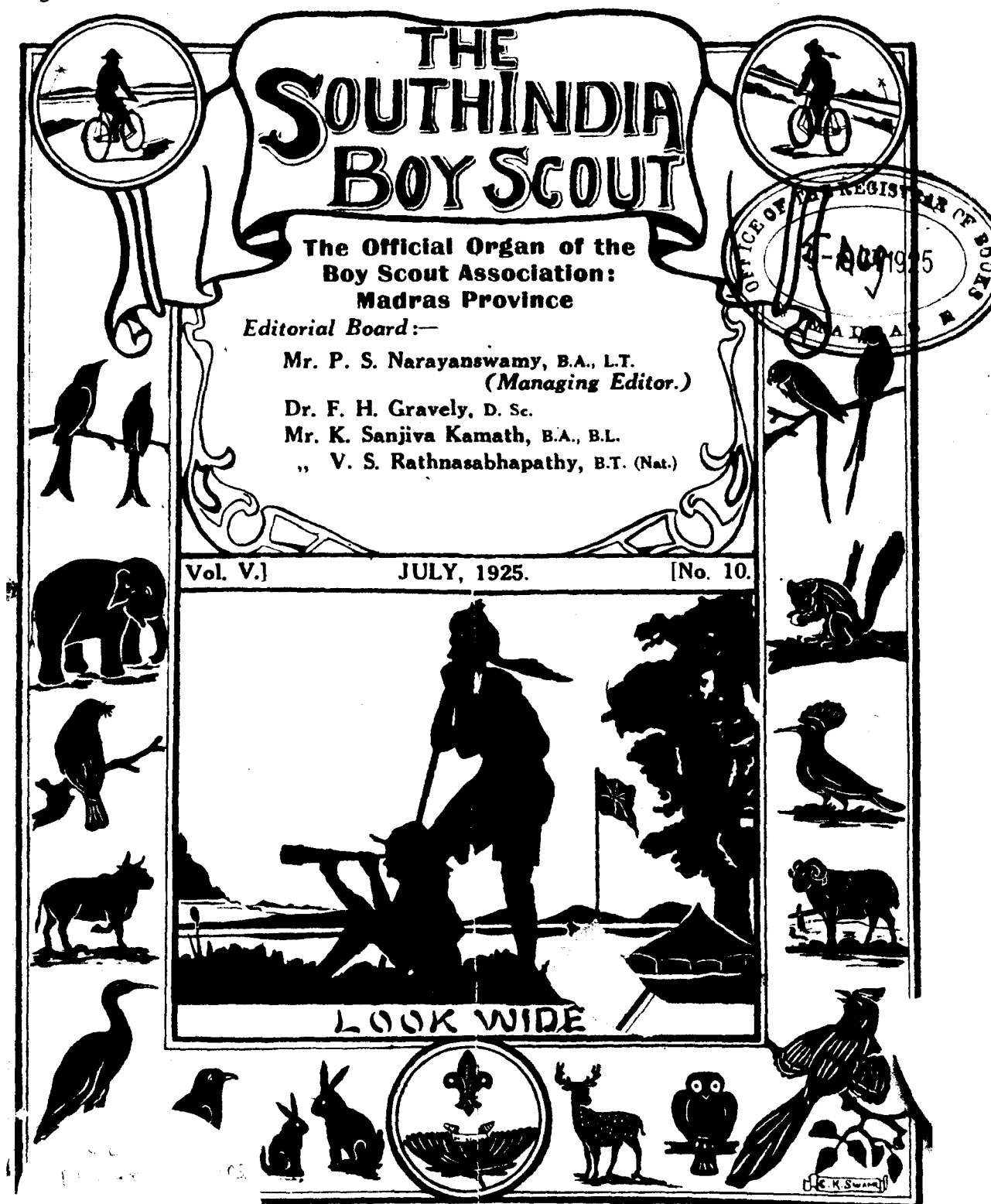




CONTENTS for JULY 1925.

	Page		Page
Thought for the Month	143	Heroes	151
Ourselves	143	Hobbies: Things to know and do	151
Elders' Point of View	144	Publications received	151
Patrol Leaders' Corner: Letters to a Patrol Leader, "Fire Rescue," by "Spotted Dove"	145	Round the Camp Fire; Scouters' Training Camp, Nanjangud, Mysore	152
Camp Prayers	146	Cubs' Corner	153
Special Article: Scouting and its significance by E. V. Gopala Iyer	146	News: From various quarters	155
Short Story: Veni Sankar: Leader, Rams	147	Suggestions for conducting a study circle	155
Our Serial Story: Pratap Singh	149	Rover Notes	156
Health Page: The Marvels of the Muscular System	150	General and Provincial Head Quarters Notices	157
		Our Vernacular Page	158
		Editorial Notices, Competitions Etc.	

Editorial Notice:—

All contributions should be written or preferably typed 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.

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.

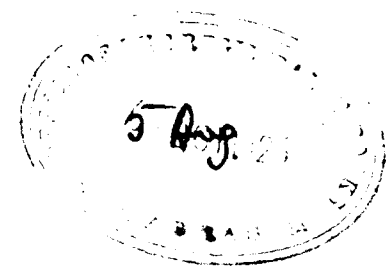
The Troop third in rank will get a fine compass.

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 August 15th 1925. Order forms can be obtained at the Provincial Scout Head Quarters, P. Box 424, Triplicane, Madras.

Our Crossword Puzzle.

The solution and the names of the winners will be published in our August issue.

Editor.



should be shown in the form. Forms will be sent from Provincial Headquarters direct to every scoutmaster so that time may be saved. Will scoutmasters in charge of troops or Cubmasters in charge of packs kindly write to the Provincial Secretary, giving their addresses (if there has been any change) clearly to avoid trouble. It is absolutely necessary that the census forms should reach the Provincial Head Quarters in time to enable arrangements to be made for the ensuing Jamboree and that cannot be done until we know how strong we are in numbers. Scouts of our sister Provinces in India are looking forward to meet the scouts of Madras and we should give them of our best. Scouts! Be Prepared!!

Editor.

Elders' Point of View.

Why a Naturist became a Scout?

Several people wonder why a man like myself who is an out and out naturopath should join the scout camp and get trained and become a scout at the age of 42 when the hairs are already grey! Has scouting any attraction for a naturist? I desire to answer this question.—Scouting and Naturopathy go hand in hand and have surely several things in common. Scouting aims at doing one's duty to God and Country, helping other people at all times and to obey the scout-law. Naturopathy does the same. A naturist cannot be selfish, however much he may try to be so. Scouting is nothing if there is no 'outing'—I mean camping work. We, naturists have the greatest attraction for the bright sunshine, pure open air, pure uncontaminated water, sufficient rest and sleep and regular wholesome food and moderate exercise both of mind and body in the proper time. Above all we hate medicines and operations. We say that drugs poison the system. We can quote several great authorities for this position. Says Sir William Osler whose well-known book on the practice of medicine is used as a text book by medical students "The best doctor is he who has learned the worthlessness of most drugs." Dr. Bostock author of the History of Medicine says "Every dose of medicine is a blind experiment on the vitality of the patient." Dr. Baillie of London says, "I have no faith whatever in medicine, etc." No use of multiplying the quotations

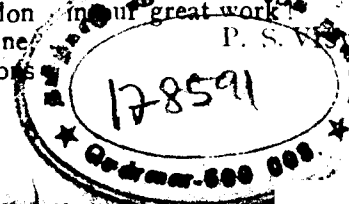
and tiring your patience. The Chief Scout, though he would not bring up his mind to condemn drugs outright would yet say "scouts should be pretty good doctors themselves for you don't find doctors and chemists' shops in the jungles or mountains or other out of the way places. So that a scout who does not know something about doctoring would never get on at all; he might just as well stay at home for all the good he will be. Also, if you know how to look after yourself you need never have to pay for medicines." The great English poet, Dryden in his poem, "Cymen and Iphigenia" wrote that it was better to trust to "Fresh air and Exercise" than to pay doctor's bills to keep yourself healthy.

