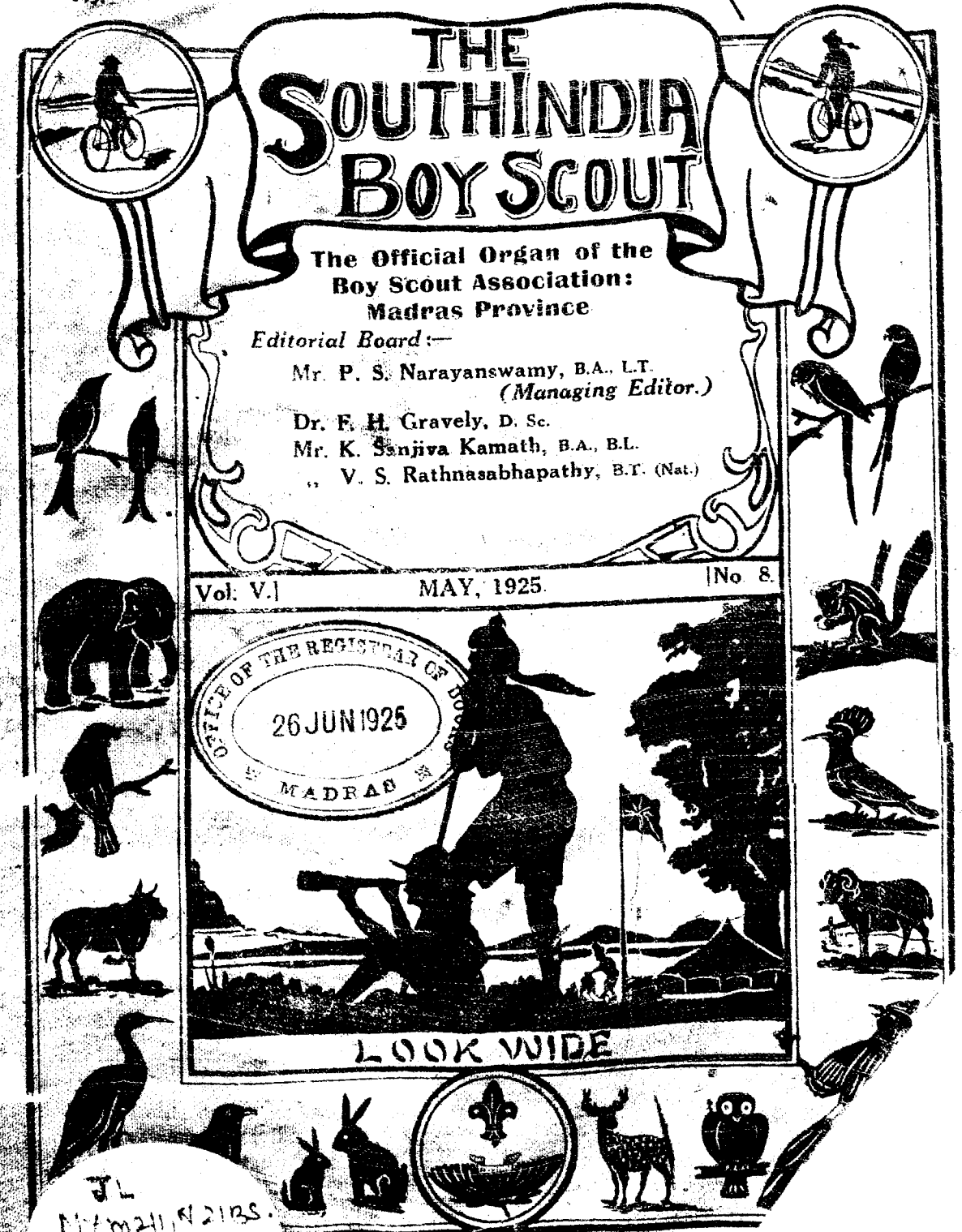


The
South India Boy
Scout

VOL V

May 1925



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MAY, 1925.

[No. 8.]

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SCOUTS
BE PREPARED
FOR
THE MADRAS PROVINCIAL JAMBOREE

From December 26th, 1925 to January 1st, 1926

Further Particulars from

The Honorary Provincial Secretary, Provincial Scout
Head Quarters

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"BE PREPARED"

THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

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[The Magazine appears a little late this time, owing to the Editor's absence from town, on Training camp work. We request our readers to excuse the delay.]

SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT.

Competition.

Three Valuable Prizes.

- I Prize A Patrol Tent.
- II Prize A Scout axe (felling).
- III Prize A Compass.

The troop which secures the largest number of bona-fide subscribers for the S. I. B. S. (annual subscribers) will get a valuable patrol tent.

The Troop which stands second will get a splendid felling axe.

The Troop third in rank will get a fine compass.

The minimum number of Subscribers to qualify for winning the First Prize will be 25. All that Scouts of a Troop have to do is to enrol subscribers and send the orders duly signed by the S. Ms., and through them to the Manager S. I. B. S., P. Box 424, Triplicane. If the Scouts collect subscriptions also before sending the orders they should take care to issue receipts through their scout masters to the parties. Full details as to Name and Address should be legibly written. Entries close on June 15th, 1925. Order forms can be obtained at the Provincial Scout Head Quarters, P. Box 424, Triplicane, Madras.

Our Crossword Puzzle.

First Prize Rs 5. and 5 consolation Prizes
On page 3 of cover you will see our crossword puzzle. It is quite a simple one.

In the white squares you have to place letters to form the words suggested by the definitions given below. Some of these words are written across, and others down ward; wherever you see a number it is an indication that a word starts in one direction or other.

No letters are to be placed in the black squares wherever a word starts; it goes on until it has to stop, either through reaching a black square, or the edge of the puzzle; where there is a black square in the line, the word runs the whole length of it. When your square is completed, it should interlock; that is, it should form words both downwords and across.

Solutions should be sent in written out in the printed diagram, and signed by the scout or cub sending it. The last date for sending in is the 25th June, 1925.

The first correct Solution opened will be awarded a prize to the value of Rs 5 and consolation prizes will be awarded to the next five in succession respectively.

All entries should be sent in to

"Crossword"

C/o EDITOR.

S. I. B. S.

4/19 Adiyappa Mudali St.

Vepery, Madras.

Editorial Notice:—

All contributions should be written briefly on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied with the signature and address of the sender, addressed to the Editor, S.I.B.S. 4/19, Adiyappa Mudali St., Vepery, Madras. Contributions should reach the Editor on or before the 8th of each month. Accounts of Troop events, functions, camps etc. should be sent very early for publication.

All business communications should be addressed to the Manager, S. I. B. S., P. Box 424, Triplicane, Madras.

To Advertisers:—

Here are some reasons why you should advertise in the "South India Boy Scout"

1. It is read by over 5000 Scouts and Scouters all over the Madras Presidency and various parts of India.

2. It is intended purely for helping Scouts, Scouters and Troops in carrying on their work and to get themselves fully equipped in all particulars.

3. Only select advertisements of firms, the best of their kind, find a place in our Magazine.

4. You will be doing a great good turn to the Movement and to Scouts and Scout Troops by enabling them to choose wisely and well. etc. etc.

For rates & terms apply to:—

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"SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT,"

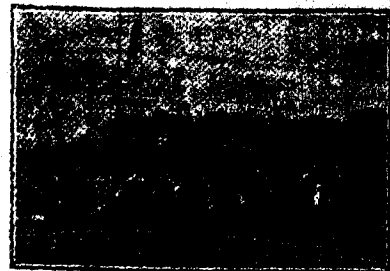
P. Box 424, Triplicane, Madras.



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3

Some Pictures of the
International Jamboree, Copenhagen.



THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

Vol. V.]

MAY, 1925.

[No. 8

ENTRANCE SONG-MARCH

SCOUTS OF ALL THE WORLD.

Let us march and sing together, from whatever clime we come,
Or whatever kind of weather we have left behind, at home:
Be it cold, with ice and snow, my boys, or heat, with tropic rain,
Let us smile and whistle till we meet again!
For a Scout meets Scout as brother, whatever place it be,
And saluting another, as a token they are free,
And are not the slaves of tyrants, but will honour what is true,
As their Chief has shown each one the way to do.
So will grow league of nations that will cause all war to cease,
And to future generations bring the fruits of happy peace,
Then those men will be the leaders who have courage to do right,
And old wrongs the only foes we have to fight.
Let us march and sing together, etc., etc.

Ourselves.

We are all in the middle of the summer holidays now. Almost all of us are camping out and doing practical scouting and we dare say the holiday experiences of the various troops all over the province will form very interesting reading. Scouts, be sure to send us accounts of your doings in the holidays.

This number of the S. I. B. S. is a special holiday number and you will all find it worth perusing. We are giving a splendid Short Story and hope you will like it. If you have any such, send them along to us. We are giving you a very interesting Cross word Puzzle this month. Try to solve it; there are some valuable prizes to win.

It is a very pleasing feature to see the great demand for Training Camps for would-be scouters. We have so far heard of seven likely camps this summer and we wish the campers a very happy and useful time. The leaders of the movement need never despair of the future of the movement, so long as we have men coming forward with requests for training camps which are one of the best ways of teaching us all to "Look Wide." In this connection we draw the attention of our readers to our special article this month.

Scouts, now that you are going out into the country and will be wandering about in different places, you will be sure to come across boys wearing the button hole tender-foot badge. You might be total strangers to one another, but, nevertheless, you make the salute sign, shake hands with the left hand, and you are in company with a friend and brother who will stand by and help you. The Chief Scout says "I like that kind of meeting and that way of making friends and it happens to me every day. It is all brought about by that little badge of Brotherhood. If we had not been wearing it (we hope all our Scouts wear it whether in uniform or not. Ed.) we should have passed each other by without knowing that we were brothers. So I always wear my badge and I hope that all scouts will do the same.

Wear your badge at all times, as it shows that you belong to the great Brotherhood, that you are proud of your corps; and it is like a police-man's armlet, it shows that you are on duty, for a scout is at all times on duty, ready to do a good turn to any one requiring it."

May you all have a jolly good time during the holidays and good scouting!!!

EDITOR.

Elder's Point of View.

Sir Mohamed Rafique, in his address at the League of Nations conference in Geneva on 22nd September 1924, spoke as follows:—

I am here to proclaim the contribution which India is able and ready to make to the World's stock of knowledge from her own treasures, which are increasing every day through the labours of her devoted sons. I am here to declare the message which India has to give to the West from her deep and diffused Spirituality, from her respect for ascetic ideals, from rare capacity for sacrifice and service, divorced entirely from material considerations. The East and specially my country, I may be permitted to remark, has many valuable thoughts to offer for the enrichment of the world's literature, science and philosophy, if only her sciences and institutions are properly understood and studied. Take for instance the Hindu culture, the proud inheritance of the vast majority of my countrymen and you will find that before the dawn of history in the West it taught the lessons of *universal brotherhood and universal peace for the acceptance of which this illustrious gathering is working today*. The achievements of my countrymen in the past are beyond dispute. Their achievements today are worthy of serious notice.

The ideals of the Brotherhood of Scouts—the junior League of Nations as it is called—have been recognized in our land thousands of years ago. Sir Mohamed Rafique by his eloquent address has done us all a very good turn.

Our Heroes.

The Queen of Gondwana.

(Gondwana was a small Rajput state which was besieged and conquered by the ambitious general of Akbar the Great. At the time of the siege the small kingdom was ruled by a brave Queen called Durga Bai, her son being a minor.)

The tender beams of waking sun
On burnished casques and breast plates shone;
The hills echoed the Moghul's fun,
Encamped around the grim Gondwan.

"Our proud general offers truce,"
The brave Queen heard the envoy say.
"Yield thee to us: Take time and muse.
Live happier under Akbar's sway."

Indignant shouts pierce the sky.
And quick he heard the queen's reply:
"Your multitudes we do defy.
All free we live or all we die.

"Good man, in peace then soon depart.
From off these walls we beat you twice.
Our Rajput swords are sure and smart.
God help you then. Let this suffice."

And loud and long the trumpets sound:
With pride and joy their hearts all bound:
The boom and clang the hills resound:
And pain and death are strewn around.

At last the weary sun doth sink:
His face is fierce with bloody glow:
All round is blood like pools of ink:
Many a hero bold lay low.

All solemn is the pitch dark night:
No vigilant voice the silence breaks:
Islamic camp the watchfires light:
With starts the drowsy sentinel wakes.

But hark!—a cry—alarm—dismay—
A heavy thud—a stifled voice—
A traitor's hand hath shown the way—
In jealousy made, this shameless choice.

Instantly comes a warrior bold.
His look, his gait of valour speak.
His form is that of Cupid's mould.
His words and hands Moghul's blood leak.

"God bless our Queen," the warriors shout.
"God help our Queen in Freedom's fight."
Each Rajput marked his Moslem stout.
Their swords flash back the torch's light.

But louder shouts soon rend the air:
"All hands to gate. All hands to gate."
In haste the men thither repair,
With calm, bold hearts to face their fate.

With voice and hand she leads her men.
Before their charge the Moghuls rear.
Each Rajput brave lays low a ten.
No death they fear. They fight with cheer.

The waking moon with crimson glow,
She peeped and smiled midst roaming clouds.
She cast a look at the gory show
And hid her face, midst darker shrouds.

And onward push the handful brave,
While pain and death are strewn around.
And ere long slay the trait'rous knave.
While Moslem hosts the few surround.

And soon they spy brave Asaph Khan.
"Leave him to me," cries Durga Bai;
"With me he fights be he a man,
And he or I must today die."

And loud and long the leaders fight;
An arrow sharp from shelter aimed,
Her left eye strikes—impairs her sight,
But still she fights as hardly maimed.

Some coward's sword from behind thrown
Her manly bosom cleaves hit-deep.
No cry escapes, no threat, no groan.
Two Moslems catch her dying sweep.

Thus died a young heroine bold.
All glory be to Gondwan's Queen.
—Her life, her blood, for Freedom sold—
Such val'rous hearts our land hath seen.

A. SREENIVASAN.

Bisu's Vision.

Bisu is a sharply sensitive boy. He had only that day returned from a three days' camp which was a huge success. The camp-site and its surroundings, the jolly good company, the merry camp-fire, and the well ordered camp-life told upon his impressionable mind so much that all the day he was hilariously active and could not refrain, at any moment from indulging in thoughts of it. He missed the companions at home and was eagerly looking forward to the evening to meet them. When they did meet, the mirth was so uproarious and their parley was so allusive that the others that had not gone with them to the camp could not make out much of the subject of their mirth except that it was all some innocent enjoyment.

That night had pleasant dreams for Bisu. The camp-fire again! Bisu's friends round the fire!—including the S. M. Dances, songs, and all sorts of merriment!—Suddenly, a long whistle-blast! and Silence! Music, angelic and sweet, breaks the silence and all eyes are turned upwards. The sweet tune descends from above, and nearer and nearer comes the Being—just as snow descends from heaven.

