

The South India Boy Scout

The Magazine for all Scout Workers, Officers and Boys.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

of the Boy Scouts Association : Madras Province

SCOUTERS' & ROVERS' SECTION

Managing Editor : P. S. NARAYANSWAMI, D. C. C.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Thought for the Month	1
An Impression of the Jamboree	1
Whither? To My Fellow Workers, the Men in the Ranks	4
The Play Aspect of Scouting (Contd.) JIM	6
The Child	8
Publicity-A Sketch	8
Cubs' Corner: Romance in Pack Life	10
Rovering: Rovers at the Jamboree	12
Camping: The camp in Retrospect	13
Games: (Hiawatha)	14
Letters to a Would-be Scouter	15
Editor's Impressions	18
Scrawls for Scouters (Scribbler)	20
Notes by the way (Searchlight)	22
Our Tamil Page: Letters to a Patrol Leader (11) (T.P.S)	23
The Provincial Executive Proceedings	24
Cubmasters' Training Camp	25
Welcome Address	26

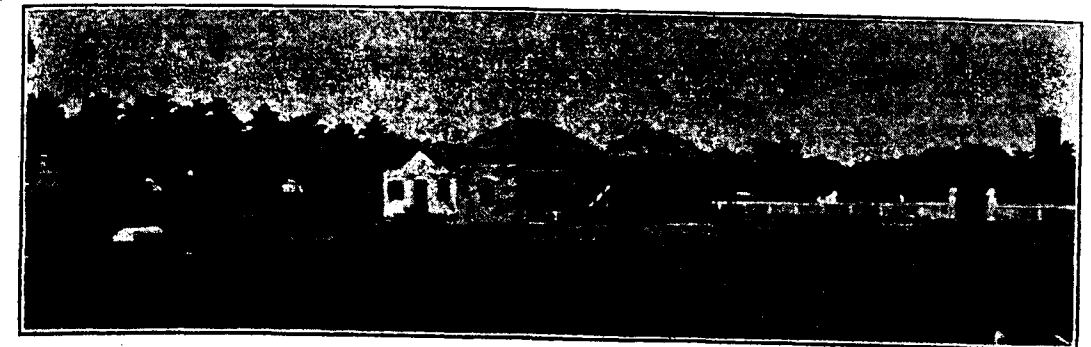


THE BOYS' SECTION

Editor : G. T. J. THADDAEUS, D. C. C.

CONTENTS.

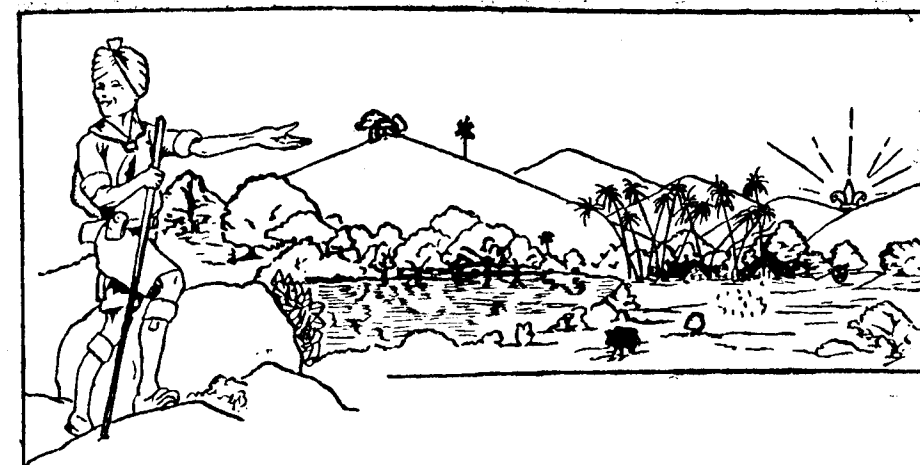
	Page.
The Sunbeam	29
Every	29
Out of Harmony	29
Playing the Game	29
Unconscious Influence	30
Testing the Pessimist	30
Insect Slave Drivers	30
Nature Studies. The Grass	31
Living Larders	31
The Joy of Living	32
The Flea	33
A Sense of Humour	35



Provincial Scout Head Quarters, Madras.

Rs. 2/- per Annum Post Free; Foreign 3 Shillings. Single Copy As. 4 Postage extra.

JL
m77m211,N2053
N29.10.1
193094



23 JAN 1930
MADRAS

THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL
of the Boy Scouts Association : Madras Province

No. 1. Vol. X

MADRAS, OCTOBER, 1929.

PRICE 4 AS.
RS. 2/- PER ANNUM
POST FREE

Thought for the Month.

Life is a journey through time with a destination in eternity. Along its road pass the vehicles that are human personalities, each with its own objective, its own load of duties, and its own motive power. In the course of the journey, the driver of each human waggon is required to gain knowledge of himself and his environment, wisdom by the right use of this faculty, control of his vehicle, recognition of the similar

position of others and their right to his sympathy and help, out of all which will grow naturally a clearer view of his ultimate goal, so long as he makes progress. He has to avoid drifting through life, ignorant of its meaning; he must track out his own course, and reach his journey's end eventually with a far greater equipment of character than was his when he started out.

—Dr. F. W. W. Griffin.

An Impression of the Jamboree.

By one who is not a Scout.

ALL that went before may now be forgotten. The Jamboree seems to have crystallised all the hopes and despairs, all the stout-hearted effort, and epitomised the story of the great Movement, so that now, in the shade of this superb monument to endeavour, all memories are merged into one; all things now date from the Jamboree.

For, apart from all else, that inspiring gathering has created memories of events that are stamped ineffaceably upon the minds of all who saw and understood.

As the years roll past, gathering momentum for the greyhaired and seeming endless for the youthful, so will time wrap about this grand achievement a glory that nothing will diminish.

There may be other Jamborees, no doubt there will be many, but, just as in this country we celebrate each year the date of the Armistice and forget them all except the first Armistice, so, for precisely the same reason, will the Jamboree at Arrowe Park remain the one Jamboree scorched upon the scroll of time.

For the first time on this old earth youth from everywhere blended. Boys came full of the Boy Scout spirit, fresh and proud, some to find among the lads from other countries a more perfect example of their ideas, some to find an enthusiasm warmer than their own. Each of them, as he marched up the Pilgrims' Way, had eyes for all he saw that was new, all that was different.



The long-expected book is out!

Scouting for Boys in India

Malayalam Edition

600 pages, attractive cover design,
many illustrations. Price only Rs. 2/4
plus postage

✱

We stock also

Mendis' Methods of early Training
of Boy Scouts - - - - - Rs. 2/-

Mendis' Games for Schools and Scouts
Re. 1/4.

For copies please write to the Manager
**BASEL MISSION PRESS AND
BOOK DEPOT MANGALORE S. K.**

Editorial Notices.

Articles and photographs intended for publication, should be sent to the Editor of the South India Boy Scout, 4/19, Audiyappa Mudali Street, Vepery P. O. Madras, excepting matter relating to the Boys' Section which should be sent to Mr. G. T. J. Thaddaeus, the Editor, Boys' Section of the South India Boy Scout, Royapettah P. O., Madras.

All matter for publication should reach the respective Editors on or before the 25th of the previous month and should be written clearly or preferably typed, on one side of the paper only.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible to the views held by the correspondents.

All communications should bear the signature and address of the writers.

Subscriptions, advertisements, and other business communications should be addressed to the Manager, the South India Boy Scout, P. B. 424, Triplicane, Madras.

The S. I. B. S. is sent direct by post from the Manager, P. B. 424, Triplicane, Madras to any part of India and Ceylon at the rate of Rs. 2/- per annum Post free. Foreign Subscription 3 shillings a year.

All general correspondence with reference to the Movement should be addressed to the Organising Secretaries, Provincial Scout Hd. Qrs., Post Box 424, Triplicane, Madras.

BALMS—AND THE BALM.

For the relief of Aches and
Pains there have come into being
many balms. But THERE'S ONLY

ONE BALM with a world
wide reputation for over 42 years,
as the Safest, Surest and
Quickest Cure.

LITTLE'S ORIENTAL BALM
IS THE BALM.

A LITTLE DOES A LOT.

GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY.

Sold at all Chemists and Stores.

Then, quite unconsciously, since all were Scouts, the pure amity of boys began to spread from camp to camp. Through the great body it sped like the rich blood of life, expelling all that was unworthy or unfit, until nothing could thrive there but the ideas that had brought about the growth of the camp.

It is hard to write dispassionately of what happened when all had gathered there, for now, but a few days afterwards, scenes flash through the mind disturbing with memories of sheer emotional beauty the clear vision of it all.

It came at a time when the Movement was growing from youth to maturity, when grey-haired Scouters raised their heads from the work of years and hoped to see in clear retrospect the milestones on the road they had travelled.

Even they were stunned at the greatness of the achievement to which they had so unstintingly contributed.

Up the long Pilgrims' Way marched Youth, marching whither it knew but vaguely, but marching confident in the rich, familiar voice that had called it. For two long memorable weeks Youth looked Youth in the eyes; black looked into grey and blue looked into brown, and from that long look drew back, smiled, and carried that all-understanding glance across the highways of the world.

In years to come we will see that glance, that smile, wherever we may travel; the glance and the smile that will repel war and keep watch on the progress of peace.

One can think of nothing that was forgotten, nothing that can unsmoothen the fine texture of this memory.

Came the day.

The rain did its best to dampen spirits, but as surely and heavily as it fell so the gay laughter grew gayer. Yet, none knowing quite what was to come, for a while the still unmarred beauty of the gorgeous park was one vast scene of gloriously ordered chaos.

As the day grew older coherence gradually developed. Thousands of boys trooped to the Rally Ground in preparation for the March Past, at which the Duke of Connaught was to take the salute. Thousands were to participate, thousands were come to catch a fleeting or distant glance at the Chief Scout and the Duke; few had come anticipating the true splendour of the sight that unfolded before the eyes of the two fine men, the Duke and the Chief Scout, as they stood before the Royal Box and the band, the reds on all sides of them.

No need is there to dwell on anything that happened that afternoon when even the rain withheld, seeming to understand the greatness of the occasion, beyond the marvel of the March Past.

There were men in the vast grandstand who had little knowledge of the Scout Movement, still less of the Scout spirit, before that march started before our eyes.

But the big American contingent had hardly passed, waving above their heads tiny flags, than they stared almost incredulous at the wonderful thing that was happening on the rim of the huge arena.

Nation after nation passed in front of those two grand old men standing, saluting, in the rostrum ahead of the Royal Box and as a veritable tide swept past composed of boys from every corner of the earth, the blood raced in one's veins unaccountably as the time, explainably afterwards, for though few can have realised it, we were surely seeing the youth of the world saluting not so much a man whom they loved, a being to whom they owed an almost unpayable debt, but the symbol of an ideal the very essence of which was love, love of each other, love of everything that is right and true.

Wave upon wave surged past until the emotional strain grew almost unbearable and strong men who had weathered many a storm in life turned away for relief. Never was a sight more moving.

Yet there were happenings which could only occur at moments such as that. One passes over the chief's laughing inability to second the famous horn as he had at other moments, but one dwells upon that exquisite thoughtfulness that caused him, at a moment when the French Scouts were passing before the rostrum and were momentarily brought to a halt by congestion ahead, to touch the grand old Duke of Connaught on the shoulder and suggest that he should be seated for just a second.

Many may not have noticed this incident in the glory of the pageant. The Duke had been standing long before this slight respite, and was standing long afterwards; for over an hour he stood, something which few of us will be able to do at his age, and the person who appreciated his fine effort best was surely the one who was himself enduring the greatest spiritual trial—the Chief Scout.

The Duke spoke fine words in opening the Jamboree, and Chief Scout roused the gather-

ing with that incomparably manly voice of his, and neither rain nor storm, no, nor the worst that the elements might do, could possibly quench the fire of joy he had kindled.

It demanded all the efforts of time to clarify the great lesson we had all learnt in the witnessing of that, the first march past. But steadily the camps settled down to real camping, boys of every nationality mingled, friendships sprang up that a whole lifetime may not break, and boys' understanding of boys grew with each passing minute.

Soon came the day of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Who will forget the spontaneity of his reception. The long fringes of the Pilgrims' Way were lined deep with Scouts, Scouters, and hosts of other people fortunate enough to be inside the walls of the park, and those near Arrowe Hall knew of the Prince's entry through the gates, long before they saw the car that brought him there, by the long echoing cheers that seemed to keep pace with the car as it drove up the now famous thoroughfare.

All that night the rain showed no mercy. It teemed and saturated the earth which was unable to absorb any further moisture. Still the camp fires were lighted on all sides and brave-hearted efforts succeeded utterly in maintaining merriment and fun and the spirit of the Jamboree celebrating the Coming-of-Age of one of the greatest Movements that has ever organised mankind.

It was known that the Prince might visit any camp-fire, or go where he could give most pleasure. In fact he went to the originally constructed theatre and saw a really wonderful performance by all sorts of Scouts, tired though he must have been after his long flight from London.

The next day was a day that it is hard to think of coherently so rich was it in enlivening events. Early the Prince and the Chief Scout set out on a positive marathon throughout the camps of all nationalities. So sudden was their arrival at each encampment that they caught Scouts being just Scouts, and unprepared with ceremonious ways. One saw piles of fragrant smelling bacon left piled high on frying-pans while the cooks fled to catch a glance of two of the most loved men in the whole world.

One saw boys roused to a degree of delight some may never experience again by slight events brought forth by the moment and the presence of the prince. That presence spread throughout Arrowe Park so that it needed no

trained Scout to follow the trial of joy it left behind, or the store of memories which broke up camps into chatting little groups each vying with the other to measure of their delight.

If ever a Scout performed his good deed with a full heart and the generous hand that man was the Prince of Wales on the third day of the Jamboree at Arrowe Park, and he had done a stout man's work when he returned to his tent nearly three hours after starting off.

But that afternoon there was one of the finest gatherings on the Rally Ground that the big arena was ever to witness. The Prince spoke, and in that fine cultured voice of his read a warm and kindly message from his father, the King. He spoke of the Chief Scout and the great accomplishment of his life, and of the deserved high honour which the King had been pleased to bestow on him, and his voice carried across the great plain in a message to boys that boys could understand and appreciate.

Back to homes across the seven seas that message has now gone, and the fruits it will bear some of us may live to see, for the Prince had added the inspiration of his name and voice and words to those of the great Founder of the Movement, to celebrate a birthday and instil its message into boys' hearts across the whole surface of the habitable globe.

But it would be vain and fruitless to try to recall the thousand things that happened in that immortal fortnight, the inimitable humours, the devoted and unselfish service, the tireless efforts of good men, the ringing fun and joy of it all, for all those things were but incidental to the one great event itself and its meaning cannot be mistaken.

Not a Scout of that fifty thousand came to that camp nearly so fine a Scout as he left it. Tolerance and understanding became realities and not words. The prejudices of creed and caste vanished before the hot fire of affection bred in real contact, and it was patent to be seen that the problems that have long brothered the wisest of white heads and the greatest of statesmen became solutions in the hands and minds of boys no matter how different their upbringing or heritage.

All were Scouts, and that was the fundamental element which rendered all else easy of accomplishment, and that must always be so. Let no reasoning stray beyond that one great truth. The common basis of all the understanding on the mud and grass under the trees and tents of that great park was the simple

truth that whatever the nationality, all were Scouts. Would that all the peoples of the world were Scouts!

Let the minds of all who were fortunate enough to be present dwell upon their memories of the great Jamboree. Let events race through their minds, be they trivial or great, let them recall the unselfish action of the Danish boys in staying a day longer purely to give pleasure to others, let them think of the great day when the Chief Scout was literally forced to accept the handsome present of the Jam-Roll, the cheque, the address and the portrait. Let them even think of the happy presentation of braces by the irrepressible Irish lads, or upon the gentle voice of Lady Baden-Powell as she spoke through the microphone.

Each will have in some corner or crevice of his mind a blissful moment if he be a Scout, a tender memory if it so happen he is a Scouter, or something indefinable if he is just a watcher from outside.

But high in the minds of many who watched with affectionate eyes the events of those two weeks will stand out a memory clear and crisp that not all the assaults of time will diminish or fade.

When some had felt that the tide of high emotion could rise no further, there happened

before their eyes something that transcended all in its wonder and spiritual appeal.

Even now, so shortly afterwards, the memory is almost terrible. It was the moment of the great Urge Forward. Never can the minds of boys have designed so exquisite an appeal to all that is best in us.

The Chief Scout raised his hand and like a great ocean roar came the voices of fifty thousand Scouts. With heads thrown back and eyes afire with joy and fervour, they rushed towards that slim, grey-haired figure standing in the rostrum.

It was as though some as yet uncreated parent stood before us calling all the children of the world.

On they came and on, and those of us who were watching could not imagine how long our senses could stand the assault and battery of those voices, the vision of those oncoming waves of boyish faces tilted in an attitude of love, the gorgeous innocence of this magnificent salute.

Turning away, stern, life-tried men allowed tears to fall on weathered cheeks to relieve stressed hearts. If ever a great man's soul was full to brimming it must have been that of the slim, grey-haired man in the rostrum.

Oh, that that tide could sweep harsh thoughts from off the face of the earth!

(The Scouter.)

WHITHER?

To My Fellow Workers, the Men in the Ranks.

It was in 1921 that the Chief Scout of the World addressed us his "Dear Brother Scouters" a letter in which he threw out suggestions in his own characteristic way. The letter was dated March 1921 immediately after his tour round India.

He then wrote:

"In the course of my tour I have given questionnaires to many men, both outside and inside the movement, asking them what they consider to be the *chief weak points of the boys of their country* and what are the *innate good points* that we might develop in order to eradicate these."

He also says in that letter "As suggested in 'Aids to Scoutmastership' the amount of success that the Scoutmaster attains depends largely on the *amount to which he studies the psychology of his boys.*"

In fact this he considers to be the principal job of the Scoutmaster: as is clear from the following statement of his elsewhere: "The Scoutmaster does not need to be an Admirable Crichton. He does not need to know more than one thing and that thing is—the boy."

I dare not ask, how many among us have worried ourselves to go beyond making our own impression of each boy and always saying that we know about him better than even his parent and at the same time considering it very clever on our part to have noted a draw back in each boy and always expecting it in him as a confirmed trait without having attempted at developing a corresponding good quality to starve out the deficiency, by helping the boy to form a definite habit towards that end.

Ruminating over such a duty one gets landed on another problem—the problem of the quality of the men in the ranks. How many among

those in the ranks have developed this conception of the principal aspect of their job, and what percentage of the existing number has had experiences in this line? It will surely be an interesting investigation if one were practicable.

Thus far our conception has come to only one half of our whole job—the negative side. For, the detection of a boy's deficiency and its eradication but makes him a harmless individual. If our aim is to convert him into a positively useful individual, we have the additional job of thinking of his personality and individual gifts and propensities in terms of communal and National utility.

We have again to look about. An inventory of national deficiencies of the present generation of citizens as evidenced in all departments of the country's activities must be made, and in so far as the men in the ranks set the example in their lives, will their precepts avail them. Clear thinking, balanced judgment, a sense of Proportion, humour and the virtues of fortitude and discipline must be seen and experienced by the boys in their relationship with their men leaders.

The conception of our job must set us about examining ourselves. Incidentally it leads us to put the question as to how many among us understood our task correctly before we took it up and how many in the ranks are imbeciles if not impostors, letting the movement down through our ignorance and illusions.