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend."

There is no need to take all the drugs, pills, and medicines which you see so temptingly advertised; they often do you harm in the end.

We naturists are out against medicines and other poisons. The Chief Scout is a great sympathizer of our movement. We contend that a continued life of violations of Natural laws of Health has landed us all in this pitiable state of ill health and low vitality and we heartily and fervently recommend a return to Nature by breathing open, fresh air, drinking pure water, and eating wholesome food and taking sufficient rest and sleep and physical and mental exercises and thinking and doing good deeds. We condemn smoking and drinking and incontinence, late rising and want of laughter which means want of health. 'A laughter,' says Pierington, 'kinks the solar plexus and and jiggers the abdomen.' We advocate deep breathing, walking and running and other moderate exercises, cooling and cleansing baths and other correct habits of living and healing. All these things the chief scout is in favour of and that has gone a long way to attract us into the movement where we hope to do some good turns in the matter of inculcating right ways of living and healing in our brother scouts and improving the manhood of the ever and ever degenerating and suffering humanity. May God bless us in our great work.

P. S. V. VANATHA IYER,
Vakil, Pudukotah.



"Patrol Leaders' Corner."

Letters to a Patrol Leader.

THE DOVE COTE BY THE RIVER,
Down South,
Thunder Moon.

Dear King-fisher Blue,

I expect you have been putting your patrol through some of the tips I gave you last month. I know you are a keen lot and are eagerly expecting the second instalment which I promised you. Well here goes:

Little children, old people and women can't be made to jump on to the jumping sheet. You will have to send them down by the "chair knot." When you start out for Fire Rescue work, you will remember to carry a suitable rope for this purpose. And this rope should be sufficiently long, stout and strong. In an emergency you can improvise one out of your turban cloths (you now see how much superior are the turbans to the other type of headgear namely, the hat.) Every one of your boys ought to be able to make the chair knot, and indeed every other knot, under every difficulty and in every conceivable position, before or behind, eyes open or blind folded, head erect or topsy turvy, and awake or asleep!

Of course you can make the chair knot. In making it see that the two loops (or bights as they are called) are not the same size but one slightly bigger than the other. In using the knot you get the smaller loop under the armpits round the trunk and the bigger loop under the kneecap of the person you are rescuing. He will thus assume a posture not unlike sitting on a chair and his hands are free to take hold of the rope near the knot, so that he is perfectly safe.

In addition to the two loops the chair knot has two lengths of free rope either of which should be at least equal to the height of the building. One of the free ends you keep hold of and gently lower the person you are rescuing. While you do so, your boys hold on to the other end and pull it towards themselves to prevent his head knocking against cornices &c., and his back rubbing on the wall.

In the case of infants and little children who can't be expected to sit in the chair-knot, you can sling them on to your back

with your turban cloth as you sometimes see gypsy women do with their babies, and slide down your patent rope way.

Your first care must be about people lying unconscious inside the rooms. When you see one in such a predicament, you will carefully creep in or walk in on all fours—mind you put on your "gas mask" before doing so—and going near tie up his hands together with your scarf or a towel, put your head through and lift up the patient just a few inches (his heels will be still touching the floor, but the rest of his body will be clear of it) and then walk back on all fours again and reach the outer verandah or terrace or any other open space. Now employ the "Fireman's Lift" which will leave one of your hands free, and get down the stairs. If there be no stairs employ the "chair knot" and send the patient down; and there your boys will render first aid and bring him round.

Next in importance to rescuing human beings comes the rescuing of horses and cattle and other domestic animals. Remember these are easily scared and will refuse to get out of the burning house. The proper thing to do is to cover up their eyes by throwing a gunnybag over their heads and lead them out. A scout is a friend to animals and will not deem any life too insignificant to be saved. He will even risk his personal safety in doing this duty.

Side by side with the rescuing of life you will also do all you can to rescue property. You must do your best to put out the fire and do all you can to prevent it from spreading to the neighbouring houses. The usual way the latter is carried out is by removing the thatch or other combustible material on the roof. On removing, the thatch &c. should be kept clear of the fire, or any possibility of a spark reaching them. You must organise a "Chain of Buckets" and put out the fire in the burning house. This work will require several hands: in fact every one that can be found will be needed, depending of course on the distance of the water supply. If you have buckets of your own and can take them with you when out on fire duty, it is well and good; but you can improvise.

The neighbours usually are kind and will lend you water pots, at least you can find some cast off broken or unserviceable earthen

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THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

Vol. V.]

JULY, 1925.

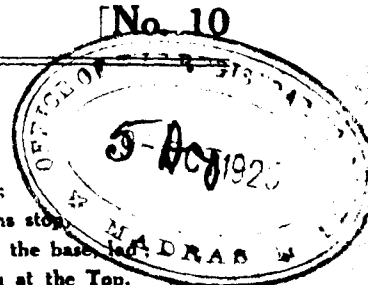
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THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life wont tell;
The work is the work, for all that,
To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You will find the crowd at the base,
There's plenty of room at the Top.



Ourselves.

We are glad to announce that His Excellency the Chief Scout and the Provincial Commissioner have been pleased to appoint Messrs. P. S. Narayanswami, and G. T. J. Thaddaeus, full-time Organising Secretaries of the Madras Boy Scouts Association. It is hoped that the movement will spread more efficiently throughout the Province under their efforts.

In connection with the above announcement, it cannot but be appropriate to say that the work of organising scouting throughout the vast province of Madras is not an easy job. It is full of difficulties and it is also well known that however capable a man may be in organisation work, his efforts will be of no avail, if he does not meet with the active cooperation and sympathy of the public and the thousands of honorary, self-less workers who have been giving so liberally their services to the Boyhood of the Presidency. It is up to the various districts to take advantage of this action on the part of the Chief Scout and the Provincial Commissioner and to make use of the two organising secretaries to the fullest extent. We are sure that the secretaries will do their very best to help in all possible the ways.

News this month has been very scarce. We were very hopeful that scouters and scouts would send us an extra large budget of news of their activities during the vacation but somehow we have not heard from many, particularly, our Andhra brothers. Probably every one is busy concentrating on the Jamboree. Well, the time is fast drawing near and we are sure that every one of the

5000 scouts is straining his utmost to make the Jamboree a success. Scouts! have you saved at least 50% of your Jamboree expenses? District and Local Associations! what are you doing in connexion with the Jamboree? From the papers we see that some Local Associations are already busy in the matter. We can only request these Associations to send us news and suggestions in the matter, for publication, to enable others to take action promptly.

The Holidays are over and our young men and boys are crowding into the colleges and schools fresh for work. With the reopening of the educational institutions, it is expected that scouting will go on with renewed vigour all over the province.

It is a very pleasing feature that the Madras District Association is giving the lead to other Districts. It has already begun to Organise Rovering in Madras. The matter of Medical Inspection of scouts is also receiving attention and in its last meeting the Association decided to publish a monthly bulletin to enable people to know how scouting is getting on in Madras. Will other Districts also follow. The public has a right to know what we are doing and it is the duty of the District and Local Associations to furnish the necessary information.

The Annual Census is drawing near and it has always been found a matter of great trouble to collect the forms in time. The forms have to be filled in (in triplicate) one retained by the Scoutmaster for his troop file and the other two should be forwarded to the Secretary of the District or Local Association before the 7th September. The strength of the troop as it stands on the 31st of August



LORD SHRI KRISHNA : THE PATHFINDER.

pots in most neighbourhoods. The chain of buckets is organized in two lines one facing the other, both extending from the fire to the water, the water goes up one line and the empties return down the other, and at short intervals you cry out "change," so as not to tax one line more than the other. The man at the the fire-end of the chain has to be a stalwart and sensible chap and must know how to throw the water to the greatest advantage. Keep on till the fire is well under.

