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South India Boy
Scout

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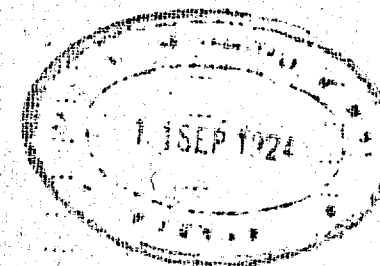


THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

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

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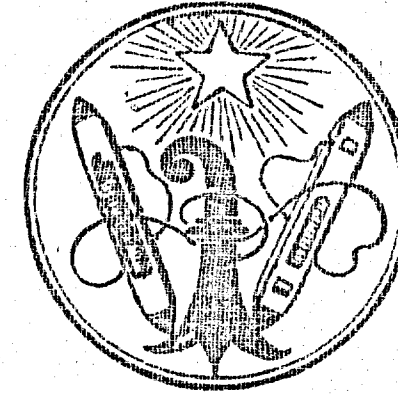
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Message from the Provincial Chief Scout.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

Ootacamund,

6th June, 1924.

To The Cubs, Scouts and Scouters of South India.

As your new Provincial Chief Scout, I wish to send you a word of greeting and to assure you of the interest which I shall always take in this great association whose watchword is service to others. The Chief Scout in his New Year Message quotes the tribute paid to the Boy Scout Movement by an official of the League of Nations who said that the only school he knew of that teaches service as a first rule of life was the Boy Scout Movement. That is a fine thought and I would urge upon you all to keep this high ideal of unselfishness ever before you, so that you may become good citizens and good men of whom your Country may one day be very proud.

Roscher

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THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

Vol. IV]

MAY & JUNE, 1924

[Nos. 7 & 8

The Grey Owl's Hoot

As this partakes somewhat of a farewell Hoot I may be permitted to press on my fellow Scouters two of the points which seem to me to require continued emphasis in our work. The first of course is that Scouting is *for boys* and this covers a great deal of ground, I had almost said, all the ground. The test-stone to which we must bring all matters connected with our organization and our troops must ever be, the BOYS' best interests. Difficulties will arise in our local councils and Associations and in our Troop Committees but these will find a potent solvent if all concerned will say over to themselves that Scouting is for boys, a boy's game and that the interests and prejudices of grown-ups must always give place to the boy's best interests. It will also reach to the details of our daily life and practice and so while we in this way are 'giving up' or 'giving in' for the sake of the 'boys' we are ourselves incidentally getting and getting that which is of most value, namely, character.

When we took office as Scoutmasters we may have thought of it as 'taking office' but it would help us to understand and keep before us the spirit of the movement if we put it as 'when we took service' instead of 'when we took office.' The point we need to keep before us is that we are as Scouters, men pledged to give of our best to the interests of the boys. Our attitude is to be the GIVE as opposed to the GET. What shall I get out of it? is the question most people ask about anything in this selfish age, but our attitude is to be what can I put into it. Getting as an aim in life is utterly wrong, as an incident it is permissible.

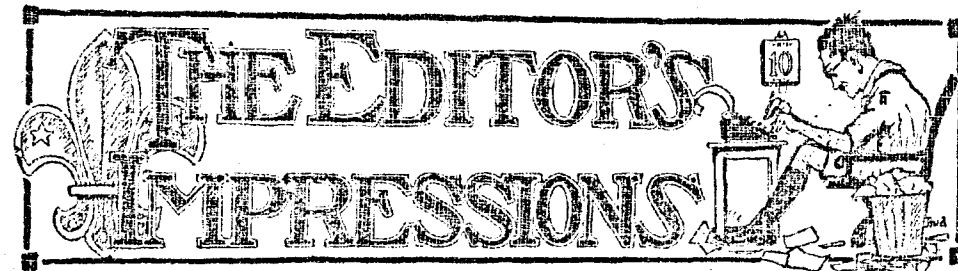
Another point I would press with great urgency and that is the great importance of the elimination of 'self' in our service. I recently saw a letter from a so-called Scouter setting forth his own virtues and abilities in such a way that it was obvious that he had not the least idea of the spirit of the movement. Whatever his technical knowledge might be, he indicated that he had not the least claim to having the spirit of Scouting, and the spirit in Scouting is everything. Avoid as you would poison those things which bring you into the lime light. At times I wish we could drop all offices into the deep blue sea, but then again if we fill them rightly and recognize that the higher our office the lower and deeper our service should be, then its possession gives us an opportunity of showing our boys how to hold any office they may subsequently be appointed to. The idea we should cultivate is that of 'doing good by stealth.' Any booming of what we are or what we have done is entirely foreign to the spirit of Scouting I would close my Hoots with my favourite verse

Serve ye! for only ye who serve do truly live.
A noble life is measured not by GET but GIVE—
To what extent is there a limit us to guide?
Ye limit if ye will, One set it, and HE died.

To those of you who recognize the original application of the last line, I would point out that the teaching is that we should be willing even to give our lives if called upon in 'selfless service' for others and in our battle against the growing selfishness of the age.

Ever your friend,

THE GREY OWL.



What a lot of new brooms we have this month. The proverb says that 'A new broom sweeps clean' but we should prefer to think that our brooms are similar to the one used by the gardener. He sweeps away all the dead leaves and there remains all the good soil for his plants. We cannot possibly wish to sweep away any of the good work that has been done in the past for the Madras Scouts because we shall ever remember with affection and admiration that done by our Provincial Chief Scout. Our first new broom therefore is His Excellency Lord Goschen. We do not know whether His Excellency will object to our reference to him as a broom. He will probably be called by many names before he leaves India. A Scout one day referred to Her Excellency Lady Willingdon as the Governess and he had not before been accused of a sense of humour so we hope the Provincial Chief Scout will not be offended.

We refer you to His Excellency's greetings on the first page of this issue, and thank him for the kind interest he has promised to take in our movement. We assure His Excellency that we will respond with the best scouting spirit of which we are capable and will set before ourselves the true ideal of service.

Our second new broom is not yet in our possession. We cannot pass on without a word of appreciation for all the work of Mr. Oakley who has not spared himself as Provincial Commissioner. As a business man he was fully occupied and yet found time for his work in connection with the Eversleigh Club and Troop. He was always happier as a Scoutmaster in contact with his boys than as an executive officer although he gave of his best in business ability for the office of Provincial Commissioner, and it will be difficult to replace him. For some time he has been responsible for this magazine and his articles on astronomy have been useful as inculcating in us a love for the great creation of God. Although a keen business man he had a real

love of nature and we have recently seen a published volume of his poems of which we extract one which reveals to us the man and essentially a man of deep religious life.

Sunshine

While there's sunshine in the valley,
And there's sunshine on the hills;
While there's sunshine on the river,
And there's sunshine on its rills;
While there's sunshine on the ocean,
And there's sunshine on the shore;
While there's sunshine in the forest,
Sing, 'The sun shines evermore.'

When there's darkness and there's sorrow,
And many a tear-stained eye;
When there's bitter pain and weeping,
And many a groan and sigh,
When there's want and need and sickness,
And bereavement sad and sore;
Through the storm and rain and tempest,
Sing, 'The sun shines evermore.'

For all clouds, when lit by sunlight,
Varied charms will constant show,
While the rain that falls in sunshine
Thereby bends God's glorious bow;
And all sorrows, rain and storm—clouds,
When illumined from above,
But reveal the old, old story,—
Of God's love, God's love, God's love.

Our third new broom is still to be obtained. We are sorry to lose one of our Joint Secretaries. He was personally unknown to us, but we thank him in the name of the Association for his work in the past and hope he may gain even more scouting knowledge during his visit to England.

The fourth new broom is ourselves. Unfortunately we have never learned to sweep or in other words edit a magazine, but having had greatness thrust on us we will do our best. It may be that our readers will complain. If so do it in writing and we can then establish a correspondence column which is sadly lacking at present. There are several other features you may require but we cannot tell what they are unless you write them down

and all letters that are of general interest will be published. We want to make the magazine interesting and useful. You are interesting or else your boys would leave you. Be interesting to us also. You are useful or you would soon get tired of scouting. Pass on your usefulness. There are many budding journalists in the Scout movement. Let us develop the latent talent, but don't grumble if your article is not published. It may be that is not of general interest and the magazine is for the general public.

There is also a brighter side to our nature. It is easy to copy other people's jokes but they become chestnuts and boring. Let us have some original ones. Your boys are distinctly humorous, often unconsciously. We give you two instances within our own experience.

Newly appointed Commissioner (to Recruit):

Ah I hear you wish to be a Scout. Can you tell me what your honour is?

Recruit: You Sir.

Scoutmaster (to Tenderfoot). How much have you done for your Second Class test?