A Veena in his hand, clad in white shimmering silk, with a snow white beard and knotted hair, with Tulsi Haram (a string or chaplet made of the root of the holy basil) on his breast, with one leg slightly bent and the other stretched straight, singing in accompaniment to his guitar, with a sweetly smiling playful countenance, charming his audience with an expressive smile, down he came slowly, as if let down by a string, bit by bit. All are entranced. With open mouth every body round the campfire circle looks up with pricked ears and is charmed. None looks at his brother by his side. No word is exchanged, not even looks. The attraction is towards Narada—for it was he and he was somehow known to all. For, he did not announce his name. "I play my humble part" sang he "and it is my duty to God. Brethren, don't look askance at me. For, I am one of you, and you and I belong to the same brotherhood. Kindly look well at my face?" and he went round, and every one noted that he had the sign of the three

fold promise on his face. It looked like the three fingers of a salute and everyone felt it to be the promise.

"Are you then a scout also! Join, brothers, with me to dance the merry round" shouted the S. M. and hands were locked, songs swelled and the dance went round merrily. "Come on brothers" shouted the sage in the course of it "let us sing the song of our Brotherhood" and he led a chorus. Its substance was this:—

"In the world's audience hall, the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeam and the stars of midnight."

More songs and more merriment.

"Sing Bisu, now is your turn," said Narada to him, (and both felt very familiar by now) and what Bisu felt in his heart was an all-consuming love. He felt sure that the presence of Narada somehow led to the sway of a thrilling spell of love in every heart there. Bisu at once sang, his heart full of milk, the song of the *Band of Youths*:—

"We move and move without rest. [and fade.
We move while the Wanderer's stars shine in the sky
We play the tune of the road,
While our limbs scatter away the laughter of movement,
And our many-coloured mantle of youth flutters about in [the air.
We move and move without rest."

Bisu himself felt how well he could sing. His heart brimmed with love and he sang hilariously.

When the Chorus ended, Bisu exclaimed "How enjoyable! I wish it were eternally so." "Yes, it is eternally so with me," said the sage. "and when I leave you, I go elsewhere and sing the song of youth."

"Oh! how delightful! do you? Then you don't pray? Sages, they say, do Tapas, and harden their hearts against Life. Is it untrue?"

Then, the sage commenced another song and all listened in silence:—

"Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight."

No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear Thy delight."

Bisu felt glad and summoned courage to ask respectfully "Do you, then, never sit in penance? What is your Life-work, then?"

"Your work is mine, my brother." and the sage sang another song in which some how all joined.

"We are free, my friends, from the fear of work,
For we know that work is play—the play of Life."

* * *
Flay blooms in flower and ripens in fruit
In the Sunshine of eternal youth."

Bisu is not able to recollect what went on next except that he fell to thinking. He was lost in wonder that so charming a companion as Maharshi Narada could so badly have been misunderstood by the world. Did Narada look like a lover of mischief? Bisu sent a look of scrutiny and spurted out a vehement "No" with great relief. He looked an ethereal being composed of sweet honey and nothing of hard fibre at all. He couldn't be the character that people dubbed him. With a feeling of chivalry and indignation at the grievous misjudgment of the world he exclaimed to Narada "Do you then do a good turn daily, like any of us?" "Certainly, I do. How could I live without doing it? That is the Law of Life with us, is it not? Is it not the Commandment of the Chief Scout of the Universe? Don't I look like one that does it? Yes; nothing wrong with you. I do my good turns in such a way that people don't know what I do and sometimes they put them down for bad ones. May a Scout do a good turn and brag about it? It's my peculiar pleasure to give my good turns a turn of mischief and while people expect nothing but ills, I stealthily bring about joy and bliss, which they are seen to relish doubly. To me it is their happiness that matters—not their talk of gratitude. I feel happy when I make others happy" said the sage, and asked again "Why, Bisu, why do you put on such a strange look?"

Bisu:—Oh! my friend, what a wicked world this is! While it reaps the joys you sow, it gives you a bad name. It is sheer injustice! The world is, beneath my indignation. Compassion, alone, does it deserve for such ingratitude. Thank God! I have come at last to know a True Scout today and my beacon light for life shall be the Optimistic Narada, and Service will be my day's work and night's dream."

Here Bisu woke up.

(Mang the bat.)

Our Short Stories.

Vasu the Scout (III).

When Vasu read this he stood amazed. In a flash it came to him—the memory of a November afternoon in camp—when it was raining heavily and his scout master told them of his early life. "I do not know who my father is. My mother would never speak of him. I understand that while yet a child, I was thrown out into the world with my dear mother owing to the vile calumnies of an uncle of mine. May God be kind and let me know my parent, so that I might meet him and vindicate my dear mother's honour, and show him that he was wrong to trust a villain like my uncle." All this passed into his mind. He took up the papers and raced to his scoutmaster's home. Breathlessly he told him his story and laid the papers before him. The scout master read them and tears came in his eyes. "Thank you, my lad" was all that he said.

A few minutes later, Vasu took his S. M. to the old man's house. There the father and son met after a long parting, a parting which the old man had grown to regret. When the old man came to know of how Vasu had been carried away, he said, "Now, I have a cause for handing the villain over to the police." The police were called in, and the wicked uncle was arrested on a charge of kidnapping. He was placed on trial and Vasu being the victim, gave evidence in a fearless and frank manner. The judge in summing up, complimented the lad and said, "I am happy to notice that the Boy Scout Movement has done so much good." As a result of the trial, and Vasu's scoutlike behaviour, the judge's son became a recruit in Vasu's Patrol.

Gopichand was happy in his new found joy and went with his mother to his father's roof. Although rich enough to spend his life idly, and in ease, he became more active in scouting, and to this day continues to be the S. M. of the troop to which Vasu belongs. Vasu is now a P/L. He has an able second in Krishna Lal the banker's son and Gopalan the judge's son is a good third. We shall know more of them from time to time.

(L. S. Mani of the Red Scarf, King's Scout.)

COUNCIL ROCK.



COUNCIL ROCK.
May Moon.

My Dear Cubbers,

I am not going to write much this moon as there is much in the magazine that is of interest to you. There is an article entitled "Looking Wide" which I hope you will read as among other things, it attempts to settle once and for all the question of the relationship between the Scouter and the Pack attached to his Troop, a relationship which seems to be a great stumbling block in this part of the world. Then there is an account of the 2nd. Albany Pack Camp which took place at Easter. It very nearly didn't take place at all owing to the disability of some people to make up their minds about coming till the eleventh hour. Rumour has it that the Provincial Secretary went round roping in all his friends a few days before the camp started in order to bring the numbers up to two full Sixes! Whatever he did, the net result was that we had almost three complete Sixes which wasn't so bad.

For the benefit of those of you who were not there I may say that we had a very good time and all enjoyed ourselves in spite of the heat and the voracious instincts of the white ants!

I suppose there will be very little Cub work done during this moon as most of you will be away holidaying, and I hope you will all have a very good holiday and a well earned rest.

Good hunting,

LIMMER

THE LAIR BY THE POOL.

May Moon

My dear Cubs,

As you will see from the top of this letter I have left my old lair and have gone to live in a big lair with two old wolves where I hope we shall be able to produce all kinds of juicy bones for you to gnaw. It is a very nice big jungly lair and I wish that those of you who have to live in small crowded lairs could come and live here with me. Perhaps you will come to see me here?

Holiday time will be on when you get this and I hope you will all have a very happy, cubby time. Don't forget to Dyb all the time, will you?

Good hunting from,

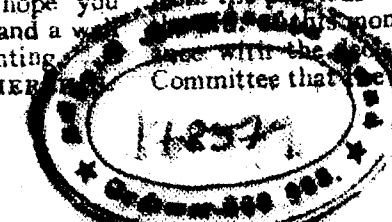
AKELA.

Pentland Flag Competition.

