

Girl Guides' Gazette

The Official Organ of the Girl Guides (Incorporated).

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APRIL, 1920.

Price 3d.

THE CHIEF GUIDE'S OUTLOOK.

Personal.

I OUGHT not to put this paragraph first, but I do so because I want you to see it. You may notice what I put at the top, though I am afraid the few remarks that your GAZETTE Editor puts in each month from me may not be very interesting, and you probably won't pursue to the end—which is though, the rightful place for personal matters.

Anyhow, I do want to give my warmest thanks to those many kind Guides and Brownies and Guiders who sent us greetings on our birthdays. The Founder and I were awfully touched by your kind thought for us on our joint birthday, and it made the day all the happier and jollier for us.

Thank you again, so much.

The Office.

I was invited to a tea-party the other day—such a nice one. But before tea there was a very important matter to be dealt with, and that was the enrolment into the Guide sisterhood of the partakers of the tea.

This happened at the Girl Guide Headquarters, and you Guides will, I feel sure, be glad to know that the whole of the staff of secretaries, clerks, etc., who deal with the correspondence and business there wished to become definitely, closely, part and parcel of our movement.

The office rooms, which usually are buzzing with typewriters, and tables, which are usually covered with letters and busy writing, were converted, for the evening, into a Guides Club Room, and we had our enrolment in the approved "horseshoe," and afterwards the talk in the usual "sitting in a ring on the floor" style.

Miss Rudyerd Helpman, who most of you know as



the organiser of our Albert Hall Rally, was the hostess of the tea-party. By the way, did you know that the Medal of Merit was granted to her on that celebrated November 4 in recognition of the way she had carried out all the work of organising and preparing for that happy, wonderful gathering?

The Annual Report.

I have mentioned this before, but I can't help telling you about it once more. By the time you get this GAZETTE this Red Book will be out and in your hands—if you hurry up and order copies from H.Q.

It is much more interesting even than I had hoped, and it does make one feel happy to read that our sisterhood, as a whole, in all parts of the world, has something like 231,000 girls in its ranks.

I do advise Commissioners and Local Association members, and all who can, to have a copy of this Annual Report, as it will carry conviction with it that we are on the right track for good development and progress and success.

Yours S. P. Baden-Powell

Chief Guide,



The Camp Fire.

SONGS ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

NOTHING is jollier than singing part songs and rounds by the camp fire in the evenings. It would be a good plan for Guides to practice some of the well-known glees and then know the words by heart for singing in the twilight.

These are a few suggestions regarding song books:—

The Scottish Students' Song Book is an old favourite, and can be ordered from any stationer.

The Scout Song Book is a very jolly one, to be obtained from the Scout shop, Buckingham Palace Road, London. Price 2s. 6d.

The Fellowship Song Book, arranged by H. Walford Davies, and published by J. Curwen & Sons, Limited, 24, Berners Street, London, W.I. Price 1s. 6d. in paper covers, and 4s. in stiff covers.

Cantemus is a collection of folk songs and national songs, &c., with music. To be obtained from Messrs. Curwen (as above). Price 2s.

And then there are smaller books from the same publisher, one of which is called "Graded Rounds and Catches," price 4d. This has the rounds "Thou, Poor Bird," and "Three Blind Mice," "Chairs to Mend," and that lovely old one, "White Sand and Grey Sand."

Other small song books, all to be obtained from Messrs. Curwen, Limited, are:—

The Melody Song Book. Price 4d.

The Premier Song Book. Price 4d.

Standard Unison Songs, Parts I and II. Price 4d. each.

HEADQUARTERS' NOTICES.

THE DISTINCTION DIPLOMA.

For the Distinction Diploma it is now necessary to have acted as Assistant Commandant at a training week under any one of a panel or selected body of Red Cord Trainers.

All trainers wishing to qualify for the Red Cords, and having passed the test for the blue, should therefore apply with as little delay as possible to Mrs. Janson Potts, Redcroft, Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E.10, as vacancies are few, and the candidates will be allocated in the order of their application.

It should be fully understood that Trainers passing the Red Cords are expected to take at least three training weeks for Guiders in the course of the year in any part of the British Isles, or equivalent work.

AWARDS.

Gold Cords.—Mrs. Everett, Captain, 1st Worthing Y.W.C.A. Company; Miss Nancy Peach, Lieutenant, 2nd Wandsworth Company; Patrol-Leader J. Martin, 1st Royal Eltham Company; Miss M. Ayling, Lieutenant, 8th Ealing Company; Patrol-Leader D. Philipson, 1st Kendal Company.

Certificates of Merit.—Miss D. Cook, Captain, 11th Swansea Company; Patrol-Leader I. Williams, 11th Swansea Company; Patrol-Leader G. Bowen, 11th Swansea Company.

Old Silver Fish.—Mrs. Furse, Provincial Commissioner for the Transvaal.

Medal of Merit.—Mrs. Rawbone, Miss Sutton.

SENIOR GUIDES.

Miss Bewley, District Commissioner for Hindhead and Haslemere, having taken on the management of the Senior Guide Department under Mrs. Mark Kerr, would be very glad if Captains of Senior Guide Companies would write to her, giving their experiences in running their companies, and making suggestions for further developments.

Miss Bewley's address is: Greenholm, Hindhead.

Will Captains kindly enclose a stamped addressed envelope if they require an answer to their letters.

CHEAP FARES.

Vouchers will be issued by the Juvenile Organisation Committee of the Board of Education to enable parties to travel to camp at reduced fares. Applications to be addressed to the Secretary of the Committee, Mr. R. S. Wood, Board of Education, Whitehall, S.W.1.

Guiders must have their vouchers signed by the Local Committee of the J.O.C., or by their County Secretary. Failing that, application should be made to Headquarters.

SUMMER COMPETITIONS, 1920.

I.—OPEN TO ALL REGISTERED GUIDE COMPANIES.

Prizes of first, £1; second, 10s.; and third, 5s., are offered for the best account of a camp this summer.

All entries must be signed by the Captain, and must reach Headquarters not later than the first post on Thursday, September 30, 1920.

The account can take the form of a diary, illustrated by pen and ink drawings, and water-colour sketches.

Or it might be a small magazine containing varying contributions, such as—poems, maps and plans, photographs, caricatures, hints, humourous incidents, records of tracks, &c., &c.

Extra marks will be given for the most original and instructive entries with special reference to the benefit they may be to would-be campers.

The Editor reserves the right of retaining and publishing any of the prize-winning papers sent in. None can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

BROWNIE COMPETITIONS.—No. I.

Open to Brown Owls and Pack Leaders.

Prizes of first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s., are offered for the best papers on any one of the three following subjects:—

- (1) A description of the best way to make a totem pole and photograph or drawing of same.
- (2) A description of how to make an Old Owl "with great round yellow eyes, and two little tufts on his head like ears." A photograph must be enclosed.
- (3) An attractive Brownie story of 1,000 words.

Brown Owls must hold official warrants. Pack Leaders must be members of registered Brownie Packs and their entries signed by their Brown Owls.

Entries to arrive not later than first post on Tuesday, June 1, 1920.

The Editor reserves the right of retaining and publishing any of the prize papers sent in. None can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

No. II.—Open to all Brownies in registered Packs.

Three prizes of books, signed by the Chief Guide, are offered for the best poems on any of the three following subjects:—

- (1) The Wise Brown Owl.
- (2) Brownies and Boggarts.
- (3) The Fairy Ring.

Poems must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. They must also bear the name, age, rank, and address of the poet.

Papers must be signed by the Brown Owl. Age and neatness will be taken into consideration.

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

Entries to arrive not later than first post on Saturday, May 1, 1920, and to be addressed to the Editor, GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE, 76, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BILLIE."—(1) Brown Owls wear black shoes and stockings. Her uniform is the same as that of a Guider.

(2) No Brownie badges should be worn on the hat. The Recruit Cloth badge is worn on the left breast, but this badge is no longer being issued, and only the metal brooch on the tie will be worn in future. Those, however, who have the cloth badge can continue to wear them.

M. HEPBURN.—(1) See answer to "BILLIE."—The cloth badge is worn by the side of the Brownie emblem, is possessed.

(2) A Pack Leader is not a warranted Guider, so does not wear her hat turned up at the side. She may be a First Class Brownie or a Guide.

"A.L." SANDWICH.—The Brownie emblem is worn on the left breast, side by side with the Second Class and First Class badges. See answer to "BILLIE" above.

"QUESTIONS."—(1) It is not necessary for Guides to wear title tapes on *both* shoulders, the left shoulder is the proper place for it to be worn, just where the shoulder knot joins the base of the shoulder strap of the uniform.

(2) It is correct and full uniform for Guides to wear the official hat-band, but the hat-bands are usually considered as an item of uniform which can be done without, if Company funds are low. They are rather an expense, and most companies do not indulge in them until they have been going a little while, and feel able to afford them; other companies begin by issuing them to Patrol Leaders and Seconds at first.



"*Song Home —*"

Amelia Privett, Captain of the 1st Banstead Company, on Saturday, January 10, 1920.

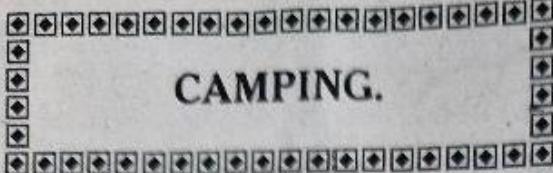
Guide Ethel Sleightholme, of the 8th Hammersmith Company (late of the 1st Latimer Company), on Monday, February 23, 1920.

Guide Clara Marjory Andrews, of the Swallow Patrol, 1st Newport, Isle of Wight Company, aged 12 years and 10 months, on February 5, 1920.

On February 6, 1920, Iris Nicholson, of the 1st Cullercoats Company, aged 16.

Constance Cainy, of the 1st Wrecclesham Brownie Pack, aged 9 years.

APRIL, 1920.



CAMPING.

OUR handbook, *Girl Guiding*, is a cookery book and gives the ingredients which have been found by practice to supply the dish it offers. In many a cookery book you will be advised to add a pinch of salt to the water in making a preparation, and you may be tempted to say: "If a pinch is good why not be liberal and put in a spoonful?"

Well, it is in that direction, I fear, that in some cases our cooks may have erred when making our particular dish for the girls—the dish of **CHARACTER FOR HAPPY CITIZENSHIP**.

Among the ingredients for this I have suggested a teaspoonful of signalling, a pinch of drill, and a double handful of Nature Lore.

But in some cases, whether it was because the weather was bad or that they lived in towns where the necessary fruits or vegetables were hard to get, the cooks appear to have made up for the want of these by giving merely a pinch of Nature's products with a double handful of salt—and the results have naturally not been all that were looked for.

