

THE GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

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THE CHIEF GUIDE'S OUTLOOK

ANOTHER year has sailed by and many of us have been busy of late compiling reports of our doings of the year.

"Quite good doings too" we may each think in our own minds perhaps, and so they are, and on the whole Guiding seems to have grown soundly and steadily in a very notable degree during 1922. We may each rightfully feel a thrill of pleasure and pride at seeing the results of the work that has been put into the Movement, and each year we should all be able to judge by results more and more as to whether we are on the best road or not. Critics always abound; and though from theory we have known for ten years that "Guiding" was the ideal method for training girls we now must watch to see that it is so in practice. We must now have reached the stage when ex-Guides are going out into the world, and it would be very interesting to note and watch some of their careers with a view to finding the "proof of the pudding." The question has arisen of whether a special badge should be instituted for the use of such ex-Guides who simply cannot remain as active members of a Company, and who yet still want to feel they are part of the sisterhood. It was

for this reason and for these people that the Lone Guide branch of the Movement was inaugurated some years ago, but in some quarters I hardly think it has been quite fully understood. Any Girl Guide Badge is copyright, and therefore anybody wearing it is a member of the Association. Such a member therefore has obviously to be registered in somebody's book. A commissioner is registered through her holding a warrant; all Guiders also are linked in the same way with Headquarters, and all members of local associations, etc., are in their turn, noted in their local secretaries' ledgers and in this way everyone may feel thoroughly as "insiders" in the Movement. Then the Guides too in their turn, and the Brownies too, are all kept record of in their Company registers, and in this way there are no itinerant wearers of the copyright badge. The Lones then, both the active corresponding Guides of Class A, and the grown-up members of Class B, can in their turn supply the registering ground for all the others, and any Guide leaving her company can do one of two things. She can either:—

- (1) Register and become a Lone Guide in a Lone Company in her county, which gives her the right to wear

an "L." badge, or she can (2) remain as an honorary member of her own old Company, should the Captain and the Company wish it, and in this latter case she can of course continue to wear her own original Guide Tenderfoot.

We who are able to continue being active Guides cannot imagine probably what a wrench it is to have to give up one's "Guide Life," and taking one or other of these courses is the simple connecting link that can be kept with those who—even perhaps temporarily—have to give up work in the Movement.

"The New Guide."

"... The fact that the Chief Scout was the first person to shake me by the left hand after having been enrolled by you means a lot to me. I am truly delighted to have started my Guide career and do hope that I may be useful to you in the future. Please remember that I am starting in a really humble spirit immensely impressed by what the Guides are doing. It is a real joy to wear a uniform again, and one which stands for everything I value most. The corporate feeling is one that I cannot live without,

after having experienced the wonderful strength it gives to one's ideals."

That was what Dame Katherine Furse wrote to me last spring, and now that she has come amongst us as "Assistant Chief Commissioner," I have asked her to let me publish it in the Gazette, so that every Commissioner and Guide may realise that she is "one of us."

My daughter, Heather, insists on calling her "The New Guide," but only as a term of mirth and pretence, since really our Assistant Chief Commissioner has been a Guide a very great deal longer than I have—in spirit—and with all her experience of people and things, with her personal charm and above all her "Guideyness," we are indeed a lucky family to have her in our midst.

Overseas.

Perhaps one of the most important happenings in the Guide world during the past year was the International Conference held at Cambridge, and for those who perhaps have not yet heard a very detailed account of what took place, the book about it (*The Cambridge Conference*, price 1s. 6d., from Girl Guide Headquarters) will supply very interesting reading. The world-wideness of Guiding is now so noticeable a feature, and hardly a day passes without some really happy step being made in forging that link of friendly relationship with our sisters in far off places.

For instance my post last week brought me information that Guiding was probably about to begin in the Falkland Islands, and by the same mail came a letter from a Division Commissioner from Cornwall telling me of her happy meeting with Guides and Brownies at St. Helena during her stay there *en route* for South Africa. Ceylon had a wonderful rally in the autumn, and the use and value of the Movement has been realised there to the full by every section of the community. During the summer Miss Olivia Burges, member of the Headquarters Executive Committee, visited Canada at the invitation of Mrs. Warren, the Chief Commissioner for the Dominion, and she toured from East to West, far afield amongst Guides who had probably never seen other Guides at all, and wherever she went there was always the same jolly welcome and joining of hands in the great game.

From Australia news has come of a sudden spurt forward in the extension of the Movement, and Guide workers at home will be interested to know that the State of Victoria invited a Diploma'd Guide to go out to help them for six months, and Miss Kathleen Robinson (Kendal, Westmorland) journeyed off there in November, whilst our much treasured Camp Director, Miss Margaret Prior, has agreed to be our emissary also to tour to other States of Australia during the coming summer.

Paula Baden-Powell

Chief Guide.

The GUIDERS' BOOKSHELF

The Brownie Handbook. (Price 6d.)

A new edition of this little book is now in stock. There are very few alterations in it, the main one being the alterations in the physical exercises, foreshadowed by the ruling given in the Gazette for December.

The Cambridge Conference Book. (Price 1s. 6d.)

This is a publication similar in make up and style to that of the Oxford Conference Book published two years ago. It is a record of most of the speeches given at the Imperial and International Conference last July, and should be of interest to all those who were present, and perhaps of still greater interest to all those who had not the chance of hearing the various speakers and their reports.

Mr. Jim and the Brownies. By Rachel Byng. (Melrose. 5s.)

Written in the form of a Weekly Nature Diary, Lady Rachel Byng takes us very pleasantly through the months in company with her family of Brownies,—nothing to do with our Brownies, but just a delightful family of children.

She skims over a great deal of ground, touching here on Natural History, there on legend, and weaves the whole into an attractive nature study talk, that should perhaps make a better "read aloud" book for children than one for them to read to themselves.

The text gains appreciably from the attractive set-out of the book, with its clear readable type, good paper and original photographic illustrations. It is at the same time, so far as we can judge, an accurate study of nature lore and as such should be valuable to Guiders and Brown Owls, presented as it is in this somewhat novel form.

Natural History Studies. By J. Arthur Thomson. (Melrose. 4s. 6d.)

Professor Thomson's delightful Natural History books are, alas, generally beyond our means, but here is one that Messrs. Melrose brings within our reach—published in cheap form in a school edition.

The book is divided into the four seasons. Spring—with its tale of the Tadpoles, the natural history of nests, and interesting notes about the sea.

Summer—with its life and death; its flowers; its teeming workers on and below the surface of the ground, the animals at play, and wonders of instinct.

Autumn—with the bird migration and the fall of the leaf; Nature's time for the sowing of seed, as it is man's time for reaping.

Winter—when the animals store for the cold months ahead, and the struggle for existence goes on day by day in snow and frost.

Guiders who are keen on this subject should get a copy of this book, and it will give them material for many a yarn in the winter evenings.

The World of To-Day Series. The Exchequer, by R. G. Hawtrey; Dominion Home Rule in Practice, by A. B. Keith; Why Prices Rise and Fall, by F. W. Pethick Lawrence; Increased Production, by E. Lipson; Whitehall, by C. Delisle Burns. (Milford, 2s. 6d. each.)

The above series of booklets should be of interest and practical value to all thinking Guiders, and especially to Commissioners and Ranger Captains. They deal in comprehensive and readable form with the various subjects, which it is important that in this stage of woman's responsibility to the State she should understand.

The Exchequer and the Control of Expenditure deals with the Parliamentary Veto on Expenditure, Supply and Ways and Means, Treasury Control and Financial Policy, etc.

Dominion Home Rule is a little book that is purely descriptive in character, explaining what self-government actually means in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland, and detailing the laws and customs which regulate the relations of these Dominions with the Motherland.

Why Prices Rise and Fall explains that the basis of prices is the equilibrium of supply and demand, and gives in illustration many examples taken from every-day life.

Increased Production covers the objects of production and also the obstacles in its way; it also tackles the problems of the efficiency and remuneration of labour and the efficiency of management.

Whitehall describes the administration of the offices of the Central Government in England, such as the Treasury, Home Office, War and Foreign Departments, Economic Departments, etc.

To read and understand these books should be a real step forward in, at least, theoretical citizenship.

COMING EVENTS



FOXLEASE COURSES.

January 5-11. Diploma Guiders' Conference.

January 13-20. General Training. Entries closed.

January 26-February 2. Ranger Guiders. Entries closed.

February 7-14. General training. Entries closed.

February 21-28. Brown Owls. Entries closed.

March 2-6. County Commissioners' Conference.

March 16-19. London Commissioners' Conference.

March 28-April 4. General Training.

April 10-17. General Training.

April 20-24. Lone Guiders (for application see below).

April 27-May 4. Woodcraft. Entries closed.

May 9-16. G.F.S. Guiders (for application see below).

May 18-25. General Training.

May 30-June 6. General Training.

June 13-20. Brown Owls.

June 27-July 4. General Training.

All applications for a Training Course must be accompanied by a deposit of 5s., which will only be returned if withdrawal is made over two full weeks before the date of the Training Course.

G.F.S. GUIDERS' COURSE.

Applications for G.F.S. Guiders, May 9th to 16th, to be sent in to Miss Saye, Director G.F.S. Guides, 47, Branksome-wood Road, Bournemouth. Fees, single room £2 4s.; room shared with others 27s.

LONE GUIDERS' CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE for Guiders and Circle Leaders of the Lones, Extension Lones and Scottish Lones, will be held at Foxlease, from April 20th to 24th. Applications, with 5s. deposit, should be sent to Miss Joan Raxworthy, Tuesley Manor, Godalming, mention being made if the Guider has any particular friends she wishes to share a room with.

All Guiders attending the Conference are asked to bring with them anything of special interest to other Lones—log books, company magazines, samples of industries, etc.

The inclusive fee from Friday to Tuesday will be: Single rooms, 35s.; double rooms, 27s. 6d.; 3 and 4 bedded rooms, 20s.

BROWNIE TRAINING.

THE next Brownie training evening will be held on Tuesday, January 2nd, at St. Andrew's Hall, Carlisle Place, Westminster, S.W.1, from 7 to 9 p.m. Fee 6d.

Brownie training is held regularly on the first Tuesday of each month. All Guiders are welcome.

BRIDGNORTH.

For Guiders who in the past have camped at Bridgnorth a re-union Training Week and Conference is proposed from January 12th to 18th. Other Guiders are warmly invited to join. Mrs. Strode hopes to be with us. Terms 3s. per day. Hon. Secretary: Miss Wilson, South Lodge, Norton, Shifnal.

MERIONETHSHIRE.
Brownie Training Week.

A BROWNIE Training Week under the Great Brown Owl, will be held at the Min-y-Mor Hotel, Barmouth, from Friday, January 12th to Wednesday, January 17th, 1923. Fee, 8s. 6d. per day. Applications should be sent to the Secretary of the Training Week, Miss Coke-Williams, Awelfa, Dolgelley, Merionethshire.

WELSH CONFERENCE.

THE Welsh Conference of 1923 has been arranged to take place at Ye Wells Hotel, Llandrindod Wells, Radnorshire, from the evening of Friday, March 23rd to Tuesday, March 27th. Full details and application forms may be obtained from the Welsh Country Secretaries.

THE ENGLISH FOLK DANCE SOCIETY.

THE spring term for classes in Folk Dancing commences on January 15th and ends on March 24th. Students wishing to attend must apply for an application form to be filled in and forwarded to the Secretary, English Folk Dance Society, not later than January 6th. Fees for the term of ten lessons:—For one-hour classes, members 12s. 6d., non-members, 15s.; For half-hour classes, members, 6s. 3d., non-members, 7s. 6d.; Children's class, £1 1s.

A Certificate examination will be held on Saturday, March 24th. Particulars of membership of the Society will be forwarded on application to the Secretary of the English Folk Dance Society, 7, Sicilian House, Sicilian Avenue, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

SCHOOL OF WOMEN SIGNALLERS.

ST ANDREW'S HALL, Carlisle Place, S.W.1. Thursdays, beginning Thursday, January 25th to Thursday, March 15th inclusive. 11 to 1 p.m.—Classes for drill, ceremonial and signalling. Fee, 6d. 6 to 7.30 p.m.—Signalling; elementary and advanced classes. Fee, 3d.

THE CITY LITERARY EVENING INSTITUTE.

A COURSE of Lectures has been arranged this winter at the Graystoke Place Training College, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, which are held every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings for adults over eighteen years.

The fee as a rule is 6s. for the session for the first subject, and 3s. for each additional subject. The subjects are varied, amongst them being listed—Architecture, Astronomy, Elocution, English Literature, Folk Songs and Country Dancing, Languages, History, Music, etc.

The Institute is prepared to co-operate with the Guide Movement, and provide lecturers for Training Schools or Club-rooms, provided a class of not less than fifteen can be assured.

For all further particulars write to the Head of the Institute—T. G. Williams, Esq., at the address given above.

LONDON.

Country Dancing.

TUESDAYS, beginning Tuesday, January 16, to Tuesday, March 20 (inclusive), at the London Scottish Drill Hall, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, from 2 to 3 p.m. Instructor: Mrs. Kennedy North, of the English Folk Dance Society. Guiders may introduce non-Guide friends. Fee: 12s. for the course of 10 classes, or for those who can only attend occasionally, 1s. 6d. a class. Applications with fees for the course should be sent in advance to Miss Waud, 27, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7.

A second class will be taken at 3 o'clock. Entries for this class are already closed, except for those who hold the Elementary Country Dance Certificate, who should apply to Miss Waud, enclosing the 12s. fee for the course.

