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The South India Boy Scout

VOL IV

NO. 5

MAY 1924



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THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

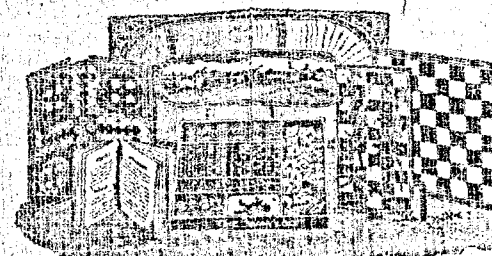
Official Organ of the Boy Scout Association of the Madras Provincial Area.

Vol. IV, No. 5

March, 1924

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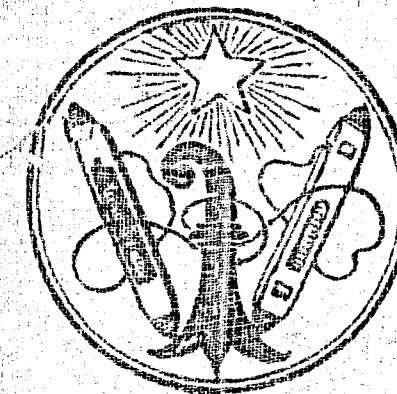
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THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

Vol. IV]

MARCH, 1924

[No. 5

The Grey Owl's Hoot

Before this reaches our readers we shall have said goodbye to our Provincial Chief, Lord Willingdon whose interest in the movement has been so continuous during the period of his office. Within three or four days of his arrival a comparatively small troop invited him to extend his *patronage* to their concert, and to be *present* if possible, and to their great surprise they found that not only would he give both his patronage and presence but that Lady Willingdon would also attend. Coming so very early in his stay this was rightly regarded as a very favourable omen for scouting in the Presidency.

During his period of office we have had quite a number of big Rallies and many of us in Madras have had the good fortune to be present at all of them. The first two were held on grounds near Government House and the last two actually in Government House grounds, an indication to some extent of the growth of a closer touch between the Provincial Chief Scout and the Scouts.

When he first came we were in three different camps; he worked hard to bring us together. This has been done, we feel sure, so far as the Scouts and Cubs are concerned although the position is more difficult in connection with the Scouters. The only way we can hope to make it an absolute reality with them is by all of us seeking all the time to forget we are grown up and to remember we are playing the game of scouting for boys, and boys are boys all the world over and as such the differences are very slight, that is, our natural differences are a trifle, it is the differences introduced by our civilizations and

upbringing that tend to keep us apart. As we get back to primitive life and leave the frills and appendices of civilization behind, we find we get nearer and nearer to one another and the colour of one's skin or the accident of the place of one's birth, lose their artificial importance. This is the opportunity for scouting and the responsibility of Scouters is grave lest we should fail to lead along the lines of Brotherhood and Service.

We hear that Training Camps are going to be held in Malabar and Tanjore Districts in the near future, while Ceylon is to run a Wood Badge Camp during the Easter holidays. We hope the coming summer holidays will see much Camping as it is here that the Scouters have the greatest opportunity of getting into real touch with their scouts and so of helping them more effectively.

Madras is about to loose one of its most promising Districts namely Secunderabad, which is to be formed into a separate Provincial Association. Secunderabad will always be gratefully remembered at Madras Head Quarters. Their returns and reports were so well prepared and promptly submitted. They were also very progressive and enterprising sending Scouters both to Bombay and Madras for special Courses. We wish the new Provincial Association every good wish. We are pleased to note that our good friend Mr. T. Streenivas continues as one of the two District Commissioners.

Good Scouting to you!

THE EDITOR'S IMPRESSIONS

And so, to increase the efficiency of the troop it has been decided to have a band. Thus runs a circular we have received from a troop in the north of India, which to judge from its report has been doing really useful work during the past year. But during the year they seem to have been duly seized with the glamour of the band, by the sight of another troop entering their territory with a fine band that seems to have been the talk of the town. As this is a question that often faces Scouts and Scouters, I should like to discuss it a little here, in the hope that those of our readers who have strong views on the subject may let us hear them.

I think it was the Chief himself who said that he always viewed with suspicion a troop that excelled in drill, because it usually meant that the Scouter in charge would do nothing else with his boys and so fall back upon drill. And this applies, I do believe though not so much to the band. Can you not imagine how easily the hours that may be otherwise employed will more and more be diverted to band practice? And does not band practice mean a great deal of idleness, that borer of the good Scouter? And lastly is the idealism that really should commend itself to Scouts for the Scout Movement is unobtrusive service, and who would want a band unobtrusive?

I have only at the present time some two Madras troop magazines, but in the Vengal River in the one case and in the other a troop in the other. Some of the articles, it is true, were very good, and the illustrations would most probably have done the work of a dictionary. In the first magazine, I found that the first article was a story, and that the second was a story. The third was a story, and the fourth was a story. The fifth was a story, and the sixth was a story. The seventh was a story, and the eighth was a story. The ninth was a story, and the tenth was a story. The eleventh was a story, and the twelfth was a story. The thirteenth was a story, and the fourteenth was a story. The fifteenth was a story, and the sixteenth was a story. The seventeenth was a story, and the eighteenth was a story. The nineteenth was a story, and the twentieth was a story. The twenty-first was a story, and the twenty-second was a story. The twenty-third was a story, and the twenty-fourth was a story. The twenty-fifth was a story, and the twenty-sixth was a story. The twenty-seventh was a story, and the twenty-eighth was a story. The twenty-ninth was a story, and the thirtieth was a story. The thirty-first was a story, and the thirty-second was a story. The thirty-third was a story, and the thirty-fourth was a story. The thirty-fifth was a story, and the thirty-sixth was a story. The thirty-seventh was a story, and the thirty-eighth was a story. The thirty-ninth was a story, and the fortieth was a story. The forty-first was a story, and the forty-second was a story. The forty-third was a story, and the forty-fourth was a story. The forty-fifth was a story, and the forty-sixth was a story. The forty-seventh was a story, and the forty-eighth was a story. The forty-ninth was a story, and the fiftieth was a story. The fifty-first was a story, and the fifty-second was a story. The fifty-third was a story, and the fifty-fourth was a story. The fifty-fifth was a story, and the fifty-sixth was a story. The fifty-seventh was a story, and the fifty-eighth was a story. The fifty-ninth was a story, and the sixtieth was a story. The sixty-first was a story, and the sixty-second was a story. The sixty-third was a story, and the sixty-fourth was a story. The sixty-fifth was a story, and the sixty-sixth was a story. The sixty-seventh was a story, and the sixty-eighth was a story. The sixty-ninth was a story, and the seventieth was a story. The seventy-first was a story, and the seventy-second was a story. The seventy-third was a story, and the seventy-fourth was a story. The seventy-fifth was a story, and the seventy-sixth was a story. The seventy-seventh was a story, and the seventy-eighth was a story. The seventy-ninth was a story, and the eightieth was a story. The eighty-first was a story, and the eighty-second was a story. The eighty-third was a story, and the eighty-fourth was a story. The eighty-fifth was a story, and the eighty-sixth was a story. The eighty-seventh was a story, and the eighty-eighth was a story. The eighty-ninth was a story, and the ninetieth was a story. The ninety-first was a story, and the ninety-second was a story. The ninety-third was a story, and the ninety-fourth was a story. The ninety-fifth was a story, and the ninety-sixth was a story. The ninety-seventh was a story, and the ninety-eighth was a story. The ninety-ninth was a story, and the hundredth was a story.

