

THE GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

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THE COUNTRYSIDE IN FEBRUARY

By A. R. HORWOOD, F.L.S.

Early Activities of the Birds.

Though February has a bad reputation so far as weather conditions go, it is a month that is full of every sign of activity in the bird world. We notice this perhaps more than any other evidence of the advance of the season. One of the first stages in the courtship of the birds is their song. Birds sing for joyfulness and the pleasure of existence at other times, but now they, that is the males principally, are insistent in their song. For the bird that sings best is the successful claimant of its mate. Many more birds are now in song besides those that commenced last month. Very musical is the bell-like whistle of the great tit or oxeye, and the "pink-pink" of the chaffinch strikes a cheerful note. Nor should one ignore the varied orchestra of the starling, which is a symphony of all the notes or songs of all the other birds of field, marsh and wood.

Some birds are even now repairing their old nests, or building new ones. In those last resorts where it may be found lingering the raven is now nesting. So, too, is its relative the rook, which is repairing the nests in its colony, and these should, if the season be mild, contain eggs before the end of the month. There is a rare bird, the crossbill, which is fond of pine

woods in the south, which is also now nesting. Many birds that have wandered far afield from their summer haunts to winter elsewhere are now returning to them. All the winter we have missed the lapwing, with its quaint aerial flights from those fallow fields where we could be sure to find it. So also the merlin and the golden plover are now, or shortly, going north. Many thrushes, and other birds of the fields, the garden, or the woods that have, too, been missing from their accustomed haunts, are now reappearing again amongst us. They are old friends. We welcome them. And as if to return our welcome they sing from the same tree as last year.

Animal Life in the Woods.

There are perhaps more visible signs of activity in the woods or more obvious evidence of life there. For the wood is a sanctuary. There many creatures hide by day that only venture into the open at night. Such are the fox, the badger, the rat. In winter, too, the hare takes to the woods, and it is at night that it feeds, and in March or earlier gambols in that ludicrous manner which has earned for it the name of the mad hare. There are other creatures that love the woods, too,

such as the squirrel, but that is less abundant than it was. Few places are there now where the pinemarten or the polecat will be found. They chose the woods as their stronghold in times gone by. Only where game are not preserved can they, and some others harmful to game, linger. For in a wood where game are preserved the animal life is rationed. If a few game destroyers are left it is only because they have found a means of outwitting the "keeper" with his gun. Neither the latter nor his snares and traps have sufficed to exterminate the last carrion crow, magpie or jay. But in some southern woods these last are seldom seen nowadays, whilst in the midlands every field with a tall bullfinch hedge has its magpie's nest.

Hare Craft.

There is much to fix our interest in the hare. It has, to begin with, habits of the greatest interest. If we would find the "form" of the hare we must know indeed just those fields that it loves best. Usually they are not far removed from the cultivated areas in a district. A particular type of grassland which consists of old turf with an abundance of sweet-smelling herbs, such as thyme, attracts the hare

CAMP NOTICES

CAMP PERMISSION FORM.

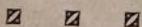
most. It prefers fields with long herbage or scattered tufts, and those in which there are a few scattered bushes. It will, too, lie up on arable, but not within three weeks of the ploughing up of a field. For it detests disturbance and will not settle in a field in which there are stock. Its form is placed at the bottom of a tuft or bush, and in winter it is made on the south aspect, in summer the north aspect. It is not easy to see a hare in its form, for the brown hare is so well suited in winter to the surroundings. Very attached is the hare, too, to its form, which it will only under compulsion leave. So one may often put up a hare almost at one's feet.

The Earliest Flowers.

There are so few flowers as yet in bloom that those few have for us the greatest interest. Indeed, we may know all of them, whereas when June comes there are so many that it is not easy for the beginner to become acquainted with them all, nor if he or she discover them is it certain that the true name of the flower will be known. Now there are golden patches of winter aconite under the trees, and clusters of the pure snowdrop flowers, white as snow, grow there too. In the woods the spurge laurel is blooming. Crocuses are beginning to show themselves. In cottage gardens one may see the pink flowers of the mezereon. The Christmas roses are over, but in their place one may find the hellebores with greenish flowers, growing wild here and there, and in bloom in sheltered spots. Before January was out the lesser celandine, a kind of buttercup, which has, however, only one seed leaf and stomata or pores on the upper surface of the leaves, as in water plants, was in flower.

Moles in Spring.

There is scarcely any feature of this month more noticeable than the increased activity of the mole. Hillock upon hillock suddenly appears where there were none before. The mole has, with the rising of the worms to the surface, begun to show itself or its movements more frequently. In the winter it was snug in its earth chamber lower down. Moles sometimes vary a good deal in colour. Creamy white, cinnamon and silvery varieties occur. Not long ago the mole skin was worth a lot of money. To-day the price has gone down like that of rabbit skins, so much used in cheap fur coats.



LONDON AND GREATER LONDON TRAINING CENTRE.

A COURSE will be held at Grey Towers, Hornchurch, Essex, from Thursday, March 29th, to Tuesday, April 3rd (Easter) for theoretical and practical knowledge required for the Cook's and Handywoman's Badges. Inclusive fees for the course £1. Applications enclosing 2s. 6d. deposit should be sent to Miss Sylvia Corner, 5, Ferncroft Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

Girl Guides' Gazette



M.C.

THE GUIDERS' BOOKSHELF

Bird Haunts and Nature Memories.
By T. A. Coward, M.Sc., F.Z.S., etc.
(Warne, 7s. 6d.)

To wander with Mr. Coward on the borders of Wales; in South Devon in spring; or in Cheshire, is a delight. Most of the chapters deal lightly and charmingly with bird life, and chiefly with the sea birds on various parts of our coasts.

We know Mr. Coward's *Birds of the British Isles and their Nests* so well (are they not the treasured possession of every bird-loving Guider?) that having been taken more or less technically over the difficult ground of identification, we can now read *Bird Haunts* with quite a little knowledge at any rate, and nod our heads wisely when we meet familiar friends in its pages, with an added thrill if we ourselves have lain and watched the migrants stream southward across the autumn sky.

The last chapter on the preservation of wild birds all bird-lovers should read. These are facts they should know, and public opinion will be strengthened by every one who takes up the cudgels of bird protection equipped with real knowledge, however harrowing.

First Aid X-ray Atlas of Fractures and Dislocations. By H. C. Orrin, (Ballière, Tindal & Cox. 3s. 6d.) Stocked in the Shop.

This handbook is a companion one to the X-ray Atlas of the Arteries by the same author. It is a most helpful little book for all studying First Aid who find it difficult to visualise the injury they wish to treat. The beautiful pictures shown enable the amateur to form an exact idea of the broken bone and how the sharp fragments lie free with sufficient play to cause serious damage if any handling is done except with the utmost gentleness. The keen student of First Aid and the First Aid teacher would certainly be wise to possess themselves of this little book.

M. A. B.

The Guide Law Card. Price 6d., postage 2½d.

For some time there have been requests for a really good wall chart of the Guide Law to hang in Guide Clubrooms. We have now succeeded in producing one that we think all Guides will find very attractive indeed—a large square card (13½ by 17½ in.) with a charmingly-coloured border showing ten knights of King Arthur, typifying the ten Laws, riding out on their quest of the Ideal.

The artist, Miss Macgregor Frame, a Westminster Brown Owl, is to be heartily congratulated on her design; the Law is set out clearly and the card is a most artistic production.

COMING EVENTS

FOXLEASE COURSES.

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. Entries closed.

April 10-17. General Training. Entries closed.

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. Entries closed.

May 30-June 6. General Training.

June 13-20. Brown Owls.

June 27-July 4. General Training.

All applications for a Training Course should be made to "The Guider in Charge," Foxlease, Lyndhurst, Hants, and 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.

LONE GUIDERS' CONFERENCE.

Applications for the Conference for Guiders and Circle Leaders of the Lones, Extension Lones and Scottish Lones, to be held as notified at Foxlease, 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.

G.F.S. TRAINING WEEK.

THE Training Week for G.F.S. Guiders notified above will be held at Foxlease from May 9th to 16th. Trainer: Miss Lenox Conyngham (Diploma). Fees, 25s. each (2s. 2s. for single room); 5s. entrance fee to be paid beforehand (not included in fee).

It will be possible to include a few non-G.F.S. Guiders if they wish to come. Applications should be made to Miss Saye, 47, Branksome Wood Road, Bournemouth.

N.B.—Please note correction in fees.

EPSOM AND WIMBLEDON DIVISION TRAINING.

TRAINING, primarily for Guiders belonging to the above Division, will be held at Wimbledon March 7th to 11th inclusive. For particulars apply (enclosing stamped addressed envelope) to Miss G. E. Monckton, The Cedars, Epsom. Trainer: Miss Maynard. Residents should apply to 34, Woodside, Wimbledon.

PEMBROKESHIRE, CARDIGANSHIRE AND CARMARTHENSHIRE.

A TRAINING WEEK for Guiders will be held during Whitsun Week, near Fishguard, Pembrokeshire. Preference will be given to Guiders from above counties. Trainer: Miss Hanna. For all particulars apply to Miss G. Taylor, County Secretary, Dial House, Lamphey, Pem., or to Miss J. Bowen, Division Commissioner, Llwyngwair, Newport, Pem.

THE COLLEGE OF AMBULANCE,

56, Queen Anne Street, W.1.

LECTURES for Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, etc. will be held as under for the current month:—

Health.

Feb. 1.—Construction of Human Body, Bones, etc.

.. 8.—Heart and Circulatory System.

.. 15.—Lungs and Respiratory System.

.. 22.—Skin and Care of Teeth, Feet, Eyes, etc.

Held on Thursday evenings at 7 p.m.

Natural History.

BY ERNEST CRABBE, F.E.S.

Feb. 5.—The Story of British Birds (Sea Fowl of the British Isles).

.. 12.—Country Rambles in Spring.

.. 19.—Country Rambles in Summer.

.. 26.—Country Rambles in Autumn.

Held on Monday evenings at 7 p.m. Free to Scouts and Guides, others 10s. the course.

First Aid.

Feb. 2.—The Heart, Circulatory System, Haemorrhage, Bandaging.

.. 9.—Splints and Fractures, Improvised Stretchers, Flinging a Life-line, etc.

.. 23.—Brain and Nervous System, Faints, Fits, and Choking.

Held on Friday evenings at 7 p.m. Free to Scouts and Guides in uniform or wearing the badge.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND CONFERENCE

The North of England Commissioners' Conference, which was announced in last month's Gazette to be held at Harrogate from March 20th to 24th, has been postponed until the autumn, as there will be no Commissioners' Conference at Swanwick.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND

A scheme is on foot for having a summer holiday centre for Guiders and Guides over 16 at Interlaken this year.

Arrangements are being made with the Church Travellers' Club for the reserving of a special pension, where Miss Maynard will probably be in charge, while Dame Katherine Furse will also be at Interlaken and ready to do all she can for the comfort and enjoyment of those who come out.

The cost of a fortnight, including board, lodging and service (baths, afternoon tea and such other extras excepted) and third-class return ticket—will be about twelve guineas. Those who wish to travel second-class will be able to do so at an additional cost.

Watch the Gazette for further particulars and save up meanwhile.

SCOTLAND.

THE monthly training day for Guiders will be held at 4, Burnbank Terrace, Glasgow, on Wednesday evening, February 7th, from 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., and on Thursday, February 8th, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 2 to 4.30 p.m. Secretary: Miss Ross. Guiders from any county will be welcome. In March, at the same place, same dates and hours.

LONDON—NORTH WEST DIVISION.

The North West Divisional Training School is being held this term at the Barrow Hill Road L.C.C. Schools (boys' entrance), near St. John's Wood Station (buses 30a, 2 and 53). Mondays, 6.30 to 9.30 p.m. Programme: Ceremonial, Speech by Diplomaid Guider, Country Dancing, and Singing. Camping subjects during March. Anyone is welcome. Fee 5s. the course, or 8d. an evening. Members North West Division half-price.

BORIT TOYMAKING.

CLASSES of instruction in Borit Toy-making are being held every Thursday evening from 7 to 9 p.m. at 2, Warminster Road, South Norwood. For particulars apply: Miss R. Tyacke at the above address, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

COUNTY CAMP ADVISORS' CAMP.

The above Camp will be held at Eynsham Park, Witney, Oxfordshire, from April 20th to 27th. County Camp Advisors, or one representative from each county, may attend. They are requested to forward to the secretary any special suggestions they would care to make in regard to the Camp or training when making their application. Campers wishing to bring their own tents should notify the secretary of their intention to do so. There will be swimming facilities in an open-air bath. Fees from 15s. to 25s. Names should be sent in as soon as possible, together with a deposit fee of 5s., to Miss Warren, Coombe End, Shere, Surrey.

WEST RIDING (NORTH), YORKSHIRE.

A TRAINING WEEK for Guiders will be held at Heathfield, Ilkley, from Tuesday, April 3rd to April 10th, 1923. Entries with a deposit of 5s. to be sent to Miss Barwick, Low Hall, Yeadon, Leeds, before March 20th, from whom all particulars can be obtained. Trainer: Miss Rainsford Hannay.

SUSSEX.

TRAINING WEEKS will be held at Brighton from April 4th to 11th, and at Bognor from April 9th to 16th. Further particulars will be issued later.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE will be held at Foxlease from March 2nd to 6th for County Commissioners only. Inclusive fees: single room 10s. per day, double room (each person) 8s. 6d. per day. Applications enclosing 5s. deposit, should be sent as soon as possible to The Guider in Charge, Foxlease Park, Lyndhurst, Hants. The Founder and Chief Guide will be present, and there will be sessions on the following subjects: Overseas Guiding, Method for Propaganda, Local Associations, Rallies, Headquarters, Music, Literature, Kindred Societies, Speaking, Story Telling, Camping, and also a resumé of various branches and their work.

COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX
TRAINING CAMP.

THIS year the Middlesex Training Camp for Guiders will be held from Friday, May 4th to Monday, May 14th, at Grey Towers, Hornchurch, Essex.

The camp will be run on similar lines as last year. Those already holding their camper's licence will specialise in Woodcraft. Guiders may qualify for their licence on residing under canvas for one week, or in the case of those who work all day, two week-ends. The number will be limited but open to other counties, and Guiders may sleep inside the house or outside, as desired. Trainer, Miss Mellor, C.A., Birmingham.

Inclusive fees for the house: 10 days, 35s.; 7 days, 25s.; week-end, 10s. 6d.