Tenderfoot:—Savings Bank, Signalling,

Observation, Scout Race, Compass (turning to Patrol leader). Is it First or Second Aid?

You must have had several instances similar to the above. Let us share them.

We want some useful information about the activities in your districts. Each district may appoint a scribe who is responsible for a monthly report. We are so apt, in the melancholy, to think that our district is the only one that matters. Show us that yours is at least as good as others and if your scribe is original we shall learn quite a lot from you.

Tell your scribe however to verify the accounts of drowning. Headquarters in England remarked that there must be an enormous number of deaths by drowning in India judged by the number of people who are saved by Scouts. In some cases it means that one Scout was present; the crowd rescued; the Scout received honourable mention. This is not real scouting and we get discredited.

Incidentally the best public service is that done because of love for our fellow men. 'Do good by stealth and blish to find it fame.'

All who attended the camp at Guindy will join with us in our congratulations to Mr. Wilson who receives the Honorary Silver Wolf as a special award for St. George's Day.

The League of Nations

BY SIR ROBERT BADEN POWELL

A friend who is closely conversant with the methods of the League of Nations sent me lately his congratulations on the fact that the League had passed a resolution inviting the governments of all the member nations to facilitate, as far as possible, an interchange of visits between the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides and students of the various countries. He considered this a particularly high tribute to our work and to its ideals, more especially as 'students' had only been included in the recommendation as an afterthought.

The resolution was primarily framed on the deserts of the Scout movement. He said that the League realized the value of our training, because in its own work it is occasionally liable itself to feel the want of Scout upbringing among its own members. Why? Because no country as far as he knew had as yet included in its school curriculum the one quality, which above all others was most

needed among mankind to-day, and which alone the Scout and Guide movement has taken up as the aim of its training, namely in self-denial, service for others.

Cult of Self-Interest

Everywhere men are still being trained in a school where self-interest is taught as the motive, where efficiency for success in their career is the first aim, where the higher quality of submission of self to the interests of others is omitted. It is in this narrow upbringing that the average man's outlook on the world is at present formed, hence rivalry, fear and mistrust between man and man, class and class, creed and creed, nation and nation: the cult of self is the root of all evil. Should his innate better sense prevail, so that here and there an individual rises in spite of it to be a patriot, his vision in very many

cases is still strenuously limited to the individual interests of his own country. Over-strong national patriotism is still inclined to blind him to a wider field, that of world patriotism.

To Co-operate for Humanity

The League of Nations, as my friend expressed it, was not intended to be a committee where each member was appointed to watch the proceedings in the interests of his own country, but it should be a 'combine' where representatives of the various countries co-operated for the good of humanity and for the service of mankind.

The Scout's training is in service, so that is where the Scout ideals made their appeal, namely, among men who could really appreciate their value, and who saw in the teaching of 'service' the satisfaction of a world-wide need. By 'service' I mean the submission of self to the willing rendering of helpfulness to others without thought of return or reward.

The first step for bringing this about has to be the cultivation of a spirit of habitual kindness and good will toward one's fellow-men; the second step is the putting it into practice, through active helpfulness and co-operation. This good will must exist toward all and every—no matter who or what are those fellow-men, be they rich or poor, of other creed or country, colour or station—they must be thought of only as brothers in God's great family, against whom prejudice or ill-feeling must be non-existent and to whom active friendship is to be extended.

Hope in Oncoming Generation

It is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks, and our hope therefore of bringing about a prevalence of such a quality must largely lie in doing so with the coming generation, rather than trying to instill it into adults.

So it is for this that in the Scout movement and in that of the Girl Guides, we promote the daily 'good turn' as an embryo of this greater development of goodwill and helpfulness. It is for this that we encourage the threefold efficiency in character, health and handicraft, so that it may be employed by the boy in the fourth development, namely, service that is not merely benefiting himself but rather in giving help to others. The ground is progressively prepared in the earlier stage of the youth's career, that is in his successive development, through Wolf, Cub to Scout, but it is in the senior grade at 17

as a Rover Scout that he completes the evolution, when with fuller understanding of its import, he is given an opportunity of expressing his sense of service in actual practice. This is carried out through social service for the community in one form or another, and tends to promote a high standard of citizenship and induce harmony between the conflicting elements in the nation.

High Standard of Citizenship

If then, as an addition to this, visits to his neighbour in other countries is made easy, the consummation will be reached in the growth of a spirit of mutual sympathy and understanding, and in the practice of goodwill and co-operation between men of different nations.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-four. The present year offers an opportunity unprecedented in the history of the movement for the development in this direction, if only we make the most of it. The Rover branch has begun to assert itself now in many countries; the international jamboree in Denmark next August will bring together the largest concourse of brotherhood that we have ever had and the recommendations made in our favour by the League of Nations should help to secure favourable terms for travelling. Altogether the future lies bright before us.

The ultimate possibilities it holds for us cannot but be under almost insuperable difficulties in getting their organization on to a working footing. But in most cases they have got their footing. Over the world we have a membership already among the boys of over 2,000,000 and among the girls close on 1,000,000. More are coming in every day, but large numbers also are being turned away because we have not the men or women to take them in hand. It is here we want help and it is here men and women have a real opportunity of service, and a very happy and satisfying form of service at that. It may appear too big a job to some and I can only say to them 'be of good heart'; remember, when a tiny sea bug starts to build an island in the depths of the Pacific Ocean, his job looks a tough one and ridiculously impossible. But he does not on that account give it up. Through goodwill and co-operation with its fellows, he piles atom upon atom, till a coral reef rises and islands are eventually formed. And remember fifteen years ago the Scouts were a thing unknown; to-day we exist in every civilized country on the globe. So we may well work on in hope.

—Christian Science Monitor.



Patrol Leaders' Pow-Wow

TO ALL PATROL LEADERS,

I hope to be able to write you a word of cheer each month to help you on in your work as I know you want to make your patrol the best in the Madras Provincial area.

I would, therefore, first of all remind you that your patrol is not just one of two or three or four in your particular troop, but one of a large number and if there is a Rally or a district camp it is up to you to see that your Scouts are there and that your particular little band is the smartest.

I shall assume all the way through, that you are a real leader. That was why you were chosen. You were not given your position because you were the tallest, although you may be the tallest Scout in India; you were not selected because you were the smartest in appearance unless, as a member of the peacock patrol, you were wanted to strut about and live up to the traditions of that bird: you were marked out by your Scoutmaster as a leader and if you do not lead, it is not because you can't but because you are slacking and in the Scout movement there is no room for slackers. So unless you intend from now onwards to lead your expectant group of sturdy youngsters, hand in your checks, and we will go ahead with your successor, and I can start again. To all Patrol Leaders, I have got you all in my mind's eye on parade ready for inspection. Your second is in his proper place on the left of the patrol and 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 are to the right of him. I notice however that in more than one patrol, the Scouts are not uniform. You will notice, I do not say, in uniform, because there are two who have not been invested and they cannot therefore be in uniform. But there is another, who is not in uniform, but ought to be because he was invested some time ago. It is therefore correct to say that the patrol is not uniform. It is not a good excuse for that

boy to say, 'My shirt went to the dhoby.' My answer is why did he wear it in school on Monday and Tuesday without even troubling to take off his badges. That Scout not only makes his patrol ununiform but did the same for his class on Monday and Tuesday because he was supposed to be dressed like the other boys when in class. Another member of the patrol has a tail so that he should really join all the other tailed boys and form the monkey patrol. Scouts do not have tails and the proper place for the tail of your shirt is inside the shorts where it cannot be seen.

You will see, leader, that your first duty is to secure smartness for your patrol and the best way to do this is to be smart yourself. I know you were in a hurry to be in time for parade but that is not the reason why you have your leader's badge crooked and forgot to button your shirt pocket. The real reason is that you were not ready and your motto is 'Be prepared.' If you are smart you can lead your Scouts in smartness and can then smarten them all up so that yours is not only the most punctual—it was so nice to see all present—but the smartest patrol of the whole troop.

I want you to write to me and tell me all your difficulties and encouragements. You have already talked them over with your Scoutmaster but there are other leaders like yourself who will be encouraged by the thought that their anxieties and joys are shared with other members of the great brotherhood and if in this column one can answer your queries I shall also be able to answer the unspoken thought of many more who otherwise suffer or rejoice in private.

With every good wish for a successful month of good scouting work.

Yours in the brotherhood.

WOOD PIGEON.