which purpose there is an abundant supply of admirable books already in existence. I was glad to see the handwork of the troop artists in these magazines also, and I hope they will continue their efforts. Never mind if your work is not good enough for the Fine Arts exhibition; if you think it will amuse people, or contains some helpful satire, send it in. The troop editor will do the rest. And don't get your back up if with a view to encouraging you to greater heights, he gently turns down your first attempt. If you were an editor, you would know the tremendous difficulties under which these poor creatures exist. Either they get fearful indigestion through having to stomach great quantities of trash, or else they die of starvation. And a request to the vendors of trash to try and cook better next time is met with 'Well if that won't do, then I can't give you anything.'

I have just been looking at the Central Province and Berar report for 1923. It is very interesting reading, and I have extracted the following good turns as something to give readers.

Madras. Mela—Hoshangabad, and thus Scouts successfully directed traffic, over 3,000 bullock carts being dealt with. Over 40 children were found and restored to their parents.

And 11 Scouts got great praise for the share they took in dealing with a big fire that broke out in a spinning factory. A thank-offering made them by the company was given to a fund for poor widows.

Madras. Scouts helped erect huts for needy people during plague.

Madras. Scouts at the big Jagannath Mela, at many good turns, an unusual thing being the rescuing of a small boy who was being trampled upon by the crowd, and the people to stand off him, a Scout was the first to get with his axe!

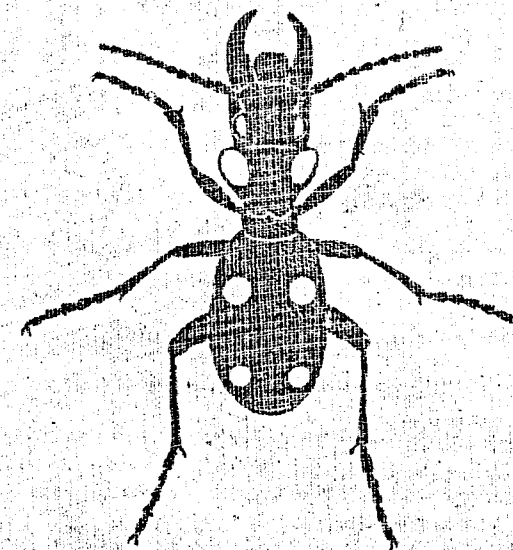
Beetles.—III.

The Tiger Beetles (*Cicindela*), Carabid or Predaceous Ground Beetles (*Carabidae*), Dytiscid or Predaceous Water Beetles (*Dytiscidae*), and Whirligig Beetles (*Gyrinidae*), together with a few small and comparatively unimportant families, make up the next group, which is distinguished from all others by the presence of certain small cross-veins in the wings. But as beetles usually keep their wings tucked away under the wing-cases they are not readily seen and it is generally easier to recognize each family separately than to recognize the group.

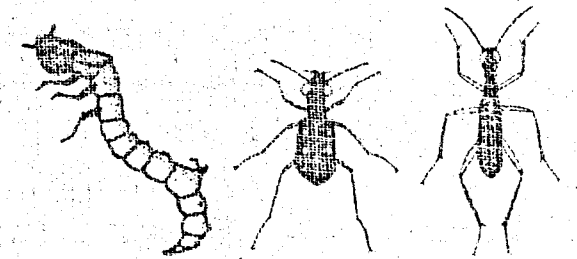
All these beetles are predaceous, that is to say they feed upon such other insects, etc., as they can catch. They are therefore very active; and the legs of the Carabid and Tiger Beetles, which live on land, are long and slender for running, while those of the Dytiscid and Whirligig Beetles, which live in water, are broad and often fringed with hair for swimming.

toothed jaws and large and prominent eyes. The Tiger Beetles, however, are usually more active than the Carabids, especially as regards flight, and they can always be distinguished by the shape of the head, as this is broader in front in the Tiger Beetles than in the Carabids, the foremost plate extending sideways beyond the bases of the antennae instead of only as far as them. Carabids may commonly be found under stones or running about on damp mud; but Tiger Beetles, though often quite common, are rarely seen as they usually take fright and fly away long before they are noticed.

One of the best places to look for Tiger Beetles is on damp sand or mud in a partly dried up river bed. Walk slowly and quietly with your eyes fixed on the ground three or four paces in front of you, and in time, if you have patience, you are almost sure to see one just as it flies away. With the exception of one or two sea-shore forms they usually resemble so closely the ground on which they live that it is almost impossible to detect them at three or four paces until they move. When you see one fly, try to keep it in view till it settles, which it will probably do not far off. Then stalk it carefully to get a nearer view. They are many different kinds, easily distinguishable by their colour and markings, and several of these are quite common.



GIANT CARABID



A. GRUB OF TIGER BEETLE
B. SIX-SPOTTED TIGER BEETLE
C. CYLINDRICAL TIGER BEETLE

Most of the beetles of the first two families are much alike in general appearance, with somewhat broad bodies and slender necks surmounted by a head with strong and sharply

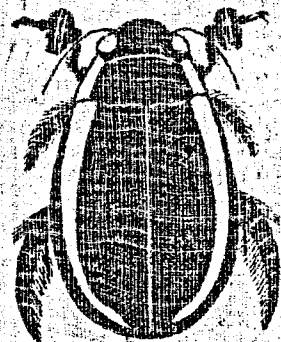
The Cylindrical Tiger Beetles (*Collyris*), which differ from the True Tiger Beetles (*Cicindela*) chiefly by reason of their slender

cylindrical bodies, are often much more conspicuous but seem to be less common, though by no means rare. They frequent trees and bushes and the commonest kind is of a beautiful metallic blue colour with reddish legs.

The difference in the situations in which True and the Cylindrical Tiger Beetles are found is connected with a difference in the habits of their grubs, those of the former living in the ground and those of the latter in the woody twigs of bushes. Both live in borrows the mouths of which they close with the head and first segment, the upper surface of these being specially hard and shaped for the purpose. The eighth segment is provided with hooks with which the insect can cling to the side of the burrow.

The Carabids, as already indicated, can be distinguished from the Tiger Beetles by the form of the head; and the best known kinds are not unlike them in general form. These include the Bombardier Beetles—black beetles with large yellow spots, able to emit a cloud of pungent fumes, which they often do with an explosive pop when disturbed.