For the camp: 10 days, 30s.; 7 days, 20s.; week-end, 10s.

Application, with 2s. 6d. deposit fee, should be made to the Commandant, Miss S. Corner, 5, Ferncroft Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

CAMPRAFT TRAINING FOR
LONDON GUIDERS.

COURSES of Lectures, open to all Guiders, have been arranged as follows:—

Tuesdays, commencing February 13th, at 8 p.m., at the Onslow Hall, corner of Fulham Road and Neville Street. Six Lectures, each to be followed by a debate. Tickets for the course, price 1s. 6d., to be obtained from Miss S. Tuftell, 7, Cecil Court, Hollywood Road, S.W.10.

Tuesdays, commencing February 6th, and alternate Tuesdays after, at 9 p.m., at 122, Kennington Road, S.E.11. Fee to Guiders outside S. London Division, 3d. each Lecture.

Wednesdays, commencing January 31st, at 7 p.m., in the Ambler Road L.C.C. Hall, Blackstock Road, Finsbury Park. Twelve Lectures. Tickets for the course price 3s., to be obtained from Mrs. Crowne, the N. London Girl Guides, Bank Chambers, 254, Seven Sisters Road, N.4.

Thursdays, commencing February 1st, and alternate Thursdays after at 8.30 p.m. Holden Street L.C.C. Schools, Lavender Hill, Clapham Junction (near Ascension Church). Fee 3d. each Lecture.

Week-ends under canvas for practical work will be held every week-end from April 7th to July 14th at Grey Towers, Essex, by the C.A. for London. Guiders wishing to attend must apply through their Division or District C.A.'s, who will give particulars. The camp will not be open Whitsun week-end.

RETREAT.

A WEEK-END Retreat for Guiders, Rangers and Guides will be held at Southwark Diocesan House, Carshalton, Surrey, from April 7th to 9th, 1923. Conductor: Rev. H. Monks, Diocesan Missioner for Chelmsford. For further particulars apply with stamped addressed envelope to Miss M. F. Ward, 72, Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19, or send in names to Miss Ward.

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF
THE COUNCIL, HELD JANUARY 19th,
1923.

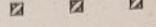
PRESENT: Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Lady Baden-Powell, Miss Behrens, Miss Burges, Miss Cordes, Mr. Everett, Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, D.B.E., Mrs. Mark Kerr.

A report of the meeting of the Women's Advisory Council to the League of Nations Union was read, and it was decided that articles in the Gazette, and speakers supplied by the League of Nations Union, would be the best means of interesting Guiders in the work of the Union.

Miss Clarice Warren was appointed Head of Camping for 1923.

A scheme for the emigration of girls for domestic service in Canada was fully discussed, and referred again for further information to the Canadian Government and the Society for Overseas Settlement of British Women.

Routine and financial business was transacted.



AWARDS

RED CORD DIPLOMAS.

Miss M. V. Herbert, District Commissioner, Fulham. Miss D. C. Moore, Captain 1st Bexhill.

MEDALS OF MERIT.

Miss M. Brown, Country Secretary, Edinburgh. For good service to the Movement in Scotland. Guide Catherine Campbell, 5th Leytonstone Company. For very pluckily going to the help of a girl who was in difficulties in the sea at Whitstable, Kent, on September 7th, 1922.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Miss M. C. Browne, Captain and Brown Owl, Garelochhead Company, Scotland. For good service to the Movement.

Guide Maisie Gillies, 1st Monifieth, 9th Forfarshire Company. For rescuing a child from drowning in the River Tummel at Pitlochry, on August 29th, 1922.

LETTER OF COMMENDATION.

Guide Isabel Beard, 1st Hale (Altringham) Cheshire Company. For brave endurance of suffering.

GOLD CORDS.

Miss Roberts, Captain 3rd Poplar (St. Matthias') Company.

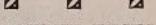
P.L. D.L. Fraser, 12th Birkenhead Company.

P.L. Kathleen R. Godfrey, 9th Dover (St. Mary's) Company.

P.L. Theodora Saunders, 4th Ealing Company.

Second Gwen Welch, 1st City of London Company.

Guide Violet Bowery, 2nd Rochester Company.



BROWNIE TESTS.

It does not always seem to be understood that Brownie tests may not be altered without special permission from Headquarters. If a Brownie cannot manage any of the ordinary tests, through bad eyesight or other physical disability, the Brown Owl should write to Mrs. Fryer (Head of the Extension Branch), Chads-holme, Harpenden, Herts, and give full details of the case. The alternative tests will then be sent to her, and by this means the standard of Brownie tests will be kept up to their right level. This applies to Brownies in ordinary Packs as well as to those who come immediately under the care of the Extension Branch.

TRAINING CAMPS AND WEEKS.

APPLICATIONS for Trainers to run Guiders' Training Weeks and Camps should be sent to Miss N. Barker-Hahlo, 16, Cumberland Terrace, Regents Park, London, N.W.1.

Applications for Commandants or Camp Advisors for Guide Camps should be sent to Miss C. Warren (Head of Camping), Coombe End, Shere, Surrey.

All applications for this year should be sent in, if possible, before March 1st.

Girl Guides' Gazette
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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 15th 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 4d. per month (which includes postage.) Post free for a year, 4s. 6d. Foreign and Colonial, 4s. post free.

EDITORIAL
NOTES

Papers and Magazines.

From Canada comes a request for old copies of the *Gazette* and the *Guide* for Lone Guide Patrols scattered over the prairie in the northern part of Saskatchewan. A Sunday School is run entirely by post for 4,000 children, and with the monthly lessons that go out to far-away places, other literature is sent, and as there are many Guides working away as best they can by themselves, our papers would be a delight to them. Magazines should be sent to Miss Bashford, The Teachers' Hostel, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

Criticism.

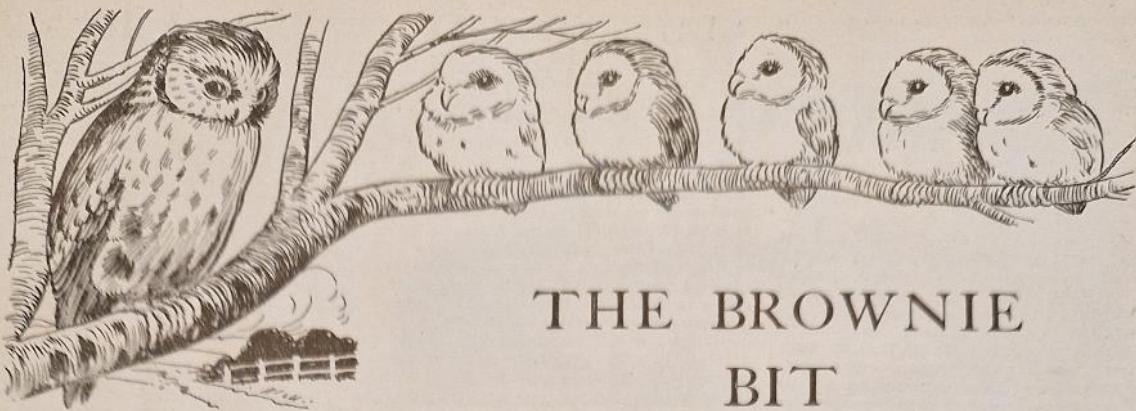
We notice with interest that the Chief Scout, writing in the *Green' Un*, welcomes the publication of criticising correspondence on the Scout Movement. We publish this month a letter from a Guider on the occasional lack of courtesy of some of the members of our Movement, which is nothing if it is not frank. We believe that, like the Scouts, we are able to stand friendly criticism of this kind, and that it is loyalty and keenness to our ideals that is behind such letters, and a real desire to ventilate troubles and put a stop to them. It does not do to magnify small criticisms out of all proportion to their importance in our general scheme of things, but co-operation, friendliness and the tactful use of authority are perhaps qualities that are too easily strained in women as a whole, especially when the very young are given the reins.

The Chief Scout says: "The usual bickerings with acid ink are out of place in a brotherhood like ours where loyalty to the common ideal and good comradeship one with another give no place for pinpricking, or rubbing in faults with a brick. . . . Now that we have arrived at a better standard of knowledge throughout the Movement, criticisms that are constructive and written in the jolly Scout spirit are welcomed and will be really helpful."

Notices.

We regret that many "Coming Events" are scattered throughout the Gazette this month, owing to the fact that they were received too late for classification.

As we go to press we learn that the 1923 Book of Rules is in stock in the complete edition, price 10d. post free.



THE BROWNIE BIT

AN EAGLE OWL IN AMERICA

PICTURE your ideal place for a talk on Brownies. Those of us who were there will quickly see old grey colleges and the peaceful tree-shadowed paths of Cambridge, or maybe think of the clear outlines of the Malvern Hills against the bright blue sky, and the shadows of great "cloud-galleons" silently floating past. In America we had a different setting, and our first talk was in a little hollow among low wooded hills, rising steep from the sides of a tiny lake. The hillsides were a blaze of reds and golds and browns, with here and there a patch of vivid scarlet, or the deep green of hemlock and fir to make the riot of colour more beautiful. And everywhere on the ground, golden-rod and Michaelmas daisies growing wild. A magic place, just asking for Brownies to come and peep out between the shumak trees, or dance by the moonlight on the rock-bound stage of the tiny, natural theatre, where we held our Pack Meetings, and where old ballads were acted by lantern-light, after the notes of the camp-fire songs had died away in the hills.

And our next talk was on the shores of

a lake. Here we lay on the sandy shore in the blazing sun, or bathed, or floated silently across the lake in canoes by moonlight, looking over into those clear waters, so clear that you could see little fish swimming, and far beneath them the sandy bottom of the lake. All around were pine trees and more woods and lakes; and did we not find toadstools of all shapes and sizes and fairy rings in the woods?

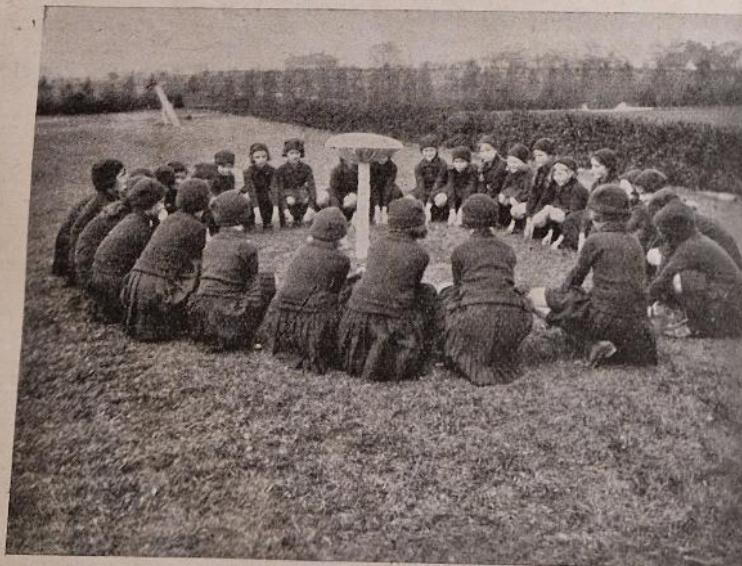
And as the loveliness of the country will give a Brown Owl the help and inspiration she needs, even in the darkest days and most depressing times with her town Pack, so the beauty of that country helped most surely with Brownies over there. Our first Brownie Conference, or rather Pow-Wow (for all the rest had been talks on Brownies at Conferences where Scout matters were all-important) at Norbeck, near Washington, was again in a lovely place. We found that we were just like ordinary Brownies and our minds could not stay with such things as Singing Games when the scarlet flash of a wing called us all to stalk the Kentucky Cardinal in the bushes. Here we talked and worked and thought and dreamt, and like Brownies listened, hugging our knees and looking into the fire, while a Brown Owl told story after

story, and always we asked for "just one more." And so the Brownie spirit was there—had flown across the sea—and one found that there was really very little difference over in America, and that, though the problems of all Brown Owls were the same and could bring the same despair, yet the happiness of Brownies was also the same, and that the smile over there works the same spell.

But what of the Brownies themselves? There are not very many of them as yet; but here are three pictures, and Brown Owls may judge whether Brownies are not much the same the world over.

A large, bare hall with a stage, rather dark as it was late afternoon on a wet day. Brown Owl was struggling with about twelve very poor, very new, and very uproarious Brownies, when the Chief Commissioner, the Secretary and an Eagle Owl descended upon her. Whatever her inward feelings, Brown Owl remained outwardly calm, and after a little pause the Pack meeting went on. Brown Owl told her Brownies a story about a Gnome, a Sprite and a Fairy who had been cut into eight pieces by a witch, and the pieces hidden actually in this hall. Which six could find the pieces first? A wild rush, and one six soon found theirs, and gathered into a knot in their corner to fit them together and mend their Fairy. Suddenly one Brownie looked up and saw the second six also busy at work, while the third six were still vainly searching for their pieces. A smile lit up her face. "They'll have to look *ever* so hard," she whispered to the next Brownie, "because I found their pieces and put them into *ever* such a good hiding-place, and they'll NEVER find them." Triumph of the Brownies and consternation of Brown Owl!

Then picture another Brown Owl waiting for an Eagle Owl to appear at the porch of the big school to which the Pack belonged. With Brown Owl was one solitary Brownie. As soon as this Brownie had solemnly saluted the Eagle Owl, she apparently lost all her courage, for she suddenly turned and ran as fast as her legs would carry her down the long corridor, and the astonished Eagle Owl watched her disappear round a corner. However, she had enough self-control not to make any comment, and she went in with the Brown Owl. As they went down the corridor to the hall Brown Owl said, "I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid



The Bishop Strachan School Pack, Toronto.

there are no Brownies here to-day. They don't like coming out in daylight." And, sure enough, when they entered the hall there was the one Brownie who had met them, sitting solemnly under a large totem, studying a red leaf with great earnestness. They went up to two chairs (or were they logs of wood?) at the top of the hall, and the Brownie jumped up and came and looked at the Eagle Owl solemnly. Apparently she was satisfied, because she then said: "Would you like to see the Brownies?" "Yes, please, if they don't mind coming out so early," answered Eagle Owl. Then the Brownie smiled and, turning round, called: "Brownies—Brownies—Brownies!" And in answer to her call Brownies came in at the door, up the stairs, from behind curtains, chairs, the piano, everywhere. The hall seemed alive with brown figures who ran into a great ring and gave their salute. And all were breathless, for had they not come a long way, and all were smiling—a great smile of welcome.

