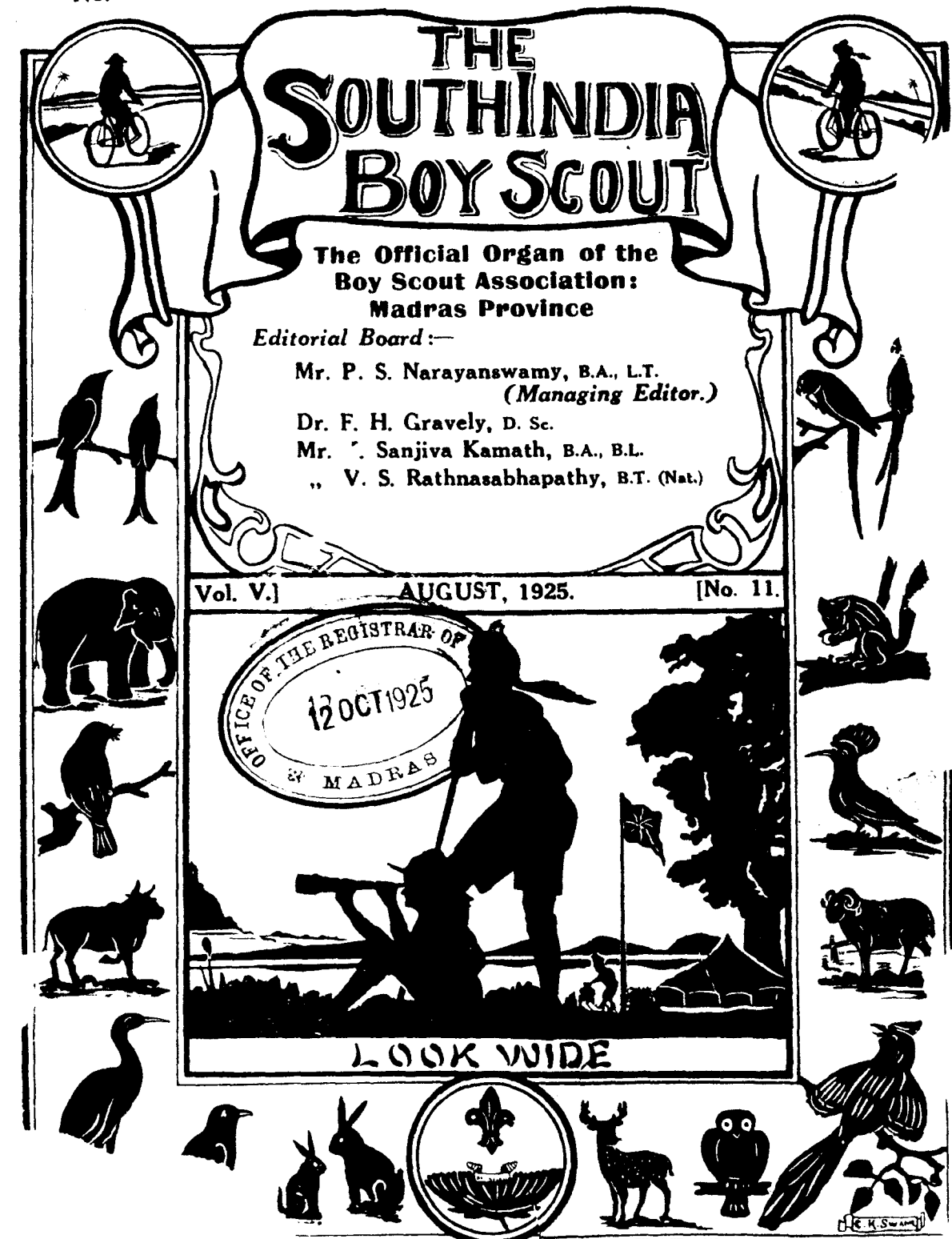


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M. 156



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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, Adityappa 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

25. All that Scouts of a Troop have to do is to enrol subscribers and send the orders 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 Scoutmasters 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.

Only one correct solution was sent in by P/L. C. Kuppaswami of I Vepery Troop who therefore wins the first prize of Rs. 5/-

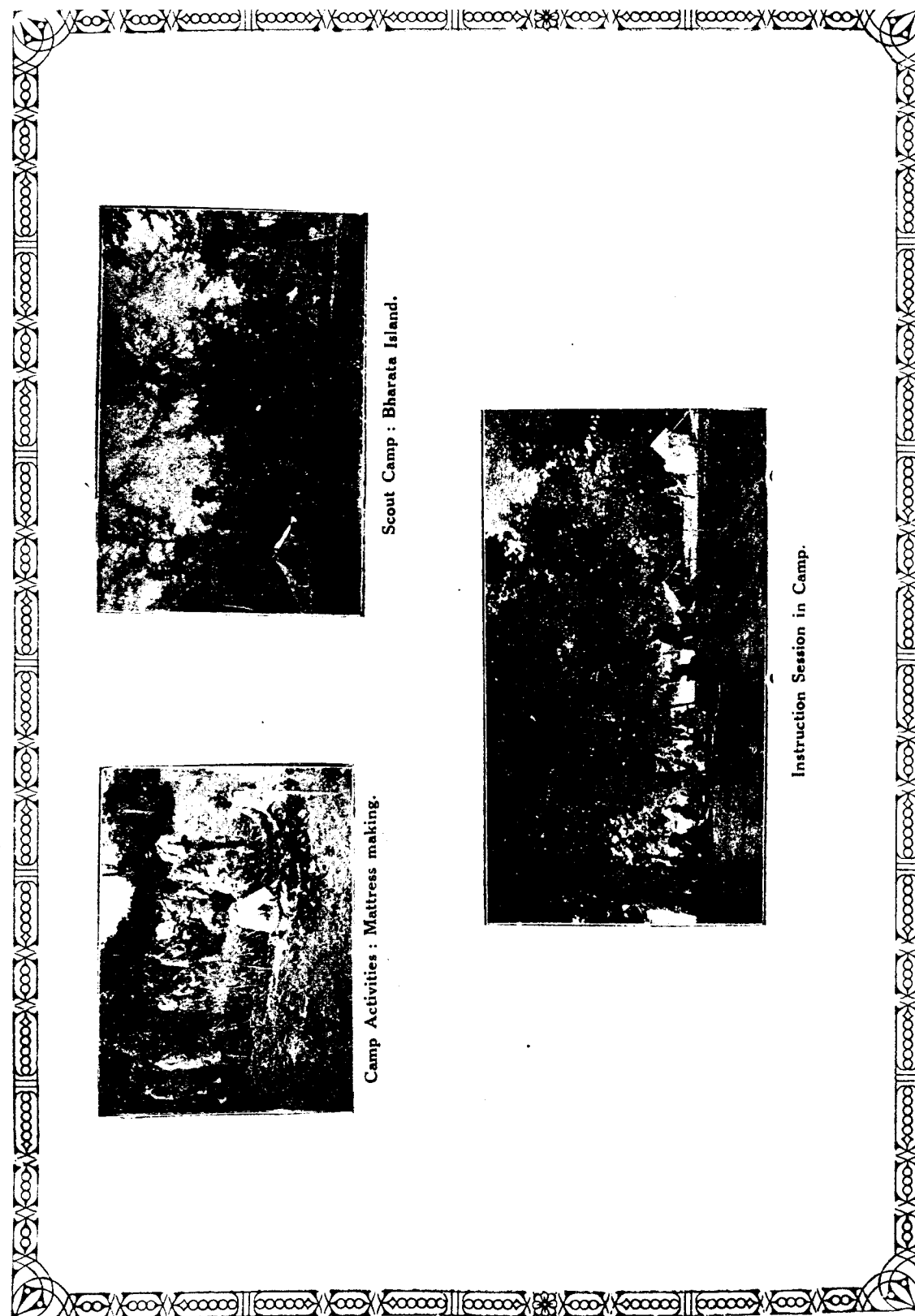
Of the remainder, three only are deserving of consolation prizes in the following order:

Rover B. T. CLEAR,
272, *Somabai*pet, Poona City.

P. L. BROUGHTON,
1st Royapettah Troop.
3/8, *Perumal Mudali Street*

Scout K. I. JO,
Udayabhan Troop
Mular

Who all re



Scout Camp : Bharata Island.

Instruction Session in Camp.

Camp Activities : Mattress making.

THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

Vol. V.]

AUGUST, 1925.

[No. 11

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

The Pilgrims to Bliss.

Along that narrow path, a winding file,
Through countless gorges, frightful, gloomy, deep,
O'er hill and dale, many a weary mile
On tumbling stones and sharp-edged crags and steep,
On treach'rous mud and bush with bristling thorn,
Through awful caves with rugged rocky sides,
The handful march by night and sunny morn
Towards that peak with sure and sturdy strides,
With glaring torch of honest Truth to guide
O'er sheets of snow, through howling gale and hail,
Unflinching they, by Duty's light abide,
And trace the faint and tiresome mountain trail.
They reach the heights, the darkness leave below ;
Eternal sunshine makes their faces glow.