Beetles belonging to the two remaining families of the group all live on or in water and are of a compact oval shape with legs suitable for swimming, not for running. At night they fly about and are often attracted to light; they often fall to the ground, when their inability to use their legs effectively out of water is at once apparent. Dytiscid Beetles swim about below the surface and, being air breathers, they carry a supply of air with



GIANT WATER BEETLE



A. BURROWING CARABID
B. BOMBARDIER BEETLE
C. WHIRLIGIG BEETLE

Some common Carabids, however, are formed for burrowing rather than for running, but these are rarely of large size, and others, still smaller, are more or less ant-like in shape. The six-spotted Staph, or Giant Indian Carabid, is not unlike these ant-like forms in shape, but is about two inches long. Carabid larvae are usually slender and very active, with strong, sharp, prominent jaws, two claws at the end of each foot, and a pair of processes, very variable in form, at the hinder end of the body.

them under their wing-cases. When this is exhausted they rise, tail uppermost, to the surface and renew the supply. Whirligig Beetles mostly live in companies on the surface of water, though in the event of danger they quickly dive, carrying with them a bubble of air attached to the tail. They take their popular name from their rapid whirling motion as they skim in and out among each other on the surface of a stream or pool.

The larvae of Dytiscid Beetles are graceful slender insects of which a picture, unfortunately inserted upside down, appeared on p. 56 of the January number of this magazine. They usually swim head downwards as they breathe through their tails, rising tail foremost to the surface at intervals for the purpose. They are very voracious, and will eat each other as readily as anything else.

The larvae of Whirligig Beetles are also slender, but are provided with gills along the sides of the body, so they do not come to the surface to breathe.

F. G.

Living Cameras

Most of us I think, are inclined to turn the 10th law the other way round, deed, word, and then thought. But how many of us have realized that the thought comes first, that the most careless of us has to think before he acts, think carelessly it may be, but think all the same. So if our thoughts are clean, the words and deeds will look after themselves.

Nowadays we have a great deal too much of what is called sensationalism, the sort of thing you get at the average cinema. Life, according to some people, is too dull without something hair-raising and thrilling to wake us up and let us feel that it is worth living; so they proceed to show us a giddy precipice, spanned by a thin rope, across which runs the hero, heroine in his arms, while all the villains stand and blink on the baffled side. Next we strain our eyes to see him fighting raging tigers, and jungles full of man-like apes, lions, tigers, and all the rest of it. This sort of physical sensationalism is bad enough for the nerves of the ordinary boy, and is guaranteed to give him nightmare sometimes for a week on end, but there is something worse, and that is moral sensationalism, or the showing to us of

wickedness beyond whatever we had thought or dreamed about, and our minds get so filled up with it that we cannot think of anything else.

The trouble is that whether we like it or not, all that we see, all that we hear, is recorded as in a camera on these minds of ours. You open the shutter just for a second to some bad thought, and as though on a sensitive film an impression is taken. Some undesirable look in the dark room of some idle hour develops it; and then you have a negative that produces any number of 'prints'—selfish and dirty acts.

Here we have the greatest value of camp life as it should be. You are taking your camera out into the country to get good clean pictures, the fresh woods, the still waters, the birds, the flowers, are all splendid subjects for this unconscious photography. And don't be content with 'snaps'—lying out for an hour in the sun, tea, and back home to dinner. Most serious photography is done with 'time exposures'—the good long camp, where you will get a good set of 'negatives' from which will come those 'prints' which you want so much—the 'good turns'.

The Bird that Kills Snakes

Snakes generally have the bad reputation of fascinating, hypnotizing, birds and other small prey and so making easy victims of them. But there is one bird that finds no death in the eye of snake or scorpion, but on the contrary wages war most energetically on both, much to the gladness of folks in its vicinity. Oddly enough it is a most sociable bird as regards human beings, as many a roadfarer in Arizona and Southern California knows. Natives there call it the 'Traveller's Friend', or again, 'The Road-Runner' and tell some marvellous stories about it and its warfare against the rattlesnake.

Long-legged, and with a long bill, of no striking colour, and of slender build, this bird that stands some twelve to fourteen inches high, has got its name of 'Road-Runner' from the habit it has of running along the sandy track a little way ahead of you, and suiting its pace to yours. Often as not it keeps you company for a distance of four or five hundred yards. Then, all of sudden you witness it dart aside. If you come swiftly upon it, you see it fiercely attacking a snake or a lizard. Or again, perhaps it has

been a mouse which has taken the bird's extraordinarily sharp attention.

In Arizona you are told some wonderful tales about this bird, which is held in great esteem there on account of its snake killing. South Californians also attach importance to it, and in both States the bird is protected by a law passed to this end. Anyone found killing or maiming a 'Traveller's Friend' is heavily fined and imprisoned for twelve months.

Arizona folk declare that the rattlesnake fears this bird above all its other enemies, and that although the rattler faces human beings fearlessly, it tries to escape at sight of the 'Road-Runner'. Indeed it has been stated that the bird will drive the reptile into a coil, and then, darting into, and round and round the rattler, with the rapidity of lightning it will deliberately peck the snake to death. Yet when it is dead the bird does not meddle with it. Numerous are the tales told about this bird, a good many of them no doubt 'traveller's tales,' but after all the bird, is well worth them.—ADAPTED, B. O. P.

Wanted—Sympathy and Patience

What's the good of Scouting? Is it worth while to give so much of my valuable time to it? is the vexatious question very often asked by the elders of our District to-day. This is because they doubt that scouting has the same attraction for an Indian boy as it has for an English boy. My subject for discussion is not, 'How far scouting appeals to an Indian boy; but, 'How far an Indian boy responds to the central idea of scouting,' because the gentlemen in question have the latter in view more than anything else, namely the character-side of scouting. At the outset, let us be clear as to the qualities that make character; they are roughly a sense of honour and fair play, steadfastness and pluck, self-reliance and cheery unselfishness, etc. Are these attributes manifest in our Scouts? A sceptic shakes his 'wise' head; but an optimist has a different answer to give—I mean the optimist who knows the inner conditions of the life of an Indian boy. If the Scout shows utter lack of sense of responsibility and smartness it is because, it must be admitted, he brings with him all this when he enters into the movement. These dark spots become all the more conspicuous when seen by the light of scouting, which has ideals to which most of them were strangers. The Scoutmasters, though entrusted with the noble duty of training the character of youths, have neither the honour of beginning it nor the privilege of continuing it to the finish. The influence of home, social and physical environment and heredity has already left its impress upon the boy and therefore the boy displays much to the dismay of the Scoutmaster, unscoutlike tendencies and habits. This need in no way discourage us, because we have the boy under our influence during the formative age. If a boy has a spark of good character about him, don't turn him out but help him so that it may become a steady flame which will eventually burn down to ashes the evil tendencies within him. If we consider little boys as little devils, ten to one we shall make little devils of them. Boys are not imps. Trust him, he becomes trusty. Distrust him, he withdraws within himself. Suspicion begets deception. It is possible that in the beginning the trust of the Scoutmaster may be abused but in the long run he will be successful and his boys will repeat what was said by Dr. Arnold's boys: 'Oh! It's a shame to

