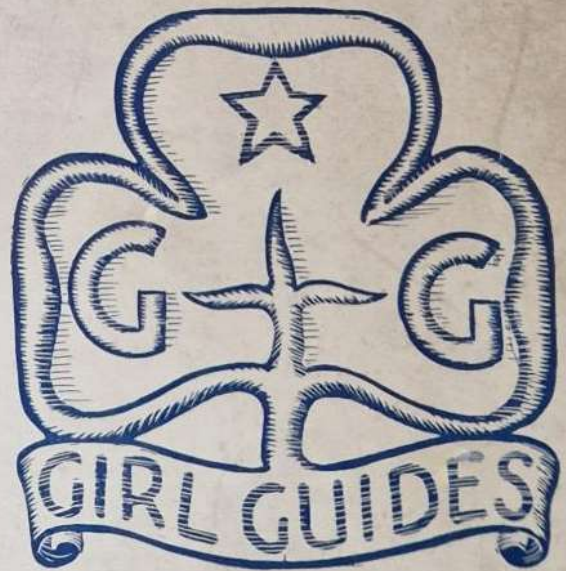




THE GUIDER

DECEMBER - 1939



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THE TIME DRAWS NEAR THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

SO many people have said to me lately that they could not bring themselves to think of Christmas, not only because, this year, for many of us Christmas must be a reminder of other happier times, not only because many of us will be alone among strangers, separated from our families, anxious about people we love who may be in danger, but for a bigger, more unselfish reason. They cannot bear to think of Christmas because this year so much that they believed in has been broken.

My heart aches for them, they are the people whose eyes had looked on a vision and their faith has been shattered. They dare not think of the ideals for which they worked, towards which they strove for so long. They have nothing left in which to believe. Christmas means only bitterness to them, for their God has deserted them.

Just as the world had begun to hope, the whole structure of ideals has come crashing down and it seems as if we have gone back to the beginning again. They are too tired, too disillusioned, to start afresh and they are fearful of anything which reminds them of the hopes on which they had set their hearts.

A great woman writer, whose work is famous throughout the Balkans for its beauty and wisdom, wrote a few weeks ago to a friend of hers, a well-known speaker, who, though not a Pacifist, has travelled the world for years teaching goodwill and tolerance. She said: "Most of my friends are buried in Poland. Do not write to me again. I have nothing left to love or believe in. I cannot go on."

There can be no greater tragedy than broken faith when you are one of those whose eyes have seen, beyond the narrow confines of your own small circle, the vision of a new world. The woman who wrote that letter had lost her friends, and in losing them she had lost her faith. She had nothing left to believe in and she could not go on.

We in Britain are more fortunate. Few of us, as yet, have lost our friends, and we must not lose our faith.

Let us face the fact squarely that humanity has brought this war upon itself. Germany is the unhappy nation which has precipitated it upon the world, but it is surely the seat of the trouble and not the source. Far-seeing people the world over have been building for peace for years, but mistakes have been made—perhaps something was wrong with the foundations, perhaps the builders were too few. Whatever the fault—something was wrong, and no nation can be held entirely blameless. It became increasingly clear in the year that is past that something drastic had to happen before further progress could be made.

It is happening now. This war is not as other wars. There is no hatred, no glamour, rather it is as if man has forged for himself a weapon of which he is afraid. No one dares to strike the first blow which would start the real world conflict. The tension grows,

diplomatic and economic activity seethes, humanity is alert, but wiser than it was.

We must not lose faith. In this time of tension humanity is going to step right out of the past into a future which is the threshold of divinity. We who believe in the ultimate peace of the world must not allow ourselves to be shaken now. We have work to do and we cannot allow it to suffer because for the time being our star is hidden.

We must try to understand what is happening in the world, try to follow the trend of events, and more than ever we must be practical. There is so much that needs doing. Right under our eyes there is practical work to be done, there are people who are lonelier, more bewildered and unhappy than we are ourselves. There are children who will this Christmas be away from their homes for the first time in their lives. There are parents whose children have been evacuated, parents whose sons are fighting, there are people who have lost home and even country. This is not the time for us to mourn for lost ideals. It is the time to prove what those ideals are worth. If, when they are threatened, we retire into ourselves and cut ourselves off from humanity, bitter because our dreams have faded, perhaps they were one of the mistakes which has helped to bring this conflict upon us? On the other hand, if we can at this moment forget ourselves in the service of others, do you not think it is possible that in losing our dreams we may realise them?

Nearly 2,000 years ago a star shone above Bethlehem, and Christ was born. Astrologists tell us that on November 19th the seven planets were in perfect alignment, making one great light. For the first time in 2,000 years the alignment was the same as it was on that first Christmas, that alignment the astrologists say may account for the Star of Bethlehem. If that is so, it may make a difference to the world. It did then, though humanity was slow to realise it. Many years have gone by and humanity is still slow, we must not be too impatient. Let us try to learn to take the long view, try to realise that some almost trivial-seeming thing which happens to-day may cause events to move in such a way that years hence a great world happening may be directly traceable back to the thing which passed almost unnoticed at the time it occurred.

Let us recognise the fact that you and I may never see the perfect realisation of all that we have worked for, but that it does not matter, provided that we have done steadfastly and well that which we came here to do.

Those who come after us will inherit the world we leave them. Each one of us alive to-day has a responsibility to all mankind, however unimportant we may think we are.

Let us remember that this Christmas and forget to be bitter, remembering only the Star that shone above Bethlehem for those who had eyes to see.

THE EDITOR.

THE QUEEN CAME TO VISIT US

"Whatever she does, wherever she bends her steps, grace silently orders her actions and follows her movements."

THE Queen is coming to Headquarters." The building seethed with excitement for days. There was so much to show Her Majesty and somehow, within the walls of Headquarters, we had to collect a really representative exhibition of what Guides are doing everywhere in the Empire.

There was so little time, so much to present, and everything had to be reduced to more or less tabloid form so that the Queen could get as wide a view as possible of what her vast Guide family is doing.

On the day before Her Majesty's visit everyone on the staff had anxious questions to ask:—

"Do you think she'll wear her Badge?"

"If she speaks to me, what must I do?"

And then, Her Majesty came. Directly she got out of the car, anxiety vanished. The Guard of Honour, drawn up inside the shop, thrilled when they heard that gay, warm voice: "Oh, look at them! Don't they look nice!"

There was no more reason to be nervous. But there was every reason for love and deep pride as our Queen Empress, wearing her Guide Badge, passed down the Guard of Honour towards the lift that was waiting to take her to the Council Chamber. The old magic worked once more—a Guide was among Guides.

Mrs. Marsham, Lady Clarendon and Mrs. St. John Atkinson had



In the Postal Department the Queen saw a blanket the staff had made.

[Photo: Fox.]

welcomed Her Majesty on arrival, and, in the Council Chamber, the rest of the Executive Committee were presented.

Then the Queen went to the end of the Council Chamber and spoke for a few moments to Mrs. Marsham, admiring the vast map of the world which hung there, draped with the World Flag, showing every country where there are Guides. Her Majesty was charmed and delighted with the display of dolls dressed by Herefordshire Guiders in the uniforms of the various countries.

Presently Mrs. Marsham left the Council Chamber, and returned a moment later with Madame Malkowska, looking very slight and upright in the grey uniform of the Polish Guides.

While the Queen stood facing the softly lit portrait of the Chief Scout, Madame was presented to her and the Queen talked to her quietly and alone. They seemed cut off from the world, those two serious figures, the grey and the purple, but we could see the grave gentleness of Her Majesty's expression and knew how deeply sympathetic she was.

Mrs. Marsham handed the Queen a little red leather case.

"I give you this for the Guides of Poland but no one has earned it more than you have," Her Majesty said, pinning the Bronze Cross on to Madame's tunic.

A minute more, and then Madame Malkowska stepped quietly back, saluted, and the little ceremony was over. Every one of us had felt intensely the greatness of that moment and the Council Chamber was full of the deep spirit that is the very core of Guiding.

The Queen turned once more to the International dolls, and the photographers were admitted. When about to be photographed Her Majesty exclaimed:

"Oh, my Badge! It doesn't show properly," and she unpinned the silver Tenderfoot and replaced it in the centre of her dress. Every Guide will realise the delight and gratitude which we all felt! I think Her Majesty realised it, she could not have mistaken the pleasure in our faces.

The feeling at that moment was typical of the whole afternoon. Wherever the Queen went she took with her that atmosphere of happy informality. Never for a minute did one of us feel nervous or shy.

In every Department she visited she saw the work in progress and she was so careful that everybody had an opportunity of seeing her. In the Finance Department she saw how Headquarters accounts are kept and in the Postal Department she was shown a blanket which the staff have made in their spare time and which is being sent to an evacuated child. The Queen was very interested in the



We knew how deeply sympathetic the Queen was.

[Photo: Fox.]

six inch square method and remarked on the amount of work which had gone to the making of the blanket.

In the Registrations Department there was a delightful moment when the Queen saw a photograph of herself wearing the uniform of a District Commissioner. "That was a long time ago!" she said, laughing.

It was here that Her Majesty was told of all the new companies which have been formed since the outbreak of war and she was interested and very pleased to hear that so many evacuees were being absorbed into companies and packs.

Here also, the Queen saw the Registration Forms of the Buckingham Palace Company and Pack which she herself had signed. The Princesses were very sad. Her Majesty said, that for the time being both Company and Pack had had to be suspended, but in the meantime they were carrying on their Guiding at Balmoral. The hand printing on the warrants displayed attracted the Queen's attention and she talked to the Guider who is responsible for it, asking what sort of pens and ink she used.

Her Majesty stepped out of the lift on the fourth floor to find the Headquarters Fire Squad drawn up for inspection. They presented a rather fearsome but exceedingly practical appearance, in their dungarees and tin hats! Only half the full number was present, as the rest were needed in other capacities and it was astonishing how quickly the Queen noticed the fact.

"How many are there of you?" was her first question. "But there are only eight here!" she said, on being told the full strength of the Squad.

Another instance of swift observation came when a copy of the November *GUIDER* was presented in the Library.

"You've changed your cover!" the Queen said immediately, taking the paper and studying the design. "That is nice—you've managed to fit in so much."

Her Majesty examined the paper thoroughly, admiring the illustrations, and there was a definite flash-back to the old days of active Guiding when she found the photograph illustrating the article on smartness in uniform.

"I like that!" she said with a twinkle. "I like the one word 'Correct'."

It was a delight to the heart of an Editor to discuss such matters as circulation figures and paper shortage with such a sympathetic and intelligent listener and the Editor of *The Guide* says she was completely staggered when the Queen asked her searching questions concerning advertising! Somehow one doesn't expect Queens to know about advertising—even a Queen who has been a Guider. It has been known for Guiders to write and ask us to abolish advertising altogether. Here was someone who really understood.

While she was in the Library, we showed the Queen a map of the Empire indicating all the far away places where her Guides live. She was interested in the samples of the Red Cross and Personal Service League patterns which British Headquarters is sending out to all parts of the Empire so that Overseas Guiders can make the comforts which the troops are wanting.

Her Majesty also saw a collection of Lone Letters and talked to a Lone Captain about them.

"I was nervous at first," the Lone Guider said, "but the Queen was obviously so keen to know all about it that I forgot she was the Queen and just talked to her as if she was someone who had come to join the company."

Before leaving the Library Her Majesty saw an exhibition of photographs showing Guiders doing every sort of war work. "It's just what is needed!" she said.

The Queen had tea in the Restaurant, and then went down to the basement where she saw the Staff First Aid Post, the Packing Room

where parcels of equipment were being packed to send off to newly formed Evacuee Companies, and the Public Air Raid Shelter.

In the Camp shop Her Majesty was shown the tent in which the Princesses played when they came to Headquarters. "Oh—that day!" she said. "I should think they must have been here the whole afternoon from the way they talked about it! We thought we'd never hear the last of it—they still talk about it and their one dream is to go to Camp."

How many Guiders have had that dream, I wonder, and realised it? Somehow, one felt from the tone of their Mother's voice that it might come true for yet another Brownie and Guide.

Before leaving, the Queen visited the Extension Handcraft Depot, and did some shopping. Among her purchases were three Sealyham terriers, a kitten, two woolly lambs and a large rabbit!

Mrs. Marsham showed Her Majesty the new emergency uniform for companies who cannot afford the full Guide kit. The Queen, examined the scarf closely, remarking on the good quality of the material, and saying what an excellent thing it was that uniform rules had been relaxed so that many hundreds of children would not be deprived of the advantages which Guiding offers.

After a visit which lasted for an hour and a half the moment came when it was time for the Queen to leave.

"It has been such a lovely afternoon," she said, congratulating Mrs. Marsham on the work the Guiders are doing. "I have enjoyed it. Thank you all so much."

Yes, Your Majesty, it was a lovely afternoon. Thank you. Your Guiders everywhere thank you.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



Her Majesty examined the paper thoroughly.

[Photo: Fox.]



Her Majesty stepped out of the lift on the fourth floor to find the Fire Squad drawn up for inspection.



Mrs. Marsham welcomes the Queen on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Headquarters.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE TALKS TO YOU

I WANT to tell you how proud I am of the way in which Guides have responded to the many calls which have been made on them since war broke out. On every hand one hears of the excellent work you are doing and it is a source of great joy to me, as your Chairman, to hear the many compliments which are paid to Guides to-day. The fact that so many of these tributes are paid to the children themselves proves that Guiders have done their work well in the past which is, perhaps, the most satisfactory thing of all. I congratulate you all, and share with you the pleasure you must all feel at the initiative and reliability the children are showing.

Many of you have offered your services to the country in other capacities. I was delighted to hear from a member of a board, which was selecting candidates for an important piece of work, that the best applicants from every point of view were Guiders. This I think, is a great tribute to Guide training and what it stands for in other spheres of life.

The fact that a great many Guiders have joined other Services does leave a very heavy burden on those who have remained and are continuing their Guide work as heretofore, and it is to these I would like to send this line of encouragement for the way they are tackling their task, which is no less important but so much less spectacular than other forms of National Service. There are in the reception areas to-day many Guiders who have gone quietly on with their Guide work, who have not had an opportunity to attend trainings at Fox-leaze and Waddow, and who now find their companies greatly enlarged by a completely different type of child—one who has been used to city life with its noise and bustle, and who, at first, is lost in the quietness of the country. To these Guiders come all the difficulties of merging that type of child with her own in her village, and we realise that the obstacles must be very, very great. I feel, therefore, it is very difficult for you to realise that we here in London—your Executive Committee—are doing anything in the matter except sitting in state making moves without thinking or considering your problems. Believe me, this is not so, and we are one and all here at Imperial Headquarters trying to help in every way that is possible. Through your counties we hear of your difficulties or your triumphs, and I can assure you that we are trying to make your work as easy as it is possible to do under war conditions. We realise that you

must sometimes think we are suggesting or making plans for which you cannot see the reason, but I think you will understand that we have to look at the picture as a whole and try to do what we think will fit in with the general pattern and opinions, so please give us your trust and co-operation as we try to give the same to you.

While on the subject of co-operation, I would like to say a word in connection with the many other social services which are finding their hands very full to-day. At this time of national crisis there must be no barriers between those who, whatever their persuasions, are working for the welfare of the nation on the Home Front. We must not allow personal loyalties to our own particular cause to interfere with the common need. Guiders, I know, will be quick to give their assistance, where and in whatever way it will be most useful. Adaptability is a quality which cannot be too highly valued to-day, and as one who sees much of the inner workings of Movements other than Guiding, I cannot emphasise too strongly the help which can be given by Guiders who are willing to pool their resources with others and meet them half way in their difficulties.

Christmas will soon be here, a strange and, I am afraid, unhappy Christmas because so many of us will be parted from our friends and families. Many of you, who have been in the habit of doing some special Christmas good turn with your companies, have lost your Guides—others have acquired much bigger companies. All of you are working hard in one capacity or another. Few of us are really looking forward to this Christmas. I would like to remind you that even a war-time Christmas can have its joys—joys which in peace-time might not be noticeable. There will be, this year, a warm spirit of sympathy everywhere; everyone will be trying to help and cheer those around them. If your Guiders and Brownies have been evacuated, do not forget them although they may be happily absorbed into their new companies and packs, a Christmas card from their own Captain and Brown Owl will make all the difference.

If you have new children in your company or pack, take particular trouble to see that they are not forgotten and are happily occupied. That extra effort is so very worth while. In that spirit I send you, one and all, and through you to your Rangers, Guides and Brownies, my warmest wishes.

JOAN MARSHAM.

A CHANCE FOR THE PACK

"O WING to the lighting restrictions all Companies and Packs must meet at a time which will enable them to reach home in the daylight," announced Commissioner, at a Reception Area Guiders' Meeting. A discussion immediately followed between the local Brown Owls. The Guide Captains were arranging, already, to meet on Saturday afternoons.

"A few companies are unable to meet every week," stated a Brown Owl, "but our Hall is to be used by the Scouts and Cubs, on Saturdays."

"In some Reception Areas, the schools are working on a shift system, which leaves plenty of time for Guiding," someone remarked enviously, "but in this district our evacuees are only a third of the number expected, and so the schools are working full time, and Saturday is the only day possible for our meetings."

"It means that greater co-operation between Brown Owls and Captains, and other organisations will be necessary," said an experienced Brown Owl quietly. "On fine days this problem can be solved by getting out of doors as much as possible, but any one who can hold her Meeting on Saturday morning may find this a more satisfactory time."

It was decided to compare notes and progress in a few weeks' time. Three Packs decided to meet on Saturday mornings. Then, the latest information caused a bomb-shell. The local picture houses announced the re-opening of children's films at 11 a.m. each Saturday!

"What shall we do, Brown Owl?" wailed the Brownies who were used to a weekly treat at the pictures.

"We must meet an hour earlier," said Brown Owl, undaunted by this unexpected turn of events.

"Oh, Yes, that would be lovely," agreed the Pack. "We can be here before nine o'clock!"

"What can we do to help win the war?" the Sixers demanded impatiently. Brown Owl told them about the Nursery Home which had been opened for evacuees, and suggested that those working for Golden Bars should make face flannels, bibs, and pinafores for the children, and at the same time practise their decorative hemming. These Brownies could also stitch on buttons for small evacuees, and help them to keep their clothes tidy and mended. The First Class Brownies set to work to knit toddlers' bedroom slippers, vests, scarves and caps. "Nearer Christmas we can make toys and fill Christmas stockings, and pack up surprise parcels for the Home," they suggested.

"There is a lot we can do to help," Brown Owl assured them. "I have cut out some black paper lamp shades for you to decorate. You may know of an old lady who is having difficulty in darkening her light, or it may come in useful at home."

Pow-Wow was interrupted by a visit from the Vicar. "I have no objection to the Hall being used on a Saturday," he assured them, "but we have always considered it as a holiday for the Caretaker, and the rooms have been prepared for Sunday School on a Friday night."

"I will have a talk with Captain," Brown Owl promised. "I am sure that the Guides and Brownies will see that the Hall is put ready for Sunday each week."

"That will be a real good turn," said the Vicar, with a sigh of relief.



Bonfires.

A visit to the Brownie mothers convinced Brown Owl that time must be found to provide Brownies with an occupation for the winter evenings.

"My children have been



Brownie Gardeners.

used to going out every night," the Mother of a large family told her. "They will miss the Play Centre and Clubs. Then, when they are all at home, they are so quarrelsome; just when their Father wants to be quiet."

Brown Owl remembered that her Pack had once made "Test Work Helps," for Post Brownies. Surely many Post Owls, who were able to continue their letters, would be glad of extra things to include in them now! Fortunately, it would be possible for the Brownies to make these things for themselves, with a little encouragement from Brown Owl. They could start with Union Jack Jig Saw Puzzles, Promise and Motto Cards, the darning stitch demonstrated on small strip of canvas (this could be used as a doll's house mat when finished by the Post Brownie). Buttons could be sewn on a strip of cloth, showing two different methods. Cardboard compasses, and cardboard knives and forks, for table laying sets, could be made at home; also pictures chalked for scrap books, and odd pieces of wool knitted into squares for cot quilts. Christmas presents could be finished at home, and cards and calendars painted.

At their next meeting the Guiders were faced with another problem. Commissioner had written to the evacuee school authorities.

"There are seventeen evacuee children who are Brownies in one district alone. Of course, you know that you may not have more than 24 Brownies in one Pack," she announced.

The Brown Owls put their heads together. Owing to the present shortage of Guiders, it was impossible to consider running evacuee packs. The suggestion that this could be arranged, if some Brown Owls ran two Packs with fortnightly meetings, was discussed, and the possibility of finding Brownie Guiders amongst the evacuated teachers. It was discovered that the Brownies in question were billeted within reach of two Packs in the Town. By sending most 10½ year old Brownies up to Guides, and taking no recruits at present, it would be possible to find room for these children while still keeping the Packs a reasonable size.

The Brown Owls paid a visit to the evacuee school, and they were greeted with great enthusiasm by the seventeen Brownies, who assured them that they were anxious to join a local Pack.

"Have you a big toad in the middle?" one small and obviously new Brownie enquired.

"When can we start?" they all wanted to know.

The Brownies were quickly divided into two Groups. One Brown Owl, allotted with younger Brownies who happened to live near her Pack, decided to place evacuees in each Six. The other, discovering that one Brownie had been a Sixer and another a Second in their old Pack, decided to form an evacuee Six.

The Pack hailed the suggestion of this Six with great excitement. "They won't have a screen for their Corner, or a Treasure Box," they said, in great distress.

"We must see what we can do to give them a big welcome," said Brown Owl. "In the meanwhile try to collect some pictures and we will make them a frieze for their Corner, and decorate a box for the treasures. Let us have a Pow-Wow at once, and see if we can plan a surprise for them for Christmas. I can see that this is going to be the busiest and most exciting winter we have had for a long time!"

(Continued on page 450.)



THE COURT OF HONOUR

Getting Them to Talk.

DID you say you could not get your Patrol Leaders to talk? Mine won't stop," said one Captain to another. "My Court of Honour is a running commentary by all four Patrol Leaders in turn," she added.

