

THE GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

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Princess Mary with Miss Behrens at Foxlease, in the Rose-garden.

RULE 33. By the Founder.

The question has arisen more than once lately as to whether and to what extent Guides should take part in processions and public parades.

Rule 33 is for the protection of Guiders and of their Guides against the constant requests that are made for their services. It is natural that the organisers of public fetes, etc., should wish to get the assistance of a ready-made, smart, uniformed and disciplined body, and if their request for this is refused they feel correspondingly disappointed, and don't hesitate to say so, not always quite politely. They do not realise that the Guides are not a force organised for show or for people to make use of, but solely for the education of young citizens in health of mind and body. It is not always healthy either for mind or body for girls to display themselves and parade for long hours about the streets, etc., and the Guider has to consider the matter in this light. She has her responsibility to the parents of her girls, and also to the Movement and its ideals.

Of course, Guides can be and frequently are employed in work tending to give expression to their sense of civic or patriotic duty, but the line has to be drawn somewhere.

The Guide Captain and her Commissioner are the sole judges of what their Guides should or should not do, and Rule 33 has been framed for them to quote where it is necessary to decline requests which they do not consider suitable for their girls.

STANDARDS.

THE work in regard to Standards for Girl Guides having grown so extensive, the following division has been made. In future the Hon. Rachel Kay-Shuttleworth, Gawthorpe Hall, Burnley, Lancs, will deal with—

All Overseas Standards, and any information required for Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and the Channel Isles. Also for the northern English counties as follows: Cumberland, Northumberland, Durham, Westmorland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire and Derbyshire. Also the Isle of Man and London.

Miss Constable, Coates House, Fittleworth, will deal with the rest of England.

It is important that the County Commissioners of those counties in England and Wales who have not yet adopted a County Badge should as soon as possible communicate with Miss Kay-Shuttleworth and Miss Constable, and make their choice, as it is hoped before long to publish a book on these badges and their historic and symbolic significance.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY CONFERENCE.

THE Annual County Conference will be held at Southampton on Saturday, October 20th. All Commissioners, Guiders, Secretaries and Members of Local Associations are asked to be present, also all those interested in the Movement will be very welcome. Those wishing to attend the Conference can obtain the programme and particulars from their District Secretaries.

AWARDS

RED CORD DIPLOMA.

Miss Gladys Waud, London.

The GUIDERS' BOOKSHELF

The Badger, Afield and Underground.
By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.
(Witherby. 8s. 6d.)

When Mr. Batten tells us that the badger "is to-day the most abused and misunderstood of British wild beasts," we feel that it is high time that he wrote a book about it, and high time that we should read it. Here is the book, and there is no doubt that there will be many readers of it, especially amongst our animal lovers in the Movement. It is indeed heartrending to read that this "friendly and lovable" little beast has been the cruel sport of villagers for centuries past. Maimed, terrified, baited and cruelly done to death, it seems incredible that such vile cruelty can go on at the present time, for the author describes a miserable incident which occurred as recently as 1921 in North Yorkshire. It is interesting for readers of the *Gazette* to note that "it takes days of kindly treatment and quietude to restore the peace of mind of a wild badger taken from the earth. They fear women less than men, and a wild badger in captivity will raise his head and look curiously into a woman's face when the sound of a man's voice still causes him to hide and sulk." On the other hand, why want to keep him in captivity at all? At any rate it is a comfort to learn that Brock is in no danger of extermination. This is a most fascinating book, written in Mr. Batten's usual delightful style.

Susie Pays a Visit. A play with dance for children. By Kitty Barne. (Curwen. 1s.) Stocked in the Shop.

The Lost Birthday. By Kitty Barne. (Curwen. 1s.) Stocked in the Shop.

Guiders already know Kitty Barne's plays (*Winds*, etc.), and we are glad to be able to recommend two more, which will be very useful to add to our play list.

Susie Pays a Visit is a little fairy play, well suited for two Guides to act—to take the parts of John and Susie—and five or more little Guides or preferably Brownies to be the Dwarfs. There is only one scene, and properties and scenery are of the simplest. It would make a charming Christmas play, and there is endless scope for the Dwarfs! The music for the dance is taken from the well-known *Torch Dance* (Henry VIII Dances) by Edward German, and the steps are fully described.

The Lost Birthday is a play without music for six children, and would make a good play for younger Guides to act. The scene is a night nursery in which To-day, To-morrow and Yesterday produce a Lost Day for Bridget to make into an extra Birthday for Tony, who has had the misfortune to be born on Leap Day.

Length'ning Shadows. Aria by J. S. Bach. Arranged for choirs by W. G. Whittaker. (Stainer & Bell. 4d.) Stocked in the Shop.

This is a delightful aria for Guide choirs to sing; the accompaniment is not at all beyond an average performer, and the tune is charming. It would be very appropriate as a camp fire song, for after all there is no reason why we should not sing good music out of doors as well as on our concert platforms. The words are brief and simple:—

"Length'ning shadows, deep'ning stillness
Birds hushed to silence herald the night,
The mists are gath'ring on field and mountain,
And leaf and blade are wet with dew."

Four Plays for Children. By Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d.) Stocked in the Shop.

Miss Ethel Sidgwick, the well-known writer for children, gives us four plays in this little volume which should appeal to Guides very much. They comprise:—

The Rose and the Ring, a fairy play with seventeen characters, not counting the Crowd, the Lions, the Army, etc.

The Goody-Witch, a fairy play with ten characters, in which several charming Old English and nursery songs are introduced. There is room here for two Rovers (the Goody-Witch and the Huntsman) and a Ranger, if desired.

The Goose Girl, based on Grimm's fairy tale, which requires several singers for the Old English, Irish and Scottish ballads, and nine characters.

Boots and the North Wind, from the Norse tales, for five characters, a play in which Rangers could take the parts of the Landlord and Landlady, and Boots's mother.

At the end of the book a list of the music is given with references to the song collections in which it is to be found; also notes on the performing rights of these plays, which should be carefully studied.

Tracks of British Animals and Birds.

Edited by H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S. (Johnston. 4s. each.) Stocked in the shop. (See page 198.)

We have been stocking the chart on tracks of animals in the Shop for some months, and are now glad to be able to recommend a companion chart for the study of bird tracks. The tracks are in both cases drawn in life size, and printed in black and brown in the case of animals, black and blue in the case of birds, so as to assist in the work of identification. The Charts are beautifully printed on cloth, with slips to hang on the wall, the actual size being 20 by 30 inches.

COMING EVENTS



Subject—"How Guiding can be an Interpretation of Christ." (Based on the findings for a girls' work programme, drawn up at the World's Y.W.C.A. conference at St. Wolfgang, 1922.)

Chairman—Lady Helen Whitaker, C.C. for Hampshire.

House Mother—Miss B. Duff, Asst. C.C. for Norfolk.

Speakers—Miss Newby, Organiser of work among young people, Diocese of Southwark. Miss Niven, General Secretary, World's Y.W.C.A. Miss R. Robotham, Girls' Work Secretary, Y.W.C.A., India. Miss Yelf, Y.W.C.A. Club Leader.

Trainers—Miss Colman (Red Cord Diploma). Miss Commander, Area Director, Midlands. Mrs. Hick (for music).

Terms—10s. 6d. per day single room. 8s. 6d. per day double room. 7s. 6d. per day room shared with others.

Any non-Y.W.C.A. Guider wishing to attend the conference will be welcome, accommodation permitting. Applications with a booking fee of 1s. should be sent before September 15th to Miss M. Campbell, 22, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

SURREY.

An all-day Conference for Surrey Guiders (Commissioners, Secretaries, Captains, Brown Owls, Lieutenants and Tawny Owls) will be held on Saturday, October 27th, at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road (nearly opposite Victoria Station).

The programme which will include singing and talks on child psychology, story telling, Brownies, etc., will be sent to all Guiders later.

NORTH OF ENGLAND COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE for North of England Commissioners will be held at the Ben Rhydding Hydro Hotel, Yorkshire, from Tuesday, October 23rd to Saturday, October 27th. Fees: 13s. per day for a single room, 12s. 6d. per day for a double room. Applications with a deposit fee of 5s. should be sent to the Conference Secretary, Miss M. Storey, O.B.E., South Bailey, Durham.

THE NORTH LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

LADY MAUD WARRENDER, so well known to all Guide lovers of music, has offered a Challenge Cup in connection with the above festival, to be competed for by Guide Choirs drawn from North and North-west London.

The choirs may not have more than twenty voices, and the songs set are:—

1. *The Ballad of London River*. By John E. Borland. (Novello's School Songs 876.) Accompanied.
2. *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*. Old English Air. (Novello's School Songs 1185.) Accompanied.

The entrance fee is 5s., and as at present arranged, the competition will take place on Thursday evening, November 22nd, in the Northern Polytechnic Hall, Holloway Road. The syllabus can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Graham, 74, Park Hall Road, East Finchley, N.2. Telephone, Finchley 1348. Both songs are now stocked in the Guide shop.

LONDON INTER-DIVISIONAL SWIMMING COMPETITION.

PLEASE note: the Swimming Captains' meeting will be held at 19, Portland Place on Thursday, October 4th at 6.30. Each Division is requested to send a representative, who should be prepared to give a rough estimate of the number of programmes required by her Division (admission to the baths will be by programme only). Price: Guides in uniform 3d.; general public 6d.

The programme of the Competition to be held at the Westminster Baths on October 13th at 5 p.m. is as follows:—

Guides.

Relay Team Race (under 14).
Relay Team Race (over 14).
Breast Stroke (style).
Life Saving 4th Method (Tired Swimmer).

Diving from 3 ft. and 8 ft. boards; a running dive from the springboard; one voluntary dive or a repetition of one of the preceding dives (the voluntary will be marked higher).

Guiders.

Relay Team Race.
Breast Stroke (style).
Diving. As for the Guides.

LONDON AND GREATER LONDON TRAINING CENTRE.

WEEK-END courses for training will be held at Grey Towers, Hornchurch, during the winter months under experienced Guiders holding diplomas. These courses will commence on Friday evenings and end on Monday mornings in time for Guiders to catch the business trains to London.

The following courses have been arranged:—

October 5-8. General Training.

October 19-21. Brown Owls.

Fee for each course 12s. 6d.

Applications should be made to the Secretary, Grey Towers, enclosing 5s. as deposit fee. This will be forfeited if course is given up and the booking not cancelled fully two weeks before date of course.

In addition to the above courses the house and grounds may be booked for Divisional or District Training Courses, or for Conferences, etc.

FOXLEASE.

September 7-11. Woodcraft. Waiting list only.

September 19-26. Ranger Guiders. Entries closed.

October 3-10. Diploma Test and General Training. Entries closed.

October 12-15. Camp Advisors' Conference.

October 19-23. Foxlease let (for outside Conference.).

October 30-November 6. Training Week for Brown and Tawny Owls. Waiting list only.

November 8-11. Hampshire Commissioners' Conference.

November 14-20. G.D.A. Conference.

November 23-30. Ranger Guiders.

All applications for 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 course. Applications dealt with in strict rotation.

NOTE.—Any Guider having already attended a Training Course at Foxlease and wishing to apply a second time will be entered on the waiting list only, in order that preference may be given to Guiders who have never been.

Although entries are closed for all those courses specified above, special arrangements can generally be made for Guiders from Overseas, on application to the Guider in Charge.

Fees.

Single rooms	£2 10 0
Double rooms	2 2 0
Rooms shared with others	1 10 0
Single day	0 7 6

BROWNIE TRAINING.

THE London Brownie Training Evenings in October will be as follows:—

Tuesday, October 2nd, at St. Thomas's Church Room, 12A, Kingly Street (at the back of Regent Street, behind Robinson and Cleaver's), 7-9 p.m. Fee 6d.

Wednesday, October 17th at the L.C.C. Schools, Caldecot Road, Camberwell (out of Coldharbour Lane, three minutes from Camberwell Green), 7.30-9.30 p.m. Fee 6d. Guiders are asked to bring rubber shoes if possible.

Both these training evenings will be taken by Eagle Owls and are open to all Guiders.

LONDON TRAINING CLASSES.