Take the number of units all over the presidency. You will easily say that a quarter of that number will do to establish the soundness and value of this Scout method of Early training, if they were really units true in the conception of their job and true to themselves. Here we are still, talking over the possibilities of the Movement after over a decade and more of Scouting!

All the charges levelled against the movement today are really charges against the men in the Ranks. If, only we realised this fact and were actuated by the best of motives by the Movement and by our boys, the number in the ranks will perhaps go down but it is not improbable that the prestige of the movement will go up. But there is one other way open to us to be true to our pledge and to ourselves, and that is to do our *best*. I should perhaps be talking shop if I reminded people of the almost plagiaristic Training Camp instruction about the connotation of the term "our best". But, it is sometimes reduced in Practice to a feeble

and pious wish, whereas it is a dynamic vitalising resolution that is conveyed by that phrase. We have yet to do "our best" in that sense. That is obvious. For, the evidence is there of our not having done it, as our rank as a solid whole has as yet given no promise of any hopes to the Nation. The country has not been compelled as yet to a recognition of our Service. Were it otherwise would our very existence and future be problematic still?

It is a legitimate question to put to ourselves "Well, what have we achieved in these 13 years". Right from the East coast to the West let us take stock of the number of sincere and flourishing Troops, Troops that have seen some service. Can it be beyond a dozen? I am open to correction. Among Tenderfoot Troops there certainly are a good many run with enthusiasm, but one should be rather too bold to say that enthusiasm is of a nature that is enduring.

The only achievement of the Boy Scouts Association in several places is the raising of Troops of poor promise. Is the Chief Scout to blame? Men in the Ranks! ponder over this problem, well.

The results seem to point to the fact that the Movement rests on weak shoulders and in certain cases on wrong shoulders, too. It does not rest mainly on the people outside so much as on the Scoutmasters. Whose fault is it then, that the results are poor? Is it that of the Scoutmaster? Is it that of the Association? If you think on the matter, we men in the Ranks should painfully note that our indifferent team-work has been responsible for it. You complain—yes, correctly that the parent is indifferent. You deplore, perhaps truly that he does not take his share of the responsibility. Just think, is it proper for the locality to possess a Troop? and were you wise in bringing a troop into existence? Have you not put the cart before the horse? Before going to the boys to recruit them, did you go to the parents to ascertain if they wanted the Troop?

Who pays for your indiscretion? It is the Movement, it is the Boy Scouts Association, and it is the Chief!

How could we expiate this blunder? Only by becoming missionaries. Now judge the wisdom of the advice of your Provincial Commissioner when at the Commissioner's conference at Vellore he made an attempt to scatter the inertia in which we as Commissioners, as Secretaries, as Committeemen and as Scoutmasters are steeped in.

Now I am not speaking from outside the ranks. But I believe that our Movement being a team-game, we have to infuse and inject one another with impulses that force themselves upon us in rare moments and to rally all our individual momentum.

If feeling alone on the matter could achieve much, I know of many who feel like me. Indeed it is perhaps because of this temperature on their part, our Movement is surviving the indifference and neglect of the reputed Publicists of South India. But the fact remains that our work is not over until the Public are enthused enough to make the response due to the Movement.

This makes some among us wish that abler men than we had taken up this job, but the real solution to the problem does not lie in the *personal prestige* of the worker so much as on his *understanding*. Our job assumes just the dignity of the proportion of our right conception of it. If we really understood the description of it by the Chief Scout, in all its significance, in the following words it may help us:

"If all men had developed in them the sense of brotherhood, the habit of giving first consideration to the needs of others, and of putting their own personal ambitions, pleasures, or interests second to these, we should have a very different world to live in."

* * * * *

"And seeing the national, individual, and religious value of it, ought we not, and can we not, make selfless goodwill towards others a leading quality in Character?"

"I believe it to be feasible-not only hope it, but *believe* it-because of the results which have come of the amateur experiment we have made in that direction in the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movements".

These words ought to inspire us with zeal and arm us with power.

My understanding of the case is that the men in the ranks are wanting in adequate conviction with respect to the national and patriotic value of the Game.

K. R. R.

The Play Aspect of Scouting.

(Continued.)

Stalking in Scout Games.

STALKING figures as the most important feature of hunting. It is no doubt true that the best stalker is always the best hunter. But even though there is, as we have already seen, an instinctive desire in every boy to stalk, the ability to do so does not come naturally to him. It is entirely a matter of careful and persistent training. There are very many rules to obey and it requires very many years of personal observation and practical work before anyone can hope to become a decent stalker. One good method of training lies in helping the scout to study the various ways and habits of wild animals, most of whom being good hunters furnish him with fine examples of camouflage and manoeuvres. The multifarious tricks which the wild birds and animals have recourse to while being pursued by enemies beat the best human intelligence and hunting skill, and they open up a new chapter of interest and romance in the book of Nature. To an ordinary boy they serve as a very interesting and fascinating study. But to a scout whose education is primarily and entirely carried on through Nature Lore and Wood Craft, their important use can never be

over-rated. So the more often the scout goes and camps out, living and observing things in the open, the more is the opportunity for him for real scout training, and it needs no mentioning that stalking games and activities must have a dominant place in the camp programme.

A note of warning is needed at this stage. Stalking is so valuable from our scouting points of view. But it is a practical problem whether we can get out anywhere and everywhere and find suitable facilities for it. Amongst very many other things, selection of good camp site is one which demands expert knowledge of scouting and topography on the part of the scoutmaster. Especially a site with natural cover and scenery for stalking is very hard to find in these days of industrial and agricultural exploitation, and, wherever we go we are obsessed with tall buildings, noisy machines, tilled fields and other civilised works of man. Great care and trouble should therefore be taken in choosing proper sites for stalking and camping. Nevertheless, simply because we cannot get them anywhere outside, it is unwise, not to say very risky, to take out a number of little boys and camp in side a

1929.]

reserved forest, exposed to all sorts of imminent dangers from reptiles and wild beasts. Personal safety of the camper is one of the essential requirements of good camp, and it is incumbent on every scout to think about it a great deal more than anything else

On the other hand, without running any risks at all, it is quite possible to do stalking even in our hearth and home. Rather we may begin and learn a few elementary methods there. Some of the ordinary domestic animals come in as very good examples in this respect and teach us very many practical lessons which even the ablest hunter among us is put to shame to see. It is wonderful how after ages of domestication they still retain a few of the remarkable traits of their wild and primitive character. Stalking habit seems to be a chief relic, and we see it often resorted to either in their frivolous play or in their serious pursuits of hunting. The two animals that stand out prominently and claim our careful study and observation in this direction are the dog, our faithful friend and comrade in needs, who is said to have come down from the Wolf Stock, and the cat, the night hunter whose prototype is the ferocious tiger in the jungle. How do they hunt? What lessons can we learn from them?

Let us, for instance, observe a well trained dog hunting a squirrel of his own accord. Till he arrives in sight of the quarry, he runs fast, and then moves slowly and step by step, with his legs slightly bent and relaxed. Now and then it is wonderful to see him coming up to a stage of 'freezing' keeping all his limbs and entire body perfectly motionless, and this cautious and stand-still posture becomes still more invisible by the sharply-pointed ears turned down and the outstretched tail tucked in between the hind legs, so that he looks like a solid lifeless mass at a distance. He then gradually gets as near the victim as possible, and with one breath he starts galloping and pounces upon it. Similarly, we have often to imitate these canine movements to the minute details and play very many scouting games. Occasions there will be when we will have to keep our head, knees and trunk bent forward, hands resting on the thighs and feet moving on silently and stealthily, without ruffling the twigs and leaves on the track. And then going a step further, it may become absolutely necessary for us to assume the actual movements of the dog on all fours and bring our hands and knees into tortuous crawling. In

such cases great care should be exercised to lift gently and not to drag the limbs on and carry the head and hind-quarters as low as possible.

And then, the cat, the skilful hunter in our dark rooms! Oh! The amount of patience, vigilance and perseverance she exercises before coming in sight of her prey is simply marvellous. When she is able to spot it out, what does she do? She doesn't jump all at once, but keeps her head very cool and takes her own time. She doesn't walk or run at once. Neither does she crawl on fours, but on her abdomen, inch by inch, her movements becoming almost imperceptible, until at last when she is cock-sure of the kill, she suddenly springs up like a flash of lightning, with the glowing eyes and claws thrust out, and in this stupefying posture, she finally swoops up her victim and kills it. That is a master-piece of stalking, isn't it so? Very difficult and tortuous for us to crawl on our *tummies*, with our bodies laid at full length on the ground. And mark! Sometimes the ground abounds in thorns and thistles. These and other kinds of self-tortures and abrasions we will have to go through if we really are keen on improving stalking ability and playing the scouting game in an efficient way, or rather in the scout way. We can't do otherwise. Especially, in our games when we are within sight of the enemies or when the cover is getting scarcer and scarcer, it is then that we have reached a crisis and it would entail nothing less than our falling flat on the track, working ourselves forward very slowly, now moving one hand and the leg on one side, now the other pair, and at the same time keeping head and feet very close to it. It is indeed very painful to stalk like that, but we have to do it, and we will certainly do it with joyful and romantic spirit as we get seriously occupied with the game.

There are very good lessons we can learn from the bird kingdom as well. Some birds like wood-peckers in our gardens will be found to teach us much, if we care to stalk them. The camouflage of birds aided by naturally protective colouring is indeed another big subject worth the earnest study of every good stalker and so every good scout. But it is not possible to do more than make a note of it here and say that any amount of time and energy spent upon it will be repaid hundred fold in the form of efficient observation and stalking.

To be continued.

JIM

The Child.

Child, how happy you are sitting in the dust,
playing with a broken twig all the morning.

I smile at your play with that little bit of a broken twig.

I am busy with my accounts, adding up figures by the hour.

Perhaps you glance at me and think "What a stupid game to spoil your morning with!"

Child, I have forgotten the art of being absorbed in sticks and mud-pies.

I seek out costly playthings, and gather lumps of gold and silver.

With whatever you find you create glad games, I spend both my time and my strength over things I never can obtain.

In my frail canoe I struggle to cross the sea of desire, and forget that I too am playing a game.
—Rabindranath Tagore.

Publicity-A Sketch.

IF any office leads a humdrum existence at Imperial Headquarters, it is certainly not Publicity. To that office there comes on amazing variety of matters, some to nestle neath its folders, others to be broadcast to an ignorant world, and still more to be ejected into the three waste paper baskets or be returned in their accompanying envelopes.

"Come into our Publicity Office, if you can get in amidst the debris of many a hurry and rush, and the seats of the slaves of the press. Spend a day with us and gather an impression of what we are trying to do.

"It is Tuesday morning, and here is a bundle of Weekly Bulletins. They come every Tuesday and some six or seven hundred of them go simultaneously to different newspapers and subscribers all over the world, but more especially at home, taking with them the latest snippets of information concerning the brotherhood. That 'Scout Column' which has come in with two or three hundred other news cuttings was largely compiled from the Bulletin we sent out last week." "What do we do with the cuttings? Oh, we throw most of them into the W. P. B. All the important ones, however, are placed into albums for reference purposes. It is amazing the free publicity the Scout Movement gets from the World's press. We ought to be very grateful for it. We are too!

"What? Oh, that! That is the House 'phone buzzer, and oh.....!! there goes the telephone too. Some one wants to borrow a dozen printing blocks for their annual report." "Yes, if we have them, he can borrow them." "Free—of course! But ask him to send them back and soon! The demand is very heavy." "Who was that on the House 'phone? Scoutmaster Jones? Yes, send him up." "Give Mr. Jones the

pamphlets he wants." "No, Mr. Jones, there is no charge for a reasonable quantity, we are only too pleased to help you. Good Luck!

"Now for the Morning's letters! They should have been seen to first thing but now and then it is impossible to get down to them." "The first two or three are competitive printing estimates, but look at this one: 'Will you please tell me the address of the Society for the return of Lost Cats? I believe the Boy Scouts are very interested in this wonderful work. Kindly also let me know how many black and how many white cats were destroyed last year!' Ah this is better! We are having a Scout Week next year, will you please advise, etc. Here is where our files of programmes, leaflets etc. kindly supplied by Secretaries all over the country comes in. It is but a few minutes work to send alternative suggestions to the correspondent in question. Here is another letter—'Will you please send a speaker to our meeting on the 31st instant?' Today is the 28th and there is no 31st. What is to be done? A wire is despatched in hot haste to find out what really is required. In the meantime a hunt is made for a speaker to hold himself in readiness for the worst. Still another note—'Please send a speaker of weight and if possible with a title.' There Starts a whole series of telephone calls; we have't many speakers of this description at present in stock, but at last we track the one we are after, he is down in the country snatching a few moments respite making a garden gate (The Chief's recipe for rest is a change of occupation!)

"The next letter is a hardy annual and anticipates full well the affirmative reply we send year after year, 'will you take a stall this year?' It hails from the Church Congress,

Exhibition, the School Boys' Exhibition or the National Union of Teachers or some such body at whose exhibitions we are always well in evidence, manning the stall perhaps for ten days with the stuff at our disposal and borrowing help from our co-workers the Scout Shop downstairs."

"Oh, that Buzz! That's the House 'phone again! No one rings like that except the Quarter-Master. I bet it's him. It is. 'Yes we are free' (this the whitest of white lies.) 'Come up when you like!' Here he is, reams of papers in hand. 'Good morning, Q M., what are all this about?' 'Oh, Mrs. Publicity, you've got me into a mess again; this gentleman wants to know why you are bolstering up greyhound racing in your Scouter advertisements? Thinks it very inconsistent with the aims of Scouting having a silhouette of a dog in your lay out.'" (That reply—short and most concise—agreed upon, the Quarter master lays on the table a whole sheath of requests for advertisements. Some are refused with thanks for the kindly opportunities afforded and others are prepared and sent off with their accompanying blocks. Still more are accepted and the copy promised later.)

After three hours of calls and callers, lunch time is hailed with joy.

"Just a moment! Here is the chairman of the G. P. C." (which being interpreted stands for the General Purposes Committee!). "What are you doing about those films? It is high time we had a new one," says he. Reluctantly Publicity agrees, but where, oh, where are the Scenario writers who can do the movement even shadows of justice?

"Please sir, before you go out," says the latest recruit in the department, "will you send those sketches so that blocks can be made for the new Rover pamphlet and one for that new Cubs' pamphlet?"

En route through the doorway, there's the 'phone again. "May I call this afternoon?" says an attractively gentle voice, "we are getting up a missionary exhibition and we want to be very exact about the Scouts." "Yes, do! We shall be delighted to help, and we can lend you pictures, hand drawn posters, photographs and also books, and equipment on sale or return, and of course you can have as many pamphlets as you can really make use of!"

"Come on, let us go to lunch before we are stopped again. This way up-stairs, oh! excuse me a moment while I speak to this chap.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, but he was from the—Journal and wanted to know if we would kindly confirm the communist statement that the Boy Scouts started the last war and sent the Minors back to work after the last strike!

"Oh, awfully sorry, but just a moment! It really is difficult some days to get away! That chap from the Daily Outlook wanted to know the date and reference to the League of Nations Resolution commending the Boy Scout movement as the greatest peace asset of the world."

Publicity and companion did manage to get out and returned after some time.

"Well, it's good to have been out, but just look at the blotter covered with notes from the Chief Assistant. 'The Secretary wants to see Publicity about getting out a new poster for the Outdoor Publicity. Frame by the doorway downstairs.' 'The Assistant Commissioner for Music self-sacrificingly wants Publicity to have the privilege of rejecting a batch of half a dozen songs his committee think balderdash.' 'and please will Publicity get a move on with compiling the Musical Competition Programme?' Here is a 'phone message from the British Broadcasting Co. 'Will Publicity let them know what has been arranged for the Scout broad-casting period on Thursday week and will he ask the Chief Scout and the Chief Commissioner to broadcast next month?'"

"Come in." "Yes." "You are from Messrs—the Publishers and you want us to look through these dozen books and censor them for sale in the Scout Shops while you wait? well, I am afraid you will be disappointed. We'll look at them in due course, and you will hear direct from the Quartermaster as to whether he can stock them or not. Good afternoon, and by the way, next time you come, would you mind calling at the Enquiry Office on the first floor in case we may be engaged. We are sometimes you know!"

"Please, sir," says a new and very breathless Scout, "the Chief Scout wants you in his room." A look of sheer amazement crosses the young zealots' face because Publicity stops to put his pen down instead of rushing head long at his Chiefs' behest.

"Sorry to have kept you again, but the Chief was bringing out a report of his last oversea trip and wanted to talk about the printing and get up and have it seen through the press.

"There's the House 'phone again! Blow our next door neighbour banging his door! Oh, it is all right! It is only Mr. Jonathan in the waiting room and Mr. Bull in the Council Chamber, and one is wanted in the Accountant's Room, while Overseas Department will be glad if one will step round immediately. The boat is just off for Australia and the Overseas Secretary doesn't think that the same quantity of literature as we have sent to Tristan da Cunha will satisfy them.

"Goodness! It's just five thirty, the last letter is signed, and that's that, except for an article or two to be taken away and written in the peace of home.

"Wait! there appears at the door (on this occasion only, not every afternoon!) the ghastly white face of a Scout. 'Please, sir, we're alright!' Oh, really?"

A hurried walk downstairs, full face into a stream from a fire—extinguisher confirms the fact.

"The Scout Shop is alright! Good!! That too can be made to provide publicity:

"Who hath smelt woodsmoke at twilight?

"Who hath heard THE SCOUT SHOP burning?

"Who is quick to read the causes of the light?

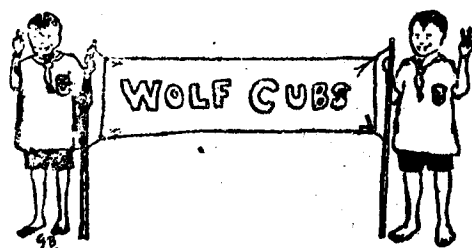
"Let him follow with the others,

"For the firemen's feet are turning

"To the SHOP OF PROVED GOOD.
WILL AND KNOWN DELIGHT!

—with apologies to Kipling!

—The Pub. in the Year Book.



Romance in Pack Life.

THE cub is in the most romantic period of his existence. All life is one long, entrancing adventure for him. Give him romance and you can do what you like with him.

So says Gilcraft in his wonderful book on Wolf Cubs.

Cubs desire to become cubs not because they want to have their character trained, or their citizenship efficiency improved, but simply because cubbing has struck them as something which is full of romance and full of fun. A boy joins the Pack in his desire for romance and there is no question of personal improvement at all in his mind.

But we grown-ups in our own un-understanding way forget this, and proceed on a different assumption altogether.

Every healthy boy has an undying hunger for romance. If that is so, it is up to us *Akela* to cater for this appetite and keep it always sharp so long as the boy is with us in the Pack. If we fail to do so we are discarding one of the most effective of weapons that the Chief has placed in our armoury. Nothing can keep the boy more interested, nothing can be of greater help in keeping the boy in the Pack, than a full measure of opportunity for the food of romance. If we fail to make the necessary provision, he will soon get bored and eventually drop out. All healthy boys will do that. If they do not drop out, at least they will not join the scouts, when they ought to.