"I wish mine was," her companion replied. "My Patrol Leaders are as silent as clams, and if they ever do speak it is only to say 'Yes' to my 'Yes' and 'No' to my 'No'!"

THE COURT OF HONOUR even in these busy days must not be such a hurried affair that the Patrol Leaders do not have a proper chance to express their views, and to report the findings of their Patrols-in-Council. The worst thing that could happen to the life of the Company would be the crowding out altogether of the Court of Honour. It is an essential part. In fact it is not Guiding at all, it is not being true to the Chief's methods if the Guiders run the Company without the help and close co-operation of the Guides through their Patrol Leaders; nor is it Guiding if the programme is made up and carried through by the Guiders alone. There must be delegating of authority, the sharing of responsibility, and the electing of leaders by the Guides, which are all part of the Patrol system and which result in leadership of Youth by Youth, the most glorious thing to see. When it suddenly happens in a Company—and it *can* happen quite soon *even* in a new Company—we are given a glimpse of what Guiding is meant to be and of what our own Companies may become, which is so inspiring that we never really despair again. You see, when it happens the Guiders have begun to learn one of the greatest secrets of Guiding. They have begun to understand the individuals in their charge, and to know that with patience and consistent encouragement the leaders can be drawn out and induced to express themselves. *Expect* it of them, and they will rise to the occasion.

How To Make P.Ls. Speak.

1. In making reports at the Court of Honour the Leaders should, when their turn comes (a) Stand up, (b) Open Roll Book, (c) Read the first name, (d) Say one phrase about the Guide concerned. They treat each Guide's name in this way. From a very shy beginning these reports grow week by week, and the Leader soon learns to express in words the interest she takes in each member of her Patrol.

2. Always give alternative suggestions to the Court of Honour to discuss so that it is not possible to answer simply "Yes" or "No." Better still let them have several ideas to talk over, so that they must choose and give them time to argue it out, not only among themselves, but to refer them to the Patrol-in-Council.

3. Leave the meeting yourself if there is a deadlock, so that the Patrol Leaders are forced to make a decision and to report it to you on your return.

4. Play speaking games with your Company (some will be given you in next month's *GUIDER*).

A New Company.

Tell the Guides, even in the newest Company, that in Guiding we discuss things in Patrols, make our decisions and send recommendations to the Court of Honour. They will respond. "Is that what Guides do? Decide things for themselves? Really? Then watch us!" There is a dash to Patrol corners. Terrific talking. At the next Court of Honour the time required is forty minutes; old time, ten minutes! Good talking to you all and patience, M. H. S.

GUIDE
or
guide?



THE perfect Guide of one's imagination may be an eager figure, clad in blue, who gives the stranded motorist prompt directions as to how he can reach the nearest telephone box (he may even be provided with a helpful sketch-map), but can the imperfect Guide of one's Company really be considered a Guide in every sense of the word?

In last month's *GUIDER* the suggested scheme of work for training Guides for National Service contained the clause: "Have a special knowledge of the locality in which she is likely to serve, with particular reference to A.R.P. Stations, Casualty Clearing Stations, Gas Proof Shelters, Hospitals, Evacuation and other rallying posts, Wardens' Posts, Telegraph Office, Telephone Boxes, and Doctors," and our old friend Knowledge of Neighbourhood in the First Class test has almost identical, if slightly less warlike, wording, so do let us encourage our Guides to have that knowledge.

Most of them probably know where the various people and places are to be found, but are quite inarticulate when it comes to directing anyone else to them, and this is surely just as important as the knowledge itself.

"I do think your policemen are wonderful" may be a phrase usually associated with visiting celebrities and film-stars, but it is true as regards the giving of directions, and the very youngest policeman is a model for economy and simplicity of words given without a moment's hesitation. Suddenly ask one of your Guides how to get to her home from the Post Office, and see if she can tell you clearly and concisely without giving a long rambling description interspersed with severe doubts as to which is her right, and which her left, hand. It is no good telling a stranger that the doctor lives two doors beyond Mrs. Smith when he probably does not have the pleasure of that lady's acquaintance, but he can recognise a Woolworth store at sight, so note the conspicuous landmarks in your neighbourhood. Do not know only one doctor—he may be away for the week-end—or one garage—it may not stock the kind of oil the motorist wants—and do not learn only the bare minimum required for the test, but find out everything you can about your town or village.

Another of the suggestions which can be combined with local knowledge and the giving of directions is that dealing with messages, verbal, written and telephone. To be an accurate and intelligent messenger is to be a very valuable person at present, when communi-

cations may be broken down and important messages have to be delivered. This applies to Guiders as well as Guides, for not all of the former, as we doubtless know to our cost, can take a telephone message accurately, and this is also a much needed accomplishment just now. Ways of gaining practice in dealing with written and telephone messages are fairly obvious, and for verbal messages it is difficult to improve on Dispatch running games, which can be combined with Hand Signals and Scout's Pace, so that test work need not be entirely neglected.

Dispatch Running is obviously an outdoor activity, although a modified version can be played round a large hall and along passages, and either a field, public park, playground or quiet street can be used; the longer the distance to be covered by the runners the better. Each Leader spaces out the members of her patrol at even distances, and is then told the message by Captain. She (the P.L.) takes it to No. 2, No. 2 to No. 3, and so on till the last member of the patrol (preferably the Second) receives it. She writes down the message given to her—almost certainly not the original one!—and brings it back to Captain.

It is best if the Guides can be far enough apart to do Scout's Pace properly between each other, and the whole thing should NOT be a race, but a test of accuracy. If half the patrols run in one direction, and half in the other, there is not such a temptation to concentrate more on speed than sense.

Give the kind of message which the Guides might really have to deliver ("Meet Mrs. Brown at the bus stop in the High Street at 5.40 to-morrow evening, and take her to the station in time for the 6.10 train"), and have discussions with the Company as to the best way of remembering them: some people with good memories remember the string of words without thinking what they mean, while others visualise the scene and see themselves extending a welcoming hand to Mrs. Brown as she steps from her bus. This latter would seem to be the more intelligent method, and less likely to lead to disaster if a single word is forgotten.

"Read a map, and know to which places the main roads lead" is the last sentence in the local knowledge part of the First Class test, and one which is sometimes overlooked, but it is as necessary to be able to read a map as to be able to draw one. If possible, have a local map as Company property (the $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch to a mile is probably the most useful for this purpose) so that the Guides can refer to it whenever a place on it is mentioned, for only constant practice can teach quick map-reading and general "map-mindedness."

Ask friends to be lost strangers, play general knowledge and intelligence games, have treasure hunts where the Spanish Gold can only be found with the aid of a map, and soon your Company will be doing its share of National Service in the district by proving that it contains some people who are not "strangers to the place."

E. C. S.

"LEADERS—FALL IN."

This season must surely be producing a bumper crop of Nervous Givers of Commands and Callers to Attention, as P.L.s. and new Guiders try to carry on the tradition of the company.

The highly competent trainer, trying to encourage the less competent trainee, is apt to say: "Don't be afraid of tackling a subject because you feel you don't know much about it: work with the Guides, and learn together," but although this may be admirable advice in the matter of woodcraft, it is not so admirable when applied to patrol drill, for whoever is taking this—P.L. or Guider—must know her subject and be certain of her commands, so that she can give the latter with assurance. If she is not sure what she is trying to do with the Guides, neither will they be sure what they are meant to be doing, and the combined result will not have even the faintest resemblance to the changing of the guard.

The voice of the beginner is apt to do most peculiar things when it is first asked to perform in public, and although it knew quite well before it entered the Guide Hut that leaders, from the left, number, it is inclined to ask them to do so from the right in moments of stress. Therefore—although this may sound superfluous and insulting advice—do practise giving commands out loud if you are not used to doing so. Secure a long-suffering friend, or a rose bush, and do not leave either in peace till the eyelashes of the friend or the leaves of Mrs. Sam M'Grady obviously stiffen as you say: "Shun!"

There are some excellent hints on the giving of commands in the leaflet on Drill published by Guide Headquarters, and these are well worth studying. They explain the difference between the *cautionary*, which is the warning and explanatory part of the command, and the *executive*, which is the word on which the Guides actually move. And here are two Do's and two Don'ts:—

Do stand smartly yourself when taking drill, and don't move about too much.

Do give your commands as you mean them to be obeyed.

Don't move Guides by hand if they are in the wrong place:

explain where they should be, and let them go there themselves. Otherwise they will make the same mistake again next time.

Don't allow anyone to talk except yourself. You are in charge of the drill, and not Mary Jane, even although she is only trying to be helpful to her neighbour.

E. C. S.

TRAINING OURSELVES—I

NOTES TO BE READ BEFORE STARTING.

- (1) If numbers permit (i.e., more than 3) divide into Patrols.
- (2) Non-Guide friends are welcome and will be specially useful in discussions.
- (3) Get the P.L.s. in your Company to help you with the home-work.
- (4) In discussions even if all parties are agreed, try to see and discuss both sides. If you are a town group try to see how the question would affect country Guiders and vice versa.
- (5) Try to "spot" the point and value of the various activities before reading "the summing up of training."

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR 1ST TRAINING.

Notebooks and pencils. Coloured pencils (or chalks). Some pieces of cord or rope. Ball of string. Box of matches. Small Union Jack and Royal Standard (pictures will do). Post card of World Flag (obtainable at H.Q.). One outline of World Flag per Patrol. These are merely tracings of the post card on Air Mail (or any thin) paper. 10 small articles (pen, pin, etc.) for game. Books: *Girl Guiding*, *Colour Ceremonial for Guiders*, Current "P.O.R.", *Scouting for Boys*, *A.B.C. of Guiding*.

PROGRAMME FOR 1ST TRAINING ON PAPER.

Game. "Line Kim." Directions: Arrange 8 or 10 articles in a line. Allow players to look for 20 seconds and alter position of one or two of the things (while the players look away). The first to say correctly what changes have been made wins a point and does the altering for the next round.

If Working Alone. Jot down from memory the exact order of articles on your dressing table and check for accuracy.

Talk (to be read aloud). Giving outline of points to remember when teaching "Flag."

(A) Knowledge of the Union Jack is part of Tenderfoot and therefore of the utmost importance. Consider what the Union Jack stands for: the symbol of unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

(B) Take care of, and interest in, flag by example. Let all ceremonial be a definite expression of loyalty. It is a great honour to be chosen to carry the flag.

(C) You cannot teach what you do not know. Learn and practise the proportions, etc., yourself. (NOTE.—The Union Jack may now be square or twice as long as it is broad.)

(D) Encourage the drawing of flags of a fair size. The crosses become confused if too small. Always include a flag pole.

(E) Practise flying flags. Discuss the privilege of flying flags and who hold it.

(F) Memory is aroused by interest. Avoid boring instruction. Have lots of stories and practical observation. Consider why the various crosses were chosen and how they are arranged.

(G) Read "Our Flag," pp. 78-81, in *Girl Guiding* for further ideas and information.

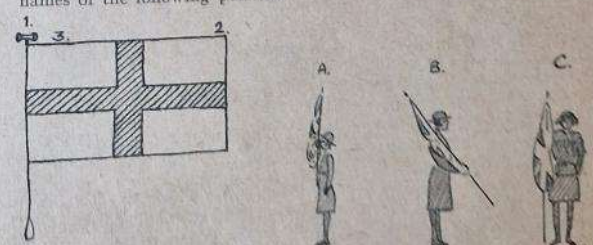
Practical Work on Flag. To be done in Patrols each member doing some of the jobs.

- (1) Write down the date of: (a) The first Union Jack. (b) The date it was first used at sea. (c) The date it was officially adopted. (d) The date of the union with Ireland.

(2) Draw the Cross of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick with coloured pencil. Flags may be square or oblong but must be fair size and correct proportion. Colour the (outline) World Flag.

(3) Tie the knots for attaching a flag to halyards. Tie the knot for attaching halyards to flag pole.

(4) Write down the names of the following parts of the flag and the names of the following positions.



THE GUIDER

(5) Compare the Union Jack with the Royal Standard. How are the three countries represented in each?

(6) Write down how a Union Jack may be used as a signal of distress.

Answers to:—

(1) On Flag Card obtainable at H.Q., 1½d. (2) Same.

(3) (a) Clove hitch and sheet bend. (b) Clove hitch or two half-hitches.

(4) (1) Toggle. (2) Fly. (3) Hoist. (4) Loop. (B) In Colour Ceremonial, H.Q. (5 & 6) *Girl Guiding*, pp. 79-80.

Courtesy. Don't let the pace of life nowadays make us forget to keep the grace of courtesy in our Companies and Packs. We sometimes feel that manners are a waste of time and that all that really matters is to get on with the "work." There is so much we want to teach our Guides we leave the trimmings to look after themselves. That is a mistake. Good manners are really only the expression of kindly thought for other people, and an unselfish desire to serve the common good. Don't let us neglect the chance we have in welcoming evacuated children to our Companies. Get the P.Ls. specially prepared to cope with their problems, *expect* good manners and you will get them in time. Let us be sure that the Guides understand what courteous means. Don't scrap the word, which is so much more expressive than "polite," but take the trouble to explain it to each recruit verbally and *by example*. Get Lieutenant and the P.Ls. to help both by setting a high standard and boldly pointing out opportunities for practise, and get all sorts of "outsiders" to visit the Company to give the Guides a chance to be friendly. Suggest various and varied good turns and praise improvement. *Never* decline help if you can avoid it. It may have cost quite a lot to offer and refusal will nip the habit in the bud. Finally, don't be disappointed if progress seems slow, a natural polish takes longer to get but is much more enduring than mere varnish.

GENERAL PRACTICAL WORK (to be done in Patrols).

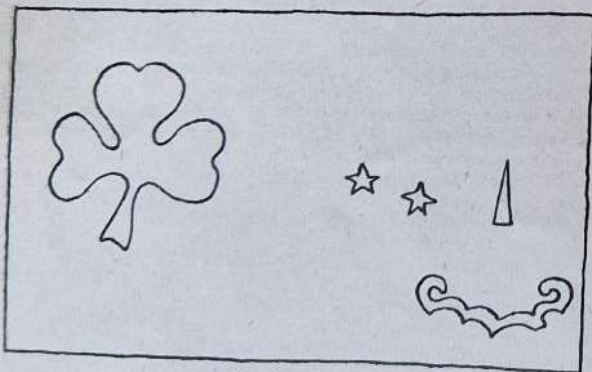
(1) Make a parcel of your left shoe (estimate how much string you will need and take it from ball).

Questions. Will your parcel go by letter post? How much would you have to pay for it? What knots have you used?

(2) Make a diagram in peas (or draw) of the Great Bear, the Pole Star and the Little Bear.

(3) Have one Guider make a design with 8 or 10 matches and cover with paper. Others look at design for 30 seconds, take same number of matches from box, and copy it exactly in your Patrol corner.

(4) Put the World Flag together. Fill in the missing words and put the completed sentence touching the symbol to which it refers.



Explanation of Symbols.

(1) The . . . in the leaves of the . . . mean the leading . . . the Promise and Law.

(2) The . . . is the . . . needle which gives us the right . . . in Guiding.

(3) The base of the stalk is a heraldic . . . and represents the . . . of the love of mankind.

(4) The golden . . . represents the . . . shining in a blue sky over all the Guides of the world.

(5) Write down the distinguishing marks of uniform of (1) a District Captain, (2) A Div. Sec., (3) A Brown Owl who is also a Diploma'd Guider.

Answers. (1) Book of stamps or diary. (2) *Scouting for Boys*, p. 77. (3) ———. (4) Post card of World Flag. (5) Book of Rules (P.O.R.).

Discussion Question (read out).

Are we using the Patrol system to its fullest extent in our Companies?

Skeleton "Summing Up" (read out).

(A) Would, and could, our P.Ls. "carry on" without us? Would the meeting have started "on the dot" and be progressing usefully if we were detained?

(B) Do we give our P.Ls. a fair chance to keep ahead in their work, by making time to train them? Do we give them our confidence? Fully?

(C) Is our Court of Honour a real live meeting? If they don't talk, *why* don't they? Do they bring everyone's opinion? Have they had time to find it out?

(D) How are they elected? Have the Guides a voice in the matter? For how long do they serve? Do we allow "old ladies" to block the way?

(E) Do we run Patrols as separate units giving them a chance to plan and specialise on their own and trusting them to hike, work, etc., really under their P.Ls.?

(F) If we fail in any of these points what can we do about it? Re-read *Scouting for Boys* to understand the Chief's plan and put it into practice.

Follow with further discussion on these lines and finish by reading out Group findings.

Taps or National Anthem.

SUMMING UP OF TRAINING.

Game. "Line Kim." Good starter as late comers can join in. Trains in memory, accuracy and ingenuity.

Practical Work (on Flag). Jobs to be done can be made up on any subject or subjects and give the P.Ls. a chance to organise suitable work for each Guide.

Practical Work (General). See above. Could include revision of 2nd and 1st Class, or any work thought suitable.

Discussion. More time than usual has been given to discussing as with small numbers of Guiders games are not so practical and more value can be got out of talk (see Note 4).

Taps. A tidy beginning and ending is important to all meetings and in a way compensates for no inspection.

Questions.

Was your position good while singing Taps?

Was your uniform as perfectly prepared and worn as you can possibly manage?

HOMEWORK.

Planned to revise last month's training and prepare for next. Jobs to be done individually and results compared at next training.

1ST WEEK. During whole week observe one's own standard of truthfulness.

At own Guide meeting. Observe general team spirit and discipline.

During week. Write your own name in Morse and check up. (*Girl Guiding* or *A.B.C. of Guiding* will help.)

Write down what you would include in a Hike First Aid Outfit and why.

Read a worthwhile piece of prose.

2ND WEEK. During the whole week observe one's own standard of courtesy.

At own Guide meeting. Observe your P.Ls. in action. How much part do they take in running the meeting?

During week. Teach a non-Guide the Tenderfoot knots.

See how quickly you can produce a hot drink. *If possible* outside on a small hike fire.

Estimate the weight of your own coat. Write down your guess and check with scales.

Read a good piece of poetry.

3RD WEEK. During the whole week observe one's own standard of usefulness. (If possible do a good turn involving manual labour.)

At Guide meeting. Observe Patrol corners. Are the Guides keen and busy? Have the P.Ls. ideas?

During week. How many tracking signs do you know? Plan how you could use them to lay a trail round your meeting place. Use as many different materials as you can.

Try to use all the 2nd Class knots during the week.

Spot all the knots you see other folk use. Could you improve on them?

Look through the small bird section of any bird book.

Try to hear a beautiful piece of music.

4TH WEEK. *P.Ls. Training.* During the whole week observe one's own standard of dependability.

(Continued on page 433.)

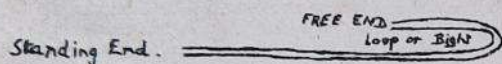
SPECIMEN LETTER TO PATROL LEADERS WHO ARE HAVING TO CARRY ON WITHOUT GUIDERS

Dear Leader,

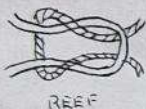
By this time you will have gathered your Patrol together and set out on your adventure. I hope you found last month's suggestions useful, and that you got lots of ideas from your Patrol, and had some exciting meetings. Carry on with the work you have undertaken, always remembering that it takes time to do a job thoroughly, and that you are pioneers, and your trail must be well laid. The Chief Scout says, "Pioneers are men who go ahead to open up a way." Our King said, "Life is a great adventure, and everyone of you can be a pioneer, blazing by thought and service a trail to better things." Here are some more ideas for you.

KNOTS are fun and besides we must Be Prepared for any emergency, ready to tackle any sort of jobs, and quick with one's fingers. Here are some hints:—

1. A good knot is quickly tied, will stand strain, and is easily untied.
2. You must know a knot thoroughly before you can teach it.
3. It is quicker to pull the free end through than the standing end.



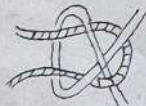
4. Do not teach knots in the hand but put them into practical use.
5. Use stout cord or rope.



REEF

Reef is used for tying two ropes of equal thicknesses. It is simple and it is flat, and because it is flat it is used for bandaging. Show your recruit how to tie a bandage and let her finish off. If she ties a granny knot explain that it is lumpy and see if she can remedy this. Arouse interest and she will learn quickly. Let her tie up a parcel, her tie, etc. Get her to suggest other uses for the knot.

Double Overhand is tied in the same way as an overhand but two ropes are used. It is a quick method of joining two ropes. It can be used to make a loop which won't slip by doubling one piece of rope and tying in the same way.



SHEETBEND



CLOVE HITCH

Sheetbend is used for joining ropes of equal or unequal thicknesses. Never let a Guide tie this knot with one piece of rope! Have you seen sailors use it when a steamer comes in? It will not slip and stands strain if tied correctly. Make the loop of the thicker rope.

Clove Hitch. For tying a rope to a pole. It grips and stands strain without slipping. Try slipping the knot over the top of the pole but also tie it round the pole for you can't always reach the top.

GAMES. *Knotting Champion.* When knots are thoroughly learned see who is your Champion. Have competitions to see how quickly each Guide can tie a knot. Each time she tries to beat her own record. Tie the knots behind back, in the dark and with one hand!

Give the champion a knot to pin on her uniform which she loses if another Guide beats her record. You may be called upon to tie a knot in an emergency when you haven't time to think! A Guide is ready to tackle all sorts of jobs and must be quick with her fingers.

Knot Spotting. Each Guide keeps her eyes wide open during the week to see how many knots she sees, indoors and outdoors, and notes their uses. Compare notes at next meeting giving one point for each.

Exhibitions. Divide your Patrol into couples. Each couple chooses a knot and is given 10 minutes to show how many uses it can be put to, each couple trying to prove that their knot is the most useful.

2ND GUIDE LAW: A GUIDE IS LOYAL. How can we make this law real in our own lives? I wrote last month about setting our own standard of our Best, and this month let us see how we can be loyal to that standard. Here are some ways in which we as Guides can show our loyalty.

Loyalty to God.

