

NEWS FOR SCOTLAND

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THE GUIDER

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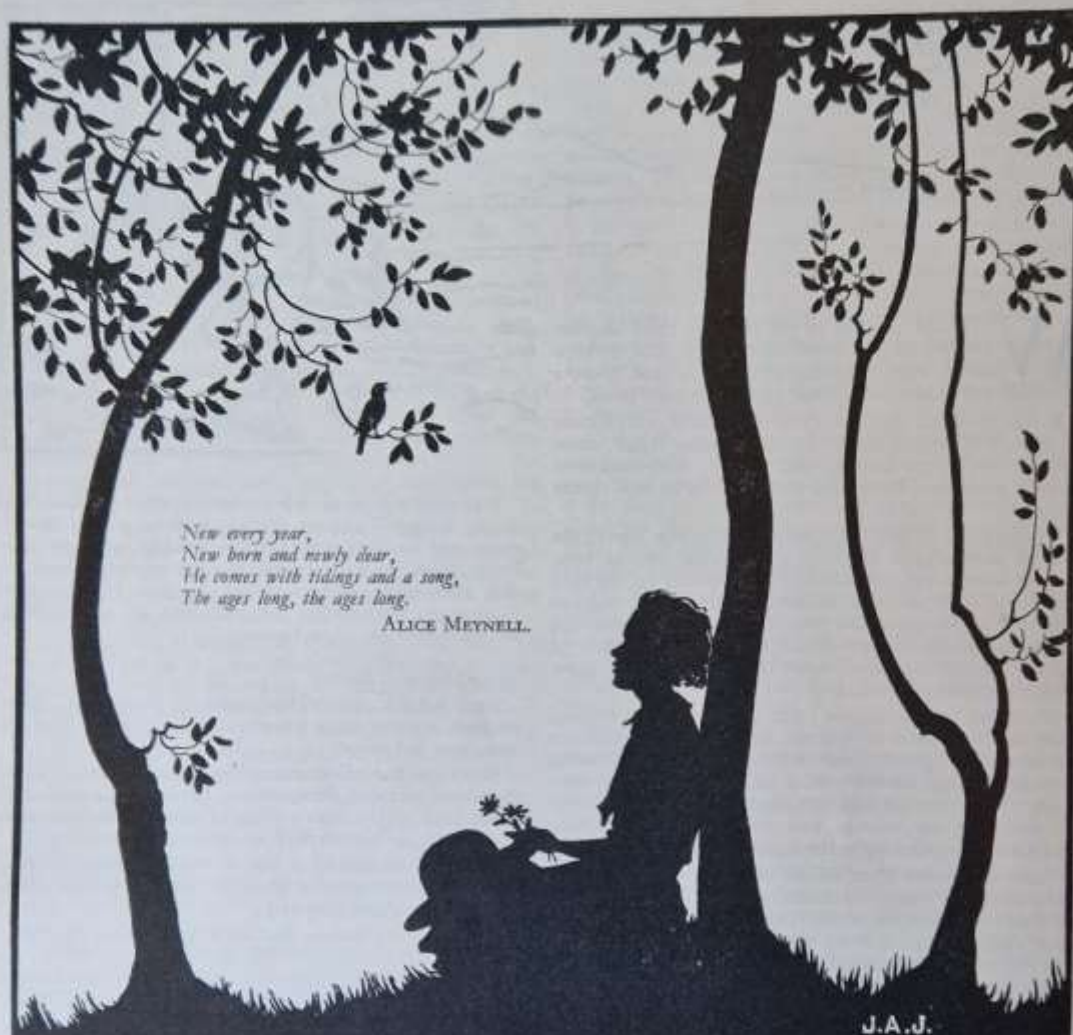
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He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.

ALICE MEYNELL.

J.A.J.

THE GUIDER CONTENTS

	Page		Page
<i>Chief Guide's Talk</i>	454-455	<i>The Path of Discovery</i> . EDITED BY P. M.	
<i>The Ranger Test—Class 7, Ranger Gathering</i>		BOND	476-478
<i>at our Chaut</i>	456-457	<i>Enquire Within</i>	478
<i>Braveries: Fairies Unaware</i>	458-459	<i>Christmas Among Books</i> . BY IRENE	
<i>Social Reconstruction</i>	460-461	SHUTTON	479-480
<i>The Coming of Christmas</i>	462-463	<i>Music and Drama</i>	481
<i>The Editor's Postbag</i>	463	<i>Books for Rangers</i>	484
<i>Experiences of an Old Stager</i>	464-465	<i>Books for Braveries</i>	486
<i>Let's do a Play in the Holidays</i> . BY KITTY		<i>Books for Guides</i>	488
BARNER	466-467	<i>Books for Guides and Rangers</i>	490
<i>Looking Wide in 1936</i>	468-471	<i>Careers: Answers to Correspondents</i>	492
<i>Christmas Eve</i> . BY PEGGY GASON	472	<i>Headquarters Training Centres</i>	494-495
<i>Scottish Commissioners' Conference</i>	473	<i>Headquarters Notices</i>	497-498
<i>Doing Carols</i> . BY EVELYN BACON	474-475	<i>Appointments and Registrations</i>	498-499

THE CHIEF GUIDE'S TALK

WITH the closing of the year we close another chapter of our book of Guiding, and perhaps as the New Year dawns for us we can pause a moment, and reflect as to what 1935 has meant to us.

It will go down into history with its usual complement of important happenings to its credit, some tragic, some momentous, some hopeful and happy, over-shadowed though these may be by the nation's loss of her valiant King.

To those of us who care deeply about our Movement and its prosperity it has been a somewhat anxious year, for we have wondered whether there would be the turn of the tide in our membership, whether the financial standing at Headquarters would be stabilised through increasing business, and whether the steady stream of active leadership would flow and advance and grow with the passing months.

Until the census returns come in later in the coming year we shall have no definite answer to the questions of facts and figures; and oddly enough I don't mind personally *what* answer comes in, for I am convinced from what I have seen and heard and felt on my wanderings in these last few months that our Movement is stable and safe and sound right through to its core.

Since my return from Africa earlier in the year I have been able fortunately to attend several Conferences and to visit a fair number of counties, and everywhere I have been deeply impressed by the obvious enthusiasm and the vigour displayed by Guides and Guiders alike. Reports from others who have toured about also all speak of this same vitality that is abounding in our ranks, and nobody can but feel elated and proud of the quiet, steady strength that is being felt, and the fine purposeful work that is progressing on every side.

I am sure that we can go forward with high courage to start the next chapter of our Guide history, content with what we have achieved already and imbued with a new zeal to greet the coming year.

UNIFORM.

Some people may consider that Imperial Headquarters has a leaning towards the "line of least resistance," and I am very glad it has, if this tendency has led it to agree to making little noticeable change in our Guide uniforms.

It appears to me that from every point of view the Committee that was appointed to enquire into this somewhat controversial matter has acted wisely and well in planning that, with only the slight alteration in style and design, our uniform is to continue in its present simple and suitable form.



I heaved a sigh of relief when I was told that "no drastic change" was the decision arrived at, and though there may be some who fancy one thing and some who fancy others, there is no doubt that the existing convenient and serviceable kits, supplied by the Headquarters' Equipment Department, are the best all round thing for the whole lot of us to wear.

HEADQUARTERS SHOPS.

And talking about Headquarters' Equipment Shops reminds me that there are more of these to-day than we have ever had before.

New ones have been opened in different parts of Great Britain—Liverpool, Birmingham, Cardiff and Leeds—and it has been lovely visiting some of these Guide "business houses" over here as well as overseas.

They are such *nice* shops too, so well run, nicely situated, and they form quite a friendly club-like Guide centre in the cities where they exist.

But I do not believe that these are sufficiently known about by the personnel of the Movement as a whole, nor is it perhaps fully realised by everybody concerned that these Equipment Depots are the only source of supply of the finances for the Headquarters of our very large organisation.

Never before has any Movement lived, as we have, on its own earnings.

In some cases Movements have been endowed; in others they have received grants; in others they have subscription lists of kind supporters; in others they tax their own members for continual financial contributions.

When the Movement was first starting, over 20 years ago, the Chief Scout in his wisdom urged that, as we were something different from and apart from a charity, we should earn our own funds, rather than be continuously draining the resources of either the public or our own members, and to that end the Equipment Shops came into being to supply the necessary wherewithal.

The love of our uniform and what it means is born in us when we join up.

The use of our uniform in its meaning of friendship, of sisterhood, and as the sign of service is immeasurable,

December, 1936]

THE GUIDER

and there can be no question of the value of it from every point of view.

And so, as the Headquarters Equipment Department caters for our needs in providing the best sorts of uniforms and other Guide requisites, so also at the same time it earns, by the small percentage of profit on each article, the wherewithal for keeping up Imperial Headquarters itself, as well as Foxlease and Waddow.

The funds accruing from the turnover at the Guide Shops throughout our country are thus practically our sole source of income, and of vital necessity to the very existence of our overhead organisation.

It may interest Guiders to know that this same overhead organisation has pretty heavy responsibilities to carry, in quite a number of unexpected directions.

For instance, there is considerable cost entailed through having to pay for the watching (by a legal adviser) of the Bills going before Parliament which might affect our work in some form or another, such as Acts concerning insurance, hours of work in factories and shops, the protection of uniform, the granting of copyrights, the preservation of open spaces for Camp Grounds, etc.

Besides this, Imperial Headquarters pays annually the insurance for our Guiders' Indemnity for 577,996 members in the British Isles, as well as supplying the annual quota towards the development and work of the World Association of Guides and Girl Scouts.

The Imperial Headquarters Committee deals with all manner of things that one would hardly expect to come into our Guide Movement at all, and besides directing the policy and organisation of the whole thing it defrays fairly high costs of things such as legal matters affecting our Royal Charter and ownership of property, applications for grants for the building of huts, for helping Extension Guides, and so on, as well as dealing with kindred Societies, education, health and other Government Departments. It also defrays the travelling expenses of Diploma'd Guiders to enable them to travel to counties and districts, and even to far-off countries, in order to bring helpful training to the doors of the Guiders who need it.

Beyond all that, this mysterious body known as Imperial Headquarters publishes and provides our marvellously all-round collection of literature, and the scope of its work is too wide to go into in detail here.

But the point I want to stress—and to stress with all hopefulness—is that this is *your* Headquarters and nobody else's! It is your affair, it depends on you, and is there for your benefit.

Other firms and shops that sell Guide equipment have got their shareholders to consider, and profits that are made in those cases are spent in paying the dividends to shareholders in the firms concerned.

But where things are bought at our own official Guide (or Scout) shops the profit goes back into the running of the Movement itself, and thus in buying from your *own* shops you are helping not only the growth and safety and work of the Movement as a whole, but you are—unconsciously—helping yourself and your Guides as well.

SCOTLAND.

I had a marvellous visit to Scotland this autumn. No, not to play golf or to attend shooting parties, or anything like that.

No; to me it was something more enjoyable even than those things, for I attended the Gleneagles' Conference—than which there can be no more delightful Guiders' party in the world!

Over 300 keen Commissioners from all parts of Scotland attended, for several days of learning and listening, and a few Commissioners from over the border were included as well. Another year I hope England and Wales may be even more fully represented—for their own sakes.

The speeches were of the highest order, and the discussions all most helpful, interesting and amusing, rousing everybody to a new enthusiasm and a deeper understanding of their work and their responsibilities as the inspirers and helpful friends of their Guiders.

Meetings had also been arranged in various centres for me to give addresses to the public, to local Association members, to Guiders, to Guides, and—quite an innovation to me—to Guides' mothers.

One such gathering in Edinburgh impressed me very much indeed. There were about a thousand mothers assembled there, and it was a great treat to speak to them, for they were so genuinely interested to hear more about the Movement, and expressed quite touching gratitude, too, for the helpful influence that is brought by the Guiders into their children's lives.

The Rallies of some thousands of Guides at Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee were tremendously heartening, and at one meeting of Patrol Leaders a Gold Cord Patrol Leader took the chair, and all the arrangements for the delightful evening's gathering had been made by the Patrol Leaders themselves.

The most Northerly point that I could reach in my limited time was the town of Inverness, and here Guides were gathered together from most isolated places in the surrounding counties, as well as from the islands off the coast.

Some Guides came over by boat from the Orkneys some two days before the Rally, to make sure of being there in time; from Lewes they came by night boat, and then crossed over by train to the Eastern coast town; from Skye they walked first, and then they ferried, they walked again, and then entrained—and some Guides had never seen a train before; others from the wilder part of Sutherlandshire had twenty-five miles to do by car along a rough road to catch the bus on the main road, which then in its turn brought them to the station, where a further lap of the journey was made by train.

Most of them had never seen other Guides at all before, so it was a happy day indeed, that will remain long in their memories—and equally long in mine.

The past history of Scotland, with its record of strong, vigorous endeavour, of hard work courageously carried through, of patriotism, of culture and of high tradition, has left its mark on the character of its people, and the Guides, as a natural sequence, are of fine material, worthy of their inheritance.

When you read this, it will be the beginning of December; let me, then, be the very first to wish you all a happy Christmas.

Olave Baden Powell
Chief Guide.



THE RANGER TEST

CLAUSE SEVEN.

Prove herself dependable and steadfast of purpose by carrying out some definite undertaking for others.

THE would-be Ranger who is engaged upon this part of her pre-Enrolment Test is preparing herself to take the Ranger Promise of Service. Actually she has undertaken service from the moment that she came to the company. Whether she realised it or not, she was putting herself into voluntary training in citizenship as well as taking on the many obligations of membership—regular attendance, cheerful co-operation in the various activities, willingness to do her share and pull her weight—all of which go to make up the “true and loyal service,” as the Sea Ranger Branch so aptly expresses it, that the company requires of its members.

With her enrolment she will be shouldering the extra responsibility of showing the world in which she moves what a Ranger really *is*—how she works and how she plays, her attitude to her friends and acquaintances, her use of her spare time and leisure. (There is often a need to emphasise the fact that “doing one’s own job in life to the very best of one’s ability” is part of Ranger Service. The mistaken idea that such service must never be paid, or even that it must almost necessarily be distasteful so that it has to be carried out with grim determination and set teeth should be corrected from the beginning.)

Then as the interest in her Ranger life increases there should be a gradually growing sense of responsibility for the welfare of others. This may express itself at first in some quite small way—the befriending of a newcomer to the company, or the realisation that there is something more to be done at her work or in her home. She will begin to look for one of the many opportunities that are open to Rangers with a real desire to serve in part-time voluntary work, and she will do it, not because it is “done,” or in order to qualify for a test, but because she realises that any worth-while training is meant to lead to something and that even if she is not using one of the actual crafts that she has learnt in the company she can show her worth and prove her stability—the power that she has to stick to her job whatever it may be once the novelty has worn off and the first flame of enthusiasm has abated.

It is in this staying power (not very evident in all voluntary work undertaken to-day) that she is expected to begin to train and test herself before she actually makes her Ranger Promise. Half the battle is to have a clear understanding of what the “dependability test”—as it has come to be called—really means. The danger is that on paper the clause might be read as meaning something taken up for the time being in order to pass that part of the Ranger Test, but surely there is much more in it than that? However simple the actual achieve-

ment may be, it is a *standard of achievement* set by the girl herself for her own chosen length of time, so that by it she may prove her staying power and steadfastness of purpose. (If A. chooses to teach herself to knit a pair of gloves and have them ready by Christmas time to give to someone who will have no other present; while B. sets herself the task of coming down half-an-hour earlier each morning to light the kitchen fire and help in the house before going off to work “for at least one month, never missing,” both girls are aiming at something which it had possibly never even occurred to them before that they *could* do.)

Looked at in the light of her “vigil” (solemn time of preparation before Enrolment), the study of the Promise and Law might be taken as the spiritual preparation and the reliability test as that of the mind, body, and will, because the Ranger has at any rate started out on the path of self-discipline by her effort to prove her sense of responsibility. While an actual “vigil” in the more strict sense of the word might tend to unhealthy emotionalism, this definite undertaking, coupled with her understanding of Service of God and her fellow-men, is a very practical outlet for her desire to serve. The type of service undertaken must naturally be as widely divergent as the lives and circumstances of the different recruits even in a single company, and only the girl, herself, will be able to answer these questions with sincerity: Is it really going to benefit someone else? What time limit should I set myself? and—sometimes most necessary—Will it mean giving up something else that I am doing already for the new and showier job? In brief, what do we really mean by “being dependable”? And what is the true motive behind our service of others?

H. B. DAVIDSON.

RANGER GATHERING AT OUR CHALET

The British party which attended the Ranger Gathering at Our Chalet in August consisted of one Guider and ten Rangers from different parts of Great Britain, and one Ranger from Canada. On the way to Switzerland, and on arrival at the Chalet, they joined delegates from Belgium, Egypt, France, Sweden and Switzerland.

Some time before the Gathering, Guiders in charge of delegations had been asked to put the Rangers of their own party in touch with each other, circulating the information given to them (the Guiders) about equipment, programme, and especially the list of subjects suggested for discussion during the Gathering. Then each Ranger was sent the name and address of one from another country, and was asked to start a correspondence with her. On arrival at the Chalet, each pair of correspondents was to be put together in a patrol. This did not work out altogether according to plan, as some Rangers fell

out at the last moment, but for those pairs who did meet each other, a good deal of ice was already broken, and in the particularly friendly, happy Chalet atmosphere, the thaw spread very rapidly indeed.

Nationalities were mixed in patrols, for the household work, and often for games. For discussions, according to the subject, the Rangers were divided into national, or language-groups, all meeting together after a given time, to produce and discuss findings. At first Guiders led the groups, but later on, the Rangers ran their own discussions, with good results. During all talks, and general discussions, the speakers used their own language (with the exception of the Swedish delegates, who, as a rule, used English), and their remarks were at once translated into French or English, as the case might be. Mlle. Mouchon, and Miss Orsman, who had organised and planned the programmes, did the greater part of the translating, and were quite often hard put to it to remember which language they were meant to be speaking at the moment.

There were a few sessions bringing in practical work, as well as games, and national dances were danced, and taught. Each delegation took it in turn to produce an evening's entertainment, bringing in, as far as possible, items which would give an insight into customs and traditions of their own country. Songs and dances which attracted the audience were taught at suitable times, often on the spare evenings when there was no national camp fire.

Free time figured largely on the programme, because the Rangers felt that when they were walking, or lazing, and talking together, they had their best opportunity of making friends, and learning to understand other people's point of view.

This is only the outline of the occupations of a fortnight of swiftly-flying days, and every member of the Gathering can fill it in with her own picture of memorable happenings. Among these will surely be the three all-day excursions into the mountains:—a climb, steep enough to call for a certain amount of endurance, and to allow a sense of achievement when the top was reached; glorious scenery on all sides, and beautiful wildflowers near at hand.

Then the "night game," organised by Mlle. Mouchon, when the Chalet, plunged in darkness, seemed to rock with the struggles of opposing couples, manfully but unsuccessfully trying to suppress snorts and giggles (silence being one of the rules of the game).

Sweden, one morning, had every Ranger lowering herself, safely and practically, from the balcony to the ground, and the Swiss songs, and singing, were a never-failing joy.

Each delegation took its turn of hoisting the World Flag in the mornings, and of carrying out the ceremonial according to its own Guide customs. The variations were very interesting:—Hats or no hats; horseshoe formation, or a square; ordinary salute or grand salute; a colour-party of two, or of three.

The subjects of discussion began with a pooling of information on the methods of organisation of each country represented, of the types of service undertaken by the Rangers, and went on to the consideration of the possibilities of the extension of that service; the value

of the Promise to a Ranger in her everyday life; the demands made upon a Ranger by the Law and Promise; her expectations from Rangering, and her opportunities of giving to her company and Movement. Then, after discussion on the value of the International side of Guiding, to the final question: "Do you think there are any weak points in the Ranger Movement? Can you suggest any improvements?" The findings on that question led to the conclusion that the weak points were in the individuals rather than the Movement, and the British party's principal contribution was that in their opinion, many girls made their Promise without taking time to consider the full meaning of it.

Another conclusion reached, not only through discussion, but through the daily life of that fortnight, is, that Rangers of different countries may be using different methods, in their Guide work, but the aims they keep before them are identical—those put before them by the Founder.

GUIDERS!

Have you seen the particulars of Headquarters' Coronation Souvenirs, advertised on the back cover?

EXTENSION NOTES

County Extension Secretaries' Conference.

The report of the County Extension Secretaries' Conference is now on sale at Headquarters. A copy is

being sent to every County Extension Secretary, with the November Quarterly Letter, and further copies can be obtained from Headquarters, price 6d., postage 3d.

Extension Training Week.

Please note the dates, April 2nd-9th, 1937, and make a particular effort to come to Foxlease for this Training, which is being held during the Easter holidays for the benefit of Guiders who are also teachers.

Proficiency Badges.

It has been suggested that the syllabus of some of the Extension Proficiency Badges should be revised. Would Guiders kindly send any suggested alterations to Headquarters as soon as possible.

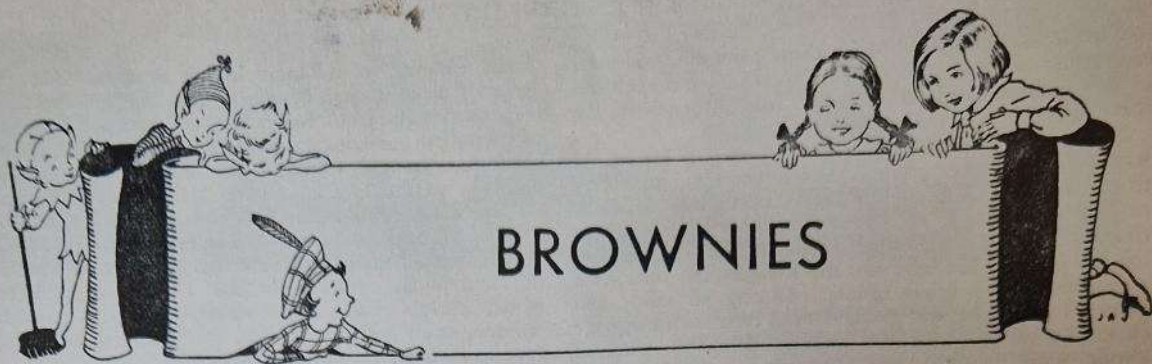
JOURNEYS.

And now at winter's mutterings
The rich man flies
To kindlier skies,
And southward beat the swallow's wings.

I too am rich,
I too have wings. . . .
I leave my world of dun and grey,
The fret and drag of workaday,
And travel where the despot sun
Assaults and fires each bastion. . . .
Or lie where time is not, where hours drop slowly
Like spent white jasmine blooms; or I am lowly,
And walk, at evening's starry death,
The old dim road to Nazareth.

I wonder which
Are lovelier things—
The rich man's gold . . . the swallow's wings . . .
Or my fireside imaginings?

BRIDGET LOWRY.



BROWNIES

THERE was once upon a time an old man and his old wite, who lived in a little cottage he had built in a fairy dell, just half way between the Palace and the Market Town.

He was quite a little man with a long white beard and laughing blue eyes. He kept the garden full of flowers and vegetables and saw to the painting and repairs of the cottage, made baskets to sell in the market, and did any odd jobs they needed at the Fairy Palace.

She was round and rosy, with a stiff white apron and a frilly cap. She cooked the meals, and tidied the house, and put up clean curtains, and helped in the garden, and did a lot of spinning, for which she was very famous. Even the garden spiders had to admit her silks were hard to beat. The fairy mothers took all her thistle-down wool for knitting into winter woollies for their babies, and the market women would rather buy her wools and yarns than any others. On fine warm days the old woman would take her wheel into the porch and the bees and the birds and the whirring wheel all joined with her in a little crooning song. In the winter, the fire would crackle and sometimes the wind would whistle with the whirring wheel, instead of the birds and the bees. The old man would ask her, "What is the song?" but she just smiled and said, "Incantations and well wishes," and sometimes his snores would be added to the concert.

Now one day, the old man went off soon after breakfast, with a neat packet of sandwiches in his coat pocket, to get more rushes for the green-rush baskets to be sold on market day. He had to go some way down the glen, and did not expect to be back much before sunset. His old wife cleared away the breakfast things and had a grand tidy up, set out bread and cheese and butter and a jug of milk for her own lunch, stoked up the fire and gave some crumbs to the birds. Then she settled down in the porch with her wheel to have a nice long day spinning. The sun was shining and the bees

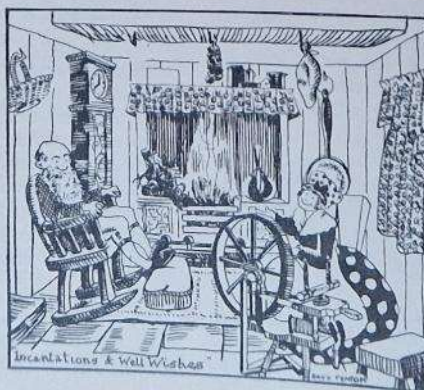


were buzzing, and the birds were singing and the wheel was whirring and all joined the old woman in her crooning song.

Presently the birds stopped one by one and then the bees went home to their hives and the old woman found the sun had

gone too. The whirring wheel stopped, the crooning song stopped and everything was silent and still and a great black cloud came up across the sky from the Palace towards the town. "Going to be a bit of a storm," thought the old woman, "and my old man without an extra coat." So she got up and, taking her wheel with her, started into the cottage. What with her stiff white apron and the spinning-wheel the doorway was nearly filled up. Just at that moment there was a brilliant flash of light and a great clap of thunder which rolled around the cottage and down the glen, grumbling and rumbling into the distance. The old woman hurried in with her precious wheel and put it down in the corner, while she went to make up the fire, to dry the old man when he got in. She stopped in amazement and stared at the hearth rug. There, sitting in the very middle of it, was a small black cat with white paws and large blue eyes. It was washing its face with the utmost care. "Well, I never," said the old woman. The little black cat at once stopped washing and gazed at her with large unblinking blue eyes. "Well I never did," said the old woman again. The little cat got up and arched its back and stuck its tail right up in

the air like all little cats do when they are pleased and rubbed round and round the old woman's starched skirts. "Well, I can give you some milk," she said. So she poured out some milk into a white saucer with a blue band round the rim, just a little at a time, and waited for the little cat to look up and ask for more. She knew that nice little cats like a little at a time so that they keep their whiskers dry. While the cat lapped up the milk the little old woman had her lunch. "Well, I can't keep you here, because of my birds," said the old woman,



December, 1936]

THE GUIDER

"but I can't turn you out into this rain." The black cat arched its back and stuck its tail right up in the air and rubbed round and round the old woman's nice starched skirts. "Here, pop up into my chair, or I may step on you," said the old woman. The little cat popped up into the chair, "just as though it understood me," thought the old woman. The rain soon stopped and the sun came out again, but the cat was asleep, so she couldn't turn it out just then.

