

Girl Guides' Gazette

The Official Organ of the Girl Guides (Incorporated).


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BUCKINGHAM  PALACE,

Christmas, 1920.

At this Christmastide I am thinking much of my sister Guides, and how proud I am to be their President.

The cheerful and healthy faces which greet me on my Inspections throughout the Country are, I feel sure, an outward sign of happy homes, and I trust that brightness and good cheer may be brought into many more lives through this bond of a mutual friendship.

To each and all I send a heartfelt Christmas Greeting, and Best Wishes for the New Year.

Mary.

RETROSPECT.

LOOKING back on the year's work we can feel that though we would all, perhaps, have liked to have done more, we have yet accomplished much for the good of our sisterhood.

Each and every Guide worker can, no doubt, reflect happily on the progress that has been made in one way and another, and look forward, too, to stepping onward, rung by rung, up the ladder next year.

Better recognition has come to the Movement and greater interest in what we are and what we are doing has been taken by public and parents alike. Perhaps, the biggest and best sign of this being the acceptance, last March, of the Presidency by H.R.H. the Princess Mary.

In April, our longed-for Guiders' Swanwick Conference (which had been so unfortunately postponed owing to the 1919 strike) came and went in a flash, leaving its mark on many a Guider for the benefit of her Company at home.

The summer brought its crop of rallies, all of which help to stimulate greater keenness, and have their value in showing to the Guides, as well as to the public, that Guides are out for some definite purpose, and are no longer to be considered a freakish fancy of a chosen few.

Of camps I cannot speak personally very much, as I only had a chance of visiting so few, but as the honey is to the bee, so camping should be to the Guide, and from all accounts there have been many happy camps for Guide and Guider alike this summer. There have, however, been camps like seaside lodgings, that have been "good, bad and indifferent," and we have far to go and much to learn in camp craft in this coming year.



1920.

It is gratifying to note that the cheaper railway facilities that were offered to Guides have been freely made use of, and in the report of the J.O.C. the Guides head the list, so far as girls are concerned, in the numbers who applied through that organisation for reduced fares. Indeed, their total is only exceeded by that of the Boy Scouts and of schools. They exceed those of Boys' Brigades, C.L.B. and other societies. It is a sign of the times

and an augury for next year.

This year, more than any previous year, we have had opportunities of welcoming many of our sister Guides from overseas, and a dream came true when the Conference arranged by the International Council took place at Oxford in July. I told you all about it in the September number of the GAZETTE, and I am not going to say any more about it, but it is a big landmark in the history of our Girl Guide Movement.

A big milestone was also passed when our Headquarters was moved to its new home. It was an inspiring if an alarming fact that we had grown so swiftly that this should have been necessary; but once the plunge was taken not only Headquarters itself, but the whole Movement has been happier, and work has grown and improved steadily and satisfactorily.

The Commissioners' Conference at Swanwick that took place in October was once more an inspiring week for all who were there, and the only regret that comes into one's mind over it, is that it was not possible to have every Commissioner present from every part of the country.

Guide work was dealt with from every point of view, and every Guider and Guide may be sure that their good and the good of the Movement had the

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' Message to Scouts and Guides. 1920.

I have seen with the greatest satisfaction my Brother Scouts as well as the Girl Guides flourishing in all parts of the Empire that I have visited in the course of my tour. In thanking them and those at home for their kindly greetings, I wish them all further success in carrying out the maxim: "Pull together—each for all and all for each."

(Signed) EDWARD P.,
Chief Scout for Wales.

fullest consideration and thought during that busy time.

Good news has come to us this year of the work that is being done by our sister Guides belonging to the British Empire in far-away corners of the world. This news, filtering through as it does, makes us realise more than anything how wonderfully our Guide work, our badge tests, our games and activities appeal to our sisters across the water.

But the best thing of all is that they are drawn into our inner circle through taking the same Promise and living up

new branches and developments in the Guide training are not heard of for weeks or even months after these have become known and adopted in the home country. And yet these jolly overseas Guides of ours are keen as can be and work hard and make themselves as efficient as can be, in spite of these handicaps.

That ought to give us a good push forward and make us appreciate and make the most of the golden opportunities that come our way in the United Kingdom.

Our progress in numbers this year has been better than we could have hoped, and in this last month of

Message from the Chief Guide.

May I send my warmest good wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all Guides in every part of the world.

This Christmas will, I hope, be one of happiness



THE CHIEF GUIDE.

to each of us individually, and it will be even more cheery and jolly a time if we can help to give someone else a piece of our happiness, too.

Guide Greetings to all.

Jan Baden-Powell.

Chief Guide.

to the same Law as we do here, and wherever you go you may be sure of finding a friend who is "one of us" in the best sense of the term.

One thing we ought to remember about our far-away sister Guides is that they have not got all the facilities that we have. They do not have supplies of Guide pamphlets and books, because the posts are slow and far between; they have no convenient conferences and training camps brought to their doors; badges are hard to get, for often months pass before they can be sent from London to their destination;

this happy year I would like, if I may, to congratulate all our hard workers on what has been achieved in this respect.

Sometimes, it is said that the "Guide Movement runs itself." So it does, in one sense of the word, for it has grown from infancy without any definite support from any one special body, movement or authorities.

But it is thanks to Guiders, Commissioners, members of Local Committees and supporters in every centre that we have grown into this very happy and satisfactory state.

HEADQUARTERS' NOTICES.

THERE is a vacancy at Headquarters for a Guider of public school education and organising ability.

HEADQUARTERS will be most grateful if anyone who can spare any holly with berries, will very kindly send to 25, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, a small consignment for the decoration of the Christmas Bazaar.

DIPLOMA'D GUIDERS.

BLUE and red cords may be obtained by Diploma'd Guiders themselves on application to Headquarters. There is no need to apply to the County Secretaries.

STAFF CAPTAINS.

In future, Guiders holding the rank of Staff Captain, will be known as District Captain.

COMING EVENTS.

ABBAY LODGE, W. MALVERN.

AN indoor Camp will be held from December 28, 1920, to January 4, 1921. Fee, 25s., 5s. of which must be sent before November 30, as a "booking" fee. Bed and bedding, 12s. 6d. extra. For all particulars apply to Miss Field (Commandant) and send postage stamp.

SOUTHERN TRAINING SCHOOL.

A TRAINING week will be held at 34, Woodside, Wimbledon, S.W., on January 14, 1921.

Applications should be made to Miss Maynard at the above address, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

Preference will be given to those who have not had previous training.

GUIDERS' CONFERENCE, 1921.

A GUIDERS' Conference will be held at the Hayes, Swanwick, Derbyshire, from April 5-12. Please make a note of this date and come to the Conference.

Names may be sent in to County Secretaries now, accompanied by 5s. deposit fee.

TRAINING WEEK.

A TRAINING week for Diploma'd Guiders will be held from January 6-13, at High Ashurst, Dorking.

Applications should be made to the Director of Training, Mrs. Strode, Tregenna, Woking, Surrey, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply.

BRIDGNORTH.

A GUIDERS' Training Camp will be held (D.V.) at Y.W.C.A., Bridgnorth, Salop, for ten days from Tuesday, December 28, to Friday, January 7: Commandant, Miss Kelway. Terms, £2 for the whole period, or 4s. per day. House accommodation. For kit list and further particulars, apply to Camp Secretary, 25, Cranbrook-road, Bristol.

CORRECTION.

OWING to a mistake in the notice about Cheshire Training Camps in last month's GAZETTE, it would appear as if all these Camps were "indoors"; but it was only meant to apply to the January Training Week. This Camp will be held at Hurdfield House, Macclesfield, from January 14-21.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

FOR SALE.—Guider's Uniform, tailor-made, fine serge, skirt 35½ in. long, waist 25 in., nearly new. Navy poplin blouse included, £5. Apply, Ravenhill, Hazeldene, Hampton Road, Teddington.

FOR SALE.—Officer's Uniform, tailor-made, never been worn, small size, £5 5s. Write T., c/o Headquarters.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"V."—A Guide Patrol Leader who is also a Ranger wears a Guide Patrol Leader's hat band with the Ranger brooch above it.

"I.N.G."—All Government medals may be worn on Guide uniform.

"QUERY."—(1) The Dressmaker and First-Class Cook's badges do not count towards the seven necessary badges for the All Round Cords. They supplement the Cook and Needlewoman included in the First Class. (2) A Cadet Leader wears the same stripes as a Guide Leader, but wears her Tenderfoot Badge on the white hat band. Cadets who are Patrol Leaders in other patrols of Guides, wear the Tenderfoot Badge above the white hat band. A Cadet Lieutenant wears an ordinary Lieutenant's hat badge.

"N.E.M."—A First-Class Guide over 16 in a Company without Rangers is allowed to take senior tests.

"V.A.D."—It is preferable to have a Brown Owl who does not hold rank in a Company, as the Brownie training is so different from that of Guides. Also, to run a Pack really well, a Brown Owl needs to devote all her energies to it. But, of course, there are a number of Brown Owls who are Captains or Lieutenants as well, and do run Packs successfully, and it would be a pity for your Lieutenant to give up her place in the Company, if it would suffer very much thereby.

(2) The Captain should allow the Brown Owl a free hand with the training of her Brownies, even if the Pack is run in connection with the Company. Of course, the training must be carried out on the lines laid down in the Book of Rules and Handbook. It is most important to foster a sisterly and friendly spirit between the Company and the Pack, and the Guides should always be ready to lend a hand to their little sisters, the Brownies.

"PUZZLED GUIDER."—It would take too long to give full details of Colour Party Drill, but this is fully given in our Book of Drills, obtainable from Headquarters, price 9d. The Colour Party consists of three—usually Leaders, or picked Guides from the Company.

"STARS."—In the exceptional case you quote, the Guides and Guiders might be allowed to have their service stars, dating from the time when they passed the Tenderfoot test, providing your Commissioner approves.

ABBAY LODGE, WEST MALVERN, CORRESPONDENCE COURSE.

Result of Examination on 1920 Booklover's Badge.—
Passed with distinction: Miss E. Alison, Scottish Patrol. Passed: Miss W. R. Mawson, Windermere Patrol.

THE GUIDES' BOOKSHELF.

BY MISS RUDYERD-
HELPMAN.



A VERY happy Christmas to you all and plenty of good cheer! Here is some to start with—I have had such a charming letter from A Girl Scout of America, telling me she reads, with great interest, our Publications Column in the GAZETTE, and that it is a great help to her. It does make one very glad to know that there are sisters in all parts of the world linked together in our big sisterhood, who are not only reading our GAZETTE and liking it, but who take the trouble to write and tell us so. I have written to her, in return, telling her of the Girl Scout books I have read, and how much I have enjoyed them.

I have quite a number of good books to recommend this time, all stocked in the Shop.

"The Oxford Conference, 1920." Price 1s. 6d. This book contains all the addresses given by County Commissioners and others at the Conference in July last. It is a book every Commissioner and Guider will find valuable as there are chapters dealing with every side of Guiding. Included are accounts of the History of the Girl Guide Movement in the British Isles, and also its growth in the Dominions and Colonies, and in foreign lands. In nearly every case the account is given by a member from the country concerned.

The following are new books stocked in the Shop:—

"Terry, the Girl Guide." By Dorothea Moore. Price 2s. A good school story.

"Nature Myths." By Florence Holbrook. Price 2s. 6d.

"More Nature Myths." By Florence Farmer. Price 2s. 6d. Both these books were recommended by Miss Clarke in her Story Telling Lecture at the London Training School.

"Woodland Trees." By J. H. Crabtree. Price 1s. 9d. An excellent little book for the Second-Class Test, giving photographs of the leaves, flowers, fruit and bark, of the different trees.

The Guide Paper.—Fifteen thousand guarantees for the new paper have been received to date. This is very encouraging, but 30,000 is our aim, AT LEAST! Wake up, Guiders, and send us in many more orders for the Guide for a year. It all rests with you—so don't let down the 15,000 who have done their best.

THE PLAY LIBRARY.

Librarian: Miss Graham-Harrison, 36, Sloane Gardens, London, S.W.1.

It has been thought that it would be better to have a number of typewritten plays for Guides and Brownies on hire, rather than published in book form at considerably greater expense.

There are now the following plays in triplicate in stock, which can be hired out at the cost of 1s. per fortnight. Should the plays be returned in a damaged condition, an extra charge will have to be made to cover expenses.

Three plays may be had on approval, if in hand, on pre-payment of 6d. The full charge of 1s. per copy will be made if these are not returned within four days.

All applications re hire of manuscripts to be made to the librarian at the above address.

I append a list of the plays that may be hired on the above terms, with a short description of each:—

1. *The Babes in the Wood* (A Brownie Version). By M. Cooper. One copy. Characters: The babes, stepmother, two robbers, three bunnies.

2. *Little Friends of all the World*. By M. Whelpton. Three copies. A sketch suitable for performance by the younger Guides of a Company. Characters: Patrol Leader and nine Guides, two other girls. Time of performance: 20 minutes.

3. *Seeking a Brownie*. By E. M. Taylor. Three copies. Characters: A little girl, her brother, mother owl, fairies, elves, gnomes, two bogbarts.

4. *Red Riding Hood and the Obedient Rabbits*. By M. A. Macdonald. Three copies. Characters: Red Riding Hood, mother, rabbits, granny, woodman, wolf, fairy queen, fairies. Time of performance: 20 to 30 minutes.

5. *Q.E.D.* A one-act ambulance sketch. By K. B. Kiddell. Three copies. Characters: A farmer's wife, her daughter, five Guides, stretcher party of six Guides. Time of performance: 30 minutes.

6. *The Soul of Honour*. By E. M. Archibald. Three copies. A short play in three scenes, partly allegorical, suitable for School Companies. Characters: A school-girl, her aunt, a school-boy, a maid, nine spirits.

