

# THE GUIDER

VOL. XXXI. No. 10

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## THE CHIEF GUIDE'S TALK

I HAVE been flying in the air. Yes. That is true in a literal sense, because I flew across to see the Guides in the Isle of Man a wee while ago, but it is not of that flight that I am thinking. I should have said that my MIND has been flying in the air, taking a bird's-eye view of all that I have seen of Guiding in Great Britain during the two years since my return from Kenya. Are you proud of our Movement and of the people in it? I am—very.

And I can say that advisedly, for I am not judging by hearsay, nor by lists and numbers, reports or statistics, but from what I have seen for myself as I have gone from county to county, meeting Guiders and Guides in large numbers and in small, and having the opportunity to see and to appraise, as well as to rejoice with them over the success that they are making of it all.

And apart from what I have seen, so much that I hear on every side is so heartening and so lovely, about the good that Guides are doing for others, over and above the good that is being done to them.

It is practically impossible to pick out for special mention any of the happenings on my tours, and it is not of the Rallies and meetings that I would speak—excepting to give all praise and gratitude to those who arranged and carried them out so well. And as I have done one hundred and thirty of varied kinds and sizes during the last six months, there are many who have been involved in extra work because of my coming.

But it is what goes on behind the scenes which is so amazing, when one considers the handicaps and difficulties to be faced. They don't need to be enumerated, for they stand out in the forefront as a nightmare to all Commissioners.

But they stand also as a terrific challenge, which has been met, and—to so large an extent—so splendidly and vigorously overcome.

In the old days before the war, for instance, one would often see whole groups of Guides at Rallies without uniform, and the reason given would be that there was no money with which to buy it. And now, during the war, we hardly see that. The hardship is there, and mainly good and well kept, in spite of the limitation of coupons with which to get it. The war has presumably brought a new desire for uniform as well as greater sense of pride in it.

And as for the problems of transport and

black-out and the lack of meeting places—these, too, seem to be met and defeated in some amazing way; and perhaps, too, in the latter case even some good will have come from the absence of halls, in driving us out into the open, out of doors!

It is as well to try and see something that is good and beneficial amongst so much that is so trying and so bad!

And then I suppose the biggest bugbear that assails all Commissioners has been the endless drift away from our midst of that major bloc of our Guiders of war service age. How we do miss them! But as a set-off to our loss in that way we must be immensely pleased to see the big flow into our ranks of a new generation of leaders, keen, enthusiastic youngsters, full of vigour with a light in their eyes, imbued already with the spirit of Guiding through their training as Rangers and Guides.

Yes. Instead of flagging and going down as we might have expected, we are coming up on a rising tide, and every Guider can find in this fact a message of encouragement in her own appointed task.

A pleasurable sense of hopefulness and optimism is as catching as its opposite number!

I do not pretend that we have not got weak patches in our Movement, nor would I imply that all is perfect in the garden. It isn't.

We have difficulties to contend with from circumstances and from people outside our ranks, and also we occasionally get some rough passages within them; our Local Associations are not nearly as active as they could be (largely because we do not make use of them

enough!), and there are quite a lot of empty spaces waiting to be filled with Companies and Packs.

But, taking the bird's-eye view of it all, it is astoundingly good; and, knowing that success is all about and around you on a steadily progressive scale, cannot fail to give a glowing lift-up in your hearts, and you can surely go forward with confidence and courage, gaining new power for your effort from the great strength which is there.

It is much the same in Guiding as it is—or as it will be—in our daily lives in these coming months and years.

Looking back on these years of desperate strain, I have a feeling that a new strength has come into the membership of our Movement, as an outcome, perhaps, of cruel





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anxiety, of material discomfort, of spartan self-sacrifice, utter weariness and even of bitter sorrow.

Having had to hold on to every shred of courage and endurance will have given a super-human ability to bear tension and hardships; and out of this long-drawn nightmare-time of war has come a dauntless determination to go on keeping on, with head held high, regardless of a tired-out body and an aching heart inside it.

And now, as the bombs and the danger to our island lessens with the closing chapters of the war, we are going to be called on to face another test—a test which again will be a tough one.

There are several schools of thought as to how our nation is going to readjust itself when peace conditions are restored.

I cannot see that anybody can foretell which way the pendulum will swing, though one can see only too plainly that nowhere will the "readjustment" be easy.

Some think that, as an easy-going people, we shall drift back into pre-war apathy, satisfied that we worked our hardest when it was needed and be thankful that we need not continue to strive for "better worlds and happier things."

With the longed-for return to normal life will come at least, anyhow, the much-needed holiday, relief from strain, the ease of leisure, the sweet reunions and the re-making of homes once more.

But whatever prophets may say and think, one thing is certain, and that is that we have been roused from our lethargy as regards many things, and that as a nation we shall lead in great efforts for the betterment of humanity and the rebuilding

of a higher civilisation in other lands, as well as in our own. As Guides, we are upholders, each in our own sphere, of our country's great good name, and we are her willing servants in all that she will do in her task, outlined in the Atlantic Charter.

Our own principles and ideals, our background and our training has surely gone far in fitting our Guides and Guiders to be ready to meet every contingency, and many people in authority—both Church and State—will look to us to play as full a part in the "settling back" period as we have in the innumerable forms of war service.

As the standard of service from our nation has been of the greatest and highest in war, so the coming peace will call us to uphold the same high tradition in the coming years.

So for us there can be no easing off nor slowing down! A "rest-pause"—yes! But only for such time as to take a new, deep breath for further effort, on the principle of *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

We shall be called on to work hard to bring Guiding up on to an ever-widening scale, so that it may touch, for good and for happiness, as far higher percentage of lives than it has done heretofore; more and more demands will be made of us as we prepare ourselves to take the opportunities that lie before us for service to God and service to our country through the Guide channel.

When the time comes, with humility and hope, shall we offer this peace-time service in its fullness as our best gift to the making of a new world?

LOST A Headquarters raincoat, marked ELVIN, taken in error from the cloakroom of the Barn, Foxlease, on Monday, August 21st (Dip. week). Will anyone who was present at the week and who has an All-weather raincoat, black lining, please look and see if she has her own. I have been sent one (unmarked) which is too short for me. I will gladly arrange for carriage and exchange. V. A. Elvin, 2, Hayne Road, Beckenham.

Opave Baden Powell  
Chief Guide.

## LEAVE THE CHILD ALONE EXTRACT FROM "ON SINGLENES OF MIND"

by CHARLES MORGAN  
(Published by Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Many of the peculiarities of childhood—the sudden and unaccountable retreats of a child naturally sociable—spring from an intuitive desire to exercise this concentrative self-discipline and to enjoy the solitary and receptive bliss that is its reward. The demands made upon a child's attention by men and by Nature itself become more than he can endure. He is asked to learn French from nine to ten, Latin from ten to eleven, and to pursue other studies at all hours of the day. His games are organised and made competitive; he is expected to treat them as a part of ambition. Whatever his mind touches—the life of animals, the power of engines, the movement of the skies, the dimly perceived relationship between men and women, the innumerable magics of words, or music, of signs and emblems, of God—recedes at his touch and he must follow it, breathless. Enthusiasm breaks upon him, then another, and he forgets the first, as he forgets a toy in mid-floor; he is blamed, and blames himself, for having forgotten. A month ago, his rabbits were his life; he fed and watered them, visited and had a secret understanding with them, for they were more than rabbits—a part of his kingdom, aspects of himself. To-day they are a burden he has accepted and from which it seems, he will never escape. You are an hour late in feeding your rabbits. What are you doing there, lying on the floor? Reading. What is the book? You are only pretending to read. You can't understand a word of it. And it is almost true. There are many words he cannot understand. But what is the difference between reading and pretending to read? The name *Paradise Lost* fascinated him; the unutterable prestige of Milton—the fact that he was not to be understood like the Caldecott—drew him on; the verse was an incantation that made a giant of him, for the Garden was a part of his kingdom, and the sounds, the incomprehensible thunders, were proceeding from within himself. What are rabbits? The garden-boy can feed them.

Later, in a class-room, the galley-slave of ink, he struggles by all the normal processes that have been taught him, the elimination of brackets, the laborious discovery of roots, the preliminary quest of  $y$ , to bring  $x$  to earth. No doubt it will come, but the way is long, there is a fly against the window-pane, a shadow of chestnut leaves on the blackboard, and the lid of his desk, beneath encrustations of ink, is grained—a soft grain in which one can drive channels with a pencil. The elimination of brackets is a tricky business; plus and minus perilously interchange; he must keep his mind upon it, thrusting on for  $x$ , as though it were the premiership or a crow's nest or the city of Trebizond; but a city is a town that contains a cathedral—is there a cathedral at Trebizond? There is no royal road to  $x$ ;

the rough work must be done in the margin, its result brought over; step by step this impersonal and deadly  $x$  must be pursued until—suddenly there is a click of the brain, like the shutter of a camera, and  $x$  is his own, a part of himself, as mysteriously unrecognisable as the sound of his own voice, but his own, a rhyme, a peal of bells in his head: Four point one one! Four point one one! Please, sir, is the answer: Four point one one? You have been very quick. Show me. The book goes up. Where are the steps? What's the use of guessing? It's the steps that matter, not the result. But come here. What is this? How did you guess?

There is no answer and can be none. The rabbits and Milton and four point one one are all, it seems, parts of himself—and who is he? The boy who buries his head in the scum? Or the terror by night that his father may die? Or the creature who, while he writes an essay, modestly circumspect, in hope of a red alpha, is hit by a flight of words as he was by that arrowy  $x$ , and throws alpha to the winds? What will become of him, who is thus wildly at sixes and sevens, while others seemingly are steadily content? You should not worry so much. You should not ask: What will become of me? You should learn, my boy, to think more of others and less of yourself, and to take life as it comes. You should cultivate a sense of humour.

But life comes fast, a shower of arrows, and death faster. It is not old men who fear death. To a boy it strikes in every clock and burns in every bonfire of autumn.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near.

You are wasting time. When will you learn to concentrate? Smith Minor has reached Exercise XXXVII.

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance;  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows

then, under the lash of time, in the hail of perception, the child rushes hither and thither. Pity him when he comes to rest. Do not probe his hiding place. He lies awake, telling stories to himself; do not reprove him, do not measure his candle. There is a long ridge of stones above the orchard; each day, without stumbling, without dislodging a pebble, he must traverse and retrace it seven times. Permit imagination its ritual; grant the eye its focus. At all costs he must be alone, idle, still. What are you doing? Nothing. Have you taken any exercise to-day? No. Leave him. Have mercy on him.



# THE COMMISSIONERS' PAGE

## CAMP FIRES

by

MARY CHATER

(Assistant Commissioner for Music)

A FEW years ago, there was a minor heresy hunt on the subject of the correct spelling and presentation of the words "Camp Fire." Capitals were forbidden, and a hyphen in the middle was considered to be superfluous and affected. It is very true that there is, strictly speaking, no compound word which denotes the strange and varied entertainment which we call a camp fire; but we all know well enough what we mean when we use the term, and for the purpose of this article I feel inclined to defy the dictionary and write it thus:—CAMP-FIRE. For it is so intensely important, much more so than most of us realise. It denotes the sum and substance of all the songs, games, stories, dances, "acts," jingles and "yells" which we use as fire-side entertainment. Entertainment, that is, which is given, not primarily to a detached audience, but to one another, for our own amusement and recreation.

The first reason why camp-fires are so important, is that they are part of a work which is vital to the preservation of our national folk-lore.

We lament, and with reason, that, owing to the very rapid industrial and commercial development of this country, our natural native arts have largely disappeared. Music and drama have become standardised, mechanised and cheapened.

There are strong forces striving against this tendency, but they are dismissed by the majority of people as "improving." The E.F.D.S. and kindred movements, say they, are doing a great work only for those few who enjoy the revival of an archaic art; the schools teach folk-songs because they are correct rather than popular; and, taken by and large, the pursuit of traditional songs, dances and stories is suspect to the average mind.

Now in fireside entertainment, we use music and drama as they were originally used by ordinary people. A wearisome task, a dangerous corner, a spell of discomfort, hardship or boredom, the need of a common impulse to knit together a group of people, the need to express the joy and vitality of a group already united, the necessity of an outlet for the emotions in music, movement and romance; these were the circumstances which called into being our old and valued songs and stories. And these are the demands to which the camp-fire of to-day supplies an answer. So, whatever we learn, and more especially whatever children learn, at a camp-fire, has immense vitality. It is caught, rather than taught, in circumstances of happy association. It is passed on, at times when the learners are most receptive, usually by word of mouth, from a personality who is at least interesting, if not already dear to them, as a leader.

That which we teach at camp-fire is helping to create and maintain some sort of tradition of music and drama in this country. We cannot escape this fact, so what about our responsibility? The first thing to consider is:—do we make what use we can of our own native tradition of song and story?

In the matter of music alone, it must be confessed that the Guide Movement has sadly neglected our glorious heritage. We are inclined to say "The children hate folk-songs, they have to learn them at school," and leave it at that, while we turn with enthusiasm to the vivacious little waltz-tunes of Central Europe, or warble delightfully intricate yodelling choruses as if they were our "native wood-notes wild." Why? Chiefly because, to quote what has been said already, we have learned them in circumstances of happy association, when we were in a very receptive mood, from a personality who was admirable or dear to us.

So it follows that we should be ready to take at least as much trouble to promote our own national music by the same means, and under the same conditions. We ought to be proud of a collection of folk-tunes second to none in Europe, and it is a very poor compliment to our friends of other nations to take them an inadequate imitation of their characteristic art instead of a vigorous presentation of our own.

Now all this may sound rather formidable, but I am paying my readers the compliment of assuming that they are interested in anything for which they can see a reason, and before we tackle the raising of our camp-fire standards, we must be convinced that it is necessary.

Next, we must be convinced that it is possible. There are two words which should be banished from our vocabulary:—the word "high-brow," and its complement "low-brow." There is no such thing as "high-brow music" (or "high-brow drama," for that matter). There is good and bad music, and this distinction has nothing to do with the music being light or serious. If a tune is a good tune, and fulfills its purpose exactly, it can be used as part of the musical material of our camp-fire programme.

What stocks have we to draw from? What sort of items should be included in a first-rate camp-fire?

I think it is a help to divide our material, mentally, into 6 or 7 lucky bags into which we can dip in turn.

First and foremost, rounds and canons: a typically English and beautifully musical form of fireside singing. There is no space here to enlarge on the selection of good rounds, but the choice is immense, and even 4-part rounds only need 4 reliable and "incorruptible" singers, one to lead each part. The difficulties in learning rounds generally come from a tendency to sing too loud and a cheerful indifference to the beat; both may be largely overcome by "listening louder than you sing."

Next to the rounds come the part-songs and descants. Here we may find it more difficult to pick out what we want. Not all descants are written for unaccompanied singing, and simple 2-part songs for voices only, are few and far between. But it is well worth looking for good descants, and studying 3-part songs, provided the voices have sufficient weight, owing either to their numbers, or the age of the singers. Rangers can often produce 3-part harmony, but they should sing real parts, not just an added "second," which consists of singing the tune a third below—usually a nerveless and monotonous proceeding. Before long we hope to publish many more songs arranged for 2- and 3-part unaccompanied voices; there is a crying need for them in our camp-fire repertoire.

In the next lucky bag we find our folk-songs. With children of Guide age, we must be careful not to weary them by teaching songs which are over-long, or inappropriate to young voices because of their demand for prolonged, sustained singing. In some cases we must avoid all songs taught at school, but often we can capture a response to a well-known tune by presenting it as an action song, a ballad with chorus, a marching song or an acted mime. Guides love movement as they sing.

Then in the fourth bag we find the stories; stories to tell and stories to act. The non-musical Guider will stop here gratefully, and plunge elbow-deep into this sack of treasure, but its contents must not be forgotten or neglected by the singing company. A good story, acted or told, is a vital part of fireside entertainment. It has a fascination which nothing else can equal: who does not react to the magic of "What happened next"?

Then come our dances and dance-games (by which I mean those simple patterns which need no more technique than the grand chain, and change of partners). The enthusiasts will delight in country-dances, reels, sword and Morris, while the simple figures of "Captain Jenks" or "Sandy Land" are not beyond the powers of the smallest and most diffident company.

In the sixth bag we find the camp-fire games—many of them acting games like "Everyday Actions," or the "Persian Donkeys," others little more than organised sound-effects, like the "foot-ball match" or the "horse-race," but all useful for expressing the ideas and feelings of the company.

Lastly, come the "jingles" and action-songs, often despised, and considered to be the lowest exhibition of camp-fire activity. But the simplest chorus, such as "Birds in the Wilderness," or those even more primitive chants concerning monkeys, dampers, and even spiders (I dare not be more explicit) can all have their uses in the training of a company in rhythmic response. The very character of a camp-fire demands, as a rule, some items which are performed purely for rhythmic enjoyment.