1. By attending Church and Sunday School regularly.
2. By saying our Prayers and reading our Bible.
3. By giving God our love and asking Him to help us day by day to be true and loyal, by helping and thinking of others, and by trying to live our Law to the best of our ability.

Why not have a Patrol Church Parade?



King and Country. What a thrill there is for us when we salute our Flag for the first time as Guides, or when at Camp the Union Jack is hoisted and "broken," or at a Rally when our Colours are massed. What a thrill there is in seeing our King or hearing him speak. Why? Because he represents our beloved Country and our loyalty to our King and our Flag is our way of showing our loyalty to our Country. Here are some ways in which we can show our loyalty in a practical way.

1. By not repeating gossip or passing on rumours.
 2. By sticking to rules in connection with "Black-out."
 3. By not throwing toffee papers, etc., on streets.
 4. By not being out after dark.
- Discuss these with your Patrol and get them to add to this list. These may seem far away from loyalty to King and Country, but if we abide by rules laid down for us, we are helping our Country and showing our loyalty.

Other Loyalties. To friends: by sticking to them and by not listening to, or telling, tales; by speaking up when we know someone is being wronged. *Patrol and Movement:* By helping Guiding as much as we are helped by Guiding and perhaps a little more! By being a real Guide—remember people may judge the whole Movement by what we are and what we do. *Home:* Loyalty to our parents—let us stop sometimes and think what they have done for us and what we owe them. *Employers and Teachers:* By being reliable and thorough.

There are lots of other ways—think them out and get your Guides to keep their eyes and ears open this month for examples of loyalty in everyday life. True loyalty means unselfishness and often sacrifice. People may laugh at us—can we still be loyal? Loyalty is an Adventure in itself. When loyalty to one thing seems to clash with loyalty to another, we must decide which is the greater and make our own choice. All loyalty is included in Loyalty to God: ARE WE PUTTING GOD FIRST?

SEALED ORDERS. Here is a game you can play with your Patrol which they will enjoy and it will test some of their knowledge of the District, too. Play in couples. Give each couple a Sealed Order containing, say 5 questions, such as "Go to the nearest telephone kiosk and bring back a note of a certain telephone number." "How many steps are there leading up to the nearest First Aid Post?" It sounds easy? But wait, I haven't finished! Each couple is given 5 beans and if they are challenged by another couple (the enemy) while they are obtaining the information, they must give up a bean. All beans captured count 1 point and each correct answer counts 1 point. This game will give good practice in observation and stalking. Make it a rule in all games like this that no running is allowed in the streets. Fix a time limit. This game can be played in town or in the country.



If your Guides enjoy this game why not get two of them to make up a game on the same lines for your next meeting?

THE GUIDER

SALUTE. We salute with our three fingers pointing upwards to remind us of our Promise. Our salute is a friendly greeting and a smile goes with it. See how many times you can get your salute in first! Try it, it is fun. If you meet another Guide or a Commissioner, or if you go to H.Q., I wonder if you can be the first to salute!

Don't see Saluting. 1. Don't put your head down to meet your fingers! 2. Don't salute half-heartedly—remember "I am a Guide—you are a Guide, and we're proud of it." 3. Don't stick your elbow out. "tuck it in," like your back! 4. Don't give a full salute when out of uniform or when you are hatless, a half salute is correct. 5. Don't salute in Church; stand at attention when the National Anthem is played or Colours marched on; at other times when in uniform a full salute is correct. Get your Guides to make up a game to teach your Patrol to salute smartly and correctly.

RECRUITING. Before this brought to the Company, was placed in your job started. Now we get ideas of going out and recruiting and training them. Isn't it? So, I urge to you—go out recruiting. What about who lives in No. 5, or that tomboy in the next street, or that popular girl in school who would be such a good Guide, or that lonely girl who lives with her grandmother and doesn't seem to have much fun? This is really pioneer work so take a deep breath, screw up your courage, and off you go recruiting and good luck to you. Remember recruits will get their first impression of Guiding from you and your Patrol, so be sure to make them feel they are wanted. Give them a warm welcome and an exciting time.

WOODCRAFT. If I asked you what a holly tree was like you would probably say you would know it by its prickly leaves and that it is green all the year round. I want you to go out and find a holly tree and look at it carefully. Are all the leaves prickly? Look at the leaves near the top and those near the foot. Because it is green all the year round and is known as an "evergreen," does it mean that its leaves don't fall? Look under a holly tree and see if this is correct. Discover all you can about the tree and think out reasons for your discoveries. I'll write you about my discoveries in my next letter.

Lone Wolf's letters are obtainable in page form, price 1d., postage ½d., from the Editor. Please note unavoidable increase in price.

FOXLEASE FORECAST

FOXLEASE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

This will happen as already between 25 and 30 people have expressed interest.

Dates. Friday afternoon, December 22nd, till Wednesday morning, December 27th.

Fees. Single room, 8s. 6d. a night. Double room, 7s. a night. Shared room, 6s. a night.

Uniform. This is optional. I think that an overall may be useful by day.

Plans. We shall run the house as usual with patrols doing the orderly work, and everyone looking after their own room. There will not be training sessions, but there will be opportunities for wide games which can be adapted for company use—hence the suggestion that uniform may be useful—it seems to suffer less in the forest than mud!

Please apply soon as we must order the turkeys!

FOXLEASE COTTAGES are to let by the week. For particulars see November GUIDER, page 417, or apply to the Secretary.

WEEK FOR CADETS AND PATROL LEADERS AT FOXLEASE.

In order to fit in this week for Cadets and Patrol Leaders during the holidays the dates fixed are December 28th till January 4th. This will include a special party for New Year. It is hoped that both Lady Somers and Miss Sygne will be able to come. Fees are specially reduced to 22s. 6d. for the week, and so we hope that as many as possible will come. Please apply soon to the Secretary for a permit to come from your County Commissioner. This will be only the second time that we have had a "week" for Cadets in the house, and it is the very first for Patrol Leaders.



cart! You may have an old barrow at home belonging to a little brother, if so, why not convert it into a Patrol trek-cart? Or you may be lucky enough to obtain the wheels and base of an old perambulator! This would be fine, as you could obtain a strong box from your grocer and paint and decorate it in your Patrol colours. It certainly would be useful for your Patrol Good Turns. I wonder which Patrol, when called upon for National Service, will arrive with its own trek-cart? More ideas for Service: 1. **Messengers.** I hear that one Patrol has formed itself into a team of messengers and is giving valuable service in its District running messages for people. Well done! 2. **Silver Paper.** Find out in your own county where you should take Silver Paper when collected. 3. **Scrap Books** are fun to make and children in hospital love them. This would be a good piece of Patrol Service for Christmas. 4. **Toys** for hospitals or for evacuees. Why not start collecting old toys and books for this purpose? You might even have a Patrol Hospital for Toys!—mending or repainting them—or making a new frock for an old doll! 5. **Bulb Growing.** It would be fun to grow a few bulbs as a Surprise Gift for some Mother whose children are evacuated and who may be feeling lonely, or if you are in a reception area, as a Surprise Gift for your hostess. 6. **Work for Red Cross.** Scraps of material left over by work parties are useful for stuffing cushions if cut into many small shreds.

PATROL FUNDS. Here is a new idea for keeping funds. Instead of collecting pennies from your Patrol why not ask each Guide to bring a penny stamp? You can obtain a "Penny Stamp Slip" at a Post Office. At your meeting let each Guide stick on her stamp. This is much more exciting than collecting pennies. Be sure to mark this down in your Patrol Roll Book and to see that the amount received is the same as on the Stamp Slip. In my next letter I'll give you some hints on keeping accounts. Here is something you can discover for yourself: find out from the Post Office what you do when the Stamp Slip is full!

I am longing to hear about your Patrol Good Turns, the games you have invented, and your exciting meetings. You will also hear from me if you read *The Guide*. Write to me c/o THE GUIDER and *The Guide*.

Good luck and good Guiding.



LONE WOLF.

FUTURE TRAINING DATES AT FOXLEASE

December 8th-12th. General Week-end.

December 15th-19th. General Week-end.

December 22nd-27th. Christmas Party.

December 28th-January 4th. Cadets and Patrol Leaders.

January 6th-13th. Guiders' General Training. We want big numbers to make this a special week, please come.

January 19th-23rd. General Week-end.

January 26th-30th. General Week-end.

Applications should be made to the Secretary, Foxlease, Lyndhurst, Hants, and should include a deposit of 5s. This will be returned if withdrawal is made a fortnight before the training.

Fees (except for the Christmas Holiday and the week for Cadets and Patrol Leaders):—

Single room: £2 10s. for the week.

Double room: £2 for the week.

Shared room: £1 10s. for the week.

Less than a week fees are:—

Single room: 7s. 6d. a day.

Double room: 6s. a day.

Shared: 5s. a day.

These fees are inclusive, any extra meals are charged for at: Breakfast, 1s. 6d.; Lunch, 2s.; Tea, 6d.; Supper, 1s. 6d.

Cars can be garaged at 5s. a week or 1s. a night.



I.—KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE EAGLE

IT began when I was about 11. Till then life was very quiet and uneventful, like the life of so many children in the old country houses of Poland. I was alone with my parents, as my older sister was at school and there were no children in the neighbourhood, so I was reduced to the company of 14 dogs, some tame squirrels, a hedgehog, and a roe deer which lived peacefully in the big park that surrounded my home. These were my special friends. But there was something that began suddenly to stir up my young mind. Why was it that other nations had their own free countries, with their own Governments and we were ruled by foreigners? Why couldn't "Poland" be on the map of the world as it used to be for so many centuries? Why didn't we do something to change that state of things.

I read in the history books about Polish heroines who fought for freedom; I adored the stories of ancient heroes. Certainly life was too easy; I was growing "quite old." I ought to do something to help Poland, to wake up those around me, as they seemed to have grown quite content with this state of things. One thing I knew well—that freedom wouldn't come without a great effort; one had to fight for it—but how? I began to look round me. I went into stables, farmyards, fields and began to talk to the boys who worked there. At first they were taken aback; they were shy, even frightened. They didn't understand what I wanted. Soon we began to have secret meetings in barns, lofts or in the fields. They knew nothing whatever of history; they didn't know what a "free country" meant; they didn't even know the lovely Polish songs which conveyed so much to every Polish child.

So we started with the songs—but when I wanted to dictate the words, I discovered that many of my boys didn't know how to read or write. This was a real shock. How could they live without reading, and, what was worse, how could I live so many years without knowing anything about the life of so many children who lived next door, just behind the park wall?

So lessons began. All those boys were older than myself—the eldest were 15-16—and they studied their A.B.C. with utmost eagerness and zeal. Of course, Mother was never to know it; she would never have allowed me to mix with peasant boys.

Who were they? Mostly stable boys, shepherds and boys who helped in the kitchen garden. After a few months, the difficulties of reading and writing were overcome, and then came the gravest problem. "If you want us to fight for Poland's freedom, you must teach us how to become good soldiers. You must teach us drill."

How could I do it when I didn't know much about it myself? I was a good shot. I could teach them all about handling a rifle, but that was not enough.

IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS

by

OLGA MALKOWSKA

The Editor asked me to write for you some articles on Guiding in Poland. I was wondering how to do it. To write even a short history of our Guiding one would have to have many books of reference to get all the data right.

The other way, to give you a theoretical account of our methods and aims, of conclusions we have arrived at—but this is like feeding you with a compound of some patent food. We don't like it in Guiding. So I decided to give you vivid pictures of different stages in which the idea was budding, growing, until it found its full expression. The pictures may be a little disconnected—like coloured bits of glass laying loose in your hand. Your mind and your heart will have to be the kaleidoscope that places the bits of glass in order and arranges them into an ornament.

Now it was my turn to learn.

Not far from our park was a big common where young recruits were trained by Austrian officers. There were barracks of an Austrian regiment not far away. So the game began. Crawling amongst bushes, I used to approach the common and watch from my hiding place every movement of the soldiers. (Poor Mother, if she had known!) I tried to understand the words that were yelled at the men, but though I understood German, I never could grasp a word. Once home, I practised all the movements myself till I got quite familiar with right and left turn, form fours, two deep, etc. Now the boys got thrilled—this meant real business.

But a new difficulty arose. As long as we were learning reading, writing, history or singing, any loft was good enough as we didn't need much space, but now for marching, running, jumping we had to be out of doors. As we were about 20 in number, it was difficult to do it unnoticed. So we decided to have our meetings in the park at 4 a.m. and even at 3 a.m. What fun to get out of bed long before sunrise and get out in the park through the window! (There was no other way out except across Mother's bedroom.) Oh, the glory of those early dawns; I shall never forget them!

On one of these mornings, when the park was still full of the shadows of night, we made our first promise. "Knights of the Eagle" we called ourselves and each Knight got a silver ring with a tiny white eagle on it. This was our token. We promised to serve Poland all our lives and we were going to train as "Knights" in honesty, kindness and courage.

The question of honesty wasn't so easy. How I feared that Mother might discover my morning outings and I, being a "knight," would have to tell the truth, which would mean the end of our whole work. But, luckily, this never happened.

Kindness was another stumbling block. How difficult it was to explain to some of the boys that collecting birds' eggs was unkind to the bird parents; especially as many boys believed that if eggs are taken from a nest, new eggs will be laid to replace the missing ones.

We established a "Birds' Hospital" in a big old stable lantern, which we hung up in an oak tree. This was a positive act of kindness. When we found a sick bird or a baby bird that had fallen out of its nest and we were unable to spot the nest, we took the little patient to the "hospital." Once there, the bird was looked after with the utmost care, but I am sorry to say not many patients survived it. Each death was a great tragedy for us and all I could do was to see to it that the dead bird had a suitable funeral. All our servants had to take part in it. Sleigh bells were rung, hymns were sung while the "cortege" advanced towards the "cemetery" in the park. So the bird's spirit could see how very sorry we were about his departure.

Courage was the next great quality of a Knight. There was a long avenue of very old lime trees in the park. Some of the trees were 500-600 years old and were rotten inside, so that owls loved to nest in them. I don't know if it was the continual hooting of the owls that frightened people, but none of the villagers dared to pass the avenue in the evening. They said it was haunted and evil spirits were there in the night. Here was something to test our courage. One by one we passed the avenue one midnight and to our greatest dismay nothing happened. There was no ghost, no evil spirits to

THE GUIDER

fight—just owls were hooting as usual and the wind was rustling in the tree tops. It was most disappointing. So we had to find something else to test our courage.

A new mayor was elected in the neighbouring little town. He was a German, and on several occasions he was very unkind to the Poles. One Sunday morning, when people were leaving church, Leo, our 16-years-old garden boy, started to sing the Polish National Anthem in the middle of the market square. He was arrested and put to prison. How proud we all felt knowing that one of us was suffering for Poland. (Though Austrian prisons were very mild.) But he had to be revenged and I wanted to do it myself. I wrote on big sheets of paper in very big letters "Long Live Poland" and "Poland Is Not Yet Lost," and when night fell I slipped out of the house and went off to the little town. Dressed as a peasant girl, I hid under the big shawl the precious papers. Midnight had just passed when I reached the little town. The streets were empty, the houses dark. I went first to the church and there I pasted two big sheets on to the church gate. Then I went to the mayor's house and covered his gate, the entrance door, the fence, with the rest of the sheets I was carrying. Oh, how I chuckled when I saw in the dim light of the lantern the words "Long Live Poland" on his very door.

The next morning the whole town was in fits. Conspiracy, revolution, secret agents. My Father came to lunch and brought the news to my Mother. They were both terribly excited—only I was during that lunch on my best behaviour.

Nobody ever discovered who put those inscriptions on the church door and the mayor's house, just as no one ever found out the secret of the Knights of the White Eagle.

We went on with our meetings for years, till I grew up and went to school, and we moved our home to Lwow. The Knights have ceased to exist. However, I met one of them a few years ago. He was very active in social work and he brought me news about the others.

When the Great War broke out all "knights" joined the Polish Legion and went to fight for Poland's freedom. Very few were left alive, but they were all busy in building up the new Poland. "You see, we haven't forgotten our promise and we shall never forget it."

The dream of a child became true.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIGHT RING OF WORDS

"What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?"

The moment has come for us to answer this, each in our own way:—

"Ever the faith endures—
Take and break us; we are yours,
England, my own!"

For many there is active service in one form or another, but for a number there is the carrying-on day by day with ordinary jobs, extraordinarily well done.

Guiders whose companies have been evacuated are trying to find ways of keeping in touch with all their Guides and are becoming more "letter-minded."

Here is where the oldest off-shoot can help and Lones are only too anxious to be of use. For 27 years we have been Guiding through letters and our experience is at the disposal of any who need it.

But it must be realised that evacuated Guides should join local active companies if possible, since Lone Guiding is essentially for those who can practically never meet and is based on well-thought-out programmes which simply must have continuity. They should be planned for six months, just as active ones are, otherwise the Letters tend to be scrappy and unbalanced.

I ask all Lone Captains to help those active Guiders who are coping with Companies by post; to be prepared to enlarge their own Companies if necessary; and to send good Company Letters to Mrs. Starkey-Dean, The Little Place, Pool Hill, Newent, Glos., for the Bureau.

The Bureau supplies specimen Letters and contains a newly-made series on Second Class training, invaluable just now.

At such a time as this, it is particularly essential to consider what will be of enduring as well as of present value. We can teach

badges useful and artistic; give ideas for reading, sewing, knitting, keep in touch with Guiding at home and abroad; and above all, base our Letters on the First Promise.

To Long Ranger Captains, I suggest a good quarterly Letter rather than casual monthly ones, but do try in that case to send personal notes between Letters.

To give you an idea, here is a programme for the next six months which was drawn up in August, from the suggestions of a Lone Ranger Company, and is now being carried out, with the amplification of the topics for "Outside Interest" and in times war entails, e.g., in the topics for "Outside Interest" and in opportunities for service.

NATURE. The difference between different types of birds in the same family: tits, thrushes, hawks, etc.

YARN. Pioneer women: Elizabeth Fry, Mary Macarthur, Rachel Macmillan, etc.

GUIDING. 1. Home and International alternately.

(a) Leysin, Pax-Ting, Danish Camp.

(b) Posts, Rover Moot, etc.

2. Company news.

OUTSIDE INTEREST. Other people's lives: coal mines, blanket and chocolate making, women police, G.P.O., etc.

DISCUSSION. A bit by everyone on almost any subject from "My nicest holiday," to a serious discussion.

DARK EVENINGS. Books to read and something to make.

BADGEWORK. Samaritan.

RANGERS' OWN. Why Rangers? How to get international understanding, etc. Prayers.

This programme is estimated as taking 19 pages and two more are allowed for Rangers' own contributions. The Company is in no way out of the ordinary and really shares in the composition of the Letter. It has taken a very interesting course on Roadways, starting with the merest tracks in ancient days, and tracing their development to their present state. That gives a sense of continuity and growth very valuable to consider just now, besides suggesting another outdoor interest.

Such a programme means carrying on with special effort at a time when we are all extra busy, but I do not hesitate to ask it of Lone Captains. In the last war I remember a slackening in self-discipline and an inclination to live only in and for the immediate present, a state of mind which we should be ready to forestall now. We need to make sure of our own foundations and of our own vision for the future, so that we can help our Guides and Rangers to keep steady and start now to build a saner world, a world in which God is given His due, and men and women realise their twofold citizenship. May our "eyes be set upon the far horizons."

MURIEL M. HALL,

Commissioner to Lones.

KNITTERS—TAKE NOTICE!

As Headquarters have had difficulty in obtaining knitted wools in large quantities, it has been decided by the Committee that Guiders should apply to the Personal Service League, 41, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1, for their materials.

They will supply wool in 3-lb. packets (minimum order, 9 lbs.), at 4s. 6d. per lb. Two kinds of wool are supplied: double knitting and four-ply fingering in the right colours for Navy, Army and Air Force, and for operation stockings, bed socks and hot water bottle covers. The P.S.L. will also supply regulation patterns in booklet form at 3d. each.

This is a personal arrangement between the Personal Service League and the Girl Guides Association, and the wool can only be supplied for war work and only in the quantities mentioned above. Postage and an addressed label should be enclosed with each order.

Patterns for other than knitted garments are supplied by Red Cross and St. John Ambulance depots.

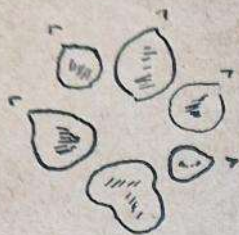
Finished garments made under this scheme (or from material provided by Brownies, Guides, Rangers or Guiders themselves) may be sent to local Red Cross and St. John depots, local Regimental Comforts depots, or to any of the following addresses:—

Army.—Officer i/c Army Comforts, 12, St. Mary's Butt, Reading, Berkshire.

R.A.F.—Officer i/c R.A.F. Comforts, Air Ministry, Berkeley Square House, London, S.W.1.

Navy.—Royal Naval War Comforts Committee, Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.1.—(In this case enquiries should be made of the Secretary of the Committee as to what items are most needed. Parcels should not be sent until replies to such enquiries have been received.)





Otter.

THIS CHANCE MAY NEVER COME AGAIN



Badger.

WOODCRAFT IN WINTER

By C. R. PHILLIPS.

Woodcraft in winter, in spite of uncertain weather, has several advantages over Woodcraft at other times of the year. The shapes of trees can be studied and their leafless boughs do not conceal the perching birds, whilst the majority of wild creatures become tamer in cold weather. Now that so many town Guides have been evacuated to the country, do let us make the most of our opportunities for Woodcraft this winter.

The smallest Tenderfoot can track a rabbit, or another Guide, across a field of fresh snow but there is no need for snow to find wild animal tracks, as any patch of damp sand or mud, especially near water, will show tracks. Guides who have never seen a water-rat will be amazed at the number of tracks this little vole makes beside the smallest stream. Many creatures, including badgers and foxes, go nightly to drink at their favourite ponds.

Those Guides who have read Grey Owl's books will long to try fire-lighting and cooking in the snow and there is nothing else that gives one such a feeling that one is a real master of Woodcraft. Do not make the mistake of showing the Guides what to do, you will take away the thrill; just make sure they are suitably clad for sitting on snow; see that they know the correct wood and where to find it dry; warn them to scoop out a hole in the snow or the fire will fall to the bottom when the snow melts; tell them to choose a sheltered spot for their fire; then send them out in Patrols and let them learn by experience.