This competition was held at Acton Lodge, Chetput, on Saturday 18th April. This year it took the form of a series of tests based on the 2nd class and Tenderfoot Tests, and was purely a Patrol competition. Each test was in the charge of a judge and Patrol Leaders were given slips of paper showing the order in which they should have to appear before the various examiners. There were altogether 19 Patrols and 8 Tests. So by making up parties of two and some times three patrols, every one was doing some thing all the time. Ten minutes was the usual time allowed for each test, with the exception of the mile, and when the whistle blew every ten minutes everybody changed over and the whole programme went without a hitch.

Although the tests were in a sense elementary, they were by no means made easy, but that they were within the scope of all is evidenced by the fact that Anglo-India's youngest troop in Madras came out on the whole pretty high up in the scoring.

Our heartiest congratulations go out to the Kangaroos of the 1st. Royappettah Troop on their fine win. They were the winners by a wide margin. They are to receive the Flag from the previous holders on the evening of the 25th of this month. This is in accordance with the decision of the Pentland Flag Committee that the Flag should be presented



to the winning troop as soon after the competition as possible.

What form the competition will take next year we do not as yet know, but we may be sure that it will be an interesting one.

(Final total of Points won by the Various Patrols.)

Kangaroo	C. C.	606
Lion	?	601
Panther	V. V.	565
Raven	C. C.	551
Owl	V. V.	538
Bull	C. C.	529
Tiger	V. V.	510
Stag	Eversl.	505
Fox	C. C.	473
Bull	C. O. A.	447
Raven	C. O. A.	443
Owl	C. C.	419
Wood Pigeon	Eversl.	419
Jackal	C. O. A.	410
Wolf	St. Marys	397
Lion	St. Marys	393
Tiger	do.	386
Woodpecker	V. V.	385
Koel	C. O. A.	351

Special Article.

"Looking Wide."

The caption on our new cover has aroused some thoughts in this direction. There are few of the Chief's sayings more important and more to be taken to heart by Scouters than "Look Wide". The Chief knew well the failings that human nature is prone to when he bade us do that, and Scouters by the mere fact of being Scouters, are nothing if not human.

One of the things that many of us are apt to forget at times is that Scouting is for boys. The title of the hand book tells us that if nothing else does. The Chief did not entitle his book "Scouting" but "Scouting for Boys," and when we get up and—yes, but tell it not in Gath—quarrel amongst ourselves about little unimportant matters we must surely lose sight of that great fact. It is no good denying the fact that we do quibble about non-essentials, because if we are honest with ourselves we must admit it. Perhaps we may think that it does not matter very much, but unfortunately it does matter a great deal because, eventually, the boy suffers. It

obviously has a bad effect on the Scouter and consequently upon the Scout. If we cannot act up to the principles we teach to our boys, how can we expect them to live up to those principles? It is not what we say that counts, it is what we are and do. All this has been said many times before and is familiar to every Scouter, but, somehow or other, our memories refuse to work at times unless things are "yanked" out of them by force. Take the small matter of warrants for instance. Is it so very important? Will the progress of Scouting stop if we do not hold one, or, if we are in the unenviable position of having to run two troops or a troop and a pack owing to the dearth of Scouters, are we quite unable to carry on without a warrant for each troop or pack? It is not the warrant any more than it is the uniform that makes the Scouter.

It is not my purpose to argue either for or against a Scouter in the latter position holding one or more warrants. My own private opinion is that one as a Scoutmaster is sufficient. What I want to try to point out is that while we worry about these matters we cannot be serving our boys as we ought. The essence of Scouting is Service. If Service is, as it has been described, the rent we pay for our room on earth, it logically follows that the Scouter who takes up more room than the Scout, should pay more rent. If we would only open the windows of our rooms, let the fresh air in and go out more to see how we can help others to pay their rent we should make much more headway.

That is one way of looking wide.

But there is yet another way and it is one that many of us, who are not habitually prone to quibbling, are very often blind to. Every sensible Scouter knows that continuity is essential to Scouting, so he takes the precaution of having an efficient A. S. M. attached to his troop in case anything happens to him. But there is a type of Scouter who, although he, unlike the first type, has no difficulty in seeing beyond his own room, very often is or appears to be, incapable of seeing beyond his own troop. This is almost as great a danger as the first. We have agreed that Scouting is for boys and when the Chief invented it he devised it for boys of from 11 to about 17. Soon after Scouting was started the younger brother

who had not reached the proper age naturally wanted to join in the fun, so a number of Scouters started patrols of junior scouts which they attached to their troops. The Chief then turned his fertile mind towards these junior scouts with the result that the art of Cubbing was produced. Cubbing does not attempt to achieve what Scouting does, but it paves the way and it gets them younger. Anyone who knows anything of child psychology knows that the Cub age is the most impressionable, and it is therefore futile to underestimate the importance of Cubbing.

It was very soon discovered also that if Scouting was to achieve anything at all, it could not end at the age of 17, that it would be a failure if it could not hold the older boys, so the Wizard of Pax Hill produced Rovering which is nothing more nor less than Scouting and its principles put into practice.

Here we have what is described at Gillwell as the ideal troop consisting of Rovers, Scouts and Cubs, but it is not the ideal troop unless there is the closest co-operation among the three branches. If this co-operation is to exist there must be a common centre, and the obvious centre is, as Gillwell also tells us, the Scoutmaster. He obviously cannot be expected to run all three efficiently, so he delegates others to look after the Cubbing and Rovering sections whilst he himself is the head of the composite troop.

At least one Scouter has been heard to express the opinion that too much attention is being directed to Cubbing and Rovering at the expense of Scouting as such, and the Scouter of that type usually regards the Cub Pack attached to his troop as rather a nuisance. He takes no interest in it and refuses to admit any responsibility towards it. If the pack suffers from the want of a good leader or drops out altogether from the lack of one of any description, he says that it is none of his business. That sort of attitude is nothing less than short-sightedness and provincialism in the extreme and simply cannot go hand in hand with the Chief's injunction to look wide.

The student of the Wolf Cub's Handbook will find what the Chief has to say of the relation of the Scoutmaster to the Cub Pack:—"Where a Pack is attached to a

Troop, though the Scoutmaster will exercise general supervision, he will delegate the fullest amount of responsibility in the actual management of the Pack to the Cubmaster". These words will also be found embodied in Rule No. 26 of the Boy Scouts' Association Rules.

The Scouter who has a Cub Pack attached to his Troop should be proud of the fact and should do everything in his power to see that it is run efficiently. If he does not and merely looks upon Cubbing as a childish pastime for those who like it, he is failing in his duty as a Scouter. Cubbing is childish, but then it is for children. It is no excuse for him to say that he knows nothing about Cubbing because ample opportunity to learn something of it is given nowadays in almost every part of the world where Scouting flourishes to those who know little or nothing of it.

It is not suggested that every Scouter should be capable of running a Cub Pack. It might almost be said that some Scouters are psychologically incapable of dealing successfully with children of that age although they may make very efficient Scouters. Every Scouter should, though, hold himself responsible for the pack attached to his Troop and should see that the actual training is in capable hands.

The same holds good at the other end of the scale. Rovering has been devised for boys who have reached the Scout age limit and the Scouter who lets his older boys go when they reach that limit, particularly the keen ones, without affording them the opportunity of forming themselves into a Rover Patrol, wherein they could be of immense value to him, also fails in his duty.

It all comes back to the Chief's words "Look Wide." Only by looking wide can you see your troop as a whole—Cubs, Scouts and Rovers in close co-operation with one another with the Scouter as the common centre. Surely a picture such as that showing the different schemes with but very little difference between them, merged into one with the common object of producing happy, healthy, useful citizens is a far better one than that which shows the three, or more, probably only two, branches working independently of each other and neither caring very much what progress the other is mak-

ing? If we cannot co-operate in Scouting we shall never be able to do it in anything else.