The old man returned quite dry, as there had been no storm down the glen. The old woman told him all about the cloud and the thunder and the little cat. "Your poor birds," said the old man. But the cat sat up and purred so hard that they couldn't turn it out just then. That evening the old man and the old woman had a cosy supper and the little black cat sat on the corner of the table and shared it with them. Later on, the old man and his old wife went off to bed, leaving the cat asleep in the biggest arm-chair. They couldn't turn it out just then into the dark night.

Next morning the sun shone into the cottage and when the birds flew in to get their breakfast crumbs the old woman was in a great fuss. But the little cat never even blinked at them. All that day while the old man gardened and his old wife sat spinning the cat sat close to her starched apron. They shared their meals and they shared their fire and they couldn't turn the little cat away just that day. Again that night the little cat slept in the biggest arm-chair. Now the next morning the old woman

found that the wool she thought she had left on her wheel was all ready to go to market. She told the old man, who laughed at her and said she was getting forgetful. The weeks slipped by and still the little cat shared their meals and shared their fire and slept in the biggest arm-chair. The old woman's memory played her all sorts of tricks. The fire used to keep in all night, though she couldn't remember stoking it up specially. Once or twice she came down early to make the porridge and found she must have done it over-night. Her old memory seemed to be failing, but her silks and wools were more wonderful than ever. The old man's baskets shaped beautifully and were bought the moment they went to market.

As the year drew to its close, the nights began earlier and were often very dark, and they couldn't turn the little cat out just then into the glen. So they shared their meals and they shared their fire and it slept in the biggest arm-chair.

One night the old man and the old woman were up working late, to get extra things done for the great Christmas market, at which lots of folk would come to buy presents for their friends. It must have been close on midnight before they started off to bed. The little cat had been very restless and the old man had had to put it into the chair and stroke it for a long time before it began to settle down. Then they took up their candlestick and started off to bed, when there was a knock at the door. The little cat sat up with its large blue eyes very wide

open and the old man and the old woman stared at each other. Very quietly the door opened and they saw just outside an enormous crowd of fascinating little people. They were dressed in shades of green and silver with red caps and gold lanterns. In front was the most beautiful of all—a little figure all dressed in deep blue velvet with cap and plume to match. Sweeping off his cap and bowing low to the two startled old people he said in a silvery voice, "Pardon our intrusion, but you have, with great kindness, sheltered our Princess from her enemy the Ogre, and we have come to thank you for your generous protection and escort her home." "Princess?" gasped the old woman, "Sir, we have no Princess here." But the Fairy Prince smiled and a voice behind them said, "Yes, here I am; they have been so kind." There she stood, the most delicious fairy in white dress and a rich black velvet cloak. The old people rubbed their eyes, but still the fairy folk remained. "Oh!"

said the old woman, dropping a curtsey. "Oh!" said the old man, because he couldn't think of anything else. The Fairy Prince then explained how the Ogre from the next glen had wished to marry the Princess, and though he had been refused and forbidden to enter the Palace, he had way-laid her and was carrying her off, when she had seen the cottage and as quick as lightning had turned herself into a little black cat and fled into the kitchen. The Ogre was unable to follow as the old woman and her spinning-wheel filled the door-way. He had gone down the valley, rumbling and grumbling, into the distance. But the little cat was unable to change back into herself until the midnight hour of the fourteenth day before the first day of the new year.

"Come, my love," said the Prince. "Come, come, 'tis nearly one," echoed the crowd, and the golden lamps twinkled and swayed as if all the stars were jumping out of the sky.

"Good-bye, good man, and a fairy blessing be yours," said the Prince. "Good-bye," said the Princess, kissing the old woman on both cheeks. Standing at the open door the old man and his wife watched the mists rise from the glen and the golden lights and the fairy figures fade away. "I shall miss the little cat," said the old woman, and three large tears rolled down her nose onto the step. "Well, the birds will feel happier may-be," said the old man, as he drew her back and closed the door. "We won't lock it," he said, and away they went to bed.

Next morning, on the step, were three brand-new sixpences.

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

Then turn to page 499, where you will find the review of Mrs. Mark Kerr's *Story of a Million Girls*. Just published by Headquarters. It is the story of World Guiding. No Guider can do without it!



GUIDES AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION

Address given to the Annual Conference of Scottish
Commissioners by DR. JAMES A. BOWIE, M.A.,
Principal, School of Economics, Dundee.

WE live in a distracted and demented world. We of the older generation must bow our heads in shame when we think of the terrible legacy of problems we leave youth to face. The two most important are War and Unemployment. It would be some consolation if we could claim that, at least, though we ourselves have failed, we were concentrating the minds of youth on these problems and equipping them to find a solution. But even that we cannot claim.

I need hardly point out to you that no social question exceeds in importance, in urgency, that of the prevention of war. The very lives of most of our young people will be no more than broken columns in a graveyard unless we abolish the process of organised, scientific murder and poisoning: to the preparation for which whole nations to-day are devoting their major energies.

We who are here to-day are all worshippers of youth, believers in youth and its possibilities, and in that spirit I ask you to consider the suggestions I shall put before you.

War is the first great problem. If the Devil contemplated an early war, he would have made Europe precisely as it is. Nations are armed fortresses, bristling with instruments of death, they bleed their inhabitants white by taxation to buy armaments; millions have made war their industry, their livelihood, and the Continent is full of smouldering grievances. The feverish increases and counter-increases of arms in a huddled Europe are alarming portents. Russia reduces her conscript age from twenty-one to nineteen years; Germany extends her conscript term from one year to two, and both feel less safe than before. To-day the world is spending £2,000,000,000 a year on arms.

Man has before him to-day the means of enriching his life beyond the wildest dreams of his ancestors, but everything points to the destruction even of that which he has, with terrible certainty, and with terrific cost in human suffering. For, as I see it, it is useless to imagine we can discipline war and regulate it and abolish its vilest practices. Can we hope to lay down rules for the orderly conduct of the supreme disorder? In spite of the ratifications of the Gas Protocol of 1925, every military power is spending large sums on research to perfect gas attack. "I labour for Peace," says the Psalmist, "but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready for battle." There is no hope in an armament race. Someone called it "Faith, Hope and Parity." Euclid showed long ago that each of two things cannot be greater than the other, and an armament race is a Marathon with death.

The root problem to-day is one of administration, which we may define as the capacity to co-ordinate many complex and often conflicting social energies into a unity. To-day we have raised the educational standard in science to a height never before known, and this has become an actual threat to social order, because of the inferiority of the administrative mind. This is a serious defect in our educational system, in our relation of knowledge to action

and certainly explains a good deal of the popularity of dictatorships on the Continent.

*For forms of Government let fools contest,
What's best administered, is best.*

YOUTH'S PROBLEM.

The world is reborn three times every century. Could we guarantee that the next two generations born into the present century would possess a different ideology, a new scheme of value, a new outlook, the last war in the new history of the world may have been waged. For our present troubles are either the death-throes of our civilisation, or the labour of a new birth. It is the supreme task of the present century so to adjust its ideas and institution to the realities of an inter-dependent world as to avert the catastrophe which daily becomes more menacing.

The problem is difficult and involved because ultimately it means building a civilisation to enjoy which people need peace. For it would be futile to deny that millions to-day see in war an escape from boredom, repressions, or idleness, and a promise of incident, variety, and excitement, which is lacking in their daily life.

"I see," says the poet, "in many an eye that measures me,
The mortal sickness of a mind too unhappy to be kind."

Then there are the vested interests in war, the trading interests, the traffickers in war implements and such like. But the main enemies of peace are the good and stupid people, like you and I, who know little about it, think little about it, accept its coming with resignation, give youth a false picture of its glamour and its inevitability, shrug our shoulders and give up the problems, and leave youth with the cast-off relics of a mediaeval attitude to the whole matter.

Peace means new ideas, new policies, new sacrifices. It means the circumscribing of national sovereignty, the interchange of ideas and cultures, the development of an international language, the establishment of a World Court, and of an international Police Force. These things will come to pass only when youth, risen to power and wisdom, demands them. But then it means a mental revolution. The old idea that war is an honourable, legitimate and effective means of national self-advancement, will have been destroyed. Patriotism will have become a nobler thing because it will not mean exclusiveness, it will permit of a higher loyalty. In brief, present thought-patterns must be changed—and only the right education can do this. Hence I pass to education.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

To my mind education should be a preparation for life and its problems during the next forty years. The world has reached a life-period of desquamation, when it must tear off its outworn weeds of thoughts and feelings. For this, youth must be prepared.

Youth must be taught to think vividly and freshly on our social problems. Neither in the schools (nor in the cinema) is he so taught to-day. The means of arriving at sensible views on vital and urgent issues have no relation

to most of the academic, pedantic and bookish stuff we pile on him. Most of our traditional education to-day gives youth no help in answering the questions he asks *but insists on answering many that never entered his head.* It is high time we attended to this phenomenon of public ignorance of policies concerning which the public is, as a court of last appeal, compelled to pass judgment. Our scholastic education ignores these matters. We must teach youth to think vividly and critically on our social and international systems, teach him to weigh evidence, to discern essentials, to discount prejudices and resist mass suggestion.

The new type of education, still very much in its infancy, aims at fitting the individual to play a full part in his social environment, to make him a "good citizen," as we say. We all live in a series of concentric circles—the family, the city, the state, the world, the social circle, the business circle, the institutional circle. The quality, the efficiency, the harmony of our lives lies in our just adaptation to these community environments, in our critical appreciation of these environments and in our harmonious relations with them. These studies have been gravely neglected under our present bookish type of education. The studies here concerned are Health and Hygiene, Human Psychology, Civics, Political Science, Economics and Business Studies, Ethics and International Relations. If humanity had believed that *the proper study of mankind is man*, these studies would have replaced some of the traditional subjects to, I think, the great benefit of the human race.

But I should like to see the Movement producing guides where they are needed most. Not merely salvage guides, but leaders in all good works. I have said that war and unemployment are the twin problems; if we do not solve them, there is not a Guide who will fail to feel throughout life, that they are heavy clouds hiding the sun. We must put first things first, and these are the first things.

Health and physical fitness are the first great needs. Of all domestic animals, man is the most unhealthy! Sick bodies solve no problems. The instruction given to Guides for the Health Badge, the sign of the Serpent, seems to me an admirable introduction to this subject. Next, I should have a Mental Health Badge, with instruction based on elementary Psychology. It would concern itself with human nature, how we come to be what we are, to think and act as we do. Third, I would have a Family Badge, concerned with discovering to youth what the family means, how we should act in it, the duties, obligations, and privileges of being a member. Fourth, the Civic Badge, the city, its origin, its purpose,

its government, our duties as citizens. Fifth, the State Badge, what it means to belong to a nation, the organisation, costs, services of government, the duty and privileges and limitation of nationalism. Sixth, the Business Badge, how man provides himself with food, clothing, shelter and services, what money means, the factory and what happens in it, trading and tariffs, shops and shopping. Seventh, the Social Badge, the clubs and societies (like the Guides) that enrich life, their origin, their aims, their modifications, their decay and replacement; the place of clear expression and good manners in promoting the "good life." Eighth, the International Knowledge Badge (already existing). In these ways the Guides would make their just contribution to introducing youth to the major problems that will stare them in the face once they grow up and have to think and act for themselves.

If it be said that the Guides already do most of this, I should not disagree. But if, as I have urged, the science of man is the great lack in modern times, these Badges would be placed first, given priority over the manipulative skills, made obligatory. Thus would the Guide be placed in a position to carry out intelligently the Ten Guide Laws.

THE GUIDE VIOLIN

The Chief Guide's Violin "Diana" has been awarded to Doris Forrester, of the 7th Hove. There were three applicants for the honour of holding this fine instrument:

Ranger	Joyce Luff, 1st
Barnet;	
Sea Ranger	Leader
Kathleen Rees, 1st	
Tenby; and	
Patrol Leader	Doris Forrester.

All three had qualified for the competition by having passed Grade V (Higher) Examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, and the only regret is that there was only one Violin to award and not three.

Doris Forrester had outstanding qualifications, having passed the Intermediate Examination with Honours and the Higher Examination with Distinction. She is Pack Leader of the 13th Hove, a First-Class Guide with All-Round Cords, and since entering for the competition she has qualified for Gold Cords. Her ambition is to win next year a Scholarship at the Royal Schools of Music.

The first holder of "Diana" in 1925, Irene Richards, 5th Croydon Company, broadcasted with the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra on July 15th, a performance of the Paganini Concerto in D, and a week later with the Folkestone Municipal Orchestra, a performance of the Max Bruch Concerto in G Minor. This very fine achievement will be an inspiration to Doris Forrester, and we wish her every success.



Doris Forrester, 7th Hove (St. Leonards).

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS

A NEGRO VERSION

Most of us like a good yarn, especially if it is seasonable, and out of the ordinary. The following delightful story is told by Roark Bradford. It is a negro preacher's version of how Christmas came about, as told to the children of his Church. It is a little confused in its facts, but it breathes the spirit of Christmas, and of childhood, too.

"YOU see," said the old preacher, "one time hit was a little baby bawnd, name' de Poor Little Jesus, but didn't nobody know dat was His name yit. Dey knew He was a powerful smart and powerful purty little baby, but dey didn't know His name was de Poor Little Jesus. So 'cause He was so smart and so purty, ev'ybody thought He was gonter grow up and be de kaing. So quick as de news got spread around, ev'ybody jest about bust to git on de good side er de baby, 'cause dey figure efn dey start soon enough He'd grow up likin' 'em and not chop dey heads off. So old Moses went over and give Him a hund'd dollars in gold. And old Methuselah went over and give Him a diamond ring. And old Peter give Him a fine white silk robe. And ev'ybody was running' in wid fine presents so de Poor Little Jesus wouldn't grow up and chop dey heads off.

"Finally, old Sandy Claus, he got one er dem big red apples outn de kitchen and lit out. When he got to Miss Mary's house ev'ybody was standin' around givin' de Poor Little Jesus presents. Fine presents. Made outn gold and silver and diamonds and silk, and all like dat. Dey had de presents stacked around dat baby so high you couldn't hardly see over 'em. So when ev'ybody seed old Sandy Claus come in dey looked to see what he brang. And when dey seed he didn't brang nothin' but a red apple, dey all laughed. But when Sandy Claus give dat apple to the baby de Poor Little Jesus reached up and grabbed it in bofe hands, and laughed jest as brash as you please! Den Sandy Claus tuck and tickled Him under de chin wid his before finger, and de Poor Little Jesus laughed some more and reached up and grabbed a fist full er old Sandy Claus' whiskers, and Him and old Sandy Claus went round and round!



"So about dat time, up stepped de Lawd. 'Old Sandy Claus,' He said, 'betwixt dat apple and dem whiskers de Poor Little Jesus ain't had so much fun since He been bawn.' So Sandy Claus stepped back and bowed low and give de Lawd hy-dy, and say, 'I didn't had nothin' much to bring dis time, 'cause you see how hit's been dis year. De dry weather and—,' 'Dat's all right, Sandy,' say de Lawd. 'Gold and silver have I a heap of. But verily you sho' do know how to handle yo'self around de chilluns. You sho' do git along wid 'em good.'

"'Hit's easy to do what you likes to do,' say Sandy Claus. 'Well,' say de Lawd, 'hit might be somethin' in dat, too. But de trouble wid my world is, hit ain't enough people which likes to do de right thing. But you likes to do wid chilluns, and dats what I needs. So stand still and shet yo' eyes whilst I passes a miracle on you.' So Sandy Claus stood still and shet his eyes, and de Lawd ra'ed back and passed a miracle on him and say, 'Old Sandy Claus, live for ever and make My chilluns happy.'

"So Sandy Claus opened his eyes and say, 'Thank you, kindly, Lawd. But do I get to keep 'em happy all de time? Dat's a purty big job. Hit'd be a heap er fun, but still and at de same time—,' 'Yeah, I knows about in devilment ev'y now and den and git a whuppin f'm grow. But you jest keep yo' eyes on 'em and make 'em all happy about once a year. How's dat?' 'Dat's fine,'

say Sandy Claus. 'Hit'll be a heap er fun, too. What time er de year you speck I better make 'em happy, Lawd?'

"'Christmas suit me,' say de Lawd, 'efn hit's all o.k. wid you.' 'Hit's jest about right for me,' say old Sandy Claus.

"So ev'y since dat day and time old Sandy Claus been clawin' de chilluns on Christmas, and dat's on de same day dat de Poor Little Jesus got bawnd. 'Cause dat's de way de Lawd runs things. O' co'se de Lawd knowed hit wa'n't gonter be long before de Poor Little Jesus growed up and got to be a man. And when He done dat, all de grown fo'ks had Him so's dey e'd moan their sins away and lay them burdens down on Him, and git happy in they hearts. De Lawd made Jesus for de grown fo'ks. But de Lawd know de chilluns got to have some hit's Sandy Claus and Christmas and all."

(By kind permission of THE ARROW.)

LETTERS TO EDITOR

THE PATROL SYSTEM.

To the Editor.

DEAR EDITOR,—“Diploma'd Guider's” two questions in the November issue of THE GUIDER, “Why do some Guides ever go to their company meetings?” and “Is it really true that the thrill is fast disappearing from many companies?” have stirred me to ask a third question—“Why do some Guiders ever hold company meetings?”

“Dip. Guider's” dismal discovery of Leaders who never take part in the planning of Guide evenings, and who have never trained a recruit nor learned the tracking signs, is surely proof that many captains are themselves getting no response or thrill from their companies.

Without using Leaders how can there be team work? Without team work how can there be competition? Without competition how can there be excitement? Without excitement how can there be thrill? A company starved of thrill must be meaningless to Guides and Guiders and would be better closed.

May I, in contrast, describe to you three possible surprise visits to a company of about 40 Guides in a Surrey village.

1. The company would probably be enjoying a game or competition, or might be working in patrols. One of the Leaders, happily capable, would be in charge. Query as to the presence of a Guider would result in captain and lieutenant being found attached to patrols.

2. On a dark, cold, but dry evening the company might be met just leaving the hall, each Guide with an electric torch in her hand. The company are having an outdoor evening. Leaf, twig and moss hunting, or a treasure hunt by torchlight, followed by a game of “Follow my Leader” through the woods, makes an exciting change.

3. On this visit the hall might be found in complete darkness. Various shrieks and groans in different keys might suggest some terrible calamity, but it is just the company thoroughly enjoying the game of “dagger.”

In closing, I would add that this company, full of spirit, fun and adventure, tempered with friendliness and discipline, is composed of ordinary everyday schoolgirls. The company could run quite happily for some weeks without its Guiders, but its Guiders would be totally at a loss if deprived of the Leaders.—Yours, etc.

H. MCD.

BROWNIE GAMES.

Compiled by A. M. Knight. (Girl Guides Association. 1s.)

Games, new exciting games; old favourites for the packs who “like the old ones best, please,” and some old favourites in lovely new dresses.

There are 120 games in the book and all of them fun to play. They are divided under headings, activity games, quiet games, test games and best of all, nature games; so that it is easy for the Brown Owl to find the type of game she needs. Then there is such a jolly foreword to “All Brownies” by the Chief Guide, and a most helpful introduction on play for Brown Owls by the Great Brown Owl. *Brownie Games* is a treasure trove and would make the best Christmas present for a Commissioner to give her packs or for a Brown Owl to give herself! And even if the pack funds are only 1s. 11½d. it would be worth investing the 1s. on this book.

Congratulations to all Brown Owls who secure this book, for their packs will have lots of fun. Condolences to the Eagle Owls whose best games will no longer be fresh and thrilling to their training weeks!

L. CHILTON THOMAS.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

To the Editor.

DEAR EDITOR,—I forgot to mention in the letter in the November GUIDER that I shall not be able to send off any trees between December 18th and January 14th, but trees sent on December 18th will keep quite well till Christmas and after.—Yours, etc.

ALICE DOBSON.

High Biggin, Windermere.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESENTS.

Messrs. George and Co., of Noel Street, Oxford Street, W.1, send us one or two suggestions for quickly-made Christmas presents for those who like working in leather.

A cushion, for instance, is a most acceptable present, especially to car-owners. This can be easily and most attractively made by the application of small and brightly-coloured pieces of leather in the shape of flowers to a plain background.

Moccasins, too, made of fleecy leather, so that they do not need any further lining, do not take long to make. They are most durable and very warm. Messrs. George & Co. will help you with suggestions if you write or call.

To the Editor.

DEAR EDITOR,—Diploma'd Guider's letter in the November issue is yet another proof of how we are failing to interpret the Chief Scout's ideas. One of the foundations of Guiding, as his genius conceived it, is the Patrol System, but this demands imagination and understanding.

We so often blame the Guider for a lack of these qualities when the fact of our having appointed her proves that they are entirely missing in ourselves.—Yours, etc.,

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

To the Editor.

DEAR EDITOR,—In the November GUIDER “Diploma'd Guider” asked, with reason, *why* Guides come to such meetings as those the Patrol Leaders she met endured. Might I refer to two facts I learnt from chance-met Guiders?

(1) One, whose ideas of meetings seemed dull, I asked how she got Guides to come regularly. If they did not, they couldn't come to the Christmas party, she said. Some, at any rate, were “passengers” at this, and I met another captain who gave a company an annual party entirely herself. As captain of a village company I know how hard it is to fight a tradition of free treats and bribery, but I have found that it is possible and worth effort to appeal to better motives only.

(2) Surely, large companies are another root of low standards in Guiding? Perhaps it is time there was a rule prohibiting companies of over a certain number, say, 24. But there should be no exceptions, because the very fact that a Guider is willing to have a large company proves that she regards Guides as a class or club. I am afraid my letter may be too unpalatable to print, but having been a Patrol Leader in a company of 30-70 for nearly eight years, I do feel for Guides who are disappointed of the adventure they hoped for in Guiding. What do a dozen drops in the total numbers matter, as long as they mean better Guiding and more and better Guiders in the future?—Yours, etc.,

GUIDER.

EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD STAGER—XII

(Conclusion)

"YOURS is quite one of the nicest camps that I've visited this year," declared the Camp Adviser, as she seated herself rather heavily on the captain's bed.

"I wonder why you say that?"

"Well, all the Guides are occupied and perfectly happy off the camp-site. There's no hanging round the tents—the tents as often as not. I thought when I came in at the gate that they must all be out on some sort

of expedition, but then your Quartermaster met me and took me across to the wood to find you working on those perfectly delightful huts."

The captain suppressed a smile. The ridge pole of one of the "perfectly delightful huts" had snapped under the pressure of heavy thatching a few minutes before the C.A.'s arrival on the scene and the Wet Blanket's face had been a study. She had had to recall all the Scout training of her early youth to give her sufficient self-control to receive visitors politely.

"Yes, we do make a great point of getting off the actual site as much as we possibly can," the captain answered. "We do a lot of exploring and make good use of our patrol encampments. That little wood is a tremendous boon on this particular site. The only thing that we want now to make it ideal is a real stream that we can bridge with the risk of falling in if we're clumsy."

"Then your gadgets are really strongly made and useful," the C.A. went on. "I can't bear to see the tents cluttered up with rocky little things made out of bits of stick tied together with string—(oh, yes, you may smile, but it really does come to that sometimes, I assure you). I asked a Guide the other day what she meant to do with that, pointing to a quite indescribable object propped up against the brailing. 'Oh,' she said, 'that's our bookcase.' Then added as an afterthought, 'We ain't got no books and Captain makes us keep our shoes in the shelter, but it's easy to make.' I didn't like to probe into the matter any further after that. The captain has been camping for many more years than I have. . . ."

"Well, I'm glad that you approve of ours. I don't think that you'll find anything that isn't of actual use. But we do try to improvise all we can. Is it really true that there is a school of thought that advocates hiking with a neat little iron grid from Woolworth's to put over the fire?"



COO.... AIN'T IT LOVERLY!

The sound of running feet interrupted the Camp Adviser's answer, and Winnie and Flossie appeared simultaneously in the tent doorway, both completely breathless and crimson with heat and excitement.

"Oh, Captain—it's done! It's rose ever so well!—It's —" Then they saw the C.A. and stopped short, mouths wide open.

Winnie was the first to remember her manners although her face had fallen considerably.

"I . . . I . . . I'm sorry, Captain . . ." Then, with a most engaging smile at the visitor, "We didn't know you was still here."

"These are two Peewits whom you haven't met," the captain put in hastily. "Winnie, who was a First-Class Brownie, and Flossie Smith. . . Winnie, show Miss—what you've got."

"It's our bread. We baked it all by ourselves in our camp oven," Winnie proudly displayed a slightly burnt-looking roll that she was carrying on a sheet of tin. "We did it all ourselves, Flossie and me, 'cept just making the oven. Akela showed us that, but we did most of the digging."

"And all the baking. That's why we couldn't help much with the patrol huts," Flossie added.

"It looks ever so good," said the Camp Adviser.

"And who is Akela?"

"She's Captain's friend. She was a Girl Scout before she was a Guide. She's ever such a good Scout too, that's why we call her Lone Wolf," Winnie explained seriously.

"I thought that she must have something to do with Wolf Cubs," the C.A. said, turning to the captain. "Has she?"

"Oh, no. She's a very old hand at Guiding, that's all. She says that this camp is rejuvenating her. . . Well, Winnie, are you going to invite our visitor to tea to eat some of your bread?"

"Oh, yes, Captain—will you stay to tea, please?" (all in one breath).

"I'm afraid I can't, thank you very much all the same. I've got three other camps to visit this afternoon, and they're a long way from here. But that bread really does look very good. Oh, no, don't cut it now" (rather hastily, as she saw Winnie beginning to fumble for her knife). "You'd much better keep it intact for everyone

to admire first. And next time I come, perhaps you'll show me some baking in your camp oven."

"There is some other bread for tea, you know," the captain remarked, with a twinkle, when the Guides had scampered off again and the two Guiders were strolling towards the gate. "We don't live on the products of Winnie's biscuit-tin 'avin'."

"I'm sure you don't. Your very able Quartermaster would see to that, judging from the look of her store tent. But what a treat it is to find the children doing all these things for themselves and to find them enjoying them. It shows that they're not so sophisticated as we sometimes think, doesn't it?"

"They're certainly not. They still love messing about and doing things by themselves and for themselves, as you say, just as we did at their ages. And it takes three-quarters of the fun out of Guiding when we don't give them the chance."