The gist of our method is to avoid the artificial and promote the natural. We want to develop the natural, sensible, cheery girl, not the artificial half-man nor the shallow, flapping butterfly.

To attain the natural we use steps that are natural in preference to those that are artificial; we do this by encouraging the inherent propensities for good from within rather than by imposing man-made restrictions from without.

Our best school-room is not one that is built of bricks and mortar but that of the fields and woodland; our studies lie not so much in the grammar of text books or diagrams on the black-board towards attaining degrees in education so much as among the "sermons in stones" and the reading in "the running brooks" in order to learn the "good there is in everything."

It is through Nature Lore—that is, the understanding and love of Nature—that we gain our best results.

This can only be done by living face to face with Nature. To this end every Guider and every Guide must necessarily be to some extent a tent dweller.

Camping is the great step to Nature knowledge as it also is to physical health and cheery efficiency.

The Camping season is coming on. Be Prepared to make the best use of it in the few weeks that may be available to you; and let your camping be not only for the mere adventure of living out of doors but that you and those with you may get the best value of that living—namely, to read, with Longfellow, your Father's book.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod
And read what is still un-read
In the manuscript of God."

Robert Baden-Powell

Founder.



PUBLICATIONS.

By Miss RUDYERD HELPMAN.

The Brownie Fairy Book, by Miss Joyce Reason. Price 3s. 6d. On sale in the shop.

Let me heartily recommend this book to all Brown Owls and their Packs. It is quite charming, and Miss Reason re-tells in the most delightful way the individual stories of Elves, Pixies and the "Gnomes" ones.

"Legends of the Union Jack Saints," by Rhoda Power. Price 1s. 3d., is now on sale at the shop.

"Guide Badges and How to Win Them," compiled by Headquarters' Staff, London. Price 3s. 6d., is also in stock. Both splendid books for Guiders and Guides.

In the following list, if the name of the publisher is not given, you can always order the book from a library or bookseller.

BOOKS TO READ.

"The Book of Woodcraft." Ernest Thompson-Seton. Price 6s.

"A Child's Garden of Verses." Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Travels with a Donkey." Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The Last of the Mohicans." J. Fenimore Cooper.

"Woodcraft." Owen Jones and Marcus Woodward.

"Caravanning Made Easy." B. Hutchings. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Limited, London.) Price 1s.

"The Boy Scout Camp Book." Philip Carrington. (Pearson.) Price 1s. 6d.

"Camping Out." J. Gibson. (Gale & Polden, Limited, London) Price 2s.

"How to Run a Scout Camp." J. Lewis. (J. Brown & Sons, Glasgow.) Price 1s. 6d.

"The Art of Travel." Galton. (John Murray.)



COMPETITION.

RESULT OF FEBRUARY COMPETITION.

For Guides and Guiders (Design for New Cover of the Gazette).

Criticism from the Artist who so kindly judged the Competition.

"I THINK the designs are excellent, so nice and fresh and out of doors in feeling. Unfortunately often the best ones in design show evidence of want of drawing in the figures, as in those I have selected to share the first prize. Often also where the artist evidently knew something about figure drawing the design was poor or commonplace."

[Sixty-three entries were sent in—eight were received too late and so were disqualified.—EDITOR.]

First Prize of £1 :—Divided between (1) Miss L. H. Cowan-Douglas, County Commissioner for Roxburghshire, N. B., and (2) Patrol Leader N. S. Weir, 1st Greystones County, Co. Wicklow. Both good in design, particularly No. 1, nice feeling of landscape in both.

Second Prize of 10s. :—Miss E. M. Adams, Lieutenant, 2nd Burnham (Gardenhurst) Company.

Third Prize of 5s. :—Miss E. G. Battisby, Captain, Golspie Girl Guides, Sunderland.

Honourable Mentions :—(1) Mrs. Dawson, East Lancs.; (2) Second S. Munday, Portsmouth High School Company.

Very Highly Commended :—Miss Rand, Brown Owl, 2nd Battersea Pack.

Highly Commended :—Miss E. R. Gibb, Captain, 14th Ipswich Company.

Commended :—(Names in order of merit):—(1) Miss G. Green, Captain, 1st High Wycombe (Town). (2) Miss C. M. Bradley, Captain 1st Shepherdwell. (3) Patrol Leader A. Ayers, 3rd Streatham Hill. (4) Miss R. Heading, Captain, 1st Felixstowe.

SHOP NOTICES.

We have had a good deal of trouble lately owing to customers returning goods, especially hats, so badly packed that they cannot be sold as new. We are obliged to make a charge for goods returned in a bad condition and should like to ask that great care be taken in the packing of goods returned.

The shop will now close at 6 p.m. every evening.

The experiment of keeping open until 7 p.m. for one night in the week has been tried for three months, but the number of customers served during the extra hour does not warrant us continuing the practice.

COMING EVENTS.

HAMPSHIRE TRAINING WEEK.

MAY 19-26. Commandant: Mrs. Janson-Potts, Chief's Diploma. For full particulars please apply to the County Secretary, Miss Molly May, Down Grange, Basingstoke. All names must be sent in by April 21.

SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE.

A TRAINING Week under canvas will be held from May 21-28, at Hardcastle Crags, near Hebden Bridge. Trainers, Miss Booth and Miss D. Wood. Fee, £1. Applications, enclosing 5s. deposit to, Miss C. Pilkington, The Hazels, Prescot, Lancs.

LIVERPOOL.

MAY 21-28.—A Guiders' Training Camp will be held at Liverpool in an empty house under camp conditions. Commandant, Miss Barbour. Applications to be made to Miss N. Stewart Brown, The Grove, Allerton, Liverpool.

LONDON RALLY.

THE London Rally will take place on Saturday, June 12, in Hyde Park. Captains of companies in the Home Counties who wish to bring detachments of their Guides are requested to communicate, through their own Commissioners, with Mrs. Mark Kerr, 16, Cumberland Terrace, N.W. 1.

NORTH WALES.

THE Merionethshire Training Week will be held from April 19-26, at Penrhyneddraeth. Commandant, Miss Maynard.

SUFFOLK.

A CAMP for Suffolk Patrol Leaders will be held from May 26-29 (Whitsuntide) in Finborough Park by invitation of Mrs. Pettward. Application for particulars should be made before April 30 to Miss R. J. Godfrey, Staff Captain, The Red House, Needham Market.

THE August Camp at which Mrs. Janson-Potts is to be Commandant, will be held for Guiders from August 11-18, and not at the date previously stated in this column.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Whitsuntide Training Camp for Guiders.

TRAINER: An Officer qualified in Camp Craft, recommended by National Headquarters, will be in charge of the training—Miss D. M. Fearons, 1st Class Diploma.

Place:—Sampson's Cave, Envile, nr. Kinver, Stourbridge. Date: Friday, May 21 to Thursday, 27, or part time, by arrangement. Fee: 25s., exclusive of fare and personal equipment. Single days, 4s.

For all Captains, Lieutenants, Brown Owls, or for those acting or qualifying for such.

Early applications are requested, as numbers must be limited.

For particulars and for booking names apply to Mrs. M. Lythall, Headquarters, 5, Edmund Street, Birmingham.

Correspondence Course Notice.

The examination questions on this term's courses will be issued the first week in April. Will members please return their Games examination papers direct to Miss Field, G.G.T.S., Abbey Lodge, West Malvern; and their 2nd Class Nature examination papers to Miss E. Miller, Athole House, Romford, Essex, between May 1 and May 7. Certificates will be sent to those who pass, and the results will be published in the July GAZETTE.

The Correspondence Course Summer Term will begin on May 21 and end on July 31. Will members please note that the Hon. Secretary's address from May 21-July 1 will be G.G.T.S., Abbey Lodge, West Malvern; after July 1, Old Heavitree House, Exeter. The two courses for the Summer Term are: (a) Book-lover's Badge for 1920; (b) Camps.

May we remind members that if they do not let their Patrol Leaders know by the 1st of the month following any correspondence notice in the GAZETTE (see Rules in January, 1920, GAZETTE) which course or courses they wish to take, they must not be surprised if they receive none, as Leaders only circulate to those who apply.

Would any members who are going to the Guiders' Conference at Swanwick send a postcard to Miss Wissman, Old Heavitree House, Exeter, by April 5.



Training Weeks and Camps.

April.

Horsham.—Trainer, Miss Davidson. 5th to 10th. Apply Mrs. Child, South Lodge, Horsham.

Norfolk.—6th to 13th. Apply Miss Colman, Crown Point, Norwich.

Ulster.—Trainer, Miss Booth. No further information yet to hand.

Eastbourne.—Trainer, Miss Bray. 16th to 23rd. Apply Miss E. Godman, South Lodge, Horsham.

Abbey Lodge.—Trainer, Miss Field. 16th to 23rd. Apply Miss Field, Abbey Lodge, Malvern.

North Wales.—Trainer, Miss Maynard. 17th to 24th.

Bournemouth.—Trainer, Miss Ibberson. 21st to 28th. Apply Mrs. Daldy, The Vicarage, Bournemouth.

Bucks.—Trainer, Miss Davidson. 27th to May 4th. Apply Miss Mayne, Chearsley Hall, Aylesbury.

May.

W. London.—Trainer, Miss Colman. 5th to 11th. *Wimbledon*.—Trainer, Miss Maynard. 6th to 12th. Apply Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimbledon.

Devon.—Trainer, Miss E. Robinson. 21st to 28th. Apply Miss Fleming, Millholme, Chagford.

Glamorgan.—Trainer, Miss Davidson. 21st to 28th. Apply Miss Nicholl, Merthyr Mawr, Bridgend.

Jersey.—Trainer, Miss Moore. 21st to 28th. Apply Mrs. Maitland, Beau Desert, St. Saviour's, Jersey.

Derbyshire.—Trainer, Miss Prior. 22nd to 29th. Apply Miss E. Howson, Fairfield, Brampton, Chesterfield by May 1st.

Liverpool.—Trainer, Miss Barbour. 22nd to 29th. Apply Mrs. Melly, 7, Sefton Park Road, Liverpool. *Hindhead*.—Trainer, Miss Maynard. 22nd to 29th. Apply Miss Bewley, Greenhold, Hindhead. *Chepstow*.—Trainer, Miss Lee Baker. 21st to 25th. Apply Mrs. E. Hill, The Gronda, Chepstow.

June.

Wimbledon.—Trainer, Miss Maynard. 3rd to 10th. Apply Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimbledon.

Woking.—Trainer, Mrs. Strode. 10th to 17th. Apply Mrs. Strode, Tregenna, Woking.

Norfolk.—Trainer, Mrs. Janson Potts. 16th to 23rd. Apply Miss Colman, Crown Point, Norwich.