Cubbing is intended to cater for the romance—hunger of the growing boy. The whole scheme is instinct with romance. If we miss this aspect, it only means that we are dabbling in something which is a negation of cubbing. We may be turning our boys into fine physical specimens, or models of good manners, or capable signallers, but we shall be far from turning them into cubs!

Every item in cub-programme is capable of being dealt with "romantically." Every item can easily become a vehicle of this great food, this "vitamin—A" the boys are so much in

need of. The game you play with them can be made to convey romance to them. The several knot games suggested in our last months cub article will give a clear idea of how games can be rendered really romantic. The yarns we tell our cubs, the day we spend out in the country, the fire we light, the smell of the wood smoke, the story of the flag, these and a host of other things can give the cub all the romance he wants.

Gilcraft speaks of his experience at a first camp-fire his boys once had. "Is it going to be a *real* fire?" and they asked it with a certain mystery in their voice. He speaks of how anxious were their preparations, how they were delighted to squat round swathed in blankets like real Red Indians, and how he heard their sighs of perfect contentment when all was over.

Gilcraft speaks again of another incident, how one day when he had led up to Bagheera Dance by making them hunt grass hoppers, then sparrows and finally deer, and when he was about to call them up for something or other how he noticed one little cub, all absorbed in himself, in a corner went on performing the most amazing contortions in the effort to catch imaginary grass-hoppers. It was good ten minutes it seems before that little boy came to earth again.

Cub names again can add to the romance of pack-life; but the names should be won and not given hap-hazard. The name should be given as a reward, and the boys should know the romantic setting of the cub-name, as otherwise they may not properly appreciate it.

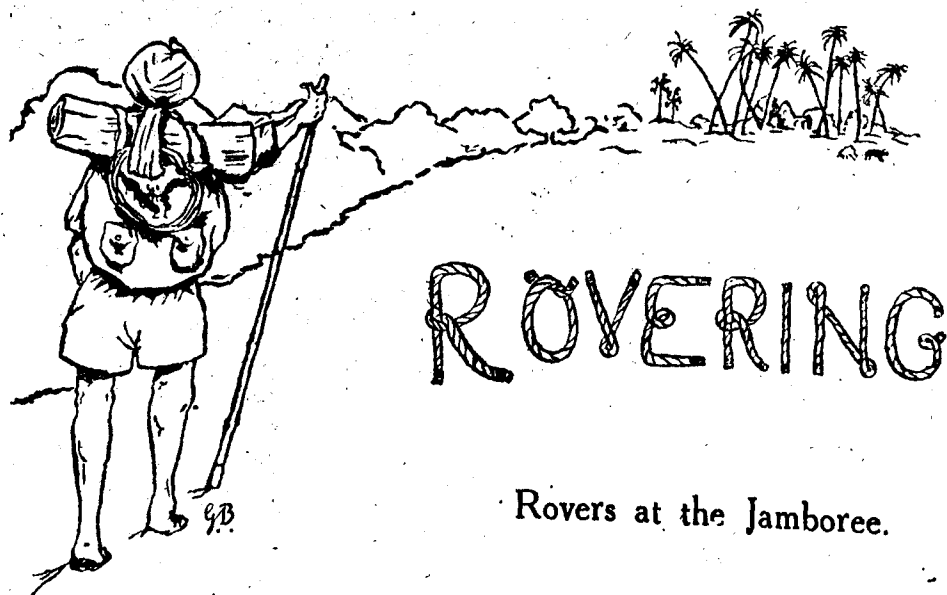
Apart from all these, the very conception of cubbing has endless romance in it. The world-

wide brotherhood; its splendid Chief; cub training being on the lines of mowgli's training in the jungle; these will make the boy realise the romance of being in a Pack. It is a good idea to spin off yarns on the chief and his adventures, on scouts at home and abroad, on great Jamborees and other similar great activities. It is a good plan to make the cub ceremonies as thrilling as possible; let there be something savouring of the Jungle, something distinctly cubby about them. Even the pack vocabulary can be brought in line with this romance—hunger, if the Headquarters become "the lair," an afternoon in the woods "a hunt in the jungle," and so on.

Such things are merely the vehicles for the food of romance that the boy stands in need of. The most important thing is that *Akela* should understand the boy's point of view, and should strain every nerve to provide him what he wants. There is nothing in cubbing which cannot be touched with the magic wand of romance, if only *Akela* knew how. The spirit of romance should run through the warp and the weft of pack-life; it should crop up even in the most unexpected place. *Akela* should have really the same feeling as the cub in regard to romance. If *Akela* cannot actually share that feeling, at least he ought to understand the boy with sympathy, and help him by providing what he hungers after.

If one can neither feel nor understand the romance of it all, one is not going to impart it to the cubs. But if one can, it will mean a world of difference to the Pack and to the boys who are in it.

Council Rock.



Rovers at the Jamboree.

I

"To we, personally," writes the Chief Scout, in *the Scouter*, "to we, the outstanding feature of the Jamboree was the gathering of the clans, not the organisation nor the displays, not even the glorious spirit evident everywhere, though these were all wonderful and beyond expectation. No—the thing that struck me with the greatest force was, the achievement of the Rovers.

"These fellows had worked before the Jamboree in the heavy job of sawing and splitting logs for firewood for the camps, and in laying-out the camp ground, unloading stores, and setting up tents, etc.

"During the Jamboree they were continuously at work, morning, noon and night—at work of every kind needed for the running of the show; acting as police to handle the crowds or the road traffic, as guides and orderlies, ticket sellers, roadmenders, first-aiders, interpreters, saviours of lost children, typists—or any old thing that was wanted. Many of them never saw anything of the pageants or the fun, but were working away behind the scenes all the time. Very many of them devoted their annual holiday to this thankless but invaluable work. And they did it all in the cheeriest mood and in their hundreds, coming from all parts, and from all grades of society. But all were alike in their readiness to chuck self and to serve.

"That was what hit me!", continues the Chief. "It told me just what I had wanted to

know, and what I hoped for all these years. *It gave visible proof that our training can, where properly handled, produce community-serving citizens.*

"I now realised that we are on the right line in our progressive training of the boy.

"In the Wolf Cub we instil the first elements of service through the good turn in the home. In the Scout, we develop strength of body, mind, and character, as preparation for the rendering of service. With the Rover, the sense of service finds its expression in practice.

"That is what we had hoped for. That is what the Jamboree has shown us to be an accomplished fact."

* * * *

II

Here is what the Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts, Mr. P. B. Nevill, says of them.

"The Rover's share in helping to give our Brother Scouts a good time while over here for the Jamboree has been a big one.

"It has been no light job. The service in many cases meant real sacrifice. The large number of Rovers who gave up their holidays to work at Arrowe Park before the Jamboree commenced, going back home before the opening, is only one example of the willing service rendered for the good of our Brotherhood.

"The chief scout told the International conference, and also the gathering of the 1st

III

Here is again something from Mr. Piers D. Power, Headquarters commissioner for Scouts. It is interesting to know he turned into a Rover for the Jamboree!

"I have got to know some 1,200 Rovers," says he, "in the last five weeks. Never have I met finer men, nor is any one ever likely to. Man who would load lorries for eight hours a day, or sit for five hours on end in a tiny pay-box dealing out tickets, without even the excitement of giving change, and then go straight off on night warden duty. Men who will come to Arrowe for the fortnight before the Jamboree and work to get things ready, knowing that they will never see the show.

"Those men are our Rover Scouts. Let us hear no more that Rovering is no good and that our rising manhood consists of wasters. The Jamboree has given the answer to that for a long time to come."



The Camp in Retrospect.

WHEN the C. O. H. or the Patrol in Council plans a Camp for the Troop or the Patrol and has carried the programme through, it has only done a part of its work for the camp. The seeds of training sown in the camp have yet to take root and bring for the results. But this is not a matter that need entirely be left to take care of itself. It is the business of the C. O. H. and the Patrol Leaders to review the Camp and its achievements and failures, to ensure the permanency of the good results of the camp and to see that they derive the full benefit of the practical lessons which the camp must have taught them.

It must be a matter of regular practice for each Patrol Leader, in the case of a Troop of Leaders' Camp, or for the particular Patrol Leader, in the case of a Patrol Camp, to present a report of the camp at the meeting of the C.O.H. following the camp. A special meeting of the C. O. H. may even be held for the purpose.

This report will show how for the programme previously drawn up has been practicable and, where its usefulness has been evident at the time, what the benefits were that have been derived. It will also indicate where it has not been possible to follow the programme, and why it has not been possible; and any alternatives that may suggest themselves may be recorded for future guidance.

Such a comprehensive report will be well worth the thought and trouble spent upon it. It will keep the Patrol Leaders in mind of new lines of activities which may have been commenced in camp so that they can be continued and carried. It will help to preserve and foster new interests that may have risen during the camp or as a result of the camp. A camp log by its very aim cannot be as comprehensive as a report of the kind suggested.

The only possible objection that may be raised against such a report is the voluminosity that the red-tape-ic word 'report' suggests.

But really the report need not be voluminous. It may be a collection of jottings and notes. The form is not the important thing; it is the substance and the aim with which the subject is chosen for record and later comment.

This report is not so much a record of things done as the camp log is, but a series of notes on subjects arising out of things done and not done; for consideration and discussion by the Troop—by the C. O. H. or in Patrols. It provides the basis for reviewing the camp critically, for planning matters ahead for future camps, and for making the necessary readjustments in Troop life.

As the result of such a review, concrete suggestions may come forth and it is they that constitute the first benefits of the camp.

To the Scouter in charge (and to the Patrol Leaders to a certain extent) the camp provides a number of opportunities to study each boy individually: and he should not fail to make the fullest use of these opportunities. But the observations made in this way will not find a place in the general report or review, as a rule, although personalities must inevitably come in now and then in the discussion. The scouter should however take care to see that the Patrol Leader do not mix up personal charac-

teristics in a dispassionate review of events; that, for Example, a Patrol Leader does not put the entire blame on Jamboo for being careless in toppling over the bottle and spilling the oil but that he realises that the oil was left in the way for Jamboo or any body else to topple over, that it should not have been so left and that a better place should have been chosen to keep the bottle of oil.

While, however, in the consideration of the report as a whole personal characteristics may not come in for attention, out side the report, individual peculiarities must receive attention, and where necessary the proper treatment will have to be devised. In this matter the Patrol Leaders and the Scoutmaster will exchange notes and the latter can help where his help is required.

By these and similar steps we can ensure that the newer aspects of character training which every camp reveals to light are realised and fulfilled in the Troop and home-life of the boy. Above all they will help us to feel that the camp is not an end in itself, that it is not a matter of convention but that it is a very valuable means and an essential part of our scheme of character building.

Campier.



Culled by Hiawatha.

AN athletic meet is once in a way very attractive, and the boys are likely to have considerable fun and enjoyment. A few items like the following may be tried with advantage.

Sack chase. Two sacks are needed for this race. Two players, representing competing teams or patrols, get into the sacks, which are tied under their arms. They take position at opposite corners of the ring. They lie on their back and wait for the caution "go", when they jump on to their feet and run around the ring to the right until one man over-

takes the other. This is the old sack race confined to the ring.

A variant of this is the *sack melee*. Two opposing patrols are "dressed" in sacks as here and then take their position within the ring, lying on their back. They get up at the whistle and barge at their opponent and get him to lose his balance and fall down or get him to hop out of the ring. Either of these things "kill" him. The patrol that survives is winner. A good many sacks are needed.

Nail Driving contest. hammer and ten nails to each scout will be needed. All scouts drive their nails on to the same plank. They start together at the caution "go" and he who first drives all his ten nails wins. This produces much fun as the hammer strokes not being made all at the same time make the plank unsteady and one generally misses pretty often. This can be played as an inter patrol competition by leaving several "trophies" at the rate of one or two for each patrol engaged, and by arranging the scouts who complete run up and secure one of these each. Each trophy carries two points. The Patrol getting the most points wins.

THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT.

The Official Organ
of

The Boy Scouts Association
Madras Province, India.

VOL. IX.

GENERAL INDEX

October 1928 to September 1929.



THE PROVINCIAL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS,

WENLOCK PARK,

POST BOX 424, MADRAS.

• The South India Boy Scout.

INDEX.

Vol. IX.

	PAGES.		PAGES.
Aborigines of Australia, The— ...	369	Headquarters Committee Proceedings ...	167, 211
All about the Moon (F. Molesworth) ...	37	Headquarters Notices, General— ...	28, 133, 213
Annual Meeting: Boy Scouts Association ...	19	" " Provincial— ...	28, 73, 133,
Are Warrants Cheap? (S. T. James) ...	322	171, 213, 253, 290, 331, 360, 394	
Basket Making (K. Narasimhachari)... ..	225	H. H. The Junior Maharani of Travancore on	
Birds That Earn Their Living	257	Scouting and Guiding	344
Boy and a Watch, A—(A Camp Fire Talk:		Higher Patriotism, The—(C. S. Rice) ...	31
M. Newton)	33	Hobbies (Dr. Kunhikannan)	306
Boys' Section, The—	113, 113,	Hobbies, On—(A. W. Forgie)	115
175, 219, 257, 295, 333, 363, 395		How the Animals entered Heaven (Jeha)	131
Building a Lob Cabin (adapted)	88	How the Scouts' Badge Originated (B. P.)	8
Camp Fire, Round the—(Camper)	15	How the water comes down at Lodore ...	221
Camp Hygiene and Sanitation	61	How to find the North at Night	36
Camp Site, The	325	How to judge time by the shadow cast by the	
Camping: Camp Gadgets ('Scouter')	98	Sun (G. T.)	303
" Camp Shelters (Camper)	280	How to obtain recruits for your Troop ...	351
" Camps and Rural Propaganda (Camper)	205	How to start a Troop	324
" Cleaning up (Camper)	246	"Indianise Indian Scouting" (Special Article:	
" Parents' Day in Camp (Camper)	158	K. R. R.)	147, 197, 269, 309, 339, 375
" Some Tips on Tents (Camper)	35	In Memoriam	60, 90, 287
Can Fish Walk? (S. T. Moses)	179	Investiture of Patrol Leaders	283
Careers for Boys: The Training Ship "Dufferin"		"I will not die"	304
Character Building: (Dr. W. H. Kilpatrick)—	382	Keeping a Nature Note Book ("Quaker City	
Cheruvu Boy Scouts in Camp	40	Scout")	34
Coming Jamboree, The—	175	Keep the Camp Fires Burning	118
Correspondence: "Are Warrants Cheap?"	359	Lac insect, The—	261
Creation of woman, The—(A Hindu Legend)	335	Learning to play a harmonica (Boy's Life)	128
Creed of optimism	219	Letters to a Would-be Scout (Spotted Dove)	
Cubbing, History of—	200	18, 64, 96, 161, 244, 278, 320, 355, 383	
Damon and Pythias; or, True Friendship ...	399	Life	175
Dead but not Buried	398	Life is Sweet, Brother (George Borrow)	363
Dharapuram Scouts in Camp	40	Madras Contingent, The—(F. H. O.) ...	371
Did it ever strike you—	178	Making Music	397
Discipline in the Scout Movement (J. S. W.)	5	Making your own electricity (J. Winning)	39
District Scout Rally, Ootacamund, The— ...	41	Map-making and Map-reading for Scouts (Map-	
Don't give up	398	maker)	57
Do you know—(Wise Man)	222	Message for the month	295, 333
Do you read? (Lone Wolf)	124	" from H. M. the King to the Jamboree ...	340
Editor's Impressions	47, 104,	" H. E. The Chief Scout's Farewell— ...	197
163, 208, 326, 356, 386		"Nariya" the Jackal (R. H. B.)	301
Elders' Point of View	1	Nature and Science Notes (R. W. Hallows)	333, 364
(1) Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar... ..	1	Nature Lore: The white Ant (D. C. M. J.)	305
(2) Dr. Annie Besant	181	Nature Notes:—(R. W. Hallows,	395
Elf and the Aeorn, The—	186	News	21, 68, 164
England to India in Six Days	363	News from All Quarters	102
English Language, The—(Poem)	17	New Year Greetings	113
Exhibition of Scouts' Handicrafts, An—Some		Notes by the Way (Searchlight)	25, 70, 107, 166,
Suggestions (Grey Brother)	336	209, 249, 286, 328, 357, 390	
Familiar Sayings	296	On the place and value of Little Things (F. J.	
For his friend: The Story of a boy's heroic		Bushby Quine)	117
sacrifice	127	Ostrich, The—	335
Four West Coast Sonnets (A. T. Cold man)	124	Our Carps (S. T. Moses)	125
Fun with invisible ink (Extract)	52, 96,	Ourselves	2, 233, 284
Games (Hiawatha)	157, 204, 243, 278, 319	Outlook (Honorary Secretary)	23
Games for Teaching Tests (Hiawatha) ...	353	Patrol Competitions (George W. King)	50
Great Comrade, The—: An Allegory... ..	177	Play Aspect of Scouting, The—(J. I. M.)	156, 241,
		277, 317, 343, 381	

THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT.

The Official Organ
of

The Boy Scouts Association
Madras Province, India.

VOL. IX.

GENERAL INDEX

October 1928 to September 1929.



THE PROVINCIAL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS,
WENLOCK PARK,
POST BOX 424, MADRAS.

iv

PAGES.	PAGES.
Possibilities of the Magic Lantern for Education and Publicity (Grey Brother) ... 100	Tale of a turnip, The— ... 228
Problems of the Demons, The— ... 367	Tales of many things ... 337
Proceedings of the 7th Annual Meeting ... 109	Tamil Page, Our—
Raise a Yell (M. S. Menon) ... 123	Letters to a Patrol Leader (Santanam) 26, 71, 111, 169, 211, 251, 288, 329, 359, 392
Ramanujam the Mathematician ... 191	Marching Songs (M. V. V. R.) ... 27
Reviews ... 209	Song (Seshadri) ... 111
Reviews and Notices ... 357	What is Scouting (Song) ... 170
Romance of Nick Van Stann, The—(Poem John G. Saxe) ... 366	These Things Shall Be (Poem) ... 195
Romance of the Motor Car, The—(Presidency College Magazine) ... 184	Thought for the Month ... 1, 43, 81, 147, 197, 233, 269, 309, 339, 375
Rovering: Rover Ceremonies—" Probation " (N) ... 11	Tongue, The—(L. E. Yates) ... 368
Rover Organization, The—(N) ... 53	Troop Finance (T. S. A.) ... 10
Rover Quests in Practise ... 202, 240, 273, 312	Trumpet Call, The—(Poem) ... 232
Rovers and Warrants (S) ... 348	Walking Tour from Madras to Cape Comorin, A—(T. P. N.) ... 369
Rover Tests and Badges (W. J. Kindell) ... 349	Well done! ... 333
Service (J. I. M.) ... 12, 55, 92, 155	What is a Scoutmaster? (" Scouting ") ... 346
Suggested Organisation of Rovering ... 91, 154	What is Life? ... 225
Tracking in the world (Dr. F. W. W. Griffin) ... 379	What Scouting has done for me
Scout as a Bird Lover, The— ... 187	(1) D. F. Chowler ... 120
Scouters' Library, A—; A few suggestions (Book-lover) ... 62	(2) M. S. Menon ... 120
Scouting and the Community (N) ... 346	When God Says No ... 338
Scouting the Borstal School, Tanjore (S) ... 238	When I'm a man (Poem) ... 183
Scouting Literature in the Vernacular (Grey Brother) ... 159	Where the Bottle stoppers come from ... 227
Scouting the need of the hour (Special Article: K. R. R.) ... 44	Why are we Right Handed? ... 396
Scout Song, A—(A. T. Coldman) ... 120	Why Cocks Crow at dawn (Aunt Edith) ... 304
Scout Staff, The (B. P.) ... 9	Why I believe in the Boy Scout Movement ... 115
Scouts and Organised Public Service (Owl 3) ... 66	Wolf Cubs; Akela ... 150
Scrawls for Scouters (Scribbler) ... 14, 59, 93, 160, 207, 247, 281, 352, 388	Cub Instructor, The—" Scouting " ... 342
Serpant-Lore in Malabar ... 267	Cub Observation game, A—" Scout Leader " ... 50
Service, then Glory ... 397	Individuality of the Cub, The—(Lone Wolf) ... 3
Shadows ... 397	Pack and The Troop, The—: Cooperation ... 152
Silk-worms ... 182	Pack Organisation, Uniform and Records (Brown Tip) ... 49
Some Tongue Twisters ... 195	Panchatantra and Wolf Cubbing (Mang.) ... 87
S. O. S. (C. E. R. Wheeler) ... 122	Romance or How to weave instruction into games ... 385
Starlight (G. F. Knapp) ... 32	Work and Play in the Pack (Brown Tip) ... 85
Stencilling ... 265	Work for the Second Three months in a Pack (Mang.) ... 4
Story from English History, A— ... 184	Word to Boy Scouts, A— ... 219
Story of Saint Nicholas, The— ... 259	World Jamboree, The—, 1929 ... 105
Story of the Newspaper, The—(R. R.) ... 300	World League of Friendship, A— ... 223
Story of the Typewriter, The— ... 230	Your writing Exposes you (K. R. R. Sastry) ... 206, 248, 283
" Swarajya " on Scouting (Special Article) ... 235	

The South India Boy Scout.