"I suppose that is the trouble with a lot of us," the Camp Adviser remarked, thoughtfully. "We can't get down—or back, is it?—to the children's level and see it with their eyes. Do you remember that bit in *Scouting for Boys*, where the Chief Scout says 'the first essential for carrying out this training is to put yourself in the boy's place, to look at it from his point of view.'"

The captain nodded. "You read that book, too, do you? I'm glad of that."

"I've got a confession to make," the C.A. said, bluntly. "I didn't till last year. Since then my eyes have been opened."

The Wet Blanket was coming up the field as the captain turned back from the gate. She walked with the free stride of a countrywoman in perfect health. They waved to each other and met by the doorway of the captain's tent.

"Well," she said, throwing herself down full-length on the grass. "How did she like it?"

"Very much, apparently. She said the most complimentary things. And how did you like her?"

"Also very much. She was most human—surprisingly human."

"What did you expect her to be?" laughed the captain. "I'm not quite sure—very official, and rather pleased with herself. . . That's the way that authority goes to women's heads sometimes."

The captain laughed again. "My dear, we'll make a convert of you yet to modern Guiding. You'll even be admitting that a C.A. has its uses!"

"Oh, I do. . . And that was a nice one. But it's a good thing that she didn't arrive five minutes earlier and see the collapse of our hut."

"She'd have helped to build it up again. By the way, have you sampled Winnie's and Flossie's bread?"

"That's a treat in store for all of us. Tea is in half-an-hour and they want to have it down by the patrol huts. I said I thought you wouldn't mind. . . I say, it must be nearly nine months ago now that you wrote and told me that you were thinking of taking up Guiding again. What do you make of your results?"

The captain glanced at her curiously. It was such an unusual sort of question from the Wet Blanket. Was this the way that an afternoon's hut building always took her?

"Isn't it rather soon to talk of results?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. It seems to me that through Guiding you're giving fifteen children something

that they wouldn't get any other way. Doesn't that satisfy you?"

"Is one ever satisfied?" queried the captain.

There was a moment's silence. Then a shout of childish laughter echoed up from the wood, followed by young Winnie's voice, clear and full of happiness:

"Coo . . . ain't it lovely?"

The captain looked down, caught her friend's eye and smiled.

"Should one ever be satisfied?" asked the Wet Blanket.

H. B. DAVIDSON.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION, 1936

This competition will be open until December 31st.

There are four classes:

- (1) The best photograph submitted each month illustrating any of the ten laws. If chosen for cover publication, prize £1; and if chosen for inside publication, prize 5s.
- (2) The best photograph study of wild flowers. Inside publication only, prize 5s.
- (3) The best animal or bird study. This subject does not include domestic animals, such as dogs and cats, but would include studies of horses and cows, if taken with Guides. Preference will be given to photographs of wild animals and birds which have necessitated careful stalking. Cover prize, £1; inside, 5s.
- (4) The best photograph taken on holiday. This may be taken in camp or holidays abroad, but the picture must include Guides in uniform. Cover prize, £1; inside, 5s.

The prize-winners for October and November are:—

CLASS I.—Miss M. C. Gowing, Chippenham: "A Guide is a Friend to Animals." Chosen for cover publication. £1.

Miss M. Heys Jones, Barnes: "A Guide's duty is to be useful." Chosen for inside publication. 5s.

CLASS III.—Miss Jan Moss, Edinburgh: "Baby Seal on Lunga Isle." Chosen for inside publication. 5s. A very charming photograph.

CLASS IV.—Miss O. M. Montague, Bristol: "Ireland, our land for camp." Chosen for cover publication. £1.

Miss M. Heys Jones, Barnes: "Wither." Chosen for cover publication. £1.

Miss M. A. H. Ogilvie, Ontario: "Overnight Hike." Chosen for inside publication. 5s.

Miss M. Mayling, Chesterfield: "Blackberrying." Chosen for inside publication. 5s.

The competition will close on December 31st.

THE GUIDER PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION COUPON.

DECEMBER, 1936.

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LET'S DO A PLAY IN THE HOLIDAYS

By KITTY BARNE (MRS. ERIC STREATFEILD)



"LET'S do a play" can be numbered among the slogans nowadays, and indeed it makes a good riposte to "Keep Fit," for what is the use of keeping the body fit unless the mind is kept fit too, and what

better mental and emotional exercise is there than play production? Therefore when next the children cry "Let's do a play," let the Guider by all means reply, "Yes, let's"—and then add a proviso—"in the holidays."

Now in the holidays grown-ups are busy; guide companies are closed down and Captain, let us hope, is taking a well-earned rest. The children, on the other hand, have plenty of time. They have, many of them, acted, and acted pretty well, at school where so often dramatic work is taken most seriously; many of them have picked up a lot about producing. Why not let them "do" it themselves instead of looking round for a grown-up to work like a beaver for them? Let them find their own actors and, collectively, take the responsibility of the whole thing. Help choose the play if you like, or at all events find them some to choose from; help cast it, for that is a great strain on budding friendships; give them an idea of the organization required and suggest people as prompter, property man and stage manager; recommend methods of attracting an audience and supplying them with comfortable seats and a programme they can read; do all that, even turning up at a few rehearsals to make encouraging remarks, but at the performance engage a front seat and sit there to see what happens. The play will probably go with great vigour and many regrettable hitches, and the company will have learnt very much more than their lines by the time it is done.

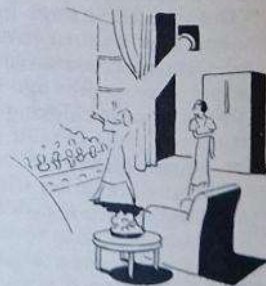
This kind of entertainment generally happens in an empty schoolroom or in a corner of the drawing-room. Scenery has to be simple, parts few, for there is not much room; quite half the audience will be grown-up; indulgent, perhaps, but expecting to be amused. The play must certainly be chosen with care. The fairy plays of Mrs. Hugh Bell have been acted at home for generations and still hold their own with the new ones, but they are full length, and a couple of short plays with songs, recitations, a mimed ballad perhaps, between make a rather easier programme to manage in a short time. *The Children's Matinee* (French) contains seven delightful little plays, some serious, some very gay, with from three to seven parts, specially written for a drawing-room performance. The first of these, where half a dozen children decide to get up a play in aid of Mrs. Somebody's pig who has died, does as an opening for any entertainment. *The Slippers of Cinderella* (Nine parts, modern dress in *Eight Modern Plays for Juniors*, Nelson, 1s. 3d.) naturally acted, is always a success. *Peter and the Clock* (Curwen, 1s.) in the attractive

Victorian costume, has three parts; it is amusing and the players themselves like it. *The House that Jack Built* (Wells, Gardner & Darton, 1s. 6d.) has four plays with from five to ten parts. *Eight New Plays for Boys and Girls* (Lovat Dickson, 2s. 6d.) is a new and unusually good collection for a rather particular audience. *Little Square Toes* (French, 1s.) is a good one-act play for five girls. *The Tailor of Gloucester* (Warne, 1s., seven parts) is for smaller people. *Plays without Fees* (Nelson, 2s.) has a good Dickens sketch in it.

All these are good well-built plays that will "play themselves," as the saying goes, if the dialogue is clearly and naturally spoken. They have simple music or none at all, no crowds, no long speeches, no difficult scenery; all have enough action to carry them along, most of them are amusing and they do not suffer from the appalling silliness of many plays written for children.

The actors must approve of the play; it is "the Thing," as has been well dinned into us, and if the company are to keep keen and work hard they must have had a hand in selecting it. A good plan is to get some knowledgeable friend to read the two or three possible plays aloud (not necessarily every word but enough to get an idea of them), then let the company vote for the one they like best.

The play decided on, the next thing the company have to do is to sort themselves into leaders and followers. Someone has to take command. The producer temperament will probably have shown itself among the party and that selection will not be difficult to make. She must be able to act and at the same time be sufficiently short of that self-exhibitionist gift to prefer others to do it for her. It is not a job for the egoist; the actor manager type who manages to get the limelight for herself will never hold a company of children together; they are far too clear-sighted. With that kind of person as producer after a few rehearsals a mist of sighs and complaints will rise to heaven, all beginning "It isn't fair . . ." She will want a second in command as stage manager, confidante, supporter and general egger-on. That "private secretary" temperament, a delightful one that earns all our gratitude, will probably have shown itself too. She will not have the ideas, the constructively critical faculty, or the sheer drive of the producer, who has to be the kind of person who never gives up when performers are missing, costumes lost, or quarantine descends like a thunder cloud; she may not be all that but she will supply the infectious enthusiasm and admiration and loyalty that make the atmosphere in which the producer can work. She will see that people turn up at rehearsals, induce them to learn their parts, persuade them to get on with concocting their costume, and generally keep them in a good temper. Another useful appointment is "Props." However simple the scenery may be, it has



to be made or borrowed and put on the stage at the right time; a lamp-post manufactured to suggest the street; branches painted with aluminium paint for the fairy wood; crowns and helmets and swords to be cut out and glued together. *Let's do a Play* (Nelson, 2s. 6d.) has an admirable chapter to help and hearten a struggling and ignorant Props; curtains, why they stick and spoil everything, how they can be done without; the painting of scenery with interesting mixtures, including treacle; lighting when there is no electricity. The job is an excellent one for a girl who cannot act but has something of the carpenter and artist in her.

The producer must take command. However many and various the methods of government for a state there is only one for a play—a benevolent autocracy. Particularly if it is to be produced in a fortnight or three weeks. There can be any amount of critical discussion after rehearsal and the more the tyrant listens and weighs the wiser she will be. It is said that juvenile film stars get half-a-crown for every suggestion that is considered good enough to use and that they keep their wits about them in consequence and come out with a number of surprisingly good ideas. Suggestions from the performers are nearly always worth listening to; suggestions from members of the audience are worth their weight in gold. It is only when they diametrically contradict each other that trouble begins. . . . But talent often emerges; and from the most unlikely people. Often it is the quiet, retiring person who claps a helmet on her head, seizes a sword and steps out of a character into one totally different with apparent ease. You never can tell till you try. The most orthodox (in appearance), almost stodgy, Commissioner gave her Guiders the surprise of their lives at some training when impromptu acting was demanded, by bestirring a hockey stick, donning a paper mask and, pulling her hat down to a ferocious angle, careering sombriely round the stage—the complete highwayman out on business.

"Noises off," a telling feature of home dramatics, require stern discipline "behind." It is very difficult to get people to shout, groan, ring bells, pour rice on brown paper for rain, clap the halves of a coconut together for the hero's horse, and the rest of it, at the right moment. They may enjoy it at first, but to keep it up at rehearsals, listening for cues, doing it properly and timing accurately, is altogether another matter. "Noises off" gramophone records come as very timely aid. Most of the large concerns such as H.M.V., Columbia, have them; every sort of weather; crowds, cheering and groaning, screaming or moaning; every kind of mechanical noise from an aeroplane to a ticking clock; many animals and birds. They can be muffled up in a blanket if too loud or amplified till the audience are deafened the required amount.

The producing of the play will be a voyage of discovery for most of the company; provision the ship well and help the crew to embark but let them navigate themselves. It will be interesting to see where they arrive.

SOME USEFUL BOOKS.

- Producing School Plays.* By Ernest Dyer. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.)
A Textbook of Stagecraft. By Susan Richmond. (Faber Book Press, 3s. 6d.)

- How to Make Period Stage Costumes.* By Marion Radford, Little Theatre, Citizen House, Bath. 1s.
Let's do a Play. By Rodney Bennett. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.)
Let's get up a Concert. By Rodney Bennett. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.)
Wilde's Historical Costumes. 6d.
The Wintworth Historical Series. Full of illustrations. (3d. each.)
Noises Off. By Frank Napier. An excellent book. (Muller, 3s. 6d.)

SOME MORE USEFUL PLAYS FOR SMALL STAGES.

- Four Fairy Plays.* By Harcourt Williams. (Fench, 1s. 6d.)
The Evil Kettle. By Lord Dunsany. (Putnam, 1s.)
Ballads for Acting. (Sheldon Press, 2s. 6d.)
First Aid—out of Three Sketches. (Published H.Q., 6d.)
Ballads and Ballad Plays. (Nelson, 1s. 3d.)
Two Minutes from Folk Songs. (Curwen, 1s.)
Dramatized Nursery Rhymes. (Bayley & Ferguson, 3s.)
The Autumn Sweepers. (A. & C. Black, 2s. 6d.)



FOR SCOTTISH GUIDERS AND RANGERS

An Editorial.

The Scottish Commissioners' Conference gave rise to many things and affected many people. It gave me an unpleasant shock, for through it, indirectly, I discovered how few of you Scots read *THE GUIDER*. Enquiries at Gleneagles produced several good reasons for this lack of interest in your paper, the main one seeming to be the apparent lack of interest taken in you by the paper! That, therefore, is the point at which I am going to attack.

THE GUIDER is not a large paper, as regards the number of pages printed each month. The size of each number depends, not as you might think, on the amount of material the Editor chooses to print, but on the number of advertisers who take space, for the advertisement revenue contributes largely towards the cost of printing the paper. The number of advertisers depends, partly on the size of the circulation, and the circulation depends mainly on how many articles of absorbing interest a harassed Editor has room to insert. So it goes on. Do you see where I am trying to lead you? If you can increase the circulation of the paper I can increase its interest for you.

So I offer you a bargain. From now on I intend to include Scottish articles and news in *THE GUIDER* (always provided, of course, that somebody from Scotland is kind enough to send me some—one can't make bricks without straw!) But I expect you, in return, to make it worth my while. A record will be kept here, so that we can keep a check on the number of new readers in Scotland. If the increase is large enough it will be possible to continue the scheme.

It is up to you! If you will give *THE GUIDER* your support I guarantee that *THE GUIDER* will not fail you.

THE EDITOR.



A Swedish Welcome.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AND DERBYSHIRE RANGERS IN SWEDEN.

A party of thirty from Northamptonshire and Derbyshire left England on August 1st, travelling via Tilbury and Göteborg; splendid accommodation had been arranged in the trunked cargo hold in the Swedish Lloyd s.s. *Britannia*. On arrival at Stockholm on the 3rd the party were met at the station by Miss Vallquist (head of Rangers in Sweden) and numerous Guiders and Rangers. Accommodation was provided at the Sievertska Kasernen; in this building free hospitality is given by the Swedish Government to parties of young people visiting Stockholm from foreign countries. Meals were taken at some of the numerous snack and milk bars.

The Swedish Girl Scout Association had planned a wonderful programme. Each morning at 8.30 Rangers arrived at the Kasernen to conduct the party to the snack bar for breakfast. Guiders and Rangers were always with the party until they returned home at night. Miss Vallquist was with the party the entire time they were in Sweden.

The first day a circular tram tour was made of Stockholm. The unique City Library and world-famous Engelbrekt Church, the interior of which is most impressive, were visited. Dinner at the Alhambra in the Djurgården completed the first day. Wednesday the party was taken by steamer to Drottningholm to see the Royal Palace and the most interesting theatre dating from 1766, with halls, stage and wings in their original state, which are still used when the King is in residence at the Palace. From Drottningholm the party walked to Lugnet where the Bromma Guides provided the party with an excellent tea. The Bromma Division has been given the use of a charming wooden hut by the Swedish authorities, on condition that one company is in residence every week-end to prevent people damaging the trees and flowers and to pick up any litter (there is practically none in Sweden).

On Thursday the party was shown round the most outstanding building of modern Stockholm, the Town Hall, with its lovely Blue Hall and gorgeous mosaic Banqueting Hall which has attained world-wide fame. Changing of the Guard at the Royal Palace followed and a visit to the State Apartments. At 7 p.m. that evening a motor-boat tour of two hours was taken "Under the Bridges." It is not possible to describe the beauty of the numerous islands with the thousands of twinkling lights of the Venice of the North. Large liners, on pleasure cruises, looked like giant fairy floating palaces ablaze with lights.

Saltsjöbaden, the great bathing resort, was the programme for Friday. The scenery was glorious, many islands with summer residences peeping out of the trees, blue sky, graceful yachts with white sails and flower beds ablaze with flowers. Dinner that evening was taken at a restaurant where the tables were decorated with Union Jacks. Press representatives interviewed the Guiders and flashlight photographs were taken for the two leading daily papers. It appeared to be a tremendous source of astonishment to everyone that English girls from factories and offices could manage such a trip. In Sweden very few girls from factories ever become members of the Movement.

Sunday, August 9th, the party bade farewell to Stockholm and to some of their friends with much sadness and left by steamer for Strängnäs. The three hours' journey up Lake Malaren was beautiful, numerous islands, forests of silver birch and fir trees, with heather in full flower.

Another Swedish welcome awaited the Rangers. On the quay at Strängnäs was the Commissioner and her Rangers who quickly made

LOOKING IN

everyone feel at home. After the visitors had settled themselves in the school, where they were to sleep, a tour was taken of this old world town. The climax was reached when, after inspecting the Commissioner's home with its many lovely handwoven articles, the party climbed a hill amid pine trees and heather to gain a view of the surrounding forest and lakes and found a "buffet" decorated with red, white and blue, with Rangers ready to serve a most refreshing tea of scones and fruit syrup! This was just one more instance of the tremendous forethought that had been at work to entertain the English party. After tea everyone went to Evening Service in the Cathedral, which dates from about 1100, and is full of interesting relics of the past, which were most ably explained in English by one of the Rangers.

The Bishop of Strängnäs, having heard that English Rangers were to visit the town, invited the entire party to supper at the Palace, and specially returned from a distant part of his diocese to welcome them. The Palace dates also from about 1100, and the dining hall had a wonderful appearance as the numerous tables were lighted entirely by masses of tiny candles. After supper the Strängnäs Rangers acted scenes portraying the history of Sweden, some of which were most amusingly acted. Singing of Swedish and English songs by all present followed and the evening came to an end with the Bishop playing the piano for various hymns and finally reading prayers and giving the blessing.

On arrival next day at Frustunaby (the Foxlease of Sweden) the party found about fifteen Rangers from various parts of Sweden who had already pitched the tents in a clover field. Patrols were quickly formed each with two or more Swedes in them. The cooking patrol was entirely composed of Swedish Rangers, although some of the English helped with the breakfasts; otherwise all camp duties were done by the Rangers with help from their hostesses. Entertaining and hospitality was not yet at an end. The Fairy Godmother of Swedish Girl Scouts, Countess von Eckerman, invited the entire camp of 50 to tea one day at her house, sending her motor-boats to convey the campers across the lake. After tea the Countess conducted the party round her model farm and showed them the vapour bath which the farm workers use every week.

Another day Miss Caroline Montgomery (Camp Commandant) and Miss Vallquist had accepted an invitation to visit Heby; a journey of 2 hours along different lakes was made in motor-boats sent by the "Fairy Godmother." On arrival at Heby everyone bathed and then were entertained by Mrs. von Engestrom and her family. Before leaving the entire company of Rangers sang to their hostess. The hike on the Girl Scout Island, in bathing dresses, was a huge success, the English Rangers cooking everything without utensils. Suddenly a motor-boat was heard approaching and to the intense joy of everyone the Countess arrived to sample the English cooking; of course our efforts at eggs in paper bags, eggs in oranges, kabobs, and dampers all turned out all right. The Countess assured everyone that she had thoroughly enjoyed her varied dishes. The last day arrived all too soon and with many heartaches the party left for home feeling that a very strong link of friendship had been made.

The hospitality, kindness and forethought of all the Swedish people, especially the Swedish Girl Scout Association, to make the trip such a marvellous one is beyond all description. The amazing manner in which everything had been arranged at absurdly small prices can be realised when the cost per head for food and expeditions and sight-seeing in Stockholm for one week was £1 7s. 9d.

Everyone hopes the day is not too far off when they will be able to entertain some of their Swedish friends here in England.

DUTCH SCHOOLGIRLS' VISIT TO ROTHESAY.

In April the Town Clerk of Rothestay heard from the representatives of the Rotterdam Lloyd Line that they proposed making Rothestay the headquarters for this season's schoolgirls' cruises and that for three successive Tuesdays in August the S.S. *Slamat* would arrive with 450 girls on board; and we jumped at this opportunity; it is a long time since I have been able to thrill the Guide companies with news as I was in April when I told them of the coming of the Dutch girls and that they would act as guides.

Here follows an account of the days from the Lieutenant of the 2nd Rothestay Company.

WIDE

1936

When we heard of the proposed visit of the Dutch schoolgirls we looked forward to the biggest thrill of our lives, and we were not disappointed.

We talked of nothing else for weeks and yet when the first Tuesday came and we were standing on the Pier awaiting our guests, a sudden unaccountable feeling of shyness came over us. It is not every day that a handful of Guides and Guiders, 25 or 30, are faced with the prospect of entertaining about 450 young foreigners.

To our infinite surprise and great joy, however, the boatloads of girls drew into the Harbour singing our very own National Anthem—in English—they ran up the steps to meet us laughing and chattering among themselves, each with her white lunch box tucked under her arm.

Contrary to our expectations there was not a moment of awkwardness. It must have been due to the naturally happy and friendly nature of the Dutch people, but in less than no time there was much English chatter and much laughter, for the girls all knew a certain amount of English.

They showed a keen appreciation of the beautiful surroundings through which we took them and kept practising their English words to fit in with the things around them.

They seemed a little taken aback at first by the height of our hills, and by the ups and downs of the road, but a system of frequent rests prevented that tired feeling.

The weather was fairly kind to us although we did have one or two heavy showers. The Dutch girls began to enjoy the hills and were inclined to race down them. They are very fond of singing and sang all the way. We loved the tunes although the words conveyed nothing to us.

They returned our hospitality by inviting us out to their ship *s.s. Jamar* at the end of the hike, and there they entertained us to dinner, served, to our great delight, by little Javanese men in turbans. During their stay a number of the Dutch girls visited the homes of their Guide escorts.

On Wednesday evening they departed amid cheers from a thousand spectators who lined the quay, leaving behind them an entirely new impression of what foreigners were like, for their frank friendliness and obvious delight in our island had completely captivated the residents.

It will be a very definite step towards that international peace we hope for, if many such cruises are arranged in the future, because the visit of these schoolgirls to our shores has forged a bond of friendship between our country and theirs which will not soon be broken.



Dutch Schoolgirls with their Guide Hostesses.

SEA RANGERS AND A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

The lovely lake of Hechtsee in the Austrian Tyrol was introduced to British Sea Rangers this summer when a party of eighteen from S.R.S. *Golden Hind*, London, spent a wonderful fortnight there.

Less than an hour's walk up-hill from the frontier village of Kufstein, Hechtsee is sufficiently off the beaten track to satisfy those who seek no more than the peace and beauty of the lake and of the pine-clad



Returning to Port.

mountains which surround it, and also sufficiently near the village for those who cannot resist the fascination of strange shops and the friendliness of new faces and cups of hot chocolate "mit schlag" (*Whipped Cream*).

But the lake itself was the great attraction—bright emerald blue, with the towering heights of the Kaisergerhige above and the lower slopes of pine and fir and larch reaching to the very edge of the water. The bathing facilities were perfect, both for beginners and good swimmers—a special part railed off for non-swimmers, and diving platforms of varying heights for those who preferred the unfathomable depths of the lake. By paying a lump sum in advance we were allowed the use of a boat at any time, sail or canoe—and very soon we were such good friends with the young men of the boat-house that we were allowed two or three boats out at a time.

We were known as "the blue girls"—rather a nice title for Sea Rangers when we remember the familiar term "the boys in blue."

We were very comfortable at our country inn and surrounded with every attention and friendliness. In the evenings, the boys from the village, including some Rovers, used to come up to dance with "the blue girls." From them and from the two Guiders from Kufstein who visited us, we learnt some Austrian dances.

One memorable day we spent at Thiersee at the Passion Play—a wonderful experience. We were amazed at the finished technique, the scenic effects and lighting produced in the theatre of this tiny, simple village, whose whole life is built up on this beautiful art. The colouring and posing, based on famous early Italian pictures, produced scenes of exquisite beauty.

The cost of the fortnight was £9 10s. and in spite of all the scraping and saving which went on for months beforehand, the Rangers are already asking if they may go abroad again next year.

V. L. M.

SIXTH SALE RANGERS' VISIT TO GERMANY.

The early hours of the morning found seven of the Sixth Sale Rangers trying to snatch a little sleep in a 3rd Class carriage of a train, bound for Cologne, more difficult than we had imagined. A stop for a few minutes at Brussels was very welcome, and we were quite relieved to get out at Hergentath, on the frontier, to declare our money. It was a great joy to arrive at Cologne and, after breakfast at the hotel, to rest awhile between the two feather beds. A German girl studying at Cologne University, who was to be our guide for the tour, joined us at lunch, which was a possible meal, if a little unusual. Lettuce on small glass plates seems always to be served with hot meat.

Our guide took us first of all to see the beautiful Gothic structure of Cologne Cathedral, with its magnificent windows. The rest of the day was spent exploring Cologne, watching the boats on the river and visiting the Stadtwald.

On Monday morning we collected quite new bicycles from a shop, and were rather terrified at having to plunge into the Cologne traffic, which seemed very fast to us. Confidence soon came, however, and we proceeded to Bonn where we were very impressed with the beautiful setting of its old university with its pleasant gardens. The Rhine and the fine bridges over it are particularly beautiful. At Coblenz we were much interested in a visit to a wine village, where in the open air the people sing and drink the famous Mosel wine. There were Austrian, Dutch, American and English visitors, probably others.

THE GUIDER

The Germans made us particularly welcome, and asked us to dance with them.

Tuesday saw us on our way cycling along by the beautiful Mosel, with its vines growing on either side, on our way to Cochem, which we shall always remember for its beautiful reflections on the water at



The Beginning.

night. On Wednesday we moved on from Cochem to Berncastel. The road twisted along by the river, but the scenery is so beautiful that the twists were welcome as they made the ride longer.

Thursday was really a stiff day, for we walked uphill 15 miles and rode another 35 miles from Berncastel to Bacharach. During that ride we saw quite a lot of German farming, in which all the family seem to help. Every square inch of land in Germany is cultivated, and on each side of the road, winding through the hills, are apple trees.

All passers-by seem to leave the fruit to be harvested by the rightful owners. We halted at Bacharach after a strenuous but very enjoyable day on light rations, as it was on this day that we discovered that all German sandwiches which we had encountered so far were filled with raw bacon. Our German guide told us this was a great delicacy, but it was one we failed to appreciate. During the evening we stole up to the very beautiful youth hostel, formerly an old castle, perched on a hill looking down to the beautiful Rhine. We heard the singing of hundreds of young people all met in the old courtyard to give praise to the beauty of the universe. We shall not easily forget this sight.

We had a very restful means of transit on Friday when we took the steamer from Bacharach to Boppard.

Very regretfully we went on to Cologne on Sunday, and travelled by train to Ostend, where we caught the midnight boat back to England.