RULES FOR CAMPERS.

1. PERMISSION must be obtained from the District Commissioner before any Captain takes her Guides to camp.

2. The Commissioner in who's area the camp is going to be held must be informed of the intended camp.

3. Any Captain who has not camped with her Company in previous years must hold the Campers' Badge, before she is qualified to run a camp.

The Campers' Test—(Senior Badge).

1. Must hold the Senior Cooks' Badge.
2. Must show knowledge of the arrangements which should be made before holding a camp of any given number of Guides for:—

1. Choice of camp site.
2. Contracts with tradesmen.
3. Storage of food.
4. Shelter and bedding.
5. Sanitary arrangements, including latrines, wash-house and refuse pit.
6. Necessary equipment.
7. Cooking.
8. Drying and airing bedding, &c.
9. Transport.

Must draw up a list of camp rules and personal equipment suitable for issuing to parents of intending campers.

Must draw up either—

A programme of a day in camp, giving reasons for the various activities, and including menus of meals; or

A plan showing the organisation of the orderly duties for the week on the Patrol system.

Give a list of ten of the most useful articles for stocking (a) a medicine chest; (b) a dry canteen.

Make a model bridge to scale, either a double plank, double lock or single lock.

Improvise one of the following:—

- (1) A camp chair; (2) a bookcase; (3) a camp larder; (4) a table; (5) water filter or other equivalent.

Construct a camp oven, erect a flagstaff and know the ceremonial proper to its hoisting, breaking and lowering.

G. M. STRODE,
Director of Training.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED—Good Cook General, House-parlourmaid and Housemaid. Family, three. Good wages. Guides preferred. Apply Mrs. Studdy, Broxton, Southfield, Paignton, Devon.

FOR SALE—Lieutenant's uniform, scarcely worn, tailor-made coat and skirt, belt, hat, blouse and tie, £8. 8s. Apply Miss D. L. Goldsmith, Beechwood, Christchurch, Hants.

FOR SALE—Two Bell-tents, good condition, £5 each. Apply Miss M. Alexander, The Old Mansion, Boldre, Hants.

FOR DISPOSAL—Guider's complete kit (coat, skirt, belt, tie and hat). Write X.Y.Z., GIRL GUIDE GAZETTE, 76, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

WANTED—General Servant, small house, good wages, good outings. Apply Miss Field, Abbey Lodge, West Malvern.

THE BROWNIES' OWN SONG.—(Published at Miss Baden Powell's suggestion), may be obtained from Headquarters, or from D. Tuke, Darlington. Post cards, 15s. 6d. per gross. Plain cards, 8s. 6d. per gross, exclusive of postage.

WANTED—Guider to cook for small family, no rough work, also to run Guide Company. Really congenial home, charming surroundings, good salary. Highly recommended by one who knows. Possibly would suit two friends, one to help in garden. Apply to Miss Lock, Cleveland, Niton Undercliff, Isle of Wight.



WATERPROOFING TENTS.

Boil half an ounce of isinglass in a pint of soft water until it is quite dissolved and strain through a piece of clean linen into a second saucepan.

Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of white Castile soap in a pint of water, strain as before, and add to the first solution. Dissolve an ounce of alum in two pints of water, strain and add. Stir and heat the combined solutions over a slow fire until the liquid simmers, when it is ready for use.

Spread the tent upon a table right side downwards, and apply the mixture with a soft, flat brush, working the solution well into the seams. The material dries with a "rubbery" surface, which sheds the rain in large beads, and as the total expenditure on the necessary ingredients is trifling the final result is obtained with a minimum outlay.

The quantity given is just sufficient for one coat for a tent measuring 6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 3 in., with eaves back and front and door extensions.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Handbook of the Amateur Camping Club."]



CAMP COUNSEL.

"Don't just read this GAZETTE—GO AND CAMP!"—EDITOR.

"Don't look gloomy and say, 'Well, we can't do anything like that.' You can, if you make up your mind."—John Lewis.

"Camping is not done as a form of 'swank.' It is an art."—Minobi.

When likely to rain, slacken guy ropes before turning in.

Wash up in *boiling* water—saves infinite time and trouble.

"Fairs, towns, shows, and sweetshops should be cut right out during camp."—John Lewis.

"Remember this, a girl is *not* a boy in skirts."—E. Thompson-Selton.

"Before pitching any camp see that there is WOOD and WATER."—Philip Carrington.

To start a fire on very wet ground, light it first in a frying pan.

Keep a pair of shoes by your side at night.

Keep your soap in a box or else it will get muddy.

Don't forget a corkscrew and tin-opener.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG AND—CAMP—CAMP—CAMP!



OXFORD COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE will be held at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, for County Commissioners and representatives of Overseas Girl Guide Organisations, from July 23–28. The charge will be £2 per head inclusive. Will those intending to come write to Mrs. Mark Kerr, 16, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London, enclosing a deposit of 5s. as soon as possible.

Girl Guides' Gazette.

Articles and Reports, photographs and drawings for insertion in the GAZETTE, letters to the Editor, and Books for Review should be sent, if possible, by the 1st of the previous month to the Editor, Girl Guides' National Headquarters, 78, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

MSS., photographs and drawings, cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

The GAZETTE can be sent direct by post from National Headquarters, to any part of the United Kingdom or abroad at the rate of 6d. per month (which includes postage).

Post free for a year.

Subscriptions and all general correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, at the above address.

EDITORIAL NOTES.



"Oh, to be in England, now that April's there . . ."

I do so hope you will all like this number of the GAZETTE, and enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed putting it together.

Headquarters has been a camp—and the glimmer of my electric light through the fog the glow of a camp-fire—as far as I was concerned, for the last few weeks! To

wander with the Ancient Briton in the New Forest, to be chased by a bull with *one who knows*, and to smell the smoke of many camp fires—who can wonder that I no longer sat upon an office "stool" in spirit, or brooded over a typewriter?

The Camp Fire Girls.

All Guides and Guiders will be interested in the articles and illustrations by White Fox and Minobi about the Camp Fire Girls. We always welcome friendly criticism, and White Fox gives us many things to ponder over. I think, however, that one of his questions is answered by this number, don't you, and he will learn quite a lot about us.

"Do Guides Camp ?

Why don't Guides Camp ?

Tell me."

Let us hasten with the answer. Here it is—chapter and verse. But, as a matter of fact, we can all learn from the Camp Fire Girls and work in their splendid

outdoor training and health-loving ideals with all the home craft and citizenship training that we are so keen about.

My thanks are due to many kind friends who sent me splendid articles for this number. Unfortunately, I have had to leave out many I wanted to insert, and to cut down some of those printed. All authors, please forgive!—I hope to publish some of these items h over later on in the summer.

Correspondence.

I do not know if any of you were amused at the poem parodied in these notes in February, but we had rather fun over them here, and quite a poetical correspondence raged between me and a subscriber! Here it is:—

LINES TO HEADQUARTERS.

"My GAZETTE arrived here with a penny to pay
So at once I write off to Headquarters to say
There's a barrel of tar boiling over a lamp
For the clerk who omitted to put on that stamp."

This was from Suffolk, and we all shook in our shoes, until we discovered that she had been sent one of the early single copies (i.e., amongst the 2,000), so I was able to reply:—

"Your letter received, for which I thee thank,
And I hasten to write, dear Subscriber of rank,
To tell you the POST OFFICE stamped those GAZETTES
So that hot boiling oil should engulf *them* in jets!"

A charming reply came back:—

"Dear Editor, thanks for your letter received,
I am glad of the news, for I should have been grieved
If your clerks had been careless, but now we can
strafe."

With true Guide-like fervour—the Post Office Staff!"

Wasn't that jolly?



HER FIRST CAMP.

The morning dawns, our hearts beat fast,
We're marching down the lane,
We're really off to camp at last—
(I'm *sure* it's going to rain.)

Adventurer's spirit fills each breast,
Columbus ne'er was bolder—
(This haversack drags on my chest
Just ease it on the shoulder).

Our eyes are bright, our heads are high,
Each heart is full of hope,
We're ready all to do or die—
(Has some one brought some soap?)

The camping ground's at last in sight,
Each ear the order catches
To pitch the tents, the fires to light—
(Did you forget the matches?)

Oh, life in camp's the life for me
Would it could last for weeks.
I'm going to have a splendid tea—
(My billycan! *It leaks!* !)

H. M. O.



gions of the cool, fresh morning when we ought to have been striding along.

Let me tell you of what we consisted. There was a Cadet, who in her saner moments acted as my lieutenant, but who was generally just a wildly excited kid, with a shock of brown hair that tumbled into her eyes like a poodle. Then there was a Captain without a company, who leaped into her uniform when she sniffed the first whiff of the fire we lit to celebrate the day we decided to go a-camping. And finally there were five little Guides, a Patrol Leader and myself.

Those days were simply wonderful. Looking back I suppose we cooked and ate and washed up. I know we worked at signalling and did great tracks after strange spores. But what I remember best are long, rather silent walks through fields where giant daisies nodded among feathery grasses and sorrel, and myriads of buttercups laid their pollen as a golden offering at our feet. Sometimes we walked steadily for miles and then suddenly the Guides would run madly down a hill and tumble over and over until they fell in a heap at the bottom. Sometimes we pulled off our shoes and stockings and paddled in some brown, pebbly stream, and often we sang at the tops of our voices—quite different songs—but it didn't seem to matter.

We had only one real excitement. In the afternoon of our last day in the valley we were sitting round drowsily after dinner, when Ethel, the youngest Guide, suddenly came tumbling over a gate and fell plop in the midst of us. After much puffing and blowing she explained that she had been chased by a bull. Now when I was very small I was chased by a bull myself, and it was owing only to my extreme littleness which allowed of my bolting through a hedge, like a rabbit, that I got away. I remember that for months after, my chief joy was to stand on the railing and wave my scarlet tammy, hurling insults at the bull the while. It gave me untold pleasure and the bull never seemed to mind. Bearing all this in mind I was very kind and sympathetic to Ethel, and asked her to take me to see this

raging monster. She led me to a gate and we stood and looked across the field where a dozen or so sleepy, cud-chewing cows stood half hidden in the grass. "Where's the bull, Ethel?" I asked. "There, Captain," she said. The dreamiest and most cow-like of all the cows stopped chewing for one second, turned her head and slowly winked at me. Then she returned to her afternoon's occupation, and I led a contemplative Ethel back to the camp.

Since the glorious morning when we had started out it had been perfectly fine. (This is quite true, I am not making it up.) Now, as my left hand clasped the Camp Commandant's it began to rain. It rained gently and politely for a few hours, then it became ruder, and during the night it lost all sense of manner and streamed in a silly, unrestrained way.