Guiders who wish to attend evening classes in Country Dancing should apply direct for particulars to the Secretary of the English Folk Dance Society, 7, Sicilian House, Sicilian Avenue, Southampton Row, W.C.1, for a syllabus of classes which are held every evening and on Saturday mornings.

LONDON AND GREATER LONDON CAMP AND TRAINING CENTRE.

Grey Towers, Hornechurch, Essex.

OWING to the very great kindness of Mrs. Fraser Parkes, Division Commissioner for Romford, the Guides of London, Essex, Middlesex and Surrey have become the temporary possessors of not only a private camp site of their own, but also of a large house in which Conferences and Training Weeks can be held. Grey Towers boasts fifteen acres of attractive and well-wooded grounds, with camping room for quite two hundred and fifty Guides, and both a lake and a swimming bath, which go to make up a wonderful site.

It is to be managed by a Committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Mark Kerr, D.C.C., and for the present applications should be made direct to her at 16, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1 (enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply) for the booking of the house or the camp sites.

Terms are as follows: 3s. per head per day for accommodation in the house, which will accommodate thirty; 2s. 3d. per day for outside pitches. The camping ground will be divided up into sites to accommodate twenty, so that if a larger group camp is being arranged, several sites will have to be booked according to numbers.

Full equipment, both household and camping, and a food ration of milk, meat, bread, flour, vegetables, sugar and tea, also fuel, will be included in the terms, and a certain amount of help will be given indoors.

Further particulars can be obtained on application.

Fares—two to three shillings third return—from Liverpool Street to Romford, or from Fenchurch Street to Upminster. Thence by bus to the gates, or by light railway to Emerson Park Halt.

It is hoped that the house and Camping Ground will be open by Easter.

THE LADY INSTRUCTORS' SIGNALS COMPANY.

WILL re-open their classes on Friday, January 26th, and hold them every Friday from 7 to 9 p.m., at the Ellerslie Road
(Continued on page 17.)

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL, HELD DECEMBER 15th, 1922

PRESENT: Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Lady Baden-Powell, Miss Behrens, Miss Burges, Miss Cordes, Mr. Everett, Mrs. Mark Kerr, Lady Helen Whitaker.

Alterations for the Book of Rules, 1923, were considered and passed by the Committee.

It was decided not to hold the annual Commissioners' Conference at Swanwick in 1923, but that where possible smaller Conferences should be arranged in different parts of the country.

The programme for the County Commissioners' Conference to be held at Foxlease from March 2nd to March 7th was discussed.

A letter from the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals on the question of the formation of small orchestras was considered. It was decided to co-operate with them in this scheme.

Routine and financial business was transacted.

THE POST BOX

THE inter-changing of visits between our Guides at home and those overseas, has a very far-reaching effect in bringing us into the closest touch, and that work done by emissaries can be much augmented by the inter-changing of letters too; and may I draw attention to the "Post Box" notices published each week in "The Guide." This exchange of letters not only gives such intense interest and pleasure, but it has got a very powerful Imperial value. I would like very much to ask Commissioners and Guiders to back up this scheme as far as possible.



Post Box.—Miss Sagrandi, 3, Montpelier Square, S.W.7.

Chief Guide.

A New Zealand Guider wishes to write to a Croydon Guider, and an American Guider to a London Guider.

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winning story, which all will agree well deserves its place at the head of the list. The Lone Guides came well to the fore, we notice, and sent in many MSS. headed by their Director. This is splendid of the Lones, and one of the chances they get to combine in ordinary Guiding.

Nature Notes.

Miss Hibbert-Ware is kindly continuing her notes on Nature Lore, and hopes that her material for 1923 may be, to a large extent, contributed by Guiders themselves. She writes: "It is good that the last notes of the year (December) should have been entirely provided by Guiders."

This is exactly the scheme that we are trying to encourage and we hope that Miss Hibbert-Ware's "bag" may be a large one.

The Camp Fire Circle.

Essays are pouring in every month, after each Camp Fire Yarn on books, "Okouari" writes that a great many of them are excellent, and that the Camp Followers are very keen indeed. This encourages us to think the venture has been a success this winter. A correspondent writes: "The scheme ought, I think, to stimulate the Guiders' own reading interests so that they in turn will be able to develop the literary side in their Guides, and in the case of Ranger Guiders I am sure it will be particularly helpful. I do think that in laying stress on reading and the aesthetic, the movement will be developing along new lines which will support and strengthen the great moral and practical ones on which Guiding has been built up. All my good wishes to the success of the venture. . . ."

G.F.S. Guiders.

A letter has been received from the Girls' Friendly Society in which Lady Cunliffe, their President, tenders the thanks of the Society to the G.F.S. Guiders who took part in the Memorial Service at Westminster Abbey on November 4th, 1922.

She writes as follows to the G.F.S. Central Director for Guides:—

MY DEAR MISS SAYE,

I do not know when next you will have occasion to send a general order round to your Guide officers, but I should like to express to you, and for you to pass on to them, the thanks of all in the Society for their skilful services on Saturday. They had a long and tiring piece of work in a very vast building and with an enormous congregation, and never before has a body of women stewards done such a piece of work in the Abbey. The way presented afterwards was not only wonderfully exact but most dignified, and it did make us feel very proud that we had such a body of Girl Guide Officers who could do such a fine piece of work.

I understand that you had to deal with a number of casualties, and there again we had the benefit of those trained to exercise self-control and efficient First Aid.

Our very best thanks are due to you and to Miss Mainprice for all the trouble you have had in organising and directing what has been the greatest act of service performed for the Society by our Guides.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) CECILIE V. CUNLIFFE,
President.

AWARDS

BLUE CORD DIPLOMA.

Miss Esmé Cameron, Ardshed, Kentallen, Argyll.
Miss Symes, Ottawa.
Mrs. Radcliffe, Toronto.
Miss James, Toronto.
Miss Loddier, Toronto.

MEDALS OF MERIT.

Guide Betty Dady, 5th Middlesbrough Company. For rendering help to small child who had fallen into the sea.
P.L. Nellie M. Potts, 35th Liverpool Company. For rescuing a child of four years from drowning at Egremont Pier.

GOLD CORDS.

Miss Trousdell, District Commissioner, Maidstone.
Mrs. Cantlay, District Captain, Motherwell. Captain, 1st Motherwell Company.
P.L. Louisa A. M. Barnes, 1st Paris Company.
P.L. Winifred Palmer, 2nd Woolwich (St. Mary's) Company.
Guide Beatrice Pearse, 1st Paris Company.

CAMP ADVISORS.

NAMES of Camp Advisors should be sent in to Headquarters as soon as the appointments are made, as it is intended to publish them in the spring numbers of the Gazette, and not in the Annual Report.

SCOTTISH CAMP RULES.

WOULD all Scottish Guiders kindly apply to Scottish Headquarters for the Camp Rules for 1923.

The Heads of the Agreement between the Red Cross and Scottish Headquarters may be had at 12, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

Girl Guides' Gazette

Articles and Reports, photographs and drawings for insertion in the GAZETTE, letters to the Editor, and Books for Review should be sent, if possible, by the 10th of the previous month to the Editor, Girl Guides' National Headquarters, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

MSS., photographs and drawings cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. No responsibility can be accepted by the Editor in regard to contributions submitted, but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return, should the necessary postage be enclosed.

The GAZETTE can be sent direct by post from National Headquarters, to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 4½d. per month (which includes postage.) Post free for a year, 4s. 6d. Foreign and Colonial, 4s. post free.

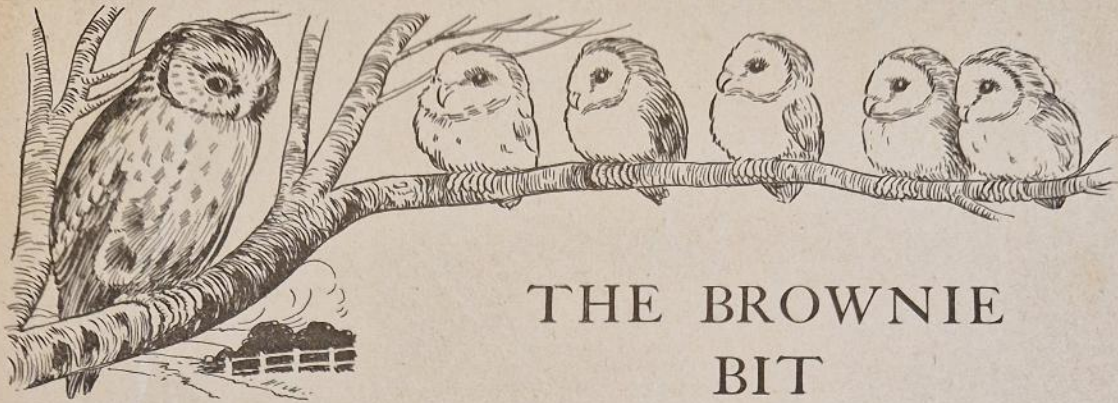
EDITORIAL NOTES

The Gazette, Volume IX.

GUIDERS are constantly asking where they can get their Gazettes bound economically. We are pleased to be able to call attention to the notice in our advertisement column, in which Miss Elliott announces that she is willing to receive orders. We know her work as a book-binder and are glad of the opportunity of recommending her in connection with her special quotation for the binding of Gazettes.

The Literary Competition.

There were a large number of essays sent up for the Short Story Competition last month, the results of which appear on another page. We hope that Guiders are encouraged by these competitions to try their hand at writing, and Mr. Benson's criticism is certainly a very stimulating one. Later on we will print the prize-



THE BROWNIE BIT

PATSY, THE NATURALIST

SINCE Brownie Training has become more general it may be helpful to explain more clearly the position of Eagle Owls.

The work of an Eagle Owl is the training of Owls. She is expected to run her own Pack, but she has no responsibility for other Packs in her District, Division or County, and her work should not be confused with that of a Commissioner. It is not necessary to have an Eagle Owl to speak on Brownie matters, to judge or organise rallies and competitions, or to visit Brownie Packs. Such work can be done by any good Brown Owl who can give the time and whose Commissioner is willing for her to undertake it.

Applications for Eagle Owls should be made to Miss Burd, Quinto, Woodcote Lane, Purley, Surrey, at least two months before the suggested date of training.

A week-end or three consecutive days has been found the most suitable plan, but one day's training can be arranged where necessary.

There are at present only four Eagle Owls. Therefore a minimum of twelve Owls is asked for at such "Weeks," as the trainers are in such request.

More Eagle Owls are badly needed, and it is hoped that Commissioners will try to find the right people for this work, bearing in mind the fact that they must not only be good Brown Owls, but must be able to train grown-up people.

R. F. Heath, *Great Brown Owl*.
Grace Browning, *Head of Brownie Training*.



PATSY crept up the field path, her eyes wide open and her mouth shut tight. She was "looking for things," and in order to see them properly she thought it necessary to hold her breath at frequent intervals. If you had asked her what she was looking for, she would have been puzzled to explain. To tell the truth, she was not quite sure—for Patsy was a London Brownie and her present occupation was quite a new adventure.

It came about in this wise. Brown Owl had returned from a Whitsun camp bursting with stories, true stories, of bunnies and birds and flowers and trails, all mixed up with camp fires and the splendid thing it was to be a Guide, especially at camp. And Patsy had been fired with zeal to camp also.

"Not yet," said Brown Owl. "You must wait till you're a Guide for that. But you can do lots of things now when you have a holiday."

"What sort of things?" demanded Patsy.

And for reply Brown Owl had taken her and another Brownie for a 'bus ride to Hampstead Heath, where they had actually found a wild rose bush and a thrush's nest. Which explains why Patsy, now staying with an Aunt for the summer holidays, had taken the first opportunity to do and see the things which Brown Owl had seen and done.

Patsy did not know what woodcraft meant (Brown Owl had never mentioned it), and she had a supreme contempt for nature study as taught at school. But, for the first time in her life, she was "seeing things." At every possible moment she escaped from the Aunt, struggled into a haversack worn properly between the shoulders, felt one pocket to make sure there was a biscuit, and the other for the diary and pencil which Brown Owl had given her, grasped a stick in one hand and set forth up the field to see what she could find.

It was not really necessary to have the

biscuit or the haversack or the stick, which indeed often got in the way when she wanted to crawl, but to Patsy they were all part of the game. She wouldn't have felt "real" without them. In the same way she would no more have gone straight through the field than she would have crossed the river by the bridge. Up the path by the hedge on tiptoe, stopping at every bend to peep furtively round before going on, over the stepping stones and into the wood by a gap in the fence—this was scouting as Patsy knew it, a joy in itself, and moreover a secret.

It must be owned that at moments the game flagged. At nine years old you cannot continue long unless somebody is there to give you a helping hand. There were times when Patsy felt distinctly bored; that was when nothing happened. If at the end of the day the precious diary contained a few more lines of very straggly writing, Patsy was happy again, and the Aunt much puzzled.

So now she crept up her little track and slipped into the wood, keeping more or less to the paths, because, however much the game appealed to her, she was still a Londoner and trees were frightening. Brown Owl had said that things in a wood were much more frightened of you than you were of them, and clinging to this statement Patsy had waxed bolder and gone further on each occasion.