INDEX.

Vol. IX.

	PAGES.		PAGES.
Aborigines of Australia, The—	369	Headquarters Committee Proceedings	167, 211
All about the Moon (F. Molesworth)	37	Headquarters Notices, General—	28, 133, 213
Annual Meeting: Boy Scouts Association	19	Provincial—	28, 73, 133,
Are Warrants Cheap? (S. T. James)	322		171, 213, 253, 290, 331, 360, 394
Basket Making (K. Narasimhachari)...	225	H. H. The Junior Maharani of Travancore on	
Birds That Earn Their Living	257	Scouting and Guiding	344
Boy and a Watch, A—(A Camp Fire Talk:		Higher Patriotism, The—(C. S. Rice)	31
M. Newton)	33	Hobbies (Dr. Kunhikannan)	306
Boys' Section, The—	31, 113,	Hobbies, On—(A. W. Forgie)	115
	175, 219, 257, 295, 333, 363, 395	How the Animals entered Heaven (Jeha)	131
Building a Lob Cabin (adapted)	88	How the Scouts' Badge Originated (B. P.)	8
Camp Fire, Round the—(Camper)		How the water comes down at Lodore	221
Camp Hygiene and Sanitation	15	How to find the North at Night	36
Camp Site, The	61	How to judge time by the shadow cast by the	
Camping: Camp Gadgets ('Scouter')	325	Sun (G. T.)	303
Camp Shelters (Camper)	98	How to obtain recruits for your Troop	351
Camps and Rural Propaganda (Camper)	280	How to start a Troop	324
Cleaning up (Camper)	205	"Indianise Indian Scouting" (Special Article:	
Parents' Day in Camp (Camper)	246	K. R. R.)	147, 197, 269, 309, 339, 375
Some Tips on Tents (Camper)	158	In Memoriam	60, 90, 287
Can Fish Walk? (S. T. Moses)	35	Investiture of Patrol Leaders	273
Careers for Boys: The Training Ship "Dufferin"	179	"I will not die"	304
Character Building: (Dr. W. H. Kilpatrick)	352	Keeping a Nature Note Book ("Quaker City	
Cherukunnu Boy Scouts in Camp	40	Scout")	34
Coming Jamboree, The—	175	Keep the Camp Fires Burning	118
Correspondence: "Are Warrants Cheap?"	359	Lac insect, The—	261
Creation of woman, The—(A Hindu Legend)	335	Learning to play a harmonica (Boy's Life)	128
Cred of optimism	219	Letters to a Would-be Scouter (Spotted Dove)	
Cubbing, History of—	200		18, 64, 96, 161, 244, 278, 320, 355, 383
Damon and Pythias; or, True Friendship	399	Life	175
Dead but not Buried	398	Life is Sweet, Brother (George Borrow)	363
Dharapuram Scouts in Camp	40	Madras Contingent, The—(F. H. O.)	371
Did it ever strike you—	178	Making Music	397
Discipline in the Scout Movement (J. S. W.)	5	Making your own electricity (J. Winning)	39
District Scout Rally, Ootacamund, The—	41	Map-making and Map-reading for Scouts (Map-	
Don't give up	398	maker)	57
Do you know—(Wise Man)	222	Message for the month	295, 333
Do you read? (Lone Wolf)	124	from H. M. the King to the Jamboree	340
Editor's Impressions	47, 104,	H. E. The Chief Scout's Farewell—	197
	163, 208, 326, 356, 386	"Nariya" the Jackal (R. H. B.)	301
Elders' Point of View		Nature and Science Notes (R. W. Hallows)	333, 364
(1) Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar...	1	Nature Lore: The white Ant (D. C. M. J.)	305
(2) Dr. Annie Besant	181	Nature Notes:—(R. W. Hallows,	395
Elf and the Aern, The—	186	News	21, 68, 164
England to India in Six Days	363	News from All Quarters	102
English Language, The—(Poem)		New Year Greetings	113
Exhibition of Scouts' Handicrafts, An—Some	17	Notes by the Way (Searchlight)	25, 70, 107, 166,
Suggestions (Grey Brother)			209, 249, 286, 328, 357, 390
Familiar Sayings	336	On the place and value of Little Things (F. J.	
For his friend: The Story of a boy's heroic		Bushby Quine)	117
sacrifice	296	Ostrich, The—	335
Four West Coast Sonnets (A. T. Cold man)	127	Our Carps (S. T. Moses)	125
Fun with invisible ink (Extract)	124	Ourselves	2, 233, 284
	52, 96,	Outlook (Honorary Secretary)	23
Games (Hiawatha)	157, 204, 243, 278, 319	Patrol Competitions (George W. King)	50
Games for Teaching Tests (Hiawatha)	353	Play Aspect of Scouting, The—(J. I. M.)	156, 241,
Great Comrade, The—: An Allegory...	177		277, 317, 343, 381

PAGES.	PAGES.
Possibilities of the Magic Lantern for Education and Publicity (Grey Brother) ... 100	Tale of a turnip, The— ... 228
Problems of the Demons, The— ... 367	Tales of many things ... 337
Proceedings of the 7th Annual Meeting ... 109	Tamil Page, Our—
Raise a Yell (M. S. Menon) ... 123	Letters to a Patrol Leader (Santanam) 26, 71, 111, 169, 211, 251, 288, 329, 359, 392
Ramanujam the Mathematician ... 191	Marching Songs (M. V. V. R.) ... 27
Reviews ... 209	Song (Seshadri) ... 111
Reviews and Notices ... 357	What is Scouting (Song) ... 170
Romance of Nick Van Stann, The—(Poem John G. Saxe) ... 366	These Things Shall Be (Poem) ... 195
Romance of the Motor Car, The—(Presidency College Magazine) ... 184	Thought for the Month ... 1, 43, 81, 147, 197, 233, 269, 309, 339, 375
Rovering: Rover Ceremonies—" Probation " (N) ... 11	Tongue, The—(L. E. Yates) ... 368
Rover Organization, The—(N) ... 53	Troop Finance (T. S. A.) ... 10
Rover Quests in Practise ... 202, 240, 273, 312	Trumpet Call, The—(Poem) ... 232
Rovers and Warrants (S) ... 348	Walking Tour from Madras to Cape Comorin, A—(T. P. N.) ... 369
Rover Tests and Badges (W. J. Kindell) ... 349	Well done! ... 333
Service (J. I. M.) ... 12, 55, 92, 155	What is a Scoutmaster? (" Scouting ") ... 346
Suggested Organisation of Rovering ... 91, 154	What is Life? ... 225
Tracking in the world (Dr. F. W. W. Griffin) ... 379	What Scouting has done for me
Scout as a Bird Lover, The— ... 187	(1) D. F. Chowler ... 120
Scouters' Library, A—; A few suggestions (Book-lover) ... 62	(2) M. S. Menon ... 120
Scouting and the Community (N) ... 346	When God Says No ... 338
Scouting the Borstal School, Tanjore (S) ... 238	When I'm a man (Poem) ... 183
Scouting Literature in the Vernacular (Grey Brother) ... 159	Where the Bottle stoppers come from ... 227
Scouting the need of the hour (Special Article: K. R. R.) ... 44	Why are we Right Handed? ... 396
Scout Song, A—(A. T. Coldman) ... 120	Why Cocks Crow at dawn (Aunt Edith) ... 304
Scout Staff, The (B. P.) ... 9	Why I believe in the Boy Scout Movement ... 115
Scouts and Organised Public Service (Owl 3) ... 66	Wolf Cubs; Akela ... 150
Scrawls for Scouters (Scribbler) ... 14, 59, 93, 160, 207, 247, 281, 332, 388	Cub Instructor, The—" Scouting " ... 342
Serpant-Lore in Malabar ... 287	Cub Observation game, A—" Scout Leader " ... 50
Service, then Glory ... 397	Individuality of the Cub, The—(Lone Wolf) ... 3
Shadows ... 397	Pack and The Troop, The—: Cooperation ... 152
Silk-worms ... 182	Pack Organisation, Uniform and Records (Brown Tip) ... 49
Some Tongue Twisters ... 195	Panchatantra and Wolf Cubbing (Mang.) ... 87
S. O. S. (C. E. R. Wheeler) ... 122	Romance or How to weave instruction into games ... 385
Starlight (G. F. Knapp) ... 32	Work and Play in the Pack (Brown Tip) ... 85
Stencilling ... 265	Work for the Second Three months in a Pack (Mang.) ... 4
Story from English History, A— ... 184	Word to Boy Scouts, A— ... 219
Story of Saint Nicholas, The— ... 259	World Jamboree, The—, 1929 ... 105
Story of the Newspaper, The—(R. R.) ... 300	World League of Friendship, A— ... 223
Story of the Typewriter, The— ... 230	Your writing Exposes you (K. R. R. Sastry) ... 206, 248, 283
" Swarajya " on Scouting (Special Article) ... 235	

THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT.

The Official Organ

of

The Boy Scouts Association

Madras Province, India.

VOL. IX.

GENERAL INDEX

October 1928 to September 1929.



THE PROVINCIAL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS,

WENLOCK PARK,

POST BOX 424, MADRAS.

Vol. IX.

Vol. IX.

	PAGES.		PAGES.
Aborigines of Australia, The—	369	Headquarters Committee Proceedings	167, 211
All about the Moon (F. Molesworth)	37	Headquarters Notices, General—	28, 133, 213
Annual Meeting: Boy Scouts Association	19	Provincial—	28, 73, 133,
Are Warrants Cheap? (S. T. James)	322	"	171, 213, 253, 290, 331, 360, 394
Basket Making (K. Narasimhachari)...	225	H. H. The Junior Maharani of Travancore on	
Birds That Earn Their Living	257	Scouting and Guiding	344
Boy and a Watch, A—(A Camp Fire Talk:		Higher Patriotism, The—(C. S. Rice)	31
M. Newton)	33	Hobbies (Dr. Kunhikannan)	306
Boys' Section, The—	31, 113,	Hobbies, On—(A. W. Forgie)	115
175, 219, 257, 295, 333, 363,	395	How the Animals entered Heaven (Jeha)	131
Building a Lob Cabin (adapted)	88	How the Scouts' Badge Originated (B. P.)	8
Camp Fire, Round the—(Camper)		How the water comes down at Lodore	221
Camp Hygiene and Sanitation	15	How to find the North at Night	36
Camp Site, The	61	How to judge time by the shadow cast by the	
Camping: Camp Gadgets ('Scouter')	325	Sun (G. T.)	303
Camp Shelters (Camper)	98	How to obtain recruits for your Troop	351
Camps and Rural Propaganda (Camper)	280	How to start a Troop	324
Cleaning up (Camper)	205	"Indianise Indian Scouting" (Special Article:	
Parents' Day in Camp (Camper)	246	K. R. R.)	147, 197, 269, 309, 339, 375
Some Tips on Tents (Camper)	158	In Memoriam	60, 90, 287
Can Fish Walk? (S. T. Moses)	35	Investiture of Patrol Leaders	283
Careers for Boys: The Training Ship "Dufferin"	179	"I will not die"	304
Character Building: (Dr. W. H. Kilpatrick)	352	Keeping a Nature Note Book ("Quaker City	
Cherukunnu Boy Scouts in Camp	40	Scout")	34
Coming Jamboree, The—	175	Keep the Camp Fires Burning	118
Correspondence: "Are Warrants Cheap?"	359	Lac insect, The—	261
Creation of woman, The—(A Hindu Legend)	335	Learning to play a harmonica (Boy's Life)	128
Creed of optimism	219	Letters to a Would-be Scouter (Spotted Dove)	
Cubbing, History of—	200	18, 64, 96, 161, 244, 278, 320, 355, 383	
Damon and Pythias; or, True Friendship	399	Life	175
Dead but not Buried	398	Life is Sweet, Brother (George Borrow)	363
Dharapuram Scouts in Camp	40	Madras Contingent, The—(F. H. O.)	371
Did it ever strike you—	178	Making Music	397
Discipline in the Scout Movement (J. S. W.)	5	Making your own electricity (J. Winning)	39
District Scout Rally, Ootacamund, The—	41	Map-making and Map-reading for Scouts (Map-	
Don't give up	398	maker)	57
Do you know—(Wise Man)	222	Message for the month	295, 333
Do you read? (Lone Wolf)	124	from H. M. the King to the Jamboree	340
Editor's Impressions	47, 104,	H. E. The Chief Scout's Farewell—	197
163, 208, 326, 356, 386		"Nariya" the Jackal (R. H. B.)	301
Elders' Point of View		Nature and Science Notes (R. W. Hallows)	333, 364
(1) Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar...	1	Nature Lore: The white Ant (D. C. M. J.)	305
(2) Dr. Annie Besant	1	Nature Notes:—(R. W. Hallows,	395
Elf and the Aern, The—	181	News	21, 68, 164
England to India in Six Days	186	News from All Quarters	102
English Language, The—(Poem)	363	New Year Greetings	113
Exhibition of Scouts' Handicrafts, An—Some		Notes by the Way (Searchlight)	25, 70, 107, 166,
Suggestions (Grey Brother)	17	209, 249, 286, 328, 357, 390	
Familiar Sayings	336	On the place and value of Little Things (F. J.	
For his friend: The Story of a boy's heroic		Bushby Quine)	117
sacrifice	296	Ostrich, The—	335
Four West Coast Sonnets (A. T. Cold man)	127	Our Carps (S. T. Moses)	125
Fun with invisible ink (Extract)	124	Ourselves	2, 233, 284
Games (Hiawatha)	52, 96,	Outlook (Honorary Secretary)	23
157, 204, 243, 278,	319	Patrol Competitions (George W. King)	50
Games for Teaching Tests (Hiawatha)	353	Play Aspect of Scouting, The—(J. I. M.)	156, 241,
Great Comrade, The—: An Allegory...	177	277, 317, 343, 381	

PAGES.	PAGES.
Possibilities of the Magic Lantern for Education and Publicity (Grey Brother) ... 100	Tale of a turnip, The— ... 228
Problems of the Demons, The— ... 367	Tales of many things ... 337
Proceedings of the 7th Annual Meeting ... 109	Tamil Page, Our—
Raise a Yell (M. S. Menon) ... 123	Letters to a Patrol Leader (Santanam) 26, 71, 111, 169, 211, 251, 288, 329, 359, 392
Ramanujam the Mathematician ... 191	Marching Songs (M. V. V. R.) ... 27
Reviews ... 209	Song (Seshadri) ... 111
Reviews and Notices ... 357	What is Scouting (Song) ... 170
Romance of Nick Van Stann, The—(Poem John G. Saxe) ... 366	These Things Shall Be (Poem) ... 195
Romance of the Motor Car, The—(Presidency College Magazine) ... 184	Thought for the Month ... 1, 43, 81, 147, 197, 233, 269, 309, 339, 375
Rovering: Rover Ceremonies—"Probation" (N) ... 11	Tongue, The—(L. E. Yates) ... 368
Rover Organization, The—(N) ... 53	Troop Finance (T. S. A.) ... 10
Rover Quests in Practise ... 202, 240, 273, 312	Trumpet Call, The—(Poem) ... 232
Rovers and Warrants (S) ... 348	Walking Tour from Madras to Cape Comorin, A—(T. P. N.) ... 369
Rover Tests and Badges (W. J. Kindell) ... 349	Well done! ... 333
Service (J. I. M.) ... 12, 55, 92, 155	What is a Scoutmaster? ("Scouting") ... 346
Suggested Organisation of Rovering ... 91, 154	What is Life? ... 225
Tracking in the world (Dr. F. W. W. Griffin) ... 379	What Scouting has done for me
Scout as a Bird Lover, The— ... 187	(1) D. F. Chowler ... 120
Scouters' Library, A—; A few suggestions (Book-lover) ... 62	(2) M. S. Menon ... 120
Scouting and the Community (N) ... 346	When God Says No ... 338
Scouting the Borstal School, Tanjore (S) ... 238	When I'm a man (Poem) ... 183
Scouting Literature in the Vernacular (Grey Brother) ... 159	Where the Bottle stoppers come from ... 227
Scouting the need of the hour (Special Article: K. R. R.) ... 44	Why are we Right Handed? ... 396
Scout Song, A—(A. T. Coldman) ... 120	Why Cocks Crow at dawn (Aunt Edith) ... 304
Scout Staff, The (B. P.) ... 9	Why I believe in the Boy Scout Movement ... 115
Scouts and Organised Public Service (Owl 3) ... 66	Wolf Cubs; Akela ... 150
Scrawls for Scouters (Scribbler) ... 14, 59, 93, 160, 207, 247, 281, 312, 388	Cub Instructor, The—"Scouting" ... 342
Serpant-Lore in Malabar ... 397	Cub Observation game, A—"Scout Leader" ... 50
Service, then Glory ... 397	Individuality of the Cub, The—(Lone Wolf) ... 3
Shadows ... 182	Pack and The Troop, The—: Cooperation ... 152
Silk-worms ... 193	Pack Organisation, Uniform and Records (Brown Tip) ... 49
Some Tongue Twisters ... 122	Panchatantra and Wolf Cubbing (Mang.) ... 87
S. O. S. (C. E. R. Wheeler) ... 32	Romance or How to weave instruction into games ... 385
Starlight (G. F. Knapp) ... 265	Work and Play in the Pack (Brown Tip) ... 85
Stencilling ... 184	Work for the Second Three months in a Pack (Mang.) ... 4
Story from English History, A— ... 259	Word to Boy Scouts, A— ... 219
Story of Saint Nicholas, The— ... 300	World Jamboree, The—, 1929 ... 105
Story of the Newspaper, The—(R. R.) ... 230	World League of Friendship, A— ... 223
Story of the Typewriter, The— ... 235	Your writting Exposes you (K. R. R. Sastry) ... 206, 248, 283
"Swarajya" on Scouting (Special Article) ... 235	

Throwing the Javelin is a very nice game and boys will like it immensely. The scout staff is the Javelin. The idea is to throw these with one hand to the farthest distance. It requires much skill and takes plenty of practice to do it at all well.

