

Girl Guides' Gazette

The Official Organ of the Girl Guides (Incorporated).

Vol. VII. No. 78.

JUNE, 1920.

Price 3d.

THE CHIEF GUIDE'S OUTLOOK.

Funds.

GAZETTE readers will have seen in last month's number the Editor's notes on what happened at the great Swanwick Conference. But I can't help just mentioning one minor and very humble matter that was discussed there, and which is a matter of rather serious moment in most Companies.

That is the question of raising funds. This problem faces every one of us at one time or another, and however optimistic we are about getting up bazaars and things of that sort, one rather longs to find fresh ways of getting the necessary money for equipment, club room, camp, flags, books, etc.

Miss Grace Browning gave us an address on the subject, and after she had given full advice, questions were asked as to what other Guiders had done and how they had done it.

And then Guiders all over the lecture hall popped up first with one tale of success and then with another, and it was a revelation to find that there were so many ways in which Guides could earn funds.

One had run inter-Patrol competitions and sports in a district and had made £25 in three hours. Another had held a garden fête and £50 had been cleared. Others had done "trading," each Guide starting making something out of practically nothing and then selling it, and then buying further materials and making something still better and bigger, and thus climbing to dizzy heights of inventiveness and thrift.

Growing vegetables in allotments, mustard and



oress in boxes, doing stencilling, and all manner of handcrafts, getting together a farthing fund, holding "socials" and picnics, are all useful and good ways in which money can be raised, and where the Guider and Guides "mean business" it is wonderful how flourishing financially a Company or District may become.

The Tenderfoot Badge.

May I tell you another thing, that may not be quite as widely known as it might be, about what constitutes your right to wear our badge.

When you make your promise and become either a member of the Guide Company, or a Guider, or a Commissioner, you become an *active* member of the Girl Guides' Association Incorporated; your name is registered either on your local Guide Company books, or at Headquarters, and you are then entitled to wear the badge.

But if by any chance you leave your Company, or you have to give up your work for the Movement, you thereby give up being an active member of the Association, and have no longer any actual right to wear the badge.

It is for this reason, therefore, that the two different branches of the Lone Guides were started, and if you did not see the article on Lone Guides in the GAZETTE of April, 1919, I hope you will write and get the Lone Guide Pamphlet from Headquarters.

For in this pamphlet it is explained that you need never leave the Guides, and if you cease to be an active member of the Movement in your own locality, you can and should join up with the "Lones" if you want still to "be a Guide."

The phrase "once a Guide, always a Guide," is to be taken in the spirit and not in the letter of the law, for you are expected to behave as a Guide should for ever after having taken the promises.

Senior Guides.

In spite of the numerous letters on this subject the title is still not changed, and yet there is evidently a great desire from many quarters that a change should be made.

The name is not "Guide-y" enough. Besides it is such a mouthful, and if you shorten it at all, you don't get any good name either. "Senior" means nothing, and "Guide" well—that means something to itself, doesn't it?

Something is wanted and it must be found. The name Brownie for our junior branch fitted us like a glove, and it seems only right that the senior branch of our sisterhood should have an equally good title.

The Founder—who after all invented our names, our activities, our laws, and everything for us—has been thinking very hard about this matter and he thought of a name last month. He wasn't quite sure about it at first, and probably you won't feel quite sure about it at first either, but if you take it away with you and think about it quietly, if you wrap all sorts of ideas around it, if you rack your brain to think of a better one—well then, perhaps, you will agree with the many who have already heard about it, that it would be suitable and worth adopting.

The one fact that is settled is that a change has to be made and so, if we are going to change, we must change quickly and at once, and, no doubt, when once the new name is adopted it will grow and gain in popularity.

Here it is: "RANGER."

If you look it up in the dictionary you will find it means quite a number of things. To range is to "set in proper order," "to roam," and this might well mean that you are going to tread ground as a Senior Guide, that as a Guide you have not yet passed.

"Distance of vision and extent of discourse or roaming power," again shows that as a senior member of the community you are expected to look farther afield for good, and work that you can do for the community.

To range means to travel—or rove over wide distances, whether your mind or your body.

A ranger is one who guards a large tract of forest or land, and thus it comes to mean one who has the

wide outlook and sense of responsible protective duties appropriate to a Senior Guide.

Another definition is that to range is to "sail along in a parallel direction," and so we can feel that the Ranger Guides are complementary to the Rover Scouts.

And so we hope that this new title will have the approval of all.

Our President.

Her Royal Highness, Princess Mary, sent us a very cheering message to the Swanwick Conference, and was so glad to hear of the success of that meeting.

It is also encouraging to all of us to know that she reads of our doings with close interest and attends Rallies.

But we must all of us remember that she has endless calls upon her time and energies, and that it would not be right for us to intrude or to expect over much of her attention.

And so, when accepting the office of President, she did this on the condition that she would not be asked to go here, there and everywhere, and naturally, therefore, if we worried her with too many invitations, letters and messages she will have right and reason to be annoyed.

A rule, therefore, has been made—and all please take note—that no letter of invitation or otherwise is to be sent to Her Royal Highness, excepting through National Headquarters.

Brother Scouts.

By the time this comes into print our Headquarters' Secretaries will be pitching their tents metaphorically in the Boy Scout Imperial Headquarters' building in Buckingham Palace Road.

You may take it from that, that though the Movements are entirely separate in their management, good feeling does and should exist between the two.

After all, the Scouts came into existence first, and we have followed in certain ways in their footsteps, taking their laws and ideals and moulding them to suit our own selves.

But just, therefore, as they have done us many a good turn, so we, too, might do them a good turn in these next few months.

They are going to have their big "Jamboree" at Olympia, in London, from July 30 to August 7.

This Jamboree is a sort of Rally, Exhibition, Competitions, Conferences, Displays, etc., all rolled into one big splendid whole, with a pageant written specially for it by the Chief.

Well, what about coming to it? Some of you may be able to, and you would learn a lot from it, too, and we shall have to have one of our own some day.

But if you can't come to it you can get other people to do so, and that will help the Scouts a good deal. So will you tell your friends about it, either by word

of mouth or by sticking up your letters with a jolly little stamp—which you can get from the Boy Scout Office, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, for ten a penny.

Appearances.

People ought not to judge by appearances—but sometimes they do, and so they are important and have to be watched.

Neatness in our uniform counts very much, and it is splendid now to see how Guides and Guiders are leaning towards simplicity.

The fewer "appendages" we have on, that have not been actually earned, the better, and even the angle of our hats may tell against or for us in the eyes of the public who judges by appearances mainly.

Talking of hats—my favourite one is the linen hat which was stocked at Headquarters during the time when, owing to the shortage of wool, the felt hats were un procurable.

There are still some of the linen ones to be got, if you want them, at Headquarters, and personally, I think they look very smart and neat.

I always wear one at home myself, and it is very "comfy" and light and serviceable—and becoming.

And whilst I am talking about clothes, I might as well mention that the Guide shop tells me that it has got some good oilskin capes.

Of course, when we go into camp in June, July and August, we expect it to be fine and hot. But many is the camp that has been half spoiled by rain, and mackintosh capes are useful things to have by you.

Anne S. C. Baden-Powell

Chief Guide.



SHOP NOTICES.

OFFICERS' navy blue tailor-made shirts. Price 21s. and 25s.; postage, 9d.

Officers' navy blue tailor-made jumpers. Price 30s. Cool and comfortable for summer Guide meetings and camp; postage, 10d.

Navy blue and brown casement cloth, 30 in. wide, for jumpers and overalls. Price 2s. 6d. per yard.

Blue and brown flannel, 30 in. wide. Price 4s. per yard.

Skipping ropes are now obtainable. Price 1s 6d. each.

A better quality Brownie Recruit badge is now stocked. Price 4d. The 2d. badge will not be sold after the present stock is exhausted.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining good ribbon at a reasonable price, the official hatbands will, in future, be made in cloth. They will remain the same price as

at present. There are still a certain number of ribbon hatbands in stock.

To date from May 1, Cash's shoulder badges have increased in price.

Please note that, in future, 3 dozen badges cannot be supplied; orders must be for 2, 4, 6 or 12 dozen.

N.B.—Please remember increase in postal rates, and send correct remittance with your order. This increase is shown in current price list.



THE SWIMMING TEST FOR THE FIRST-CLASS BADGE.

BY THE FOUNDER.

MANY applications for the modification of the Swimming Test having been received by the Headquarters Executive Committee, this question has very recently been given their fullest consideration.

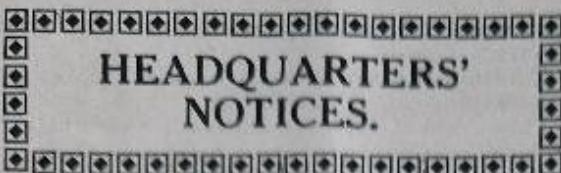
They fully realise the difficulties that lie in the way of girls learning to swim in many parts of the country, and have asked me, as author of the test, to write a fuller explanation of it, in the hope that its value will then be more widely appreciated.

The attainment of the Second-Class Badge puts a Guide on a footing for gaining most other Badges of Proficiency, so that it is no hardship to her if the further attainment of the First-Class Badge is beyond her reach. But experience has now shown that it is not beyond the reach of the girl who has a real ambition and such force of character as finds a way where there is the will. We want our girls to face difficulty as an item in their training, and swimming supplies the difficulty.

If girls are to be expected nowadays to take their place in the work of the world it is only right that they should have equal opportunity with the boys for getting adequate training. The Boy Scouts all over the world manage to learn to swim, so it should not be impossible for the girls to do the same. Most large towns have their swimming baths and Companies can hold their summer camps where bathing facilities exist.

It has been felt by many of us to be somewhat of a disgrace to Britain that, while all the boys and girls of the northern countries like Norway, Sweden and Denmark, can swim, ours cannot. Swimming has its character training as well as its health-giving qualities, and for a perfect, i.e., a First-Class Guide, who is expected to be able to deal with every kind of accident or emergency, ability to swim and saving life in the water is naturally an essential qualification.

If any part of the United Kingdom were excepted from such a test it would naturally provoke comment elsewhere, which probably the Girl Guides of that particular locality would scarcely wish for themselves. The question of swimming as a first-class test was discussed at the recent Conference of Guiders at Swanwick, but these agreed that it was a desirable one.



