mo., met recently to elect the officers of their student council, their choice fell on four boys—Bohumir S. Vavra, Wilbur McDonald, Mr. J. Rice, and George Stuber, who were elected president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer respectively. These boys are all members of the sea scout ship *Sea Gull* of that town. The crew of the *Sea Gull* consist of 29 boys; the students of Central High number over a thousand.

"This is one of many remarkable evidences of the sea scout as a leader and if the quality of our leaders is the measure of our future, the Boy Scouts of America might well rejoice in the promise of its sea scouts."

*Building tradition.*—"To have heard the boys on the home trip last night chanting in unison the endless verses of *That's My Weakness Now*, one would have thought them coming home from a week-end cruise instead of returning from a job from which many grown men had turned away revolted.

"And what a job!

"They found one vast area of death. The waters, poisoned by decaying bodies of the dead humans, had in turn poisoned and killed thousands of fish, snakes, and birds; in fact all animal life. In this water, the stench of which was almost overpoweringly nauseating, the boys and their leaders worked all day and night.

"According to a statement from the head of the relief detail in that section of the Everglades in Florida, this gallant little group of sea scouts in Sarasota, Fla., under the direction of County Judge A. R. Clark did more work and accomplished more results in this grim job than all the adult relief workers in the territory combined."

Grit! Courage! Unselfish service!

*Meteorology.*—"Blowing rain along horizontally in big chunks, the wind has now reached hurricane force. We found it necessary to start the motor to take the strain off the two anchors. Out in the bay about 1 mile a tug was having a rough time. The spray is going by like rain, and as hard as hail. Prospects for the night are bad. Everything is gray now and a hard fight ahead."