A. S. SREENIVASAN.

• Ourselves.

The arrangements for the Jamboree are going on with great vigour and we are glad to find that many troops are looking forward to the event with great eagerness. The Honorary Provincial Secretary has sent out to every Scouter two letters in connection with it. The letters as will have been seen, bring out clearly the purpose of the Jamboree and we take this opportunity of requesting every one of our readers to make special efforts to make it a success. It is an event which requires the efforts of everyone from the tenderfoot of yesterday to the most experienced scouter. It is a function which calls forth special efforts of the Commissioners and District Associations throughout the Province. We have been going on for nearly eight years now as a movement and Madras made the bravest show in all India during the Chief's visit. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales' rally was another grand event which showed to the public what scouts were doing. The public expect great things of us in the coming Jamboree. Let us all unite together in fulfilling their expectations.

We regret that we failed to acknowledge the courtesy of the publishers of the

"Uthsaha" of Benares in kindly lending us the block of Sri Krishna's picture which appeared in our July issue. We hasten to apologise for the omission.

The progress of the movement in the various districts and in the province can be judged best by the census returns which are due by the first week of next month. Last year, it was a pity that some of the districts were rather slack in sending up returns and some districts did not send in any at all. We hope that every troop will take a special interest in the census and help the Head Quarters in showing to the world that the movement is making great headway in this Presidency. This matter is of vital interest to the circulation of the magazine also. Will all troops help?

Mr. M. V. Venkateswaran's presidential address during the Satara Scouter's Conference published in extenso in the "Bombay Scout Gazette" forms most interesting and enlightening reading. We hope to publish extracts from it, if not in full, in our next issue, together with an account of the conference.

Editor.

Elders' Point of View.

In "Thoughts and After—Thoughts" by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, is the following opinion:—

Of all the movements which are in progress for the development of the race, I imagine that none is capable of such far-reaching results to the health, the moral, and the sane patriotism of the inhabitants of the land (Italics are ours: Editor) as is the Boy Scout movement. And this development seems to me to tend more than any other to do away with class distinctions. See these manly little fellows as they trudge along the roads, how picturesque they look, how business-like! I imagine that the spirit of independence which is part of the training of a Boy Scout will be a factor of enormous importance in the generations which are growing into manhood. The Handy-man is always to the fore when it comes to the test. How much more profitable than to sit at a foot-ball match watching great big athletes kicking a ball when it is down! And the comradeship of the Boy Scouts inculcates good fellowship and humour; very necessary qualities to enable us to bear the tragedies of life which come to every man; and if we learn to rough it on the road of life with our fellows, we are often able to lighten a friend of half his burden by counter-weighting it with sympathy. (The 'Scouter'.)

"Patrol Leaders' Corner."

Tact.

"Tact," as the little boy said, "is what you don't say when you want to say it."

Rather a muddled expression perhaps, but nevertheless true enough. Tact is something very indefinite, like your conscience, but it is just as important.

To leave unsaid those nasty words which fly to the tip of a hasty tongue; to give sarcasm the cold shoulder when you feel particularly biting; to nip an unkind action in the bud—that's tact;

The list of equipment for a Patrol Leader should read:—

White metal hat (Turban) badge
Two white stripes on the pocket
A patrol flag for his staff
and unlimited tact.

Believe me, fellows, the last is far more important than all the rest put together, for the tactful Leader is bound to succeed.

When two youngsters get mixed up in a heated argument, both having a certain amount of right on their side, who smoothes out the creases with a few quiet words and makes them see the commonsense point of view? The tactful Leader, of course!

Who is it listens with a patient ear to another chap's troubles, most of which are imaginary? The tactful Leader again?

With every trouble under the sun you find him the same. Unpaid patrol subscriptions, because father is out of work; a Scout who turns up late because he has been working overtime; tact is always at the Leader's elbow, and he says just the right thing at the right time, or leaves unsaid what he would like to say.

Tact is a gift of the gods rather than a cultivated habit, but it can be learnt the same way as you learn shorthand or swimming.

For both these arts you need patience, and to learn tact you need just a little more, namely a clear insight into human nature. But if you try hard enough you can learn, and there will be no doubt about your success as a Leader.

(Troop-Leader C. H. Butler in the "Scout".)

Camp Prayers.

O Lord! Our Father, help us to do all that lies in our power to lighten and not to increase the sum of human misery, to study all things that are kind, and gentle, and tender hearted in our dealings with others; grant us that we would be ever on the watch against wounding thoughts, uncharitable judgments and unkind deeds. Above all, grant us strength to strive with all our power against the temptation to cutting and sarcastic words, against calumny and misrepresentation, against envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Help us to live as Thy servants should.

Of Course!

First passenger in Taxi: Do you think the motor car will displace the horse?

Second passenger: Of course—if it hits him.

Special Article.

Scouting and its significance—Part III.

(By E. V. GOPALAN).

The revolt is in no way a violent outburst. Since the pangs of the restless spirit within he can no longer suppress, the warning of the father is brushed aside. It is quite evident that his healthy natural instincts for movement and play are set out of tune with his innate reverence for elders. The street adjacent to the window, busy with the flow of life, is too strong a temptation for the young prisoner inside. His siren call to the passers-by has been the only safety valve for pent-up energy to get through. The tune of the curd seller, the gong of the watchman, the cynical attitude of the rude headman, and the tinkling anklets of the meek flower-seller sufficiently interest the young lad, enliven his drooping spirit and nay, transport him for hours to the land of his rich fancy where he should like to wander along the meandering streams at the foot of hills, or take curds from the village and hawk it from cottage to cottage or to fly with time to that land of which none knows anything or to gather flowers in a dense forest where the honey-sipping bird rocks himself on the end of the thinnest branch. When boys of his age are at play on the roadside by the window, how Amal's heart yearns to join them! The watchman and the headman are highly struck with the simplicity and innocence of the boy, and soon disarmed of their wrath listen to him as if bound by spells. Even Sudha, the flower-girl whom the pale face of the lad reminds of some late star of the morning sends up for her companion some flowers as her affectionate tribute.

For all such lively concourse outside, the depressed boy does but heavily sigh and say the burden of his reply "The doctor won't let me out." However he keeps on cheerful, fondly hoping for the day when the King will write to him and employ him as his servant. This gleam of happy period is deferred to day after day and yet the boy loses no heart and speaks out bluntly, "since the King's Post was put there I like more and more being in-doors and as I think I shall get a letter one day I feel quite happy." In fact the hero longs for novel things to see and strange news to hear. He even wishes himself a postman going about with

a bag of letters and delivering messages from door to door, and thus evinces in all aspects instincts for social service; when such rare opportunities with the possibilities of sound education and hopes of all-round development for the boy are thoughtlessly slipped out, there arise slowly a breach in the law of nature and scope for violent shaking off of peace and happiness in life. The Vengeance of Nature is sure to be deep and lasting. Hence it is highly essential for virtuous parents to study Nature and the laws that govern the healthy growth of children. This requires that both the father and the mother should themselves have received a sound education. (To be continued)

A CUCKOO,
of the Vellore camp.

Hobbies.

A simple fan and how to make it.

Any Scout who is anxious to make a fan for himself can easily do so in the following manner.

Get a tender Palmyrah leaf which has just begun to spread. Let the central stem be a little longer than the leaf so that it might make a convenient handle. Place the leaf in the sun for a while so that it becomes flexible. Split the stem length-wise, right in the middle and thus divide the leaf into two so that you might have two fans. Cut a small curve at the root end of the handle. Bring round the cut and lower end of the leaf to the handle and boring a hole through the starting point of the last leaf, pass a thin strip of palmleaf rib through and secure the leaf to the handle tightly. Put this again in the sun for a while and then bind the edge of the fan (the top rim) on both sides with cocoanut leaf mid-ribs, by securing them to the leaf in the same way as you did to the leaf the handle. With a sharp knife trim the edges and rim neatly. Whittle with your knife the handle, to suit your taste. It would be a very good plan if you can paint the fan over on both sides with oil paint or enamel of various colors, any ornamental design—flowers, small landscapes scouty sketches, etc. A well made hand painted fan ought to fetch at least 4 annas. This is a very good occupation for winter evenings. L. & L. CROWS.



Round the Camp Fire.

Scout Campfires.

A fire is blazing merrily in the darkness; its flames leap up, pointing to the stars that twinkle overhead. A circle of Scouts gather round it. "Troop, Alert!" commands the leader. The Scoutmaster comes up, passes through them to the centre of the circle and extending his right hand towards the fire, makes the Scout sign and proclaims to all: "Brother Scouts, the Council Fire is open." The leader hands him the programme that has been arranged for the evening as he takes his place in the circle and all are seated again. One after another he calls on the Scouts assembled, to contribute the items they have promised. One tells an appropriate story, perhaps invented for the occasion, and either very short and simple or breaking out at intervals into some popular chorus such as "The More We Camp Together" in which all join heartily. Another conducts a Camp fire game—amusing and probably good training too. Another sings a song, again (if he is wise) with a simple chorus that all can readily pick up and sing with him. Another leads a yell "Boomachika-boom," "Skyrocket" or another such. And another perhaps leads a dance such as "Swaziwallahs." And so on for probably about an hour when all rise for "God save the King," Camp Prayers and "The Scouts' Good Night." Then all retire to bed.