HEADQUARTERS' NOTICES.

OUR PRESIDENT.

H.R.H. Princess Mary particularly desires it to be known that any application from Guide centres for her patronage, etc., as President of the Association, should be made through Headquarters, otherwise they cannot be entertained.

It will, in any case, be impossible for Her Royal Highness to undertake many such engagements owing to the very many calls made upon her time.

THE LONDON RALLY.

VISITORS wishing to attend the London Rally on June 12, 1920, are requested to apply either to Headquarters, 76, Victoria Street, S.W.1, or to the County Secretary, Miss Morgan, 8, Russell Road, W.14, enclosing 2/6, upon which a programme (which will grant admission) will be forwarded.

Admission to the enclosure cannot be obtained on the ground.

EXTENSION DEPARTMENT.

MRS. FRYER, Director of the Extension Department (Guiding for Defectives), would be glad if all Captains of Companies in Institutions and Homes would send to her at Headquarters, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, full particulars of their Companies.

She would also be grateful for any suggestions as to changes needed in tests, on account of the disabilities of their Guides.

LONDON TRAINING SCHOOL.

DIPLOMA Classes and General Instruction for Guiders will take place every Tuesday at St. Andrew's Hall, Carlisle Place, Westminster, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

On the second Tuesday in each month, the classes will be held on Wimbledon Common at 11 o'clock at the Windmill.

THE SCRIBE'S TEST.

In view of the great similarity between the Scribe's and the Clerk's Badge, it has been decided to abolish the former, incorporating into the tests of the latter the following extracts from the Scribe's test:—

1. A letter to the Captain on a definite subject such as absence from parade.
2. Summarise a statement or narrative in less than one-third of the words used.

All rules, therefore, in connection with the Scribe's test on page 61 of the Book of Rules, Policy and Organization for 1920 are hereby cancelled.

THE OXFORD CONFERENCE.

COUNTY Commissioners wishing to attend the Oxford Conference are requested to send their deposit fee of 5s. to Mrs. Mark Kerr, 16, Cumberland Terrace N.W.1, as soon as possible, as otherwise accommodation cannot be guaranteed.

MOVE OF HEADQUARTERS.

The Girl Guide Headquarters' Office, at 76, Victoria Street, and the shop, at 84, Victoria Street, will move into the new premises at 25, Buckingham Palace Road, towards the end of the month, commencing on June 14. The office will be closed for this purpose on June 14 and 15, and the shop will be closed on the 17th, 18th and 19th.

As there will be an immense amount of work on hand throughout the move, customers and correspondents are requested, where possible, to make their purchases early in the month so as to delay correspondence as little as possible.

THE ANNUAL COUNCIL.

At the Annual Meeting of the Council of the Girl Guides' Association, the following were elected or re-elected to office:—

Miss Baden-Powell to be Honorary Vice-President, in recognition of her work as President in the early days of the Movement.

Mrs. Mark Kerr to be Head of the Department of Reserves.

Miss Rudyard-Helpman to be Head of the Department of Publications.

Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan, D.B.E., to be Head of the Department of Education.

P. W. Everett, Esq., to be Treasurer.

Alteration was made in the wording of the Articles of Association by which the offices of Chairman and President were made elective annually.

Alterations were also made in these to admit of voting by ballot in place of the show of hands in the election of members of the Council and Executive Committee.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Conference.—A Conference of Warwickshire Commissioners will be held in Birmingham on Saturday, June 26.

Rally.—A Rally of Greater Birmingham Guides will be held in the evening of Saturday, June 26.

MIDDLESEX.

WE have been requested to draw attention to the fact that the permanent address of the County Commissioner for Middlesex is: * Lady Hillingdon, 53, Grosvenor Street, W.1; The County Secretary, Miss Lund, 38, Lowndes Street, S.W.1; The Badge Secretary: Miss D. Harrison, 53, Grosvenor Street, W.1.

Wanted.—For Headquarters, two Junior Clerks, age 16-18 years. Apply Secretary, Girl Guides, 76, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

CALENDAR.

June 3	...	The King's Birthday, 1865.
" 16	...	New Moon.
" 21	...	Longest Day.
" 23	...	Prince of Wales' Birthday.



Notes from Foreign Countries.

By Mrs. ESSEX READE.

WILL all Guides who want to correspond with foreign Guides write to:—Miss Sagrandi, 3, Montpelier Square, London, S.W.7, telling her the nationality of the Guide to whom they wish to write, and also their own name, address and age, the Guide Company to which they belong, etc. Miss Sagrandi will then do her best to find a Guide of similar age to whom they can write. If an answer is not received at once, Guides, do not despair. Miss Sagrandi may not be able to find you a correspondent at once, but she will do so as quickly as possible.

CHILE.

A warm greeting from Scouts and Guides in far-off Chile has been received by the Chief Scout. They say that from the almost tropical zone in the north, right down to the cold southern extremity of their country, Scouting has taken root.

A report has also been received from the Brigade "Educacion No. 1" of Girl Guides, Santiago de Chile, which now numbers 80 girls. They are divided into 10 squadrons, of which one is specially trained in first-aid work, another in signalling, another in household economy and care of infants, another in photography and ornamental work, another in publication (editing, etc.); this squadron will shortly be publishing a Brigade periodical (of which I hope they will send us a copy). One squadron is engaged in social work, looking after destitute children, teaching them to read, etc.

ESTHONIA.

The following message has been received by the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from Reval, Estonia, which he has kindly transmitted to the Chief Scout.

"Friendly greetings to the Boy and Girl Scouts of England. May we convey on the occasion of the first Parade of the Boy and Girl Scouts of Estonia to you a mighty Hurrah which should serve as a

ready recognition of our aspirations of approaching to each other, and of our confraternity of Estonia Scouts."

I am sure that all British Guides will gladly reciprocate with a "mighty Hurrah" to Estonians, the latest recruits to the Girl Guide Movement.

ITALY.

The *Esploratrici* in Rome have been going in a good deal for rowing, and at a regatta on the Tiber on March 14, the Guides beat the Scouts in the rowing race! Well done, Guides!

I have received a copy of the *Bollettino della Sezione Giovani Guide* from Turin, in which a great project of going to camp somewhere in the high mountains is suggested, and the next copy is to be devoted to "Life in Camp."

LIBERIA.

Girl Guides are being started in Monrovia, by Miss Mellor, who is training Patrol Leaders and others with a view to having a properly organised Company. In a hot climate like that of West Africa any energy is greatly to be commended, and we wish the Liberian Girl Guides all success.

PORTUGAL.

A translation of the Girl Guide Laws, etc., was read to some Portuguese girls the other day. They showed considerable interest in the subject, but betrayed, by their questions afterwards, what a very great need there is to develop the training among them.

SWEDEN.

Some of the Swedish Guides have not yet answered the English Guides who have written to them, but they want them to understand that it is not from lack of interest, but because, not knowing the language very well, it takes them a long while to write English letters, so they were waiting for the holidays when there would be more time to write.

Training Weeks and Camps.

June—

Aberdeen.—26th May to 3rd. Trainer, Miss Prior. Apply Mrs. Stewart, 3, Park Circus, Ayr, N.B.
Wimbledon.—3rd to 10th. Trainer, Miss Maynard. Apply Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimbledon.
Northants.—10th to 17th. Trainer, Miss Robotham. The Vicountess Ipswich, Whittlebury Lodge, Towcester.
Norfolk.—16th to 23rd. Trainer, Mrs. Janson Potts, Miss Grimshaw. Apply Miss Colman, Crown Point, Norwich.

July—

Wimbledon.—8th to 14th. Trainer, Miss Maynard. Apply Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimbledon.
Sunderland.—9th to 16th. Trainer, Miss Waud. Apply Mrs. Scott, Vicarage Cottage, Castletown.
Glasgow.—21st to 28th. Trainer, Miss Wissman. Apply Miss Strain, Cassilis House, Dalrymple, Ayrshire.
Wesley.—21st to 28th. Trainer, Mrs. Janson Potts. Apply Miss Upton, Grays, Petworth, Sussex. (For 1st Class Guiders wishing to qualify in Campercraft only, numbers strictly limited).

August—

Weymouth.—28th July to 4th. Trainer, Mrs. Janson Potts. Apply Mrs. Nicolls, The Vicarage, Winterbourne Downe, Bristol.
Devon.—29th July to 5th. Trainer, Miss G. Robotham. Apply Miss Fleming, Millholme, Chagford.
Guernsey.—29th July to 5th. Trainer, Miss Prior. Apply Mrs. Gibson, Paradis, Grange, Guernsey.
Essex.—26th July to 3rd. Trainer, Miss Ibberson. Apply Miss Butler, Birch Cottage, Bromfield, Chelmsford.
Middlesex.—30th July to 6th. Trainer, Miss Bathurst. Apply The Lady Hillingdon, 53, Grosvenor Street, W.1.
Glasgow, 2nd week.—28th July to 4th. Trainer, Miss Wissman. Apply Miss Strain, Cassilis House, Dalrymple, Ayrshire.
Lanarkshire.—4th to 11th. Trainer, Miss Wissman. Apply Miss Strain, Cassilis House, Dalrymple, Ayrshire.
Scottish School.—4th to 11th. Trainer, Miss E. K. Robinson. Apply Mrs. Stewart, 3, Park Circus, Ayr.
West of England School.—6th to 12th. Trainer, Miss Field. Apply Miss Field, Abbey Lodge, West Malvern.
Oxford.—4th to 11th. Trainer, Miss Bray and Miss Mann.
Norfolk.—4th to 11th. Trainer, Apply Miss Colman, Crown Point, Norwich.
Cornwall.—16th to 23th. Trainer, Miss Robotham.
Suffolk.—10th to 17th. Trainer, Mrs. Janson Potts. Apply Miss Dunell, Colford Hall, Bury St. Edmunds.

Cambridge.—12th to 19th. Trainer, Miss Bray, Miss Jackson. Apply Miss de Beaumont, Selwyn Gardens, Cambridge.

Scottish School.—11th to 18th. Trainer, Miss Nisden. Apply Mrs. Stewart, 3, Park Circus, Ayr.