While this goes on, a Scout or two can enter the house and rescue the property, but before entering you will remember to put on your "Fire Mantle"—which is a rug or jamkal well soaked in water and thrown over the body as a mantle—and he should also have his garments thoroughly wet and dripping; *and* he should not forget to wear his shoe.

The younger boys can attend to lots of little useful jobs, as for instance rendering first aid to the patients, looking after the safety of the articles rescued and so on.

If you are in a big city and there is any fire, and the Fire Brigade arrives, your job after that is to ask the Fire master of the Brigade whether and in what way your patrol can help and do just what he asks you to.

Now peg away and learn as much of fire service as you can and as well as possible, so that when the time comes, true to your motto, you really will "be prepared" and can be proud of your patrol.

Cheerio!

Your affectionate
friend and brother scout,
T. V. NILAKANTAM,
Spotted Dove.

Camp Prayers.

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations.

Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest. If any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us and call us up with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labour, eager to be happy if happiness shall be our portion; and, if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

Special Article.

Scouting and its significance—Part II.

Gentle Reader! Kindly allow me a small digression for the sake of clearness. Being actuated with an inordinate desire for outdoor life, during the last summer vacation I chose Tirukkalikunram, the Hill of the sacred Eagles, a place frequented by pilgrims from various parts of India. It becomes almost a religious injunction upon every devoted pilgrim to bathe in the Chanka Thirtha and to circumambulate the Hill of the sacred Eagles. This Hill, stretching its longdrawn chain north to south and heaving up hump like heights at regular intervals, presents a charming view from a place at its northwestern corner a lovely spot wherein congregate for a few hours both in mornings and evenings people of various castes and grades, men, women and children all forming a big Social Club.

Children, as if invited by sweet Nature around and fanned by the cool southern breeze skip about with joy and shouts and slowly club together into several knots "sitting in the dust and playing with broken twigs and mudpies." These Nature's Cubs absorbed in sticks and mudpies cannot but feast the keen eyes of a scout and move him to invoke the blessings of Heaven on them exclaiming "Here is the Paradise Regained in this lovely corner."

Such is the wonderful exhilarating effect of pure and fresh open air which God has created in such large quantities as to make it available to all of us gratis. We should really feel that open-air and light are absolutely indispensable to health and no doctor can compete with them in this matter. Does not scouting recognise the all importance of health in camp-life? A loyal scout is really imbued with the sense of good sanitation around and always cares for the public health.

Now to the story, Our unfortunate hero, Amal is cruelly denied this genial open air on the score of sickness and catching cold. The quack of a doctor instructs the adopted parents of the boy that on no account the young patient must be let out of doors. Blinded with fond love, the doting parents look upon him as a priceless treasure which needs close and secret confinement. The

boy who was really sick of staying at home is forced to spend all the day in a room under a more sickening atmosphere and scrupulous care. The mettle of the young hero struggles in vain and craves for some physical exertion and freedom outside. This little boy sitting by the side of the window inside and calling out any passer by in the street reminds us of a caged bird, which recollecting its old wood-land notes of the forest sings plaintively of its loss of freedom.

The agile squirrel with its wee hands, picking up the little grains of lentils is greatly envied by Amal. His mind is wandering afar and dreaming of fairylands. Out through the window as far as eyes can strain the young lad sees the far off hill encircled by a rumbling stream and longs to go beyond the hills right away. "No, no; uncle," cries this aggrieved patient with the sincerity and impatience characteristic of children, "I beg of you by your dear feet, I don't want to be learned, I won't if real learning were to be gained always staying at home and reading big books." It is painful to see an ignorant parent unmindful of the telling influence of Nature over the young minds, govern them with the rule of thumb. Madhav, the adopted father of Amal has been too much with the world and is quite unable to grasp the fine feelings and soft filaments of thought that creep up in the young brain. He calls the boy 'crazy' and 'silly' and before he is off to work leaves a final word with the boy not to stir out of the house or to talk to any stranger going outside. The rankling spirit of the hero, however unconsciously revolts.

A CUCKOO
of the Vellore camp

Short Story.

Veni Sankar: Leader, Rams.

Patrol Leader Veni Sankar was sadly ignorant of the fact that he was the pride of the whole troop. Yet, there it was. And he deserved it all. For as he strolled up and down the small glade, his stout stick in hand, he looked a picture of health and vigour. The full moon, now low upon the horizon, shone full upon him, lighting up an intelligent and fair face. He might be nineteen. His litheness and agility spoke of plain living and

constant exercise. Now and then, to break the monotony of his vigil he whistled a popular tune, as he walked proudly about the neat little bell-tent which he had got pitched the morning before.

In spite of the fact that they had camped near a village, the night was still, as if it were the centre of a big forest. Throughout the grove it was dark, except in the glade where they had camped. Once an owl screeched and all was silent again. In the stillness of the night, Veni unconsciously got into thinking of his patrol. Slowly and proudly, he walked up to the tent and pushed aside the door curtain. The moon shone in, showing a row of boys sleeping with knapsacks for their pillows. Their regular breathing seemed like the breathing of the grove that seemed to lie asleep around them. As he gazed upon them a sense of pride stole into his heart. He quickly looked at the small boy lying almost at the door. The fair intelligent face was half-hidden by the dark curls of hair falling on it. This was Gopu, his little favourite. He was just eleven and the smallest boy in the patrol and Veni loved him like an elder brother. As he gazed at him, his little acts came to his mind in flashes. He remembered his skill and also his shortcomings. Suddenly he turned aside and pondered. "Yes, I must teach him swimming. I will see to it tomorrow," he said in a decided tone.

He might have stood there a few minutes, when he was awakened from his reverie by the distant rumble of a railway train rushing by. Quickly he looked at the watch on his wrist. "Four o'clock" he ejaculated, "Time I turned in" and without a word he crept in silently and lay down at the very door of the tent, like a watch dog and composed himself to sleep.

Again silence reigned everywhere.

* * * * *

The crisp cool morning air was blowing vigorously. It was quite light when Veni woke up, on the continuous bleating of his whole herd of rams. With a light spring he came out of the tent.

"Good morning Rams" he cried.

"How you sleep! Ranga! We have bleated our throats out," said Sivaraman.

'Is it so? I am sorry. I sleep rather heavily sometimes.'

'Does it matter Veni' echoed from the whole herd.

After morning coffee, the boys ran out into the open. And quite for an hour, the grove rang with their gleesome shouts. A batch of scouts were training themselves in whistle-signalling. Another was learning first-aid. A third was judging distances. Thus the time quickly passed on.

Exactly at 10 O'clock, Veni blew his whistle and all assembled before the tent. "Whose turn is it for cooking, to day?" He queried. Two scouts stepped forward. "Ours" they replied. "All right, you both disperse and take Gopu with you. You must help them Gopu." He being a small boy Veni could not think of employing him in any other way.

The three scouts turned right, saluted smartly and dispersed. Then came orders to the rest of the troop and all soon dispersed.

Veni always busy, engaged himself with teaching a few of his advanced scouts to judge distances and heights. Thus time passed on quickly and it was nearly 11 o'clock when Veni cried 'It is time for bath boys, let us go' and all retired to the tent to take off their shirts and turban. Meanwhile Veni went up to the cooks and enquired as to how things went on. "We are all right Veni" they said.

Where is Gopu? he asked casually.

"He has gone to the tank to fetch water" Veni quickly turned and stared at the speaker.

'Gone to the tank! who sent him there?'

"I"

"You know he does not know to swim, the tank is deep and the steps are slippery and mossy. You must have gone to the tank," muttered Veni, uneasily.

"No, Veni, I Don't think there is any danger."

"But, it is—" the word 'foolish' rose to his lips. But he checked himself in time and said "well I am going there for a bath, and I will look him up."

Vague fears had crept into Veni's heart. Gopu did not know swimming. Besides he knew that the steps were mossy and even if accidents happened no body would come forward to help him. For had he not heard the tank watchman say, the day before—"No

use of trying to help those that are drowning. Sawmi. There is a MUNI in the tank which chooses people and pulls them in and sticks them head first in the mud. It is fate." This was too bad. So with an effort he cast off the fears from his heart. After all there might be no danger. He was very foolish. What danger is there in a boy fetching water from a tank?