tell Dr. Arnold a lie because he believes it. Dr. Arnold's policy may be slow and laborious but it is the only true policy and sure of success. We can easily run the troop like a clock by a system of law and fear. It looks all right on the surface, but the heart of it is really weak. Our aim is to educate the boy from within and this is a slow process, attended with failures. Let us be patient. Let us not condemn the shortcomings of the Scout any more than the stumblings of a child trying to walk. The Scout movement in India is still in its infancy, and our Scouts, most of them at least, in the midst of crumbling traditions, heinous caste-system and struggling tendencies of the age, strive their 'best' to do their 'best.' To recount here various instances of services performed by Scouts which mark them out as good citizens, will take unnecessary space. Suffice to say that every Scout, in point of character, is a degree at least higher than when he came into the troop. Stray instances of delinquency need not discourage us. Let us look upon the budding citizens with sympathy. I said a short while ago that boys are not imps; it is equally true to say that they are not saints. The moment the boy becomes a Scout the Scoutmaster expects him to be an ideal Scout, his parents a most dutiful boy, the school master a capital student, etc., and if the boy fails (as he often does) to reach the standard fixed by these 'uncharitable' men, then there is an outcry that scouting has done no good for the boy, nay, it has perhaps done evil to him. One is tempted to laugh over this! Rome was not built in a day.

It is said that the highest art is that which conceals art. So it is with the formation of character. Like the growth of an organism, character is developed in a boy though slowly none the less surely, by the practice of the Scout law, games, etc. A Scoutmaster is not a doctor or lawyer who can show rapid results. Let not, therefore, apparent failures drive us to despair and to give up our endeavour, it is just these failures that spur us on and make us more determined to try again and succeed. After all, if we were satisfied there would be no incentive to make further effort.

The wonderful, if somewhat complex, creation of nature called the boy is too difficult to understand. If the attempt to infuse

character in the boys fails, it is to a large extent due to the other two factors in the movement—the Scoutmaster and the methods. A discussion as to the suitability of the methods of scouting in the training of an Indian boy, is for greater brains than mine.

All that I mean is this: to throw all the blame for failure on to the boy is 'folly wide the mark.' He is a boy—God bless him—full to the brim of fun, fighting and feeding, daring and mischief, noise, observation and excitement. The amount of success that the Scoutmaster attains depends largely on the amount to which he studies the psychology of his boys, as also his example which teaches without a tongue. Very often it happens that good impulses in a boy are strangled to death by well-meaning, but nevertheless officious, elders. The matter-of-fact elder person should be very wise in his dealings with boys, who are free from the petty sordidness of care, worry and desire for advancement. The best book for the child, it is said, is one written by a child, and even 'Scouting for Boys,' the best book of the kind, may not quite satisfy the standard of the child. That incomprehending adults meet with abnormal failures is not therefore to be wondered at. At this point I venture to suggest that the Scouts should, as years roll on, be left very much to themselves; occasional supervision and guidance, not continual assistance being the aim of the Scoutmaster.

It is an irony of fate that some of the best Europeans working heart and soul in this movement for 'Young India' are getting disheartened, all because they think they don't see much of the scouting spirit in our boys. They are neither sceptics nor pessimists; but I am afraid they look at things through European spectacles. Human nature being everywhere the same, Indian boys catch the spirit of the movement as the boys of any other nation do, with this difference that it takes a little more time for them to reap all the advantages of scouting. This is perhaps due to variation in climate. If scouting does not interest Indian boys it ceases to be universal which we believe it to be, in the same way as great poets (like Shakespeare) cease to be universal if they do not transcend time and place. Scouting, like the work of a living poet, has the merit of appealing to boys of all countries and all times—boys, not elders please! The average Indian parent is a peculiar creature who does not like to flow his boy to go far from his home and its surroundings. Quietness and gentleness

are qualities more appreciated in the boy than risk and adventure. Brought up under such conditions, no wonder it takes long before our boys learn smartness. As has been said already, climate has much to do with the fixing of the habits of a boy. Nature assists or rather drives an English boy to be smart and active so that he may keep himself warm in that cold country. An Indian boy walking briskly along will soon find himself bathed in perspiration. It is again the climatic difference that accounts for difference in forms of respect—for example, shaking hands in the West and Thothirams in the East. In the West the 'shake of the hand' is an advantage to the parties giving them a little warmth, but in the East very often it is a nuisance as it calls for the use of a handkerchief to wipe off the result produced. In the same way, likeness of one day to another, and of one month to another is probably the chief cause of the habit which tropical people have of putting off everything possible until to-morrow. By saying all this, I am not minimising the importance of the good qualities of smartness, punctuality, etc.; nothing is farther from me. But what I want to emphasise is this: we want your sympathy and patience. If any country needs the benefit of scouting more than any other, it is India; so much has to be done among her youths and scouting is the solution. India's one need is good citizens, honourable citizens, patriotic citizens, self-sacrificing citizens and all these adjectives are summed up in the single word 'Scout.' It is a thousand pities that out of twenty-five million boys available for training, only eighteen thousand are receiving it. The vision is gloomy. 'The harvest is truly great.' Where are the labourers for it?

My chief object in writing this article is to assure the doubting Thomases that they are not engaged in a wild-goose chase. If I have succeeded, I shall have achieved my object. Now, brother Scouters, back up! The opportunity of training the character of youths is given to us. Let us be loyal to the work we have taken up. Practise the eighth law in the midst of difficulties and disappointments, opposition and criticisms. Remember, to make life is more than to make a living. Therefore, though few may praise or help or heed us let us work on with head, heart, and hand. Let us give ourselves wholeheartedly to our great task—and sometime, somewhere, we shall have our reward.—BLUE JAY in *The Tinnivelly Scout Annual*.



While the full rigged ship *Conference* lay in harbour, taking in a homeward cargo, there came on board from a vessel near by the master and his wife, to take tea with our captain. When stepping from her boat to the grating at the foot of the accommodation ladder, the lady momentarily lost her balance, and in recovering it struck the knot of the guard rope running up the outer edge of the steps so sharply that a valuable gold bracelet on her wrist became detached and falling overboard, immediately sank.

Her dismay at the loss was considerable, for the bracelet had been a much prized gift from her dead mother, and for some moments she stood looking into the water while her eyes filled with tears. Much regret and sympathy for her were expressed by all, while an uncomfortable sense of gloom prevailed fore and aft, since none thought that the bracelet could be recovered from a depth of forty-eight feet of water in which the ship was anchored.

In the midst of the trouble however, one of the apprentices, a bright and intelligent lad of sixteen years, who was very popular with his shipmates, strong, always ready to take part in any daring exploit, and an excellent swimmer, approached the carpenter and asked to be supplied with a piece of chalk.

After a few inquiries the request was granted. Running aft to the cabin, the lad, under the guidance of the lady, with his knife whittled down the chalk, until its weight was thought to correspond with that of the bracelet. Both the captains and the officers of the vessel were impressed with the boy's plucky determination, but they said nothing—there might be a remote chance of success.