'Let's Pretend'

Old legends tell us of magic formulae patent to turn base metal to gold and to perform other marvels of transformation. There is one such formula, at least, able still to work miracles and it should be carried in the memory of every true Scout and often used. The formula is '*Let's Pretend*,' and it was invented by a good fairy named *Imagination*. It is specially potent in turning leaden footed hours into golden winged moments. See how it works! The Cats' Patrol is on the march, a long, thirsty, hot, dusty, march. When they started in the early morning everything was easy, but when the sun got high and the legs got tired, then the grouching and the grumbling began. Out with the talisman. '*Let's Pretend*,' says the P. L. Let's pretend that we are marching through savages' country to the rescue of our friends whom they have captured. Everything depends on our getting to them in time. *Let's pretend* that every one we see on the way is an enemy and we must take cover and be seen by nobody. *Let's pretend* that we are trying to find the tracks of our friends and of their savage capturers and try to make up some story from the tell-tale tracks along the way to guide us as to what has happened to

them. Are we thirsty? Are we hot? Are we tired? Nevermind. *Let's pretend* that we are suffering it all heroically to save our friends from an awful death. Magic! The tiredness is gone. The grumbling is no longer heard. The weary road has become a path to adventure and the patrol is quite sorry when the journey is ended and the game is done. '*Let's Pretend*' is like a good well, the more it is used, the better the good things which it produces. It is inexhaustible. It can transform almost anything from grave to gay, change tedium to interest in a twinkling. If a Scoutmaster has not learnt its uses, he had better retire until he has. If a P. L. does not know the formula, he had better make room for another to lead his patrol. Many a promising troop fades away into a memory because its scouting has become a mixture of drill and school-room, and not a great and wonderful *Game*, with Dame Nature to cheer the players on; in other words because it has bought all sorts of quite secondary things like uniforms and staves and axes, and not taken the trouble to obtain the magic formula, which the good fairy *Imagination* gives without price to those who promise to use it.

O. T.

Points for Patrols

BY A. J. N. ROBINSON

The only really successful way of running a Troop is through the patrol system and its Court of Honour. The patrol as a whole, and not the individual boy, is to be commended for efficiency and spirit. At school or college the boy is out all the time, for himself, to top his class or to capture a prize. In a Troop the boy learns that it is his patrol, and not himself, that has to be considered. Hence, in any system of awarding or deducting points in a patrol competition, it is necessary that it should be the patrol that should gain or lose, and not the individual scout.

The following is the system followed in my own troop:—

(1) Uniform parade, say, five times a month. Maximum points, 5. Deductions made for lateness without reasonable excuse; missing garter tabs, shoulder knots, or staves; buttons undone; dirty lanyard; dirty nails,

teeth, knees, or hands; boot tabs showing; long hair; no pencil or string; bad drill during inspection. One point is deducted for each failure. In a smart troop there will be no deductions.

(2) Monthly: 5 points to each patrol for attendance.

(3) Monthly: 5 points to each patrol for neatness and accuracy of patrol roll-book. The roll-book, which includes the list of weekly subscriptions, should be kept by the Patrol Leader.

(4) Monthly: 5 points for paid-up subscriptions. Each boy pays one penny a week.

All the above points are added up monthly and read out on parade.

(5) Quarterly: 5 points for the Patrol Leader's Report, in writing, on his patrol. This report is read to the whole troop at the

first meeting of each quarter, and is followed by a written report of the Scoutmaster on the members of the troop.

On the total of all points for the quarter a small Quarterly Shield is awarded to the leading patrol, and a restart made for the new quarter.

At the end of the troop year at the Troop Annual Meeting, when parents and friends are invited to hear of the doings and finances of the troop for the past twelve months, a large shield is presented to the patrol which has gained the highest number of points from the awards as detailed above.

It means a good deal of work to the Scout-

master, but it is well worth while. In addition, a small shield is held annually by the patrol which has gained the highest number of points for efficiency; one point is given to a boy each time he passes one of the tests for either second class or first class, and each quarter a Scout, other than the Patrol Leader and Second, takes his place in the patrol according to the aggregate of points gained by these tests.

In patrol competitions and games points are awarded, whenever possible, to patrols, and the results read out at the Annual Meeting, although for the present these latter are not added to the shield points.—*The Scoutmaster*.

What is Scouting

To parents.—I wish to ask you first of all to consider why you were entrusted with the care of a little child who will grow up first to boyhood and then to manhood: who will then take his place in the world to assist in its production of the things necessary to support life or to improve the conditions of those so engaged. The child may, because of its free will, destroy the work of others by ruining the things produced or for selfish reasons make the conditions of life more difficult and therefore you, as a parent, were entrusted with that little child to guide and nurture it and nothing in this life will ever take the place of that responsibility given to you by the Great Creator of all things. You may be ignorant of the way in which the child should be guided or its life nourished and sustained and therefore teachers, health officers, and doctors have been appointed to assist you to train the child. These aids may be refused and you may take all the responsibility upon yourself, but you do not thereby get rid of that responsibility and unless you are fully competent to teach the child and explain the laws of health, it is your duty to seek the guidance of those who are trained so that they may impart that knowledge. Another duty of the parent is to form the character of the child and here again children grow up in absolute ignorance of the rules of life, good manners and consideration for others. This is where the Scout movement supplies a need and although many acknowledge the good work done by Scouts they fail to realize that the Scout movement really stands for nobility of character. We are aware of our shortcomings but we ask you to send us your children so

that we may help them to become noble men possessing the character possible to the children of God.

To all engaged in the work of training the young. Have you sufficiently realized that a child lives for the greater part of his life outside the school. Work out for yourself the number of hours the child spends in the class during the year and after deducting one-third of the year for sleep, you will probably be surprised at the result when you discover the time at the disposal of the child for putting into practice the instruction received in class, that is to say, for the building of character. On the other hand it is necessary to remember that the same number of hours are at the disposal of the child for the purpose of getting into mischief. Just as a boy needs guidance in school he needs guidance also in those leisure hours and this article is an appeal to you to help the boy to put into practice the instruction received in school. You will be able to help if you seek instruction as a Scoutmaster and the District Commissioner will be ready at all times to give advice to those who wish to ennoble the high calling in which they are engaged and improve their work of instruction and training of the young.

To Scouters.—When did you begin to realize that the way is hard and the results not all you expected. If you have not realized this, send in your warrant. If you have, I would suggest to you that you are like the man nearing the top of a mountain. He can see before him nothing but the rugged sides he has yet to climb and it is hard work and wearisome toil. In a short time he will reach the top and will see before him a wonderful

view of nature enjoyed only by those who climb. Persevere my brother Scouters like the climber and after the toil, you will be rewarded as you behold that most wonderful thing of all God's creation—the budding character in the life of a child. This perception is for the few and only for those who toil, often in weariness of the flesh, but you are a chosen workman in God's scheme and God will grant you the vision because you are one of a multitude of unselfish men aiming at the production of a new India helped by high ideals which will be attained as you work in co-operation with the spirit which inspires the Scout movement throughout the world.

To Scouts.—Read the whole of this article and then remember that whatever your parents

or teachers or scoutmasters do for you must be completed by you. A Scout forgets himself and by working for other people builds up his own character. One thing that is lacking with some Scouts is that they never learn to scout. Camps are arranged during school holidays but boys think that holidays are provided for play and do not trouble to attend the scout camp. Decide this year that you will attend at least one camp and see that it lasts for three complete days. Make the motto of the camp and all your scouting during the year 'No grousing.' 'No shirking.'

What is scouting? The building up of the character of the boy by the production of true religion, loyalty and unselfishness.

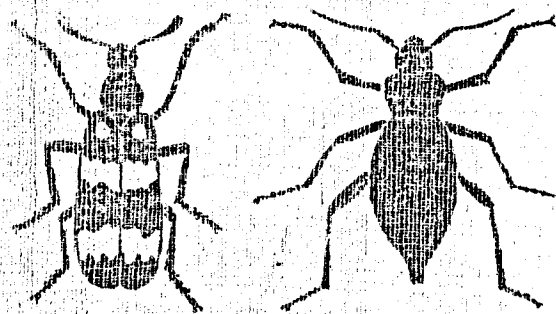
F. S. C.

Beetles—V.

The three groups that remain contain a large variety of beetles which are much more difficult to recognize than the foregoing. The names by which they are known—*Heteromera*, *Serricornia* or Notch-horned and *Clavicornia* or Club-horned—indicate their main general characteristics; but unfortunately there are some beetles without notched or saw-like antennae whose general structure places them in the notch-horned group and others without clubbed antennae which have similarly to be included in the club-horned group and a few beetles belonging to these groups may even have one joint less in the last pair of feet than in the two front pairs, as in the *Heteromera*. A very large number are, however, quite easy to recognize and the recognition of the others will be learnt by practice.