Scottish School.—18th to 25th. Trainer, Miss Field. Apply Mrs. Stewart, 3, Park Circus, Ayr.

Essex.—21st to 23rd. Trainer, Miss Bewley. Apply Miss Tufnell, Langley, Chelmsford.

Scottish School.—25th to 31st. Trainer, Mrs. Janson Potts. Apply Mrs. Stewart, 3, Park Circus, Ayr.

Kent.—25th to 31st. Trainer, Apply Miss Ross Thomson, Hensill, Hawkhurst.

South Wales.—14th to 21st. Trainer, The Hon. Mrs. Roch. Apply Mrs. Williams, Wood Lawn, Pen-y-garn, Pontypool, Mon.

Denbigh.—11th to 18th. Trainer, Apply Lady Kenyon, Cliffe House, Atherstone.

THE POST BOX.

WANTS:

THREE Dublin Guides to correspond with 3 Canadian Guides; 4 Glasgow Guides to correspond with 4 Canadian Guides; 4 Edinburgh Guides to correspond with 4 Canadian Guides; 1 London Guide to correspond with 1 South African Guide; 1 Lincoln Guide to correspond with 1 American Girl Scout; 1 Rotherham Guide to correspond with 1 American Girl Scout.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

GUIDER requires situation as Gardener with opportunity for Guide work.—Apply Miss Ramsay, 26, Chaucer Road, Bedford.

WANTED.—Cook, House-parlourmaid and Housemaid for convenient non-basement house. Good wages and outings. Three in family. Four maids kept.—Apply Mrs. Joseph Chitty, Torrie Lodge, Esher, Surrey.

FOR SALE.—Service camp kit complete, including mattress and sleeping bag. Excellent condition. Cost £10. Reasonable offer accepted. Apply, Miss Bell, Shoot Hill, Ford, near Shrewsbury.

HONORARY Secretary and Staff Captain desires position as Secretary or Governess (qualified P.N.E.U.) Daily preferred. Would like to continue Guide work. Excellent references. Free now. Miss D. Feiling, Fiore, Castle Hill, Maidenhead.

5,000 KIT OR LAUNDRY BAGS (new white), marvellous value, sample dozen sent for 10s. 3d. Abrahams, Job Buyers, 173 (G.G.), Hackney Road, London.

“GAZETTES”—October, 1919. Copies of the October number of the GAZETTE are wanted at Headquarters. Will any Guider present them if they have any to spare?

THE GUIDES' BOOKSHELF.

By MISS RUDYERD-
HELPMAN.



I HAVE a new scheme with regard to the Publications Column. As I have not time to review nearly enough books, I propose asking everyone in future who sends me the names of books to write a short review of them at the same time. I hope you will agree with me that it will be a way of getting names and criticisms of books useful to us all. Will those who send me criticisms of books be sure and put the price as well as the publishers, whenever possible, the price, of course, being of the greatest importance.

Only when I specially mention the fact, are the following books obtainable at the Shop. In all other cases they will have to be ordered from booksellers or libraries.

"Guiding in Institutes," compiled by the Committee for the extension of the training to mentally and physically defective girls. Mrs. Fryer, Director of the Extension Department (Guiding for Defectives), would be glad if all Captains of Companies in Institutions and Homes, would send to her at Headquarters full particulars of their Companies, she would also be grateful for any suggestions as to changes needed in tests on account of the disabilities of their Guides. The price of this book is 6d., to be obtained at the Shop.

"The Book of Guide Games." This new book is full of the most delightful games which will appeal to all Guides. Price 1s. 6d., postage 4d., to be obtained at the Girl Guide Shop.

The following books are the most delightful stories and poems about Nature study. I know they will appeal to all Brownies.

NATURE STUDY.

"The Little God." By Catherine Howard. Published by G. G. Harrop & Co., 2 and 3, Portsmouth Street, London.

"The Littlest One." By Marian St. John. Published by G. G. Harrop & Co.

"The Fairy Green." By Rose Fyleman. Published by Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, London.

"Nature's Carol Songs." By Kerton.

"The House Fly." By Henri Fabre.

"The Story Book of Science." By Fabre.

"The Life of Grasshoppers, Spiders, etc." By the same author.

"Legends of St. Patrick." By Aubrey de Vere. Can be obtained from Cassell's National Library. This is a suitable book for Guiders or elder girls.

"Blue Bell of the Sleepy King." Published by A. C. Pearson, 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2. This is a charming story for Guides and Brownies, with amusing illustrations. In some ways it reminds one of "Alice in Wonderland," but is more simple.

"The House of Prayer." By Florence Convere. Unfortunately, I do not know the publisher, but the Guider who sent it to me tells me it is one of the most charming books she has ever read, and is excellent for reading aloud.



COMING EVENTS.

BRISTOL.

AN Officers' Training Camp will be held from July 28-August 6, at Weston in Gordano, Somerset. Commandant, Mrs. Janson Potts.

Charge for the week, 25s. inclusive. Barn and tent accommodation provided.

The Camp is open to Captains, Lieutenants, Acting Captains and Acting Lieutenants.

All entries to be made by June 30, and all enquiries to be addressed to Miss Porter, 25, Cranbrook Road, Redland, Bristol.

CHESHIRE.

THERE will be a Rally for Cheshire Guides and Brownies at Chester, on June 12.

A special service for the Guides will be held in the Cathedral, at which the Bishop will preach.

The Inspection at the Rally will be taken by Katherine, Duchess of Westminster.

ESSEX.

Guiders' Training Week.

Clacton-on-Sea.—July 26-August 3. Trainer, Miss Ibberson. Terms, £1. For particulars, apply not later than June 25, to Miss Butler, Birch Cottage, Broomfield, Chelmsford.

G.G.T.S. ABBEY LODGE, W. MALVERN.

THE Annual Summer Camp has been altered to August 6 for a week. Miss Field cannot answer letters on Guide matters unless a 1½d. stamp is enclosed.

Miss Field and Miss Riley would like to thank all 2nd Easter Campers at Abbey Lodge for the lovely present left by them.

HAMPSHIRE.

THE Hampshire County Rally will take place on June 12, on the United Service (Men's) Ground, Portsmouth, when the Chief Guide will be present. Entrance free for Guiders in uniform from other counties.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

A COUNTY Rally will be held in Worcester on July 1, at which Mrs. Mark Kerr will inspect the Guides.

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, 36, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

M.S., 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 4d. per month (which includes postage). Post free for a year 4s.

EDITORIAL NOTES.



THESE notes this month are being written for me by She who has judged the Brownie Competition.

So I will only add that I hope Brown Owls and their Packs will like this number, though, as usual, I have not nearly enough room for everything I want to put in.

I welcome all Brownie readers by———! (This is a riddle, and "Distance lends enchantment" may help you to find out the answer)

BROWNIE COMPETITION.

BROWNIES, your entries were good, but there weren't *nearly* enough of them. You should not miss a chance and every single Pack should have sent one howl at least. Some Packs were splendid, and sent *ever so many*.

Now to tell you about the poems. I gave the prizes to these first three for many reasons. They were "beooifully" written and were very tidy and the metre was good. (If you do not know what "metre" means, ask your wise Brown Owls—they'll tell you.) But much more than that, they all had the Brownie spirit in them, the feeling that makes you all want to lie on your sides and *roll* down a grassy, green slope on a summer's day, because you are *just so happy*.

I have asked the Editor (who is very wise and knows everything) to print two poems, the second one and one of the very highly commended ones, which showed this spirit, and also because they are short and she has so very little room. One day she will print the others.

The first little Brownie showed she could be happy doing all the everyday things which sometimes make you *so bored* and *restless*.

The second tiny Brownie showed how happy she could be in the night time as well as the day.

The third Brownie had thought out a story all of her own (the *only* person who had) and showed she could dream of even tiny Brownies having glorious adventures and spirits like the knights of old.

But there were so many of the Brownies who had just taken the Brownie Song, and the songs of the different Sixes and put them together in a piece of poetry. But I know all those, and I wanted the Brownies' *own* thoughts about things. I always think that a Brownie who can sit down and think for herself will be able, in time, to "lend a hand" more than a Brownie who is just like a little, white, woolly sheep and always follows the white, woolly sheep just next in front of her, doing what she does without thinking at all.

And this is a wise Brown Owl who knew quite well (though she didn't actually see it happening) that *one* little Brownie had been helped by somebody very much bigger and cleverer. I think that Brownie is picking up "dreadfully Boggarty" ways. Oh, Brownies, remember you must "play the game" or you make all the thousands of other Brownies sad, and also your own Brown Owl; because, if you do one naughty thing, not only you, but *all* the Brownies suffer for it.

I loved reading all your poems. I want to have howls from Packs all over the world next time. I want to feel there are Brownies everywhere who can write about things. So send me *lots* more.

To Brown Owls.

Some Brown Owls forgot to sign their Brownies' papers. It disqualifies them and seemed such hard luck. And don't let them write on the *wrong* subjects.

Above all, teach your Brownies of the spirit of the woods and the fields and the open spaces. Elves and Pixies, Sprites and Brownies and all fairies—really spirits of the clean fresh "out of doors." Of course, they come and help indoors—what fairy wouldn't? And so will your Brownies if you instil the woodland spirit in them, but don't set about it the wrong way.

Do not forget they'll have enough of houses and in-doors later on in life. If you give them something of the happiness and peace of the hills it will last them all their lives.

V. R. D.



A WISE BROWN OWL.

SECOND PRIZE.

A wise Brown Owl lived in a tree,
And when I passed he spoke to me,
And oft' he flew about the sea,
For a merry Brown Owl was he.
The king of all the birds was he,
As proud and happy as could be,
And by the stars he learned to be,

A teacher of astronomy,
He taught the little birds of stars,
And showed them Jupiter and Mars,
But when the night began to creep
The little birds fell fast asleep.

Jessie Reid (aged 9½ years), Kelpie Six, 1st Eckford Brownie Pack.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED.

THE BROWNIES.

There was a little Brownie,
Lived in our apple tree,
He laughed and sang from morn till night,
And none so gay as he.
He loved the little flowers
That in my garden grew,
And brought them in his tiny can
The early morning dew.
And when I had been naughty,
And came to him in tears,
He used to come and blow my nose,
And comfort all my fears.
He used to kiss the butterflies,
And tuck them up in bed,
And Oh! how bitterly he'd cry,
If one of them was dead.