Now we will go far south, cross the Canadian border, and travel for almost two days' and two nights' journey into the Appalachian Mountains. In a little hut made of big logs on the top of a tiny pine-clad hillock there was a party. The hut was built for two persons, but in some mysterious way it had grown large enough to contain fifteen Brownies and four grown-ups! The meal was finished almost in silence—for eating at a party is a serious and solemn matter. Then, when everything had been cleared up, they all went out on the verandah, and in spite of the fact that the temperature had been at eighteen degrees below freezing point the night before, the sun was hot and bright at noonday, and now, although it was gradually sinking westwards, and in the valley shadows were already lengthening, the Brownies held a tiny meeting outside among the pine trees. There were no uniforms, for they were far too poor to think of these for many, many months, and yet what did this matter, for the Tawny Owl waved her wand, and they were all ready to act "Snow White." The queen studied her beauty in a mirror (or was it a cap?) hung on a tree, and Snow White was driven to take shelter with the little men. Then a long pause, and by and by an anxious consultation as to the next event. Finally one of the little men turned himself miraculously into a serving man, and gagged until the thread of the story was recaptured! Snow White was poisoned, strangled and brought marvellously back to life, and finally as the sun sank in a red haze at the end of the long, narrow valley, and the mountains seemed to draw together over the Settlement school, the queen was led by several broadly smiling Brownies to a truly horrible doom, bound to a tree and eaten with many gurgles and gasps—perchance of horror, perchance of laughter—who knows?

Are not Brownies much the same the world over? And is it not because the spirit of Brownies is just the spirit of Childhood—and that it is just the utter happiness which can be found in Childhood that we are trying to give to our children, either of joy or else of magic or of beauty?

V. RHYS DAVIDS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO THE EDITOR "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR.—I have wanted for some time to write on a subject about which I feel very strongly, but waited, in the hope that someone else would do it better. Our Guides are splendid, but if their Guiders lack the true Guide spirit, how can they hope to lead them properly?

I do feel that so many of our younger Guiders need such a lot of Guiding themselves, and I know for a fact that many women and older girls, whose help in the Movement would be invaluable, because of their broader outlook and saner conception of things, are holding back because they cannot put up with what, to be quite frank, is the thoroughly offensive attitude of many Guiders.

It is high time that some, I fear many of us, realise that we are not keeping the spirit or the letter of the law. Any Guider who can feel honestly that she is always, or nearly always, kind, considerate, and only moderately critical of the doings or misdoings of other Guiders need read no further, this is not meant for her! But how many of us can feel thus? Do we ever stop to realise what a lot of carping criticisms, ungentle remarks, covert sneers, creep into our attitude towards our fellow Guiders?

Some of our smart younger Guiders have earned, quite on their own merits, positions of authority in Guiding, which have placed them, in a sense, over other Guiders who are often considerably older and frequently vastly superior in every way except that of actual Guide knowledge.

Guider! What about that card that you sent to Miss X last week about her map that you had to inspect for her First Class Test? Did you pause to think, as you worded that crude notification, that it might be more courteous to give her a choice of two days in which to bring it to you, instead of demanding, almost at the point of the bayonet, that she should come when it suited you? She is a very busy woman and her life is far more crowded with "got to's" than yours is, although her signalling is admittedly weak, and her knowledge of country dancing practically nil. Then there was poor little So-and-so at that last Guiders' meeting. The Captain in charge did not know that she was rather a raw recruit, and no one took the trouble to inform her tactfully. When she was put on to drill the Company her efforts were made all the more ineffective by sheer nervousness, and not one of you offered to help her out, but looked, probably what you felt, bored, and rather annoyed at what you considered waste of your time when you wanted to practise for the Signaller's Badge. One might multiply instances of this sort *ad infinitum*, but if these words have helped some of us to realise how much more careful we have got to be to carry out our fifth law, they will not be necessary.

This may all sound very trivial and foolish and some will think that Guiders ought to be above that sort of thing, and that it will give some of us an excellent opportunity to practise our eighth Guide law! But it is just these little jars and

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trifles that are doing a very great deal to upset the serenity and steadfast outlook of our Movement. As everyone will agree, manners were never more wanted than they are to-day, and it is to a Movement like ours, that people look for a lead towards a higher and better standard in these matters. Do let us all think about this, examine ourselves and determine to make a tremendous effort, personally to carry out the spirit and the letter of our fifth law, both in our homes and with our fellow Guiders, let us try to be gentler, and less brusque in our speech, and kinder, and less critical in our outlook, remembering St. Peter's words: "Be pitiful, be courteous."—Yours sincerely,

A GUIDER.

TO THE EDITOR "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR MADAM.—In last year's March Gazette there was an article by the Chief Guide announcing that the title of "Lieutenant" was very shortly to be changed for something more Guide-like. I am sure that a great many of us, who have always disliked this title both on account of its obviously military associations and also because of its unsuitability (not to say extreme ugliness) as a mode of address, hailed this announcement with joy, and have ever since been eagerly waiting for the change to be made. Is there no hope of anything being done in the matter in the near future?—Yours sincerely,

SYLVIA HARRETT,

Dist. Com.

[This question crops up from time to time, and a solution is never achieved. Pilot, Vice-Captain, Guider, Mate have been some of the suggestions. Can anyone do better?—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR.—In reply to Miss Mackenzie's letter, published in the January Gazette, when I wrote "large camps" in my article entitled "Are Large Camps Beneficial or Detrimental to the Movement," I meant camps of several hundreds of Guides. By "small camps" anything up to forty or fifty.

I quite agree with Miss Mackenzie that for isolated Companies it must be a very real advantage to meet and mix with other Guides in what I should call a "small" camp. I think the Scottish rule of a maximum of forty is excellent.

Also, I entirely agree that "sloppy" friendships should be discouraged absolutely. But that was not what I meant by "quiet talks and a feeling after greater intimacy." I meant rather that opportunity for spontaneous conversation in which the Guider, perhaps for the first time, really gets to know her Guides.

And with regard to discipline, I should be the last to urge there should be none in camp, though personally I feel the fewer rules and regulations the better (I believe the Chief Scout agrees with this?). Discipline, both personal and corporate, is an essential part of the Guide Movement.—Yours sincerely,

"GUIDER."

MIDDLESEX GUIDERS' TRAINING SCHOOL.

THE above school is closed for the present, though it is hoped to continue the classes again at a later date.

THE CAMP FIRE CIRCLE

(To be concluded.)

*W*e 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.

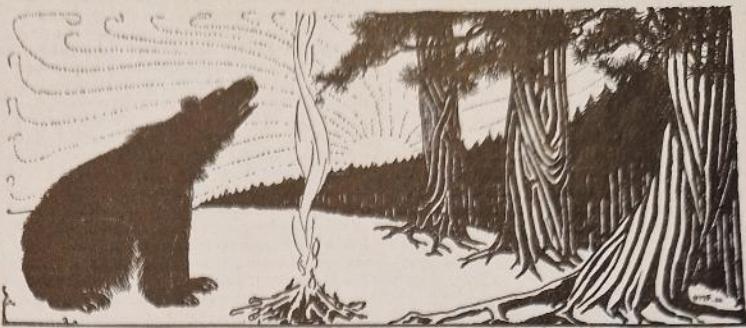
5. No MSS. can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

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 other Camp Fire Yarns, see the October, 1922, and subsequent numbers of the Gazette.

PITILESS rain above; underfoot, a waste of marsh-water where moss and lichen sparkled last month with frost. Do not blame the Circle if this month's meeting was held before a peat fire in the Woodman's Hut. Do not pity us, either, for it is a Magic Hut where strange things are apt to happen, though the Woodman and the Witch who share it were, for the moment, abroad on their lawful occasions.

Shutting out the grey evening, we stirred the fire and set the kettle to sing before opening our discussion on the critical faculty. And now the first strangeness occurred—Okouari joined the ranks of the Silent Ones, and let the other members of the Circle say their say. While the Bear's draggled fur recovered its gloss in the pleasant warmth, and the



Bear's thoughts basked in a pleasant glow of contemplation, Melsun the Wolf was heard, speaking at length.

"First of all, what is the critical quality? Okouari gives us an alternative himself, he says: 'Let us call it a power of discrimination.' I would call it clear-sightedness, for it is the power of seeing things as they really are rather than as they appear to be.

"At first blush we would call this critical quality by no means lovable, for when we rather loosely speak of a critical person we usually mean a fault-finder—certainly not a lovable character. But when we pause a moment to think, and remember that the critical faculty means the faculty of finding the good that underlies apparent badness (if there be such a thing) just as much as the faculty for finding the flaws in the apparently flawless—in short, clear-sightedness—then, I think it is a very lovable quality.

"Picture a person of poise and balance—for a well-developed critical quality entails this characteristic—someone, moreover, with a sense of humour, for the critical quality implies a sense of proportion, which is a sense of humour. Think of his fairmindedness, of the relief with which you seek his opinion, knowing that so far as lies within his power it will be just, for he has the gift of being able to see both sides of a question. Is he not lovable?

"Then picture a person without this faculty. He has his loveliness, too. He is almost sure to be creative and imaginative—and unfortunately constructive critics are rare. And then it is restful to be with someone who is willing to accept everything at its face value, without probing for more than the obvious, who agrees with your views unquestioningly. But oh, how tiresome such a character becomes, how superficial and weak he is proved to be, and we turn with relief to the critic, with his impartial, level-headed outlook on life.

"Okouari asks whether we may claim this critical quality as a national characteristic. This is a point I am particularly ill-qualified to argue, because I always hold that there are no such things as national characteristics, that the individuals of every nation vary among themselves, and that a group of eight Englishmen will have no more characteristics in common than a group of two Englishmen, two Frenchmen, two Ger-

mans and two Italians. However, I have never found anyone to agree with me about this, and in order to answer Okouari's question I will assume that there are such things, and so I would reply that in my opinion the critical quality is not a national characteristic. We have far from enough clear-sighted, unbiased people amongst us at the present time, and was there ever anything more easily swayed, more lacking in poise, than the British Public? The "masses" will accept almost anything that is put before them sufficiently forcefully—though of course there are the critics, who revolt—and among the "classes" there was surely never so much creative power coming to life, in greater or lesser degree, than there is at present, with so little critical power to balance it.

"If only we were more clear-sighted and critical, if only we were less content to be led and more anxious to work out our problems for ourselves, we should be a greater nation and a greater power for good."

The Wolf's voice ceased, and Birch-Bark took up the tale. Alas! (low be it spoken) so fully had warmth and ease dulled Okouari's intellect, that Birch-Bark's sayings, and those of succeeding speakers, only drifted dreamlike, and in fragments, across the Bear's field of thought. This was, of course, the Second Magic.

"To criticise is to weigh and discriminate, to sift beauty from the dross, and the best criticism is equivalent to that 'right judgment in all things' for which we are taught to pray. . . . To this task of rejection and acceptance we must bring all our knowledge and all our judgment. Instinct and inclination are not enough; they must be challenged by reason. . . . The critical quality does not make life easier for those who have it. . . . A sense of humour, and a recollection of Burke's precept: 'It is no small part of wisdom to know how much of an evil should be endured,' are the best remedies. . . . The mild, uninspiring people, often held up to us as examples because they find everyone likeable and everyone much alike, usually miss the finer qualities of human intercourse. . . . To condemn is only one side of criticism; the other, and finer, side is to find something to praise, and to praise it worthily."

"And as a national characteristic?"

someone asked. "Alas, this country at least is in little danger of suffering from an excess of the critical faculty." "Agreed," cried *Twinklefoot*; "our heroes in literature are brave, loyal and true, and our heroines gentle, or fiery, steadfast and loving, but not critical. Yet, as I said before," *Okouari* must have missed a big slice of the discussion, "those whom it annoys to be called 'critical' consider it a compliment to be called 'discriminating,' which shows how easy it is to say the same thing in more than one way."

Now *Kabokoko* was speaking of great reformers and their critical qualities. Lord Shaftesbury's power of discrimination made him a reformer, and, she thought, lovable, being prompted by Love itself; so also with William Morris, the Romantics, and Florence Nightingale. Yet, she admitted, "wise critics and reformers have worked ceaselessly, endured ceaselessly, only to meet with antagonism and scorn"; and, deep in reverie, *Okouari* murmured:

"All men kill the thing they love . . .

The coward does it with a kiss,

The brave man with a sword."

"But, O *Okouari*," quoth *Kim*, "the real critical quality seems to be a very lovable one, and one intimately connected with courage as well as clear-sightedness—courage to expose what is worthless and second-rate, and vision to bring out and hold high what we have found to be good. Broadly speaking, we seem right in claiming this quality as a national one, though we often see too much of the weak and petty substitute . . . and not enough of the fearless criticism that gets things done. . . . Our good critical faculty seems to have failed lamentably in the case of the majority of daily newspapers. Why should they be allowed to pander to and encourage the morbid and melodramatic taste that enjoys reading 'horrors'? The same is largely true of the cinema. . . . Here is scope in plenty for the genuine criticism which as a nation we have failed to give."

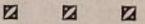
"Another type of person"—*Moth* was speaking—"we all know; she who will never give her own opinion on anything and agrees with everything anyone says. . . . But taking people individually, one finds very few who have no opinions of their own, if they can only be induced to talk about them." *Squirrel* broke in: "Criticism is the natural result of the contact of individuality, just as steel and flint produce sparks. . . . It is delicate, and needs delicate handling. . . . Knowledge, experience and judgment are wanted; we must have courage and tact to give our opinions, but also common-sense, to choose the right time—ill-worded and ill-timed criticism is worse than useless. . . . Criticism has not hitherto been an outstanding national characteristic. . . . Slavery, abroad and at home, was accepted for years until Wilberforce and the 19th century reformers ended it. . . . During the last few years we . . . have changed in this respect. This is due partly to the spread of education, and partly to the effects of the War. . . . Citizenship, national welfare, art, science, politics—all these attract more and more attention, and there is a growing tendency to demand only the highest and best. . . . Criticism is a valuable gift—it may make or mar accordingly as it is applied. It can be a lovable characteristic, but only

when it is prompted by love." *Larch-tree* demurred, "It seems to me that when anyone criticises . . . any person's work and character, they are presupposing themselves to be superior to that person. . . . However, it appears to my mind that one who deals with art, literature, music or any other work may criticise and still appear lovable to those who do not come within his sphere of action." "The critical quality," opposed *Shuh-shuh-gah*, "the power of sifting the true from the false, and the evil from the good, is almost a necessity to a really fine character." Such, she meant, as our heroine, Elisabeth Bennett, the study of whose nature gave rise to this month's discussion. *Shuh-shuh-gah* suggested an Irish strain—the ideal mingling of Celt and Saxon—in Elisabeth, finding the critical quality more strongly marked in her than in the average Briton; and *Sparrowhawk*, who considers this quality necessary but not lovable, held that, nationally, our criticisms are silent ones. "The English, ah! the English don't say anything at all."