The *Heteromera* are the most easily recognized of the three groups, as they always have one joint less in their hind feet than in the others, almost always four behind and five in front, whereas almost all other beetles have the same number of joints, usually four or five, in all feet. To this group belong the Blister Beetles or Meloids. Some of the commonest of these are bright red or orange and black; they are often to be found among flowers. Their life history is a most extraordinary one, for the grubs on hatching have to find the nest or egg-capsule of some other insect of a particular kind, in which to live. In many cases the nest of one particular kind of bee must be reached before development can begin. The eggs are not laid in the nest and

the newly hatched grubs apparently attach themselves to the first hairy insect that comes along. If this happens to be a bee of the right kind they will be carried to the nest, where their first meal will consist of one of the bee's eggs after which they will live on honey; but the odds against this are enormous and immense quantities of grubs must perish without ever reaching food. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that to counter-



BLISTER BEETLE

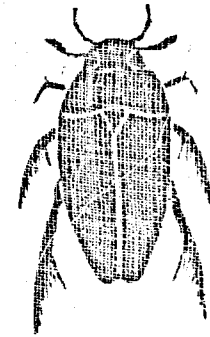
TENEBRIONID BEETLE

balance the appalling infant mortality that must result each female lays enormous numbers of eggs, in some cases probably as many as 10,000, of which on an average only a single pair will come to maturity. Many beetles of this family contain a substance known as cantharidine, which when extracted

and applied to the human skin is able to raise blisters on it.

Less conspicuous, but far more numerous and of far more varied form, are the Tenebrionid Beetles. This family is so large and so varied that it will be found to include beetles bearing a superficial resemblance to almost every other family, but always with one less joint in the hind feet than in the others. The Anticid Beetles include a number of more or less minute insects somewhat resembling the ant-like Carabids in shape, but again distinguished by the structure of their feet. And the Trictonotomids are very large beetles with similar feet but like the Longicorns in appearance.

The so-called Clavicorn or Club-horned group of beetles are even more varied than the *Heteromera*. The Ladybird Beetles, although small in size, are probably the best known on account of their abundance, their relatively bright colour and their habit of flying about or resting in conspicuous places by day. Some kinds are vegetable feeders and



SCAVENGER WATER BEETLE



LADYBIRD AND GRUB X 2

one at least is sometimes a serious pest. But most feed in both the grub and beetle stage on Aphids, Mealy Bugs, Scale Insects, etc., and are consequently among the best friends of the cultivator. In the plant eaters the jaws bear numerous teeth; in the insect eaters they are simply pointed or with at most one tooth near the end.

Another family, the Dermestids live mostly on the dried remains of animals, including hides, furs, etc., to which they often do great damage. All are of small size. Superficially they closely resemble some of the Chrysomelids; but only three joints are readily distinguishable in their feet instead of four.

The Hydrophilids, or Scavenger Water Beetles, are the only other Clavicorn family which can be dealt with here. They vary

wingcases overhanging the sides of the body at the shoulders, and the antennae ending in an elongated club. As, however, the antennae are apt to be hidden away beneath the head care must be taken not to confuse with them the palps, which are exceptionally long; for these are not clubbed and consequently resemble the antennae of the Dytiscids. The grubs of this family of beetles vary greatly in structure. They feed on other insects, etc., but the beetles into which they grow are scavengers, feeding on decomposing vegetable matter.

The so-called Serricorns, or Notch-horned Beetles, are as varied as the Clavicorns. They include the Anobiidae, minute insects which are often very destructive to wood or dry food materials; the Bostrychids, wood borers very like the Scolytids in appearance, also very destructive; the Glow Worms, Fireflies and their allies (Malocodermis); the Buprestids whose hard and brilliantly coloured plates are sometimes used in jewellery; the Skipjack Beetles (Elaterrids) and many others of less importance. The Bostrychids can most easily be distinguished from the Scolytids by their antennae, the thickened end being notched in the former instead of forming a true club as in the latter. The



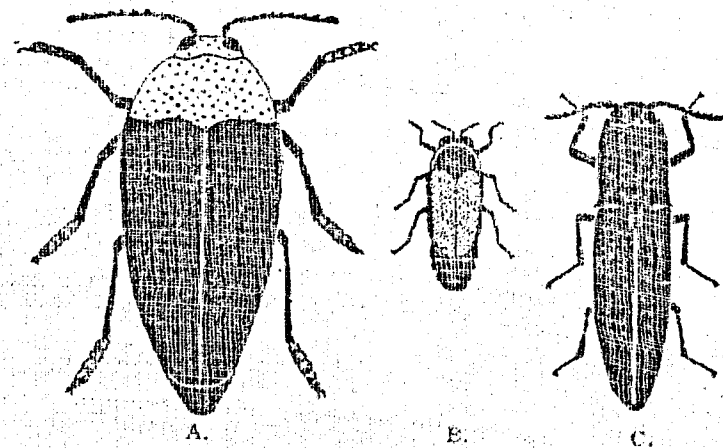
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Fireflies and their allies may usually be recognized by their relatively soft bodies and wing-cases. In the Fireflies both sexes are winged and the light is intermittent; in the Glow Worms the female is wingless and the light is continuous; but most members of the family, though more or less resembling Fireflies in appearance, give no light at all. This is a flesh eating family, the grubs of Fireflies and Glow Worms being particularly useful on account of the number of snails that they destroy. The grubs of the Buprestids are borers, usually in timber; in general appearance they are not unlike Longicorn grubs, but are broader and flatter in front and slenderer behind. The Skipjack or Click Beetles

are so called from their habit of skipping high into the air with a sudden click when laid on their backs. Their grubs are usually somewhat slender, hard skinned creatures feeding on vegetable matter, but some are flesh eaters.

This brief summary of the families of Indian beetles is necessarily far from complete, but it is hoped that it will form a useful guide to the kinds most commonly met with. For further information reference may be made to Canon Fowler's *General Introduction to the Coleoptera* in the 'Fauna of British India' series (Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta).

F. G.



A. NOTCH-HORNED BEETLES.
A. BUPRESTID BEETLE.
B. WINGED MALE OF GIANT GLOWWORM.
C. SKIPJACK BEETLE.

Smiles

A farmer rushed up to the home of a country doctor late one night and besought him to come at once to a distant farmhouse.

The medicine man hitched up his horse and they drove furiously to the farmer's home. Upon their arrival the former said:

'How much is your fee doctor?'

'Half a guinea' said the doctor in surprise.

'Here ye are,' said the farmer, handing

over the money, 'the cabman at the station wanted fifteen shillings to drive me home.'

PROUD CITIZEN.—So you've been visiting our schools, eh? Splendid aren't they? Magnificent discipline, superb buildings, beautiful furnishings. What was the first thing that struck you on entering the boys' section?

VISITOR (truthfully)—A pea from a pea-shooter.



Wild West Thrills

(Tom Mix, who plays for the Fox Film Company in so many splendid pictures, is an actor who has shown us what life is like in the Western States. Below he tells the story of his adventurous life.)

When I look back I'm amazed at the things I did, the chances I took with my life and the way I fought against death without realizing that many times it was within striking distance of me.

I was born near El Paso, Texas. My father owned a large ranch and was noted for his thoroughbred horses, which he trained and drove in contests. Thus it is not exaggerating when I say that I cannot remember ever learning to ride. I just grew up—on a horse.

My school work was interrupted when the United States declared war on Spain in 1898. I immediately enlisted in the artillery, eventually arrived in Cuba and received my baptism of fire at the battle of Guaymas.

I then became a scout, and after the surrender, was one of a party sent to round-up Spanish sharpshooters. A fellow named Earl, and myself came across one of these snipers hiding in a mango tree.

In the exchange of shots I was hit in the month, the bullet coming out at the back of my neck. I was taken to the Santiago Hospital, where I remained a month.

After this I joined the provisional army and went to the Philippine Islands, from which I was sent to China with the 9th Infantry as a machine-gunner. This was at the time of the Boxer Rebellion. I was badly wounded at the battle of Tientsin and was sent back to the United States to be discharged.

My next job was breaking in horses for use in the Boer War, and I was sent in charge of a shipment to Ladysmith.

I returned to the United States in 1903, and

as a Deputy United States Marshal took over the task of rounding-up outlaws in Oklahoma. Later, I became City Marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma, but gave this up to become a special revenue officer.

My work consisted of keeping outlaws away from the big dams that were being built south of Pittsburg, Tennessee. Evidently the bad men considered that I was a nuisance, for one day I was ambushed up in the mountains and shot.

I discovered afterwards that this was in revenge for the arrest and conviction of some notorious moonshiners known as 'The Eldridge Boys,' whom I had rounded-up some time before.

My horse was killed and the bone of my right leg was shattered by a bullet. When the doctors examined me in hospital they found fourteen buckshot wounds in various parts of my body. I was convalescent for over a year, being known as 'Pepper-box' the whole time.