Thus trying to allay his fears, he walked briskly on to the tank.

It was rapidly getting hotter. The birds were chirping pleasantly upon the branches of the wayside trees. He could hear, at a distance, the noises and laughter of the boys coming behind him. Evidently they were in high spirits and Veni caught their contagion. Slowly he murmured to himself a tune and soon it grew and he was leading the party with his resonant,

'Boys of India! Girls of India! Who have joined our happy band.'

Till the grove rang with their grand music.

Suddenly and abruptly the songs came to a stop. Out of a neighbouring clump of trees rushed a hysteric country woman.

Her hair was dishevelled. She breathed in gasps. Evidently she had been running fast. She boldly caught the hand of Veni and cried "Oh Come, run to the tank. A boy is drowning there; If you run fast you will be in time to save him."

No sooner was this heard than Veni wrenched his hand out of her grasp and was off like an arrow, followed by the other scouts with scared faces. Veni himself was very good at sports. But, he beat all records that day. In a flash he was near the tank; the boys behind had set up a loud bleating to show that help was near. As he climbed up the high bank he could see poor Gopu rising out to the surface and as Veni shouted "Don't fear. I have come" the poor boy sank down again. Quick as thought, Veni jumped into the tank and dived. As he did so, some thing struck him a violent blow on the head. But, he managed to keep up his breath and go down. Once there, he began to search. Moments fled in feverish haste. Again and again, his breath being exhausted, he had to come up to breathe. Then again he went down. Once, when he had come up to breathe he opened his eyes and saw a number of people on the bank running here

and there hurriedly gesticulating and shouting all the while. Among them was the watchman.

"Come away Sami, he cried. The poor boy is dead by this time. Come away and save yourself or the Muni will eat you too." Then turning to the others on the bank he said with the air of a prophet—"I knew this would happen even when you refused the Muni her annual offering."

But, Veni did not stop to hear him with a decided shake of his head, he again went down. He was beginning to feel tired. His head ached unbearably. Still he would not leave his search. At last he came upon poor Gopu, lying all curled up and still, with a catching of his heart he lifted him up and swam to the surface. He tried to swim to the bank. But, the exhaustion was telling upon him. A short minute's swimming, and he and Gopu would be safe. But no! his eyes were already dim. And he felt a terrible pain in his hands. He could not swim. By now, he was very near the bank. His scouts were stretching their hands to drag them up to safety. The he felt somebody lifting him up. That was all he knew.

Slowly he became conscious of a dull pain in his head. He was lying on a smooth bed. He could dimly feel people busily going about the room. Somebody was fanning him. Quite faintly he heard a voice saying "There You are coming round old man!"

Slowly he opened his eyes rather eye, for his head was quite swathed in bandages leaving two little slits for one eye and the mouth.

Just then his corporal Sivaram ran up to him with a cup of hot coffee "Drink it dear old boy," he said, his eyes glistening with joy. He placed the cup to Veni's lips. Slowly Veni drank it off. A vigour seemed to inspire him and he felt all the better.

Slowly, he felt two small hands twine round his neck and a small face was pressed to his bandages. Through the slit he could see it was Gopu.

"You have saved my life dear Veni" said a tremulous voice, with a catch.

Veni felt a lump rising to his throat. He felt as if he wanted to weep.

"Have not I?" he said faintly. Then with a deliberate movement, he turned aside to hide a tear that fell on the white sheet, through the slit in the bandage.

Our Serial Story.

CHAPTER V.

The Scent Merchant

It was at about four o'clock in the evening of one sunny day that a middle-aged, black-bearded man in the flowing white garb of a Mussalman was slowly approaching the vast mansion of Lal Singh, the rich diamond merchant of Purandhapur. A small knapsack hung upon his back and he carried a small tin box in the left hand. In the right he carried a huge, iron headed staff and a few bundles of Agar batties. Some of them were sending forth their fumes and as he passed by, a current of breeze heavily laden with sweet scents and rich perfumes was created. Now and then the man cried out "Fine Agar batties, superior, fragrant perfumes and the best seeds of various fine garden plants and creepers." Now and then if a rustic happened to stop and stare at him, he would present him with a few agar batties or rub on his bare chest or hands some of the scent and the poor fellow would walk proudly off, oversatisfied with the noble scent merchant.

At last the scent merchant stopped in front of Lal Singh's mansion and peeping in, he cried out his usual burden. A young girl peeped out from behind the curtain and ran off inside. The next instant a waiting maid came out and called the scent merchant in. He spread his rug on the floor of the verandah and flung his knapsack on it beside the tin box and bundle of Agar batties. While opening the scent box, he murmured, 'excellent scents madam; all new stock. Fine Gulab, excellent Swabak. Just smell it madam' and he handed over to an old or rather middle aged woman who had seated herself on the cushion chair the maid had brought. Near her stood her only daughter Suneethi in the full flush of her girl hood.

"Just see, my dear, select what you want" said the woman to her daughter.

Suneethi looked at her mother with a smile and bashfully said, "I leave it to you mamma. You buy what ever you find best."

"All are fresh madam," continued the scent merchant. "Quite fresh stock and I have come from Berhampur all the way and the people know the truth. All I sell at very cheap rates."

YOU LOOK AS YOU REALLY ARE.

In a sound and scientific system of physical education and training for children, the children would be taught to realise this, and to develop a healthy and well-balanced body in every way internally and externally. With this internal and external bodily culture, a child will grow up to possess an exterior physical appearance of health, beauty and strength with an internal organism to correspond, and would be little likely to fall a prey to disease either then or in later life, for muscle once developed, especially while young, remains, in some degree, for life. Medical men will, I think, agree with me then that muscular strength and organic and functional health are not things in antagonism or even apart.

The scientific physical training of the muscular system, including, as it does, all the muscles of the body—the involuntary as well as the voluntary—will produce better balance and proportion of the whole organism, because it will develop and strengthen every organ by giving it just the movement that is necessary to its well-being.

(To be continued.)

Heroes.

News has been received from Hanumakonda of the remarkable courage and presence of mind of a 12 year old boy named Komaradu, who rescued two drowning girls. It would appear that two Christian girls aged 12 and 13 respectively fell into the Bala-samudram tank at Hanumakonda, and were struggling for their lives. Their cries drew a crowd of people who looked on helplessly. Komaradu chanced to arrive on the scene, and taking in the situation at a glance promptly jumped into the water and swam to their rescue. Both the drowning girls clung to the boy and impeded his movements in such a way that he was in imminent danger of losing his own life. However, with great presence of mind and cool deliberation the boy shook himself free and succeeded in saving the girls one by one. "Well done, Komaradu," we wonder if he was a Scout, as it is generally a Scout who is "Prepared" in an emergency, while older people stand helplessly looking on.

(The Young Citizen.)

Hobbies.

Things to Know and do.

Readers who work with bamboo will be able to brighten up the appearance of their handiwork by using the following method of cleaning:—

Well wash the bamboo and rub the surface with a soft cloth until quite dry. Now dip a rag in a small quantity of liquid gum and rub the bamboo thoroughly with this. The stickiness will disappear in an hour or so, and the appearance of the bamboo will be greatly improved.

Removes rust. Cover the metal which is to be cleaned with sweet oil, rubbing this well in, and afterwards allow it to stand for 48 hours. Then rub the metal with unslaked lime which has been crushed as finely as possible.

Boiled linseed oil will keep tools from rusting if allowed to dry on the metal. Do not apply the oil, however, to tools that are bright and perfectly free from rust.

Dissolving Chemicals. A simple method of dissolving chemicals for photographic and other purposes is to place the chemical in a small muslin bag and suspend it by means of a crossbar from the neck of the bottle or flask. As they are dissolved, the heavy particles of chemical will settle to the bottom and fresh water will continually come into contact with the remaining chemicals.