Woodland paths confuse older people than Patsy, so when this particular track became smaller and smaller and she was stopped at length by a wire fence which she was sure had never been there before, there was not really much reason to feel aggrieved. Nevertheless, Patsy was aggrieved, and eyed the fence gloomily. She could easily have got through the strands of wire, but being accustomed to parks where such conduct was unthinkable she hadn't the courage to do it. Her town-bred eyes and ears had discovered very little all day, and there was a secret longing inside her to give up the game and join the other children who were playing on the

common. Because of this feeling, of which she was greatly ashamed, Patsy poked about till she found a dry ditch running alongside the fence and half hidden by bushes. Into this she scrambled, and pursued her way bent double, assuring herself that undoubtedly Brown Owl would have done the same.

Small girls are not often to be found moving quietly along ditches. This was probably why Patsy, peeping cautiously round a boulder, discovered almost within arm's reach, a bunny.

Patsy in telling the tale to Brown Owl described it as a "frozen bunny." Frozen or not, she held her breath and watched it till her eyes nearly bulged out of her head. But, after all, she was only a beginner. At the critical moment she felt the haversack slipping down, moved her arm to save it, and the rabbit was off up the ditch like a flash of lightning.

Patsy scrambled past the boulder and went after him as fast as she could. She made enough noise to scare all the rabbits in the wood, and in a very short time the ditch became impassable and she was forced to crawl out into the bracken. It did not occur to her that she was on the wrong side of the fence. She got out of the bracken and tip-toed up a track, looking all round for the bunny which she fondly hoped to find again. The track led her to a grassy glade, a place that looked like fairyland to Patsy. She ran happily along, till with a sudden jerk her heart almost left her body, for at the end of the glade were three large animals (large, that is to Patsy) moving freely about, with nothing, not even a tether or a railing, to prevent them from eating her up if they were so minded.

To say that Patsy was frightened would be less than half the truth. Brown Owl had said nothing about large animals, bigger than a dog, almost as big as a cow, big enough—the horrible thought would return—to eat you up! Into Patsy's half-stunned mind there flashed the words of an old story: "The better to eat you, my dear!"

Wolves! Large brown animals with cruel jaws—in a wood—like Little Red Riding Hood! Blind terror took hold of Patsy. She fled down the glade, uttering little choking cries, stumbled blindly along the track, anywhere away from the fear that was following, and fell into the legs of a tall man with a gun, the woodsman coming to the rescue.

"What's this?" cried the man, surprised. Then he saw Patsy's face.

"What's wrong?"

Patsy could hardly get the word out.

"Wolves!" she gasped and clung tighter.

"Wolves? Nonsense! Who's been frightening you?" He looked round.

"Where are the others? You've no business here."

Patsy fought for breath and regained it. "There's only me. Oh! do come away."

"You're not alone?" asked the man in astonishment. "How did you get here? There's nothing to be frightened of. What did you see? Deer?"

"Wolves!" echoed Patsy in despair. "Back there! Three of them."

The man set down his gun and picked her up.

"Listen," he said. "There aren't any wolves in the wood, but there are large brown animals called deer. They won't

hurt you. They are quite gentle but very timid, and probably if you'd gone nearer, they'd have been frightened of you." It was the unintentional repetition of Brown Owl's words which at last convinced Patsy.

"You're sure?" she asked.

"Quite sure," said the man, and was extremely embarrassed to find that Patsy, instead of looking relieved, flushed slowly, and wriggled out of his arms. He picked up his gun, waited a moment, and then patted her awkwardly on the shoulder.

"Come and see them as you're here." It was the best thing he could have suggested. Patsy, fighting shame as a moment before she had fought terror, saw a chance to win back the battle she had so nearly lost. Hand in hand they went back up the glade. The deer still browsed quietly, but as they approached one of them flung up its head, stood a moment poised for flight, and the three went bounding away one after the other and were lost to sight in the bracken.

"Well?" asked the man.

"I'm sorry," said Patsy humbly.

"Never mind about that," said her rescuer smiling. "Tell me how you got in."

Patsy entered on a long explanation. She started with the holiday and the game, but soon found herself explaining all about the Pack and Brown Owl and the future joys of camp. The man listened and asked questions, and nodded his head and asked more questions, being extremely ignorant on many simple matters, albeit an authority on wolves. The two sat down on a fallen log, and at the end of the tale which came to rather a lame conclusion, Patsy put her hand in her pocket and brought forth the biscuit.

"I 'spect you're hungry," she suggested shyly, and offered it to her companion.

In the end they shared the biscuit with the birds, and then the stranger began to talk. He explained that scouting in a wood was a very big adventure, and that it was best to start with simple things like hedges and lanes, till you knew more about it, as undoubtedly Brown Owl knew. He said there was no danger in a wood except that you might lose your way, but that to anyone who really used their eyes and ears there was just as much to be found in fields and hedges as there was in a forest. In proof of which he took Patsy down a path which led unexpectedly into open country, and showed her, first a blackbird's nest, then five little half-fledged chaffinches, then the track of a water-rat along the bank of a stream, and most wonderful of all, a woodpecker's home in the trunk of a tree. Patsy, bursting with importance, took out the diary and entered everything, consulting her friend about the spelling when necessary; and then he took her back through the wood, and searched till they found the place where the ditch ran under the fence, and where Patsy had failed to notice the strands of wire about two inches over her head as she scrambled, doubled up, after the rabbit.

That was the beginning of many wonderful things for Patsy, for her rescuer turned out to be the owner of the wood, and the fields beyond, and the deer and rabbit and chaffinches, and of everything else that Patsy subsequently found in the Enchanted Ground. He invited her to come whenever she liked, not through the fence

but round by a path, and if they met, which they did frequently, showed her secret after secret, all going on under her nose, till Patsy felt that nobody except Brown Owl could possibly remember so many excitements. But what she could remember was all stored up in the diary, and even the Aunt was nice about it, for the owner had called to explain the situation (which certainly needed explanation to middle-aged ears) and after that there was no more trouble.

At length Patsy's holiday drew to an end, and the two friends met to say good-bye. They made the round of all the discoveries which they could remember, and stopped at last by the fallen log in the wood while Patsy adjusted the haversack. It was one of the nicest things about the man that he had never laughed at the haversack or the biscuit. They shook hands sadly, but that was not all, for Patsy, very red and obviously excited, thrust something into her friend's hand and waited.

The wrapping removed, there came to light a painted post-card. In the middle were clasped hands, the fingers rather mixed up. Rabbits raced round the border, and at each corner stood a bird of unknown species. On the back was written:

"From your loving friend, Patricia."

A week later Brown Owl received the following letter:

"Dear Madam,

"I think Patsy will have told you who I am, but lest you should think it all a dream (even with the diary which I hope you have now read), I write to suggest that you should bring the Pack next summer to visit me. I have a furnished cottage with five rooms which can be got ready, and I will arrange matters with the deer by a formal introduction. If you have any more people like Patsy, please bring them.

"Yours truly,

"John Taylor.

"This was originally Patsy's idea, but I am quite in earnest."

"BOTTOM."

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THE CAMP FIRE CIRCLE

(Continued).



WE have received such a number of requests for the formation of a Guide Literary Club or Circle this winter, that an experiment is being tried for those who care to join in the idea.

The following are the rules of membership:—

1. Membership of the Camp Fire Literary Circle is limited to enrolled Guiders and Guides of and over the age of 16, but Scoutmasters, Cubmasters and Mistresses will be made very welcome if they care to join us.

2. Names and addresses must be sent in with each essay, as well as the necessary pseudonyms, which should take the form of Woodcraft names.

3. Readers are invited to send in their names as registered members of the Circle, whether they undertake to enter for the Essay Competition or not. In this way we hope to have some idea of the steady interest our scheme awakens.

4. Papers (not exceeding 1,000 words), and which should be typewritten if possible, must be sent in to the Editor, the GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE, marked "Camp Fire Circle" on the envelope, not later than the 28th of each month. Late entries cannot be accepted for competition.

5. No MSS. can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

6. Overseas Guiders and Guides are invited to join the Camp Fire Circle, one month extra being allowed on every date given above, for receipt of the essays.

For further particulars and for the first three Camp Fire Yarns, see the October, November and December numbers of the Gazette.

THE Spotted Pig was abroad that evening. Clean and shiny of flank, slim of foot, pendant ears twitching response to every woodland sound, he snuffled and rooted his masterly way along the Enchanted Drift, secure in his owner's immemorial rights of pannage. This Pig could no longer be surprised at anything, being rich with inherited wisdom. Had not his forbears roamed the forest when Lancelot was young—greeted the Roman legions—heard fugitive Tyrrell crashing his haunted way to Avonford; and marked strange eddies of the greatest War of All overspreading drift and glade? So, finding our Camp Fire Circle in full session, its smoke blue against golden sunset, and silver haze of birch, he refused us even the tribute of a startled squeal, and laid him down in a convenient ditch to listen and to criticise.

Until we had said our say he forebore—critics do—to comment that he had heard it all before. But our words were very old, those that do not die—Glory, Vision, Beauty, Love. The Circle's philosophy might be summed up in a quotation from the book it discussed.

"Cast we now our bread upon the wild, waste waters;

After many days it shall return with usury."

The Pig's, more simply and cynically, after this fashion:

"Tout lasse; tout passe; tout casse."

And so, while the world goes on turning, the Pig and the Camp Fire Circle will continue to despise each other—but the Pig's criticism may be none the less illuminating, for a' that!

Sparrowhawk was speaking high praise of that noble lyric, "Marchaunt Adventurers," conjuring up visions of selfless adventure. "The ancient Greeks idolised thinkers; the Easterns, prophets, and it is easily understandable, with our history, that our national heroes are for the most part patriots. The spirit that has come down to us from 'dark antiquity' is not a passion for logic, or great religious zeal, but an intense love of country, and freedom, and pride of race. It is the seamen and adventurers who have gone furthest towards realising this ideal... and England is still that transcendent dream of all patriots—a kingdom none can take." She went on to name the typical patriot of all time, the hero of the "Mermaid" Cycle—Sir Walter Raleigh. A murmur of applause went round the Circle at his name, for to most of us he is indeed the "great soul open to the Divine Significance of life" in this poem. Only Bracken and Rowan-Tree spoke for other, heroic figures, secondary alone to Raleigh at the Tavern—for Ben Jonson and Kit Marlowe. Only Mowgli held the theory that the hero and patriot in question is no one flesh and blood figure, but something shadowy and symbolic, the Spirit of the Elizabethan Age—the Spirit, also, of the Scout and Guide Law. Said Glow-worm: "The type of patriotism he (Raleigh) represented, the clash of arms, the glamour of victory, is one that always has appealed, and always will appeal, to the mind and imagination of all of us... Such feelings are instinct within us, and will never die. And why not? While there is life there must be strife of one form or another... Fighting need not mean cannon or bloodshed, but it does mean

courage and endurance... If the millennium should come, and all the world be brothers, still will their hearts be stirred by the patriotism of such very gallant gentlemen as those who sailed the stormy seas in the days of good Queen Bess."

"He was a true patriot," amended Sparrowhawk, "fearless, dauntless, full of energy, endurance and selfless enthusiasm. Now, we know that his work was wrong—he did not understand that happier world as we comprehend it... Raleigh, in his last clear vision, saw the change, the old order of autocracy and aggression giving place to the new of peace and progression, and he saw but very dimly the further fulfilment of God... It would be strange if we had learned nothing in these 400 years, if with our wider experience we had not arrived at a true conception of patriotism. We have, but we have yet to infuse our conception with the selfless fervour of the Elizabethans before we attain to the Glory Everlasting that was theirs."

The Pig hitched himself higher up the bank to gain the delicious support of a rough wooden railing. "'Brotherhood of man,'" he grunted. "Mend your own fences, and leave other people alone. I've heard 'em at it before, these dreamers and good-work folk. 'Peace and progression,' and very nice too—but why can't they do it without fighting like cats, then? A proper man's war with drums and trumpets for me, and no claw-scratching!"

A thought hastily, the Circle changed the subject for that of the best lyrics in "The Mermaid Tavern." Without doubt, "Marchaunt Adventurers," and "Say to the King" might have been written for Guiders; comment on them is superfluous. Melsun loves "The Companion of a Mile," and, because of its "beauty, joyousness, delicacy and simplicity," sets it first among the lyrics in the book. She understands poets, and suspects the author of "a keen delight in experimenting with rhyme and metre," more especially in "Say to the King," whose glamour holds her (and Okouari) fast. Chipmunk was quick to seize the joy of a phrase: "all to stuff the sunset in their old black galleons," and "their Pilot a Wind from Galilee." Sparrowhawk praised the Pedlar's rhyme in "The Burial of a Queen," and Rowan Tree, "The Knight of the Ocean Sea," but the first-named two lyrics remained easy favourites.

Growing more critical, we dissected the Royal poem in search of faults of style. *Melsum* and *Sparrowhawk* were all for excision; *Chelouark* criticised several lapses in metre, and added with some severity: "Noyes writes poetry as his sexton digs graves—as though he thought no more of it than digging potatoes. But potatoes and verses both need cleaning when dug." "Do not omit the episode of the Ruby Ring," said *Rowan-Tree* and *Bracken*, as well as *Melsum*. "Omit it," said *Sparrowhawk*. *Melsum* protested vigorously against the anti-climax of "She would not hold the burying" as out of keeping with the beauty and magic of the *Pedlar's* vision.

It was the Pig—always a common person—who talked about tea-time as the sun went down behind the birches. Ignoring him, *Okouari* checked an incipient movement in the Circle by suggesting, as complete contrast and antithesis to Noyes' poem, Turgenev's "Rudin" for our January reading.