To the Scouter who argues that he has not the time to devote to such a troop the answer is that no one is so busy that he cannot do what others have done before him and are still doing. He is not expected to do it all. The efficient Scouter decentralises all his work. He has his Cub specialist and his Rover or Scout specialist who carry out the actual training under his general supervision. Only in such a way by means of which he can keep in close personal touch with a boy from the very beginning right through to the point where he launches into the world, can the Scouter be of the greatest service to his boys.

One other point before closing. Just as there should be a chain of co-operation within the composite troop, so each troop should put out links to form a chain of co-operation throughout each and every other troop. Here in Madras where there are troops representing many communities we have unique opportunities of putting into practice such co-operation. A lot is being done in this direction but a lot more could be done by individual troops. It is merely carrying out on a large scale the 4th Scout Law, and Scouting might thus be described as the common melting pot of all castes and creed. Once more. "LOOK WIDE."

Camp Prayers.

"In the light of the camp fire we come before Thee, O! Father, to thank Thee for all the blessings of this day. Like a blazing torch, let our ideals be ever before us, lighting a straight and narrow path, the light not dimming and the pace not slackening. Grant us the gift of sleep, that we may rise on the morrow refreshed and eager to be about Thy business."

Our Serial Story.

PRATAP SINGH.

Yet their leader did not return to consciousness. They formed a ring round him and watched his face with great anxiety, when to their great relief they found his lips twitch as though about to utter something.

Slowly his broad bosom began to heave up and down in the act of breathing and at last he opened his eyes and mumbling a few words, made an effort to rise up but Meera Khan and Gangu Rao would not allow him to do so.

"You are too tired, brave Kala," said Gangu, "Lay down and rest for some time longer." "Better not to walk him" said he to his other companions, "We will carry him over to our abode."

All the others valued Gangu Rao's medical proficiency and soon they set about to prepare a stretcher for the patient. Two stout branches were broken off from neighbouring trees and by the interweaving of twigs and such other things between them they formed a rough stretcher. They prepared a soft down of tender green leaves over which they spread their turban cloths and other clothes they could spare. Kala Singh was tenderly lifted on to it and Roshan shouldered the stretcher on one side while Durga supported it on the other and they moved home-ward with Meera Khan leading the way while Gangu followed them drying his wet turban.

Kala Singh related to them the story of his wound as they moved onwards.

"The brat has got much of his father in him," said he "he will prove a very difficult barrier to our plans."

"Well," said Roshan Khan, "He shall share his father's fate ere long."

"Oh, no," replied Kala, "We shall not mind him much; he has been deprived of the secret today, and before long we shall be the richest men in Chandrapore."

By this time they had reached a huge thicket with wide spread branches. Meera Khan forced his way through the bush and bending down, lifted up something like earth hinged on as a door to the surrounding earth. It was so skilfully fashioned that for all appearances, the ground looked unbroken and the thick over growth of the brush concealed it entirely from view. Gangu shoved aside the branches and held them while the other two bore their burden carefully down a flight of rudely fashioned stairs. The others followed them closing the entrance behind them. They entered a sort of a hall in which they deposited their burden on the



Zulu War Dance
II Albany Cubbers' Camp.



The Lair beneath the "fragrant" tree
II Albany Cubbers' Camp.

ground. Near by there was a rough Indian cot with a thick down of hay over-laid by a thick carpet or rug. Kala singh, with the help of Meera Khan and Durga, managed to sit up on the stretcher and then, half reclining on them and half standing on his sound limb, limped on to the bed on the cot and stretched himself comfortably on it.

Though an under ground den, it was well ventilated and well lighted. Meera Khan pulled a low foot-stool near to the bed and sat on it adjusting his beard and moustache. Durga squatted on the floor near by, while Roshan and Gangu went into the neighbouring kitchen to prepare the evening meal.

"We have had a nice enjoyment today," said Kala, "Poor Chandra Lal! we have duped you after all. Thou wert a faithful and brave knave, but alas! out-witted at last by your terrible enemy."

"Then, the tin box contains the other piece of the plan?" asked Meera Khan.

"Yes," replied Kala, "It is in that. Will you get me some water to drink while we open this box?"

Kala singh pulled out the tin box from the folds of his garment while Durga returned with a cup of water. After some vain attempts to open it, Meera asked Durga to force it open with the hunting knife.

The lid of the tin-box flew open on its hinges; but lo! there was nothing inside it!

"There is nothing inside this," said Durga as he handed the box on to Kala who sat up in his bed with a thrill of surprise and disappointed rage and clutched the empty box.

For a moment he gazed with dumb surprise while cold drops of perspiration chased each other down his forehead. His companions too remained dumb.

"What" said Kala at last, as he dashed the loathsome box on to the ground and bit his lips.

"What! Duped for the third time also! It shall not be like this hereafter, Meera, No. He shall pay very dearly for it. They shall not find an inch of space in this earth to hide their heads from my terrible vengeance. I, Kala singh, at the mention of whose name there is not one soul in all the country around, that does not tremble from head to foot, I, duped thrice by a rascally servant and wounded badly by a baby faced youth! No. It shall not be so."

"The old dog and the puppies shall rue it heavily" said Durga and Meera while the other two also returned to the bedside to learn the news.

"They shall pay for it with their life blood," said Roshan Khan.

"Why not we sacrifice them to our beloved Goddess Kali," suggested Gangu. "She will be extremely pleased with the young blood of the colts and she will aid us in all our attempts."

"Excellent idea," said Kalasingh while the others shouted "Jai Jai Mahakali!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Goddess.

The early beams of the rising sun lit up the eastern horizon with that life-giving divine radiance before which the little twinkling stars faded into dimness apace. The big moon, so radiant in the night, was but a grey speck in the western portion of the pale blue sky. The various woodland birds began to warble their morning songs of welcome to the Ruler of the Day and as the incense-breathing morning breeze brushed slowly and softly against the tall forest trees, the opening leaves rustled merrily. The pale radiance of the East slowly got rosy which developed into crimson. At last from under the eastern horizon rose up in all his majesty the glorious sun.

But even before him, Kalasingh was up from his bed and was scheming as to how he could get at the tin box and its precious contents, when a sudden breath of pure morning breeze blew gently over him and he looked towards the earthen staircase leading to the world outside. The next instant Meera Khan stood before him making a profound bow.

"Any news Meera?" asked the chief.

"Very very good news, Kala," replied his lieutenant. "It appears our friend Lal Singh's daughter, Suneethi, is to be given in marriage to a rich jewel merchant of Jodhpur. The marriage is to take place a fortnight hence at Purandharpur itself. The bridegroom is now more than sixty years old."

Kala singh roared with laughter and asked, "Has he no sons or daughters?"

"Good God! The old fellow has a dozen sons and fourteen daughters and has been widowed thrice."

(To be continued)



Round The Camp Fire.

Our March Camp

The Scouts of the 1st and the 2nd Papanasam along with the Chandra Troop of Ayyampet held their camp for March 1925 on the 21st inst. at Thiruvananthapuram, 4 miles from Papanasam.

The camp opened at 6-30 A. M. The morning session was spent in holding Tests for Tenderfoots and 2nd class candidates and Refresher Tests for 2nd class Scouts. Fire lighting and cooking were tested after bath in the candidates' actual cooking work. The afternoon and evening sessions were consumed in Rest, Handicrafts, and Games, with 40 minutes' interval for tea making.

