

How they loved bathing and wading in the sea and the only disappointment was the small number of women. They numbered fifteen but they were very receptive and responsive and we hope they gained in the teaching of the classes and the prayers and experiences of the sunset hour, inspiration and help for another year's work.

M. Helena Blackadar.

—Field News.

### FROM MISS BROTHERS OUR FIRST SCOUT CAMP

In the early part of 1923, we began our Scout Work or our Scout "moment" (movement) as the boys insist upon calling it. The leaders were trained. The Parrots, the Cuckoos, the Coppersmith and the Woodpeckers took their places in the long line of those who "do their best to serve God, King and country and to help others at all times." We learned the uses of that much loved weapon, the staff, the first principles of tracking, signalling and first aid. But, "When would we have a camp?" No one knew exactly what a camp was. But the Scout Master had told enthusiastically of the wonderful Madras Scout Camp with its lines of white tents and its glorious big bonfires and sing-songs, and of the wonderful lessons learned from the "Doragarus" (white men) who came and lived right with "our Indians." So "Camp" loomed large on our horizon. But the little old woman who lives in the shoes scratched her head a great many times and wondered how and when and where. And then came the inspiration—Uppada—Uppada with its sandy beach, and long lines of white-capped breakers, Uppada with its travellers' bungalow and great open spaces. That was the place.

The last whistle has gone and the boys swing off, very gay with their blue neckerchiefs and all the khaki the combined efforts of the school could summon—staves from which dangle small bundles of clothes and mats, over shoulders,—here and there cooking utensils or earthen pots carried in a yoke—at the head the British flag. Books have been written on "simple" camp equipment but Samalkot troop was born and brought

up on the simple life. We journey eight miles by train to Pithapuram and seven miles on foot under the interlocking branches of great trees, and then there is the sea with its tumbling breakers, daring the big boys to tussle with them, chasing the little boys back to safety. We have reached the Uppada.

The first thought was supper. Some boys dug the trenches for cooking, some drew water with a palm leaf bucket and set it boiling for the rice, some went to the bazaar to buy onions, salt, oil and tamarind. Quite a number went to seal the bargain for their choice of the fish that lay in piles on the shore, fresh from the nets. But somehow all radiated back to watching pot after pot of rice, bubble up, get soft, and finally strained and placed on the growing heap that meant solace to an aching void. Miss North, who chanced to be picnicking in Uppada that evening, brought over the ice left in the ice cream freezer. The boys wanted it so badly they almost fell over one another getting there. But there was a great cry of "Oh, it bites, it bites, it bites," when they got it into their hands. Supper over each boy washed his one and only dish—his rice bowl. All met together for prayer. Then mats and sheets were spread out on the ground and soon there was not a sound save the regular beat of the waves on the shore. The great golden moon turned all into fairyland.

There never was such a day—rising whistle when the first shimmer showed in the sky—drill and morning prayer on the wet shore looking over the great sea with its myriad tiny white sails dancing, dancing in the rosy light, then that wonderful first dip and home for breakfast. The boys spent the morning in exploring the shore and finding a place where they could swim in the backwater for tests. They found wonderful colonies of gulls and other seabirds. Coming home we found that the fisher folk, the morning's work over, were having a glorious time in the sea. The young men and boys had unfastened the two long hollowed tree trunks that make a boat of sorts and were using the one piece to ride the breakers, some standing and some lying along it. Our