We have been "carried up to the Heavens"; perhaps it is time to be taken, not indeed to the deep, but to the plain of Reality, if we would keep a right judgment in all things. The English poet has shown us adventure and aspiration in their haze of glory; the Russian shows us failure—brave souls strangled by words, ineffectual angels—the whole tragedy of the Slav—in a novel which, to my mind, every idealist and worker for the common good ought to read. Rudin's curse is his power of speech; his life fritters itself away in words; the only decisive action he can take is to die on a French barricade in an alien cause—and the result of the lives of many Rudins is the Russia we know to-day.

Turgenev was a master of style, of character-drawing; a master-patriot, loving the sights and sounds of the Russian countryside with a fervour only glimpsed here, but coming to full glory in "A Sportsman's Sketches." He is never terrible, but always ironic, disillusioned. His hero is half a woman; his heroine half a man. His description of the students and reformers talking in a poor garret—talking—talking far into the night—is unforgettable.

"Do we, in our day and country, harbour any Rudins? Are we in any danger of being ruined by talk?"

You may think Rudin utterly alien to our national character; but let us hear your views at the next Camp Fire, with any comments on Turgenev's style that you care to make.

So the presence of our Critic brought us down to earth in a salutary way, for which we could only thank him as he rose and pursued his course along the ditch into the oak wood. As he had incontestably said, it was tea-time.

Essays to be sent in to the Editor, *Girl Guides' Gazette*, by January 28th, 1923.

Book for January Reading.

Rudin. By Ivan Turgenev. (Heinemann. 4s.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO THE EDITOR "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR,—Whilst camping last summer near a village among the Welsh hills two of us sat up one night with a Guide who was ill. About 2 a.m. I chanced to find (with the help of a storm lantern) a pair of hedgehogs, side by side, scratching in the grass close to one of the tents. I thought some of the town Guides there would be interested to see we had with us would be interested to see these animals in the morning, so I found a small empty box, picked them up with leather gloves on, of course, they curled into balls at once, dropped them in the box, put a ground-sheet over the top and tucked the corners under the box. The hedgehogs scratched away for some time trying to get out, then they began to cry, a most human cry. Before long there were about a dozen hedgehogs round the box evidently come from all parts of the field, which was large and an ideal place for wild life. They worked away at the ground-sheet, got it loose at one corner, and the two imprisoned hedgehogs climbed out and escaped with the others. My friend who was watching all this was so astonished she did nothing to stop them, and I had only an empty box to show the Guides in the morning!

Although this perhaps reads like a fairy tale, I have since had its possibility confirmed by people who are acquainted with the habits of the hedgehog.

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED M. COMBER.

TO THE EDITOR, "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR,—It was interesting to read "Guider's" article in the November *Gazette*, in which she gives her views on the advantages of small Camps as opposed to large ones. Unfortunately she does not give approximate numbers for what she considers large Camps and small Camps. It is, however, a subject of great interest to all Guiders, and possibly it may be of interest to relate how the question affects us in the North of Scotland. I approach the subject with great diffidence, particularly in view of the weight of "Guider's" arguments.

Let us assume that large Camps consist of thirty or more Guides drawn from many different Companies, and that a small Camp consists of one or two Companies of ten to twelve each, or roughly twenty-five or less. In Scotland forty is the maximum which we are allowed, and up here in the Highlands there are many arguments in favour of Camps up to the full forty.

Very few people in England realise what Guiding is like in the far North, how very scattered the Companies are, and how few and far between are Commissioners and inspections, owing to problems of distance and transport. Most of the country Companies are very small, averaging ten to sixteen Guides, some of whom come as far as three or four miles to parade; while other Companies are thirty to forty miles from a railway station. There are also other Companies who come from the Islands, and the County Camp is their one chance in the year of seeing the mainland and of finding their own level

Girl Guides' Gazette

among other Guides, so that the more Guides they meet the better. There is no doubt that both Guiders and Guides enjoy their week with other Guides enormously and greatly benefit by it. It gives both of them new ideas, new games, new country dances and new songs to take back to those of their Companies who could not go to Camp, and in the case of the island Guides a new topic of conversation in having seen, and been in, a train.

Is it not possible that a great many opportunities for "quiet talks and feeling after greater intimacy" might encourage some girls to go in for those rather sloppy friendships, which surely are the last thing we want to encourage among Guides? As regards discipline, to which "Guider" takes exception in big Camps, surely no Camp, whether big or small, can exist without it? Obedience is a quality greatly lacking in the youth of the present day. Guides and Scouts are the great opportunity to give the girls and boys a chance to realise what a good thing discipline is, and to what evils want of discipline may lead. Whether discipline is irksome or not surely depends largely on the manner in which it is enforced. Do not we find in all walks of life that those who cannot obey cannot command—even their own actions?

What do Guiders in the scattered parts of England think of the whole question? I imagine that even there trains make it possible to meet for Divisional and District or even County Rallies. Here a few Companies manage to compete with the next County for a cup each year, but nothing like all of either county is represented owing to the difficulties of transport. So Camp is the only time we can meet, and we all look forward to meeting the friends we made the year before and making new ones among new Companies. We go home with new enthusiasm for Guiding, not feeling we are the only Company in the world, and that no one knows how good or bad we are, so what does it matter what we do, so far away. We leave the big Camp feeling that we must buck up and improve for the next County Camp and turn the tables on some less remote Company which has beaten us this year.

Yours sincerely,

P. MACKENZIE, Camp Advisor.

☒ ☒ ☒

ONE CONSOLATION.

It's there waiting: the silent workings of the Dawn;
The breathless hush before the world bursts into song;
The laughing valleys where the Pipes of Pan are heard,
Wide stretching moors and swelling downs where soft winds stirr'd;
Talking waters—the friendly stillness of the wood,
The thousand things that laugh and sing "A-Ah, Life is Good."
The ever Open Road, the sun, the moon, the stars,
Wind and rain that sting the cheek and no care that mars;
The warm soft smell of dew'd grass crushed beneath bare feet,
Hills to be master'd, streams cross'd—Then, just stars and sleep.

A. GLADYS WILLISON.

THE 1922 LITERARY COMPETITION

No. 2

MR. E. F. BENSON was most kind in his careful criticisms of the short stories sent in for this competition last month.

He not only wrote a practical and helpful criticism of each of the six stories that he placed first in order of merit, but also gave a general opinion of the whole, which we print below, as it will encourage and help so many of our budding authoresses.

The first prize goes to Miss Joyce Jones, Lone Guide; her story is called *Poised in Piccadilly Circus*. The criticism contains the remark that the story is "very well told." Also that she "clearly sees the scene she wants to describe, and puts down what she sees. The story has the added merit of not containing anything which is not concerned with the point . . ."

The second prize goes to Mrs. O'Rorke, District Commissioner for South Cheltenham, for *Jimmy's Cartridge*. It is "technically well told from the beginning it leads up to the fact of Jimmy saving his father with the cartridges he has bought."

Next on the list comes *Treasured Wine*, by Miss Evelyn Herbert, Cadet, 1st Burnham Company, winner of the third prize. "This is the most ambitious of all the stories, and the characterisation of the

people at the beginning is very clear and good. . . ."

Bracketed together for the fourth place comes *The Little Grey Home in the West*, by Miss M. K. Cameron, Captain, 1st Plymouth Company, Sask., Canada; *The Princess and the Peasant*, by Miss J. McInnes, 3rd Circle Lone Guides; and *New Year*, by Miss Christine Bradshaw, Captain, 1st Kennington Company.

Next in order of merit come *Dreams to Sell*, by Miss B. Godwin, Brown Owl, 6th Wandsworth Pack; *They That Go Down to the Sea*, by Miss Beaumont-Nesbitt, Director of Lone Guides; *Danny*, by Miss H. M. Orton, District Commissioner for Bedworth; and *Anthony Hallam, Gentleman*, by Miss F. Whittaker, Lieutenant, 1st Abinger Hammer Company.

We print below the general remarks made by Mr. Benson on the stories sent in, and must take this opportunity of thanking him more than heartily for the great trouble he has taken to judge the competition so helpfully for us.

that does not somehow contribute to the point of the story. A short story is not a long story in miniature: it has quite a different technique to the long story, for it does not present a general picture (as a long story may) but one sharp and well-defined point. This point should be prepared for and when it comes the reader should be able to see how all the preliminary matter was leading up to just that and nothing else. The point, which should come absolutely at the end of the story, should in fact be so well-prepared for that it is inevitable, like the answer to a riddle. . . . And all the story should be of the same texture in style. It must not be colloquial in one place and solemn in another.

I hope the Girl Guides will go on with the difficult and fascinating task of writing stories. There is no such good exercise for the mind, as this careful planning and weaving the tiny threads into one firm strand.

E. F. BENSON.

EXTENSION LONE GUIDE CONCERT.

THE "CHIMES" (5th Shoreditch Guides) have very kindly promised to give a "Medley of Music, Mirth and Melody" at the Napier Hall, Vincent Street (near Horticultural Hall), on Saturday, January 27th, at 3 p.m., in aid of the Extension Lone Guide Companies, who, owing to the fact that they are all cripples and invalids, find raising funds a difficulty. Tickets, price, 5s., 3s. 6d., 1s. and a limited number for Guides in uniform at 6d., may be obtained from Miss Goda Dunstan, 38, Cranley Gardens, S.W.7.

General Criticism of the Stories

As a whole I think the stories are extremely creditable. There is not one that does not show care and thought. The short story is the most difficult thing in the world to write, because the author must not go rambling about, as he may in a book, getting his effects quietly and in a leisurely manner; he must, from the very beginning to the end write nothing

CURWEN EDITION. CHILDREN'S PLAYS.

Written and Composed by
KITTY BARNE

(3903) To-morrow (in collaboration with D. W. WHEELER)

PRESS OPINIONS.

Times.—The play is full of delicate touches of humour, and the talk is all real children's talk. There are several pretty dances, Miss Barne's music has the right note and atmosphere of simplicity.

Morning Post.— . . . the authors must know much about children and have studied them closely and sympathetically.

Daily Chronicle.—As delightful a children's play as one could wish. . . . It is pretty; it is ingenious; it is charmingly free from mawkish grown-up sentiment; and best of all it tells a story which will interest and delight children from the first moment to the last.

Referee.— . . . An exceedingly pretty, sweetly poetical and highly diverting children's play was presented to crowded and delighted audiences at the Court Theatre. . . . The most perfect and enchanting children's entertainment known in London for a long time.

Queen.—Even in these days of the cult of children's plays it makes instant appeal by its charm and originality.

Words and Music, arranged for piano, with illustrations of dresses, 5/- net. Words only, 2/6 net.

Orchestral parts and necessary properties on hire.

(3901) Winds (in collaboration with D. W. WHEELER)

Times.—*To-morrow* we praised highly last year; we have even higher praise for the new play *Winds*. . . . Just the kind of idea that children will understand, and children act it delightfully . . . the ensemble is as pretty as could be.

Words and Music, arranged for piano, with illustrations of dresses, etc., 5/- net. Words and dialogue, 2/- net.

(4906) Susie Pays a Visit

A play with dance for children. Seven characters. Special scenery not essential. Price 1/- net cash.

(3902) Timothy's Garden

A smaller play for younger children, in two acts, with a cast of fifteen to twenty performers. A few songs and dances. May be played in a garden.

Queen.—Even to admirers of *To-morrow*, however, *Timothy's Garden* came with surprises of charm, of dainty wit, and quaint conception.

Words and Music (piano), with illustrations of dresses, 5/- net. Words only, 2/6 net.

(3904) Celandine's Secret

A play in three acts, for about twenty children. It can be played out of doors without scenery or curtain.

Words and Music, arranged for piano, with illustrations of dresses, etc., 5/- net. Words and dialogue, 2/6 net.

(4901) The Lost Birthday

A little play, without music, in one act, for five or six children of varying ages. Occupies about twenty minutes in performance. Indoor scene. Price 1/- net.

(4902) Peter and the Clock

For three children, early Victorian period. Indoor scene. Price 1/- net cash.

These plays and others will be sent on approval upon application. Write for full list.

London: J. CURWEN & SONS, LTD.,
24, Berners Street, W.1.

THE PLACE OF ART IN THE TRAINING OF A GUIDER

By HENRIETTA LOMAS.

A POOR girl, who had decided to put an end to her life, caught sight of a little reproduction of Watts' "Hope" in a shop window. It fascinated her, and held her interest as nothing else had done—somehow she felt ennobled. . . . A few pence were in her pocket. With these she procured the small print and retraced her steps to her sordid garret. She fastened the print with care on the dirty walls, and a new dignity entered into her room and into her life, which made it possible for that girl to begin life anew.

"Art is the expression of a certain attitude towards Reality, an attitude of wonder and value, a recognition of something greater than man." Such Art, expressed in G. F. Watts' "Hope," awoke within the untrained mind of that girl an echo of the Infinite, which is in all of us. Watts' heard of this incident and was satisfied.

One very rough Club girl, whose mind had never had a chance to be pure responded to the appeal in "Hope," to such an extent that she was completely overcome by a passion which she had never known before—a passion for beauty and purity which her starved soul could not resist. This girl could not have

explained the appeal of the picture, but the artist had introduced into her rough life something of that attitude of awe and wonder which is the genius of true Art, and had made life a greater and nobler thing. The girl was confirmed shortly afterwards.

These are true stories, and I could tell many more from my own experience of the wondrous appeal of Painting to many different kinds of people, rough and gentle, educated and uneducated. For this one condition only is necessary, that the artist be allowed to speak for himself, so that the technique is always subservient to the intention of the picture. Academic insistence on a technical word such as "Pattern" may ruin an otherwise good lecture and utterly fail to convey the impression of the artist.