We were very bright. "How nice!" we said. "This is just what we want to lay the dust, everything will be so fresh for the Rally."

In the middle of the night I was awakened by a torrent on my face. I sang a few bars of God Save the King—brightly—and moving with my head the other way I lay curled up and watched the water-spout falling on to the hay at my feet. I smiled at it as a true Guide should. It gave me back a watery smile. This continued all the next day and we went on preparing for the Rally. There was no question of there being any dust, the only doubt was whether there would be any land.

"We can have a swimming competition," said a cheery soul, "and dive for pennies to amuse the Commissioners."

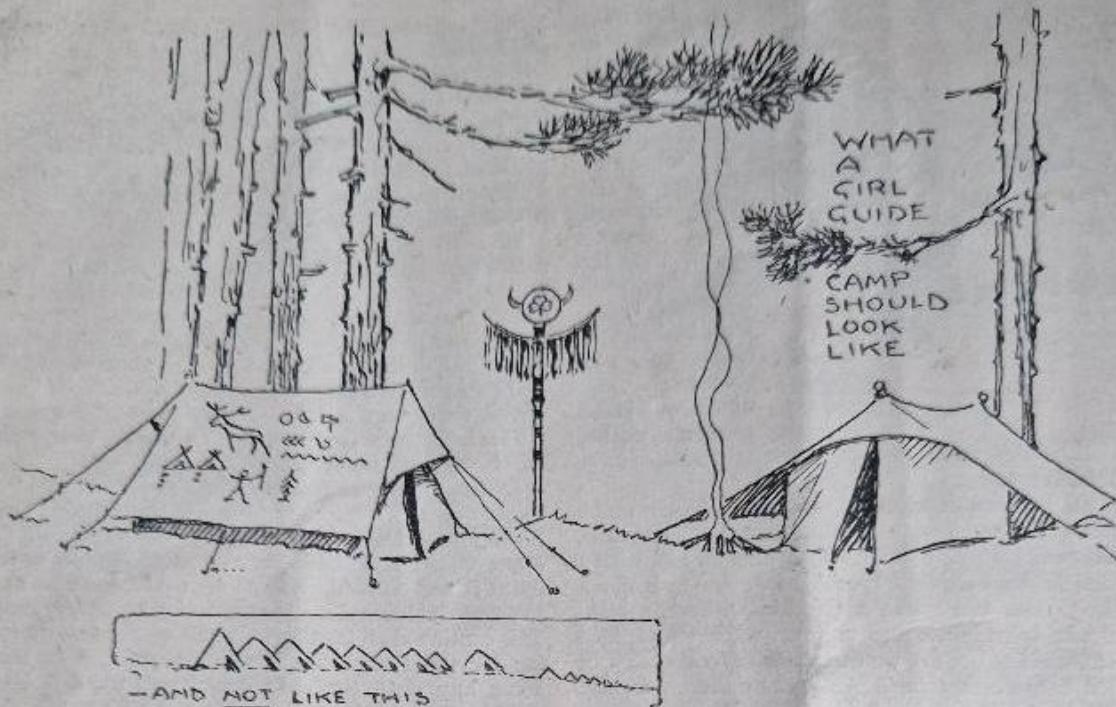
"A Guide takes no money for giving pleasure to others, so you would have to give all the coppers back," said a Cadet sadly.

The bit of bun she was eating had been washed away before it reached her mouth, so we excused her temporary lapse from the Guide spirit.

The day of the Rally arrived. To celebrate the event the rain came down just a little faster than before. We held a Council and decided that our only competition should be to see who could pack quickest and get to the station first. At the foot of the hill we nearly ran into a carriage, and inside, drenched to the skin, sat our splendid Camp Commandant, who had cheerfully sallied forth to see if there was anything left of us to inspect. Our hands were too full to salute, but I remember I waved a biscuit tin at her as she passed. Then we wended our way to the station and so home.

Have I made this sound gloomy? Because there wasn't a dismal second . . . I can only end by saying what scores of Guides have said before, and will say again and again until the world ends. There is something about the glow and smell of a camp fire and the sense of freedom and comradeship which stands when other things lose their values, and which makes a Guide camp one of the most joyous things on earth.

L. H.



"White Fox" to the Girl Guides on Camping.

THE Editor of THE GAZETTE has asked me to write an article for the "Camping" Number.

If, in the course of this article, I may find it necessary to criticise the Girl Guide Movement you will, I know, take it all in good part. I don't intend to tell you "how wonderful you are" (although, of course, I know you *are*!) or what a remarkably successful movement you have become. No "patting on the back," no "treacle," no "honey." So here goes:—

1. Can girls camp? Answer: Yes.

"Ah, but the time has not come yet when girls can go to camp . . ." is all sheer nonsense.

2. Do Guides camp? Answer: Sometimes.

But not really "camp" you know. An old disused cottage, a barn, lodgings by the sea-side—that is not "camping." *Any* girl could do that—Guide or not.

Get a tent—No! nor a bell tent; I said, get a "tent." No camper wants a "bell."

Now tell me—How many Girl Guide Companies have *made their own tents*? I await your reply on this point. I don't know. But here is a practical (and mind you, the Girl Guides are practical)—a practical piece of work to do. I wouldn't mind guessing that very few Guide "tribes" (Companies, I mean—sorry!) *have made their own tents*—or even thought of doing so. There's one *practical* thing they don't do.

But—why is it so important to go to camp? Why

all this fuss about getting out-of-doors? If you'll take the trouble to go and see our great tuberculosis hospitals and sanatoria; to go down the slums (it would be an eye-opener) and to study the figures of infant mortality, and the Reports of the Baby Week Council—you'd know at once *why* you ought to camp.

Most people seem afraid to remind you that you all hope to be healthy, happy mothers of the next generation. I do tell you that.

If you want perfect health you must camp.
 "Who hath smelt wood smoke by twilight?
 Who hath heard the birch log burning?
 Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
 Let her follow with the others,
 For the Girl Guides feet are turning
 To the camps of proved desire and known delight."
 In order to camp you should:—
 1. Find a good camp site.
 2. Make your own tent.
 3. Not be afraid. (There is nothing to fear.)
 For full information on these points you should get:
 "Lonecraft," 1s. 6d. (Constable & Co.)
 "Tribal Training," 3s. 6d. (Pearson, Limited.)
 "Camp Fire Training for Girls," 3s. 6d. (Pearson, Limited.)

This last has a foreword by your Chief Guide, so you need have no fear in carrying out all the camping and woodcraft suggested therein.

As for the joys of camping out—"There's night and day, sun, moon and stars—likewise the wind on the heath"

Once you've been to a real camp (not a military type, bell-tents in rows, imitation camp), you will never again want to march about the streets on parade. If you want to imitate anyone, imitate the wife of the bush-settler, the wife of the pioneer and the backwoodsman; the girl who can ride and shoot and swim and pitch her own tent and find her way across the veldt by the stars.

Do you imagine the Colonial settler's wife drills or parades or marches in fours? Not a bit of it. She *camped*!

Why don't the Girl Guides camp like girl backwoods-women? Why not?

Tell me.

Good Hunting!

"WHITE FOX."

If you have never been to camp you have missed one of the best and Guidest things that ever existed, and whatever happens don't miss it again this year.

Captains now have to hold the Campers' Badge before taking their company to camp, that is, if they have never camped with their Guides before, and I strongly advise a training camp or even a trial trip on your own first. Camping isn't exactly like the life of the "Swiss Family Robinson," where everything always turned up directly it was wanted. So start now, if you have not started before—planning, making things, saving and training, so as to be ready when the time comes to start.

I very much want to get the numbers of companies who manage to camp this year, so will Captains send me a postcard with the name of their company and the number of Guides who went and the sort of camp they

had, on it. Also, will all Captains be very careful to keep the Headquarters rules about getting their Commissioner's permission before camping, and also letting the Commissioner in whose area they are going to camp know, also about the bathing picket, as I have known these rules get forgotten sometimes.

Also, another important thing to remember is that in many cases you will be going as heralds of Guiding, and in all cases you are responsible for the good name of the movement; a bad camp leaves a smirch behind it and takes a lot of living down. Do good turns wherever possible to the people amongst whom you pitch your camp. Aim to leave nothing behind you

but goodwill, your thanks and a clean camping ground, as the Chief says.

There are sure to be camps of many species held this summer, Company camps (which are ideal), District and Division camps for Patrol leaders and for Guiders, camps in houses, barns, boats and tents.

Whichever comes your way I wish you the best of luck, and don't forget there is only one thing to worry about—that is—getting left behind.

"So let us laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by.
Laugh and battle and work and drink of the wine
outpoured.
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the
Lord."



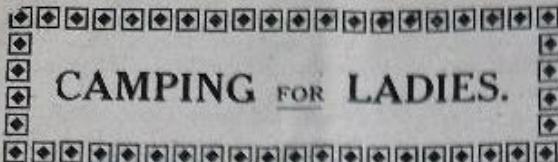
White Fox's Camp.

CAMPS.

(By MRS. STRODE, Director of Training.)

"Be prepared to find adventures every day.
Be prepared for all the chances of the day."

AND be prepared for the jolliest time you have ever had, and whoever you are—Guide, Leader or Guider, —see that you get to Camp this year! If you are an old hand you have already begun to plan and scheme. You have started overhauling your kit and planning your site, and started (that is if you ever stopped) talking over all last year's adventures. Almost you can feel the wind and smell the smoke of the camp fire, and back it all comes with a rush . . . "Do you remember, Captain, the day the Poppies . . . and do you remember when . . . " and the spirit of camping has you all in his grip again.



By ALEXANDER PAPPS
(Hon. Editor, "Camping").

I WILL endeavour, in thought, so far as a man can do so, to "change over" and mentally place myself in the position of the lady, whether she be young or middle-aged does not greatly matter, who is either almost a novice at the pastime of camping or whose experience has been more or less limited.

So far as large camps are concerned I am afraid I cannot pose as an authority, as all my camping has been confined to week-ends, alone or with a small party, holiday tours and official gatherings of the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Such information as I can impart on these aspects of the pastime I will gladly do and answer any inquiries that may be addressed to me through your Editor.

It was at the 1902 Whitsuntide camp of the Association of Cycle Campers—now merged in the Camping Club—that the first lady member of the A.C.C. arrived with her husband. As a matter of fact no arrangements had been made for the reception of ladies, but the lady having arrived she was, of course, cordially welcomed, and so useful did she prove herself—she was an expert cook and did wonders with the little spirit stove (the paraffin air-pressure stove had then scarcely made its appearance), and so greatly did she add to the cheerfulness of the little party which, in those early days, constituted almost the entire membership of the A.C.C., that, on striking camp, it was voted that in future no camp would be considered complete without the presence of ladies. And that is how the lady cycle-camper secured recognition.