I have not touched upon the common problems of fireside entertainment, or upon the solutions of such problems. The tackling of musical difficulties, the cultivation of taste, the elimination of cheap and unworthy items, the competition of modern dance-bands, are all matters which must be left to another occasion.

But, in closing, I would add just this.

First, train your faculties of observation in musical and dramatic art just as you do in the practice of woodcraft. Get someone to show you what to look out for: cultivate the listening ear and the seeing eye, and you will break through the sort of mesmeric trance in which too much rubbish has been readily accepted and passed on in our camp-fire entertainment.

Secondly: be quite sure in your own mind that it is worth any trouble to practise and perform a first-rate item, however humble it may be. You are doing the work of re-afforestation in our devastated areas of music and drama; you are helping to restore the birthright of our children.



# CAMP FIRES

by

MARY CHATER

(Assistant Commissioner for Music)

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# GERMANY I.—THE POISON

by

AMY BULLER

(Author of "DARKNESS OVER GERMANY")

(We are fortunate in obtaining from Miss Buller two articles based on her observations made during a careful and prolonged study of German history from 1914 until just before the present war. Years spent in Germany before and during the Hitler regime have given Miss Buller a brilliant understanding of Nazi methods and the damage they have done. We feel sure that her analysis of the situation will help our readers in forming ideas on how Nazi youth can be re-educated.—Editor.)



Raw material: When this picture was taken Hitler was an unknown house-painter and these boys' lives were, at least, their own to make or mar. What has become of them now?

It is always more important and certainly more interesting to know why people behave in abnormal ways than merely to observe how they behave. The child who is for ever showing off, the little girl who lies so easily and who never owns up to being wrong, the boy who delights in bullying. No teacher or leader of youth who knows her job will be satisfied by just observing these facts or even in punishing the culprit. There will come to her again and again the thought, there must be some reason for the discouragement which shows itself in this desire for display; there must be some fear that makes that boy bully; there must be some uncertainty that makes that little girl unwilling to own up when she has done wrong.

If every teacher, every Guider, every parent would ask these questions and refuse to give up till she had found the answer, how much more understanding of children there would be and how much suffering would be relieved. Many a young life would grow straight instead of twisted and many would be saved from becoming anti-social or even criminal.

Even if grown-ups among themselves would form this habit of

asking why—how much more tolerant and understanding we should all become of one another. That woman who is persistently bitter and unkind.—It's so easy to think of her as an "old cat" and it might make all the difference if we saw her unkindness as the expression of personal unhappiness and as we realised this, a new relationship might well be born and the unkindness might grow less. We should judge less harshly if we understood the reason. Or take a more extreme case, a neighbour who has always been difficult and aggressive suddenly overruns your home and attacks you and your family. Your immediate reaction must be to stop him committing murder even if you have to slay him, but when it is over and the aggressor is dead or in chains, you would then have time to look back and ask the question, how did this all come about, what caused this violent unprovoked attack? You might discover all kinds of things about his upbringing, and the society within which he had lived, and above all the kind of philosophy of life he had been taught. None of these discoveries would make you want to relieve him from punishment or set him free again unless you were quite sure he was safe, but they might be of great use in helping you decide how to treat his children.

It is not possible to draw too close an analogy between individuals and national groups, but the important thing about both is to ask the right questions, and some of the questions I have raised in relation to human conduct are well worth asking in relation to the way Germany behaves as a nation.

For the first three years of the War we had Germany in the form of highly organised, brutal forces on our own doorstep. It was like having a madman at our throats. Our nation and Empire rose as a man and said these gangsters must be stopped. They have left a trail of death and destruction throughout Europe and at all costs we must stop them now for the sake of the world and civilisation. It was in that hour of peril that a handful of young pilots challenged a vast German Air Force,—that soldiers, who but a few months before were civilians, fought dauntless rearguard actions against the highly powerful German army while their comrades stood in mile-long queues on the Dunkirk beaches. Side by side battle cruisers and the *Brighton Belle* and even a fisherman's small fishing smack plied the channel to rescue the Army. At home in a factory an old man of 80 worked the clock round except for 5 hours sleep; in coal mines lads worked as never before. In cities ringed by flame, young girls drove ambulances; a boy blown three times off his bicycle got on again and delivered his dispatch. From the debris of her shattered home an old woman emerged saying, "I'm quite all right, thank you, help the others," and trapped in a basement a small boy nursed and comforted his baby sister as their Mother lay dead.

Away on every ocean, merchant ships, with little armour, fought desperately against bombers and U-boats to bring us food, and far out in mid-Atlantic in an open boat a ten-year-old Guide kept two frightened little boys comforted and as warm as she could with her coat and her body, while hardened seamen almost wept with pride at her deeds. Far away from the scenes of disaster in our Empire, free men gave up everything and volunteered to cross the oceans to save the Motherland.



Hero worship: Perhaps, once upon a time, these boys and girls were as uncontaminated as those in the top picture.



October, 1944]

## THE GUIDER

At that time every British heart throughout the world beat faster as our gallant Prime Minister uttered defiant challenge to the hordes across the Channel because he knew something of the spirit and of the faith in the hearts of his Countrymen.

It is a story of matchless bravery in facing a terrible challenge. To-day the German Army is defeated, the hordes flee back to their own country, and the terrible desolation they have brought to the world will now fall on their homes and families.

This means another and a tremendous challenge to us. How are we going to meet it?

We and our Allies have won the War, but what of the Peace? Punish the aggressor and make quite sure that he will never be able to do this again? That certainly is our first task, but that alone will not mean peace.

What is going to happen here? Will the old now take out their pipes and sink back into arm chairs, for they are very tired; will the young demand leisure and merriment and freedom after the long, stern struggle they have waged to stop the aggressor?

I hope old and young will both realise that some real measure of rest and freedom and merriment are not only their due reward but an essential preparation for a sterner, longer and even more difficult battle yet to come.

This is often called the battle for peace, but that must surely mean not only the cessation of hostilities but the beginning of a battle for a new world. In that battle one of the most important decisions the world has got to make is what to do with Germany.

Let me go back to my first question, namely, why did Germany behave like this, for you cannot decide how you are going to treat a country any more than an individual unless you have made some decision about what is wrong with her citizens. It is just here that we have to be careful not to press the analogy between individual and nation too far.

To do that is to make an over-simplification and nearly all the generalisations about Germany are, in fact, over-simplifications of a very complex problem.

Let us look at some of these simplifications. The more obvious is to say that after all National Socialism is only another form of Prussian Militarism; someone else, who knew something of the economic situation in Germany before Hitler came to power says—when you get 7 million unemployed and economic chaos you are more than likely to get a revolution of some sort; or someone who followed the steady deterioration in international affairs in Europe after the last war will say this could not happen without making war likely.

All three of these reasons are good and true, but they do not give the whole picture and I do not think any of them go deep enough. Below them all I believe there was a moral and spiritual bankruptcy in Germany which, together with international deterioration on one side, economic distress on the other, was bound to give rise to a revolution, and as might be expected, any revolution in Germany is likely to take on an aggressive military form, as indeed it did.

But the nature of the revolution at its source was, I believe, spiritual bankruptcy which paved the way for a false prophet and a false religion to arise.

I want to say something about this bankruptcy in relation to German Youth. I often wonder if Hitler would ever have gained such immense power if it had not been for the overwhelming response he got from German Youth. It is well known that even Hitler himself and his Youth leaders were amazed at the fanatical and immediate response that came from German Youth.

In fact in the early days of the movement some of the leaders went to Zurich to talk to the famous psychologist Jung. They told him of their surprise at the tremendous outpouring of energy and enthusiasm and said they didn't know how it had all been called forth, because propaganda only succeeds when it meets a real need or gives voice to some latent fear.

These leaders who were some of the more idealistic people who joined in the early days said they were afraid that all this youth movement might get captured and controlled by the most criminal and brutal elements in the party. That is, of course, just what did happen.

I think the answer really is that the Youth of Germany had no religion or philosophy of life and they did not know how to judge a false from a true religion and so followed Hitler with fanatical zeal because he seemed to give them something they had been looking for.

One of the great mistakes made in relation to Germany is that we in other countries were naturally and rightly so utterly horrified at the stupid and brutal teaching of the Nazis that many of us did not stop to ask: How was it that the Youth of Germany believed such things?

Let me explain:—How often it is said, "How could a nation, educated as Germany was, believe all this nonsense about blood and soil and race which Nazis like Rosenberg wrote?" Very few people stopped to think what particular need "this nonsense" did in fact meet for German Youth. I believe it is true to say that every religion in the world has tried to answer two questions at least—quite simply these are Whence and Whither? Where do we come from, what is our origin and where are we going, what is our destiny? Someone once said life was like a bird coming out of darkness and flying through a lighted room and then out again into the darkness. That is a very tragic philosophy, but it was more or less what millions of Germans felt about life. Their parents had no faith and no hope for the future, so that even life itself was not like a well lighted room, but was darkened by poverty and unemployment.

Millions of young people knew that when they left school or college there was little prospect of employment and there grew up among them the feeling that there was no purpose or meaning in life—surely the most terrible thing for youth on the threshold of life to discover.

It was just then that Hitler arrived and told them there was a tremendous task which youth alone could do in saving their country from despair.

When men are drowning and a lifeboat comes to save them they are not likely to be very critical of what colour or shape the lifeboat is, nor even if it is likely to be seaworthy for long—at that moment it is their only hope of salvation.

I believe one of the greatest tragedies in the world was that the German Youth thought they saw salvation for themselves and the country when they gave their allegiance to Hitler. Instead they found death and destruction for themselves as well as bringing desolation to the world.

Many times I heard Hitler speak to vast crowds of Youth and I found he did not describe a political or economic programme, nor did he describe the brutal things they would be asked to do—he often put vague but good ideas before them. I wish he had spoken of the brutal dark side of Nazism because I think that whereas many might still have followed him, millions would have refused.

Let me tell you the story of one speech I heard Hitler make to thousands of young boys and girls, who were completely carried away while he spoke.

As usual Hitler started by drawing an exaggerated picture of the policy of various parties since the war and their failure to bring unity, peace or prosperity to Germany. It was a completely distorted account, but one could scarcely expect boys of that age to check up on what he said. He went on to draw a really terrifying picture of Germany when he came to power. This was the more impressive because so many boys in his audience must have been well aware of the despondency and discouragement of their parents, and many had also experienced the dire results of mass unemployment.

With consummate skill he got his audience to feel the despair and desolation of Germany, and then, working himself up into a frenzy, he thundered at this youthful crowd. I do not remember all his words, but the main points remain vividly in my mind.

"You must realise that however dark things are, there is no such thing as deadlock in the affairs of men. You need never be defeated by your circumstances. Man is only finally defeated by himself. That is true of you, my young comrades, and that is also true of your country."

He went on, "For years this country was ruled by men who were defeated in spirit. Their favourite theme was that there was 'no way out' and that the fault was everyone else's but their own. You have heard them say again and again that all the desolation and distress in Germany was due, first to defeat and secondly to forces outside this country. I deny all that. Germany was never defeated except in the minds of cowardly politicians. It is true that outside enemies have tried and will continue to try to crush Germany and to keep her from taking her place among free and great powers. I am not afraid of outside powers. You are not afraid, you know your destiny. The destiny of the Fatherland is not decided by a lot of chattering politicians in other countries. No power—no country in the world—can stop Germany rising again."

He had worked up his audience into a frenzy of excitement now, but he went on with unabated fury. "Politicians all the world over talk of difficulties—let them do it. We are not interested in difficulties, we are only interested in success. I tell you to strike out the word 'impossible' from your vocabulary. There is a way out and you, my young comrades, will find it. I tell you the resurrection of Germany from dust and ashes to a powerful and unified country does not depend on outside forces, it does not depend on faint-hearted politicians—it depends on you."

Hitler halted for a moment, overcome by his own passion, while the youthful audience was almost intoxicated.

Hitler wiped his brow and his voice became quieter and more appealing as he held out his hands, saying, "you, my young comrades, are Germany's future and her future is safe with you. Germany has been kicked, scorned and driven to despair and none within her have had the courage to revolt and to defend her right to live. If you are passionately, blindly loyal and obedient, then I tell you that in five years time from now things will happen that will startle the world. I bring you a faith that cannot be defeated."

Then ingratiatingly he went on, "But, my young friends, you cannot achieve this miracle as individuals. You cannot achieve it unless you realise that it is the community and not the individual that matters, and unless you give yourselves up completely to the service of the Fatherland. That shows that you care about Germans because you are Germans and you do not care any more what their fathers earned, nor what their religion is. Don't think the mere wearing of a brown uniform makes you a good National Socialist. You are only a good National Socialist if in your heart you are deeply unhappy while a single German is unemployed. Thanks to the cowardice of her politicians, the divisions of Germany have been one of the causes of her despair. What country wants twenty-three political parties? No, some of the old people may still like their divisions, but I tell you, the youth of this country must be one. We will never again have the ridiculous picture of children marching against each other under different political banners."

It is almost impossible to write of this without recalling something of the enthusiasm and hysteria of that vast crowd of German Youth and the feeling almost of terror that came with the knowledge of how little the youth realised of the evil designs which lay hidden behind Hitler's speech.

You and I find no difficulty in picking out the false statements in the things he said about the treatment of Germany after the last war.

(Continued on page 162)



# THE LIFE OF THE FIRST G.I.S. (B) TEAM ON ACTIVE SERVICE

## A Day in the Life of a G.I.S. Volunteer.

On a normal working day we usually wake up about 6 a.m., look at our watches, and then turn over and go to sleep again. About 6.45 a.m. someone stretches and says "Anyone coming to bathe to-day?" At that, most of the party reluctantly get out of bed and get into gym shoes and bathing costumes and stroll down to the sea; the gym shoes are necessary because there are some stones and sharp shells. The sea is very buoyant and very salt, and the hill opposite is pink in the morning sun while the one on the other side is a misty blue. We do not stay in long as breakfast calls. We have this at 7.30 a.m. and it usually consists of bacon and chips and jam, etc. There is time after this to do odd jobs before we set off for work.

About 9 a.m. two of us go to report at the Welfare Office and say which tents we are going to visit. Then we go to the Refugee lines and call on the different families; we are always invited in and asked to sit down. We talk for as long as our limited knowledge of the language allows. I am afraid we have said some very peculiar things; once I believe I admitted to having a husband and six children! The people are delighted that we try to talk in their language and when by chance we get something right we are patted on the back and sometimes kissed.

While we chat we keep one eye open for any people who are ill, especially for children with bad eyes and make sure they have seen the doctor.

At 12 we report back to the Welfare tent any things we have found wrong, such as sick people, dirty tents, too many flies, etc.

Then there is time for a long, cold drink before lunch. After we have eaten we often rest for an hour or so as it is really too hot to do anything else. About 3 p.m. some of us usually bathe, after which we have a cup of tea. Then it is work again from 4-6, unless it is one of the three days on which we have a language lesson. After six we are free till the time for our evening meal. Usually there are some who want to bathe, some practice the language, some have letters to write, while some even do the mending.

Our dinner is the main meal of the day, the food is very good but we sometimes get a little mixed in the order of the courses, and when we have had cheese, discover that the sweet is still to come.

This last part of the day is again spent in odd jobs and working on the language.

We take it in turns to take prayers, after which we are soon in bed, some in a tent and some under the stars. Occasionally as a special treat we have a bedtime story before we fall asleep.

BERYL GIBSON.

Work in the Welfare Office is very interesting and very varied, and a wide range of problems is handled daily by the Chief Welfare Officer, with the part-time assistance of a very competent sergeant, and also (whole-time) my very inept self and a youthful refugee girl called Popi, who disorganises us all not a little at times.

One of the main things I do is to give out registered letters that arrive for the refugees. I have to post the names up on a blackboard—not so easy when half of them are quite illegible—and the next day when the people come I have to check up their names and camp numbers and make them sign in the book—provided they can write, of course. Those that can't have to do a thumb print. As most of the letters have Postal Orders in, it's awfully important to see that some impostor doesn't pocket the cash.

All paying out of private money to refugees is done in this office. Very many of them have relatives abroad, especially in America, and as soon as they arrive as refugees they try and make contact. We send off cables too, and some are very funny. "Money received. Cable more." "Whole family arrived as refugees. Short of everything. Send money." (These get amended before being despatched—otherwise the outside world would get a very queer idea of the state of affairs in the camp.) A very careful record has to be kept of all these bank drafts, money orders, etc.—and paying out takes place twice a week.

On the purely welfare side we have a great variety of problems brought in, largely to do with matrimonial affairs—also funerals, christenings, etc. Recently we had a girl who is more or less engaged to a co-belligerent soldier and wanted us to request the man's O.C. to interview him and find out if his intentions were strictly honourable.