Space will not permit us to explain how much we learned of German life. It is perhaps sufficient to say that our outlook was greatly broadened by everything we saw. We could not help but be impressed by their enthusiasm for physical training, by their fine educational system, and by their clean and tidy streets.

Of the Germans themselves we shall remember the thoroughness and eagerness with which they tackle their work, their beautiful voices, and last, but not least, their kindness to foreigners.

AN INTERNATIONAL RANGER CAMP IN SCOTLAND.

The 4th Hamilton (Scotland) Rangers are to be congratulated upon the success of the International Ranger Camp which they ran in their delightful country this July.

From Belgium, Canada, Denmark—including the Faroe Isles, France, Newfoundland, Poland and the World Bureau came their

guests—32 of them—to be hospitably entertained by the Scottish Rangers for four days in their own homes before going off to camp at Carradale, Argyllshire.

During those four crowded days of sight-seeing we visited the birthplace of David Livingstone at Blantyre, Glasgow, with its magnificent Cathedral and University, Edinburgh with its glorious Castle and Shrine, and—greatest thrill of all—we went for a sail on Loch Lomond.

We sailed down the Clyde and past the Isles of Bute and Arran to reach Carradale, and what a lovely camp site it was—a sandy field separated from the sea only by a short stretch of bracken, with high hills rising all round. How we loved those hills. When the sun set behind them and they stood out purple against the red sky they were magnificent, but when the mists came down over them warning us that the rain would follow, they still had a delightful charm of their own. The tents were pitched in a horse-shoe, at the head of which the Union Jack and the World Flag fluttered proudly side by side on the two slender trees which had been specially felled for the occasion.

In camp the nationalities were mixed, both in tents and patrols, and how hard the Patrol leaders worked to translate the patrol duties and what industrious people we all were as we learnt to say "Please" and "Thank You" in the languages of the others. It is International Gatherings such as this that make us appreciate more fully the world-wideness of our Movement—that great chain which links together in friendship the girls of so many countries all over the world.

The fortnight was over far too quickly, but if promises are kept, as of course those of Guides and Girl Scouts will be, many are the letters which will pass between those countries that were represented, and there was not one of us who did not shout "We Will!" when the Scots bade us farewell by singing their touching song "Will ye no come back again?"

Why do not more Ranger Companies go and do likewise, by inviting foreign Rangers to camp with them, having of course previously obtained permission from their Commissioners and Camp Advisors?

ROSE KERR, International Commissioner.

100th GLASGOW RANGERS' TRIP TO NORWAY

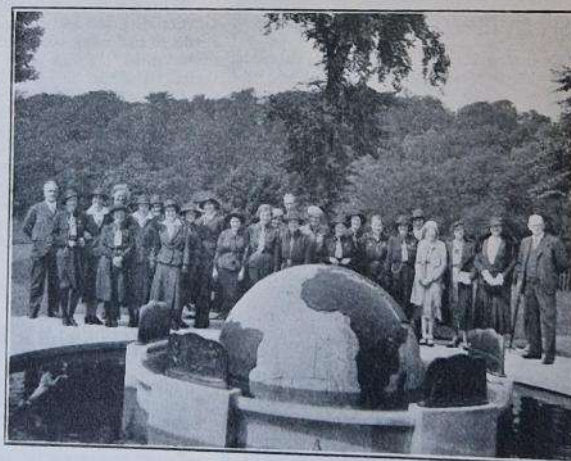
If any Ranger captain wants to bring out all the latent enthusiasm and talent in her company, let her take her Rangers abroad. The 100th Glasgow Rangers were tremendously lucky in receiving an invitation last October to go as guests to the Trondheim County Camp, at the beginning of July, and all winter they planned and saved to make this trip possible.

Finally, one evening towards the end of June saw all the bedding and ground-sheets securely packed in two hampers, and the last tent-bag roped. Into the hampers also went twelve pairs of heavy shoes and twelve kilts, leaving each Ranger with a fairly light rucksack to carry. The oddments consisted of a First Aid haversack, a well-stocked lunch-basket, and a

roll of four travelling rugs which were needed on the boat. Once inside the Oslo Fiord, the Rangers scrambled on deck, and were almost speechless at the beauty of the little wooded islands and bays seen to their best advantage on a lovely summer morning.

Soon through the Customs, our first job was to send all the heavy baggage straight through to Roros, and for the benefit of any company which thinks of travelling with tents in Norway, all luggage has to be paid for. It cost us £2 for the return trip, and would have been even more had the luggage travelled on the train with us.

We found our hotel, and after the first really substantial meal for two days, we set off to explore the town and cram the absolute



Rangers from England, Denmark, France, Belgium, Canada, Faroe Islands, Poland and other countries photographed at Livingstone memorial, Blantyre.

maximum into two hectic days' sightseeing. Our uniforms acted like magic, for everywhere people said "Spiederpike?" and let us in for half-price or less.

The rail journey to Roros was one of ten hours' duration but not for a moment did anyone weary. We were met at our destination by the Commissioner for Trondelag, Fru Finland, who was acting as Camp Commandant, her daughter Ase (to whom had been assigned the role of official interpreter) and Bodil Buck, Captain of the Roros Guides.

Ase had a busy time after supper translating the speeches of welcome, and the replies, before we set off in the cool of the evening on our four-mile climb into the mountain, and so to camp. Up and up we went, branching off several times, but at each signpost taking the road "Til Skistua."

The permanent shelter was the ski-ing hut, beautifully situated on a plateau, and from it radiated in all directions little flat clearings among the scrub and trees for tents. The Scots and the Trondheim Seniors formed one group, and before the first day had passed, they were well mixed in patrols and working as if they had known each other for years instead of hours.

The arrival of the main body of campers at mid-day on Sunday was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. We heard music in the distance, and a Norwegian Guide came running for us. Nearer and louder came the music, and at last there appeared along the little winding track emerging from the last belt of trees, the town band of Roros (blowing valiantly in spite of the gradient), with massed colours behind them, making a lovely sight against the green background. Finally there marched about a hundred and eighty Guides, three abreast, and as cheerful as it is possible for youngsters to be.

The ceremony at Colours that night was most impressive, taking place in front of the hut from the balcony of which Fru Finland welcomed not only the Guides and Rangers from every part of the County, but also the Glasgow girls who had travelled so far to be with them.

Breakfast was at 8.30, when all but the pampered Scots drank milk. Our Trondheim friends nobly lit a fire and made tea, without which they firmly believed no Briton could exist. The next meal was "mid-dag"—a most misleading term—and for two or three days until we discovered the accepted time for serving it was from 2.30—4 p.m., twelve frantic Scots haunted the Canteen. And when the very excellent dinners did appear, Captain thought desperately of Egypt's plague of locusts, and prayed silently that there would be some food left for the Trondheim Rangers. Coffee and sugar buns were served in the late afternoon, and a very substantial supper called "aftens" completed the day.

The nightly camp fires were the jolliest we have ever had the luck to attend. A camp newspaper was run, and each night the latest instalment "went to press." It was extremely witty, and evoked roars of laughter. Any Guide or Ranger who was "named" was in honour bound due to contribute a bulletin to the next issue. There was no scarcity of items, and to our horror, one night a Norwegian Ranger began to read aloud a letter written by one of the Scots to a friend at home, criticising rather unkindly the food, the other campers, and the arrangements made for our comfort. We simply froze with horror, and wondered which of us had been such an unmitigated fool. However, in spite of almost perfect English, one or two words gave the show away. It was the joint contribution of the Trondheim Rangers. A few excerpts will show what our feelings were:—

"This is the strangest camp I ever saw. The tents seem to be thrown out on the fields miles from each other."

"One does not take purity very seriously. They never seem to wash themselves, but every now and then they brush their teeth."

"They wash their mugs and plates in cold water or not at all. The water

is so dirty and greasy that I cannot describe it. The Guide who is washing is greasy to the elbows."

"Their food is dreadful—I won't even mention it. At 5 o'clock we get dreadful coffee that we can't swallow. All of us have got an awful stomach-ache and we have to go to the toilet all day long."

We think we can guess in whose fertile brain the plan was evolved, but it must have taken hours with a dictionary, with unlimited patience and sense of humour to produce the pages and pages which were written.

Each afternoon the Guides attended classes in badgework, as many of them came from isolated valleys where practical instruction was impossible. They were as keen as mustard and worked very hard.

It has been quite a simple matter to collect one's impressions of camp life in Norway—simplicity and sheer *joie de vivre* were the key-notes. On our last night in Norway, the Commissioner for Oslo, Gunvor Lykken, gave a supper-party for us, and the Norwegian Guides took a Scot home for the night and delivered her safely at the docks next morning.

The kindness we were shown, both in Oslo and in Roros, was tremendous, and whenever we tried to stand treat we were told, "The Camp pays for this." We only hope that we may soon have the opportunity of

inviting the Norwegian Rangers to Scotland, when we shall have a hard task to live up to their standard of hospitality.

FINNISH GUIDES VISIT ENGLAND

As I to-day, the first time after coming home, was able to take an evening to myself, I sat down in my corner and started anew to England. I remembered, how fabulous felt the hours, when our crowd climbed up the ship's swinging rope-ladder and began the magnificent and long-expected journey.

After the lovely and full of vicissitudes passage of ten days, we saw London. We stepped along powerful and busy streets and tried to assure ourselves that this lovely dream, really now had come true. We, eleven Finnish Guides were now in England! London with grand electric advertisements, with pleasant buses and with, to us, unknown underground, left behind us, as we moved in the friskily flying train to Foxlease, which name so often we had heard, but where no one of us ever had imagined to stay. We stood dazzled in the doors of our rooms. We had not dreamed that Foxlease could be so lovely.

The days flew too fast, but in spite of that, we got many memories and experience of life.

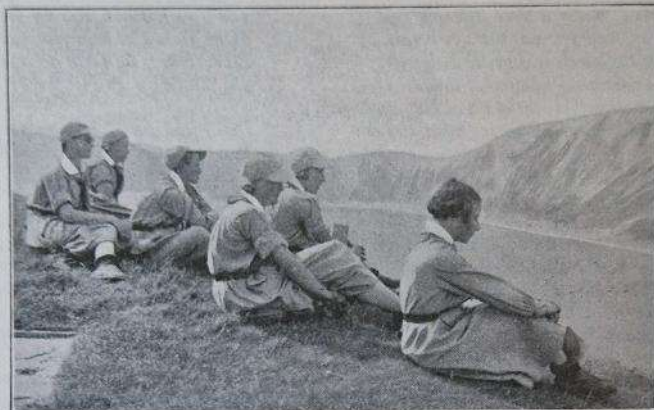
On one Tuesday morning arrived motor cars, one after the other, to the yard of Foxlease and brought with them the Great White Chief, without whom we should never have made this journey. A kindly smile, unpretending, peaceful essence gave us again to feel our great friend.

We came home to Dudsbury's camplace, where our new friends received us like welcome and expected travellers.

Do you remember, how the tents one after the other rose with united forces of English and Finnish girls? Do you remember how our colours fluttered by the side of each other, as our national anthems rang again? Do you remember, how we by the flame of the camp fire twisted the chain of friendship between us? Do you remember, how the English and Finnish songs sounded together?

We saw your lovely land and its kindly inhabitants. And now we dream of the hours, when we may show to your girls our souging forests and our glimmering lakes. They are so different from yours, but they surely tell you as much as your forests and hills told to us. Let us attempt at least to cause a little new experience of life to you, who so much for us prepared. You feel surely, how our grateful thoughts dwell with you and assure you, that you here in Finland have glad and happy friends.

KAARINA VESTERLÄ.



The Finnish Guides Admire an English View.

Christmas EVE

a poem
by
Pixie Gann

*There's a stirring in the air to-night,
As if the world were all awake;
As if everyone were listening
For some glorious news to break.
In the woods and by the hedgerows
See the wild-folk feel it too;
Small bright eyes are watching, watching,
Small heads wondering what's to do.*

*Suddenly the sound of music,
Reedy thin, yet sweetly clear,
Tells the lone bewildered wild-folk
That their own God, Pan, is here.
See across the fields he dances;
Pipes his gay inviting song;
See the wild-folk, furry-coated,
Follow him in eager throng.*

*Magic must be in his piping,
Magic in the frosty air,
Friend and foe keep pace together,
N'er a grumble anywhere.
Baby rabbit nearly stumbles
Father fox gives him a hand,
No one lost or lone or weary
In that gaily dancing band.*

*Onward, onward, still Pan leads them
With his lovely lilting lay,
Up above one great star shining
Seems as though it leads the way.
"Whither? whither?" ask the branches,
"Whither? whither?" says the grass,
But the wild-folk go unheeding,
Scarcely speaking as they pass.*

*Suddenly the music changes,
Sinks and softens, dies away.*

*Pan has turned to face his people,
"Hearken to the words I say,
You have followed me, my people,
Many years I've been your Lord,
Now there is on earth a Greater;
Do you follow at His word?"*

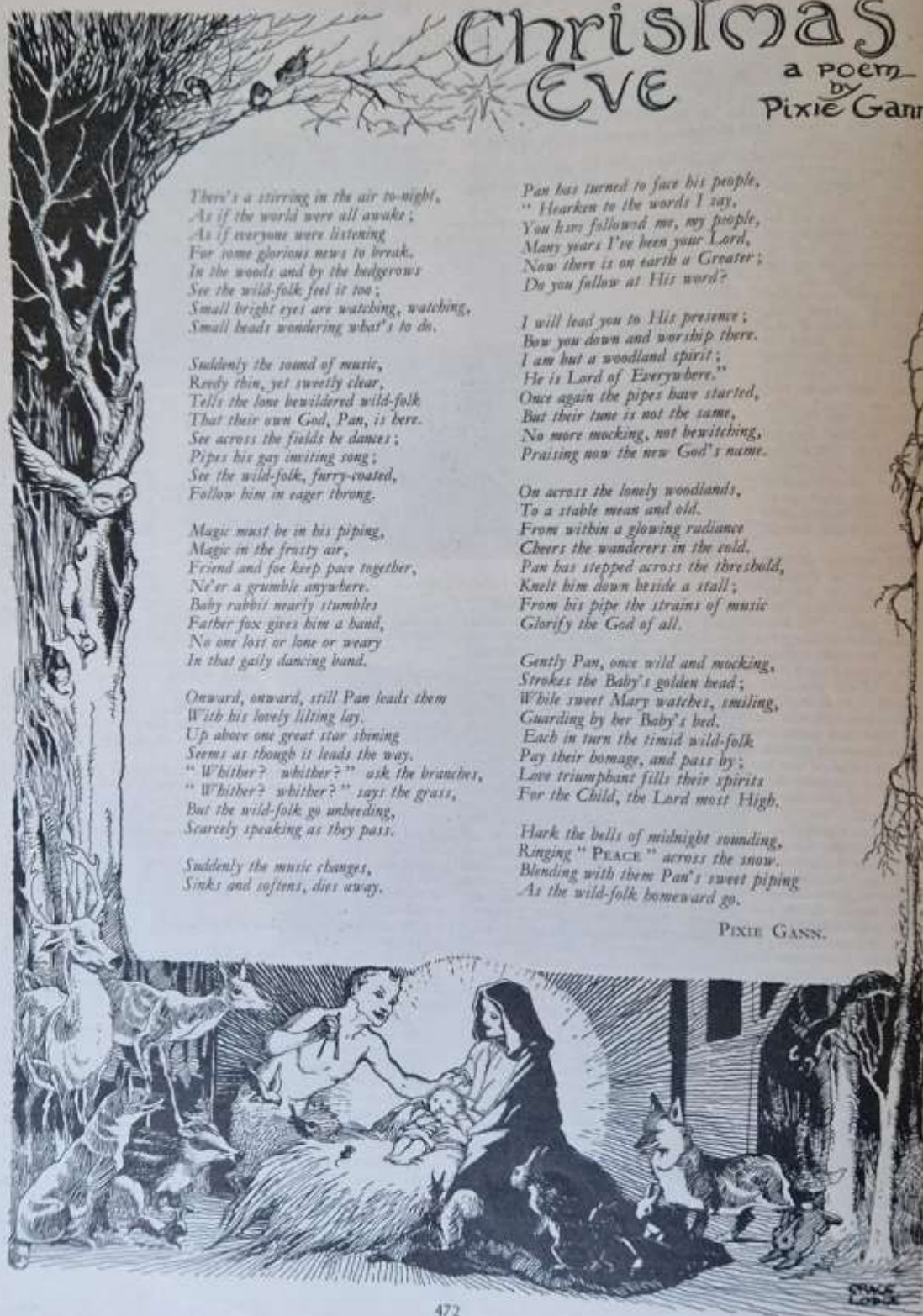
*I will lead you to His presence;
Bow you down and worship there.
I am but a woodland spirit;
He is Lord of Everywhere."
Once again the pipes have started,
But their tune is not the same,
No more mocking, not bewitching,
Praising now the new God's name.*

*On across the lonely woodlands,
To a stable mean and old,
From within a glowing radiance
Cheers the wanderers in the cold,
Pan has stepped across the threshold,
Knelt him down beside a stall;
From his pipe the strains of music
Glorify the God of all.*

*Gently Pan, once wild and mocking,
Strokes the Baby's golden head;
While sweet Mary watches, smiling,
Guarding by her Baby's bed.
Each in turn the timid wild-folk
Pay their homage, and pass by;
Love triumphant fills their spirits
For the Child, the Lord most High.*

*Hark the bells of midnight sounding,
Ringing "PEACE" across the snow,
Blending with them Pan's sweet piping
As the wild-folk homeward go.*

PIXIE GANN.



SCOTTISH COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE

ON Thursday afternoon, October 22nd, the Scottish Chief Commissioner, Mrs. Houston Craufurd, welcomed nearly three hundred Commissioners to their Annual Conference at the Gleneagles Hotel. It was not only the programme, she said, but the atmosphere, that made the success of a Conference, and certainly the most friendly atmosphere pervaded this one, in which a lead was given by the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, who was present for most of the time.

The first talk was on "Rangers," by Miss Wilson, Scottish Commissioner for Rangers, who told of the International Gathering at the Guide Chalet at Adelboden, and of the Round Table Conference which followed it. Many countries had simultaneously come to the decision to make Rangering more difficult, and they had agreed on the possibility of combining patriotism with internationalism, and the necessity for remembering the spiritual side of Rangering.

She was followed by Mrs. Clerk Rattray, County Commissioner for Perthshire, who gave a talk on the "Value of Reading," with practical suggestions as to how to interest Guides in really good books.

Miss Martin, Scottish Commissioner for Camping, spoke on "Co-operative Enterprises." Camp, she said, must entail enterprise, otherwise it was uninteresting and not an adventure; it could not but be co-operative, since in camp life, more than any other aspect of Guiding, the doings of the individual affected the whole community.

On Friday afternoon some seventy County Presidents and Vice-Presidents attended the Conference. The County Commissioners presented Mrs. Craufurd with a beautiful banner, to be the insignium of all Scottish Chief Commissioners. The Scottish Chief Commissioner then gave the Conference a brief résumé of Scottish Guiding in 1936. The number of companies, packs and Guiders had increased, and the balance sheet showed a profit of £280. A bequest of £250 had been made by the executors of the late Miss Ainslie of MacMerry.

The World Chief Guide then spoke on the "Value of Guiding." One of the most romantic stories in the world, she said, was that of Scouting and Guiding, where an idea, conceived in the brain of one man, was now being carried out by five million people in forty-seven countries. It was needed nowadays more than ever, in an age when lower standards of life and moral courage, both national and individual, were being unconsciously absorbed by the children. Life was complex for the modern child, who lived in an atmosphere of instability and consequently of fear. Guiding could help to counteract this by instilling the tradition of the old-fashioned glory of the British character along the four lines laid down by the Chief Scout: development of character,

development of health, enjoyment of handicrafts, and service for others.

After a most entertaining demonstration of miming and costume devising by Miss Briggs, the Scottish Scout Headquarters Commissioner, Captain Spence, spoke on "Present-Day Scouting: Where does it Lead?" He said that the answer to the request for new schemes and ideas was that there were none; nothing was better than the original ideas of the Chief Scout.

Very helpful hints and suggestions for the Commissioner visiting that rather alarming thing, the Brownie pack, were made by the Great Brown Owl, Miss Knight, in her talk on "Brownies and their Commissioners," on Saturday, after which a lantern lecture entitled "Fang, Tooth and Claw," was given by Mr. J. S. Clarke, who spoke casually of lions licking his scalp and elephants placing their feet on his face, with vivid descriptions of the "gentling" method of training performing wild animals. In the evening the Chief Guide told of some of her Guide friends in far-flung parts of the Empire, their struggles and triumphs, the most recent of which latter is the joining of the Girl Guides Association after many years by the Wayfarers, the movement for coloured girls in South Africa, thus breaking down a barrier which was thought insuperable. The camp to be held in Scotland next summer, to which Guides from nearly every country are being invited, will form another link in the International chain.

"Guides and Social Reconstruction" was the title of an exceedingly interesting and thought-provoking talk on Sunday afternoon by Dr. James Bowie, M.A., Principal of the School of Economics, Dundee, which is reported fully on another page.

Mrs. Monteith, Chairman of the Girl Guide Special Areas Committee, explained the work which this Committee had so far achieved in administering the grant to the Guides for work in the Special Areas of Scotland. By co-operating with the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, it had been possible to open clubs in three of the counties, where the unemployed girl could find sanctuary and interest at all times, and in which Guide and Ranger companies came into being as the demand for them arose. Much good use had also been made of the grant for camps for these children, but the great need was for more Guiders to work in the areas. Miss Phipps, the Leader of the Coatbridge Club, gave a short account of the type of girl with whom she had to deal, her handicaps and difficulties, and how these might be met.

Practical training was carried out every morning, and the Conference closed on Sunday evening with a Guiders' Own, taken by Miss Sharp, County Commissioner for Dundee.



DOING CARGOES—I

DAYS BEFORE HISTORY



I WONDER which part of the Intelligence Section of the Sea Ranger Test is the most popular. My crew is small, but not one member of it chose cargoes. The idea seemed to be that it was geography, and therefore to be avoided at all costs. Yet I felt that the history of world trade was a fascinating subject if only I could introduce my Rangers to it without prejudice.

The very sight of a map to begin with would be fatal, yet how—?

This is the line I took and, as it proved very successful, I hand it on in case there are other Guiders in the same problem.

Each week we reserve part of the time for the Crew Council when we make plans and discuss anything that may crop up, and one evening I took this opportunity to ask them what they thought the very first boat was like. One said a raft, one a canoe, and one said a log. I agreed with the last, and then told them the following yarn, which may sound very juvenile but which was eagerly listened to by my Sea Rangers, whose ages vary from sixteen to twenty-six and who are, I think, fairly average people.

Once upon a time, long, long before ships were invented, there lived a man named Tak. His home was on the bank of a river, and when he wanted to cross to the other side on hunting expeditions he used to sit on a log, holding his spear and bow and arrows in his hands, and kick his way across with his feet. This, of course, was very slow, and one day he had a bright idea. Suppose he hollowed out a hole in the middle of the log, he could sit in the hole with his weapons and his food nice and dry, while he used his hands to work with. He soon found this was a great improvement, and so did his friends, and they also discovered that the man with big hands had an advantage over the man with small ones. This made Tak think again, and he shaped two flat pieces of wood a good deal bigger than his hands and tried to use them, but he found it very difficult to grip them firmly enough to put any pressure against the water. So he sat on the bank and thought again. Suddenly he sprang up, for he had realised that hands need arms! He found two sticks which he lashed firmly to the "hands," and tried again. Now his trouble was that he needed both hands to manipulate one paddle, and yet if he used only one his log did nothing but turn round in circles!

He called his friend Luk into consultation, and in the end Tak chose to use his paddle first on one side and then on the other, swinging it over to do so, while Luk preferred to fasten a "hand" to each end of his stick and dip in each end alternately.

Both of these methods proved satisfactory, but I think that Tak's son and Luk's son did better still when they hollowed out more of

their log and both sat in it, one with a paddle on the right and the other on the left.

One Ranger with an enquiring mind wanted to know why and how rowing took the place of paddling. After some discussion and experiment we decided that when some boats got larger and their cargoes heavier men found they could put more power into pulling than into pushing against the water, and that of course led us to sails. I suggested that the following week everyone should tell a yarn about how Tak discovered the use of a sail, and though everyone was rather alarmed at the prospect at first they soon caught the spirit of it and promised to do their best.

A week later the girls were eager to tell their yarns, for they had kept them a dead secret from each other. The most general idea was that Tak fell into the river and when he got into his canoe he hung his garment on a pole to dry and found that the wind blew him along without any effort on his part.

One, more original, said that Tak had cramp in his leg and the only way he could relieve it was to stand up. When he did so he found the wind pressed against him and drove him along. So he stood up a big log of wood, but this was top-heavy and difficult to balance, so he got the idea of putting up two light poles and stretching a deer-skin between them.

These yarns started several discussions, the following questions being raised by various Rangers:—

Would Tak have a pole in his boat to hang his coat on? How did he make it stand up?

Would his coat, if made of heavy material like wolf or bear skin, act as a sail?

The second of these questions led to "How do we make masts stand up nowadays?" which gave me the opportunity to give a short lesson on stays and shrouds and inspired them to go down to the pier to study the yachts which are constantly passing.

The third question might have floored me a few months ago, but ever since we started Sea Rangers I have been on the look-out at the Free Library for books about the sea, and they came to my help.

In the *Background of Geography*, by Spilhaus, I had read that when Julius Caesar met the fleet of Brittany in the English Channel he found that their ships could sail much faster than his and their sails were made of leather. And in Masfield's *Victorious Troy* in an extremity the sailors lashed a cabin-door to the shrouds to act as a storm sail!

Having made the Rangers all thoroughly interested in the boats of primitive times I went a step further and even produced a map without frightening them! First I asked them what men would use boats for chiefly when





they started going further than just across the river, and without any difficulty they decided it would be for the purpose of trading with other tribes down the river and later along the coast. Then I told them I was going to propound a problem that

I wanted them to think over during the week and discuss at our next meeting.

First I said we would leave the very early days of dug-out canoes and so on, and pass on to the time when sailing ships were busy trading up and down the Mediterranean. Here I brought out my map, but as it was an amateurish affair of my own and only showed an outline of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea with black spots to indicate ports, it didn't look too much like a lesson at school! I explained that the people who lived round the Mediterranean thought their countries made up the whole of the world. I spoke of the Phœnicians who ventured beyond the Straits of Gibraltar and found the Cornish tin-mines, and of the great daring that was needed to travel so far. I described their country with its forests of oak, fir and cedar (no wonder they were ship-builders), and told how they used the fine sand of their sea-shore to make beautiful glass-ware, and a certain shell-fish to make the purple dye for which they were so famous. Then we followed them as they set out with their goods to Spain where they got gold and silver, to Britain for tin, and Arabia for spices. After this I reminded them of how the Phœnicians fitted out a fleet for King Solomon and went down the Red Sea to a kingdom at the south of Arabia called Sheba, where in exchange for their cedar-wood, purple cloth and glass they obtained perfumes, spices, and precious stones.