Okouari stirred and stretched in the chimney-corner. "Supposing," said a sleepy voice, "we each bring our favourite book heroine to the next Circle and discuss her qualities—only let them be such qualities as, to our mind, England most sorely needs in its women."

Thereat some rose and left the Circle, to carry on with work and play elsewhere; but a few lingered in the firelight. And to these was granted the Third Magic—that, as at the sound of silver trumpets, the walls of the hut yielded to a Vision Splendid. There they saw a glory that has no name, "a time that shall surely be," when to the idealist shall come fulfilment, and to the unsatisfied, fruition. They saw courage crowned, and loneliness gifted with love, in the Hereafter; and to them, as the Vision faded, it seemed that the struggle for perfection—which some called criticism—is life's fairest adventure, and man's proudest task.

Then, and in silence, they too went home.



FOLK-SONGS

SONGS can be divided into two classes—the Folk-song and the Art-song.

The Art-song is the outcome of conscious effort, while the Folk-song is the result of an expression of feeling. It has evolved from obscure beginnings—most probably, it was started by the storyteller of the village, who perhaps found that he could not hold the attention of his audience simply by intoning his narrative, but that by raising or lowering the pitch of his voice at certain points, he could add emphasis to his story. These points were taken up by the next singer and added to by him and so on, until at last that particular song reached the state at which it was felt that it was the perfect expression of what was wanted by that particular community. As it passed from village to village it no doubt varied in small points from its first version, as no two singers would render it in quite the same way, and that would account for the many variants of the same subject that we find at the present day—as, for instance, "The Cuckoo," which is sung in nearly every

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county, each version differing in some respects from the others, but all having more or less the same foundation. "Barbara Allen" is another one which is found all over England, and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," and very many others.

A great number of our songs are sung in the old Modal scales, which were the Church scales in use till the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and as most of these modes contain a flattened 7th they give a very unusual effect to our modern ears. There is a wonderful song called "The Crowfish Man," noted down by Mr. Cecil Sharp when he visited the English settlers in the Appalachian mountains of North America, which is sung in the Pentatonic mode, and that scale contains only five notes; but the song is perfect in melody and phrasing. Apart from these Modal tunes there are numerous others in our ordinary major and minor keys.

There is probably no nation in the world that has so many beautiful songs as we have, and it is only within quite recent years that people have begun to realise that fact. It may have been our national modesty that led us to imagine that other countries had better music than we had, and therefore we could not be expected to have any good songs and dances of our own, and if it had not been for Mr. Sharp's lead there is no doubt that most of our national music would have been lost for ever. Other musicians have followed in his steps and we now have several composers who are using folk-tunes as a basis for symphonies and rhapsodies and putting them into various art forms.

We ought, all of us, to sing quite as a matter of course as we have such an infinite variety of songs to choose from—songs fitted for all times and all moods, and affording a real means of self-expression. We can all sing, just as we can all talk—it does not matter in the least if we cannot all sing in tune—the main thing is just to sing and enjoy the song ourselves quite regardless of what our friends may say of us. If we are feeling full of energy there are so many stories of stirring deeds on sea and land—of brave Admiral Benbow, who lost both his legs in a fight at sea against the French but insisted upon being brought on to the deck that he might face the enemy till he died—or of bold Nelson, with whom no one could compare, not even Alexander—or the piratical one of Henry Martin, "who turned a robber on the salt sea," to maintain his two brothers and himself—or of "Brennan on the Moor," a highwayman after one's own heart. If one is feeling romantic there are plenty of ballads dealing with knights and ladies. Think of that lovely one of Lady Maisey, who sent her little page boy to fetch her lord safe home to her as she lay ill; and how her husband ordered his milk-white steed to be bridled and his pony too, but who, in spite of all his haste, arrived at the old castle only to hear the big bell tolling for his lady's death. Such was his grief that he died within a week. Then there is poor Lord Rendal, who was poisoned with eel-broth given him by his false love—and we can sing of the "Noble Duke of Bedford," or of "Fair Elinor." Then we have innumerable love songs combining a simplicity of thought with

beauty of expression, as in "Sweet William," where a girl having no news of her sailor lover begs her father to build her a boat that she may roam over the ocean inquiring of every ship she meets if they have heard of him—or "The Farmer's Son so Sweet," who fell asleep while his lambs were playing and was awoken by a kiss from "a fair young lady gay"—or of the captain down by the "Crystal Spring," "entreating of his true love to be his bride." In addition to all these, we have sea-chanteys, with their rousing choruses, humorous songs, children's songs, carols—an enormous store of good things upon which to draw as the spirit moves us.

All these songs have been made by our own people; they belong exclusively to us and have been handed down from generation to generation, so it is a duty and a very pleasant one on our part, to keep up the tradition and in our turn to pass them on to others. All children should be taught the music of their own country as an ordinary part of their education, and we can so easily do this by singing to them and encouraging them to sing from earliest infancy, in exactly the same way as we help them to talk. If everyone did this it would do away with the complaint made by so many people that they cannot sing because they have never been trained—it requires no special training to be able to sing enough to give a great deal of pleasure to others and most certainly to oneself. Also there need never be a complaint that there is nothing to sing since Mr. Cecil Sharp alone has collected over 5,000 song and dance tunes, and Dr. Vaughan Williams, Mr.

Clive Carey and many others have formed collections of their own, and a great number of these thousands have been published. Folk-singing is being practised in the schools in all parts of the country, but it is out of school hours as well that people should sing, simply for the love of it; but, unfortunately, there are still many who do not realise that we have any songs that are worth singing—therefore, we should use every means within our power of re-introducing this music to its rightful owners. As Mr. Charles L. Marson says in his introduction to Mr. Sharp's first series of Somerset songs, "It requires no historical knowledge of music to be able to see the fine points of a good song. Indeed, a Folk-song cannot really grow old or fail in its charm. It can touch and stir the heart of the twentieth century man, if he will but yield to it, just as deeply as it did in the far-away days of its birth."

E. M. AVRIL.

THE RANGER BURSARY.

I AM sure you all read with interest the article in the December number of the Gazette on "The Working Women's College at Beckenham," and also Miss Walter's letter suggesting that we might like to found a Ranger Bursary at the College. Now comes a letter from a Guider asking whether, if we started a Bursary, we would consider one of her Company for the first year. The girl has been ten years a Guide; until two years ago worked in a cigarette factory, and all through the war worked voluntarily in the evenings at a military hospital. She has only had an elementary school

education, but is most keen to go to the College, and the Principal considers her just the sort of girl they like to have. I feel that if we started the scheme this girl would be just the sort we should like to represent us. The College aim is to "teach the students how to think for themselves, to broaden their outlook on life, to develop their mental faculties, enlarge their sphere of useful service, and to teach them the duties of good citizens." Just what we should like for our Rangers, and if we founded the Bursary we should have the right to nominate a student every year. If each county in England and Wales (I fear it is too far for Scotland, though she would be sure to approve efforts made for education) subscribed £1 a year the scheme could be started at once. Nominations for the College should be in by March, so would any county or Company that is willing to help let me know as soon as possible?

NANETTE BEWLEY,
Head of Rangers.

Greenholm, Hindhead,
Surrey.

WELSH CONFERENCE.

THE Welsh Conference of 1923 for Commissioners, Guiders, County and Division Secretaries has been arranged to take place at Ye Wells Hotel, Llandrindod Wells, Radnorshire, from the evening of Friday, March 23rd to Tuesday, March 27th. Practical training in Guide and Brownie work will be taken at the weekend. Full details and application forms may be obtained from every Welsh County Secretary.

CURWEN EDITION.

CHILDREN'S PLAYS.

(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.

Written and Composed by
KITTY BARNE

(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.

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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.

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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.

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GUIDE NEWS FROM

Guides in Cologne,
Argentina, and
Elsewhere

By MRS. ESSEX READE.

LAST Christmas I had the privilege of going to an entertainment given by the dark-eyed Eclaireuses of Nice, whose song in praise of the olive tree, that enchanting grey-leaved native of Southern France, lingered long in my memory. This year I have seen the work of quite another but an equally efficient Company. It was started little more than a year ago at Cologne among the blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked children, whose fathers belong to the British Army on the Rhine, but from the entertainment they gave on December 19th I should have thought that they were quite a veteran Company.

First of all the Guides introduced themselves with a song, and then the Brownies displayed their totem—an owl on a red mushroom, the latter cunningly contrived out of a red parasol. Guide Rosemary Chigwell and Brownie Patty Best both danced most charmingly, the look of evident enjoyment on the face of the latter infecting the whole audience, who were also struck by the fact that Rosemary's dances were all original inventions of her own. A very attractive part of the programme was that where the Guide Laws came to life, each of them lighting a torch as she came on to the stage. The second part of the entertainment was a fairy play acted by Guides and Brownies together, illustrating the usefulness of the Laws. During the intervals between the first and second parts Mrs. Steavenson, President of the Rhine Army Guides,

presented a miniature Shield (which she had kindly provided) to the Winning Patrol. Lord Radstock, who was also present, congratulated Miss Brack (Guide Captain) and Miss Nicholson (Brown Owl) on the splendid work they had achieved. He said that he was much struck by the Guide Law which had been so beautifully illustrated that evening, and he also mentioned that he was at Cairo when the first Company was enrolled there. The singing of the National Anthem concluded the proceedings.

An interesting feature about these Rhine Army Guides is the fact that the Commander-in-Chief has always invited them to be present at the unofficial parades, such as that on Armistice Day, etc. On the first occasion the Colonel-Commandant, who was in command of the parade, himself coached the Guides daily in dipping the Colours so that they should do it all right on the great day, which they did. They also had the advantage of being taught Morse Signalling by Sergeant Reeve, who gave up all his free time to help them.

Christmas and New Year greetings have reached me from Belgium, Holland, Poland and other countries. The Polish Headquarters has sent a wafer accompanied by a Polish message, the translation of which is that they wish to share it with us—a charming symbol of friendship.

From the South of France comes news of English Guides and Brownies anxious to form themselves into a Company, and I hope that this is now being accomplished. Lady Lawson-Johnston, who has just come back from the Argentine Republic, has brought us very good news of the Guides there, where a Rally of the Girl Guides (British) there was given in her honour. The Companies, representing six English schools, gave a very creditable

entertainment, which included a display of gymnastics, sick nursing, flag signalling, etc. Lady Lawson-Johnston presented a silver shield to be competed for by the different Companies. She also paid a warm tribute to the work done by Mrs. Frank Foster, Organising Commissioner, and Miss Holland, District Commissioner, whose tact and energy have done so much to overcome all prejudices and obstacles. Mr. Wilson, British Consul, said that he wished to express his appreciation of the kindly assistance and marked courtesy that was invariably extended to Guides in uniform by the police, tramway and railway officials in Buenos Aires.

Lady Lawson-Johnston also inspected the Guides and Brownies at the Allen Gardiner Homes at Los Cocos, as they were unable to be at the Rally at Buenos Aires. A very realistic demonstration of First Aid was given, and Lady Lawson-Johnston addressed them in English, her address being afterwards repeated in Spanish for the benefit of the Argentine Guides, of which there are a certain number in this Company, which has been so ably captained by Miss Grace Blair.

On her way home our energetic correspondent for Argentina managed to inspect the Brazilian Guides at Rio de Janeiro, who are also very keen on First Aid, and she heard that a Company was being started also at Sao Paulo. When Lady Lawson-Johnston returned on board ship she came across a delightful little lot of British and U.S.A. Brownies and Wolf Cubs, who had come to say good-bye to their Brown Owl.

And so wherever we go the whole world over, the chain of Guiding follows us. Let us each see to it that we make our own particular link solid and strong!

Poland

The Movement is progressing steadily in Poland. Feeling deeply that the spirit, not numbers, makes the great thing in Guiding, the Polish Headquarters have recently closed about thirty Companies in districts where there were not enough officers to lead them thoroughly.

In August a conference for all Polish Guides has been held in a camp in Spurze (estate of Princess Saphisha). The delegates from the Cambridge Conference gave here their reports of their impressions of their time in England, and many questions concerning Guiding in Poland were discussed. English games demonstrated in different training camps pleased enormously.

During last summer there have been nine training camps for officers of two to four weeks' duration in which about 400 Guiders have taken part. The first Polish school for Guiders in Zakopane will be opened in January; Mrs. Matkooska will



British Guides in Cologne.

IN FOREIGN LANDS

Armenian Guides

A SHORT time ago a special appeal was made in your paper on behalf of the refugees from Smyrna, and I hear you have been most generous and sympathetic in your response. Now, once more I want to touch your hearts, and tell you a little about the Armenian refugees who number many thousands, and are in a pitiful condition.

Two and a half years ago I had the pleasure of helping to start and run a large Camp in Cyprus of nearly 1,000 orphans and refugees from Cilicia, who had fled in imminent danger of their lives. They arrived ragged and verminous, without clothing or bedding—and a busy time we had bringing order out of chaos.

After a few months a children's village grew up in the place of the refugee camp. Regular school was held every day, workshops and workrooms were established, and services were held every Sunday, but after fifteen months, we had to give back this camp which had been lent to us as an emergency home, and which really belongs to the British Army. Our Committee then bought land in the neutral zone of Asiatic Turkey, and were assured that this would be a perfectly safe home under Allied control, and in July, 1921, the children were moved from Cyprus, and the boys, numbering about 300-350, were settled on the new property. As the buildings were not all finished, our girls were taken to a Turkish palace on the Sea of Marmora which was commandeered for our use. Mrs. Christie, of whom I shall speak later, was in charge of these girls, about 160. We had our own hospital, and a British nurse was in charge of it and of the dispensary—both for the girls and boys.

In another Turkish house a quarter of a mile away (belonging to the same property) I had charge of all the small boys and girls—ninety in all—from 4 to 10 years of age. I could tell you many interesting stories about these little people if space permitted. Perhaps one day you will allow me to come and tell you about them in person, and you would be surprised if you could see the progress they are making with their kindergarten occupations, and what clever things, such as boats, chairs, and even a miniature cinema they have made out of old wooden boxes with the help of a blunt penknife!