THESE will reopen on Friday, October 5th and subsequent Fridays at London Scottish Drill Hall, Buckingham Gate, S.W. Tenderfoot, 2nd Class and 1st Class in mornings, and Country Dancing, Advanced and Elementary in afternoon. For further particulars apply Miss G. Waud, 25, Harrington Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.7.

Please note change of day from Tuesday to Friday.

REPORT OF LONE GUIDERS' CONFERENCE

The first general Conference of the Lone Guides was held at Foxlease from April 20th to 24th. Eighteen Lone Guiders were able to be present, as follows: Miss Beaumont Nesbitt, Director Lones, Capt. 1st Lone Company; Miss Henderson, Representative from Canada; Miss Hodgson, Capt. 4th Lone Company; Miss M. de Beaumont, Capt. 5th Lone Company; Miss Gaskell, 5th Lone Company; Miss Chance, Capt. 36th Eastbourne (Division Lone Company); Miss Malcolm, 36th Eastbourne; Miss Chadwick, 36th Eastbourne; Miss Saumarez, 36th Eastbourne; Miss Killick, Hampshire County Guider; Miss Paget, Bournemouth Division; 2 Lieutenants, Bournemouth Division; Miss Broadbent, Lancashire County Guider; Miss Ellis, Suffolk County Guider; Miss Nicholls, 4th Lone Circle; Hon. Victoria Bruce, Lone Guide Commissioner, Scotland; Miss Prosser, Scotland, Branch B.

A letter wishing the Conference all success was received from Mrs. Mark Kerr, who, it was much regretted, was unable to be present.

A very pleasant and profitable week-end was spent; many Lone problems were discussed and successfully solved, and there was a general feeling of having gained really helpful knowledge. A useful interchange of ideas on theories and methods went on continuously, not only during the actual Conference sessions.

Arising from the discussions the following resolutions were passed:—

1. That a Guide attached to a local Company as a Lone shall attend a minimum of four parades of that Company during the year.
2. That Mothers' Circles shall in no case be registered under the Lone Branch.
3. That Lone Guiders may in future apply to their own County Secretaries for all badges required by them.

(N.B.—This rule of course applies only to regular Lone Guiders of scattered Companies.)

The above resolutions were all duly proposed and seconded, and were carried unanimously.

The Conference closed with a vote of thanks to Miss Behrens for her unfailing kindness and interest during the Conference, and to Miss Beaumont Nesbitt for having organised the Conference and for her chairmanship of the Sessions.

Much regret was expressed at the Extension Lone Guiders being unable to attend the Conference as had been arranged, owing to the illness of the Secretary of Extension Lones.

The resolutions passed during the Conference have since been confirmed by Headquarters.

With regard to Resolution 3, it would help the Guiders' County Secretary when ordering badges to mention if any are required for Lone Guides living in that particular county, as Secretaries have to keep a record of the numbers of badges issued to Guides in their county.

Lones who are registered as such at Headquarters (Branch B) are expected to report to the Director of Lones twice a year.

County Lone Guiders.

The following list of County Lone Guiders brings the appointments up to date:—

CARNARVON: Miss Thomas, The Moorings, Carnarvon.
DURHAM: Miss A. Humphries, Thornley Vicarage, Tow Law.
HAMPSHIRE: Miss Killick, Lynstead, Shawford, nr. Winchester.
LANCASHIRE: Miss Broadbent, Glencoe, Clitheroe.
MERIONETH: Miss M. Coke-Williams, Clwelfa, Dolgelly.
STAFFORDSHIRE: Miss B. Allen, Rosebank House, Leek.
SUFFOLK: Miss Ellis, Bryntirion, Newmarket.
SURREY: Miss E. Nicholls, 107, Broughton Road, Thornton Heath, Richmond.
SUSSEX: Miss Upton, Grays, Petworth.
YORKSHIRE: Mrs. Gilmour, Scalebor, Burley-in-Wharfedale.
ULSTER: Miss Patterson, 32, Arthur's Street, Belfast.

OBITUARY.

We much regret to hear of the death of Lady Doreen Fitzroy, District Commissioner for Market Weston, Suffolk. Before her marriage Lady Doreen was Chief Commissioner for Girl Guides in South Africa, where as the daughter of Lord Buxton, then Governor-General of the Union, she did wonderful pioneer work in organising and promoting the movement.

On her return to England she was the Corresponding Member for South Africa on the Girl Guide Imperial Council, and kept in the closest touch with the Guide work she had so successfully started. Her fellow Commissioners in Suffolk very deeply mourn her loss.

Girl Guides' Gazette

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

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

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

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Southern Hemisphere.

Requests have reached us from Guiders in the South, asking for help in finding their way by the stars in the Southern Hemisphere. We are apt to forget in our intimacy with the Great Bear that he does not assist Guides in Africa at all with his pointers! They have to look for the Southern Cross, and unfortunately

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for them, although the long bar of the Cross points nearly to the South Pole, there is no bright star like our Pole Star to "mark the place."

Miss Mary Proctor has very kindly written a short article for the benefit of our readers Overseas, and has also given us a chart of the Southern Stars, which we reproduce on another page. Miss Proctor also recommends the book—"An Easy Guide to the Southern Stars," by M. E. Orr, published by Gale and Inglis, 25, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Plays.

We are making a big effort this autumn to improve the collection of plays we stock in the shop. There are many and varied Guide plays—none of them very adequate—and it is felt that we must have adequate—non-Guide plays as well for recommendation to amateurs at the Christmas season.

We review several under the "Guiders' Bookshelf," and they will be found in the price list to correspond. With the help of the Drama League, with whom we are now affiliated through the Rangers, we hope to be able to add considerably to our list, but would be very glad of suggestions from our readers, who probably have practical experience of many good yet simple productions that we could recommend with advantage.

In some cases there are performing rights to be noted, and a small fee charged for production. This should not come heavily on most Companies who charge for admittance to their performances, as the fee is usually only half a guinea, and dramatists must live like other artists. We want to get away from the idea that "anything will do to act," and that we can just "set to and write a play for the Company" as easily as picking up sticks. As a movement, we set ourselves a high standard in everything we attempt and try to stick to it. This must apply to the Arts as well as to Badge work. For too long we have been content with a low musical and dramatic standard, and what we give the children to sing and act must be good of its kind.

In Kitty Barne's "The Amber Gate," we have a thoroughly good Guide pageant-play, almost the first of its kind, reviewed in the July Gazette.

A most excellent little book is "Plays to Act and how to Act them," issued by the Drama League (10, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2). I quote a paragraph from it:—

"By acting many and diverse parts a child learns unconsciously to comprehend many and diverse types of character. His sympathies and intuitions become keener and more sensitive with use. Incidentally he gains the same moral training in self-control and *esprit de corps* as team games afford. For drama is the team art. Unexercised in make-believe, childish imaginations grow lethargic and dull."

As Others Think of Us.

A notice has just been sent in to us of a certain encyclopædia, two further parts of which have lately been issued.

After running through a list of subjects newly dealt with, the reviewer adds: "Other noticeable subjects treated are Giraffes, Girl Guides, Grammar and Gramophones."

There is a Lewis Carroll atmosphere about this list, somehow.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD LOGS.

TO THE EDITOR, "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."
DEAR EDITOR,—Guides are often puzzled as to how best to set about keeping a Bird Log, especially those who are taking an active interest in the R.S.P.B. Competition advertised in the *May Gazette*. May I suggest one or two hints.

Personal observation is the only real point of interest, and however small the incident may seem at the time, it may turn out to be a crucial point when the history of the particular species under observation comes to be summed up. At this time of the year, the breeding season being over, some of the points to observe are:—

- (a) Difference between the plumage of young birds and their parents.
- (b) When the young commence to sing.
- (c) Their diet.
- (d) In what condition the parents convey food to their young.
- (e) Which parent brings the food.
- (f) Whether the birds devour all their food at once, or reserve some, and if so, how—i.e. shrieks.
- (g) The effect of moulting on song.
- (h) Mode of flight.
- (i) Method of rising and landing from land or water.
- (j) When the different breeds commence flocking.
- (k) When the different breeds commence migrating.

Added to these and many other points of interest which may be observed, feathers can now be picked up as the birds are moulting, and named and inserted in a diary; tracks can be found and drawn in. The best place to find tracks now is near water, where the mud is soft and the imprint clearly seen. Another good plan is to cover a tray with dampened soot, smooth the surface, place some food on the soot and await results; but beware of cats and place your tray out of their reach on poles. To obtain an interesting life history of any bird, I should advise a loose paged book, a page being devoted to each kind of bird, and so from time to time different observations may be added, further pages being added if necessary. Special notice should be taken of the dates of different events, such as arrivals, nesting, departures, etc., and these sometimes vary according to the weather.

Yours sincerely,

A BIRD LOVER.

"GUIDES."

TO THE EDITOR, "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR,—Lady Marjorie Dalrymple's interesting article on the "Queen's Own Corps of Guides" in the August *GAZETTE* has led me to wonder if many Guiders know the source from which much of the material for it was evidently derived. I refer to General Sir George Younghusband's delightful "Story of the Guides." As Lady Marjorie says, "the tale of their doings reads like the most exciting adventure story," and I think that many Guiders might, like myself, find this book a fruitful source of camp fire yarns. The "Story of the Guides" can, I believe, be obtained from any bookseller in quite a cheap edition.—

Yours faithfully, "BOOKWORM."

THE SWALLOW.

TO THE EDITOR, "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR,—Your correspondent, who wishes to find a poem about the Swallow, has set the rest of us a difficult job. I have found in the "Encyclopædia of Practical Quotations" one verse of a poem, "The Swallow," by Charles Godfrey Leland, an American poet (1824-1903). It seems to relate an incident of our Lord's Passion, and would, I should think, be found in Leland's "Legends of Birds" (1864). The verse is as follows:—

"But, as old Swedish legends say,
Of all the birds upon that day,
The Swallow felt the deepest grief,
And longed to give her Lord relief,
And chirped when any near would come
'Hugswala swala swa hom!'—
Meaning, as they who tell it deem,
'Oh, cool, oh, cool and comfort Him!'"

Swinburne's "Swallow, my sister, O sister Swallow," is fine poetry, but it does not moralise! There is a reference to Swallows in C. G. Rossetti's "Bird Song," and in Richard III, Act V, Scene II, line 23. Also in Thomson's "Seasons" (Autumn, line 836).

I hope one of these will be of use to your correspondent.—Yours sincerely,

E. M. MEREDITH

(Captain, 3rd Bideford Company).

JACKDAWS AND GULLS.

TO THE EDITOR, "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR,—I witnessed a curious incident the other day. In the cliffs at Seaford are many nests, both of gulls and jackdaws. I was watching a pair of gulls, one of whom was sitting on the nest while the other stood on a ledge of rock just in front, when suddenly a great commotion occurred. The gulls rose and swooped on to a jackdaw, plucking from him several feathers before he finally escaped. This audacious thief had tried to steal one of the gull's eggs while the bird was actually sitting on the nest. They, however, did not pursue him, but returned to their crag and stood there side by side, which as the space was very limited and in the eye of the wind, they found extremely difficult, and proceeded to chatter and squeak and make a noise very like the "miaou" of a cat, the rest of the colony of gulls however paid not the slightest attention and appeared not to have noticed the incident at all. After watching for some time I discovered that the jackdaws also had nests, but theirs were built inside the cracks in the cliff wall, the entrances of which were too small for a gull.—Yours truly,

A GUIDER.

GUIDES IN CAMP.

TO THE EDITOR, "GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE."

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been asked by one of the residents of Lympne, to forward you the following speech made by him on our last day in camp:—

"I should like Headquarters to place on record the excellent behaviour of the Girl Guides during their stay with us, and the high standard maintained by them all the time they have been here. They have been an example to us all, and we only hope they will come again next year."

This opinion was heartily endorsed by the Rev. R. Staple, vicar of the parish.—Yours truly,

D. HANN

(Captain, 12th Southwark).

BIRD LOG BOOKS

THE very first essentials of the keeper of a bird Log Book (so that it may eventually prove of interest both to reader and writer) are these: an A1 power of observation, a keen pair of eyes, aided if possible by a good pair of field glasses, ears wide open for every sound in bird-land, and lots of patience.