Then came the problem. In Dr. Glover's book *The Ancient World* I had read this sentence:—"Transport by sea was easier and cheaper by sea than by land even if

five or even ten times as far." I asked them if they thought it could be true and if they would think out some arguments for and against before the next meeting.

Next week we had a spirited discussion on the subject and we reached the following conclusions, some of which I had learnt from Dr. Glover, though it was surprising how much they had thought out for themselves.

A ship may carry as much material as fifty waggons.

It needs fewer men and no horses.

It needs no roads which meant easier travel in the days of bad roads (or even no roads at all) and saves the payment of tolls.

There may be storms but they were not more to be feared than some of the mountain passes on the land routes.

There might be pirates but there were more chances of dodging them at sea than the brigands on the roads.

The sea is free to all, but there may be customs to pay at every frontier, and you might have to pass several on the way to your destination.

I had never seen the Rangers take so much interest over a discussion before and the Geography Bogy was as dead as a door-nail!

The points in my talk which appeared to impress them most were the connection between Sea Ranger subjects and such well-known phrases as "Tyre and Sidon," and "purple and fine linen."

The Queen of Sheba became a much more "real" person as we saw her listening to her waiting-maids as they gossiped about the foreign sailors and their tales of the marvellous court of King Solomon. And all the time nobody guessed they were "doing cargoes!"



E. BACON.

THE G.F.S. GUIDERS' CONFERENCE

As Mrs. Knyvet, the Central Director of G.F.S. Guides, said to the G.F.S. Guiders at their Conference on October 23rd, it was indeed an historic occasion for them all, as never before had they had both their Chiefs on the platform together.

The Conference itself nearly filled the lovely, half-moon-shaped Council Room at Townsend House, the G.F.S. Headquarters, and it was very representative—ranging from London, the Home Counties and Sussex to Manchester. On the dais were the Chief Guide, and the Central President of the G.F.S., Miss Gardner-Williams, Miss Leathes, the Guide Commissioner for Kindred Societies, with Mrs. Knyvet in the chair.

The Chief Guide said that those Guiders who were also members of the older Society, the G.F.S., and who were strengthened and encouraged by the spiritual help given by that Society, should indeed be the very cream of Guiding, and she welcomed the opportunity of meeting so many of them that evening. She went on to say that there was no need for pessimism about the dropping numbers of the Guide Movement, because she was convinced that the heart of Guiding was as solid as it had ever been, and her journeys overseas only served to strengthen that conviction, but nevertheless, the Guide Movement should this year try and make a great push forward because, though they meant nothing on paper, the falling numbers did mean that so many souls were untouched. She spoke about her experiences among Guide folk abroad, especially in Newfoundland, where there are flourishing G.F.S. Guide companies, and she

described the pioneer work of a new inland settlement there. She said that the lives of the people were being completely altered by the fresh outlook given them through Guiding and G.F.S. by means of handicrafts, games, and ideals for daily life.

Mrs. Knyvet told the Chief Guide how pleased and grateful the Conference was to her for managing to come in the midst of so many engagements. She was more or less changing stations *en route* for Scotland.

Miss Gardner-Williams, speaking on the G.F.S., said that she had been told by the National Council of Social Service, that in all difficult and distressed areas it was found that it was the society with the definite spiritual basis that was able to bring most help and strength.

Miss Leathes told the Conference that the work of the J.O.C. brought her into contact with all other societies for young people, and she said that there was the most wonderfully friendly spirit between them all. In the new areas they were all ready to co-operate, and where there was room for only one society they were willing to retire in favour of the society most suited to that particular area. Through this friendliness and interchange of ideas they could all work to their mutual benefit.

Very grateful thanks must be given to the staff of Townsend House under Miss Langley for the admirable catering arrangements, the charming arrangement of the Council Room, and their most hospitable welcome.



THE PATH OF DISCO

A WINTER JOB

By P. M. B.

SHORT days and frozen fingers make outdoor Woodcraft the pastime of the zealous few. Now is the time to use your knowledge of Woodcraft for making something from outdoor materials while you sit snugly indoors.

What about making a walking-stick? It might be a thumb-stick for hiking, or the quite ordinary urban walking-stick—either is just as much fun to do.



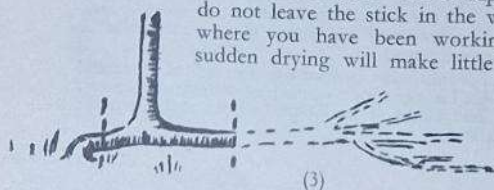
Winter is the time to cut sticks, while the sap is down. Hazel and ash provide good straight sticks, holly and blackthorn make effective sticks, too, as their small side growths can be trimmed in close giving the stick a nobby appearance. Choosing the stick is an art in itself. Of course, if the finished product is to be a thumb-stick you must choose a tree whose branches grow opposite one another. (1)

A sapling makes the best walking-stick, but you may not have permission to cut it, so look for a straight young growth springing from the bottom of a bole or stump (side branches are no good). Usually it grows outwards from the stump for a few inches before turning upwards with a nice curve, which, cut with discretion, makes a good knob for a handle. (2)

If you are lucky enough to find one round which honeysuckle has grown you will have a beautiful spirally grooved stick.

When the stick has been cut it must be allowed to season; keep it in an open shed where it will gradually dry and harden.

If you are going to have a polished stick, strip off the bark with a knife (a fascinating part of the process), and rub it smooth with sandpaper. But do not leave the stick in the warm room where you have been working, or the sudden drying will make little cracks all



over the wood; leave it in an outhouse between-whiles.

To get a really good crook or a right-angled handle is very difficult. Some professionally made sticks are grown on iron supports to shape them, others are procured by pegging a sapling down to the ground and cutting off the stem; it then throws up a new growth near the base, and you have a straight stick one year old with a right-angled handle two years old. (3) (Anyone who does not mind waiting a year can try this method.)

Cheap sticks are made by bending the wood after it has been cut, and this is what the amateur generally has to do. The sapling is tied into shape and then held in boiling water, after which it will keep in shape, but a growth from a stump cannot be made to take shape like this. (In stick factories, after being tied, the saplings are laid in sand heated by a furnace.)

Your stick now looks dry, smooth, and terribly white. To get a good colour wrap it up in brown paper and set it on fire!

This is the most nerve-wracking part of the whole proceeding—your beautiful stick is smouldering before your eyes! But provided it only smoulders it will come out scorched to a deep yellow or brown, according to the time you have given it. Many of the sticks sold, apparently made of mottled wood, are simply judiciously burned in patches of varying shades. If you have a blow-lamp you can control the burning process much better.

Now for the polish. A little linseed oil on a rag, and a good deal of energy are all that is required. Ash sticks sometimes have the bark left on them; it is just a matter of taste, but, if so, polish any spots where side twigs have been cut off and the bare wood shows. Get an umbrella shop to put you on a ferrule for about twopence and you have a stick whose only drawback is that it is so beautiful and precious that you can hardly bear to take it out for fear of losing it!

OAK GALLS AND GALL-WASPS

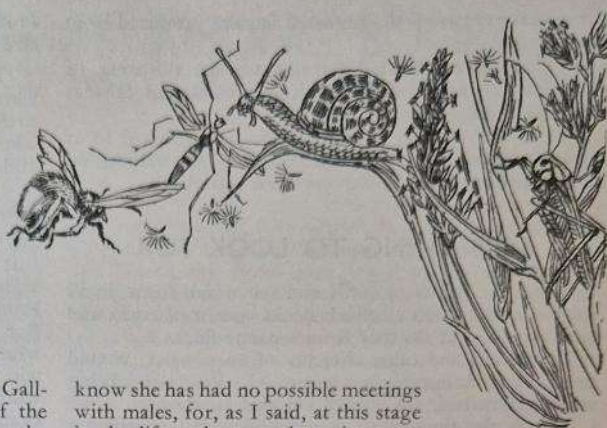
A Curious Life-History that has Never been Explained.

By IAIN MCDIARMID.

ON the under surface of the leaves of oak trees during September and October may be found enormous quantities of small reddish or yellowish nodules. These are "spangle galls," and represent one

COVERY

EDITED BY P. M. BOND



stage in the fascinating life-history of the Spangle Gall-Wasp. Actually, they are the winter habitation of the wasp grub and make a convenient starting-point for the study of a creature whose life-cycle may well be described as extraordinary and vastly different from that of most other insects.

On closer examination, it will be found that instead of being smooth they are densely covered with what looks like fine hair and if one is carefully divided into two rather unequal pieces it will be found to contain a living grub. This grub, which originated in an egg laid in the tissue of the oak leaf by the parent-wasp in June, is now about half-grown and increasing daily in size and fatness. The galls, which first appeared as tiny specks on the leaves in July, also increase in size until the end of October. They then drop to the ground and find resting places in ruts and hollows in the earth. Here they pass the winter and it is noteworthy that, though severed from the parent-tree, they do not decay. This is because the substance of which they are composed is not dead and, by absorbing moisture from the soil, continues to grow. It thus seemingly becomes an independent item of vegetable life.

So much for the house; what then of its tenant, the unbeautiful little grub? She—we discover her sex later—is really very well off. She is provided with an abundant supply of food, a house that grows larger as she herself grows, and one which provides her with complete shelter from all the vicissitudes of the weather. The result is that she keeps on growing without interruption instead of having to remain dormant as most other insects would require to do. By early March she has completed another stage in her development, and after nearly nine months' occupation of the gall she gnaws her way out. Our little grub has become a gall-wasp, and after a brief rest on the wall of her old home (which is really to let her wings harden and become ready for flight) she flies off to the nearest oak tree.

At this stage in the life-history, a very important fact will be noted. From the galls, only female wasps appear. On no occasion has a male wasp ever been observed to come forth, nor has one ever been known to be hatched out at this stage. Keeping this fact in mind, the result of the next activity of the little creature is amazing. She proceeds to lay eggs which subsequently prove to be fertile. How she manages to do this is her secret. We

know she has had no possible meetings with males, for, as I said, at this stage in the life-cycle no males exist.

Now while you are considering that problem let us closely observe how she lays her eggs. Crawling over the twigs, she gives the leaf-buds the closest scrutiny. Somehow she knows (without trying) that her egg-laying apparatus is of insufficient strength to pierce the strong tissue of the scales of the leaf-buds, she inserts it into the tiny spaces where these scales overlap. Here she deposits an egg and flying (or crawling) from bud to bud continues to lay until her supply of eggs is exhausted. Her mission in life is now over, and it would appear that the life-cycle is complete.

Here, however, another surprise awaits us for, as will be seen later, this curious life-history is far from being finished.

Until the call of spring, both leaf-buds and eggs remain dormant, but at the first stirring of activity in the buds the eggs hatch. As is to be expected, galls are formed round the young grubs, but—for some strange reason—they are not in the least like the "spangle galls" which the mother-wasp inhabited when we first met her—as a grub. In size and general

appearance they strongly resemble currants and as they change from green to crimson, the similarity becomes still more pronounced.

But the last phase in the life-history of our gall-wasp is the most amazing of all. When the "currant galls" hatch out—generally in May—we find that the offspring consists of both males and females and that the females are quite different from our first little friend who came from the "spangle gall." She—and all her sisters—as we saw, was equipped with an egg-laying instrument, but the wasps from the "currant galls" are not so supplied. Nor have they need of one, for instead of inserting their eggs between the scales of the leaf-buds, they lay them in the tissue of the newly-expanded oak leaves—to become in due season "spangle galls."

The life-history of the gall-wasp is now complete and without deviation or alteration it goes on. Briefly, it may be summed up thus:

1. That the summer wasps that came from the "currant galls" are



the sexual parents of the unmated females produced from the "spangle galls."

2. That these unmated females are the offspring of the normally and sexually equipped males and females from the "currant galls."

But to this mystery of nature, which is referred to as "parthenogenesis," or as alternation of generations, no satisfactory explanation has yet been found.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR

Watch the habits of birds and see which form flocks for the winter. Do chaffinch flocks consist of cocks and hens together, or do they form separate flocks?

Visit ponds and other stretches of open water, as cold weather may bring migrant waterfowl. Reservoirs, being seldom disturbed, are often good bird sanctuaries.

This is the time when many mosses and lichens are fruiting. Some mosses have spore cases of red or brown that make them easy to see. The *Cladonia* group of lichens have grey-green trumpet-shaped cups or unbranched upright "stalks" tipped with red or brown fruiting bodies.

ENQUIRE WITHIN

Now that Brownies can be enrolled at seven, are they entitled to four Service Stars?

Under the new ruling, if a child of seven years of age seems ready she may be enrolled as a Brownie. Presumably then she will be ready for enrolment as a Guide by the time she is ten. The type of child whom Brown Owl would consider fit for enrolment as a Brownie at seven, would hardly remain in the pack four years, and as the new ruling also permits of enrolment as a Guide at ten years of age, this difficulty would be overcome.

Pack Leader.

Will Pack Leader please note that anonymous enquiries will *not* be dealt with on this page?

Is it correct for a Guider to wear Brownie Service Stars?

Certainly a Guider may wear Brownie Service Stars if she is entitled to them and has worn them before becoming a Guider. There must be many young Guiders now who have been Brownies, Guides and Rangers.

What is the best way to bring the First Promise home to Guides?

This is a question that must be left to Guiders to decide for themselves, but perhaps it is fair to say that "Example is better than precept." Don't expect your Guides or Rangers to attend Church or Sunday-school regularly if you only go to Church when the sun is shining or when the spirit moves you. Articles on the First Promise are published from time to time in *THE GUIDER*, but other than this it is not possible to make any hard or fast rule about it. But Guiders will find it much easier to lead their Guides and Rangers in the right direction rather than to tell them what they should do.

In dismissing a Guide company, when should the right turn be used instead of the step forward before saluting?

The step forward before saluting is usually only given when the company is in horseshoe formation or in a circle. The right-turn before dismiss is usually given when the company is in Patrol formation or after company drill.

Should a Guide captain wear a Ranger tenderfoot if she is no longer attending Ranger meetings?

It is not incorrect, because the Ranger badge may always be worn by those who have made the Ranger Promise and are still actively Guiding or Rangering. But it is more usual perhaps for the Guide captain to wear an ordinary Tenderfoot badge in uniform when with the Guide company. The Ranger badge could be worn out of uniform. It might be as well to ask your Commissioner if she has made any local ruling on this point.

Should a Commissioner wear any other than a silver Tenderfoot?

When in uniform as a Commissioner she should wear only her silver Tenderfoot, but there is no reason why she should not wear a Ranger Tenderfoot out of uniform if she wishes and has been enrolled as a Ranger. Similarly, if the Commissioner is also a company Guider, the appropriate uniform and Tenderfoot badge should be worn to company meetings and not the distinguishing marks of a Commissioner.

Are Ranger Guiders senior to Guide Guiders in the same group?

There is no actual seniority amongst Guiders, whether with Guide or Ranger companies. Each Guider takes the job for which she is most fitted. A captain is senior to a lieutenant, but a Ranger captain is not necessarily senior to a Guide captain. If a difficulty of this kind has arisen in any one group, it is much wiser to discuss the matter with the Commissioner, who will put matters right.

- (a) *May unwarranted Guiders enrol Rangers or Guides?*
- (b) *Can a District Secretary enrol Rangers?*

With regard to the second query, no one should enrol Rangers who has not herself made the Ranger Promise. Both queries must be left to the decision of the Commissioner. It is not usual for unwarranted Guiders to take enrolments, and they should only do so with the Commissioner's permission. Similarly, if a Guider is not able to take her own enrolments the Commissioner will herself take them or appoint someone in her place.

Can a Lieutenant apply to the Commissioner for her warrant?

It is really the Captain's job to recommend her lieutenant for a warrant. Could you not have a friendly talk with the captain about her own and your warrants, and suggest that you are willing to try for yours and will she allow you to ask the Commissioner direct?

Can Sunday-school teaching be considered Ranger service?

Yes, if it is a job the Ranger has definitely undertaken as her Ranger service, but not if she has been teaching in Sunday-school independently of her Rangering.



CHRISTMAS AMONG BOOKS

By IRENE SHIPTON.

CHRISTMAS is, *par excellence*, the time for reading. The long winter evenings, when the rain beats down on the windows and the gale shrieks round the house, invite us to curl up in a comfortable chair by the fire and dip into our favourite authors at leisure. It is a fascinating quest.

Christmas has attracted authors from the time of St.

Augustine to our own age, yet for many people Christmas connotes Charles Dickens. "A Christmas Carol" they cry gleefully, and for such people Christmas in books does not exist outside that particular author. Since, however, the works of the immortal Charles are both well known and easily accessible for all who wish to read them, we need not linger here, but leave the well-trodden road, and make for the fascinating by-paths.

The Feast of Christmas proper extends from the Vigil or Eve of Christmas to Twelfth Night. Christmas Day has in fact supplanted the Feast of the Epiphany, which was formerly an occasion for the ceremonies and junketings that moderns associate with Christmas Day. For the true spirit of the holy season, that mingling of devotion and merriment, we want to go not to Dickens but to the Medieval writers, and in particular to the carollers. We find it, for instance, in the story of Jolly Wat, the shepherd, a fifteenth-century poem. When Jolly Wat came to Bethlehem, playing on his pipe, he sang,

"*Jeau, I offer to thee, here my pipe,
My skirt, my taboose and my scrip;
Home to my felowes now will I skip,
And also look unto my shepe!*"
Ut boy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy."

Robert Herrick, that jolly parson-poet of King Charles the First's time, has something to sing to us of Christmas. Herrick loved good fare, and evidently had no mind to miss his pie, for he tells us:—

"*Come guard this night the Christmas pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks don't come nigh
To catch it
From him, who all alone sits there
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And in a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.*"

One of our moderns has caught something of Herrick's spirit, for Mr. Belloc in his "Sailor's Carol" makes his sailor sing:—

"*I pray good beef and I pray good beer
This holy Night of all the year,
And I pray detestable drink for them
That give no honour to Bethlehem.*"

Addison and Steele, of *Spectator* fame, have both something to say of Christmas. Richard Steele tells us how a lady, Mrs. Simper, writes to Mr. Spectator to tell him how much she dislikes the Christmas decorations in church, for the Clerk "has this Christmas so over-decked the Church with Greens, that he has quite spoiled my Prospect, inasmuch that I have scarce seen the young Barnet I dress at these three weeks, though we have both been very Constant at our Devotions, and do not sit above three Pews off. The Church, as it is now equipped, looks more like a Green-house than a Place of Worship; the middle Isle is a very pretty Shady Walk, and the Pews look like so many Arbours on each Side of it. The Pulpit itself has such clusters of Ivy, Holly, and Rosemary about it, that a light Fellow in our Pew took Occasion to say, that the Congregation heard the Word out of a Bush, like Moses. Sir Anthony Love's Pew in particular is so well hedg'd, that all my Batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at Random among the Boughs, without taking any manner of Aim."

To this complaint the Clerk replies that Mrs. Simper was so fond of looking about her in church that he felt a stop must be put to it "as I have long lived in Kent, and there often heard how the Kentish men evaded the Conquerour, by carrying green Boughs over their Heads, it put me in Mind of practising this Device against Mrs. Simper. I find I have preserv'd many a Young Man from her Eye-shot by this Means."

Our genial friend Sir Roger de Coverley kept open house at Christmas. "I learned from him that he had killed eight Fat Hogs for this Season . . . and that in particular he had sent a String of Hog's-puddings with a Pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Parish. I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the Middle of Winter. . . I love to rejoice their poor Hearts at this Season, and to see the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double Quantity of Malt in my Small Beer, and set it a-running for twelve Days to every one that calls for it."

It seems strange that Will Shakespeare, who celebrated the Feast of St. John the Baptist, and caught the spirit of midsummer eve so delightfully in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, should not have given us a tale of Christmas. It is true he has given one of his plays the title *Twelfth Night*, but as Pepys noted when he saw it performed once Epiphany, it is "not related at all to the name." As a modern writer says, "Only the title, *Twelfth Night*, haunts and tantalizes us, and sets us dreaming of the immortal music in which Shakespeare, had he so willed, might have told the story and meaning of the Star." Shakespeare does, however, remind us of some Christmas superstitions in *Hamlet*, where Marcellus reminds Horatio,



THE GUIDER

WHAT ABOUT IT?

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawn singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."



Milton, on the other hand, Puritan though he was, has given us one of his most perfect and loveliest poems in his *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, a poem to be read afresh as each Christmas comes round.

In it he mingles pagan myth and Christian tradition, bringing to it all the varied wealth of his rich store of learning, as he tells us how,

"... all about the Courtly Stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable."

Sir Thomas Malory, as we may expect, has much to tell us of Twelfth Night. Indeed, we have only to read that it was Twelfth Night to know that some adventure will infallibly befall King Arthur and his Knights. It was, you remember, at Christmas tide that the knights all came to London at the command of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and gathered, "in the greatest church of London... for to pray." "And when Mutins and the first Mass was done, there was seen in the church-yard, against the high altar, a great stone four-square, like unto a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: 'Whoso Pulleth Out this Sword of this Stone and Anvil, is Rightwise King Born of all England.'... Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth Day all the Barons came thither, and to essay to take the sword, who that would essay; But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur." It was, too, "at the year's end" that Galahad achieved the quest of the Sangreal. What lovelier story could one read on a Christmas Eve?

The feast of Christmas proper extends to Twelfth Night, but the holly and the ivy may remain up till Candlemas. It is ill-luck to leave it up beyond that date, as Herrick reminds us:—

"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas Hall;
That to the superstitious find
No one least branch left there behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected, there (maids, trust to me)
So many goblins you shall see."



I am greatly hoping that by the time you read this letter you will all be developing that Christmas feeling which urges you to put yourselves out even more than usual to do some extra special "Good Turn," so that you won't be saying too heartily "Oh, bother the Editor of THE GUIDE, she wants something again, for certain!" Yes, I do want something, but the something is not for me but for Extension Guides, and if you happen to possess a motor car of any size or shape, and also happen to be free on December 19th, you will be able to make somebody, perhaps two or three people, very happy indeed.

December 19th is the day of THE GUIDE Good Turn Party and we hope to have a large number of Extension Guides there as our guests this year. The party is being planned so that they will be able to enjoy every single minute of it, and the Chief Guide is to be there and will talk to all the Guides and Rangers present. I think you will agree that it is a great chance for the Extension Guides to have a really tip-top day, but we cannot succeed in giving it to them unless you can and will help us. I'm absolutely certain you will, so that only leaves "if you can!"

We have published a form in THE GUIDE which is to be filled in by every Extension Guide or Ranger who would like to be at the party, and signed by her parent and Guider. We have told them that they may fill it in if they live within 30 or 40 miles of London, but farther away than that will be too far because the party is to be held at South Kensington. You will realise by that rash statement that we are hoping that people with cars who live in London or the Home Counties will offer to collect the Extension folk and bring them to the party, and drive them home again afterwards.

The party starts at 3 o'clock, and the Chief Guide will arrive at 3.40 p.m.

Of course, we hope that all the car drivers will stay to tea and meet the Chief Guide and take part in the fun, too. The Extensions will be leaving again at 7 o'clock, so nobody should be badly late in getting home.

Please can you offer to help or get any of your friends with cars to do so? Guides and non-Guides, women or men will all be more than welcome if they can offer a car and their time that day, and as we have already had some offers from men drivers I don't think any others who offer will feel out of it or shy!

The sooner we may have any offers the better, but we would be extremely grateful if they could all be in by December 7th, as there will be a good deal of work to do before everything can be settled satisfactorily.

If you can help, please let us know your address, the seating capacity of your car, and the time at which you can begin your journey, and address your letter to "Captain," THE GUIDE, 17, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, and mark the outside of the envelope "E.G.T."

Guiders of Extension companies may be glad to know that they are warmly invited to come with their Guides if it will make the party a possibility instead of an impossibility to any one of them.

BARBARA BLANDFORD,
"CAPTAIN" OF "THE GUIDE."

P.S.—If anyone living in the Kensington neighbourhood happens to have an invalid chair that could be borrowed for use in the Hall on December 19th we should be most grateful for the loan.

Have you bought your CHRISTMAS PRESENTS from Headquarters yet?

A Few Suggestions for Presents for all your many Friends!

COMPASSES

Pocket Compass with luminous needle, in red, green, blue or black.

Price 1/6 Postage 2d.

Pocket Sun Watch and Compass. A very accurate and reliable Timekeeper. Made in green, red, blue or black.

Price 1/6 Postage 2d.

WASHING CASES

Oil Silk Wallet, containing washing glove and cake of soap.

Price 1/9 Postage 3d.

Coloured leather case, embossed with trefoil, waterproof lined, containing face flannel, soap, towel, nail brush and toothbrush.

Price 2/6 Postage 3½d.

TORCHES

Made in red, green or brown bakelite.

Price 1/- Postage 3d.

The OPALITE TORCH—very useful for carrying in pocket or bag—only the length of a finger. Red, green, blue or black.

Price 1/6 Postage 2d.

BADGE AND SHOE-CLEANING OUTFIT

In coloured leather case, containing all necessary materials for cleaning and polishing. Made in attractive colours; the case embossed with the Girl Guide Badge.

Price 2/9 Postage 4d.

KNIVES

SHEATH KNIFE in leather case to hang on belt. Length 8½ in. Price 2/3 Postage 3d.

Small KNIFE in Sheath made to hang on belt.

Price 2/6 Postage 2½d.

KNIVES, 1/2, 2/4, 3/9 & 7/6 each

FOUNTAIN PENS

Blue Vulcanite stamped "Girl Guides."

Price 3/6 Postage 3d.

PENCILS

With ring to hang on belt. Price 4d. Postage 1½d.

Refills for above.

Price 2d Postage 1½d.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS!

GUIDE LINKS

By Lady Baden-Powell.

Written in the Chief Guide's well-known breezy style, it tells of her many travels in all parts of the globe.

Price 5/- Postage 6d.

TRAVELOGUES

By Lady Baden-Powell.

A collection of the travelling experiences of the Chief Guide in Switzerland, Austria, Norway, Poland, Italy and the Mediterranean.

Price 5/- Postage 6d.

LESSONS FROM THE 'VARSITY OF LIFE

The Chief Scout's Autobiography. Every Guider will enjoy reading about the exciting life of the Chief Scout told in a most interesting manner.