(The 'Scout')

Publications Received.

The following Publications have been received at the S. I. B. S. office with thanks.

Our Little Friend: Ernakulam. The Volunteer. Children's News, Delhi, The Scouter. Mysore Scout. Bombay Scout Gazette.

No doubt!

The shoe maker was fitting a customer with a pair of boots.

"What I must complain of in the boots is that the soles are too thick."

"Oh, just put the boots on," replied the shoe maker, "and the objection will gradually wear away."

While Suneethi and her mother were selecting the perfumes, the scent merchant opened his wallet and drew out some tins and wooden packets. Opening one of the latter, he said, would you like to purchase some fine flower-plant seeds, madam. These are the seeds of Sampangi. These of Kanchan Kusum."

"No Hazrat" replied the woman, "what else do you have? what do you have in those tins?"

"Some medicine, madam," replied the man rather reserved. "What medicine sahib?" asked she with curiosity.

"The best and surest cure and preventive of poisons. I was presented with the secret by a holy fakir from Mecca."

"I have heard people say that Fakirs often get good drugs" said the woman, "Do you sell it?"

"No, Madam. It is not for sale, I am taking it to my brother at Jodhpur. That is all the stock left with me."

"What are its effects you said?" asked the lady again.

"It cures poisons. It can bring back to life a person bit severely by a cobra or any other snake. And if taken ordinarily it purifies the blood and acts as an antidote to all poisons or diseases"

"Then if you don't propose to sell it, hazrat, you can at least condescend to give us a portion of it can't you?" asked the lady in pleasing tones.

"How can I, a humble pedlar, refuse the request of such a gracious lady," said the merchant with a low laugh. Take as much as you like, lady" continued he handing over to her an open tin of the drug.

(To be continued.)

Health Page.

The Marvels of the Muscular System.

BY EUGEN SANDOW.

How important is the part that muscle plays in the life of an individual must at once be evident from the fact that for the mere act of living muscular power is essential. Logically, therefore, we may deduce the additional fact that the quality and amount of muscle one has modifies, and even determines to no small extent, one's life and health, the degree to which we may be said

to live, and even the length and happiness or otherwise of our days in the land.

Quality of muscle is of even more importance than bulk, and of course, one often finds wonderful strength and vitality in a person who does not carry any very exceptional show of muscle. Some will always have a greater bulk of muscle, just as some will always grow taller than others. Each person has a different standard of muscular development, and when that is attained the quality of the muscle cells is then the determining factor. When each muscle cell is developed to its highest possible standard both in size and quality a small muscle development may be quite consistent with strength, vitality and resistant power to disease, for ten of such cells have quite as much value as twenty of an inferior quality.

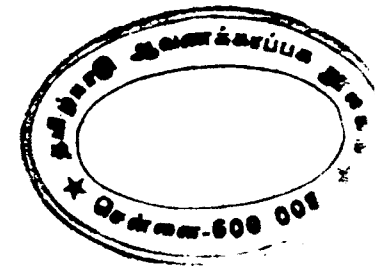
THE LANGUAGE OF THE MUSCLES.

Each of us has certain muscles directly under our own control, and others are operated sub-consciously independent of our will. Others again, are partly under our control and partly beyond it, as, for instance, the muscles employed in breathing, which move even while we sleep, but which however, we can to some degree control by an effort of will, breathing slowly or quickly as desired. Some muscles are capable of movement sub-consciously through the emotions and passions and feelings, without conscious effort of will on our part—often, indeed, in defiance of it, as, for instance, the muscle employed in laughing or crying, and in the various passions which act so strongly at times as to overcome the will. Control over these muscles can, to some extent, be developed by training, as I prove elsewhere, especially in children. Some have it more strongly developed than others, and by closely observing a child's degree of control in this way a valuable index as to its mentality and moral trend may be obtained by the doctor or teacher.

Man then, is a machine capable of motion and locomotion by means of muscle, voluntary, and involuntary, and it is most important to recognise as a bed rock fact how essential muscles are to our very existence, and how much health and immunity from disease depend upon muscular fitness and tone, and also how dependent is the mental structure upon the physical and muscular sub-structure.



SCOUTERS OF KADIRUR TRAINING CAMP.





Round the Camp Fire.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF MYSORE.

Scouters' Training Camp, Nanjangud.

On the invitation of the public of Nanjangud, through the Local Scout Association, a Scouters' Training camp was held at Nanjangud from the 12th to 26th June (both days inclusive). The camp was pitched on an ideal spot on the banks of the Kapila and the presence of beautiful groves of tall and time honoured trees, and the vicinity of the temple of Satayanarayana and Srikanteswara heightened the atmosphere of serenity and sacredness which pervades the whole place.

There where 25 members in camp come for training mostly from the Mysore District. A notable feature was that a number of local officers and non-official leaders including the Munsif, the Special Magistrate, a Banker and one or two Advocates formed a patrol by themselves called after the sacred Vahana of Siva, the Bull or Nandi.

The camp was in session for a full fortnight and the training consisted of the theory and practice of scouting up to the first class stage conducted by Mr. C. Subba Rao, M.A., (Hons.) Organising Scout Commissioner, who acted as the Scoutmaster of the Training (Markandeya) Troop. Dr. S. V. Biligiri Iyengar, Assistant Surgeon, gave lectures on First Aid; Mr. M. Lakshimpathiah, B.A., retired Headmaster, a talk on Stars and Mr. B. V. Pandit on "Vanoushadhis." Mr. C. Narasimhachar was Assistant Scoutmaster, and was in charge of the Physical Culture exercises and games. On the 20th instant the Chamarajeswara Troop of Chamaraj-nagar came to camp with the training troop

and their investiture was conducted in the camp by the Organising Scout Commissioner and the badges were presented to them by Mr. A. V. Ramanathan, B.A., Deputy Commissioner who happened to visit the camp that evening. The local Markandeya troop joined the scouters under training during nights and made camp-fires most enjoyable.

The public of Nanjangud played hosts to the campers throughout the period of training. The scouters under training gave an "At Home" to their hosts on the 24th in gratitude to the homely fare and comfortable accommodation provided for them.

The Investiture Function

The investiture of the campers was held on the 25th instant under the presidency of Mr. A. V. Ramanathan, B.A., the Deputy Commissioner, who motored down from Mysore specially for the purpose. After a short display of "A day in Camp", the scouts rallied round the Gandaberunda flag and after taking the scout's promise, each was formally admitted into the Great Brotherhood of Scouts and invested with the staff, badge and scarf of the Boy Scouts of Mysore Training Course. After short speeches in Kanarese by Mr. C. Subba Rao, Organising Scout Commissioner and Mr. Venkatasamiah, B.A., B.L., Advocate, the President spun his yarn in his inimitable style and carried conviction home to the audience on the utility of scout training. The Deputy Commissioner, himself an Hon. Scout Commissioner for over four years, spoke from experience and he was listened to with wrapt attention. He invoked the blessings of God Srikanteswara on all scouts and exhorted the members who had just undergone the training, to always remember

and follow the noble example of self-sacrifice of the God who, to save the world from destruction at the time of the deluge swallowed all the poison that rose from the sea and thus became known for all time as Neelakanta.

Messrs. N. Appanna Iyengar, Sub Divisional Officer, and A. V. Ramanathan, Deputy Commissioner, were the inspirers of the Camp and Mr. P. S. Purnaiya, the Amildar of Nanjangud by his personal supervision, enthusiasm, sympathy and energetic exertions made the camp the success it was.

(From the Hindu.)

COUNCIL ROCK.



THE LAIR BY THE POOL.
July Moon.

My Dear Cubs,

Have you ever noticed what an excellent thing a postage stamp is; how it sticks to its job from the moment it is put on a letter right up to the time when the letter arrives at its destination? Even then, those of you who collect stamps will know how difficult it is to get the stamp without tearing or spoiling it.