Walks are always most enjoyable on a fine, frosty day. I have found by experience that it is useless for the Captain to take the whole Company and point out various items of interest on the way. If she sees a bird, it will be gone long before her Guides see it and all wild creatures will flee before a chattering group of people. By far the best way is to send your Company in Patrols, in different directions, giving them marks for the Patrol that notices the most. To give them some idea what to look for, tell them to notice different trees by their bark and twigs (these can be named later if a twig is brought back), to note berries (some berries are useful for preserves—but the Woodcraft Guide should be able to recognise poisonous ones), plants and birds. The latter may be described and identified on return to the clubroom and here the Guider must show enthusiasm and tact. Even if she knows it is only a chaffinch, she should let the Company look it up, while still interested, in a bird book or local museum. This may lead to the discovery of a brambling, a winter visitor, sometimes seen amongst chaffinches, and distinguished from them by having a black cap and white rump. Tell them to keep a lookout for this bird and they will probably discover that a flock of "sparrows" is made up of many different kinds of finches. Thus one achieves the first step in awakening interest and opening their eyes.

The Captain need know little natural history, her part should be to encourage

her Guides on a voyage of discovery, to be really interested in their findings and to conceal the fact, if she made the same discovery many years before. She should teach the Guides to describe accurately and then help them to identify objects seen before they lose interest. For absolute beginners, games with coloured post cards make the children familiar with flowers, trees and birds but the real place for Woodcraft is out-of-doors. Do take your Guides out this winter.

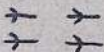
Rabbit.



Track of Fox.



Moorhen



Robin



Blackbird.



Partridge.

WOODCRAFT FOR THE EVACUEE

By ALISON MILES.

Hitler has unconsciously done a good turn, he has sent many young city Guides to the country. This chance may never come again nor may it last very long. Let us get in all the real woodcraft we can.

There is no need for chalk when we can follow other trails—in many places there are sandy commons ideal for tracks. Tracking shoes can be made by putting nails in the heel in a special design but probably some Guide has distinctive rubber soles and she can make a trail choosing damp and suitable paths. When it is necessary to cross hard ground she can leave a note sign with direction given or continue the trail with pieces of bracken or haws or acorns.

Tracking is a wet weather activity. Choose a muddy lane or much used path and let each Patrol say what has gone along it. They must learn not to spoil the "spoor" by walking on it. Point out the difference between the tracks of male and female shoes, between workmen's and sportsmen's shoes. There will be all sorts of problems to solve: who pushed the pram, was the child's track beside the pram or did she follow later? Was the bicycle going up or down hill? Which way was the cart going, any hint of its load? Were the ridden horses side by side or separate, were they trotting or walking? Each Patrol will unravel quite different secrets. *Training in Tracking*, by Gilcraft, is very suggestive.

After heavy rain these mud albums at the edge of ploughed fields and by rivers reveal the doings of the animal population. *Tracks and Tracking*, by Mortimer Batten, is a help in naming the owners.

It may be exciting to play "Don't wake the Baby" in the clubroom but it is much more thrilling in a wood full of autumn leaves and twigs to try and rescue two prisoners tied to a tree without waking the Indian on guard. Try stealing the Pirate's knife knowing that one crack of a twig means instant death! (An umpire is useful here to see that the blindfold pirate is pointing at the one who made the sound.)

Hitler has a genius for choosing the right moment. Guides poured into the country in perfect weather and there followed a month of unbroken sunshine and the season when the wood creatures were all gathering and going about their interesting autumn ways: returning to habitation after moulting, collecting stores or setting off southwards. Now leaves are off the trees and this is the very best time to begin to recognise the birds. There will be a few songs as a start, robins, a thrush, perhaps a lark, the woodpecker's yaffle, the sharp imperious notes of the nut-hatch and his tapping as he hammers at a nut. They ring out, distinctive and easy to trace at this time. Now is the season to hang out a bone and bring the birds to the observer—a bone from the stock pot will do!

"The Guide Room is a Red Cross depot. Guides may not meet after dark." What a blessing in disguise! Who needs to meet in a clubroom when there is daylight and the country lies all around?

If it is cold there is the lure of exploring. At first they may only



Water-rat.



Squirrel.

evinced a horror of the unknown: "I wouldn't like to fall down there. Isn't it dark under those trees? Just look at the mud on your shoes. How will you ever get them clean?" These remarks gradually change their tone. "Come on, let's see what's along this path, can't we climb down to those trees?"

There's lots to be done, practising Scout's pace to keep warm, judging distances, heights, time, local knowledge for Pathfinder Badge, compass directions, first aid in the open, all pioneer work. Leave the rest for a wet day when a roof can probably be found and borrowed somewhere.

"When you felt the hard wind sting
You were groping back through space
Through two thousand misty years,
Through a hundred mothers' fears,
When the heather was your bed
And the sky was overhead."

There is no longer need to light fires with paper in the backyard. Dead heather, dry bracken, twigs, grass and pine cones are at hand for kindling and there is fuel in plenty. It is wise to inquire in an unknown locality whether permission is necessary before lighting fires and great care must be taken to see that they are properly put out. A warning should be given that water in lowland streams is never fit to drink. Fires should not be lit on peat unless there is water at hand to soak them, otherwise the peat may go on smouldering. It is useful to know that water can often be found in a forked beech tree for extinguishing a little fire or washing sticky fingers! Utensils may not be available—they are not needed: sausages can be roasted by passing a thin stick through them lengthwise and turning it till they are brown and sizzling. Toast made at a glowing fire and buttered hot is very good, so are twists if the stick is heated first, and self-raising flour is used, a baked apple is simple to end up with. Fragrant with woodsmoke the party return homewards by little winding paths through golden bracken.

"When you watched the log made fire,
When you felt the green smoke smart
In your eyes, then in your heart
Was the whisper that you know
Echoing from the years ago."

And at all times there should be the quest for beauty. One small Guide summed up this first impression so easily lost by familiarity. As she gazed from her bed, possibly for the first time through an open window, she saw the moon rising behind a great pine and one brilliant planet sparkling in the silver radiance of the night sky.

"We don't seem to see these interesting things in a town . . . I wonder why—?"

HALT!

For particulars of War Service Badge see page 470.

TO WISH THEM A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

Black-out time means shorter shopping hours.

War Service leaves less time for shopping.

War budgets make shopping harder from another point of view.

How, when and where can Christmas shopping be done?

The Extension Handicraft Depot is ready to help you to solve many of your shopping problems, by supplying you with good quality, varied and individual goods which are usually sold throughout the country at Annual Meetings, etc., and when you buy from the Depot you are giving employment to some of the permanently disabled Guides and Rangers.

An abridged price list is given below and further details can be obtained from Headquarters.

Service Woollies. In khaki, navy blue, and Women's Voluntary Services' green and red (also in other colours for non-service wear).

	s.	d.
Ladies' cardigans	18	9
" jerseys	15	9
" gloves	5	9
" mittens	4	0
" ankle-socks	1	9

Men's scarves, cardigans, jersey's, socks and other knitted garments at reasonable prices according to quality and sizes.

Special "Comfort parcels" can be sent direct to any regiment or charity for an inclusive charge of 10s., 15s., £1 or £1 10s.

Toys. Every animal you can think of is in our toy shop, such as:—

Rabbits, price 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s. 9d., 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

Giant Baby Pandas, 3s.

Dogs, price 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 4s. and 5s. 6d.

Penguins, bears, kittens, donkeys, elephants, etc.

Toy treasure parcels for parties and hospitals for 5s., 10s., 15s. or £1.

Christmas Stocking Surprises.

Handmade pewter brooches with semi-precious stones. Price 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

India-rubbers in parchment covers, 6d.

Leather comb cases, address books, post card cases, etc., from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

Needlecases, embroidered in cottage design, 2s.

Thimbles, mascots, lavender bags, shoebags, etc.

Parcels for Evacuees, containing warm clothes, toys, etc. 10s., 15s., £1 and £2.

Postage extra on above (with the exception of made-up parcels).

Further particulars may be obtained from: The Extension Department, The Girl Guides Association, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

THE EXTENSION HANDICRAFT DEPOT

Special exhibitions of work from the Extension Handicraft Depot will be held as follows:—

Headquarters: Wednesday, December 6th.

Birmingham: December 11th-16th.

Cardiff: December 4th-9th.

Leeds: December 11th-16th.

Liverpool: December 4th-9th.

Please do not miss this opportunity of buying your Christmas presents from Extension Guides.

WINTER ADVENTURES FOR BROWNIES THREE OUTDOOR GAMES.

Owing to the Black Out, many Packs will be meeting on Saturday morning or afternoon in future. Surely this will give us an opportunity of justifying our claim as an outdoor movement. Some days will be damp and foggy, and unsuitable for outdoor activities, but even in the winter months, most Saturdays will enable us to plan part of our programme in the open.

The following suggestions may be useful for Brown Owls who have little time to think of new adventures at present.

A Crown for the Princess.

Brown Owl tells the Brownies that once upon a time, there was a Princess who was unable to find a crown to fit her. The Queen tried to buy one at all the best shops, but although they shone with precious stones they were always too big, or too small, and always too heavy.

Advice was sought from the Lord High Chancellor, who suggested that only a crown of happiness would be likely to fit the little Princess. So the King offered a reward to whoever could find a crown of Happiness in a given time. Will the Brownies help to find the crown?

Brownies set off in Sixes to make a crown of Happiness. They must find something with each letter of the word, e.g., H = Holly, A = Acorn, P = petal and so on. These they weave together in the shape of a crown, or place in their Six Corners to represent one. The Princess tries on the crowns, and the one she chooses qualifies the winning Six to dig for their reward in the Palace Grounds. Brown Owl previously buries a small prize, and gives the winners a clue to its whereabouts.

Hiding Treasure.

Brown Owl asks the Brownies if they would like to use their Pack pennies to buy and hide a treasure for a neighbouring Pack. Brownies set out in search of a shop near the other Pack's Club Room. They choose a treasure and ask the shopkeeper if it may be left there until some Brownies call for it on (Wednesday).

Brownies then set out with Brown Owl's instructions in search of the other's Club Room. They then walk slowly back towards the shop in charge of the Treasure, making simple clues which will enable the treasure to be found.

The clues are checked, and sent with a letter of explanation to the other Brown Owl.

PERSONAL ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS INSURANCE.

The new Policy started on November 8th and runs for twelve months, but cover can be arranged at any time to take effect from date of inception. Full particulars will be sent on request.



WALTER

THE

TOYMAKER

A Christmas Story to Tell

by

CATHERINE CHRISTIAN

WALTER THE TOY-MAKER sat by the window of his little log cabin, carving a squirrel in wood. Outside and all around brooded the great silence of the mountains, for it was winter, and the snow lay thick on the ground, and muffled the branches of the dark pine trees that marched away down the hill towards the little gabled town. The grey light of late afternoon fell on the toymaker's hands, that were thin and brown, with long nervous fingers, and on his face as he glanced ever and again from the carved model to the windowsill, where Nimmo, the Squirrel, flaunted the bushiness of his blue-grey tail.

"Ohe, little brother, here is a fine portrait—see—even as in life the tail is the pride of it!" And Walter laughed merrily as, with a cord cunningly threaded through holes in the wood, he jerked the toy tail up and down.

He was a tall man, thin and strange, with a brown, lined face, and a twisted laughing mouth. His clothes were ragged, stained by sun and wind to the russet of an autumn wood, and through the untidy thatch of his fair hair his eyes shone, blue and strange as sapphires.

All the birds of the mountain, all the beasts of the forest were friends to Walter—but down in the little gabled town folk looked at him askance—calling him an idle fellow, good-for-nothing, and thriftless. Only the children followed him, as he shuffled through the streets in his patched cloak, and his broken hat with its dragged peacock's feather—followed him in twos and threes and scores, calling to one another, pointing and laughing at the little painted toys in the tray that hung from his shoulder by an old silk scarf. For the toys that Walter made were better than any to be bought at shop or stall—there was laughter in the very lines of them—in the cock of the wooden robin's head, in the tilt of the rabbit's ears, in the curl of the dogs' tails—and there was joy in the colours that he painted them—gay reds and greens and blues, warm browns and gallant yellows. Yet he never grew rich and thrived as other craftsmen did, for often if a child were ill, or poor, or crying, he would give away his best work to comfort it, and the halpence of the smallest child seemed, somehow, always enough to buy from Walter.

The light failed, and the wooden squirrel was added to the other toys in the tray on the shelf. Walter remembered that he was hungry. A few moments later he frowned in annoyance. On the shelf where he kept his stores there remained only the half of a stale oaten cake, and the oil in the little earthen lamp was running low.

"I must go a-marketing, it seems," he said aloud.

Nimmo, the Squirrel, jumped from his place on the windowsill to the toymaker's shoulder and sat there, begging.

"Ohe, greedy one!" Walter reproved him. "See, there be other mouths to feed besides thine, now—do thou wait awhile."

He moved to the door, with Nimmo riding on his shoulder. Outside in the snowy glade, Hacken, the white reindeer, was browsing moss from the bole of a fallen pine, and Rollo, the Northland hare, sat huddled like a small bump of snow in the shelter of the doorstep. At Walter's call they came, and he shared the oatcake between them and Nimmo, scattering the crumbs for the robin that fluttered down from a nearby tree.

When they had finished, he took his cloak and hat, and the tray of toys, and trudged down the mountainside towards the town. His friends went with him—the reindeer, stately as a silver shadow, Rollo, loping ahead, and the other two riding on his shoulders, till they reached the edge of the pines.

Below, in the hollow, lay the gabled town, with lights like orange crocuses and crimson poppies, shining from the little leaded windows, and bells ringing sweetly in the still, cold air.

For the first time Walter remembered that it was Christmas Eve.

The squirrel leapt lightly to a swinging branch and the robin fluttered to a nearby bush. Hacken and Rollo stood still. Walter went on alone, his long, blue shadow dancing before him across the snowy ground, for a big, round moon was climbing up the sky.

The streets of the little town were crowded with folk hurrying hither and thither—bustling housewives in bright shawls, grave burghers in velvet cloaks, peasants, pedlars, monks and troubadours. After the silence of the hills the place seemed noisy and confusing to Walter, and he moved among the people like a man in a dream.

A few children, their eyes bright and their little noses red as winter-cherries with the cold, plucked at the skirt or sleeve of an elder, crying:

"See—see the pretty toys. Oh, buy me one!"

Most of them were carried on in the press of people, like wisps of seaweed on a high tide, and though they looked back wistfully no one heeded their requests. A few had their way, and presently three small silver coins were chinking together in Walter's pocket.

At last, tired and confused by the bustle, he turned down a narrow byway which led him to a square in a poor part of the town. Ragged boys and girls were playing hop-scotch in the light that streamed from an open door, while a smaller child, abandoned to his own devices, sat on the threshold and wailed dismally.

THE GUIDER

"Why, little one, what ails thee?" Walter asked, sitting down beside him.

The other children stopped their play and stared.

"He's hungry," said one, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"He's cold," said another.

"It is Christmas time, when folk give presents, and he will have none," a girl explained.

"Nay, here is matter enough for tears!" quoth Walter, gravely.

He set down his covered tray and gathered the child on to his knee. Its little feet were bare, and he chafed them in his hands—then his strange, blue eyes swept the faces of the other children.

"How many of ye be cold, and hungered, and lacking a Christmas gift?" he asked softly.

"I," and "I," and "I," answered the children, and they smiled back at him, because his eyes were merry and kind.

"See now, here is somewhat amiss that may be mended in an ill world," said the Toymaker.

He sent the eldest boy and girl to buy honey-cake and hot chest-nuts and gingerbread from the old woman who kept a stall across the way. When they came back there was enough for every child, and a gingerbread doll with current eyes for the littlest. It had taken all three silver coins to pay the reckoning, but Walter laughed, and when they had all eaten every crumb, he drew a wooden pipe from under his cloak and played such merry, rollicking tunes that the children danced until their cheeks glowed and their toes tingled with warmth. Even the littlest one jigged by himself, up and down, up and down, crowing with delight. Only when they were tired and the big moon looked down between the twisted chimney pots, did the Toymaker stop his piping.

"Play us one more tune—just one more," begged the children.

But the Toymaker laughed and shook his head.

"Come and choose," he said, and swept the scarf from his tray.

"Here be Christmas gifts for all."

Then indeed there rose laughter and scuffling and the clapping of hands. Never had the children seen such toys—so gallantly carved, gaily coloured, quaintly fashioned.

"May we choose—all of us?" they asked, breathlessly.

"Yes—choose," he nodded.

But when every one had taken the dog or duck or rabbit or reindeer that pleased his fancy there was only the little grey squirrel left on the tray, and Walter tucked that into the hand of the littlest of all, who had cuddled down to sleep on the doorstep.

"Farewell—and a merry Christmas to you all," he said.

"A merry Christmas—a merry Christmas, Toymaker," they called after him.

He turned a corner and the voices died behind him. Once again he was in the thronging streets, pushed hither and thither among the noise and bustle, while overhead the bells clashed out in a fresh peal—and now he had nothing to sell, and suddenly he was very tired. Presently he came to the market square in the middle of the town. There was a church there, with lighted windows like jewels—red and green and blue. Sweet singing came from within, and people were going up the steps. Walter turned towards it, but a great weariness was upon him, and instead of climbing the steps that led to the open door, he sat down in the furthest corner of the lowest one to rest, and after a little while, he fell asleep, his head upon his knees.

When he awoke the church was silent and dark behind him, and the square deserted. No lights showed in any of the houses—only overhead the great stars burned like candles in the midnight sky. Walter looked about him, bewildered. Something soft brushed his cheek, as Nimmo, the squirrel, unwound himself from about the Toymaker's neck, and, as he stirred, Rollo, the hare, leapt up from his feet.

"So, my friends—you grew tired of waiting?" Walter asked them, and laughed a little, as Hacken, the white reindeer, blew at him softly from the shadow with his warm breath. "Nay—let us go home to the mountains again—I am ready."

He stood up—then paused. Out of the quiet night there had come a sound—very faint and far away.

Walter laid his hand upon the reindeer's neck.

"Who comes here?" he questioned, softly. "Who are these who ride through the night with silver bells upon the bridle-rein?" The hoofbeats came nearer—strange, padding hoofbeats muffled by the snow.

"These be not mortal men—the feet of horses hath not that sound, nor mules, nor thy kin, Hacken, my friend," whispered the Toymaker.

Out of a side street, into the market square rode three men. Each one was mounted upon a camel, pure white as the snow, and the starlight flashed upon the jewels in their rich and flowing robes. One was old and bent, and wore a cloak of dusky gold; one, a man in the prime of life, was richly dressed in amethyst, and one, who seemed but a youth, wore a robe of green, dark as the pine trees under an August sun. They sat their high, red saddles like men who have ridden far, and they looked about them doubtfully, like wayfarers who have strayed from their road.

Suddenly the youngest caught sight of Walter, standing in the shadows, and beckoning him, bent from the saddle.

"Friend, what news of a King born this night? Where is He, for we have ridden from afar to do him worship, and now the hour is late, and we have lost our way?"

"A King?" questioned the Toymaker, stupidly.

"Nay," the older man interposed, "a babe—helpless and very small, who shall one day be a King of Kings."

Walter shook his head.

"I know none such here, good Sirs—" he began.

But just then the old man flung out his arm, pointing with quivering eagerness.

"Behold!" he cried. "The Star—it shines again. Where the Star leads, let us go."

Walter followed the direction of that pointing finger. Eastwards, in the blue darkness of the midnight Heaven, burned a star, larger, brighter, more wonderful than any he had ever seen before. As he gazed up at it, it seemed to his dazzled eyes as though it changed—unfolding into some strange, heavenly flower, a primrose perhaps, of pure, pale light, out of the heart of which for one moment there laughed down at him the face of a tiny child.

He came to himself again, as the hooves of the camels thudded once more upon the frozen snow, and the voices of the strangers floated back to him—

"Follow the Star."

A great longing surged up in his heart. He, too, would follow that strange star and see the King they sought. He turned. Hacken, the white reindeer, knelt at his side, with proud, antlered head, bowed as though in token of readiness to serve.

In a moment Walter had vaulted on to his back. Then began a strange ride.

Over the snow, out of the town, into the silent pine forests rode the strangers upon their swift, white camels, their long, blue shadows racing with them in the moonlight. And hard behind them, silent as are all wild creatures of the woods, followed Hacken, the reindeer, with the Toymaker crouching low upon his neck. Nimmo, the squirrel, swung himself from branch to branch overhead, Rollo, the hare, kept close behind them, and ahead, down the open glades, a tiny bunch of fluttered feathers, flew the robin.

At last the pace slackened. High up among the mountains, in a place that was strange to the Toymaker, they rode into a silent, sleepy village. Straight ahead of them, above the long roof of an old barn, burned the star, and from the open door there shone a light.

In a dream Walter dismounted, and treading lightly, followed where the stately strangers led.

Within, the place was poor enough—whitewashed and bare but for a heap of clean straw and an old cattle-trough, in which, on a folded cloak, lay a tiny child. A girl, beautiful and young, and an old-grey-bearded man, watched beside the rough cradle, and in the corner of the stable a donkey was munching hay.

Breathlessly—awed, though he knew not why—Walter watched the strangers with whom he had ridden, kneel and present, each one, a gift to the child. One gave gold, one frankincense, and one myrrh. And Walter's heart was heavy—for these were the gifts of Kings, and he, poor and empty-handed, had nothing to give. Yet it seemed to him he had never loved any child before as he loved this little one, watching with grave, wondering eyes His royal visitors, and the while, with baby hands, he clasped a favourite toy.

