

**TENDERFOOT SQUAD:
OR, CAMPING AT
RACCOON LODGE**

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Tenderfoot Squad: Or, Camping at Raccoon Lodge by Alan Douglas

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ALAN DOUGLAS

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RACCOON LODGE**



The tree had caught Jem Shock fairly in a trap

Tenderfoot Squad;
or,
Camping at Raccoon Lodge

BY
CAPTAIN ALAN DOUGLAS
SCOUT MASTER



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	SURVEYOR RUFUS AND HIS FRIENDS	11
II.	THE GAME POACHER, JEM SHOCK.....	22
III.	"HIT THE KNOT AND HIT IT HARD!"	33
IV.	SHOWING THE GREENHORNS.....	46
V.	THE SPIRAL OF BLUE SMOKE.....	55
VI.	A LITTLE WOODS MINSTREL.....	66
VII.	MAKING A BARGAIN WITH CONRAD.....	75
VIII.	A PERIL THAT LAY IN WAIT.....	89
IX.	THE STRANGE MESSAGE JEM LEFT.....	102
X.	A CABIN IN THE CLEARING.....	111
XI.	WHEN THE STORM BROKE.....	122
XII.	SCOTCH BLOOD.....	133
XIII.	A CALL FOR HELP.....	146
XIV.	SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE.....	155
XV.	RUFUS MAKES A STAND.....	166
XVI.	"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!".....	177

C. D. HANMER OCT 28 1940

TENDERFOOT SQUAD

CHAPTER I

SURVEYOR RUFUS AND HIS FRIENDS

"ALL aboard for Raccoon Bluff. Those who can't get aboard take the rail route! Hi! Elmer, squeeze in!"

"On deck, Lil Artha; but do you expect me to climb on top of that mountain of camp duffle, and other luggage you've got piled up, so that your car looks like a tin peddler's outfit?"

"Oh! we've reserved just one crack for you, Elmer. That's right!" sang out the khaki-clad boy at the wheel, "work your way in alongside George Robbins, who's holding down the rear seat with Lil Artha. I've got Alec McGregor beside me here. And after all, worse luck, I had to leave some things behind that I wanted to take the worst kind."

"What's this sticking out—a gun? You ought to know that it's the off season for most kinds of

game, Lil Artha," expostulated the latest passenger, as, following directions, he painfully forced his way into the heavily laden car.

"Yes, I know, and I don't intend to do any great stunts at hunting, Elmer. I only thought it might be good policy to fetch my little reliable Marlin along, because sometimes it's mighty pleasant to know you've got some means of defense handy in case of trouble."

"Hear! hear!" ejaculated the boy answering to the name of George Robbins, and who it may be said in passing—for the reader would soon find it out anyway—was a regular born "Doubting Thomas," who nearly always had to be shown, and seldom believed any statement unless it were backed up with abundant proof. "Sometimes there are other beasts abroad in the wild woods besides the common four-footed kind. I believe now we've all had our experiences with tramps and yeggmen of the Weary Willie species. For one, I'm glad you fetched your gun along, Lil Artha."

Meanwhile the driver had once more started the car, and they were moving along the streets of the home town. Several groups of boys, some of whom also wore the well-known khaki of the scouts, called out to them in greeting, and even waved their hats with a salute. Envious eyes followed the car as it sped along in a cloud of dust; for it was pretty generally known that the

lucky five were starting off on a week's camping trip; and those fellows of the Hickory Ridge group of Boy Scouts could anticipate a glorious time ahead for the favored ones.

While the big old seven-passenger touring car, which the father of Rufus Snodgrass had loaned them for the occasion, is speeding along, doing very good time as long as the road is fair, a few words connected with these lively lads may not come in amiss.

Elmer Chenowith was the leader of the well-known Wolf Patrol, and those boys who have had the good luck to own some of the previous stories in this series do not need to be told that he was a capable and resourceful lad, who through his merits as a first-class scout had received from Headquarters the privilege of acting as assistant scout-master, a rôle only filled by the most efficient in a troop.

"Lil Artha" was really Arthur Stansbury. When he was very young he had been given this nickname, and even after he suddenly shot up like a mushroom, so that he now measured a full head taller than any of his mates, he could not shake off the ridiculous appellation. People always smiled when hearing it for the first time; but then Lil Artha treated the matter as a huge joke, and often joined in the laugh when the subject came up.

George Robbins was a pretty good sort of a

chap, only he did worry his chums by his continual fault finding, and that everlasting desire to have everything proved before he could "swallow" it. At one time he had been inclined to be thin, and a rather poor hand at meal times; but of late his folks seldom had to ring the dinner bell twice for George; indeed, as a rule he was keeping an ear to the ground listening for the welcome sound.

The other two boys were new members of Hickory Ridge Troop, and had not as yet progressed beyond the greenhorn stage. Indeed, it was partly with the hope that various opportunities for teaching the "tenderfoot squad"—as Lil Artha persisted in calling the pair—all sorts of useful knowledge that scouts must sooner or later acquire, that had induced Elmer to give up another partly formed plan and consent to accompany the expedition into the woods.

Rufus Snodgrass was a rather peculiar boy, taken in all. Elmer believed he had never up to that time come in contact with just such an odd fellow. He had been somewhat spoiled by a doting mamma, though Elmer believed he possessed many good qualities about him, if only some revolution could only bring them forward.

In the first place Rufus lacked self-reliance to a remarkable extent. He could not seem to feel confidence in himself when some sudden or alarming emergency arose. On this account he turned