Hop-Back is a very good substitute for the long jump. Scouts stand by patrols on the starting line, and they all hop back (both legs together) to the greatest distance they can manage. The Patrol that can produce the biggest distance wins.

A soaped pole climb is an exciting adventure. Each patrol deposes one champion and they have a try by turns. Some prizes are placed on the top which goes to the patrol reaching them.

Blindfold race (which should be done with sufficient precautions against accidents) is another exciting event. Contestants are blind folded and after being spun about, so as to lose sense of direction, start on the race to the opposite end of the room.

Potato Race is a very good laughing event. Potatoes are placed on the starting line, one for each of the combatants, and on the caution "go" it is pushed forward to a certain point

and back to the starting line. The pushing is done only with the nose!

One hundred yards Dash is a rather ticklish event to negotiate. Each combatant is to have a piece of thread 12 feet long. One end of these is fixed to a staff kept horizontally. The other end is loose. Each contestant takes the end of the string in his mouth and keeps it tant. On the word "go" they gather the string completely into their mouths, taking care to keep it tant all the time. The use of hands is not allowed. It will provide great fun.

Hello Mike is another entertaining event. Two blind folded opponents lie upon the floor, face down with their heads forward each other, and about a foot apart. They reach above their heads with their left arms, grasping hands. They each have a Roll of newspaper in their right hand. One says, "Hello Mike, are you there?" The other one answers "I am" but he can deceive the opponent as to his location. He can change the position of his head, only he should not let go the grip. The first one gives a whack with the paper baton and tries to hit him on his head. This goes by turns. "Best of eleven" may decide.

—Hiawatha.

Letters to a Would-be Scouter.

My dear G.,—

Now I think your boys may have a go at what they might do in case of drowning and allied accidents.

Here, as in the case of fire, it is not enough for one to know what to do, but one should have tried doing the appropriate thing and practised the various methods that are in vogue, or otherwise one wouldn't be much good when there is a real accident.

Everyone who wants to save life from drowning must first know how to swim. Many of your boys are I know good at the art, but I think those of them who are aspiring for "The First" might try and become more expert. Expert that is to say not in speed swimming—which when all is said and done is only selfish sport—but in what I might describe as "utilitarian swimming."

I mean to say that your fellows should aim at acquiring perfect ease and freedom in the water, nearly as much as they have on land, so that when the emergency *does* come, they feel that they are really masters of the element.

Floating on the back and swimming on the back, with only feet—propulsion in either case, are both good forms of exercise. They leave your hands free for other work, and in life-saving, there is plenty of job for both of them, isn't there?

Now as to the various modes of rescuing. Their choice would depend on the particular circumstances of each case. If the individual in distress is a tired swimmer, or say one suffering from cramp, there's not much difficulty. All you have to do is to tow him over to the shore. You get him to touch you by the shoulders and then you swim forwards, on your chest or on your back, just as you feel inclined. He will float easily, and your towing of him is not really any bit difficult at all. Should it be necessary, as perhaps it may be, you can hold his head between your hands and then swim along.

If it is a river or a stream and the current is at all felt, it is wise to swim down with the current and not tire yourself by attempting to

go up or even across. Go down the river and gradually approach the shore.

The following one-arm holds are very convenient and useful when dealing with non-swimmers especially, and with one who has been drowned. Here is one of them: your arm grips the victim around his body and you support him on the small of your back, keeping his face upward, and yourself swimming forward breast-stroke using your feet and the free arm. And here is another: your bent elbow goes between the near arm and the side of the victim's body, who has his face upwards, and you grip him tight on his biceps and your bent elbow supports him on his back and keeps him floating, while you swim forward breast-stroke as before.

The rescuer should be very cautious when approaching one in distress in the water. For there is the danger of being caught hold of, and unless one knows how to extricate oneself there may be, well, two lives lost instead of one.

The best of swimmers get careless at times, and do often get "gripped". When one is in that predicament, one should not lose one's wits but think out an appropriate method of release and apply it. And one does so, mind you, not merely for one's own safety but so as to save the other as well.

The drowning man may catch hold of you by your wrists very firmly. What you have to do in that case is to throw both your hands above his head and then violently and with a sudden jerk swing them downward and outward in a sort of circle. This gives a sever strain to his thumbs and he lets go immediately.

But if you are gripped by the neck, as one is very often, from the front. The moment you feel the hold, you cover the victim's mouth with your open palm, firmly and well, clasp his nostrils between two fingers and close them too and with your left arm on the small of his back draw him towards you.

Now take a full breath yourself, and apply your raised knee to his stomach, and at the same time push him backward with some force. All this makes him lose his breath, and he cannot breathe in. He lets you go and you promptly get round and cautiously tackle him and tow him away.

But the back strangle is an awkward. And when you are so hampered you must release yourself very promptly. Grasp the encircling arms at the wrists and push him back with your hind parts against the other's abdomen. You thus get room to slip out.

Sometimes, as in a life and death struggle, even sharper measures are needed. If you throw your head suddenly with a bang against the other man's nose, you will easily get freedom and in addition have the other man thoroughly under control.

It is promptness that counts in all these cases. And you see you have to be apparently somewhat harsh and cruel, isn't it? But you are "cruel only to be kind", so it does not matter. For as soon as you have effectively released yourself from his "grip", you hurry up and rescue him, don't you?

One thing to remember is that it is not always necessary to swim out to effect a rescue. Where it is possible and sufficient, you can throw out a life-line improvised out of your 18-foot rope with a bow-line tied at one end. One such rope may not be enough but possibly a few scout-ropes joined together with the appropriate knot will do admirably well.

In throwing the life-line the idea is to get it well over and beyond the drowning man, and it should fall within his reach. For you can't expect him to swim out to reach it!

Sometimes if a boat is handy you can use it. Or you can throw out a life-buoy, I mean an improvised one. A well-inflated motor tube is quite good for this purpose, but the trouble is one can't always have one ready.

If the victim has sunk to the bottom and you have brought him to the shore, resuscitation methods promptly applied will restore his breath.

On effecting a rescue in such circumstances, the first thing to do is to send for a doctor, and also for dry blankets and dry clothing. And while you wait for the doctor you will proceed to apply first aid.

Restoration of breathing is the most urgent thing to attend to. When it is restored you can attend to the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to restore breathing should be begun immediately the patient is out of water. No time is to be lost, say in changing the clothing and so on. Quick as lightning, loosen the clothes round the neck and the chest, and persevere energetically for two or three hours even, till a medical man says life is extinct.

For applying artificial respiration the patient is laid face downwards and arms extended forward. Turn the face to the side, and carefully remove anything that may be choking the

month and nostrils. Kneel or squat astride or one side of the patient, place the hands on the small of his back one on each side, thumbs parallel and nearly touching.

Keeping your arms straight, bend forward so as to get your weight to operate on your wrists and thus apply a steady firm downward pressure on the lower part of the patients' back. Count slowly 'one—two—three.' Now air is expelled from the patients' chest, and water will also flow out.

Immediately after this, 'swing backwards so as to release the pressure on the ribs, but without lifting your hands off. Count 'one—two.' Now air is drawn in. Repeat this. This is called Schafer's method of applying artificial respiration.

Repeat the pressure and the relaxation of it without any marked pause between them. Continue the movements at the rate of 12 per minute, until natural breathing is restored.

Twelve per minute is also the speed of natural breathing, and in giving artificial respiration we try to keep to the same speed as when breathing is natural.

When breathing has fairly begun we should stop for a moment to see how it gets on, and should it cease, resume your work, once again.

When natural breathing is fully restored, the patient should be allowed to lie in a natural position on the side, and treatment for promotion of warmth and circulation may be started.

The application of artificial respiration is of supreme importance, and it should be kept up for hours if necessary. It is a wise plan to get a few standing round you to help you in this work.

After breathing is fully restored the patient's clothing are changed for dry ones. But even this should be done without disturbing the patient.

And the patient should be allowed to lie quiet. He should be watched for an hour or thereabouts, and encouraged to sleep.

Promotion of warmth and circulation is effected by rubbing the limbs upwards with firm grasping pressure. In doing this the blood is really propelled along the veins to the heart.

The hands and feet should be dried next. The wet clothes are removed and the patient is covered with warm blankets, and dry clothes are put on one by one, at leisure.

Warmth of the body may be promoted by hot water bottles and the like, applied to the pit of the stomach, to the arm-pits and the soles of the foot.

When after restoration of life the power of swallowing has returned, give small quantities of warm coffee or milk or other warm nourishment.

Well, there is not much good if all these are attempted to be learnt off the books. To know theoretically what one has to do in an emergency is little use. An ounce of practice is indeed worth more than a ton of theory!

Your boys must therefore put in a lot of practice.

It is a good idea to get some one to play the role of the unhappy victim and to get your boys to set about to carry out the rescue and resuscitation, sticking meantime to the minutest detail.

It is such fine fun, and ultimately it will be of the greatest value.

Begin the rescue and resuscitation drill on dry ground, on *terra firma*, to start with, till details are clearly understood. And when these are properly grasped, then try the same in water.

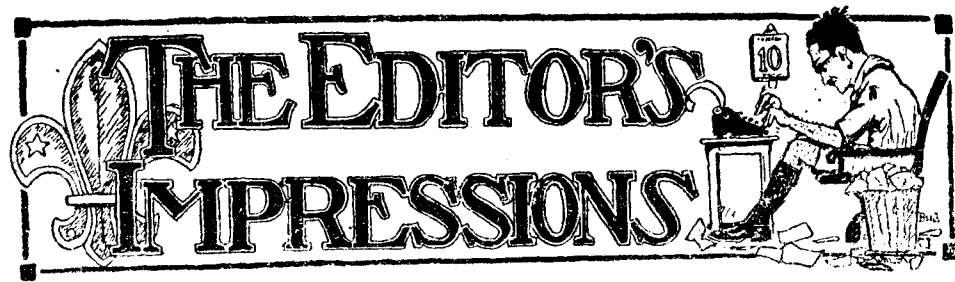
Make the thing as realistic as you possibly can, and then your boys and yourself will enjoy the learning of it.

More than that, when the call comes, your boys will be there to do their duty with the utmost efficiency.

Now go ahead!

Chee-ri-o!

Your sincere friend and brother scout,
SPOTTED DOVE.



Our Next Mile Stone.

WITH this present number the S. I. B. S. is starting off on its next mile-stone and is commencing its TENTH VOLUME. Year by year has it striven hard to be of help and assistance to every Scout Worker and to every Scout Unit in the province, and now on the threshold of a new year following that great event at Birkenhead it is eagerly looking forward to opportunities of usefulness even greater than in the past.

The Jamboree.

Weeks have rolled by since that great clan gathering at Arrowe Park, but nearly every body is still thinking of and speaking about the Jamboree. And no wonder. For that gathering was not only the biggest gathering in numbers but it demonstrated to the world that all that was claimed as possible through scouting was really so. And as the weeks pass by the significance and the value of the Jamboree get clearer and clearer in perspective and its great lessons stand out in great relief in our mental vision.

The Chief.

Has been struck with the great success that the Jamboree has been. Writing of it he says.

"We had all looked forward to it with joyful anticipation, tinged in the case of some of us with a little anxiety as to results"

"But those who were responsible can now look back with the cheering consciousness of having each done his best to the best of his ability and of having through self-less team work contributed to bring about an outstanding success and a worthy and a worth while celebration of the Coming-of-Age of Scouting."

"Thanks to loyal team work by all hands, the Jamboree was in every way a great and successful show, signifying to all that the Movement has attained a point of highest promise, and one for which we may all thank God."

Nice Mud!

That the stay in the camp during the first day or two should have been rather trying could easily be gathered from the reports we have heard. The rain seems to have done its

best to dampen the spirits of the boys, but it appears that "as surely and heavily as it fell so the gay laughter grew gayer."

"All that night," writes one, "All that night the rain showed no mercy. It teemed and saturated the earth which was unable to absorb any moisture. Still the campfires were lighted on all sides and brave-hearted efforts succeeded utterly in maintaining merriment and fun and the spirit of the Jamboree."

The enthusiasm of the boys was something the rain could not swamp. Their habitual sticking to the 8th Law must have kept them absolutely buoyant, or else how could that boy the chief speaks of have spoken of it as "such nice mud!"?

All were Scouts.

The Jamboree camp seems to have realised scout spirit to as high an extent as it is humanly possible. And the Jamboree atmosphere has it also appears gone a great way in effecting further refinement of the fine boy-hood that assembled there. For we read:

"Not a Scout of that fifty thousand came to that camp nearly so fine a scout as he left it. Tolerance and understanding became realities and not words. The prejudices of creed and caste vanished before the hot fire of affection bred in real contact, and it was patent to be seen that the problems that have long bothered the wisest of white heads and the greatest of statesmen became solutions in the hands and minds of boys no matter how different their up bringing or heritage."

"The common basis of all the understanding on the mud and grass, under the trees and tents, of that great park was the simple truth that whatever the nationality, all were Scouts."

Not the March of the Nations.

Perhaps the most memorable of the fortnight was the last day at Arrowe Park, when the last displays being over and the arena being cleared the Chief Scout mounted the rostrum to watch the march-past of the boyhood of the world.

"The chief scout raised his hand and like a great ocean came the voices of fifty-thousand Scouts. With heads thrown back and eyes afire with joy and fervour they rushed towards that slim grey-haired figure standing in the rostrum."

"On they came and on, and those of us who were watching could not imagine how long our senses could stand the assault and battery of those voices, the vision of those on coming waves of boyish faces tilted in an attitude of love, the gorgeous innocence of this magnificent salute."

This was no longer a march of the Nations, but a march of the Brother Scouts of the World.

"No carefully prepared demonstration could have given better proof of the success, and the wonderful spirit of the Jamboree than this spontaneous mingling of nationalities in the last parade. It was a gesture so natural, so typical of the whole story of the Jamboree, that the on lookers in the stands could not fail to be stirred. In that last march past were summed up all the principal features: the cheerful discipline, the ever increasing friendliness between the Scouts of the various Nations, and the tremendous feeling of affection and loyalty towards the Chief, whose wonderful personality was the key to the secret of this astounding spectacle."

The Golden arrow.

The March Past wound itself up into a great human wheel—the wheel of Friendship. This appears to have been an intricate manoeuvre, attempted without any rehearsal but carried out without a hitch. A party of Rovers carried the Rostrum to the hub of this great wheel, and here stood the chief, the Great Piper of Pax, alone among the thousands of boys who had responded to his call.

And presently the Chief buried the hatchet of war in a barrel of arrows, and, turning to the contingents from every corner of the world, he handed to each a **Golden arrow**—the symbol of good will—the message of the Jamboree which as his ambassadors they were to carry to the ends of the earth.

The Braces.

Among the presents received by the Chief Scout were a pair of braces! And thereby hangs a tale!!

It appears that it was through the Chief Guide that B.P. was approached as to what he would accept as a present. After much thought, says he, the only thing that occurred to him was a new pair of braces, as his old ones were almost worn out.

This he confessed while returning thanks for the "Jam-Roll" and the other Gifts given to him. It was at the moment too late to include the pair of braces, but the Scouts of the Irish Free state, before they left seem to have made good their omission.

And the result was, it appears, a delightful impromptu step dance by the Chief executed

as he donned the gift, rather unconventionally over his uniform coat!

Those of us who weren't there needn't regret having missed the sight, but some delightful pictures in the Scouter give us a very realistic impression of it.

And the Next?

It will be some long time before the next Jamboree. The international conference held at Arrowe Hall during the Jamboree has decided to hold the next World Jamboree in 1933 but the place of the Jamboree is not to be decided till after 1931.

But there is to be an **International Rover Moot** at Kandersteg in 1931.

Our Contingent.

As we go to press we hear that our brothers who went from this province to attend the great Jamboree are expected to be back in our midst in a few days. It is only in the fitness of things that Madras is according them a public reception. We feel sure that all boys, youngmen and workers in the great movement extend a hearty welcome back to them all individually and collectively and to Mr. Howard Oakley the contingent Chief, to Mr. T. S. Subramania Iyer the contingent Treasurer, and to Mr. G. T. T. Thaddaens Deputy Camp Chief who accompanied the contingent. We trust they had a very enjoyable and profitable time in those foreign shores, and that the great lessons and the great experiences they have brought back will re-vitalise the movement in our province and give it a great push forward. On behalf of the S. I. B. S. we extend them a hearty welcome.

"Personal."

Our Editor Mr. P. S. Narayanaswami Deputy Camp Chief who is abroad has sent us news of himself and also of our Provincial Commissioner. From Paris they got across by air to London, and our Editor is busy at the I. H. Q. Studying how the various departments are carried on. He found the I. H. Q. people most courteous and ready to help him in every way. And no wonder!

The Census.

The census figures for the various District areas are available and they are published for general information. The total strength for the year is 11,709 as against 12,476 of the previous year. This shows a decrease. In fact a good many new units presented for registration could not be registered in time for

the census and these are not included. The real total of active Scouts, Cubs Rovers, and Scouters should therefore be much higher than 11,709.

But numbers as apart from efficiency are no index of progress. The reports disclose the disappointing fact that a very large percentage of the Scouts are still Tenderfoots or second class. No one is a "full scout" until he is first-class, and judged by this standard the results of the census are not very encouraging.

If all of us scouters will realise the point of the criticism and set to work with heart within and God overhead, if they will apply their shoulder to the wheel straight away things will brighten up considerably and scouting in Madras will become a much stronger force, a more living reality, than now. May we send forth our best wishes to all workers and to all units, and wish them all very good scouting in the coming year!

TEMPORARY EDITOR.

Census for the year 1928-1929.

Madras Province.

Name of Districts.	Total for 1928-29.	Total for 1927-28.	Name of Districts.	Total for 1928-29.	Total for 1927-28.
Anantapur.	188	335	Madras (Southern Division).	535	546
Arcot North.	618	846	Madura.	962	972
Arcot South.	221	271	Malabar North.	355	...
Bellary.	241	296	Malabar South.	387	...
Chingelput.	336	379	Nellore.	255	167
Chittoor.	584	268	Nilgris.	458	501
Coimbatore.	487	748	Ramnad.	281	384
Cuddapah.	No returns.	169	Salem.	450	491
Ganjam.	No returns.	72	Tanjore.	1312	1330
Godaveri East.	446	444	Tinnevely.	596	575
Godaveri West & Kistna.	416	430	Trichinopoly.	386	408
Guntur.	285	212	Vizagapatam.	342	380
Kanara South.	268	215			
Kurnool.	359	414			
Madras (Adyar Division)	294	251			
Madras (Northern Division)	647	431			
			Grand Total ...	11709	12476



For Scouters.

A SUCCESSFUL programme makes successful scouting; and a proper programme will need plenty of thought.

Of the first importance is definiteness of object in running the Troop. The scouters should be clear as to his objectives, as to his goal. What is he to achieve?

In the first place we have to build up the morale of our boys, not merely obedience. Our job as scouters is to build in the boys habits which will become traits of conduct, and ultimately build him into a manly man. This can be achieved not by talks or theory, but by actual practice in life situations. Scouting

is not merely a series of activities, it is just a way of living!