Anne Usborne (age 9 years), 2nd Elf Six, 9th Eastbourne Pack.



A TALK ON BROWNIES

With MISS MAYNARD at the Swanwick Conference.

... "the Land of Faery,
Where nobody gets old and goodly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue."

W. B. YEATS.

THE other day a lady called to ask how she could run a Pack of Brownies. I referred her to "Girl Guiding," to which she replied, "Yes, I have read all that, but really it does sound all rather childish; and beside that, I do not think I could pretend to be a Brown Owl and sit on a Totem!" However, I persuaded her to start the Pack, and the Brownies taught her the rest. She caught their enthusiasm and spirit of play, and from being a semi-invalid she is now almost an athlete. If you want to grow younger every year run Brownies. But to go back to the "childish" criticism. At what age does a child stop pretending? At what age does the girl, when quite alone, cease to rehearse the life of a mother with her doll, or the boy on his cycle with his hooter, cease to drive an imaginary car?

A small child's day is make believe from the time he gets up in the morning and climbs adventurously over the rail of his cot to the depths of the floor below, and goes on to breakfast with the island of porridge in a sea of milk, and so on the life-long day, peopled with thrilling adventure until the last race between the ducks and the frogs in the big bath at night, brings him back to dreamland in his small white ark, hugging the elephant or golliwog or other chosen companion. We all agree this is as it should be, but why encourage

it after seven years of age, of what use is it? It is true we live in a life of stern reality, but a child can only learn to do things by *doing* them, and in order to give the child the opportunity of doing, coupled with safety, nature has provided a rehearsal of life through a child's love of pretence.

Our Founder, the great playmaster, has taken us back to the origin of things, to Nature herself, back to the kitten running after its tail, its whole energy in the game that is going to train it for the one day necessary task of mouse hunting.

There is no consciousness in the kitten's mind that she ought to run after that tail because those muscles must be used later, nor does the mother cat stand at her side making her do it in the way we train our children, though she may provide the tail to be caught. It is Nature at work in her old simple way of making the young want to play, and enjoy practising that which will be one day necessary for them to know.

The old idea, that a medicine must be nasty to do good, dies slowly. The other day the mother of a Guide complained that her daughter could talk of nothing else but Guides, she admitted that her character had improved tremendously since she became a Guide, but she did wish she could see more genuine interest in "Work." I suggested that there was a lot of hard work connected with Guiding, and asked if she shirked that, "Oh dear, no," she said, "she will work all day if it is for Guides, that is her play, but life will not be all play, I want to see her able to do things she does not like."

I think a Guide can do that, if necessary, as well as any other girl, perhaps better, but the best work is done for the pleasure of doing it, a child alone of all mankind is fit to stand beside the artist, the poet, the musician. We do our work, and build our castles for our daily bread, for fame, or of necessity, and who could bear to see them laid flat, as a child does his sand castles, for the pure joy of rebuilding them? Which of us, before we were Guiders, cared for Nature study, knot tying, and all those interesting subjects? The average adult cares only for what may lead to making money, or getting on in life, and this is called learning to *work*! The Brownie knows that work that is a game, is alone worth doing, and that facts which are interesting are alone worth remembering.

So now do you wonder why Cubs and Brownies were invented? Make it your very own, read about it, and play with your Brownie Pack until life to you becomes once more a game, and you will go forward to meet the most unpromising future as a great and glorious adventure. Let us go with the Brownies and follow out an evening on the lines of character, intelligence and health.

Ceremonial.—First the Fairy ring round the Totem, and the Brownie songs, ending with the grand salute. Never let the romance of what it is to be a Brownie be hurried through, it means so much to them. The other day a Brownie's mother was telling

the Brown Owl how much her Mary had improved since she was a Brownie. On the Brown Owl expressing some surprise, as she had only just been enrolled, she explained that "yesterday, when I blamed her for fighting, she said 'No, mother, it was not me this time because now I am a Brownie, and I have not yet found out whether Brownies do fight.'"

A Game.—Next follows a game and because there is a lot of superfluous energy that must have a vent, it must be a game that everyone can take an active part in all the time. Some form of chase supplies this, but if the element of pretence is introduced, if instead of *touch last*, they have to cross a jungle in which tigers lie hidden to rescue a friend, we shall get training in self-sacrifice and courage, beside a far greater enjoyment. All the well-known games can be turned into a story and the Sixers will love helping you to do it.

Badge Work.—The thing the Brownies like most in the whole evening is learning to do something useful, but while they have a lot of natural curiosity for what they want to learn, which will help you in teaching them, they have an extraordinary power of refusing to let anything enter their heads they have no use for. I knew one teacher who tried for three-quarters of an hour to teach her class how to spell the word "Rabbit," and at the end only five out of the sixty small boys wrote it right! Also they prefer to watch and copy, than to listen to an explanation, however simple. So whether it is first aid, or dusting, do it in front of them perfectly and accept nothing less from them. Never say, "it is good enough for a Brownie." It spoils the fun of doing it, and beside that, a chance of character training in honesty of purpose, and self-reliance is being thrown away.

Physical Exercises.—These should not be conscious movements done to numbers, but they could take the form of imitating animals, such as frog leaps, or bunny jumping. Windmills and sea-saws. Walking along chalk lines, etc. Hopping races, or cock fights are in favour, where each Brownie with folded arms hopping on one leg, tries to make the others put both feet to the ground, when this happens they sit down, and the one remaining longest hopping wins.

The Story.—Now the old Brown Owl sitting in the centre of the circle tells her story, if it is well told the Brownies will want to imitate the hero, so it must be chosen with care, but this provides yet another opportunity of character training. Rehearse the story to yourself until you have made it your own, tell it in the simplest language as one word not understood may spoil the whole thing, explanations must come first not as an interruption to the story, and of course, no moral at the end. Then there must be the *pauses* to increase the curiosity, and those little apt repetitions which bring a smile each time they come, and serve after as a label by which the whole story is recalled. But the Brownies will teach you how to tell stories, and if you hear in an undertone "Sh! she's telling a story," you may know that all is well.

A Dance.—Finally, the dance. A fairy dance out of the Brownie book or a country dance from the Folk Dance Society; and finally, the tidying up by the Brownies in charge of that, and the Dismiss with the Brownie salute once more.

So even though you may feel you cannot pretend to be a "Brown Owl and sit on a Totem," or that you are no good at managing small children, have your Brownie Pack attached to your Guide Company all the same, for any one can feed the hungry child if they bring the food it needs, but if you do not do it, they are going to get their own food from the streets and they may be suffering from the effects of poison that is not easy to get rid of before help comes, as those who have seniors know only too well.



RESULT OF BROWNIE COMPETITION

No. 2.

Poems on : (1) The Wise Brown Owl ; (2) Brownies and Boggarts ; (3) The Fairy Ring.

1st Prize.—Margaret Goddard, 1st South Kensington Pack, aged 10.

2nd Prize.—Jessie Reid (Kelpie), 1st Eckford Pack, aged 9½.

3rd Prize.—Peggy Johnson (Sixer Sprite Six), 9th Eastbourne Pack, aged 10.

Very Highly Commended.—(1) Anne Usburne (Elf), 9th Eastbourne Pack, aged 9 ; (2) Alison Robertson, 14th Edinburgh Pack, aged 10.

Highly Commended.—(1) P. Peacock, 5th Weston-super-Mare Pack, aged 11 ; (2) Ethel Gibbs, 1st Weston-super-Mare Pack, aged 10.

Commended.—(1) Susan Bere, 5th Weston-super-Mare Pack, aged 7 ; (2) Sheila Hudson (Sprite), 9th Eastbourne Pack, aged 8½ ; (3) Mary Wilson, 1st Catterick Pack, aged 9 ; (4) Katie Mitchell, 1st Brixton Hill Pack, aged 11 ; (5) Irene Reddis, 24th Northants Pack, aged 9 ; (6) Susan Blair, 30th Edinburgh and Leith Pack, aged 10.



THE BROWNIE HOWL OR GRAND SALUTE.

Form circle, squat on heels, with two hands on the ground between the feet.

When the Brown Owl or other Officer whom the Brownies want to welcome comes in, they start howling very gently altogether.

"Tu—whit—tu—who—oo—oo—oo!"

"Tu—whit—tu—who—oo—oo—oo!" The second time raising the voice and gradually rising to a standing position.

"Tu—whit—tu—who—co—oo—o—o—o—o—o—OW!!"

The third time it is louder, and the forefinger of the right hand is placed between the lips and made to revolve, the noise getting louder and louder until it ends in a shriek, a leap in the air, and a clap of the hands ; the clap comes as the feet reach the ground. This is followed by absolute silence, the Brownies raising their right hands to the full salute.



HOW TO RUN A BROWNIE CAMP.

By D. M. BOTTLE, Brown Owl
(Lady Darnley's Own Brownie Pack).

THERE are many ways of camping. The following are suggested as being most suitable for Brownies: (1) Camping in a large house; (2) Camping under canvas.

After one or the other has been decided upon, the first thing to do is to send two or three months'

Notice to Parents.—Write a letter stating that it is proposed to hold a Camp for Brownies for so many days, mentioning the approximate dates. Also quote, approximately, the initial cost to each girl, plus, perhaps, a few groceries. Say what place has been chosen, how far off it is, and whether it is in a house or under canvas. (N.B.—It is best to camp as near home as possible to avoid big travelling expenses.) Ask for the parents' opinion on the matter, and if they think their girls will be able to come. Next, say that it is proposed to start a "Camp Club," to which girls could pay so much per week till the camping amount be paid. Conclude by stating that a competent staff of Officers (four or more) would be there, and the Camp would be run on sound lines. The Officers would be entirely responsible for the girls, except in cases of injury through wilful disobedience. (The Brown Owl should retain the paper bearing the parents' signed consent, which might be on the reverse side of the letter forwarded to them.)

House Camping.

This refers to a furnished house where Brownies would do no cooking, etc., but simply make their beds. In the case of an unfurnished house, arrangements for food, cooking, fuel and sleeping would be made similar to camping under canvas.