Such is a scout campfire. Not an entertainment of the many by the few, or even of the few by the many, but a social sing song to which all contribute spontaneously and often almost unconsciously, to the best of their ability. For the secret of success

with campfires as with other scout activities is to keep every one employed all the time and to do it without their knowing it.

Songs in which all can join provide the best means of this; but they must be suitable for the purpose. Firstly they must be simple so that the tune can be picked up at once by anyone with even a moderate "ear for music" even if they have never heard it before. It does not matter how fine a song is or how beautifully it is sung, if it is beyond the ability of the average scout, it will do little to help him, even though he may fully appreciate it as a form of entertainment. And secondly either there must be a good chorus repeated at the end of each verse and the chorus should be as long and the verse as short as possible; or there should be so much repetition in the verses themselves that the singing of the first by the leader will enable all quickly to pick up and join in the rest.

So far, I have only come across one Indian vernacular song that seems to fulfil these conditions at all adequately; and that, though everywhere popular among Madras Scouts, is not understood by them, being in Bengali. I refer, of course to Tagore's "Morning Song." I am told that there are many such Tamil songs; but they seem to be little known even to my informants and I have yet to make their acquaintance. Until they not only exist but are brought into general use the scout camp fire in South India will, I am afraid, remain the somewhat difficult and uncertain undertaking that many seem to find it. And that will be a great loss to the boys, for I know of nothing they more thoroughly enjoy and nothing that more quickly and effectually, because quite unconsciously, liberates them from the repressive self-cons-

ciousness which so often stifles much of their energy and finer aspirations.

In order to illustrate what I mean, the following may be given as samples of the types of song referred to:—

1. Repetition mainly in the chorus.

Number one, number one,
Now my song has just begun.

Chorus:—

Rum Tum Taddelum, Old John Braddelum,

Jolly country lads are we,
Jolly country lads are we.

Number two, number two,
Some boots pinch so give me a shoe.

Chorus:—

Rum Tum Taddelum, Old John Braddelum, etc.

and so on up to twelve, of course changing "jolly country lads are we" to "jolly Madras scouts are we" or what ever may happen to be suitable.

2. Repetition of the verses.

There's never any trouble if you S. M. I. L. E.
There's never any trouble if you S. M. I. L. E.
And if there's any trouble
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to S. M. I. L. E.

The remaining verses being exactly the same except that S. M. I. L. E. is replaced by (2) L. A. U. G. H. (3) G. I. ggl. E. and (4) Ha. ha. ha. ha. ha.

3. Repetition within each verse.

Come now round the Campfire
Each cub and Scout and Rover.
Come now round the Campfire
Each cub and Scout and Rover.
For to night we'll merry be
For to night we'll merry be
For to night we'll merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

And so on with a similar system of repetition in each of the verses.

But there is no need to despair of success with camp fires because one does not happen to be sufficiently musical or because, just first, no one in the troop knows any songs. When such is the case it is usually best to concentrate on games until songs are found, when they will work their way in naturally and without awkwardness or forcing.

But they must be simple games that will keep everybody occupied all the time or at least eagerly intent on what others are doing between their own turns. A game that does

not produce this eager intentness is not only bad training for the mind, but quickly flags and so proves itself to be useless. And of course they must be orderly and be carefully conducted, without any pause between one item and the next. To let a game go on after interest in it has begun to wane or to have a slack interval after one item while arranging for the next are alike fatal to success and often to discipline as well. For this reason it is essential always to have a definite programme drawn up in advance. When suitable singing is not obtainable, games will usually, I think, form the best substitute as the backbone of the programme, with yells, short stories and a few songs if possible worked in by way of variety.

Most scoutmasters who do not know any suitable songs will at least know some suitable tunes. And given suitable tunes it should not be impossible to provide suitable words. This I suspect, will prove the easiest way to supply the much needed vernacular scout songs—take simple popular Indian tunes and fit simple Indian words to them, appropriate for scout use. As an example of the kind of thing meant the first verse and chorus of a well known English song may be given alongside of the first verse and chorus of the Bharata (5th. Egmore, Madras) Troop song for which it served as model.

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean,
O bring back my Bonnie to me

Chorus:—

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me.
Bring Back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me

Adapted from above:—

A scout finds life full of adventure,
Ever strenuous, happy and free
A scout finds life full of adventure,
Oh the life of a scout for me.
We're scouts, We're scouts,
We're scouts of the Bharata Troop.
We're scouts, We're scouts,
We're scouts of the Bharata Troop.

Once suitable songs are introduced they will quickly establish their own popularity and spread far and wide, just as Tagore's "Morning Song" has done. And they will form a ready means through which the happy comradeship of the campfires may be realized.

F. H. GRAVELY.

Days passed by.

One day Vasu's father received an invitation to a marriage. The card was a splendid piece of printing. "Matrimony" was engraved on the front. The whole thing was splendid, and Vasu attracted as boys usually are, went and asked his father to give it to him. Taking it into his hand he looked into it. Suddenly his face stiffened. He looked over the bottom. There it was—Xale and Co., Printers.

"Eureka! Eureka!!" shouted Vasu and rushed out.

(To be continued.)
L. SUBRAMANIAN.

Heroes.

A Heroic Mother.

(Note: Chittore was the seat of many a valorous heart. After the death of one of its powerful Ranas, the subjects revolted and chose a distant kinsman of the Rana to be the regent until the baby heir to the throne should come of age to assume the reigns of Royalty and Government. But the man thus chosen made up his mind to establish himself as the king and so he plotted to kill the rightful heir who was then in charge of a loyal maid.

She heard the tramp of armed men
The woman's shriek and stifled groan;
In haste she sought a gloomy den
To hide the Prince of Chittore's throne.

Her baby son was fast asleep
Beside the Royal Rajput heir;
Her loyal heart in sorrow deep
She sighed to see the children fair.

A moment's thought—She chose the path;
She donned her son with Princely garb
That he might quench the Royal wrath
Unmindful of the filial barb.

She dropped the Prince in a rotten case
Beside a pillar huge and tall;
And ere long saw the Regent's face,
And senseless sank beside the wall.

The deed was done: the ruffians gone;
She wiped a pearly tear of joy;
The lowly clothes the Prince put on
And last she saw her mangled boy.

With heavy heart the mother sighed
And left the gloomy loathsome den;
"A Prince I saved," the woman cried,
"A Royal Prince is worth such ten."

Her kingly burden safely hid
She sneaked beyond the guarded gate.
Her leal had saved the Royal kid
And left her son to bear his fate.

A. S. SREENIVASAN.

Health Page.

The Marvels of the Muscular System.

(EUGEN SANDOW).

OVER 500 MUSCLES IN THE BODY.

There are in the human body over 500 muscles of various shapes and sizes, some flat and ring-shaped, some spindle-shaped, some fan-shaped, some that look like little feathers, and some that have the appearance of small fish. When, again, one thinks of the many varieties and degrees of muscle from the brawny biceps and triceps of the blacksmith's arm to the tiny throat and chest muscles regulating the musical trills, the crescendoes and the diminuendoes of a Melba or a Tettrazini, it is possible for us to realise that muscle should command as much respect as, if not even more than, brain and nerve, for it plays an even more important part in the general scheme of things, as nerve and brain and every organ are dependent entirely on the muscles of digestive, circulatory and eliminatory systems for their nutrition, aeration, and purification.

MUSCLES THAT EXERCISE BRAIN

AND NERVE.

Of the influence of muscular movement on the mental and nervous system Dr. Sir James Crichton Browne speaks strongly and with the voice of authority.

"The training by which a child acquires the ability to perform certain movements with rapidity, regularity, energy, and precision is a training not of muscles only but of nerve-centres also—of the nerve-centres set apart to reign over these special muscles. The actions which stimulate the growth and development of certain muscles stimulate also the growth and development of certain associated parts of the nervous system. Just as a muscle or group of muscles will show weakness and also wasting if the movements for the performance of which they are designed are not practised, so also will the associated nerve-centres fail to develop or waste—atrophy—for want of exercise of their corresponding muscles."

PHYSICAL AND MUSCULAR MORALITY.

And, just as all the elements of the soil are brought into being in the crops and the fruit, so all the physical qualities of man are the feeders of his intellectual and even his

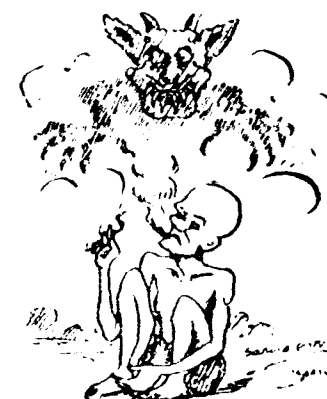
Smoking and its evils.



Example Set by elders.



Tobacco and other narcotics play havoc with your Nervous System and make you unfit and only hastens your journey to the grave.