Price 3/6 Postage 6d.

We stock Books suitable for all ages including many Guide and Brownie stories.

VISIT THE CHRISTMAS SHOWROOM

We have a large selection of Christmas Cards, Calendars, Rhyme Sheets, Book-markers, suitable to send to all your friends, whether they be Guides or not.

Make your choice early, and thus avoid any disappointment!

THE GIRL GUIDES ASSOCIATION
17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1

Branch Shops:

20, Richmond Street, Liverpool; 34, Upper Priory, Birmingham; 37, The Headrow, Leeds; 352-4, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1; 50, Moorgate, London, E.C.2; 20, Working Street, Cardiff.



MUSIC AND DRAMA

Reviewed by
MRS. ERIC STREATFEILD.



MUSIC

Let's Get Up a Concert. By Rodney Bennett. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.)
This is a companion volume to the very popular *Let's Do a Play*, by the same writer. Sir Landon Ronald says in his preface that it is "the first guide-book to the fascinating but hazardous territory of concert promotion." It is certainly full of the soundest advice about every conceivable kind of concert and every conceivable kind of performer, and promoters of even the humblest concerts would be well advised to read it.
The most amusing illustrations by Joyce Denryis strike just the right light-hearted note; the early portrait of the author as "an old in green" would make anyone read his book.

The Band Box. Compiled by M. M. Scott. (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.)

This book of forty-one tunes with simple pianoforte accompaniment is particularly designed for beginners. There are numbers every five bars (1), (10), (15), and so on like mile-stones on a long, hard road, put in by the experienced compiler, who knows that in the early stages of making music five bars is about the limit of a spirit of playing right. It is the sort of book to give a child who has little lessons but wants to have the fun of idling on her own account in the holidays; or a village orchestra, though here a second part below the tune would be an improvement; inexperienced violin players playing in unison are difficult to listen to for long.

Fifteen Christmas Carols for Unbroken Voices. Arranged from carols in the Oxford Carol Book. By Robin Milford. (Oxford University Press, 1s. 9d.)

This beautiful selection of carols is specially designed for young voices that must not be made to sing too high or too low or too loud. Some are in two easy parts; others have descants. The piano accompaniments, which are easy, are by no means essential, and the carols would sound well sung round a Christmas camp fire.

Community Playing. By Stephen S. Moore. (Paxton, 2s. 6d.)
Mr. Cyril Winn, who is always sympathetic with the dwellers in the outer lands of music, says that with the percussive activities of Mr. Stephen Moore, Chamber Music is brought within easy reach of all.

The Community playing he wrote about is the playing of triangles, tambourines, cymbals, drums, castanets, and he suggests working not only with a pianist but with gramophone records.
Guide and Extension companies should try this kind of thing. It would be very delightful.

O Little One Saint. (Oxford University Press, 3d.)
A beautiful old German carol with a simple descant.

Lillibulero. (Oxford University Press, 3d.)
This fiery Irish tune is arranged with a very effective descant by Mary Chuter, a Sussex Guider who is well known for her musical worth with Guides.

Singing Games for Recreation. Arranged by Janet E. Tobitt. Book I. (Year Book Press, 9d.) (Stocked at Headquarters).
These games are very far from being the childish pastimes we connect with the younger Brownie. They belong to the days when folk song and folk dance were welded together into one delicious whole; they have a robust forthright humanity about them; you feel that hearty men and women, boys and girls have played them for generations (and added a less presentable verse or two no doubt). "Shoo, fly, don't bother me; I feel, I feel, I feel like the morning dew."
This was played a great deal at the time of the American Civil War, we are told; a time when, one imagines, it must have been difficult to feel like a morning star. People who have had the pleasure of hearing these games from Miss Tobitt will remember "Cap'n Jenks came home last night" sung and danced with such verve that Captain Jenks became a personality striding in and telling

everyone to "Pass your partner to the right, swing your neighbour so polite."

The games come from different parts of the world, a good many from America. England contributes "The Jolly Miller," who lived by himself. As the wheel went round he made his wealth, one hand in the hopper and the other in his bag. As the wheel went round he made his *Grab*, and at "Grab" you seize your partner.

Apart from the fun of them, these folk games are an excellent way to make everyone dance at a Social, whether they know their partners or not; they are simple enough to pick up at once and anyone can sing them.

DRAMA

Noisy Off. By Frank Napier. (Muller, 3s. 6d.)

The author of this book is an expert in producing all the many sounds demanded by playwrights. He can do them all. "At one performance," he says, "I had to produce simultaneously the grunts of a bear devouring a gentleman, the cries of the gentleman being devoured, and the yells of an eye-witness." He can provide any kind of weather, any activity of the water from the roar of an Atlantic storm to the drip of a tap; he can roar like a lion or moo like a cow; and, what is more, he has worked out an exact technique of doing these things.

The "Effectsmen," as he christens this genius, plies his exciting, responsible and lonely trade behind the scenes. We all know the tinkle that sounds long after the hero has remarked, "I hear the bell," the wind that gets up far too late; the Effectsmen, it seems, has one essential key-quality—"Utter, absolute cosmic reliability."

All our Effectsmen should read this admirable book. All plays have noises off and often are ruined by them.

The Inscrutable. A drama in one act. By Phoebe Rees. (Year Book Press, 1s.)

The "Inscrutable" is Robespierre. The play begins with a little prologue; first Mary reads her essay on him to Miss Smith, then Anne reads hers to Miss Jones; in much the same words they say diametrically opposite things, and Robespierre's double nature and the contrary opinions historians hold as to his character are cleverly brought home to the audience. After that comes an interesting play with ten feminine parts and Robespierre himself. The precise description given of him in the stage directions should greatly help the player, who might well be a woman without losing the force of the play.

Mystery Cottage. By Bernard Mcrivale. (Year Book Press, 1s.)

This is a capital play for seven girls that should be a great boon to Ranger companies. The characters are sharply drawn, everyone has a chance to act, and the modern clothes involve no expensive. There is a mysterious cottage where Joan, Sybil, Poppy and the sensible Jessie find themselves one pouring wet night. A woman who presents a sinister appearance "tries to get them away. Why does she want to get rid of them? Why . . . Only Jessie finds out."

The Mother. A play for women. By Mary Kelly. (Year Book Press, 1s.)

This very poignant little play is recommended for a combination of Guides and Rangers. The six parts in it are of varying ages and types. The plot centres round a three-year-old who is coming back from India with his "modern," very difficult, mother. Old Nanny has his tea ready, Grandmother and Aunt have killed the fatted calf in their own way, the bell-ringers are ringing the family home, and then—his mother comes alone, and, after all, she is not so "modern" as people think. A real play about real people.

TURN TO PAGE 490.

There you will find the review of *The Story of a Million* Goli. Mrs. Keer's history of World Guiding.

December, 1936]

THE GUIDER

GENERAL NOTICES

IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS SHOP.

Christmas Shopping.

From December 1st to 23rd the Shop will remain open each evening until 6.30 p.m., with the exception of Saturday, when it will close at 1 p.m. as usual.

UNIFORM HATS.

The present style of Ranger hat is being discontinued and replaced by a hat similar to the old Ranger style, in a reliable quality wool felt, but with a slightly shallower crown, the price of which will be 3s. 3d. Headquarters have a small stock of the present style, but when this is exhausted they are not repeating.

In addition they are also stocking an extra light weight wool felt hat in a better quality, suitable for Rangers and Guiders at 5s. 3d., and this is a quality which can be highly recommended for hard wear.

When ordering it is advisable to state which style of Ranger or Guider hat is required.

NATURE SLIDES.

A wonderful opportunity for all London Guiders! Over 100 beautiful nature slides are now available for hire.

Application, giving date when required, and 1s., should be sent to Miss G. Foreman, 17A, Acrol Road, N.W.3.

A *Permit* will then be received which when presented at the Guide Shop, Buckingham Palace Road, between the hours of 9—7 p.m. Mondays, 9—6 p.m. on Tuesday to Friday, and 9—1 p.m. on Saturdays (by kind permission of Headquarters Commissioner), will enable the bearer to receive the two boxes of slides.

Miss Foreman must be notified of any breakages and payment for these sent to her.

Slides must be returned the following day to Headquarters. The slides cannot be sent by post.

Miss Foreman is also willing to lend her magic lantern for the price of 1s.

N.B.—The above notice applies *only to London Guiders*.

Box I (41).—Creatures of the Field and Hedgerow, 27 slides; Toadstools 5, Galls 3, Seashore 4, Miscellaneous 2.

Box II (70).—Pond Life, 16 slides; Birds, 54.

HEADQUARTERS' LIBRARY.

The Headquarters' Library will be closed on December 2nd and 3rd day; on December 9th from 11.30—3.30 p.m., and from Thursday, December 24th, noon, until Wednesday, 30th, 10 a.m.

SCOTTISH HEADQUARTERS.

Everyone connected with Guiding in Scotland is requested to write for all requirements to the Secretary, Scottish Headquarters, 12, Melville Street, Edinburgh (*not* 33, Melville Street, which is Edinburgh Headquarters).

THE HEADQUARTERS' RESTAURANT.

The Restaurant at Imperial Headquarters is open to all Guiders and Guides and their friends. —

Luncheon is served from 12 to 2 p.m. Tea from 3.45, and parties are catered for by arrangement. Tables can be booked in advance. Telephone: Victoria 6001.

The Restaurant is not open on Saturdays.

Called to Higher Service

EDITH MARY KINDERSLEY, Divisional Commissioner for Isle of Wight, and wife of Col. A. O. L. Kindersley, C.M.O., County Commissioner for Boy Scouts; on Tuesday, November 3rd, at Hampstead Grange, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

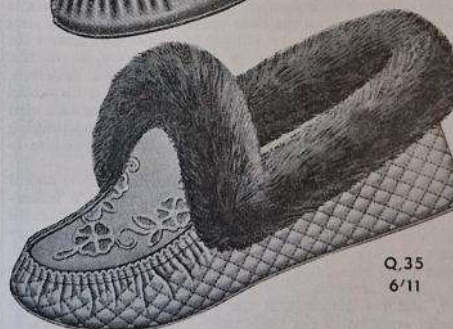
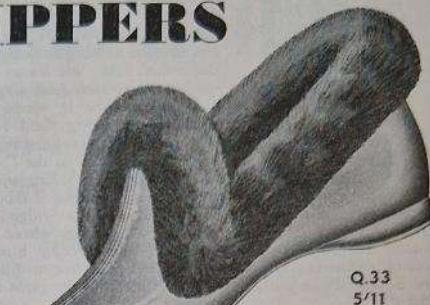
THIS MONTH'S COVER.

OUR Cover Photograph—*The Snowball*—was taken by Miss Martin Wallington.

GORRINGS

for the finest value in

SLIPPERS



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English England. By C. Whitaker-Wilson. (Muller, 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Whitaker-Wilson, in his "Forethought," says he will be content if he can make us want to open a window and breathe an English breeze. He does more than this. He leaves us at Land's End, looking away from England, which, because we love it, seems the world's end, and thanking God for the three thousand miles of separating ocean.

He cultivates in us the "Shire-sense" and the realisation of England as England, free from any flavour of the Continent or the Orient. So much happens in so little space—ridged hills and the graceful curves of the South Downs; moors whose harmony of colour and form Beethoven would have loved; busy waterways and quiet-flowing rivers, "an English peace for an English mind," the Solway Plain pushing back the hills and the great East Anglian Plain.

Mr. Whitaker-Wilson's mind works hard all the time. He shows us England as she changes through the months and seasons—from "barebough" January to a midsummer night spent in a garden, with an awakening to shadows slanting the wrong way in early Eastern sunlight.

His style is attractive and brisk; beautiful with a lyric swing; now chatty and amusing with the quaint humour of a child sympathising with the church owl grumbling about his poor catch of mice.

It is a very short book, but you will have travelled backwards and forwards many times across this island before you stand at Land's End watching the gleaming gulls in their exhibition flights from the mainland to the Longship's lighthouse.

M. C.

Dobry. By Monica Shannon. Illustrated by Atanas Katchamakoff. (Harrap, 6s.) Awarded the John Newbery Medal, 1931, "for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" in the year 1934.

Dobry is the story of a Bulgarian peasant boy. His mother, a widow, is looking forward to the time when her son will look after their fields, the most fertile in the village, but Dobry's interests are not in the land, although he does not wish to disappoint his mother. He is a clever drawer, carver and modeller, whose charcoal drawings, wood carvings and clay models seem to have life, and it is his model of the Nativity in snow which almost persuades his mother that her son is a genius. Dobry's grandfather is always encouraging him with his art, and finally his mother consents, and allows him to visit Sofia to study.

The story is most attractively told and is full of colour, and it should create in all those who read it, particularly Rangers, a fellow-feeling for the folk in other lands, for they will see that although they are separated from us by distance, language and customs, they have problems to solve which are similar to our own.

One cannot leave this book without referring to the excellent illustrations. Mr. Katchamakoff is a distinguished Bulgarian artist and sculptor, and his drawings at the beginning of each chapter are a delightful synopsis of the contents.

M. L. N.

The Story of the Animal World. By Ed. Huey. (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d.)

This book is a mine of information in which any child would enjoy digging for himself. While it is packed with knowledge, the short chapters, light-hearted colloquial style and delightful illustrations in photography and line drawings, make it very easy reading. The book ranges all over the animal kingdom, giving a good general idea of the families into which animals are divided, and a lot of interesting individual details: how snakes poison their prey, how sponges live and whales are caught, what the ancestors of our present-day birds and beasts were like, and a thousand other things a child wants to know.

P. M. B.

Abel with His Mouth-Organ. By Manfred Hausmann. Translated from the German by Eleanor Winthrop Young. (Frederick Muller, 6s.)

The novel for the seventeen-year-old is a rare thing. There are books for children and books for grown-ups, but very few publishers cater for the betwixt and between. Perhaps that explains why Messrs. Muller had to look to Germany for this really delightful story.

If this is the literary food on which German boys and girls are reared, let us hope that Messrs. Muller will persuade Herr Hausmann to serve up many more such excellent dishes. And we hope that Miss Winthrop Young will assist in the serving.

The story will appeal, first and foremost, to Sea Rangers for they will love the descriptions of sailing adventures on the North Sea. There is much which they can learn here, but perhaps their richest gain from the book will be a stimulated interest in the sea and all things pertaining to it.

I do not, however, want to label the book solely for Sea Rangers, for I think it would be hard to find anyone of Ranger age who would not love the story. It is delightfully written and intensely interesting. Herr Hausmann manages to make his readers share the sensations of Abel and his friends on board the *Schürhorn* almost too vividly, particularly during the storm, when we are almost deafened by the creaking timbers, and the wind screaming over the gallant *Schürhorn*.

I recommend everyone who enjoys a good book to read this one and I anxiously await its successors.

M. T.

The Book of England. By G. E. M. Hon. (A. & C. Black, 6s.)

The Book of England will take its place in the front rank of literature.

It is written in a most direct and friendly way. At once you start right in a most engrossing voyage of discovery of the innermost spirit of England. Country and town—industry and agriculture—cakes and even ale!

There is an endless stock of knowledge given in a most fascinating way, and what is better, opening up a train of desire for more.

This book should do much to foster the greater love of England and all her works at this present time. The author is to be heartily congratulated on this most valuable contribution to a youngster's bookshelf. There are many really fine passages and the whole book is combined with a vitality and sense of humour dear to the heart of youth.

M. E. L.

Travellers Then. By Derek McCulloch. (The "Green Jacket" Books for Boys and Girls. Pitman, 5s. 6d.)

Few children are so lucky as to go cruising to the Spanish Main, accompanied by their tutor, as did the twelve-year-old twins, Jonathan and Jane. On board the *Atlantis* they meet Derek McCulloch, the radio friend of thousands of children, and under his cheerful guidance they spend happy and exciting days exploring Vigo, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Casablanca, Madeira and Lisbon.

The clear descriptions of life at sea will certainly make many children long to travel, and as they follow the adventures of the twins, they learn strange and interesting facts about foreign places, which are not usually seen by the ordinary tourist. The drawings by Winifred Townshend are delightful, and show just the things we most want to see. A useful table gives the distinguishing marks of all the officers on board a liner, and there are two very good maps.

This is a fascinating travel book, teaching the stay-at-homes "the ropes" and reviving happy memories for those who have already experienced the delights of a cruise. It should be a lovely Christmas gift for those, young or old, who must do their voyaging by the fireside.

M. M. W.



HORSES OF LONG AGO
From "The Story of the Animal World," By Ed. Huey. (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d.)



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From "A House for a Mouse." By Cicely Englefield.
(John Murray. 2s.)

A House for a Mouse. By Cicely Englefield. (John Murray. 2s.)

Miss Englefield, who has given us so much pleasure in the past through her fascinating stories, "Billy Winks," "Katie the Caterpillar," and "The Tail of a Guinea Pig," has provided yet another joy for us in this really lovely little book. The adventures of James and Jemima, the harvest mice, in their search for a house, are written with a tender humour which is really charming. Jemima was so very domesticated that one wonders why she married the frivolous James. James was such a gay, happy-go-lucky young thing that it is a mystery what he saw in the earnest Jemima. However, the law of opposites must have worked again, for they got on very well together. Once they had seen each other through many dangers and difficulties, they really settled down and one feels it was a perfect marriage. Needless to say they decided to build—no house for sale or to let quite suited their requirements. So Jemima got her heart's desire—and James was very proud of his handiwork and became a reformed and responsible person. Miss Englefield's woodcut illustrations are as beautiful as ever, and are really, perhaps, the most charming part of the book.

M. T.

The Story of Babar the Little Elephant. (With a preface by A. A. Milne.)
By Jean de Brunhoff. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

To quote Mr. Milne's introduction: "If you love elephants, you will love Babar and Celeste. If you have never loved elephants, you will love them now. If you who are grown up have never been fascinated by a picture book, then this is the one which will fascinate you."

What more can one say? Let me acknowledge at once that I have fallen a victim to Babar's charms, and beg Monsieur de Brunhoff to tell us more of the adventures of this most appealing elephant. If the grown-up mind is so enchanted by the story, what will be the effect on a Brownie?

M. T.

Percy the Penguin. Written and illustrated by Nancy Catford. (Friedrick Muller, Ltd. 2s.) (Stocked at Headquarters.)

A rollicking yarn of the adventures of a runaway Penguin and a Black Bear. Percy finds that, by twiddling with his flippers, he can undo the lock of his cage at the Zoo. He and Barney the Bear have always wanted a night out, but Barney cannot escape from his cage.

At last, through Barney's own ridiculous high spirits, a way out is found, and the book tells the story of a really happy night when the two friends did all those things they had always dreamt of doing.

M. T.

BOOKS FOR BROWNIES

Frankie of the Wolf Cubs. By Margaret Stuart. (R.T.S. 1s. 6d.)

The selling jacket of this pleasant little story of a Wolf Cub pack in a small boys' school suggests that it is suitable for Cubs and their sister Brownies, but one cannot help wondering if it is not just a bit too unadventurous for boys. The doings of the Fern House Wolf Cubs are so very ordinary until they get to camp in Holland, and even then the author misses many opportunities of giving the camp an original atmosphere or making it in the least the thrill that it surely would be to any small boy on his first visit abroad? Impossible adventures are not necessary in order to keep up the interest, but an incident such as the fire (which takes up exactly one short chapter!) could be made really thrilling if written with a little more colour and imagination. However, the keen Wolf Cub may enjoy "Frankie" for sheer love of Cubbing, and the Brownie sister will probably like to read about boys for a change.

H. B. D.

The World Was Gay. By Harriet Powell. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.)

The children of to-day are lucky, for the books written for them respond to their own twists and turns of imagination.

In *The World Was Gay* Miss Powell reflects, through the eager and receptive minds of four children, the unfamiliar childhood of the Victorian age; their multitude of petticoats; the Sunday afternoon occupation of piecing together biblical jig-saws and painting texts lavishly entwined about a background of fruit and flowers welcome but dim memories, these last, of our own more recent Georgian childhood.

But in spite of cumbersome clothes and stricter supervision, the children were as mischievous as their descendants. They took an intense delight in the conversion of a hen-house into a dwelling place (unfortunately neglecting to eject the already resident fleas), in experimental irrigation (misdirected down through the cook's grating), and in the deliberate and repeated acquisition of sore throats and a few days in bed, caused by sniffing up air from one special drain.

It is an entertaining and instructive story well told from the quaint and detached view point of a child.

Time to Play. By May Marshall; with illustrations by B. C. Freeman. (Lutterworth Press. 5s.) (Stocked at Headquarters.)

The reminiscences of a first summer holiday in their new home, told by the eldest of a happy family of four, from his own delicious point of view, is a book which every youngster, and every grown-up who reads it aloud, will thoroughly enjoy.

Harold Martin and his readers will shake hands, and swear eternal friendship before they reach the last page of his well-told journal.

Some of the greatest compliments the authoress should receive are irate letters from the parents of those readers who have tried enthusiastically to do "what the young Martins did!" It is refreshing to read of four cheerful people who can tumble into mischief and out of it, invent thrilling games, of freedom and plunder, and every hour of a long holiday with only a much-loved old house and the great outdoors to aid them.

Children love stories which may well belong to a real family; and the grown-ups who dip into this book before presenting for Christmas or birthday will find themselves dreaming of long ago days, when summer was everlasting, and they also had "Time to play."

M. A.

The Rainy Day Book. Edited by Freda Holmdahl. (Nelson. 2s. 6d.) (Stocked at Headquarters.)

Here is treasure trove indeed for all those who try to supply amusement for the young, as well as for the young themselves! It is just the kind of book to make a rainy day a blessing, for it is filled with so many and such fascinating suggestions of things to make that both grown-ups and children will be interested for hours.

Among its nineteen chapters are some on Indoor Scouting, A Newspaper-Cutting Book, Secret Codes and Ciphers, Sweet Making, Toys from Odds and Ends, and also several on Puzzles, Riddles and Tricks. It is a book for all company libraries and nurseries, for here is an answer to every "What shall we do?"

G. E. F.

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BOOKS FOR GUIDES



Betty of Turner House. By Joanna Lloyd. (Hutchinson. 2s. 6d.)
(Stocked at Headquarters.)

This is a rather original Guide school story. The facts of school life are honestly handled, there is no high colouring, and Betty's experiences are ordinary and the more interesting for that reason.

Betty is an only child, an egotist, and a dreamer. She is always visualising herself as the heroine of some thrilling exploit: her mission in life is the killing of dragons. Unfortunately, she forgets that, for the successful vanquishment of even the smallest dragon, it is necessary to come down to earth and equip oneself suitably. She has also to learn that those dragons which look most insignificant are often the hardest to kill.

Even in her rather bumptious first term, Betty endears herself to us, simply because she is so well-meaning and rather bewildered. It is a relief when she begins almost imperceptibly to learn her lesson, and after three years have passed we look at her fondly, with admiration, saying (as so often happens), "What an attractive person Betty has become!"

The story moves quickly and uneventfully to its close, full of healthy fun and teasing. The author is a Guider who knows her job, and we look forward to many more books of this type from her pen. They are the sort we should encourage the Guides to read. M. T.

Chum, The New Recruit. By Madge Torrence White. (Warne. 1s.)
(Stocked at Headquarters.)

This is a cheery story of Guides and their week in camp by the sea. The story has its excitements—an escaped prisoner, a shipwreck, a landslide—when the lives of the Guides on the beach were saved by Gerry and Chum on the cliff top, who read the Morse message of danger sent to them from the distant Coastguard Station. Chum, whose name and parentage are surrounded in mystery, finds her home and grandparents, and is able to clear her father's name through piecing together a map, and an exciting search through the caves. Guides will enjoy reading of the merry times the Guides had in camp and their fancy-dress escapades.

W. M. O.

The Seven Wild Swans. By Patience Gilmour. (R.T.S. 2s.)
(Stocked at Headquarters.)

This book needs no introduction to those readers of *THE GUIDE* who look forward with pleasure to stories of Laurie and Ann and Dorothy. These twelve stories, introducing all the members of the Wild Swan patrol, have appeared in *THE GUIDE*, but it is quite certain that the many who admire these Rangers and their ideals and adventures will be glad of this collection in book form, to add to their shelves, and dip into when they feel in need of stimulation.

W. M. O.

Richenda in the Alps. By F. O. H. Nash. (Sheldon Press. 2s.)

All who have read of Richenda's previous adventures will welcome Miss Nash's new story. Richenda goes to spend her holidays in France in a mountain village near Grasse with her friend. Miss Nash conveys all Richenda's excitement at spending a holiday abroad. She is delighted at a chance meeting with some *Guides de France*, and goes with them on a climb up the mountains.

Several times during the story Richenda's resourcefulness is tested and all Guides will enjoy this new story, which is good value for 2s.

W. M. O.

The Three Halves. By Joan Herbert. (Religious Tract Society.)
(Stocked at Headquarters.)

This is a jolly story of twins who did not know they were twins, but found that they were triplets!

They are both Guides and both extremely natural, attractive

people. They find their extraordinary likeness a great asset, but it also gives rise to some rather embarrassing complications.

The book is unexaggerated and unpretentious. Miss Herbert has a gift for making her characters live, and does not attempt to force them into unnatural situations.

We have met *The Three Halves* before, in the pages of *THE GUIDE*, but those who have read the book in serial form will be delighted to know it is obtainable for the small sum of 2s. It is a book which Guiders will be glad to add to the company library.

M. T.

The Double Fours. By Ethel Gillions. (R.T.S. 2s.)

This is the jolly story of the adventures of a party of eight boys and girls in a holiday camp in Jersey. The boys are "really camping," while the girls join them by day and prove themselves very useful by their ability in cooking. There are many exciting escapades and hair-raising moments, and one cannot help wondering why the party must be Scouts and Guides, or at any rate why they are made officially so by all wearing uniform. Scouts and Guides they may well be, but their Scouters and Guiders would be a little surprised to find them advertising the fact in quite such a blatant manner. Apart from this they are jolly, natural young people, and younger Guiders will enjoy reading of their adventures.

H. B. D.

He Went with Marco Polo. By Louise Andrews Kent. (Harlap. 5s.)

This is a pleasantly written story, for children of about twelve years old. It describes the life of a boy who starts his career rowing a gondola in the Venice of the 13th Century. Later on, the boy gets adopted by a great merchant family, the Polos, and eventually accompanies them on their wonderful journey to Cathay.

Much that is of interest can be gleaned from these pages, and there are some exciting episodes, but the book as a whole suffers from the drawback almost inseparable from this kind of fiction; the story is hampered by the weight of the information, and the information is too much deleted by the story.