Hastening down the accommodation ladder, Bobbie divested himself of his shirt, and then, dropping the chalk overboard, instantly

followed it. Into the depths he passed steadily, the white foam becoming less and less distinct, until it finally disappeared. The spectators searched closely every inch of water near which the courageous young diver had gone down, but of him nothing could be seen.

As moments passed men became more and more interested in the result of the daring feat. And as the news of what was happening spread fore and aft, a great deal of excitement prevailed. Men rushed to the bulwark, peering keenly into the water, while both captains, the officers, carpenter and steward lined the accommodation ladder, each leaning as far forward as safety permitted, seeking a clue toward the whereabouts of the missing youngster, but without avail. Of the bracelet none thought, the sole consideration being the safety of him, whom few thought would ever be seen alive again. Seconds seemed much longer than minutes, and the strain on everyone was becoming almost unbearable. One, nearly two whole minutes passed and then, suddenly a yell of excitement rang throughout the ship.

"There he is!"
A man was leaning dangerously over the bulwark, pointing into the depths far below, where could be dimly seen a grey object quickly becoming more distinct. A few moments later the head of the brave diver rose above the surface, his mouth wide open gasping for breath, and evidently a good deal fatigued. A ringing cheer greeted his appearance.

For a few seconds he remained treading water, and breathing hard, but with a few side strokes of the arms he speedily reached the ladder, on to which he was immediately assisted.

"What luck, Norland?" the mate enquired.

In one hand the gallant youth held the lost bracelet, and in the other the piece of chalk, but he would not part with either.

Re-dressed, and helped by the mate, he reached the deck. There in mute expectancy, stood the lady, awaiting the result of the splendid effort made on her behalf. The lad bowed politely, and in her hands laid the

missing article and the chalk. With a cry of joy she greeted him, shook his hand warmly and in it placed ten rupees.

The astonished youngster smiled his thanks, but the money was declined.

"I only wanted to cheer you," he said.

—B. O. P.

Stunts on the Stilts

BY SAGAMOR

For this Article we are indebted to SCOURING, the official organ of 12th Bombay Troop.

Stilt walking is a very common sport with young lads of this country. But have you ever known a person walking on stilts more than ten feet from the ground? The stilts we use are not quite high—four feet at the most, with long tops which we hold with our hands. But Kenneth Hill, an American lad, walks about for miles on stilts ten feet six inches to the foot-holds, the tops extending only to the knees where they are fastened securely with straps. Imagine a person walking at that height on wooden legs without using a balancer of any kind. By the movement of his feet and shifting of his weight he balances for hours together. Years of practice has given him dexterity, balance, strong arches and nerve which excites the envy of others.

In mounting these stilts, he has to make use of anything that is high enough—garage roof, porch roof, etc.

What is more, he has special pants for the purpose, long enough to cover his legs of wood. "But how does he put them on?" you ask. He draws them up over the stilts, fastens the stilts to his legs and then "hooks up" the pants.

"Doesn't he ever fall?" Yes, but he has learned to fall without hurting himself. He falls straight forward and lights on his knees with his body bent well back. This in itself is a great stunt. He does not know fear. He takes delight in such stunts.

He has made his own stilts, even when a small boy, in true Scouts' manner. He makes them of four-ply wood with two-inch rubber tips on the bottoms.

He has them of various lengths for various purposes. For certain stunts he requires them not more than five feet long. With these, which are fastened in the same manner as the others, he jumps, dances, skips and even

kicks to his greatest satisfaction. Leaping on one stilt, using the free leg to balance, he goes up and down stairs, and takes off his hat, coat and vest while in action. He hops on it more than a hundred feet at a time, with ease. Can you do that even without stilts? Try it.

With the high stilts he does more daring feats. He has walked over two hundred men, as they wound about in Indian file, the men going in one direction and he in the other. He even walks over as large a thing as an elephant, which does not look so large to him as it does to us.

On race tracks he lets horse riders, and racing motor-cars pass through between the stilts. As he could not stand quite still and keep his balance, he takes his position making due calculations for a fall in case of an accident and there goes the applause of the spectators as a car shoots through.

He walks up a fire-escape and even strolls around on the roof of a four-story building.

"But what's the good of it all?" you ask. Well, he earns money by it, and uses it to pay his way in school and enjoys doing it. It is play for him.

He is paid for advertising various things—for the circus, the theatre and such other companies.

Once he had only thirty-nine cents in his pocket, and no job. He had a plan by which to earn for that day's meals. He hung a card, bearing 'I want a job,' on his back, mounted his wooden legs and began walking about the streets. Huge crowd gathered around him. All eyes turned up. In less than an hour he got a job, to advertise for a theatre and got \$10 for that day.

But there are worse sides of it too, as there are of other things. He could not walk every day, and a strong wind does not suit the

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purpose. Thus they do not always come of use from a business point of view.

What a sensation of balancing and swinging along more than ten feet high up in the air! Once he walked fourteen miles in three hours.

He has eaten meals from windows on the second story of a building and has been

shaved with his head stuck in the window of a second-story barber shop.

Such stunts, as he says, give him self-confidence and business experience which ought to help him in his later years.

Now you fellows—have a try at it! (Declined with thanks!—Ed.)

The Scout Correspondence Club

Have you ever seen a Telephone Exchange? If a man at one end of a city has a telephone in his house he can speak on it to a friend at the other end of the town who also has a telephone but the wire does not run direct from one house to the other; he first has to call the man in the Telephone Exchange and tell him to whom he wants to speak and then the man puts a little peg into a hole, the two friends are connected up together and can straightway begin to talk to each other over the wire. It sounds wonderful, doesn't it? But it's wonderful, too, that for the sum of two annas or three annas we can send a message to a brother Scout at the other end of the world and get an answer from him in return. The post connects up two Scouts who belong to different countries and who perhaps have never seen each other. The Secretary of the Scout Correspondence Club is like the man at the Telephone Exchange, because he introduces to one another the two Scouts who want to correspond. He gets a letter from a Scout in America who wants to correspond with a Scout in India and sends the letter on to a member of the club; the two start writing and there you are! A new friendship is made and two Scouts are enjoying interesting letters. Recently a Scout in New Zealand wrote to Scout Headquarters in England and asked for the name of an Indian Scout to correspond with. Along came the request from Headquarters to the Nazareth Correspondence Club and the Secretary sent home the name of a Scout in Tuticorin and soon we hope he and the New Zealand Scout will be writing letters to one another and learning all sorts of interesting things about each other's country. Sometimes a Scout starts a correspondence like this and then stops—tired or tired to write perhaps. Anyhow it's a pity because he loses a lot and makes the other Scout disappointed and to fail to answer a letter when the writer wants an answer is as discourteous as to refuse to answer when a friend speaks to you. And a Scout is

always courteous. Surely some more of our Tinnevely Scouts want to write to their brother Scouts in England or America or some other country. *Do it now.* Begin by writing a letter to the Secretary of the Scout Correspondence Club, Nazareth, and tell him something about yourself and what sort of a Scout you want to write to and he will do his best to help you.

—C. G. S. in *The Tinnevely Scout Annual*.

Quite So.