7. *The Brown Owl*. By Rachel Heath. Three copies. Characters: The old woman who lived in a shoe; her children.

RESULT OF AUTUMN COMPETITION No. 2.

1st Prize—Miss M. Cholmondeley, Captain, 1st Gresford Company.

2nd Prize—Miss C. J. Greig, Patrol Leader, 1st Eastbourne Company.

3rd Prize—Miss Meeres, Patrol Leader, 1st Moreton-hampstead Company.



1908.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GUIDE MOVEMENT 1908—1920.

By MISS MAYNARD, Division Commissioner for Wimbledon.

LONG ago in the Paleolithic period of the Guide History, little groups of girls in quaint clothes of many colours, might have been seen marching along with haversacks, waterbottles and

broomsticks. Their dress was quaint, their manner wild, but their backs were straight, and a look in their faces of fixed determination; someone was calling, in a way that no one had ever called before. The Pied Piper had piped, and the boys had dropped their books and their toys, and followed him out into the woods, and the girls were following, too. "Go home," said the grown-ups, "it is not for you." "Go back," said the boys, "this is our game, not yours." "Go away," said the Piper, "I am piping to the boys," but the girls had caught the strains of the music, and they had to follow, all that they had read in their story books, all that they had dreamed in their dreams, was happening before them, their own brothers were turning into frontiersmen, explorers, "Scouts,"; it was too late to go back, and so it happened that as early as September, 1909, at the first Scout Rally at the Crystal Palace, some girls, braving ridicule, managed to worm their way in among 8,000 Scouts to see the great Chief, whom they claimed as their Chief, too. Nor were they to be disappointed, for though the Piper was busy with the boys, he had to be true to himself, and if the girls had followed to the tune of this music, then the magic would work for them, too, thus he wrote in the last page of a small pamphlet on Scouting: "A similar scheme might be started for girls, and they might be called Guides."

Acting on this brief suggestion, certain ladies rallied these wandering Nomads, and started Companies of Guides, and in 1910, Miss Baden-Powell, sister of the Chief Scout, consented to become their President.

"Guides!" That much abused name, taken from the Indian Regiment, composed of men known for their resource and reliability, to the girls was an inspiration, not the passive advice to be, so often given and equally often ignored, "Be good, sweet maid," but as they themselves put it, "a sporting thing to do."

Many Companies claimed to be the first, but at the

Committee Meeting in the spring of 1910, Pinkneys Green, "Miss Baden-Powell's Own," was accorded the honour to head the register; they boasted of some 20 to 30 Guides and six Lieutenants! Already some 6,000 girls had registered as Scouts, so the new Committee, called the President's Advisory Council, had plenty of material to start work on. With gratitude we shall ever recall the names of these pioneers: Mrs. Paget (Chair), Miss Swaine (Hon. Sec.), Mrs. Lumley Holland, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Hayes Saddler, and Miss Rogers. Theirs was no easy task, and they met with every kind of opposition, both from men and women.

Our Headquarters in London was a little room at the end of a narrow passage at 116, Victoria Street, our name, difficult of discernment, on a small brass plate, among a host of others, at the street entrance.

Arrived at Headquarters, you would find a small room, with a table in the centre spread with odds and ends of Scout and one yellow page (!) of Guide literature, the floor piled with hats and other equipment; and at a desk in the corner, the Secretary, Miss Macdonald, sat struggling with parcels, registering Patrols, writing letters, and listening ever patiently to the constant interruption of the caller (from whom there was no escape!), who came to make a purchase, ask a question, lodge a complaint, or suggest a totally new scheme for the organisation of the Movement. In this same small room the Committee met once a week, while



Ambulance Practice, 1909.

the Secretary interviewed callers in the passage outside! At least, it was our own organisation, we were no longer ape-ing the boys, and though "Scouting for Boys" was our handbook—for as yet we had no book of rules—we lived in the hope of a book of our own which was shortly to be published.

On February 25, 1911, the first Conference was held, the Boy Scouts lending us a room for the purpose. Representatives of Local Committees and Guide Captains were present. We decided we should like to be registered in the name of *Baden-Powell Girl Guides*. Badges, enrolment ceremonies and other things were discussed, but the chief excitement took place over the hats. Straw hats said that felt hats were too hot, too masculine, too conspicuous, the girls, in fact, would never wear them! Felt hats said that straw hats would discolour with the sun, spoil in the rain, blow off in the wind, and would have to change with the fashion. Felt hats won. No resolution was, however, possible as regards the officers' uniform, some wore yellow waistcoats, military pips, and a multitude of badges; others went about with swagger canes, wore tight-fitting coats, brass buttons, and starched collars; others again, went in for loose jumpers and low necks, and everyone wanted her particular style to be made law. We all talked at once, and waxed hotter and hotter, until at last the Secretary declared the meeting closed.

In 1912, when H.R.H. Princess Louise accepted the position of Patroness, Miss Dashwood, who now represented the Y.W.C.A. movement on the Executive Committee, was trying to bring those two great movements for girls together, and Miss Malcolm ran well-organised Camps for the training of the Y.W.C.A. Guide Captains; several of the best schools, notably Roedean, had adopted the Scout training. Miss Baden-Powell's book, "How Girls can Help Build up the Empire," adapted from Sir Robert's handbook for Scouts, was now in our hands; but no sooner was it published, than our troubles began again, every one wanted something altered, and our President received advice and suggestions from all sides, to all of which she gave her sympathetic attention.

For all our irreconcilable opinions and quaint appearance, we had entered on the Neolithic period of the Guide Movement. The years 1912 and 1913 show a great desire for co-ordination, no longer were we contented to run our own Companies, properly organised centres were springing up in various parts of the country. Manchester was being organised by Miss Alice Behrens; Mrs. Mark Kerr, Mrs. Roch, Mrs. Blyth and Mrs. Janson Potts had now come on the scenes; Mrs. Low carried it to America, and already well-organised Guides were to be found in Canada, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Germany running independently of the parent organisation.

On May 24, 1912, the Girl Guides joined in the Great Juvenile March Past in Hyde Park, arranged by Lord Meath, to celebrate Empire Day, Lord Roberts taking the salute.

January, 1913, they again came before the public;

a section of the Children's Welfare Exhibition was taken by the Girl Guides, where for a week they could be seen chair-caning, boot mending, nursing, cooking, sending telegrams and making baskets, bags, etc.

In this year, Lone Guide Companies were started, as the result of a Camp run for Lone Guides in 1912. Miss Baden-Powell evolved a scheme of Rosebuds (Brownies), and many Guide Companies started Rosebud Patrols.

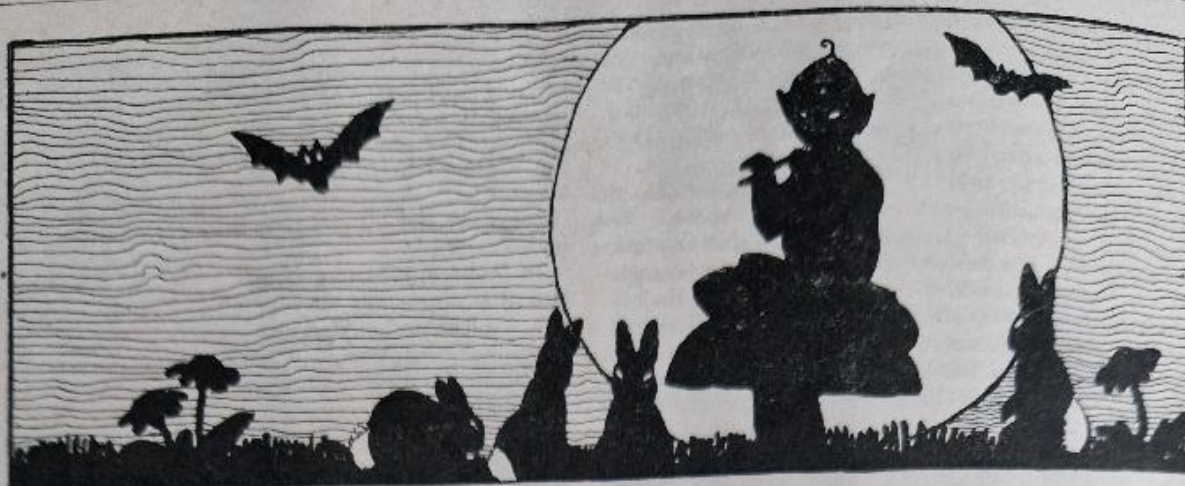
In January, 1914, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Benson and others, we embarked on a paper of our own. As yet, we had no book of rules, and our only means of communication was two pages in the *Golden Rule*, which, in September, 1911, took the place of one page in *Home Notes*. So it is not difficult to imagine with what joy the *GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE* was welcomed. The outbreak of the war, in August, brought a further increase of membership; girls saw, by joining the Guides, a way of helping their country. At the suggestion of our Founder, warm clothes were knitted for the Scouts that were helping to guard our coasts, and, in 1915, a small room in a basement in Westminster, was whitewashed and fitted out by the Guides to be used in case of air-raids. Gradually, as people found they could be relied on, there were few hospitals or V.A.D. depôts where Guides, in their neat navy blue uniform, might not be seen scrubbing, cleaning, or washing bandages on a Saturday afternoon. Many other ways of helping were found. At the suggestion of Lady Baden-Powell, who was working in France, enough money was raised for the purchase of an Army hut, and in 1917, by collecting waste paper, and earning money in their spare evenings, enough money was eventually raised to present our Army, through the Princess Mary, with a motor ambulance. For a year and a half it went to and fro at the Front, receiving many wounds, and it is rather nice to think that it is ending its days at Gilwell Park, the Scout Masters' training place.

The winter of 1914, however, brought difficulties of another nature; hitherto they had chiefly been from opposition from outside, but now that people began to see the enormous power of such a Movement, they wanted to adopt us! Our numbers had been growing rapidly, we were outgrowing our strength—could we

(Continued on page 274.)



1920.



ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

By R. F. H.

"He who follows Nature, bows to the Law, and opens his heart to the inspiration of the Universe, shall be a leader of men."—*Anon.*

THE sun sank over the edge of the world, hurrying round to be in time for Christmas morning. The colour on the Hill faded into the winter dusk. Down in the village the children were trotting about with armfuls of holly, shouting merrily as they passed, and inside, by the warm firelight, the smallest ones were hanging up their stockings.

There was a rustle among the undergrowth on the Hill. Little forms flitted about the short grass on the top. Every moment they grew more numerous as fresh groups arrived. The first alighted just as the sun sank, and by the time it was dark the Hill was seething with the Little Folk. For it was Christmas Eve, and they had come from all parts of the world, back to the Hill.

They jostled each other, trying to find room. Even the air was thick with them, and the noise was deafening.

"It's getting worse and worse," cried a Kelpie, angrily. "First it was the Secret, then the Bond, now it's the Magic, our Magic."

"They've found out everything!" shouted a Kobold. He was thin, and came from a forest country. "They dance in our rings, they've got the password, and they've stolen the Totem."

"The top o' the year to ye." A Leprechaun butted in between them. "Kindly remove your elbow from my ribs. They're worse where I come from. They've taken the woods."

"They've taken everything!" shrieked a Gnome. "Underground, above ground, earth, air and water, every single secret of the Hill."

"And look where they've got to!" exclaimed a Sprite. "It was bad enough to have the Magic running

loose all over Old England, but they tell me it's nearly as bad wherever you go."

"Water won't stop 'em," said the Leprechaun. "They're spreading like wildfire. I've seen them work the Magic where none of us would dare."

"It's outrageous," snorted a Pixie. "How many years had we been here before they took the Magic? Don't we know our work? They're mad. They do it anywhere, places we've never heard of, places we were never let into, and we're bolder than most. Half the time they'll hold the Bond where it's fire in a barn to whisper it. And Puck lets them."

"That's it!" cried several voices. The Hill was close packed by this time. "The world's covered with them now. They shout the Secret! They loose the Magic! And nothing happens to 'em. It's disgraceful! Puck! Puck! Where's Puck? He's to blame for this."

All over the Hill was the cry: "Puck! Where's Puck?"

"Here!" boomed a deep voice.

The yells died away to a low murmur and then rose in one great roar of greeting as the Little Folk saw their leader perched on a stump in the middle of the Hill.

"Good evening," he said. "What news?"

They flung it at him from all sides at the pitch of their voices, and the burden of it was always the same. Wherever they came from—Kelpies, Pixies, Elves, Goblins, Sprites, Leprechauns, Kobolds, Gnomes, and all the families of the Little Folk—they had but one tale to tell. The Magic was loose.

Puck chewed a twig, reflectively.

"This thing is not new," he said, at last. "There have always been some humans who knew the Magic,

and much good they found it when they tried to pass it on. It never spread beyond the one who took it, and he was generally cast out by his own people. Oh! I've seen it scores of times! One after another they'd find a bit, Secret, Bond or Magic, and shout the news, and folk'd take about as much notice as if they were deaf born."

"But it *has* spread," began several voices.

"Wait, I'm coming to that," Puck twisted on the stump until he could see the whole Hill. "Listen! There are men who find the Secret and they die. There are men who find the Bond, and they die, too, sooner if anything. And there are men who find the Magic, and they have the time of their lives till they find out no one will believe it, and then they die because it's the only thing left to them. Now, when the Man first found the Secret he kept it close. You might have known that meant something. Then he got at the Bond—after all these years—and, naturally, having the two, the Magic wasn't long in following. Then what happened? He didn't shout to the housetops that he was the only man in England who had the three. He went away and thought things over. I knew what was coming."

He leaned forward and sank his voice till it rang like a great bell.

"There's only one way to spread Magic and the Man knew it. He told it to the children. That's why you can't stop it. He gave 'em the Secret, though they didn't understand much; and he gave 'em the Bond and they keep it. As for the Magic, half of them remembered it and the rest picked it up like buttercups and daisies."