Suddenly, those great blue eyes turned from them, turned to ragged Walter, to the squirrel on his shoulder, to the white hare at his feet, and to the great antlered head of the reindeer, behind him in the gloom, in one of whose branching antlers perched the tiny, ruffled robin. The Child held out his hands to the Toymaker, letting that merged to baby laughter so joyous that it seemed as though light shone out from all the curly golden head, until round it shone the primrose glory of a star. In a fold of the blue cloak, where the tiny hands had dropped it, lay the little wooden squirrel Walter had carved that afternoon.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND"

"ARE we in a safe place yet, Chrissie?"
 "Isn't it nice to be home again!"

These are the remarks made by two little girls who had been on a short visit to Edinburgh for medical treatment and were on their way back to the Hostel staffed by Guiders and Rangers for cripple boys and girls evacuated from their own homes.

This Hostel, which, under the Edinburgh Education Authority, started on the second day of the war, has already had quite an exciting history. Help in the evacuation scheme was the piece of service which all available Edinburgh Guiders and Rangers were ready to give. They were organised for a quick call-up and divided into A, B and C helpers. When war was actually declared the C helpers packed their suitcases and stood by—we hoped that they would be used as a unit to staff a house for cripple children but nothing was definitely known—until at 12 noon on the 4th September came the message from the Education office: "Can you take your staff and go to this afternoon?"

"How is the house furnished?"

"There are nine beds."

There ensued a very busy half-hour on the telephone and by 2.30 five well-laden cars set off on their great adventure.

A nice house, but the details of the furniture were literally true, so, after borrowing chairs from the nearest church hall, the transport drivers left the staff to settle in as best they could. Next day they returned bringing all the County camp blankets, cooking equipment, all the necessities they could beg or borrow from their relatives—and the first children! After this each day brought more children and more problems to be solved, not least that of darkening a house full of large windows with only the thinnest blinds. No one was daunted by the novel work and all settled down to be nurses, teachers, cooks and house orderlies as quickly as if they had been born to it.

Very soon the family included Scouts, Guides, a Guildry Girl, Brownies and Cubs, so each week the meeting has to be varied from Scout to Guide and then to Pack. They never quite knew who would arrive; one day the staff, having been told to expect a boy who could not stand, prepared a bed in a ground floor room, which meant much moving round for they were fast filling up, only to find a little chap whom anyone could carry single-handed.

It soon became evident that the accommodation was unsuitable for winter, and a removal had to be faced. A delightful house was found, Cowdenknowes, Earlston, and great preparations and plans were made; at last the day came, but alas for the plans! Lorry to arrive two and a half hours before the 'bus with the children; lorry to bring all the necessities that had been done without in the temporary quarters such as real beds, sheets, mattresses. Extra staff from town, who had already scrubbed all the rooms, were ready to prepare the house: they waited and waited, then at last—the lorry three hours late, and thirty seconds after it the 'bus with the children! To the eternal credit of the cooks it is recorded that the children had their meal at the prearranged hour, and immediately after, Guiders who were feverishly putting up and making beds heard the welcome sound of "tea for the staff in the kitchen."

Now they are quite established with pretty bedcovers made by kind friends, crockery and cutlery that match, and very soon every child will have a locker made and painted by the Rangers of the County.

The day is very full for children and staff; lessons, handicrafts, instruction in cooking and housework for those who are able, and walks in the lovely grounds. A cavalcade of six chairs, two tricycles and walkers goes out daily to explore the joys of the country, to feed the horses, gather acorns, see the river in spate, and for the first time to enjoy autumn in the country in all its glory.

The advantage of a large family is that there are so many birthdays to celebrate—just lately they have had Hallow-e'en too. It was heralded by an expedition to the village to buy items for fancy dresses which were kept a deep secret until the day. The Owner of the House, to whose great kindness both staff and children owe so much of their comfort and happiness, came to the party in a wonderful costume. All the traditional games and ceremonies were observed. The winning dresses were a terrifying ghost and a princess.



A cavalcade goes out to explore.

Life has its serious side too; there had even been a visit from a School Inspector! Much more alarming for teachers than children, who chorused their answers together in most unorthodox enthusiasm. A surgeon has visited the Hostel too, for many of the children are her patients, and her comment is one which the staff value very highly. Having asked if the staff were doing the whole of the work as their permanent voluntary job, she said: "Well! that's what I call real war work."

The family is very happy, as is seen from the pictures, but they have naturally their moments of homesickness. After discussing the reasons for being away from home, two small boys decided that the blame lay with Hitler and that he must therefore be written to. One boy undertook the job. "But where can I say it's from? I can't put Cowdenknowes, he might come here! I know, I'll put England! No, I can't do that, the King lives there!" The letter has not yet been written, for this community realises that in its small way it is doing its bit for King and Country.

STOP!

Have you seen pages 470-471? If not, why not? They concern YOU.

TRAINING OURSELVES—(continued from page 444)

At Guide meeting. Observe Patrol Seconds. Are they getting a chance to develop? Could they carry on Patrol work if you were busy with the P.L.s.?

At P.L.s. meeting. Challenge your P.L.s. to drill contest. (Correct positions, salute, etc.) Do they smile a greeting as they salute? Practise throwing lifeline. How far can you be sure of throwing it?

(NOTE.—Hints on Lifeline, *A.B.C. of Guiding*, p. 95.)

Discuss value of games with P.L.s.

During week. Imagine yourself an artist and select (in town or country) a beautiful subject for a picture. Afterwards examine carefully any picture you like and consider why it pleases you.

THE Y.W.C.A. AND WAR EMERGENCY

The Young Women's Christian Association have recently announced their War Emergency Appeal for a first £100,000 for urgent and immediate work. H.M. the Queen has graciously headed the donation list with a gift of £100 and H.M. Queen Mary has also sent a contribution.

The Y.W.C.A. has been inundated with requests for help—stranded travellers at seaports and railway stations have had to be cared for, accommodation for girl employees of evacuated firms has been arranged, clubwork has been extended to meet the needs of evacuated mothers, play centres have been started for the children; and recreation centres and canteens have been asked for to meet the needs of women serving in the A.T.S., W.R.N.S., and W.A.A.F.s.

In many centres Girl Guides are co-operating with the Y.W.C.A. in the work that is being done. At the first Y.W.C.A. club and canteen to be opened for the A.T.S., the local Guide company has formed a rota, and two of the Guides come at rush hours of the day to do the washing-up, etc., while in Sheffield the Y.W.C.A. and Guides together have arranged a scheme for providing voluntary domestic service in homes where conditions are difficult. Several Rangers and Guiders have also enrolled their names on the Y.W.C.A. National Service Register.

The Y.W.C.A. has gone forward with extension work confident that the necessary funds would be forthcoming, but further commitments cannot be undertaken unless the money can be obtained. Donations should be sent to the Viscountess Halifax, President, Y.W.C.A. War Emergency Appeal, National Offices, Central Building, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

THE GUIDES

"EXCUSE me—have you an appointment, or can I do anything for you?" A member of the Blackpool Council paused astonished before the diminutive Guide who thus accosted him. Astonished—but not displeased. That happened soon after war broke out, nowadays people have ceased to be astonished, admiration and trust have replaced surprise. The Guides not only stand firm and hold the fort, they are advancing rapidly. They are penetrating positions where the presence of a child would not, before the war, have been expected. One case in point is that of Sheila Burr, aged 14, headmistress of the infant school held in the church at Ilford, Essex. The schools had closed down and the Guides were worried by the fact that so many of the unevacuated tinies were at large, getting in their elders' way and peevish and unhappy in their enforced idleness. So a deputation of Guides paid a call on the Vicar, who was a man of wisdom and understanding (was he perhaps a Scouter?). Result: daily school in the church. It is run on most correct and methodical lines, a register being kept and filled in regularly.

Although many of these reports continue to pour into Headquarters, we still greet them with delight. There can be no doubt that the war has brought out the best in the Guides—we try not to wonder a trifle bitterly how long it will be before a tragedy will cease to be required to waken humanity into action and appreciation of the possibilities dormant in it. Some of us doubted these children who are so quietly and with a certain dignity showing us their true value. We had no right to doubt, we who have been trained under the Chief Scout—perhaps some day we shall learn. Well—the least we can do now is to trust them to find the trail.

Activity on the Guide front has been greatly intensified since THE GUIDER published its last news summary. In almost every sphere of action, the Guides are well to the fore, as handywomen, as messengers and hospital orderlies, or painting curbs like the 48th Liverpool, as gardeners—so many companies have their own allotments now, that it is difficult to select any for special mention, nevertheless, one green-fingered company keeps cropping up in my memory—they are the Lancing Guides and their Captain, like many others, has been called up. But one Leader had her Gardener's Badge and she has trained the company—they are a particularly young lot of Guides—and they hope to be able, not only to have enough flowers and vegetables to supply their homes but to have enough over to supply the hospitals and evacuees. Another gardening exploit leaps to mind. In Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, the District



Photo: The Scotsman.

Edinburgh Guides
delivering books and magazines
they have collected.

President gave every Guide in the District two potatoes last Easter and started a competition for the heaviest and largest crop. In September 300-400 potatoes were produced, the prize for the heaviest being won by 15 lbs. and the biggest crop being 56. An idea surely which might be copied by others. While on the subject of gardening, I was interested in a letter which appeared in *The Times* a short time ago, suggesting that Guides should make themselves responsible for the flower gardens in the parks. I pass on the idea to you for what it is worth, perhaps some of you may find it practicable and useful. It would be a tragedy if our lovely parks, famous the world over, lost their beauty through the war. Perhaps the Guides could help to safeguard it? The idea appeals to me.

Bath Guides are bearing Christmas in mind and began preparations in good time. They have opened a Toy Hospital and have inserted an appeal in their local paper for toys in any state of repair. The Guides are collecting them, renovating them and keeping them until it is time for them to re-appear at Christmas to warm the hearts of rather forlorn little evacuees.

In Belfast the Guides are assisting the Scouts with the collection of waste paper and extending a warm welcome to Guides "from across the water" who may be in Belfast. They are also organising a competition for knitting garments for the fighting forces. Articles entered for the competition will, after judging, be forwarded to the supply depots as gifts for the Forces. The Belfast Guides have also started a National Service scheme whereby Guiders and Rangers can be called on to help in part-time voluntary work. It is being run on the same lines as the Scout Messenger Service and it is hoped to render a considerable amount of service in this way.

Liverpool again comes forward with a piece of good work, for there the Guides have opened a National Service Depot at their Headquarters for the organisation of all forms of war work. Some of the first visitors were a small Brownie and even more diminutive brother, staggering under armfuls of brown paper. Another Brownie arrived, plus the family pram, which she had commandeered for transport purposes.

Betty Walker, of Sunderland, is a Brownie, she has both legs in irons and walks on crutches, but her hands can still serve her country. She has produced 49 squares for blankets, taught her small friends to knit and is now making scarves for soldiers.

Halifax Guides are collecting woollies, books and toys for a Christmas parcel for our own Guide Hospital at Waddow, and Waddow has already received an enormous parcel from overseas. The Guides of Winnipeg have sent 38 nightgowns, 15 pairs of knickers, 3 pairs of pyjamas, 10 bed jackets and 2 blankets. Quick work, Winnipeg. Well done!

We can also boast of having telephonists among our numbers, one company of Flintshire Rangers are taking it in turns to do night telephone duty, having learnt how to do it for Ranger Test. They go on in pairs, taking shifts at different hours of the night. A good bit of work considering



Sheila Burr—Headmistress!

Photo: Fox.

ADVANCE



*Wigan Cooks
at work in the Infirmary.*

that Rangers are mostly at work all day and they therefore sacrificed precious hours of sleep.

A tribute to Guiders is paid by a member of a V.A.D. Selection board. She says: "We allowed a possible 10 marks for all-round character, personality and efficiency. All the candidates who received 10, 9½ or 9 marks were Guiders."

As the candidates were being selected for positions requiring leadership and responsibility we are particularly proud to think the Service Movement has shown up so well!

In Pembroke the Rangers have formed an A.R.P. Mobile Unit and they are also attending First Aid and Home Nursing Classes. The Guides also attend these classes and act as Hospital Messengers. The Brownies are knitting blanket squares for evacuees.

Milford Haven has devised a good scheme for carrying on meetings under difficult conditions. Parents were sent a circular letter telling them the exact time the meetings began and ended so that they may know exactly when their daughters should be home again. The school companies have organised a "convoy system" for the safe return of all the Guides after the meeting. Company meetings are practical in their programmes, first aid, sewing, knitting and mending being prominent.

Monmouthshire has shown great activity in gathering together both enrolled and recruit Guides from among the evacuees.

The provision of amusement and recreation for evacuated children has provided occupation for Guides in practically all the reception areas throughout the country. In Clackmannanshire even the Brownies contributed their share to this important and arduous task, entertaining the evacuated mothers and small children to tea and games. The 1st Bilsbury (Gloucestershire) hold a recreation meeting once a week for girls among their 40 evacuees. The meeting is held in the Guide Headquarters and there are always two senior Guides in charge, the younger ones taking it in turn to come and help. The Captain writes: "The London children thoroughly enjoy their meetings and turn up regularly every week. The Guides divide them into two patrols and they compete against each other in games and competitions. The early result of their meetings has been that several of the elder children have asked if they may join one company and become real Guides. I have occasionally been down to the meetings and I know now that the Guides can carry on successfully without me when I am called up, as I expect to be soon." In Edinburgh it is difficult to carry on the ordinary company meetings but a system of patrol meetings has been arranged and patrols meet in private houses. We hear of one Patrol Leader who wrote to Scottish Headquarters of her own accord on behalf of her patrol: "What can we do for our country?"

It seems that Edinburgh Guides are finding numerous answers to that question. Among the many other things they are now collecting books and magazines for the troops. Through their efforts it has been possible for

them to establish small libraries in army huts.

A work party is run at Edinburgh Headquarters and here the Guides assist in making surgical dressings. Rangers call for other work which they take home to complete.

Aberdeen, not to be beaten by economic difficulties, are turning waste paper into wool. This they knit into garments for the fighting forces.

Berkhamsted Guides have made a valuable contribution to the success of the evacuation scheme for they have opened a canteen at their headquarters for parents visiting their children on Sundays.

There the parents, on payment of 1d. per adult and ½d. per child as entrance fee, may meet their children and assure themselves of their well-being. Tea, coffee and light refreshments can be bought at cost prices.

The black-out has not succeeded in blacking out the Cheltenham Guides, who, after a good deal of reorganisation, are carrying on valiantly as in so many other places, young Lieutenants and Patrol Leaders are taking a bigger responsibility and are discovering new powers of organisation. Many

Patrol Leaders are attending ambulance classes and they are meeting each month to plan programmes for achieving the maximum of fitness and usefulness among their patrols.

Eastbourne Guides are doing useful national service by preparing splints for the local hospitals. The work consists of padding various types of splints and is more complicated than would at first appear to the uninitiated. A party of Guides and members of the Local Association, numbering about 30 each day, work afternoons and evenings on three days during the winter. They had produced over forty splints in the first week of work.

The love of animals has not been forgotten in this rush of service for mankind. The Zoo Man appealed some time ago for acorns to assist in Zoo economy. Guides have responded well to his appeal and have sent in numbers of sacks. The acorns are used largely as substitutes for monkey nuts of which the Zoo normally purchases between nine and ten tons annually. All the rodents welcome this change of diet and acorns are good feed also for pigs, and in moderation, for deer and antelopes.

There doesn't seem to be any form of work left which will come as a new surprise to be recorded in the January *Gems*—but we are learning not to make rash statements in this connection nowadays. So we await your correction—only please—if you can prove us wrong, write and tell us so. We are hungry for news of you!

Aberdeenshire Guides turn paper into wool.

Photo: Aberdeen Press and Journal.



THE GUIDER

AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

"TEACHER, what can I do next?" Small Winnie, of Ealing, thrusts a grubby paw into the hand of one of the Guider helpers at the new club, and with five-year-old confidence, awaits interesting developments. But for the club, Winnie would be finding life dull these days. She, like a number of other children of various ages, has been left behind by the tide of evacuation, with no school to occupy her. Officially, she and her like should not be in the "danger area," and the fact that they are, very palpably and noisily present, running the busy streets, or skirmishing underfoot in small, overcrowded houses, was presenting a pretty problem to authority, until the Guide Commissioner for Ealing took a hand in the proceedings and, in the apparently casual fashion typical of our Movement, opened a club for unevacuated children in the Headquarters of the 1st Ealing Company. Here is Mrs. Beer's own account of how the scheme began.

"How the Scheme was Born."

When war broke out I was rather bothered as to how the 1st Ealing were to pay the high weekly rent for their club room, as most of the company had been evacuated. On discussion with the very public-spirited firm who owned it, I was told we could keep it, rent free, provided we did "war work" of some kind in it. Various ideas were turned down and finally we decided to do something for children who had not been evacuated with their schools. A few old "Firsts" promised to help.

The local education authorities were consulted and gave their unofficial blessing to this voluntary scheme. The local press agreed to make an announcement of time and place.

The first centre in the club room filled almost at once, so I decided to ask other leisured Guiders to help and to start centres in different parts of the borough. No centre takes more than thirty children because of A.R.P. and each has at least two Guider helpers, and each meets for two half-days per week.

The centres are run on the patrol system, but as we have children of all ages we have to do a certain amount of group work in various ages. Every outsider who helps is a specialist in her subject, and we try to let the Guiders take their best subjects, filling in with a "specialist" where necessary.

Physical training is taken in centres by a Guider trained at Queen Alexandra House. Three clubs go to a centre for this.

We include general knowledge—as under this heading almost everything can be taught: local knowledge—buses, A.R.P. information, etc., sketch mapping for the same purpose: first aid—again concentrating on practical stuff which the children can use at home—each child has a turn at doing something; emergencies—including every aspect of fire: drama and miming—bringing in literary and historical stories: handwork of the useful type, including knitting 6-in. squares for blankets for the Red Cross—these are usually done at home; observation games, including giving descriptions of persons seen for a few moments. In fact most of Guiding can be turned to educational uses when one is put to it!

The patrol system works well after a few times with children who have not been Guiders: at first they do not recognise their Leaders, who, of course, in their turn need training. Patrols are asked to make suggestions through their Leaders. Several children have become Guides and Brownies but are pressed to join.

There are five girls' clubs with a sixth in process of starting and there is one nursery centre for the 4-6 year olds—a boon to working mothers.

As the boys were keen to join the girls' clubs—brothers often came

too, the help of Lady Cubmasters and a few ex-Guiders was enlisted. There are three boys' centres going—tapping large areas and more will be started when experienced helpers can be found.

The boys are run on the Wolf Cub system and have much the same syllabus as the girls. So far we have not found a P.T. instructor for them, but we give them musical drill instead. They are hoping to do wood carving, and lino cuts, as specialists have offered their services in this direction.

Between 200 and 300 children are being interested: and obviously many more could be, had we more leisured experienced helpers, but many Guiders are in jobs or doing war work of a different kind.

Mrs. Beer recruited in various ways for her club—the most usual, and the simplest, being to collect children out of the streets and take them along to see the club working. The caution of the London urchin produced shrewd questioning:

"Is it like school, miss?"

"Should we have to behave?"

"What do we learn?"

With the girls the questions are usually concerned with the more practical aspects of the venture. "Can I bring baby? Mum wants her minded." "If I come, how'll I get Mum's shopping done?" Questions do not end at the door of the club either. When informed they would have a chance to do gym several of the younger ones asked: "Who is Jim?"

A good deal of talent has come to light, however, among the children. One boy of 12 played two hard country dance tunes from sight one day when the pianist failed to turn up. A thirteen year old girl is a practised "pantomime fairy," and has travelled all over England with a famous troupe of child dancers—this in spite of the fact that on the whole the children who join the clubs are very poor, often lacking adequate clothing and unable to produce indoor shoes to change into; some are quite definitely dirty."

[Photo: Fox.]

A First Aid Class in progress.

The clubs are popular. One of Mrs. Beer's problems has been to keep up sides with ingenious gate-crashers, who, not content with their fair share of the fun, travelled the round of all the clubs during the week. Punctuality does not have to be enforced as a rule, though one exception is Margaret "who can't get up in the morning to come this afternoon!"

Perhaps the secret of the club's popularity lies partly in the variety of the work undertaken. Here is Mrs. Beer's description of some of her discoveries:—

"We find that the same activities do not appeal to all clubs—we pass up our ideas—e.g., at one boys' club the under 10 year olds are not the slightest bit interested in first aid, while the over 10's hate country dancing. At another club the boys of all ages love both.

The girls all like first aid and even the very young do wonderful roller bandaging. They appreciate having real lint, real hot water, etc., camp bed, etc., to do everything practically.

They all like some work to do or things to observe or find out for their next meeting, but for the majority it mustn't savour of school work. We've had to use ingenuity in driving home any school facts, e.g., I taught them how to do averages (a few could do these, of course) by each patrol giving its total marks and number of girls in patrol, then everyone did the "sum." The under 10's have forgotten their tables already. We've used geography pictures off chocolate boxes or pictures on the boxes in a sweet shop window to discuss the countries or where they are, etc. Then we use a grocer's shop to discuss exports and imports, trade routes, etc.

They love the travel films I've taken on my tours abroad and are always willing to sit quietly to hear my stories of the people and the scenes while the film is on and to discuss it afterwards."

Mrs. Beer has received a personal letter of congratulation and approval from Lord De La Warr, president of the Board of Educa-



tion, and the scheme has received a good deal of attention from the Press and general public, as well as the Ealing clergy and education authorities. She still contemplates enlarging its boundaries, establishing a club for those of school-leaving age next. She and her workers agree that the experiment is well worth while—as one of them put it briefly the other day:

"I don't know if the kids are enjoying themselves but we jolly well are!"

Need we say more, in a Movement that believes in playing any game all together and with no one left as a mere onlooker?

SAVE ALL SUPPLIES

THE following suggestions are put forward, with the approval of the Executive Committee, in the hope that counties will find that their Districts can avail themselves of some of them. Patrols and Companies are already at work on some of the lines suggested and it can be decided locally how best to co-ordinate the work and what additional parts of the scheme can be usefully undertaken in the Districts.

It is felt that more will be achieved if Guides can feel that they are all working on the same lines throughout the country.

News of our progress will be published from time to time in *THE GUIDER* and *The Guide*.