When I eventually returned to Oklahoma I was given the job of looking after the Osage Indian Reservation; but this did not appeal to me and I bought a ranch in Texas. However the wanderlust was in my blood and I went about the country with Wild West shows.

I then became a member of the Texas Rangers, under Captain MacDonald, and from that moment I lived.

About this time the Shont brothers—whose fame as outlaws extended into several States—were causing a lot of trouble in Texas. After months of dogged pursuit through some of the wildest country it has ever been my luck to traverse, the gang was smashed. Of the two brothers one was killed and the other I captured. For this I was awarded about £550.

This I gave to the mother of the Shont brothers, as it was of no use to me. So long

as I had a good horse and plenty to eat I did not need all that money. In fact it would have made me feel so rich that I would probably have settled down. Just then, running down outlaws appealed to me more than all the money in the world.

At that time the South-West was in a pretty bad way and the Government officials were continually asking us to help them in ridding the country of the outlaws.

A representative of Washington would come to us and say: 'Boys, this is a great country out here; but it will never be safe for honest men until it has been cleared of the bad element. Now we are depending on you to do it.'

This was just the right kind of encouragement, and we would go out and stick to it night and day doing the particular job assigned to us. We would sleep out in the mountains and along the road tracks for weeks to get the robbers and other bad men out of the South-West.

I think the cowboys of that district deserve a lot of credit for making the place safe so that settlers would be attracted and help to improve the country.

During this time, whenever I had an opportunity, I attended fairs and competitions, and owing to my experience in the Wild West, I more than held my own. Finally I was seen by William Fox, the even then famous film producer, and he made me an offer to act for the screen.

Well, of course, this called for a bit of thinking over—until I realized that I could still 'carry on' with my cowboy life, as it were.

I decided that I had done my share of work for the South-West and also that people would be interested to see on the screen the real life of a cowboy and some of the things he does. I try to reproduce these things in a natural way, and never attempt stunts merely because they look great.

There is a very fine story told of Tom Mix, and it concerns an incident in his film work, showing us what an uncanny understanding of animals he has.

Aggie, one of his horses, would do anything that her master told her to do. On one occasion, the cowboy film star, while acting, had to be thrown from his horse and dragged.

Tom Mix was persuaded, however, that it was dangerous to trust Aggie with this piece of acting right away, so a dummy was made and used for rehearsal.

Aggie fiercely resented this. She dragged that unfortunate bundle of clothes over every piece of rough, hard road she could find, and showed that had a human rider been in the position of the dummy he would have been badly injured.

Her master was puzzled at this refusal to understand what he had tried to explain, and at last a thought struck him that his favourite mount was resentful that she had not been trusted.

Tom Mix mounted, was thrown at the right moment, and dragged perfectly and safely over carefully chosen ground while the film was made.

The Scout.

The following is suggested as a Camp-fire stunt. Tell the story in your own words and then ask the assembled Scouts to tell you in what way the account is absolutely impossible.

To encourage the Scouts to think, the Editor has promised to give a copy of *Scouting for Boys in India* to the first correct reply received. The reply must be accompanied by a certificate by the Scoutmaster that the result is the Boy's unaided effort.

The Magnanimous Miner

Bill Smith had left his home in Lancashire many years before. He was bronzed with the sun of his adopted country and his hands showed signs of continuous toil. For years he worked as a labourer earning but a pittance until one day he heard that gold was to be found; and that many were leaving for the goldfields. At once he threw up his work and followed in the wake of the men who, like himself, were attracted by the lure of the treasure they hoped to make their own. As he toiled along the sun baked desert he had visions of the day when he should sit at ease in his own home with motor cars at his command and servants to do his bidding. Gold plate would be upon the table and his chair, like Solomon's throne, would be overlaid with pure gold. Suddenly a shout from the other men brought him back to the immediate affairs of the world of fact and he realized that his goal was reached and that his vision might become a reality. Our hero was however unfortunate and the only claim he could stake was far away from the place where the fortunate first comers had secured such a harvest. For many months he toiled without success; his little capital was almost gone,

and he was faced with the thought of starvation if he stayed. Should he return to his former work or stay in the hope that his luck might turn. He stayed, and a few days afterwards his luck turned and finally he left the mine worth half a million pounds.

We meet our hero again after some months on board an ocean liner. He does not trust his fellow men sufficiently to place his money in the bank but carries the whole amount of the gold about his person in a special belt made for the purpose. Travelling by the same ship is Mary Barton who is attracted by the rough miner and makes a hero of him. The ship was slowly settling in mid ocean when Mary ran one day to the miner and said 'Sir, can you swim? There is a man over-board?' For a moment the miner hesitated. He had toiled for that money and how

could he trust it to strangers, but the weight of it would not permit him to help the man who might lose his life and his duty was to render assistance. The child however, who had no relations on board, had trusted him and in return he would trust her so, removing his belt, he handed it to the child, jumped over the side and saved the man.

Now Scouts you are all smart chaps, so that I shall hope to get quite a lot of letters. Let yours be first.

Send to

THE EDITOR,

South India Boy Scout,

TURICORIN.

The Trial of the White Ant

[AS REPORTED BY AN OWL.]

(Continued from our last issue)

CHAPTER II

The Dream

What studies please, what most delight,
And fills men's thought, they dream them
[later at night.]
—CARRON.

The land of dreams and fancies—what strange things happen there, and Eveline's experience was no exception.

She found herself alone in a great big hall. There were some benches near her at one end of the room, and at the other she saw a lot of tables and chairs, some on raised platforms, some on the floor,—also some big wooden pens which reminded her of the cages she had seen in the Zoological gardens for keeping wild animals in, only these had no tops, so that she thought a nimble tiger or lion would soon be able to jump out.

While she was thus taking her bearings and wondering where she really was, she saw some doors at the further end of the room open and a lot of people, animals and birds come in. They made a great noise and in their great excitement did not seem to notice her. Suddenly she saw a grave looking

jackdaw, of considerable size, mount up on one of the tables and, looking round the hall, cry in a penetrating voice 'Silence.' She felt very much inclined to laugh but managed to suppress her feelings as every one else seemed to consider the command worthy of attention and respect. Her amusement soon gave place to a feeling of intense surprise and interest, for she noticed on the left side of the room towards the top, there was a considerable movement among the people and animals by the door. Suddenly at the doorway appeared a procession headed by a white horse carrying a sort of silver stick. It was followed by a large red crab, whose ill-disguised attempts at a dignified walk were almost too much for Eveline's self-control, but her interest in the proceedings was so intense that she had hardly time to laugh.

She noticed that the large red crab went to the centre seat at the table on the platform and directly he sat down almost all the people and animals in the room did likewise, for everybody had risen when he appeared at the door. When she had time to look round again, she noticed that two men had come in and taken their seats at the table in front of

her, but as their backs were towards her, she could not see their faces. It seemed, however, as though they were both wearing black gowns and white ties. A slight noise at one of the doors attracted her attention and she saw to her surprise that two black crows were walking in, watching very carefully a small object walking between them. On bending forward and standing on tip toes, she saw to her amusement that it was a small insect of a light-brown colour which seemed to have some difficulty in seeing its way. On looking round she saw a beautifully marked green snake near her, coiled round the legs of one of the chairs, who volunteered the information that it was a white ant which was going to be tried for theft. It seemed most curious to her, and why should they call it a 'white' ant she wondered, but her speculations were interrupted by the shrill voice of the Jackdaw again calling, 'silence.'

While all was still, she noticed that the two black crows had conducted the white ant to one of the big wooden pens and that they were all perching on the top railing, the white ant between the two crows. Belows the judge was seated a large prawn wearing a black gown and a white collar and tie with two little flaps. He rose up and began to read out from a paper some statements which Eveline could not quite hear, but she gathered that they were being read to the white ant and that they were to inform it with what crimes it was charged. She thought that she heard that it was charged under some sections of a Criminal Code with the offences of theft and trespass, with the intent to steal. She then heard the white ant speak, and gathered that the words were 'not guilty' whereupon, she noticed that the big Prawn took up a box from the table and immediately commenced to shake it violently after which he put his claw inside and withdrew a card and called out some names, whereupon, she noticed that certain birds, animals, reptiles, fishes and plants were arranged in another of the pens opposite the prisoner, numbering in all nine. The green snake told her that this was the jury. When they were arranged in the box, the big prawn asked them to select their Foreman, whereupon, there was a sort of general post and an old mole moved to the head seat having been selected by the rest as foreman.