Good Art, as expressed in Painting, teaches us what to look for as we go about the world.

"Sunlight" in Turner's pictures thrills us with that indefinable something which brings us into direct touch with Reality, so that we feel the impression again, when we catch the same light in the real setting sun, though it be over murky roofs. The tired work-girl as she returns from her factory may thus catch a glimpse of Heaven.

In Corot's pictures we experience an emotion which the artist has himself felt when observing his landscapes, which we feel again on a misty morning or when we see the light filtering through quivering poplar leaves. Many feel these glorious impressions of Beauty straight from Nature herself, but it is a double joy to feel them again in the picture of a great artist.

This may seem a simple way of introducing girls to Art, but it is only by recognising the impressions which a scene or subject has made on the artist's mind that his pictures can ever be understood. His technique will follow later, but never to such an extent as to make "Pattern" the all-important theme of a lecture.

Someone may ask—"Why is the value of an ordinary event so enhanced in a picture?" The answer is that the artist singles out its beauty and reproduces it almost in isolation, so that the mind concentrates on what would otherwise be lost to the casual observer.

Keats says in his "Ode on the Grecian Urn"—

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter . . ."

And—

"Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu."

Thus our minds are led away and the artist sings to us "night and day the rhymes of the uni-

Girl Guides' Gazette

verse"; and we learn to take pleasure in simple things.

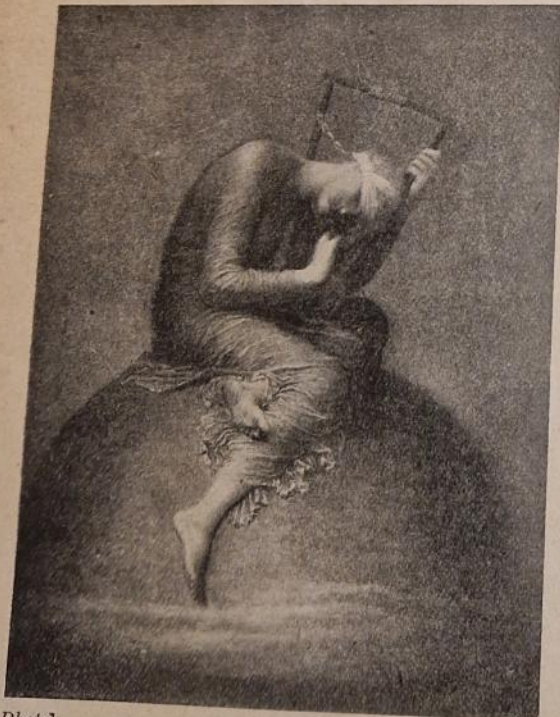
Not only does the artist bring out for us simple joys which are of great value in this hard-worked, mechanically driven world, but great fundamental truths about life as in the great symbolic pictures of Watts; mysticism as in Millais' "Autumn Leaves," and the "Angelus" by Millet; also great elemental human passions which remind us of the supreme Greek tragedies as in Lord Leighton's massive pictures—despised though they be by the modernist. Here we have the dramatic in Art—the deep inconsolable grief of the human heart as expressed in the "Last Watch of Hero," where the cold marble and sombre, rigid hangings emphasise its qualities still more; the marvellous gossiping crowd in "Captive Andromache," whose happiness, business and curiosity only accentuate the loneliness of an exile; the purity of the figure of Psyche, as she stands reflected in her bath, the sensuousness of which is cooled by the pure, cold marble and severe drapery.

Leighton, like Shakespeare, must have been strangely moved by the dignity of human love, grief and purity. Again, a great portrait-painter like Bellini portrays for us in the face of the "Doge of Venice," a life-time's struggle with his own innate character, and in his term of office with his turbulent city princes; but he has conquered all. You can tell it by the calm, serene brow and kindly eyes, which have restrained those contemptuous lips. There is a dignity about the simple peaked cap, which rises up solitary against the eternal blue of the background. "We do not see his hands. His work is done, and now he awaits with confidence the approval of his Maker." So says Charles Kingsley, who gives us in a few words the soul of old Bellini as well as of his subject, the Doge of mighty Venice, "which held the world in fee."

Art learnt in this way from Paintings is invaluable in the Training of a Guider, for it gives us that reverential attitude towards Beauty which makes its cultivation of intrinsic value, for is it not an attribute of the Eternal Mind? "Never miss an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it; it is a charmed draught. . . . God has made us love the beautiful on earth, because He is going to give us our fill of Beauty hereafter." (Charles Kingsley.)

There is another form of Art which expresses itself in Stone. Many old cities of our land are "rich in emblem and in the work of ancient men who did their days in stone." Cities of shadowy palaces and stately, and of beautiful Elizabethan domestic architecture which fill us with reverence for the hand and thought that worked and planned.

Cathedrals whose lofty pillars and branching roof give the deep solemnity which one feels in the mighty forests; whose spires and lantern towers are symbolic of the faith which survived the darkness of the Middle Ages; shrines of men's most consecrated art, which took Nature as its inspiration and reproduced with skill and patience the wild forests where the persecuted pioneers of the Faith had worshipped. Work of men who went out into the great wilderness and from the



Photo]

"Hope," By G. F. Watts.

[Hollyer

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Fred. Hollyer.)

rough stone quarried and chiselled the delicate Gothic which remains as prayers living of their age.

Here we find as in Painting that the true understanding of architecture comes from the heart. To know what these architects desired to express is to share in some measure their feelings. A cathedral is a thing endowed with Reality, if we feel the aspiration of its massy pillars or the broken lights of its coloured windows as of the setting sun through trees. Or consider our humbler, domestic architecture, old manors surrounded by their pleasant park lands, full of a quiet dignity and repose which England felt in the days of great Elizabeth; old eighteenth century mansions, plain and solid like the Hanoverians, surrounded by gardens whose picturesqueness was as stiff and formal and slavishly imitative as their humour was coarse and perverted.

And then our Castles, precious historical remains of our Norman ancestors—things of beauty though grim and frowning, but with many a pleasant inner court and well-turfed bowling green; buildings of stern force and necessity, but of great beauty in their natural settings of rock and wooded slope.

And finally our modern cities which are now expressive of the dignity of civic life; our Exchanges and our City Halls, our Council Chambers and above all Westminster, a fitting emblem of the work of a nation's fight for good government and respect of law; its perpendicular Gothic reminds us of the idealism of it all.

Architecture means beautiful or artistic building—all building is not Architecture. Like Painting it produces beautiful things and in so doing expresses the soul of the artist. A study of it even in a very general way makes a walk along a street or a visit to a strange town as much more enjoyable as is a country walk, when we have studied a little woodcraft or know the names of trees and flowers.

There is no space even to mention the great buildings of Greece and Rome, the classics of all architecture, or indeed to have done justice to the great subject on which I was asked to write. I shall be satisfied if these rambling thoughts will inspire some to learn more of these two great Arts. Then life will be full of Beauty and therefore full of the Reality which lies behind life's symbolism.

"HOT STUFF."

A RECIPE FOR GUIDERS.

Ingredients—

One Raw Recruit—Her weight in Intelligence—Common Sense and Ability—Equal parts—Humour, Grit and Ambition. A Dash of Spice.

Method—

Take the Raw Recruit, skin, wash well, and wrap in Guides' Uniform (taking care to dress the Head and Neck first).

Put into a Patrol, colour to taste, and allow to remain for a few weeks.

Having used all the Common Sense prescribed, more may be added. Add to this a leaf of Intelligence (out of the Handbook), sprinkled with wit. Draw out any Ability that rises to the surface. Garnish with Badges, and serve to the Public for use.

Note.—This Dish should never be allowed to Cool!

C. E. A. P.



WOODCRAFT AND NATURE LORE

By A. HIBBERT-WARE.

SOME interesting notes on birds have come during the last two months.

1. A Guider describes the sounds produced by a bird that rattles away in a shrubbery all the summer, continuing to do so in autumn after "churring birds" (Cormorants and Nightjars) have migrated.

It is characteristic of the Great and Lesser Spotted Woodpeckers to "rattle" by means of tapping the bill with prodigious speed and force, against a twig of a tree. This rattle is believed to be the love note of both sexes in early spring, and when heard late in the year it may possibly come from an unmated bird. It is also probable that the note is produced on any fine day throughout the year from sheer joy of living.

2. A young Green Woodpecker was found one evening in a dazed condition after a thunderstorm. "We took him indoors and put him in a basket. He sat with his head strained back, with his long bill almost buried in the feathers on his back. It really looked as if his head were put on the wrong way round! On the following morning he flew across the room, clung to a curtain and hung there with his head pressed right back and violently waving from side to side like an agitated clock pendulum."

This is an observation of special interest, since Woodpeckers belong to the same family as Wrynecks, whose normal habit it is to act in this manner—hence their name. The neck is certainly very flexible in both birds, for all Woodpeckers turn their heads from side to side ceaselessly while seeking food, but not to the extent described by this correspondent, when induced by a state of fear.

3. "A Pied Wagtail frequently spends hours tapping against a window. He does not appear to be catching flies—for there are none to be seen."

This strange habit is shared by Chiffchaffs, Willow-warblers, Whitethroats, Flycatchers and other insect feeders. It is thought by some that the bird sees insects in the room and not realising the presence of the glass barrier, it taps the glass unconsciously, in its attempt to seize the prey. This theory is not quite convincing, and fresh light on the subject would be very welcome. The habit has often been recorded but never satisfactorily explained.

4. The bird with the "melancholy mew" has now been "stalked." It is a Starling, and like many Starlings, an inveterate mimic!

Owls and their Notes.

It must be kept in mind that few people hear bird notes in exactly the same way. The Owl that hoots "hoo-hoo-hoo-oo-oo" sounds to some people like "tu-whoo." The same bird, but often on different occasions, exclaims "tu whit," or as some think "terwhick-twick-tewick." These are the notes of the Tawny or Brown Owl, and the hoot is too musical to be called a "shriek." But the Barn or White Owl has a weird shriek. The Little Owl has several notes, the most frequent being a very high-pitched "qu-ick," which when repeated sounds like the distant yappings of a small dog.

Play among Birds.

A very interesting discussion on this subject arose at Swanwick, and for lack of time came to an end too soon. Several fascinating stories were told on the subject. It would be a help to those who have first-hand proof of play among birds would send their records, in order that a good set of notes on the subject may be given in the Gazette.

[Miss Hibbert-Ware's address is—The White Cottage, Gillwell Lane, Chingford, Essex.—ED.]

LONDON FAIRIES

You do not believe there are fairies in London?

(Crouch down by the log fire and listen to me).

The London town fairies are loving and busy

As ever your own Country fairies can be.

There are Pixies at Paddington,

Brownies at Bow.

(There are Brownies at Bermondsey, too!)

There are gay Southwark Sprites

Who keep dance-away nights

With the Leprechauns up near the Zoo—

Come too—

With the Leprechauns up near the Zoo.

Away up at Hampstead the Lady moon rises,

(Crouch down by the log fire—ah! Hush and be still).

You must feel you are there with the wind in your hair,

And never a sound or a soul on the hill.

For the Kensal Green Kelpies,

The Islington Imps

Are at play with the Notting Hill Gnomes,

Till the Whitechapel witches

Fly up on their switches

And sweep them all back to their homes.

Ah—me!

And sweep them all back to their homes.

Oh yes! there are certainly fairies in London

(Crouch down by the log fire and listen again).

Can you hear that light pattering there by the window,

Like the murmuring beat of the soft summer rain?

That is the Brownies, the Imps and the Pixies,

The Kelpies, the Gnomes and the Leprechauns too.

They're coming to show you,

They're longing to know you;

The London ones calling on you—

Yes—you—

It's the London ones calling on you.

N. J.

HEALTH AND CITIZENSHIP

Address at Guide Commissioners' Conference,
Swanwick, 1922

By DR. W. E. HENDERSON (Chief Scout's Commissioner)

GUIDING has been defined as a training in Citizenship. We all aim at this. But what we wish to know is: How best can I train my Guides in Citizenship? Of course the fundamental thing, without which all our work is vain, is the Guide Spirit. Given the Guide spirit, suffusing and vivifying all our work, "tell us," you ask, "the practical ways in which we may train our Guides in Citizenship." So instead of talking about the broad principles of Citizenship, I propose to take one example of practical applied Citizenship, one out of many examples that might be just as usefully considered. The one I have chosen is "Health and Citizenship," for as I hope to prove, it is a mark of good citizenship to hold on to health—individual and communal.

"The War," writes Professor Patrick Geddes, "has been a gigantic Dance of Death. Is it not now the turn of Life to take the floor and call the tune . . . may not the pursuit of personal wealth grow less urgent as we gain a sense of social well-being expressed in betterment of environment and enrichment of life. Clearly in the after-war polity there must be arousal among all classes of a personal sense of definite responsibilities, including and transcending one's own life and work."

So there in that last phrase of Professor Geddes's you have a definition of Citizenship. It is of the very essence of good Citizenship that we should concern ourselves with our communal health, for all our Public Health rules and regulations are there to remind us of our duty to our neighbours and of how "you were not born all only for yourselves." You remember the Greek Civic Oath:

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect in those among us who are prone to annul them or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic thought. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, more beautiful than it was transmitted to us." ("Introductory Reader in Civics," Harrap & Co.)

In the working faith of a citizen we need sincerity, judgment, a sense of proportion, courage to face facts, mental hospitality, the great gift of sympathetic imagination—the ability to put oneself in another's place—a sense of humour, a love of one's fellow-beings, and a great compassion.