I expect you have often been told by your Akela and others that you will never get any where unless you stick to it. Perhaps you haven't thought very much about it, but think of the old postage stamp. If he had not stuck to it he would have been left behind by his letter and would never have got any-

where. I expect there were lots of interesting things on the way that he would have liked to have poked into and examined, but no; he just stuck to his job until he got to the end of his journey.

Now what are you doing about Cubbing? Are you sticking to it hard, or are you being very interested in things that don't quite concern Cubbing? You can't do both. Either you must be a tremendously keen Cub anxious to DYB, DYB, DYB, or else you will be the careless sort of fellow who spends his evenings in the bioscope or mooning in the backyard instead of being out in the open enjoying a jolly game. If the postage stamp had been half-hearted about it, he would probably have fallen off about halfway to the end of his journey and then would have been much worse off than if he had stayed behind at the beginning.

One of these days I hope all of you will become Scouts. Then you will have much more difficult tests to pass and one of the first things you will have to learn—not only to learn but also how to keep them—will be the 10 Laws. Just now you have only two Laws to keep and if you really keep them all the time you are a Cub you will find it much easier to be a good Scout. If you really stick to the business of being a Cub and never allow yourself to give in to yourself you will get quite safely to your journey's end which is—well, far enough away for us not to brother about it just now.

Remember, the good Cub is not necessarily the fellow who saves some one from drowning or who can render first aid to some one who has had an accident. Before he can gain any merit for doing things like that, he must first learn how to be a good Cub in the little things such as being helpful and kind, truthful and loyal, never saying things which he has heard older people say but which he wouldn't like to say in front of his mother, being always obedient and cheery and ready for anything.

Isn't that so? Well, stop yap-yapping and with your noses well glued to the trail follow the Old Wolf.

Good hunting to you.

Ever yours,

AKELA.

COUNCIL ROCK,
ALBANY PACK.
July Moon.

My Dear Cubbers,

The importance of having a set but varied programme for each meeting is perhaps greater in the Cub world than it is amongst Scouts. With Cubs practically everything depends on the Cubmaster and he has to have clearly in his mind exactly what he intends to do during the meeting and must stick to it closely or he will find himself doing the same things over and over again. Too often he has to run the show single-handed and his task is made much more difficult. It is fairly certain, though that amongst his friends he has one or two who, while not keen enough on Cubbing to devote the amount of time to it that running a Pack requires, have enough love for boys to come along occasionally to lend a hand at some specialised subject. These friends should be utilised to the full. One never knows what the result will be; it may mean, eventually an addition to the ranks of Cubbers.

With the object of helping you, the under noted proposed programme for a week is given and it is hoped that the Editor will be able to find a little room each month for similar programmes which may be found helpful. Let it be understood from the very beginning that this and any other programmes do not lay any claim to being ideal. They are merely suggestions thrown out to help you if you find it difficult to achieve variety. They are not necessarily intended to be slavishly copied. Some of you will have very much sounder ideas on the subject and the Brotherhood of Cubs will gladly welcome your suggestions.

It is assumed for practical purposes that the Pack is a fairly new one with no members, except perhaps the sixers, very advanced. It is also assumed that the Pack meets twice a week, it may be in the morning or in the evening, the actual time does not matter. The duration of the meeting should be about one hour and a half and should start and finish punctually.

The first principle to grasp in arranging a programme is that the boys must come first. Cubbing is not a pastime for those of us who like to be surrounded by boys. It is a real serious business, or should be for the

boys themselves and this should, therefore, be the first consideration. The second principle to remember is that the boys themselves are at a young and active age and must, therefore, have a programme as full and varied as possible. Games play a large part in the training but a game should never be allowed to run itself to death. Some games they will like much better than others, but it is a great mistake to keep on playing a game over and over again simply because it is popular. The time very soon comes when they will get tired of it and then you will perhaps never be able to play it again, or at least for some considerable time.

Here, then, is the proposed programme for the first week.

First day. 10 minutes: Inspection. Have the Pack formed up in a circle, note down those who are there, inquire after the absentees, make notes of general smartness of appearance, clean uniform, buttons fastened, hair cut, teeth clean, etc., and give marks.

20 minutes: Game. This should be a fairly hard going one and one that all can join in at once.

15 minutes: Stop the game and call them up into a circle again and explain the meaning of the Circle and Council Rock, etc. Teach the Grand Howl. It is important that this should be learnt thoroughly well from the beginning. Few things sound worse than a Grand Howl done badly. If it is bad at the beginning, it is difficult to improve it later.

10 minutes: Leaping about and making a noise, somersaulting, leap frogging, hopping, etc.

15 minutes: Yarn. This need not be original. It may, if necessary, be read, but it is better for the teller to have read it thoroughly and to tell it in his own words.

10 minutes: Relay Race of some description.

10 minutes: Singing comic songs known to the majority. It is important that they should sing *properly* not merely bawl.

Dismiss after a simple prayer and a final Grand Howl.

Second Day. First 30 minutes: Same as for the first day except that the Cubs should welcome their Akela at the very beginning with a Grand Howl. The game should not be the same as that which was played on the first day.

15 minutes: Circle again and solemn pow-wow about the Cub Law and Promise. [It is presumed that a fair number have not yet been invested].

10 minutes: Race or competitive active game between sixes.

25 minutes: Tell a simple yarn, say the first one about Mougli in the Jungle Book, and then get the Cubs to put it into action, preferably by sixes.

Last 10 minutes: Finish up with a rollicking game, prayer and Grand Howl as before. After the Pack is dismissed, it might be a good thing to keep back the sixers for a short pow-wow about the members of their sixes.

Ever yours on the Trail,
LIMMERSHIN.

NEWS

Ayyampet-Chandra Troop. The 4th annual report to hand and forms interesting reading. The troop was started in July 1921 with 19 Scouts and the present strength is 36 of which 8 are Second class scouts. Early next year it is proposed to start a Cub and a Rover section to the troop. The scouts pay attention to camping out of doors as often as possible and do collective good turns. Services of experts are requisitioned for special instructional courses. Inter troop visits and camps are arranged for periodically. The teachers of the school take a special interest in the well-being of the Troop and help them by giving talks etc. The troop Savings Bank is working very well and habits of thrift have taken root in the minds of boys. The Troop library has 33 books and 40 Scout charts. During the Health Week the Scouts took part in active propaganda in popularising hygienic principles. The Head Master of the High School is very kind and actively helps the troop and we wish the troop a long career of public usefulness.

Three Rovers of the Mohamed Rover Troop went to Conjeevaram during the recent Garudotsavam Festival in June. They were very helpful to many of the pilgrims and made themselves generally useful. There is ample scope for such work in Madras and why not our Rovers come forward?

We are glad that Scout troops are not restricting themselves to scout and cub games

only but are paying attention to general athletics. We know of some Indian Troops who have been very keen on Hockey and we learn that the younger scouts of the Mohamed Troop are competing in the ensuing Y. M. C. A. Junior Hockey Tournament. We learn on authority that provision will be made in the Headquarters for Volley Ball, Badminton, Basket Ball and such other games. We are sure that our boys will show themselves prominent in sports.

Notes from Malabar

The District Commissioner inspected the following troops in June:—Fisheries Training School, Calicut. Scoutmaster: Mr. M. Kunhianantan.

The Board High School Troop, Nanminda. Scoutmaster: Mr. E. Appu Nayar.

The Board Higher Elementary School Troop, Kakkallur. Scoutmaster: Mr. P. K. Pachukutty.

The Investiture of the Fisheries Training School Troop was conducted by Mr. G. T. J. Thaddaeus, District Commissioner, on June 4th in the presence of the whole school and a few friends. After the Charge which was delivered by the Commissioner, Mr. E. Raman Menon, B.A., L.T., the Headmaster of the School spoke a few words of advice and encouragement. The Commissioner also visited the Club Room which is very well kept by the Scouts.

Troops have begun to work for the Jam-boree.