However, I must go back to the girls' department and tell you more about the Armenian Girl Guides.

Mrs. Christie who was (and still is) Captain of the Guides belonging to the Friends' Mission School, also formed the 5th Constantinople Company in our Orphanage. The Guides were formerly enrolled by Mrs. Kennedy—the Commissioner—but not before they had been well drilled, and had passed the necessary tests and examinations. Their uniform



Armenian Guides in Constantinople.

dresses were made of dark blue material with a green tie, and they wore navy blue caps in the winter of the same material; and white stitched piqué hats in summer with blue stockings and white sandals.

They are wonderfully smart in their appearance and drills, and anxious to show in their behaviour that they understand the ideals and spirit of the Guides.

I must not forget to say a word about the Brownies, who are the dearest little people dressed in brown drill frocks with stockings, sandals and caps to match.

Last May a Rally was held on a public property in Constantinople, and all the Companies in the city were present—besides a very large gathering of interested spectators. In turn, each Company contributed one item to the programme, and one and all were fully appreciated by an enthusiastic audience. After the Display visitors were invited to make purchases from the stalls, which were covered with all manner of tempting things—such as drawn-thread work, handmade lace, Armenian embroidery, as well as most tempting cakes, biscuits and sweetmeats, all the work of the Guides.

The Guides of the 5th Constantinople Company owe a debt of gratitude to their Captain, Mrs. Christie, for her untiring efforts during the year's work, without which they could not have distinguished themselves so noticeably at the Rally.

Last October we hoped to have our 700 orphans safely settled in their permanent home at Erenkemey in the neutral zone of Asiatic Turkey, and, just as the final preparations were completed, the order for immediate evacuation came, and they have had to leave their promised home and once more take refuge in barracks in the Island of Corfu. This can only be a temporary arrangement, and no one can say at present what will be the next step.

Once more, through no fault of their

own, they are homeless, and not only do we need financial help for our own 700 children, but we want funds and warm clothing urgently to give a helping hand to 5,000 other destitute Armenians who are beseeching us to save them. R. T.

THE POST BOX

By MISS SAGRANDI, 3, Montpellier Square, S.W.7.

In the January number of the Gazette was a short note from the Chief Guide asking Commissioners and Guiders to back up this scheme as much as possible. May I now draw their attention to a newer part of this idea, namely that of correspondence between British Guides. The Post Box column in the *Guide* is undergoing alteration, and will probably only appear about once a month, when lists of special requests from Guides wanting correspondents in a certain county will be printed. Several Guides asked me to arrange this for them. I had a letter from a guide saying she had applied to *Little Folks* for a correspondent but had a reply saying it would be weeks before he could find anyone, so she tried the *Guide* and I hope her first answer has reached her.

A Competition for the best letter will be held from May 8th to 22nd, this long notice being given so that Overseas Guides have time to compete. Three prizes will be awarded, one for Rangers and Guides over 16, one for Guides, and one for the best letter written by a foreign Guide in English, or by a British Guide in French. (These last letters will be sent to Russian Refugee Guides in Salonica.)

The age, rank and Company of every Guide must be clearly stated, and letters in pencil will not be accepted, except from Hospital Companies, or from Lone Guides who are invalids.

POISED IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS

By JOYCE JONES (Winner of the First Prize in the Short Story Competition.)

IT was springtime in London, and the day was almost done. It had been a day of windy blue skies and high-piled creaming clouds, of sweeping showers and sudden golden sunshine. Even now the rain-drops glistened on the little winged figure poised in Piccadilly Circus.

A girl emerging from Regent Street paused on the edge of the pavement. A thin slip of a girl she was, with short hair, wide grey eyes, and face alight with excitement. For a moment she stood as if revelling in the bravery of it all; the blue and gold of the day, the blazing colours of the flower-sellers' delicate stock-in-trade, the jolly red of the buses and the kaleidoscopic stir of the jostling throng. Then she looked up at the winged figure and smiled.

"Poor Little One," she said to herself, "you've had a varied sort of day. But you shall be the first to know my great news, because we are such very old friends. Will you hear the message if I whisper it? Then listen. I'm rich, Little One!"

Then, because one cannot stand gazing upwards in London without attracting the beginnings of a crowd, she scurried across the road, dodged under a horse's nose, and hurtled herself on to a west-bound bus. Up on top she tumbled, there to clutch at her hat, as the bus lurched down Piccadilly and the wind swept up riotously to meet them.

There was a block in the traffic outside the Ritz. The girl frowned; the delay fretted her. She was afire with impatience, for had not she, June Cavendish, become rich this day? All her dear dreams, released after long years of imprisonment, were calling to her, holding out inviting hands. Of course she was sorry that Uncle James was dead, but after all, poor old man, he was better so, for life had been a burden to him of late, and consequently to her, too; for somehow one couldn't leave him when he was so ill and cross. It wouldn't have been fair, when he had given her the only home she could remember. And now he had left her all his money. It wasn't really much, of course, but when one had been accustomed to such a small allowance! Already her plans were made—firstly, she must attend an art school, to gain that technical knowledge she so badly needed. She would go on living at the flat, and turn the drawing-room into a studio . . . with a chesterfield, and some fat cushions; and sell that appalling furniture. She would have a dog (Uncle James had hated dogs), a dear, muddy, clumsy dog, and a cat—a common ugly black one. . . .

And of course there was Peter . . . The bus bounded down Piccadilly. The trees in the Green Park were bursting into leaf. Everywhere lamps gleamed, primrose pale as yet against the flaming splendour of the western sky. They were reflected on the wet pavements. Rear-lights glowed. Even the muddy roads glimmered, seared by endless wheel-tracks.

"I'm going to put all this on paper," June assured herself exultantly, "all the glamour and the colour of London that people never seem to see."

She descended from the bus at Hyde Park Corner, and turned down a quiet road towards her flat. There was a quick patterning of footsteps at her side.

"Please could yer spare a copper, miss?"

a husky voice inquired.

She looked down into a little world-wise face, pale, big-eyed. A grimy paw was thrust out towards her.

"Why, you've got a lot already!" exclaimed June.

The child hung her head. Then—"I can turn cartwheels," she said.

With a flicker of thin arms and legs she demonstrated. June caught her breath, for in the sudden unconscious grace of the child's movement there was something of the poise of the winged figure in Piccadilly Circus.

The child stood upright again, half shy, half expectant.

"What are you going to spend your pennies on, Little One?" asked June gently.

"Ma sent me," muttered the child. And added, in a burst of confidence—"I gotta get a bob."

"And supposing you don't?"

The child swore with sudden passion.

Sick and horrified June flung the child a shilling and fled precipitately down the street. On her own doorstep she paused. The eddying wind seemed cold now and ill-omened, and she shivered. A woman carrying an unwieldy bundle struggled with a racking cough as she shuffled past. A man looked her over with bold, appraising eyes, passed, looked round, hesitated, turned back.

June fled breathlessly up the echoing stone stairs then, up and up, let herself into the flat, and closed the door again swiftly as though to shut out all the crowding horrors. For a moment she stood panting, pressed against the door. A comforting clatter of crockery in the kitchen regions told of Mrs. Johnston's presence—good old Johnny, who had always looked after her and Uncle James, and poured oil on the troubled waters of their somewhat stormy life together. For the hard old man had never understood or sympathised with the thing of fire and sudden tenderesses that was June.

The ordinary every-day sounds helped to soothe the girl a little.

"What an absolute fool I am," she said, and made her way into the unlighted drawing-room . . .

And of course there was Peter.

He was leaning out of the window, but drew back and turned towards her when he heard her light step.

"Hallo, that you, June?" he asked. "Isn't it a glorious evening? Here's an Academy picture for you. Look at those chimney-pots, black against the sky. 'Now the day is over,' by June Cavendish, the brilliant young artist who . . ."

"Oh don't, Peter."

"I say, what's up? Is anything wrong? June?"

"I'm tired a bit. Have you been waiting long? I'm sorry I was out."

She flung herself into a chair.

"Well, it seemed long."

There was silence in the room till Peter blundered across and sat on the arm of her chair.

"What's the trouble, Little One?" he asked.

"Oh, please, Peter," cried June, "go away!"

Silence again.

"I'm sorry," came a shaky voice at last, "but I'd rather you went just now if you don't mind. Please."

Peter made a noise which, being interpreted, might mean anything. Then, without another word, he went.

The next minute June's head was buried in one of Uncle James' uncompromising cushions, and she was weeping unrestrainedly.

"Why—oh why did he call me that?" she sobbed.

That night a little face, pale, wide-eyed, haunted her.

"What's the use—what right have I to dreams?" she asked herself, tossing restlessly among her pillows, "when little kids like that have no chance. Perhaps if I were really rich I could do something—but there seems so little one can do. What good was it to give that child money, anyway? She'll just go on begging—and swearing. She's never even seen the clean, decent, safe side of life. Oh!" She stretched out slim bare arms in the darkness. "It's love they need. They want to be loved."

She was growing sleepy at last from pure exhaustion, and it seemed that she was back in Piccadilly Circus. The jostling crowds appeared hostile now. Their faces were hard and cruel, and with relentless hands they were pulling down the pedestal of the little winged figure. It was gazing down at her, and its face was the face of the beggar child.

"Oh!" she cried, "don't let it fall. Don't let it fall!"

She tried to struggle towards it, but unseen hands held her back. Then, as the pedestal collapsed, the figure loosed its arrow. There followed tumult and darkness, and cries as of lost and frightened children.

"Oh, Little One!" called June, "your arrow is in my heart."

A somewhat subdued June awaited Peter's coming the following afternoon. She stood at the open window, gazing into a dream world beyond the chimney-pots. The wind stirred her short soft hair. The sunlight revealed blue shadows under the wide grey eyes. To that remote eyrie came only the muffled voice of London and the occasional scream of studded tyres on the macadam road below.

So Peter found her, and came quietly to her side.

She turned her head.

"Hallo, I didn't hear you come in."

"No, you were miles away."

"Dreaming, Peter."

"Of what?"

"Of all I am going to do."

"I have a dream, too. I want to tell you about it. I see us riding together

over the downs. You've no hat, and the wind is tumbling your hair. I see you painting at Little Acres. You are wearing an old overall, all daubed with paint. I see you with a medley of cats and dogs, muddying you with their dirty paws to your heart's content. I see you in every room and every moment of the day. Don't you understand?" His voice broke little. "I—I love you so, little June."

But June stepped back from the arms that would enfold her.

"Oh, Peter," she said, "I'm so dreadfully sorry, but my dream isn't like that. What is your dream?" Peter's voice was gruff.

"I don't know," she evaded, and added, before he could speak again, "I want to be free. I've been tied down all my life, and now I'm going to do all the things I haven't been able to do before. I don't want to ma—get tied up to anyone again—yet."

Said Peter:

"You would be free to do the things you wanted; I wouldn't stand between you and your art."

"That isn't the chief thing," she explained, "I want to do something—to help—it's the children. How can they keep above the crowds alone? It's always pulling them down."

"The children?" puzzled Peter, groping among her incoherencies. "But there are heaps of children among the tenants. You could help me with them."

"I want to be in the heart of things—in London."

"But you love—you've always loved—the country."

"Yes," she agreed, "I love the country, but I—I think I adore London. It hurts so."

But Peter did not understand.

It was Autumn in London, and the day was almost done. It had been a day of windy blue skies and high-piled creaming clouds, of sweeping showers and sudden golden sunshine. Even now the raindrops gleamed on the little winged figure poised in Piccadilly Circus.

A girl emerging from Regent Street paused on the edge of the pavement. Then she looked up at the winged figure and smiled.

"Poor Little One," she said.

She scurried across the road, dodged under a horse's nose and hurled herself on to a west-bound 'bus. Up on top she tumbled, there to clutch at her hat, as the 'bus bounded down Piccadilly and the wind swept up riotously to meet them.

The trees in the Green Park were a glory of red and gold. Everywhere lamps gleamed, primrose-pale as yet against the flaming splendour of the western sky.

She descended from the 'bus at Hyde Park Corner, and turned down a quiet road towards her flat. There was a quick patterning of footsteps at her side.

"Hallo, Brown Owl."

She looked down into a little face, pale, wide-eyed, but smiling. A thin paw was thrust into her hand.

"Well, Little One."

"I earned my shilling, doin' different jobs; an' of course helping Mrs. Johnson. No, I never asked no one. Honest, Brown Owl."

(Continued at foot of next column.)

CLUBS FOR GUIDES

WE have between twenty and thirty Companies in our Division, and it is rather a problem how to draw the various Guiders and Guides together so that they may know and enjoy the spirit of good fellowship and camaraderie that Guiding can give. We have tried inter-Company parades, and once per month we have an Officers' meeting, when the affairs of the Division are discussed and arrangements made for combined parades, etc.; a large amount of Guide shop is talked, and the District Captain or other experienced Guide sometimes gives a yarn on some subject of common interest or takes drill or games or dancing. But one could not help feeling that something more was needed to make Guiding in the Division a living reality.

Once we were asked by the Mayoreess to help the Save the Children Fund. It was decided that some of the Guiders should give a play. The play was performed at the end of three months' hilarious rehearsals and was a tremendous success. The audience laughed till they cried, one woman laughed so much that the chair collapsed under her, and so the Guiders' Dramatic Society was born. It is nearly three years old now and in a most flourishing condition. This year we were ambitious and performed a comic opera which was also a great success. The plays are given in schoolrooms and church rooms in the town and outlying districts wherever it is possible to gather an audience. The interval gives our enthusiastic Commissioners a chance to explain to the people what Guiding means.

Our rules are few and simple. A Committee of three is appointed annually by the caste of the last play. They choose the next play and arrange the caste.

New members are welcomed at the beginning of each season. Each Guider pays 2s. 6d. entrance fee and provides her costume and book.

Each Company represented by a Guider or Guiders pays 10s. into the Society's funds. Any Guider whose costume costs more than 10s. may apply to the Committee for the balance, but must do so before buying the materials.

By these means we can pay all expenses out of funds, and as our proceeds are divided between some charity (it was two hospitals last year) and each Company represented by a Guider in the caste, we escape paying entertainment tax. This money is received just before camping time, and there is great rejoicing when a

"Splendid. And are you coming to Brownies to-night?"

For a moment the child struggled with the terrible words that hung on her lips. Then, laughing a little, with a flicker of thin arms and legs she turned a cartwheel. June caught her breath, for in the sudden unconscious grace of the child's movement there was something of the poise of the winged figure in Piccadilly Circus.