Some Suggested Opportunities for Service.

1. To increase supplies by conserving useful material which is usually wasted.
2. To increase food supplies.
3. To raise money for hospital supplies, and garments for the fighting forces.

PART I. COLLECT SUPPLIES.

(a) Collect and put to best use by sale or otherwise any of the following: bottles, jam jars, old iron, tins, rags, used postage stamps, old and broken gramophone records, etc. All these have a market value if the right market is found. See note No. 1.

(b) Find out from the District Scouts whether help is needed with the collection of waste paper and see whether Guides can co-operate.

(c) Collect eggs for the National Egg Collection for hospitals. (Particulars in *The Farmer and Stockbreeder*, published every Tuesday, price 3d., or from Donnet House, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Letters should be marked National Egg Collection.)

(d) Collect tinfoil and silver paper for the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance. (Details of this will appear shortly in *THE GUIDER*.)

PART II. INCREASE FOOD SUPPLIES.

(a) Companies or Patrols can undertake to cultivate a piece of ground and grow vegetables.

(b) Companies or Patrols can keep rabbits, chickens, ducks or a pig or two.

(c) Individual Guides and Rangers can undertake to work one, two or more hours per week in someone's garden.

(d) Collect and market surplus vegetables, wild fruit, nuts, etc.

(e) Make jam, preserves, and pickles.

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES AND GARMENTS FOR THE FIGHTING FORCES.

It is suggested that a percentage of all money earned from the sale of goods in Part I (a), or from the sale of produce in Part II should be spent on wool and other material which should be issued to Guides, Rangers and Guiders to make up. Material should only be issued to those whose work is of a high standard.

If difficulty is experienced in obtaining wool locally, Counties, Divisions or Districts may apply to the Personal Service League, 41, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1, who can supply wool in 3-lb. packets (minimum order 9 lbs.) at 4s. 6d. per lb. Two kinds of wool are supplied: double knitting and 4-ply fingering in the right colours for Navy, Army and Air Force and for operation stockings, bed socks and hot water bottle covers. The P.S.L. will also supply regulation patterns in booklet form at 3d. each.

This is a special arrangement between the P.S.L. and the Girl Guides Association and the wool can only be supplied for war work and only in the quantities mentioned above. Postage and an addressed label should be enclosed with each order.

Patterns for other than knitted garments are supplied by Red Cross and St. John Ambulance depots.

Finished garments made under this scheme (or from material provided by Brownies, Rangers or Guiders themselves) may be sent to local Red Cross and St. John depots, local Regimental Comforts depots or to any of the following addresses:—

Navy.—Royal Naval War Comforts Committee, 11a, West Halkin Street, S.W.1.

Army.—Officer i/c Army Comforts, 12, St. Mary's Butt, Reading, Berkshire.

R.A.F.—Officer i/c R.A.F. Comforts, Air Ministry, Berkeley Square House, London, S.W.1.

Standard of Work. It is quite essential that all finished work should be collected, examined and passed as being up to a high standard before it is sent away. The standard should not be below that required for Knitter's and Needlewoman's Badges.

Woven tabs bearing the words "From the Girl Guides" are obtainable from Headquarters and the Branch Shops at 1s. a gross, minimum order one gross. These may be ordered by County Organisers only. They may be sewn into finished garments only at the discretion of the local judges and only if the garment is of a high enough standard to be a credit to the Girl Guides.

PACK AND COMPANY FUNDS.

As money raised under this scheme will have been earned by the work of the Guides a percentage may be retained by the District and paid out in grants to Pack and Company funds. (The raising of funds by ordinary methods will be difficult owing to a reluctance to compete with war charities and to the absence of Guiders with time to organise.)

A SUGGESTED METHOD OF ORGANISING THE SCHEME.

It is suggested that Counties might appoint County (and/or Division) Organisers whose duties will be:—

- (1) To collect information from Districts as to the working of the scheme.
- (2) To suggest ways out of difficulties by passing on details about successful methods from one District to another.
- (3) To order and distribute supplies of the woven tabs.
- (4) To order wool where necessary.
- (5) To let Districts know when to send in reports.

NOTE.—Headquarters will welcome general reports from the Counties of the working of the scheme. The Editor of *THE GUIDER* will be glad to receive correspondence of general interest in this connection.

Where local committees are formed these might be composed mainly of Patrol Leaders who could themselves be responsible for organising the scheme. A grown-up would probably take the chair and it will be necessary to have qualified judges to examine the knitting and needlework and decide which garments may be awarded a woven tab and sent to a depot.

Part I (a) provides much scope for ingenuity and can be adapted and added to as seems best in each neighbourhood. (Dog owners might give a copper or so for a jam jar full of bones and carefully selected scraps from a dog-less house!)

Record should be kept of work in hand and results achieved and a report sent at intervals to the County.

The following notes may be of use to Local Committees.

1. There is a good market value in the "rubbish" listed in Part I (a). One merchant in a country town gives 4d. per lb. for mixed rags, 2d. per dozen for jam jars and 3d. per dozen for large bottles. But there is one special warning: Be careful not to ruin the local Rag and Bone man! Don't take his regular customers; there are lots of houses where he does not call. Red Cross and other working parties are good customers. Rags for sale are best divided into woollen, white cotton and coloured cotton.

2. Medicine bottles are going up in price and there may be a shortage of them later on. Most chemists are glad to take them back (if they have been washed) and will probably give about 1d. each for them.

3. Tinfoil and silver paper of all kinds (including tape used for some milk bottles) should be stored in sacks and should not be rolled into balls. Watch *THE GUIDER* for details of a scheme to collect and dispose of tinfoil and silver paper in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance.

4. For help in the growing of vegetables read page 411 of *THE GUIDER* for November, 1939, and further articles on the subject which will appear in subsequent issues. Note the good idea about waste from greengrocers' shops.

5. Most gardens have surplus vegetables at times in the year and owners may be willing to give them in a good cause if you will collect and market them. Tell them what percentage of your takings goes to war charities. Some Women's Institutes run market stalls for country produce, and perhaps you will be able to co-operate with them.

6. You will have your own ideas about where you will like to send the garments made by the District but wherever you send them do see that the work is of a very high standard. If your local judges would like expert advice on the standard to which they should keep, some sample garments may be sent to the Crafts Council, Hamilton House, Bidborough Street, London, W.C.1, who have kindly offered to give this advice to Guide workers. Postage and an addressed label should be sent for the return of the garments.

Guides should be careful not to market goods without a licence when a licence is necessary.

THE EDITOR'S POSTBAG

LAND WORK.

To the Editor.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am truly working for my living now, and am buried in the country. It is 2 miles to the station, 2 trains a day, 4½ miles to the nearest town, and 1 street of shops. On Tuesday and Thursday there is a bus to take the people to market. The church is next to the farm, and there are never more than about 10 people there except for festivals.

There are 170 acres and the farm and house are very old-fashioned, polished oak furniture and red tiled floors.

The farm is run by a family, the farmer, his wife, brother and sister, they are all very nice and treat me as one of themselves. I have to be up by 6.30 a.m., have breakfast and milk 3 cows, then I help to feed the calves. We have three on the finger, that means you have to put your hand in a bucket of milk and let the calf suck your finger while he drinks, and do they bite! Then we have five on the bucket. After that I feed two lovely little brown colts. We have to sweep out the cowsheds and put their cake round, and by then it is 9 a.m. and we have lunch, which the farmer calls "bait." The rest of the day I work out in the fields, ploughing, fruit picking, planting, digging and hedging. The farmers always brush the hedges at this time of year, it consists of cutting out the ditch, straightening up both sides and then chopping the top off. I do all this but the top and that is too hard.

After tea we have all the milking and feeding to do again; I usually finish about 6 p.m. I get Saturday afternoon and Sunday off, but there is not much to do except cycle into the town and, on Sunday, go to church. We always go to bed about 8.30 to 9. On a Tuesday morning we do the churning, there is usually about 50 lbs. of butter, on Saturday morning I have the pigsties to clean out.

There is one thing about this farmer, he never grumbles. I have done some damage since I've been here, first I and the ladder fell out of a damson tree and knocked over two of his rose trees, then I let a cow kick over half a bucket of milk, and put some milky water in the horse trough, so they had to let all the water out and refill it, but still I shall live and learn.

We have got a very quiet bull here, you can go up to him and stroke him, and he won't as much as look at you. Can you imagine me in the morning driving him and the cows down to the field along the road?

The other day we were taking a bag of beans down to a field to plough in, so they put them on the back of the horse and then sat me on top to keep it on—well, the bag of beans came off but I didn't!—Yours, etc.

ELICE HEADLEY,

13th Westminster Rangers.

FOXLEASE TRAININGS.

To the Editor.

DEAR EDITOR,—As we have seen in THE GUIDER for November that there is going to be another Training Week for Cadets and Guide Patrol Leaders in the Christmas holidays, we wondered if you would perhaps print this letter as a testimonial from some of the "Old Stagers" who were lucky enough to go last time!

We went to the first Cadet Training at Foxlease in April, 1938. At first we had wondered what we were letting ourselves in for, and what it was really going to be like? Would we suddenly be asked to spell a long message in Morse, or tie some particular knot, and a hundred and one other things. The answer as we found out was most definitely NO. We were there to enjoy ourselves and to learn, and if for a moment the letter Q in Morse escaped our memories we weren't branded for ever.

So may we appeal to you, don't stop going because you think you will be overwhelmed by the most efficient Guides you've ever set eyes on, it isn't like that at all, it's great fun. We had some very interesting talks on all branches of Guiding, some hikes in the New Forest, we learnt a lot of new songs, made a lot of new friends, and left with the firm conviction to come again as Guiders if we possibly could.

The time we spent there will never be forgotten, so we do urge you to go, it's well worth it, and we'll take the responsibility, because we are certain that you will have a marvellous time.—Yours, etc.

ROSAMOND BACK, ELIZABETH HAMMOND, ELIZABETH JENNINGS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM A GUIDER DOING NATIONAL SERVICE.

"I miss the weekly Guide meeting tremendously, but it is amazing what a difference Guiding makes to one's life. There is not a

great deal to do in the A.F.S. at the moment and consequently time seems to drag and we are all rather inclined to get dispirited. On these occasions Guiding seems to be very close and dear and it is surprising how these moods quickly pass. The young girl I work with is also a Ranger, and worked at Headquarters before the war, so consequently we have many heart to heart talks about camping, etc."

THANKS.

To the Editor.

DEAR EDITOR,—May I intrude once more into your Postbag in order to express my deep appreciation of the overwhelming and generous response to my appeal, published in the November GUIDER, for unwanted Brownie overalls.

Parcels of uniforms and encouraging letters have since arrived almost by every post, and I now have more than sufficient overalls for the whole Pack. Unfortunately, an increasing number of our evacuees have been taken home, and I have lost several newly enrolled Brownies, besides a good many recruits. However, I hope that these may soon gladden the heart of a Fulham Brown Owl.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the sender of one very nice Brownie overall, which arrived anonymously, and more especially the two unknown Guiders who actually cycled over to Horsley from Hounslow with a parcel of uniforms.

The cases referred to are just typical of the unfailing kindness and helpfulness which I have continually received from fellow Guiders during my first year as a Brown Owl. I shall not forget it.—Yours, etc.

MARJORIE JENKINS,

Brown Owl, 2nd East Horsley.

CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE.

IMOGEN ARMITAGE-SMITH.

The sudden death of Imogen Armitage-Smith, Commissioner for British Guides in Belgium, France and Switzerland, has taken away from our midst one of the most charming and delightful of personalities.

Imogen Armitage-Smith was one of the first to realise, with Helen Newcombe and Anne Kindersley, the value of forming Guide Companies among the children in the British communities in foreign lands. She was herself Commissioner of the Paris groups for many years, and by her example of keenness, efficiency and discipline made them a well-respected organisation in the capital of France. She was ably supported by Madame Jäy, who succeeded her when her husband's retirement brought her to England. Ever since then she worked in close touch with the Guides in Europe, and was always ready to brave the Channel for the annual meetings of her British children across the water. Recently her interest had been invited so that other Guides further afield might benefit by her experience and by her understanding of the difficulties peculiar to the lives of British communities in foreign lands.

It was largely through personal contact that she had most to give. The sense of complete simplicity she inspired, combined with great ability and absolute honesty, made her greatly trusted and warmly loved. She was an invaluable colleague and collaborator because of her whole-heartedness of purpose, and her complete disregard of self.

Her often avowed belief in the value of the ideals of the Guide Law and Promise showed throughout her work, and in her outlook on life. Her advice and support will be sadly missed by the writer of this short tribute.

S. J. WARNER,

Assistant International Commissioner for British Guides Abroad.

THE GUIDE COMPANY AND FOOD PRODUCTION.

(Continued from page 459.)

and the addition of the manure, etc., it will not be possible to leave the soil at the same level as before and so it will be found that when the second trench is being prepared, the first trench will be filled to overflowing and the ground there will, in consequence, be considerably higher than the surrounding soil. This doesn't matter for it will, of course, settle down later on.

The Patrols should, in this way, work methodically 2-ft. trench by 2-ft. trench right to the end of their plots. They shouldn't be allowed to skimp the work, and each trench should be just as carefully prepared as the one previous to it. It is only by this means that one can ensure that the ground is properly cultivated to a depth of 18 inches or so and that all the organic matter required is dug in.

There is just one exception and that is in the case of any area of ground to be devoted to parsnips, long beetroot, long carrots, etc., for such land the ground should be trenched in exactly the same way, but no farmyard manure should be added.

I do hope that the instructions are clear and that the diagram will help. Next month I hope to deal further with the subject of manuring and artificial fertilisers.

THE GUIDE COMPANY AND FOOD PRODUCTION

HOW TO PREPARE THE GROUND FOR THE RECEPTION OF SEEDS NEXT YEAR

TEACHING THE GUIDES TO DIG

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.,
Principal, Horticultural Bureau.

LAZY people like to leave the digging of their vegetable gardens and allotments until the spring. They don't realise how important it is to get the ground dug in the autumn so as to allow the frost and the cold winds of the winter to act on the soil and sweeten it.

What a good thing it is that Guides are not lazy! They will therefore be very anxious to get on with this important winter work, especially when they realise what a lot of good they are doing. By digging now, and leaving the ground rough, Mother Nature will do her part, and next spring it will be very easy to fork the ground down fine. It may seem hard work now, but it will make all the difference later on.

If the plot of land the Company has taken over is covered with grass, the turf should be stripped off first of all, to a depth of 2 inches, and should be stacked neatly in one corner of the ground. There is always the danger of turf being full of small, yellowy-brown insects known as wire-worms. They are about the thickness of a lead in a pencil but they are very hard and tough as the Guides will find when they try to squeeze them between their fingers. This is why they are called wire-worms. If this turf were dug in these pests would attack almost every crop grown, and the results would be most disappointing.

If the plot is merely covered with annual weeds there is no need to do any stripping at all, for these may be dug into the ground and will add humus to the soil. Deep-rooted perennial weeds should,



The Peace Plot. Preparation for Spring Vegetables. Young hopefuls, Parents, Brownies, Evacuees, Guides, Refugees and passers by all lend a hand.



Lancing Guides rest after hard work on their peace plot.

however, be removed as the digging proceeds, either to be rotted down on a vegetable compost heap, or to be burnt. It is a good opportunity of studying the growth of roots and of showing the Guides the different perennial weeds like docks, dandelions, couch-grass, thistles, nettles, etc.

(A good book to read on this subject is *The Living Garden*, by Dr. Salisbury, which Guides will be able to borrow from the local Free Library.)

Digging also makes it possible to study the soil fauna. Try and get the Guides to distinguish between millipedes and centipedes. Show them the glistening white jelly-like eggs of slugs and tell them of the value of worms (more of this in a later article).

The actual job of digging might be organised in Patrols. Each Patrol could have a certain area to cultivate and should be allowed to get on with the work, after the necessary instruction has been given, in their

own spare time. Try and keep the Patrol spirit going right the way through, and the best results will be achieved.

In the case of each Patrol plot, a trench should be got out at one end, 2 ft. wide and a spade's depth. The soil from this trench should be taken to the other end of the Patrol's plot and will be found there by the Guides, ready to fill in the last trench that they make. Having dug this trench to the right depth and removed all the loose soil so that it is really level, one Guide should get down into the trench with a fork so as to fork the bottom over as deeply as possible. The soil should not be dug out, but should be left where it is. It will, however, have been disturbed to the depth of another spade, and as a result it will be aerated, will be warmer, and allow for better drainage.

On top of the bottom of this trench that has just been formed should now be placed any organic matter that may be available. Those in the country may be able to get farmyard manure from kind farmers nearby. Those near the seaside will be able to use seaweed. Others will have to employ whatever is available. I can recommend the rotted vegetable refuse mentioned last month, spent hops, finely divided wool shoddy (a by-product of clothing factories), Hyganic, specially prepared dried sewage sludge, etc.

Such organic matter may go into the bottom of the trench to a depth of 2 or 3 inches when trodden down. A line can then be put down 2 feet further back, and the soil from this next 2-foot strip should then be dug over into the bottom of the trench just manured. The soil should be thrown in position in lumps and clods just as it comes and should not, whatever happens, be forked down. It must be left rough for the winds and frosts to act on it.

Naturally, because of the digging over of the bottom of the trench

RIP VAN WINKLE TAKES THE FIELD

By CATHERINE CHRISTIAN.

VII—A QUESTION OF CHRISTMAS

HARRIET, writing the last label for the last Christmas parcel, sighed as she laid down her pen.

"May I be forgiven for voicing such a sentiment," but one is tempted to feel Christmas is a bit of a farce this year, Sybil, don't you think so?" she said wearily.

Sybil's startled face, raised from the depths of the hamper in which she was stowing reconditioned toys for transport into Ilminster, made her regret the moment of weakness before Sybil's shocked voice reproached her.

"Oh, but Harriet, you *mustn't* feel like that. If we give way—" and then, suddenly, disastrously, the girl's eyes filled with tears, and she turned aside. "It's all so awful!" she said in a muffled voice.

Leonore, putting finishing touches to the costume of a golly-wog evolved from a black wool stocking and sawdust, looked up from her seat on the hearth rug.

"I shouldn't distress myself, if I were you," she said coolly. "Don't try to make this a Dickens Christmas, Sybil. Nobody wants to be 'merrie,' not even the kids, so why try to force the pace? There's more in Christmas, surely, than groves of turkey-corpses and a Christmas tree."

Sybil, her back to Harriet's "office," where they were at work, scrubbed her nose impatiently with her handkerchief.

"I can't bear a Christmas tree this year—I can't bear it!" she announced. "It makes me think of Germany, and the miserable, wretched Christmas hundreds of children out there will have—and that makes me think of Poland—and—and—"

"And that makes you think of the thousands of French and English homes broken up and desolate, and you go picturing empty hearths and big-eyed toddlers far from Mother and with nothing in the Christmas stocking. I know," Leonore told her, then with emphasis that made Harriet jump—"Snap out of it, Sybil! For goodness' sake be adult. We could all go soft on the Christmas theme this year."

"I don't feel soft—I feel bitter," Sybil flared.

Leonore shrugged. Curled on the hearth rug, lithe yet relaxed, she looked, Harriet thought, like an Egyptian priestess on a sandstone frieze she knew.

"Isn't it the soft spot that, widening inwards, rots most fruit to bitterness?" Leonore's voice was cool as water running over stones.

Sybil stamped—

"You can always twist things round, Leonore. Besides, you don't feel about Christmas as I do. Harriet knows what I feel. It you're a person who goes to church it's awful to have a Christmas in war-time. It's—it's a sort of mockery—'Peace on earth, to men of goodwill,' just turns into something that has to be explained away as a mistranslation."

Leonore shrugged.



"Doesn't it depend rather on how you look at all that?" she suggested. "A Christ child laid in a highly ornamental manger, in a most hygienic-looking stable, with lots of attendant wise kings, and a Madonna apparently unaware of the slightest inconvenience, and a pretty Christmas card, but it's precious little practical comfort in these days. I'm not a great churchgoer, but I like to think at Christmas time of young Mary of Nazareth, a girl born of the people, but with royal blood in her, forced by circumstances to take the risk of a winter journey into the hills, at that most difficult moment, just because a foreign Government chose to take its census then. I like to think of the thing as it really was—hard and difficult and frighteningly human. I like to think of those old Astrologer Kings, following their star and believing in their star, but ready to change the fixed pattern they'd made in their minds of a baby prince in a palace and accept the thing as it was when they got there. I like to think—" Leonore's eyes flashed—"Yes, I like to think of the warning they sent by night to those two members of a subject race to evacuate their child into Egypt before Herod, like Hitler, could get busy with any unexpected dirty work!"

"Leonore!" Sybil was half-shocked, but Leonore had caught her entire attention. They might, Harriet saw, continue this discussion for an hour.

She glanced at her watch—

"I must leave you to it," she told them, "I've got to go on an errand. I'll be back about five o'clock. Get these toys down to the Mission if you can before the black-out gets too solid. Is Pip anywhere about?"

"She was in the kitchen last time I saw her," Sybil volunteered, "icing the cake for the evacuee's party on Boxing Day."

Pip, however, was not to be found. Bessie, her cap over one eye, and a soot smudge down a fiery red face, was charging around the kitchen, enthusiastically getting in her own way with preparations for the Christmas feast. She greeted Harriet with stimulated disgust.

"Well, Mum, Christmas comes but once a year, and what I sez is, we'd all die young if we was to 'ave it twice. I've got them pies in—fair treat they look—and I've learned up about the stuffing, and I've got down the big caser-role and Jasper brought us in the logs and Mrs. Eland sent round the chestnuts, and Jim Roberts, 'e sez, would we like two nice rabbits cheap?" She paused for breath, and a smile of impish joy chased the assumed solemnity from her face. "Wish 'tler could see us now. England starving and down-'earted? I don't fink!"

Harriet smiled in spite of herself. Bessie was always a tonic.

"Well, don't forget to order the extra milk, and put a match to the drawing-room fire when you draw the curtains," she reminded her.