The M. M. High School Troop at Telli-cherry, (Scoutmaster: Mr. James R. Kallan) is selling "The Boy Scout Exercise Book" with a picture of the Chief Scout on the front cover and the Scout Law and Promise on the back. They sell it cheaper than the market rate. The demand for the cover is very encouraging.

A Training Camp for the Calicut and neighbouring taluks is being arranged by the District Commissioner.

Suggestions for Conducting A Study Circle.

For Part 1. (Theoretical) of the Akela or Wood Badge Course.

Study Circles in connection with Part 1 of the Akela or Wood Badge Course seem to have come to stay and may form a very

useful part of the work of an Association for the Winter. The success of the Study Circles depends on the atmosphere created just as the success of the Training Course depends on the Troop or Pack Spirit.

The environment is important. We could have a Training Course in a brickfield, but we owe much to the encircling trees of Gillwell; we can have a Study Circle in a Parish Hall, redolent with the activities of the Parish, with the shadow of the Caretaker lengthening across the "Circle" as the hour approaches 10 o'clock—but we owe much to the Scouty Den or the fireside in the Home of a Brother Scout.

How to start a Study Circle.

* The Leader first writes to Imperial Headquarters for two copies of the *Instructions and Questions*. These are divided into three Studies and each Study contains questions (Cub papers 6 question).

The Leader then cuts out questions 1-7 for the first meeting and distributes them to suitable persons in the Circle, asking each to open the discussion on that question. The opener's remarks should not exceed 5 minutes.

The Wise Leader knowing that much talking is a weariness to the flesh will introduce some activity into the evening, making the Circle a pooling centre for any new ideas, if possible trying out new games. At the end of the first meeting the time and place is arranged for the next. There would normally be three meetings during the winter, the last one not later than the end of February.

At the close of the first meeting anyone wishing to take the Course writes to Imperial Headquarters enclosing 1/6d for the necessary notebook and envelopes, and asking for a copy of instructions. Each Candidate sends in Study 1 separately, and when Study 1 is returned by the Reader Study 3 is enclosed, so that the Candidate has always a Study in hand to guide his reading and thought.

The papers should not be answered as if the Candidates were sitting for an examination, but more as if they were writing of their work and ideals and difficulties to a friend who is also a brother Scout.

* Those who intend starting study Circles are requested to write to the Boy Scouts Association Headquarters, Lady Wenlock Park, P. B. 424, Triplicane, Madras for copies of instructions and Questions.

The value of Part 1 is based on the belief that it is a good thing to examine quietly our own thoughts on Scouting that we may be clear in our ideals and see the goal towards which we are leading our boys.

Rover Notes.

"TWO-MINUTE BARKS"

BY

A Hound of the

First Kumbheswara Troop.

(K. R. R. SASTRY, M.A.)

This senior branch of Scouts is sure to become more popular in India. What is difficult to be achieved in the class-room and what an odd School Master with the birch can never accomplish, is possible of achievement by the Scoutmaster. In the transitional period through which India is now passing, no subject has been so ill taught in a slipshod fashion as civics in the lower classes. The same subject has been dealt with in an apologetic fashion in some of the Training Schools. Before beginning the "Citizenship Talk," a consideration of *where we stand* is necessary.

A Rover differs from a Boy-Scout in that he is passing through the stormy period of his life. At no other time is it so absolutely essential that one should move with these Rovers as true brothers. This difference is equally evident from a close examination of the very useful leaflet entitled "The Presentation of a Rover Scout" from B. P. The 22 points which comprise the first part of the "Vigil" are each of them reminiscent of the famous order of knights in the medieval ages. The sleepless night which the knight was expected to spend guarding the emblems of chivalry in the middle ages, is very well portrayed powerfully by B. P. through his questions which have to be well digested over by the aspirant after Roverhood. Some such distinction, I had felt necessary in my experience with Sivaji Rovers; for however much one may talk of "Service," a serious preparation and what is more *an attitude of deep concentration, over the essentials of life*, is quite essential for each Rover. Rovering is bound to be valued more when the "Vigil" and "The Investiture" are gone through in the proper *Spirit*. Any number

of "I have" and "I do" will be only mere verbiage, if the *spirit of sacred resolve does not come from within*.

More than any other branch of scouts, sure and speedy results can be achieved from the Rovers. Gifted in a real sense with the reasoning faculty, a Rover is not at all likely to obey willingly rules and regulations intended for his well-being, if he really thinks that these will restrain his freedom. Repentance is sure to characterize this branch of Scouts in cases of "having gone astray;" and it is a striking observation that the Rover who comes out of the fire of repentance after one misdeed, is perhaps the best of the lot.

It is the other side of the Atlantic that leads off in the true training for citizenship. It shall be our endeavour to begin the first talk on citizenship next month. Rovers, pray "Be Prepared."

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

S/M. Sivaji Rovers Villupuram.

The Boy Scouts Association

(India and Burma Branch).

General Head Quarter Notices.

Dated Simla, the 10th June 1925.

128. His Excellency the Chief Scout for India and Burma has been pleased to make the following awards:—

Silver Cross for Gallantry.

Scout Chakki Lal of the Central Provinces Boy Scouts Association for rescuing the life of Musammatt Hiriya from drowning in a tank.

Certificate of Gallantry.

Patrol Leader Jackie Cutt of the 1st Meerut "8th Croydon Indian Own Troop," who, at great personal risk, rescued a dog from drowning in a lake.

Certificate of Commendation.

District Scout Master Paramananda Vid-yarthi of Meerut in recognition of his good work in the cause of the Scout movement.

Thanks Badge.

The General Secretary has presented a "Thanks Badge" to Mr. J. David, Superintendent of the Private Secretary to the Viceroy's Press, for the help he has rendered to General Headquarters in the printing of Rules, Census and stationery generally.

129. His Excellency the Chief Scout for India and Burma has been pleased to appoint the Hon'ble Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Macpherson as Chief Scout for Rajputana.

130. A further revision of the Scout Rules for India will be undertaken. Will Provincial and State Scout Commissioners be good enough to collect the criticisms of their Associations and send them to the undersigned by 15th July?

131. The Madras Provincial Council of the Boy Scouts Association at its third Annual Meeting resolved to organise a Provincial Boy Scout Jamboree under its auspices in Christmas Holidays of 1925. Several Provincial and State Scout Associations have promised to send their Scouts to attend the Jamboree. Copies of Prospectus and Appeal may be had from the Madras Provincial Headquarters, Lady Wenlock Park, South Beach Road, Triplicane, Madras.

H. G. HAIG, General Secretary.

All-India Boy Scouts Association.

Provincial Head Quarter Notices.

Warrants Issued:—

- S. M. 250 (Rover) E. K. Govindasami of Madras.
- " 251 G. Ramamritham of Tanjore.
- " 252 James R. Kallan of Nettur, Tellicherry.
- " 253 M. N. Ramalingam of Ambur, North Arcot District.
- " 254 G. S. Venkatesa Aiyer of Coimbatore.
- District Commissioner, C. Doraisami Aiyah, North Arcot District.
- C M 32 Miss. Ponusami Sundaram of Madras.

Warrants Cancelled:—

- A S M 84 G. S. Venkatesa Aiyer of Coimbatore.
- District Commissioner 31. M. Schuurmans, of Vellore.

Troops Registered:—

- Reg. No 366 Akbar Troop, Bellary.

Packs Registered:—

- Reg. No 77, 1st St. Peter's Pack, Tanjore.
- Reg. No 76, 2nd St. Peter's Pack, Tanjore.

Local Association Registered:—

- Ongole Local Scout Association, Guntur District.
- Chairman: A. Seshagiri Rao, B.A., B.L.
- Hon. Secretary, D. Ragavendrarao, B.A., L.T., Municipal High School, Ongole.

Jamboree:—

Copies of the Prospectus and applications for the Jamboree have been sent to every Scoutmaster and Cubmaster in the Presidency and if any scouter is not in receipt of the same by the 31st of July, 1925 he is requested to write to the Provincial Headquarters and obtain the necessary forms.

