

boys had never seen this fun before. But they were not long in getting into it too. Evening brought first supper with the hottest fish curry Miss Farnell and I had ever tasted, and then song and story—yes, even an Indian mother-in-law story—around the campfire on the beach.

Before leaving the following day, we had a wonderful sight. The sea was like a glassy millpond. A school of very large fish had come in quite near the shore. They chased one another, leaping out of the water, doubling and turning most gracefully. The people said they were sword fish.

Our Troop had an invitation from an old boy of Samalkot School to come and visit his little school at Uppada which is a village on the Pithapuram field. The boys were very glad to tell of what their Scout work meant, of its great call to service, and how it takes the very best kind of Christian to make a good Scout. After the meeting the mothers plied us with questions—"How is my sister Mary's son?" "Is my grandson from Tunj going to pass?" "Do you remember my son who studied in Samalkot a long time ago?" "What made you come from a big place like Samalkot to our miserable little village?"

The boys set out on the hike home, happy and tired, full of glowing accounts of their adventures and especially of the wonderful fish curries when everyone had enough and to spare. They sang with a new gusto—"Boy Scouts are the happiest of all boys, They learn to be brave and to be true. They learn to serve others with joy. They learn well their duty to do. They'll do you a good turn with pleasure, When you are in need or distress. The Samalkot Boy Scouts forever. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

LETTER FROM AKIDU

From Miss E. G. Mann

The first half of April was spent on tour—we had expected a rather uncomfortable time but the weatherman was with us—frequent showers and high winds kept the air cool. Lightning was very severe—in two villages people had been killed the day previous to

our visits, and in a third a green palmira tree was struck, and set on fire within thirty feet of a little half-roofed school house where we had taken shelter from the storm. Excitement reigned—the men of the village immediately congregated and began to chop it down. In a village of thatched roofed houses a spark is a dangerous thing. Sometimes in a very few minutes every house is roofless. This happened on a Saturday evening in June, in Gannapavaram—inside of an hour over two hundred families were homeless—nothing but the mud walls of their houses remaining—roofs, furniture, grain, and clothing all burned up. It is of this village that Miss Selman has written before—here about two years ago, after years of seemingly useless effort, nearly twenty families expressed the desire to become Christians. Here she had placed an almira (book-case) of books with a Christian Compounder for sale. It, along with all his medicine cases, was destroyed. He was not at home at the time, and these cases were too heavy for the women to lift out. The Mission Teacher of the village after removing what of his furniture and the church benches that he could, did try to assist them, but they could do very little with the heavy teak furniture.

During the hot season the remodeling (practically rebuilding) of the Akidu Malapilli school house was completed. (The building was old and in bad repair when last year's cyclone struck it—then very heavy rains last fall about completed its destruction). Now we have a good school room which we hope may be a Christian Community Centre, and a dwelling room for the teacher and her companion Biblewoman. The work there seemed to be flourishing when like a bolt from the blue an "uproar" arose, and everything stopped. The cause seems to be personal enmity on the part of some of the leading villagers accompanied by very indiscreet conduct on the part of the teacher. As it was near the transplantation leave time for the school, I dismissed the teacher and closed the school. I am looking for a teacher who will be able to re-open the work. We had another great sorrow in connection with that work. Adam, the dearest of the school child-