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"BABE"

By C. V. STREVETT

To try to describe "Babe" as he should be described would require the pen of an author far more experienced than I am. I can only describe him in my humble way as follows:

He came to the troop the first night it was formed up. A small, curly-headed boy of eleven, so small that he looked about nine years old, a mass of black curly hair that is seen so seldom on a boy that it reminded me of the days I spent in Malta. There one will find nearly every boy—and girl, too, for that matter—with dark curly hair. When I asked Babe what he would like to do in the scouts he turned those wide, rolling eyes to me and said, in his manly way: "I want to be a drummer." I smiled. I could not imagine one so small, so frail, carrying a drum at the head of the troop and still keep in step. "Have you a drum?" I asked. "Not yet," he replied, "but I am going to have one for Christmas." That settled it. Babe was to be the drummer.

I have seen boys take up things as hobbies and drop them. I have seen others take up hobbies and make something of them, but I have never seen one take up anything and make a profession of it as this boy did. In less than two years Babe was the best drummer in Essex county. I have never seen a boy—and few men, as far as that goes—who could handle a side drum as he did.

Babe was a true scout. The following incident will go far to prove that: During the winter months drill started at 7:30 p. m., and as sure as there was a drill Babe would be late—fifteen minutes every time. On several occasions I spoke to him about it. He said he would try to get there on time the next week. Next week came. The same old story. Babe was late I could not understand it, seeing that he only lived a few doors from the church in which we drilled.

One evening in the early spring my wife and I were walking along one of the streets that run parallel with the church when an old lady called me to her door. "You are the scout master?" she asked. I replied that I was. "Well," she said, "I wish to thank you for what one of your boys has done for me all the winter. He has helped me wonderfully. He has been here every evening chopping wood and carrying it into the house, and do you know he would not take any payment for it. I cannot understand what the world is coming to when a boy will not take pay for what he does. Every time I offered him money he touched that little thing-a-my-jig on his coat and smiled, and said a boy scout never takes payment for doing a good turn. Mister, I don't know what you do to those boys, but you are sure making gentlemen of them."

I had found out Babe's secret. He had been working all the winter for the old lady, had been late at scout meetings, and would not say a word about it. Next meeting night I spoke to him about it, and he smiled and said: "Please, sir, don't tell the other boys; they will laugh at me." Babe did not mind me roasting him for being late, but he could not stand the idea of being laughed at by the other boys. Oh, Babe, I can see you even now, you and your side drum, going down the street as proud as a peacock in a farmyard.

I well remember another occasion.

It was in February, and very cold at the time. We had been to the meeting and I had just got home and taken off my coat when there was a loud rap on the door. One of the boys had come to tell me there was a fire three blocks away, and that the other boys had gone to see what they could do. I made a hurried run to the place and arrived before the fire brigade. The scouts had started to get the furniture out, and were doing all they could do to stem the flames. Somebody said there were two children asleep in one of the bedrooms. In went Babe and searched every room. He could find nothing, but to show that he went right through the house he brought back a frying pan and a tea kettle. When the brigade arrived the boys had got the flames under control, and there was very little left for them to do but order the scouts out of the way. That was in the days before the police and fire departments knew what boy scouts were for and what they could do.

Babe, like many of his comrades in the scouts, could not stay at home when the flag he had been brought up to love was in danger. As soon as he was eighteen he volunteered and joined the R. A. F. as a cadet. He did well, and it was when he was making his last flight before being sent overseas that he met death. He fell 2000 feet and broke his neck. I shall never forget the wonderful sight that his funeral presented. I have seen and taken part in many funerals, both military and civilian, but I have never seen anything to equal Babe's in my life. First came the boy scouts, then the high school cadets, then the members of the 21st regiment, and, last of all, the veterans of the great war. It was at his mother's request that the procession should be this way. That was the way Babe went through life—first as a scout, then as a cadet, then a drummer in the 21st regiment, and then he joined the overseas forces. The streets were crowded, not with curious sight-seers, but with friends of Babe who had known him from birth, and who remembered him as the curly-headed drummer of the scouts. Babe sleeps in Sandwich cemetery. His memory lives forever with the scouts of the Border Cities for what he was—a true scout and a hero.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

Narbonne Ranch Water Company
No. 5, Lomita, County of Los Angeles, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors of said Corporation held on August 8th, 1921, an assessment of Three (\$3.00) Dollars per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of said Corporation, payable immediately to the Secretary of this Corporation, at the Office of the Company, viz.: Pump House of said Company, at Lomita, Los Angeles County, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on September 10, 1921, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on October 1, 1921, at 12 o'clock noon, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

R. GEIST, Secretary



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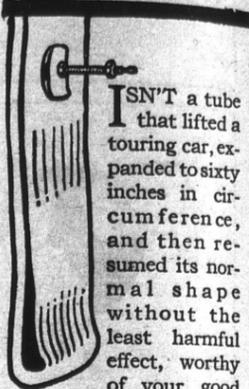
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