It must be remembered at the outset, and this may sound rather contradictory, that when one is especially studying birds one cannot confine one's attention to birds alone. All nature works together and one thing so fits in with another that the whole must be taken into account. The weather is one of the chief factors that directs the movements and behaviour of birds. An early spring, and nesting starts in good time; cold nights and heavy rain, and nest-building is hindered or checked, and bitter winds cause a temporary cessation of song. In the same way a hard winter kills off numbers of birds, as do heath fires in a hot summer; and storms at sea often drive birds inland. Weather also largely affects plant and insect life, and consequently the food supply of the smaller song-birds varies considerably.

And now for the actual keeping of the Log Book. An important thing to bear in mind is that a book of this kind is of no interest unless it is entirely original, that is, unless every observation is your very own. Do not enter anything you may have read or heard, be it never so interesting, unless you have seen it yourself; or if some habit or characteristic is described to you, then watch till you see it, when you can write it in your own words as your own observation.

Be methodical in the way you keep your Log; it makes it easier to read and will help you in the future when you wish to turn back to "this time last year" or the year before, if each page is headed with the date, month and year. The whole year of bird-life can be divided into different periods: first the departure of our winter visitors, when we prepare for a busy spring, meaning to discover more and see more *this* year than ever before. Bird-song must next be paid attention to, and this fairly soon, for although May is the real song-month, skylarks, thrushes and many others start singing quite early in the year. Then nesting, and the rooks will be the first to start or at any rate will begin talking and arguing about it before the others have even chosen their building sites; and they will soon be followed by blackbirds, thrushes and the smaller birds. As soon as our residents have begun housekeeping, the summer visitors will arrive—willow-wren, chiffchaff, swallows, martins, cuckoo, etc.—and must be noted.

There will be lots to see and study all through the summer and as the nests are finished with, the countryside will be populated with young bird-families. Towards autumn the disappearance of our guests must be watched for and noted, and this is rather a difficult thing to do. The best way is to put down every time a migrant is seen till you find its name ceases to appear in the pages of your Log, when you may conclude it has left the country.

Photographs help to illustrate your notes, but if you wish to take nests thin of the bird first and the photo second; a few birds (except those that build on the ground in the open) place their nests in a good situation for photography, and if the bush or tree is disturbed or branches cut away to admit the light, much harm may be done.

Select a certain number of nests to watch closely, and make up your mind what things you want to observe most, the behaviour of either parent-bird especially, details of appearance of the old or young birds, the way the youngsters are fed, etc.

Do not visit it oftener than every two days or so, and the next time you go see if any more material has been added or if the first egg has been laid, and what is its size and colour. Then notice how often an egg is laid until the clutch is complete, but if ever the mother-bird is on the nest when you approach, go quietly away again without frightening her. When the eggs are all laid the nest need not be visited so frequently, as incubation is sure to last about a week or longer.

There is a satisfactory feeling of achievement when notes have been kept on a nest from start to finish and one has kept careful watch over the little family from advent of the first egg to the youngsters' flight, when they can be seen

And what is gained by
a Log? — a shield perhaps, but if not

E. TINNE.

CORRECTION—WILTSHIRE.

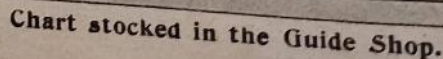
W & A. K. JOHNSTONS
TRACKS OF BRITISH BIRDS
Edited by J. H. MOULTON

A REQUEST

SOME of the Guides in the Extension Lone Companies are anxious to sell some of the needlework, baskets, etc., that they have made, for the benefit of their Company Funds. Would any Guide or Ranger Company who are having a Sale in November or December be so very kind as to run a small stall for them? All the work would be sent by the Extension Lone Guides, and all they want is to sell it for them.

3rd COLCHESTER COMPANY.

To pass, an aggregate of 93 per cent. and not less than 95 per cent. in any one subject had to be obtained. Both Ranger Irene Spicer and Ranger (and Brown Owl) Janet Baker obtained the same excellent aggregate of 99.2 per cent., being examined in the reading test in buzzer, lamp, flag, semaphore and shutter.





THE THREE GIFTS

PEACE—VISION—POWER

(The Foxlease Words).

BROWN OWL looked round upon the Pack, settled comfortably in the Pow Wow Ring, and began: "Once upon a time there was a——"

"I know that story!" "I don't think you do," said the story-teller quietly, "because it has never been told before."

The interrupter subsided. "Once upon a time there was a Brown Owl who went on a journey with lots of other Brown Owls——"

"Did she salute them?" "Of course; but not all the time. And at the end of the journey they came to a house called the House Beautiful, which stood in the middle of a garden full of roses. All round the garden there were trees, because it was part of a great Forest, and up in the tops of the trees the little red squirrels frisked in and out, and wherever you went you could hear the songs of the birds."

"The Brown Owls were very happy there. They were friends with the birds and the squirrels and the ponies in the Forest, and they were friends with the roses in the garden and the daisies in the field, and with the great big trees that watched over the House Beautiful. But most of all they were friends with the House itself. You see, it was a Brownie House. It hadn't any proper beginning or ending, and so it didn't matter where you went in or out. There were long passages inside, with steps up and down, and odd little rooms, and a Door that was always wide open. There was something odd about that Door. When you stood outside it you heard the word 'Welcome,' and when you stood inside it you heard the word 'Home.' The Door didn't say the words of course, but all the Brown Owls heard them directly they arrived."

"Now at the back of the house, on the hill above the roses, stood a great Pine Tree. It watched over the House Beautiful day and night, and it was called the Sentinel. And when all the Brown Owls were asleep, the Sentinel and the House Beautiful spoke together."

"What is the charge to-night?" asked the Pine Tree, swaying its branches gently to the evening breeze.

"A full nursery," answered the House. "These are the guardians of the Little Folk. They sleep soundly."

"I watched them come," the Pine Tree remarked. "Their ways are different from

the others. They sit in rings and give strange calls, like children playing hide and seek, and they speak a language of their own."

"Their delight is in little things," the House answered. "They have found all my secret corners and hiding-places, and they think they are the first discoverers."

"Have they found thy gifts?" asked the Pine Tree.

"Nay, it is too soon for that," said the House. "But I do not think they will be behind in the taking."

"The full moon rose up above the elm trees, and shone on the House Beautiful. One of the Brown Owls stirred in her sleep and woke. Behind her, when she entered the Door, she had left a great many worries and problems, but they all seemed small and far away as she raised herself on one elbow, and looked down into the moon-lit garden."

"It is beautiful," she thought to herself. "I never knew there could be any place like this. If I could only take it home." And the next minute she was asleep again.

"You are right," said the Sentinel to the House. "They will not be behind in the taking."

"For one whole week the Brown Owls lived in the House Beautiful. All day they spent in the garden, or out in the Forest, and in the evening they gathered round the Camp Fire, and listened to stories—Brownie stories—and sang the Songs of the Guides. And peace came upon them there, and they understood."

"One day two Brown Owls sat on the hill above the Pine Tree and talked."

"When I get back," said the first, "I shan't know where to begin. There'll be such lots to tell."

"Do you think we'll really be able to tell it?" the second asked. "I'm so afraid of forgetting when I'm not here any longer."

"We shan't forget," said the first confidently. "We've seen it, and when you've seen you can always remember."

"Yes," agreed the second, "we shall always remember." And they sat looking at the House Beautiful, but each was seeing instead a bare room, with a ring of little people, and a sign in the midst; for the House had yielded them its second gift, and the vision went before them."

"At the end of the week the Brown Owls said goodbye to the House Beautiful, and they were sad to leave behind them the

roses and the squirrels and the birds. But as they went through the gate and looked back for one last glimpse of the Sentinel, they felt a new power within them, as though they were knights of old, about to set out on some great adventure, taking with them the blessing of their King."

"And this is a true story." There was a moment's silence, and then the questions came fast and thick.

"Did you go, Brown Owl?"

"Were there truly squirrels?"

"Did the other Brown Owls have Packs?"

"Were they like us?"

"Is it true 'bout the Sentinel and the ponies?"

"Can't we go too?"

"One day you shall go," said Brown Owl, seizing on the last question. "Yes, when you're Guides. And you'll see the Sentinel and the squirrels and the flowers, and the gifts will be yours too, and—Mollie, must you bite a hole in your hat, when it's too big already?"

The Pack took its way homeward some minutes later, and Brown Owl struggled with the lock of the clubroom door. It was raining, and she had a heavy case to carry. Moreover, somebody had lost her belt, and there was trouble in one Six, and the accounts wouldn't come right. Brown Owl lifted her head and looked up at the grey sky.

"Peace—vision—power," she whispered and trudged towards the omnibus in the pouring rain.

BOTTOM.

☒ ☒ ☒

ALTON AND DISTRICT BROWNIE REVELS.

On Saturday, July 14th, all the Packs of the Alton (Hampshire) District met for their Brownie Revels in a wood. Each Pack found a home for itself, and when the Brownies had all arrived they heard an owl's hoot. They set out to follow it and came at length to a clearing in the wood, where they found Mrs. Eggar, District Commissioner for Bentley, and Miss Heath, Great Brown Owl. The Brownies made a large ring and sang their Brownie rhymes. Six Brownies were then enrolled, and the first of them was Heather Baden-Powell, who became an Elf in the Bentley Pack. After this, all

☐ ☐ ☐

By MARY PROCTOR.

Pole in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock, a difference easily accounted for when it is remembered that the observer's face, when looking at the North Pole, is turned in a contrary direction to the face of an observer in the Southern Hemisphere looking at the South Pole.

The longer bar of the Southern Cross points nearly to the South Pole, which is a point in the heavens not marked by any brilliant star, but situated about four and a half cross-lengths from the foot of the Cross.

How to determine the South Point.

Alpha and Beta Centauri.

body of the fish, and the Pointers its tail. At the left-hand side of the Cross is a dark space, known to sailors as the Coal Sack. Apparently there are no stars there, but look at it through a telescope and you will see the space is anything but empty. Photographs which bring to light, as it were, the fainter stars, show thousands of stars filling this region. On the right of the Cross are the

To the right of the Cross are the Magellan Clouds, which are composed of thousands of stars, clusters, and nebulae intermixed. Just above these clouds and to the right of the Cross, is the group of stars known as Argo, with its leading brilliant Canopus, the second brightest star in the heavens, Sirius only exceeding it in splendour. That is because Sirius is very much nearer, its light requiring only 8.4 years to reach our planet, while that from Canopus is about three hundred light years away, according to the estimates made by Sir David Gill.

What is a Light Year?

BRITISH GUIDES IN COLOGNE.

THE question of Guiders for the British Guides and Brownies in Cologne is now, I am glad to say, satisfactorily settled.

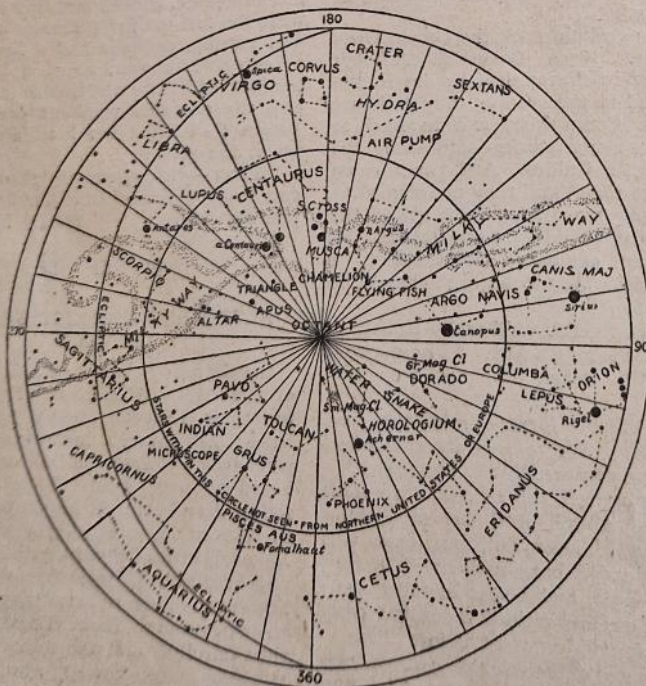
Meanwhile, if any British Guides or Guides should be going to Cologne and glad to help in the work, would they please write to our President there:—

Mrs. STEAVENSON,
Headquarters,
1st Rhine Brigade,
British Army of the Rhine.