Tobacco Contains a very Strong person called 'Nicotine.' When once the habit is cultivated, it is very difficult to shake it off and you will be as if in the grips of a devil. Try and shake the devil off.

Courtesy of:—Messrs M. R. SARMA, BROTHERS,
Artists, Vepery, Madras.

Our Serial Story.

PRATAB SINGH.

"No. No. Sahib," said the lady, "you yourself will give me one pill, one to my child and one to her father who will return home tomorrow. That will do."

The merchant accordingly took out three lumps of the medicine and with the humblest hand put them into the lady's hands saying, "swallow it when going to sleep and drink some milk or cold water and that is enough."

The innocent lady accepted the precious drug with thanks and paid him amply for the wares and departed. It was sunset by this time and the waiter at home was lighting up the lamps in the verandah when the waiting maid of the house beckoned to him and whispered something and hurried away casting a smiling glance at the scent merchant. He saw something significant in the look and he thought he had understood it. He was busy tying up his wares when the waiter approached him with a cheerful look and remarked that his scents were very fine.

"They are all fresh stock," replied the merchant, "and I sell them cheap."

"I too would like to have some" said the waiter, "or my wife is burning to have some at least," and he laughed.

"Oh Yes," replied the merchant, "my perfumes are within the reach of all people."

"By the by," said the waiter, "where do you stay to night? I hope you have engaged some apartments."

"No sahib," replied he, "I am a stranger to this town. I shall be highly obliged if you can tell me where I can board to night."

"Why Hazrat, you can rest at my humble cottage if you please, to night," said the waiter, "my house is yonder in the garden behind the house."

"Thank you very much," replied the merchant. "Allah helps those who are otherwise helpless."

So saying, the waiter led the scent merchant to his cottage. The merchant placed his baggage there and seemed to enjoy a good view of the mansion, and its surroundings. He enjoyed a nice dinner at the waiter's that night and in return he gave his host a few of his best perfumes. But his hostess

seemed not satisfied. But she seemed to feel shy to ask what she most required.

"What is it you want madam?" He asked, "you seem to labour under some difficulty."

"Nothing" replied she, "only—that—that—"

"Oh you mean the drug, I too forgot about it; my good host and hostess shall also have it. Oh, to think of your hospitality!" so saying the merchant took out the drug and placed it in her hands.

It was about 9 o'clock in the night and it was exceptionally dark, the sky being much clouded. From the waiter's hut could be seen a broad stream of light flow out from one of the apartments in the mansion towards the garden.

"Who sleeps there?" asked the merchant in a very light manner.

"My master's beautiful daughter" replied the waiter. "You saw her just now. Oh! what a paragon of beauty she is!" Then he narrated how she was to be married very soon to a rich youth of some northern city and while so doing, he fell fast asleep on his bed.

(To be continued.)

Camp Yells.

Gee Humalaya (Pronounced-Jee Humalaya) This yell if performed well is most effective. It is particularly impressive when it is done towards the close of the camp fire sing song when every thing is hushed and still. The larger the number round the fire the better the yell will be. The leader begins leading off in a deep solemn tone—

Gee Humalaya

All the others answer in the same tone.

Gee.....(long drawn out ee...)

Again the leader leads off in a louder tone.

Gee Humalaya

All the others answer in a correspondingly louder tone.

Gee.....(Same as above)

Again the leaders leads off in the loudest possible tone

Gee Humalaya

All the others answer as loud as they can

Gee.....and end (all together) with

Wah (short, sharp bark).

Our New Serial Story.

Vasu the Scout.

"Rams, Alert," said P/L Vasu. It was their usual meeting day, and they had collected at their dens. It was raining heavily outside, so that outdoor work was out of question. "I am sorry we are having a spell of bad weather. Our tracking expedition must be postponed. What shall we have instead? What say you to Kim's game? Shall I ask the S. M. to arrange for it?" "Ba-a-a" came their reply. That was their way of assenting.

Kim's game was speedily arranged. The covering cloth was laid, and the lads were called in. The cloth was raised, and each scout looked on, devouring with his eyes all that was laid before him. None was more keen than our Vasu. The time was out and the articles were covered. The scouts went to their corners to cajole all that they could from their memory. Five minutes over, and the S. M. called for the chits. All had done well. All but Vasu!

"A counterfeit Ten-Ruppee Note" was all that was written on his sheet.

"What folly is this, Vasu? What is happening to you?" queried the S. M. catching the quizzical look in Vasu's eye.

"Nothing, Sir," said Vasu, "but, if you do not mind, you please lend me that ten-ruppee note for some time."

The S. M. gave him the note. Vasu scanned it carefully. Then, giving a self-satisfied smile, he coolly pocketed it. The S. M. laughed aloud.

"What is the matter with you, Vasu?" he asked again.

"This note is a counterfeit," said Vasu. "You will notice sir, that the left limbs of all the letters A. s. in this note are slightly curved away, and that is a thing that you do not find in an ordinary, genuine note." The S. M. took up the note and looked at it, and agreed.

"If you could remember from whom you obtained this note, that would perhaps help us" said Vasu. Luckily for them, Mr. Gopichand, the S. M. had received it only just before he came to the clubroom from the tailor's opposite. When Vasu heard this, he dashed off to the tailor's.

The tailor was a kind hearted man. He was greatly attached to the Boy Scouts and would welcome them at any time, for he knew that they would not unnecessarily waste his time and Vasu was his especial favourite.

Vasu ran into the tailor's shop and asked the boy where the master was. "Just gone out, Sir, will return in a few minutes," came the reply. This was certainly damping, but anyway there was no helping it.

While waiting, Vasu was idly turning over the pages of the tailor's order book. Page after page contained the same monotonous "one suit; tweed," etc., in different types of scrawls. In one of the pages, there was something to attract Vasu's attention. In neat print was written, "one suit, blue serge, deliverable Monday 2 p. m. A. K. Ranganathan."

"That is queer," mused Vasu. "Is that A really crooked like the one in the note, or is my mind, obsessed with this one idea playing me pranks?"

"Hullo, Vasu! what brought you here?" asked the tailor even as he entered. Vasu called the tailor to his side and asked him if the left limb of the A was crooked.

"Yes," said the tailor, "I remember the gentleman as wrote that very well. A tall well-built man rather inclined to stoutness, with a monocle over one eye and using a strong Parisienne scent. I stitched him a suit, but he paid me ill. He gave me a ten-ruppee note, where I ought to have got a twenty—"

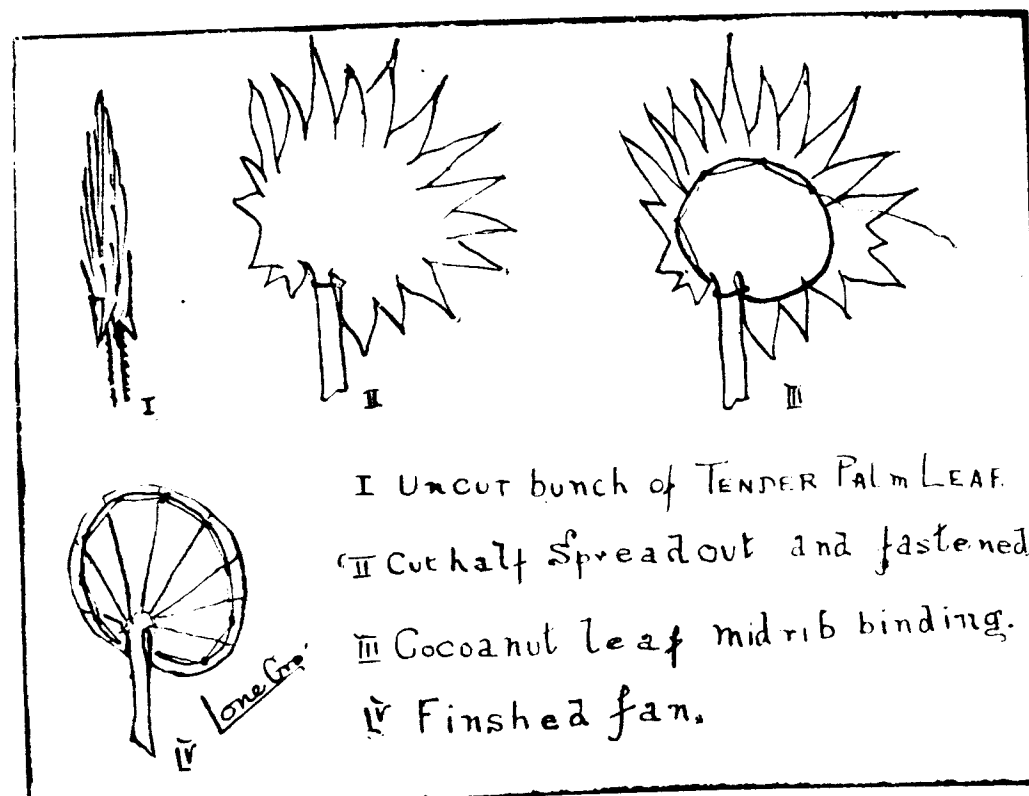
"I say Mr. Tailor," interrupted Vasu, "could you please tell me if you maintain a register in which you note down all the numbers of the notes that you receive?"