Then there was a man who desired to divorce his wife simply and solely because she is now elsewhere, having been sent on a draft. He was due to follow, but for technical reasons cannot do so. According to his argument an absent wife is no good, she must therefore be divorced so that he can get another wife. Then I had to interview three girls who had applied for repatriation to a country where that is still possible. The forms, curiously enough, were made out in French the answers had to be done in English, and the girls spoke a third language. So it was quite a tricky interview. We have also had some very tough and naughty looking small boys in, whom we are trying to get into a home; also two girls who for some reason needed to have their love letters written in English and wanted our help.

Most mornings Popi addresses Air Mail letters on the typewriter— weird and wonderful ad-

resses some of them are too. "Mountainous Brigade" we had yesterday.

Another action in which we indulge is a search for missing relatives, largely in America. We collect on a form the information required about the person wanted, and then the enquirer, plus all the relevant information, gets a card in our brand new card index. (That was one of my first jobs here.) Then from time to time a batch of enquiries is sent out to the appropriate consul or other organisation, and we have just started getting some answers back. How anyone is ever traced, on the scanty information given, is a complete mystery to me. Places in America are written down according to some vague phonetic memory—Bono Zaer, Ouasiton Deesi, Atler Fife Days Return Fo 1164 Counctiurt, Gary, Klivelantou Chaio, Gouber-Piponti, Droet Mitsika, Sicagon, etc. These addresses really are rather a joy. It's fun trying them out on the mess in the evenings, to see if they can get the place right.

One of the troubles and trials of life is dealing with the mass of welfare correspondence, particularly letters out. However, I am slowly learning who is addressed as "Dear Sir," who gets just "Sir," and what variety of persons have no headings or endings at all. Then there is the subtle distinction between "I am, Sir, your obedient servant," and "I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant." Discrimination of this kind appears to be essential in military correspondence and it takes a little while to learn the ins and outs.

However, the Welfare Officer is a source of great entertainment—for instance when fifteen raging women come in shrieking with wrath over some goods confiscated by certain Customs authorities and emerge after fifteen minutes smiling and completely pacified.

ALISON DUKE.

## YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE! WHICH ARE YOU GIVING?

### G.I.S. (B) FUND FORM

TOTAL AS WE GO TO PRESS £29,601 10s. 11½d.

I am enclosing £ : s. d. from myself and my

District  
Company .....  
Pack ..... (Title as Registered)  
NAME .....  
(Mrs. or Miss)  
ADDRESS .....

COUNTY TO WHICH  
ATTACHED FOR  
GUIDING

DIVISION

DISTRICT

Donations should be sent to:

ENGLAND  
G.I.S. (B.) Fund Sec.,  
The Girl Guides Association,  
17-19, Buckingham Palace Road,  
London, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND  
The Secretary,  
Scottish Girl Guide H.Q.,  
16, Coates Crescent,  
Edinburgh, 3.

ULSTER  
The Secretary,  
Ulster H.Q.,  
50, Upper Arthur Street,  
Belfast.

WALES  
Miss E. C. Pryce,  
Croesfordd,  
St. Asaph,  
Flintshire.

Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed and made payable to:  
The Girl Guides Association. Girl Guides,  
Scottish Headquarters.

Ulster Girl Guides.

Welsh Girl Guides.

It is important that this form should be carefully filled in as receipt will be made out accordingly, either to sender or District/Company/Pack mentioned.



October, 1944]

## THE GUIDER

The Camp Post Office.

Report to the Post Office to-morrow morning, to lend a hand." You are told that overnight, and vaguely wonder what will be your lot. On arrival, you're not left long in doubt. The Post Office is a brick building, up five steps—a small square room. The Post Office is a and two chairs, await you. You take one, the other is occupied by a member of the camp, who fortunately for you, speaks a little English as well as her own language.

Now the fun begins—as soon as the door is opened a crowd enters—

from four to about seventy, passes along the table to have the letter, or letters, addressed, in English characters; this is where the brain is taxed to the utmost, to translate, also to enquire of the sender their name and camp number, and inscribe it on the back of the envelope. Counting in a foreign language, in the quietness of one's own room, or tent, is quite another matter from attempting it with a dozen or so people all talking at once—all trying to be helpful, in a variety of high-pitched voices.

However, by noon, when the office closes, you sit back and realise you've waded through a goodly pile of envelopes—and you hope that they get to their destinations.

M. JARMAN.

Life as viewed from the Out-Patients Room at the Hospital.

In this, comparatively small, room, with its compact and shining rows of bottles, its sparkling white porcelain basin and business-like

looking operating table, and white clad, dextrous nurses—who, incidentally, are refugees themselves and have all been trained in this hospital—come the sick, the halt, and the maimed, for help and comfort. Infants in arms, children, girls, women and ex-soldiers, wounded in the war, all come here and everything from a spot to a severed artery, a burn to a bunion, a whitlow to a wound is treated with neatness and dispatch.

There are several points of resemblance to our own out-patients departments at home, that strike the English volunteer. The most noticeable being the fluency with which one's internal economy is described to all and sundry, and the chatty way in which symptoms are compared, in the queue waiting to come in. Unfortunately, a greater command of the language is needed by this particular volunteer, in order to get the finer shades, but the sepulchral voices and suggestive gestures, practically speak for themselves. In they come, great and small, old and young, and it is wonderful how far one can get with six words, a free use of the hands, shoulders, arms and head and a smile. One realises, too, that what is most wanted is practical sympathy and careful watchfulness, because when people have suffered, as these people have, from disorientation, great and continued anxiety and debility, minor ailments, which probably would pass unnoticed at home and heal almost at once, are apt to turn to something serious, unless treated carefully from the very start.

In that way this particular bit of the hospital is playing a very large part in keeping up the standard of health and morale of the camp, which is certainly at a very high level.

MAUD TRAVERS.

### S.O.S.

Equipment. It is proving very difficult to obtain suitable boots for volunteers proceeding overseas. Will anyone who has skiing or climbing boots they are willing to sell or give to the G.I.S. please communicate with the G.I.S. Secretary at Headquarters, giving the size, but not sending the boots. The G.I.S. would also be grateful to receive offers of framed ruc-sacs in good condition, or repairable, on the same terms.

## THE DRAMA OF THE DEAD DOODLEBUG

THE lorry, packed with camp equipment, bumped across the grass. Captain climbed down from her insecure perch on the hindmost tent and surveyed the site with satisfaction. Tree-guarded on two sides, a gently rising hill, a wide view of downs, secure—undisturbed—undisturbed? What creature was this? What prehistoric reptile? What sinister beast? A doodlebug no less, comfortably couchant in the middle of the site, its path only too apparent through the ravaged trees behind it.



War-time lorry-drivers have no time to waste, even on doodlebugs. After commenting "That's not a very pleasant object," attention was centred on unloading the kit. But when he was gone Captain and M.O. strolled across to inspect the invader. What was to be done? What was the law of averages regarding doodlebugs following the same track? Did doodlebug mate call to doodlebug mate? Would the Guides be nervous? What would the parents say?

Two "Specials" appeared to inspect the corpse. "Good evening," said Captain, "I don't think I like this very much!"

"That's all right, miss," said one, "it's only a doodlebug."

"So I see," said she, swallowing the slur on her intelligence, "but . . ."

"Don't worry, miss, it's gone off proper."

"I know," with patient persistence, "but it's hardly a thing to face thirty-five children to-morrow morning."

"Well," said the younger officer, "it's not the kind of thing one would keep on one's drawing-room mantelpiece."

Captain hastily revised all she had heard about the sacredness of bomb wreckage. "I suppose," tentatively, "I couldn't move it?"

"Move it? Move it?" (As if the mere suggestion of touching the venerated object was pure sacrilege.) "Well—well—you could, if you could!"

They parted. When kit needs shelter from the night even Hitler's secret weapon takes a back seat. But early, very early, armed with the stoutest of tent poles, Captain and M.O. levered the body of the beast inch by inch towards the ditch and finally heaved it into a nettle bed where its twisted length of wicked metal settled harmlessly enough into the green grave.

"What," said the wood patrol, "made that mess? Lightning I suppose." The Guider, suddenly intent on demonstrating a timber hitch in action, kept silent. "It must have been some storm," said the P.L., "come on, it's brought great trees down."

Sunday brought parties of parents and friends. Mother, Auntie and Grandma inspected menus, washing-up stands, wash-houses; but

Father, aloof from these domestic details, stood marooned among this army of women. Sudden interest kindled in his eye; he made a bee-line for Captain. "That," he stated with a wave towards the charred trackway through the wood, "was done by a doodlebug."

Captain hesitated, the conversation around her checked, faces turned towards her. She plunged. "Yes," she said. "As a matter of fact, we've got most of it in the ditch."

"You've got a doodlebug?" asked father, "a dead one you mean? Where?"

A group gathered round the grave. The corpse was disinterred—and prodded.

"Ugly brute," said one.

"Thick enough," said another.

"Rotten welding," commented a third.

"Good-bye," said the visitors, pockets and handbags weighty with souvenirs, "we have enjoyed ourselves. Worried about the children? Oh, no, they'll be quite safe with you."

"What," pondered Captain, "is there in uniform that inspires confidence to defy even doodlebugs?"

"Well!" said the Guides. "You might have told us. It's lovely! A dead doodlebug in a ditch!"

At supper time the farmer arrived. Another bomb had fallen in a six-acre field about a mile away, minute pieces of metal and wire were scattered all over the pasture. No self-respecting cow, it seemed, would swallow anything the size of a penny, but the tiny scraps, half the size of a postage stamp, the inch lengths of wire, scraps, half the size of a postage stamp, the inch lengths of wire, could these went down in a mouthful of grass and then stock died. Could the camp comb the field? The camp did. Shoulder to shoulder along tracks marked out by hedge stakes, they raked that long grass. The metal rattled into enamel mugs, the mugs were emptied into P.L.'s ruc-sac. It was a proud patrol whose winning collection merited the printing of HONOURABLE ORDER OF DOODLEBUGS across their patrol chart.

As for the farmer, he would not hear of payment for the site. It had been well earned. "The money we meant to pay him," said the campers, "must go to the G.I.S.—serve Hitler right."

The camp went home, another came in. "It seems a pity to blacken that water bin," said the P.L. Her eye alighted on the doodlebug's fin. It was converted into a "hot-plate" between the fire and the bin.

"If he knew," gloated the recruit, "that we heated our washing water on his old bomb, wouldn't Hitler be mad?"



# FOLLOW MY LEADER

THE trend of public opinion to-day is to emphasise the importance of helping the young people of our nation to a full, happy and healthy life. There has been developed a technique of physical training and we are kept alive to the importance of food and good housing, of public playing fields, swimming pools, of opportunities for camping and hiking, and of the value of drill and gymnastics. On the other hand educational authorities are intent upon the problem of developing the mind, of seeing that every boy and girl shall have the education he or she needs, shall have easy access to our best literature and be trained in music, drama, dancing or crafts according to his bent. "Mens Sana in corpore sano" is true and valuable, and culture does widen our vision and deepen our personality. But body and mind do not make up a complete person, and official circles have no technique for spiritual development.

Scouting and Guiding, on the other hand, do offer some solution to this problem of developing a complete person. As Guiders we are very conscious that nothing that we directly teach Brownies, Guides or Rangers has an effect at all comparable with what they learn from watching us. There is a significant passage in *The Necessity of Art*, by A. S. Duncan-Jones: "Man is so made that he responds automatically to that which he sees well done. There is within him a sense of rightness, a cognizance of beauty. When this vision dawns on man, it arouses in him a desire not only to approve, but to respond. He has the immediate sense of a vision which something within urges him to translate into action. He must endeavour to must express the value that he feels. . . . must endeavour to respond to the beauty he has seen is not to dissipate in dreams. He must yield his response, and one of the forms this response will take is imitation. A good pass on the football field or a hit to the boundary produces, at any rate in the young, a desire to go and do likewise. The sight of a thing well done arouses a desire for emulation. And this applies throughout the whole range of the beautiful."

Since this is so we must face up to the responsibility of leadership and ask ourselves some searching questions as to the kind of leader we are. We begin by enumerating the things we look for in a leader. Suppose we are going on a patrol hike. We shall want to know why we are going and where, and we expect our P.L. to be clear on both points. Why, then, are we Guiders? The way in which we came into the Movement, whether brought in by a friend or by a questing Commissioner, or because we grew up in it, is not what matters. It is after we have been a Guider long enough to get a warrant that we should be in a position to answer this question. It is important to be as honest about this as we can, for if we lead from the wrong motives we shall certainly lead in the wrong direction. To do that would be to bring ourselves within the scope of Christ's terrible denunciation of those who proved to be stumbling blocks to His little ones: "better were it for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the midst of the sea."

There are two motives which eventually converge and so can be considered together. Some are Guiders because they want to do their duty to God and have heard the words "lovest thou Me? Feed My Lambs." Others have taken this as their vocation because they see the needs of the children themselves playing dangerously and aimlessly on the kerb of life.

Another group of motives also converges to one point, not God but self. Those who have led repressed lives, who have felt themselves outstripped by their cleverer or more attractive sisters, those who for one reason or another yearn for the satisfaction of being admired and of being in a position of power and are naturally drawn to those who are weaker or less well equipped than themselves. The reason we must examine our purpose with scrupulous honesty is that motives of this last group are usually subconscious, and may be present alongside the less unworthy one. And such a motive will be a sufficient stimulus to produce a company which will for a time, look like a good one. In fact these self-centred motives are rather like the bindweed in our garden, growing with the other plants, which has a lovely delicate flower, as beautiful as any. But bindweed stunts and eventually kills the young plant by which it climbs.

We can perhaps best test our motives by going on to our next question—where are we leading our Company? The loyalty of youth is a generous expression of its recognition of its own experience. From us they want the truth, nothing shoddy or second-hand, but the truth that experience on the road of life has taught us. We must see to it that their loyalty stretches out past us, past the whole Movement, to our Leader, Christ. Then they will imitate us, but not slavishly. The way to be loyal to one's ancestors is not to do what they did, but to do a new thing which will best uphold the principles for which they stood. When we are going to do First Class heights and stand beside a tree to help the Company, they look considerably at us, it is true, but in order to estimate the height of the tree.

It is clear then, that a leader must be someone in whom love and goodwill are embodied. We must be persons of goodwill, and since

none of us will claim to be unfailingly so we must be aware of our own helplessness. We can no more change the fundamental direction of our will, its self-centredness, than we can lift ourselves by our own shoelaces. To some extent a great cause will do this, but we have seen only too clearly in recent years that the devil can use such a motive to inspire leaders to grasp at power, and there is the bindweed cropping up in a new place. The only thing that can change our wills is the Grace of God, and only the Gospel offers what will hold us in every part of life. Hitler can get a whole-hearted response to his appeal because he calls out the good and the bad in man alike. Christ appeals to the good only and so will not get a full response in any one life.

The next thing we expect is that our leader is someone whom we can trust. In order to learn to trust anyone we must first know her. How do we set about making a new friend, say, at a training week? Questions about her home, work, hobbies and dislikes and information about our own are exchanged, so that each learns to see the other in her proper setting. Our Leader, Christ, though out of sight has left tracking signs and notes for us. "Oh let me see Thy foot-marks and in them plant mine own," we sing. That will entail using all our powers of observation and deduction on the story of His life, and trying to grasp the meaning of the directions He gives us along the way.

There are, no doubt, deep mysteries of prayer we cannot as Tender-foots hope to plumb, but for the beginner and the more experienced alike it is true to say that prayer is not an attempt to change God's mind, but to bring our own minds into line with His. Before going for that hike we were talking about, we had a Patrol Meeting. We asked our P.L. what the plans were, what we were to wear, to carry, and to do. Our prayers every evening can be just as simple as that: first some effort to tune in to the right station by picturing some aspect of God, or some incident in the life of Christ. Then laying out our plan for the next day before Him and asking how we are to act to-morrow with our friends, with those who need our help, with the people who irritate us. . . . Our P.L. will no doubt have given us hints and suggestions to cover vagaries of weather, wood, water and shelter on the proposed site. Things will not be cut and dried for us, nor shall we get cut and dried answers to our prayers. In fact, we may even feel we have not got an answer at all. This is where our need to trust comes in. In the story of the call of Moses (Exodus III) we see a man very diffident about a call to lead. "Who am I that I should go before Pharaoh?" And the answer comes from his Leader, "Certainly, I will go with thee." It was because Moses had the necessary trust in that Leader and acted upon this that he became a great leader himself. Furthermore, if we daily lay our hopes and ambitions before God whatever is shoddy or of self in them will be as evident as the threadbare patch in a carpet when a ray of sunshine falls upon it. However busy our day, we must make sure that there is more of Christ in it than of any other spiritual companion.