The next thing to aim at is the retention of the boy's interest in scouting in playing it as a game.

We scouters can't afford to lose sight of the boy's desires and his objects when he comes into the Troop. He comes into it because of certain desires and impulses all his own, and these affect his outlook and behaviour and challenges us to make use of them.

As the chief is never tired of telling us over and over again, we should take the boy as we

find him and with his original impulses as our aids, we should help him along to acquire those which form our objective.

And again we should aim at the use of out-of-doors. The woods, the fields and the open are full of adventure and romance, and the boys who come to us for scouting have a big appetite for them. And it is good medicine!

A fourth thing to aim at in drawing up our programme is to bring about success by making the things pleasant and pleasurable to the boys. To so prepare the atmosphere that all the boys will be ready to act is the secret of success. The boys should derive satisfaction and find enjoyment out of every Troop activity out of every Troop meeting. If that so, more meetings and more activities are guaranteed.

And in achieving these objectives we can have resort to certain aids which are at our disposal.

For one thing we should capitalise the long-ing on the part of a boy to become a scout. Having extended the invitation to the boy we should not make it too easy for him to obtain the full privileges. It is a wise plan to use romance in the Elementary training. Another point is to establish thoroughness in test passing. Appeal can be made to the boy through the solemnity of the investitures. If the boy's entry into scouting is properly planned and carried out, the subsequent task of steadying up his character will be all the easier.

Hikes provide a great attraction. Hiking takes the boys out of the artificial into the natural. They provide an excellent opportunity for practicing fellowship.

The camp is troop life taking the place of family life that the boy is accustomed to. The team spirit is brought to the fore through interpatrol activities. And the adventure of it is always a great attraction.

Tests for various badges develop the habit of self-mastery. They infuse self-confidence, and make the boy feel that he grows and grows well and in the direction!

The tendency to hero-worship is another trait that we can take hold of with great advantage.

In trying to chalk out a sound programme for his troop, the scouters should make a careful study of his problems, build up a working method, make plans and assemble ideas, collect and record previous results, interpret these results, draw his own conclusions from them and act on them when he has drawn them.

That sounds like the job of an architect. Indeed! But every scouters is the architect of his own Troop, as he is of his own fortune!!

A wise Scouters will make a free use of the Patrol System and take care to train his patrol leaders and contrive to keep them always at the scratch by paying constant attention to them.

A wise Scouters will draw at a balanced programme which will provide for the various impulses of the boy and also give the greatest amount of character training.

A wise Scouters will not fail to guarantee himself about the maximum support from his institution and get a good Troop Committee going and draw the best out of them, as out of the boys he handles.

A wise Scouters will lay proper stress on badge-winning and the development of individual efficiency.

He will provide plenty of hiking and over-night Camps and find the greatest delight in them himself.

He will leave no stone unturned to see that the interest of his boys is maintained at the high-flood-level.

And a real leader, a real Scoutmaster, is one who idealises analyses, organises, deputises and supervises.

Idealising is lifting oneself above the level of the daily surroundings. One ought indeed every now and then go in to seclusion, and there view oneself, all one's problems, all one's relationships. An idealist dreams his dreams

beholds his visions, and finds that ultimately something evolves. He catches the big thing for which he has been striving.

To analyse is to look squarely at the problem before you, and soon the problem reduces itself from the complex to the simple.

To organise, one should learn to manage oneself. A good Scouter plans his work and then works out his plan. He schemes out the best and the most economical way in which to use his time, his money, equipment and energy, and disciplines himself against any deviations from his plan.

To deputise is to stimulate someone into thinking out and solving the problems of your troop and ultimately make him competent and willing to step in should you be unable to continue the Good work yourself.

To superwise is to look over and where necessary to over look.

It is important to start and at all times to run the Troop on the Patrol System. It is good to remember and to realise that the Troop is not divided into Patrols but that it is built up out of them. The Patrol is the unit; and the Troop is only a collection of units.

(Scribbler.)

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THERE is nothing that the American does but he does it thoroughly. And the passion he has for statistics!

But the following figures that Searchlight has been able to glean throw very good light on several important problems connected with scouting.

At a recent conference in America questionnaires were distributed to members of the public and their opinions were required on three points:

1. as to whether scouting has (a) been positively good (b) of no effect or in different or (c) of positive harm.

2. definite cases where scouting has been observed to be good or bad.

3. traits of character observed to have been developed by scouting.

1609 replies were received, of which 1398 found scouting positively good, 189 found it indifferent and the small number of 22 found it positively harmful!

Of the cases where objection was raised, it was found that 60 per cent of objection could be classified under *selfishness*.

This means that the "Good Turn Daily" idea is not receiving sufficient emphasis at the hands of some scouters.

Nor is this the case only in America.

Were we to send out a similar questionnaire in our province, searchlight is not sure if we would be able to boast of percentages even so good as those given here.

By all accounts not only has not scouting roped in all the boyhood of the country it can benefit if it is given the opportunity, but the pity is it has not sufficiently well affected all the boyhood that it has touched.

This won't do.

We should be more thorough. We should awake, arise and stop not till the goal is reached!

Many of the boys in the movement are well behaved, good, thoughtful boys but the complaint that searchlight has is that many of these were that even when they joined. Every good boy can become better and those who have so become better can become better still! In various units known to Searchlight the cases is that sufficient attention is not pointedly directed to make good better.

"Let things be" sums up the philosophy of many of our brethren. Searchlight would rather that they became fiery and restless in the cause of what is good and noble.

Searchlight is slowly beginning to feel that the school Troops and other controlled Troops are not having the best of times, at all events always.

The school Troop which is an exception in the home of Scouting and presumably in the dominions, is unfortunately the rule in our country.

But what worries is that these should spring into existence just because the powers that be in the Department of Education wish.

School Troops—though not all of them, yet most of them, become a sort of ornament, an accessory to school life, run not so much for the uplift of the young fellows but solely for the delectation of D. E. O's.

That is where the harm is.

Luckily some D. E. O's. know the place of scouting in the scheme of things. But not all of them.

And the misconception on the part of some induces the spread of misconception in the minds of many.

The result is that some heads of educational institutions fail to realise the conditions under which a Scout Troop or Cub Pack would thrive, and in their self-confidence manage the running of the unit in their own way—or more often than not, do not manage it at all, but just switch it off till about the time when the D. E. O. is due to visit, and then the unit is grandly switched on!

Instances could be given, but it does no one any good to name them.

Scouting is a way of living. It is the regulation of one's life. Such a regulation is helped on by association with a Troop, and by the personal example and inspiration of an inspired idealist of a scout master.

Where these are wanting, not all the H.M.'s, not all the D.E.O's. as all the king's horses and the king's men could put. Humpty—Dumpty up again. —Searchlight.

OUR TAMIL PAGE.

ஓர் அணித்தலைவனுக்கு எழுதிய கடிதங்கள்.

(11)

தஞ்சை,

சுக்கிலவாஸ் புரட்டாசியம்.

அன்புள்ள தம்பி பஞ்சாபகேசனுக்கு ஆசீர்வாதம்.

சாரணச் சட்டங்களில் பத்தாவது, "சாரணன் எண்ணத்திலும், சொல்லிலும், செயலிலும் தூய்மையுள்ளவன்," என்பதாகும்.

முதல் முதலில் நம்முடைய சாரணச் சட்டங்கள் ஏற்பட்டபோது ஒன்பது சட்டங்கள் தான் இருந்தன வாம். சாரணன் தூய்மையுள்ளவன் என்பதற்கு ஏன் சட்டம் ஒன்றும் இல்லை என்று சிலர் தலைச் சாரணரைக் கேட்டபோது, அவர் அதற்கு, சட்டங்களில் ஒன்றாக அதை வைத்தால் மற்ற ஒன்பதோடு அதுவும் ஒரு தனிச்சட்டமாகத் தோன்றும் யோசிய, அது எல்லாச் சட்டங்களையும் தன்னுள் அடக்கியுள்ளது, சாரண வாழ்க்கைச் சிறப்பாயுள்ளது, என்று விளங்காமல் போய்விடும், என்றாராம்.

ஆயினும், அதைப்பற்றி நன்றாய் யோசித்து, கடைசியாகத் தூய்மையை (அல்லது பரிசுத்தத்தை)ச் சட்டங்களில் பத்தாவதாக அமைத்தார். தூய்மையுள்ளவன் மற்ற ஒன்பது சட்டங்களையும் மேற்கொண்டு நடக்க வல்லவன் என்ற உறுதியைக்கொண்டே தலைச்சாரணர் அப்படிச் செய்தார்.

சாரணன் சொல்லில் தூய்மையுள்ளவன்.—அதாவது, அசுத்தமான பேச்சு வார்த்தைக்குக் கொஞ்சமும் இடங்கொடுக்கமாட்டான். தான் பேசும் பேச்சிலும் சுத்தமாயிருப்பான்; தான் காது கொடுத்துக் கேட்கும் பேச்சும் சுத்தமான பேச்சாகவே யிருக்கும். அவன் வாயிலிருந்து அழுக்கான வார்த்தை யொன்றும் வராது. பிறர் அசுத்தமான வார்த்தை பேசினாலும், அசுத்தமான செய்தி சொன்னாலும் சாரணன் அதை நின்று கேட்கமாட்டான்.

வாய் கூசாமல் கெட்ட வார்த்தைகளைப் பேசுவது ஆண்மைத்தன்மம் என்றும் தைரியத்திற்கு அடையாளமென்றும் சிலர் நினைக்கிறார்கள். சிறுவர்களுக்காகட்டும், பெரியவர்களுக்காகட்டும் பக்கத்திலுள்ளவர்கள் பேசுகிற மாதிரிதான் பேசத்தோன்றும். சாரணன் என்பவன் எப்படிப் பேசுகிறவர்கள் நடுவிலும் சுத்தமாகவே பேசுவான். அதற்காக அவனைப் பிறர் கேலி செய்தாலும் சரி, அவனைத்திட்டினாலும் சரி, அவனுக்குக் குறும்பு செய்தாலும் சரி, எல்லாம் ஒன்றே: தன் வழியிலிருந்து தவறமாட்டான்.

உன்னுடைய அணியில் எந்தச் சிறுவனும் அசுக்கியமான வார்த்தை பேசுவதற்கு இடமில்லாமல் இருக்க வேண்டும். புதிய சிறுவர்கள் முன் பின் அறியாமல்

அப்படிப்பட்ட வார்த்தை பேசுவீட்டால், மற்ற சிறுவர்கள் உடனே அவர்களோடு பேச்சு வார்த்தை நிறுத்திவிட்டால் அவர்கள் திருந்தி வழிக்கு வந்து விடுவார்கள்.

சிறுவர்கள் அழுக்கான வார்த்தைகளை வழக்குவதற்கு முதற் காரணம் அவற்றைப் பிறர் விரும்புவார்கள் என்ற தவறான எண்ணமே. அசுத்தமான வார்த்தைகளைப் பிறர் விரும்பமாட்டார்கள், அவைகளால் நம்முடைய மரியாதையும் கெட்டுப்போகும், நண்பர்களும் நம்மை விட்டு விலகுவார்கள், என்று தெரிந்தால் சிறுவர்கள் கெட்ட வார்த்தைகளை உபயோகிக்கமாட்டார்கள்.

காரணம் செயலில் தூய்மை யுள்ளவன்.— அதாவது, அழுக்கற்ற உடலும், அழுக்கற்ற நடையுமுள்ளவன் சுக வழி என்று சொல்லப்பட்ட உடல் நல முறைகளின்பற்றி நீயே நன்றாய் அறிவாய்; நான் ஒன்றும் விரிவாய் எழுதவேண்டியதில்லை. ஆனால் நாம் உடலைப் பாதுகாப்பதன் கருத்து என்ன என்பதைப்பற்றி மாத்திரம் நீனேயுடன் விரும்புகிறேன். அழுக்கற்ற உடலை ஆரோக்கிய ஆலயம்; ஆம், பல வகைகளிலும் நம்முடைய உடலை ஒரு ஆலயம் என்றே சொல்லலாம். இதைவன் நமக்களித்த ஆலயத்தை பரிசுத்தமாய்ப் பாதுகாப்பது நம்முடைய முதற்கடமை யல்லவா?

இந்தக் கருத்தை எப்போதும் நினைவில் வைத்து நாம் சுகவழிப் பயிற்சிகளைக் கைக்கொள்ளவேண்டும்.

உடல் நலத்தைப் பெருக்க சுத்தமான காற்று அளவற்ற எங்கும் பரவியிருக்கிறது. அது உடலில் படுப்படி வெளிப்புறங்களில் வசித்தும், உலாவிய்திரிந்தும், காலா காலத்தில் உடல் வியர்க்க ஆடி ஒடி விளையாடியும், சுறுசுறுப்புடன் இருப்பவனே பத்தாவது சட்டத்தை யறிந்த காரணன். வீட்டு அறைக்குள் ஐன்னலை அடைத்துக்கொண்டு தூங்குகிறவனுக்கு காரணச்சட்டம் வெகுதூரம்.

காரணன் வெந்நீரைத் தேடியிருக்கமாட்டான். தண்ணீரே உடல், முகம், கைகால் கழுவிக்கொள்ளச் சிறந்த தென்றிரிந்து வேண்டியமட்டும் தண்ணீரை

உபயோகித்து உடலைச் சுத்தமாக்கிக்கொள்ளுவான். தலைச் சாரணர் தெரிவித்திருக்கும் ஆரோக்கிய வழிகளினத்தையும் அனுசரித்து நடப்பான்.

காரணன் எண்ணத்தில் தூய்மை யுள்ளவன்.— இப்படி இருப்பது கஷ்டமாகத்தான் தோன்றும். ஆனால் எண்ணத்தில் சுத்தமாயிருந்தால், சொல்லிலும், செயலிலும் சுத்தம் தானாகவே ஏற்பட்டுவிடும்.

அசுத்தமான விஷயங்களுக்கு மனதில் கொஞ்சம் இடம் கொடுத்தாலும், அவை மன முழுவதையும் அழுக்காக்கிவிடும்.

சேற்றில் நடக்கும்போது உலர்ந்த இடத்தைப் பார்த்து அடிவைத்துப் போனால் காலில் சேறு ஒட்டாது: சேற்றையே பார்த்து நடந்தால் காலடியும் தன்னையறியாமல் சேற்றை நோக்கித்தான் செல்லும். அதுபோல நல்ல விஷயங்களில் மனதைச் செலுத்தினால் அசுத்தமானவற்றிற்கு இடங்கிடைக்காது.

காரணன் வேலைக்காகவோ, அல்லது வேறு காரியமாகவோ எங்கே போனாலும் அங்குள்ளவர்கள் பேச்சிலிருந்தும் நடையிலிருந்தும் நல்லவர்களை யறிந்து அவர்களுடைய நட்பைத்தேடுவான். நல்லவர்களுடைய நட்பினாலும், நல்லப் பத்திரிகைகள் புஸ்தகங்களைப் படித்தும் தன் மனதை நல்ல வழிகளில் செலுத்துவான்.

பத்தாவது சட்டத்தை அறிந்து நடக்க எவ்வளவுக் கெவ்வளவு கஷ்டமோ அவ்வளவுக் கவனத்துடன் சிறப்பும் அதிகம். அப்படி நடப்பதற்கு இடையூறுகள் பல ஏற்படும். எவ்விதத்திலும் பாடுபட்டு அவற்றைத்தாண்டுவது நம்முடைய கடமை. இடையூறுகளைக் கண்டு கொஞ்சமும் அஞ்சாமல் முன் செல்லுவதே காரணத்தன்மை. “முயற்சி திருவினையாக்கும்” என்பது எப்போதும் உன் நினைவிலிருக்கட்டும்.

இப்படிக்கு,
உனதன்புள்ள அண்ணன்,
சந்தானகிருஷ்ணன்.

The Provincial Executive.

Proceedings of a Special meeting of the Provincial Executive held on, 12th August, 1929.

1. The draft letter of appreciation to be printed for sending to Scouts whose acts of bravery or helpfulness were appreciated by the Provincial Executive was approved.

2. The letter of the Director of Public Instruction requesting the Provincial Executive to send up details for the enhanced grant of Rs. 20,000/- was read. The draft details were prepared in alternative form were also placed before the committee. It was resolved to circulate them and consider the same at the next ordinary meeting of the Committee.

Proceedings of an ordinary meeting of the Provincial Executive held on, 20th August, 1929.

1. The details for the proposed enhanced grant prepared by the Provincial. Secretary were approved and it was resolved to forward the same to the Director of Public Instruction.

2. The following two resolutions of Chittoor Dt. Council were read and it was resolved that in respect of resolution (a) matter may be deferred till the orders of the Govt. for the application for enhanced grant were received and in respect of resolution (b) it was resolved

to inform the secretary that steps will be taken to run a Cub Masters Training Camp after the return of Mr. Thaddaeus from the Jamboree.

(a) That the Provl. Hd. Qrs., may be addressed to send a competent man to tour in the District for a certain portion of the year to organise Scouting and also to inform as to the probable cost of expenditure (and that the local bodies may be addressed to contribute towards the cost.)

(b) That the Provl. Hd. Qrs., may be addressed to kindly arrange for a qualified officer to run Cubmasters' Training Camp during the ensuing Christmas Holidays, close to Chittoor.

3. The letter from Basel Mission Press regarding the alteration on pages 549-550 of the Malayalam Hand Book of Scouting for Boys was read and their proposal that the extra printing of the corrected portion should be done at the cost of the Provl. Headquarters was accepted and such expenditure as might be incurred in this connection by the press was sanctioned.

4. The letter from Mr. A. J. Leech, Dt. Commissioner, Madras South, requesting the Provincial Executive to make arrangements for the appointments of a Dt. Commissioner and an Asst. Dt. Commissioner for Triplicane-Cum-Mylapore area was read and it was resolved to request the Dt. Council, Madras, to send up nominations.

5. The letter from the Imperial Hd. Qrs., was read and it was resolved to recommend Mr. G. T. J. Thaddaeus to appoint as Akela Leader.

6. The Provincial Commissioner informed the Committee that he would be leaving for England on or about 24th August and will return towards the end of October or early in November and that Mr. P. S. Narayanswami, Organising Secretary would accompany him to visit some of the Scouting Centres.

Cubmasters Training Camp

Under the auspices of the District Board School of Rural Economy Poonamallee a training course in Cubmastership was conducted at Porur, near Poonamallee, from the 27th September 1929 to the 1st October 1929. The following teachers of Taluk Board Schools (Headmasters Assistants) went through the course:

The Brown Six.

1. P. Vijiaranga Mudaliar, (Dabinda) Porur.
2. N. S. Manicka Mudaliar, (Keego) Melamanambedu.
3. P. N. Kuppuswami Iyer, (Pukheena) Chitalapakam.
4. S. Srinivasa Iyer, (Kaa) Alapakam.
5. M. Ranganatha Mudaliar, (Kotick) Nemam.
6. Vacant.

The Red Six.

1. R. Rangiah Reddi, (Rann) Ayapakam.
2. S. G. Pattabhiraman, (Nag) Erayamangalam.
3. V. Seetharama Naicker, (Hawk Eye) Uddhandi.
4. R. Dorasami Nattar, (Ahdeek) Eekadu.
5. B. Devarajulu Naicker, (Golden Quill) Nandham-bakam.
6. N. Jayaram Pillai, (Iagoo) Podavoor.