"Yes," came the reply, "I am a careful man, and mind you, a man of business. I do have certain very regular habits and this is one of them. But, pray, why do you want all this information, Mr. Inquisitive?"

Vasu drew out the note from his pocket. "Will you please look into your diary and let me know if this particular note was given to you by Mr. Ranganadan?"

The tailor looked up his diary and read out the number of the note received from the client. Yes, there it was right enough. The two notes were identical.

"Thank you" said Vasu and left abruptly.



spiritual and moral life. All education, in short, should begin with the physical and muscular part of the body, which is the sole support and source of supplies of that rare Trinity of Spirit, Mind, and Matter which we call Man. For the brain, into which copious supplies are brought daily by rich, red and well-aerated blood, is bound to be better nourished, healthier, stronger, clearer, and more receptive than the brain that rests unsteadily upon a body neglected, ill-cared for, or undeveloped. Through the physical body all that is noblest in man can be reached, and the body, instead of being despised or humiliated by those men aspiring to saintliness of character, should be respected and revered by all as a true fount of spiritual, mental, and moral inspiration.

Physical decadence or physical degeneracy will be almost invariably accompanied by mental and moral deterioration, for, as Herbert Spencer well said, we "must never forget that there is such a thing as physical morality." Nature demands both physically and mentally, that you must go forward or backward, upward or downward. There is no possibility of remaining stationary, for all life is movement. Physical development means moving upwards, physical deterioration means moving down.

Rover Citizenship Talks.

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

S/M. Sivaji Rovers, Villupuram.

Some Rover masters there may be who have always a tendency to treat Rovering drills as akin to those of the Military Sergeant. B. P. has done well to disillusion the minds of such men in the latest "Scout" magazine. That smartness in outlook and quickness in movement should ever characterize the Senior Scout is the only basis for such drills. No less is it necessary for Rovers to learn the valuable lesson of obeying leaders. Without discipline nothing is possible in this world. A power for greatest good in a people may turn out to be a source of incalculable loss to the whole country if that strength were not to be utilised in proper channels.

Since Service is the only effective link among different Rover troops in a country, it is quite essential for any Rover to have

definite notions about his responsibilities and privileges as citizens. The A. B. C. of the government of any country, is that in order to preserve law and order in a country, a stable form of government is quite essential. What the individual loses in obeying the central government of the country is more than regained by his privileges as a citizen of any stable form of government. External protection against ambitious foreigners and internal safety against anarchical gangs and organized robbers are vouchsafed to every such citizen. A Rover need not dive into the misty past for the origin of government. *A state of helplessness and chaos is never a desirable condition of things.*

Every citizen realising the necessity of such a polity or political form of government should know that democracy is the prevailing polity in all advanced countries. Democracy is that form of government which rests on "the active consent" of the people. No law or act can be passed in such a country which is against the wishes of the majority of the people. This is also called a representative form of government. It should be the ideal of every Rover to see that he is a free citizen in a democratic form of government; for only in such countries, has every freeman with his senses about him a vote in electing the people's representatives. The right of election and the chance of being elected are two sides of the same valuable privilege. This must take us to the different forms of government which are formed in modern times. It is expected of every Rover that he should have a working knowledge of the important constitutions of the world.

(To be continued.)

Troop Census.

Dear Scouter,

I have sent you already 3 copies of Census Report forms. Please have them filled, on or before 31st of August and forward two copies, retaining the other for your file, to the Secretary Local or District Scout Council on or before the 3rd September or directly to me if there is no Local or District Scout Council in your area.

Yours sincerely,

Madras, } K. SANJIVA KAMATH,
 1st Aug., 25. } Hony. Provincial Secretary.

COUNCIL ROCK.



COUNCIL ROCK,
ALBANY PACK.

August Moon.

My Dear Cubbers,

A word of apology to begin with. Last month I said that a programme for Cubs would appear every month if the Editor had room. That slipped in quite by accident. I don't think it is at all necessary to have one every month unless any of you would particularly like one.

I tried to emphasise last month that Cubbing is first and foremost an activity for children. It is a very remarkable thing that while grown-up people are divided into hundreds of sects, castes, classes, temperaments &c., children are the same the world over. The same sort of things attract the Esquimaux' child and the youngster whose father toils in the heat on the paddy fields of South India. If, then, we are to be successful in our Cubbing, we must first grasp the essentials of childhood. We must remember our own childhood, for, if we have forgotten that, we can never hope to get anywhere near the hearts of our Cubs.

But it is one thing to talk about the essentials of childhood and it is a very different thing to attempt to describe them. Probably the biggest essential that is common to all children is the capacity for play.

Now, play to serious minded grown ups who have forgotten their own childhood is

pure waste of time. To them there is only one thing that matters—work.

But the child's idea of work and play is very different to the grown-up's. Work to the child is the thing that passes for it in his school; the thing that his father cannot get in order to keep the family alive; the thing that his mother has to toil at for the same reason. He has probably never been told that there is such work as the painting of beautiful pictures, or the creation or production of beautiful music. Were he told so, he would be all agog to work too. Put him on a farm or at sea and he will work with the best. He is engaged in something that fires his imagination. Granted that by work we mean an undertaking with a definite object or result in view, then a child is as good a worker as anyone.

Play, on the other hand, is the outward expression of a child's constant mind. If you have not forgotten your own childhood, you will remember how you used to live in your games and dreams. You made up stories and wove them into your games and for the time being you actually were the hero in the particular story that was occupying you at the time. If you have remembered that, you will realise what a very important part games and stories must have in the training of our Cubs.

If we devise them with the definite object of character training in view, then it follows that the seeds of good character are quite unconsciously sown in the little minds. The Cubs do not know that they are forming character, nor is it desirable that they should know. What they want is experience—not experience in the ordinary sense of the word but the experience of doing things and seeing how things are done. In other words, they are intensely inquisitive and it therefore follows that they must always be on the move and are always making experiments. Making experiments, incidentally, is nearly always dubbed by the aforementioned serious minded people as "mischief."

In order to develop these characters and to educate them on the right lines, you must have their co-operation, and the only way you can do this is by becoming as a little child yourself. You must be one of them and see, as far as it is possible for you to see, things through their eyes.

Remember that they love genuine goodness and fair-play, but have no time for injustice or hypocrisy; and that much depends upon you and your own mode of life for the success of their training.

Good hunting.

LIMMERSHIN.

THE LAIR BY THE POOL.

August Moon.

My Dear Cubs,

I wonder how many "Tigers" you have seen recently? As I write from my lair every one is talking about "Tigers" and most of them are counting up how many they have seen in order to see if they can see more than they did last year during the Muhurram festival.

Talking of Tigers reminds me of our old enemy Shere Khan who is always on the prowl to see if he can get hold of some silly young cub who has not learnt to give in to the Old Wolf. Do you remember in the Jungle Book how some of the Cubs left the Old Wolf and followed Shere Khan because he flattered them and told them what fine fellows they were and how ridiculous it was for them to be led by an old wolf? They got on splendidly for a bit, but very soon got tired of their "freedom" when they began to get a bit pinched about the tummy because they had no one to lead them in the killing of food.

Sometimes, I expect, old Shere Khan finds you out and whispers in your ear what a fine fellow you are and how very much better it is to be out on your own. But supposing one day when you get home, you found no one there—no father or mother to cook your food for you, and next day no father or mother to get more food for you? You wouldn't know where to get it from, would you? You wouldn't know how to set about making money to buy it, and soon your tummy would begin to get pinched and you would wish that you hadn't listened to old Shere Khan and had stayed with the Old Wolf.

Never heed old Shere Khan—he comes in all shapes and forms. Just stick around by the Old Wolf until you are quite sure you can kill your own food without any help. Then you will be a full grown wolf. Just now you are a Wolf Cub and have lots to learn from the old wolves. They've been through it all

before you and you can be quite sure that they never allowed themselves to listen to Shere Khan.

Good hunting to you, Cubbies, and keep your noses well glued to the trail.

Ever yours,

AKELA.

NEWS



The Boy Scouts Association Ambur which was started last December availed of the opportunity of the visit of Mr. R. G. Grieve, the Acting Director of Public Instruction when the meeting of the association was held in the premises of the Hindu High School on 10-7-25 at 8 A. M. The Assistant District Commissioner of North Arcot who went there to make the necessary arrangements with the local Scout masters and the Secretary received Mr. Grieve and the District Commissioner at the entrance of the School. The Director presided over a meeting which was largely attended by the parents of the boys. The secretary presented a short report of the working of the association. Mr. Doraisami Iyah spoke about the aim of the movement in English. He was followed by Mr. Subramaniya Iyer B. A., L. T., of the M. E. L. M. School who delivered a lucid Tamil speech in which he emphasised the need for the movement in India and appealed to the parents for their sympathy, cooperation and financial help to foster the movement. Mr. Grieve made a few striking observations on the importance of the movement and said that

it was a concomitant part of the present day education, the supplement to the education given within the four walls of a class room. Fifteen scouts of the troop were then awarded the 2nd class badge by the Director. After a short display of games and a round of vote of thanks the function terminated. Mr. Grieve wrote in the visitors' book as follows:—

"I was present at the meeting of the Scouts. I was pleased with their display. I wish them success."