"But it's not fair," cried a Pixie. "They've no right to it. They've stolen it from us."

Puck cocked an eye at the speaker.

"How far back do you go?" he asked, good-humouredly.

"Matter of a hundred years? There's the trouble." He turned to the throng. "I've been here longer than any of you. You don't understand this business because you weren't here at the beginning. The Magic's no more yours than theirs."

The crowd rose in uproar, yelling defiance.

"Still! Be still!" Puck glowered at them till they were silent. Then he shifted to a more comfortable position on the stump.

"As I was saying, Magic's the birthright of all young things. Look at 'em the world over. They've got it more or less, but they lose it because it won't thrive in the places they live in. Years ago your parents and theirs shared it without noticing anything uncommon in the proceeding. Then, little by little, human folk went away. They forgot the Magic and each of them had less than the last. Then they let go of the Bond, and a precious mess they've made of things ever since. Some of them kept the Secret; they can get at that if they take the trouble. But the rest was gone, save for the children and ourselves. Now—" He sprang to his feet and his glance swept the Hill from top to

bottom—"Now, the Man has given it back to them and they keep it under the Bond. They won't lose it as they used to do and the Secret's theirs for seeking. Now do you see? What are you grumbling at? Isn't your work being done for you? Isn't there more goodwill among them than you remember? I've seen many things come and go, but I little thought the Magic would return to humans after the way they treated it."

"But they do more than we do," said a plaintive voice.

"More shame to you," Puck retorted.

"They go where we can't. They work where we daren't, and no harm comes to them."

"Jealousy! Pure jealousy!" Puck bit through the twig with a snort. "Ask 'em how they do it."

"But it's getting worse," said another voice. "The last lot are madder than any. They work the Magic in season and out of season, and you know that's risky."

"They're all right," Puck answered. "A bit over-balanced, perhaps—more of the Magic than they know what to do with, at first. It's always the way with the little ones. As long as they keep the Bond they'll come to no harm."

"How do you know they'll keep it?" asked a sharp voice.

"Because if they break the Bond they'll lose the Magic. The Man knows that. He's put the Bond first. One or two of them may find out something by themselves, but they'll never keep it unless they keep the Bond. Any more questions?"

The Hill rustled with whispers, but no one spoke out. The Little Folk had their answer.

"Well!" Puck stepped off the stump and looked at them, comically. "If I were you I'd go home and take a rest. There's no need to worry. It's the first time in my life—and that's saying a good deal—that I've heard Hill Folk complain of too much Magic. Trust me, it'll do no harm to you or to the children. In a hundred years' time you'll be thankful. Now, go home and think it over, and if you haven't the sense to know better come next Christmas, I'll—I'll close the Hill! Good night."

When the sun rose on Christmas morning, the Hill stood bare and quiet. The Little Folk were gone. As for Puck, he was strolling down the village listening for the shout of the first person who should wake up and make a grab for the stocking at the other end of the bed.

"Old Christmas time come once again
(And oh! the holly it is so jolly)
Oh, come to chase away our pain.
Let us rejoice with might and main."

"... 'Tis almost fairy time."—*Shakespeare.*



Scottish Letter.

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," quoted Jock, "and that once is *not* in November," and with that he settled himself before the fire and proceeded to go to sleep.

"But Christmas numbers must be printed in November," said the S.E., distractedly; "do wake up, Jock, and think."

"In my grandfather's time Christmas was not kept so generally as New Year in Scotland," said Jock, sleepily.

The S.E. hurriedly intervened.

"Hush!" she said. "If you tell the English that they will think we are heathens."

"Heathens!" cried Jock, now thoroughly awake. "The 'Piskies' call us heathens? Why, when my grandfather was young"—(Jock is terribly proud of his grandfather, who boasted a pedigree and took prizes)—"all the sheep dogs where he lived went to church every Sunday with their masters; my grandfather went, too, and lay on the pulpit steps. The Minister was a good preacher—"

"Yes, I know," broke in the S.E., wearily. She had heard that story before. "But, you see, I promised the Editor you would be nice and 'Christmassy,' and that has nothing to do with it."

"Well, that teaches you not to make rash promises," said Jock, but because he is really the most amiable of dogs he sat up and tried to look interested.

"I fancy a good many Companies are preparing for parties," he said, "and I know one, at least, who is getting up a Christmas play. A Brown Owl gave a very jolly party last year. Santa Claus was in a fix because the hall had not got a chimney; but she relieved him of his presents and the Brownies hid them—in not too difficult places—and then asked their baby friends to come and find them. It was a great success. I think Christmas parties should always be for other people when possible."

"A mother's party would be rather jolly, with a Christmas tree for a surprise. There are lots of quite little things mothers like, especially when they are made for them, needle-books and calendars, and those tear-off blocks can be made so pretty with a little worked cover pasted on, and a nicely-hemmed duster or an iron-holder is always of use. Then the Guides could sing to them some of the jolly old Christmas carols like 'Good King Wenceslas' or 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen,' and after tea (and if the food is all made by the Guides, so much the better) games, only, of course, the mothers must play, too, or it would be no fun."

"The cook is making her Christmas pudding and wants—spice (or flour or plums), and twirl goes the plate, and oh! watch the mothers run!"

"Last of all, a camp fire with both Guides and mothers sitting round while the Guider tells again the beautiful Christmas story and the Guides sing very quietly some old Christmas hymns. I think that would be a nice party, but I expect the Guides have some far better ideas. Anyway, I hope it will be a very happy Christmas for everybody. And, really, after all this talk of Christmas, I must go and see if my stocking is ready to hang up," cried Jock, and away he went.



THE LOST PACK (Continued from Page 263).

her, asking question after question. Were there other Packs? Where were the other Packs? Who were the other Packs? Did they do the same things as The Pack? Had they been to Camp? Did they have Pow-wows? Did they have Brown Owls? They couldn't really have Brown Owls because there was only one, and The Pack had her. And why, why, why hadn't they ever met before?

"Well, you know," said the Brownie, "you never looked for us. And you were so very, very private we didn't like to come to you. Only one day we heard you weren't meaning to be private, but that you'd really lost yourselves. So, of course, being Christmas we set out to find you at once so that you'd be in time for all the fun. And now you are found you'll come and have tea, won't you?"

"We'd love to," said the Pack, and they went and washed up afterwards among heaps of other Brownies who were just the same as themselves. And the only thing that puzzled them was how they ever managed to get lost at all.

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, 23, Buckingham Palace Road, 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 4s.

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



EDITORIAL NOTES.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, SIR, AND HAPPY NEW YEAR, AND MANY OF 'EM! . . ." says Dickens, and it is one of the few things in life that no one is ever tired of hearing.

Well, here is the Christmas number, and I hope you will all like it, and laugh and cry in the proper places and all that.

I have a feeling in my bones that the first criticism will be—why do you make the Guide and Brownie on the cover—green—quite unofficial and misleading and wrong, and see page—in the Book of Rules, and para.—in the—number of the GAZETTE, 19—.

Well, that's all true enough, but there comes a moment when such a thing as "artistic licence" asserts itself, and then there's no more to be said. It was a case of holly leaves *versus* uniform and—true to Guide teaching—Nature won, and compromising with the printer over the GAZETTE's dress allowance—green prevails.

The Supplements.

After nearly a year's splendid support some of the Supplements are "closing down," in view of the fact that the new Guide paper, that we hope to bring out in the New Year, will contain Company News and stories for the Guides and Brownies.

We heartily congratulate Scotland

on the wonderfully loyal spirit shown by their subscribers, their circulation rising from 200 to over 1,100 during the last nine months.

We hope the 1,100 will continue to take in the GAZETTE from Headquarters, or the new paper, when it comes out.

Westminster—the only Divisional Supplement—has worked up its circulation manfully, but is now going to rely on the new paper also.

Paper and printing are so expensive now that we cannot be surprised that Supplement Editors find it hard to make both ends meet.

Gloucestershire follows suit, and the GAZETTE can only pat all her foster children on the back, and thank them for their sporting and Guide-like efforts to increase the circulation during the past year.

The Brownies' Buks.

My very grateful thanks are due to Miss R. Heath, Divisional Brownie Secretary for Westminster, who has compiled the whole of the supplement for me.

The wonderful Brown Owl spirit (to say nothing of the Brownie spirit) that penetrates to each syllable of every page, is entralling. For she mothers the Lost Pack when they find themselves, and listens to their Secrets, just in the same way as she rises to the occasion of the three potatoes and the rice. . . . But—I leave it to you—.

The New Guide Paper—

Is still under consideration. The response to our appeal has been very encouraging, though when it eventually comes out, we hope that "seeing" will be "believing," and that a great increase will result.

It is not likely that the paper will materialise actually in January, but we are doing our best, and the moment we can announce the *début* of the Guide you may be sure we shall do so.

Until this appears, however, will you tell every one that the paper is not yet to be had, and that full particulars will be given later in regard to ordering, etc. ?



WHY "GUIDES"?

On the North-West Frontier of India there is a famous corps of soldiers known as the Guides, and their duty is to be always ready to turn out at any moment to repel raids by the hostile tribes across the border, and to prevent them from coming down into the peaceful plains of India. . . .

They have to be a skilful lot of men, brave and enduring, ready to turn out at any time, winter or summer, or to sacrifice themselves, if necessary, in order that peace may reign. . . .

So they are true handymen in every sense of the word, and true patriots. . . .

Girls . . . would show themselves handy people, able to help others and ready, if necessary, to sacrifice themselves for others, just like the Guides on the North-West Frontier. (Extract from "Girl Guiding," the Official Handbook, page 61.)

THE GUIDES AT CABUL. (1879.)

By HENRY NEWBOLT.

Sons of an Island Race, wherever ye dwell,

Who speak of your father's battles with lips that burn,
The deed of an alien legion hear me tell,

And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to learn,

When succour shall fail and the tide for a season turn,
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack of mud,

Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by one,
Answered a thousand yelling for English blood

With stormy vessels that swept them gunner from gun,

And charge on charge in the glare of the Afghan sun.

Till the walls were shattered wherein they crouched
at bay,

And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon that wrecked their hold,

Twice toiled in vain to drag it back,

Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary and bold,

Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter the rack,

Hamilton, last of the English, covered their track.

"Never give in!" he cried, and he heard them shout,

And grappled with death as a man that knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their smouldering barrack again,

And behold, a banner of truce, and a voice that spoke:

"Come, for we know that the English are all slain,

We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk;

Rejoice with us to be free of the conqueror's yoke."

Silence fell for a moment, then was heard

A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering word.

"Is it we or the lords we serve who have earned this wrong,

That ye call us to flinch from the battle they bade us fight?"

We that live—do ye doubt that our hands are strong?
They that have fallen—ye know that their blood was bright!

Think ye the Guides will barter for lust of the light
The pride of an ancient people in warfare bred,
Honour of comrades living, and faith to the dead?"

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart

To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap

Came on the men of the Guides; they flung apart

The doors not all their valour could longer keep;

They dressed their slender line; they breathed deep,

And with never a foot lagging or head bent,

To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

[Reprinted by permission from "Collected Poems, 1897-1907," by Sir Henry Newbolt. Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited.]



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

THE merit of a Christmas Message to Guiders—at all times busy folk—must lie in its brevity. Let it, then, consist of two words:—

"Children First."

Guiders with high ideals, does not Christmas-Festival of Humanity, remind us that the Holy Child partook of a real child-nature, with its trials and temptations? The bewildering sense of "Worlds not realised"; the impossibility of following a grown-up train of thought; impotent rebellion against injustice; those black hours when disappointment knocks the bottom out of a child's world—surely, He knew them once, and understands them yet? It is we who forget—whose childhood is so much nearer; we, who in our zeal for the Company, override the individual, expecting of our Guides implicit obedience to the Law which we find the utmost difficulty in teaching. There is no magic power in the Enrolment Ceremony; it can but light the fire which we must tend; and the fact that we come home from Conference or Training Week filled with mighty aims and high thoughts, does not make it one whit easier for our Guides to be good, unless, with infinite tact and patience, we share our gains with them.

We all know that Captain who expects the worst of her Company. She is seldom disappointed. There is a frank hopelessness about her orders and methods, opening an abyss of inefficiency into which her Patrol Leaders sink, dragging their Patrols after them. Guides are neither angels, devils, nor idiots, but human children, very sensitive to atmosphere and suggestion. Expect the worst of them, and you will generally get it; expect the best that they (not that perfect Company in the next District) are capable of, and they will very likely do rather better than their best; and, whatever happens, remember those lines which should be written up in every clubroom: "All we have hoped or willed or dreamed of good shall exist."

At the Manger Shrine of Bethlehem, others—our best—knelt in the years that are fled, before they laid down their lives for us. We, in the Guide Movement, must feel them near us, must share their courage and gladness, their unshakable faith in the triumph of right, if we are to be worthy of their legacy—the children.

We in ourselves, are nothing; we count as nothing; not all the Gold Cords in the world can give us the value of one soldier's baby, born into a world made new by brave men's blood. We hold our Guides, the

hope of future womanhood, in trust for many who sleep in Flanders' field, or the ocean bed; and we dare not fail those Dead.

"When the Last Post sounds, and night is on the battlefield—
Night, and rest at last from all the tumult of our dreams—
Will it not be well with us, Veterans, Veterans,
If with duty done like yours, we sleep beneath the stars?"



By KATHLEEN WISSMAN (Christmas, 1920).