She now noticed that one of the two gentlemen sitting at the table got up and began to speak to the jury. She could not

hear all he said, but understood him to tell the jury that it was a very simple case and that the white ant had been caught red-handed in the act of trespass and theft and that he would not have to detain them long, having only one witness to produce, who was a witness of the actual fact. The case was, briefly, that the white ant had trespassed into the house of a lady named Mrs. Alforme and had wrongfully removed the inside of two legs of a deal wood table, with the result that the table had collapsed and smashed a costly China vase which was on it. He moreover, stated that he thought the jury would find no difficulty in seeing, from the evidence he would put before them, that the only verdict possible was the one he asked for, namely that of 'guilty' on both the count of trespass and that of theft.

Eveline now heard the Jackdaw's shrill voice calling out the name of Mrs. Alforme, who appeared and was placed in the remaining pen just by the side of the jury. The gentleman, who had just been speaking, began again and the green snake whispered that he was, what was called, the Crown Prosecutor.

The following conversation now took place, which Eveline's strange friend told her, was called an examination-in-chief and she wondered what the 'max' was and if Mrs. Alforme would get many marks.

Crown Prosecutor.—'Are you Mrs. Alforme?'

Mrs. Alforme.—'That is my name.'

Crown Prosecutor.—'Did you, on the night of 31st of March, shortly after 11 o'clock, have any unusual occurrence in your house?'

Here Mrs. Alforme, got very excited and launched out into a long explanation of how the prisoner, the white ant, had secretly entered her house and stolen the inside of the legs of her table, with the result that the table had fallen down and broken a most costly China vase, and that it had entered the room by means of a hole which it had made, and, further, to avoid observation, that its evil intentions might not be observed, she stated that it had even gone to the trouble of building a small tunnel from the side of the wall to the foot of the table.

Most of this information was given in answer to questions from the Crown Prosecutor. When he had finished, she noticed that the other gentleman at the table got up, and, to her great delight, she saw it was her father. The obliging acquaintance—the green snake—informed her that he was going

to defend the white ant at which she felt very glad, but did not tell the snake what her relationship was as she felt that the great ignorance she was displaying would be no credit to her father and so she had better keep this knowledge to herself. The snake said that Mr. Franklin was the Counsel for Defence and was now about to cross-examine Mrs. Alforme.

Counsel for Defence.—The house you live in has been built about how many years?

Mrs. Alforme.—I think about 5 years.

C. for D.—Before the house was built have you any idea what was on the ground?

Mrs. Alforme.—Trees and vegetation.

C. for D.—What kind of country is your house surrounded by?

Mrs. Alforme.—A well wooded country.

C. for D.—Is it true that until recent years, it was more or less a jungle?

Mrs. Alforme.—I believe that is so.

C. for D.—Have you ever suffered from loss by white ants before?

Mrs. Alforme.—Yes, occasionally.

C. for D.—Have you any knowledge of any means of preventing white ants removing wood and other substances?

Mrs. Alforme.—I have heard that if things are tarred or treated with certain chemicals, they will not touch them?

C. for D.—Did you adopt any of these precautions in your house?

Mrs. Alforme.—No.

Eveline now noticed her father sit down and the counsel for the Prosecution rise saying he had no more questions to ask Mrs. Alforme and that she was the only witness he would call.

There was a little commotion in the court now and she heard the crab announce that they would retire for lunch and re-assemble in about three-quarters of an hour's time.

Seeing her new acquaintance the snake was in no hurry to move, she thought she would stay too and see if she could not get a little information from him as to the strange sights she was seeing. He appeared to be most communicative and on her asking how he came to know so much, he replied he was only maintaining the credit of his family for wisdom, 'It must be nice to know so much about the earth' said Eveline, 'but seeing you are always crawling and clinging to it I suppose it is not to be wondered at. You see we human beings seem to live with our heads above the earth and I suppose it means that we ought to know and think more about

other and higher things too.' 'Perhaps so' replied the snake, 'It seems as though you know little enough about this sort of work.'

'I do' replied Eveline. 'It is the first time I have been here and I shall be glad to know more about things. Will you tell me what you know.'

'With pleasure' the snake replied.

'Only it is said that we do not always tell the truth to ladies, but go on with your questions.'

'Well' said Eveline—'What I want to know is why are all these strange creatures here? Why did that white horse come in before the old red crab?'

'Oh! that was a Mare and the Mayor always walks before the Judge in the Criminal Session.'

'I see—but why is a crab chosen for Judge?'

'I do not know, unless it is that it has a pretty thick skin or shell, strong claws and well developed eyes. Seems to me a Judge wants these.'

'It would not be very nice to get between his claws, I admit' said Eveline—'What is that Prawn called?'

'Oh! that is the Clerk of the Crown. Prawns, you see, live largely on corrupt matter and I expect he finds the Criminal Court a congenial atmosphere and these long legs of his enable him to lay hold of jurors for his jury.'

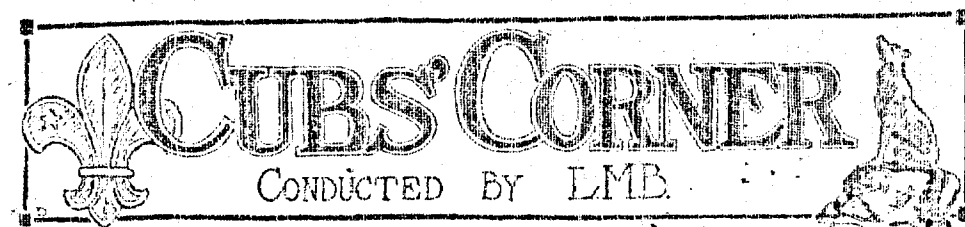
'Well, well—it is funny,' Eveline exclaimed. 'It is almost as good as a fairy book. I never thought you would be able to tell me all this.'

'No you silly little thing' said the snake. 'You almost always look down on me and my race.'

'Well that's your fault not mine' replied Eveline sharply. 'you are almost always crawling on the ground.' 'However' said the snake 'enough—it is no use quarrelling. I will ask you a question now. Can you tell me why the jury chose the mole for their Foreman?'

Eveline was puzzled. 'Perhaps' she replied 'it was because he makes tunnels himself like the white ant and they thought he would be best informed on such matters.' 'Oh!' replied the snake 'you have more sense than I gave you credit for—I did not think you had sufficient originality to suggest that. My own idea, however, is that they knew the mole liked to get to the root of things and that's why they chose him.'

(To be continued).



MY DEAR FELLOW-CUBBERS,

In forming our packs the question comes to us, as to whether we shall adopt the Six-system. There are several difficulties in the way of our doing so. It is not always easy to decide how to divide the pack into suitable sections or to find suitable Sixers and on this account we are inclined to drift on, with little organization, in a make-shift way, hoping that things will gradually improve somehow! But I feel sure, that we can do much better work when we work with Sixes; for our packs are then much easier to handle.

First.—The Sixer can be a very great help in teaching the knots, or composition of the flag, signalling, etc., though I think the initial teaching should be done by the Cub-master or Assistant. For example, in teaching a new knot, say, the Fisherman's knot, the S. M. would begin by telling a story of a little boy (not a Cub of course) who had had a beautiful fishing rod given him, then would follow details of getting the right hooks, and bait, then the act of fishing, the excitement of the float suddenly disappearing, the pull on the line so strong—It must be a big fish! Then a ceasing of the pull, reappearance of float. Something is wrong! The boy winds in his line, finds not only the bait but the hook also is gone! It has been put on with the wrong kind of knot. Then the C. M. would proceed to show how it *should* have been tied. Afterwards the Sixer could make sure that each of his Six can tie the knot correctly.

Second.—In outdoor excursions and games, when the pack is scattered, the Sixer makes sure that new boys do not get lost. He is responsible for the younger and weaker members of his Six, whereas, when the Six-system is not in vogue, these boys occasionally get left behind, as it is nobody's business to look after them!

Third.—Competition between the Sixes tends to keep the Cubs keen and smart. I have found it helpful to have a card for each Six hung on the walls of the Cub-room. To each we affix a red star for any Cub in that Six who succeeds in winning a Proficiency Star. The competition to fill up the card with the requisite number of stars is very keen.

Fourth.—One of the strongest arguments in favour of the Six-system, is, that the Cubs undoubtedly prefer it; possibly because by it they feel that they are a step nearer to being Scouts.

In arranging the Sixes one should, I think, make them as even as possible, both as regards size and capabilities; otherwise, the weaker ones will soon become discouraged, and lose interest in competitions.