First, then, what do we mean by

Health? Some people have a poverty-stricken idea of health. They look on the word as meaning simply the absence of ill-health, whereas health is a great, big, positive thing.

Where does the word come from? Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie, in his admirable book, "The Art of Keeping Well," tells us that health really means whole-th, an all-round wholesomeness of body, mind and soul. The three words health, whole and holy all come from the same root, so that a man leading an evil life, an unholy life, may think himself very clever, nevertheless he is unhealthy.

So health is a fine, a great thing, something far more than just the absence of disease.

It means the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the clever nimble hand, the strong right arm, the well-poised body, the swinging step, quick wits and a clear head.

And health means not only health of body, it means health of mind and soul. It means the happy, buoyant heart, the Guide smile. You remember R. L. Stevenson's "Celestial Surgeon":

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race,
And shown no glorious morning face,

Then, Lord, some pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake."

If we are for ever whining and grouching then good-bye health and good-bye happiness.

"Two men looked out from prison bars.
One saw mud, the other stars."

And who was the healthier and the happier? Not the mud expert, for he, being a grouser, cultivated the misery habit, a poor un-Guidy spirit; but the other fellow, he is the one I plump for; even from a prison he saw the stars. For all we know he saw "the red planet Mars, the star of the unconquered will."

With this conception of health in our minds we proceed to consider (a) Individual Health, and (b) Communal Health or Public Health as it is called.

1. Individual Health.

In the fine art of healthy living the secret lies mainly in the word "clean," for it is the password into the garden of health. See how it works:—

1. Clean air to breathe, inside our homes as well as outside.
2. Clean water to drink.
3. Clean food, especially clean milk prepared in a cleanly way, and stored in our homes by cleanly methods, which are dust and fly-proof.
4. Clean back-yards and streets.

5. Clean bodies.
6. Clean clothing.
7. Clean thoughts and—very important for Brownies and Guides—a sufficiency of sleep, for growing people require a sufficient ration of sleep every bit as much as a sufficient ration of food.

2. Communal Health, or what is known as Public Health.

By this we mean the health of the people as a whole. We speak of the Public Health Service, the Public Health Committee, the Maternity and Child Welfare Committee, etc. They all exist to protect and conserve the health of the people.

Public Health Acts, Rules and Regulations were not invented out of mere perversity, they are needed to protect the clean, common-sense, loyal citizens against the dirty, careless, selfish people who help to spread disease.

Who in this realm of ours are charged with the maintenance of the Public Health? Let us consider what is meant by the phrase "Health Authorities." Acts of Parliament and Regulations are required for this, so we begin with His Majesty the King to give the Royal Assent to legislation, as shown on the next page.

But to have a healthy town or countryside all must join hands to play the game of health in a common-sense, citizen-like way. If we want to have A.I. citizens we must have an A.I. Health Authority awake and aware with A.I. citizens to play up. Hence the value of the Health Badge, and the Public Health Man Badge. To work for these badges and to live up to them is a splendid exercise in practical, applied Citizenship. That is why Health and Citizenship are so vitally related.

We hear much nowadays of the Ministry of Health. Ever so many people, mostly newspaper writers, spend a good deal of time in grouching at the various Departments of State. The Ministry of Health has not escaped their powder and shot, mostly powder. Instead of criticism, let us do something far more exciting and original. Let us try to find out the answer to the following questions:—

1. Out of what did this Ministry spring?
2. What needs called it into being?
3. What has it set out to do?
4. How can we as citizens lend a hand?

1. The Ancestry of the Ministry of Health.

Public Health, or Preventive Medicine as it is sometimes called, has a long lineage. In the Mosaic law you will find how well it was organised. It was cultivated by the Egyptians. One is tempted to linger over that strange, arresting figure, so young and so impulsive, Amenophis IV, better known to history as Akhnaton. Of all the Pharaohs the

most fearless, centuries ahead of his time. We think of him at the age of 18, weary and disgusted with the shams and insincerities of the worship in the temples at Thebes, going out alone into a desert place, out-watching the setting stars until the sun rose and worshipping that sun and calling himself the child of the sun—the sun the life-bringer, the greatest enemy of germs known to man. Akhnaton it was who composed that great nature hymn, known to us as the 104th Psalm. King David incorporated it among his Psalms. Many of us must have heard it on Sundays at harvest festivals.

The Greeks strove for the sound mind in the sound body. But the glory that was Greece passed and then Arabia took the torch of knowledge from the hands of the Greeks and by their science illumined much of the prevailing darkness. At Basra, Baghdad, Kufa and Cordoba great universities were founded. They gave as the higher mathematics and astronomy. Their medical schools were famous. They developed the study of physiology and hygiene. Their knowledge of drugs and their surgery were far in advance of Greece.

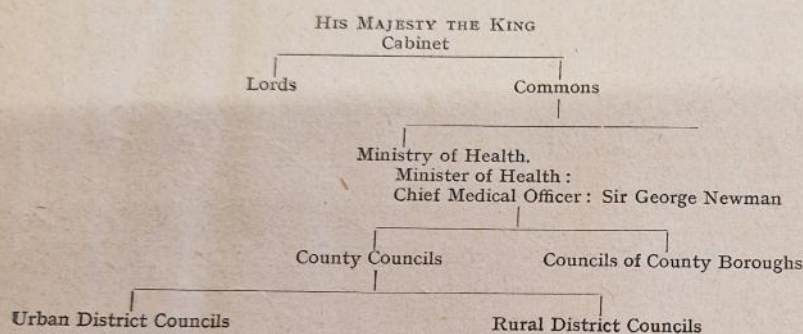
Then the Romans were famous for their town planning and their aqueducts, and they were far in advance of us as regards baths.

re-captures her lost heritage of the open country and re-kindles her soul-faculty of wonder.

At first, as was natural, unclean streets and polluted water supplies occupied the attention of the Public Health Service. Each evil which reared its head was tackled piecemeal by different departments. For instance, domestic and community sanitation was the concern of the local health authority, town council, or rural district council, with the then Local Government Board as central authority.

Then people began to realise that there were unhealthy trades and occupations. Factories and workshops had to be made less unhealthy and dangerous for the workers. Hence the factory and workshops laws and regulations administered from the Home Office.

So too, not so very long ago, the Board of Education took in hand the physical as well as the intellectual welfare of the school-child, for it was realised that what comes to school when the school bell rings is not an abstraction but a restless, explosive little human. Yes, and he sometimes comes to school too deaf to hear the wind in the trees, too blind to see the bees in the fox-glove bells, too tired to work and quite often too under-slept to benefit. Hence medical inspection of school children.



Modern Public Health legislation starts from Edwin Chadwick's "Report on the sanitary condition of the labouring classes of Great Britain." This classic report rose out of Lord John Russell's Commission of 1839.

It was an attempt to undo the harm done when at the Industrial Revolution the workers left their countryside to huddle into the mean streets of mean, mushroom towns. We are to this day suffering bitterly from the effects of this migration. As Dr. Saleeby has pointed out, these towns were built by adults for adults and the child was forgotten. It was forgotten that the open country is Nature's nursery.

"Once long ago, down by the glen,
Snow-white went dancing with the
hundred little men.
But why speak to a city child who has
never run wild
All about the secret playmates of the
country child."

Unless that city child has the blessed fortune to be a Brownie or a Guide. Can we ever, can the nation ever adequately thank the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide for such a gift to the city child? Through woodland hikes our Brownie or our Guide

Our second question is: What needs called the Ministry of Health into being?

You will notice that in our brief sketch of the growth of Public Health administration we have mentioned several Government Departments all concerned with different bits of health work with resulting re-duplication and overlapping.

In order to get a move on and to prevent waste of time and temper, the principle of unity of command has been applied, and what is called the Ministry of Health takes over the health duties of the many and competing departments.



THE ACTORS' CHURCH UNION

THE 1st Actors' Church Union is still a very small Company; but it is surprising what an amount of ground even a small Company can cover when its members are almost constantly on the move. I find it quite impossible to write and say "Thank you" to the Guides all over the British Isles who make my Rangers welcome, for their name is Legion. So I want to take this opportunity of saying how very grateful we are for all that has been done for us.

We of the 1st A.C.U. do realise the value of the fourth Guide Law. In nearly every town they go to, my Rangers find a real Guide Welcome and lots of friends. They go to Company Meetings whenever the time fits in with their work. They go on hikes and tracking expeditions. Sometimes a tea party is arranged for them, or they go to tea with the Commissioner. And they get through lots of work too. When I write to announce the arrival of one of them, I always say what badges she is working for, and if she is ready, a test is arranged for her. One of us (a well-known dancer) passed both Tenderfoot and Ranger Tests in her dressing-room. She was enrolled in Scotland and received a message of congratulation from Princess Mary. Another was enrolled in the Channel Islands, where she seems to have had a wonderful time. She always says, "They are GUIDES there," and you can hear the block capitals in every note of her voice.

I think the reason why the 1st A.C.U. is not as big a Company as I should like is that its members have to face such merciless ridicule. As a rule, the Manager approves, but the rest of the Theatrical Company think it's all a huge joke, and the poor Guide is teased out of her life. Also many people don't seem to have grasped the idea that Guiding is not only for children and they cannot understand how I can have a mother and her grown-up daughter in the Company. It's not only grown-ups that laugh. A stage child was asked to join and refused because, she said, "Guides wear funny hats and they clean their shoes on the backs of their stockings." But the net result of all this teasing is that when you do get an A.C.U. Guide you can depend upon it she is as keen as they make them; and so to all people who get A.C.U. Guides in the future, I would say, do remember they are all thirsting for knowledge and eager to do Guide Work.

Some months ago I was in communication with the Principal of one of the many Dramatic Schools. She wanted me to start Guides or Brownies, or both, in the School, and I am still looking for someone to do it. It will be a difficult job, and I quite realise it is not everybody's job, but if there is a Guider in London who feels she would like to tackle it, will she please write to me at A.C.U. Headquarters, 38, Soho Square, W.1.

JOAN ROGERS

(Captain, 1st Actors' Church Union).

THE FIRST NATIONAL CAMP OF THE GIRL GUIDES DE BELGIQUE AT RENAL, ARDENNES.

August 17-25, 1922.

"HERE they come!" It was the culminating shout of triumph from four incredibly grubby, tired and happy Guiders, who had got up early in the morning and gone to bed late at night for a period not to be reckoned with in dates, while the skies poured water and the ground condescended to absorb it. Just about 100 blue clad figures along the little winding road amongst the *pommiers*—a vanguard of surprisingly small *Lions*, on whose diminutive forms the skirt showed as a mere frill below the jumper; some with the astonished eyes and tiny gold earrings of the towns, grasping one and all an uncertain paper parcel that threatened momentarily to disgorge its contents amongst the ranks; others, and these last formed the rearguard of seasoned campers, bearing all the worldly belongings necessary for ten days slung upon their backs, and with sturdy bare knees swinging to the tune of "Kiri-kirican."

Anxious moment! Would the carefully planned scheme for dealing with so many and such unknown Guiders from Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, Lierre, Verviers, and England (yes, England never fails to turn up at a G.G.B. camp) really work, and had the Commandant lost her head and her trumpet at the same time? A blast from a little hunter's horn disproves the bare suggestion, and is the best means after all of getting friendly all at once in French, Flemish and in English (especially if oneself happens to be English!), because no one can resist the call of "la chasse," and all that it implies.

The camp soon resembles an animated ant heap. Each Company in turn has to pass through the door of the secretariat, courtesy title bestowed on the little green tent, presided over by an unruffled genius, who is determined to possess the name and address of each Guide in camp. Incidentally, she is right; more than 300 outgoing and incoming letters have to be dealt with by her each day, payment of the incredibly small sum of 3 fr. 75 c. per head has to be collected; mothers, aunts, small brothers and innumerable cousins dispersed in the right direction when they happen to appear, and answers to questions ranging from the identity of a mushroom to the exact position of the pole star, determined without apparent hesitation.