Census for the year 1925:—

Troop census forms have been sent direct to every scouter who is in charge of a troop or pack in the Presidency. Scouters are requested to write to the Provincial Headquarters for the census forms if they do not receive them by the end of July, 1925.

Continued on page 158.

Our Vernacular Page.

முன்னொரு காலத்தில் ஓர் ஊரில் சிறுத்தொண்டர் என்று ஒருவர் இருந்தார். அவருக்கு ஒருகுமாரன் இருந்தான். அவருக்கு வேறு மக்கள் இல்லை. அந்தப் பையனுக்கு வயது சுமார் 7 இருக்கும். அப்போது தான் அவன் பள்ளிக்கூடத்தில் முதல் அல்லது இரண்டாவது வகுப்பில் படித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தான். இளஞ்சாணரிடமிருக்க வேண்டிய எல்லா நற்குணங்களுமவளிடமிருந்தன. அவன் தந்தையாகிய சிறுத்தொண்டர் ஏழைகளுக்கு அன்னமளிப்பதில் மிகுந்த ஊக்கமுள்ளவர். யாராவது ஒரு ஏழைக்காவது அன்னமளிக்காமல் அவர் ஒருநாளும் சாப்பிடமாட்டார். ஆகவே தினந்தோறும் திரளான ஏழைகள் அன்னத்திற்காக இவரை நாடி வருவது வழக்கம். ஒருநாள் எல்லாம் வல்ல ஈசன் இவரையும் இவர் மகனான சீராளனையும் பரீக்ஷிக்க வெண்ணி ஒரு சந்தியாசியுருவங்கொண்டு இவர்கள் வீட்டிற்கு வந்து அன்னம் யாசித்தார். அன்றையதினம் வேறு யாசகர்கள் வராததால் ஈசனாகிய ஏழைக்கு எல்லா உபசாரங்களுஞ் செய்து, சிறுத்தொண்டர் அன்னமளித்தார். சாப்பிட உட்கார்ந்ததும் அந்தச் சந்தியாசி தனக்கு உண்பதற்கு மனித மாமிசம் வேண்டுமென்று கேட்டார். அதிலும் தன் பெற்றோருக்கு ஒரே குழந்தையாய் பிறந்த பிள்ளையின் மாமிசமே தனக்கு வேண்டுமென்று மகான் பிடிவாதமாகச் சொன்னார். பார்த்தார் சிறுத்தொண்டர்! யாரைக் கேட்டால் தம் ஒரே குழந்தையாகிய மகனைக் கொடுப்பார்? யாரும் கொடுக்கமாட்டார்கள். ஆகவே கடைசியில் தன் மகனையேதான் கொன்று மகானுக்கு விருந்தளிக்கவேண்டுமென்று தீர்மானித்தார். உடனே சிறுவனை பள்ளிக்கூடத்திலிருந்து வரவழித்துச் சங்கதியை அவனுக்குச் சொன்னார். சிறுவன் “ஆ! என் உயிர் என்ன நிலைத்திருக்கக்கூடியதா? நங்குனிஷ்டப்படி நடக்கக் கூடமைப்பட்டிருக்கும் என்னைத் தாங்கள் இப்போதே கொன்று உபயோகித்துக்கொள்ளலாம். என்னுயிரையேனுங் கொடுத்துத் தங்களுக்கும் அந்த மகனையும் திருப்தி செய்யக் கூடிய பாக்கியம் பெற்றனே!” என்று சொல்லி கொலைக்குச் சந்தோஷத்துடனே இசைந்தான். பிறகு அவன் பெற்றோர் அவனைக் கொன்று சமைத்து மகானுக்கு விருந்திட்டனர். ஈசன் இவர்களைவரையும் மெச்சி சீராளனையும் உயிர்ப்பித்து எல்லோருக்கும் நீட்டிய ஆயுளையும் சகல சுகங்களையும் அருளி மறைந்தார். ஓராய்க்குட்டிகளே! என் செல்வச் சகோதரர்களே! நீங்களும் சீராளனைப் போலவே மிகவும் கஷ்டமான காலத்திலும் உங்கள் பெற்றோர் பெரியோர் படைப்பதியாகியவரின் சொல்லைக் கீழ்ப்படிந்து நடந்து, சிறப்பித்து வாழுங்கள்! இதுவே இளஞ்சாணரின் முதல் சட்டத்தின் கருத்து! (தொடரும்). மு. வ. வே. ரா.

கிருஷ்ணன்:—சரி. ஈ சாணர் இயக்கத்தைச் சார்ந்தவனல்லவா; அதிகமாய் பிரசிடென்ஸிப் பெரியோர் சொற்படி கேட்டால் மந்திரித்துள்ளிருக்க வேண்டும். நம்மவ்ஷ்டப்படி செய்யவேண்டியது.

இராமன்:—அப்படியல்லவா. அவர்கள் சொல் நமக்கு வேதவாக்குபோலாகும். அவர்கள் சொல்லைக் கேளாவிட்டால் நாம் கஷ்டத்திற்குள்ளாவோம். அதற்கும் ஒரு கதையுண்டு. ஒரு குரங்கு, தன் தாய்ச் சொல்லைக் கேளாது, நடந்ததின் பலனாக தன்னுயிரை மிழ்த்ததைப்பற்றி நாம் படித்தோமல்லவா.

கிருஷ்ணன்:—இதேதடா, இவன் சும்மாவிடமாட்டான் போலிருக்கிறதே. என்னை என்ன செய்யச் சொல்லுகிறாய்?

இராமன்:—ஒன்றுமில்லை. உண்பெற்றோர் சொற்படி நடக்க வேண்டும்.

கிருஷ்ணன்:—சரி, பார்க்கிறேன், நாழிகையாகிறது நான் போகவேண்டும்.

இராமன்:—நானும் வருகிறேன்.

இரண்டாங் காட்சி.

(கிருஷ்ணன் ஓர் டாணக்காரன் பிடித்துச் செல்கிறான். வழியில் இராமன் சந்திக்க, அவனுடன் பேசுகிறான்.)

இராமன்:—கிருஷ்ண! என்ன இது, அழுது கண்ணும், சிந்திய மூக்குமாயிருக்கிறாயே? நீ டாணக்காரனுடன் வரக்காரணம் யாது?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—இராமா! என்னை இட்டாணக்காரன் கச்சேரிக்கு அழைத்துச் செல்லுகிறான்.

இராமன்:—எதற்காக?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—இராமா! நானின்றி விளையாடவரும் போதே, என் தகப்பனார் சனியன் போகவேண்டாம்மென்று தடுத்தார்.

இராமன்:—என்ன சமாசாரம்? உன்பிதாயேன் கோபித்துக் கொன்னுகிறாய்?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—நான், சீனன், கோவிர்தன் மற்றுமுள்ள சிறேதர்களுடன் சின்னையாபின்னை தோட்டப் பக்கம் வழக்கம்போல் விளையாடச் சென்றோம். (தொடரும்).

(from page 157.)

The District Secretaries are requested to collect the forms from the scoutmasters and fill the K forms which have been sent to them and send the K forms together with the individual troop census forms to the Provincial Headquarters not later than 7th September, 1925.

Efficiency certificates have been issued to the following gentlemen who attended the training camp held Vellore, North Arcot District, from 20th May, 1925 to 27th May 1925 inclusive.

- 140 C Doraisami Aiyah, Vellore.
- 141 E. V. Gopalan, Chingelput.
- 142 R Parthasarathy, Ambur.
- 143 C V. Subbramaniam, Vellore.
- 144 V. Srinivasachar, Natrampalli.
- 145 V. Narasingarao, Kandukur.
- 146 V. Parameswara Aiyer, Vellore.
- 147 A. Manikam, Vellore.
- 148 T. S. Venkataramanan, Vellore.

MADRAS, PROVINCIAL HEADQUARTERS, 1st July, 1925. K SANJIVA KAMATH, Honorary Provincial Secretary, Boy Scouts Association, Madras.