Decide on a definite plan beforehand. Choose the house, make all necessary arrangements by letter, or better still, in person; fix the date, station, train, time and place for meeting. Give each camper a list of what she should bring:—Haversack, big coat or mackintosh, complete change of clothing (in detail), sleeping attire, extra pair of shoes, extra dress (old), extra cap or hat (old), housewife (with needles, pins, cotton, darning wool, thimble, buttons), one small story book (fairy or other tale, or bird, tree book, etc.), tin of boot polish, brush, pad, rags, toothbrush, soap and flannel, two towels, a bandage, notebook and pencil, one candle and box of matches, string, groceries (if necessary).

All should be packed neatly into the haversack, and a waterproof "holdall" or bag. Put toilet articles, boot polish, etc., groceries, into small separate bags.

We will suppose that a Brown Owl, three Assistant Officers and 36 Brownies are going to "Rosehall," in Cornwall, from August 3 to 11. It is only five miles from their town of Falmouth. At the last Pack meeting before departure, if the original Sixes are depleted in any way the Brownies are arranged in new Sixes for camp purposes. All meet at the railway station on August 3 at 10.30 a.m., and travel by the 11 a.m. train which gets to Gregory Park Station at 11.20 a.m. The Pack alight quickly, put their baggage into a cart, which has been hired to take it, fall in and march off gaily to their new home, reaching "Rosehall" by 11.45 a.m. Seven large bedrooms have been allotted, one for each Six and one for the Officers. Each Sixer shows her Brownies to their room, the name of the Six being printed on a label on the door. All unpack what is necessary and place tidily. About 12.30 p.m. the Brown Owl visits the rooms to see how all are faring, and summons Sixers to her room. They are instructed to assist at the dinner-table at 1 p.m., and to help wash up afterwards, if needed. The Senior Sixer hangs up a copy of the Time-Table in a conspicuous place, so that Brownies can see it for themselves. Needless to say, everyone will be ready for dinner and a rest afterwards. The Officers and Brownies might spend the rest of the day together in an impromptu manner, and commence their set duties the following day.

As the children are on a holiday it is not necessary to give too much work. Some may like to work for badges, or others may not. It is best, however, to adhere to uniformity of purpose. A short rest after dinner will be very beneficial both physically and mentally.

Sunday.—The Pack would fall in for Church Parade and attend the local church at its particular hour (with respect to each Brownie's religion). In the afternoon the Officers might take a quarter of the

Pack each and tell or read them Bible or other suitable stories. Evening Service might be attended, or the Brownies taken for a quiet walk. Uniform should be worn all day.

Sports and Visitors' Day.—Tuesday afternoon, August 10, would be looked forward to as Sports and Visitors' Day. Brownies could practise daily during "Games" with a view to holding sports. The programme could be arranged at a Council meeting. In the event of it being possible to have a visiting day, letters should be sent to parents, etc., beforehand, intimating that—"Visiting Day at Roschall Camp will be on Tuesday, August 10, from 1.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. No visitors will be allowed without special permission from the Commandant before that date." The reason for this is that girls may be made homesick at the sight of their parents though perfectly happy before, and much trouble caused in consequence. The best way for finding the Camp would be useful information for intending visitors, and should be clearly given.

Returning Home.—The return home would be made on August 11. Brownies should pack their belongings carefully, and leave their rooms exactly as they found them on August 3. The cart would take the baggage to Gregory Park Station, and the Pack, after its short march, would entrain at 3 p.m. for Falmouth.

Camping under Canvas.

As in house camping, decide on a definite plan beforehand.

Distance.—Camp as near home as possible to avoid big travelling expenses.

Site.—Choose one close to a wood, near a farm or where there is a spring of fresh water handy. Write and ask the owner's permission to camp there, also leave to cut or pick up firewood, and have a camp fire.

Water.—Warn Brownies not to drink unboiled water. Avoid using the cow's tap in a field.

Tents can be hired locally, purchased from a sports shop (e.g., Gamage, Holborn), or bought second-hand through advertising. For a Brown Owl, three Assistant Officers and a Pack of 36 Brownies, six tents would be necessary, one of which would be used for stores.

We will suppose, again, that a Brown Owl, three Assistant Officers and 36 Brownies are going to camp in Farmer Dale's field (from August 11 to 18), which borders on Hagley Woods. The farmer has given his permission for the free use of the field stipulating only that it should be tidied when they depart, and that the Brownies should always keep the gate shut.

The Pack's headquarters is in Chesterville from which town electric cars run to within $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles of Hagley Woods. At the last meeting, prior to setting out for camp, Brownies are arranged into Camp Sixes, told which tents they are to occupy, given lists of what they are to bring and instructed to be at the Town Hall on Wednesday, August 11, at 8.45 a.m., where a special car would be waiting for them.

Tent Arrangements.—The Brown Owl needs to use great discretion in making up Camp Sixes and apportioning Brownies to tents. Original Sixes may be depleted in that some Brownies may not be going to Camp, or perhaps two Packs may join forces and share one Camp. The main thing is to put any "known" or "likely" troublesome girls where they are under the direct supervision of an Officer. The fact that some girls *are* occasionally tiresome must not be ignored, and a little forethought on the subject will help in the making of conditions calculated to produce a real happy Camp. At the same time it will also be possible to find Sixers quite capable of taking charge of a tent. The tent with the stores is a most important one and must always be well guarded. The Camp Senior Sixer with her Second and two reliable Brownies could share this tent. Sleeping where food is cannot be avoided, as *stores must not be left*. As much as could be, should be in tins and boxes. If the Pack is absent from Camp for any reason, some one must remain behind to look after the food.

The most important item in Camp is food, and success or failure will be judged almost entirely on the merits of the cooking staff. Brownies cannot cook by themselves. Two Officers must undertake the work with four Brownies "Lending Hands." Food must be put on much earlier in the open than at home, and it will be found necessary to stir the contents of the pot practically all the time to prevent burning, and to ensure even cooking. Plenty of wood must be kept in readiness to feed the fire constantly. Cooks should read hints and be prepared before going to Camp. For example: (1) Have porridge for breakfast every morning. No one dislikes porridge in Camp. (2) Do not bother making tea. It is much easier to make cocoa, which is a good food at the same time. (3) Buy bread from the village. (4) Meat, being expensive, often tough and perhaps scarce, do not buy. The Brownies will enjoy "bully-beef" just as much. (5) Sausages and potatoes make a fine *stew*. (6) Soak beans, etc., overnight and stand them in a safe place where no one will fall over them. (7) To clean greasy dixies, earth is useful. (8) Clean knives by rubbing them up and down in the earth. (9) Bury all scraps and rubbish (or burn them). (10) Boil a big saucepan of water for washing up. (11) Experience teaches that it is best to let each Brownie wash up her own things and put into her tent. It prevents "mislaying" of articles by non-owners. (12) The Officers and four Brownies in attendance that day, would be responsible for preparation, cooking, and the washing up of big things.

Tent and Cooking Equipment.—Straw for paillasses (obtained from the farmer, not to be used loose), three large dixies (because of lids for frying), one big kettle (boiling water always useful), one big saucepan, three big spoons, three big ladles, six basins (one for each tent) for washing, etc., corkscrew, scissors, tin-opener, axe, wooden mallet (for driving in pegs), spade, six pantry towels (for washing up), wind screens.

THE SCOTTISH LETTER.

AND a very dull business one this month, I am afraid.

First, Scottish Headquarters wishes to apologise for any delay or inconvenience that may have occurred during May, the excuse is summed up in the word "Flitting," for by the time this letter is published we hope to be safely housed in the new Headquarters. Will all Guiders, Guides and Brownies please note the new address—12, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

(English Guides are gently warned not to add N.B. as these letters stand for New Brunswick.)

Secondly, all orders for the GAZETTE, with Supplement, should be addressed to the Secretary, at the above address, not to the Editor.

Readers of the Supplement have already had Mrs. Stewart's list of Guiders' Training Schools in Scotland, but I am repeating it here for the benefit of any Guiders in England who might wish to attend. All particulars are to be had from Mrs. Stewart, 3, Park Circus, Ayr.

The school will be held somewhere near Edinburgh

during August. Trainers: August 4th to 11th, Miss K. Robertson; 11th to 18th, Miss Wissman; 18th to 25th, Miss Field; 25th to 31st, Mrs. Janson Potts. There is also to be a school at Aberdeen from July 4th. Apply to Mrs. Davidson, Mugiemoss House, Buckburn, Aberdeenshire.

Guiding has grown so wonderfully in Scotland during the last year, and there are so many new officers that great things are hoped from these schools.

The 31st Renfrewshire, 2nd Port Glasgow Company, ran an excellent display and entertainment for three nights in April, it seems to have included a great variety of Guide activities from "Commission Remarks" to a sketch written for the Company by their own Lieutenant. Company Drill, Roll Call and Swedish Drill, Action Songs, First Aid, and an Eightsome Reel are among the items. The account of another pleasant evening comes from the Garelochhead Company, who especially note the kindness of the 1st Helensburgh in coming to help at their concert. It is always jolly to hear of Guides being able to give each other "a leg up" in this way.

(continued from p. 116.)

Make necessary arrangements for loan or hire of articles, also for their transport.

Personal Equipment.—Same as for "House Camp," and, in addition, one enamel deep plate, one enamel mug, one knife, fork and spoon, one waterproof sheet, one small pillow, two blankets (good plan—sew an old blanket up like a sack and sleep in it), string, paillasse (Brownie's mother makes), a ball.

Groceries.—Tin bully beef, tin condensed milk, tin jam (2 lb.), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar.

Officers should take similar equipment plus a small first-aid box.

Pack all neatly as for "House Camping."

Journey.—All meet at the Town Hall at 8.45 a.m. on Tuesday, August 11, and travel with their luggage in the special car to the tram terminus. The Pack alight quickly, put their baggage into a hired cart, and march to Farmer Dale's field, arriving there about 10.30 a.m.

Immediately on arrival the cooks choose a site for the fires, prepare and light them at once, and get the dinner on, so that by 1 p.m. a good meal will be ready for all, who will be very hungry after pitching tents and generally getting camp ship-shape. Everyone should be made to lie down after dinner (and washing up) to avoid fatigue. The afternoon could be spent in an impromptu manner and the programme commenced next day.