Recently Mrs. Steavenson gave a delightful Brownie party in her charming house at Marienburg, and many new recruits joined.

Among our recent Overseas visitors have been two parties of Danish Guides, who won all our hearts by their enthusiasm and evident pleasure in everything, and we have also welcomed two Syrian Guiders, who greatly enjoyed their stay at Foxlease. One of them writes: "We shall return to Syria with loads of golden Treasures in our hearts, with treasures of British kindness. By giving us a helping hand, you are helping a whole nation to rise from a long painful sleep. I have been both very happy and unhappy during my stay in England. Happy to see you Britishers enjoying freedom, the thrill of patriotism, the sweet pleasure of service. All this made me understand what we Syrians really miss."

It is pleasant to know that through our International Council, we are acquiring friends in all corners of the globe, who are as ready to welcome us in their countries as we are to welcome them in ours.



THE SOUTHERN CONSTELLATIONS.

OUR NEW DEVELOPMENT FUND

By the FOUNDER.

"NO, you do it so much better than I," was my way of trying to get out of it with the Chief Guide, but she was firm and insisted that that was not the point. The point was that it was my duty, as chairman, to make the statement in the GAZETTE. So here goes! I want, in behalf of the Executive, to thank all those who have so generously come to our aid in putting the Movement on to a footing of solvency through the new Development Fund and to announce that we are now about to close that Fund. When one looks back one recalls the hopeless prospect at our first starting in the vicious circle of "what results we could show if we only had the funds," and "how funds would come in if we only showed results."

And when one looks round to-day and sees our widespread and effective sisterhood one cannot but feel that the growth of the Movement without the usual appeals to the public for money has been, if not phenomenal, at any rate quite outside of all common experience.

As an example of self-helpfulness it reflects no small credit on all members of the Movement; the Movement is fully entitled to pat itself on the back. In doing so it may well remember also, if she will allow it, to pat Mrs. Bowers on the back for organising and managing the Development Fund in the able and business-like way that she has done; it may also well pat the broad back of its Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Percy Everett, since its financial success has been largely due to his wise, economical and far-seeing administration of the monies as they became available.

At the same time it may well pat itself for the loyal way in which it has patronised its own shop and so enabled profits to balance expenditure when often a more convenient course might have been to make its purchases locally.

Furthermore it may, and I am asking it to do so now, sincerely thank those of its members and its outside friends who have so generously come forward to contribute directly to the Development Fund. This amounts now to the very respectable sum of over £9,500. I call it a most respectable sum when you come to think of the contributions which have been made simultaneously in other directions by members of the sisterhood.

Look at Foxlease! The splendid response that has been made to the generous lead given by Princess Mary in fitting up that place has resulted in a Mecca really worthy of the Movement.

All this at a time when the after-war money values has made it so immensely difficult to find the necessary funds for running Companies and districts locally.

It was thanks to the Development Fund being available that we were able to accept the offer of Foxlease, which otherwise we should have been obliged to turn down owing to lack of means for repairs and upkeep. Subsequently Princess Mary's endowment of the place left our Fund intact for other uses. Thus it has already done a valuable service; but when we look forward at the probable growth and developments

which will need a guarantee (if not actual expenditure) an immense vision unfolds itself which was hitherto only a rainbow of promise, but is now full of actual possibilities.

To some of us this result is a big reward. If we did get ridiculed at first for expressing belief in women by suggesting Guiding... Do you know what people said to me then? No, I won't go into it now.

The Guides' self-helpfulness as shown by this Fund is in itself a justification of what I said then in reply.

So all things considered I think that instead of thanking you as I said I should do, I ought rather to be congratulating you on what you have done for the Movement; it tends all the more to prove that our sisterhood is, as the Chief Guide has defined it, a living MOVEMENT and not a mere soul-less ORGANISATION. "What did you do in the Great War," is the question often put by the rising generation, and it is a relief to any man to be able to say: "At any rate I did my bit—even if it was small."

So with those of you who have helped to provide the sinews to our Movement it must be some satisfaction to feel that you have done your bit towards it.

It is the bit that counts, not the size of it. You have your share in the successes that may be coming to us. For any who have not yet been able to send in their mite, the opportunity still exists as we shall not be able to definitely close the Fund until September 30th, 1923.

In the meantime the Executive, as I have so lamely tried to say, offer their most grateful thanks to all who have so loyally contributed to its success.

But of course we do not wish to suggest that we shall not always be grateful for any financial help that may be given us at any time. September 30th is not meant to be the closing date for generosity of all kinds!

WINTER SPORTS.

WITH the help of Sir Henry Lunn, we are again able to offer a period in Switzerland at a lower rate of expense than is usual.

A hotel is being opened at Pontresina in December, where the sum of seventeen guineas will secure a fortnight, including afternoon tea, Kur tax, and sports subscriptions, with the exception of the hire of skis or any personal equipment. (It includes the loan of toboggans.)

An additional week will cost £4 14s. 6d. The ideal amount of time to be spent in Switzerland is three weeks, as this allows for one week in which to learn the games and two weeks in which to enjoy them. Not that the first week's plunging about on skis is anything but fun.

Two or three Interlaken friends will be at Pontresina to look after those Guiders who come out. I shall probably be there myself to help with the ski-ing, and hope very much that I may welcome a lot of Guiders who wish to know more of the life in the Alps.

Look out in the GAZETTE for an article on winter sports and hints as to equipment. It is not necessary to spend much on the latter, as most ordinary country clothes or uniform will do, with the addition of breeches and ski-ing boots, which are best bought in Switzerland.

Save up and come out, and get the finest time it is possible to imagine.

KATHARINE FURSE.

HORSHAM DISTRICT RALLY.

June, 1923.

COMPETITION FOR THE ELTON SILVER CHALLENGE SHIELD. (Holders—the Warnham Company.)

Event No. 4. "Tea-time."

On the signal... the P.L.'s of the 28 Patrols ran up and received a box of six matches, a packet of tea, and these written directions:—

- (1) Make a fire inside horseshoe in front of your Company.
- (2) If you can return four unused matches you gain a point.
- (3) Boil your kettle and make tea.
- (4) Take your teapot to the row of cups, pour it out, and wait till the judge tells you to go.
- (5) Offer your tea to anyone in the audience.
- (6) Beat out your fire and leave all tidy. (Use as many of your Patrol as you wish.)

Twenty-eight "umpires" judged the fire-making, etc., and the three judges placed the Guides as they brought their tea.

In a very short time a ring of fires was burning, and the competition appeared to interest the audience, who also appreciated the tea!

COMPETITION.

"The most original method of teaching Guides any one subject, test, or part of a test."

THREE Prizes are offered to Guiders for the best essays sent in on the above subject.

RULES.

1. MSS. to be typewritten (if possible) on one side of the paper only and not to exceed 2,000 words.
2. The name and address of each competitor should be clearly stated, and her rank, etc., given.
3. Attached to each MS. submitted must be the competition coupon found in this number of the GAZETTE.
4. MSS. cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. The Editor reserves the right of reprinting any of the papers submitted in Headquarters' publications.
5. Closing date of Competition—OCTOBER 20th, 1923.
6. Papers to be sent in to The Editor, Girl Guides' Gazette, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, to be marked on envelope—COMPETITION.
7. Please note that if diagrams are included, these should be clearly drawn in Indian ink on a separate sheet of paper, not inserted in the text of the MS.

OUR TRIP TO

By The Chief
(Continued.)

LATE on the night of April 27th our ship glides through the dusk-clouded water, steering in and out past booms and buoys set to mark the crooked channel, till tall spires and towers, rows of twinkling lights low along the water's edge and flaring "sky signs" up high on the crest of the hill, announce our arrival in sight of Seattle.

By this time we are travelling more or less *incognito* in mufti, bent, I am ashamed to confess, on selfish holiday-making and devoid of the call and the need for speech-making.

Our feelings therefore may be judged as somewhat perturbed on being told by a customs official on the wharf that "the Scout boys are waiting outside."

The perturbation was groundless. A few kind and thoughtful Boy Scouts of America, hearing of our arrival, had come to offer their services, not only in the form of bringing greetings to the Chief Scout, but also in the very practical form of a car to carry us and our laces and penates to the hotel.

And so after four years we find ourselves once more in "the land where your opinion is called your 'reaction,' where grotesque exaggeration is called humour, and where women have to bathe in stockings," as described by Mr. Henry Nevinston in his book "Good-bye, America."

The ubiquitous reporter presents himself but is successfully shooed away as it is nearing midnight, and next day we settle ourselves down to enjoy the thousand-mile journey down the western coast of the United States to San Francisco.

It is a most beautiful journey through the rich and luxuriant lands of Washington and Oregon, fruit farms and orchards, cattle roaming in knee-deep pasturage, and now and again wide stretches of wild forest country where the lumber is being cut and floated down the wide rivers to the pulp mills.

For nearly a whole day we run along in sight of Mount Shasta—snow-capped and blue, lying in a bed of warm haze stretched over the country around.

Again we arrive at our destination in the dark, as we leave the train and do the last lap of the journey on the ferry that dashes and splashes its way across from Oakland to San Francisco. There seem to be hundreds of these "sea busses"—all rushing across the wide stretch of harbour with flaming searchlights making a wide pathway of light ahead and with sirens barking gruffly like so many angry terriers.

We are whirled ashore in the throng of passengers to find ourselves at last in the arms of our fairy godmother hostess—one well-known in the Guide world, one

well loved for her warm-hearted goodness, one to whom many of us feel deeply and affectionately grateful for her generosity to Foxlease and Guiding generally—Mrs. J. J. Storow of Massachusetts.

A quiet night in a comfortable bed, which was stationary instead of hurtling through the country, made one quite fresh for the start on one of the most perfect sight-seeing holidays I have ever had.

First of all, with Miss Nanette Bewley, the head of Rangers in Great Britain, we were sent off like a party of school children to explore the city and environs.

The first attraction, and that a great one, was the rock about a quarter of a mile out at sea covered with dozens of sleek fat seals lying in heaps upon its edges.

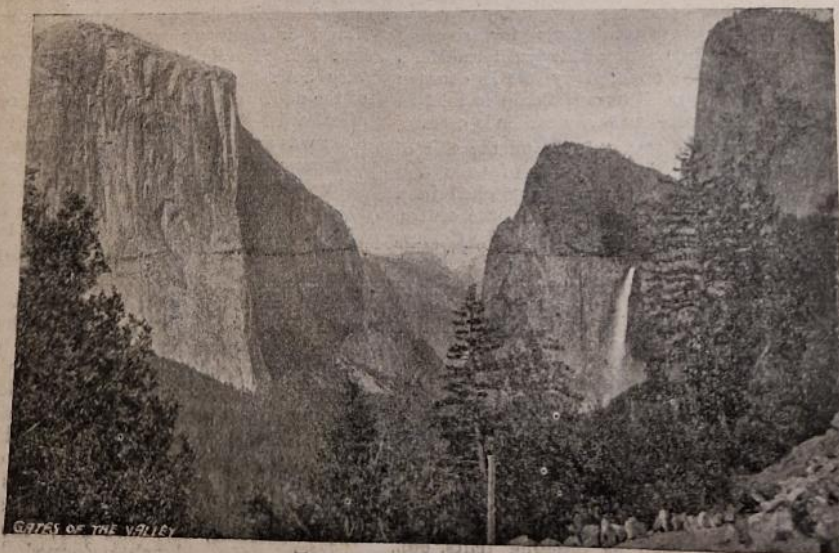
Barking and looking like slithery, slimy slugs, they were constantly diving off, being swished mercilessly about in the heaving rollers and then clambering with intense difficulty on to the jagged rock again, scraping their tummies and struggling with their flippers, and as often as not losing their hold and sliding off into the waves below again.

Then in the distance on the hill-top we saw the little tower that was erected as a memorial to Sir Francis Drake. This great adventurer landed on this spot in 1578 during his voyage up the coast in pursuit of the Spanish treasure ships.