Holding up a globe before a bright little boy in school, the teacher asked what country is opposite to us on the globe.

I don't know was the reply.

'Well now' pursued the teacher, 'if I were to bore a hole through the earth and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?'

'Out of the hole' replied the pupil with an air of triumph.

EMPLOYER.—Look here you young Rip Van Winkle, I only engaged you yesterday, and I believe you've been asleep ever since.

OFFICE-BOY.—That's what I thought you wanted sir. Here's your advertisement.

Wanted.—an office boy, not over sixteen, must sleep on the premises.

The lawyer was cross-examining the witness to a robbery.

'When did the robbery take place?' he asked.

'I think—' began the witness.

'We don't want you to think sir, we want you to know what you know.'

'Then if you don't want to know what I think, I may as well leave the witness box. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer.'



MY DEAR FELLOW-CUBBERS,

I have been thinking much, lately, of the value of Nature-Study in the great work of Character Building, and it seems to me it should be given a more important place in our schemes than it usually receives. The Cubs, take it up with the greatest keenness. It is an exhaustless source of interest and a means of outlet for their energies. My Cubs at present are tremendously keen on making collections of wild flowers and in finding out their names and families. I do not know very much about botany, myself, and we do not bother about the hard botanical names, if we can only find the simple ones; and as for the families, well, we just talk about 'the Daisy family', 'the Lipped family' or 'the Cranes-bill family' and so on. We are learning quite a lot, but that is of little value compared with the new interest that has come into our lives. A walk, now, holds such possibilities of finding new treasures that it has ceased to be a dull affair even in our 'Sunday clothes' when we cannot tear recklessly about. Recently after an exciting game of 'Cowboys and Indians' in which the Indians were unquestionably the victors, we scattered around and tried to see who could collect the greatest variety of wild flowers in a given time and it was surprising how many different kinds were the result. I find myself called upon at all hours of the day to admire some new treasure, or to supply paper for pressing them in! I fear, several school-books show signs of having been used for a purpose for which they were never intended! This is much to be deplored, and is strongly protested against, but the temptation to slip the new-found specimen between the leaves of the nearest book is great, and I have found such books being sat upon or even put under one of the legs of a bed, in order to hasten the process of pressing! But one feels that by taking an interest in the wonders of Nature around them the boys are deriving the best of lessons and are deriving their pleasures from the purest and sweetest of sources. We, whose lot is cast on the lovely hills, are much favoured and have much

better opportunities for outdoor study of plant life than those who live on the plains but in every place there are the insects and birds which are, perhaps, of even greater interest to most boys, than the study of flowers. It only we can get them to take a real interest in some form of Nature-Study, I reckon we shall have done much to save them from the craving for excitement and false forms of pleasure. It makes one feel sad when one occasionally hears even children say that they hate such and such a place 'it is so dull there is nothing to do!'. No place need be dull if we are only interested in the things we see around.

Another reason for taking Nature-Study with the Cubs is, that, it is so easy, when the heart is filled with wonder at the marvel and beauty of it all, to turn one's thoughts to Him, Whose Heart has planned and Whose fingers have brought these wonders into being. Or this perhaps is rather a wrong way of putting it. It is not so much that we find God through Nature-Study but that if we know Him we find in all the works of His hands fresh cause to praise Him and love Him, and to cry with the Psalmist 'When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; What is man that Thou art mindful of him.'

L. M. B.

How the Lion got his Mane

Baloo, the herdsman, was sleepy, and as he squatted before his little fire his head kept falling on his knees. It had been a busy day for him, for he had slain and sold a good number of animals and here in the pot before him, were the hoofs which, had trodden the grass the day before, now boiling and dancing over the fire, while Baloo nodded, and contentedly thought of the many rupees he had made that day, and of the nice house that would be his one day, and the many herds, while meanwhile the fire burned low.

Now the lion also had a pot to boil, several

pots in fact. One very big pot was inside himself; another inside Mrs. Lion, while several little pots, hot with the fires of hunger hung each inside a little lion. But there was nothing inside these pots, so the lion got up, and kissed Mrs. Lion good-bye, and the cubs, who wished him good hunting, while he stalked forth for the grub. But the jungle folk were extra wary that night, and nothing came his way, which was very annoying indeed, for the pot inside was getting very hot now, so hot that it made the lion very angry, and he roared out his hunting cry. It shook the forest, and made every beast tremble, but still he got nothing, till he suddenly found himself on the edge of a clearing, and there—was one of those humans of whom he had heard, seated upon the ground, his head upon his knees asleep, before a pot that hung over a few coals of fire.

Now the lion naturally was scared at those coals of fire, but he was hungry, and the man sat so still, and he thought of the hot little

pots at home, so he softly stalked the sleeper. There he sat, the man before the fire, all unconscious of the big cat that was coming behind him so softly, and so slowly, with outstretched neck, and shining eyes, whiskers bristling, till suddenly something seemed to wake the man, and he sprang to his feet, and in his terror flung the pot at the lion. It struck him on the head, burst, and the contents covered his neck and shoulders. And awfully sticky it was (it was glue you know). The lion tried to lick it off, in vain, so he rubbed his neck against the bushes and on the grass, and wherever else he could think, but the only result was that soon he had a nice collection of leaves, and moss, and grass sticking firmly to his neck, and that was how he came home. After Mrs. Lion and the cubs had finished laughing, they told him to stand out in the rain and let it wash the stuff off him, but the lion was very indignant about it and said he had rather go as he was than run the risk of catching his death cold. And so he still carries the stuff round his neck.

Smiles

‘Young man,’ said the professor to the inattentive student, ‘Do you know anything about this subject?’

‘A little, sir,’ replied the student, ‘what would you like to know?’

‘What idiot told you to place those papers on this file?’

‘You did, sir.’

‘Well, leave them here, and take a week’s notice for calling me an idiot.’

‘How’s the story you are writing getting along Bobbie?’

‘Fine. Just now there’s an awful storm, and everyone is afraid the boat’ll go to the top.’

‘You mean to the bottom.’

‘No I don’t. This boat’s a submarine.’

‘POND PATHER.— And is the teacher satisfied with you?’

‘SON AND HEIR.— Oh, quite!’

‘POND PATHER.— Did he tell you so?’

‘SON AND HEIR.— Yes, after a close examination he said to me the other day, ‘If all my scholars were like you, I should shut

up my school this very day.’ That shows I know enough.’

‘My dog took the first prize at the cat show.’

‘How was that?’

‘Chased and caught it of course.’

‘This seems to be a very dangerous precipice,’ remarked the tourist. ‘I wonder that they have not put up a warning board.’

‘Oh they used to have a board up,’ replied the guide, ‘but as nobody fell over it for several years, they took it away again.’

A young man visiting a small town in Scotland entered an inn to get some refreshment.

The dining room was empty and none seemed to be about, so going to what he thought was the bell-rope hanging from the ceiling he tugged it violently.

The next moment the landlady came streaming down the stairs and shouted angrily

‘Ye daft idiot! dae ye no ken that rope’s tied to the cradle and ye’ve thrown the bairn out?’