"Oh—that reminds me, Mum," Bessie looked portentous. "That there young Master Dick; 'e been messing with the wireless in there since lunch time—that old broken set what the Master brought from 'ospital, you know. Got its bits and pieces all over the floor, 'e 'ad, when I went in. 'Gosh,' I sez, 'What a mess,' I sez. 'It'll never work,' I sez, 'That old thing.' But when I went back, 'alf an hour ago, I'm blessed if 'e 'adn't got it playing lovely. 'E's a one, Master Dick is."

"He certainly is, if he's been amusing himself in an ice-cold room all this bitter afternoon!" The doctor in Harriet rose in protest at such rashness on the part of a small boy still delicate after a severe operation. "I'd like to know what his mother's thinking about! I'll tell him a piece of my mind!"

But somehow the quick reprimand faded from her lips as she reached the drawing-room door and looked at the small figure alone in that big, gracious room, so intent he did not notice the chill of the late winter afternoon. A serious small magician, with a freckled nose, he sat on his heels before the battered wireless set, invoking successfully the jinn within it.

Under his deft fingers the needle travelled questioningly across the illuminated dial, while bursts of music, showers of foreign speech and the pinking of Morse followed one another in fantastic cavalcade. He looked up and grinned.

"I say, Aunt Harriet, I believe I've got this set working. I believe I've just got Moscow. I wish we could get that German Freedom Station. Gosh! I would like to get that! Gosh! I'd almost learn German so as to understand what those people say," he greeted her.

"Would you, Dick?"

A bowl of Roman hyacinths on the window sill had just opened their waxy bells. Harriet went to look at them. "That's nice music—where's that coming from?"

"That? Oh, that's the Parsefal music from Warsaw. Good, isn't it? But sort of funny—to think it's Germans playing it out there, I mean."

Harriet's hand went very still on the blue china of the bowl she was tending.

Dick, glancing at her face, hastily turned the knob and the lovely sounds faded. France spoke—a rich contralto that warned the

winter afternoon. Holland was rattling cheerful military band music, while Russia sent forth the silver loveliness of a male voice choir, so harmonised it sounded like a celestial viol. Between them, as the needle travelled slowly across the disc, saxophones howled, voices spat venom and the eternal Morse, restless and uneasy, tapped out its secrets of danger and crisis.

Harriet watched the thin brown fingers, with their bitten boy's nails, twisting purposefully at the controls. A child—not yet twelve—and he could lead her to the brink of this seething psychic cauldron, this whirlpool, out of which flashed now a face in agony, now a hand that waved a greeting, now the swirl of ballet girls' skirts and now a clenched fist shaking a club.

The needle crept back again and, rendered with beautiful restraint, conducted with sensitivity, the Grail music filled the room, coming softly over the ether from ruined Warsaw.

"Stop!" Harriet swung round. "Switch that thing off, Dick. I can't stand it!"

It was a sudden cry, wrung from her by the things that chaos of sound symbolised rather than by its tearing impact on nerves strained already further than she chose to admit.

The moment passed, and she found herself staring at Dick's startled, disappointed face.

"Oh, Aunt Harriet, I thought you liked the wireless," he said in aggrieved tones. "I thought you'd be so pleased."

In a flash Harriet had herself in hand again. She had blundered, and she must retrieve the blunder. Dick was bewildered by her apparent contradiction, hurt by her failure to appreciate his achievement—she owed him, not an apology, but an explanation.

Briefly, in words he understood, she gave it, and his face slowly cleared. Nodding wisely, he agreed—"It is pretty beastly, really. I suppose, if you let your imagination run. You know, I never do, Aunt Harriet," he told her, becoming every moment more protective and restored to self-respect. "I mean—I hadn't thought all that, about the Morse being p'raps from sinking ships and about a German announcer speaking right in this room when, if he was as near us as his voice sounds as if he is, he'd have to be a prisoner of war. I just think about what a lark it is making the jolly old set work and being able to get all those foreign stations."

Still discussing the point and restored to good accord, they went out together to the greenhouses, where Harriet cut great trusses of chrysanthemums with which Dick gleefully loaded himself.

"Oh, I say, Aunt Harriet, what masses! Are they all for the hospital or are we having some? Gosh, I do like the smell of them! What are you picking the Christmas roses for? Jasper'll be awfully mad if you pick them all!"

"I'm picking them for the church at Maddingly. I'm going to pick some of that fern to go with them, too."

"Ooh, scrumptious!" Dick, his face faunlike as it peeped between the heads of the chrysanthemums, lighted up at the sight of the delicate green fronds, blended with the starry whiteness of the anemone-like flowers. "Aunt Harriet, you do have good ideas!"

"I wonder if I really do?" Harriet mused a little wistfully, as she tramped alone across the fields a quarter of an hour later through the fall of the winter dusk. The Christmas roses, bedded lightly among the fern, were carefully covered up in the little basket she carried.

"I look for all the world like Red Riding Hood going to visit her Grandmama," she thought, with one of those flashes of ironic humour that so often shot across even her most serious moments.

Dusk was falling, veil upon veil, across the field path ahead. Already it would be dark in the woods, dark in the little cottage rooms at Maddingly, away to the right.

Harriet sighed. There was something lonely and primeval in this landscape where no light glowed from red-curtained window or open door. Behind her, Ilminster, that on Christmas Eve should have twinkled like a cluster of stars, crouched in its hollow, sullen and dark, like a cautious beast. As she mounted the hill and entered Hunter Spinney, she caught a glimpse of Sybil's home—Maddingly Manor. The old house bulked black against the first stars. There were no friendly lights in the windows, no beam of warmth from the great door that for centuries had, so Sybil told her, stood open on Christmas Eve to welcome all wanderers.

Turning aside from the path, Harriet leaned on a five-barred gate and looked down the hollow at the darkened house. No wonder Sybil was miserable! What had Leonore said? "*It's the soft spot that turns the fruit bitter.*" A dangerous creed—sane, perhaps, but liable to interpretations that would not be for the health of the nations. Suddenly, Harriet, admitting defeat, leaned heavily against the old grey gate and let the full flood of that pain she had been holding at bay for weeks flow over her. This was Christmas—the first Christmas she had had a home of her own—and in the whole world there was no Christmas.

The rime on the top of the gate brushed away under her restless fingers, the smell of frost came up from the dead leaves along the edge of the wood, some small wild creature rustled the brambles.

When, at last, she raised her head the black moment had passed. She drew a deep breath and turned again to the path that led over the hill to St. Peter of Maddingly.

The little church, crouched on the hillside, also had "blackened" the arrow slits the Normans built and the bigger, uglier ones left by the Victorian renovation. Harriet tripped down two shallow steps, through a complication of black sateen hangings

and landed, blinking, in the warmly-lighted porch, almost in the arms of a startled Miss Purbeck.

"Hallo. Sorry to arrive like a fairy queen, but I thought I'd bring a contribution for the decorations. These might go on the font or—or something," she said gruffly.

Miss Purbeck, who had flushed very pink, accepted the proffered basket and adjusted her pince-nez.

"Really, Lady North—we weren't expecting—no one told me." Then, as she lifted the coverings, a genuine cry of pleasure, "Oh, but how beautiful! What lovely, lovely flowers!"

"Christmas roses," Harriet said shortly.

The two looked at each other.

Miss Purbeck's face, usually prim and disapproving, broke up into quivering, almost grotesque, warmth—

"Oh, oh!" she ejaculated breathlessly. "My brother had an idea we shouldn't spend money on decorations this year, with so much trouble and want everywhere. We've only evergreens and some very poor holly. The altar looked so bare—really it's like a miracle you bringing us these lovely things."

She touched the opaque white petals with a chilblain-distorted finger, and repeated softly, "These lovely things!"

Harriet turning away, said:

"Glad you like them." Then she chuckled, "That's a good poster you've got there!"

She bent closer to read the big, sheet headed "*Cheer Up!*"

"In A.D. 410, when the Goths had sacked Rome, St. Augustine said, 'Little children, it is the last hour—even now there have arisen many anti-Christ, whereby, we know it is the last hour.' Over 100 years ago even Wilberforce, one of the founders of the C.M.S., said he dared not get married because there was no future. In A.D. 1852 the Duke of Wellington died thanking God that he 'would be spared from seeing the consummation of the ruin that is gathering.'"

"Sense!" Harriet commented, "I'd like an anthology on those lines—believe we could make one, too!"

Miss Purbeck laughed rather uneasily.

"My brother likes that poster. He would have it put up here. I wasn't quite sure—but now you've enjoyed it, it does prove his point rather." She hesitated—then said awkwardly, "would you care to see the church, it—it does look so nice. If you'll excuse me I'll just take these through to the vestry and put them in water. I shan't be a minute. The other helpers have gone to tea."

She hurried away, her rubber soles flapping on the worn stone floor, and Harriet, following her through the old, carved door, stood very still within the little church. It was dimly lit and full of the spicy smell of spruce boughs and the cold bitterness of wet laurel and ivy. Here, for a thousand years, man had come to worship the Child born at the winter solstice, born when the turning earth changes its course and once again begins the long, slow climb into the light. Here, in faith they had prayed a million times "*God's will be done, God's Kingdom Come.*"

Leaning with both hands on the worn and shiny wood of a high-backed pew, Harriet waited, as life had taught her to wait in such moments of living silence. Somewhere, not far away, as possible to tap as the chaos of the ether Dick had made manifest, there were other currents, other knowledge, other communications. An answer to the unanswerable question of pain seemed almost within her reach, for a moment, though she could only grasp the flying tag of a quotation to anchor it by—

"It is '*For there is nothing dies but something lives, And there is nothing lives but something dies, 'Till skies be fugitives . . .*'"

Yes—that was it. As the battering blows of the chisel liberated the statue from the block of stone, so pain liberated the spirit of man. A statue half finished was often grotesque, even dreadful. The battering must go on to a finish if the Idea of the Creator were to be made clear enough for all to see.

"There, don't they look beautiful?" Miss Purbeck was back at her elbow, the flowers arranged in two shallow silver dishes.

Harriet sighed and passed her hand across her forehead.

"Yes, beautiful," she said.

Miss Purbeck looked at her anxiously.

"You're tired," she said. There was real concern in her tone.

"I'll just set these on the altar and then you can come across to my room and rest. You work so hard."

Harriet shook her head. She was touched by solicitude from this woman, who had once been so unfriendly. She said steadily:

"We're all feeling the strain a bit this winter, Miss Purbeck, but we've a great deal to be thankful for. At least we can hope and plan and build and learn from day to day. Every day seems to teach me something new."

Miss Purbeck, standing awkwardly with her hands full of the silver vases, nodded. Her expression was sincere and rather sad as she said—

"If we can only learn to be simple, Lady North. I've thought a great deal lately, and I believe simplicity and truth would solve almost all the troubles of the present world, don't you?"

Harriet shook her head.

"No—you want something deeper than that," she said.

"Oh—you mean sacrifice?" Miss Purbeck sounded like a child reproved, "Is that greater than truth?"

"I meant love—real love," Harriet said slowly. "Love big enough to be simple, good enough to be truth, love that takes

sacrifice in its stride as part of the day's work and never even notices it. But there aren't many of us who know even the first thing about that sort of love, and we may as well face the fact. It isn't a thing we can cultivate. It's a gift we may hope for, when we've cleared sufficient clutter out of our mental and spiritual lives to make room to house it—and not before!"

Five minutes later, striding down the hill, she met the wind that had sprung up and chased the low-lying mist from the hedges and cleared the sky overhead gladly. She felt alert and content, her hand once more on the helm. Now, if the children who turned to her for bread, asked her of Christmas, she need not send them away empty.

Under the winter stars the ploughland lifted its breast to the knife of the wind; patiently the small birds covered among the hollies—the cycle of the season turned slowly beneath the ringing vault of Heaven, where the ordered planets marched upon their appointed way. Though she could find no words as yet to express it, she had found her courage again.

Her own house, when she reached it, was as dark as the Manor had been, but over it hung the seven stars of the Plough.

Harriet smiled as she took out her door key and let herself in. A star over a stable—wise men had accepted that. Not what they expected. Not what they wanted. Probably not what they could even approve of. But the inexorable pattern of the plan of God.

Warmth and eager voices met her. The hall seemed to be full of figures in blue—sturdy, alert creatures with bright eyes and cold, whipped cheeks. Thirty familiar voices greeted her—

"Happy Christmas, C'missioner! Happy Christmas, Lady North!"

"Now, to what exactly do I owe this honour?" Harriet demanded. "Has England been invaded, or is this a general strike?"

Delighted giggles appreciated the challenge—

"It's only us—only the Leaders"—a tall Patrol Leader from the High School Company pushed her way to the front. "Please, we've made some clothes for the babies—all of us—and we've collected this for the Polish Relief Fund—and we've put stockings in the drawing-room, if you don't mind, for the party you're giving the evacuees on Monday. (There's one for each child, Lady North. We've counted awfully carefully.) You see, we're having such fun being Patrol Leaders, we thought we'd like to kind of do something to show we were enjoying it. You don't mind, do you?"

Harriet looked round at them. They were perfectly in earnest, these busy, hard-worked creatures of all ages. They really had brought thank offerings because they were feeling thankful. She smiled at them.

"No," she said grimly, "I don't mind—I don't mind at all. You oughtn't to be out in the black-out, but you are, and I suppose your parents know it. Let's go in and sit by the fire, and sing and roast chestnuts and enjoy ourselves."

"Ooh!" The indrawn breath of delight was unmistakably approving.

Someone said thoughtfully—

"But shan't we wake the babies, C'missioner?"

"If we do, we'll have them down to sing too," Harriet promised.

"As Bessie so rightly says—'Christmas comes but once a year'—and as it's their first one, let's give them something to remember!"

(To be continued.)

MIS-ADVENTURES OF AN AIR WARDEN

MY National Service is divided into two parts: by day, doing the ordinary jobs of everyday life, and with the help of such Guiders as remain, keeping the District going, tracking down evacuated Guides and Brownies and transferring them to local Companies and Packs.

I am an Air Warden and my work consists of nightly patrols of the sector looking for insufficiently screened lights, warning and helping the householder.

We patrol from 8 p.m. to midnight, and as there are four of us we take two hours each every other night. Our sector contains part of the beach connected by a seawall to the harbour, a long bit of main road, a lonely cottage in a wood, a lane or two, and a bit of the harbour itself.

When has there been such a September? Night after night of starshine almost more beautiful than moonlight.

What of the job? Sometimes boring, sometimes amusing. Often after careful stalking I have tracked down glaring lights in windows, only to find it was moonlight on the glass. One night going up one of the lanes, cold and rather tired, I walked too close to the hedge. Suddenly a very thorny branch dragged itself across my tin hat, making a noise that made me jump, a cat rushed from the hedge through my legs, an unseen cow moo'ed loudly almost in my ear, a barn owl uttered an eldritch screech and something else rustled in the hedge. I stood not upon the order of my going, I went.

Another night with a strong south-east wind blowing and the sea rough I started to go along the seawall, and realised half way round that it was impossible to go on without a soaking. The waves were dashing up and over the wall, so seeking shelter for a few moments in the only possible place, I meditated on the sad fate of an Air Warden washed out to sea. What would they make of the corpse? Then realising that such musing would not help I counted the waves

till seven had come and gone then made a rush. Within a yard of safety I met my Waterloo in the shape of some slippery seaweed which laid me low.

I thought the noise of steel on concrete would have roused the town, the wind was in the right direction, surely the whole A.R.P. organisation would turn out to see where the bomb had fallen, but no, save for the wind and waves all was still. True there was a noise of an ambulance bell, but as it came no nearer I came to the conclusion it was in my head and was not the ambulance, so I picked myself up, readjusted my tin hat and my "head bloody but un-bowed" continued my patrol. I did not like Hitler.

The last night of September. Perfect, starlit and quiet. On leaving my house I had an interview with a very large hedgehog just outside, going quietly about his evening business regardless of black-outs. I went once more round by the seawall, the tide was low and barely reached it. The sky in the east suddenly became red and the moon rose slowly sending a lovely pathway across the sea. I left the beach and walked down the main road, through the lanes to the harbour.

Across on the marshes I could hear a few birds calling, redshanks, curlew, herons, a sandpiper, something else I could not identify, I could have stayed listening for a long time, but it was getting cold and my time was nearly up. So I left the peaceful harbour and came slowly back. When near the house I remembered the hedgehog and turned back to see if I could see him again.

Then I heard a very odd noise, clickety click, clickety click, just ahead of me in the road where it was pitch black under the trees. The noise went on, sudden hair-raising thought, time-fuse of an I.R.A. bomb? The thing to do I believe was to clasp the bomb to one's bosom and hurl it into the nearest river. This latter was quite close. At its best about 3 ft. wide and nearly 1 ft. deep. Would that drown a bomb? But the noise was moving and coming nearer, I walked towards it and suddenly out of the blackness into the moonlight stepped an enormous cow! I stopped, she stopped, then she uttered a ferocious bellow, and broke into a lumbering trot towards me, I did the same. Did I say I was near my house? I won by a hoof, and as I thankfully shot home the bolt of the gate, caught my foot in something and once more went headlong.

I had found the hedgehog. No, I do not like Hitler. C. P.

NATIONAL AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS ANIMALS COMMITTEE

The N.A.R.P.A.C. was recently formed by the A.R.P. Department of the Home Office.

So far as animals in cities are concerned, first aid posts have been established, and N.A.R.P.A.C. is organising Animal Guards throughout the country. The first aid posts are situated generally at the clinics or hospitals of veterinary surgeons or animal welfare societies but occasionally other suitable buildings are used. The voluntary Guards are intended to act as contact officers between the first aid posts mentioned above and the animal owners in each locality. Animal Guards will be recognised as official workers and will be issued with a distinctive armband. Their duties will be as follows:—

To make known to the animal owners in their district the address of the nearest first aid post and as they will at all times be in possession of the latest instructions and information regarding A.R.P. for animals, they will be in a position to answer fully any enquiries on this subject.

In the event of an air raid, they will collaborate with the first aid posts in securing the speediest possible treatment for animals requiring it, and will generally provide a channel of communication between the posts and the animal owning public. *They will not be expected to be in the streets while a raid is in progress.*

REGISTRATION OF ANIMALS.

No less important a part of their duties will be the visiting of every animal owner in their street for the purpose of recording details of the animals in each household. The Guard will issue free of charge an individually numbered disc which the householder will be invited to attach securely to the animal and the number on the disc issued will be registered. The name and address of the animal owner and details of discs issued to him will be recorded by the Registration Department of N.A.R.P.A.C. so that in the event of a stray animal being found wearing an N.A.R.P.A.C. disc, it will only be necessary for the finder to communicate with any N.A.R.P.A.C. post quoting the disc number for the animal to be identified and restored to its owner.

In view of the fact that the police, with their other heavy duties, may find it difficult to deal with strayed animals, it is felt that the service, of which the outline is given above, should prove of the greatest value.

The duties of an Animal Guard are not of an onerous nature and particularly it should be emphasised that Guards will not be called upon actually to handle injured animals in any way. Registration can be carried out at any time, so that this particular work is eminently suitable for women or for men over military age. To volunteer, please apply to the organisers, N.A.R.P.A.C. National Registration Department, 166, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5.

SCOTTISH HEADQUARTERS

BEFORE war broke out, it had been planned to have the official opening of the new Scottish Headquarters on the occasion of the Annual Council Meeting, but circumstances rendered this impossible, and the Meeting, held at the new address, 16, Coates Crescent, Edinburgh, on October 24th, was brief and formal, in order that members might reach home before dark.

Mrs. Elliott Carnegie, of Lour, M.B.E., the new Scottish Chief Commissioner, was in the Chair. The retiring Commissioner, Mrs. Houston Craufurd, was regretfully unable to be present, and the Deputy Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Monteith, introduced Mrs. Carnegie to the Council. She also stated that the Executive Committee suggested inviting Mrs. Craufurd to become the first President of the Council, and the Meeting was unanimous in approving this suggestion.

Mrs. Carnegie gave a report of Scottish Guiding during the past year. Although, she said, Guiding faded into insignificance beside the fearful calamity that had overwhelmed the world, the reports of the departments showed that all was well with it before the war began, and now, although it might have to be continued on different lines, it had a very important work to do, and would emerge from this great trial stronger and more self-reliant than ever before. She herself felt that she was taking over from Mrs. Craufurd, who had for so many years led Guiding in Scotland with such wisdom and understanding, at a particularly difficult moment, but she assured the Council that she would do her utmost to carry on the work.

The annual census revealed an increase of over 1,200 members of all ranks, and the financial statement again showed larger profits. Imperial Headquarters had made four awards to Scottish Guiders: the Silver Fish to Mrs. Greenlees, the Special Service Badge to Lady Cochran Patrick, the Medal of Merit to Miss McVicar, and the Chief's Diploma to Miss Lander. Three Imperial Headquarters appointments had been given to Scotland, Miss Shanks having been made Commissioner for Training, Miss Lander, Commissioner for Rangers, and Miss Martin, Commissioner for Camping.

Prior to the outbreak of war the most important event of the year was "Guide Week," when Guides throughout the country were busy making our motto better known to the public. Since the war Guides had put the motto into practice everywhere, and from all sides came reports of the useful and valuable work they were doing.

The main event of the camping season had been the Pax-Ting organised by the Hungarian Girl Guides, which a party drawn from all over Scotland had had the privilege of attending. Thirty-seven Scottish Guides had attended the Beaver Patrol Camp at Harewood. The Scottish Commissioner for Camping, Miss Martin, had been obliged to cut short her term of office in order to undertake Guide Training in Australia, but her work had been most ably carried on by Miss Heriot Maitland, who now became Commissioner for Camping.