He is said to have climbed to the top of this hill to give thanks to the Almighty for having brought him safely so far. Sailing along the coast, one would have expected these sea wanderers to spot every available resting-place for their ships. But history relates that though so close Drake never saw the opening of the "Golden Gate" leading through the cliffs to the large natural harbour and inland sea, but sailed on across the Pacific to circumnavigate the world.

The next step was a ramble through parts of China Town, built like the whole of this vast city on the side of a mountain, so that the streets are formed of terrifically steep gradients.

Amidst some poor mean streets and slums is a pleasing, little fresh open space.



The Yosemite Valley.

TO CANADA

The Ch... Guide.

(Contd.)

On the grass sit Chinese women in trousers, with their babies playing at their sides; negro dock workers loll about having their midday picnic meal; American artisans, a few Indians and Japanese, and some Italian-looking sailors are sitting playing their several games and pastimes—a cosmopolitan crowd if ever there was one.

And in the centre of this small park stands a stone plinth with a model of a full-rigged ship on the top of it, set there to commemorate the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson here lived for a while, learning and studying the sailor's life on the high seas, and the glamour of the South Sea Islands whither he was bound.

At its base are written these words, which I will quote, since I do not myself know at the moment whether they are widely known or not:—

"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation. Above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

We ended our stay in San Francisco with a visit to the beautiful Berkely University. Its stately campanile towers up out of a garden surrounded with fine buildings and shady trees, the Greek theatre stands in concrete dignity on the side of the hill near by, and looking out to the west we see the sun sink in a fire-coloured glory framed in the aptly named opening to the sea, the "Golden Gate."

A luxurious journey with cheery companions brings us through the undulating country to the valley of the Merced River, made famous by the writings of Bret Harte.

Squeezing through narrow cuttings, crawling round spiky corners and hairpin bends, across and across the river, the track toils slowly up from the plains to the Yosemite National Park, a protected area of some 1,125 square miles.

There are no words with which to describe one's first glimpse of the Yosemite Valley. "How colossal," "Isn't it gorgeous," "How wonderful," "What a view," and the humble "I never saw anything so lovely" are weakly exclaimed on every side until gradually we lapse into complete silence, drinking in the wonders of this gigantic dreamland.

Huge dome-shaped mountains, jagged granite peaks and snowy slopes soar into

the sky some twelve and thirteen thousand feet, whilst looking down from the top of the mountain-side you see series of waterfalls dashing down the cliffs, great foaming torrents roaring like thunder though disappearing like little rivulets on the floor of the valley a thousand feet below.

The guide-book explains that many of these waterfalls are unique in beauty and size, and I do not feel at all inclined to dispute it.

The water flowing over the Yosemite Falls, for instance, falls 1,430 feet in one sheer drop (or equal to nine Niagara Falls), and then after a pause part way down the side of the mountain it continues in a tidy little fall immediately below to the actual "ground floor" with a drop of 320 feet further—or the equivalent to only two more Niagaras!

One can't help hating superlatives when they sound as if one were belittling anything else; but in the Yosemite Valley you can't help feeling happy and elated at being in the presence of the biggest and most beautiful spectacle of its kind in the world.

A thirty-mile drive takes us away over the mountains through primeval forest to the Mariposa Grove of giant trees. These trees are noted the world over, not only for their gigantic size but also for their great age.

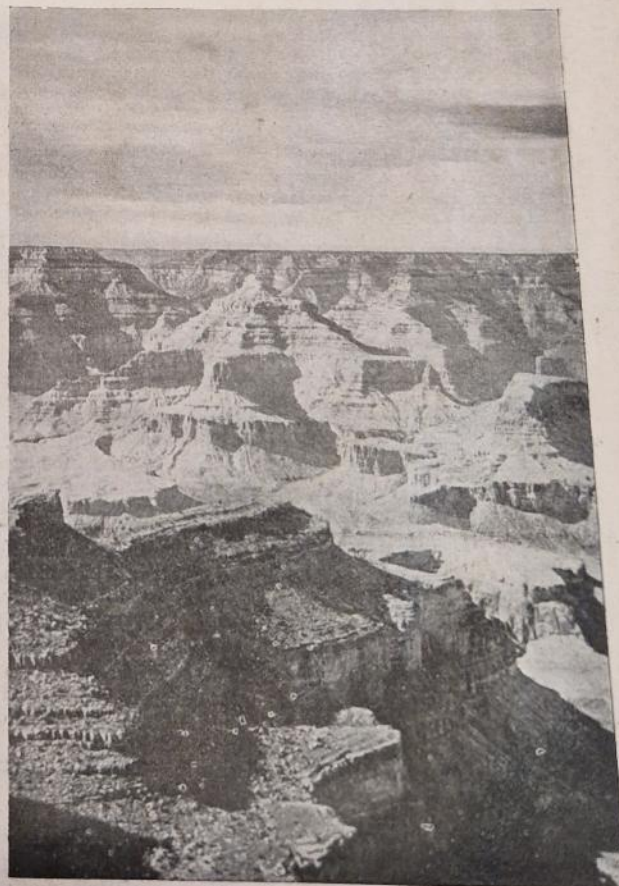
This can roughly be estimated by the rings in the wood when one is cut down, and it is stated that many of the giant *Sequoia* in this area are growing to a height of 260 feet and over, whilst their girth at base may be between 70 and 80 feet and even up to 94 feet in diameter.

They stand not only in their ones and twos but in their dozens, grouped in natural grandeur on the steep hill-sides,

towering up with their tops out of sight, their red trunks glowing in the sun; and when one considers that many of these had been standing as full-grown trees for over a thousand years at the time when Christ was born, it gives one something to think about.

The "Grizzly Giant" is ranked with other *Sequoia Washingtoniana* in other parks as being "the oldest and biggest living thing," and it does one good to gaze on such a wonder and to realise one's minuteness!

Deer abound in this protected forest world and as we drove along over the bumpy woodland track we saw them galloping and jumping gracefully hither and thither through the tree-stems and undergrowth, whilst squirrels darted chattering from tree to tree.



The Grand Canyon.

On returning from the long drive in the moonlight we quietly approached a secluded open amphitheatre to find three large bears feeding themselves on the refuse thrown from the hotel! They shambled off as our motor lights were turned full on to them, and we could hear them for some time rustling and scrambling through the bushes.

As the light faded and the moon rose we felt loath to end this most perfect day. The valley lay bathed in the still white moonlight, the trees cast their shadows black as ink across the roadway, the roar of the Bridalveil, Vernal and Yosemite waterfalls sounded as music in our ears, and the Cathedral Rocks, Half Dome and the Three Brothers reared their heights into the still starry darkness overhead.

El Capitan, three-quarters of a mile of sheer rock rising from the valley floor, stands dazzlingly white, solid and immense, and it is a struggle to return to such mundane matters as meals and bedtime when one's eyes can feast upon such a sight.

The next stage of our journey is the long planned and long looked forward to visit to the Grand Canyon. Our most thoughtful of hostesses was almost afraid, from the ecstasies expressed at the Yosemite Valley, that we would tend to compare the merits of the two, and jealous of the reputation of her beloved Canyon, she would urge us not to use up all our appreciation and all our adjectives before our arrival at number two!

Her fears were groundless. She need never have had them. It was beyond words. It simply beat everything hollow!

From the station you walk up a slight incline, and as you walk the few feet you see gradually rising before you the far-away rim of the opposite edge of the Canyon—thirteen miles away. It lies straight and clear-cut and can be followed as far as eye can see.

And then you look down. And then you look down again in wonderment, and as you come closer to the crest of the land you gaze away deep into vast blue space as the Canyon opens up before you, a mile deep and filled with a haze of colour. It is not a valley, but a vast series of valleys, winding and twisting and deep. It is not a mountain, but a series of mountains, rising precipitously in the Canyon itself. You gaze from the edge, nearly seven thousand feet up, across this immense gash in the face of the earth, and at your feet the cliffs fall away sheer for thousands of feet.

Part way down into the Canyon comes the plateau on which can be seen a few old Indian trails, difficult and impassable to follow in some places, though the Bright Angel Trail and the Hermit Trail are used now by visitors all through the year, to go the seven-mile journey from the rim to the river, zigzagging all the way.

Beyond the plateau comes a further steep descent to the River Colorado, which all through the 103 miles of the Canyon is hurling itself down rapids and over boulders and falls at immense speed and terrific force.

Deep between its granite walls it is only at certain points where the lie of the land allows that the river can be seen at all, muddy-coloured and tossing up foam on the rocks as it passes. "It

seems intended by nature," quotes the guide-book, "that the Colorado River, along the greater part of its lonely and majestic way, shall be forever unvisited and undisturbed." And that is the point that kept ringing in my mind all the time I was there—the majesty of the thing—vast, silent, beautiful, untouched and untouchable.

Man counts but little; even though he may defile in many ways the face of the civilised parts of the globe, he cannot touch this.

It is too steep to go down into, except as an occasional expedition for a few hours. It is too parched and arid to stay in for long. It is too wild and rugged to build in or to live in; and there, counting the ages as of no import, the Grand Canyon will lie for all time in still, motionless glory.

We tore ourselves reluctantly away; we rushed at ultra modern speed across miles of hot, bleak desert lands of New Mexico. Sand and stones and low scrub were all there was to see as far as eye could reach, until suddenly we saw what we took to be the shore of a cool green inland sea or the edge of a limpid river shimmering in the glare.

It was only a mirage, and it was hard to realise that on a matter-of-fact railway in broad daylight one's eyes could be so completely taken in.

Out of the heat and into the cold we ran again as we journeyed across the States, coming in a blizzard to Chicago, where snow lies on the ground again, though we are well into the month of May.

Arrived at Boston, we were into spring once more; spring at its best, with radiant blossom, and in New England, just as in old England, we motored through lovely country lanes, through towns and villages with familiar names such as Worcester, Lincoln, Waltham, etc.

Massachusetts Girl Scouts here appeared on the scene with a splendid Rally at Boston on May 12th. Some of the best country dancing it has ever been my lot to see took place here, with the Girl Scouts all dressed up in old-world fancy costume, and the jester, the clowns, the chimney sweep, the hobby horses and the Queen of the May all danced with the vigour and grace of fully trained experts.

A first-rate display of "house-building" was shown too, rooms being "built" with boards on the ground to mark out the kitchen, nursery, dining-room, etc. The furniture for each, kindly lent by a furnishing shop, came running into its place on wheels, and Guides—Scouts, I mean—got to work on washing the baby, cooking the meal, cleaning the furniture, laying the table and all in approved style to the intense interest of the enormous and appreciative audience.

Massachusetts is lucky in several respects, and in one special feature we were privileged to play a small part, and this was the opening of their State "Foxlease."

This is a beautiful big house and garden known as Cedar Hill, where training will be available for the leaders of the Movement practically throughout the year.

By a roaring log fire, with "Scouters" squatting on the banks of a natural amphitheatre, we were allowed to chat

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briefly about the cause dear to all our hearts, whether they beat under a blue or a khaki uniform.

Tied by the great link of all that we have in common, we felt ourselves made welcome by these many fellow-workers who have voluntarily taken the Law and the Promise of the parent movement.

(To be concluded).

A BRIGAND STEAK*

EVERY real Woodcrafter likes to cook over an open fire. It appeals to the primitive and natural impulses in one. Who would not prefer a meal cooked in this way and eaten out-of-doors to the most sumptuous repast that could be offered by the finest hotels of our cities?

Every growing Woodcrafter wants to learn to do new things. Do you know how to prepare and cook a brigand steak? If you do not, I shall tell you as I was shown by John Burroughs.

First, cut one or more wands or branches, the number depending upon the size of the party. These wands should be of Sugar Maple, straight branches five or six feet long, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter at the base and tapering to the size of a lead-pencil. The bark should be removed from about two feet of the smaller end of the branch, and the tip should be sharpened. Then, take a thin steak, not more than half an inch thick, and cut it into small pieces about one and one-half inches square; slice some young onions, only partly grown—use small onions if only old ones are available; cut some bacon in thin slices. Now string the pieces of steak, onions, and bacon upon the wand like beads on a string, putting on a piece of steak, then a slice of onion, and then a folded slice of bacon, and so on in this order until the string is eighteen inches or so in length.