There is one more thing which we expect of any leader—adventure. We set out for our hike well prepared for any contingency, with the pleasant, tingling feeling of a time ahead that is sure to be full of new interests and discoveries. Let us at all costs keep that feeling of eager expectancy in our own lives or we shall not be able to lead our young people adventuring. Those of us who are old hands must be especially aware of the deadening effect of cushions, hot water bottles and above all of ruts. If we settle ourselves down on our heels we have no right to think of ourselves any more as leaders. For those not so old who have been Guiding for some time there is the danger of being worn down by difficulties. Readiness to go adventuring is there, but the face is rather grimly set, spontaneity is lacking. What is lost is the ageless, vital quality of our Leader "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross." Nor are the young leaders always as ready to launch out into the unknown as their companies would wish them to be. Gamaliel was an honoured dodger of the law, but when he avoided coming to any decision as to whether the Apostles were right or wrong in their bold preaching of the Resurrection and advocated a safety-first policy of wait-and-see, he was failing greatly in his duty as one of the leaders of the Sanhedrin (Acts V). We are required to choose our Leader and then go all out for Him, or as He has put it, deny ourselves—(wipe ourselves right out of the picture)—take up our cross—whatever the difficulty of the moment is) and go adventuring with Him.

Then with us will come our Guides and Rangers, walking safely because we have trained them to see the Leader we are following, and any false step we take will not be leading them astray. Then we shall be glad when they overtake us and go on ahead to further adventure in the new world that lies before them. Then the promise to Moses will be for us too; "Certainly I will be with thee, and this shall be the token unto thee that I have sent thee: when thou hast brought forth the people ye shall serve God upon this mountain."

TIRZAH BARNES.



# PRACTICAL SIGNALLING

## SEMAPHORE—Instalment II

### SEMAPHORE TO MUSIC.

**M**USIC is an excellent aid to instruction as it cultivates a good sense of rhythm and stimulates enthusiasm and interest. Therefore as soon as it is possible to transmit simple messages radio gramophone music if available should be used as a help to rhythm. The procedure when using music is the same as already detailed, but it is important that the music should form the background only and not too much volume used. A waltz record should be used until a speed of twelve words per minute is reached, after this speed a one-step will prove best. The speed of the turntable should be regulated according to the rate of the transmission.

**NOTE**—When making messages by semaphore flags a distinct pause is to be made at each sign according to the rate of sending. When transmitting single letters as procedure signals this pause is to be of double duration. Figures occurring in the subject matter of the message made by semaphore are always spelt out in full. The time of origin is only made in numerals.

### SEMAPHORE SIGNALS AND SIGNS.

Meaning.	Sign.	Explanation.
Attention ... ..		Sender faces squarely towards and swings both arms rapidly up and down.
Go ahead ... ..	R	Transmit. If used as ending sign means "This is the end of my message to you and an answer is required."
Proceed letter ... ..	T	Transmit to ...
Proceeding text of message or the "Long break sign."	BT	Long break sign, written as —.
Originating authority To be repeated (now called INFO for information).	A INFO	Meaning originated by ... Means that the message is for the information of the authorities which follows this sign. The procedure letter "T" followed by the name of the ship or authority means that the message is to be passed on to that ship or authority.
Numerical sign ... ..		Opposite to "T" symbols which follow represent numerals. (Preceded Date Time group, otherwise spell).
Single British Summer Time.	A	Used after figures denoting a time to show the Zone time employed.
Double British Summer Time.	B	
Greenwich Mean Time	Z	
Continental Time ... ..		The Zone suffix letter is used to indicate the time relative to G.M.T. being used.
Answering sign ... ..	C	Indicates the reception of each word of the message received.
Message received ... ..	R	Indicates message received.
Repeat sign ... ..	IMI	May only be used to ask for repetitions before receipt (R) has been given for the message.
All after ... ..	AA	Cancels the preceeding word. Or if followed by AR cancels the whole of the message being transmitted.
All before ... ..	AB	
Word after ... ..	WA	
Erase ... ..	EEEEEE	
Wait ... ..	AS	Ending sign, no answer is required. Written as +.
End of message ... ..	AR	
Separative sign ... ..	II	Written as —.

### DATE TIME GROUPS.

The numerical sign, and figure signs are only used in "Date Time Groups." These always consist of six figures and one letter. The first two figures are the date, and the last four the time by the twenty-four hour clock, e.g., 030609Z means that the signal was sent out on the 3rd day of the month, at 9 minutes past 6.0 G.M.T. The date time sign given in the text would be spelt out, as would any other figure that occurred.

Messages are identified and referred to by their "Date Time Group," e.g., "my 030609" or "your 140512."

**Addressed.**—Is the authority who is/are required to take all necessary action to carry out the purport of a signal.  
**Addressee.**—Is the authority to whom a message is delivered, e.g., those addressed and those to whom repeated.

### HOW TO SEND A MESSAGE.

The sender signals the "Attention" sign.  
On receiving the answer (the same sign) sender signals "A" followed by the name of the originator of the message.  
This is followed by the "Numerical" sign, and Date Time Group.  
Address to whom sent.  
If the message is to be passed on, "INFO," and the names of person or ship to whom the message is to be passed.  
"BT" precedes the text of the message.  
Text of message.  
"AR" for message ending.

### EXAMPLE OF A MESSAGE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH "T" RENOWN.  
"A" C IN C PLYMOUTH. 030609Z.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
"INFO," RENOWN. DUKE OF YORK.  
"BT."  
PROCEED AS ORDERED IN MY 151919.  
"AR."  
or, "T" followed by Date Time Group to Renown.  
From the above example it will be seen that the Signal is addressed to QUEEN ELIZABETH, (she is to take action) and repeated to to QUEEN ELIZABETH, (for their information). The only RENOWN and DUKE OF YORK, the other two are only one to proceed is QUEEN ELIZABETH, the other two are only concerned to the extent of being interested that QUEEN ELIZABETH is going to proceed.  
If for some reason it is necessary to instruct someone to pass a message on, e.g., to tell QUEEN ELIZABETH to tell RENOWN, the letter "T" is used, as alternative to above.

### PHONETIC ALPHABET.

The following is the phonetic alphabet as used at the present time; Sea Rangers should accustom themselves to using it from the beginning.

A. Able	H. How	O. Oboe	V. Victor
B. Baker	I. Item	P. Peter	W. William
C. Charlie	J. Jig	Q. Queen	X. X-ray
D. Dog	K. King	R. Roger	Y. Yoke
E. Easy	L. Love	S. Sugar	Z. Zebra
F. Fox	M. Mike	T. Tare	
G. George	N. Nan	U. Uncle	

### CONCLUSION.

As in Morse and W/T signalling, so in V/S signalling, there are numerous other details of procedure, but for the purpose of Sea Ranger instruction, the above is sufficient, and it is undesirable for Instructors to carry matters further.

The Semaphore is laid down as far as is possible on the same lines as used in the Royal Navy. The same procedure with very minor differences is used by the British Army and Air Force and by the United States Navy and Army.

Sea Rangers will adopt the basic principles as laid down for V/S signalling by the Royal Navy.

**NOTE**—For H.E.S. standard see *Training and Testing for the Home Emergency Service* booklet published by Headquarters.

### CAMPING AT BLACKLANDS

The ban on camping at Blacklands has been lifted for the present and Guiders will be glad to hear that the rules applying to camp there are normal unless further notice is given. This will, we hope, enable many people to enjoy Blacklands in the autumn, and anyone who has ever been there will know what that means. Blacklands is hard to beat at any time—so write soon to the warden and ensure that you don't miss your chance of going there this autumn. The address is The Warden, Blacklands Farm, East Grinstead, Sussex.

### WHERE TO TRAIN

See page 157



October, 1944]

## SINGING GAMES FOR BROWNIES

THE GUIDER

ARE you a Commissioner? If so, what do you see of singing games in your Brownie packs when you go to visit them and what do you hope to see? Or are you a Brown Owl? Again, if so, do your Brownies enjoy singing games? Do they ask for them or play them if they are left themselves?

There are packs in which these games are passed down by tradition even although the Owls may change. In these packs the Brownies never probably do enjoy them, but there are others in which they may but surely something valuable is missing if at least a few old traditional singing games have not found some place in pack programmes. If you are a new Brown Owl you have a chance to introduce some to your Brownies quite soon and here a few hints may be useful.

There are some games that are much too young for children of Brownie age and if we ask them to play these, it is only natural that even if interest and enjoyment are there for a time, it wears off quickly and unless we can give them something more advanced they will be shed with other earlier activities. There are singing games which do appeal to this age and it is mostly through a voyage of discovery in her own pack that each Brown Owl finds out for herself which these are. It is a help to find out which the Brownies already know. If they have played some at school you will have a starting point from which to progress.

If there are traditional games that are played locally it is well to encourage these, provided the words and tune are reasonably good. Never try to teach a game the Brownies dislike. There are five sets of singing games edited by Alice Gomme and Cecil Sharp, price 1/- for a set of about six, and traditional singing games from Scotland and the Border, edited by R. Cowan Douglas and K. M. Briggs, price 1/-, which are stocked at headquarters. Out of these you will probably find some that appeal to your particular pack. Three Dukes, Roman Soldiers, Three Jolly Fishermen, The Jolly Miller, A Hunting We Will Go, Old Roger, London Bridge and Sandy Girl are just a few of the more generally popular games.

It is helpful if the Brown Owl plays the game with the Brownies rather than teaches them from outside. Also the music is provided in the singing through the unaided efforts of the players and this is much more valuable than a concert performance with an accompaniment. In teaching the tune, sing the words and tune together, otherwise there may be difficulty in fitting both together. If Brown Owl really cannot sing, take a friend along to the meeting and enlist the help of the best singers or, if necessary, use the piano notes to learn the tune. A friend with a violin might help. Once they have a real grip of the tune they will remember many a time when Brown Owl has forgotten. The tune must be learnt properly first before the game is played, otherwise in the excitement of the game, notes will go astray and it will be much harder to sing the tune correctly. However, once the tune is known further words can be learnt as the game progresses.

In some of the games such as Old Roger, there is a good deal of opportunity for acting while others, such as A Hunting We Will Go, more nearly approach a dance. In the Three Jolly Fishermen there is a definite game where people are caught, while in The Three Dukes or King William the choice of a partner is the chief interest. They all have their own characteristics and it is through playing them and putting their own interpretation into the games that the Brownies absorb a heritage of the past. This is a foundation on which all build and most of these old games are concerned with the elemental facts of birth, death or marriage. If the Brownies are absorbed in the game and the singing is as good as it can be, a natural enjoyment will follow, but just because the threefold demand of singing, movement and interpretive actions does need creative effort from each child, the fun and enjoyment is the first essential.

If the actions are not good, play other self expression games in the pack. Let all the Brownies dig up a potato or roll out pastry and let them say who they think does it in the most realistic way, or give each an action to do and let the others guess what she is doing. There is no need for the actions in singing games to be all the same. If they are the Brownies own ideas they will fall into a natural setting with the words and tune much more readily than any adult interpretation given to them ready made.

The Brownies should be encouraged to sing the words clearly and in tune. Avoid undue hurry or the actions will be cut short, but there should be a good strong rhythm. The Brownies may enjoy finding out what steps fit in with the tune they are singing, especially if they are rather more advanced. In any case see that some Brownies are not trying to make a skipping step fit in where a slipping step should be used.

Singing games are very well worth any time or trouble taken by Brown Owls, Commissioners or friends, as they are one of the best ways for the Brownies to learn to co-operate with each other and to exercise co-ordination in themselves. Go ahead, and play with the pack just as soon as ever you can.

ELIZABETH C. WALTON.

Leaflet:—"The Teaching of Singing Games," Maud Karpeles; obtainable from English Folk Dance Society, price 2d.

## SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

THIS winter, with the blackout lifting and the G.I.S. needing funds, the chances are your Company is going to say, sooner or later, "Captain, let's do a play!" All sorts of difficulties will arise, and be overcome—difficulties of costumes, of rehearsals, of production—of your leading lady going down with measles on the night, hired boots, because they are three sizes too big. All that is in the way of things, and Captain, if she has any previous experience, is prepared for it.

Ten years from now, what will the company remember of that play, put on in the winter of 1944? A vague memory of good fun, and a few jingled lines—or something lasting? That will depend on the play itself, and not on any of the outside circumstances.

Most captains quail a little when it comes to producing a company entertainment, because of the time factor. Rehearsals eat up evenings that might be spent in training. But rehearsing a really good play can be one of the finest forms of training. Children do not differentiate. They will throw themselves with equal fervour into a trashy play, or a good play. They will give themselves to creating cheap, shoddy characters in an ephemeral little sketch, just as wholeheartedly as they will struggle to represent something worth-while. But if they are given a part that has artistic integrity it will remain with them all their lives, and the long hours spent in committing lines to memory, and then rehearsing, will not be time thrown on the scrap heap.

There seems to be an idea that a poor play is "easier" for Guides than a really good one, but children have an odd way of compassing an idea that is bigger than themselves, and if you can find a good play that appeals to them they will often show a surprising understanding of its emotional content. In many cases, a play that would be beyond the company in its entirety, can be adapted, by the use of a commentator, who narrates the action between certain picked scenes. For example, "Will Shakespeare," by Clemence Dane, has certain unforgettable scenes in it, which could be acted by any company of imagination, though the play as a whole would be beyond their grasp. Broadcasting has accustomed us to the use of a narrator, and with short notes linking the action of the scenes, many plays could be produced of a really ambitious nature. Plays based on folk-lore, such as Yeats' "Countess Kathleen" or "Land of Hearts Desire," if they are thought out with a company at the beginning, appeal to something fundamental in a child, however uneducated, and acted with extreme simplicity can have something of the quality of the best type of miracle play. It is for experts to advise on the problems of production, to stress the necessity for clear speech and to deal with the technical aspect of the entertainment. The point first at issue is—on what type of play are you prepared to let Guides spend long hours of very hard work? If a child is caught with the high romance, with the genuine truth of a speech, she may speak it with a cockney accent or a country accent, without severely incommencing any but the most fastidious of listeners, for she will speak it with real conviction and emotional emphasis, which will bring "news of reality" to any listener who, as most audiences to a Guide play are, is at least in sympathy with the actors. The important factor will be that, long after the cockney or the country accent has been cured, the living core of that hard-learned, often rehearsed speech will remain with the grown-up Guide, part of herself, of her philosophy, of her outlook.

"The gulls upon the Thames bring news of England."

"The Light of Lights looks ever on the motive, not the deed,  
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone."

Neither of these quotations—one from Queen Elizabeth's speech in "Will Shakespeare," the other from the closing of "Countess Kathleen"—is correct in wording, but one has remained for fifteen, and one for twenty years in the mind of a Guide from a company that, before its time, took play-producing in its stride as one of the pleasures, not the penances of life, because it was never asked to spend long, and dreary hours, repeating worthless, trivial sentences. If your company must produce a play this winter, be ambitious with it and give it something worth remembering to learn. There are obviously different tastes in plays, as there are in hats. Look about you, consult with friends who are play-readers—and when you have found some plays that you think would fill the bill, put them before the Guides and let them choose which they would like to produce. Inevitably they will choose the most difficult—but probably they will also choose the play that will remain with them—an inheritance and a possession for the years to come.

### EMPIRE KNOWLEDGE BADGE

The Ministry of Information has sent to Imperial Headquarters supplies of their publications on the British Empire: maps, pictures, leaflets, for free distribution to members of the Movement.

The maps and pictures would add colour and interest to the walls of any club-room, and supplemented by the leaflets should prove a great help in training Rangers for the Empire Section of the World Citizen Certificate, and Guides for the Empire Knowledge Badge, which is now one of the badges in the Gold Cord Test.

Guides who find a use for these publications should write to the Secretary, Overseas Department, I.H.Q., enclosing 7d. in stamps for postage.



## THE READERS' FORUM

DEAR MADAM,

I should like to endorse a statement made in an article in your August issue entitled "The Choice that Lies before a Guide of 14-16," to the effect that the time of joining Rangers should be decided by the Guide concerned.

Two years ago our District Ranger Company was in need of recruits so the Ranger Captain removed my six oldest Guides very much against their will. Only two are still Rangers; two others are helping with Cub Packs, and the remaining two left the Movement entirely and joined the G.T.C.

Last year a Sea Ranger Crew was formed and all my over-fourteens, knowing that they would have to leave the Company, joined the new Crew, so most of them are luckily still in the Movement.

Now my thirteen-year-olds say "What is the good of working for First Class when we have got to leave next year?"

From

AN EAST SURREY GUIDER.

DEAR EDITOR,

As a Ranger Guider who has experienced many of the same feelings I feel prompted to answer the two letters which appeared in last month's GUIDER.

*Ranger Guiders' Uniform.*—When, a year ago, I was told to "put my coat and skirt at the back of the wardrobe" I thought I should never look smart again, but now I would venture to suggest that for comfort, practical wear and neatness, I would not exchange it, although I certainly think there could be an improvement in the colour of the tie. Has the writer, who complains of the "middle-aged-spread," studied her back view in both overall and coat and skirt? I know which is kinder to the full figure!