The special features of the camp were that all 2nd class Scouts reached the camp site by different routes and submitted reports of their Journey. They cooked their grub each individually for himself and for the recruit under his training. The 2nd class candidates had to cook their grub in pairs. The remaining Tenderfoots did it in groups of 4 or 5. An Essay-writing competition was held on the Patrol-System between 2-30 and 3-30 P. M.

The camp notice, among other things had permitted any body to pour a cup of water on any camper that talked filth unguardedly or by bad habit. The instructions, when followed, gave occasional cause for a mirthful round of cheers around the camp. A few tenderfoots were also invested at the camp fire at night. The camp was a thorough success and the programme was wholly followed.

K. R. R.

15th Royapettah Scouts at Guindy.

17-4-1925 to 19-4-1925.

The 5th Royapettah Scouts spent a very enjoyable week end in the spacious compound of the Wesleyan Mission at Guindy. The outing had been arranged with the main purpose of holding tests for the Second Class Badge; but, the preliminary preparations, the cooking, the visiting and the camp fires kept all busy and enthusiastic.

It must be confessed that often there were delays (specially due to the cooking) yet it was gratifying that no items of the program except the Camp Fire on the first night, were omitted. Rest periods too had to be cut short, so much so that on our return all felt too tired and sleepy rather than refreshed. Perhaps the full program had its share in bringing about this condition and a lighter program would have been more relished.

Monday morning saw the break up of the camp and in spite of the little worries of having no tea (due to want of sugar!) all returned to Madras fully grateful to Rev. A.O. Brown of the Wesleyan Mission, Guindy, who had kindly permitted us to encamp there and to the Rev. Mr. Gnanakannan for his timely help and remembering what Mr. Leach had said:—

"Scouting begins at home and does not end in being a Tenderfoot." (Hawk Eye)

The II. Albany Cubber's Camp.

The II Albany Cubber's Camp was held from 9th April to 13th April and attracted about 18 men eager and interested in Cubbing. As usual thatched huts accommodated the campers but this time five tents made by the owners themselves improved the appearance of the camping grounds very much.

Especially one particular tent, "The Dan Beard" type, attracted the attention of the rest of the campers and visitors.

The course followed was the story of Mowgli, the jungle dances, Cub games, improvised story acting, nature stroll etc. (practical). The theoretical side of Cubbing received due attention. The camp fires, particularly the last one in which there were many visitors, were very interesting. The Zulu dance, "The Return of Chaka" was very realistic and the camper in charge of the dance showed how original and resourceful he was in conducting such a function. The time of camping was not very suitable as it was very hot. But in spite of it, Mr. Tytler (Akela as he is called) made the course very interesting and easily won the admiration of all. To be a successful Cubmaster, one should feel that he is a Cub and our Akela was really a Cub in the Camp. It was hard to believe that men of middle age could play such pranks as only little kids of 8 or 9 do. But the fact is they did and did it with enjoyment. That is Cub spirit and we hope that they will carry the spirit with them home and bring up their Cubs in just the right sort of spirit. Lone Wolf.

"Patrol Leaders' Corner."

Out Roaming in the North.

Grass Moon, the 4th Sun.

Dear King-fisher Blue,

I wonder how you liked my last letter, that one on the Stars. The skies have been very clear and I expect you King-fishers have been busy learning how to dispense with the watch! Not a bad idea surely!

You wanted me some time back to suggest some new stunts for the campfire. Well, as P/L you are expected to exercise your inventive faculty and find things new for yourself. But I can give you just one or two things just as a suggestion. I picked them up last summer when I was out scouting in that lovely island to the South. Here goes.

I saw there a most thrilling campfire dance. I guess you haven't seen one like it. It is about how the Swazi chief and his warriors bagged a tiger.

The dance commences with a little chorus.

"Hold him down ye Swazi wallahs,
Hold him down ye Swazi kings."

While this is being sung, the Chief (that is yourself!) and the warriors (that is your pals) walk majestically round the camp fire, stepping in unison. When the chorus is sung twice, there begins the War dance. Mind you, this must be done with all the zest you can command. And there is a Shibboleth (1) to be shouted as you do this weird war dance. And it is this

"Hey Ziga Zumba Zumba Zumba
Hey Ziga Zumba Zumba Zee!"

(Sing these twice).

Hu! Ha! Huyyah Ha!
Huyyah Huyyah Huyyah Wahi!

(Twice as before).

And as you finish the second round all of you together—, well I see I forgot to tell you one important thing.

That is this, you begin the dance walking round the fire as I told you, but each one of you carry a burning faggot, let it be a fairly long piece, and this you wave about as you walk round and-as you dance.

And, as I told you, finish with all of you shouting a thundering "WAH"—one syllable—and at the same time sticking the burning end of the faggot into the campfire which by the way is the TIGER. Try it, it is good medicine!

And by the way, what nice yells the Editor is giving us. Did you try his "India" and the "Camp." "Booma chicka" is another brilliant yell—I showed it to the Ceylon brothers and they are mad over it. I hear they are "booming" it all over their beautiful island.

Yells are good—in their own place. A comrade once asked me to visit his Troop and I went. At half a mile to the village the boys were waiting for me. And in the hot sun as soon as I stepped out of the 'bone-shaker'—I mean the Jutka—before I could realise it, they had commenced "C.A.M.P. Rah! Rah etc." and were going on. And on finishing it they went on to "Booma chicka" and I am sure if then they knew more yells they would run through the whole repertoire. But luckily they didn't.

The yells are good safety valves and should be used only as such. When your patrol has been working at something for a few minutes or longer and when you feel they ought to let themselves go just for a "jiffy," then let them "booma chicka" or

"Sky rocket" it, or shout any other yell you like. And do not run through the whole list all in one breath. But choose one and let it be the most appropriate.

Above all, do not let it be all the same yells every time. Invent your own. That "INDIA" is a nice pattern. And another model is what I sometime back read in the "Scout" —

"Strawberry Shortcake
Huckleberry Pop
Kingfishers always on Top!"

I am writing this while waiting at Poona for the Great Big Roaring caterpillar which in its capacious but comfortable stomach carries us kindly from place to place with such ease and speed. And what an emblem of kindness and courtesy, if he really is a dragon spitting forth fire and smoke. And what a model for us Scouts, keeping ever and again faithfully on the trail!

But I must stop. Cheerio!

Your affectionate
friend and comrade,
T. V. NILAKANTAM.

Science Page.

The Story of Coal Gas.

Coal gas is used extensively in the west for lighting and heating.

William Murdoch, the great man who discovered coal gas was born in 1754. He was one of those men who are born inventors, and he was never tired of finding out new ways of doing things.

A little before his time, however, the idea of gas had been spoken of, but no one seemed to think it at all probable until Murdoch set his brains to work.

He discovered that coal, heated in a retort, gave off gas, so he used a kettle as a retort, and had a pipe leading from the spout. This was a success, and soon after, he piped the whole of his house and used gas for lighting it.

Some time passed before proper apparatus was invented for making, purifying and storing gas, and this was done with the aid of the firm for which Murdoch worked. His employers were so taken with the ideal that they used gas to illuminate their show rooms in London.

People in those days were not so clever as they are today, however, and they were

ignorant of many things. What they did not understand, they regarded with fear.

The idea of lighting the Houses of Parliament with gas was resented by crowds of people, and the architect made it a rule that the pipes should be away from the wood work in case of fire!

In spite of all difficulties, the piping was done, but there was a belief that the gas burned inside the pipes instead of at the jet, and when the job was finished and the lighting up done, Members of Parliament could be seen carefully touching the pipes to see whether they were hot!

(From the "Scout")

Hobbies.

THINGS TO KNOW AND DO.

Packing Made Easy.

If method is exercised in packing one's belongings, the job is not nearly so formidable a task as it might appear.