‘News from



the Districts’

Pachaiyappa's College School Troop, Madras

Scout Camp at Vellore

On February 1, the troop consisting of 17 Scouts and 2 officers left Madras at 9.30 p. m. and reached Katpadi at 1.30 a. m., where they got down with their baggage and proceeded to Vellore by jutka. Reaching Vellore at 3.30 a. m. they were ushered into a choultry where they slept the rest of the night. Even this short sleep was disturbed by a rude song sung by a rustic who had enjoyed full repose during the night.

First day. At about 8 a. m. they were escorted to a spacious room in the Hindu Hostel attached to Voorhees' College where they were allowed to lodge with the kind permission of the authorities of the college. After a rest till 2 p. m., much needed after the fatigue of a sleepless night, scouting was earnestly begun. The unfurling of the Union Jack, trestle construction, and signalling, marked the beginning of the first day's programme while Scout games played in the evening brought the day's activities to a close.

Second day. The second morning they set out to the river Palar and learnt how to find the breadth of a river and the height of trees without actual measurement. They also learnt how to find the north and south line and how to make maps and to judge heights, distances, and weights. In the afternoon they rounded the fort at Scout pace, and had some Semaphore signalling. The evening was spent in games, followed by an enlivening camp fire and a little ‘star gazing’.

Third day. The third morning they visited the Central Jail at Vellore. Their thanks are due to the Superintendent of the Jail who readily complied with their request and granted them permission to visit it in two batches.

The jail has a number of blocks each block being set apart for a certain kind of work. The several industries are pottery, carpentry, smithy, leather work, spinning, gunny, weaving, boot making, and agriculture. There is also an elementary school for convicts.

Fourth day. This day they journeyed to Oosur hill (or Mount Railas) seven miles from the headquarters. There is a road up the hill about 3½ miles long gradually rising in height as in a spiral. A most exhausting journey it proved and the Scouts were very thirsty when the ascent was finished, but a drink of ice cold crystal water from a spring in the hollow of a rock soon restored them. The descent was as delightful as it was easy, and after a rest they returned to the headquarters. That night the Scouts had a memorable camp fire in which Mr. Schuurmans, Scout Master of the First Vellore Troop, and his Scouts took part. Almost everyone in the troop had his turn in entertaining the others while the game ‘Jack’s Alive’ was enjoyed by all.

Fifth day. The fifth morning the Scouts visited the Vellore Fort. The Inspector of Police to whom they are extremely thankful showed us the mahal, the Police Training Recreation Club, and other buildings. At the Recreation Club the tallest of the Scouts was

given an opportunity in which he showed to advantage of boxing with a police recruit in the Jijitsu class. In the evening at the request of Mr. Schuurmans they gave a display in the open assisted by the Vellore Scouts. At 11 p.m. the troop left Vellore, took the 2.15 a.m. train and returned to Madras at 8.20 on Thursday, February 7.

Vellore is ideally suited for scouting with its beautiful fort, its picturesque maidan and its lofty hills on all sides. The camp was a very successful one and the Scouts had the benefit of preparing for many first class tests in the camp. The troop takes this opportunity of thanking all who gave them help during their stay at Vellore.

V. VENKATASUBBAYYA,

Scout Master.

Rally at Royapettah

The Scouts in and around Royapettah and Chintadripettah spent a very pleasant evening last Saturday when at the invitation of the 5th Royapettah, (Wesley College School House Troop) about seventy of them assembled in the cool hours of the evening for a good time together on the Royapettah Y.M.C.A. grounds kindly loaned for the purpose by the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. The absence of a great number of Scouts due to examinations was very regrettable, but we hope that in spite of examinations they will in future make up their minds not to lose such opportunities of getting plenty of recreation and play and fun.

The first thing that attracted the attention of all was the many Physical Fitness Charts kindly placed at the disposal of the 5th Royapettah Troop by Mr. H. C. Buck, Director of Physical Education of the Madras Y.M.C.A. We trust that they were of use to many and if any one wants to know more of them the Scoutmaster of the 5th Royapettah Troop will be glad to show and explain them at any time Scouts fix it up with him. In the meantime the flagstaff had been erected and all rallied round the flag which was broken in the order. The games which followed were very much appreciated and enjoyed by Scouts and Scouters alike. What was very interesting to note is that a few of the non-Scouts who were hanging by were grouped together and a play on water games showed that they enjoyed playing as much as the Scouts did. Being snowed by this time the flag was lowered and all sat down in a circle to

partake of the lemon squash and buns which their hosts had provided.

The Camp Fire which followed was very much enjoyed—the Rocket, the Frog Parliament, the Giant Sneeze, Burma-Chakabum, etc., being a few of the many items which kept the boys beaming all the while round the roaring fire. By the way, it must be mentioned that the Camp Fire was opened by Tagore's Song. The installation of the Patrol Leaders of the 5th Royapettah Troop by Mr. Oakley—a rare piece of luck for the leaders, as it is rarely that one could get the P.C. to install one's leaders—and the yarn which he gave following the installation were both much appreciated. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Buck, Dr. A. G. Noehren, Rev. Canon Goldsmith, Mr. P. Asirvadam, Secretary of the Royapettah Y.M.C.A., and of Messrs. Nathar and Ratnasabhapathy of the local association were very encouraging and the impetus given by Mr. Asirvadam to the rendering of the 'Three Blind Mice' in Tamil will not be easily forgotten. It was nearly 8 o'clock when the Camp Fire was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

We wish that it were possible to have more such Rallies arranged all over Madras so that Scouts and Scouters may come to know each other and realize that scouting is really a game—a big game in which there is no distinction of rank, but in which all are brothers and the Scout is only a Big Brother, and in which there is plenty of fun and recreation, plenty of play and enjoyment and plenty of fighting such as will develop the boy into what he should be—a man of noble and upright character with plenty of grit and determination, honest and true, a loyal citizen, a friend to all and a tower of strength to his people and country.

K. C. JOHN,

Cub Master.

C. G. T. Cub Pack.

Royapettah House, Royapettah.

April 2, 1924.

'This inn must be very old' said a visitor. 'Very old, sir,' said the proprietor, with the utmost solemnity. 'Would you like to hear some of the stories connected with the place?' 'I should, indeed,' replied the tourist. 'I tell me the legend about that curious old apple tart the waiter has just brought in.'

Provincial Notices

Warrants Issued in the Month of March, 1924

DISTRICT COMMISSIONERS

31. M. Schuurmans, Voorhes' College, Vellore.
32. S. A. Steele, District Educational Officer, Salem.
35. A. Devaraja Mudaliar, Chittoor.

MADRAS AND CHINGLEPUT

Scoutmasters—

179. B. S. Mathurkrishnan, 3rd Georgetown.
180. K. M. Ramachandran, 8th Georgetown.
181. C. Danodaran, 1st Tondiarpet.
182. C. Mahadevan, Bheema Troop, Royapuram.
183. C. Iyakannu, 1st Adyar.
184. E. M. Blow, 1st St. Thomas' Mount.
186. M. Krishnan, 3rd Saidapet.
189. K. Janikiram Sarna, 5th Adyar.
190. Dwight S. Banks, 2nd Vellocheri.
191. G. F. Andrews, 5th Royapettah.
192. V. Subbramaniam, 3rd Adyar.
193. S. C. William, 1st Chingleput.
194. K. K. Christopher, 2nd Chingleput.
195. P. Govindarajain, Govinda Troop, Kilpau.