As for that "regrettable pocketless uniform so becoming to all under 21," may I point out that the Ranger Guider is not compelled to wear it if she feels she has neither the youth nor the figure? There are few of us with youth, figure and face for the H.E.S. uniform but, provided that we have one of the first two, we are not obliged to crown the third with a beret! I, who have an unfortunate face, always wear a hard hat sooner than provoke the remarks of my Rangers!

The scarf can be kept in position by a small pin sewn onto the back of the wiggle and the gap can be avoided by slightly increasing to a tiny stand-up collar at the back, when knitting the jumper.

As for "what the world says," if we are neat and correct and carry ourselves and our uniform well, does it matter very much? That for which we stand goes deeper than outside appearance.

*Ranger Companies and H.E.S. Programmes.*—I, with a struggling Ranger Coy., without an armlet between them, sympathise with the writer who finds the H.E.S. programme so exacting. If she is all out for armlets she will only hold the type of girl to whom the G.T.C. makes its appeal. My girls too are tired, but with a properly balanced programme they can digest a carefully prepared "sandwich" of one-third H.E.S., one-third cultural and one-third recreational activities. Such a programme offers unlimited scope for variety and interest. Which other organisation can offer all this *plus* camping with its attendant excitements and training?

I think that the reason for our small numbers lies in another direction, namely, the lack of co-operation between the Guide and Ranger Companies. Where are all our senior Guides? Not in the Ranger Companies! They have been held, just that little bit too long, by their Guiders and so are lost to the Movement.

If my girls are healthy, happy, interested and making a real effort to reach a high standard I am not concerned about results, by which we are judged according to the outsider. I am human enough to listen rather enviously to those Ranger Guiders who can boast of armlets, but, in our Area it seems an almost impossible standard to reach.

If, when camping, my Rangers can "find the soul (they've) missed within themselves" as they lie in bed and gaze at the stars, or step from their tent in the dewy morning and come back filled with inspiration and the desire to serve, I do not consider that the company is a complete failure, although nobody could call it a howling success!

CONSTANCE M. GREEN,  
North Tottenham District Ranger Captain.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have read with much interest Nancy Martin's comments on "Choices before the Guide of 14." I too feel that this is a vital age, the age when Guides are lost to the Movement and thus miss the road to most useful citizenship. I speak for a rural area and here too, children are away from home from 8 a.m. till 7 p.m. owing to the long distances they travel by bus to and from work. I agree that the H.E.S. training demands too much concentration from these youngsters who, at this stage of the war, have not the ultimate goal of the Services in mind. To remain in the Guide Company is to them to remain children at a moment when they are seeking a place in the adult world. The solution is, I think, on the lines suggested by Miss Ripley. The Club must be recreational but must have the background of the Guide Law and Promise. Youth Clubs supply the need for recreation but it is because they have no ultimate creed of loyalty that they so

often have a short life. A Club can teach many useful things in the guise of recreation—debates, play-acting, hobbies here suggest themselves. The very fact that the Club organises its own activities through leaders (such an essential element in all Guiding) is of no small value in education for citizenship.

I would put in another plea that if a Scoutmaster can be found to co-operate, the Club should be a mixed one. This is a rock upon which the Ranger Company founders and a tide upon which the Youth Club is carried forward.

I should like to hear of other peoples' ideas and experiments and I think your newly-constituted Readers' Forum provides a valuable instrument for the clarifying of ideas such as these.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) JOYCE DUNSHEATH,  
District Commissioner, Tillingbourne Valley.

St. Paul, Sutton Abinger,  
Dorking, Surrey.

DEAR EDITOR,

War news moves fast, and Peace comes breathlessly nearer. Already practical-minded Rangers are asking why they need start training for a Pre-Service Armlet, when the words "Pre-Service" are beginning to lose their urgency, and the Armlet Syllabus is so obviously drawn up to meet the needs of a country facing invasion and demanding the services of every girl to help in its defence. We do hope that a new syllabus will be published, and published soon, so that Rangers may begin to train for peace as eagerly as they did for war.

May we suggest that the new Test should contain elements of character training, adventure, housecraft, culture and an international outlook?

Is it universally accepted that the present system of keeping reliability charts is the most satisfactory way of showing a girl the value of self-discipline? Does it not lay too heavy a load on the conscience of a girl of 16, so that the tendency is, when those two blemishless weeks have finally been achieved, for the girl to lie abed (stockings blissfully unattended, letters gloriously unanswered) not perhaps without a prick of conscience, but with a feeling of blessed relief at the strain lifted? Our own Rangers cannot see the value of anything so intangible as a chart kept for oneself, and to oneself. They describe it airily as "nuts" and, we are afraid, keep their charts mainly to oblige us. They feel very strongly that a fairer test and one that would achieve the same results, would be for a Ranger to undertake and carry through a piece of Social Service over a period of, say, three months, with a report on her reliability and conduct over that period from the person under whom she volunteers to work. She would then be "Rendering Service in a wider world," making new and interesting contacts, and learning to carry through to completion a job, even if it prove not so exciting as she had hoped, and involves a certain amount of self-sacrifice.

The Adventure side of the Test offers scope for camping, hiking, exploring new country with a map, woodcraft, swimming, cycling, etc.

A Homecraft section speaks for itself, and a Cultural section can cater for the actor, artist, etc., and might include a course of reading, which seems to be completely neglected by a large section of the community.

Finally, some knowledge of, and interest in, the lives and traditions of other countries, under the heading of International Knowledge, would prepare the Ranger for foreign travel and that frees interchange of ideas between the young people of all nations, which, alone, can avert another war.

These are only suggestions coming from our own company of country Rangers.

The five girls who have gained armlets were bitterly disappointed with the armlets themselves, but realised that a better quality was presumably unobtainable until after the war. They do feel that when in plain clothes they would like a special Ranger badge to indicate that they have qualified in the H.E.S. They do not look with favour on the system of "no trimmings" to the uniform, and feel that the Service flashes and qualification badges might well be copied.

The post H.E.S. training presents endless problems in a small village, and it would be interesting to know how to satisfy the urge of one girl to be a wireless transmitter, of another to do Homecraft and of yet a third who is keen to become a proficient milker of cows. One cannot embark on a series of lectures for one girl!

Will it ever be possible to arrange fairly frequent week-end courses of Ranger training for the Rangers themselves, instead of the Guiders, so that they can draw inspiration from being part of a large company of people with the same ideals and purposes (this is especially valuable in Rangers in isolated parts of the country), come into contact with some of the inspiring personalities of the Guide World, and hear different points of view in debates and open sessions? Some County Youth Committees run excellent weeks for representatives of all Youth Movements, and Rangers come back to their Companies full of new ideas, which is so stimulating for the Guiders!

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) DOROTHEA M. COWLEY,  
BARBARA W. OLIVER.



October, 1944]

DEAR EDITOR,

On the subject of Guiders' uniform, surely the release from the white shirt is a sign of progress and one of our greatest blessings! Is it really considered desirable to copy the—in my opinion—terrible uniforms of the wartime women's services, which were hasty adaptations of men's uniform, or of wartime youth movements, with their unhygienic, restricting collars and belts?

Personally, I should be incapable of any active work in this clothing and consider that it would be difficult to teach Guides health rules if such uniform were worn even on formal occasions only.

It seems most unfortunate that the G.I.S. team has had to adopt this uncomfortable uniform to add to their other hardships, while it may be worth noting that even men in the army have been provided with more practical clothing.

It is doubtful if life in the services will fit many women to take up Guiding in the future, but those who do will probably welcome a change from rigidity, so let us continue to encourage neatness combined with health and comfort.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) NORAH A. CUTBUSH.

## WHERE TO TRAIN

### FOXLEASE TRAINING WEEKS

Oct. 6th-18th—Brownie and Guide (Pre-Warrant).  
Oct. 17th-24th—Guide (Intermediate).  
Oct. 27th-Nov. 3rd—Ranger (Intermediate).  
Nov. 7th-14th—Guide and Ranger (Pre-Warrant).  
Nov. 17th-24th—Commissioners.  
Nov. 28th-Dec. 5th—Brownie and Guide (all grades).  
Dec. 22nd-28th—Christmas Party.

December 29th-January 4th—C.C.A. Conference.  
January 5th-9th—English Headquarters Instructors.  
January 12th-19th—Guide and Brownie.  
January 23rd-30th—Brownie, Guide and Ranger.  
January 30th-February 27th—Spring cleaning.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Foxlease, Lyndhurst, Hants, and must be accompanied by a deposit of 5s. which will be returned if withdrawal is made two full weeks before the date of the course. It would be appreciated if Guiders would enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their applications.

#### FEES (Except for Christmas Party).

Weekly.	£ s. d.	Week-ends (per day).	£ s. d.
Single room	2 10 0	Single room	7 0
Double room	2 0 0	Double room	6 0
Shared room	1 10 0	Shared room	5 0

#### For Easter and August Bank Holiday 10-day Trainings.

	£	s.	d.
Single room ..	4	0	0
Double room ..	3	4	0
Shared room ..	2	10	0

#### Grants on Railway Fares.

Where a Guider finds difficulty in attending a training week at Foxlease on account of train fare, the following reductions may be obtained:—  
For return fare exceeding £2 a grant of 5s. will be made.  
For return fare exceeding £3 a grant of 10s. will be made.  
For return fare exceeding £5 a grant of £1 will be made.  
The application for rebate should be made through the Guider's Commissioner direct to Foxlease.

#### Free Places.

Five free places are available for each training week at Foxlease. Applications should be made through the County Secretary.  
If a Commissioner feels a Guider would benefit more from a Pre-Warrant training although a warrant may have been obtained by the date of the training week, a note to this effect with the Guider's application will be accepted.

### CORRESPONDENCE COURSE FOR CADET GUIDERS

A correspondence course for Cadet Guiders and potential Cadet Guiders for the interchange of ideas and for the interpretation of the Cadet Handbook is about to be organised. The course consists of six papers to be answered at approximately three-weekly intervals.

Guiders who would like to take part in the scheme should send their names and addresses by October 31st, 1944, to:—  
England: Miss D. E. Bubbers, 16, Avon Road, Walthamstow, E.17.  
Scotland: Miss Wallace Williamson, 9, Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh.  
Wales: Miss Williamson, Tynylog, Brynnyr Road, Aberystwyth.

### ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOLS

I. LONDON AND HOME COUNTIES  
Guide Guiders Course 14—Pre-warrant. Mondays, October 10th-December 4th, at Headquarters.  
Guide Guiders Course 15—Pre-warrant. Thursdays, October 19th-December 7th, at Barrow Hill Schools, St. John's Wood.  
Ranger Guiders Course 4—From Wednesday, October 19, for six weeks at H.Q.  
Organising Secretary: Miss Peake, London Room, The Girl Guide Association, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road.  
II. SURREY E.  
It has been decided to postpone these schools at Croydon and Redhill until the spring.

#### III. BRISTOL

Guide Guiders Course 1—General, for Guide and Ranger Guiders. Mondays, October 10th-December 4th.  
Guide Guiders Course 2—Pre-warrant. Tuesdays, October 17th-December 5th.  
Guide Guiders Course 3—Warranted. Wednesdays, October 18th-December 6th.  
Guide Guiders Course 1—Pre-warrant. Thursdays, October 20th-December 8th.  
Brownie Guiders Course 2—Warranted. Fridays, October 20th-December 8th.  
Brownie Guiders Course 2—Warranted. Fridays, October 20th-December 8th.  
Organising Secretary: Mrs. Evans, 65, Chesterfield Road, Bristol, 6.  
IV. WILTSHIRE General Trainings.  
Course 1—West Wiltshire, beginning Thursday, October 19, at Trowbridge.  
Organising Secretary: Miss D. Randall, 28, Avenue Road, Trowbridge.  
Course 2—North Wiltshire, beginning Friday, October 20, at Swindon.  
Organising Secretary: Miss H. King, 60, The Mall, Swindon.  
V. YORKSHIRE WEST RIDING NORTH. General Training for Warranted Guiders.  
Course 1—Tuesdays, October 17th-December 5th, at Bradford.

## THE GUIDER

Course 2—Wednesdays, October 19th-December 6th, at Leeds.

Secretary: Miss M. Hill, 8, Westfield Terrace, Leeds, 7.

Course 3—Thursdays, October 19th-December 7th, at Halifax.

Secretary: Miss Dawson, 3, Princes Gate, Halifax.

Organising Secretary: Miss Chapple, 4, Fairmount, North Park Road, Bradford.

VI. YORKSHIRE WEST RIDING SOUTH, NORTH RIDING AND YORK CITY

YORKS W.R.S.

Guide Guiders Course 5—Mondays, September 25th-November 19th, at Selby.

Guide Guiders Course 6—Tuesdays, September 26th-November 15th, at Barnsley.

Guide Guiders Course 7—(Advanced) Wednesdays, September 27th-November 16th, at Huddersfield.

Guide Guiders Course 8—Thursdays, September 28th-November 16th, at Doncaster.

Brownie Guiders Course 3—Tuesdays, September 26th-November 14th at Doncaster.

Brownie Guiders Course 4—Wednesdays, September 27th-November 15th, at Barnsley.

Brownie Guiders Course 5—Thursdays, September 28th-November 16th, at Huddersfield.

YORK CITY

Guide Guiders Course 1—Fridays, September 29th-November 17th at York.

YORKS N.R.

Guide Guiders Course 1—Wednesdays, September 27th-November 15th, at Middlesbrough.

Guide Guiders Course 2—Thursdays, September 28th-November 16th at Redcar.

Organising Secretary: Miss Smallwood, Kingswood, Carr Lane, Sandal, Nr. Wakefield.

VII. MIDDLESEX

The course contemplated for Twickenham and district has unfortunately had to be cancelled.

### COUNTY OF LONDON

#### Trainings

Arrangements are being made for the following courses (enemy action permitting):—

1. General Brownie Course—Mondays, October 2nd and 9th only.

2. General Guide—Tuesdays, October 17th, 31st, November 14th, 28th.

3. First Class Guide Course—Tuesday, October 24th, November 7th and 21st, December 6th.

Courses will be held at Headquarters (entrance 8, Palace Street) from 6.20-8.45 p.m.

Guiders wishing to attend should notify Miss Peake, London Room, H.Q., by September 30th for the Brownie Course, in case it is necessary to cancel these trainings.

### GUIDE INTERNATIONAL SERVICE CAMPS AND TRAININGS

Guide International Service (British)

Training Camps. Entries for the Training Camp at Hitchin, October 27th, are now closed.

It is hoped to hold a camp for instruction in advanced mobile camping at the end of November, probably in Wiltshire.

In future all applications for G.I.S. camps must be made on the special forms, obtainable from the C.C.A.

Driving Instruction. Word has come from the First team that it is necessary for every volunteer to be able to drive heavy lorries, as well as cars if possible. A knowledge of running repairs is also necessary and of vehicle maintenance a great advantage.

The British School of Motoring, South Kensington, will give driving instruction as follows:—

Car Driving—£4 13s. 6d.

Complete Course—£7 16s. 0d.

Maintenance extra to either of the above—£1.

Hours 9.45 p.m. Saturdays, 9.45 p.m. (Two lessons can be given in one day.)

As this is a special arrangement for Relief Workers, a letter of introduction will be necessary from the G.I.S. One week's notice is necessary before starting the course.

### CALENDAR OF EVENTS

#### EMPIRE CIRCLE

The next meeting of the Empire Circle will be on Thursday, October 26th.

The subject will be "Guiding in West Africa."

#### TREFOIL GUILD

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SEA RANGER GUIDERS' TRAINING  
AT THE OUTWARD BOUND SEA SCHOOL, ABERDOVEY  
AUGUST, 1944

(a) fearfully efficient,  
(b) desperately hearty.

You will collect more and more of your shipmates and find the list of exceptions mounting. You will then begin to wonder which one of them will be your Boson. You will eliminate the unlikely ones and will be left with a short list of last year's veterans from which you will make your mental choice. You will then study your choice carefully and hope for the best.

Having settled yourself in you see anyone whom you have not so far met. You then have supper. After that you are put into a Watch and your mind is made up for you by your Bosun. Bosun will introduce you to the practice of the watch. You have your hands but means

far met. You then have supper. After that, you have a  
Watch and your mind is made up for you by your Bosun.  
The first morning your Bosun will introduce you to the practice of  
"doubling." This has nothing to do with the bends but means  
"running to the Boathouse, getting a lifebelt without taking time to  
choose the best, racing back to the jetty and hanging on your Bosun's  
merest flicker. When ordered to "man cutters" you hurl yourself  
down the scramble nets, replace your hat, readjust your slacks, wriggle  
your bruised toe, sufer your broken ankle, close your black eye and  
bite your bleeding lip. But you have manned the cutter. Next, you  
will be assigned to a place in the boat. Don't argue, but just sit  
where you are told and study local conditions and the size of the oar while remaining  
outwardly calm and unruffled. You will  
find that you have to toss oars. You will  
be told that this is a knack, but don't let  
that fool you. You want muscle. It is  
considered unmannerly to bat the cox or  
your Bosun on the head when the oar  
passes the vertical and gets out of control.  
You soon learn.