The Black Six.

1. M. Theagaraja Iyer, (Chil) Kadapakam.
2. P. Bhema Rao, (Haiwatha) Baranipattur.
3. P. Vadivelu Mudaliar, (Crimson Arrow) Parivakkam.

Proceedings of an ordinary meeting of the Provincial Executive held on, 28th September, 1929.

1. It was resolved that all District Councils should be registered in the same manner as Local Associations at the Provincial Scout Headquarters and that no Registration fees be levied for this purpose.

2. It was resolved that the application for an award for Gallantry to Scout P. Gurunathan of the 1st Rajahmundry Scout Troop be approved and the recommendations be made to Indian Headquarters for a suitable award.

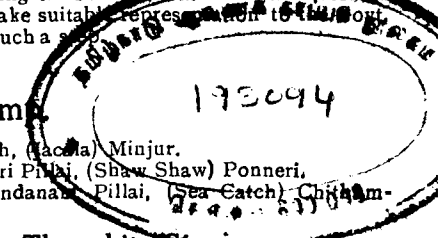
3. The Bye-laws of Tiruvavur Local Scout Association as modified by Mr. P. S. Narayanswami, Org. Secy., were passed.

4. The Bill for Rs. 80/- for a second hand duplicator was passed.

5. It was resolved to have the next annual meeting of the Provincial council early in December and a date to be fixed in consultation with the private secretary to H. E. The Provincial Chief Scout.

6. The Boy Scout Diary for 1930 published by Basel Mission Press and Book Depot, Mangalore was recognised as the Official Diary of the Boy Scouts Association in India, Madras Province for the year 1930.

7. The Provincial Secretary informed the Committee that there was a rumour to the effect that local Govt. were intending to transfer the Wenlock Park to the Observatory and if this was done it would be a great blow to Scouting in South India. It was resolved therefore, to make suitable representation to the Govt. against taking such a step.



The white Six.

1. M. R. Krishnaswami Iyengar, (Wabeck) Meyyur.
2. K. N. Bashyam Iyengar, (sona) Maduramangalam.
3. M. R. Kuppuswami Iyengar, (Rikki Tikki Tavi) Kalyanakuppam.
4. O. Bashyam Iyengar, (Mor) Perinjambakkam.
5. R. Krishna Rao, (Mang) Maduravod.
6. K. Varadachari, (White Elk) Koyambedu.

The Grey Six.

1. M. G. Sambiah, (Chitrariva) Arni.
2. P. Panduranga Rao, (Damanaka) Kuvam.
3. K. Srinivasachari, (Whitehood) Vichur.
4. M. Subramaniam, (Tilji pho) Kakavakam.
5. V. C. Krishnamachari, (Onaway) Pakkam.
6. D. Sanjiva Rao, (Nushka) Manjekarani.

The Tawny Six.

1. A. Venkatamanu Chetty, (Singham) Irugalam.
2. T. Venkatakrishna Mudaliar, (Karela) Arambakam.
3. P. M. Chinnappa Mudaliar, (Kim) Uthukottai.
4. G. Narayanaswami Naidu, (Onnai) Rajanagarampet.
5. B. Kothandarama Reddi, (Wabeeno) Tandalam.
6. Vacant.

The Yellow Six.

1. S. Varadaraja Pillai, (White Seal) Tirumudivakam.
2. I. Rajaratnam Pillai, (Scarlet feather) Thirumulaivayal.
3. A. Ka'athi Pillai, (Laghupadana) Anakaputhur.
4. N. Subramania Pillai, (Ko) Aurikamedu.
5. M. V. Govinda Pillai, (Darzee) Singlikuppam.
6. P. Thangavelu Pillai, (Iranyaka) Melakundiya.

The Buff Six.

1. D. K. Raghavulu Chetty, (Hathi) Manellur.
 2. A. Chinniah Naidu, (Sanjivaka) Tirupasur.
 3. M. E. Narayanaswami Reddi, (Siki) Valarpuram.
 4. R. Rangiah Naidu, (Karadaka) Narasingapuram.
 5. R. T. Sivaprakasa Pillai, (Nandaka) Selai.
 6. R. K. Subbukrishnan (Swarnamaya) Thomur.
- The course was run by Mr. T. V. Nilakantam, B.A., B.L., District Commissioner for Tinnevely, Assisted by Mr. J. I. Muthiah Assistant District Commissioner Mannargudi.

Welcome Address:

Read by MR. K. SANJIVA KAMATH, Honorary Provincial Secretary, Madras

On the occasion of the Public reception to the Jamboree Scout contingent on 19-10-29.

On behalf of the Madras Provincial and District Scout Councils, I have great pleasure in welcoming back into our midst our brother Scouts, who went as ambassadors of the Boyhood of India to that great International gathering of Scouts at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead in England, known as the great World Jamboree. From all authentic reports it is evident that the great Jamboree was the biggest International gathering ever held in any part of the world, in which 50,000 Scouts representing 42 different nations took part. All the great continents contributed their share in making the Jamboree the meeting ground of a new era of peace and good will among men. South America was represented by Scouts coming from Brazil, Chile and British Guiana and North America by Scouts from United States, Canada, Mexico and Jamaica. From Asia Scouts went from India, China, Japan, Malaya, Ceylon, Palestine and Cyprus while from Africa, Scout contingents were sent from Nigeria and Union of South Africa. From Australasia Scouts went from Australia, New Zealand and Piji Islands. As the Jamboree was held in Europe, it was quite natural that practically every country in Europe was strongly represented and Scouts among others from Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Greece, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Switzerland, Ireland, Spain, Malta, Irish Free State, Esthonia and Latvia, took part in the Jamboree along with the Scouts of Great Britain and rest of the world. At no International gathering of our elders, have so many countries and nationalities taken

part in such large numbers and Lord Baden Powell has succeeded in bringing together under one common flag of Scouting various races of the earth which the greatest of political Statesmen have hitherto failed to do.

This is the first Jamboree in which India has been officially represented by a strong and representative contingent of Scouts numbering 188 coming from North West Frontier Provinces, Delhi, The Punjab, U. P., Behar and Orissa, Bengal, C. P., Bombay, Madras and Travancore. The question of India being officially represented at the Jamboree was decided at the All India Scouter's conference convened by His Excellency The Viceroy and Chief Scout for India and Burma in March 1927 and though there was some doubt about the extent of response from the Scouts and their parents, subsequent events showed that the call of the Jamboree was as keenly felt in India as in any other country and the entire expenses of the large Indian Contingent were met entirely from private sources.

The Madras Provincial Contingent consisted of 14 members, representing the Districts of Madras, Chittoor, Godavari, Ramnad and Trichinopoly of whom 6 are Boy Scouts, 2 Rovers, one Scout Master, two District Commissioners, one member of the Provincial Executive and one Provincial Organising Secretary. Of those one is European, 4 Anglo Indians and 9 Indians. The Scouts and Rovers that formed a part of the Madras Contingent belong to Bharata Troop of Egmore, Sir M. C. T. Muthia

Chettiar's High School Troop and Eversleigh Group of Vepery and Asoka Troop of Madanapalle. The names of the members of the contingent are:—

Name:	Troop.
1. Gerald D. Fewkes.	Eversleigh.
2. Ethirajulu Chetty.	I. Vepery Muthiah Chettiar's. H. S.
3. T. Hari Krishna.	Bharata.
4. T. Gopalakrishna.	Bharata.
5. T.R. Athmarama Row.	I Vepery Muthiah Chettiar's. H. S.
6. Noel Weston.	Eversleigh.
7. D. R. Varma.	Asoka (Madanapalle).
8. R. Macdermott.	Eversleigh (Rover).
9. Arthur Venderholt.	Eversleigh (Rover).
10. G.T.J. Thaddaeus. B.A.,	Organising Secretary.
11. Rao Sahib T. S. Subramania Iyer, M.A., L.T.,	Member of Pro. Council and Ex. Dist. Commissioner.
12. F. Howard Oakley.	
13. R. A. Narayana Iyer.	Ramnad.
14. R. Madavachari	
B.A., B.E., A.M.I.E.,	Commissioner for Trichy.

The Jamboree commenced on 31st July 1929 and lasted till 13th August 1929. But the Provincial Contingents from India went slightly earlier to do a little bit of sight seeing and have some sort of preliminary training. The Madras Contingent left Madras on Monday 24th June 1929 and the majority of the members returned on Thursday 17th October 1929 after an absence of four months less one week. During this period, prior to the Jamboree the contingent—visited Egypt wherein they saw Cairo, The Pyramids and Sphinx and also Malta and subsequent to the Jamboree, the contingent visited a number of important centres in England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy. They have seen the famous Eddystone lighthouse, spent three days in London, and visited New Brighton, Port Sunlight, Liverpool, Blackpool, Lancaster, Windermere, Crasmore, Keswick, Selkirk, Abbotsford, Dryburgh, Melrose, Edinburgh, Perth, Stirling castle, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Birmingham, Oxford, and Gilwellpark in England and Scotland; and on the continent they have visited Hague and Amsterdam in Holland, Antwerp, Brussels, War trenches etc., in Belgium, Paris and the Indian War Memorial in France, Basel and Geneva in Switzerland and Milan, Venice, Rome, Naples and Pompeii in Italy, not to speak of other places. The tour has thus been of

the highest educative value to the boys who participated in it and theirs has been the opportunity of visiting the nerve centres of Europe under able guidance at a comparatively small cost, enjoying the hospitality which Scouts and Scouters all over Europe extended to their brethren from India.

The Madras contingent though only about a dozen strong in a gathering of 50,000, was in no way less conspicuous than any other contingent while the Malabar palm leaf huts which were specially sent from Malabar by Col. L. L. Porter, Dt. Commissioner of Nilgiris, in which the Madras contingent was housed during its stay in the Jamboree Camp was the centre of attraction to the 300,000 visitors who came to witness the Jamboree. In spite of rough and inclement weather that prevailed during a part of the Jamboree, the Madras Contingent roughed it through and its members were second to none in their hilarity and joyousness in wading through the sea of mud. The Madras Scout Contingent not only partook of the wonderful Jamboree spirit that prevailed in that enormous camp but contributed their own share to its spirit of harmony and discipline. The Scouts cooked their own food, and did their own work and were none the worse for the hard life of toil and discipline to which they voluntarily subjected themselves to maintain the honour and prestige unsullied of the 12000 Scouts of this Province as whose representatives they went to the Jamboree.

Once again I wish them on behalf of my co-workers in this province in the cause of Scouting a warm welcome and sincerely trust that the experience which our young and old brethren of the contingent have gathered will enrich the spirit of Scouting in this province. As a token of our grateful appreciation of the services rendered by them, I have great pleasure in requesting the Chairman to present each one of them with a waterman ideal Fountain pen, which they may utilise to write their Jamboree experiences and give pen pictures of what they saw and enjoyed, for the benefit of those of us left behind, so that we may read what they saw and we may imitate what they experienced.

I have one word to add and it is to thank those who have made it possible to give this public reception to the Scouts. I appealed for Rs.250/- and I am glad to have received in all Rs. 280/- The happy return of the Scout contingent has created such a deep impression in the minds of the public spirited men of this province that my appeal for funds towards this expenses of this reception has been spontaneously responded to. I wish to thank Sir. P. S. Sivaswami Aiyer, The Lord Bishop of Madras, Mr. Justice M. Venkatasubbarao, Mr. E. Conran Smith, Rao Bahadur V. Thiruvengadanthan Chetty, Mr. R. J. C. Robertson, Mr. A.

Ranganatha Mudaliar, Rao Bahadur C. V. Krishnaswami Chetti, Mr. C. V. Venkataramana Aiyengar, Mr. Vr C. Vellingiri Gownder of Coimbatore, Mr. M. G. Parthasarathi Mudaliar, Mr. C. Venkatarangam Chetty, Rao Bahadur R. Krishnarao Bhonslae, Mr. N. Baburao, Mr. D. K. Telang, Mr. T. V. Nilakantam Pillai, Mr. A. J. Leech, Dr. F. H. Gravely, Mr. C. Ranganayakulu Chetty, Capt. T. W. Barnard, Mr. T. A. Ramachandrarao, and his son Mr. T. R. Viswanatharao, Mr. R. Srinivasa Iyengar and the Scout Equipment Co. for their contributions.

THE SOUTH INDIA BOY SCOUT

THE BOYS' SECTION

The Sunbeam.

A sunbeam blithe, in the early day ;
Left its father and strolled away !
To find the dark. But all in vain !
It nestled at bedtime back again,
Drooping and tired and tearful it cried :
" Father, I've hunted far and wide ;
On earth lay many a gloomy spot :
Whenever I reached it, lo ! it was not.

" Oh, I've hunted everywhere,
By meadows sweet, by waters fair.
I asked the breeze, I hailed the lark,
But, Father, I could not find the dark."
The father kissed his child and said :
"Of course you couldn't, dear golden head.
Why, 'tis the trith, as everyone knows—
There is no dark where a sunbeam goes."

EVERY.

Every ounce of alcohol taken into to the system means so much less efficiency.
Every evil picture looked at means so much foulness permanently on the mind.
Every trifling book read means so much less wisdom or knowledge.
Every hour stolen from needed sleep means so much less vitality.
Every minute of worry means so much less of life.
Every is an awful word, for everything counts.

Out of Harmony.

" There are no accidents in nature," said John Muir, who so loved and studied nature. " The flowers blossom in obedience to the same law that keeps the stars in their places. Each bird song is an echo of the universal harmony." But into how many a day humanity thrusts discords, false and jarring notes!

We go out into the beautiful morning carrying our useless loads of frets and worries, our left-over resentments and our faithless fears. The sunshine assures us that the world is still moving safely in its appointed course and God has not forgotten us, the birds lift their cheery notes of rejoicing that they have found food for the day, but we lift complaining voices because we have not found provision for years to come. Our moody spirits and jarring tempers hurt the love on earth and in heaven. But they hurt our own souls most of all, for they put us out of tune with the music of the universe.

Playing the Game.

OF all the common phrases used to illustrate the right thoughts and purposes of life we like that one, "playing the game," the best. There is just about the right amount of earnestness in it, with a good background of that which is lighter. The trouble with many of us is, not that we live our lives too earnestly, but that we take ourselves too seriously—quite a different matter. And then this phrase implies just about the right relationship to other people. There is zest and ambition and rivalry after a fashion, but there is also a chivalrous appreciation of the rules of the game that would lead us always to do the fair, honourable, fine thing in the multiform relations of life. If we would always try to do that, what a splendid old world this would be. Then, too, this phrase reminds us that we ought to be able to take the rebuffs and knocks and disappointments of life with a smile, to lose and still keep sweet, even to cheer our successful rival and shake a warm hand with the man who gets to the goal before us.

Unconscious Influence.

WE cannot benefit ourselves without benefiting others also. If we are cheerful, happy and well, we brighten and invigorate them; if we gain knowledge, we communicate it; If we grow strong and courageous, we afford protection and infuse courage; If we are noble and true, others breathing our spiritual atmosphere become also nobler and truer. Whether we intend it or not, we are always either helping or hurting others by our unconscious influence. Thus we can never stand aloof; we can never say, "Though I do not help, neither will I hinder," for we are always doing one or the other. There is a self-indulgence, it is true, that is often yielded to at others' expense; but then it is also at our own. It may afflict them, but it likewise degrades us.

Testing the Pessimist.

IT is difficult to speak of tests of character without thinking of Benjamin Franklin's amusing tale of the "Handsome and Deformed Leg". In it he describes two sorts of people; those who habitually dwell on the pleasanter circumstances of the moment and those who have no eyes but for the unpleasing ones. He tells how a philosophical friend took special precautions to avoid those who, being discontended themselves, sour the pleasures of society, offend many people, and make themselves everywhere disagreeable. In order to discover a pessimist at first sight, he cast about for an instrument. He, of course, possessed a thermometer to test heat, and a barometer to tell the air pressure, but he had no instrument

to test the characteristic of which we are speaking. After much pondering he hit upon a happy idea. He chanced to have one remarkably handsome leg and one that by some accident was crooked and deformed, and these he used for the purpose. If a stranger regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, the philosopher determined to avoid his further acquaintance. Franklin sums up by saying that everyone has not this two legged instrument, but everyone with a little attention may observe the signs of a carping and fault-finding disposition.

(Selected)

Insect Slave Drivers.

ANTS, whose intelligence is a standing source of amazement, use slaves of two kinds. Just as we keep cows because they give milk, so many sorts of ants keep the aphids or greenflies in captivity for the sake of a sweet fluid which it can be persuaded to excrete. Sometimes fully-grown greenflies are captured, but as a rule the eggs are carefully collected and brought into the nest. When the flies appear, they are transported to special stables made upon their favourite food plants by the ants. They can thus feed to their hearts' content, but they are prisoners. At interval a company of ants will enter the stable to "milk" them: each goes to a greenfly and begins to stroke him gently with his

"feelers". Almost at once the aphid gives out a drop of fluid, which the ant drinks with the greatest relish!

Ants also enslave other ants of smaller kinds. When it is decided to go on a slave raid, a body of big ants makes for the nest of a smaller species which has been marked down to be plundered. After a battle, in which most of the defenders are killed, the raiders carry off every grub that they can find. The grubs are taken back to the nest, where they are most carefully tended and fed. As soon as the grubs become ants, they are forced to feed the young, to build cells, to clean the nest, and in fact to do all the housework, which their masters dislike doing.

Nature Studies.

The Grass.

"To see is a divine act," says an Eastern sage, and the saying holds good with regard to many things in the world of Nature. We note the things around us, and above us, but too often miss the sweet and tender things that lie at our feet. This applies very specially to the grass which makes our earth so soft and fair and homelike. Yet when we turn away from the tumult of towns to the tranquillity of the fields nothing is so sweet and restful to the eyes or so soothing to the senses as the verdant carpet of the grass. It is one of the very choicest gifts of God to man. He who made everything beautiful in its season has made the grass to be beautiful in all seasons. The flowers fade and pass and the woodland foliage changes from green to crimson and to russet brown, but the grass retains its charm with little change through the varied year. And how exquisite is this charm if we only pause to ponder it. We exalt the tiger-lily and the June rose, but

Saadi says the truth, "The commonest piece of grass with the straightness of its stem, the flowing contrast of its leaves, and the trembling fulness of its ears, is a Miracle of Beauty." Yet further, this green ground colour is the palette on which excelling Nature produces much of her artistry. Here she displays her daisy, the cowslip, the orchise—those fairies of the flower-world—and here the daffodil heralds with its golden trumpet the advent of the spring. Over its silvery panicles the wild bee flits with his drowsy hum, the skylark nestles under its brown roots, while it feeds the nibbling sheep and the grazing cattle. On the springing turf of the meadow the tired labourer finds a cushion for aching feet, and a couch for tired limbs, while his little children, escaping from his low, dim cottage, find a paradise in the fields, where the butter-cups spread their sheets of gold and the daisies smile in the great pastures of the sun.

Living Larders.

THERE are considerably more than a thousand different kinds of wasps in the world, and all of them pass some portion of their lives as grubs. Amongst ordinary wasps the grubs are fed by the "grown-ups" on honey which is prepared specially for them. There are however, several species whose grubs live not upon honey, but upon other insects. Most of them do not live in hives; the mother-wasp builds single cells, far apart from each other, laying one egg in each.