Cook over an open fire. Place a stone or other support on the opposite side of the fire upon which to rest the tip of the maple branch. Then rotate this rustic spit slowly over the fire while the meat and onions are roasting.

In starting a fire in the open, Mr. Burroughs broke off, if at hand, the fine dead twigs which are always to be found upon the lower part of the trunk and upon the bases of the lower branches of the Hemlock, and used them instead of a fuzz-stick. The value of this material, which is kept dry even in pretty wet weather by the crown of the tree, may be well known, but the Hemlock did not grow where I lived as a boy, and I learned this bit of woodcraft from the Sage of Slabsides.

Mr. Burroughs says that the brigands paid no attention to smoke—that they had not time to wait until the fire burned down to a good bed of coals. So he began to cook the steak almost as soon as the fire was started, and cooking, he says, takes all of the conceit out of an onion.

A brigand steak may be cooked in a few minutes, and it will excite any Woodcrafter's appetite. The very name appeals to the imagination and makes one hungry. It has the smell of smoke in it. Try it once, and you will surely want to try it again.

G. CLYDE FISHER.

* Reprinted from "The Totem Board."

Scottish Kingship and Nationality

"I PROMISE on my honour to be loyal to . . . the King."

For many Guides and Guiders King George's recent visit to Scotland has given to these words a new and deeper meaning; they no longer express a mere vague assent to a certain form of government, but a personal loyalty to the living representative of that government—the line of Kings.

It has been said that Guiders in some of the industrial towns, where so-called Socialistic ideals are rife, have found it difficult to make their companies realise this note of personal loyalty; in Scotland there should be no such difficulty, yet in the face of its possibility we feel that the following extracts should be of especial interest to Scottish Guiders all over the world in helping them to realise how with us through the centuries, "Scottish Kingship and Scottish Nationality are inextricably intermixed." While Guiders of the sister kingdom will be glad to be reminded that our President is the daughter of a Royal line stretching back through centuries of history into the mists of legend, and linked through no less a person than St. Margaret with their own early kings.

The extracts are taken from an article by Sir John Lorne MacLeod, published in *The Scotsman* during his Majesty's July visit to Edinburgh, Dunfermline and the Borders. It is by his courtesy and that of the Editor of *The Scotsman* that we have permission to re-publish it:—

KINGSHIP AND NATIONALITY

" . . . Scotsmen, of all people, have every reason to take the honourable pride they hold in their Kingship and the ancient lineage of the Royal House. The first King to be consecrated, according to Christian ceremonial, in Great Britain, was a King of Scots, in 574, by Saint Columba, in Iona. He was King Aidan, who was of the same blood as Columba, himself of Royal stock. King Aidan was the sixth in line from Fergus the Great (502), who was the founder of the Scottish dynasty. This is matter of distinct historical record. The Pictish Kingship is, as everyone knows, of even greater antiquity. King Brude, King of Picts, was the contemporary of St. Columba, and the Pictish Kingship was existent long before that time. In the case of the two early races which form the basic population of our country north of the Firths, both as regards the Picts and the Scots, who later became united under one head, Kingship was an established institution from the earliest time they appear upon the face of history.

"The union of the Picts and Scots took place in 843 under the Kingship of Kenneth MacAlpine, who was of the Royal line of the Scots, but combined in his person the Royal blood of both the Picts and Scots. The territory north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde then became one Kingdom. The name of Scotia, or Scotland, as applied to any part of the country, does not appear till towards the end of the tenth century.

"The unification of Scotland, according

to its present geographical boundaries, so far as the mainland is concerned, was finally accomplished in the eleventh century. In the East, the northern portion of the Saxon Kingdom of Northumbria, which extended to the Firth of Forth, was ceded to the Scots. This brought within the dominion of the Scottish King an extensive area, originally possessed by the Picts and Britons, but then in the main occupied by a Saxon population. In the West, the territory of Strathclyde, from the Firth of Clyde to the Solway, which was a country originally of the Britons, speaking the Cymric tongue, was also united to the Scottish Kingdom. In this case again, the connection of the Royal line and the weight of kingly influence was the determining factor in the fusion. The recovery of the Western Islands, which had been lost under the coming of the Vikings, did not take place till the overthrow of the Kingdom of Man and the Isles, and the cession of the Isles under treaty with the King of Norway in 1266. This brought back within the Scottish Crown the original Celtic (Picts and Scots) population, but largely intermixed with Norse elements, which have left a powerful mark upon the people of these parts. The boundaries of Scotland as they exist to-day have since that time remained the same.

"The culminating figure in the amalgamation of territory, consolidation of government, and fusion of races, as before referred to, was Malcolm III (reigned 1057-1093). It was mainly owing to his courageous policy and resolute and persistent action during his reign of 35 years that the unified Kingdom of Scotland was established, and his name deserves to be held in lasting respect. He was called 'Canmore' (Great Head)—a title true in respect of his being the overlord of the whole country, acknowledged by all the different races (subject to the portion of the country then under Norse sway), and also, in a figurative sense, because of his sagacity and foresight.

"Malcolm Canmore's marriage with the Saxon Princess, Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling, who was the direct representative of the dispossessed line of the Saxon Kings of England, was a turning-point in Scottish history. Flying from England to the Continent, after the establishment on the English Throne of the Norman Conqueror, storm-tossed and driven into the Firth of Forth for shelter, Edgar and his mother and two sisters landed at the place which still bears the name of St. Margaret's Hope. Malcolm, who was at Dunfermline, sent for the strangers, received the noble guests with Scottish hospitality, and from this fortuitous event the whole course of our history took a new bent.

"The succession of Scottish Kings from Malcolm Canmore continued the original line through the same blood. Robert the Bruce became King through the female side. The first of the Stuart line succeeded also through the female side. James VI of Scotland succeeded to the Throne of England through the marriage of James IV with a daughter of the King of England, as before mentioned. The succession of our present Royal House to the Crown of the United Kingdom arose through

the marriage of a daughter (Elizabeth) of James VI (I of England). This Princess, 'Lady Elizabeth, First Daughter of Scotland,' whose grandson succeeded to the Throne in 1714 as George I, was born at Dunfermline in 1596, and was some months later baptised at Holyrood Abbey. Both Dunfermline and Edinburgh can thus claim special interest, of a personal kind, in the ancestress of our Royal House. From a purely Scottish point of view, there is no shadow of doubt the line of the present reigning house in the person of our gracious Sovereign, King George V, continues, without flaw or ambiguity, the immemorial succession of the early Scottish Kings, through the same blood, according to law. It inspires serious thought, and deep thankfulness, in the variability of human affairs, this wonderful record of antiquity, continuity and survival, both as regards the institution and the personal occupancy, for which there is no parallel.

"One thing is certain, Scottish Kingship and the existence of Scottish nationality are inextricably intermixed. The one is inseparable from the other. Our Scottish Kingship promoted and secured national consolidation in the midst of many warring elements throughout the centuries. It was the welding force which unified the separate geographical areas, which formerly existed, into a single whole, and notwithstanding the diversities in race, religion, language and temperament, which perhaps in Scotland still prevail more than is generally recognised. One would not venture to pursue such an inquiry in case too wide divergencies might even now be disclosed as between East and West, North and South. It is always difficult to say when a people attain final and complete organic unity. There can be only few who are not profoundly convinced that this function of Scottish Kingship in promoting essential unity remains the same in these times as in the past, and with even greater emphasis. Kingship is a cardinal principle, inherent in the constitution and character of the Scottish people, and it is the keystone of our nationality.

"One result of Their Majesties' visit and the signal favour and attention they always show in connection with Scottish matters is the revival of interest thus caused in the history and antiquities of our country. Unless a sound knowledge of this kind is preserved among all classes, and in the stress and pressure of modern times it is apt to be forgotten, then our only real and substantial national heritage is lost, and the special aspects which are associated with the character and outlook of the Scottish people will inevitably disappear, and Scottish nationality will become a mere shadow of a shade. Whatever may be our disputes and divisions among ourselves, we can all pray against the unhappy day when the *perfidium ingenium Sotorum* is a thing of the past."

Do not forget the Bird Log Competition that was announced in the May Gazette.
Last date of entry, Oct. 30th.

PRINCESS MARY'S VISIT TO FOXLEASE

By Mrs. Mark Kerr

(Deputy Chief Commissioner for London and the Home Counties).

ON Monday, July 23rd, Princess Mary paid an informal visit to Foxlease, travelling down from London to arrive in time to spend the whole afternoon at Lyndhurst.

She wished her visit to be a private one, as she was anxious to see Foxlease under its normal conditions, without any fuss or ceremony, so her coming was kept a secret beforehand. Even the Guides who were camping in the park were not told till the very day what visitor was expected. It is easy to imagine their excitement when the news was given out. Many and various were the questions hurled at the Captain's head, chief amongst them being: "Captain, will she bring her baby?" On being told this was not likely, much disappointment ensued. "Can't she bring it in a pram?" they said, and one small Guide volunteered hopefully: "They say Princess Mary's very domesticated, Captain, so perhaps she will."

Princess Mary, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Yorke, arrived at Brockenhurst Station at 1.57, and was met by the Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and the Treasurer of the Guide Association, Mr. P. W. Everett. They motored through the green loveliness of the Forest to Foxlease, where they were met at the gate by a guard of honour consisting of the 1st Bermondsey Guides; at the door of the house the Princess was received by the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, and Miss Behrens, "Guider-in-Charge" of Foxlease and Deputy Chief Commissioner for the North of England. The Deputy Chief Commissioners for London, the

West of England, and Wales, were also present, and the Hon. Olive Campbell, Assistant County Commissioner for Renfrewshire, representing Scotland.

The Princess was then conducted to the cool and spacious drawing-room, furnished by Scotland, for coffee, and then started on her tour of the house and grounds, conducted by Lady Baden-Powell and Miss Behrens.

Each of the bedrooms has been furnished by a different country or county, or by some girls' school where there are keen Guides. Princess Mary was much interested in the room which has been furnished by the Harrogate Girls' College, and specially admired the shield over the bed with the arms of the college; she thought other places should adopt this means of recording their gift.

In "Denbighshire," a charming room furnished by the Guides of that county, the Princess at once noticed a photograph of herself with the King, inspecting the Denbighshire Guides in July, 1920; she well remembered what a wet day it had been, and how anxious she felt for the safety and health of the girls.

Her Royal Highness specially admired the room furnished by South Africa, which has a delightful "stoep," or sleeping porch, with a springbok's head over it. She was also interested in the South-East Lancashire room with its red roses, and its cushions embroidered by the Guides themselves. She was much attracted by the Merionethshire room, which contains some charming old furniture. She was very pleased with the room furnished by the Guides of Wharfe-

dale, and recognised the photographs of Bolton Abbey and the Strid, and she insisted on climbing the steep stairs to the attics, and was delighted with the three rooms furnished by Cornwall, Birmingham and Essex.

No corner of the house escaped the Princess's scrutiny, and she noticed every gift that had been received; amongst those which she particularly admired were the beautiful rugs from the Guides of India, and the grandfather clock from Gloucestershire. She asked to be shown the back premises, and in the kitchen she spoke a few words to the delighted staff, expressing her appreciation of the spotless cleanliness and order of the house.

After the house came the garden. Princess Mary was conducted through the rose garden, with its gorgeous festoons of rambler roses, to see the camp sites, which were to be swarming with Guides from the next week onwards; then through the woods she went to visit two cottages which are also available for Guide visitors. One of these has only lately been furnished, the sitting-room by Canada, the bedrooms by Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, by Somerset and by Staffordshire. This cottage is reserved for "tired Guiders," and the Princess laughingly inquired as to how one could qualify for an abode there.

The other cottage, a tiny four-roomed bungalow, has been entirely furnished by Girl Scouts of the United States, and is known as "The Link" (between England and America). This also was duly inspected and admired.