The Marthanda Traning Camp. Pudukkottai.

SOME IMPRESSIONS.

Discipline alone won't do good in camps and elsewhere. Love and sympathy must be administered,—of course in proper doses and in season. Several of the campers were practising lawyers here who can testify to the sound and valuable lessons they had on the above aspects (i.e.) discipline and sympathy at the hands of their scoutmaster and assistants. One or two of the vakils had to be unavoidably absent to attend court work and they would never forget the words of chastisement and advice given in a tone of discipline and also the several acts and words of sympathy of their scout masters. One cannot refrain from thanking the Scoutmaster for the great tact and skill he *always* exercised with the motley campers here. One other great thing which has indelibly impressed itself on my mind is this.—It is regarding interdining. Do you know what this tactful gentleman did? Several vain platform speakers rest content with delivering sermons in the Congress and other public platforms on interdining without transforming words into action. This gentleman did quite the reverse. He never spoke a word but simply sat one night along with the non-brahmins and dined with them. The effect it produced was simply marvellous! From the next day forwards in every patrol den could be seen interdining. Why, the non-brahmins supplied water both for drinking and for washing purposes. Has not a great achievement been made in this conservative place?

Nothing succeeds more than enlightening and securing the sympathy of the intelligentsia of the place in scouting, which our

scoutmaster was able to do with immeasurable tact. The movement has really caught on in this out of the way place, and it is sure to stay well through the indefatigable interest taken by the Assistant State Commissioner M. R. Ry., G. Ganapathi Sastrigal, Avergal, B. A., B. L., Chief Judge Pudukotah.

(A Scout.)

TOWN HIGH SCHOOL, Kumbakonam.

It is with great pleasure that I testify to the admirable pluck and courage which K.R. Srinivasaraghavan, pupil of V Form in the Chidambaram Chettiar's Town High School, displayed the other day. At no small risk to himself he intrepidly entered a burning shed on the terrace of my school and did all that could possibly be done to extinguish the fire. I am told he is a scout in his school and the scout master may well be proud of him. I am presenting him a book as a token of my appreciation of his spirit and dash.

(SD.) R. SWAMINATHA AYYAR,
15-7-24. Head-Master.
Well done, Srinivasaraghavan!

Malabar.

The Malabar Scouts have not been sleeping. They have been hard at work.

The Boy Scouts rendered a helping hand during the Floods of 1924. Not only did they do rescue work, but helped in collecting old clothes etc., for the refugees. Mr. G. T. J. Thaddaeus, the District Commissioner has been working as the Secretary of the Malabar Floods Relief Committee, of which the Collector is the president, first with Mr. G. S. Bozman, I. C. S., and then with Mr. M. S. Madhava Rau of the Servants of India Society. Mr. K. Chandu Nayar, Scoutmaster of the Chirakal Raja's School Troop has received a letter from the Collector of the District thanking him for the work done by him in the distribution of relief.

The Cherukunnu Scouts helped in putting down the fire when their School accidentally caught fire one morning. As the railway train was passing near the School, sparks from the engine fell on the thatch and the

whole building was soon in a blaze. The Scouts helped to put down the fire and to save the property.

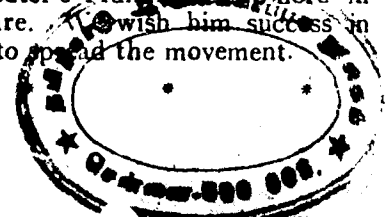
Cochin 23-7-25

The Honourable Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, K. C. I. E., Chief Commissioner, arrived at Ernakulam at 9.30 A. M. where he was given a hearty welcome by the numerous scouts and scouts from Ernakulam, Cochin, Tripunithura and the suburbs.

At 5 O'clock came the Grand Rally at the Maharajah's College Grounds of 200 Scouts and Scouters from all parts. The Assistant Commissioner Mr. V. Ramanatha Iyer, M. A., L. T. introduced the Chief Commissioner to the several Scouters. The honored guest spoke to the numerous scouters and scouts who had joined the brotherhood, and congratulated them on the successful and rapid spread of the invaluable movement in this beautiful part of South India. He also advised them to keep up the spirit and do their best to serve God, King and Country and to spread the spirit of universal brotherhood far and wide. To the young scouts he said that it was theirs to be the future citizens of a nice, peace-abiding and progressive State, and the Empire. After this interesting and instructive speech, the function came to a close with "God save the King" and the Cochin National Anthem and three cheers to the Chief Commissioner.

On Friday at 6 P. M. came the Investiture ceremony at British Cochin in the Soudhikkal grounds. Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer invested the scouts present. After organising a Local Association, the Chief Commissioner appealed to the public to do their best to send their quota to the ensuing Provincial Jamboree in Madras in December. With cheers to the Chief Scout and His Majesty and the National Anthem, the gathering dispersed.

Mr. G. T. J. Thaddaeus the Organising Secretary turned out good work here in connection with scouting. Two or three dormant Troops and Packs were roused to activity. He organised the British Cochin Local Association. He has also promised to organise a Scouter's Training camp here in the near future. We wish him success in all his efforts to spread the movement.



The Hon. Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer invested the St. Albert's Scouts with Tenderfoot Badges at a rally in the St. Albert's High School, Ernakulam at 9 A. M. on Saturday the 25th July. There was a large gathering of the officials and students of the place present at the function.

The Sri Venkatesha and Madhwa Troops of Boy Scouts of Mattanchery are keen after making preparations for the ensuing Provincial Jamboree at Madras. Let us hope that Cochin will be well represented at the same.

I Ayyampet Troop Our Activities During The Past Two Months.

1. The Troop, under the leadership of Mr. K. S. Sundaresa Ayyar attended the Saphasthanam Festival at Tiruvadi. The Troop had been at all the seven sthalams and rendered service to the large gathering of pilgrims by way of regulating passengers and traffic, keeping an eye on pick-pockets, restoring missing children to their respective parents etc. Mr. Sarangapani Ayyangar of Tiruvadi took care to provide us with the meals and refreshments at the several places.

2. All the four patrols of our troop go round the nooks and corners of the town during night time, in turn, and prevent thefts to a little extent. The troop feels glad to note that it has prevented 4 thefts. The public are appreciating this small piece of work done by the troop and that itself encourages the claims of our troop to take greater interest in this matter.

P. SUNDARESA AYYAR,
Scout Master.
I Ayyampet Troop.

Rover Notes.

Conducted by V. S. Rathnasabhpathy,
Dear Rovers,

I am sure you have all come back to your fields of activities hale and strong after a period of rest and enjoyment, through camping out in the open as real Backwoods-men and with the memory of adventurous days spent with nature ever green in your minds. Perhaps some of you have a record of service done for the cause of scouting.

But now we must begin our troop work. I had an occasion to be present at a Rover meeting here this month and it was astonishing to find, one of the Rovers could not remember the Scout laws and how many and what they were: It is needless to say that he had forgotten the Scout Promise too. This state of affairs will not do if we are to progress in Rovering. It must be remembered that we stand for citizenship training and that is best achieved by our living the Scout laws every day. One of the planks of the Scout movement is "Service" This is worked progressively by the "DoYour Best" of Wolf Cubs to the "Be prepared" of the Scouts to "For Service" of the Rovers. Service for others is what is aimed at by the Scout laws and Promise. R. S. in our badge not only stands for "Rover Scouts" but also for "Real Service". But the question of how to set about obtaining Service work is a big one. At present we are lacking in a regular Rover Scheme, general and suggestive, to take up our troop work. The Madras District Executive Rover Sub-Committee is busy now to provide a scheme of work for Rover troops to follow. In Rovering we have certain difficulties, fundamental and practical, and we should find the methods of cure. They are as follows:—

Fundamental difficulties

1. Desire for Service apt to disappear in talk.
2. Lack of cohesion due to excessive self-centredness.
3. Strengthened by Social customs.
4. Climate.

Practical difficulties.

1. High proportion of recruits with no real idea of Scout Spirit.
2. What forms of Corporate or other public Service are practicable?
3. Unhygienic environment.
4. Club Rooms and Grounds.
5. Money.

Methods of cure.

1. Extend experience and broaden outlook through:—Troop (or inter-troop) dinners, campfires, hikes and camps.
2. Training in Leadership and active Loyalty through Court of Honour system of government.

3. Educational activities Rover tests, Study circles in connection with active Public Service, visits to works, readings, lectures, discussions etc.)

4. Hockey, Foot-ball and other Sports.

5. Hygienic manner of life to counteract effects of climate.

The above is only a tentative scheme which the Rover Sub-Committee has so far suggested. I hope to give you further details about the Scheme later when the work of the Sub-Committee is complete.

V. S. RATNASABHAPATHY.

Provincial Head Quarter Notices.