You soon learn.

After the first time out in the cutter your Bosun will expect you to know where the signalling flags are kept, where to find the compass (and to see that both are put in the boat), the recall letter for the day, the difference between the standing and the dipping lug when the sails aren't visible, to recognise the appearance, purpose, position, make, lay, form and type of every bit of rope and string aboard, the source and ultimate meaning of every block, pulley, sheave, thimble and other assorted ironmongery shipped and also to pinch the best stretcher in the boat (if mobile) without being spotted. This is called the Nelson Eye or unofficial approval.

Next comes sailing. Your Bosun will



SHIPS COOK LOOKING  
FOR THE LEE

always the correct answer.  
Your Bosun will now speak to you loudly and crisply in a foreign language but by now you are beginning to understand her, as a dog does, by the tone of her voice rather than the words she uses. So you find that the sails are up and you

are holding on to a rope called, for some extraordinary reason, a sheet. This rope is liable to fetch you a crack across the face any time you take your eye off it.

This rope is liable to catch your feet if you do not take your eye off it.

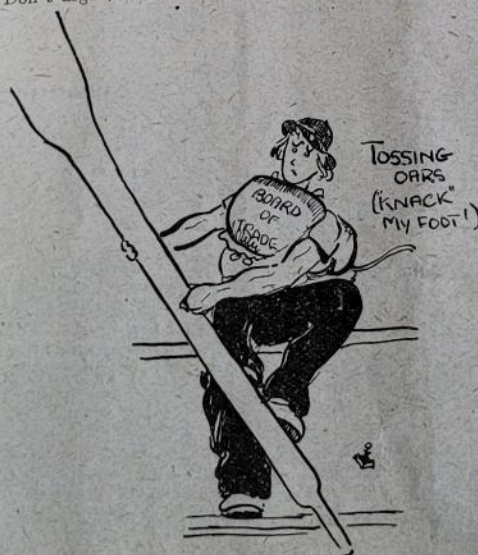
After this the boat goes along and everything is all right until your Bosun shouts something incomprehensible which automatically makes you tense and hold your rope tight. Then she moves the tiller, the boat turns round, she yells another epithet at you and everyone leaps to the other side of the boat, so you do, too. This is called Tacking but might as well be Run and Fell for all you care.

When you come ashore you climb up the scramble net at great speed and run very fast to the boathouse and take off your lifebelt. You receive instruction from your shipmates in various

When you come ashore you climb up the beach at a fast pace, and then you speed and run very fast to the boathouse and take off your lifebelt. You will also receive instruction from your shipmates in various matters.

Then you will Go On A Cruise. You will have a pep talk about this beforehand which is designed to fit you for Sailing Before the Mast and to condition you generally, morally, physically and mentally. After it, you know that you must not Let the Side Down by being sick over it and if you are sick, you must be sure to be sick on the right side.

When you go aboard the *Prince Louis* or the *Garibaldi*, make sure you know which is which. The *Prince Louis* is a Schooner and has a bigger mast at the back and a smaller one in front while the *Garibaldi* is a Ketch and has her bigger mast in front and a smaller one behind. Be careful, though, because the ships face different ways and this makes it confusing. Look for your Bosun and stick around her. She will tell you to climb along a swaying platform suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, or sea. You then climb down things called ratlines, but you are very aware that you are not a rat. This brings you to the deck. If you are a cook, you go with a silent petition heavenward to the galley. If not, you stick around and hold ropes. You might have to climb along the bowsprit, which is a pole stuck out over the bows of a ship. The water is very





far below. In this case you shut your eyes and hope death will be swift and merciful.

"Sweating up the sails" means what it says but you sweat more than the sails. You reach up very high, hold the rope, sit down on the deck, hurl yourself to the side and hope that someone takes the rope and ties it round something before you shoot up to the masthead.

When the sails are set and the ship is sailing along, you might have to take a trick at the helm. This means that you hold the spokes of a wheel and gaze into a brass bowl. In the bowl is a floating compass card. In front of it is a black line. The previous helmsman tells you the course to steer. Perhaps she says North Ten Degrees East. This means that you must somehow force the black line, by twisting the wheel to settle down near a mark on the card which is the tenth one to the right of the fleur-de-lis. This is very difficult indeed as the card becomes alive and is inclined to turn in any direction.

Your Bosun after a time will grow dizzy with your antics and will quietly send someone to relieve you. Then you go to the Captain and say "Wheel relieved, Sir." He will say, "Course?" You answer "Ten degrees east of north, Sir." Then he gives you a filthy look and says, "What bearing?" and you droop and give the honest but shaming answer which is probably "Fifteen degrees south of west." You then rush forward sobbing gently and avoid your Bosun.

The next obstacle is probably lunch. This you either eat or you don't, depending on several factors. One of the deciding factors is the distance between the crest and the trough of a wave; another is the response of the vessel to the changing contours of the water's surface. Another, and fairly potent factor, is the look of the lunch. Pink spam and bright yellow scrambled egg needs a fairly robust approach. If you eat and retain your dinner successfully, do not crow. It takes all sorts of stomachs to make a world and even if yours is strong, remember that other people's heads might be stronger than yours. Nature pans out pretty evenly.

During the course of the Cruise many instructions will be given you. You will not understand them but look bright and eager and run smartly along the deck in a purposeful manner. This will impress your Bosun. When you have run to the limit of the ship's deck, you may disappear down a hatch. In due course reappear with a firm tread and return to the station or part of the ship appointed to you by your Bosun if your Bosun still takes that much interest in you.

When you return from the cruise you will have to haul on some more ropes to lower the sails. Then you roll it up between the boom and the gaff, which is lying on top of the boom, and run a length of rope around it. This is called Putting on a Gasket. The rolling process wears your finger nails away and the gasket removes any skin remaining on your hands.

Tying up entails fairly complicated processes. A burton is a hook on a block on a rope and it helps to hold up one end of the shore gangway.

Don't forget to thank everyone for your lovely cruise even if you have thought repeatedly of committing hara-kiri.

Another thing to remember is that you call every man "Sir." This is Discipline.

You will find that the whole week will pass very quickly, but you will half learn so many things that you will get tantalised. You will be in a fever to get back to your safe, but rather tame, home waters to put into practice the mistakes you have seen others make. You might not have a chance to make them all.

Finally, don't be downhearted if you don't come up to your own expectations. This won't matter as nobody will notice. All you need concern yourself with is making yourself as inconspicuous as possible when doing the wrong thing and as modestly obvious as you can when shining, or even glimmering. And keep your eye on your Bosun as your fortunes will be fantastically affected by her.

So, if you are going to a course at the Outward Bound Sea School—Good Luck—you'll need it.

## A DAY IN THE GALLEY by A SHIP'S COOK

Bosun (with saccharine): You will be cook, won't you?

06.00—Collect food for the day. Feel rather sour at amount of food Watch determined to eat. Feel food likely to be wasted. Think it a good day for a fast day.

06.30—Go aboard *Garibaldi* and stake claim to kettle on galley fire. Find out where everything is kept and how everything works. Decide galley stove very hot and smell of coke not too healthy.

07.00—Go on deck and help with deck work. Sweat up mainsail and staysail. Go below and get breakfast. Find kettle pinched by engineer. Porridge cooked. Toast half-cooked. Pilot officer comes to breakfast. Lady passenger offers to help. Take some time to come to rapprochement. Lady visitor suddenly rushes up companionway and doesn't return.

08.00—Dish up breakfast. This is rather complicated by the engineer's treachery with the kettle. This means making an essence of tea and adding warm water. Comments as strong as resultant stew. Toast difficult as stove front has to be open to make toast, but this means kettle won't boil. Sugared requests from Miss Clarke for tea. Don't dare dish up essence of tannin to Miss Clarke.

09.00—Wash up. Pilot officer helps, but rushes up companionway.

Porridge pan very unpretty. Tea pots very unpretty. Everything singularly lacking in beauty. Swab tables and go on deck.

10.30—Take trick at wheel. Trick is right. Captain rather personal. Very fussy about ship being 80° off course. Tells me I'll run down *Prince Louis* if not careful. Tell him trying to find out relationship, if any, between wheel, compass and ship's head. Decide very distant. Asks me if I wait till corner is turned before turning steering wheel of car. Say no, but not accustomed to anticipate corner by three miles.

11.00—Trawl goes overboard. Trawl gets lost. Silent relief. It is heavy work.

13.00—Lunch. This is very tricky indeed. Miss Clarke and Bosun take one look at spam and scrambled egg and don't feel hungry. Everyone else does all right. Wash up. By now galley is full of dirty crocks from various parts of ship. Diana helps wash up. Disappears up companionway but returns doggedly each time. Porridge pan still rather revolting. Swab tables. Return on deck. Provide rusks for Bosun and Miss Clarke. Take trick at wheel. Actually manage to concert ship, wheel and compass. Captain quite polite. Keep course to the degree much to own astonishment. Someone suggests compass is stuck.

16.00—Have a copper with eats. Wash up, clean galley and saloon. Go on deck and help there, up to a point. Rather more hindrance than help but hold ropes hopefully. Eat Bosun's and Miss Clarke's dinner with help of Boyd and Hibbs, both disgustingly healthy. Boyd by this time has Ocean Roll. Return to galley and tidy up after officers. Have established right to galley and officers ask permission to enter.

19.00—Tie up alongside. Port Watch nearly falls overboard backwards into Miss Clarke. Horrid catastrophe averted by Allen-Williams wrapping self round bollard and receiving watch on heaving bosom. Disentangle. Help tie up by holding ropes in a dispirited manner. Collect pathetic remains of food and go ashore.

Decide that Life in the Galley has its Ups and Downs, its Pitches and Tosses.

To me way — ay — ay — o!  
We'll all throw mud at the cook.

## "GETTING THINGS DONE"

A new weekly series in the Home Service, beginning on October 2, 7.30-8 p.m.

Many people are inclined to look on "politics" as something remote from their everyday lives. "I'm not interested in 'politics,'" say both the housewife and the worker in the factory. "I'm interested in school meals for children, better education all round, a piped water supply in the villages and a new hall for our meetings. And when the war is over, we want to be sure that there is full employment for everybody."

All these are "politics" and all of them things we can help to get done. But how can we take the necessary steps? Someone reminds us that we have the vote, or can write to the papers, but General Elections are infrequent and when we write to the papers the Editor too often "regrets." Most of us feel we must leave it to "them," the unknown people who get things done, or fail to get them done.

There are, however, ways and means of direct or indirect action, both by individuals and groups, and a series of twelve weekly broadcasts which begin on Monday, October 2, will discuss many of them. Some of the broadcasts will be talks, some dramatisations of events that might happen, with a spoken commentary. In others, witnesses with appropriate qualifications will be examined by questioners.

In the opening broadcast a speaker will discuss the question "What Can I Do About It?" He will describe the way democratic action works, its difficulties and possibilities. In the next two talks questions will be asked about two subjects that affect us all—the Housing Problem and the Education Bill. In the following three talks the speakers will look at the means of action, getting things done through local government, voluntary bodies and through political parties.

On November 13 the first of four talks on the way in which the elector chooses his representative will discuss "Using the Vote" and give the background to a General Election. Three more talks in this section will be on "What is Public Opinion?", "Are the People Always Right?" and "Public Opinion and Foreign Policy," or "What can I do to prevent a third world war?"

In the two concluding talks speakers will pick up threads that have been running through the whole series. On December 11 the important question of Leaders will be dealt with in a controversial and impromptu discussion. In the last broadcast three speakers will consider the second thread. What are the dimensions of democratic actions? Is it inevitable that democracy should work slowly, or can the process be speeded up without the sacrifice of individual freedom? If so, how?

The aim of these talks is to try to solve the problem of how to make democratic government work. No one will claim that action is easy, but it is not enough merely to analyse the difficulties. What we need to know is "What can I do about it?", and it is hoped these broadcasts may supply some of the answers.



# THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN BRITAIN?

## THERE'S STILL ADVENTURE IN OUR OWN ISLANDS

ARE you really going to Inchnadamph?" asked an envious friend shortly before I set off on holiday. "then you must go and investigate The Waterfall. Rumour has it that this is really the highest fall in Britain, higher even than the Falls of Glomach. Do go and have a look at it—if you can get there—and, if possible, measure it."

What a challenge! I was thrilled. In a minute we had the map spread out on the floor, and, looking at it, saw in imagination the glorious West Sutherland coast, with its sea lochs and islands, and its fantastic hills with names as strange and clear-cut as themselves—Sùilven, Canisp, Quinag.

My friend pointed to the north-east corner of the map: "There," she said, indicating a thin blue line that meandered through a wide upper coire, finally turning and cutting sharply across the serrated contour lines, indicating a high fall to the glen below. "It's a hopeless place to get to," she added, "miles from anywhere. That's probably why it's almost unknown except to a few local people. I've never been there, but do go if you can manage it."

Three weeks later we stood before the large scale map that hangs in the hall of the Inchnadamph Hotel. I had been joined by another Guider who was every bit as keen to explore the falls, and who announced that she wanted some practice in the use of map and compass. It looked as though we should get it. Mist was down almost to the shore of Loch Assynt, and the relentless rain of the West Highlands swept in even streamers across the moor. A none too optimistic group of visitors surrounded us. Again we heard that ominous phrase: "It's a hopeless place to get to," spoken this time by a local landowner. He added with gloomy relish: "Five men were lost for days in that upper coire, and even one of my own stalkers was once lost there. Anyway, I hope you have a compass?" "Yes," we replied, adding a trifle defiantly, to cover any doubts we might have, "and we know how to use it!"

Soon after this two sodden figures might be seen ploughing their way down through the bog to reach the shore of the sea loch Glencoul. Acting upon local advice we decided to follow the shore round to the head of Loch Beag, and approach the falls from below. We were thankful when we left the heavy going of the bog and reached the water's edge. The rain had thinned to a soft mist, through which the sun could be felt though not seen, and the midges, rejoicing in the warmth, came out in their thousands. The colour was entrancing, in spite of the mist. Below us clear, blue green water, through which the stones shone with almost luminous whiteness, lapped softly against grey rocks fringed with golden tangle, and the grass at our feet was vivid green. A few yards from the shore a porpoise turned somersaults in the water, and along the cliffs seabirds cried from their rocky ledges.

We started off briskly over short, heathery turf, broken here and there by rocks cushioned with thrift, and congratulating ourselves a trifle too soon on our rapid progress. Soon, however, our way was barred by sheer cliffs falling into the sea, and a steep climb up had to be made, followed by a sensational traverse along a narrow sheep track running across the steep, slippery grass of the upper cliff. At an awkward corner a gnarled old birch tree rooted in a cleft of the rock, gave at least moral support, growing, as it seemed, between us and space, and soon we were over the difficulty, and clambering down through deep heather and over rocks to the shore of the loch once more. So far our progress had been easy to follow on the map, in spite of the mist, which had thickened again, for we could check up on our position by the little islets and promontories which are to be found at the narrow neck between Loch Glencoul and Loch Beag. From here, too, the shore of Loch Beag was easy to follow—easy, that is, in that there were no cliffs to be negotiated, though the actual walking was some of the worst we had all day, traversing as we were a steep slope where waist deep heather and boulders tried our patience and our ankles, and made any sort of rhythm impossible.

Soon the dark hills at the head of the loch began to loom up out of the mist—ghostly shapes, apparently real and tangible at one instant, only to be obliterated the next; a grey and shifting world in which the wet heather and rock at our feet—and the midges—alone seemed to have any reality. At the head of the loch we entered a narrow glen between rocky hills, where a golden torrent of peaty water



High above us was something alive shining and flickering.

smaller falls. We gazed spell-bound. So it was true, then... To measure the height of this with any accuracy we decided was beyond us, but we judged it to be about 400 ft., and a careful study of the contour lines on the map confirms this. We clambered up to the foot of the spray-soaked slabs, then raced up the hillside opposite, to get a better view, and time fled as we stayed, enchanted, in the glen. However, our next problem was to get up the crags and into the upper coire, known to us by this time as "The Coire of the Five Lost Men," through which, according to the map, a track should run, and which we hoped would prove a quicker and less arduous route than the one by which we had come.

We took a careful bearing from the point where we left the floor of the valley, and then climbed upwards diagonally, making use of the heather terraces between the rocks, and reaching the top of the crags a little to the east of the falls. After admiring these again from the top, and marvelling at the tremendous force with which the water plunged over the cliffs, we continued up through the coire, and soon struck the path which we had seen marked on the map. The coire was very beautiful, and the views from it, particularly that out to the sea lochs, were magnificent. Everywhere there was water—golden, peat-stained burns, creamy waterfalls, and, in the hollows, little rocky or reed-fringed lochans. We longed to spend hours there, but by now it was late afternoon and we had to push on. We were very thankful that the mist had lifted, although it was raining again, for we were able to follow the path without too much loss of time. Even so, we soon began to understand how the five men had become so hopelessly lost. The track, which was not cairned, twisted and turned among the hillocks, sometimes doubling back on itself to avoid a sudden wall of rock, while in places it faded away completely, or became the bed of a torrent. We lost it a dozen times, and knew that in thick mist or darkness it would be quite impossible to follow. A compass, too, would be of little help, as the ground is so uneven, and the resulting detours so numerous, that it would be extremely difficult to walk at all accurately on a bearing.