Most people nowadays—including children—prefer to take their fiction and their facts neat. The story of Marco Polo's adventures is in itself so extraordinary that it seems a pity to tell it through the medium of a fictitious character who never quite comes to life.

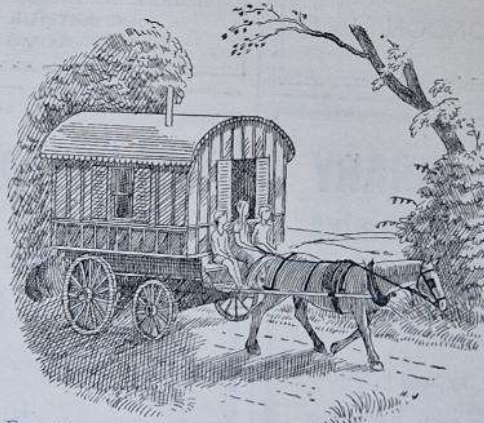
R. K.

August Adventure. By M. E. Atkinson. (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.)

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All these adventures are well illustrated by drawings by Harold Jones, and fascinating maps show the caravan's wanderings. Boys and girls will revel in this story, which is really well written, with delightfully natural children, and possible, if exciting, happenings.

M. M. W.



From *August Adventure*. By M. E. Atkinson. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

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FOR GUIDERS AND RANGERS.

NATURE.

Tales of an Empty Cabin. By Grey Owl. (Lovat Dickson, 10s. 6d.)

As the title suggests, this is to a large extent a book of reminiscences—and what a store Grey Owl has to draw upon. They are all delightfully told and, as you finish a chapter, you pass eagerly on to the next, so absorbed have you become and so carried away by the atmosphere of the wild North-West. Here you have eerie stories of night adventures, humorous stories of man and beast, and inspiring stories of great hardships overcome—all made so very readable through the medium of this writer's indescribable charm.

When reading the book you may wonder "What of Rawhide and Jelly Roll?"—for they are not mentioned for some time, but they are there, as fascinating and mischievous as ever—together with lots of little Jellies and Rawhides. Their new home in Prince Albert National Park is so well described that with the excellent photographs you can picture it very clearly and can almost hear them beating on the cabin door to be let in carrying their armfuls of building material!

So these tales have a twofold appeal—to animal lovers and, as set out in the dedication, to those who long for the open road but who are prevented by fate from ever seeing the wilderness save in the pages of a book.

N.M.

Northern Footprints. By Kenneth Conibear. (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.)

All those people who, through the medium of Grey Owl, have come to love the Beaver Folk and to know the life of the Canadian forests, will enjoy this book, which shows other aspects of the "lives of the hunted." In this book are told the stories of the families who lived on Little Bent Tree Lake—Ah Meek and Minniwash the Beavers, Mahro the Black Bear and her two cubs, Mother Moose and her child Nitchie-Moose, Peshoo the Lynx and her kittens, the Fox family, and the prolific Musk-rat tribe.

The story shows how one animal preys upon another; the backwoods are no idyllic paradise, but the scene of daily tragedies. Mother-love, which is the strongest passion of the wild, involves cruelty to the young of other creatures.

Into the drama of animal life two men intrude, and cause disturbance which affects, for good or for ill, all the lives around the lake. The balance of Nature is upset by the illogical favouritism of the men. The main interest of the story is in the effect which the animals have on the humans—on the bookish Jones as well as on the simple MacIvor. Mistigi the Musk-rat and Little Chersch the Canada Jay play a real part in their lives.

There are in this book events which seem to us tragic, but this is a sentimental point of view, and Nature does not tolerate sentiment. The one moral which may be deduced from the book—which perhaps the author wishes to be deduced from it—is that though killing is not cruel, trapping is surely an abomination. "Trappers are not cruel, trapping is. . . If anyone was to blame for the wretched business," said Jones, "it was the women who wore the furs, not the poor beggars who martyred themselves to trap them."

The book gains on being read more than once, for it is so full of matter that it is not altogether easy to read it at the first sitting.

R.K.

A GREAT NEED FILLED.

The Story of a Million Girls. Guiding and Girl Scouting Round the World. Compiled by Rose Kerr. (Girl Guides Association, 3s. 6d.)

This is the story, as the Founder says in his foreword, of the "most remarkable family of girls the world has ever seen, whether as regards numbers, rapidity of growth or world-wide distribution."

Compiled by Mrs. Kerr, this book contains the story of Guiding and Girl Scouting in thirty-two countries. There are sixteen illustrations. Turning over the 400 pages at random we read of how Girl Scouting in America was launched over the telephone when Mrs. Low said to a friend: "Come right over. I've got something for the girls of Savannah and all America, and all the world, and we're going to start it to-night."

In the chapter on Poland there is the thrilling account of how a Guide (then an Army nurse) managed to creep past enemy sentries, reassuring herself that "it was just a game, a little more difficult than those she had played so often in camp at Zakopane."

And so on all through the book there are stories of courage, determination and humour. It is not all "Guiding and Girl Scouting"—many of the countries supply a brief history of their country and their customs. Every Ranger will turn to this book when she tackles the Ranger Star test "Know something of Guides and their life in another country."

This is a gift book for Christmas for Guides, Rangers and Guiders. After reading it, as the Chief Scout says, we can "visualise with greater hope the immense possibilities that lie before the Movement in the future."

T. W. M.

STORIES.

Hindu Fairy Stories. By Dewan Sharar. (Harrap, 6s.)

Hindu Fairy Stories comes as a refreshing collection straight from the mint. Some are Aesopian and others give all the fascination of tracing familiar tales. As you read on you will be imbued with an Eastern atmosphere—these legends, written as they are by an Indian author, have an Indian appeal.

May we even venture to say that some of the tales will prove almost too stimulating to the imagination of a young child? To our Western nursery mind they might mean the necessity of a store of night lights! After Camp Fire—lanterns back to your tents! The collection is of the greatest interest and should find its way into the hands of the grown-up collector of ancient fairy lore.

There is a sure and certain touch of imagery in the setting of each succeeding legend which is sheer delight.

RELIGION.

Can We Believe in God? By C. A. Alington, D.D. ("Needs of To-day" Series. Rich & Cowan, 3s. 6d.)

The late Sir Ernest Shackleton once wrote of the "little snakes of doubt" which beset one from time to time in connection with any enterprise, and especially when one's enthusiasm is being checked by criticism and contempt on the part of people obviously more clever than oneself. Such misgivings are bound to assail thoughtful people who have embarked on the great adventure of faith, and who are not prepared to throw reason overboard.

The writer of this book claims to take nothing for granted, and from strictly neutral ground he proceeds by clearly argued steps to show "on how secure an intellectual foundation our faith rests, and how inevitable it seems to be that those who take the first step along the road should pursue it to its logical conclusion." And this conclusion he shows to be no mere ground for a courageous defence of our faith, but more—a challenge to a religious offensive. "We ought to say to the world, 'We offer you an explanation which gives a meaning to your life: it is not easy . . . but it is coherent; and it can be submitted to the most practical tests.'" Of course, reason, and the spirit of scientific enquiry are not by themselves enough, as the author emphasises in his preface, when he quotes Canon Streeter: "the meaning of life will evade the search of anyone who, like Pontius Pilate, asks the question, 'What is truth?' without the intention or the courage to face the moral demands of the immediate situation in the light of such truth as he already has."

A most reassuring, stimulating book is here, valuable for every Guider, and useful as a basis for discussions among older Rangers who are ready to tackle some fundamental thinking.

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"Lady Barbara's Party," 4d. for "The Haunted Castle," introducing a Chorus and a Brownie Display. (A jolly play.)

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Ug-Ug the Ogre, 1/-; King Canoodum, 1/-; The Two Funnest Shadow Plays in existence. Christ Love, the Xmas story with carols. A striking Novelty for Guiders. Played by your own shadows. No words, scenery or "costume." Just a lamp and a sheet. No royalties, except for a public performance, when a small fee is payable. See Books. Obtainable from Headquarters.



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CAREERS



Will enquirers who wish for personal replies to letters, please enclose stamped addressed envelope and the sum of 6d., as these special replies involve much extra trouble. Enquiries should be sent in three weeks before publication date.—EDITOR.

CAREERS IN CLOTHES.

"So-and-So isn't a bit clever at school, but she makes all her own clothes."

How often do we hear this said about girls by parents and friends—a little doubtful whether the "but" implies apology or admiration?

The girl who is good with her hands and has a real interest in clothes has no need of apology for her lack of scholastic attainments. A profitable and interesting career is open to her, but here, as in many other professions, it is essential to get the right start.

Originality and that indefinable something known as a "clothes sense" are natural gifts, but in themselves they are not enough to ensure success in any of the various branches of dressmaking. It is absolutely essential to have a complete mastery of the technical side of the subject and a capacity for hard work and patience in addition.

There are two main types of dressmaking:—

1. *The Wholesale Trade*, into which entry is usually straight from the elementary school at 14 as a Learner, and promotion may ultimately lead to work as a Designer Cutter at a high salary. There is a considerable demand for young women who are really good at this work. A thorough knowledge of dressmaking is essential coupled with skill in cutting and an ability to transform ideas about shape, colour and material into actual garments.

It is not necessary to be able to express these ideas as fashion drawings in the first place, though artistic ability of this kind is obviously an advantage.

2. *The Retail Bespoke Trade*, makes models and gowns for individual customers to order. The conditions of entry and prospects of promotion are as good here as in the wholesale trade. Women who have become head Cutters and have had business experience in addition can set up workrooms of their own and may do very well.

Girls leaving secondary schools at 16-18 are sometimes taken straight into work rooms, but they have a more helpful start if they can spend two years at a Trade School first.

Showroom work offers good prospects for girls with a good education. A thorough knowledge of French is an advantage here and a training in style and fashion is necessary. This may be obtained by apprenticeship in a good model house.

Promotion should lead on to posts as saleswomen with a regular salary and commission on sales.

Although it is not necessary for the Designer Cutter to be able to draw, it is absolutely essential for the artistic girl who wants to earn her living as a dress designer to acquire a working knowledge of dress-making. She must realise that it is not enough to be able to design a dress; she should be able to show a dressmaker how to realise her design and make it look like the drawing in the chosen material.

It is obvious that this implies a sound knowledge of texture and the possibilities of various fabrics which can only be gained from practical experience.

Most of us are depressingly familiar with the awful discrepancy between the elegant picture on the back of the fashion journal and the amateurish effort we produce from the pattern provided.

There is at present a demand for designers of originality in this country but the training must be thorough, with the technical side as the first essential and the artistic side subsidiary.

A knowledge of dressmaking is the scaffolding upon which the art of expert designing should be built.

H. T.

H. T. writes to ask if there is any training centre in Manchester district which offers an advanced Housekeeper's course in the evening, as she is anxious to obtain a post in some school or institution, preferably with children.

Unfortunately the Manchester Municipal Training College of Domestic Economy, High Street, Manchester, does not give evening classes. The Institutional Management course, which is most suitable for H. T.'s purpose, is a full-time course of one year for students over 21 who have had experience of housekeeping, and two years for students without previous experience.

There are two ways of training for the school matron's post, which are considered very good. There is an increasing demand for the Matron Housekeeper with Hospital Nursing training. For the girls who cannot afford to take a complete Domestic Science training first, it is advisable to do nursing and follow it with a short Domestic Science training in Institutional Management. If, on the other hand, the Domestic Science training at a recognised college is taken first, this should be followed by a short course in nursing, preferably with children.

The Manchester Education Committee offer annually a scholarship tenable at the Municipal College by a student taking the Institutional Management course. The scholarship covers the cost of tuition and may include a monetary payment.

Details of this are published in the Education Committee's publication, "Information respecting the award of Scholarships."

LABORATORY ASSISTANTS.

V. M.—The salaries we quoted were those of actual appointments. The L.C.C. last year advertised for a Laboratory Assistant for a County Secondary School, the rate of pay commenced at 38s., rising by annual increments of 4s. to 62s., with a minimum of 31s. at the age of 21.

The chief advantage of this work is that a girl can enter it with little or no training and the experience gained helps in obtaining more highly paid laboratory work.

WARWICKSHIRE AND COVENTRY MENTAL HOSPITAL, HATTON, WARWICK

Female Probationer Nurses Wanted.

Salary £45 12s. per annum, rising to £61 4s. per annum on completion of examinations (3 years) and thence to £71 4s. by annual increments of £2, plus emoluments in every case valued at £49 10s., and consisting of board, lodgings, uniform, laundry, etc. Holidays, 2 whole days weekly and annual leave according to service. Third class railway fare refunded after six months' service. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Superintendent.

CITY OF SALFORD.

PROBATIONER NURSES wanted—18 to 26 years of age. Two years' training in fever nursing for Certificate of General Nursing Council. Salary £30 and £35 per annum. Residence, Board, Uniform and Laundry provided. Apply to Matron, Ladywell Sanatorium and Isolation Hospital, Salford 5, Lancs.

H. H. TOMSON, *Town Clerk.*

HUDDERSFIELD ROYAL INFIRMARY

There are vacancies for PROBATIONER NURSES at the Preliminary Training School. Candidates will have a two months' course of lectures and practical work before entering the wards. They must be women of good education aged 19 to 30. Three years' training. Salary—1st year £20, 2nd year £25, 3rd year £30, in addition to board, uniform and laundry. Probationers are coached throughout their training by a Resident Sister Tutor. Federated Superannuation Scheme in force. Enquiries to be addressed to the Matron.

CITY GENERAL HOSPITAL GWENDOLEN ROAD, LEICESTER

Vacancies for PROBATIONER NURSES with secondary education. Age from 18. Salary commences £23—£29—£33 to £45 in fourth year. Training includes preparation for taking the Examinations of the General Nursing Council and the Central Midwives Board. Apply enclosing stamped foolscap envelope to the Matron at the above Hospital.

Health Department, Leicester.

WILFRID CARR,
Secretary.

DORSET MENTAL HOSPITAL, DORCHESTER

Training School for Mental Nursing.

PROBATIONER NURSES Required; age over 18 years, healthy and well educated. Commencing salary £80 a year, rising to £123 on promotion, uniform provided. Small weekly deduction of about 15s. 6d. made for board, lodgings, pensions contributions, etc. Two days off duty weekly and three weeks' annual holiday on full pay are allowed. Lectures, demonstrations, and classes are given by the medical and nursing staff to enable candidates to pass examinations and become State Registered Nurses. Apply to Matron.

VIOLET MELCHETT MOTHERCRAFT TRAINING HOME (A.N.T.C.) Manor Street, Chelsea, S.W.3

One's year Course for educated girls in care of babies and small children—natural and artificial feeding. Students prepared for Nursery Nurses Examination of Royal Sanitary Institute. Fees £100. Occasional bursaries. Special Short Courses by arrangement. Apply Matron.

DONCASTER ROYAL INFIRMARY

(185 Beds.)

Training School for Nurses.

PROBATIONERS Required, age 18 to 30. Must be well educated. Modern hospital and nurses' home. Nurses are coached throughout their training by the Sister-Tutor. Salary £24—£28—£32. Application to be made to the Matron.

NEWTON ABBOT HOSPITAL (SOUTH DEVON). (56 Beds.)

Affiliated to Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital.

PROBATIONERS Required. Must be well educated. Age 18-30. Apply Matron.

ASTLEY SANATORIUM, NR. MANCHESTER. HOSPITAL EXTENSIONS.

PROBATIONERS Required. Two years' Fever training for General Nursing Council Certificate. Salary £30-£35. Must be healthy and well educated, age 18-25 years. Apply for form of application to Matron.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES THE GUEST HOSPITAL, DUDLEY

PROBATIONERS Required. Must be well educated. Age 18 to 28 years. Salary £20—£25—£30 per annum and uniform. Probationers are coached throughout their training by the Sister-Tutor. For particulars apply Matron.

NURSERY TRAINING. Westminster Health Society provides non-resident Course for educated girls; one year £35. New term February. Secretary, 121, Marsham Street, S.W.1.

NURSERY TRAINING COLLEGE (A.N.T.C.). ST. THOMAS'S BABIES' DIETETIC HOSTEL, PRINCE'S ROAD, S.E.11.

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SEVERALLS MENTAL HOSPITAL, COLCHESTER

Vacancies occur for PROBATIONER NURSES (female) not under 19 years of age. Training is given for the State examination of the Nursing Council, no initial experience is necessary, but candidates should have had a fair general education. Upon qualifying there are good prospects of promotion to the higher grades of the nursing service. Leave of 2 days per week and 14 days on completion of six months' service. Wages at the rate of £104 per annum, with uniform, and may rise on promotion to £133 per annum, with additional allowances in respect of special wards. A moderate charge is deducted for board residence.

An illustrated brochure giving an outline of the vocational advantages of the service and the amenities of the Hospital will be forwarded on application to the Matron.

HILL END HOSPITAL

FOR MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISORDERS, ST. ALBANS.

Training School for Mental Nurses.

PROBATIONER NURSES (Female) required, age not under 19 years. No experience is necessary, but a good general education is essential. Nurses are prepared for the Certificate in Mental Nursing and are eligible for promotion on gaining this. Pay on joining is 25/9 per week with an additional 4/- per week on obtaining Certificate. Ward Sisters are paid at the rate of 37/3 per week. All receive free Board, Lodging and Washing, and uniform is provided free on joining. Hours of duty are 96 per fortnight, one full day off duty weekly and 14 days' Annual Leave and one day for each Bank Holiday. There is a Nurses' Home and the Hospital is conveniently situated within two miles of St. Albans and 20 miles of London, and contains ample facilities for training, amusement and recreation. A leaflet giving fuller particulars and an application form may be obtained on application to the Matron.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL HOLLOWAY, N.7

PROBATIONERS. Candidates of good education, between the ages of 19 and 33, can be received into the Preliminary Training School for 7 weeks' training before entering the wards. On completion of three years' training selected nurses have the opportunity of taking the C.M.B.—Apply to Matron for full particulars.

CITY OF MANCHESTER.

ABERGELE SANATORIUM, ABERGELE, N. WALES

(262 Beds.) Affiliated Training School.

PROBATIONER NURSES required. Salary £30, rising to £40 per annum. Resident Sister-Tutor. Candidates to be not less than 18 years of age, with secondary school education. For full particulars of training and description of the Sanatorium apply to the Matron, Abergelle Sanatorium, Abergelle, N. Wales, for illustrated brochure and application forms.

F. E. WARBRECK HOWELL,

Town Hall, Manchester.

Town Clerk.

GENERAL HOSPITAL NOTTINGHAM

(400 beds.) Preliminary Training School attached.

PROBATIONERS required. Candidates must be strong and well educated, and between the ages of 18 and 30. Salary: 1st year £25, 2nd year £27, 3rd year £35, 4th year £45, with board, residence, laundry, indoor uniform and medical attendance. Probationers are coached throughout their training by the Sister Tutor. Applications should be addressed to the Matron, General Hospital, Nottingham, from whom all further information may be obtained.

ASHFORD HOSPITAL, ASHFORD, KENT

Recognised Training School.

PROBATIONERS WANTED. Must be strong and well educated. Apply to Matron for particulars.

HEADQUARTERS TRAINING CENTRES



Foxlease

FOXLEASE

Training weeks have been re-named as follows:—

Guide Weeks ... Guide Training.
Ranger Weeks ... Ranger Training.
Brownie Weeks ... Brownie Training.
General Weeks ... Covering Guide, Ranger and Brownie Training.

Elementary Weeks... For Guiders of little experience.

Refresher Weeks (for those who have already been to an ordinary training)

To include such subjects as Knotting and Splicing; Rangers; Brownies; Woodcraft (i.e., Stalking and tracking, observation); Wide games, involving the use of signalling; outdoor work for town and country Guides; Practice in emergencies; First Class; and any other subject asked for beforehand.



Waddow

WADDOW

1937.

DATES.

January 8-15. Brownie Training.
January 19-26. Guide Training.
January 29—February 2. Ranger Training. (Week-end.)
February 5-9. Brownie Training. (Week-end.)
February 9—March 2. **Spring Cleaning.**
March 2-9. General Training.

March 12-15. Guide Training. (Week-end.) (Entries closed.)
March 19-23. Guide Training. (Week-end.) (Entries closed.)
March 25-30. Guide Training. (Week-end.) (Easter.)
April 2-9. **Extension Conference.**
April 13-20. General Training.
April 23-30. Woodcraft Training.
May 4-11. Brownie Training.
May 14-21. Guide Training. (Whitsun.)
May 25—June 1. Ranger Training.
June 4-11. General Training. (Commissioners.)
June 15-22. Woodcraft Training.
June 29—July 6. Brownie Training.
July 9-16. General Training.
July 19-26. Guide Training.
July 30—August 6. Guide Training. (Bank Holiday.)
August 10-17. General Training.
August 20-27. Guide Training.
August 31—September 7. Brownie Training.
September 10-17. Ranger Training.
September 20-27. General Training.
October 1-5. **County Camp Advisors' Conference.**
October 8-15. Guide Training.
October 19-26. Brownie Training.
October 29—November 5. General Training. (Commissioners.)
November 9-16. Ranger Training.
November 19-26. Guide Training.
November 30—December 7. General Training.

1937.

DATES.

January 29—February 2. Winter Training for C.A.'s and experienced Campers.
February 5-9. Guide Week-end.
February 12-16. Brownie Week-end.
February 19-23. Guide Week-end.
March 2-9. Ranger Week.

March 12-16. Scottish Diploma'd Guiders Week-end.
March 19-23. Brownie Week-end.
March 25—April 1. General Training. (Easter.)
April 9-13. Guide Week-end.
April 16-23. Guide Week.
April 27—May 4. Guide Week.
May 14-21. General Training. (Whitsun.)
May 25—June 1. Woodcraft Week.
June 4-8. Brownie Week-end.
June 11-15. Guide Week-end.
June 18-22. Ranger Week-end. (Guiders' Training.)
June 26-July 3. Ranger Holiday Week. (For Rangers.)
July 9-16. Guiders' Holiday Week.
July 30—August 6. Brownie Week. (Bank Holiday.)
August 10-17. Guide Week.
August 20-27. Ranger Week.
August 31—September 7. First Class Week.
September 10-17. Prospective Diploma'd Guiders' Week.
September 21-28. Guide Week.
October 1-5. Commissioners' Week-end.
October 8-12. Commissioners' Week-end.
October 15-19. Guide Week-end.
October 22-29. Brownie Week.
November 5-9. Guide Week-end.
November 12-16. Ranger Week-end.
November 19-23. Guide Week-end.
November 26—December 3. Guide Week.

FEES, ETC.

(Applicable to both Centres.)

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Shared rooms	1 10 0

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Double rooms	7 6
Shared rooms	6 0
	5 0

Extra meals: Breakfast 1s. 6d., Lunch 2s., Tea 6d., Supper 1s. 6d.
Cars may be garaged at a charge of 5s. per week or 1s. per night.

Guiders who have been before and again wish to attend a Training Week are urged to apply, as there are still vacancies.

CAMP SITES.
Application for camp sites, giving dates and approximate numbers and with a booking fee of 2s. 6d., should be sent to the Secretary. Waddow has four camp sites with drinking water laid on. The North Riding, Canada and Cragg Wood sites include a permanent shelter and sanitation. The usual permission forms are necessary.

Further information applicable to both Centres will be found on page 496.

"Where the Rainbow Ends"

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PRESENTS

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Miss Conti regrets no concessions are possible on Saturdays
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in the British Empire should see this splendid patriotic play."

The Rt. Rev. Lord Bunsen of London: "'Where the Rainbow
Ends' is the most beautiful play in the world."

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The Training that guarantees to find a post for girls when trained.
Healthy outdoor life that pays; good openings. Moderate fees. (London 25 miles.)

MISS HARRISON BELL, The Farm, Welwyn, Herts.
Telephone: Cadroote 80.

Gifts for Girls

C.S.S.M. DIARY, 1937.—Splendid value. Many pages of
useful information. Handy 9d., Popular 1/-.

THE "WIGMORE" LIBRARY.—Delightful story books.
Printed on good paper with illustrations. Bound in cloth
boards, jacket wrappers in colours. "The Secret of Gray
Gables," "The Historic Third," "Valerie Trenchard's
Fortune," and six other titles. Price 2/- each, postage 4d.
extra.

**BIBLE BIRDS AND BEASTS, INSECTS, REPTILES
AND FISH.**—An interesting and instructive Bible Card
Game, containing 102 cards, which encourages young people
to learn the Books of the Bible and their location. Price
1/6, by post 1/10.

* Please write for Lists.

C.S.S.M. 3b, WIGMORE ST.,
LONDON, W.1

What part OF A TOOTH do you clean?



You clean the *visible* part of your teeth, but
if you are to keep your teeth healthy and
beautiful, you must also care for the gums in
which they grow.

Genozo cleans the teeth pearly white. And,
while it cleans, the special emulsion in Genozo
is absorbed by the gum tissues, toning and
strengthening them, thus making the gums
pink and firm.

Start to-day with this double-acting denti-
frice that is so good for your teeth.

From all Chemists **1/3** and **2/-** double
Two sizes quantity

Genozo

TOOTH PASTE
has a lovely flavour!

Made by
GENAZO & CO. LTD.
Loughborough.



Essential for good cooking

When you prepare a meat pie or
pudding, stew or hash, always use one or
two Oxo Cubes. Oxo makes the dish so
very much more attractive—appetising—rich
—savoury.

OXO

**PUTS THE
GOODNESS IN THE GRAVY**

HEADQUARTERS TRAINING CENTRES

APPLICATIONS.

All Training weeks printed *above the line* are open for bookings immediately, but no applications will yet be considered for weeks *below the line*, as these are still liable to alteration.

All applications for a training course should be made to the Secretary, Foxlease, Lyndhurst, Hants., or to the Secretary, Waddow Hall, Clitheroe, Lancs., and must be accompanied by full name and address of each applicant, together with a deposit of 5s., which will be returned if withdrawal is made two full weeks before the date of the course.

It has been arranged that three vacancies should be reserved for Scotland for all training weeks until the 20th of the month in which the dates are first published *above the line* in THE GUIDER.

GUIDERS, PLEASE NOTE.

Will Guiders please note that free places are available at both Foxlease and Waddow between October and April. Application should be made through the County Secretary, to the Secretary.

GRANTS ON RAILWAY FARES.

(a) Where a Guider finds difficulty in attending a training course at Foxlease or Waddow on account of train fare, the following reductions may be obtained:—

For return fare exceeding £2, a grant of 5s. will be made.

For return fare exceeding £3, a grant of 10s. will be made.

For return fare exceeding £5, a grant of £1 will be made.

(b) In cases where a Guider, who wants to go to a particular type of training week, finds that no such week is available at a time possible for her at the training centre nearest to her home, but is available at the other training centre, the difference between the two fares may be refunded by Headquarters.