To this lady—I really must give her name, Mrs. Fred. Horsfield—belongs the credit of making the water-bucket and wash-basin now in general use, not alone by members of the Camping Club, but by thousands of others in all parts of the world. Indeed, the inventions and adaptations evolved by women during many years of practical camping under all conditions of weather, form no inconsiderable part of the whole light equipment which we to-day possess.

Adaptability is the outstanding feature of the modern light kit. Eliminating everything but absolute essentials, the weight of the single pedestrian outfit has been brought as low as 7 lb. 2 oz., and a comparatively generous kit can be carried by a party of two or three ladies or a man and his wife.

Even for fixed and family camping the light tent, such as the "Cottage," with fly-sheet, or the various types evolved from it, are perfectly reliable, and the heavy, cumbersome equipment so generally used for fixed camping is quite unnecessary. I have known a

"Cottage" to remain up for six months and be perfectly sound and weather-proof at the end of that period.

To the large majority of my readers I have no doubt it will be unnecessary to advise as to the choice of a site, but, speaking generally, it should catch the early sun: be upon slightly-rising ground, if possible; near the corner of the field, thus getting greater protection from variable winds; and never immediately under trees. Drinking-water should be fairly handy, and a farm or cottage at no great distance for the morning milk and eggs, with a town or village within two or three miles at the most for general stores.

If the holiday be a cycle-camping tour, provisions, especially bread, should be purchased as near as possible to the proposed site for that night, and it is advisable to enquire, as one travels along, as to the hours of closing; neglect of this precaution has found many a party with an empty larder at the journey's end. At any rate, it is wise to be independent of outside supplies to the extent of, at least, one decent meal in camp.

It must be remembered that the ground in the early weeks of the season is cold and as much protection will be required *under* as *over* the camper; nothing is more distressing than to be kept awake by the cold striking up from the earth. When the tent has been erected the ground-sheet should be taken to the barn or shed for the hay or straw—the latter for preference—that is required for bedding, and should be returned in the same manner; then loose wisps will not be scattered over the field. Some camps make a bag of some light material to hold the straw, and it certainly keeps the interior of the tent tidier.

In the summer, with fairly long grass, bedding can often be dispensed with or replaced by a piece of felt reaching from the shoulders to about the knees; however, during a dry season, although the ground may not be cold it is often uncommonly hard.

Whilst the "Primus" and other paraffin stoves are very handy, quick and reliable for cooking, it may be desired to have a camp fire. First of all, the site-owner's permission should be obtained, and then a turf carefully removed and replaced when camp is struck. However, for touring it is really far better to rely upon your stove, and I feel that this advice will apply with ever-increasing force as the pastime grows in favour and practice. We have but to consider the thousands who will be camping all over the country this year to realise, if fires were generally used, the danger to heath and wood that would arise in a great many instances through ignorance, carelessness or pure accident. It would be better to sacrifice some of the picturesqueness and romance of camping than to bring upon campers generally the hostility of owners; this would be absolutely fatal to the pastime. The thing is perfectly possible and reasonable at a fixed camp or a regularly-visited site. After all there is really nothing particularly attractive about a daylight fire; the charm and romance and mystery come at dusk; then the delight of the camp fire, with its touch of the true spirit of camping, cannot be denied.

The whole question of the correct use of camp-sites is an important and a difficult one; but this is imperative, that nothing should be done to cause damage or annoyance; we should be welcome guests, secure of a future greeting.

Campers differ in the amount of night clothing required and this can be arrived at only by practical experience, but it is advisable always to take something extra, light and warm, in case of a cold snap. Children need this and a change too, as they so frequently get overheated, and also get wet when playing near ponds and streams; water has always a fascination for them.

A down quilt, sewn up on three sides into a bag, or, better still, secured in this way by push-buttons, makes an ideal sleeping-bag.

A little hip-pillow to allow of reclining comfortably on the side is a good thing to carry; like many, I cannot sleep on my back without being plagued by the most appalling dreams. A small down pillow or a pillow-case filled with hay, and so arranged on a folded coat or other garment that it comfortably takes the weight of the head and fills in the cavity of the neck, will give one all the comfort of the household bolster and pillow. Whatever may happen during the day a good night's rest is indispensable to the proper enjoyment of camping, and it can be secured by attention to little details.

Extra shoes should be carried so that wet ones may be cleaned of mud and given a chance to dry before being required for the next day's use. Let me say at once that waterproofed tents are neither necessary nor desirable.

A strip of lawn or stiff muslin, stitched up into pockets, will take the various toilet articles and give all the convenience of the home dressing-table.

With care fire need never be a danger in camp; such mishaps as have occurred have nearly always been caused by the stove wind-screen or the flap of the tent door being blown against the stove; it is always safer to put out the light and extinguish the stove when leaving the tent unattended.

The question of transport depends upon the number and condition of the party. For the beginner, with a family, the fixed camp will probably be favoured as a start-off, and if the site be handy to a station the whole kit can be taken by rail. Quite a number of members of my Club use light rubber-tyred hand-carts; one does, or did, employ two Shetland ponies to convey the luggage and his boys. With the cycle, good, strong, firm carriers will be required, and the luggage should be distributed on these as regards weight, fairly evenly between the front and rear.

The most original method of reaching a camp-site—an official gathering—was adopted by a member who brought his wife and six-weeks old baby in a "growler," but such a shout of laughter greeted them as the vehicle turned into the field that he decided that, for the future, cab-camping was "off."

OUR CAMP ALPHABET.

A were the Appetites gained by the sea;
And the Arm Aches that came cutting bread for our tea.

B were the Belts and the badges both Bright
For inspection. Inspectors have awful sharp sight.

C were the Cooks. How they worried at one
If potatoes weren't cooked and the meat wasn't done.

D were the Dances. You must understand
That combs make the very best possible band.

E our Endeavour to swim, which was grand;
Though some of us swam with a toe on the sand.

F is our Flag to which homage we pay,

So we hoist and salute it with honour each day.

G the Guide Games. Each Patrol did its best
To play up to its Leader and beat all the rest.

H was the Horrible Hooting we heard,
When Patrols tried to copy a wretched night-bird.

I the Inspection of rooms. How we tried
To plan new designs and our rubbish to hide.

J was the Jam which we brought with such care.
There was plenty for us though the wasps had their share.

K was our Kitchen of mud and of tin.

It did capital work—when the fire did stay in.

L were the Lanyards that would not keep white,
Though we rubbed and we scrubbed them with vigour
each night.

M were the Mattresses laid on the floor,
From which every evening came snore upon snore.

N were the Notes which the track-layers hide.
If you find the whole lot you feel bursting with pride

O were the Orderlies, weary and sore
From washing up dishes and sweeping the floor.

P were the Pictures we drew on the shore.
And the Picnics and Paddling and heaps of things
more.

Q was the Quiet 'twixt dinner and three,
When we lay with our books in the shade of a tree.

R was the Rope with which some of us tied
The seven knots needed for Second-class Guide.

S were the Scouts we invited to tea.
When we beat them at tracking we stifled our glee.

T the Trek-cart. It held luggage or Guides,
And kettles and tea-pots and milk-jugs besides.

U was the Urn which took ages to boil.
To leave it quite spotless cost hours of toil.

V were the Victims we used for First Aid.
To their moans and their groans no attention was paid.

W the Whistle that called us to rise.
When you hear it give short blasts you run if you're wise.

X the Xtremely Xciting Xpress,
Which from home to our camp made such rapid
progress.

Y were the Yells which we gave in our beds,
When someone put holly leaves under our heads.

Z is the Zeal which is certainly plain
To save money enough to go camping again.

GUIDES—BE PATRIOTIC!

SUPPORT THE SHOP.

YELLOW OILSKIN CAPES.

Very light weight.

Useful for bicycling. Will roll up very small. Can be used as individual ground-sheets, or three together will cover the floor of a tent.

JUST THE THING
FOR CAMPING!
and ONLY

12/6

Postage 6d.

WATERPROOF HOLDALLS.

2/6

Postage 3d.

GOVERNMENT LINEN.
54 inches wide, for tent making.
4/0 per yard.

KIT BAGS
of strong drill.

1/9

Postage 4d.



KNIFE, FORK and SPOON.

Combined in one case.

10/6

Postage 4d.

Cheaper quality,

2/0

Postage 4d.

KNIFE and FORK ONLY

1/3

Postage 2d.

HATS.
SOFT LINEN—for Camp.

3/6

STRAW!!!

Guides—Official Blue.

3/0

Postage 6d.

STRAW!!!

Officers—Official Blue.

5/0

Postage 6d.

BILLY-CANS.

2/0

Postage 4d.

WATER BOTTLES.

From **3/0**

LIFE LINES.

4/6

Postage 6d.

The Girl Guide Shop, 84, Victoria Street, LONDON, S.W. 1



CAMPS," said the English Editor, speaking very loud and clear.

"Did anybody say Rats?" asked Jock, waking up suddenly and cocking his ears—"Oh *Camps*! I beg your pardon, anyway, it is nearly as exciting. Only—" he went on wagging his wise old tail, "We are pretty new at Camps in Scotland, organised, elegant camps that one can write about I mean; I could tell you *some* stories, of course—!" He put his head on one side, and twinkled knowingly. "We have, however, just initiated a scheme for training Guides in camp-craft, which we hope will improve the efficiency of and facilitate camping this summer." He added this with renewed solemnity and an eye to its effects on the Editor, he thought she looked impressed, he hoped so, for he had cribbed this period straight from the Scottish D.C.C., so he continued, using the same source:—

A CAMP SITE.

- (a) Away from the road and out of sight.
- (b) Not hemmed in by trees or in a closed-in valley.
- (c) Protected from the westerly and south-westerly gales, open to the south.
- (d) Near a stream, if possible, for washing, and near good drinking water.
- (e) Avoid water meadows, spots where dried mud shows that the ground is very muddy in wet weather, spots where the reedy marsh grass grows or where the water will run down in heavy rain.
- (f) The ideal site will be a fairly level grassy spot on dry porous soil, half-way up a hill, perhaps.
- (g) Don't get right under trees for a permanent camp. It is wet and rain-droppy for so long after the rain has gone. Under trees is all right for a week-end.

N.B.—A good site is worth hunting for, and is worth going far afield to find. The site makes the camp.

[Reprinted by kind permission from "How to Run a Scout Camp," by John Lewis, published by J. Brown & Sons, Glasgow.]