It will be impossible to do hardly any badge work, although a little in the way of "Observer" and "Athlete" may be attempted.

Brownies could exchange books to get a variety of reading, if liked.

Uniform.—All must be in uniform for Prayers and Tent Inspection. Prayers should be followed by a repetition of the "Promises" and "Motto," the Flag saluted, and notices given out.

Tidiness.—Everything belonging to each Brownie should be in exactly the same corresponding place in any one tent for Inspection marks, but it is not necessary for all tent arrangements to be alike. Any neat method will pass, so long as the whole tent is uniform and tidy. Clothing should go under pillows.

Bedding.—When airing bedding, it can be put out on to Brownie's mackintoshes.

Sunday is observed as the Brown Owl cares to plan it, a Church Parade service being held in the morning.

Sports and Visitors' Day.—Same as in "House Camping."

Homeward Bound.—The return home would be made on August 18. After breakfast, everything should be packed, the tents struck, straw removed from paillasses, and the field tidied. By 11 a.m. Brownies should be ready to march to the car terminus where the car would carry them home to Chesterville in time for dinner with the Home Folk.

BENNY MUGGINS.

(concluded.)

He struck! The flame shone out! Joy and joy again! The bar of light, glimmering, hateful, fled away, and with it went the unusual shadows. Dear familiar objects smiled out to him tenderly from their corner, the kindly plush-encased group, the clock moving yet diskless, the tolerant eyes of great-great-grandfather, all in the friendliness of a light they understood. And there, by the fireplace, he saw also objects which brought to his plain face a smile of enchanting sweetness, the unspeakable carpet slippers of the Most Beautiful Thing in the World. His heart bounded with relief and love—and then the inevitable happened, the match went out.

He takes out a second match, and possessed in all his being with the desire to perpetuate the light by which the familiar objects became his own again, he strikes and gazes round for the lamp. It is not to be seen. There are muslin curtains by the window, and he trots up to them. He is acting by intuition now. He does not actually know that they will burn. He is sobbing a little but he does not waver; he knows no harm.

(The Most Beautiful Thing is making her way towards Butchers' Corner from the further side. She is worried over the price of 'addicks. She is not thinking of Benny.)

The child's hand trembles, but he places the match against the curtain. A tiny spark comes, and he watches it breathless. It smoulders and a little ribbon of smoke appears; it runs down the split thread of the curtain and brightens. (The Most Beautiful Thing is rounding the corner.) The spark brightens again and bursts into flame. The flame spreads and becomes flames. (Mrs. Muggins is round the corner.) The attic is lit from end to end. Joyfully they smile out now his friends of the corner no longer buried in shadow. Homely, homely is the dear old attic with the bed and the little cot by its side; and the beloved slippers resting easily by the fireplace in all their reassuring unspeakableness. To the little foolish child the light is safety, peace of mind and of body. It is fire and lamp all in one. It brings again that nearness of detail which is so convincing to the childish mind.

(Mrs. Muggins is in the street, but she has dropped a parcel.)

The curtains are ablaze from top to bottom. It is very pretty, but Benny gazing fascinated with contemplative finger in mouth, experiences a sudden vague feeling of alarm. What has he done? What is to be the end of that ever-growing spark which he has somehow created to relieve his own misery? It has become very hot. (Mrs. Muggins has reached the bottom step.)

As he stands with round eyes all a stare, all uncomprehending, a piece of the curtain drops away. A puff of wind blows it in his direction. (Mrs. Muggins has paused to speak to a neighbour.)

There is a sudden pain in his arm. It grows worse, it will soon be unbearable. A scream echoes through the attic and shakes it from end to end. "Mommer, Mommer, Mommer," the pitiful helpless reiteration of a cry to her, who in all his childish troubles has never failed him and surely will not fail him now in his hour of bitter need.

The door opens as if with a gust of wind. A red angry face appears. There is an answering cry, a swish of ample skirts . . .

* * *

The faceless clock ticked away an hour. The room is warm in the light of the lamp and of a fire in its rightful place. The awful remnants of which had been so near to the direct tragedy have been removed. An assortment of jugs and basins stand in a certain corner which is dripping ominously. Otherwise the room is still.

By the chimney corner, her feet encased in the slippers, her hair hanging in an agitated wisp down her back, red-faced and perspiring and deeply engrossed, sits the Most Beautiful Thing in the World. She has reason to be engrossed for Benny is taking his bread and milk. He is happy beyond words for his little body, to whom the mere touch of the spark had caused the agony of terror, is now tingling comfortably with the comprehensible warmth of the most satisfactory slapping he ever received in his life, and he looks up at the red, concerned face bending over him with a wide grin of the purest joy and confidence. Never so beautiful! Never so protective! Never so wholly satisfying in all her life before! But there had been one other unwanted event on that not-to-be-forgotten evening which had both puzzled and gratified him. The broad chest against which his tousled red head rested, had once or twice heaved ominously, and something warm and salt had fallen on to his cheek. Then sleep had overtaken him and the joy of certainty.

That night when the moon had gone Mrs. Muggins deeply snoring, had awakened with a start. Vague desires had taken possession of the soul and body which had been nightly lulled by the thought that she had "done her duty" by her offspring. She had regarded Benny's existence as a matter of course, as a state of affairs natural and indisputable and without possibilities of further development than the growing and inconvenient need for larger clothes and more substantial food. But, to-night, thoughts amongst which was the possibility of an empty cot presented themselves to a mind long clogged with the struggle for existence. She raised herself, and lighting the lamp, bent over the cot where the object of her thoughts lay; stolid, bullet-headed, wrapped in the flannel fragrant sleep of childhood. For the first time then,

he seemed to her with all his inevitableness a little living spirit unusual, precious, full of the significance of development.

The lamp was extinguished. Two red arms came out and took the baby from his cot. Life then was marked by yet one more unwonted event. Through all the quiet peace of the night Benny in bliss unspeakable lay gathered closely to his Most Beautiful Thing in the World.



"TODDIE."

IN the middle of a lawn sat a large, fat toad, that blinked at regular intervals, with the satisfied air of one who has fed well, and is well pleased with the world in general. His eyes were the colour of a trout stream in a mossy country, his feet were large, and he had his fore-legs spread out before him, while he tucked his long lanky hind ones underneath his rotund body of dull greeny brown. He seemed entirely taken up by his own thoughts, oblivious to the various sights and sounds around him.

As I stood motionless, I noticed a slight movement in the short grass near the toad. A moment later, and a large juicy worm had wriggled out of a tiny hole and was making its way laboriously towards the long grass that grew a few yards away.

He never once stopped blinking, he never moved a muscle. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "he hasn't noticed it."

All of a sudden, the blinking ceased, and a steely gleam came into his beady eyes. Then he began to creep after the luckless worm with long stealthy steps.

Unconscious of its approaching doom the worm wriggled on—the toad was almost touching the wiggly pink tip of its tail. Poised motionless on sixteen toes, he waited—one quick pounce, one sharp snap, and the next moment he was busily engaged in getting the remaining half of the reluctant worm into his spacious mouth. He employed both his fore-feet with vigour, and gulped every few minutes until no sign of the unhappy worm remained. Then he crept forward a few paces, gave a military salute, and settled down to blink and bask in the sun, until another fat worm wriggled out of the ground.

G. G.



THE FIRST VENTURE.

By SYLVIA
STEUART.

HE was a darling, bumptious, roly-poly of a puppy. He sat on the steps leading to the hotel he called his home, with look as wise as an owl on his face, hardly in keeping with the roundness of his puppy back. His soft, brown coat shone in the sunlight, and his legs were very puppyish, as though possessing no bones, and looked hardly capable of supporting his little fat round body. His head had adorable wrinkles surrounding his beautiful, brown eyes, which were a constant delight to the ladies of his acquaintance.

With the inexperience of youth he imagined all should bend to his will, and so he sat on this height to survey the world in a lordly manner. It was a very kind world to him, there was always someone ready to roll him over if his desire was to play, or if to rest, a soft lap was ever at his service. But somehow this afternoon there was no one about, he was alone and at a loose end, therefore, he made up his mind to go for a walk on his own account.

Off he set at a swinging trot across the grass and out under the pine trees. He felt now every inch his three months, going on an expedition by himself. He trotted on and on, giving an occasional start and stop at a strange sound. Silently he passed along the sandy path, and the flowers nodded to him as they bent in the breeze.

He felt a mixture of pride and fear, pride at his own daring, and fear at the strangeness. Still he tried to look very courageous as he trotted along—but, oh! what was that dreadful swishing in the undergrowth?—a magpie flew out laughing mockingly. The little brown figure slunk on with the apology for a tail at a rather lower angle than before; imagine being frightened by a bird!

The sandy path suddenly stopped at a big open place where several other sandy paths met it. For a moment, the puppy paused; which should be take? A little hill at the side, surrounded by lovely grey bog-myrtle and rose-coloured valerian, attracted his attention. Perhaps, it was an artistic sense in him; perhaps, it was merely desire to rest after his hot walk, which prompted him to go and sit on this hillock. But mount it he did, and very sweet he looked, the pink and grey showing off his tan coat to great advantage.

He felt more at home here, it was natural to him to sit on a height and survey his surroundings, like it is natural

to an Englishman to stand with his back to the fireplace, and from thence to give his views on any subject under the sun, whether he has heard of it before or not; so it was that the puppy glanced at his surroundings, with the broad and elevated view of one who feels he is of importance in the world.

The bog-myrtle and the valerian gazed at him with amused looks. Who was this little brown thing who looked so grandly around him? The bog-myrtle, being the gentleman, took it upon himself to open the conversation.

"How do you do," he remarked; "I hope you are enjoying the view."

The puppy started and looked round to see from where the voice came. At last he bent his wrinkly neck and saw the bog-myrtle below him, looking as though he were laughing, the puppy thought.

"Extremely, thank you," he answered in his grandest manner.

Who was this grey-leaved thing who dared to sneer at him, the king of his world at home? And he puffed himself out until he nearly managed to fill all the superfluous inches in his brown coat.

"Have you come far?" asked the bog-myrtle.