Long, long ago, 'tis so the legend runs,
Upon the night the Prince of Peace was born,
A little helpless Babe in Bethlehem.
His mother, Mary, laid Him midst the hay
That filled the manger in that stable poor,
And covered Him with care, for it was cold.
And presently there came both ox and ass
Who pressed up close that they might warm
the Child

With their own warmth, and from beneath the roof
The doves all gentle, soft were flutt'ring
down

To spread their wings about Him,
and so make
Of their light feathers a sweet
cov'ring, too.

And after them an insect small
drew near,
Poor feeble mite, to see what it
might find

More warmth and comfort to the
Babe to bring.

Nought could it see, and sorely did
it grieve
That there was nothing left that it
could do.

At length, with mighty labour, tireless strain,
It pulled a sun-dried flow' ret to the heap

Of hay, and laid it there some warmth to give,

And lo! the little Christ stretched forth His hand
And touched this tiny friend in gratitude,

While through a chink above His humble bed,
The moon shone in and threw her kindly
light

As if in blessing on the toiler small.

Now, from that day the glow-worm ever
bears

A soft and gentle radiance through the
world,

As it first shone, blessed by our
little Lord.

The legend lives though centuries
have passed,

Yet now, as then, all little deeds
of love,

All thoughts and words, however
small they seem,

Given of love for love are never
lost,

But like the glow-worm, glad and
luminous,

Help in their several ways to light
the world.



THE GIRL GUIDES SHOP

THE WITCH'S CAVERN.

Spells and Potions and Magic Gifts
from her

ENCHANTED CAULDRON.

THE MYSTIC COLOURS:
GREEN for Guides and **ORANGE** for Brownies.

COME and STIR with the **GREAT LADLE**
and SEE what **THE WITCH** will SEND YOU!



BUY YOUR
CHRISTMAS CARDS
and **CALENDARS**
FROM US!

*Purses, bags, note-books, writing-
pads, and other useful presents.*

Give your Brownie sister

A **DOLL'S BEDSTEAD,**
or A **SWING.**



25, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

The Brownies' Buke.

"Of Brownies and of Bogillies full is this Buke."

GAWAIN DOUGLAS.

A very Merry Christmas

To all Brown Owls and Brownies, and may you all have the happiest of holidays!

It always seems to me that Christmas is one of the best of times for Brownies, the helpful fairies. There are such heaps of chances for doing good turns; there always are chances, of course, for the alert Brownie, but at Christmastide everyone is thinking of giving to others, and so Brownies want to make special efforts.

The rich Brownies can give a party to poorer ones, and no matter how low Pack funds are, the Brownies can give a party for their mothers. Everybody can manage a penny or two for that. And it's glorious fun planning a surprise for the party—a play or presents. In fact, there is no end to the nice things we can plan for other people. It's quite like Cinderella and her Fairy Godmother.

Brownies can look out for those people who, like poor Cinderella, have been left out and are tired or lonely or disappointed, like she was, and they are pretty sure to be able to grant one of her wishes. No one can be lonely when a real Brownie comes to help them, can they?

I have heard that at Christmas time the Fairy Queen assembles her Court, and they have a most lovely time. They swing on the wintry tree branches, scattering the icicles in glistening showers—a snow fairy must be rather like an icicle, I think, and that is why she is

so difficult to see—then they dance round and round over the snow, and their little steps are so light they don't disturb the snow carpet at all. When it is just evening, before the blinds are pulled and the lamp lighted, that is the time the Court is being held—at least, I think so. If you want to find out, put on warm things and creep over the snow to the wood.

Everything will be quite white and cold and still. You steal up behind a tree—What is that little

black bunch right in the middle of the snowy pathway? No, it's not a fairy, it's a darling bunny trying to find a little grass beneath the snow carpet. Nibble, nibble, he goes, and you hardly dare breathe. The silence is broken only by the plop, plop of snow and icicles falling from the trees. It's so cold, you soon have to run back to the warm house, and off goes bunny, too.

You didn't see the fairies? Well, perhaps you didn't look up high enough. How was it that the lumps of snow came falling down, plop, plop? Why, the fairies were doing it, of course, flitting about in the tree tops and shaking the branches as they danced from one to the other!

Next time look higher. It's quite a good thing to remember at Christmas and all times, to aim high—don't you think so, Brown Owls?—and when you have your Christmas pow-wow circle with your Packs, will you read this to your Brownies, and give them best greetings from

JOYCE BRUCE,

Head of Brownies' Department.





PACK PUDDING

By BOTTOM.

I.

THE Pack sat in the Pow-wow circle and considered. It had decided that the Company must be invited to a Christmas party. Two problems remained: how was the party to be provided, and what should mark it out as a highly original and dazzling entertainment, fit for people who might be supposed to have seen and done all that was worth seeing and doing?

The Pack funds were in their usual condition of emptiness. All the means known had produced the exact sum of 3s. 2d. True, there were promises, but the Pack Leader, who kept the accounts, refused to reckon on them.

"Three shillings and twopence," she stated, "and there are twenty-seven Guides and Captain and Lieutenant to feed."

"And us," suggested a Brownie.

"We needn't eat anything," said a Sixer, reprovingly.

Every eye in the Pack fixed itself upon Brown Owl in mute appeal.

"Oh! we shall have what's over," she said. "It wouldn't be polite of them to finish everything. But what are we to do for the party itself?"

Ideas rained in upon her question, but, when sifted, were judged either impracticable or obvious. Games there must be, suited to the dignified temperament of the guests. Decorations there might be, if funds permitted.

"Snow!" Brown Owl smiled and looked at the rain-blurred windows.

"Father Christmas!" He always kept his plans most secret and he would certainly be busy.

"Pudding!" shouted the Elf Sixer, and in that moment earned for herself an imperishable memory.

Christmas pudding, made by the Pack, to occupy the place of honour among such buns and cakes as could be procured, this would be original, satisfying, and above all, a token of goodwill to the Company. Nobody had ever made plum pudding, but, of course, Brown Owl would tell them what to do. Brown Owl smothered some natural qualms and faced the situation.

"We will make the pudding," she announced, "but first we must collect all the things it's made of and then mix them up and boil it for hours. We shall want currants and sultanas and raisins and flour and eggs and suet and, perhaps, almonds and milk, I think. Let's put down what each of us can bring."

Offers were quickly forthcoming, though not always in the right proportions. Everyone promised flour; some, milk; and one, whose father was a grocer, currants. Nobody had sugar to spare, and eggs were beyond price.

"Never mind," said Brown Owl, "We'll just put in everything we can get. Can you all come to my house on Saturday to make it?"

"But," said a Brownie, "Plum pudding takes months to cook."

Brown Owl, who hoped nobody knew the benefit of cold storage, answered cheerfully that this, being an extra special kind of pudding, could safely be cooked on Saturday.

"That will give it eleven days," said the Pack Leader, calculating swiftly.

"Sundays don't count," said Brown Owl, struck by a brilliant thought. "That makes it nine days—just right, of course."

"Why?" asked the Pack Leader, in bewilderment. The Brownies took the statement—as all that Brown Owl uttered—in implicit faith.

"Don't you know?" replied Brown Owl.

"Pack pudding hot,

Pack pudding cold,

Pack pudding in the pot,

Nine days old."

The Pow-wow ended on a note of triumph.

II.

On the following Saturday the Pack met in Brown Owl's kitchen and displayed their offerings, the result being:—

Twelve ounces of flour (in three varieties).

Quarter of a pound of currants and quarter of a pound of raisins. (The grocer had had no peace until he disgorged the amount.)

A cup of milk.

Seven lumps of white sugar. (One saved daily.)

An apple and a banana.

A tin of Nestle's milk. (From someone who had thought the matter out and come to this conclusion.)

Half a loaf of stale bread.

Five almonds. (From the top of a cake.)

Two pieces of peel and a packet of shredded suet.
(From the Pack Leader who judged that they were the least likely ingredients to appear.)

A small quantity of Lyle's Golden Syrup.

Two prunes.

Six Petit Beurre biscuits.

A handful of rice.

Two eggs and a spice-box. (These from Brown Owl.)

A hunk of sultana cake. (From a Brownie who had heard that sultanas were wanting.)

Three potatoes.

And, tremblingly, from a recruit whose family had treated the affair as a joke, a screw of salt.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Brown Owl. "Why, we've almost everything we want. Now the first thing is to prepare the fruit."

It may here be said that the preparation of the ingredients was a matter of two hours. Brown Owl had a cookery book, but it made no mention of half the things which the Pack expected to include, and, in any case, the quantities were hopelessly different. After half an hour spent in abstruse calculation, while the Pack counted the currants and spilt the milk, Brown Owl flung the cookery book to the winds and decided to invent. She explained that everyone must do what they thought best, for Pack pudding had never before been made. Such a spirit was infectious, and the Pack discovered stores of knowledge, which were of far more practical use than a cookery book.

"You pip the raisins," cried a Pixie, joyously.

"An' stir the eggs." The leading Sixer took half-an-hour to do it.

"You rub off the tails of the currants. I know, Brown Owl!"

The Brownie who possessed this knowledge hastened to rub the currants with the flat of her hand on the table.

"Take a cloth," said Brown Owl, and seized the opportunity to commend the recruit who had brought the salt, which, as she justly observed, nobody else had remembered.

In due time came the thrilling moment when the ingredients were mixed and, contrary to all known cookery, the contents of the basin really began to resemble a pudding.

"Now, we must stir," said the Pack Leader. "It's the stirring that makes Christmas pudding."

The stirring occupied some twenty minutes, during which Brown Owl considered the question of disposing of all the gifts which she dared not include in the cookery. The prunes and the banana had already played their part, and the Nestle's milk could be added to the tea-party. But it was the rice and potatoes which bothered Brown Owl, until the Pack Leader remarked, gloomily, that she was sure there was not enough sugar.

"I believe," said Brown Owl, "that cook might let us have a little sugar if there were anything we could give her in exchange."

The owners of the rice and potatoes flung their

offerings at her feet and felt that they had saved the situation.

At length, when a good deal of the pudding had been stirred out of the basin and surreptitiously put back again, the mixture was declared ready to boil.

The Pack sat back on its heels rejoicing, and Brown Owl thanked the gods that all was well. She undertook to do the rest as the afternoon was already over.

"We made it all ourselves, didn't we?" declaimed the Pack, which seldom hid its light under a bushel. "Oh! won't they like it?"

"Rather!" agreed Brown Owl, who had gone too far to draw back. She dared not hint that the pudding in nine days' time might not be all that was expected. So far, all was well. And then, while the Pack gazed on its handiwork in admiration, somebody remarked casually:

"Of course, there'll be flames."

"What?" asked Brown Owl, aghast.

"Flames," repeated the Brownie, hopefully, "blue an' yellow, all round the pudding."

The vision entranced the Pack.

"But," began Brown Owl, in dismay—was all their work to go for nothing for want of the crowning touch?—"We can't have flames." A base idea struck her. "Suppose the pudding were spoilt?"

"Christmas pudding doesn't spoil. Oh! Brown Owl, can't we have flames?"

Brown Owl shook her head.

"We haven't got the stuff. It's spirits, you know. That's why it burns."

"But can't you make flames, Brown Owl?"

"I can't," said Brown Owl. "No, matches won't do. Never mind."

The Pack Leader entered on a lengthy explanation, but nobody listened except the Brownie who had suggested the flames and was reluctant to give up the idea. Her name was Elizabeth, and she refused to answer to abbreviations. She also refused to be satisfied with the Pack Leader's explanation, but she kept her thoughts to herself and worked them out to the following logical conclusion.

The pudding needed flames, and flames were produced by "spirits." Now, "spirits," as known to Elizabeth, were bought at the can and oil shop, and were usually referred to as "Meth." Further proceedings were obvious; Elizabeth was not a housekeeper for nothing. Half a pint of "Meth," costing 10d., must be procured and secretly poured round the pudding. Then, to the lasting credit of the Pack, she, Elizabeth, would set the spirits alight and the blue and yellow flames would spring up in a circle. It was a task worthy of a heroine, but Elizabeth had no qualms on that score. She set to work.

III.

Fortune favours the brave. On the day of the party the Pack Leader worked a miracle and had 4d. over. She spent it on packets of coloured paper strips which

the Pack gummed into chains and hung from wall to wall. The finished spectacle rejoiced them exceedingly.

Brown Owl was equally happy. Cook had "warmed through" the pudding, and said that, although by all reckoning it should have been fit for burial, there was nothing wrong to be seen. She implied that its shortcomings would be speedily realised, but Brown Owl argued that the sprig of holly had dug into what seemed a reasonable consistency. She brought the pudding in triumph to the hall and set it in a baking tin on the gas stove in an inner room. The Pack on beholding it displayed so much excitement that it was necessary to approach the gas-stove in single file, and in the midst of this proceeding the Company arrived.

After the first ten minutes, during which the Brownies stood at one end of the room with their fingers in their mouths and their guests collected at the other and seemed to wonder why they were there, somebody ventured to bridge the gap. By the time the Guides sat down to tea they knew the whole history of the decorations and the great secret had been disclosed.

"You must leave room for it," explained the Pack volubly, "but please eat everything else first, and don't you like the decorations?"

The Company intimated that such marvels surpassed their wildest dreams, and the Captain, receiving her teacup from a Sixer, whose sigh of relief when she put it down had been audible to half the table, said that plum pudding had been suggested at camp and everyone had thought it too difficult to attempt.

At this point Elizabeth slipped into the inner room. She had made a hard-earned sixpence by three hours' weeding in a neighbour's garden. The other four pennies had fallen from heaven by means of an uncle who had been sensible enough not to ask what became of them. Elizabeth took the bottle of methylated spirit from her haversack and poured the stuff shaking all over and round the baking tin. Suppose anything went wrong with the pudding! But it was too late to draw back. She struck the match, dropped it, and retreated hastily. The next moment the pudding was wrapped in blue and yellow flames.

"We couldn't eat any more, thank you," said the Company, and the Captain added, "Must we wait any longer?"