Company finds that all transport expenses can be paid from the money gained.

Once the Guides won a money prize in a fancy dress competition. We bought two netballs with it, and through the kindness of the Education Committee, were allowed the use of a school playground and netball posts for about 1s. 6d. per week.

So the Netball Club was formed.

The Committee responsible for the working of the Club is composed entirely of Lieutenants, as it was felt that Captains had heavy demands upon their time. One member of the Committee is always present to act as umpire and take subscriptions each Saturday. Two games are played, 2.30 to 3.15 and 3.15 to 4 p.m.

The Guides pay 4d. entrance fee and 1d. every time they play. Guiders may join but are not allowed to play in matches. Towards the end of the season, which lasts from September to April, very exciting matches are played, as the winning Company is presented with a silver shield which they hold for one year. The Guides are most enthusiastic, and it has done much to teach the real sporting spirit, to cheer the winners, to bear bumps and bruises with a smile, and whether winning or losing, to "play the game."

This winter we have started a Gymnasium Club for Guiders and Guides. It is held on Wednesday evenings in the hall of one of the schools in the town which is hired to us at a nominal fee plus caretaker's expenses.

We have been fortunate in procuring a very good instructor. He is the father of a Guide and a Scout.

The Gym. Committee which draws up all rules is again composed of Lieutenants with the District Captain to appeal to if necessary. A Secretary and Treasurer are appointed, and a member of the Committee is always present at the class. Two classes are held.

Class A from 7 to 8 p.m. for Guides 13 to 16 years of age. Entrance fee 6d.

Class B from 8 to 9 p.m. for Guiders and Guides 16 years and upwards. Entrance fee 1s.

In addition to the entrance fee, each Guide pays 2d. each night. White blouses and gym. tunics or Guide uniform must be worn.

At present there is no apparatus, but we hope to earn sufficient money by a display and other means to buy some for next session.

A shield is presented annually to the Company which gives the best exhibition of Patrol, Enrolment, Company and Physical Drill, so that most Guides are anxious to join the Gym. Club to polish up their physical drill for the competition as well as for the fun of it.

This year there is to be another innovation, an inter-Company Singing Competition, which may lead perhaps to a Guides' Choral Society.

These clubs are supported by Division funds the first year, and then stand by themselves.

They have made it possible for Guides of various Companies to meet each other and play with each other outside Guide parade and have done untold good in promoting inter Company friendliness.

HEALTH AND CITIZENSHIP

Address at Guide Commissioners' Conference,
Swanwick, 1922

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

Our third question is: What has the Ministry of Health set out to do? First, to put its own house in order, so that every agency, official and voluntary, working for the health of the people may find its fitting place in a balanced and comprehensive scheme.

A principle found useful in the war, especially in the Royal Army Medical Corps was what was called "team work," whereby there was available for every wounded or sick soldier a harmoniously working team of doctors each capable of contributing his quota to the cure of the patient. Nor was this the only kind of team work. There was team work of a remarkably successful kind in protecting the soldier from contracting the very diseases which in former wars decimated the ranks.

Now this is the idea at the back of the policy of the Ministry of Health—team work.

The Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health is Sir George Newman. Keep your eyes on him. He has vision, sagacity, a sense of proportion, and he gets things done.

He assigns the key position to the family doctor, known and trusted in the home. For it is he who is in closest touch with the people. His influence for good is profound not only in the cure and control of disease, but in the maintenance of health.

Then in co-operation with the family doctor there will be available for every person the specialist, such as the bacteriologist, not as at present tucked away in some far-off laboratory, but round the corner as it were, ready to come out to do "field" work at the bed-side.

There is at the Ministry of Health a very interesting and important section known as the Maternity and Child Welfare Department, staffed by some of the ablest women doctors in the country.

Then, too, in Sir George Newman's scheme there will be an extension and better distribution of hospital accommodation, and a more wide-spread use of the splendid nursing service. Consultative councils will be appointed. They will consist of experienced medical and surgical experts, nurses, social workers, all joining together in hearty, human, common-sense team work.

4.

How can we lend a hand? Teach your Guides and Rangers that health means whole-th, an all-round wholesomeness of body, mind and soul. Remind them that the Bible tells us that the body is the temple of the soul. So many people treat the body as though it were a dusty, unswept garret, or a dingy, mouldy cellar—too often a beer cellar,

but the body is a temple to be kept clean and sweet and holy.

It is health of the all-round variety that we ask for in a

"Boy's PRAYER."

"Give me a healthy body, Lord.
Give me the sense to keep it so,
Also a heart that is not bored,
Whatever work I have to do."

"Give me a sense of humour, Lord.

Give me the power to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life

And pass it on to other folk."

(From the "Saturday Westminster Gazette.")

We said at the beginning of this lecture that it was of the very essence of good Citizenship to concern ourselves with health. How does the good citizen do this?

1. By personally living as far as in himself or herself lies the healthy life, by practising the gentle art of healthy living personally and domestically.

2. Then and not till then helping others to hold on to health, for it is worth holding on to.

3. We can interest ourselves in all those agencies, official and voluntary, which are on the side of health.

Let us think health and talk health. There is far too much talk about ill-health. When you see two grown-ups in tremendously eager conversation with their noses almost touching it is nearly always about the lurid details of some ghastly operation.

There is a grand chance for women Citizenship in maternal and child welfare work. Find out all about the work in this direction being undertaken in your own locality, and lend a hand.

I know that all over the country there are conscientious objectors to infant welfare work. There are these "dismal Jimmies"—mostly elderly bachelors—of the "better dead" school. They will tell you that all our attempts, official and voluntary, to save these little lives are a direct blasphemy of their great doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Whereas the lean doctrine of the survival of the fittest as applied to babies is not only brutal, it is inaccurate. Thousands of babies arrive wonderfully plump and hearty: they do not perish by Nature's contriving but by man's mishandling of child environment and child nurture.

Then there comes the school child. Well, the citizen serving on the Education Committee and After-care Committee can interest herself in the health teaching and physical training of the children, in mothercraft teaching to the older girls, and in the hygiene teaching in continuation schools and in Section 17 of the new Education Act which relates to holiday camps, etc.

The wide-awake citizen is watching with interest the activities of the Inter-

national League of Red Cross Societies and their campaign for international health.

And of course there are the voluntary agencies which concern themselves with the leisure time of the child and the adolescent. If ever there was an invention on the side of health of the all-round variety it is Scouting and Guiding.

Being convinced of this ourselves how can we apply all this in our Guide training.

1. *Guides.* Arrange for training for the Health Badge. Secure the help for a series of lessons by a woman doctor if available. Where can she be found? Try the city or county Medical Officer of Health, he will help you to find one or he will come himself.

Get in touch with the medical superintendent or secretary of the nearest Mothers' and Infants' Welfare Centre, and see if a visit of your patrol can be arranged, so that the Guides can see what is going on.

Ask the nurse in your locality who is doing infant visiting and other public health work to come along to your rally, and tell your Guides all about her work.

Get your mayor, or chairman of local council, or the clerk or town clerk to come and tell you all about how the town works, and the various committees, and where women and voluntary workers can help the community.

Get some-one well up in the history of your town or countryside to look in.

Believe me, if rightly approached, any expert on any subject under the sun is glad to be asked to dilate on his hobby.

Do not think that this subject of health is the only one in which we can exemplify and practise Citizenship—there are ever so many more—education for instance, parliament and the vote, history, etc.

And one warning in your training. Don't get into a rut. There is a fatal temptation for Scoutmasters and no doubt for Guiders too, to ring the changes on one or two badges because he happens to be expert in them. Beware of the one-stunt man. Of course the line of least resistance is "form fours"—drill, drill, drill. Now drill has its use, so that we may move our patrols quickly and crisply from point to point through traffic or at united rallies. It has its place. It is not the whole picture. As the Chief is always insisting, it should not be made a fetish.

But apart from drill, I have known of a patrol that died of ambulance. This badge is a splendid one; it trains in thought and service for others. It, too, is an example of practical applied Citizenship, but to overdo it is fatal. There are some natures to whom ambulance work does not appeal. It bores them stiff if overdone.

It does not lessen your influence with your Guides if you have the courage to

call in outside aid in training for some of the more specialised badges. No human being is of such transcendent knowledge nor possessed of such cunning of hand as to be able to know and to do everything. Pomposity is the last thing one expects to find the faintest shadow of in a Guider.

2. **Rangers.** How can we train Rangers in Citizenship? This question is already answered in the excellent and interesting Book of Rules. There are ever so many badges that deal directly and in a practical way with Citizenship. There are the Citizen Badge, and the splendid Ranger Star, the Architect and Town Planner, the First Aider, House Surveyor, Local Knowledge, Nurse, etc., etc. As with the Guide so with the Ranger—rope in the experts. Pay a visit to the local hospital by arrangement with the matron. Secure the borough surveyor, the town clerk, the architect, the archaeologist.

CONCLUSION.

The question every Guider has to put to herself is this. "Of what value are my work, my influence, my methods, to this girl?" That is the final test: not the number on my roll book, that is only the surface extension of your work, what matters far more are the depth and quality of your work. In moments of difficulty, and in times of anxiety as to the depth and quality of your work, take courage, you may be building broader and deeper than you think.

The finest tribute I ever heard paid to a Scoutmaster—and this applies equally well to Guiders—did not come from Headquarters, did not pass the lips of any exalted person. It was uttered by a humble working widow in a very humble back street bravely keeping her flag flying over her little garrison of fatherless children. Speaking to me of her sons' Scoutmaster (alas, he is now numbered among the "Unreturning Brave," he fell with many of his Scouts in the battle of the Somme), she said, "What Major Stocks has been to my ladies, no tongue can tell." She was right. No tongue can tell the influence for good Christian Citizenship which a Guider has over her Guides.

It is a tremendous responsibility you have undertaken, this guiding of your younger sisters at the crises of their lives, at the malleable moment of dawning adolescence.

Another thing—and then I finish. We have reached a difficult stage in the history of Scouting and Guiding. The day of small things has ended, the day of great achievements has begun. The launching of a new Movement before the eyes of a prim, prosy, and ever-critical public has been accomplished. We have reached the stage when most men and women speak well of us. We have been accepted as a fact, and when therefore much is expected of us. Are we going to deliver the goods? Of course we are. Therefore the need, the urgency of such conferences as this, and of your training weeks, and of the great work at Foxlease.

We all have our moments of exaltation in our Scout or Guide work, our moments too of anxiety and depression. Take courage, Guiders. I am reminded of a story about Dr. Guthrie, that great lover of children. He tells how one day in the High Street of Edinburgh he overtook a little bare-foot girl staggering along

carrying a big fat baby. "My little girl," he exclaimed, "What a heavy burden you are carrying." She replied, "It's no a burden, it's ma wee sister."

Yours is a great, a serious task, Guiders—at times it appears a heavy burden, And yet it is a joyous work.

"It's no a burden, it's ma wee sister."

■ ■ ■

THE DIVISIONAL AND DISTRICT SECRETARY

OH, well! if it only means calling Committee Meetings and keeping the minutes, I don't mind taking on the job, only I warn you I haven't much time for it!"

And so the Secretary was duly appointed with manifest relief, and warmly thanked by the Committee.

One wonders if that particular Secretary found, in the course of her work, that it really only meant calling meetings and keeping minutes, if so (important as these things necessarily are), what a dull job, and how little to be wondered at that Secretaries are hard to find!

If a Guide Secretary is really ambitious for her Division or District (which we take for granted she is, or she had better not undertake it) she will quickly find that calling meetings, etc., are by no means the only things required of her.

Whose business is it to keep her Commissioner informed of the statistics of her District? Who must be ready, probably at short notice, to take an Enrolment in her Commissioner's absence, if required? On whom does it devolve to put the Guider in touch with Examiners for competing for Badges? Who should always, if possible, attend Divisional or other meetings so as to be able to notify absent Guiders from her District as to forthcoming events, etc.? Who (under recent ruling in certain counties) has the ordering of Badges, etc., sending in of Nomination Forms, checking and supervising Registration Forms for notifying Headquarters of new Companies or Packs; in fact, doing all the spade work from noting date of formation of Company and starting of Guider to the moment when the Commissioner appends her signature to the necessary form? Obviously all this should be the work of the Secretary, and it will also be seen how much more interesting and surely valuable her work can be if she is a Guider as well.

In relation to her work in connection with the Local Association, it is possible to make membership of this more attractive than by merely urging members to meet each other once a year!

In short, a Secretary can make her post as interesting a one as any in the Guide world.

Those Gaiders who have had the joy of playing in or perhaps captaining a good hockey team, know how much depends on the halves and how they feed their forwards and work in with the backs in defence of their goal. The halves take it for granted that though they come in for a good deal of the work, (and incidentally most of the blame!) their part in the game is not much seen as they are too

much mixed up in the mêlée; so surely is it with the Secretaries, whose work is not only to "feed" the Captains, Lieutenants and Brown Owls in their team (or District) *loyally*, leaving them free to tackle their Companies or Packs, but also to try and save the Commissioners all the spade work they can, and combine with them to defend and maintain the highest possible standard in their District, or in other words their goal.

E. H. B. C.

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WOODCRAFT AND NATURE LORE

By A. HIBBERT-WARE.

Common and Local Names of Flowers.

A correspondent has sent some interesting notes on the following plants:—
Hairy Willow-herb is known in some districts as "Cherry Pie," also as "Codlin and Cream." In Cambridgeshire country folk call it "Apple Pie." *Bladder Campion* is named in some districts "White Cottol." Cambridge fen people call it "puddin bags." *Field Scabious* is known in the fens as "Needle and pincushion." *Yellow Bedstraw* has several local names, two being "Golden Dust" and "Cheese Remnet." *Traveller's Joy* and *Old Man's Beard* are the most frequent names for *Wild Clematis*; more local ones are "Virgin's Bower" and "Withy Wind." *Butcher's Broom* is also called "Kneeholm" and "Kneeholly." At Sawston, Cambridgeshire, there is a parchment and chamois-leather factory which has been in existence over a hundred years. The workers gather at Whittlesford bunches of knee-holly and hang it up in the workshops at Sawston for the purpose of sprinkling the chamois-leather with water. Their name for it is "knee-run."

A few remarks on other flower-names may help to draw a further correspondence on this fascinating subject.

Wood-ruff.—In the old Herbal of Dodonaeus (1554, translated from the Belgian by Henry Lyte), we find: "Woodrowe floureth in May, and then is the smell most delectable." Here we find the key to the meaning of "ruff." "Row" is Anglo-Saxon for sweet, and the literal meaning of the word is almost certainly "wood-sweet."