Assistant Scoutmasters—

65. B. Adikesavulu Naidu, 3rd Georgetown.
66. C. S. Coomaraswami, 5th Georgetown.
67. Edward Barnes, 5th Egmore (Rovers).
68. S. Bhaktayashulu, 8th Georgetown.
69. M. Sundaram, Georgetown (Rovers).
70. K. Ramachandran, 1st Tondiarpet.
71. Edward W. W. King, 1st St. Thomas' Mount.
72. M. V. Thyagarajan, 8th Triplicane (Rovers).
74. Paul Arulraj, 1st Chingleput.
76. A. Thomas, 5th Royapettah.
77. S. V. Kandaswami, 2nd Chintadripet.
78. C. N. Vaitheeswaran, 3rd Adyar.
79. K. Vaidyanathan, 4th Triplicane.
80. D. James, 2nd Chingleput.

Rover Masters—

5. G. D. S. Nadar, 1st Tondiarpet (Rovers).
6. N. Mahadevan, 8th Triplicane (Rovers).
7. E. K. Govindaswami, 1st Georgetown (Rovers).

Cub Masters—

25. G. Narasimulu, 1st Tondiarpet Pack.
25. T. S. Ramachandran, 3rd Georgetown Pack.
26. K. Kandaswami, 3rd Saidapet Pack.
27. D. K. McKenna, 1st Adyar Pack.
28. Theima H. Banks, 2nd Vellocheri Pack.

MALABAR

Scoutmasters—

179. Sinker E. David, 2nd Tellicherry.
185. A. J. Roberts, 1st Vayithri.

Assistant Scoutmaster—

73. O. Gopalan Nayar, 1st Vayithri.

Cub Master—

22. James Kallian, 3rd Tellicherry.

SALUDA

Scoutmasters—

187. S. Venkataraman, London Mission High School Troop.
188. E. T. Balakrishna Mudaliar, Ormalur Troop, Salem.

Assistant Scoutmaster—

75. H. A. Daniel, London Mission High School Troop.

Cub Master—

24. Y. Rajakavadasan, London Mission High School Pack.

Assistant Cub Masters—

5. K. Varadamma Rao, London Mission High School Pack.

Troops Registered—

307. V. C. Secondary School Troop, Onaluru, Salem.
308. Board Secondary School Troop, Arur, Salem.
309. London Mission High School Troop, Salem.

Pack Registered—

62. London Mission High School Pack.

Howard Oakley

Provincial Commissioner.

10
10

Principal Scout Officers for the Presidency

PROVINCIAL

Provincial Chief Scout and President—

H. E. Lord Willington, O.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.B.E.

Vice-Presidents—

Raja of Parakkimel;
Zamindar of Sivaganga;
Mr. J. P. Richards, I.C.S.

Provincial Commissioners—

Mr. F. Howard Oakley.

Assistant Provincial Commissioners—

Rev. W. Evans, S.P.G., Tionevelly;
Mr. M. V. Venkateswaran, M.A., Madras;
Mr. Manjeri Ramier, B.A., C.T., Calicut.

Joint Honorary Secretaries—

Mr. K. Nanjiva Ramath, B.A., B.L., Madras;
Mr. A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, M.L.C., Madras.

Honorary Badge Secretary—

Rahn Bahadur Muhammed Sadulla Badsha Sahib
Bahadur, 'Tharsted', Rundall's Road, Vepery,
Madras.

Honorary Treasurer—

Capt. T. W. Barnard, Government X-Ray Institute,
General Hospital, Madras.

DISTRICT

Anantapur

Commissioner—

Mr. C. Obi Reddy Gaur, B.A., B.L., First Grade
Pleader.

Assistant Commissioner—

Mr. Y. V. Appaji Rao, First Grade Pleader.

President, District Council—

Mr. A. R. Appaji Rao, First Grade Pleader.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr. Srinivasulu, B.A., B.L.

North Arcot

Commissioner—

Mr. M. Sundararam, Voorhees' College, Vellore.

President, District Council—

Mr. W. Vinayagaya Mudaliar, M.L.C.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr. Thomas Harris, B.A., B.L.

South Arcot

Commissioner—

Mr. M. G. Parthasarathy, President, Taluk Board,
Viduthachalam.

President, District Council—

Mr. R. Sitarana Reddiyar, President, District
Board, South Arcot.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr. R. K. Venugopal Nayudu, Chairman,
Municipal Council, Cuddalore.

Bellary

Commissioner—

Mr. A. Rangaswami Mudaliar, M.L.C.

President, District Council—

Mr. C. Basir Rao, B.A., B.L., High Court Vakil.

Deputy

Mr. S. Narayana, B.A., Pleader, Bellary Town.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr. S. Chinnappa, B.A., B.L., Bellary.

Chittoor

Commissioner—

Mr. A. Govindaraj Mudaliar, Chittoor.

President, District Council—

Mr. T. V. Ranga, B.A., B.L., Chittoor.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr. S. Chinnappa, B.A., B.L., Chittoor.

Deputy

Mr. P. Thiruvengadam, B.A., B.L., Chittoor.

District Commissioner—

Mr. A. Devaraja Mudaliar, Chittoor.

District Secretary—

Not yet appointed.

Coimbatore

Commissioner—

Mr. T. B. Bashyacharyar, Vakil, 'Daisy Lodge',
Coimbatore.

President, District Council—

Raj Bahadur Th. A. Ramalingam Chettiar, B.A.,
B.L., President, District Board, Coimbatore.

Honorary Secretaries—

(1) Rao Sahib C. S. Rathnasahapathi, Mudaliar,
President, Taluk Board and Chairman, Municipal
Council, Coimbatore.

(2) Mr. R. S. Vaidyanatha Aiyar, M.A., B.L., Principal,
Government College, Coimbatore.

Cuddapah

Commissioner—

Mr. P. Sukramayya, Board High School, Nandalur.

President, District Council—

Mr. A. Upendraswami, B.A., Collector of Cuddapah.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr. S. Sarvathama Rao Garu, B.A., B.L.

Ganjam

Commissioner—

Zamindar of Kallikott, President of District Board,
Ganjam.

Godavari

District Commissioner—

Vacant.

Guntur

District Commissioner—

Not yet appointed.

South Kanara

District Commissioner—

Mr. Balakrishna Chettiar.

Assistant District Commissioners—

Mr. D. Colaco, Secretary, Health and Welfare
Association.

Mr. Padmanabha Kumath, Karkal.

Mr. K. Ananta Rao, Board High School, Udipi.

President, District Council—

Mr. Bahadur N. Subba Rao.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr. Somashekara Rao, B.A., B.L.

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