The Princess then visited the camp of the 1st Bermondsey (London) Company, under Mrs. Roch. A number of tents were pitched in a semi-circle against a background of dark woods, and from these tents emerged, at a whistle from the Captain, some thirty Guides, dressed alike in blue overalls with bright green handkerchiefs tied round their heads; while some fell out to signal a message of greeting which ran: "May we give our Bermondsey cheer to welcome our Princess?" The others, with green boughs in their hands, did two country dances and a Morris dance. Then came the special Bermondsey cheer, which was a real cheer, not the feeble sound one sometimes hears; and then the Princess left the camp, after having had presented to her a Danish Guide, Litten Bjombo, who had been spending the day with the 1st Bermondsey.

Going back to the house by way of the beautifully kept kitchen garden, the Princess was shown the "hiking shed," equipped by Surrey, wherein is kept the entire outfit for cooking and preparing meals in the Forest. She then had tea in the morning room, furnished by London. Princess Mary very much admired the beautiful Spode tea-service, given by the Guides of the Potteries, and the silver teapot, etc., presented by Kent.

Visiting the office, she inquired minutely into every detail of the administration of



Princess Mary with the Chiefs at Foxlease.

this training centre for Guiders, and expressed her satisfaction with all that she heard. Finally she sat down to sign the Visitors' Book, and on a blank page wrote with a firm, clear handwriting the words: "Mary. First visit."

The time was all too short and the car amid cheers from those present. At the Lodge Gate the car paused, so that the Princess might see the local Guides and Brownies, from the 1st Lyndhurst and 1st Ashurst Companies, who were lining the avenue. They had been invited "for a special occasion," but had not been told the occasion was to be, so their prompt response met with a great reward. Their eager eyes took in every detail of Princess Mary's appearance; her correct Guide uniform, her purple, gold and silver cords and cockade, her gold Thanks Badge, presented to her on a former occasion—but best of all was her Guide smile, and the feeling which it gave them that she belonged to them, that she too was "a friend to all, and a sister to every other Guide."

Their ringing cheers as she drove off will long re-echo in the hearts of those who heard them, and the Princess's visit will be a fresh encouragement to Guiders and Guides in every corner of the world, who may each of them feel that she too has a share in the "Guide home" at Foxlease.

PRACTICAL WOODCRAFT FOR TOWN COMPANIES

IN these days aren't we almost inclined to be a little afraid of that mysterious word "woodcraft"? Either we approach the subject in hushed voices, and connect it in our minds with sunsets and camp fire evenings, or more often we fight shy of it altogether, because we feel we don't know enough—we're not "experts." Isn't this altogether the wrong point of view for us as Company Guiders? Because this all-embracing word "woodcraft" includes every craft of the woods, all the outdoor side of Guiding; the side which, surely we are right in believing, the Founder meant to be the predominant one or at least one of the most predominant.

Woodcraft must be there, and the question is how are we going to get it there, especially with town Companies, excepting possibly during the week of camp, and even then, do we often get very far? Town Guiders sometimes envy country companies their extra opportunities for woodcraft; true, it is easier to get them into the open, but often "familiarity breeds contempt" or rather disinterest, and the material is far more difficult to work upon—the Guides are less easy to "thrill."

But the question for both town and country Guiders is where and when to begin, and the answer is begin *at once* with the recruits for their Tenderfoot Test. First of all there are the tracking signs, and these can be made interesting by drawing the outline of a road map in chalk on the club-room floor, and "tracking" on a minor scale. Or chairs and forms can be used as boundaries and hedges and the Guides can track each

other and so learn the real uses of the signs.

In the Second Class Badge there are the sections tracking and stalking, and fires in the open, both with alternatives; but surely the most "urban" Tenderfoot would hardly call herself a Second Class Guide until she could light a fire so as to be able to keep herself warm and cook her food in the open, and know at least something of the art of tracking and stalking?

"Fires in the open" offer immense possibilities, even if they are only built in a tiny back yard. Every Guide can learn to look for the direction of the wind, how to "clean" the ground, choice of wood and "punk" (paper should never be used in the open), and the use of a tiny fire as the foundation of a bigger one, instead of the small bonfire which the Tenderfoot usually tries to light with one match. The "test" fire can lead on to the use of wind-screens, the sorting of wood on a "wood-finder" (to leeward of the fire), how to put out a fire and leave no trace of it having been there, the different types of fires and fire-places, and the use of cooking fires and cooking gadgets. It is always more exciting for the Guides if they can do a little simple cooking on their out-door fires; they should at least boil a "billy" for the Second Class Test, and if they can make scones or dampers (as described in the September, 1922 GAZETTE) it all helps to make the fire lighting far more practical and interesting.

Even the elementary Guide tracking, with artificial signs, requires some explanation before the Guides can be expected to play out-door tracking games, and a great deal of preparation can be done indoors, especially in a town Company where out-door expeditions are few and far between. With yarns and stories Guiders can teach their Guides of "casts," covering "sign," "freezing," cover, background, skyline, general observation, silent movement, and a hundred and one tips a woodsman uses in tracking and stalking. Then a great deal can be done in practising indoor observation games, and all games which give practice in silent movement and general alertness. Also quite a number of outdoor woodcraft games don't prove successful at first because the Guides haven't understood exactly how they are played; so it is a good plan to play them indoors on a small scale, although this may seem rather absurd from the point of view of the game itself. But it not only shows the Guides what they are expected to do, but also helps to thrill them with the idea of what they are to look forward to when they get out into the open.

In the actual outdoor games, play them with understanding and remember that tracking is not a paper-chase, and stalking is not an improved edition of hide and seek! The Guides enjoy it far more if you allow time for real stalking—very often there is only time to run a straight course without any thought of cover or background, and don't fall into the old snare of letting the newest Tenderfoot lay the track! These games are meant to lead on to the real thing, and when the Guides are in camp or spending a day in the country, the opportunity occurs. At all events take plaster casts of tracks and try to do some real stalking

for the sake of "personal observation" of the birds and beasts of the countryside.

This clause, "from personal observation," seems to be the keynote to the nature section of the Second Class Test. Even in the heart of a town the Guides ought to be encouraged to find out all that they can for themselves about the animals, birds, trees or flowers which they choose for the test. Begin with the Patrol birds and flowers, and let the Guides find out about them first. They ought to see the actual specimens, but this sometimes has to be done by taking them to a natural history museum. A book with really good coloured illustrations is a great help, especially in distinguishing birds and flowers, but this is also rather apt to be a pitfall for the unwary as the majority of "coloured plates" are quite unlike the real subject. Observation is the foundation of all this elementary knowledge—which was never meant to be botany!—and a Company museum is a tremendous incentive to the Guides in their observing and collecting. Competitions can be held between Patrols, each Guide bringing interesting things that they find; and records are kept of the number of different kinds of trees, etc., observed during the week. It is quite surprising what a collection of "observations" can be made from the most unpromising looking town.

A day in the country or an expedition from camp is the real opportunity for woodcraft with most of our Companies; then it is that we can build huts, do hike cookery and play woodcraft games. But all the rest of the year we can be preparing for these great moments, as long as we make up our minds that we need not "sit down under" the fact that our Companies happen to be town ones or that we ourselves feel that we know nothing about outdoor Guide-craft. We want to keep that aim of "personal observation" in view all along, because once we can make our Guides begin to notice some of the doings of that outdoor world in which they each spend at least a short part of the day we shall have made the first step towards the appreciation of the beauty around them, when they can leave the noise and dust of the town for "the coolness and clearness, the silence and peace of the country." To quote the Chief Scout himself:

"The outdoors is *par excellence* the school for observation and for realising the wonders of a wondrous universe. It reveals to the city youngster that the stars are there, beyond the city chimney pots, and the sunset clouds are gleaming in their glory far above the roof of the cinema theatre."

H. B. DAVIDSON.

THE SLUM CHILD.

You came and threw a stone at me
And shouted ugly words and foul,
I caught you, but you struggled free,
Mocking my patience with a scowl.
Someone had bruised your dirty face
You had no coat, your limbs were thin,
Your broken shoes could boast no lace,
They let the mud and water in.

You ran into the lamplight's glare
And parting taunt and insult hurled,
I only saw in you the heir
To all the beauty in the world.

H. PINNEY.

CORDS

THE first question that is asked by she who is about to become a Commissioner is "Shall I have to wear uniform?" and her soul quails when she is told gently but firmly "Yes." "Oh! but there are so many 'bits' of it that I do not understand," she murmurs, and alas, dear soul, continues to misunderstand till the end of her days, unless someone is brave enough to take her in hand.



Fig. 1. This young thing became a Commissioner because Saxe blue suited her.

The hats are a snare to both Guiders and Commissioners, but cords are the stumbling block peculiar to the latter. So cords are to be dealt with now. There are many kinds of cords, and many more ways in which they can be worn; for instance there is the young lady who became a Commissioner because she had nothing better to do and saxe blue suited her, but of course she could not wear anything so unbecoming as a high-necked shirt!



Fig. 2. Sloppy.

Then there is the Commissioner who dresses in a great hurry, and naturally the result is "sloppy," the badges are crooked, the collar fits oh, so badly, and the knot waves vaguely in the breeze.

The District Commissioner's cords have a habit of shrinking when washed, and it is unfortunate that the motherly soul in Fig. 3 should have washed hers just before a Rally, not that we dislike cleanliness, far from it, but the expenditure of a few shillings on new cords from time to time is therefore recommended.

We can only think that the Commissioner who wears her badges upside down has a French maid who cannot read English, or maybe it is that she only wears her uniform once a year at her Rally, and so cannot be expected to remember how the badges or cords should go, or that she should remove her earrings.



Fig. 3. A motherly soul, but she's got her Tenderfoot rather high, and her cords have shrunk in the wash.



Fig. 4. This Commissioner only wears uniform once a year at her Rally, so cannot be expected to remember how badges go.



Fig. 5. Military—and rather ALARMING to the young.

The Commissioner in Fig. 5 belies our reiterated statement that we are not a Military Movement.

And though the Commissioner in Fig. 6 has succeeded in getting her badge more or less in the right place, i.e. on the lapel of her coat, she has mistaken her shoulder-knot for a posy of flowers and is trying to wear it as a buttonhole.



Fig. 6. This festive looking person is not off to a wedding—she is a Girl Guide Commissioner with cords in the wrong place.

In Fig. 7 the now bewildered Commissioner will see the way in which the ensignia of her office should be worn—the shoulder-knot well on the point of the shoulder at the base of the shoulder-strap (if a shoulder-strap is worn), the badge on the lapel of her coat, and care should be taken to prevent the cords from hanging unevenly, as in Fig. 4. A neat collar should be worn (the tops of the collar should meet), the Guide brooch should be pinned on the tie so that it is in line with the one on the badge, and all the badges and belt (leather as well as buckle) should be cleaned regularly.



Fig. 7. Correct.

With the pitfalls avoided and these simple rules adhered to the now correctly garbed Commissioner (remembering the fact that a well turned out woman need not think of her appearance when once she has finished dressing) can go forth knowing that her audience will be able to listen to what she has to say, without having their thoughts distracted, because her uniform will not offend the eye of even the most critical Guider or Guide.

RATS!

THIS is a yarn for Guides who are going to camp, and therefore, I hope, for all Guides; but especially for those lucky people who pitch their tents beside some pond or stream or wide, slow-moving river. The title is *not* intended as an expression of scorn, nor is it meant to arouse excitement, as when it is softly whispered to a sleeping fox-terrier.

In fact, the more appropriate heading would most certainly be "Water Voles," those charming but misnamed dwellers of our river-banks who are so far removed in every way from the loathsome animal which (so legend tells us) danced out of Hamelin City at the heels of the Pied Piper in days gone by.

Kingfishers, wagtails, herons, dippers; but not the owners. These vastly more important people live in the very banks and amongst the moss-grown boulders, rarely leaving the water for more than a quarter of an hour, when they venture out on a perilous journey in search of food.

There is one particular Dorset mill-stream which abounds in wild life. Wide and clear, running under arching willows and alders, past steep clay banks and clumps of loosestrife, and around great open stretches of gravel, it is certainly just such a stream as the wood-folk love. And at every bend and corner, by nearly every stone or stump, the small, round, furry body of a water vole is sure to be seen, its inquisitive little face poking from beneath a plant of dock or brooklime, or its long tail resting in the water as it squats upon the shore devouring a wet acorn.