Up and up we climbed through the wet, sweet scented heather, and across slabs of rock made gay with yellow saxifrage. The rock here is gneiss, the oldest rock to be found in this country, and Ben More Assynt, just to the south-east of us, is known as the oldest hill in Britain. At one point a herd of deer crossed our path, and we saw them, graceful silhouettes on the skyline, before they bounded away out of sight. At last we reached the col from where we could look down over miles of tawny moorland to where away to the south-west the great crags of Quinag rose up black and forbidding, their crest still hidden in a shroud of mist. Then again, the view changed, as, rounding another bend, we looked out to Eddrachillis Bay, sullen grey under a passing storm, the islands lying like battleships, guarding the

entrance came out orange picking patch began and the Is but, no not extra had a hard to the For still, 1 We le to K shore Beag, is th Havi which Loch and the this retu ther



October, 1944]

## THE GUIDER

entrance to the loch. Even as we stood and stared a glint of sun came out, making the wet rocks gleam like diamonds, lighting up the orange deer grass till the hill sides shone like burnished copper, and pecking out with startling clearness the tiny white croft in an emerald patch of grass by the shore. Then the clouds rolled over and the rain began again in earnest. We scuttled down to the road, our bicycles, and the justly famous tea at Kylesku.

Is "our" fall really the highest one in Britain? We believe it is, but, not having seen the Falls of Glomach, said to be 350 ft. high, we cannot compare the two. Even if it is not the highest, do so many extra feet really matter very much? I do not think so. We have had a thrilling day of exploration: we reached our goal in spite of hard work and some difficulties—indeed, these problems only added to the fun—and we have seen beauty which will be with us always. For those who would like to follow our course on the map, or, better still, in person, we used Sheet 15 of the 1 in. O.S. map of Scotland. We left our bicycles by the second, or lower, bridge, where the road to Kylesku crosses the Unapool burn, then cut down N.E. to the shore of Loch Glencoul, and, having followed this to the head of Loch Roag, continued up the Amhuinn an Loch Bhig. "Our" waterfall is the second, more easterly one, coming down the Leitir Dhubh. Having made our way into the upper coire, we returned by the track which eventually joins the Kylesku road a little to the south-west of Loch Gaimhich. We had, however, been advised to leave the track and pass north of the loch, joining the road at the upper bridge over the Unapool burn. Incidentally, there are some glorious falls where this burn leaves the loch. We started from Inchnadamph, and returned there the same evening, but Kylesku is nearer and the Inn there small but excellent.

ESME SPEAKMAN.

## NEWS OF HEADQUARTERS THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT August, 1944

I feel sure that members of the Movement would like to know the present position of the staff at Headquarters.

We are all safe and sound though many have suffered varying degrees of loss from blast. I know that over 40 members of the staff have lost doors, windows, ceilings, etc., etc., and 5 have lost their homes, but have been able to salvage their furniture, one has lost everything but a chair! I rather think a few more have suffered loss, but though I ask each day if all is well, the answer is O.K., meaning themselves and not necessarily their windows! Coming in unexpectedly early one morning after a bad night, I saw a member of the staff in mufti and when I enquired about her uniform, the reply was, "Oh, I could not find it, but I have just borrowed one." She had come to work leaving everything buried. That is the spirit throughout the building. Even after having been blasted several times, the reply is, "We have the basement left." Seniors and juniors alike have suffered and all are back to work in an incredibly short time.

The building has had three narrow escapes and apart from 15 small panes of glass and a small piece of the front door it is intact, though our neighbours have lost all their shop windows.

We are most grateful to all those who have invited us to spend a quiet night or week-end in the country and it is such a help to feel that the Movement is always thinking of us. We have all had a rest day during the last month.

Since D-Day we have had prayers at noon each day and these are being taken by different Departments. It brings us all closer together and we can share our anxiety for relatives overseas and thankfulness for our own safety and the progress we and our allies are making on the various battle fronts.

I have now been at Headquarters nearly three years and the work has increased enormously, reaching its wartime peak during the winter of 1943-44 up to the start of the flying bomb raids. I can not speak too highly of the wonderful way the Department Secretaries and senior members of the staff have tackled the many problems which arose through the call-up of trained staff and the training of new staff while coping with increased work and diminishing help. The younger members of the staff have all worked well too. There must of necessity always be new staff to train, but to have to train almost one's whole staff over and over again is an immense task. I think I am right in saying that it takes nearly 2 years before a 14-year old, and 1 year before an older inexperienced woman can be considered sufficiently trained to carry out her work without constant supervision. It is a sad moment when those joining the staff at, say 14 or 15, become well-trained and are then called up at 18½.

There are now only 36 of the pre-war staff left and it has fallen to their lot to train the 104 new staff during the last three years, many

of whom have had to leave. The following figures will show to what extent the staff has changed since I have been at Headquarters.

42 of the staff engaged since Sept., 1941	still remain.
62 of the staff engaged since Sept., 1941	have left.
12 of the staff engaged between Sept., 1939-41	have left.
18 of the staff engaged before 1939	have left.

This means that 104 appointments have been made and 92 members of the staff have left since September, 1941. The normal pre-war staff was approximately 115-120, now we are 93. The present staff consists of:—

36 pre-war staff,	
4 of 4 years' service,	
11 of 3 years' service,	
10 of 2 years' service,	
19 of 1 year's service,	
and 13 of 6 months' service.	We may have 6 or 8 more called-up in the next two months.

We have had a slackening-off of the work during the last few weeks due to the cancellation of meetings, etc. We have been able to fit in holidays which were much needed, and at the same time not overtaxing the Departments by being extra short-handed. We all very much regret the reason for the meetings being cancelled and all look forward to seeing everyone back in Headquarters and work in full swing again. We have been able to clear away a lot of outstanding jobs which, through lack of time, had to be set aside for the time being. So we have not been idle.

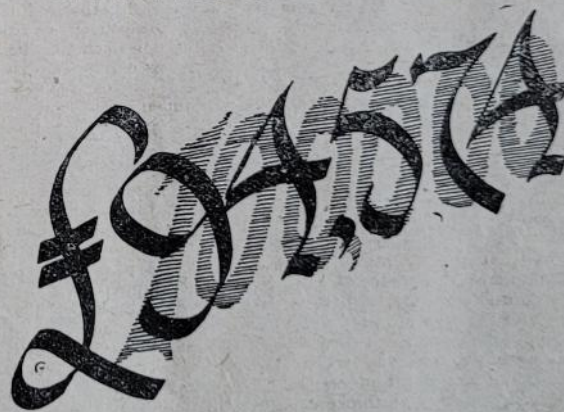
I would like to end by saying how much I personally appreciate the wonderful support I have had from our Senior staff, who have always shown their readiness to carry out any suggestions I have asked them to consider. Without their loyal support it would have been a hard task to carry on. We have for some time had a Senior Staff Meeting once a month, when we consider all problems affecting the work and staff and this has, I hope, enabled us to work as a team and gives the staff the opportunity of asking us to consider suggestions sent in by them through a "Suggestion Box." We have been able to carry out many of these requests.

One can not finish this report without mentioning the Fire Watchers who guard the building both during night time and day time during week-ends. We have been able to maintain a team of four every night with two further reserves each night in case of need. Our Ark, who at present use our shelter nightly, have helped to supply reserve members of these teams.

H. K. ANDERDON.

P.S.—Since writing the above report the flying bombs have subsided and meetings are being held once again.

## B.P. MEMORIAL FUND



### FURTHER GIFTS SINCE AUGUST 15th, 1944

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
England ... ..	71	17	6			
Scotland ... ..	32	2	0			
<b>TOTAL ... ..</b>	<b>103</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>103</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>6</b>
Total up to August 15th ... ..				94,470	9	10
Grand Total of Fund to date (September 15th) ... ..				94,574	9	4



## THE GUIDER



## LONE NOTICE BOARD

## LONE COMPETITION, 1944

Six Companies, one Patrol and one individual sent in entries and most interesting they were. We marked out of 50 for each notebook, taking the Company average for the total, and out of 100 for the log; each competitor had 15 marks for her part in the log.

This resulted in the Company winners being the 1st Essex, with an average of 26 out of 50 for the notebooks and 59 per cent. for the log, making the final total 85 out of 150. The Patrol winners were the 1st Suffolk, with 37 plus 59, making a total of 96 out of 150. The individual winner was Ann Silver, Patrol Second of the 1st Suffolk. Elizabeth Brameld, of the 1st Kent, gained 40 for her note book, but the unsigned contribution to the 1st Kent log, which may have been hers, only won eight marks in any case. Audrey Steel, of the 2nd North Riding, also gained 40, but this Company sent in no Nature log. We congratulate the winners, especially the Suffolk Patrol who are without a captain, but carried on with the initiative which should be the mark of a Lone, and sought out their District Commissioner who kindly did the bits required of captains in this competition.

Great pains have been taken by some, but too many have not read the requirements sufficiently carefully. For instance, it was laid down that one member of each patrol must make a Nature log and each member must contribute at least six statements made from personal observation. No written account of First Aid was demanded but a signed statement by the Captain of her nominee to the effect that the Guide could actually meet simple First Aid needs and that her F.A. case had been seen and approved. Some captains did not sign for knots, nor did they say to what Company the competitor belonged; this made recording the marks difficult. Some Guides forgot to say whether they used the extra ten minutes for exercise and what it was, nor could we tell their usual times of getting up and going to bed. We did not think that the few who rose about 8 a.m. and went to bed after 9.30 p.m. kept early hours!

On reading the First Aid accounts—which were not asked for—we found tannic preparations suggested for burns; we prefer a solution of bicarbonate of soda (two teaspoonsful to a pint of water); neither do we like iodine which is poison to some people and tends to increase shock; we recommend T.C.P., or a solution of Dettol or of Acriflavin.

The maps were good on the whole and some were very neat. There was a tendency to put in too much so that the main routes were not very clear. Not enough emphasis was laid on the secrecy of the Good Turn and some seemed to be rather routine chores; one or two Guides grasped their significance well.

The notebooks were very carefully kept on the whole; clearer headings and more spacing would have added to their value; two gained full marks for the way they were kept.

Some of the gadgets looked very good and had worn well. New articles, made out of old were very varied; the most original was the boiling down of an architectural drawing to make handkerchiefs; there were Morse flags from pillow cases, toys and slippers from felt hats, a dress from curtains, a work-box from an old wooden box and pieces of cardboard, a mackintosh hiking bag from a pixy hood, and so on.

**Logs.**—The 1st Essex had a very neat cover and most beautiful illustrations. It contained a lot of information but we wonder whether it was from original observation. The log represents great care and industry for which the contributors deserve high praise. We urge them to observe for themselves. 59 per cent.

The 2nd Essex had an excellent first page and some interesting records, but no one spent fifteen minutes in the open, and there was too much printed matter in proportion to the personal contributions. 35 per cent.

The 1st Kent sent in a very scrappy log, and only one competitor attempted the 15 minutes' observation. 31 per cent.

The Suffolk Patrol showed remarkably good personal observation but only one did the 15 minutes and the book lacks illustration and an interesting cover. It shows, however, a real personal concern with Nature and ranks first in this essential respect. We recommend this Patrol to practise setting out their knowledge attractively and illustrating it. 59 per cent.

The other entrants did not send in logs so were not eligible for a prize. The average marks for the notebooks were:—

Maximum 50.	7th North	37	2nd Essex	21
M. Brooks,	...	37	1st North Riding	31
Riding	...	28	2nd North Riding	29
The Suffolk Patrol	...		1st Essex	20
1st Kent	...		Examiners:	M. Brunell.
				E. M. Jeffreys.
				M. M. Hall

## GERMANY—THE POISON—(continued from page 149)

We must remember that the young Germans listening were not historians and only knew Hitler's side of the story which seemed to them to be borne out by the unemployment and distress they saw all around them. Among the false statements he made he also said some very true things in general terms. It was certainly most inspiring to be told that youth alone could save Germany and that they must never believe in a deadlock in any circumstances of distress in which they found themselves.

I am convinced that it was the constant reiteration of a few simple and true ideas like this, spoken often in vast and impressive settings, that called forth this immense and fanatical response from youth and that the great tragedy lies in the brutal exploitation of this response of boys under 18 years old for evil deeds.

In my next article I want to open up the question of what can be done to restore the present German youth to a sane and true view to life and of their true mission in the community of nations.

(To be concluded.)

## THE WORLD ASSOCIATION OF GIRL GUIDES AND GIRL SCOUTS

"Our Ark," 11, Palace Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Owing to the general increase in prices, due to war conditions, it has been necessary to make an increase in the charges for accommodation in the hostel. An amended list of charges appears below.

"Our Ark" was intended to be used as a World Hostel for Guides and Girl Scouts from all countries visiting London. During the last few years the majority of the guests have been British Guides, but it is hoped that many friends from other countries will visit the hostel when the war is over. Meanwhile it fulfils a useful function in providing a home for members of our Movement working in London and also for guests who require accommodation for a few nights. Preference is given to Guides and Girl Scouts, but their friends, and also members of the Women's Services, students, etc., are accepted when beds are available, at a small extra charge.

"Our Ark" caters specially for young people whose salaries are small. Therefore those who wish to stay for any length of time should be under 30 years of age.

Amended list of charges.

Supper for non-residents or for those staying less than a week, 2s.

Guests who are not members of our Movement are asked to pay an extra charge of 1s. per night or 5s. a week.

	Single room.	Bed in room for 2.	Bed in room for 3.	Camp bed in room for 6 or 7.
PER WEEK (charge to include bed-room, baths, breakfast, supper, and all meals on Sundays)	35/-	30/-	27/6	22/6
PER NIGHT (periods of less than a week. Charge to include bed, breakfast and bath)	7/6	6/-	5/-	4/-

All applications for accommodation should be made to:  
The Warden, "Our Ark,"  
11, Palace Street, London, S.W.1.

## PERSONAL ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS INSURANCE

This policy runs for twelve months from November 8th each year, and it cannot be too strongly emphasised that all Guides should be insured under it if possible.

**COVER.**—The object of the insurance is to cover the moral liability of Guides for accidents sustained during organised Guide activities throughout the year, including camp, Counties, Divisions, Districts, Companies and/or Packs should insure their total membership on an annual basis.

Cover for individual cycling is excluded under the terms of the policy.

**NATIONAL SERVICE.**—It has been arranged that the policy shall also cover National Service work done in uniform and approved by the County Guide authorities concerned, with the provision that the cover shall not extend to those forms of National Service which are insured by, or would, but for the existence of this policy, be insured by the local authorities under whom the Guides have volunteered their services. It must be clearly understood that in no circumstances does this policy cover accidents directly caused by war, i.e., bombing, gun-fire, gas, etc.

**PREMIUM.**—The premium for those insuring on an annual basis has been reduced to 1d. PER HEAD.

This low rate of premium should make it possible for all members of the Movement to be insured.

Camp rate 3d. per head for the period of the camp only.

**RENEWAL.**—The present policy expires on November 8th and renewal forms will be sent during this month to all those already insured. It is hoped that the Guiders in charge of Companies to which evacuated Guides have been temporarily attached will see that they are included in the Company's cover. When arranging their insurance, Guiders are also asked to include any recruits in their total membership, as no adjustment in numbers is required later.

**APPLICATION.**—Application forms must be obtained from the Secretary, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. Full particulars and schedules of compensation will also be sent on request.

**CLAIMS.**—Headquarters must be notified immediately an accident or illness occurs. Failure to comply with this may invalidate the claim when made.



# THE GUIDER



Articles and Reports, Photographs and Drawings for insertion in "The Guider," Letters to the Editor and Books for Review, should be sent, if possible, by the 10th of the previous month to the Editor, Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

N.S.S., 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 is made to ensure their safe return should the necessary postage be enclosed.

Subscriptions to be sent in to The Secretary, Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

"The Guider" is sent direct by post from Imperial Headquarters to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 6d. per month (which includes postage). Post free for a year 6s. Foreign and Colonial, 5s. post free.

## MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL SEPTEMBER 13th, 1944

### ALTERATION TO BOOK OF RULES

Rule 54, Page 58, Gold Cord (4)—It was decided that the Empire Knowledge Badge should be an alternative to the International Knowledge and Interpreter Badge.

### CADETS

It was agreed to give permission to Cadets to wear the metal First Class badge. Cadets do not wear Proficiency badges.

### RANGER BRANCH

The post-war policy of the Ranger Branch was discussed and articles on the subject will appear from time to time.