There was no need to urge the Pack. Brown Owl was being pushed to the door, while a Guard of Honour scrambled into place. Many of the guests rose in expectation. Brown Owl opened the door, looked, and—shut it behind her. They heard the bolt click.

This was not part of the plan and the Pack grew anxious. The Company tried to talk as if nothing were happening, and the Pack Leader absentmindedly drank from her neighbour's teacup. They waited several minutes and silence fell like a wet blanket upon the assembly. Then Brown Owl put her head round the door and addressed the Captain.

"Would you think it rude," she asked, "if we all

left you for a moment? I can't quite manage by myself."

The Company, then and afterwards, treated the crisis with courteous silence. How Brown Owl and Elizabeth faced the Pack was never known. The Brownies presented a united front and no one ever hinted who was responsible for the wreck of the pudding, though it leaked out that Brown Owl had stifled the flames with a soaking cloth. When, to the accompaniments of an unmistakeable smell, the Pack returned, Brown Owl made a speech to the guests.

She told them the full history of the pudding; how the great idea had occurred, how the ingredients had been forthcoming, how the Pack had prepared the whole thing, how it had boiled beautifully and been brought to the party on a silver dish (somebody sniffed and was smuggled into the background), and how it had been left to keep warm until the exact moment.

"But," said Brown Owl, "we wanted to be too clever. We knew a real Christmas pudding should have flames, and so we did our best, only—" she paused, and her hand stole down to clasp another, whose owner could not be seen—"only we made a mistake about the spirits and our pudding can't possibly be eaten."

The Pack admitted afterwards that the Company were very nice about the tragedy, and the Captain's return speech soothed them still more, so that the end of the party was as successful as the beginning.

"I wonder how much they guessed," said Brown Owl, after the guests had left amid ringing cheers. "They must have smelt the methylated."

The Pack Leader surveyed a very dirty pair of hands. She had been cleaning the stove.

"It's a mercy nothing worse happened," she observed.

"I don't mind," said Brown Owl, unexpectedly, "it was an emergency and we've come through all right. Suppose the Company couldn't have swallowed the pudding when they got it. That would have been much worse. No, I don't mind one little bit."

"But what about the Brownies?" asked the Pack Leader, glancing towards the table which was being cleared of its remaining eatables by the unabashed hosts.

"They're all right," said Brown Owl. "Look!" She whistled three times.

"Pa-aa-ack!" The yell rose to the roof.

"Elizabeth will choke," muttered Brown Owl, swiftly. And to the Pack—"Carry on!"

QUOTATIONS.

"From Ghoulies and Ghoosties, long-leggety Beasties, and things that go Bump in the night—Good Lord, deliver us."—*Old Cornish Litany.*

"Please be careful where you tread
The fairies are about."—*Rose Fyleman.*



The Lost Pack.

THERE was once a lost Pack. It was quite by itself and did not know that there were any other Packs in existence. It went out of doors and played games and watched things happen, and it came indoors and worked for badges and listened to stories, and was quite pleased with itself. For it

really was quite a smart Pack. Once it had a Rally all by itself, and everybody thought it wonderful. Twice a year it had tests and won heaps of badges, and everybody thought that more wonderful. And on one occasion it had a camp, a most private and select affair with a hedge all round, and everybody thought that the most wonderful of all.

Then one day a perfectly strange Brownie was seen in the neighbourhood of the Pack. It was the oddest thing that had ever happened. When the Pack looked, there she was, dressed exactly like one of them, and coming down the street as if she were one of themselves.

"She can't be coming here," said the Pack.

But she was. For when she saw them, this very bold and alarming stranger saluted and actually came dancing into the room.

"I'm so glad I've found you," she said.

The Pack looked at her, gasping.

"Are you a Brownie?" inquired a Sixer.

"Of course," said the strange Brownie, looking hurt.

"We mean," said somebody, "are you like us?"

"Of course," answered the Brownie, again.

"But you don't belong to the Pack," said a third.

"No," said the Brownie, "but I belong to one of the other Packs."

This was most peculiar. The Pack crowded round

(Continued on Page 254.)



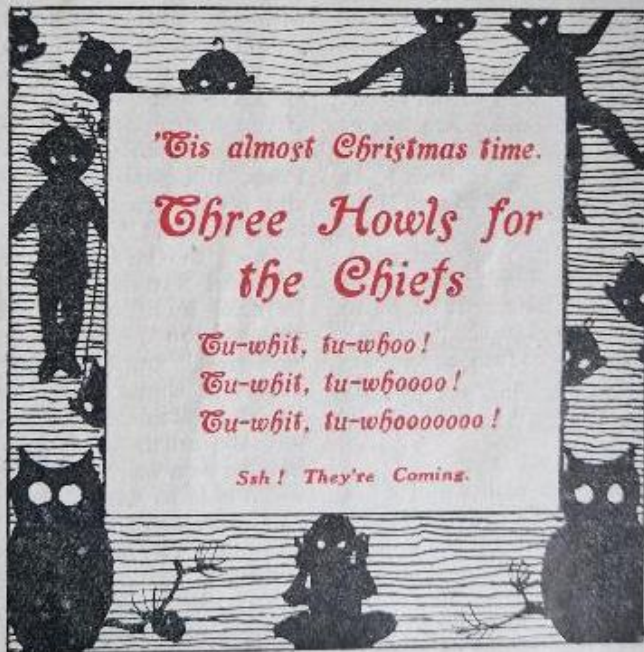
EVERY Pack has its own secrets. Sometimes they are very tiny things, like an extra bit of Howl or a special way of ending a Pow-wow. Sometimes they are quite big, like a new game which the Pack has invented or a special code of signs used in the Pack alone. Sometimes they take a lot of thinking before they really come; and sometimes they arrive suddenly. The last sort are called inspirations, and then they are very precious. But they are always something which a Pack does, all by itself, and the rest don't understand.

Once upon a time, there was a Pack which put a halfpenny into funds everytime it saw a robin, just because, as one Brownie explained, "We never do see robins." But when they came to look they found one and then another, until they had to start a separate money-box with a robin on the outside. And in the end there were enough halfpennies for the Pack to go on top of a 'bus right into the country where there were too many robins to be counted.

Now, although secrets aren't secrets if you tell too many people, perhaps a Pack which has several wouldn't mind sharing one or two. So

if you have any secrets which you could share with other Brownies, will you just pop them into an envelope and address it to the Editor, GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1?

But please explain the secret very carefully so that everyone will understand. This isn't a competition; it's just a way of helping the others, any one can send in a secret. Brownie, Pack Leader or Brown Owl. Only, of course, you must ask the Pack's permission first. And if it's only a special way of darning a stocking, somebody will be sure to find it a help.





By ARTHUR POYSER, Scout Commissioner for Singers and Players.

CHRISTMAS is the high festival of singers and players. Music always sounds best by the fireside, and now is the time to sit by the fire and call in the singers. And what Christmas is complete without its attendant players? Players on instruments of music and players of stage plays, and "miracle plays" and "mysteries"? But in planning our Christmas activities it would be as well to do so on two broad lines which (for want of handier terms) we will call sacred and secular. I dislike the terms, for they are inexact, they are vague, and they overlap. But they convey a rough idea to the minds of most of us, and so they must stand. Are we, in our Companies or our Patrols, or in our home circles, going to aim at one of these lines or at both? It matters little as long as we take care not to mix them in however slight a degree. Are we going to keep to carols and the Nativity play? Well and good. Then we must keep all trace of modern music out of our scheme if we mean to do the thing as it ought to be done. Or, perhaps, we are going in for the "merry" side of Christmas and mean to produce a romping stage play, or fairy play, or pantomime, with jolly music and plenty of fun? Splendid! Now let us see how to set about it.

Carols: The Nativity Play.

Nothing is more beautiful, when really well done, than a simply-acted, carefully-dressed and devotionally-played Nativity play. I shall never forget the impression such a play made upon me when I saw one for the first time. A simply-draped proscenium, and a hidden choir of men and boys' voices. The Inn; lit up, behind drawn blinds; the sound of revellers within. The Manger by its side; a cold deep-blue sky, star-spangled; silence without. Then the entry of the Virgin, with the Child in her arms, and Joseph. And, then, as from far away, the sound of old-world carols, exquisitely sung. It was a complete picture, and its beauty was unforgettable. Not all the splendours of pageants, nor the dazzlements of the worldly stage, could in any way efface the memory of its simple beauty. Yet it had all been done by a few enthusiasts in their spare time; they had written the "words of the play," painted the scenery, made the dresses, rehearsed the music. What they did, each one of you can do if you work together under a leader who is really keen.

In your own Company hall erect a stage, or get your brother Scouts to erect one for you. For the words of the play itself you can make a choice of three ways of obtaining them. Go straight to the New Testament and choose the scenes direct and use the Bible words; or, select certain scenes from the Gospels and re-arrange them to get a continuous dramatic narrative, and amplify the spoken dialogue in keeping with the incomparable original. This second way should only be attempted if you are sure the work is in competent hands. The third way is to apply for leave to reproduce the published Nativity plays. If you are in doubt as to which you ought to choose, write to Scout Commissioner Marsden at the Faith Press, Buckingham Street, Charing Cross, London, and I am sure he will help you to find something. "Eager Heart" is, of course, the best known; but I fancy the late Mrs. Percy Dearmer wrote a very beautiful Nativity play, which was performed in the Imperial Institute some years ago. Still, it is much better if you "make" your own. I am all for "home industries," and the more you make and do for yourselves, in these ways, the better you will be for it all, and much more satisfied with the results. Don't rely too much on outside help; attack the problem in your own way. I know of no set of folk who ought to be able to write, produce, and act a Nativity play half so well as a Company of Girl Guides, acting under a Captain who has the power to suggest, direct, inspire and control.

Now, as to music. Avoid, like poison, that very terrible production the "modern carol." There can be no modern carols, not, at least, until we all go back, and roll back time as we go, to the early days of the Christian era, and adopt its mode of life and thought. All we can do now is to *imitate* and all imitations are to be avoided like the plague. All the stuff written now-a-days and passed off on a simple-minded public, by money-making publishers, and called "carols," ought to be destroyed by Act of Parliament. That being unlikely to happen the only other remedy is not to buy the stuff. Keep to the *really old* carols. You will find them in many books. The "Cowley Carol Book" is one of the best. Avoid anything composed later than, say, 1600, and you can't go far wrong.

Songs : The Music-Play.

The best times to act your Nativity play are Christmas Eve, Holy Innocents, and at the Epiphany. The night of Christmas Day itself, and the night following, are the best times to fix for the first performance of your music-play or pantomime; then you can repeat it as often as you want during the holidays. Now, "getting up" a really decent music-play takes a lot of hard work, and calls for as much collective brain-power as you can procure. The work is quite the opposite, in every way, from that necessary to do a beautiful Nativity play, though both are played on a stage. Here you must avoid anything ancient or stale (except, of course, your "story" which may be the Babes in the Wood (taken from an old ballad) or any of the old nursery tales you all know so well) and be very much alive and "up to date." But the snares to be avoided in this case are insipidity, formlessness and vulgarity. The very name "pantomime" has come to suggest an extremely vulgar and wholly-to-be-avoided kind of entertainment. It suggests music-hall songs and they, in a Christmas home-play, are as poisonous as the carols of the village organist. Let us say we want to produce a "Babes in the Wood." Well, we have a clear story to start with. The outstanding characters would be the wicked baron, the two robbers, the nurse, the sweet village maiden who has fallen in love with the babes, the young squire (call him Boy Blue or something of that sort) who has fallen in love with the sweet village maiden, and so on. Open with a village fair in full swing. Plenty of chance here for music and noise and colour. The babes are at the fair and so is the baron. Here, too, he meets the two ruffians who have been under orders to kidnap the babes. One of these men pretends to win the affections of the nurse and so manages to get the babes away from her. Then you have a room in the baron's house and the babes' last day at home.

The next scene is the wood, and much can be made of this by "cutting-out" the tree trunks in slit canvas and hanging them from the "flies." Quite a deep and ghostly wood can be grown by these means. The robbers bring in the babes and fall into heated argument about the division of spoil. They fight. (Splendid chance for your Rover friends here to "bring the house down.") Meanwhile the babes, in alarm, have run away. When the villains have departed (one much hurt) the babes return and cry themselves to sleep "under the trunk of an old oak tree." Here is your chance for a Brownies' ballet. And you might get a neighbourly pack of Cubs to join in, as elves and pixies. Work it up to a fine finale and drop the curtain. That is the end of your first part.

Part two begins by the curtain rising on the same scene and the babes still asleep under the tree. But the dancers have gone and there is the sound of birds among the trees and a trace of dawn beyond the forest borders. Boy Blue, out hunting, comes down the

leafy ways and finds the children. He sends off one of his huntmen to bring witnesses from the village. The beautiful village maiden comes also and plights her troth to Boy Blue. All is well now. The babes are led away after a joyous hunting chorus has been sung. The next scene is the baron's house again. The villains have turned up to claim their reward. The baron, now the babes are dead and their money has come into his own hands, is not going to part with any of it, and refuses to carry out his agreement with the villains. There are possibilities here for some knock-about business. But the nurse has overheard the report of the robbers as to what took place in the wood and steps forward proclaiming that she will hand the baron and his two accomplices to the police! Quick curtain. The last scene is the village green again (as in Part I), only without the stalls of the fair, and with plenty of room on the stage for dancing. The baron, seeing that he is discovered, and finding that the best thing he can do is to promote the nurse to his table-end, is astounded to find, on the arrival of the woodland party in the village, that the babes are alive and well after all. General rejoicing of everybody all round and, again, lots of scope for singing and dancing. Now, notice how I have arranged the scenes. Though there are six of them, they are only three really. For thus they run in sequence: village green, baron's house, wood; wood, baron's house, village green. The same order, but going backwards for Part II. That saves a lot of bother. The village green is quite different each time as, when you see it first it is full of fair stalls and toy-barrows, etc. Always aim thus at economy of material. It is much more effective than waste and it helps to bind the little piece together.