In either case the application for rebate should be made through the Guider's Commissioner direct to Foxlease or Waddow.

FOXLEASE COTTAGES.

The two cottages at Foxlease are to be let, by the week to Guiders requiring a rest or a holiday. The larger one contains two double bedrooms and one single, a sitting-room furnished by Canada, a bathroom and a kitchen. The charge for the cottage is 3½ guineas per week in summer, and 3 guineas per week from October to March.

The "Link," which is the bungalow furnished by America, contains three bedrooms, a sitting-room, a bathroom and a kitchen. The charge for the "Link" is £2 2s. per week.

These charges include light, coal and oil. Guiders cook and cater for themselves entirely, although, if necessary, a woman can be engaged to cater, cook and clean at the rate of 30s. per head per week, or merely to cook and clean at the rate of 9d. per hour, in addition to the above charges.

A charge of 5s. deposit fee is made for booking the cottages, and this is forfeited should the booking be cancelled. Guiders wishing to bring their cars can garage them at Foxlease by arrangement, at a charge of 5s. per week, or 1s. per night.

It is not necessary for Guiders staying at the cottages to wear uniform. Any enquiries should be sent to the Secretary, Foxlease.

WADDOW FARM.

The cottage at Waddow will be let by the week to Guiders requiring a holiday. It contains two double bedrooms and two single, a sitting-room, two bathrooms and kitchen. The charge for two people is £2 2s. a week (for one bathroom, sitting room, kitchen and two bedrooms). For three or more Guiders, £3 13s. 6d. a week and for others £4 4s. a week. The week-end charges are £1 5s. for two people and £2 2s. for three or four.

These charges include light and coal. Guiders cater and cook for themselves, but the gardener's wife is willing to board them for about 30s. per head if required. Applications, with 5s. deposit, should be made to the Secretary. Guiders wishing to bring their cars can garage them at Waddow by arrangement, at a charge of 5s. per week, or 1s. per night.

PRESENTS.

Table-cloth, Miss S. Findlater (Dublin); Donation for London Room, London; Donation for N.W. Lancs Room, N.W. Liverpool Division; Vase, Miss Budgett (Bristol); Badge of British Guides in the Argentine, Miss Rowan-Hamilton (Bucks); Standard-lamp for Essex Room, Miss Essex and Miss Hay (Essex); Donation, Training Week (October 16-23); Maps for Hike-shed, Haslemere Rangers; Rose Trees, (a) Miss Wardell Yerburgh (Somerset), (b) Training Week (October 27-November 3), (c) Anon; Chair for Sitting-Room, Newport Pagnall District; Pottery Flower-Pot, Sauers, Anon; Chair, Anon; Hike Ground-sheets, (a) 1st Sutton Guides, (b) 17th Sutton Guides; Covers for Wiltshire Room, Wiltshire; Mats for Somerset Room, 1st Langport and Huish Guides; Tiffin-carrier, Deaconess Beaver (India); Picture for "India" Room, Madras North Guides.

PRESENTS.

Donations, Redshanks Patrol, C.C.A. Conference, Miss Storey, London; Kingfishers, Curlews, and Plovers 16-23 October; Violet Plants, Miss Watson, Durham; Plants, Miss Graves Flint; Plants, Miss Thorn, Essex; Plaster Casts for the Hut, Miss Dalglish, S.W. Lancs; Dinner Mats, Thorpe Bay District Rangers; Picture, Illuminated Guide Law and Book, Miss Williamson's Girl Scouts, U.S.A.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.
FOR NEW GUIDERS.

Title.	Author.	Price.	Notes.
Girl Guiding	LORD BADEN-POWELL	2s.	The Official Handbook.
Scouting for Boys	LORD BADEN-POWELL	2s. 6d.	The Official Handbook for Boy Scouts.
Policy, Organisation and Rules	—	10d.	Containing Syllabuses of Badge tests, etc.
The Patrol System for Girl Guides	ROLAND PHILIPPS	6d.	Explanations of the Patrol System. Just revised.
Guiding for the Guider	—	6d.	Notes on Second Class work, etc. General Information on Company Organisation.
An A.B.C. of Guiding	A. M. MAYNARD	9d.	—
Practical Psychology in Character Development	VERA BARCLAY	4s. 6d.	—
Colour Ceremonial	—	3d.	Pamphlet on Drills with Colours.
Games for Guides and Guiders	H. B. DAVIDSON	6d.	—
Brown Magic	V. RHYS DAVIDS	2s.	For Brown and Tawny Owls.
Education through Recreation	L. P. JACKS	3s. 6d.	For Ranger Guiders.
Ourselves and the Community	REYNOLDS	3s. 6d.	Citizenship for Ranger Guiders.
The Guide Law	M. A. CAMPBELL	6d.	Short Readings and Prayers.

THE GUIDER



ARTICLES AND REPORTS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS for insertion in THE GUIDER, LETTERS TO THE EDITOR and BOOKS FOR REVIEW, should be sent, if possible, by the 10th of the previous month to the Editor, Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

MSS., photographs and drawings cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. No responsibility can be accepted by the Editor in regard

to contributions submitted, but every effort is made to ensure their safe return should the necessary postage be enclosed.

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

THE GUIDER is sent direct by post from Imperial Headquarters to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 4½d. per month (which includes postage); Post free for a year 4/6. Foreign and Colonial, 4/6 post free.

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL.

Held Tuesday, November 10th, 1936.

PRESENT:—

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, G.B.E. (Chair).
The Lady Baden-Powell, G.B.E.
Sir Percy Everett.
The Lady Rachel Howard.
The Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, O.B.E.
Miss Rhys Davids.
Mrs. St. John Atkinson.
Lady Thomas.

By Invitation.

Miss Allan.
Miss Bray.
Mrs. Cadbury.
Mrs. Chitty.
Mrs. Houston Craufurd.
Miss Hanbury Williams.
Mrs. Janson Ports.
Mrs. Mark Kerr.
Miss Knight.
Miss Leathes.
Mrs. Moody.
Lady Read.
The Lady Somers.
Mrs. Streatfeild.

The appointment was approved of Miss Angus as Diocesan Head of G.F.S. Guides for the Diocese of Newcastle, vice Mrs. Knyvett (resigned).

The resignation of Dr. Margaret Grant as Secretary for Mentally Defective Companies and Mental Hospital Patients was received with regret.

It was reported that the Junior Red Cross Society had lowered the minimum age for taking the examination in Junior Courses from 14 to 13.

It was agreed to institute a blue enamel warrant brooch for Sea Ranger captains.

It was agreed that Sea Rangers be allowed to have test cards printed with the new tests.

It was agreed that the following alterations and additions be made to POLICY ORGANISATION AND RULES:—

Rule 38:

Page 74. "Sea Ranger Test (to become an Able Sea Ranger)" to be called "Able Sea Ranger Test."

Page 73. "Ranger Test" after para. 6 insert "Sea Rangers will be required to take the Ranger Test as given above. At the same time, and so as to maintain their enthusiasm for Sea Ranger subjects, they can start work for the Able Sea Ranger Test."

Pages 74 and 75. "Able Sea Ranger Test."

(I) In section III, Health, delete clause 2.

(II) In Section IV, Service.

(a) Delete clause 1.

(b) Re-number clause 2 as clause 1.

(c) Re-number clause 3 as clause 2.

(d) Insert as clause 3:—

"Do one of the following:

Conduct a team game.

Read two nautical books.

Perform five folk dances.

Tell a sea story for not less than three minutes.

Make a scrap or log book, containing some original work.

Lead three Sea Chanties.

Dance a Hornpipe."

It was agreed that the Sea Service Badge, as follows, be tried out for one year:—

"To gain her Sea Service Badge, a Sea Ranger must pass in the four following Sea subjects, and either in Section A (specialised) or in Section

B (general) in each of the eight undermentioned groups. She must be a helpful member of the crew, and must prove that she is trying to use her knowledge in the service of others.

SEA SUBJECTS (compulsory):

1. Able Sea Ranger Test.
2. Swimmer or Life Saver.
3. Boatswain.
4. Be able to—
 - (a) recognise various types of craft, and the distinguishing marks of the ranks and ratings of the Royal Navy.
 - (b) Do simple carpentering, making two articles useful for camp, home or company.
 - (c) Make a garment or flag of bunting, or alternatively, mend a tent or sail.

SECTION A.

Senior Cook.

First Aider.

Probationer.

Nurse or
Public Health.

Citizen or
World Citizen or
Empire Knowledge Badge.

Athlete or
Carpenter or
Explorer.

Astronomer or
Decoder or
1st Class Signaller.

Mariner or
Sea Lore.

SECTION B.

GROUP 1.
Cook a two-course meal and understand the storing of food. Draw up a menu for a week in summer and winter on a definite sum of money.

GROUP 2.
Be able to deal with fire, accident, unconsciousness, shock and simple wounds. Apply artificial respiration and understand the immediate measures to be taken in cases of accidents. Must know how to recognise the signs and symptoms of the common poisons, and know emergency antidotes.

GROUP 3.
Know how to prepare a sick room and make a bed with a patient in it. Take a temperature. Apply a finger bandage and a fomentation. Know the notifiable infectious diseases, and the precautions to be taken to prevent the spread of infection.

GROUP 4.
Know the best methods of feeding and bathing a baby of under a year. Know the facilities in her area for advice and treatment in the case of expectant mothers, infants and young children, school children, children who are mentally or physically defective, cases of accident or illness.

GROUP 5.
On a given route of about a mile chosen by the candidate be able to direct a stranger to the Town or Village Hall, Fire and Police stations, nearest Post Office, Doctor, Chemist (with hours of Sunday opening), Garage, Bus Termini and Railway Station. Know something of Guides and their life in another country. Know something of your own system of local government.

GROUP 6.
Have spent at least half a day alone or with one companion, by sea, river or lake, observing the wild birds, aquatic creatures, and plants and give a report of what she has observed.

OR
With the permission of the C.C.A. go for an over-night hike.
Choose either of the following:—
Be able to recognise six constellations, six trees, six birds and ten flowers.

OR
Visit four places of interest in the neighbourhood and know their history.

GROUP 7.
Keep a weather chart for 30 days. Know the storm and distress signals by night and day.

OR
Know the days and time of mail departures by land, sea and air, and the approximate time in transit to different parts of the world. Be able to find the time in any part of the world by Greenwich Mean Time.

GROUP 8.
Make a model or drawing of an incident in the history of seafaring, or write an essay on such an incident.

OR
Know the international code flags and the use of the International Code Book.

OR
Know the rule of the road at sea, and the principal imports and exports of the British Isles.

The reports of the Training and Camping and General Purposes Committees were submitted and approved.
Routine and financial business was transacted.
The date of the next meeting was fixed for Tuesday, December 8th, at 2.30 p.m.

AWARDS.

Medal of Merit. (Good Service.)

Mrs. Patterson, Territorial Commissioner for S.W. Africa.

Badge of Fortitude.

Patrol Leader May O'Brien, 2nd North London Post Rangers.
Post Brownie Delia Williams, Oswestry.

Eagle Owl.

Miss Braby of Sussex.

Brownie Instructor.

Mrs. Goshawk of Sunderland, Durham.

Gold Cord.

Patrol Leader Cecile Armstrong, 1st Anerley Company, Kent.
Patrol Leader Irene Bradbeer, 35th Westminster Coy., London.
Patrol Leader Betty Dickson, 60th Edinburgh Company.
Patrol Leader Doris Forrester, 7th Hove Company, Sussex.
Patrol Leader Peggy Gilliland, 1st Ealing Company, Middlesex.
Patrol Leader Agnes O'Brien, 9th Cork Company, I.F.S.
Cader Joan Lewis, 13th Plymouth (Y.W.C.A.) Company, Devonshire.

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

PROFICIENCY BADGES—THREE-YEAR PLAN.

The Three-Year Plan for Proficiency Badges comes to an end in December, 1937, and counties are asked to send in their criticisms or suggestions for those syllabuses with which actual difficulty has been experienced.

Suggestions for the improvement of any proficiency test will be welcomed from all Guiders, *but these must be sent in through county channels and not direct to Headquarters.*

Please write (preferably type) suggestions, which must be practical and constructive, on one side of the paper only. Each criticism dealing with a different badge should be on a separate sheet.

All letters should be sent in before April 30th, 1937, when suggestions will be finally considered by the Committee in time for the 1938 *Book of Rules*, after which no alteration will be made for a further period of three years.

It is hoped to be able to deal with criticisms and suggestions as early as possible in 1937, so that all amendments to badge syllabuses may be published in THE GUIDER before appearing in the *Book of Rules* for 1938.

JUNIOR RED CROSS SOCIETY.

The attention of Guiders is drawn to a recent amendment to the minimum age limit for the Junior Courses in First Aid and Home Nursing, made by the Junior Red Cross Society. The minimum age for taking Part A of the Junior Courses has been lowered from 14 to 13 years of age.

CLOSING MONTH FOR CAMPING CORRESPONDENCE.

Guiders are asked to regard December as an off-duty time for Camp Advisers, and to refrain from corresponding with them during this month. For the Commissioners for Camping and the Area Assistants, January (not December) is the closed month for correspondence.

For Further Notices of importance, please see page 483.

Appointments and Resignations

Approved by the Executive Committee, November, 1936.

ENGLAND.

BERKSHIRE.

ABINGDON.—Dist. C., Miss C. Sinclair, Lady Place, Sutton Courtenay.

RESIGNATION.

ABINGDON.—Dist. C., Miss J. Brewer.

BIRMINGHAM.

WEST BIRMINGHAM.—Div. C., Miss K. M. Lloyd, 14, Ampton Road, Edgbaston.

RESIGNATIONS.

ALL SAINTS.—Dist. C., Mrs. Canning.

ST. PAULS.—Dist. C., Miss K. Lloyd.

BRISTOL.

BRISTOL CENTRAL No. 4.—Dist. C., Mrs. Garaway, 3, Auburn Road, Redland

Bristol, 6.

BRISTOL NORTH No. 3.—Dist. C., Mrs. Humphries, Clifton House, Overhill

Road, Staple Hill, Bristol.

BRISTOL WEST No. 4.—Dist. C., Miss M. Cooper, Denehurst, Southfield Road

Westbury-on-Trym.

RESIGNATION.

BRISTOL WEST No. 4.—Dist. C., Miss A. Baines.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

SHELFORD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Drake, The Old Vicarage, Shelford.

SOUTH-EAST CAMBRIDGE.—Dist. C., Miss F. M. P. Smith, 30, Pretoria Road,

Cambridge.

CHESHIRE.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss E. Brown, Forest Hill, Townfield Road, West

Kirby, Wirtal.

CORNWALL.

LISKEARD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Reid, Moyclare, Liskeard.

RESIGNATION.

LISKEARD.—Dist. C., Mrs. N. Gaffard.

DERBYSHIRE.

MORTON AND TIBSHELF (CLAY CROSS DIVISION).—Dist. C., Mrs. Pooler, Ellen-

borough, Stonebroom, Nr. Alfreton.

RESIGNATIONS.

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Barber.

MELLOR AND NEW MILLS.—Dist. C., Mrs. Barber.

DEVONSHIRE.

RESIGNATION.

LONE SECRETARY.—Miss G. Rowe.

DURHAM.

RESIGNATIONS.

THE HARTLEPOOLS.—Div. C., Mrs. McBride (*nee* Herskind).

WEST HARTLEPOOL WEST.—Dist. C., Miss N. Hewlett.

ESSEX.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Lady Rasch, J.P., Ingatstone Hall, Ingatstone.

WITHAM.—Dist. C., Miss J. MacLaren, Beacons, Wickham Bishops, Witham.

Please note that Romford District has been divided into North and South.

NORTH ROMFORD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Twinn, 1, Wayside Close, Romford.

SOUTH ROMFORD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Cleaver, Mauritius, Belle Vue Road, Hornchurch.

RESIGNATION.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Arthur Bowly.

HAMPSHIRE.

FARNBOROUGH.—Dist. C., Miss D. Carlyon, Tregollis, Farnborough.

PORTSMOUTH NORTH.—Dist. C., Mrs. E. R. Tooley, The Tynning, Mulberry Lane.

East Cosham.

PORTSMOUTH WEST CENTRAL.—Dist. C., Miss M. Masters, The Provost's House,

High Street, Portsmouth.

RESIGNATIONS.

FARNBOROUGH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Spargo.

PORTSMOUTH NORTH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Morrison.

PORTSMOUTH SOUTH-WEST.—Dist. C., Mrs. Mears.

PORTSMOUTH WEST CENTRAL.—Dist. C., Mrs. Snow.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

DIVISION COMMISSIONER.—Miss E. I. Tillard, Heronshaws, Godmanchester.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

RESIGNATION.

VENTNOR.—Dist. C., Lady Prudence Jellicoe.

KENT.

BRENCHLEY.—Dist. C., Mrs. Bland, Matfield Gate, Matfield.

EASTCHURCH, MINSTER AND QUEENBOROUGH (ISLE OF SHEPPEY DIVISION).—

Dist. C., Mrs. Maltby, Dockyard House, Sheerness.

IGHTHAM.—Dist. C., Miss O. Wood, Copt Hall, Ightham.

RAMSGATE.—Dist. C., Miss K. M. Sutton, St. Winifred's School, St. Lawrence

Cliff, Ramsgate.

ROCHESTER.—Dist. C., Mrs. Guise, 84, Borstal Road, Rochester.

RESIGNATIONS.

CHISLEHURST.—Asst. Div. C., Mrs. O'Loughlin.

BRENCHLEY.—Dist. C., Miss V. E. Buxton.

NORTHFLEET.—Dist. C., Miss M. Adams.

RAMSGATE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Brackenbury.

ROCHESTER.—Dist. C., The Hon. Mrs. Capron.

LANCASHIRE NORTH-EAST.

BLACKBURN.—Div. C., Miss E. Durbar, 113, Preston New Road, Blackburn.

HOLME, WORSTHORNE AND CORNHOLME.—Dist. C., Mrs. K. Walsley, Lower

White Lees, Fence, Nr. Burnley.

RESIGNATIONS.

BLACKBURN.—Div. C., Mrs. Heyworth.

HOLME.—Dist. C., The Lady Alice Reyntiens.

NELSON NORTH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Scott.

LANCASHIRE NORTH-WEST.

POULTON-LE-FYLDE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Lee, Westfield, Poulton-le-Fylde.

RIBBLE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Rawson, Bracklins, Hollinhurst Avenue, Penwortham,

Preston.

RESIGNATION.

RIBBLE.—Dist. C., Miss K. M. Houghton.

LANCASHIRE SOUTH-WEST.

LIVERPOOL NORTH No. 1.—Dist. C., Miss P. Aspinwall, 74, Hatton Hill Road,

Liverpool, 21.

LIVERPOOL NORTH-WEST No. 1.—Dist. C., Miss M. Rennie, 126, Park Street,

Bootle, Liverpool, 20.

LIVERPOOL NORTH-WEST No. 2.—Dist. C., Miss E. A. Armitage, St. Leonard's

Vicarage, Peel Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

CORRECTION.—The November GUIDER gave the name of the Commissioner for

Liverpool Central No. 6 as Mrs. E. Lough; this should have read Mrs

E. LOUGH.

RESIGNATIONS.

LIVERPOOL NORTH No. 1.—Dist. C., Miss Armitage.

LIVERPOOL NORTH-WEST No. 2.—Dist. C., Miss Rennie.

WARRINGTON NORTH CENTRAL.—Dist. C., Miss S. Hancock.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

GAINSBOROUGH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Vickers, 5, Silver Street, Gainsborough.

RESIGNATIONS.

STAMFORD.—Div. C., Miss M. Fletcher.

GAINSBOROUGH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Round Turner.

LONDON.

BARNBURY.—Dist. C., Miss M. C. Tallack, 98, Gillespie Road, Highbury, N.5

BELLINGHAM, DOWNHAM AND SOUTHEAST.—Dist. C., Miss E. M. E. Grigg, Ruslip,

Cumberland Road, Bromley, Kent.

FINCHLEY.—Dist. C., Miss P. M. Roebel, 81, Greenfield Gardens, N.W.2.
ROTHESMITH.—Dist. C., Miss F. E. T. Wouda, 8, Redriff Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.10.

RESIGNATIONS.

ASSISTANT COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Miss E. L. Lewis.
BELLINGHAM, DOWNHAM AND SOUTHERN.—Dist. C., Mrs. Hefford.
FINCHLEY.—Dist. C., Miss D. Clarke.
LYONS SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss H. M. Watlington.
ROTHESMITH.—Dist. C., Miss D. H. Sanders.
SHAPPEY'S BUSH.—Dist. C., Miss T. A. Paps.
WEST PADDINGTON.—Dist. C., Miss G. Mayes.

MIDDLESEX.

HARROW TOWN.—Dist. C., Miss M. Lloyd, 87, Bushboro' Road, Harrow.
KINGSTON.—Dist. C., Miss E. Lawrence, 22, Peel Road, North Wembley.
ROXETH.—Dist. C., Miss P. Thornton, Edzell Lodge, Inverloch Terrace, Edinburgh.

RESIGNATIONS.

HARROW TOWN.—Dist. C., Miss G. Barnes.
KINGSTON.—Dist. C., Miss J. Gilchrist.
MUSWELL HILL.—Dist. C., Mrs. Astor.
ROXETH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Riddale.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

HIGHAM FERRERS.—Dist. C., Miss E. R. Gage, 78, Doddington Road, Wellingborough.

RESIGNATION.

HIGHAM FERRERS.—Dist. C., Miss P. M. Marriott.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Mrs. Bird, 4, Queen's Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

RESIGNATION.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss P. Thesiger.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

TRINT.—Dist. C., Miss M. L. Wadsworth.

RESIGNATION.

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TRINT.—Dist. C., Miss M. L. Wadsworth.

WALES.

BRECONSHIRE.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss V. Morris-Williams, Adeline Patti Hospital, Pontypridd, Swansea Valley.

GARMARTHENSHIRE.

COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss Joyson, Brechfa, Carmarthen.

RESIGNATIONS.

COUNTY SECRETARY.—The Hon. Mrs. David Brand (see Rhys).
WEST GARMARTHEN.—Div. C., The Hon. Mrs. Hunter, A.R.R.C.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

CARNARVON, LLANRHOYD AND BONTNEWYDD.—Dist. C., Miss G. E. Davies, Craig-
wen, Carnarvon.

POST DISBURSE AND PENNETH-GARMARTHEN (Mid-Carnarvon).—Dist. C., Miss E.
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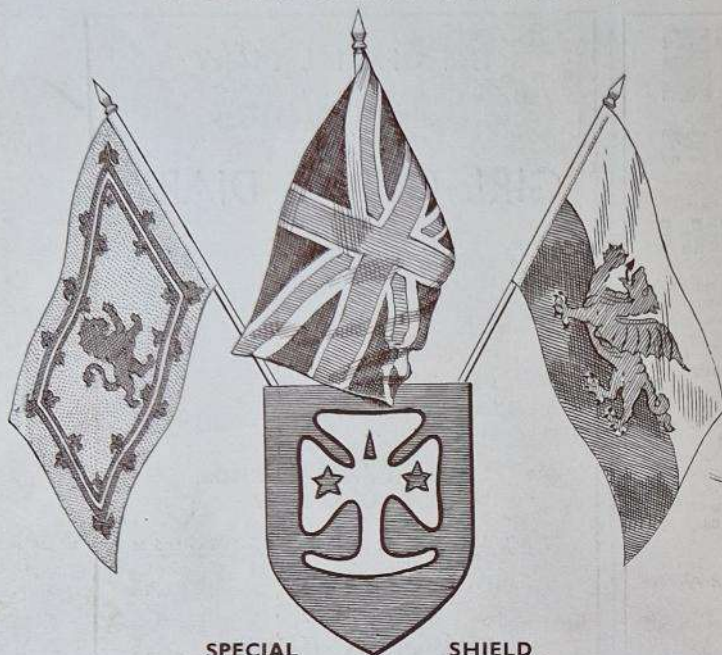
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The Secretary of the Girl Guides Association, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. G. 78

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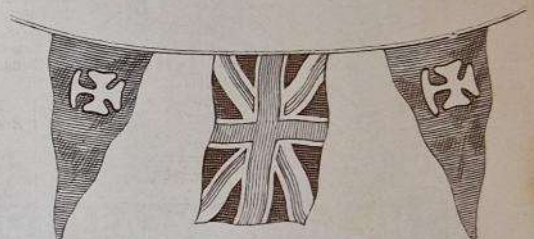
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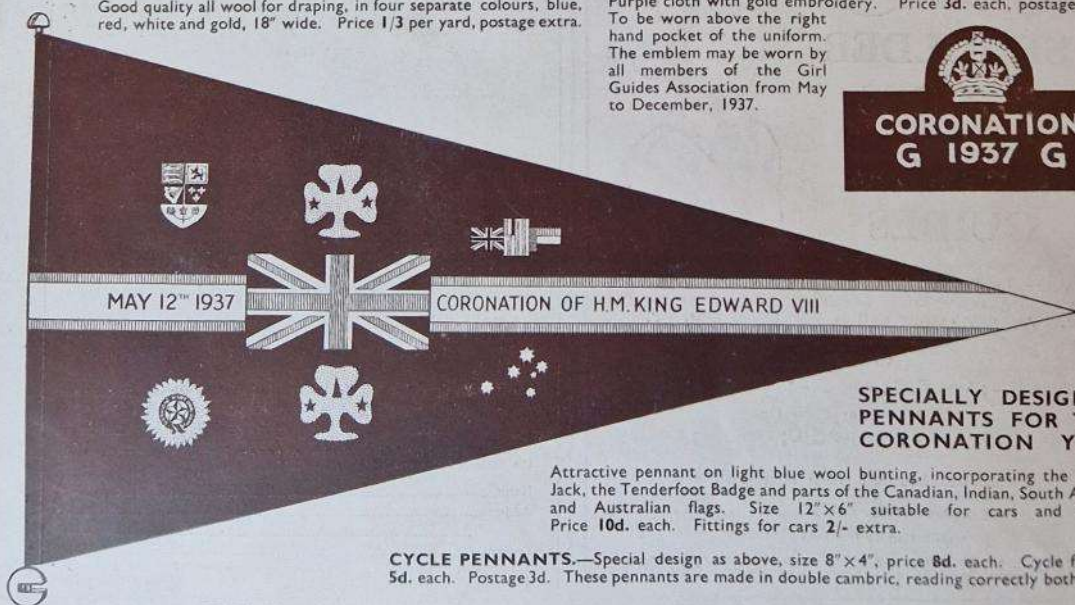
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