Camp beds and blankets are being distributed next. There are three tents,

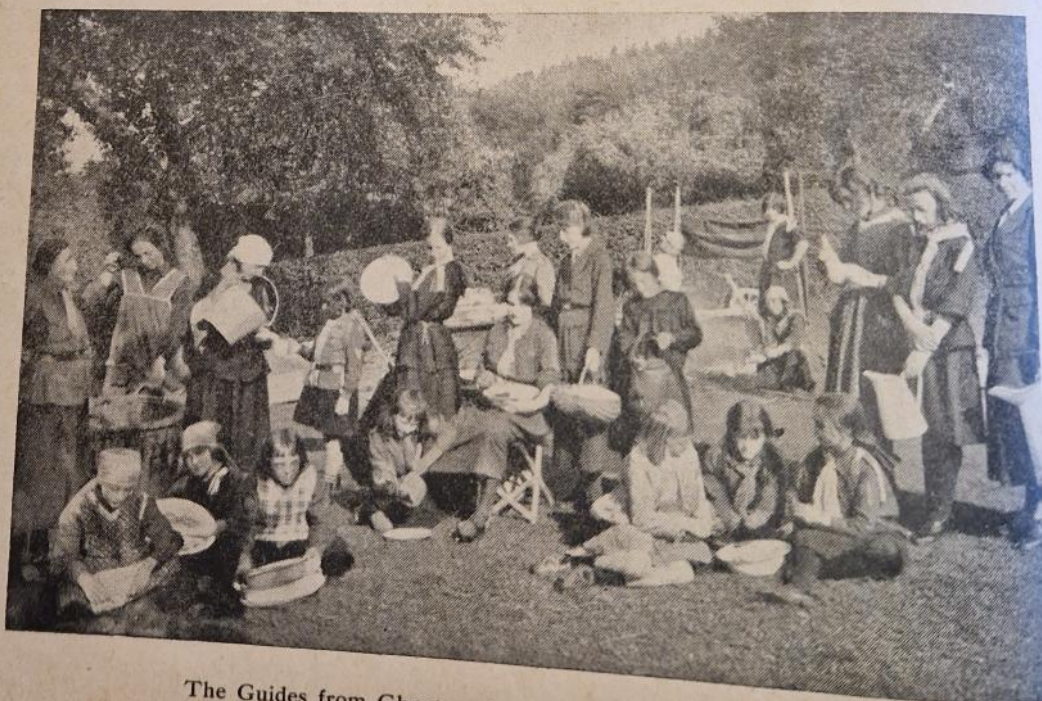
double lined, to hold 25 persons each, with a real porch and windows high up in the roof; several little tents of all shapes and sizes dotted round like little river craft amongst great ocean liners; three large attics for the people who have never been in the real country before let alone camped, and two big refectory tents with trestle tables and chairs—collapsible chairs as they so clearly proved to be—complete! The ground hardly ever gets quite dry in the Ardennes during a wet summer, and so preparations on such a scale are really necessary, and the camp was an experiment, carefully adapted to the susceptibilities of Belgian mammas—in other words, letting them down gently. Besides, nearly all the equipment was lent by the Belgian Army, including even kitchen utensils and a couple of Army "douches," in which you could either have a bath or cook the potatoes. (It was decided by ballot to cook the potatoes.) Suzanne and Simone and Germaine were really very proud of their cooking, and no wonder! It was a constant source of surprise—in every sense of the word—to the Commandant (who was English, as has been mentioned before, and who had been known to eat biscuits in the privacy of her tent on certain other occasions in her own land). But to revert to the instalment on the first day. The trumpet has gone for tea, i.e. coffee and *pain d'épice*, and each troop arrives breathless, having filed in *bon ordre* from their tent, as laid down in the camp *reglements* given to each Guider on arrival. "Cookey Peter," corruption of the Flemish and a much nicer word for quartermaster, hovers lovingly about the store cave, and the *ambulancière* is seen to gloat discreetly in a corner over a real covered stretcher and miniature field ambulance outfit. Then comes the first meeting of the *conseil des chefs*; *groupes* are divulged and the meaning of the six *services* explained and re-explained, in laughing imitation of the Tower of Babel.

Girl Guides' Gazette

The *groupes* consist of about 20 Guides, usually two Companies working together, who are swiftly transformed into *Les Lions* or *Le Clan de Seonie*, under a *Chef de Groupe*, and each *groupe* is daily responsible for a service, which ensures the work of the camp being carried out. No marks are given for patrol work because a Guide just does these things because she is a Guide, and if she doesn't, woe betide her at the next *conseil* of the *groupe*!

And so the first day ends and the little ones go off to sleep lulled by the singing of the bigger Guides round a glowing pine-fed fire. Rather gentle singing, with all the new thoughts and the new ideas of the open country crowded into it, taken up by a single flashlight shows The speck of a hill, where one Guider at least is looking down in a thankful dream on the misty outline of the tents. The dream carries her back to the time, barely three years ago, when camp was not even a possibility, because there were no Guides to camp. . . . She is there again on the last night, looking back on a week, with a general impression of un-rehearsed scenes—the salutation in the dawn with the whole arm outflung, of the colours that float once more unforbidden in the land—an act of homage this, equalled only by the impossibility of singing the *Brabaçonne* every day because it means too much! The terrific descent of rains, and voices singing gaily through it all—all taken to comprise even the stream which flowed inside a little tent, and the cannonade of falling apples, which beat in hollow rhythm to the distant thunder. It was quite as bad as that as regarding the weather, but few are thus privileged in their baptism of camp, and it was with a smile of satisfaction that the Guider ran down in the dark to plan other happy days, secure in the knowledge that the experiment had not failed.

A. M. K.



The Guides from Ghent cook the dinner at the Renal Camp.

APPOINTMENTS

(December, 1922.)

- CHESHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Malpas ... Mrs. Rimmer, Bolling, Malpas.
- CORNWALL.**
Dist. C. for Helston ... Mrs. Vick, Lloyds Bank House, Helston, vice Mrs. Lionel Rogers (resigned).
- Dist. C. for Falmouth ... Miss A. Fox, Wodehouse Place, Falmouth.
- DEVONSHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Yelverton ... Miss Jones, Egworthy, Horrbridge, S. Devon, vice Lady Harris (resigned).
- ESSEX.**
Dist. C. for Maldon ... Mrs. Sudd, The Oaks, Beeleigh Road, Maldon, vice Miss Cliffe (resigned).
- Dist. C. for Stansted, Kenham and Thaxted ... Miss M. Gold, Ravens, Stansted.
- HERTFORDSHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Berkhamsted ... Mrs. Haslam, Cross Oak, Berkhamsted, vice Miss Talbot (resigned).
- HUNTINGDONSHIRE.**
Dist. C. for St. Ives ... Miss B. Johnson, Westwood, St. Ives, Hunts., vice Mrs. Williams.
- KENT.**
Dist. C. for Chislehurst and Cray Valley ... Miss Rideal, Holbrooke End, Chislehurst.
- SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Heywood ... Mrs. Wood, 90, Middleton Road, Heywood.
- OXFORDSHIRE.**
County C. ... Miss Violet Mason, Eynsham Hall, Witney vice the Hon. Mrs. North (resigned).
- SHROPSHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Whittington and Weston Rhyn ... Miss Rachel Leighton, Sweeney Hall, Oswestry.
- SUSSEX.**
Dist. C. for Chichester ... Miss Burrows, The Palace, Chichester, vice Mrs. Heseltine (resigned).
- Dist. C. for Hove ... Miss L. M. Powell, 38, Wilbury Road, Hove.
- WILTSHIRE.**
Div. C. for Swindon Town ... Miss D. Markham, Bourton House, Shrivenham, Berks.
- WALES.**
- CARNARVONSHIRE.**
Div. C. for the North-West Division ... Mrs. Moore, Bryn Maelgwyn, Llandudno.
- GLAMORGANSHIRE.**
County Sec. ... Miss Rocke, 76, Walters Road, Swansea.
- Div. C. for Swansea ... Miss D. Cook, 19, Cwm-donkin Terrace, Swansea.
- Dist. C. for Clydach and Pontardawe ... Mrs. Langer, 11, Park Road, Clydach, R.S.O.
- Dist. C. for Roath and Roath Park ... Mrs. Llewellyn, 106, Splott Road, Cardiff, vice Mrs. Parsons (resigned).
- Dist. C. for East Swansea ... Miss Thomas, 8, Grove Place, Swansea.
- PEMBROKESHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Tenby ... Miss Noel, Rock Terrace, Tenby.
- SCOTLAND.**
- BANFFSHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Aberlour and Craigellachie ... Miss C. M. Turner, Hawthorn Cottage, Aberlour.
- Dist. C. for Cullen ... Miss Gowan, The Wakes, Cullen.
- EDINBURGH AND LEITH.**
Dist. C. for St. Andrew's ... Mrs. Maitland, 6, Heriot Row, Edinburgh.
- RENFREWSHIRE.**
Dist. C. for Giffnock ... Mrs. Roger, Gowan Brae, Giffnock.
- Dist. C. for Linwood ... Miss Langton, Burnbrae House, Linwood.
- SUTHERLANDSHIRE.**
County C. ... Mrs. Lindsay, Ben Vraggie, Golspie.
- CORRECTION—DECEMBER GAZETTE.**
Owing to an error in last month's list of Scottish appointments, Miss Heath Fisher, County Sec. for Sirlingshire was shown as "resigned" for the County of Banffshire, an obvious and regrettable mistake. Under the incorrect heading of Banffshire, the appointment of County Sec. should have read as follows:—
- AYRSHIRE.**
County Sec. ... Beatrice Countess of Eglington and Winton, Skelmorlie Castle, Ayrshire, vice Mrs. Charles Cree (resigned).
- OVERSEAS.**
- WEST AFRICA.**
Org. C. for Gambia ... Mrs. Sawrey-Cookson, Gambia, West Africa.

BRITISH WEST INDIES—BERMUDA.
Island Sec. ... Mrs. H. M. Moore, c/o The Hon. Colonial Secretary, Bermuda, vice Miss Black (resigned).

FRANCE—PARIS.
Com. for British Guides ... Miss Yates, 24, Rue d'Anjou, Paris 8.

COMING EVENTS

(Continued from page 3.)

Schools, Bloemfontein Road, Shepherd's Bush. About ten minutes' walk from Central London and Metropolitan stations, also buses pass the end of the road. Classes are open to Guiders, Guides and other women and girls at the following fees: Members—Annual Subscription, 2s. 6d.; classes, 4d. Guides, in uniform, classes, 3d.; other people, classes, 6d.

NORTH OF ENGLAND COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE for Commissioners and County Secretaries will be held in Harrogate from Tuesday, March 20th, to Saturday, March 24th, 1923. The Assistant Chief Commissioner is attending the Conference, and the speakers include: The Assistant Chief Commissioner; Miss Behrens, D.C.C. North of England; Miss Heath, Great Brown Owl; and Miss Bewley, Head of Rangers. For further particulars apply to Miss M. Storey, O.B.E., South Bailey, Durham.

NORTH OF ENGLAND TRAINING SCHOOL.

A TRAINING WEEK for Guiders will be held at Neville's Cross Training College, Durham, from Tuesday, April 3rd to 10th, 1923. Commandant—Miss Christine Pilkington. Trainers—Miss Bewley (Guide work); Miss Chiltern Thomas (Brownie work). Fees: £2 for the week or 6s. per day, including deposit fee. Applications with a deposit fee of 5s. (which will be returned if the application is withdrawn before March 26th), should be sent to Miss M. Storey, O.B.E., South Bailey, Durham.

SCOTLAND.

The monthly Training Day for Guiders will be held at 4, Burnbank Terrace, Glasgow, on Thursday, January 11th. Trainer—Miss Rainsford Hannay. Hours, 10—1 and 2—4.30. Secretary, Miss Newlands. Guiders from any County will be welcome.

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DEATHS.

The charge for notices in this column is at the rate of 1s. per line (seven words to a line).

On November 23rd, at King's College Hospital, of rheumatic fever, **ETHEL MAY WEST**, aged 17, of the 24th Westminster Girl Guides, after weeks of suffering, very bravely borne.

NANCY HEADLEY, Sixer of the Pixies in the 1st Whittington Brownies, aged 11, who died December 2nd, 1922. Loving and beloved.

MARJORIE RENOUE, Patrol Second of the 5th Jersey Company (St. Mark's). On November 22nd, 1922. Aged 18 years.

On September 28th, at Hartlepool, **ELSIE MYRA**, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Moore, York Road, West Hartlepool, aged 16. Patrol Leader (Black Bird) of 3rd Hartlepool (Christ Church) Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS

The charge for advertising in this column is at the rate of 1s. per line (seven words to a line.)

BOUND VOLUMES of the Gazette. Guiders' own copies of the Gazette bound in attractive covers; monthly advertisements on covers omitted unless otherwise stated. Sample volume on view at the Girl Guide Shop. Price 3s. 9d. per volume (twelve copies), postage 9d., payable in advance. Orders dealt with in strict rotation. Write Miss D. Elliott, 1, Camp View, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

FOR SALE.—Guider's uniform, practically new, cost £4 14s. 6d., would take £2 10s. or near. Write, Cohen, Beechurst, Lingfield.

TWO GUIDERS seek job near London. Trained secretaries. Certificate as matron. Ex-V.A.D. and canteen workers. Drive car. Keen on outdoor work. Like job as school secretary and matron with Guiding or any offer. Small salary or expenses paid. M., c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

COUNTRY DANCING.—Classes given at Girls' Clubs and Schools, London and Middlesex Districts. Write Box 65, c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

FOR SALE.—Guider's regulation uniform, winter weight, small size. Good condition. Hat and belt. 30s. Write Box 63, c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

COMPANION (Guider) wanted for Hampstead Garden Suburb. Four in family—two daughters 19 and 14. Two maids kept. Good needlewoman and domesticated. Church of England. Write Box 64, c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

FOR SALE.—Guider's uniform, complete as new. £3. Bust 36 in., waist 28 in. Write, Cheshire, Dunstable House, Marlow, Bucks.

SIMPLE PLAYS for children and girls. "Up the Chimney," etc. Particulars for postage. Miss Faber, Roehampton, Cheltenham.

GUIDER'S UNIFORM. Tailor-made. Excellent condition. 30s. Guide's navy linen uniforms, 5s. each, approval. Write, R., c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

SITE for small camp offered on private ground. Mid-May to end of August. Oxford 10 miles. Station, Handborough (G.W.R.), 3 miles. River bathing, ½ mile. Apply, No. 23, Quarry, North Leigh, Oxon.

FOR SALE.—18 Guide hats, good condition. What offers? Write, Williams, Lambert House, Dorchester.

WANTED. Gazettes. 1918: January and November; 1919: July, October and December; 1920: July and November; 1921: February and August. Write, Williams, Lambert House, Dorchester.

FOR SALE. Uniform overcoat, V.A.D. pattern. Good quality fine serge. Tall, broad figure; length, neck to hem, 52 in., outer arm 24 in. Write, Box 65, c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

FOR SALE.—Guider's uniform, almost new. Approval. £3. Brooks, 137, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Cash must be enclosed unless a Deposit Account has been opened.
No Goods can be Exchanged.