As to music—well, rely, mostly, on old English airs and jolly old dance tunes. Be careful about copyrights in using modern songs. But, if it is a private performance and there is no charge for admission, you need not worry about what you take and use. Simple dresses. Write your own words and lyrics (if you can). If not, write to Singers and Players* (Scout and Guide Section), 12, Moor Street, Charing Cross Road, W.1, and they will help you in every way.

REFUGEE GUIDES FROM SOUTH RUSSIA.

With reference to the appeal in the Chief's Outlook for October, Guides wishing to send parcels to the refugee Guides in the Crimea, are requested to wait until further information with regard to postal arrangements and address, etc., can be published in the GAZETTE.

*MESSRS. WEST & CO., of 12, Moor Street, Charing Cross Road, London, W.1, the well-known music publishers, have been appointed Official Music Publishers to Scout and Guide "Singers and Players."

MISS PRINGLE'S
CHRISTMAS PARTY.

The shy blackbirds, the rooks, and red-robins all through
The side lanes seem holding their big parties, too,
As we pass along to Miss Pringle's;
Through the frosty-white panes of her bright cosy room
We can see her, she's waiting to make us at home
Where twilight and fire shine mingles;
And over the mantle embroidered in red
A motto of welcome is daintily spread.

Very soon we are round where the firelights glow
Plays hide-and-seek with the red berries below
A big bunch of green mistletoe;
And wonderful tales still more mystical grow
When the chestnuts are roasting row under row,
And interest stands tip-toe—
When ghosts creep about and you're hearing the thud,
The rattle of chains that most curdles your blood.

Now, while the Girl Guides are preparing the tea
We look at, and admire, the huge Christmas tree
A sparkle of glittering light;
On the uppermost branch, in a bright golden crown,
There's a Fairy Queen gorgeous in spangled gown
Waving a wand of ivory white—
Pointing to beautiful presents for one and all,
Crackers, caps, for Grandma a hand-knitted shawl.

After tea we play twilight and musical chairs,
Hunt the slipper, proverbs, and everyone shares
The forfeits for blind-man's-buff;
Then a rest, an orange; at sound of a horn
Right into the centre the lovely tree's drawn,
The room just darkened enough—
That all far corners look black as midnight
And only the tree is a dazzle of light.

Alas! so soon 'tis all over, long, long before
We've finished our games there's a knock at the door,
Lemonade, a bun passed all round.
Then, just as we're leaving a tinkle of bells,
So sweet and melodious it rises and swells,
Till fairyland seems to abound;
But I peep through the curtains—espy there—Old Ben
Who lives down the village, 'tis his hand-bell men!

Even though homeward bound the fun's not yet past
For silvery moonbeams stretch outward and cast
Fantastical shadows around—
Where the great owls are fitting all ghostly and white;
From tree-top to tree-top a frolicksome sprite
Comes throwing wee snowballs around;
And Judy—Dad's old mare, she travels so slow
Because her poor hoofs are all balled up with snow.

Within our small porch Mother's waiting—we rush
With both arms outstretched, but Mother says "Hush!
Too late! my dearies to bed,
To-morrow with pleasure I'll listen to all."
As persuasion we know avails not at all
Upstairs we reluctantly tread—
Very slowly, upstairs to bed; to dream all night
Of Miss Pringle's jolly party, its joy, delight.

CLARISSA ALCOCK



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THE GIRL GUIDE SHOP, 25, Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W. 1.



NOTE.—The little figure used in this border is designed by Miss Chitty, Yockleton Rectory, Shrewsbury. If you would like to use it for your Company notepaper, please enquire at the Girl Guides' Shop.

HONOR'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

By E. L. HAVERFIELD.

Author of "The Happy Comrade," etc., etc.

"DISMAL." The letters were neatly printed on the steamed pane of glass, but already trickles of water marred the effect by trailing down the window like tears.

It was degrees colder out than in, as witness the blurred glass. The street lamps were alight, though it was only tea-time, for it was a December afternoon. A cosy fire gleamed on the hearth, but the solitary occupant of the room did not sit beside it, preferring rather to stare out into the gloom that was in keeping with her mood.

"Dismal!" she said, under her breath. "The dimmest Christmas we have ever spent."

A stifled sigh, almost a sob, clipped the last words short, and Honor Payne had hard work to crush back the tears that rose unbidden to her eyes.

To-morrow would be Christmas Eve, and she was thinking of a certain drawer in her bedroom, lovingly emptied some weeks back to receive the Christmas presents she had meant to buy with her savings, and there was nothing in it yet; there was going to be nothing in it at all! It had been decided by her parents that this year it would be wrong to fritter away money in mere pleasure-giving amongst themselves; Honor and her two school-boy brothers were old enough to understand that with hospitals begging for funds so urgently, with pitiful appeals from charities worthy of utmost support, it was not right to buy unnecessary trifles for one another. There was, of course, nothing to be done but acquiesce in the laudable scheme. Honor handed over her savings to her mother that they might swell the amount for the Children's Hospital they resolved to benefit, and tried very hard to be a cheerful giver. But, as Christmas Day approached, she could not help thinking of the empty plates, no parcels for anyone, none of the expectant joy of watching each excited face as paper was torn off and the contents revealed. She did not mind about having nothing herself, but, with Honor, the love of giving amounted almost to a passion.

Her sad reflections were broken by the hurried entrance of Emily, the maid.

"Oh, miss!" she said, "there's a lady come to tea, and not a morsel of cake in the house. Would you

run round to the shop for me, while I get the tray set?"

The baker's was not five minutes' walk off, and Honor went readily. She had to stand aside for a minute or two, in the brilliantly-lighted shop, for an old lady was deep in conversation with Mrs. Simpkin over the counter.

"If you would be so good as to put this bill in a prominent position in your window," she was saying, "I shall be deeply obliged. He has been lost for three nights."

The bakeress politely acquiesced, and Honor caught a glimpse of a rather stern but handsome old face, as the old lady left the shop.

Mrs. Simpkin held up the notice then, with a little laugh.

"Some people don't seem to have enough to do with their money," she said, pointing to the large printed heading: "Two POUNDS REWARD." "But she can afford it, I suppose, being so wealthy. In a great state of mind, she is, poor old thing, all about that cat! Says she'd rather know he was dead than wandering the streets starving and scared."

Honor read the rest of the notice, with a grave face. Only a little while ago her own pet cat had died and she was still so sore at heart about it that she steadfastly refused to have another "to comfort her," so that her sympathy with the old lady went very deep.

"A large black cat, with a patch of white on the left side of his face. Long fur, bushy tail and orange eyes. Also four white paws. Answers to the name of 'Fuzzy.'"

She left the shop, after making her purchase, repeating the words over to herself.

That night she could not sleep and long before there could be a gleam of daylight, she crept out of the house dressed in her warmest clothes, bent on carrying out the plan that her active brain had conceived. She had committed the old lady's address to memory, and a quarter of an hour's brisk walking brought her to the door. A light burning in a lower room, a half-lifted blind, suggested to her this was the window sill upon which Fuzzy had been wont to arrive

and demand admittance. It flashed into her mind as a certainty that the poor old lady was actually sitting up in the hope that the wanderer might return.

Honor hurried away, down the street and across the busy thoroughfare, which was never long silent either night or day. Had the cat been chased by some dog across it, or carried by a thoughtless child, the chances were he could not find courage to return, or he might genuinely have lost himself in the labyrinths of small streets beyond. It was these roads that she meant, in the silence of the night, to search with extreme thoroughness, having provided herself with a strong electric torch of her father's for the purpose.

It was by no miracle, but the result of two solid hours of patient looking, softly calling the cat's name, and listening for a responsive mew, that she came at last upon a miserable object, crouching in the porch of an empty house, who answered so exactly to the description of Fuzzy, that she could not doubt his identity, and she was thrilled with excitement as she bore him back over the half-mile that he had wandered.

Her knock on the old lady's door was almost instantly answered by an elderly maid-servant, who, on catching sight of her burden, gave a cry of genuine relief.

"It's Fuzzy!" she exclaimed. "Oh, ma'am, it's Fuzzy!"

Beyond her, framed in the open doorway of a room, stood the old lady herself, so white and tired-looking that Honor could have cried with sympathy.

She found herself drawn into the warm room by those two enthusiastic women, and when Fuzzy had been made much of and set down to the meal of meat and milk awaiting him on the hearthrug, she had to tell and re-tell the story of how she came to find him.

The old lady's gratitude was boundless, and when she had thanked Honor about a dozen times over, she pressed into her hand an envelope, saying:

"You have, indeed, earned the reward. I am more than delighted to give it you."

But, instantly, Honor hung back, blushing crimson, overcome by shyness and a sense of awkwardness. She had not given the reward a thought throughout.

"Oh, please—" she stammered, "I—I couldn't take it. I didn't do it for that. It was for poor Fuzzy—and you."

"But, indeed, you must," persisted the old lady. "I shall be deeply hurt if you don't. Buy yourself a Christmas present from Fuzzy and me. If you will give me your address, I would like to call upon your mother and explain, but I do beg of you not to wound me by refusal."

What could Honor do but acquiesce? And then it flashed into her mind what that reward would mean to her. It was extra money—earned—and might she not keep it? After all, she would be able to get those longed-for Christmas gifts for the dear family! It was not yet too late, for this was Christmas Eve.

It was daylight when Parkins, the maid, showed her out, after feeding her with hot cocoa and biscuits, and

on the doorstep they came face to face with a ragged, thin-faced slip of a girl hugging against her breast a big black and white cat.

"Please, is this Fuzzy?" she asked, in a hoarse voice.

"Certainly not," said Parkins. "Fuzzy has been found."

Her mistress called her, and with those words she shut the door.

"Found!" repeated the ragged girl, blankly; "and someone else has got the two pounds! I made so sure this was him, and I'd earned it. Oh, it's hard—cruel hard!"

She buried her face abruptly in the shaggy fur and broke into a storm of weeping.

Honor felt cut to the heart.

"Did you want the money so badly?" she asked. "What for?"

The girl raised a tear-streaked face and gazed at her out of surprised brown eyes.

"What for?" she said. "Why, for food and coals—and everything. We're starving with hunger and cold. Father's out of a job, and mother's ill—"

Quickly Honor thrust the envelope into her hand.

"Take it," she said. "You've worked for it, even if you didn't find Fuzzy."

The girl stared at her a moment, open-mouthed.

"I couldn't," she said, and Honor saw that her feelings were as delicate as her own. "I oughtn't to. It's like begging, and mother wouldn't have me beg."

Then came Honor's great inspiration.

"I'll buy that cat from you," she said. "The old lady told me to get myself a present with it, and I want that poor cat. He is starving, too. Let me have him."

He was a very lost cat, indeed, far more emaciated than Fuzzy, and as she took him in her arms, he thrust his head under her chin as if to express his gratitude.

So the bargain was struck, and, though all her visions crumbled once more into dust, she never regretted it.

As for the ragged girl—she was laughing and crying for joy.

"I shall buy my things on the way home," she said, "and won't they just stare to see me coming in, smothered in parcels like a Father Christmas—breakfast and dinner, and a hundredweight of coals and some wood, ordered like a lady! Oh, miss, what a Christmas it's going to be! Won't you come and see mother some time and let her thank you?"

Honor trudged home, hugging her stray cat close to her heart, almost singing with joy.

How she laughed at breakfast when she saw that Jack Frost, during the night, had been making a me of her, for, clearly outlined on the window-pane stood out the word she had so gloomily traced there the day before.

"Dislial!" she exclaimed, "it's the happiest Christmas I've ever spent!"



ONCE upon a time there was a fir tree, and this fir tree was very unhappy because it thought it had no use in the world. "Here I stand day by day," it sighed, "and nobody seems to want me; no one asks for my love; nobody is the better for my presence."

Now one afternoon, about sunset, a fairy was fluttering through the wood, and she heard the fir tree sigh.

"Why do you sigh, Fir Tree?" she asked, kindly.

"I sigh because I am so useless," replied the fir tree, "because I feel it makes no difference to anyone whether I live or fade."

The fairy shook her wand reprovingly at the fir tree.

"How wrong of you to talk like that," she said, "every fir tree has some use in the world—if it watches carefully for its chance to be useful. Heed my words, Fir Tree, your chance will come sooner or later, but, you must always be looking out for it. Such chances often escape us because we do not watch closely enough for them, so keep your eyes open, take heart, and sigh no more for such an unnecessary reason." When she had finished speaking she vanished, laughing softly to herself. You know what wood-fairy laughter sounds like—like the tinkle of a little brook that brings us messages from Fairyland.

The days passed and the fir tree, taking the fairy's advice, watched eagerly for its opportunity to be of use. And before long winter came, and old Father Christmas went hobbling across the wood.

"Dear me, dear me, time's getting on," he murmured, in a worried way, "and I've promised those children a Christmas tree. I wish I could find one easily! I'm tired out with making the things for the Christmas stockings, and my poor old bones are chilled with tramping through the snow. Oh, where, oh, where, shall I find a nice tree?"

The fir tree shivered all over with excitement.

"Would I do, Father Christmas?" it asked, humbly.

Father Christmas started and glanced upwards.

"Who spoke? Who calls me by my name?" he said, hurriedly.

"It is I," answered the fir tree, "I've been waiting for a hope of helping somebody. Do you think I should be nice enough for your purpose?"

"Nice enough! Of course you would!" declared Father Christmas, in high delight, "you're exactly what I want—fairly tall, bushy, good shape—capital, capital," he added, rubbing his hands, "I'm extremely obliged to you"—Father Christmas is always polite—"if you don't mind, I'll dig you up at once."