Warrants Issued:—

- S. M. 255 Andrew Jeevarathnam, Chingelput.
- „ 256 S. Nataraja Aiyar, Nannilam, Tanjore Dt.
 - „ 257 A. V. Subbramaniam, Hosur, Salem, Dt.
 - „ 258 G. L. Narasimham, Chicacole, Ganjam Dt.
 - „ 259 A. P. Sivaprasad, Nanguneri, Tinnevely Dt.
 - „ 260 Paul Chellappa, Tinnevely.
 - „ 261 J. Ponniah, Palamcottah, Tinnevely Dt.
 - „ 262 Paul Robert do do
 - „ 263 R. Vaidyanathan, Koilpatti, Tinnevely Dt.
 - „ 264 A. V. Virabadra Pillai, Ottapiddaram, Tinnevely Dt.
- A S M 97 Oosman Shaik Dawood, Madras.
- „ 98 Ebenezer D'Costa Madras
 - „ 99 J. N. Somasundaram Pillai, Omalur Salem Dt.
 - „ 100 M. G. Ghatala, Madras.
 - „ 101 Samuel Andrew, Chingelput.
 - „ 102 A. Subbramani Pillai, Tinnevely.
 - „ 103 T. V. Arunachalam, Tinnevely.
 - „ 104 Moses Iyadurai, Palamcottah Tinnevely Dt.

C. M. 33, S. Pichumani, Madras.

Troops Registered:—

- Reg. No 367 1st Koilpatti, Tinnevely Dt.
Reg. No 368 Star Troop, Chicacole, Ganjam Dt.

MADRAS, PROVINCIAL HEAD QUARTERS.
1st August, 1925

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

Our Vernacular Page.

இளஞ்சாரணர் இராட்சாபதி விதி.

தால் மறுப்பு என்னும் அரிய பெரிய விஷயத்தை நம் காட்டினர் ஒவ்வொருவரும் செல்வனை கற்றுப் பயின்று வந்தாலன்றி நமது காய்நாடு முன்னேராது. பிறர் நன்மையைக் கோரி உழைக்கும் ஒருவன் ஒருவித கஷ்டத்திற்குள்ளாயினும் தன் வீரதத்தை விடாது உறுதியாய்ப்பற்றி சிற்றல் உட்கமமாகும்.

இதை ஒவ்வொருவனும் இளமையில் கற்கவேண்டுமென்பது இளஞ்சாரணரியக்கச்சின் விருப்பம். ஒவ்வொரு இளஞ்சாரணனுக்கும் இக்க ஒரு விஷயத்தைச் செல்வனை கற்றுப் பின் உதன்படி நடக்கவும் செய்ய வேண்டியது ஓராய்ப்பதியின் முக்கிய கருமமாகும்.

காட்டிலிருந்த ஓராய்கள் கமக்கு வேண்டிய உணவை வேட்டையாடிக்கொள்வதன்மீது பிறருக்காகவும் வேட்டையாடிக்கொடுக்கும்படி யிருந்தது. சில சமயங்களில் கொடுக்கும் வேட்டையாடாணுக்கூட ஒன்றுக் கிடைக்காமல் போய்விடும். வேறுசில சமயங்களில் மிகுந்த சிவந்தினால் கொடுக்காமல் சோர்வுறலாம். அச்சமயத்தில் ஒரு ஓராய் வேட்டையாடுவதை நிறுத்திவிட்டு இளைப்பாறப் போய் விடலாமென்று எண்ணுவதும். ஆனால் உடனே அவ் வோராய்க்கு ஆகேலாவின் உத்திவு நினைவிருவதும். அப்போது, “ஆ! நான் எனக்கு மாத்திரமேயன்றி இக்காட்டிலுள்ள கொண்டு, குருகு ஆகிய ஓராய்களுக்குக் காகவும் வேட்டையாடவேண்டுமென்று ஆகேலா உத்திரவிட்டிருக்கின்றதல்லவா! எனக்கு மாத்திரமாயின் நான் அவ்வளவு விசாரப்படவேண்டியதில்லை. வேட்டை ஒன்றுக் கிடைக்கவில்லை யென்றெண்ணிச் சும்மாவிருக்கலாம். ஆனால் நான் சக்தியில்லாத வேறு சிலருக்காகவும் வேட்டையாடுகிறேனாகலால் வெறுக்கையுடன் செல்ல முடியாதென்று” யோசித்துத் தன்னைத்தானே திடப்படுத்திக்கொண்டு, வேட்டையாடும். இப்படி தன்னைவிட பிறர் சகமே பெரியது, பிறர் சக்தோவப்படுவது அவசியம் என்றெண்ணி யிருந்தன.

அவ்வோராய்கள் வேட்டையாடும் விதமும் வேடிக்கையானது. எல்லா ஓராய்களும் ஒன்றுக்கேசேர்த்து வேட்டையாடுவது வழக்கம். ஒரு பதரில் ஒளிந்திருக்கும் ஒரு முயலையோ அல்லது, மானையோ பிடித்துக் கொள்ள வேண்டுமென்று அவைகளுக்கு எண்ண மிருக்குமாயின்—முதன் முதலில் அவை அந்த புதருக்குச் சற்று தூரத்தில் இடும் அங்குமாக வழியில் கொஞ்சதூரம் வரையிலும் ஒளிந்துக்கொண்டு நிற்கும். இப்படி காற்புறமும் சின்றுகொண்ட பிறகு, எதோ ஒன்றிரண்டு ஓராய்கள்—புதரிலுள்ள மிருகத்தை வெளியே விட்டும்; இன்னும் ஒன்றிரண்டு அதைத்தாத்தும்; அவ்வாறு தூக்கப்பட்ட பிராணியாதாயினுமொரு ஓராயின் அருகே ஓடும்போது ஒளிந்து கொண்டிருக்கும் ஓராய்கள் ஒன்று அதன் மேல் பாய்ந்து அதைக்கொல்லும். இப்படியாக இக்கோ ஓராய்களும் ஒன்று சேர்ந்து வேட்டையாடிய

மிருகத்தை, பிறகு எல்லா ஓராய்களும் பங்கிட்டுக் கொள்வது வழக்கம்.

காட்டிலுள்ள மிருகங்களான ஓராய்கள் இப்படி ஒன்றுக்கொன்று உதவிக்கொள்ளின்றன வென்றால் காட்டிலுள்ள மானிட ஓராய்களாகிய இளஞ்சாரணர் மட்டும் என் இவ்வித மிருக்கலாகாது?

அப்படியே காட்டிலுள்ள ஓராய்க் குட்டிகளும் தம் சக்தையும், தம் லாபத்தையும் தம் புகழ்ச்சியையும் கவனியாமல் எப்படியும் பிறரை திருப்தி செய்வது லேயே ஆசையுள்ளவராயிருத்தல்வேண்டும். நம் மனத்தில் இதற்கு எதிரிடையாக ஒருவித எண்ணம் உண்டாளுமாம் அதைத் தடுத்து நடப்பதுதான் இளஞ்சாரணனுக்கழகாகும். இல்லாவிடில் அவன் எப்படி இளஞ்சாரணனாவான்?

தன் உயிர் போயினுஞ்சரி பிறர் கலமே பெரிதன்று மதித்து உயிரை யிழந்த ஒரு சிறுவனின் சரிதை யைச் சொல்லுகிறேன். 1886ம் வருஷம் முதல் 3 வருஷகாலம் ஓரிஸாவில் மழையில்லாமல் பஞ்சம் மேலிட்டு ஜீவராசிகளில் 90 பங்கினர் பசியால் வருந்தி இறந்தனர். இரண்டு வருஷகாலம் சாகுபடியே இல்லை.

அப்போது, ஸாதனன் என்ற ஒரு சிறுவனும், அவன் பெற்றோரும் அவன் தம்பியாகிய குழந்தையும் ஓர் கிராமத்தில் வசித்து வந்தனர். பஞ்சத்தினால் இவர்களுக்கூட கஷ்டப்பட்டனர். வீட்டிலிருந்த கால் நடைகளையெல்லாம் விற்பது அதனால் கிடைத்த சொற்ப பொருளைக்கொண்டு சில நாள் ஜீவித்தனர். ஆடை ஆபரணங்களெல்லாம் பிறகு விற்கப்பட்டன. பிறகு பசியால் வருந்தி ஸாதனனுடைய தந்தையும் இறந்து விட்டார். ஸாதனனுடைய தாயும் கோயுற்று தினே தினே தேகம் மெலிவடைந்து வந்தனர். ஸாதனன் இளம்பாலன். என்ன செய்வான்! அவன் குழந்தைத் தம்பிக்கும் அவன் தாயாருக்கும் தானே சம்பாதித்தாக வேண்டியிருந்தது. “ஊக்கமது கைவிடேல்” என் பதை ஸாதனன் அடிக்கடி சிந்தித்தான். அருகாமையிலுள்ள காட்டிற்கேகி ஏதாவது கிழங்குகள் இலைகள் இவற்றைக் கொண்டு வந்து சுட்டுக் கொடுத்து தாயாரையும் தன் கம்பியாகிய குழந்தையையும் காப்பாற்றிவந்தான். தன் வயிற்றிற்கு இவன் கொஞ்சமும் உண்ணாது பட்டினியாய்க்கிடந்த நாட்கள் அநேகம். தனக்கில்லாவிடினும், இந்த கிமிஷமோ மறு கிமிஷமோவென்று இறக்குத் தருவாயிலிருந்த தன் தாயாருக்கும்—பால் மணம் அறவாக தன் தம்பிக்குத் தான் தேடிவந்த கிழங்கையோ, காயையோ, கனியையோ கொடுத்து விட்டுத் தான் சும்மாவிருப்பான். ஒவ்வொரு சமயங்களில் அவன் ரெட்டுத் தூரம் கால் நடையாகச்சென்று கொஞ்சம் அன்னமோ அல்லது கோதுமை மாவோ வாங்கி வருவான். இவன் எப்போது வருவானோவென்று இவன் தாயாரும் தம்பியும் எதிர்பார்த்தபடியே இருப்பார்கள். அநேக நாள் ஒன்றுமே கிடைக்காமல் ஸாதனன் வெறுங் கையோடு வீட்டிற்குத் திரும்புவான்.