"A long, long way from the hotel down there," answered the puppy, and then, as the audacity of his feat came over him, with a little burst of confidence, he continued: "I have never been half so far by myself before."

"And the bog-myrtle who had never left the spot whereon he stood answered: "It must be a dangerous thing to walk so far alone, and I don't see what you have gained now you have arrived here."

This rather nonplussed the puppy, so he paused before answering. What had he gained by his walk? He thought hard what to answer; then a soft voice whispered in his ear, "Experience and Interest."

He looked hastily round, and saw the pink valerian smiling at him. At first, he did not quite understand these big words and gazed rather surprisedly at her.

"The bog-myrtle has never moved from where he grows now," she whispered, "his father and grandfather grew there, too, but all my people lived a long way from here, so I know what it is to have an adventure. When I was a seed, a bird picked me up in his beak and carried me up, ever so far over the trees in the blue, blue sky. At last I got tired of being in his beak, so I wriggled and wriggled until he let me go, and I fell down, down, until I landed on this soft hill, and I lay quite still after my long journey through the air."

"At first, like you, I felt very proud of my adventure and thought how I should surprise my neighbours when I grew into a beautiful plant, for there were no other valerians here. The next morning when the first sunbeam came round for orders, I heard all the plants saying they wanted so much sun or so much rain, and I thought in my pride, I'll show them how to do things, as if anyone who has made such a long journey wants to be helped to grow by sun or rain. So when the sun-

beam suddenly stumbled across my green shoots, he exclaimed: "Ah! here's a little stranger. And how much sun and rain would you like? Or, perhaps you are not yet old enough to know, and had better leave it to me." His words made me cross, and I answered haughtily: "I'm quite old enough to take care of myself, and I don't want any sun or rain to help me grow." The sunbeam smiled. "Very well," he answered quietly, and passed on to the next plant.

"After this my green shoots soon began to droop, and I became more and more disheartened, till one morning I laid my little buds, no longer green for lack of water, down on the ground, thinking I could hold them up no longer. I was awakened by the sunbeam kissing me softly, and I looked at him shamefacedly.

"So now, little one, you see you were mistaken, and you have not been able to grow all by yourself. But never mind, you have learnt your lesson, and we will soon make your shoots green again."

"And so I had learnt my lesson. Ever after I have known how to be thankful for the soft rain and the warm sun, and not to think I could do everything for myself.

"Yes, my journey taught me many things. First of all, it taught me humility," continued the pink valerian, "and love for my neighbours. Although they were quite different to those I had been used to, I learnt how each flower is made after a different pattern, and though so many kinds, no special one is right, but there is good in all. Now the bog-myrtle there, has never journeyed and so has known no other flowers than those around him. When I came I was the first stranger he had seen, and it took him a long time to get used to me." And the pink valerian laughed a soft, silvery laugh, like the sound of falling dew. "I, who had known others, got used to him much sooner.

"Well, I have told you a long story, Master Puppy, but take a lesson from it, and profit by your first venture into the big world. Instead of having your eyes shut by pride, keep them open, so that you see all the wonderful things around you, and which are every bit as good as you.

"Goodbye, my dear; I don't want to be rude, but the sun is sinking, and I expect you ought to be on your homeward journey."

So the puppy gave her a polite bow, as he turned to go down the hill, which is only proper for Youth to do to Experience.

The puppy thought deeply on his homeward way, and the dear wrinkles on his forehead grew deeper as he thought out the story the pink valerian had told him. And when he arrived at his own comfortable home, and after a good supper of biscuit, was rolled over and rubbed by the foot of a kind visitor, he felt that he had learnt one thing from his adventure. And that was that, although it was very delightful out there in the woods, it wouldn't be nice to stay there always; and so, like most people after their first adventure into the big world, he thought, "There was no place like home."



Weston-super-Mare Brownies.

THE BROWN OWL.

By R. F. HEATH, Westminster Divisional Brownie
Secretary.

THE complete Brown Owl is a lady of parts. Captains and Lieutenants are wise folks, but many things pertain to a Brown Owl which are quite beyond the scope of other Guiders.

There are times when a Captain does not mind noise, but a Brown Owl must like it. It will be her natural element. She must love to hear the words "Brown Owl" coming from twenty directions at once "in twenty different sharps and flats." At the same time she will keep one ear for a breathless communication in the region of the waistline, and the other for the secret that is whispered to her knee. In return she must remember exactly what she said herself a month ago, for if she makes a single alteration in any statement she will rue it.

The complete Brown Owl will not mind the backache which comes from continual intercourse with people on a lower level, nor the sight of hair that will neither plait nor bob, nor the sound of many boots on a wooden floor. She will take an intelligent interest in any subject that may arise, such as tadpoles or family complaints or the Daylight Saving Bill. She will know everything connected with Guides or Brownies by heart, and the rest backwards. She will know, for instance, how long it takes to be a Patrol Leader, or to work a kettle holder (both about equal). She can fathom the intricacies of a knot that is somehow

not exactly the one it was meant to be. She will even understand how the two got mixed and the way to keep them separate. Her taste in milk puddings is only equalled by her taste in darning. And she is ready at any moment to answer every question to the satisfaction of the questioner, which is quite a different thing from giving the correct reply.

Furthermore, when she has achieved all these things, and many others not set down, she must be able to stand by while her Brownies are enrolled into the Company.

But the true test of a Brown Owl is a very simple one. Peter Pan put the question long ago. "Do you believe in—Brownies?" If you do, if you are quite sure that to be a Brownie is the very best thing for people of the Brownie age, that, in fact, every small girl is born on purpose to become first a

Brownie and afterwards a Guide, then there is no need to worry. All the rest (including the Brownies) will come.

THE TWO FROGS.

There were once two little froggies;
One was lazy and was fat;
At his work he always grumbled;
" 'Tis too hard, I can't do that!"
But the other little froggy
Was industrious and thin.
" Courage, brother!" he would answer,
" Froggies never should give in!"
Now one night these little brothers
Through a dairy window hopped,
And as they were young and careless
In two bowls of cream they dropped.
Loud the fat frog lamented,
For he could not reach the brim;
So the lean frog shouted comfort;
" Courage, brother! can't you swim?"
But the cream was thick and sticky,
And the lazy frog was fat;
So he only answered sadly,
" 'Tis too hard, I can't do that!"
" If you don't," replied the lean frog,
" I'm afraid you will be drowned,
" I shall try to keep on swimming
" Round and round and round and round."
When the sun rose, in one creambowl
Drowned the frog lay, who was fat.
In the other was the thin frog
Sitting on a butter-pat.

All night long he'd kept on churning,
Till at last his work was done.
Safe and dry he sat there happy
At the rising of the sun.
So, remember, little Brownies,
Don't say Can't, and don't give in;
Don't be fat if you can help it;
Don't be lazy, and you'll win.
MABEL M. SPEAR.

(See page 168 in "Girl Guiding.")

COMPANY AND PACK NEWS.

SOUTH-WEST LONDON DIVISION—
BROWNIE RALLY.

About 300 Brownies, drawn from Battersea, Wandsworth, Clapham, Putney, Streatham Hill, Tooting, and Brixton Hill, took part in a Divisional Rally on Saturday, February 7. The programme consisted of items on Brownie work—First Aid, Company Drill, Flag Drill, Signalling (Morse and Semaphore), Domestic Handicrafts, Morris Dancing, Games, etc. The afternoon's entertainment was much appreciated by a large audience of parents and friends, and in the distinguished presence of the Divisional Commissioner, the Countess Ferrers, Mrs. Mark Kerr (who took the Salute), and the Duchess of Abercorn.

THEALE.

The Theale Brownie Pack was first organised in April, 1918, starting with six Brownies and now numbering 21 members. The Pack consists of nine second-class Brownies, five of whom are going in for the first-class test this month.

Last June the Pack took part in a Rally given at Englefield House, near Reading, giving a display of physical exercises and a country dance.

In November they helped their Guide Company in giving an entertainment and concert, some of them dancing while others took part in a fairy play, etc.

They are now preparing with their Guide Company for a Divisional Rally to be held at Englefield House in June, in which they will take part in a fence competition and an English dance, etc.

LANCASTER.

The 1st Brownie Pack, attached to the G.F.S. Company, 6th Lancasters, held their first entertain-

ment in the G.F.S. Lodge on April 10, in aid of their funds. They presented Miss M. Whelon, O.B.E., with a Prayer Book in recognition for all the trouble she took in cutting out and making the tunics—12 little Brownies were very happy and they hope to send their photographs soon.

THE LLANDAFF BROWNIES.

The Llandaff Brown Owl writes that she has been asked to give up her Pack and take up Guides, and so sends us news of her past year's work.

She writes: "We started with six small people, all rather shy and frightened (we were, too) but they soon cheered up when they discovered that most of their Pack evening was play. But they have learnt so well through play, that we have got three 1st class Brownies, whom we're all very proud of, to say nothing of five 2nd class, and fifteen Tenderfoots. These we trained as Sixers and Seconds, and by that time rumours of a jolly evening spread through the village, and others thought that they'd come and see for themselves what happened. Now we have twenty-six."

1st SWANAGE COMPANY.

This Company had a very jolly entertainment in February for Company Funds, and acted "Dick Whittington."

The part of the "Cat" was played by a small Brownie, of 10 years old, and who behaved very pluckily after a nasty accident.

Something fell on her head and cut it quite badly



"Dick Whittington." 1st Swanage Company.

just before she went on in the third scene. She bravely went through the scene with the blood running down her face inside her "Cat's" mask, and made the audience laugh repeatedly at her "pussy" tricks. She did not tell anyone that she was hurt until her part was finished.

Well played—Brownie!

WESTMINSTER DIVISION BROWNIE RALLY.

On Saturday, March 13, the Brownies of the Westminster Division held a Rally at St. Andrew's Hall, Carlisle Place.

There are eleven Packs in Westminster and 167 Brownies were present. The programme was arranged so that in nearly every item the Division worked as a whole, Brownie with Brownie, and Pack with Pack.

After the Brownie Song (which was written and composed in Westminster) there was a March Past, the County Commissioner taking the salute. An inspection followed, and then each Pack did a "Mystery," that is, an original performance, not lasting more than three minutes, and kept secret till the Rally.