A footpath straggles along beside this stream for several miles, and then, after branching off across a water meadow, returns again, as though sad to leave so merry a companion, till at last they have to separate and the path leads over a stile up a steep hill, leaving the brook to plunge into a dark grove of alders which stand knee-deep in long thick grass.

The "rats" and I became good friends one summer; at least, they ceased to fear me, and if I stayed quiet on the bank would continue their feeding close at hand as though there was no one by. They would settle down to feast on acorns or leaves without first "slapping" the water to make me jump and so find out if I was real: as a rabbit thumps the ground with his long hind leg when he is trying to find out about something he does not understand. To watch them foraging for their dinner was most amusing.

There was one particular colony that lived near a big curve in the stream where the water was shallow and flowed rapidly over a stony bottom. One side was sheltered by a high bank, but the other was open to the meadow which sloped gently to the water's edge, making a drinking place for cattle. This "shore" was dotted with clumps of sorrel, forget-me-not and, in between the wettest pebbles, with brooklime and cress.

A rare hunting-ground was this, and many times most entertaining scenes were witnessed. The following account is typical.

A "rat" would swim up-stream and

(well on the alert for unseen dangers) would come out upon the shore, sit up and, all being safe and quiet round about, would rub its face and stroke its whiskers before beginning the more important work in hand. Then dinner!

The first discovery of any importance made by the rat I have in mind was an oak branch laden with small unripe acorns which had been blown into the water. It climbed up on to the twigs, carefully cracked open the acorns and ate the juicy kernels. It then descended, swam a little way, landed again and ran up to a plant of sheep sorrel. It picked a branch and returned to the water, where it devoured it, sitting up on its hind legs the while and holding the food in its "hands."

When this was finished it again came on shore and cautiously approached a large dock plant growing about five feet from the water's edge. After examining several of the leaves it pulled one towards it and, treading on it, held it down while it gnawed through the stalk; it was then dragged into the water in the same way as the sorrel, and there devoured, stalk, midrib and all, in the space of about a minute and a half!

It then swam up-stream a little way, turned, drifted down a few yards, and found an acorn lodged against a stone. It went from one hopeful-looking spot to another and hunted round about for some time, till it suddenly decided to depart without loss of time and swam hurriedly away; perhaps it had remembered some goodly crop of watercress some half-mile lower down!

On many days that summer voles were seen, and young ones were often to be found amongst the grass along the banks. Acorns seemed to be the most popular food just then, and one rather amusing and ridiculous incident was noted in my diary. A youngster was seen swimming towards a rock with an acorn in its mouth. The rat was small and the acorn was large. It clambered up, and as soon as it was comfortably "settled" for its meal, clumsily dropped the acorn, which was rapidly carried away by the current. It was really very funny but most pathetic to watch the poor wee fellow hunting around for his lost dainty, and he never found it!

And so it seems to me, here is "good hunting" for Guiders and Guides. It is *not* waste of time; how can it be when there is so much pleasure to be found in such a simple kind of Woodcrafting? And not only for the "rats" themselves, but for all you discover beside—for where water voles live you will find many other things; trees, grass, flowers, water open to the sky, dragon-flies, and birds that come to drink and bathe; and the voles, they're winning little creatures, with their blunt, round faces, close-set ears and brown coats "edged" with grey.

On your programme for Guides this autumn write down "Rats," and whether you find them in a swift and lovely stream or a mere pond in a meadow (they are not rare), may you get much enjoyment from their contemplation.

GREY HERON.

GIRL GUIDES
IN VIENNA

An Anglo-Austrian Company.

"BE Mr. Do, not Mr. Don't"—the last word pronounced with a foreign accent, as if it were spelt "donnt"—was the refrain I heard one day on entering the premises of a Children's Club in Vienna. Groups of the members were practising songs and dances for a concert, and some were rehearsing a play which they had made up for themselves out of the old English rhyme, "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe." The remarkable thing about this practice, which led, by the way, to a very successful performance before several hundred people some days later, was the fact that though the players were Austrian they were all speaking and singing—yes, and dancing—in English. And they had even made up an English playlet.

But I was even more interested in going round the clubs and learning something of their unique history, to find that one of them had produced the first company of Anglo-Austrian Guides. Nearly thirty girls are organised under the able command of an English captain, who is assisted by two English lieutenants. There are four patrols, each named after a bird, and the members wear their emblems on their pockets. The uniform is Austrian—khaki blouse, dark blue skirt, green tie and brown leather belt—and so are the Guides who wear them; but everything else is English. For two hours every Saturday afternoon a thoroughly English company is seen hard at work. Drill orders are given in English, and conversation in any other language is held to be "not the thing." English games are played, English stories are told. Work for proficiency badges is exactly the kind of thing we are familiar with. How did these Guides learn English? Possibly some of my readers may have helped to teach them! These girls were in England for twelve months about two years ago. They were brought here because, on account of the war and the blockade, there was no food in their own country. A number of kind people took them into their homes as guests until their Austrian fathers and mothers were better able to provide for them. Of course, they at once began to learn English and to copy English ways. Some of them saw a little of what Guiding meant. Though the war was just over, good English Guides, who know what the international spirit is, welcomed them into their companies. Now they are back in Vienna, and they do not forget the kindness they received. Nor do they forget our language, our games and the other things. They meet regularly to keep up the memory of their visit to England. Not unnaturally they have started a Guide company of their own, and they have decided to make it a thoroughly English company.

If you would like to write to them you can do so by addressing a letter to Miss Cynthia Hussein, "Aktion Kinder nach England," Neue Hofburg, Vienna, 1. I have no doubt you will receive an interesting answer.

ISAAC GOSS.



"MUSICAL GIRL GUIDES"

SUCH was the heading given in the local Press to an effort which has lately been made in the South Bucks Division to make a start in part-singing, and because it is certainly encouraging (it not yet altogether strictly true) this little description of "how it was done" has been put together, by special request, in the hope that many others who ought to be included under the same heading, will follow the lead given to us by our Commissioner.

In the first place many of the Guiders asked that a singing competition might actually be arranged, and this set the spark of wanting to do it finally alight in the mind of our "Div." (Will she please forgive this affectionate though abbreviated title?) A meeting of the District Commissioners was held; they came, they heard, they were conquered; nay they went away to conquer, and in most cases found their Guiders full of enthusiasm for the plan of an annual part-singing competition throughout the Division.

The next and most important step lay in the choice of the songs, and here it was that those kind people from outside, who, we are always being assured, could and should help so much more with our doings, were consulted, and brought into the whole affair by the "Div." who set to work on the following lines:—

(a) The people she consulted had specialised in choral singing. (To be all-round musical is not sufficient help in a matter of this kind.)

(b) The songs chosen were somewhat on a higher level than that expected by the Guides and their Guiders, but it was found that this very fact was an added inspiration to do and dare, and to do well, in itself. (And here, may a word be added, in respect of both songs and plays? Why is it that a bad play or a poor song is so often given to amateurs with the idea of "anything will do," when it is so painfully obvious that it would take the very best professional to pull the play, or sing the song through at all? It is just as easy to learn a good part and good words as a bad part and bad words, and whereas the former will always be worth stowing away in a corner of our brain, the latter "encumbers the ground.")

A preliminary notice was next issued to the Guiders, elementary in its simplicity, and stating the nature of the competition.

1. That each district was to have an elimination test before sending up its winning Company or Companies for the finals. (In the case of five or more Companies in a District, two choirs might be sent up for the finals.)

2. Outside help might be obtained for three practices, and an outside accompanist might be chosen.

3. The list of songs:—

"Fairest Isle," by Purcell.
 "In Mary's Garden," by Boyce.
 "King Herod and the Cock," arranged by Cecil Sharp.
 "Jerusalem," to be learnt by all the choirs to be sung in unison on the day of the finals.
 "The Shepherd's Song," by Dr. Walford Davies, chosen for the Guiders to sing in competition from each district.

There was also a very simple sight-reading test.

Having laid the trail so far, the last and most important thing to do was to ask expert examiners to come and give their very valuable help at the examinations—amateurs in word, but anything but amateurs in deed!

A decision to make the singing competition an annual affair made it so much more worth while from the point of view of furthering music generally, and introducing a delightful and recognised thing into the country and into the Guide Companies themselves.

Anyway, the final judging was undertaken by three very special examiners, and a Festival Day arranged for the same time, the Companies being judged in the morning and the festival part taking place in the afternoon. (It is so much easier to be festive after the judging is over.)

A great many people, especially members of the local associations and parents, had been asked to come any time during the day they liked, either to listen to the competing choirs or to the special concert which had been arranged through the kindness of one of the examiners, who happened to be in touch with interested soloists and an orchestra in the neighbourhood.

The presentation of the Challenge Shield was certainly a great moment in the day, and served as an opportunity for congratulation and encouragement which fell like a balm after the wholesome criticisms of the morning!

Finally, a word of warning for those who may embark upon a similar undertaking, from the lips of the originator.

Brace yourself to look at the whole thing from a consistently cheerful point of view, and refuse to believe that it is ever want of interest that prevents a Company from joining.

There is no need to be disheartened if Company after Company falls out at the end. The impetus has been given, and the lead started in the right direction to many other years when everybody will want to lift up their voices in the final chorus.

And the Guides do love music! Instead of the actual 120 who were competing on the final day, 300 Guides turned up just to hear and to enjoy. It is such an easy step, too, from a Singing Festival to the Choral Badge, and "four and twenty blackbirds" do not grow on every tree!

If anybody would like further advice and help, they can be put in touch with the above-mentioned "Div." who will gladly give what help she can.

ILFORD, BARKING AND SEVEN KINGS DISTRICT, [GREATER EAST LONDON.

A PATROL LEADERS' ASSOCIATION that has been inaugurated in this district has proved a great success. At a conference held early this year, papers were read on "Management of Patrols" and "Camp Patrols." It is hoped to hold a second conference on September 29th.

S.W.

COUPON
 Girl Guides' Gazette,
 Competition.
 September Coupon.

Girl Guides' Gazette Camping in Rhodesia

(Continued from page 203.)

Lights out sounded at 9 p.m. and "Taps" was sung from the tent doors immediately afterwards. One night rules were relaxed a little and a most delightful pillow fight took place, which everyone enjoyed and where a pillow lost its life. The cooks had a very hot job. The food was cooked in huge dioxies over a camp fire. An added joy was that every drop of water had to be boiled and cooled in iron buckets, and fifty thirsty, hot people clamoured for drinks every minute of the day.

The water supply was in a water cart which was a great place to be photographed on, especially when the oxen were bringing it back from being refilled. The Camp mascot was a tiny white puppy, which was spoilt by everyone, and the camp pests were hordes of little furry caterpillars.

Church Parade was held on Sunday morning in Camp.

The whole Camp was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and few people would have realised, so smoothly did everything run, that the majority of us were inexperienced Campers. The success was due to the indefatigable energy of our Commandant.

A CAMP SONG.

The Little Brown Tent.

Tune—"The Little Brown Jug."

(Adapted from a Girl Scout song.)

A GUIDE and I live all alone
 In a little brown tent we call our own;
 She likes air and I like sun,
 And I tell you we have lots of fun.

Chorus—

Ha, ha, ha!

Hee, hee, hee!

Little brown tent, don't I love thee?

We burn the rubbish and clean the place,
 Living up to our leader's taste;
 We polish shoes, and roll up flaps,
 And so on till the call for Taps.

Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! etc.

If you like spiders and flies, a few
 Mosquitoes and daddy-longlegs too,
 Just pack your bag and have it sent,
 Post haste after the little brown tent.

Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! etc.

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WANTED.—Guider wanted end of September as companion-governess to girl 14 (Guide) who goes to school (London), and to boy, 12, in holidays. No teaching. Must be good needlewoman, understand health and be a responsible, cheerful companion. Age 23 to 33. Good salary. Write Mrs. Goldschmidt, 41, Ennismore Gardens, London, S.W.7.

GUIDER (25) seeks secretarial post London. Non-resident. Typing, shorthand, accounts, indexing, etc.—Box 85, c/o GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.
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First Class ..	2	..
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Choral
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Hostess
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