ஒருநாள் வழக்கப்படி வெளியே பிச்சைக்குச் சென்றிருந்தபோது ஸ்காதனன் கிளப்பு மேலிட்டு ஒரு மரத்தடியில் படுத்தான். சமீபத்தில் யாரோ சோறுசமைக்கும் வாசனை வந்தது. உடனே பேசவும் முடியாமல் வெகு கஷ்டத்தோடு ஸ்காதனன் “ஐயா! பண்ணியவானே! மூன்று நாட்களாகப் பட்டினியாய்க் கிடக்கும் ஏழைக்குக் கொஞ்சம் அன்னம் உதவி புரியுங்கள்.” என்று பரிதாபமான குரலில் கேட்டான்.

உடனே சமைத்துக் கொண்டிருந்த அவ்வம்மை கொஞ்சம் வெறுஞ் சோறுமட்டும் ஸ்காதனனுக்குக் கொடுத்தார்கள். ஆனால் ஸ்காதனன் அதில் ஒரு பரிக்கையுக் கொடவில்லை. கத்தலாகிய தன் தலைப் பாகையில் ஒரு சிறு துண்டு துணியைக் கிழித்து அதில் அச்சோற்றைக் கட்டிக்கொண்டு தட்டித் தடு மாறிக்கொண்டே வீட்டை நோக்கிப் புறப்பட்டான். ஆவூர்!! இளஞ்சாரணனென்றால் இவனுக்குத்தானே அப்பெயர்தரும்! உயிர் போகுத்தருவாயிலிருக்குத்தன் பசியைக் கொஞ்சங்கூட வகியஞ் செய்யாமல் தன் வரவை எதிர் நோக்கி இருக்கும் பிறருடைய நிலைமையைப் பெரிதாக எண்ணிய ஸ்காதனனுக்குச் சரியென்று யாரைச் சொல்லக்கூடும்.

கெடுத்தாஞ் சென்றுவிட்ட ஸ்காதனன் திரும்பு காலில் சிக்கிரம் வீட்டையடைய முடியவில்லை. நடை யும் வரவரத் தடுமாற்றமுற்றது. நடக்க நடக்க வழி மானவில்லை. ஸ்காதனனுக்குச் சுரணை தடுமாறிற்று. ஒரு கவளம் அன்னம் அங்க மூட்டையிலிருந்து எடுத்துக் கொள்ளலாமென்று அவன் யோசித்தான். உடனே “ஐ! ஐ!! என்ன இது! பிறர் கஷ்டத்தை விட என் கஷ்டமே பெரிதென்று நினைப்பேனாகில், நான்——” என்று சித்தித்தான். மறு அடிபெயர்த்து வைக்க முடியாமல் திட்டென்று கீழே விழுந்தான். “சற்று இங்கு படுத்து இளைப்பாறி பிறகு எழுந்து ஓடோடியுஞ் சென்று இவ்வன்னத்தை என் அன்னைக் களிப்பேன்” என்று சொல்லிக்கொண்டே மூட்டையைத் தன் சொக்காயின் உள்ளே மறைத்து வைத்துக் கொண்டு ஓர் மரத்தடியில் படுத்தான்.

மறு நாட்காலையில் வழிப்பிரயாணி யொருவர் ரஸ்தாவின் ஓரத்தில் படுத்திருந்த சிறுவ னொருவனைக் கண்டு அவனைத் தட்டி எழுப்பினார். அவன் எழுந்திருக்கவில்லை. மார் அடித்து வருகிறதா அல்லது அவன் இறந்துவிட்டானா என்று பார்க்கவெண்ணிக் கையைச் சொக்காயின் உள்ளே விட்டபோது அன்ன மூட்டையொன்றைக் கண்டெடுத்தார். இறந்து கிடந்த சிறுவனின் மெலிந்த தேகத்தைக் கண்டு அவன் இறந்ததின் காரணத்தை வழிப் போக்கர் ஊகித்து “ஐயோ! இவன் கையில் இவ்வளவு அன்னமிருக்க இவன் பசியால் இறப்பானேன்?” என்று கூவினார். தன்னுயிரையழக்கினார் தந்தலத்தை பாராட்டாது பிறர் நலத்தையே பாராட்டவேண்டுமென்ற இளஞ்சாரணரின் இரண்டாவது சட்டத்தை எவ்வளவு நன்றாய் ஸ்காதனன் உணர்ந்தான் என்று அவ்வழிப்போக்கருக்குச் சொல்ல அப்போது அங்கு ஒருவருமில்லை.

இத்தியயாவின் சகல பொறுப்புக்களையும் பெற்று இத்தியர்க்குற்ற தலைவர்களாயும் நற்பிரஜைகளாயும்! விளங்கப்போகிற என் செல்வ குட்டிச்சாரணர்களே! நீங்கள் ஒவ்வொருவரும் இளஞ்சாரணரியக்கத்தின் இரண்டாவது சட்டத்தை நன்றாய் உணர்ந்து அதன் படி நடந்துவருவாய் ஸ்காதனனை இழந்ததுக்கம் இத்தியாவிற்கு ஆறுமா? ஆறுது ஆறுது ஆறுது.

மு. வ. வே. ரா.

இராமன்:—விளையாடினதற்காக பிடித்து கொண்டாரா?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—இல்லை, தினம் நாங்கள் விளையாடித் திரும்பி வரும்போது, சினன், தோட்டாவன் மரத்தில் ஏறி ஆளுக்கொருபடிப் பரித்த கொடுபான். நாங்களதைவாய்காங்கரையிலுள்ளபோது இராமன்:—தோட்டக்காரன் ஒன்றும் சொல் தில்லையா?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—அவன் ஏதாவது பேசினால் கோவ தன் பார்த்துக்கொள்ளுவான்.

இராமன்:—ஐ! என்ன செய்வது?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—நான் ஒன்றற்கும் போவதில்லை ஆனால் நான் அவர்களுடையே இருப்பேன்.

இராமன்:—சரி, இன்றைக்கென்ன நடந்தது?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—வழக்கம்போல் சினன் மரத்தின் மேலேறி இரண்டு மூன்று பழங்கள் போட்டான் உடனே டாணக்காரன் வர, எல்லோரும் சுவரேரி ஓடி விட்டார்கள். சினன் மரத்திலிருந்தபடி, வெளியி ருத்தித்தோடி விட்டான். நான்மட்டும் அகப்பட்டு கொண்டேன்.

இராமன்:—ஐ! அன்னியர் சொத்துக்கு ஆசைப் படலாமா?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—நான் செய்தது தவறுதான்.

இராமன்:—பார்த்தாயா. பெற்றோர் சொற்படி நட வாத்தியாவின் கெதியை. நீ, தகப்பனார் சொற்படி அவர்களுடன் சேராதிருந்தால், இப்போதேன் இவ்வளவு கஷ்டமடையவேண்டும். இன்றைக்காவது அவர் சொல்லை மீறிவந்ததின் பலனை யறிந்தாயா. இனி மேலாவது, உன் தந்தைச் சொற்படி நடப்பாயா?

கிருஷ்ணன்:—எனக்கு புத்தி வந்தது. இனி நீதான் என்னைக் காப்பாற்றவேண்டும்.

இராமன்:—இனி சரியாய் நடத்துக் கொள்ளுகி னென்று சுத்தியம் செய்துகொடு; நான் காக்கிறேன்.

கிருஷ்ணன்:—நான் சுத்தியமாக என் பெற்றோர் சொற்படி நடக்கிறேன்.

இராமன்:—ஐயா! டாணக்காரனே! இத்தடை இவனை மன்னியும். இனி துவட்டாரியங்களி பிரவேசியான். (டாணக்காரனையிருந்த அவர்க ளுடையபாத்தியாயர், வேஷத்தைக் கலைத்துவிடுகிறார்.) கிருஷ்ணன்! இப்போது பார் டாணக்காரரை.

கிருஷ்ணன்:—நமது உபாத்தியாயரல்லவே நிற்பது ஐயா! துண்ணிக்கப்பட்டு (காலில் வீழ்கிறான்.)

(முடிபிற்பாடு.)

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