"It is proposed to hold a conference camp under canvas at the end of May, to which two representative Guiders from each county will be sent. One of these will be nominated to supervise camping in her county during the summer, and will be able to pass Guiders in the Campers badge. She will also intimate to the Camp Director for Scotland the date and place of every camp held, so that they can be visited, if desired, and can be under direct supervision."

Jock stopped for breath and thumped his tail again, then as the Editor really seemed a little overpowered with his unexpected eloquence, he became more confidential. "You see, it is really very early for camping arrangements across the Border, and we are only learners, but that makes us all the more interested in this Camping Number, and we wish it all good luck"—and thump, thump, thump, went his tail.

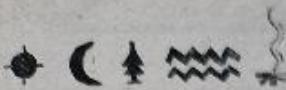
IN CAMP.

The tents are pitched the camp fires glow,
Our flag waves overhead,
The starry sky is our canopy,
The mossy turf our bed.
The hours fly by on golden wing,
And life is not the same,
The world is fair for we're free as air
While we're playing the great Guide Game.

We are far from town with its daily toil,
For our tasks are tasks we love
So we work and play through the live long day
Till the stars speak out above,
And we hear the voice of Nature's God
And we see His hand of flame
In the setting sun when the day is done
While we're playing the great Guide Game.

H. M. O.

NOTES FROM SWANWICK next month.
Special reports of the speeches at the
Conference.—Editor.



THE CALL OF THE CAMP.

By "MINOBI"
(GLADHEART).



(Head Chief of the Camp Fire Girls of Great Britain.)

"Away, away from men and towns,

To the wild woods and the downs."

"MINOBI, when are we going to camp? Whenever it is a fine day I long to be in camp."

"We are going in a few weeks' time, I am arranging to go to the same place as last summer."

"Good—I am glad.—How ripping."

"Minobi, do you remember sitting on that roller eating great chunks of bread, waiting for the tents to come on the donkey cart?"

"Yes, and having a drink at the village pump."

This is what happens as soon as there is a sign of Spring—they all feel it in the air, the Call of the Camp.

Together we talk over last year's experiences—we remember everything: the difficulty of pitching the tents in the strong wind, the first night when we bathed in the river by moonlight and stood under the waterfall, the feel of the soft grass under our bare feet, the labour of carrying the pails of water up the hill to our tents, the walk through the woods in the morning, the sight of a fox as he whisked passed us, the Council Fire in the larchwood at twilight, the sound of shunting trains at nighttime in the distance, the horrible moment when the soup upset—our Sunday dinner gone!—these and a hundred other things are vividly impressed on our memories—we shall not forget them. Once go to camp and nothing short of imprisonment can keep you from going again, there is something in it which is irresistible. There is Adventure and Romance, there is the joy of being absolutely free and independent, and, above all, there is the health it brings.

To those who are kept at work in a factory all the year round the relaxation of a few days in camp brings untold relief. To those who pass their days in stuffy drawing rooms it is a time when they really *live*.

And why is this camping loved by all who know the art?

Simply because it is a natural life, no longer can you rely upon other people, there is no one to call you in the morning and bring you hot water, there is no one to get breakfast for you, the postman does not call, you have to get up and fend for yourself, and in your heart of hearts you know it is much better for you.

The Call of the Camp comes when the world seems bursting with life, the trees are beginning to shoot, the sky is bright blue with great white clouds rolling across it, the birds are singing their love songs, it is

Spring—the time of Youth, and it is to Youth that the Call of the Camp comes.

The wind wants you to play with him, the moon and the stars will watch over you while you sleep—you are surely not afraid!

The earth will be your bed, the trees your friends, the river is your bath and the water is *always* ready.

Get out and *live*, face life as primitive man faced it, to Nature you owe your very existence and you *try* to deny that she matters at all; but, take heed, she is merciless, with one cut of her sword she can strike you down in your "fogginess," she will come and root you out with disease, and then you will have to get out into the open air. You will have to go to one of those nice sanatoria where you lie in the sun all day. Surely it is better not to *wait*, the old motto "Wait and See" has shown itself to be disastrous, the remedy is—answer the Call of the Camp. Do it voluntarily or else you will be taken as a conscript in the ranks of disease.

Pitch the tents, light the fires and get to work.

Come to Camp! Come to Camp! Come to Camp! The Camps are waiting for the girls of England. Come to Camp! Come to Camp!

HOW TO CAMP ON 8s. PER HEAD PER WEEK.

By D. C. MOORE.

To those Guiders who may be harassed and uninitiated into the mysteries of catering and yet who have taken the plunge and intend to take their companies to camp, this plain statement of affairs is dedicated with the best of good wishes.

"COOKIE."

This article is written on the assumption that those who are to benefit are inexperienced and it, therefore, enters into exact and minute details likely to be dull to the average reader.

We have 24 Guides going to camp and realising that success depends largely on the food, we are desirous of feeding them as well as possible, with due consideration to: (1) Economy, and (2) Food Value.

(1) **Economy.**—The Menus and Account of Expenditure which follow are based on the lowest standard by which 24 guides are fed thoroughly adequately, but simply, at an approximate cost of 8s. per head. This provides for porridge, bread, margarine and jam or potted meat for breakfast and a plain tea, but all unrationed. If, however, the Quartermaster feels justified in the expenditure of an extra 2s. per head, per week, bacon or eggs or kippers for breakfast and cake or buns for tea every day may be allowed.

(2) **Food Value.**—In camp, the Guides work hard and play hard and expend much energy—it is, therefore, necessary to see that they have plenty of nourishment. (The hotter the weather, the more the energy expended.)

Do not pin your faith on tinned food. Its food value is very small in proportion to its cost and bulk.

One good meal should be provided daily; also one solid pudding for dinner, unless the weather is *too* hot.

Commandants are inclined to grouse at time taken up in the preparation of food, but if the children are to derive the maximum amount of good from their time in camp, they must have real, proper meals and not just a succession of picnic makeshifts.

A perfectly invaluable *Hay Box* for the cooking of porridge, rice, macaroni, curry, &c., may be made as follows:—Take the dixie that you intend using for the purpose and dig a hole in the ground near the "kitchen." Hole to be about 6 inches wider and deeper than dixie. Line hole with hay or straw and put in dixie *boiling hot*, fill every crevice tightly with hay and cover tightly with cushion filled with hay.

In following list of expenditure, just under half pint milk per head is allowed.

Bread should never be served new.

Buy largest kippers and divide in two.

Buy medium herrings, four or five to pound.

MENU FOR ONE WEEK.

Breakfast—

Monday to Sunday: Porridge, bread, margarine, jam or potted meat, tea.

Dinner—

Monday: Irish stew, treacle pudding.

Tuesday: Lentil curry, potatoes, date pudding.

Wednesday: Sausages, potatoes, greens, apple pudding.

Thursday: Steak and kidney pudding, potatoes and greens, boiled rice and treacle.

Friday: Herrings, potatoes, raisin pudding.

Saturday: Braised beef and vegetables, jam pudding.

Sunday: Cold bully beef, potatoes, currant pudding.

Tea—

Monday to Sunday: Bread, margarine, jam, tea.

Supper—

Monday: Macaroni cheese, cocoa.

Tuesday: Bread and milk.

Wednesday: Thick vegetable soup.

Thursday: Savoury rice, cocoa.

Friday: Thick soup.

Saturday: Kedgeree, cocoa.

Sunday: Sardine paste, salad, fruit.

CAMP RECIPES FOR 24 PEOPLE.

Macaroni Cheese or Savoury Rice the same.

Boil 2 lbs. macaroni gently until tender, pour off any superfluous water (keep for stock), add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheese, salt, pepper, stir in well and serve.

Thick Vegetable Soup.

Put a lump of fat in dixie, slice two or three onions and fry lightly, cut up about 2 lbs. various vegetables and add, also a cup of rice or lentils or oatmeal, add four quarts of water and simmer until tender. Add about one quart of milk and thicken, if desired, with flour. Stir in chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Any stock or cold meat or vegetables may be chopped and added.

WEEKLY EXPENDITURE FOR 24 CAMPERS.

		£	s.	d.
4 lbs. beef steak at 1s. 8d.	...	0	6	8
4 lbs. "skirt" (beef) at 1s. 6d.	...	0	6	0
5 lbs. scrap end of mutton at 1s. 2d.	...	0	6	0
Bully beef	...	0	5	0
1 lb. cod or hake for kedgeree	...	0	1	6
5 lbs. herrings at 7d.	...	0	2	11
20 lbs. margarine at 1s.	...	1	0	0
70 quarts milk at 10d.	...	2	18	3
4 lbs. cheese at 1s. 8d.	...	0	6	8
56 loaves at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. (eight per day)	...	1	2	3
20 lbs. flour	...	0	4	6
28 lbs. oatmeal or Quaker Oats	...	0	8	6
6 lbs. rice at 4d.	...	0	2	4
2 lbs. lentils at 7d.	...	0	1	2
2 lbs. macaroni	...	0	1	10
$\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. potatoes	...	0	5	0
Vegetables and salad	...	0	8	0
8 lbs. jam or marmalade	...	0	8	0
8 lbs. treacle	...	0	6	8
Dried fruit	...	0	2	6
Fresh fruit	...	0	4	0
8 lbs. sugar	...	0	6	0
Tea and cocoa	...	0	7	6
Sardine paste and potted meat	...	0	6	0

Approximate 8s. per head ... £10 7 3

Supplementary—

Cakes and buns	...	0	14	0
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. bacon (two days)	...	0	6	0
2 doz. cook's eggs (2 days)	...	0	5	0
6 lbs. kippers (2 days)	...	0	5	6
Fish for cakes (1 day)	...	0	1	0

Approximate 10s. per head ... £11 18 9

Lentil Curry.

Fry about 3 lbs. of chopped vegetables (onions, carrots, turnips, marrow, &c.) in a little fat in dixie, when rather brown add one quart water, 2 lbs. lentils, one cup currants, stir well and simmer half an hour. Add curry powder, salt, pepper. Serve with boiled rice, if convenient.

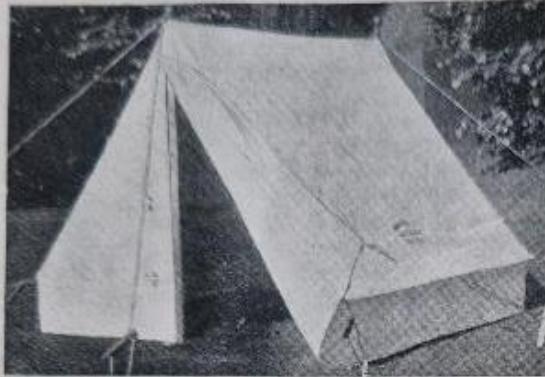
Raisin or Date or Currant or Fig Pudding.