A day or two before the holiday, make out a list of things that you will require when away. Then collect together everything upon the prepared list, ticking off the articles as you get them ready for packing.

Always pack the very heavy things at the bottom of the trunk, the flimsiest goods being on top.

Use plenty of tissue paper for packing among the clothes. A small bag or hold-all should be filled with such things as will be required at the journey's end—soap, towels, etc.

To Remove Labels.

When trying to remove labels from glass, instead of wetting them and scraping them off, try this method. Damp a sheet of brown paper and place it over the label. Leave it there for a few minutes.

When it is removed, the label should peel off with it.

A Fine Decoration.

If you develop your own films you will, of course, have the old film wrapping left after you have obtained the negatives from them. These perhaps you throw away as of no value, but there is a way by which you can put them to good use, if you can draw or have a Troop artist.

Rovering Notes.

Of all forms of Scouting, there is none which is so imperative as the senior branch of the scouts. All interested in education know that boys above 17 are passing through the stormy period of their lives. High ideals as also seeds of rebellion are formed in this period. In a country like India, boys are highly sensitive; and here is the opportunity for the Rover scout-master. This is a sure sign of the growing sense of self-esteem which in turn is a firm bedrock to build the superstructure of character.

The first anniversary of the Sivaji Rover Troop, Villupuram on 21-3-25 took the form of an enjoyable camp fire yarn. Let me try to give a few reflections which arise out of my handling the Rovers.

The theory that a school-master who is also the scoutmaster will not be a good combination does not appear to be a happy one. On the other hand, to me—all honour to my dear scoutmaster Mr. P. S. Narayana-samy of Madras and the A. S. M., Mr. Venkatesan of Thirukattupalli, it has been an easier affair to keep the discipline of my class at a very high level without the adults feeling the sting of it at all. The class was to me only an extension of the Scout yarns.

A peculiar feature of my Rovers is that they are neither students nor teachers but a species called "pupil-teachers!" They had not much passion for study and their outlook was in a very real sense about the certainty of employment after training. Such types very badly need even an overdose of idealism. If Rovering is to be introduced to any class of persons more than another, it is to the pupil teachers of our Elementary and Secondary Training Schools. The very affectionate feeling which animated the whole troop as also the culmination in many cases of drops of tears from the eyes of my Rovers touched me very deeply. When they expressed to me that they had learnt more through Scouting than through the formal part of "training," they were summarizing the value of the scout movement. All honour to B. P.!!!

Their nine months' stay with me was not such a uniformly splendid story. One of them lost temper and beat a non-scout; but the crowning act of the episode is the great lesson that he learnt of never again doing

Lay the entire length of wrapping on a table and pin down each end with drawing pins.

Now get your box of paints and see how well you can paint on the wrapping. If you are fairly good at painting you can tackle scenes or original designs, but if not, there are plenty of pictures in THE SCOUT which you can copy.

If you have several of these they will make a fine decoration for the walls of your clubroom, or if they are done well enough, for your home. If your local chemist develops films he will be only too glad to give you old wrappings from the films he has developed.

Removing A Tight Lid.

It is very difficult at times to remove a lid from a tin; but if you adopt the following plans you will find it a very quick way of mastering the difficulty.

Tie a piece of string loosely round the tin immediately below the lid, then place an ordinary nail under the string and twist round as shown. This, in time, loosens the lid, which can then be lifted off.

Matches For Wet Weather.

Matches which have been coated with wax do not absorb moisture and will give a light even after having been soaked in water for some considerable time. The process is simple and consists of melting a few pieces of candle-wax in a tin over a stove, afterwards allowing the wax to cool slightly. The matches are then dipped in the wax one at a time so that they are covered to a point a little way from the end of the match-stick. They are then put away to dry.

Matches treated in this way will give a light readily in all weathers. A rather firmer pressure than usual is needed when striking in order to rub away the coating of wax.

(From the Scout).

What have you done to enlist subscribers to the "South India Boy Scout"? We want all Scouts and Scouters to possess their own copies.

such a violent act. When he expressed his remorse to me with tears in his eyes, I really concluded that, that was the happy moment of supreme repentance. He is now one of the best of my Rovers, highly devotional and deeply religious. There were two other cases of violation of the excellent law "Keep smiling under all difficulties." The animal cries and the purposive watching if the defeated patrol lustily cheered the winning patrol, for a month brought them round to the desirability of "give and take" in the battles of life. The chastening influence of three camps on these two Rovers was to me really marvellous. With his cooking work, camp-games, and "duty patrol," each of these Rovers thought that he was but a wheel in the cycle of progress of the day.

It is often the fashion with secondary grade teachers to look down on the "Lower Grade" teacher. Three representatives of the Lower Grade were distributed one to each of our three patrols. One who did not know the "A. B. C." in English was taught the same by one of his patrol; lest they should fall behind in the signalling inter-patrol competitions. After 9 months one is able to say that the Lower Grade Rovers feel honoured and the Secondary Grade has learnt to love his co-rover; and I have reasons to expect the first news of "starting of cub-packs" from one of my Lower Grade Rovers. What is difficult to be achieved by mere platform speeches, is far more easily and effectively realised through the great game of scouting.

Villupuram, K. R. R. SASTRY, M.A.

Perfect Physical Development.

All of us in the Boy Scout movement know what a beautiful and well thought out motto "Be Prepared" is. The spirit of the Motto requires not only an intelligent mind and moral courage but also a perfect physical body which is not beyond the reach of scouts who have plenty of opportunities.

Perfect physical development is a question much open to discussion. Some are under the impression that a body full of huge sturdy muscles and with abnormal proportions is the model of a perfect development. This is far from it. A perfect body must under all

circumstances be able to serve faithfully an intelligent mind. A muscle-bound body of a Sandow, a flabby and fleshy body of a glutton and the scare-crow body of an underfed man will not serve. What is required is a body agile, lithe and with normal healthy muscles in good working condition. If you could only take a glimpse of some of the Greek statues like "Mercury" and "Pugilist" you will find all these well depicted. I have seen many scouts and scouters who have not this perfect body as a result of which they are hindered in performing their daily tasks up to to the mark of average efficiency as is generally expected of an average man, or boy.

Now then comes the question "How to get one"? In answer, most of you will say "Physical Exercise." Most of you will run at once to some of the shops to procure a pair of dumbbells and barbells to exercise your body and thus get a perfect development. Please don't be in a hurry. Just stop! and think of these:—

1. The parts of your body and how they work.
2. Any physical defects in your body.
3. Fresh air, clean food and healthy habits.

When you have properly studied the above points you can now plan your exercises to suit your body and the time you can spare. Do not follow any one system of exercise unless and until you are confident to do it regularly and correctly and you are satisfied that the system has been planned by one who knows the fundamental principles of physical training, viz-the correct position of the body when sitting and standing and the correct position of the body when walking. There are other important qualifications which the system you are to follow should possess. If the exercises chosen by you only aim at strengthening the muscles and not your vital organs such as, Heart and Lungs, please bid farewell to that system, for, strength of muscle is not necessarily health of muscle, nor the health of the body in general. Physical exercise should be with a view to development and health of the vital organs of the body. One is never truly strong unless strong in vital centres.

M. RAJAGOPALAN.



NEWS.

II Manargudi National II. S. Troop helped in the local Temple festival in regulating traffic and creating facilities for worship. This willing service was very much appreciated by the Police authorities.

In connection with the visit of the D. E. O. the Scouts of the Town of Mannargudi rallied and gave some interesting scout displays before a large gathering.

A Farewell Entertainment.