The difficulty of finding suitable Sixers is a very real one. I think the best way is to talk to the pack on the duties of the Sixer, and the kind of boy one wants him to be, and then to let the Cubs choose the boys they consider most fitted for the task and whom they would be willing to obey. At first, the Sixers, are sometimes apt to think a little too much of themselves and to assert their authority in too domineering a style but with a little kindly encouragement and advice, they usually learn better methods. One Sixer, some time ago, began his new office by arming himself with a switch for the purpose of enforcing his commands and when that was tabooed, he resorted to other forceful methods which were by no means appreciated by his Six. However he soon learnt better ways and was, some time afterwards, chosen unanimously by the Pack to be the Chief Sixer; and an excellent one he made, too. It was with many regrets we said 'Good-bye' to him when his 'Going-up' time came. It was his very anxiety to do well, that made him resort to too forceful persuasions but he was very quick to respond to better suggestions for attaining his ends. The Sixer who is slack is much more difficult to deal with, but I think we shall usually find that slackness in the Cubs is due to one of two causes: either, slackness on the part of the C. M. himself or very probably, too great zeal in the *work* side of Cubbing and too little attention to *play*. We shall never make a success of our packs unless *play* is the chief medium for carrying out our plans.

Wishing you every success,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

L. M. B.

The Charm of Boyhood

To the majority of those on the shady side of twenty-one, if there is one thing in the world completely lacking charm, it is a boy. The charm of girlhood, its grace and winsomeness, is obvious—but a boy! To most of his elders he is at best a necessary evil, an unfortunate phase in the production of a man, which must be endured, but can scarcely be tolerated. A phase, indeed, which had better have been omitted by the Creator and man produced, as Gulliver observed, in the Moon direct from a large pod, full grown, and ready made.

The mind which has not experienced the fascination of boyhood sees only the shell of the creature, and indeed there is little charm in that. He is often grubby in his attire and person; he is preposterously restless and fidgetty, destroying the calm atmosphere of his elders wherever he appears; he is grossly direct and personal in his language; he is—but why enumerate the well-known characteristics which trouble his parents, annoy his sisters, aggravate his aunts, and infuriate his elder brothers and bachelor uncles. And as he launches into his middle teens, the situation becomes worse. Some of the earlier symptoms become modified, but in place there blossoms an amazing assertiveness, an assumption of superior knowledge, and a general cocksureness which renders the latter state worse than the first. Indeed, a creature devoid of charm!

And yet there is a certain type of mind which seems to find an extraordinary charm in boys. Y.M.C.A. Leaders, Scoutmasters, and Sunday-school teachers (the kind that count), quite a number of men one meets who are level-headed and sensible enough in ordinary affairs and yet waste an amazing amount of time in associating with boys. And the reason is not far to seek, for the secret lies close at hand.

The charm of boyhood is its boundless possibilities.

A man is often worth knowing for what he is, but seldom for what he *may* be. It is a rather humiliating fact that after passing thirty a man rarely holds any surprises for his friends. Most men can be summed up concisely in a word picture of three phrases, or at most three sentences. Their opinions, their hobbies, their capacities are fixed and definite; their action in any given set of circumstances can be foretold with almost automatic exactness.

Excellent fellows all of them, and we prize them as our friends, but there is nothing unexpected about them. They are as steady in their orbits as the stars, and will pursue their courses in pretty much the same way until the lights go out.

But a boy! About him there is nothing fixed, nothing definite. The most unlikely specimens hold the strangest possibilities. That gawky almost sullen lad is just such another as Captain Scott at his age. That anaemic kiddie there has a surprising resemblance to Nelson when a boy!

The charm of boyhood to the men who have come under its spell is not so incomprehensible as at first it seemed. Can you imagine the breathless expectation of the orchid collector who watches a strange new root prepare to blossom, and wonders what the flower will be? Something akin to this, but deeper, is in the soul of one who through four years, five years, six years watches the unfolding of a more wondrous thing in God's garden... a human soul... the tadpole of an angel.

A thousand times the result is little enough, an ordinary variety or perchance a cankered specimen, but still there is the 1,001st to be studied, and to the gardener who has watched the growth (and more wonderful still has helped to shape it) not one of the 1,000 but has some special point of interest.

And so it is that men who have once in very truth come under the spell of boyhood's fascination develop a curious indifference to the things which their friends regard as important. The cultivation of a garden, the collection of stamps or curios, the entertainment of friends, even the building of a fortune seem occupations of an ephemeral and trivial character to the man whose interest is the growth of human souls. He lives in a land bright with the iridescent hues of morning hopes, a land where knighthood, chivalry, and Christianity are not impalpable ideals but glorious facts; and he receives for recompense of his labour some sparkling drops of the elixir of perpetual youth.

It would be well for some of the men whose lives have little purpose if they could hear the call and come beneath the spell of the charm of boyhood. The Kingdom of Heaven and this Land of India need such men.

C. C.

Scouting and Morals

Judge Moses Hartman of St. Louis, Mo., said: 'If good citizenship as exemplified by the Boy Scouts could be inculcated into every youthful member of every community, there would be no need for reformatories.'

Of more than 1,400 children who have been before me as judge of the juvenile court, two-thirds of whom were boys ranging in age from eight to seventeen inclusive, who had committed infractions of the law varying from the usual boy pranks of breaking windows, turning in false fire alarms, destroying property, stealing bicycles, neighbourhood gang fights, crap shooting, and the like, to the commission of murder, 90 per cent of the delinquencies were attributed to improper environment, lack of education and bad company. While in many cases, boys who are merely mischievous, can be corrected by friendly contact and advice, there are many who must be placed in reformatories for correction.

In many instances, boys who have been in corrective institutions have requested admission into Boy Scout troops; and with the constructive educational training received by them they have proved themselves worthy of the association. Out of the 1,400 children who have been before me, not one to my recollection was a Boy Scout.

The Boy Scout of to-day will be a monument of emulation for the future generation, and with the proper mental, moral and physical training of boys, there will be no further need of corrective institutions.

The above is of very considerable interest to those of us who are engaged in Scouting as showing what a high place it holds in the opinion of our American friends. We are not surprised as we know that it is one of the very finest systems of education the world has ever seen.

This cutting was taken from an American newspaper and is confirmed by a most interesting article in the *Literary Digest* on 'Why Children Cheat and Steal.' Thousands of children were subjected to these tests, of course without knowing that they were being so tested, excepting where the questions were such as obviously indicated it and then they were designed to ascertain their attitude and views on the morality or otherwise of certain courses; for example, one question was, whether they thought that cheating a railroad was as much a sin as cheating an individual.

Other tests were made with money involved, and one was concerned with an examination, a test sufficient to try the moral fibre of those who have long ceased to be children, this was the test:

'The children are given double sheets of paper, the under sheet being secretly coated with wax that shows any change or correction. A set of questions and answers was written on the board with a map hung over the answers. The teacher in this test leaves the room while the children are writing down the answers to the questions. After a certain length of time the map, apparently by accident falls from the blackboard and discloses the list of answers. The children with no teacher in the room have the opportunity to correct any errors they have made in their answers; and are given plenty of time to yield to the temptation. In some cases 100 per cent of the children yielded.'

The tests were very varied and the whole object was to demonstrate the necessity of religious education in the American Public Schools. Those schools come out ninth in the list with 56.8 per cent but what interests us is that the first place was taken by a group of Boy Scouts of two years standing, with 82.3 per cent and the Second by another group of Boy Scouts of six months standing, while the first place was taken by a Boy Scout with 100 per cent!—after that I think we Scouters should say Scouting for Boys. We have often said it before meaning that it is to be the boy's game but here we would say it as being the *very thing* for boys.

Who builds in Boys builds lastingly in Truth,
And 'vanished hands' are multiplied in power,
And sounds of living voices, hour by hour,
Speak forth his message with the lips of Youth.

Here, in the Home of Hope, whose doors are Love,
To shape young souls in images of right,
To train frail twigs straight upward toward the
Light;
Such work as this God measures from above!

And faring forth, triumphant, with the dawn,
Each fresh young soul a missionary for weal,
Forward they carry, as a shield, the seal,
Of his example—so his work goes on.

Granite may crumble, wind and wave destroy,
Urn, shaft or word may perish or decay;
But this shall last forever and a day—
His living, loving monument—a Boy!

'News from the Districts'



Tinnevely

We regret the loss to scouting in the Tinnevely District, of the services of the Rev. C. G. Stapley on his transfer to Mount Abu in the Bombay Provincial Area.

Mr. Stapley took up scouting in India at a time when Indian Scouts were not affiliated to the larger movement in England and he formed troops in Nazareth which became so efficient that he was able to prove the usefulness of the movement amongst the mofussil Indian boy. The instruction in signalling, first aid, and smartness was probably the best in the district if not in the presidency.

At one time he was our District Commissioner and his keen sense of order and efficiency brought the District of Tinnevely into prominence so that the Provincial Commissioner was heard to remark, 'We need not worry about Tinnevely. They are so well organized there.'

We wish Mr. Stapley every success in his new work and feel sure that the scouting spirit will increase in the Bombay Presidency.