Rub 1 lb. margarine into 3 lbs. flour. Add 1 lb. fruit. Mix into a stiff dough with water or milk and water. Grease basins and distribute mixture evenly. Boil (being careful that water doesn't get into basin), 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Apple or Treacle Pudding.

Rub 1 lb. margarine into 3 lbs. flour. Mix with water and roll out. Line basins with paste, fill with sliced apples (or a mixture of treacle and breadcrumbs). Cover with more paste and proceed as before.

Everything for the Girl Guide.



Dunhills'
Improved Tents
with Jointed Poles

Made from
White Tent Duck.

Improved shape,
with a 12-in. walling
on each side, which
will be found a great
advantage in wet
weather, as the rain is
thrown off well away
from the walling. The
tent is sufficiently venti-
lated, exceedingly smart
in appearance, easily
erected, and is greatly
liked by all Scoutmasters.

Full size, 4 ft. 9 in. high, 6 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, complete with
poles, ornaments, guy lines, pegs, mallet, &c. £3 8 0

In same canvas as above, 7 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, 5 ft. 9 in. high, with
2 ft. walls, complete with poles, ornaments and guy lines, pegs
and mallet £4 0 0

Carriage 3/- Bags for same, 1/6 each. 7 ft. jointed ridge pole, 4/6 each.

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Black duck waterproof, 6 ft. by 3 ft. 6/6
" 7 ft. by 6 ft.,
very stout 14/6

Carriage 9d.

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Customers can rely upon receiving every
attention and complete satisfaction.

Ground sheets	... 3/6 4/6 5/6 and 7/6
Blankets	... 9/9 and 12/6
Pillow cases	... 1/-, 1/3 and 2/-
Tent lamps	... 2/3 and 5/6
Tent pegs	... 1/6 and 2/- per doz.
Tent line	... 2/6 per lb.

All Carriage forward.

Dunhills' Knife Sheath.

Dark Brown Leather, to hold
Knife, fitted with belt loop. 4 1/2 in.
deep.

10d. Postage 2d.



Write for the 1920 Catalogue, enclosing 1d. stamp or postage.

Dunhills

Limited

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King's Cross, London, N.W. 1.

GIPSYING IN THE NEW FOREST

(A MEDLEY.)

By H. G. DALTON.

THE New Forest is a fairyland where it is important to wear thick and strong boots. If it were not so it would be overrun by ordinary mortals and the fairies would forsake it. But, thank heaven! the Forest is noted as being a very wet and boggy place. Privately, I may tell you, that it is not necessary to get wet-foot, but the public think it is. So there we are A glorious wild solitude open for campers, wild ponies, pigs, deer, foxes and fairies.

For camping there only a moderate hardihood is required. You must not think too much of the hardness of the ground you sleep on—where the ground is not hard it is wet. Now, if you are a trouble to yourself elsewhere you will still be a trouble to yourself in the Forest fairyland; but if you love the wild, the solitudes and the play of sunshine in the woods you will go to the New Forest soon, and go again and again. Oh! to see the antlered stags stalking through the pines and the great oaks with arms flung aloft and the rich brown streams wandering in the loneliness of the woods and the fairies just when they have gone and when they are just about to come. I know an enchanted oak where within one short quarter hour three separate strange accidents occurred to the three members of our party—such strange accidents that you would not believe the facts—and yet they are facts.

Bicycle through the Forest and you will say, "Oh! it's a forest of some size!" But campin it sitting round the fire in the evening with the red glow on the great beech boles and you will not say, "Oh! yes, a big forest"; you will say, "Oh! a place of romance! What a lovely, lonely place!" (That is, if you like lonely places.)

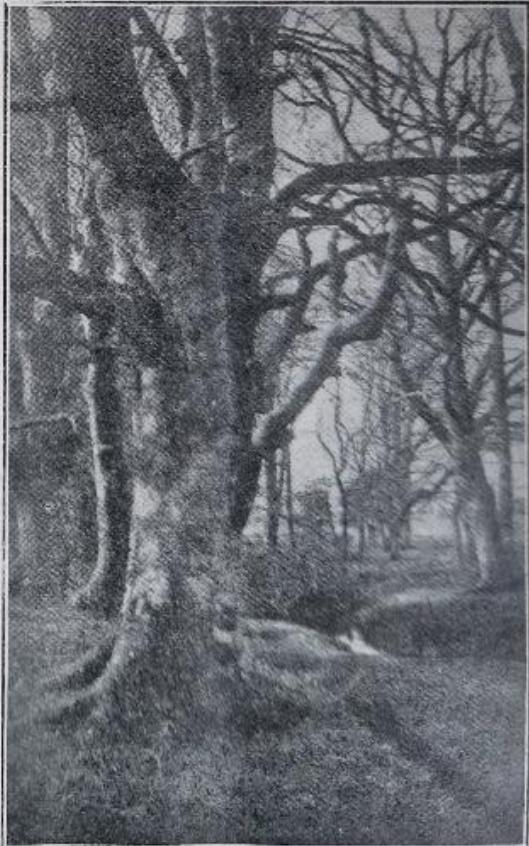
Well! How to do it! Let me tell you how we lived the wild life in that forest from time to time.

My first camp was on Guy Fawkes' day about ten years ago—a dull November evening. A figure with rucksac containing tent-baggage, rugs and stores of food entering the forest darkness, the clashing of trees in the wind overhead—"Where shall I lay my ground-sheet?" "Ah! behind that thicket, it seems dry!" A few minutes and I am warmly wrapped up; the night turns fine and through the bare branches the stars begin to peep. Now a little animal dashes across the forest floor (what is it—a weasel?), and just as I am dropping asleep a great drove of black pigs comes pattering along the forest and passes close to me just behind the thicket. "November!" you say, "what a strange time of year to camp!" "Well! why not, if you can

keep warm?" Long nights there were, of course, but often followed by glorious sunrises glowing through the beech woods in the morning. And one morning I awokened to find two lovely red deer standing just six yards away from my tent door (it had been a threatening evening and so I had put up the little tent).

The next time I went in August; it was a wet time and the Highland Water was in spate. That time the pigs broke into our "cache" of stores and ate half a pound of tea and some bacon (the cannibals!). I mention this accident as a warning!

The next time it was September—a glorious September—with the heather on the moors all in bloom. That third time was the best of adventures. It was about 5 o'clock on a beautiful afternoon that the Ancient Briton (that's me!) and Goldred (my wife), with tent equipment, down quilts and provisions for about two days, left Brockenhurst—much stared at of course they were—with rucksacs on their backs. What a lot of food two people do eat in two days! Half an hour—one short half-hour—and they had crossed the open space beyond Brockenhurst and passed into fairy-



" . . . The Rich Brown Streams Wandering in the Loneliness of the Woods "

land. Just beyond the little wooden bridge over Highland Water a great half-ruined oak thrust out arms to welcome them to Boldrewood. Beeches stood with worlds of foliage reaching to the skies and with gnarled roots exploring the bare earth beneath. The bundles had grown heavier and the thought of tea was very inviting. Two minutes more and the rucksacs were flung down, a light chain was hung from a thorn bush and the Ancient Briton was lighting the paper under a few thin sticks which he had gathered as he came along and Goldred was making a little heap of larger timber for the growing flame. A stick had been thrust sloping-wise into the ground, very small twigs were laid across it with bigger sticks above. So the flame quickly spread from little twigs till there was quite a leaping flame, the black pot swinging in the midst of it. Then Goldred cut the bread and butter (er—marg.), and there was a nice cake lying on the smooth grass waiting to be devoured. Every now and then there was a rush of wings and a thrush or a blackbird hurried past the red fire under the hawthorn bough. Just a yard from the fire was a wide, brown stream—far too wide to leap across—this was Highland Water. (If you look at the map of the forest you will find this is the chief stream; it rises on the great plateau in the higher part of the forest, and as a first exercise in forest exploration it is interesting to follow its twisting course right up to the source). Well, tea over and a little stroll in the moonlight and it was time to lay the camp bed. The sky was clear, the air crisp and fresh. "It will keep fine," said the Ancient Briton. The waterproof sheet was spread on the ground, pillows were formed of coats over boots laid on their sides, the tent was spread out on the ground-sheets, and then the two wanderers wrapped the down quilts round them and watched the fire dying down and the moon swinging out into the open spaces of the sky. What a place of enchantment! In the quieter parts of the night one might, perhaps, have seen the fairies dancing over the green sward with shrill cries of delight—if one had only wakened the right moment.

Breakfast in the forest! How the sun sparkles on the dewy grass and on the brown Highland Water, and how fresh seem the great trees after their night's rest! On the thorn bush there is perched a robin red-breast chirping cheerily as the wanderers gather sticks for their fire, and other birds are singing in the thickets. A fire in the woodlands—how it gives the place beauty and joy! Two or three shaggy ponies had to be driven off—they could not understand the camp fire. It was coolish and the campers had plaids flung round them as they sat at their meal.

Before the day grew hot we had started for our day's move—humping it with baggage on back. A spell of moving in the morning or in the cool evening is almost a pleasure—carrying loads is never in itself a joy, I must confess—(light camp equipment and not much food in stock—those are the chief things to watch as to weights).

We pass out of the delicious lawns of Boldrewood and a wide, brackened space opens before us. This soon turns swampy and we have to twine in and out of thickets to get along. If you look at the map you will find that the forest is marked by large enclosures and by irregular spaces flowing, as it were, around them. ("Flowing" is quite the word in wet seasons.) The enclosures are mostly pine forest with some oak plantations, and I must warn you on no account to light fires in these enclosures. The forest authorities (it is a Royal forest) will not interfere with campers who keep to the open wilds and use care in making fires, so long as they move on each day. But if you wish to camp in one place for some time you are supposed to obtain permission by writing to the Superintendent of the Forest at Lyndhurst. The most workable idea is to move on each morning until you find a nice place for an evening camp, and, after lunch, to hide the baggage in some thicket away from the chance of pigs or ponies, and then go off with camp pots and provisions to some part of the woods which curiosity bids you explore. One has to be careful in hiding things—first, that one can find them again and second, that no one else can. Once I remember hiding the baggage on a stretch of gorse and bracken; when I came back in the dusk everything looked different. It grew dark, and still the baggage was not found. It was found only a few steps away eventually, but we had almost given up the search. Holly copses and furze patches are the best hiding places.