Devil's-Bit-Scabious.—This is no local name; it is the only common name of the plant, not only in England but on the Continent. Gerard, another herbalist (1597) says: "The divell did bite it for ennie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good vertues and so beneficiale to mankinde."

Snowdrops are "Maids of February."

Daffodils are "Lent Lilies."

Wood Buttercups are "Goldilocks."

Garlic Mustard is "Sauce-alone" and "Jack-in-the-Hedge."

Wood Sorrel has many names. In old days it was "cuckoo's meat." *Stubwort* was once its common name from the fact that it grows among the "stubs" of trees. *Cowslip* has "paigle" as a common name—this is possibly a corruption of another old term, "palsywort."

And so *ad infinitum*.

Coldricum and *Saffron Crocus*.—*Coldricum*, a truly British plant, is often called Meadow-Saffron from its superficial likeness to the foreign cultivated plant *Saffron-Crocus*. *Coldricum* yields no

saffron, but its seeds and corms contain a valuable drug. The crocus (*C. sativus*) is the plant from which the Essex town of Warden gained its name. Large crops of it were cultivated for the sake of its saffron, both in Essex and Cambridgeshire, up to 1750.

Common and Local Names of Birds.

A Guide writes: "Why hedge-sparrow?" Though this is the most common name for the hedge-accentor, it is hardly correct, for the Dunnock belongs to the family of accentors and sparrows to the Finch family. This is true, and either "dunnock" or "hedge-accentor" is preferable to the more familiar name. All the same, the misnomer bears the mark of considerable antiquity. Dr Jenner (of vaccination fame), for instance, tells us: "On the 18th of June, 1787, I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrows' eggs." Custom seems to lend consent to the use of names, as it does in the case of several other misnomers. Who, for example, would discard "Willow-warbler" or "Marsh-tit"? Yet the beginner must learn that she can gain no knowledge of the haunts of these birds from their names.

The following country names for birds are fairly often heard: Storm-cock (Mistle Thrush); Spink or Pink (Chaffinch); Haybird (Willow Warbler); Nettlecreep (Whitethroat); Billybiter (Blue-tit); Pudding Poke (Longtail Tit); Redcap (Goldfinch); Firetail (Redstart); Zaffle (Green Woodpecker).

Feeding Birds in Winter.

The seeds of that common weed, "Knot-grass" or "Red Robin," are loved by small birds, and should be collected and stored in autumn for winter use. Thistle heads will attract Goldfinches, Chaffinches and even Redpolls. Much bird observation can be done by means of presenting as varied a diet as possible in cold weather. A saucer of acorns will bring Nuthatches during severe frosts, if these birds frequent the neighbourhood. The food should never be placed in the drinking water, the supply of which at all times of the year is of primary importance.

■ ■ ■

BARNARDO GUIDES AS GUESTS

REAMS that have come true—fairyland found—hopes and longings fulfilled that were so wonderful they were only whispered to oneself at night, when the lights were out, tucked up in bed. That is what the Girl Guides gave to their sister Guides, the Barnardo Girls from the Girls' Village Home at Barkingside, last summer, when sixty-one of them were guests at the summer camps of thirty-seven Guide Companies.

There are 1,500 Barnardo girls at the Girls' Village Home, all rescued from poverty, starvation and worse.

In many cases the parents of these children were once well-off, and through no fault of their own lost all their money, and Dr. Barnardo's Homes saved their children from a life of destitution; in other cases the parents are dead and the children left penniless and alone; again, there are cases, alas! too numerous, when

Girl Guides' Gazette

the little girls are rescued from lives of misery, neglect and cruelty.

Only two years ago the Guide movement first started at Barkingside. There are now 300 Girl Guides and 200 Brownies. It is quite impossible to explain just what these Guide movements has brought into these quiet little lives—but a true Guide will understand.

Thanks to the very great kindness of Mrs. Mark Kerr, the Chief Commissioner of Guides for London, Mrs. Maclean was given an opportunity to make an appeal at a meeting of Commissioners in London for Guide hospitality during summer camps for the Barnardo Girl Guides.

The warm-hearted response was immediate and generous. To quote the Guide Officers at Barkingside, "The outside camps were an unqualified success."

These Barnardo girls who have few, if any, friends outside the Homes have actually in some cases been "adopted" by Guide Companies. They are visited at the Homes by their new friends. Every Barnardo Guide so endeared herself to these generous friends that she is now the happy recipient of real letters. Many girls returned with the most delightful books of snapshots taken in camp—given as souvenirs before they left, and so greatly treasured now.

Their holiday has given them a width of outlook unknown before. One girl who was rescued when quite tiny had been nine years in the Homes and for eight years had never slept one night away from the village. Imagine her excitement and delight; and, in each case, one hears that the results have been beneficial, that none of the girls were other than better and more contented for their new experience.

Some of their comments show what the holiday meant to them.

One Guide who had never seen the sea before said "it looked rather big and was very wet." Another had never seen a haystack; she says she slid down it as soon as she saw it. Another who had never seen hills before has still a scrap of heather in her pocket—a much-treasured possession from Pulborough.

One Barnardo girl is extraordinarily proud of her Guide hat bought by her new friends. One Guide still has a tiny fir-cone—a souvenir of "their last camp fire" in her pocket. One girl said what struck her most in the country was the cleverness of the sheep-dogs, guarding and looking after the sheep.

Another Guide's happiest memory is of playing Robin Hood in a real forest, and yet another has pressed flowers carefully kept in blotting-paper.

A Barnardo Guide who had the joy of a camp in the Isle of Wight said with tears in her eyes, "It was just like going home." She is an Irish refugee whose parents have lost everything they possessed.

The stories of adventure, of unknown nature—secrets revealed for the first time—wonders of bird, beast and flower, far too numerous to relate, are among the fairyland treasure-gifts possessed for the first time. The summer is over and camping days past for a while, but in the hearts of the Barnardo Girl Guides there is a love and gratitude for their sister Guides which will remain long after the last leaf of the forest has fallen and the place of the last camp fire is lost to sight.

MARGARET MACLEAN.

February, 1923

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APPOINTMENTS

(January, 1923.)

Div. C. for Mid Bedford	Miss Baron, 60 Rothay Gardens, Bedford.	Dist. C. for Pershore	Miss Hudson, Wick House, Pershore, <i>vice</i> Mrs. Landen (resigned).
Div. C. for Aston	Miss Trumper, Westbrook House, Aston Manor, Birmingham.	Dist. C. for Ryedale	Mrs. Edward Shaw, Welsburn Manor, Kirby Moorside, <i>vice</i> Miss Worstey (resigned).
Dist. C. for Balsall Heath	Mrs. Houston, Petworth, 116, Trafaiger Road, Moseley.	WEST RIDING, YORKSHIRE.	
Dist. C. for Dore and Totley	Dr. Mary Andrews, Grey Friars, Totley Rise.	Div. C. for Dewsbury	Mrs. Edward Shaw, Welsburn Manor, Kirby Moorside, <i>vice</i> Miss Worstey (resigned).
Dist. C. for Mifley	Miss Brown, Stamford, North Bank, Plymouth.	Dist. C. for North	Mrs. F. Beaver, 83, Emma Lane, Heaton, Bradford.
Dist. C. for North Road	Mrs. Vernon Ledger, Norbiton House, Albany Place, Plymouth.	Dist. C. for South Leeds	Mrs. Burrow, 73, Shaftesbury Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds, <i>vice</i> Miss Armitage (resigned).
Dist. C. for Penistone	Mrs. Boyd, 9, Thornhill Road, Mannahead, Plymouth.	YORK CITY.	Deputy County C.
Dist. C. for Painswick	Miss Woodcock, Lypiatt Park, Stroud.		Mrs. Master, Fulford Park, York.
ISLE OF MAN.		WALES.	
Dist. C. for the East	Mrs. Jordan, The Vicarage, Douglas.	BRECONSHIRE.	Dist. C. for Crickhowell
Dist. C. for the East	Mrs. E. Corlett, The Grove, Union Mills, Isle of Man.		Miss I. Cole Hamilton, Yscethrog, Bwlch, S.O., <i>vice</i> The Hon. Dusie Bailey (resigned).
Dist. C. for the South	Mrs. Proctor-Gregg, Lorn House, Castleton, Isle of Man.	FLINTSHIRE.	Dist. C. for St. Asaph
ISLE OF WIGHT.			Miss M. R. Graves, Penydarth and District.
Dist. C. for North East	Mrs. Hesburgh, Eastmoor, Isle of Wight.	MONMOUTHSHIRE.	Dist. C. for Ebbw Vale
Dist. C. for West Wight	Mrs. Hollins, Norton Lodge, Yarmouth.		Mrs. Bedford, Tredegar Road, Ebbw Vale.
KENT.		ULSTER.	
Dist. C. for Ashford	The Hon. Mrs. Victor Corkran, Stone Green, Mersham.	ANTRIM.	County Sec.
Dist. C. for Southborough	Miss B. M. Orwin, 26, Park Road, Southborough.		Mrs. Anderson, Ballee, Ballymena, Co. Antrim, <i>vice</i> Miss MacGregor Green (resigned).
LANCASHIRE—NORTH EAST.		SCOTLAND.	
Div. C. for Bowland	Mrs. Parker, Bowsholme Hall, nr. Clitheroe.	DUMFRIES-SHIRE.	Div. C. for KirkMichael
Dist. C. for Accrington	Miss Jessie Sinclair, Loch Earn, Manchester Road, Accrington.		Mrs. Stewart Lyon, Kirk-Tinwald, KirkMichael, Dumfries, and Johnstone.
Dist. C. for Clitheroe	Miss D. Washington, Downham Hall, Clitheroe, <i>vice</i> Mrs. Robinson (resigned).	EDINBURGH.	Dist. C. for KirkMichael
LANCASHIRE—SOUTH WEST.			Miss Galbraith, The Barony, Dumfries.
Div. C. for Wigan	The Lady Margaret Lindsay, Haigh Hall, Wigan.	FORFARSHIRE.	Dist. C. for St. Stephens
Dist. C. for Wigan	Miss Woods, Brentwood, Wigan.		Miss Prentice, 71, Great King Street, Edinburgh.
LINCOLNSHIRE—LINDSEY AND NORTH HOLLAND.		LANARKSHIRE.	Dist. C. for Arbroath
Div. C. for Gainsborough	The Hon. Mrs. J. Sanders, Gate Burton Hall, Gainsborough.		Miss Marjorie Shanks, Denfield, Arbroath.
MIDDLESEX.		MIDLOTHIAN.	Dist. C. for Blantyre
Div. C. for Willesden	Mrs. Sharman, 50, Anson Road, Cricklewood.		Mrs. Bannatyne, Croftfoot, High Blantyre.
OXFORDSHIRE.		RENFREWSHIRE.	Dist. C. for Kirknewton
Dist. C. for Henley	Mrs. Agnew, Copse Hill, Greys, Henley-on-Thames.		Miss Macdonochie Welwood, Kirknewton.
RUTLAND.		ASHTON-UNDER-WEYER.	Dist. C. for Ratho
Dist. C. for Empingham	Miss Joan Astley, Empingham, Stamford.		and Miss Whitelaw, Hatton Wilkieston.
Dist. C. for Oakham	Mrs. James Finch, Brookfield, Oakham.		RENFREWSHIRE.
Dist. C. for Whissendine	Mrs. Whaley, Ashwell, Oakham.		Asst. County C.
STAFFORDSHIRE.			The Hon. Olive Campbell, Blythswood, Renfrew.
Dist. C. for Tettenhall	Mrs. Wellesley, The Grange, Wergs, Wolverhampton.		Dist. C. for North East
SURREY.			Miss McLachlan, c/o Mrs. Paisley.
Dist. C. for Addiscombe	Mrs. Driscoll, 19, Clarence Road, Croydon.		Dist. C. for Ross
Dist. C. for North	Mrs. Laing, Cromwell House, North Croydon, <i>vice</i> Miss Briscoe (resigned).		Miss M. Blackwood, Belmuth, Munlochy, <i>vice</i> Mrs. de Silva (resigned).
Dist. C. for Godalming	Mrs. Philip Fletcher, Oakhurst, Godalming, <i>vice</i> Mrs. Ritchie.		ROXBURGHSHIRE.
SUSSEX.			Dist. C. for Hawick
Dist. C. for Burgess Hill	Miss V. Maynard, Double-days, Burgess Hill.		The Countess of Minto, Minto, Hawick, <i>vice</i> Miss T. P. Oliver (resigned).
Dist. C. for Preston	Miss G. Woodhead, The Downs School, Brighton.		Dist. C. for Kelso
Div. C. for Crickleade	Mrs. Richardson, Purton House, Wiltshire.		Mrs. Scott Plummer, Sydenham House, Kelso, <i>vice</i> Lady Isobel Scott (resigned).
Dist. C. for Rodbourne	Mrs. Dawson, Elm Cottage, Rodbourne Cheney.		SUTHERLANDSHIRE.
Dist. C. for Old Swindon	Miss Ceris Williams, Ridgeway, Swindon.		County Sec.
Dist. C. for New Swindon	Mrs. Jupp, Quarry House, Swindon.		Miss Battisby, Higher Grade School, Golspie.
WORCESTERSHIRE.			Dist. C. for Golspie
County Sec.	Mrs. Macartney, Leaholme, Barn Green.		Mrs. Taylor, The Manse, Golspie.
Dist. C. for Knightwick	Mrs. Lockyer, Ankerdine House, Knightwick.		WEST LOTHIAN.

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Apply, with stamped addressed envelope, to Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimledon; S.W.

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GUIDERS' WINTER UNIFORM for sale, bust 36 in., waist 25 in., skirt 34 in. Good condition. Belt. 30s. Write Box 66, c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

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WANTED.—Young General Servant by ex-Guider. Jolly home for Guide or Ranger; 3 children. Write, Mrs. Bacon, 76, Clarendon Road, Egham, Wallasey.

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1923 Competition No. 1.
February Coupon.

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

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

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Red Cross (Nursing) ..	6	
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Second Class ..	1	
Wings ..	6	
Brown Owl's ..	9	
Captain's ..	2	
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Tenderfoot— Brass ..	3	
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GUIDERS

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A Summer Holiday in Switzerland for Guides and their Friends



THE JUNGfrau FROM INTERLAKEN.