Mr. T. V. Nilakantam Pillai, our Secretary and an Assistant District Commissioner, has used his vacation to visit Ceylon and pass the Wood Badge course. We congratulate him and shall not fail to make use of his larger experience.

Madura

Mr. H. F. Saunders, District Educational Officer, is back again in Madura and we shall expect to hear that he has resumed his seat and scouting activities as a member of the District Council.

Tanjore

We have been expecting to hear something about the Training Camp for Scouters that was to be held, during the holidays, by Mr. Narayanaswami. The District Commissioner was most energetic in its formation and the arrangements for the comfort of the Scouters. Let us hear good news about some enthusiastic recruits to the movement as a result of the camp.

Nilgiri District

On Empire Day there was a Rally of the Ootacamund Troops and Packs on the Brooks' School playing-field. A well-made flagstaff of poles had been made and set up, with the jack ready to be hoisted. Some hundred Rovers, Scouts and Cubs assembled and as 8 o'clock drew near hid themselves, so that when Lord Goschen and members of His Excellency's family walked down from Government House, only a small company of Scouters was to be seen. These were presented to His Excellency by the District Commissioner and a move was made to the flagstaff. At a bugle call the Cubs came racing in, and having assembled in circular formation gave their howl in very good form. Then a second call brought the Rovers and Scouts and the flag was broken and saluted. His Excellency then inspected the ranks, taking special note of some of the smaller boys. This over the Chief Scout proceeded to address the Rally in a brief reference to the occasion, telling us that the Empire needed the help of all her sons whether great or small. An engine, said His Excellency, depended for its efficiency as much on the little and insignificant parts, on bolts and nuts and rivets, as on the fly-wheel or cylinders.

At the conclusion of the 'yarn' very hearty cheers for His Excellency were given, and the proceedings closed with the National Anthem.

The Y. M. C. A. Rovers, Brecks' School Scouts and Cubs, and the Government House School Cubs were present. The Indian schools being on holiday the only other local Troop, the C.M.S., H.E. School could not be represented.

We are glad to record the steady improvement in health of S. M. Fisher of the First

Nilgiris or Governor's Own Troop (Brecks' School). He has been very dangerously ill for some three months, but is now we trust out of danger and on the road to full recovery.

We hear that there is a chance of a Troop being formed in connection with the St. George's Homes at Kaiti. The great need is trained Scouters.

The Wild Rose Troop, Coonoor, has had a very enjoyable and successful three days' camp.

'All-India Scouter'

MEMORANDUM BY F. HOWARD OAKLEY

Provincial Commissioner

At present there are one or two separate efforts for local and Provincial Scout Magazines. The chief one being *The Scout Sign* for Bengal, the *South India Boy Scout* for Madras and *Scouting* for Bombay.

It is understood that these are only maintained by the subsidy of interested Scouters and non-Scouters—at any rate this is the position in Madras.

The official organ of the Provincial Association has been most useful to the Association but the present publisher, who is doing it on his own account and risk feels that there is too much official matter for general public interest and that such matter should be paid for by the Council. At present we publish All-India Scout Notices and our monthly Provincial notices of warrants issued and cancelled, Troops and District Associations registered and formed.

I would suggest that in lieu of these Provincial efforts a bi-monthly or quarterly *All-India Scouter* should be published by Indian Headquarters, containing in addition to the All-India Notices, the Provincial Notices of

each Province and if desired Indian (affiliated) States Associations, together with general matters for the guidance of Scouters. It would enable us to understand what was being done elsewhere in India. If it is felt that an *All-India Scouter* is not yet justified I would suggest that the All-India Notices be printed the size of the English *Scouter* and the Provincial Associations adopt that as their official organ localizing it by means of a further sheet for their own 'Provincial Notices' and items of special interest.

I put up this memo. as it seems to me that the Madras Provincial Council will have to consider their position with regard to their magazine as soon as their next Scouting season commences (July). I feel they will probably have to adopt the procedure of issuing sheets of monthly notices in lieu of the magazine and if Indian Headquarters could adopt the suggestion of an *All-India Gazette* the present *South India Boy Scout* could be dropped and the publisher carry on his idea of a more general publication for 'boys' only.

All-India Notices

Headquarter No. 29

Dated Simla, the 20th May, 1924

80. The year under review has been one of steady, if unostentatious progress. The extent to which the movement has expanded can be seen from the Census figures which, however, do not give a proper indication of the numbers of Boy Scouts in India. For instance, there exist Scout Associations in several Indian States which have not yet been affiliated to the Boy Scouts Association (India). Nevertheless,

when it is discovered that affiliation leads to increased efficiency and knowledge of the most modern methods of training and interesting boys in the game of Scouting, there seems reason to hope that they also will, in time, become affiliated.

His Excellency the Chief Scout for India and Burma was empowered during the year to grant Medals and Certificates and the number of applica-

tions received in the short interval since this news was published speaks well for the gallantry and devotion to duty of the Scouts of India.

The training of Scouts has been left to Provincial Associations who have been developing their own ideas and have been standardising methods suitable to their local conditions, albeit on the principles laid down by Imperial Headquarters.

The statement of accounts for 1923 is attached as an annexure. It will be seen that, with the repayment of monies involved in the liquidation proceedings of Alliance Bank, the position will become more satisfactory; but there is little hope that General Headquarters will be able to help Provincial Associations to further deserving schemes until there is a surplus capital available over and above that which is required to furnish interest sufficient to meet the normal annual working expenses of General Headquarters.

81. It is notified for general information that donors of Rs. 150 and upwards to the General Headquarters Fund will be regarded as life associates of the Boy Scouts Association (India). This notification will be incorporated in the next revision of the Rules.

82. His Excellency the Chief Scout for India and Burma has made the following award:—

Silver Cross for Gallantry

10th February, 1924. Patrol Leader Narain Dagaonker of the Central Provinces Association, who, at great personal risk, rescued Kunji Lall and his younger brother from drowning in a river and restored the life of the latter by artificial respiration.

83. The following Warrant has been issued:—

Hyderabad—Deccan

C. W. Lloyd Jones, Esq. Provincial Commissioner.

84. His Excellency the Chief Scout for India and Burma has been pleased to appoint the Hon'ble Mr. R. I. R. Glancy, C.S.I., C.I.E., as Chief Scout for Central India.

85. Spare copies of the Scout Rules (India), dated August 1923, are still available and can be supplied on demand at eight annas per copy.

(Sd.) G. P. MONTMORENCY,

General Secretary.

All-India Boy Scouts Association

Provincial Notices

May, 1924

The following warrants have been withdrawn:—

MALABAR

Scoutmasters—

- 50. A. Anandan, Payanur.
- 126. J. D. Sathianath, Tellicherry.
- 128. S. E. Selvan, Nettur.

Cubmaster—

- 11. K. Jacob, Tellicherry.

The following Warrants have been issued:—

MALABAR

Scoutmasters—

- 204. K. Chandu Nayar, Chirakal.
- 205. P. S. Viswanatha Sarma, Cherukunn.

Assistant Scoutmaster—

- 82. P. V. Appu, Cherukunn.

Troop Registered—

- 316. 1st Cherukunn.

SALEM

Scoutmaster—

- 205. Venkatasubbaya, Hosur.

Cub Master—

- 29. S. Jeevaakanyam Pillai, Hosur.

Troop Registered—

- 315. 1st Hosur.

Pack Registered—

- 63. Shivaji Pack, Hosur.

F. Howard Oakley

Provincial Commissioner.

Principal Scout Officers for the Presidency

PROVINCIAL

Provincial Chief Scout and President—
H. E. Viscount Goschen of Hawkhurst, O.C.I.E.,
[O.B.S.]
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Zamindar of Sivaganga,
Mr. J. P. Richards, I.C.S.
Provincial Commissioner—
The Private Secretary to H. E. The Governor (Ag.)
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Mr. M. V. Venkateswaram, M.A., Madanapalli,
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Mr. Manjeri Ramier, B.A., L.T., Calicut.

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Assistant Commissioner—
Mr. Y. V. Appaji Rao, First Grade Pleader.
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Mr. A. R. Appaji Rao, First Grade Pleader.
Honorary Secretary—
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Mr. Thomas Harris, B.A., L.T.

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Vridhachalam.
President, District Council—
Mr. R. Sitarama Reddyar, President, District
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Municipal Council, Cuddalore.

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Bellary—
Honorary Secretary, Local Association, Bellary Town—
Mr. S. Narasimhan, B.A., Pleader, Bellary.
Honorary Secretary—
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Vacant.
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Vacant.
Honorary Secretary—
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Zamindar of Kalikota, President of District Board,
Ganjam.

Godavari—
District Commissioner—
Vacant.

Guntur—
District Commissioner—
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(2) Mr. Padmanabha Kamath, Karkal.
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