On the excursion of which I am writing we had reached a place called Wood Crates. There was a beech wood, abundance of timber, and Highland Water not far off. Two large pines marked the place. We had rested and lunched, the baggage was hidden and there were no vagabonds near watching us. We were off for Minstead's quaint church, and followed the slopes of Pilmore Gate Heath. From that ridge there is one of the finest views in the forest. Spreading bog spaces are backed by pine woods, and in the hollows lie great beech and oak forests. After Minstead we returned by Stony Cross and took a compass for our camp. At dusk we came out close to our sentinel pines. (You never know quite where you are coming out in the forest—that is part of the adventure.) So our camp was unburied and, as the night was doubtful, the tent was set up. A fine camp fire was made, and what can equal the joy of sitting round a glorious fire in the woods at evening? The day's travelling done, how loth we were to turn into our quilts. A disturbed bird flapped its wings in the beech tree tops, the red glow of the fire travelled down the aisles of grey trunks . . . and round the corner of the great oak tree one could well believe the fairies were hunched behind each other, peeping with quaint eyes at the Ancient Briton and Goldred lying there out in the woods after supper.

That same holiday saw us sleeping out high up on the heather slopes of the plateau and also down near Splash Bridge on Dockens Water—most remote of



New Forest Ponies.

valleys—when in the early morning a beautiful red fawn stayed near our feet and looked down on us lying under the down quilts as we peered at her through our eyelashes—one moment and she had fled like an arrow to Sloden Woods. And once we saw a red squirrel washing himself in the sun on the grey fence of a pine enclosure. Long he sat, as we watched, and then in a flash was up the nearest tree.

Provisioning in the forest is not difficult. Brockenhurst, Lyndhurst and Emery Down all have shops for bread, eggs, cheese, tinned things, onions, &c. Swiss milk is the most convenient "milky way." Cottagers will sell apples and eggs. Any extra luxuries can be sent by parcel post from town to some post office on the day's round. As to clothing, don't take heavy mackintoshes—a cycle cape is enough—but remember!—good boots!

The best station to start from is Brockenhurst, and the best to finish at, too. The best parts of the forest perhaps, are Mark Ash, Boldrewood, foot of Dockens Water, Pilmore Gate Heath and Berry Beeches.

One year it was spring when we explored the forest—the may bushes were in bloom and the wild hyacinths carpeted the oak copes of Sloden. Another time it was late October, and what rich colours the woods showed when the sunlight suddenly flooded them. That time the Ancient Briton slept alone at night in the woods. One night he would sleep in a snug copse of oak and hawthorn, and another in the open on the slopes of Sloden behind a clump of holly bushes. The stars hung in the clear sky over him and meteors went on their flashing way . . . and the stream near by was frozen in the night. But the Ancient Briton thrives on exposure!

Who knows? some day, perhaps, he may come suddenly on Pan himself, piping gaily in a magic circle in the early summer morning, or see a rout of fairies skipping in the moonlight. But even if his eyes do not see these sights he sees the fox loping away across the heath or the wood pigeons wheeling in their hundreds before the migration of the tribe . . . and the green woodpecker . . . and the wild freedom of the woods sets him free.

A NEW FOREST FOAL.

A score of baby graces
And baby eyes that hold
The lure of lonely places
A-gleam with fairy gold.
Born at the blue-bells coming,
And heir to summertide,
His bed is laid in lawn and glade,
His home a grey mare's side.
In vain the marshy hollow
Shall tempt his feet to stray,
As rabbits bid him follow
Their twinkling, twilight play;
Too wise for vain beguiling,
Too grave for child delight,
He only plays on moonlight ways
With little Fauns at night.

MARY ADAIR MACDONALD,
Division Secretary, New Forest.

[Reprinted by permission of the Editor of *Country Life*.]

GROUND-SHEET.

THIS is the most important part of the Camper's outfit, because its duty is to keep the Camper from contact with the damp ground, and to prevent the damp rising from the soil, which is drawn up by the heat of the body and is liable to happen even in the hottest weather and on apparently dry ground.

Rubber.—Rubber-proofed lawn is very light and absolutely damp-proof, though open to the objection that it will perish at once should any oil or grease be spilt upon it—a serious consideration for those who use the now almost universal "Primus" stove. Prompt application of soap and water may be tried, generally with good effect, after the surplus has been mopped up with paper. If any traces remain, a piece of paper should be placed over the spot on both sides to prevent the untouched portions being oiled when the ground sheet is folded for packing. Further, should the Camper neglect to remove all thorns, sharp flints, &c., from the ground before pitching the tent he may be troubled with punctures. The ground sheet *must* be thoroughly reliable.

Painted.—A ground-sheet of lawn or other light material, when treated with Berthon paint (two coats) is, though slightly heavier, perfectly wet-resisting, and is not affected by oil or grease. It also has the merit of being considerably cheaper than the rubber-proofed sheet.

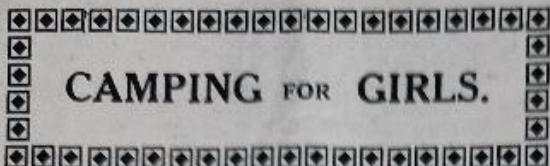
Boiled oil, with terebene as a drier, which does just as well, is even cheaper and easier to get.

"Kampelite" is to be preferred to lawn as it needs less paint, or oil, and so saves weight and bulk.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Handbook of the Amateur Camping Club."]

CALENDAR.

April 1	...	All Fools' Day.
" 4	...	Easter Day.
" 19	...	Primrose Day.
" 23	...	S. George.



CAMPING FOR GIRLS.

By JOHN LEWIS.

SHOULD girls camp?" one sometimes hears it said. "Why on earth not?" is my rather fierce reply.

Speaking not from theory and not of exceptional girls, but from long experience and of normal council and secondary school girls, aged 9 to 19. I want all Girl Guides to know that girls make just as good campers as boys, enjoy themselves just as well under precisely the same conditions, and need no more trouble as far as arrangements and organisation are concerned. Our girls camp from Easter onwards, and our usual programme is to begin with training camps held on fine Saturday nights, returning directly after breakfast on Sunday. Then at Whitsun comes a long week-end camp, and in the summer a whole fortnight.

We use the trek-cart on all occasions, and no girl is ever a penny the worse for a little hard work. We trekked from Gravesend to Maidstone last summer, and did the 15 miles in the day easily, returning we camped by the riverside half-way, and continued our journey the next morning. The girls were particularly smart at unlimbering the trek-cart and putting it and its contents aboard trains, no simple task I assure you.

I remember the genuine sorrow with which we once met two very nice Girl Guides on holiday in Kent, who told us that in spite of most earnest pleas their Captain would on no account allow a camp. They were strong, healthy sporting girls, and we just longed to take them with us on our next camp. I am quite sure that practically all girls can camp "with pleasure and profit," all but hospital cases.

I have taken quite frail, white-faced little maidens to camp, and have restored them to their anxious mothers so brown and strong and well that they have called down blessings on my head. I need hardly say that rain has about as much effect on the health and spirits of girls as on boys, precisely none.

I'm afraid that all I can do to encourage camping among girls is simply to dispel misunderstandings.

You do not need camp beds, mattresses or boarded floors.

You do your own cooking, cut your own wood and pitch your own tents.

All the delicate girls get stronger.

Rain is rather fun.

Girls can run and swim and pull a trek-cart.

At night, rolling up warmly in blankets and keeping rolled up is the most important thing to remember. It is as well to spread a good thick blanket right across the waterproof groundsheet. Our girls nest in pairs, its warmer than rolling up alone and more economical

of blankets, and its more satisfactory than the family bed, where you all pile in in a row and put *all* the blankets on top.

What about a MAN to look after everyone? Rubbish, if you pick a private site there's simply no need of anyone but the Guide officers, who should sleep with the girls and not in a tent by themselves.

The uppermost feeling in my mind ever since our girls took to camping has been one of sorrowful regret and sympathetic indignation. Regret that I never took them camping before and that so many fine girls are deprived of the priceless joys of camp life, here my regret passes into wrath. I see the boys having a glorious time. I say fervently, "Why should the girls let the boys monopolise all the fun, they're every whit as capable of the job, they love it!" It reminds one of the days when there were no clubs or organisations for girls, all was for the boys, of the days when there were Scouts but no Guides, or of times still further off when boys could ride bicycles but girls mustn't, boys could go to decent schools, girls must stop at home and keep quiet.

Camping for girls! must be our slogan this year.

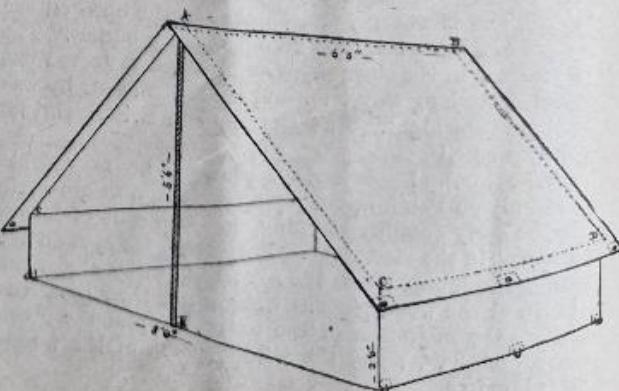
One last reminder. Every detail will be exactly the same as for a boys' camp. Get a good handbook on Scout Camping and you'll be alright.

THE CHALET.

So called because of its eaves, which carry the rain away from the walls. It is light and airy, and the doors to leeward can remain safely open all night. The size shown is sufficient for four people, and the width being greater than the length the occupants can all sit in the entrance instead of half-way down a kind of rabbit hole, as is the case with most tents. It is very simple to make and easy to erect.

Material required at 54 in. wide, 14 yards.

Cut as per pattern. In order to make the roof the required length, i.e., 6 ft. 10 in., add a piece 2 ft. 4 in. in width, and from the remainder cut the two sides. A 2-in. hem is allowed for the eaves of roof and the bottom of tent. The front and back have a 6-in. overlap and a 2-in. hem, on which should be sewn buttons and button holes. It is generally found more airy and



BOOKS ON CAMPING AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

CAMP FIRE TRAINING FOR GIRLS. By Ruth Clark (Minobi).

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Price 3s. 6d. net. Post Free 3s. 10d.

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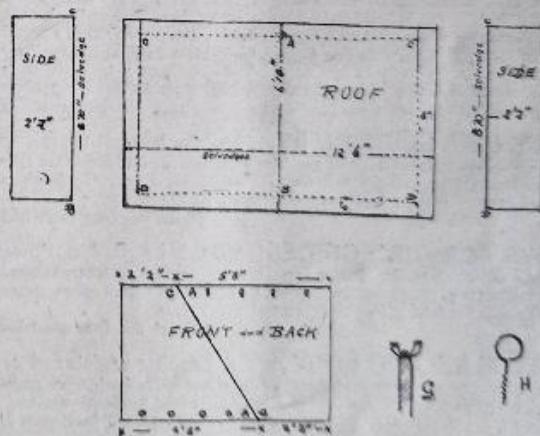
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