"I shall be only too proud." Down went the magic spade into the brown earth, and very soon the fir tree was trundling along in the ancient gentleman's mysterious wheelbarrow.

Hearing Father Christmas' well-known footstep the fairy again flitted by. Quickly she dressed the tree with lights and presents, and, when all was ready, she laughed once more and whispered: "Did I not say your chance would come if you only watched for it? You are a Christmas tree now!"

The fir tree bowed its heavy branches and replied: "Yes, yes, dear Fairy, you were quite right, as you always are, and I shall give up sighing from this moment—that is—if the children are pleased with me," it concluded, modestly.

"I will ask them," said the fairy, and she turned to the boys and girls who had now crowded eagerly around. "Children, do you like the Christmas tree? If so, clap your hands, and give three cheers for it," which, of course, they did, and when the fir tree listened to the noise and the shouting it knew it had never been so glad in all its life.

In fact, which ever way you looked at it, you could see that it was sparkling with joy.

THE SEA GUIDES' CORNER.

"On the strength of one link in the cable
Dependeth the might of the chain;
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!"

* * *

"Give heed to thy words and thine actions,
Lest others be wearied thereby . . ."

The Laws of the Navy.

By R. A. HORWOOD.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE SEA GUIDES' QUADRILLE OF 1840.

"Will you, won't you, won't you, will you,
Won't you join the dance?"

Shoot ahead about two fathoms till you nearly come astern of the opposite craft then under weigh, make a stern board towards your berth, side out for a bend, first to starboard then to port, make sail and pass the other craft, get your head round, and back first to starboard then to port, make sail to regain your berth, wear round, back and fill, boxhaul your partner, and heave to.—*From an old newspaper.*

GIRL GUIDE STANDARDS.

By Hon. R. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.
County Commissioner for N.E. Lancashire.

WHAT is a Girl Guide Standard? That is a question which is of importance to all Companies. Sometime ago a Commissioner was reading an ancient book on heraldry, and she discovered that women have for centuries been "entitled to bear standards, as are also all Commoners."

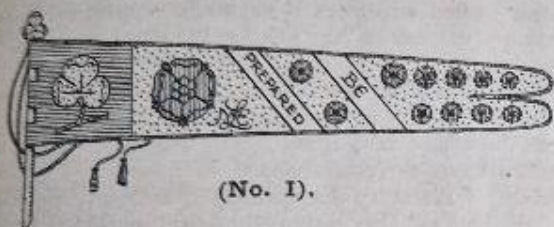
The old rules and customs which are called heraldry, are complicated. They came into being long ago when different conditions of life existed. In those

the place of honour nearest the pike, and the rest ornamented with the owners' badges and motto. These standards varied in length, but the King's measured 11 yards, and was "sett before the pavilion or tent."

A *Streamer*, measuring from 20 to 60 yards in length, is flown from a ship's topmasts, and *Pennants* are flown in men-of-war.

In the Navy, the White Ensign is the colour of the Royal Naval Service; the Blue Ensign is borne by ships in the service of public offices, etc., and the Red Ensign by all other British ships.

Various customs exist in the Army. "In the cavalry the standards are the same in colour as the regimental facings; they bear the insignia, cipher, numbers and honours of the regiment, and are richly ornamented. Those of the Household Cavalry bear on a crimson field the royal insignia. The colours of each infantry regiment are two in number, the King's colour and the regimental colour. The former is the Union Jack, variously charged; the latter is in colour like the regimental facings and is charged with the honours, etc., of the corps. The King's colour of the Foot Guards, however, is crimson, and



(No. I).

days men wore armour and fought and tilted, while the women stayed at home, spinning, weaving and embroidering. It followed, therefore, that the heraldic rules differ for men and women. Ladies wore robes embroidered with their coat of arms, and they flew standards from the tower where they lived, but the men needed helmets and shields to protect them in the fight, and these were decorated by crest, mantling, wreath and coat of arms. These decorations were in reality signs so that a man could distinguish friend from foe, for the face and figure were completely concealed by the armour and the helmet.

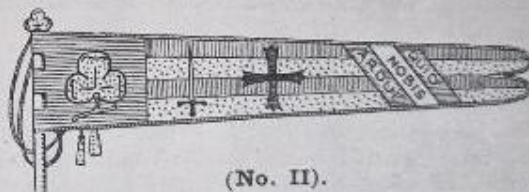
Many different kinds of flags bearing devices were used either by individuals or as rallying points for retainers and armies. The chief were the following:—

The Banner.—Knights bannerets and those above them in rank were entitled to bear these, and display on them their coat of arms. The ROYAL STANDARD is a specimen of a banner.

Pennons.—These were borne on the lance and when in position for charging the owner's "coat" showed upon it. Esquires used pennons. A smaller size was called a Pencil.

The Gonfannon is seen in the Bayeux Tapestry, and was used by important personages.

Standards.—Edward III. used a standard "charged" (which means in the ancient language still used by heralds—showing)—first his arms, and then a powdering of Fleurs-de-Lis, and lions. In Tudor times, all standards were made with the flag of St. George, in



(No. II).

its regimental colour the Union Jack, The Royal Artillery and the Rifles have no colours."

An *Ensign* is a National flag.

Guides have copied the knights of old in using flags as rallying points and symbols of their loyalty, and also in their efforts to do good deeds as they pass on their way.

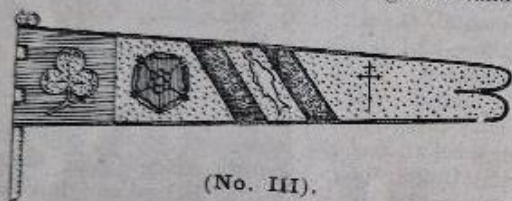
Every British Girl Guide Company naturally wishes to possess a Union Jack, the emblem of their country—recording as it does, our history and heroes, together with the unity of the Empire.

Besides the Union Jack, companies have used a second flag, this was a banner charged with the motto and the Trefoil Badge. It has now been decided to use a standard instead of this banner. When a Company already possesses a banner and wishes to continue using it, it will be perfectly correct to

do so, and its use will give honourable proof of the antiquity of the Company. Not more than the one flag or the standard can be used, however, in addition to the Union Jack. If a Company desires to replace their old flag by a standard, the old banner should be placed in safety—say, hanging in the clubroom, to remain there as a trophy.

Standards are long, and narrow down towards the "parted" points. Nearest the hoist, in the place of honour, is the Trefoil Badge; it is gold on blue for the Girl Guides, red on gold for Ranger Guides, and blue on silver for the Sea Guides. The sizes of the standards will vary according to their purpose (see for details the pamphlet, "Standards," soon to be obtainable from Headquarters). County Standards will measure 8 ft. long by 2½ ft. at the hoist. For Companies, the measure will be 6 ft. by 2 ft. The under line is cut horizontal, and the upper line slopes down to it, or vice versa.

According to ancient custom, as depicted in the records, it is deemed correct to place badges and mottoes on standards, and these should be of sufficient size to be easily recognisable. The edges of standards



(No. III).

are enriched (when they are made of silks and tissue) with fringe, and cords and tassels can be affixed to the pike head.

If the illustration No. 1 is examined, it will be seen to bear, next to the Trefoil, the Red Rose, beloved of all Lancastrians, on a golden "field." Next it are placed the initials N. E. L. These are to differentiate the standard from the three other counties, which Lancashire contains in Guide administration. The motto lies "bendwise" across the standard, and the smaller roses represent the various sub-divisions of the county.

No. II represents a Divisional Standard, it is shorter than the former. The design shows (1) the Trefoil, (2) the sword—representing the County of London, (3) a cross fleury, black on a red and gold ground; these and the motto are part of the arms of the Royal Borough of Kensington, and are here used as badges for that Divisional Standard.

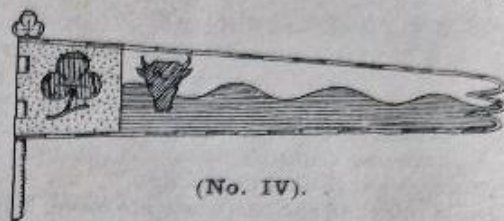
No. III shows a Company Standard: (1) the Trefoil, (2) the Red Rose of Lancashire. The name of this Company and its badges follow. The fish is a local emblem from the arms of the ancient abbey, while the cross shows that the Company is attached to a Christian place of worship.

No. IV shows a standard for a Ranger Company. The Red Trefoil is nearest the hoist, then come the

Oxfordshire County emblems of bull and colours, the wavy line reminding one of the river. The Company Badge is contained in the "three parted ends," and is symbolic of the Trinity, these Rangers being attached to a Church of the Trinity.

(NOTE.—All these are imaginary designs.)

Below the illustrations, Guides will see the colours set out and against each the name by which they are



(No. IV).

known in heraldry, these ancient names should always be used in describing the standards and their "tinctures," when an object is naturally represented in its ordinary colours (as the fish for Whalley), it is termed "proper."

The decorative, symbolic, and historic character of heraldry and its connection with the ages of romance, give its study fascination. For further information, the amateur is recommended to refer to A. C. Fox Davies' "Heraldry Explained," published by Jack; G. W. Eve's "Decorative Heraldry," published by G. Bell; and the article in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

The Science, Game or Art of Heraldry can be of use to the Guides in several ways: Symbolically, our standards and badges remind us of our promises and bring them into the sight and understanding of others; Historically, by heraldic means, achievements can be recorded, and noble traditions commemorated; Decoratively, heraldry adorns by means of bright colours, handsome design and varied ornament. The Guides can thus brighten much that to-day is chill and drear, and bring into life some of the glow of art and tradition which throbbed through Merrie England. Standards set before us will strengthen us in unity.



(No. V).

and continually inspire us to stand together doing our duty to God and the King, helping others at all times and obeying the Guide Law.

Any Company or County desiring to make a standard, is invited to send questions regarding the designing and making of standards, to The Hon. R. Kay-Shuttleworth, Gawthorpe Hall, Burnley, Lancs. A stamped envelope should be enclosed with any questions, to which she will gladly reply.

PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITION FOR GUIDES OF 11 YEARS OLD ONLY.



A PRIZE will be given for the correct solution of the following 12 picture puzzles. The answers are all things that every Guide should be proud to possess:—

Nothing will induce me to tell you another *thing* . . . What did you say? You know the fifth? Whisper . . . Ha! Ha! wrong again!

Send in your answers to the Editor, GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, by *January 1, 1921*, and remember—no help from grown-ups or Rangers, or—anybody! Put your name and address, age, and Company on the paper. Marks will be given for writing, neatness and *lots* of other things.



A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GUIDE MOVEMENT, 1908-1920.—Continued from page 251.

hold together under the strain of the many influences which were making themselves felt? So once more we sent a S.O.S. to our Founder, and once more he responded. First, came help and advice and monthly letters in the *GAZETTE*, then he became Chairman and reorganised the Movement on lines that by now had become necessary. Nor were the difficulties of the struggling Captain in the country forgotten; they were all invited to send up suggestions. September 24, 1915, came the granting of the Charter of Incorporation by the Board of Trade; nine ladies were appointed over the various departments; our membership had risen to 38,653. In October, 1915, Mrs. Blyth, with the help of Miss Hetherington and others, started a training school for Guide Captains, with the object of uniting Guide Officers all over the country for mutual help and encouragement. In March, 1916, came the first London Conference, where Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Lady Baden-Powell, and our President and the newly-formed Executive met the Commissioners, Captains and other workers in the Movement.

In July, 1916, our first book of rules was published. During the autumn of that year came the fire! An electric light fused at night and a fire burnt up our old Headquarters, with its records and ledgers and so forced us into the open, and December saw us installed in larger premises at 76, Victoria Street, bigger, we thought, than we should ever require; but it was that or nothing.

However, our numbers were steadily increasing; signs of fresh life were visible all over the country: Sussex was racing ahead, Lady Baden-Powell, the County Commissioner, had devised a model organisation, and was invited to extend the system to other counties.

The first Commissioners' Conference for all England was held at Matlock, in October, 1916. About 25 were present, and there Lady Baden-Powell was unanimously chosen to become Chief Commissioner.

From that day, Commissioners sprang up, as if by magic, throughout the length and breadth of the land, and a progressive multiplication table set in and has been at work ever since.

A further venture of a shop for Guide equipment in Victoria Street made us hold our breath, for the Guide Movement had no money; it was only, thanks to the energy and devotion of the London officers, who got up Rallies, Displays and Sales, that even the current office expenses and salaries were paid.

If we realised £10 in the month we were quite pleased in those pre-historic days! However, the Shop, far from being a cause of bankruptcy, became our main support, even before the entrance of our great friend, Mr. Everett.

February 21, 1918, Lady Baden-Powell was officially made Chief Guide by the vote of the whole Movement, sent through the Commissioners. "Girl Guiding," written by the Founder, was published in January, and in July of the same year, 7,000 Guides paraded

in Hyde Park, before Queen Alexandra. Rallies, Conferences, Camps of all kinds, followed in quick succession, of which, in this short sketch, there is not time to mention, till we get to the great Albert Hall Rally, in November, 1919.

The Guides have won for themselves their present position; they trusted themselves when all men doubted them, except their Founder, and they were not going to let him down. The Guide Movement was no charity, financed by the rich and backed by Royalty, but a lot of girls who proved their value, till the Government sent them out to Paris to help in the Great War as trusted messengers; till, in 1920, the Princess Mary consented to become their President.

To have failed in 1912 would have mattered little, we could have started again, but to fail now when our members have reached over 250,000, when the Movement has spread all over the world, would be a disaster, indeed.