The Second Nellore Troop was at home on Sun, the 5th April '25 at its premises to its president Mr. C.V. Sampath Iyengar, B.A., B.L. Additional Sub-Judge Nellore, on the eve of his transfer to Masulipatam. The meeting was presided over by Mr. P. Rajagopalachari, B.A., B.L. District Munsiff, Gudur. After light refreshments, an interesting programme was gone through including the presentation of an address to the out going president. He then made a suitable reply by way of giving sound advice to the scouts as to how best they could be members of the great Brotherhood. The function terminated with a vote of thanks.

Books and Periodicals Received

The following periodicals have been received at the S. I. B. S., office with thanks. Scout Brother, Meerut (Feb. 1925); The Children's News, Delhi (March 1925); The Gosri Scout, Cochin (Jan., Feb. and March, April); The Second to None, The magazine of the I Cranford Troop of Scouts; The Mysore School and Scout Magazine, March 1925.

Provincial Head Quarters Notice.

FOR FAVOUR OF PUBLICATION to all Scouts and Scouters

The Chief Scout has received a letter from Mr. R. Hodson, II. Lower Lines, Chunar, U. P., India asking the Boy Scouts Association to help him in tracing the whereabouts of his son Eric Sanderson Hodson.

The following are the facts of the case:—

Eric Hodson left Bombay in October, 1920 for the Transval and while a scout at Randfontein was awarded the Gilt Cross for Gallantry for having saved a small boy from drowning. Hodson was last heard of from Durban and his father fears that he is homeless and in indigent circumstances. He probably left Durban on some ship for a destination unknown some months ago.

Hodson is 19½ years old. He has brown eyes, is fair, and has light brown hair; is of spare build and a happy disposition.

Should Hodson by any chance visit your area, I shall be very grateful if you will tell him that his parents are anxious for news of him, and let him know that they would send him money for his return home.

Perhaps you would also be good enough to write direct to his father and we should, of course, be glad to have news here as well.

MADRAS.
PROVINCIAL
HEAD QUARTERS,
15th May, 1925

K. SANJIVA KAMATH,
Honorary Provincial Secretary,
Boy Scouts Association,
Madras.

வெறுக்க வாய்ப்பித்தன. "அற்புதமான மிகுந்த திரியின் முகஸ்துதியை மெச்சித் தலைவரைத் துக் களிக்ஞம் இந்த வேதார்களைக் கொஞ்சில் நினைப்பதும் பாவம்" என்று அந்தக் காட்டிலுள்ள மிகுந்தக் கொல்லாம் கொல்லுது வழக்கம். (தொடரும்.)

கோபாலன்:—தேவதீபன் எழுதியிருக்கும் காதி தத்தை என்னிடம் கொடுப்பாரா? தீபன்:—நீ ஒரு சாஸ்திரஞ்சையால் உன்னிடம் கொடுப்பார்.

கோபாலன்:—அவ்வாறு நம்பியிருப்பவரைமோசஞ் செய்வாரா?

தீபன்:—இவனைக் கொஞ்சக் கொஞ்ச பழைய கதை வயியே எடுத்துக் கொள்ளுகிறான். நம்மாலானதைப் பார்த்துக்கொள்ளவேண்டும்.

தீபன்:—கோபாலா! நம் தலைமை உபாத்தியாயர் இங்கு வரவில்லை. நான் அக்காதிதத்தை யறியவே தந்திரமாயடைத்து வந்தேன். நீ காட்டி விடு. இல்லா விட்டால் உன்னைச் சமயாவிடோம். உனக்கு இங்கு யார் ஒத்தாசை.

கோபாலன்:—நீங்கள் என்ன செய்தபோதிலும் நான் காட்டமாட்டேன்.

தீபன்:—காட்ட மாட்டாயா! இதோ பார் (முனரும் அடிக்கப்போக மறைவிலிருந்த உபாத்தியாயர் வர அவர்கள் ஓடி விரைஞர்கள்).

உபாத்தியாயர்:—கோபாலா! உன் குணத்திற்கு மெச்சினேன். நீ எக்காலத்திலும் இதே புத்திபுட விரைக்கவேண்டுமென்று நான் கடவுளைத் தியானித் திேன். இருட்டாகிறது வா போகலாம்.

(இருவரும் போகிறார்கள்.)

Provincial Head Quarters Notices.

Mr. V. C. Subbiah Gownder, has been appointed District Commissioner of Coimbatore District in place of the Late Mr. T. B. Bashyachariar.

Mr. R. A. Narayana Iyer, M.A., B.L. Vakil, Madras has been appointed Honorary District Organising Secretary for Ramanad District.

Efficiency Certificates issued to:—

Reg. No. 123. Mr. Theodore V. Witter.

" " 124. Mr. F. G. Christian.

Office Bearers of the Coimbatore Dt. Scout Council.
President, Rao Bahadur T. A. Ramalinga Chettiar
Average.

District Commissioner, Mr. V. C. Subbiah Gownder,
Honorary Secretary, Mr. C. R. Ramaswamy Iyengar.

Office Bearers of the Madura Dt. Scout Council.

President, Mr. R. Foulkes.

Vice Presidents, Mr. H. F. Saunders, I. E. S., and
Mr. J. F. Hall, I. C. S.

District Commissioner, Mr. R. Krishna Iyer.

Honorary Secretary, Mr. L. Lorbeer, Pasumalai
Madura

Honorary Treasurer, Mr. K. P. Gopalamenon, Bar-
at-Law, Madura.

**Extracts from the Circular No. 33 of the All India
Scouts Association.**

His Excellency the Chief Scout of India and Burma has been pleased to award a "Silver Cross" for gallantry to Assistant Scoutmaster Moung Ba Than of the 1st Insein Troop, Burma, who on the night of 26th August 1923, rescued a girl seven years old, named Ma Kyine from drowning in a well. The rescue necessitated repeated efforts by the Assistant Scoutmaster and even after actual rescue it was necessary to apply artificial respiration before the girl was restored to consciousness. The circumstances of the rescue indicate to His Ex-
cellency the Chief Scout of India and Burma an unusual degree of bravery, perseverance and initiative on the part of the rescuer.

**Instructions and Rules for Artist Badge for use in
connection with the Artist Badge on page 60 of the
1924 Rules.**

1. One drawing of each of the following subjects to be submitted:—

- From memory, and state on each drawing when and where he saw the subject drawn.
- From Sight; model, not a copy drawing.
- From Imagination.

The drawings to be submitted to the Provincial Head quarters with certificates from Local Association that they are the original work of the candidate and have been completed in two hours.

2. Copied drawings are not admissible.

3. No single drawing should measure more than 11 ins. by 7 ins.

4. All three drawings by one Candidate are to be placed on a sheet of stout brown paper, as near as possible 12 ins. by 15 ins.; this when folded into four, to be forwarded in an envelope. Label should be affixed to right hand corner of paper.

- A description of each drawing
- (a) Memory.
- (b) Sight; Model not copy drawing
- (c) Imagination should be given at the side of drawing
- The age of candidate must be stated.
- No drawings will be returned unless postage is prepaid.
- All three drawings are to be completed within two hours, not two hours for each drawing.
- All applications for Artist Badge must be forwarded through the Local Association Secretary for his information and transmission to Provincial Head quarters.

MADRAS,
PROVINCIAL
HEAD QUARTERS,
21th Nov 1924

K SANJIVA KAMATH,
*Honorary Provincial Secretary,
Boy Scouts Association,
Madras.*

Editorial Notice:—

All contributions should be written on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied with the signature and address of the sender, addressed to the Editor, S. I. B. S. 419, Adiyappa Mudali Street, Vepery, Madras. Contributions should reach the Editor on or before the 5th of each month.

All business communications should be addressed to the Manager, S. I. B. S., Post Box 1289, Madras.

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