Fourteen Days at Interlaken (including Five Excursions) For the sum of £12 12s. 0d.

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- 2.—The Giessbach Waterfalls, by steamer, returning from Isenthal.
- 3.—Spiez, the Blaue See and the Valley of Kandersteg, under the glorious glaciers of the Blümlisalp.
- 4.—The Caves of Beatus and Beatenberg with its superb panorama of the giants of the Oberland.
- 5.—The Lake of Thun, Thun itself, its Castle and its picturesque Saturday market.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS (Rates to be announced later).

- 1.—The Schynige Platte.
- 2.—Grindelwald by train, with a visit to the Upper Glacier.
- 3.—Murren, Lauterbrunnen and the Trummelbach Falls.

INTERLAKEN and its surroundings



INTERLAKEN lies almost in the centre of Canton Bern and below the Giants of the Bernese Oberland, where the river Lutschine has emptied its debris for thousands of years and has formed what is almost an island between the lakes of Brienz and Thun. The River Aar rushing down from the Grimsel Pass and through the gorge above Meiringen is tamed in the Lake of Brienz and flows blue and clear through Interlaken into the Lake of Thun and on through Bern to join the Rhine above Bal. What a string of names full of the romance of history, not only of Switzerland, but of Europe! The village of Interlaken is attractive with its old church, but is somewhat overwhelmed by hotels, which used to interned at Murren nicknamed the Jungfrau) towers above the valley of the Lutschine, giving the stranger to the Alps more idea of the grandeur and beauty of these mountains than most views in Switzerland. Beech woods and pine woods pour down the steep slopes all round and promise endless walks, while up above tree level the pastures and ridges leading to eternal snows offer exploration which will attract the most adventurous.

This is where we are having our guide centre and I want to tell you all something of what it offers. First of all flowers; I know some parts of Switzerland intimately throughout the year, but have only been in the Bernese Oberland in winter when it was covered with deep snow. Even then, however, I got an idea of the wealth of flowers which will burst out in June and July. Seed pods poking through the snow showed gentians, anemones, soldanellas, primulas, and saxifrages. Here and there the taller monkshood, martigan lily, verratium, rhododendron, or creeping azalea. Knowing what flowers grow together, my imagination was able to picture those which were asleep under the snow, and I could see fields of forget-me-not, orchises, potentillas, pansies, and other pasture flowers, while the rocks were studded with gem-like androsace, silene and, rarest of all, the blue cushion forget-me-not, which rumour says is common on the Jungfrau group. No one who does not know the Alps in flower time has any idea of the blaze of the Alpen Rose (Rhododendron Ferrugineum) when it grows luxuriantly over the avalanche-cleared slopes or the unlimited mass of flowers in the meadows where the alpine hay is made.

Let me say here that the plants of Switzerland are protected by law and that we must not root them up and take them home to die miserable deaths in lowland gardens. The Swiss are anxious lest their rarer plants may soon be exterminated and they are doing everything they can to protect them. They also maintain nurseries where the plants are grown for distribution among the mountains, and it is up to us to help by loyally refraining from digging up roots and carrying them away.

Now for birds. Once when I lay in bed with a broken leg at Lucerne and fed the birds in my room, I had nuthatches waking me up at 4 a.m. as they thumped about on the floor under my bed reminding me that the store of nuts was exhausted. Chaffinches, great tit, blue tit, and marsh tit as well as a very bold blackbird, were in my room all day, ignoring doctor or masseuse while they greedily filled their beaks with stores of nut or cake. A carrion crow sat on the balcony outside, and down in the garden below were gold and fire crested wrens.

Among the birds at Interlaken you may see eagles, buzzards, hazel hens, ptarmigan, alpine choughs, spotted woodpeckers and possibly, but very rarely, the lovely moth-like wall creeper. He is very rare but I have sometimes seen him flitting about limestone cliffs near Davos. My knowledge of birds is very limited, but I feel sure that Miss Maynard's quick eye will spot all sorts which will become well known to us.

Chamois are protected near Murren and can often be seen through a telescope while roe deer will probably be met in the woods. Black squirrels are common 5,000 feet above the sea, and marten and wild cats are found among the higher rocks. The animal I love best up there is the marmot and his shrill whistle will often be heard.

You may like to hear something of the excursions we are including in our twelve-guinea fortnight:—

1 and 2. The Lake of Brienz and Meiringen and the Giessbach.—I shall never forget an afternoon I spent at Brienz last summer. It is a most beautiful Swiss village lying on the lake and is the centre of the wood-carving industry. Every chalet seems to be the home of some specialist in toy chalets, carved eagles, or bears or boxes. I came back to Interlaken across the lake by steamer late in the evening, while the sun was setting behind the plumb-coloured Schynige Platte. It was a dream-evening and left an undying impression on my mind. The great Giessbach was splashing down through the woods, and I longed to climb up and sit beside it, but had not time.

Meiringen is another well-known centre at the foot of the Grimsel Pass. Beyond it is the gorge of the Aar, where the huge river has cut a channel some 20 feet wide in places and about 1,000 feet deep through a solid hill barrier across its valley.

These places are all included in our tour but we hope, in addition, to run a special excursion by Swiss Motor Diligence over the Grimsel Pass to the Rhone Glacier. Few places give one a greater idea of the rugged Alps than the Grimsel with its glacier-worn granite cliffs and the Lake of the Dead, so called because rumour has it that after some European battle, the dead were flung into the lake and filled it up.

3. Spiez and the Valley of Kandersteg.—Spiez lies on the Lake of Thun and is the junction with the Loetschberg Railway, whose strong electric engines rush up to Kandersteg at the foot of the Blumlisalp and there take to earth and dash through a long tunnel on their way to Italy. Kandersteg is a village offering many walks up among the higher mountains and will soon be well known as the International Scouts centre, the Swiss Scouts having bought a property there which will be used as a home for Scouts from every country who wish to meet each other.

4. **The Caves of Beatus and Beatenberg.**—I do not know these personally, but am told the caves are jolly, and, having looked up at Beatenberg from the lake below, feel sure that it will be an attractive place to visit.

5. **The Lake of Thun.**—Thun is a really unspoilt mediaeval town, with its castle and the most amusing wooden galleries and staircase in place of a street. One day when I was there, the fire brigade was having a practice and the houses were festooned with hose pipes, while citizens in slouchy uniforms climbed in and out of windows.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.

The **Schynige Platte** is above tree level and is reached by a cog railway which lands us near the higher cliffs and pastures and which gives us a close view of the Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger.

Grindelwald is too well known to need description and it possesses one of the best and cheapest tea shops in the world. Perhaps most guides are too aesthetic to sympathise with the greedy bit of me which includes this in a description of our tours, but I hope there may be some mundane souls who will be glad of the news! I do not know the Upper Glacier but understand that it includes the most hair-raising overhead lift or railway trip.

Murren lies on a shelf and from the balcony of one of its hotels we can look sheer down about 2,000 feet of cliff. Opposite are the Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger again—the giants who dominate the whole of this country and which are well known from almost every peak in Switzerland.

Glaciers! There is something entralling about these almost living monsters of the Alps. No one can imagine what they are like because "Masses of ice pouring down from the tops of the highest mountains" does not really describe them. Every winter, when the snow falls, the glaciers are covered with powder, but so are the valleys. In spring it melts in the valleys and the flowers spring up and replace it, but above 8,000 feet it is snow level and here it packs by its own weight into ice which is always slipping downwards over the cliffs and falling in great chunks at the bottom. So glaciers are always moving, though as Mark Twain found out when he tried travelling on ice, there was so little change in the scenery that he gave up the journey in despair.

The ice may be thousands of feet deep and it cracks across, forming crevasses which move with it. Boulders and stones fall on to the ice from the cliffs above and these are carried along until finally deposited, hundreds of years later, either at the foot of the glacier or along its sides, forming moraines. After a hot summer the stones and dust lie thickly on the lower parts of glaciers as the snow and ice have melted below and people who do not know these mountains find it difficult to believe that they are on a glacier. But follow it upward to where the sun has but little effect and you will touch solid ice and snow again. Few things are more beautiful than an ice fall where the glacier is creeping over a steep slope and the ice is split into cliffs of green and blue.

It is easy to reach these monsters from Interlaken by railway at a cost of a few francs, but they are not within walking distance. I therefore strongly advise all Guides to try to provide an extra sum of money in order to take the Grindelwald excursion and to visit the Upper Glacier as well as the teashop! About 10s. should cover this if moderation is shown in the teashop.

I do honestly think that Interlaken is as good a centre as any we could open. People ask whether it will be very hot. I was there during a spell last August and found it cooler than Lucerne or Montral. There is always a draught and the leaves on the huge old walnut trees in the village were moving all the time. The rivers bring cool air down from the glaciers and the lakes offer bathing facilities which should be cooling at the end of the day. Nights are nearly always cool in Switzerland and, though I take no responsibility in the matter, I do not think you will find Interlaken hotter than English summer holiday resorts.

Some people are a little anxious lest our many excursions will fill the time too much and not leave enough leisure for guide activities. This is exactly as you like. The excursions will be run in any case for the Church Travellers, and you can join or not as you please. We shall always welcome you on excursions, but I shall envy you when you go off on your own hiking and exploring and hope often to join in guide activities off the beaten track. The great thing is for everyone to feel free to follow her own bent and to get the most she can out of her time among the Alps.

Now for a few dull but important facts.

The twelve guineas include all necessities except the Kur Taxe of about 50 cents (or 6d.) per day, which is a tax imposed upon the tourist by all Swiss resorts.

Third class travelling will not be comfortable. Wooden seats become very hard on a night journey, but the guide spirit will make them softer and the saving of two guineas is worth while when thrift is considered. Besides which there is the fun of passing through Belgium, Luxenberg, and a little bit of France all on one night journey. When you get to Bale, you will find the most wonderful station in the world, offering hot baths and such a good continental breakfast. A station whence trains proceed (to use a good official word) to every country in Europe. There is something very thrilling in seeing railway carriages labelled Bucharest, Constantinople, Milan, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, etc.

Those who are tired and who want and can afford an easier journey may travel second class through France and Switzerland by paying two guineas extra.

Some pocket money is necessary. Extra excursions cost money and afternoon tea or provisions are usually wanted. You like to take presents home and there are always some incidental expenses incurred on a trip abroad. Baths and washing, for instance, and bathing in the lake, as well as fruit on hot days.

Mothers may wish to know something about medical arrangements. Swiss doctors and surgeons are excellent and there is a good hospital at Interlaken. I only mention this in case of accident. Fees are usually low. My broken leg only cost me 80 francs or about £4 at the rate of exchange at that time. We now get nearly 25 francs to the English £, so expenses are lower now than they were.

Miss Maynard will be in charge of the Guide Section after the middle of June and I hope to have two women friends helping me with the C.T.C. business, so we shall be able to take every possible care of everyone who joins us after 15th May. The Guide Pension is a good one. It is near the station, which is useful in many ways, but it is also very near woods and meadows.

One of Sir Henry Lunn's conductors accompanies the parties out via Belgium, so that guides who have never been abroad before may feel quite safe and have no qualms on account of not speaking foreign languages.

By the way, Interlaken is in German-speaking Switzerland, but most officials and hotel servants speak French as well and often know a little English which they love to air.

I shall be delighted to answer any questions you may wish to ask, though I rather hope they may be limited to what is necessary because time is pretty full.

May I finish by saying how delighted I am that we are having a Guide Section at Interlaken and how much I look forward to welcoming all who can join us.

KATHARINE FURSE,
112, BEAUFORT STREET,
CHELSEA, S.W. 3.

15th March, 1923.

This is a Summer Holiday—not a training fortnight.

Dates.—The time is extended to the full C.T.C. period, namely, 15th May to the end of September. Miss Maynard will not be at Interlaken until the middle of June but other responsible representatives will be there.

Kit.—Camp uniform must be brought, i.e., two (at least) cotton tunics, cotton or straw hat, and navy sweater, strong boots for climbing, reliable waterproof, and bathing dress, mufti for travelling or as a change in the evening if wished.

It will probably be found that travelling in uniform will facilitate all frontier formalities.

Strong nailed boots and thick stockings are absolutely necessary for real mountain climbing.

Passports.—These can be obtained for 10s. through application to the Secretary of the Church Travellers' Club. Visas are not necessary.

Extensions.—Guiders who wish to prolong their stay at Interlaken can do so at an extra cost of about £3 10s. od. per week. They can also book any of the Extensions shown in the C.T.C. booklet (see below).

The extension to Murren is a particularly attractive one.

Friends.—Guiders may bring their women friends and Cadets and Rangers may also accompany parties, but these must be in charge of a warranted Captain and must not be less than 16 years of age.

Responsibility.—Every possible care will be taken, but the C.T.C. and Girl Guide Authorities can take no responsibility for loss of tickets or in case of accident, illness, etc.

Food.—It is always advisable to take some food on the journey as, in case of delays or overcrowding, the restaurant facilities sometimes break down.

Transport.—Guiders travelling third class via Belgium will join the C.T.C. parties which are accompanied by a conductor. They leave Victoria every Tuesday and Friday from 15th May.

Luggage.—A rucksack or haversack is useful on the journey and for expeditions at Interlaken.

Single Room.—The charge for these is 10s. 6d.

Enquiries.—(a) From the Guide point of view may be addressed to DAME KATHARINE FURSE, 112, BEAUFORT STREET, CHELSEA, S.W. 3

(b) From the booking and travelling point of view must be addressed to Mrs. COMPTON, CHURCH TRAVELLERS' CLUB, 3, ALBANY COURTYARD, PICCADILLY.

Bookings must be accompanied by a deposit of 5s.

Accommodation is limited, so applications should be made soon.

Note.—Guiders are reminded that they have a standard of intelligence and common sense to keep up, and should read this notice through carefully before asking questions, and when applying state the following carefully:—

Names and number of party applying (Mrs. or Miss).

Date of departure from Victoria.

Length of visit.

Class travelling.

Name and address of person in charge of party.

Enclose 5s. a head deposit.

COPIES OF THIS LEAFLET AND OF THE C.T.C. BOOKLET WILL BE SENT FREE TO ANY NAMES AND ADDRESSES YOU CARE TO FORWARD TO

DAME KATHARINE FURSE, 112, BEAUFORT STREET, CHELSEA, S.W. 3.

WHEN SENDING ADDRESSES PLEASE BE CAREFUL TO STATE THAT YOU ARE ASKING FOR THIS LEAFLET

Copies can also be sent in bulk for distribution to companies of Rangers or Cadets.