All orders over £1 in value sent post free in the British Isles. This applies to orders sent from National Headquarters only.
 Cheques should be made out to the Girl Guides Incorporated and crossed London County Westminster and Parr's Bank.

THE GIRL GUIDES

(INCORPORATED)

Headquarters Office: 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1
 (Where all Letters and Orders should be addressed).

Shop: 27, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

TELEPHONE: VICTORIA 6860.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: GIRGUIDUS, SOUTHWEST, LONDON.

Awards, Badges, &c.

(To be obtained through the County Secretary only, except for London.)

	Price.	Postage.
£	s.	d.
ARMLETS—		
Ranger—		
Science and Health, Red ..	2	
Arts and Crafts, Purple ..	2	
Professional, Yellow ..	2	
Manufacturer, Brown ..	2	
Commercial, Black and White ..	2	
Home Craft, Blue ..	2	
Outdoor Work, Green ..	2	
Red Cross (Nursing) ..	6	
BADGES—		
Brownie—		
First Class ..	2	
Proficiency ..	2	
Recruit (Metal) ..	3	
Second Class ..	1	
Wings ..	6	
Brown Owl's ..	7	
Captain's ..	9	
Committee (Silver Tenderfoot) ..	2 0	
County President's ..	1 0	
Examiner's ..	6	
Guides—		
First Class ..	6	
Proficiency ..	2	
Second Class ..	3	
Tenderfoot ..	3	
Brass ..	3	
Gold ..	1 1 0	
Imperial and International Council ..	6 6	
Instructor's ..	6	
Lieutenant's ..	6	
Lone Guide's ..	8	
Patrol—		
Choral ..	6	
Folk Song Dancer ..	6	
Hostess ..	6	
Ranger—		
Proficiency ..	2	
Second Class ..	3	
Star Test ..	3	
Tenderfoot ..	3	
Brass, with Red Cloth back ..	3	
Enamel ..	7	
Sea Guides—		
Proficiency (Boatswain, Signaller, Swimmer) ..	2	
Tenderfoot ..	7	
Trade (Clerk, Cook, Storekeeper) ..	6	
Secretaries' Badges—		
County, Red crossed pens ..	6	
Division and District, White crossed pens ..	6	
Brownie, Brown crossed pens ..	7	
Tawny Owl's ..	7	
Thanks Badges—		
Silver ..	4 0	
9-carat Gold ..	1 1 0	
War Service Badges (for renewal only) ..	3	

CERTIFICATES—

Leaving .. 1 0 2d.

CORDS—

All-Round .. 1 3 2d.

Gold All-Round .. 2 0 2d.

ENROLMENT CARDS—

Brownie, 1d. each, or 10d. per doz.

Guides, 1d. each, or 10d. per doz.

FORMS for Officers' Warrants, Company Registration, &c.—

Official Receipt Books for County, Division and District Secretaries .. 9 2d.

Proficiency Badge Certificate Books .. 4 2d.

HATBANDS—

Cadet ..	1 0	2d.
Guide ..	1 0	
Ranger ..	1 2	
Sea Guide Cap Ribbon ..	1 2	
STARS, Service—		
Metal, on Red, Brown or Green ..	14	2d.
Cloth ..	6	2d.
Five-Years' Service Star ..	6	2d.

Equipment.

Ambulance Outfit—		
Large fitted case, suitable for Camp use. (To order only) ..	1 12 0	free
Pocket ..	1 9	4d.
Bandages, triangular—		
Plain ..	4	2d.
Printed ..	1 4	2d.
Borit Outfits—		
Cane centres, per wisp ..	1	1d.
per lb. ..	2 6	9d.
(Cane centres cannot be sold by weight for quantities under 1 lb.)		
Drill, No. 1 ..	2 0	3d.
“ 2 (for advanced work) ..	2 9	9d.
Saws ..	1 4	3d.
1-in. Squares, wood, per doz. feet ..	4	3d.
Instructions ..	1	4d.
Complete outfit ..	7 6	1s.
Billy cans ..	2	9d.
Buzzer ..	11 6	8d.
and Lamp ..	14 0	8d.
Refills for above ..	8	2d.
Camp cooking outfit (for one person); aluminium saucepan, frying-pan, drinking-cup, plate, tommy cooker and tripod ..	7 6	1s.
Compasses ..	3 6	2d.
Fork, stainless, dessert ..	1 0	2d.
Kit Bags ..	1 3	4d.
Knife and fork, folding ..	1 3	2d.
Knife, fork and spoon, folding ..	2 3	3d.
Knife, fork, spoon and tin-opener, folding ..	4 6	4d.
Knife, fork, spoon, tin-opener and corkscrew, in case ..	5 6	5d.
Knives, stainless ..	1 6	2d.
Knives, “Girl Guide,” nickel, with blade and marine-spike ..	1 6	2d.
Knives, Scout, with large blade and marine-spike ..	2 0	4d.
Lamp signalling instructors ..	6	4d.
Life lines (10 yards), with ring and swivel ..	4 6	8d.
Mug, enamel ..	8	4d.
Plate, enamel ..	7	4d.
Pouch, leather, to hold ambulance outfit ..	2 3	3d.
Purse, belt—		
Guide's ..	1 0	2d.
Guide's ..	4 0	2d.
Rope for knotting, per piece ..	1	2d.
Safety-pins, gold, for Thanks Badges ..	5 6	2d.
Sleeping-bag ..	1 6	2d.
Spoon, stainless, dessert ..	1 1 0	free
Stationery compendiums ..	1 0	2d.
Staves ..	1 4	9d.
Not less than 3 can be sent by rail.		
Stretcher Nets ..	1 9	4d.
Trek-Carts. Prices on application.		
Water-bottles, glass felt-covered ..	3 3	9d.
Whistles—		
Nickel ..	9	
With compass ..	1 4	2d.
“Sea Guide” ..	1 0	2d.

Flags, Totems, Trophies.

FLAGS—		
Carrier, leather, for flag ..	6 0	5d.

Company Colours, 4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft., bright dark Blue, with First Class Badge and Motto, without name of Company, mounted on brass-jointed pole ..	1 3 6	free
With name of Company, mounted on Brass-jointed pole. Extra lettering, 3s. 6d. N.B.—Take six weeks to make ..	1 9 6	free
(When ordering Company Flags, Guides should be careful to give the correct name of the Company, as registered.)		
Cords and Tassels (Red, White and Blue), for flag pole ..	4 9	3d.
Flag poles, brass jointed (bayonet-joint) ..	6 0	Rail.
Morse Signalling Flag, 24 in. by 24 in.—		
Silk ..	4 0	2d.
Cotton ..	1 4	2d.
Patrol Flags, with emblems (flowers or birds) printed in colours ..	1 3	2d.
Semaphore Signalling Flags, 12 in. by 12 in. per pair ..	1 2	2d.
Semaphore Flags, 18 in. by 18 in., per pair ..	1 8	2d.
Sticks for Signalling Flags—		
Morse ..	5	9d.
Ditto, better quality ..	1 0	4
Semaphore ..		
This postage covers 6 Morse or semaphore sticks, fewer than this cannot be sent except at purchaser's risk.		
Trefoil for flag-pole ..	7 6	9d.
Union Jack, 6 ft. by 3 ft. (mounted on brass-jointed pole) ..	1 1 6	free
Wands for Brownie Sixers, with emblem ..	4 6	Rail.
Emblem only ..	3 3	2d.
SHIELDS—		
Challenge Shields. The shield measures 11 in. by 13 in., with oxydized settings ..	3 3 0	free
Miniature Shields (6 in. by 5 in.) ..	15 6	8d.
STANDARDS—		
9 ft. poles in three sections (made to order only).		
Plain, unpolished ..	1 7 6	
Polished ..	1 10 0	
Painted, polished ..	1 10 0	
Double-sided Trefoil for pike top ..	12 6	9d.
Trefoil transfer ..	3	1d.
TOTEMS—		
Large mushroom shaped—		
2 ft. high, plain ..	17 0	Rail.
“ painted ..	1 1 0	free
“ with emblems ..	2 7 0	free
(Box for totem is charged 1s. 7d.)		
Not returnable.		
Brown Owl, for totem ..	2 9	4d.
“ very large ..	7 6	9d.

Publications Department.

BOOKS—		
A.B.C. of Common Birds ..	6	2d.
Aids to Scoutmastership ..	2 0	2d.
Ambulance Badge for Girl Guides ..	4	1d.
Astronomy for Girl Guides ..	1 0	2d.
“ for Scouts ..	1 6	2d.
Baby of To-day. Book for Instruction in Child Nurse ..	4	2d.
Beside the Brook ..	1 3	2d.
Betty, the Girl Guide ..	6 0	6d.
Bird Land ..	1 6	2d.
Birds (Shown to the Children Series) ..	3 6	3d.
Birds' Nests, Eggs and Egg Collecting ..	3 6	4d.
Book of Cub Games ..	2 0	2d.
Book of Elves and Fairies ..	6 0	8d.

	Price.	Postage.		Price.	Postage.		Price.	Postage.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Boy Scouts' Camp Book	1 0	2d.	Trucks and Tracing	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song	2 0	2d.
British Birds and How to Name Them	2 0	2d.	Training Girls as Guides, by Lady Baden-Powell. New Edition	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	14d.
British Nesting Birds	1 0	2d.	Trees	3 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Brownie Handbook	1 0	2d.	Union Jack Saints	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Brownie Fairy Book	3 0	2d.	Why So Stories	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Brownies and other Fairies	3 0	2d.	Wild Flowers and How to Name Them	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Care of Infants and Young Children in Health, by Dr. M. Burgess	2 0	2d.	Wolf Cub Handbook	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Chairman's and Debater's Handbook	1 3	2d.	Woodcraft	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Chambers' Home Management	6	14d.	Woodland Trees	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Citizenship	3 0	2d.	Woodland Voices	1 3	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Country Life Diary	2 6	2d.	Workers in Nature's Workshop	1 9	4d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Countryside Rambles	3 6	4d.	CHARTS—			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Diaries, 1923, 6d. and 1s.	1 0	2d.	Anatomical Lecture Charts containing 12 diagrams, including 2 coloured plates of blood circulation	3 0	8d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Drill Book	7 6	6d.	Compass			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Education by Story Telling	1 0	14d.	Dumb-bell Exercises			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Few Hints on Part Singing	1 0	14d.	Fires for Cooking			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Few Hints on Sketching	2 0	2d.	Hammock Making and String Netting			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
First Aid (St. John Ambulance)	2 0	2d.	How to Act in Emergencies			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
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Friends to Animals	2 0	3d.	Ju-jitsu			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Friends of all the World (Evenings for Girl Guides)	1 0	2d.	Knots, Hitches and Bends			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guiding (Handbook for Girl Guides, by Sir R. Baden-Powell), paper covers	2 0	2d.	Physical Exercises			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guide Badges and How to Win Them	3 6	3d.	Rescue from Drowning			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guide Games and How to Play them, by H. B. Davidson	1 0	2d.	Semaphore			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guides' Book of Games	6 0	1/-	Stencils and Stencilling			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guides' Book of Games	1 9	2d.	Swimming			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guides' Book of Games	2 6	2d.	Turk's Head Knot Charts, 12 for 10d., or	1	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guides' Gazette, monthly	3	14d.	CINEMATOGRAPH FILM—			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guides' "New Testament"	1 6	2d.	One night, £1 15s.			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Girl Guide Prayers and Hymns	1 4	2d.	Three nights, £4.			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Going About the "Country" with Your Eyes Open	1 6	2d.	Six nights, £8.			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Golden Windows	5 0	4d.	Plus carriage both ways.			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Greta of the Guides	4 6	5d.	FORMS, REGISTERS, &c.—			Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
The Guide, weekly	2	1d.	Brownie Registers	2 0		Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Binding Case for above	2 6	6d.	Company Registers	2 0	3d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Home Health	1 14	2d.	Company Registers, more complete	3 0		Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Home Nursing (St. John Ambulance)	2 0	2d.	Field Pocket Book	6	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Honour of the Company	2 6	3d.	First-Aid Nursing Cards	3 6	6d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
In Nature's Way	1 6	6d.	Guide Law Cards (Pocket)	2	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Knot Book	1 0	14d.	Prayer Cards	2	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Legends of the Stars	1 0	3d.	Home Nursing Cards	2	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Little Star Gazers	3 6	4d.	Inspection Forms, Company, for the use of Commissioners, 1d. each, 10d. per doz.	1	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Meg of the Brownies	2 6	4d.	Membership Cards	3	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
More Dialogues, Duologues and Monologues	2 6	3d.	Morse Cards, 12 for 2s. 6d. or	3	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
More Nature Myths	1 9	3d.	Note	1 0	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
More Nature Stories	4 6	5d.	Regals for above	4	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
More Ways of Entertaining Your Guests	2 6	3d.	Patrol Report Forms, 12 for 10d. or	1	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
My Adventures as a Spy, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell	3 6	4d.	Patrol Roll Books	6	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Nature Myths	1 9	3d.	Recruit Forms	1	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Notes on Camping (Board of Education)	1 0	2d.	Semaphore Cards	1	2d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Nowadays Fairy Book	5 0	1/-	Test Cards	1	14d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
On the Right Trail	2 0	2d.	Test Cards, Campers'	1	14d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Olaf of the Trolls	4	14d.	Test Cards for Domestic Service and Homemaker Tests	1	14d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
Patrol System for Girl Guides	6	14d.	Test Cards, Rangers'	2	14d.	Brownie Song Book	2 0	2d.
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