How is she to ensure a supply of flesh-food for the grub that will come from every egg? To make a daily round to a large number of scattered cells would not be possible; if she leaves a dead insect in each

cell when she lays the egg, it will go bad and be unfit for food.

Nature has taught her to solve the problem in a highly ingenious way. After building the nest and depositing the egg within it, she flies away, returning shortly afterwards with a live caterpillar. Is she going to put that struggling wriggling thing into the cell? No, for if she did the egg would certainly be broken. She stings the caterpillar just behind the head, which almost paralyses him, and then inflicts other wounds which make him completely helpless. The caterpillar, now incapable of moving is lowered into the cell, where he remains insensible and paralysed, but still alive, until the grub hatches out and eats him.

The Joy of Living.

IT is a glorious thing to live—to stand on this fair earth, and beneath these radiant heavens, possessed of the splendid gift of human life, with the power to make it something great and beautiful, something noble in itself and helpful to others. Life itself is an intense pleasure; so much so that men prize it above all other things. And what varied and multitudinous delights it carries in its train.

The elements of joy are “in wider commonalty spread” than the elements of pain and sorrow. We can number our sorrows, because they are infrequent; but we cannot number our joys, they are uncountable. The golden light which makes day radiant and beautiful is passed unnoticed, but the occasional eclipse is published on the housetops. Happiness is universal; sorrow is exceptional. We can number the tears of life, but not its smiles.

The experience of childhood and infancy is one of joy. Then comes youth, with its eager promise and its quenchless hope; the overflowing sense of glorious life; the long summer days of holiday, with their wanderings in the fields and woods, or their plunges in the cool river; the gleam of the darting swallow, or the flash of the jewelled king-fisher; the consciousness of energy, the incoming of knowledge, the dawn of power, the dreams of wealth or fame, the blossoming of love, timid and half-ashamed.

Then manhood comes, and the river of joy flows deeper though it flows more silently. Every sense is an inlet of pleasure, and every natural function a source of enjoyment. Light is sweet to the eyes. The ear is charmed with melody of sound. Food has a relish which delights the taste. Indeed the springs of merely physical satisfaction are so deep that we are in danger of being swept away by the mere might of sensuous pleasure. The exercise of the various faculties of the mind also open out untold possibilities of joy. How delightful is the acquisition of helpful and inspiring ideas, and what lofty satisfactions spring from the inquiring spirit

yearning with desire

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star, Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

And what shall we say of the romance and charm of the affections, together with all which constitutes the varied discipline of life?—The tenderness of friendship, add the sanctities of home. The successes which breathe encouragement, and the failures which teach humility. The joys which gladden us, and the sorrows which awaken sympathy with others. The visions which enchant us with their loveliness, and the mysteries which speak to us of God.

All these things are but a tithe of the glorious possibilities included in the precious boon of human life. We resent the ingratitude of those who first spoil life by their own evil tempers, and peevish discontents, and then rail against it. The fact is that all our natural aptitudes and powers are so constructed as to be avenues of enjoyment, and we are born into a world which is divinely intended to minister to our happiness. Between us and our dwelling-place there is a mutual and marvellous adaptation. We are born into a world made ready for us. Nay, the boundless universe throbs and shines around us for our profit and delight, and we are endowed with capacities and powers which can seize and enjoy all which it has to offer. We have magic casements which open out on every part of it. We are set like an Aeolian harp to answer to its breath. We are attuned to its countless ministries and to its myriad delights. With our hand, or with our thought, or with our love, we can lay hold on every part of it, from the flower which stars the sod on the earth beneath us to the God who lives and reigns in the heaven above us.

To bask in the golden sun and look upon the boundless sea. To listen to the lark's shrill carol and “the blackbird's boxwood flute.” To wander where the meadows smile and where the streamlets run. To mark the march of the seasons and the pathway of the stars. To muse in vast

cathedrals, flooded with mellow light and throbbing with mighty music. To move in the presence of noble men and gracious women and innocent children. To share the common mirth when laughter shakes its wings, and to sympathise with the common sorrow when pity trembles into tears. To commune with intellectual kings whose thoughts lighten our darkness and people our solitude. To hold fellowship with lofty spirits who have found their chiefest joy in service and in sacrifice. To vindicate by honest toil the right to live, and through that toil to find relief from vanity and

courage in misfortune. To make the world the better and the purer for our presence in it, and to transmit the good we win to after generations. To think, to aspire, to trust, to love, to worship,—all these are possibilities which attest the glory and the significance of our human existence, and which make it worth our while to be.

I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

(Great Thoughts)

THE FLEA.

(BY S. T. MOSES)

THE word ‘flea-bite’ denotes figuratively in the English language, a trifle; its use began obviously before Medico-Biological investigators turned their search light on the flea. One species stands convicted as the active carrier of the ‘Mahamari’ (Plague) bacillus: another is listed among the suspects transmitting infantile Kala-Azar and yet another Leprosy. Apart from the pathogenic consequences, the bite, by itself, inflicted as it is by lancets with cutting and sawlike edges, is far from pleasant—the first attack of the jigger, the American Flea, is however said to be soothingly so—and distinctly annoying. The prickly bite gives the creature the Malayalam name ‘Chellu’ derived from ‘Chel’: as sharp as a nail. The Tamil name is ‘Thellu Poochee’.

Fleas seem to be a necessary accompaniment of life in the tropics where, according to an Arab proverb, ‘the king of fleas holds his court in Tiberias’ Oriental literature is full of references to these troublesome pests. The Arab frequently mentions the flea and whenever he does so, he expresses himself in forceful terms of dislike and malediction. The proverbially filthy Beduin who is said to be patient ad nauseum of all vermin, can never tolerate the flea; so great is his dread of this small insect, that he breaks up camp as soon as fleas appear. Fleas, of course multiply prodigiously and swarm there as if the very dust had turned into fleas. According to the Hindu, rebirth as a flea is the divine

punishment accorded to those guilty of stealing honey and judging by the numbers of fleas the crime should be pretty common. In the Holy Bible there is only one mention of the flea. David complains to Saul “After whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea? For the king of Israel is come out to seek a flea as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains”. Though solitary the reference is emphatic enough. In the Tropics both in the Old World and the New, all men, women and even children are always kept busy chasing these agile and nimble creatures through all the mysterious hiding places in the manifold clothing. The chase is mostly futile; but even if caught it is difficult to hold the flea between the forefinger and the thumb, as it coolly works its way through, with the aid of its abdominal hairs; and even if held fast, crushing it to death is another matter, as its shelly armour of hard brown skin is strong enough to resist the pressure of the fingers. Fire is the thing and a Turkish proverb says ‘An Englishman will burn a bed to catch a flea’. Marco Polo the Venetian explorer who visited the East in the 13th century records how Malabar (South India) was infested with fleas. He mentions a contrivance locally used by people to escape from the unpleasant attentions of these tiny insect pests. ‘Men sleep at night in litters made of cane which are drawn up to the ceiling and let down again at daybreak’.

The flea is well known for its agility. The Arab calls Gascoigne's 'hungry flea that frisks so fresh' the 'Father of leapers'. The flea does deserve its title, for if its achievements are translated in terms of man-power, they are convincingly wonderful. A man can ordinarily jump his own length, and athletically, at the most, 4 times, but if endowed with the springing powers of the flea can 'leap 21900 miles in the air and 36800 miles horizontally i.e. $1\frac{1}{2}$ times round the world'. The record long jump of a flea is 13 inches and high jump 8 inches. The average performance of a flea is about 4 inches high and so even in a plague infected room 'one should be safe to sleep in a hammock if the suspension ropes are tarred or sleep in a bed surrounded by Tanglefoot papers'.

Fleas have often figured as miniature circus performers in side shows in Country Fairs and similar exhibitions, the most brilliant troop being the 'Performing Fleas' taken all over Europe a decade or more ago by some ingenious men who claimed to have trained the insect artistes to do many curious things. Among the tricks were the drowing of a small cannon by 2 fleas, the drawing of a small 4 wheeled carriage by 2 fleas harnessed to it, while a 3rd flea with a tiny wooden whip was perched on it as a coach-man, a parade when 30 fleas went through military exercises like soldiers armed with little spears, etc. These fleas lived thus for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years and their sole food during this period was by sucking on a man's arm occasionally. Another curious item was the performance of a 'couple' by 2 fleas the waltzing being accompanied by the chiming of a musical box. Another was the boxing exhibition of 2 of these pugnacious creatures put in a glass case and confronting one another like microspic kangaroos. All the tricks were either mechanical or accidental and the so called education was a downright fake.

The flea passes through the 4 stages of development usual among insects. The female lays 8-12 eggs, smooth and white and just visible to the naked eye. Mixed with the sticky eggs are little black dots of dried blood for the nourishment of

the young. From the egg comes out an active squirming larva, yellow-white in colour. It is legless but armed with bristles which help in locomotion. It can twist and roll about. The larva is made up of 13 segments; the head carries 2 tiny feelers and powerful jaws but no eyes. The next stage is the inert pupa in a white cocoon which gradually darkens in color till it splits when the adult flea, sixlegged and hardskinned hops out. In our country the life-cycle of a dog-flea is reckoned to be 14 days, the rat flea 3 weeks and the human flea 1 month.

Systematised war against fleas seems to have been started some centuries before Christ, when Artaxerxes ruled over Persia. He had such a horror for fleas that it is recorded he would go to bed with a suit of armour fitting close to skin like a nightgown. It appears he would lose his reason for 10 days if a flea should bite him once. One wonders what would have happened if Artaxerxes had shared the experience of Sir Arthur Yapp of the Y. M. C. A. fame. After a night spent in a town in India where plague had broken out, he counted 52 fleabites on his feet; but fortunately no serious results followed. During the reign of Artaxerxes a reward of 10 talents was offered for every flea apprehended, dead or alive. It is said many merchants from far and near came to claim the reward.

In some parts of England there is a belief that fleas could be kept out of the house for a year if the doors of the house are kept closed on the 1st of March. A sprayer popular in those parts is 'the earth under your right foot where you stood to hear the cuckoo the 1st time that season'. 'Where-so-ever this earth is sprinkled no fleas will breed'. Many insectifuges are held in repute. Tusser praises Artemisia, 'Mashipatri' used similarly in India also, in these lines:—

'While wormwood hath seed get a
handful or twaine
To save against March, to make flea to
refrain
When chamber is sweeped and worm-
wood is strewn
No flea for his life dare abide to be
known.'

Hére 'Veshambu' (Sweet flag) and Naythulasi (*Ocimum album*) are popular insectifuges. Branches of the milkhedge (*Euphorbia tirucalli*) if hung in a room are believed to disperse the fleas in no time.

To get rid of dogfleas many remedies are in use. Neem soap and warm water are highly recommended as a good agent for wash. Anyway dogs should be kept out of the house for nothing is truer than the proverbial prediction that he that lies with dogs must rise with fleas: Hen fleas occasionally pass from the poultry yard to man; and so the poultry yard should be kept clean, regularly washed and disinfected, say, with phenyle.

Rats in south India are worried by 3 species of fleas which Entomologists (Poochee-hunting Professors) have named *Xenopsylla astra*, *X. brasiliensis* and *X. cheopis*. The last kind with its specific name of Egyptian memories is the dreaded carrier of *Bacillus pestis* the germ of bubonic Plague. The disease is chronic in rats

but when the rat dies and the other rats desert the infected haunts, which they sense as easily as they proverbially do sinking ships, the flea changes its host, men, who do not benefit by the warning ratfall, being the victims. Inoculation is the sole precautionary remedy; rats should also be exterminated. More the cats fewer the rats. Bandicoots, which along with rats figure along the proverbial Malabar pests, are useful in that, at least in Madras, they keep out plague rats. Once the rat problem is solved, freedom from ratfleas is assured and consequently from plague. An up-to-date method of dealing with insect pests is to give artificially greater facilities for their natural enemies usually other insects to attack them and check their multiplication. Even 'little fleas have lesser fleas on them' and so research will soon place at our disposal efficient insect policemen to fight our war with fleas, the torment of which even in dreams, according to an exponent of oneiromancy brings on trials and losses.

A Sense of Humour.

SOMEBODY has told the story of a man who, upon being asked to define humour, hesitated; and asked for a day in which to answer. The following day he asked for a week, and later for a month. He then took a vacation for a year in order to have time to think it out, and at the end of that time announced his intention to sell what he had, retire to some quite spot in the country, and give himself up to the task. He died of melancholy, without having arrived at an answer. So great, so subtle, and so elusive is man's sixth sense—humour. Like love, it will not submit to a definition, but at the same time comes bubbling up

everywhere. A race deprived of this gift would perish as quickly as if deprived of the power of digestion and assimilation. For after all, humour is a kind of spiritual pancreatic juice which enables us to digest and dispose of life's toughest experiences without suffering harm. It acts as a solvent of our cares, sweetens our hardships and annoyances, and gives us courage to face each tomorrow with a bright smile.

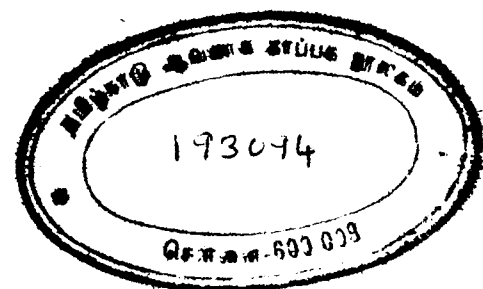
The man gifted with the true sense of humour not only laughs at the foibles of others, but has the grace to laugh as heartily at his own oddities or discomfitures. In other words, one of the essential elements

of genuine humour is sympathy. The great humourists have the power, because of this vibrant sympathy with humanity, to make us cry even when we are most inclined to laugh, mingling the two impulses together in a blend of emotion which is both pleasant and tonic. The true humour cleanses the heart as the dew washes the flowers. It keeps us from being goody-goody. It saves emotions from running into sentimentality. It prevents the mind from taking a sallow and unhealthy tinge. It holds our sympathies and antipathies in balance, and preserves us from those mental twists which crystallize into eccentricities of opinion and of manner.

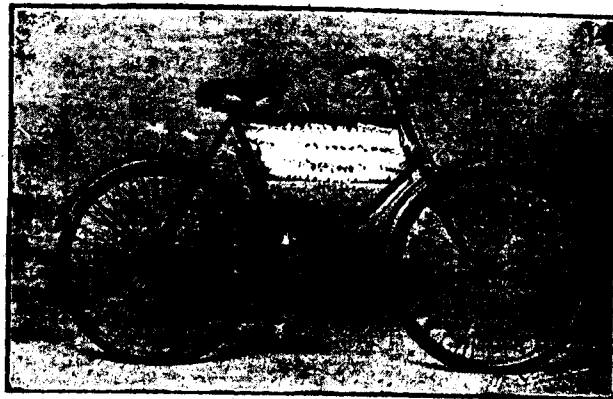
One of the most gross and vulgar bodies in the world of literature is that tremendous carcase Falstaff. And yet we all, with Shakespeare, call him "Jack" because his

humour redeems him and makes him attractive and loveable. How sane, how happy was the frame of mind in which he said, with a twinkle in his eye and a broad smile upon his red face: "There live not three good men unchanged in England: and one of them is fat and grows old! God help the while! A bad world, I say!"

How many heresy trials would have been saved the Church, how many honest reformers would have been preserved from ruinous excess, how many wars would have been averted, how many friendships perpetuated if men had only cultivated and kept in active use the sixth sense! "We live, not by sight, but by insight". And humour is insight—a keener sense of proportion and a broader sympathy, the tie which unites the opposites.



SCOUTS



From Rs. 47/-

Fully Guaranteed.

Special terms to Bona-fide Scouts

From Rs. 47/-

Fully Guaranteed.

Special terms to Bona-fide Scouts

Support your HOME INDUSTRIES by purchasing our Madras made cycles and motor-cycles. We have established a new industry in your midst and by supporting us, you are helping towards the advancement of your Motherland. Your watch word is "Be Prepared", so prepare NOW!

Write for our illustrated catalogue or call and inspect our models:—

THE UNIVERSAL WHEEL & ENG. Co.,

NO. 14, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

FOR BOY SCOUTS.

THINGS ALL SCOUTS SHOULD KNOW. A collection of 313 illustrated paragraphs of useful information, specially selected for the use of Boy Scouts	Rs. A.
BOY SCOUT TESTS AND HOW TO PASS THEM. Complete instruction in all the tests. Compiled by Robert E. Young. Illustrated	1 4
TRAINING IN TRACKING. By "Gilcraft" With foreword by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Bt. Illustrated with diagrams and plates.	3 11
A practical guide to the wide subject of Tracking. Deals with Training of the Senses—Observation—Stalking—Following a Trail—Human Footprints—Booted Tracks—Human Tracks—Tracking and Deduction—Deduction and the Detective—Bicycles, Motor-cars and other Vehicles—Animal Tracks—Bird Tracks—Plaster Casts—Tracking Rules—The Influence of Ground, Time and Weather	4 1
TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF SCOUTING. The Official History of the Boy Scout Movement from its Inception By E. K. Wade. Illustrated with 16 pages of photographs	6 2
KIDDIE OF THE CAMP. A Story of the Western Prairies By Robert Leighton. Illustrated by E. P. Kinsella	2 14
KIDDIE THE SCOUT. By Robert Leighton Illustrated by Frank R. Grey	2 14
BOY'S BOOK ON HOW TO MAKE MODELS. (Fully illustrated with scale drawings) By G. E. Hopcroft	0 12
HANDBOOK FOR SCOUTMASTERS. A Manual of Leadership. In three parts: Troop Method and Technique—Problems of Reaching Boys—Scouting—A National Movement—and Appendix	3 0
"BECAUSE—" For the Children who ask why ... Contents: Because—for the children who ask why—God—Modes of consciousness—Karma—Law—Reincarnation—Death—Prayer—How Worlds Began—The Masters—Former Continents—Fairies—Ghosts—sevenfold nature of man—Dreams—Devachan and Birth—Seeds—Some problems &c., &c.	4 8

Ask for our complete Scout Catalogue which will be sent free.

The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras.

SCOUTS!

ALERT!!

Now Ready—1930 Scout Diaries
ALL-INDIA BOY SCOUT DIARY
For 1930

*Edited by Messrs. G. T. J. Thaddaeus and M. Rajagopalan of
Provincial Scout Headquarters, Madras.*

Each **6 As.** Postage extra.

The 1930 edition (of 238 pages) contains all the features of the former edition and several new articles and illustrations. Extensive extracts from the All-India Rules have been included by kind permission of the General Secretary of the Boy Scouts Association, Simla. It also contains a message from H. E. Lord Irwin, Chief Scout for India.

Also

Browns' Boy Scout Diary for 1930.

With attractive leather cover and pencil. Contains lots of useful information for Cubs, Scouts, Rovers and Scouters.

Each **13 As.** Postage extra.

(Orders should accompany with 25% in advance.)

The South Indian Scout Equipment Co.,

(SOLE AGENTS FOR ALL INDIA BOY SCOUT DIARY 1930 FOR MADRAS PRESIDENCY, TRAVANGORE & COCHIN)
175, Broadway, MADRAS.

Three Useful Soaps for Scouts
VEGETOL

Pure as sunshine. Lathers in any kind of water.

WASHWELL

Best Household Soap. Washes clothes snow white and clean. Sold in twin tablets and bars.

COAL TAR :

For disinfectant purposes. Prevents and
cures skin diseases

Avoid spurious imitations

Kerala Soap Institute, Calicut.