We who know the strength and joy of the great Guide Fellowship, let us not forget also that we have only reached about 1 per cent. of the girls in Great Britain, let alone the world outside, and that great Guide friendship which we have seen break down class barriers, will break down national barriers, if we can but help it grow. So let us not limit our vision to the perfection of our own Company, Town, or County, but keep the wider vision always before us, and lose no chance in influencing friends and relations going abroad on the value of the Scout and Guide Movements; if we can do no more, we can put them in touch with our Chief and so help on her great propaganda work "Overseas."

Still we grow! We have again outgrown our Headquarters, and have moved into the larger premises in 25, Buckingham Palace Road. The Headquarters staff has reached 40, and they are now registering at the rate of 12 new Companies a day, including Ranger Companies and Brownie Packs.

It is proposed to write a short history of the Movement in pamphlet form; anyone having criticisms or facts of interest are invited to send them in to Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimbledon.

TRAINING WEEKS.

December—

Wimbledon.—2-9. Apply, Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimbledon. Trainer, Miss Maynard.

Frinton-on-Sea.—29 to January 4. Apply, Miss Tufnell, Langley, Chelmsford. Trainer, Miss Wissman.

January, 1921—

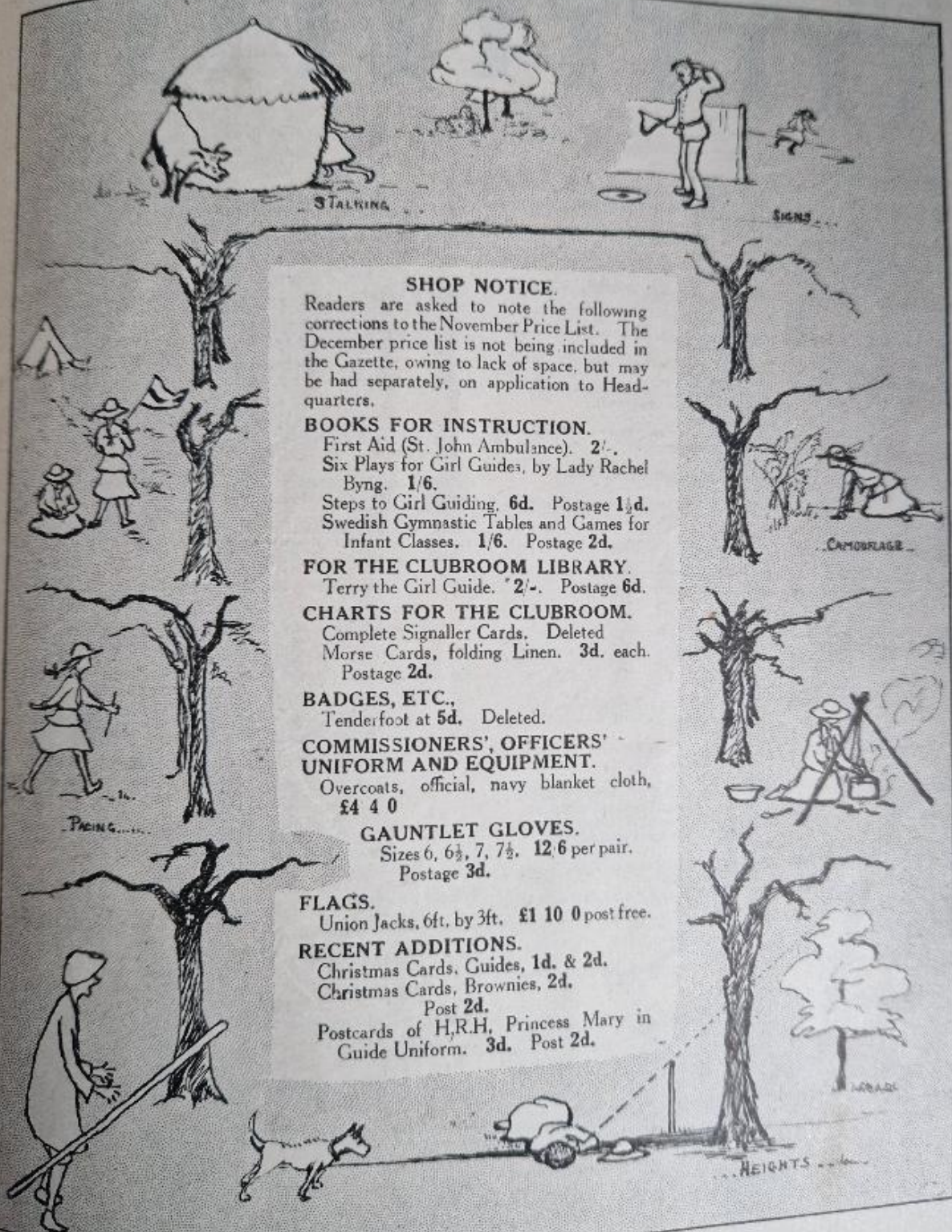
High Ashurst.—6-13. (Diploma'd Guiders only.) Apply, Mrs. Strobe, Tregenna, Woking.

Cheshire.—14-21. Apply, Miss Crutenden, Handley, Chester.

Wimbledon.—15-22. Apply, Miss Maynard, 34, Woodside, Wimbledon. Trainer, Miss Maynard.

Altrincham.—21-24. Apply, Miss Johnson, Woodleigh, Altrincham. Trainer, Miss Barbour.

CORRECTIONS IN SHOP PRICE LIST



SHOP NOTICE.
Readers are asked to note the following corrections to the November Price List. The December price list is not being included in the Gazette, owing to lack of space, but may be had separately, on application to Headquarters.

BOOKS FOR INSTRUCTION.
First Aid (St. John Ambulance). 2/-.
Six Plays for Girl Guides, by Lady Rachel Byng. 1/6.
Steps to Girl Guiding. 6d. Postage 1½d.
Swedish Gymnastic Tables and Games for Infant Classes. 1/6. Postage 2d.

FOR THE CLUBROOM LIBRARY.
Terry the Girl Guide. 2/-. Postage 6d.

CHARTS FOR THE CLUBROOM.
Complete Signaller Cards. Deleted
Morse Cards, folding Linen. 3d. each.
Postage 2d.

BADGES, ETC.,
Tenderfoot at 5d. Deleted.

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICERS' UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT.
Overcoats, official, navy blanket cloth, £4 4 0

GAUNTLET GLOVES.
Sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½. 12/6 per pair.
Postage 3d.

FLAGS.
Union Jacks, 6ft. by 3ft. £1 10 0 post free.

RECENT ADDITIONS.
Christmas Cards, Guides, 1d. & 2d.
Christmas Cards, Brownies, 2d.
Post 2d.
Postcards of H.R.H. Princess Mary in Guide Uniform. 3d. Post 2d.

STALKING
SIGNS
CAMOUFLAGE
PACING
HEIGHTS



(November, 1920.)

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT has graciously consented to become President of the South African Union.

HEDFORDSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Sandy .. Mrs. Dixon, Lindley Lodge, Pottton, vice Miss Farley (resigned).

BERKSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Kennet Valley .. Mrs. Freeling, Burnham Lodge, near Reading.

Dist. C. for Maldenhead .. Miss Vansittart Neale, Bisham Abbey, Berkshire.

Dist. C. for West Reading .. Miss Harper, St. George's Vicarage, Reading.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Dist. C. for Caxton and District .. Mrs. Higgins, 4, Hervey Road, Cambridge.

Dist. C. for Gilton and Cottenham .. Miss M. Gaskell, 26, Barton Road, Cambridge.

Dist. C. for March .. Mrs. Sharman, Hendford, March, vice Mrs. Stewart (resigned).

CHESHIRE.

Dist. C. for Delamere .. Mrs. H. Dewhurst, Dale Ford, Sandiway, Cheshire.

CORNWALL.

Dist. C. for Lostwithiel .. Mrs. Howell, Ethy, Lostwithiel.

CUMBERLAND.

Div. C. for North Cumberland .. Miss Rita Chance, Crofton Hall, Wigton, vice Miss Lever Murray (resigned).

Dist. C. for Brampton .. The Countess of Carlisle, Naworth Castle, Carlisle.

Dist. C. for Maryport .. Miss Hardy, Curzon Street, Maryport.

Dist. C. for Potterill Valley .. Miss M. Bowman, Wreay Syke, Carlisle.

DEVONSHIRE.

Assistant County Secretary .. Miss Rowe, Laifrowda, Exeter.

Dist. C. for Kingsbridge .. Mrs. Alexander, Horswell, Kingsbridge, vice Mrs. William Lyowns (resigned).

DORSET.

Dist. C. for Hazelbury Bryan .. Mrs. Dauntsey, Lovell's Court, Marn-hull, Dorset, vice Mrs. Pitt-Rivers (resigned).

Dist. C. for Shaftesbury .. Mrs. Cubitt, Motcombe Vicarage, Shaftesbury.

DURHAM.

County Secretary .. Miss Storey, O. B. E., South Bailey, Durham, vice Mrs. Addison (resigned).

Assistant County Secretary .. Miss M. Storey, South Bailey, Durham, vice Miss Robinson (resigned).

ESSEX.

Dist. C. for Buckhurst Hill .. Miss B. Gardiner, Oaklea Girls' School, Buckhurst Hill.

Dist. C. for Epping and Ongar .. Miss Marriage, Grey End, Marden Ash, Ongar.

Dist. C. for Saffron Walden .. Mrs. Foot-Mitchell, Quendon Hall, Saffron Walden.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Div. C. for Mid. Gloucestershire .. Mrs. Walsh, Woodchester Park, Stonehouse.

HAMPSHIRE.

Div. C. for Bournemouth .. The Countess of Malmesbury, Heron Court, Christchurch, vice Mrs. Daldy.

Div. C. for Portsmouth .. Mrs. Wyllie, Tower House, Tower Street, Portsmouth, vice Mrs. Knight (resigned).

Div. C. for Winchester .. Mrs. Daldy, The Close, Winchester.

Dist. C. for Aldershot and Farnborough .. Mrs. Bosanquet, Manor Lodge, Aldershot, vice Mrs. Alexander (resigned).

Dist. C. for Havant .. Mrs. Eastwood, Wade Court, Havant.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Leominster .. Miss E. V. Chambers, Hatfield Court, Leominster.

LINCOLNSHIRE—KESTEVEN AND S. HOLLAND.

Dist. C. for Long Sutton .. Mrs. Jack Dawes, The Orchard, Long Sutton.

Dist. C. for Bow ..

Dist. C. for East Ham ..

Dist. C. for Poplar ..

Dist. C. for St. Pancras ..

LONDON.

Miss A. F. Smith, St. Paul's Vicarage, Old Ford, vice Miss Maughan.

Miss A. E. Halfpenny, 110, First Avenue, Manor Park, E.12, vice Miss Wheeler (resigned).

Miss Maughan, 6, Perry Close, Poplar, E.14, vice Miss Robertson (resigned).

Miss I. M. C. Giles, c/o Mrs. Hetherington, 23B, North Hill, Highgate, vice Miss Gaskell (resigned).

MIDDLESEX.

County Secretary .. The Hon. Victoria Cadogan, 18, Portman Square, W.1, vice Miss Lund (resigned).

Dist. C. for Hendon .. Miss Sylvia Corner, 5, Ferncroft Avenue, Hampstead.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Div. C. for Hexham .. The Hon. Mary Beaumont, Bywell Hall, Stockfield-on-Tyne, vice Mrs. Cuthbert (resigned).

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Arnold District .. Mrs. Frank Seely, Calverton Hall, Calverton.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Assistant County Secretary .. Miss Hoyle, Old House, Wheatley.

Dist. C. for East Oxford .. Miss Scott, The Vicarage, St. Mary and St. John's, Cowley.

Dist. C. for Kennington .. Mrs. Boyd, Riverview, Kennington.

Dist. C. for Witney and Woodstock .. Lady Evelyn Mason, Eynsham Hill, Witney.

SURREY.

Dist. C. for Richmond .. Mrs. Harold Nelson, Anchester Lodge, Richmond Hill, vice Mrs. Hancock (resigned).

Dist. C. for Woking .. Miss Barbara Cave, Kilworth, Woking, vice Miss Robinson (resigned).

WARWICKSHIRE.

Div. C. for North Rugby .. Mrs. Cecil Nickalls, Brown Farm, Rugby, vice Lady Rowena Paterson (resigned).

Dist. C. for Rugby Town .. Miss Farmer, 2, Arnold Villas, Rugby.

Div. C. for Warwick and Leamington .. Mrs. West, Alscot Park, Alscot.

WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE (SOUTH).

Dist. C. for Drax .. Miss Mary Thompson, Scruff Hall, Drax.

WALES.**BRECKNOCKSHIRE.**

Dist. C. for Crickhowell .. The Hon. Dulce Bailey, Glanusk Park, Crickhowell.

CARDIGANSHIRE.

County Secretary .. Mrs. Lloyd Jones, Penyrallt, Pentrecourt, Llandyssul.

Dist. C. for Cardigan .. Miss Jean Bowen, Llwyngwair, Newport, Pembroke.

Dist. C. for Llandyssul .. Mrs. Lloyd Jones, Penyrallt, Pentrecourt, Llandyssul.

Dist. C. for Newquay .. Miss Longcroft, Llanina, Newquay.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

County C. .. Miss Rudyard Helpman, Cae Canol, Penrhynenddraeth.

County Secretary .. Miss Dorothy Roberts, High Cliff, Carnarvon.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Machynlleth .. Mrs. Upcher, Llwyngmern Hall, Pant-nethog.

PEMBROKESHIRE.

Div. C. for South Pembroke .. Miss Gwynedd Taylor, Dial House, Lamphey, S.O.

RADNORSHIRE.

Dist. C. for Llandrindod Wells .. Mrs. E. Bryan-Smith, Ye Wells, Llandrindod Wells.

Further appointments for November will appear next month.