### TRINIDAD EXPERIMENTAL CAMP LICENCE

Trinidad was given permission to experiment, on the lines of the recent Test held in January, for a further three years.

### SEA RANGER HATS

It was decided that, as a war-time emergency measure, which may be reconsidered at a later date, Sea Ranger Crews should be permitted to wear navy blue berets like the present-day W.R.N.S. hat, with Sea Ranger tally-bands. Guides should continue to wear the present Sea Ranger hat and on no account should they wear the new style W.R.N.S. hat. The present Sea Ranger-stitched hat still to be correct uniform, but whichever hat is chosen the whole crew to wear the same style.

### ENROLMENT OF NON-BRITISH GUIDES

The International Committee would draw the attention of all Commissioners and Guides to Rule 2, Section G, on page 7 of the current P.O.R.

The International Commissioner should be asked by the District Commissioner concerned, for permission to enrol girls of any nationality other than British in Ranger and Guide Companies or Brownie Packs before the girl is enrolled. The particulars needed are: Name and nationality, date of birth, present address and title of Company of which they are becoming a member.

### EMPIRE KNOWLEDGE BADGE

The Ministry of Information has sent to Imperial Headquarters supplies of their publications on the British Empire, maps, pictures, leaflets, for free distribution to members of the Movement.

The maps and pictures would add colour and interest to the walls of any club-room, and supplemented by the leaflets should prove a great help in training Rangers for the Empire Section of the World Citizen Certificate, and Guides for the Empire Knowledge Badge, which is now one of the badges in the Gold Cord Test.

Guides who find a use for these publications should write to the Secretary, Overseas Department, I.H.Q., enclosing 7d. in stamps for postage.

## AWARDS

### Badge of Fortitude

Guide Joyce Preston, 1st Coalville Company, Leicestershire.

### Blue Cord Diploma (Guide syllabus)

Miss M. Cantrill, Lancashire, S.E.

### CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE

On August 23rd, Eva Mitchell, Lieut. 11th Dagenham (St. Peter's) Coy., and Tawny 4th Hornchurch (Holy Cross) Pack.

Guiding in Trinidad has suffered a great loss in the passing to higher service of Miss Henrietta Graham on May 24th. She was enrolled as a Guide in 1925, became a warranted Guider in 1926 and was active until she fell ill in December, 1943. Miss Graham gave of her best to Guiding and was most cheerful and ready to help at any time. Until the day before her death she managed feebly to give her Guide Salute when the National Anthem was heard over the radio.

On August 28th, Kitty Blamires, Lieut. of 11th Batley (St. Peter's Burstall) Company, in Dewsbury Division, as the result of an accident whilst serving with the Women's Land Army.

## Appointments and Resignations

Approved by the Executive Committee, September, 1944.

### ENGLAND

#### BIRMINGHAM

ASSISTANT COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Miss B. Chatwin, 196, West Heath Road, Northfield, Birmingham, 51.

#### RESIGNATIONS

ALL SAINTS.—Dist. C., Miss M. Case.

KING'S HEATH.—Dist. C., Miss D. M. Skews.

KING'S NORTON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Waterman.

ST. PAUL'S.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Mrs. Ainsworth.

NORTHFIELD.—Dist. C., Miss B. Chatwin.

#### BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—The Lady Burnham, Hall Barn, Beaconsfield.

COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss K. Wyld, The Tile House, Denham.

EDLESBOROUGH (new District in MID Bucks NORTH DIVISION).—Dist. C., Mrs. Edgar, Edlesborough Vicarage, Dunstable, Beds.

NORTH WYCOMBE.—Dist. C., Miss Beattie, Clairmonte, Penn.

#### RESIGNATIONS

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Bernard.

COUNTY SECRETARY.—Mrs. Eliot.

ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss K. Wyld.

BURNHAM.—Dist. C., Miss M. Binnie.

#### CHESHIRE

HIGHER BIRINGTON.—Dist. C., Miss I. Switzer, Wirral County School for Girls, Behington, Wirral.

#### RESIGNATIONS

HIGHER BIRINGTON.—Dist. C., Miss E. Marsh.

#### DERBYSHIRE

S.E. DERBY.—Dist. C., Miss A. H. Knight.

#### DORSET

BLANDFORD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Daimpré, 8, West Street, Blandford.

SHERBORNE.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss E. M. Oakley, Amberwood, The Avenue, Sherborne.

#### RESIGNATION

SHERBORNE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Barlow.

#### DURHAM

DURHAM.—Div. C., Mrs. Morse, St. Oswalds Vicarage, Durham.

#### RESIGNATION

DURHAM.—Div. C., Mrs. Youngman.

#### GLOUCESTERSHIRE

THORNBURY.—Dist. C., Miss G. Jenkinson, The Priory, Thornbury.

#### RESIGNATION

THORNBURY.—Dist. C., Mrs. Robinson.

#### HAMPSHIRE

BITTERNE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Machin, The Vicarage, Westend, Southampton.

#### RESIGNATIONS

BISHOP'S WALTHAM.—Dist. C., Miss V. H. Hunter.

BITTERNE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Brattle.

#### HERTFORDSHIRE

EAST BARNET.—Dist. C., Miss R. Holden, 27, East Walk, East Barnet.

#### RESIGNATION

EAST BARNET.—Dist. C., Miss Kimpton.

#### KENT

#### RESIGNATION

NORTHFLEET.—Dist. C., Miss D. Davidson, Gravesend and North Kent Hospital, Kent.

Please note that the Districts of BARHAM DOWNS and STOUR VALLEY have been absorbed into CANTERBURY RURAL DISTRICT (N.E. DIVISION).

CANTERBURY CITY.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Mrs. Moore.

#### LANCASHIRE SOUTH EAST

DENTON AND REDDISH.—Dist. C., Miss B. I. Wood, 6, Taylor Street, Droylsden, Manchester.

SOUTH OLDHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. Tyler, 229, Abbeyhills Road, Oldham.

#### RESIGNATIONS

DENTON AND REDDISH.—Dist. C., Miss H. Lord.

EAST OLDHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. Crane.

HEYWOOD.—Dist. C., Miss J. M. Evans.

SOUTH OLDHAM.—Dist. C., Miss A. Airey.

SOUTH ROCHDALE.—Dist. C., Miss M. Maxwell.

WEST OLDHAM.—Dist. C., Miss E. D. Clarkson.

#### LANCASHIRE SOUTH WEST

#### RESIGNATIONS

ALLERTON.—Dist. C., Miss M. Heron.

DINGLE.—Dist. C., Miss L. Barnes.

GRASSDALE.—Dist. C., Miss M. Palmer.

#### LONDON

FOREST GATE.—Dist. C., Miss W. L. Kettle, 5, Hampton Road, E.7.

STREATHAM.—Asst. Div. C., Mrs. Stone, 11a, Oakdale Road, S.W.16.

WESTERN WESTMINSTER.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss P. Wood-Hill, 8, Artillery Mansions, London, S.W.1.

#### RESIGNATION

BATTERSEA PARK.—Dist. C., Mrs. Eyden.

#### MIDDLESEX

Please note that Harrow has divided into three Divisions as follows:—

HARROW.—Div. C., Mrs. Stevenson, The Park, Harrow.

HARROW.—Asst. Div. C., Miss M. Lloyd, 87, Bessborough Road, Harrow, containing the Districts of:—

HARROW TOWN.—Dist. C., Miss M. Lloyd, 87, Bessborough Road, Harrow.

PERIVALE.—Dist. C. Vacant.

NORTHOLT.—Dist. C., Miss B. E. Moody, Waldron Cottage, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

ROXETH NORTH.—Dist. C., Miss Brackenbury, 48, Courtfield Avenue, Harrow.

ROXETH SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss H. Mackay, 37, Pinner View, Harrow.

GREENFORD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Boultonwood, 70, King's Avenue, Greenford.

WEALDSTONE.—Div. C., Mrs. Crichton-Miller, Oddacre, Mount Park, Harrow.

WEALDSTONE.—Asst. Div. C., Miss M. Avery, 143, Northumberland Road, North Harrow, containing the Districts of:—

HEADSTONE.—Dist. C., Miss K. Goodger, 20, Rutland Road, Harrow.

KENTON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Armytage, 225, Kenton Road, Harrow.

WEALDSTONE.—Dist. C., Miss K. Brown, 44, Kenton Road, Harrow.

WEMBLEY.—Div. C., Miss E. A. Ellis, 99, Woodcock Hill, Kenton, containing the Districts of:—

ALPERTON.—Dist. C., Miss E. Stevens, 6, Eton Avenue, Wembley.

KINGSBURY.—Dist. C., Miss E. Lawrence, 82, Peel Road, North Wembley.

SUDBURY.—Dist. C., Mrs. Dixon, 17, Homefield Road, Sudbury.

WEMBLEY CENTRAL.—Dist. C., Miss E. A. Ellis, 99, Woodcock Hill, Kenton.

WEMBLEY EAST.—Dist. C., Mrs. Bennett, 11, West Close, The Avenue, Wembley.



## THE GUIDER

THE HAMPTONS.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss R. Greenham, 6, Garrick Villas, Hampton.  
RESIGNATIONS

HARROW.—Div. C., Mrs. Crichton-Miller.  
HEADSTONE.—Dist. C., Miss Avery.  
SUNBURY.—Dist. C., Miss Workman.  
WYNDLEY.—Dist. C., Miss Rock.  
WYNDLEY PARK.—Dist. C., Miss Ellis.

NORFOLK  
RESIGNATION  
DIPWAD AND SWAINSTHORPE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Holmes.

NORTHUMBERLAND  
RESIGNATION  
ASHTON.—Dist. C., Miss E. Bruton, The Vicarage, Seaton Hirst, Ashington.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE  
COUNTY LOSE SECRETARY.—Miss N. Wilford, 1, Birkland Avenue, Peel Street, Nottingham.

NOTTINGHAM NORTH.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss M. Briggs, 10, Southey Street, Nottingham.

RODDINGTON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Mackay, 50, Wilford Lane, West Bridgford.  
WEST BRIDGFOR.—Dist. C., Mrs. Sydenham, The Poplars, Roddington Lane, Wilford.  
Please note that EAST LEAKE DISTRICT (South Notts Division) is now known as  
KEYWORTH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Tycroft, Clifton Lane, Normanton-on-the-Wolds.

OXFORDSHIRE  
RESIGNATION  
GOREING.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss Foulkes Roberts.

SHROPSHIRE  
Please note that WHITTINGTON AND WESTON RHYN DISTRICT is now known as:  
WILLS.—Dist. C., Miss Clayton Jones, Hardwick Hall, Ellesmere.  
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SUFFOLK  
RESIGNATION  
ISWICH OUTER EAST.—Dist. C., Miss C. O. Beckett.

WILTSHIRE  
HIGHWORTH AND THE STRATTONS.—Dist. C., Miss M. M. Gover, 28, The Mall, Swindon.  
WOOTTON BASSETT.—Dist. C., Mrs. Newth, 58, New Road, Wootton Bassett.  
Please note that RODBOURNE DISTRICT is now known as RODBOURNE AND GOSPE  
HILL.—Dist. C., Miss M. K. Holliday, 24, The Mall, Swindon.

WILTSHIRE  
HIGHWORTH AND THE STRATTONS.—Dist. C., Miss M. K. Holliday.  
RODDINGTON.—Dist. C., Miss H. M. King.  
WOOTTON BASSETT.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss M. M. Gover.

WORCESTERSHIRE  
RESIGNATION  
ARLEY (MALVERN).—Dist. C., Miss G. Roe.

YORKSHIRE NORTH RIDING  
GUINBOROUGH.—Dist. C., Miss Johnson, Holbeck, Skelton in Cleveland.  
MID CLEVELAND.—Div. C., Miss M. L. Mossom, 10, Green Road, Skelton in Cleveland.  
WEST CLEVELAND No. 1.—Dist. C., Mrs. Griffith, The Vicarage, Hutton Rudby, Yarm.

YORKSHIRE WEST RIDING SOUTH  
ROTHERHAM NORTH EAST.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss A. M. Cranidge, 104, Doncaster Road, Mexborough.

ROTHERHAM N.E.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss E. Elliott.  
GOOLE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Warrack.  
ROTHERHAM N.E.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss E. Elliott.

WALES  
CARMARTHENSHIRE  
RESIGNATIONS  
VAL OF TAF.—Dist. C., Mrs. Rickett.

CENTRAL GLAMORGAN  
Correction: In the July GUIDER Miss Orsman's resignation as Asst. Div. C. for  
RHONDDA was gazetted. This was owing to a misunderstanding, as the resignation  
should have appeared in 1942 when Miss Orsman was appointed Div. C. for  
Rhondda.

WEST GLAMORGAN  
RESIGNATION  
SOUTH GOWER.—Dist. C., Mrs. Picton-Thomson.

MONMOUTHSHIRE  
AMERTILLY TOWN.—Dist. C., Mrs. Mounier, 2, Bronhenlog, Llanbilleth.  
MAREHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. Lewis Morgan, Rock Villa, Argood.

PEMBROKESHIRE  
DEWISLAND.—Dist. C., Mrs. Johnson, The Croft, Letterston, Pembrokeshire.  
GOODWICK.—Dist. C., Miss M. Perkins, Penysgarne, Goodwick.

SCOTLAND  
AYRSHIRE AND BUTE  
AYR "A".—Dist. C., Miss A. C. Donald, 17, Bellevue Road, Ayr.  
IRVINE AND KILWINNING.—Dist. C., Dr. I. S. Thomson, 108, High Street, Irvine.

IRVINE AND KILWINNING.—Dist. C., Mrs. Hart.  
MAULCHLINE AND DISTRICT.—Dist. C., Mrs. Hamilton-Campbell.

DUMFRIES-SHIRE  
ASSISTANT COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Younger, Steilston, New Bridge.  
GLENCAIRN.—Dist. C., Lady May.

CITY OF DUNDEE  
RESIGNATION  
MEADOWSIDE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Thomson.

EAST LOTHIAN  
RESIGNATION  
PENCALTAND.—Dist. C., Mrs. Gibson.

FIFE  
RESIGNATION  
LIMEKILNS AND CHARLESTOWN.—Dist. C., Mrs. R. Kerr.

CITY OF GLASGOW  
No. 4 (East North East Division).—Dist. C., Miss L. R. Boyd, Saron, Busby, nr.  
Glasgow.

RESIGNATIONS  
No. 4 (East North East Division).—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss E. M. Davies.  
No. 2 (South East Division).—Dist. C., Mrs. Cullen.  
No. 4 (South East Division).—Dist. C., Miss C. Wardhaugh.

## STEWARTRY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT

RESIGNATION  
NORTH DISTRICT.—Dist. C., Miss N. Laing.  
MOTHERWELL No. 2.—Dist. C., Mrs. A. Steele.

MIDLOTHIAN  
LASSWADE, BONNYRIGG AND DISTRICT.—Dist. C., The Hon. Mrs. Robert Dundas.

MORAYSHIRE  
SOUTHERN.—Div. C., Miss Murray, Moy House, Fortes.  
SOUTH.—Div. C., Miss C. S. Smith.

PEEBLES.—Dist. C. (Temp.).—Mrs. Cuthbertson.  
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## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## EMPLOYMENT OFFERED

**Wanted**, Assistant Warden for "Our Ark" (The World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts' hostel), for catering, cooking and other domestic duties. Exempt, or over calling-up age.—Apply, giving full particulars, to The Secretary, Our Ark Sub-Committee, 9, Palace Street, London, S.W.1.

**Hostel** Warden required for Y.W.C.A. Holiday House, Unstone Grange, 8 miles Sheffield, 4 miles Chesterfield. 36 beds, with camping accommodation in grounds. Interesting post for ex-Guider or country lover. Salary according to experience. Applicant must have knowledge of catering, simple book-keeping and an interest in young people.—Apply General Secretary, Y.W.C.A., 45, Division Street, Sheffield, 1.

**Boston General Hospital, Boston, Lincs.** Affiliated Training School. Vacancies for Student Nurses, aged 17-30 years. Rushcliffe scale of salary. Holiday and sick allowance given. Use of uniform during training. Application forms from Matron.

## WANTED

**Wanted**, Company Colours (Union Jack), with Trefoil and pole.—Write, stating price, to Ringrose, Priory House, Swaffham Prior, Cambridge.

**Wanted**, Hounslow or lightweight camp bed, also "Gilwell" set lightweight billy-cans, for G.I.S.—Write Box No. 84.

## LOST

**Lost**, a Headquarters raincoat, marked ELVIN, taken in error from the cloak-room of the Barn, Foxlease, on Monday, August 21st (Dip. week). Will anyone who was present at the week and who has an Allweather raincoat, black lining, please look and see if she has her own. I have been sent one (unmarked) which is too short for me. I will gladly arrange for carriage and exchange.—V. A. Elvin, 2, Hayne Road, Beckenham.

## TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING

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