But the great feature of the afternoon was the Camp. It is very difficult to take Brownies to camp. Westminster, therefore, decided to take the camp to the Brownies, how Brownies being under twelve only needed half tickets, so each Brownie grabbed a partner from another Pack with whom to share her ticket, and each Brown Owl took care of a carriage full of Brownies. The Pack Leaders looked after the luggage. Of course, the camping-ground was in a magic ring, but the magic is a secret. There was a Totem, a Fire, a cloth laid with tea for three, and a Pool, banked up with moss and wild flowers, with real water and a live gold fish. Brownie Guardians sat by each, and all the other Brownies sat down in horseshoes inside the ring, with a Brown Owl to look after each horseshoe. The Pack Leaders stood outside to keep guard.

Two messengers escorted the Commissioners to camp, where they had tea, with buns for everybody, after which the Divisional Commissioner talked to the Brownies. Suddenly, the cuckoo was heard, and as that meant bedtime everybody curled up and listened to the lullaby which was written long ago for other Brownies. Then while the camp slept, two Sentinels mounted guard over the ring, and called across to each other "All Clear!"

The Brown Owls crept out to undo the magic and directly the spell was broken the camp vanished.

The Rally ended with a Divisional Howl, in which the Divisional Commissioner called upon every Six in turn, Sprites, Pixies, Elves, and all the rest, and every Six answered to her call until the whole Division shouted at once to show that it was ready to lend a hand.

NOTTINGHAM DIVISIONAL RALLY,
JANUARY 27, 1920.

'Tis the day of the Rally. The clocks have struck seven,
There are girls trooping up on all sides.
Their buckles are shining—their faces as well,
You can tell they are proud to be Guides.

"Guard of Honour, Fall in" was the word of command,
And they fell—on the staircase marked A—
To salute the Commissioners as they passed through,
And ran back just in time for the fray.

When the Derby Commissioner took the salute,

And the Companies passed four by four,
We saluted—gave "Eyes Right," "Eyes Front," and
"Left Wheel."

And then "Halt," on our square on the floor.

Then we had the inspection, and then the address,

With its message for everyone—

That if only we tackle our work with a will

There is nothing that cannot be done.

Then the Mayor gave the Cups and the Prizes away,

And we all clapped the winners with glee,
As their Captain in peril of breaking her neck *

Bore the Shield off for Company 3.

Number 14 came next with the 1st close behind,

While for singing the 2nd stood head,

The new "Player" Sports Cup was also on view,

To be won in the Summer 'tis said.

The programme was varied with all kinds of Drill,

And some songs from those Guides who could sing.

We'd a "Badge Demonstration," "The Song of the Flag,"

And then ended with "God Save the King."

* The platform was very high and the space in front of the table very narrow.

CORNWALL CONFERENCE.

A Commissioners' and Guiders' Conference was held at the Women's Institute, Truro, on February 14, which was attended by between 70 and 80 Commissioners and Guiders.

An interesting programme had been arranged, which included Signalling, Games in Theory and Practice, Company and Patrol Drill, Model Enrolment and Inspection, and an address on Senior Guides by the Lady Helen Whitaker, D.C.C. for the S.W. Counties. This was followed by the annual meeting of the County Association, presided over by the Countess of Mount Edgecumbe.

Mrs. Godfrey Williams, County Commissioner, read the annual report, with suggestions for the future, and Lady Helen Whitaker gave an inspiring address on "The Romance of Guiding."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SANDY."—(a) Do Lieutenants wear chin straps? No, their uniform is similar to that of a Captain, except for differences in badges of rank.

It is not a bad plan to keep the chin strap on the hat, tucked away in the crown, so that it can be pulled down and worn at the back, under the hair, in a very high wind.

Lieutenants do not wear haversacks as uniform, but they can, of course, use them for camping and expeditions in which to carry food, etc.

(b) The Service Star usually dates from the date of enrolment, as until that occasion the Guide is not a member of the Movement. If she has had, for some unforeseen reason, to wait a long time for her enrolment, the Captain may think it advisable to give her a star earlier than the full year from when she was actually enrolled.

(c) See "Answers to Correspondents," March number, page 35.

APPOINTMENTS.

CHESHIRE.

Dist. C. for Stockport ... Miss Dorothy Mills, The Hall Cottage, Cheadle Hulme, Nr. Stockport, *vice* Miss Rayner (resigned).
 Div. C. for West Mid-Cheshire ... Mrs. Johnson, Ashton Hayes, Chester.
 Dist. C. for Wirral ... Mrs. Gershom Stewart, White holme, Hoylake.

CORNWALL.

Dist. C. for Bude ... Mrs. Arthur Cave, Maer Lake House, Bude, Nr. Cornwall, *vice* Mrs. Cotton (resigned).

CUMBERLAND.

Dist. C. for Gosforth ... Miss Rymer, Calder Abbey, Calder Bridge. (March.)

SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE.

Dist. C. for Sale, Brooklands, Ashton-on-Mersey ... Mrs. Tait, Roseneath, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.
 Dist. C. for Chorlton and Whalley ... Miss E. M. Varley, 23, Whalley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.
 Dist. C. for Levenshulme ... Miss A. Ellis, 1, Moon Grove, Dickenson Road, Rusholme, Manchester.
 Dist. C. for Rusholme ... Mrs. Pringle, 153, Wittington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE.

Dist. C. for Southport ... Miss Leslie Jordan, West House, Roe Lane, Southport.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Dist. C. in Leicester ... Miss Wicking, 190, Evington Road, Leicester.

LINCOLNSHIRE—LINDSEY.

Dist. C. for Brigg ... Mrs. Frith, 7, Market Place, Brigg.

LONDON NORTH-EAST.

Dist. C. for Leyton and Leytonstone, N.E. Div. ... Mrs. Newbould, 18, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea.
 Dist. C. for Wanstead ... The Lady Dorothy Hope Morley, 42, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

LONDON, NORTH-WEST.

Dist. C. for Cricklewood ... Miss Hughes, 99, North Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.8.

LONDON, SOUTH-EAST.

Dist. C. for Sydenham and Forest Hill District ... Mrs. Chapman, 33, Laurie Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.26.

MIDDLESEX.

Asst. Div. C. ... Mrs. Stillwell, Moorcroft, Hillingdon, Uxbridge.
 Dist. C. for West Middlesex ... Mrs. Craig, The Grange, Hillingdon, Uxbridge.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

County C. ... The Viscountess Ipswich, Whittlebury, Towcester, *vice* The Duchess of Grafton (resigned).

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

County Secretary ... Miss Ida Harcourt Vernon, Grove Hall, Retford.
 Div. C. for Retford, Petty Sessional Div. ... Mrs. Otter, Royston Manor, Clayworth, Retford.
 Div. C. for Southwell ... Lady Hickling, Brackenhurst Hall, Southwell.
 Div. C. for Worksop ... The Duchess of Newcastle, Clumber Hall, Workshop.
 Dist. C. for Mansfield ... Mrs. Buxton, Ravenscroft, Crow Hill, Mansfield.

SUFFOLK.

Asst. Div. C. for West Suffolk ... Mrs. Bramley Firth, Bradfield Hall, Bury-St.-Edmunds.
 Dist. C. for Peccles ... Mrs. Wood Hill, M.B.E., Starthe House, Beccles.
 Dist. C. for Bungay ... Mrs. Ransom, Trinity Street, Bungay.

Dist. C. for Newmarket and District ... Miss Dorothy May, Broderick Ellis, Brynirion, Newmarket.
 Dist. C. for Stoke-by-Nayland ... Mrs. Hodson Mackenzie, Rockalls Hall, Polstead, Suffolk.
 Dist. C. for Woodbridge ... Mrs. Grant, Melton Grange, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

SURREY.

Div. C. for Wimbledon ... Miss Maynard, 34, Woodsides, Wimbledon, S.W.

SUSSEX.

Dist. C. for Brighton ... Lady Cusack-Smith, Aylesbury, Furze Hill, Hove.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Solihull and District ... Miss Willmot, Packwood Hall, Hockley Heath, Warwickshire.

WALES.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Bangor ... Mrs. Common, Hazel Mount, Upper Bangor.

FLINTSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Rhyl, Prestatyn, St. Asaph and Mold ... Miss E. Elkington, The Mount St. Asaph, N. Wales.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

County Secretary ... Miss Margery Morgan, Hillcrest, Llanishen, Glamorgan.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

Dist. C. for Glasnevin and Drumcondra ... Mrs. Prudence Miller, 6, Grace-park Gardens, Dublin.

SCOTLAND.

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Alva ... Miss Kate Dawson, Strude Park, Alva.
 Dist. C. for Sanchie ... Miss Mary Buick, Netherby, Alloa.

GLASGOW CITY.

County C. ... Lady Stirling Maxwell, Pollock House, Pollockshaws, *vice* Mrs. Charles Cree (resigned).

Div. C. for South Glasgow ... Miss Geddes, Somersby, Pollockshields, *vice* Lady Stirling Maxwell, now County C.

Dist. C. for N.W. Dist. ... Miss G. A. Dalgliesh, 25, Dunonald Road, Glasgow.

OVERSEAS.

AFRICA.

Provincial C. for Cape Province ... Mrs. Ravenshaw, Clareinch, Claremont, *vice* Mrs. Beaumont Rawbone (resigned).

RHODESIA.

Organising C. ... Lady Chaplin, Government House, Salisbury.
 Div. C. ... Mrs. Douglas Jones, c/o The British South African Co., Salisbury.

BERMUDA.

Island Secretary ... Mrs. Butler, Bay View, Hamilton, Bermuda.

MALTA AND GOZO.

Island C. ... Mrs. Hopkins, 20, Piazza Maggiore, Florian, Malta, *vice* Mrs. Eagar (resigned).

Island Secretary ... Mrs. Birnie Hill, 23, Charll-Lambi, Sliema, Malta.

Dist. C. for B. Dist. ... Mrs. Robina Shaw, 9, Strada Salvatore, Bighi, Malta.

CORRECTIONS.

In May number of the GAZETTE, for—
 Dist. C. for South Liverpool ... Mrs. Stewart Brown, *read* Miss K. Stewart Brown.
 Dist. C. for Retford Borough ... Mrs. Huntsford, *read* Mrs. Huntsman.