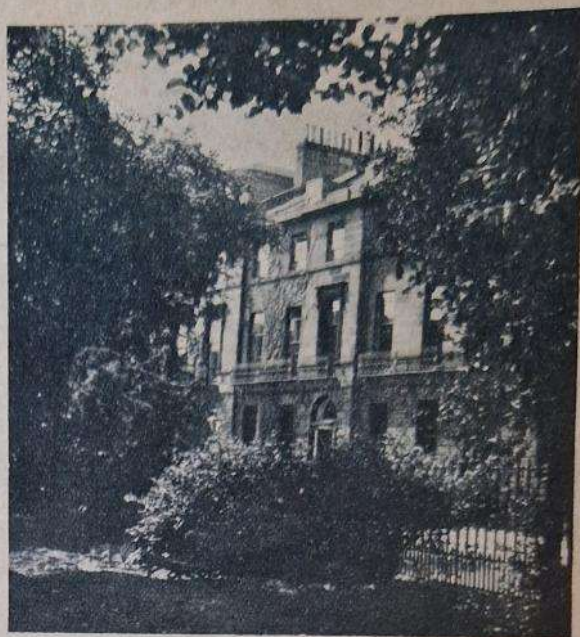
In the Training Department we had already lost many diploma'd Guiders who had war-time commitments, but those still available would help to train Guiders to carry on under changed conditions, and also Patrol Leaders who might have many new responsibilities. Miss Sharp, who took over the department from Miss Lander at the end of 1938, had attended the International Training Conference at Adelboden last summer.

Co-operation with kindred societies had continued actively, and Scottish Headquarters was represented on the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence.

The Lone report revealed plenty of keenness and activity, as did the Extension reports, in which it was very gratifying to read the remarks from Matrons and Medical Officers testifying to the great benefit patients received from Guiding. A Broadcast Service had been held for all Extensions in January, and there was a most satisfactory report of Post and Extension camps and holidays. Post Guides were very proud that two pieces of their work were sent to the Hungarian Camp as examples of Scottish crafts.

Scottish Rangers took their responsibilities very seriously when it came to practical National Service training. In one county some sixty Rangers offered themselves for training in nursing at a children's hospital, attending lectures and doing practical work, and on the outbreak of war were qualified to take the place of some of the nurses, leaving the latter free for other duties.

Mrs. Carnegie, summarising the reports, said that we could look back upon Guiding last year as having been active, successful and alive. Now we had to adjust ourselves to entirely changed conditions, and already the counties were reorganising themselves. There was much work for us to do in Guiding, amongst the evacuated children, amongst those left behind, and by taking our share in



Scotland's New Headquarters.

National Service, but in spite of the shortage of Guiders, there was no reason why we should not do it, and do it well.

Mrs. Greenlees, in moving the vote of thanks to the Chair, expressed the loyalty, unbounded confidence and wholehearted support of Scottish Guiding to the new Chief Commissioner.

After the Meeting the Council made a tour of the new Headquarters. These are very fine, and their furnishing and equipping have been helped by many gifts and donations from all over Scotland, from handsome gifts out of county funds to a few pennies given by a small Highland company. Imperial Headquarters presented reproductions of the portraits of the Chiefs.

WADDOW SAYS THANK YOU FOR:-

Games and Books: 1st St. Helens Guides.

Magazines: 1st Thurrock Guides; A Dumfriesshire Lone Guider; Miss Dykston, Liverpool; 2nd Clitheroe Brownies; Miss Bullough, Cheshire; Blyth District Guide Companies; 1st Langholm Brownies.

Donation: Miss Taylor, Lytham St. Annes.

Puzzles: 48th Liverpool Guides.

Bedsocks: Burley-in-Wharfedale Guides and Rangers and friends per Miss Shepherd.

Toys, Bedsocks and Books: 1st Cleckheaton Rangers and friends.

Toys: 1st Kirkcaldy Rangers.

Books and Toys: Miss Helliwell, Stockport.

Books and Magazines: Miss Walmsley, Sussex.

Jumpers and Cardigans: 2nd Gee Cross Rangers.

Bedjackets: Mrs. Macartney, Derbyshire.

Slippers: 1st Thurrock Guides, 1st Clitheroe Guides.

38 Nightgowns, 15 pairs knickers, 3 pairs pyjamas, 10 bedjackets, 2 blankets: 3rd Winnipeg District Guides and Brownies.

ARE YOU WRITING ABROAD?

All letters going to foreign countries have to pass the censor, so will you please remember the censorship rules. They are as follows:-

- (1) Write clearly and not too lengthily.
- (2) Put your name and address on the outside of the envelope.
- (3) Put the language in which the letter is written on the outside of the envelope.
- (4) Do not send snapshots, newspaper cuttings, views of places, or badges, etc., in the letters.

If you remember these rules your letters will be forwarded quickly, and you will be helping the censor, but do not let the rules of censorship prevent you writing to Guides, Rangers and Guiders abroad. Write to them. The Guide Post Box is working still in all the countries where there are Guides, and though letters may take longer, they will get there eventually. The Guide Post Box will help you.

KATHLEEN C. WILKINSON,
Post Box Secretary for England.

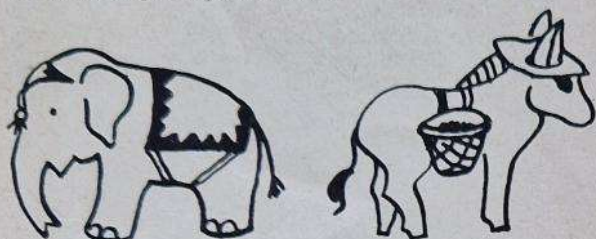
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

by

MRS. SONNIS

Acting Principal Organiser, The Crafts Council (under the auspices of the National Council of Girls' Clubs), Hamilton House, Bidborough Street, London, W.C.1.

THIS year we must have an economy Christmas, but we do not want to lose all the festive spirit and many Guides will be planning Christmas presents in spite of the war. Not only are there families and friends to plan for, but this year there are many evacuated children who appreciate presents from Guides. Here are some suggestions for making presents out of old pieces of material as well as new for grown-ups and children.



Soft Toys. A soft toy would make a good present for any child. Felt is one of the easiest materials out of which to make a soft toy, but some of the most amusing animals are made out of scrap material. Guides who have had experience making felt toys can start to collect pieces of old grey flannel for elephants, old tweed coats for horses, old felt or velour hats for rabbits, and set to work with the aid of Crafts Council Patterns to make something out of nothing. (A pattern can be enlarged or reduced to fit a special piece of material, but with very frayable material, small patterns should be avoided.) Very dull, plain materials can often be livened up with decorative stitches down the seams, or with a gay piece of material let in for the tummy, or used for ears, tails, etc. Kapok can be used for stuffing, or small pieces of material can be chopped up really finely and used instead.

For Guides who have had no previous experience of soft toy making, Crafts Council Packets (which contain everything to make one toy) will prove a great boon. It is, of course, a little more expensive to buy materials in this way, but it does make it as simple as possible for beginners.

Rubber Toys. Floating toys, in the shape of fishes, seahorses and other aquatic creatures, for the bath, can be made out of old inner tubes of tyres or hot water bottles (the latter should be used for small toys only). They are cut out with scissors and stuck together with rubber solution—the same sort which is used to mend bicycle tyres. They are stuffed with kapok or chopped up bits of rubber or cork sawdust from fruit packing.

FOR GROWN-UPS.

Gas Mask Cases. A gas mask is not a very Christmasy object, but it can be far more cheerful if it is in a pretty case. One made from a Crafts Council Packet—either a plain cover for the standard box, or a decorated felt sack with a zipp fastener—would make a sensible Christmas present which is quite easy to make.

Patchwork.

Pin cushions or kettle holders can be made with small scraps of printed cotton materials with the aid of a small hexagon-shaped template and needle and cotton and some newspaper. Col-

lect as many bits of material as possible, to have plenty to choose from, and make a definite pattern by contrasting dark hexagons against light ones. A pin cushion should be filled with sawdust or bran, never with kapok, as pins and needles will not easily go into it. The edges of small things look very pretty left in the zig-zag shape made by the hexagon.

Gloves. Warm gloves can be made out of felt, which though they will not wear as long as leather, are easier and cheaper to make. A very stout felt must be used for gloves, as thin toy felt would wear out very quickly. Gloves are not so easy to make as the Gas Mask Carriers or Patchwork, but they are well worth the time spent on them.

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Soft Toy Making. No. 46. General Instructions. No. 47. Enlarging, Diminishing and Adapting Patterns. 1d. each, postage ½d.

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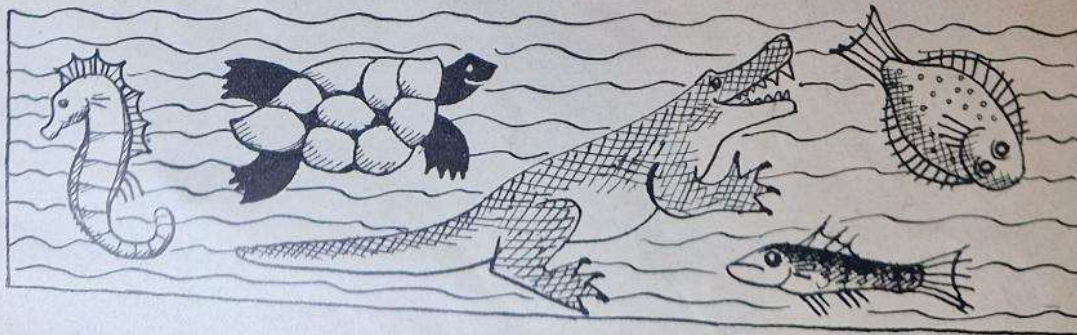
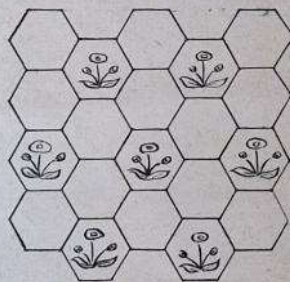
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BOOKS FOR GUIDERS, RANGERS AND GUIDES

Paddle Your Own Canoe. By Lord Baden-Powell. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

This little book of stories of wild animals of the jungle and people of many lands is mainly written for Scouts and it will encourage them to realise that although the Chief Scout is far away in the peaceful sunshine of Kenya, his mind is still very much with them. Stories illustrating courage, commonsense, resourcefulness and endurance may have an African setting but we can all learn very many lessons from them which will help us in war-time England. And girls as well as boys will enjoy reading these stories with their many ingenious ideas and lively, comic illustrations by the author. Yarns are always useful to us, and here are many of them with little twinkling touches of humour, and corners waiting to be explored and enlarged. This is a kind of supplement to *Scouting for Boys*, whose topical illusions will convince any doubters that Scouting is very much up to date still. It should be a very popular Christmas present.

R. M.

Our Own Affairs. By Kathleen Gipperi. (Dent, 4s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

The sub-title of this most interesting book is "A Guide to the Intelligent Reading of the Newspaper." That, in itself, at the present time, should guarantee the book a wide reading, without any further description, for who is not puzzled and bewildered by the affairs of the world to-day? The actual title, however, is a truer description of the book, for it sets out to explain, in a most readable way, the affairs of this country and the way in which they are controlled.

It is a book which every Ranger should possess and which fully deserves the notice of all Guiders. We British are far too inclined to take things for granted—few of us take a really intelligent interest in what is being done outside our own district. How many of us, for instance, know what is done with the money paid for our wireless licences? How many could describe what is meant by "tariff walls," "imperial preference," "economic autarchy"? How many of us really understand the working of the Government?

It is time we began to wake up over such things and many of us would have done so sooner, I feel, had we not been frightened off by the difficulty of getting hold of information.

In this little book we have all that is needed and the information is given in a delightful story-like way which could not do anything but encourage even the most timid. It will be of invaluable assistance to Rangers who are taking the Citizenship Badge and should do much to produce a higher standard of national intelligence.

M. T.

Half-Breed. By Lovat Dickson. (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

When Grey Owl died the Press raised a sensational controversy as to his origin. Was he an English schoolboy turned Indian, or was he the half-breed son of an Apache woman and an American frontiersman?

This story opens in an English seaside town in 1888, and ends in Saskatchewan fifty years later, where Grey Owl was taken to his last resting place among the birches and pines he loved so much.

To those who enjoyed his books and appreciated the great qualities of this strange and inscrutable character, this story of his life as revealed by his friend and confidant, Lovat Dickson, will prove infinitely worth reading.

N. M.

Woodland Comedy. By Harper Cury. (Duckworth, 5s.)

If you are looking for an animal book for a Christmas present or just one for yourself you could not do better than buy *Woodland Comedy*.

The author, who is a clergyman, describes a wonderful year he spent in a remote parish on a Manitoba hillside. You will love reading of the antics of Jacko and Jill, the two red squirrels, of the noisy way the shunks took their revenge when disturbed and the beautiful description of the beavers building their dam. Sam Jordan, the old backwoodsman, who initiated the author into these mysteries, is a delightful character and will really make you think it worth while to sit under a dripping bush all night just in case you might see a vixen with her cubs.

This book is the best of all kinds of animal stories, as it is written entirely from what the author actually saw and heard and the result is more amusing than any imaginative story.

E. S.

Family Footlight. By Kitty Haine. (Dent, 6s.) Stocked at Headquarters.

Mrs. Streatfeild has dedicated her latest book to all who produce children's plays, act in them, watch them or write them, and the dedication is in itself a sufficient recommendation for the book, particularly to Guiders who know Mrs. Streatfeild's reputation both as a Guider and an author of children's books and plays.

The story is concerned with the Farrer family who, faced with a depressing Christmas spent with a strange aunt in a furnished house taken for the holidays, finds that it is far from the gloomy affair they had dreaded.

The discovery of Axel, the small foreign musician, who has lost his violin, the determination of the Farrers to provide him with another, the play they produce in order to raise funds with which to do so, all go to make a most entertaining and, at the same time, instructive story.

The book is particularly suitable to the present time and would make a very delightful Christmas present for a child who has been evacuated, for it is the sort of story which will inspire its readers to go and do likewise.

Mrs. Streatfeild's characters are always warm, loving people and she has a very charming gift in the drawing of child characters. Her great understanding of children makes it impossible for her to create an unnatural child.

Once again, Ruth Gervis has co-operated with the author and has illustrated the book with her usual charming drawings.

I foresee that in spite of an economy Christmas, *Family Footlight* will find its way into many Christmas stockings this year.

M. T.

Our Family. By Adel and Anor Lin. (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

The four daughters of the famous Lin Yutang have written this delightful little story. It is composed of small essays written by each of them, "Adel," "Anor," Lin, with small but descriptive comments by "Meimei" of their life in China, and their travels abroad.

The whole tale as it unwinds itself gives a vivid and fascinating little study of their lives, showing clearly the differences which make up their characters and colour their personalities. Throughout it all, one sees the benevolent and kindly Lin Yutang—the famous speaker and lecturer, their father—writing his essays, assimilating his thoughts before his lectures and yet remaining the lovable head of the family—sharing his life with his devoted, and one imagines, beautiful and talented wife.

Perhaps this tale told so simply has a deeper meaning and we see the introduction of a new China ruled by people educated in the West, yet keeping all the splendour and beauty of their own country and one wonders if the dawning of a new era is upon us when East and West will be together with the same traditions and creeds growing side by side.

M. N.

More Adventures With The Zoo Man. By David Seth Smith, F.Z.S. (Pitman, 3s. 6d.)

English people are proverbially fond of animals, and most children love going to the Zoo to see them there. For those of us who have not the opportunity of doing this, and who have not had the good fortune to hear Mr. Seth Smith's excellent wireless talks, this book will be a great joy. With plenty of illustrations for the often amusing stories they make us feel quite familiar with such strange creatures as the Komodo dragons, or the duck-billed platypus. Even if we have heard the wireless talks we shall like to have them written down to be told or read, and the fact that the book contains a chapter on pandas, kinkajoes and koalas, those fascinating live toys, will in itself be an attraction. There are chapters, too, on more homely creatures, such as the rabbit and the fox, with helpful ideas for looking after pet animals. We are told where birds sleep at night, and what is meant by "swan upping." This will be an excellent introduction to the Zoo for those who can go there, and a very good substitute for those who cannot.

R. M.

Charles Lettis's Girl Guide's Diary for 1940. (9d., 1s. and 2s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

Every Guide will want to have one of these excellent little books which contain an unusually large amount of general information as well as help with Tenderfoot, Second Class and First Class Tests. These are attractively and clearly set out with good diagrams of knots, tracking signs and signalling. There are pictures of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret in uniform, and of the Chiefs. The special weekly feature this year is a series of drawings and points of interest about birds of the British Isles, and this as well as the charming photographs of dogs inside the front and back covers will be both popular and useful. The diary is neatly and strongly bound as usual and will fit tidily into a Guide pocket. Guiders and Guides alike will find it invaluable.

R. M.

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Owls in Summer. By Kathleen Hull and Pamela Whitlock.
(Cape, 8s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

The summer holidays having come round again, the Hunterleys spare no time in rushing back to Clonsilla to resume their adventures and renew their friendship with Maurice—the boy from nowhere. They nearly find out about him, but their discovery of his diary has disastrous results, and ends in "Peran-Wisa" being burnt down and a terrible quarrel with Maurice himself, until they are able to waylay him and explain that they never read the diary, so he still remains the mystery he wishes to be.

It is wonderful how these schoolgirl authoresses make their characters live, and carry their reader with them on their adventures. Cabool becomes a village you have known, and all their favourite haunts on Exmoor are so very real.

To any young lover of adventure this book would be a real joy, and if unable herself to have such a free and untrammelled holiday, nothing could be better than to have one in her imagination with this gay party.

N. M.

Hilary Follows Up. By E. M. R. Burgess. (Blackie. 2s.) Stocked at Headquarters.

"If you don't want to go through life with a limp, take care that you don't grow one-sided!" is the theme of this book, and by the same token the book is not one-sided either. We follow Hilary's fortunes at work or at games, at school or in the holidays. The skating race and the swimming contest both make exciting chapters, and Hilary's weaknesses make her a nice ordinary person to read about.

Most of us have known someone who is in the difficult position of being the normal child of a brilliant parent, or the ugly duckling of the family, and it is interesting to see how Hilary makes the best of similar circumstances.

Although she has no chance to do Guiding at school, Hilary is a Guide, and Guides will like to see in her preparedness in various emergencies the results of Guide training and tradition. R. M.

The Blakes and the Blacketts. By Grace James. (Muller. 6s.)
This is an amusing story and one which will appeal to children of all ages.

The Blake children (Mustard, Cress and Nibs), whose father has lost a great deal of money and has been obliged to let his country house, are sent to live in the country with their aunts and there they meet the Blacketts (Oliver and Shirley) who are in exactly the opposite position, *their* father having made a fortune and retired to the country.

The circumstances of the children's first meeting are not very favourable, but the arrival on the scene of a bumptious young American somewhat links them together and when the Blake's aunts organise a very dull egg hunt, the adventures which overtake the children in their endeavours to amuse themselves make the six a firm band of friends throughout the rest of the story.

I think all self-respecting Brownies and Guides will blush for the inefficiency of the children when they take themselves for a picnic with only potatoes to eat and not the remotest idea of how to cook them, but the whole-hearted zeal with which they throw themselves into organising an entertainment for the Merivale mothers in order to help the Vicar makes one forgive them for their selfishness at the beginning of the story.

The book has many delightful little sketches which the more artistic readers will doubtless enjoy colouring. B. E. F.

The Grey Goose of Kilnevin. By Patricia Lynch. (Dent. 6s.)
There is something most realistic about this fairy tale. Sheila walks into adventures so naturally that we turn over each page knowing with delight that some altogether remarkable event will be told there.

The truth is that she lives midway between fairyland and everyday life, and children who are often in the same state will love reading this book which makes one expect to have similar experiences at any moment.

Sheila and Fergus, the Ballad Singer and the Apple Woman, are all most lovable vagabonds. Fat Meggie and the Red Haired Woman are equally disagreeable. The grey goose, Betsy, is a real goose although she can make Sheila understand what she says, and all through the book we can picture her most vividly waddling and flapping along, or being transported in the basket on Sheila's arm.

The whole background has a delicious freshness, the rain-washed atmosphere of Ireland where tiny hamlets nestle cosily in a wild countryside which belongs to the animals and fairies more appropriately than to ordinary mortals. This is the kind of country for adventure and pioneering, and Sheila and her companions make the best of golden opportunities.

The charming wrapper which is reproduced on the frontispiece, and the simple pencil drawings by John Keating, will appeal to children and grown-ups alike, and although there is no music to the songs of the Ballad Singer we can feel the lilt and almost hear the tunes.

Ben: The Story of a Carthorse. By Primrose Cumming. (Dent, 5s.)
This story of a London dray horse who goes lame and spends the rest

of his life in the country will make excellent reading for all lovers of farm life and for those now spending an enforced exile in the country. The vivid descriptions of London in the early morning, taken from the point of view of a person who is obviously

There are beautiful descriptions of farm work by one who is obviously and of the successive seasons of farm work by one who is obviously familiar with both, and these are no less beautifully illustrated with actual photographs which make up half the book.

Ben is a lovable character and the story of his life spent among London's smoke and to farmyard carts after a life spent among London's smoke and grime dragging a heavy brewery dray makes a very delightful book. E. S.

Twenty Folk and Fairy Tales. (Black. 3s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

This is a delightful book which will make a happy choice of gift to both grown-ups and children. The twenty stories, with their qualities of imagination, colour, pictures of foreign lands, creepiness, wintiness, adventure and mystery, will prove a treasure to all who love to read or to tell.

Children of all ages will enjoy, and wish to re-read or be re-told, the contents of this book. An added attraction is the beauty of the illustrations, many of which is a story in itself.

H. McD.

Bee Wing and Other Stories. By Madge Polkinghorne. (Burns and Washburn. 2s. 6d.)

Oates and Washburn. 2s. 6d.
These are a pleasant collection of brief stories for small children,
full of fantasy and quaint romance.

Miss Polkingshorne takes her young readers to fairy dells and lofty skies, where strange and unexpected things may happen at any moment, and interest is kept agog. In "The Two Cloudlets" and "The Fairy of Laughter," Miss Polkingshorne finds unusual and beautiful scenes to carry the mind away to distant places.

One could wish the illustrations were of a more lively and inspiring nature. The stories would make good bed-time lullabies.

Denis, The Dragon. By Noel Streatfeild. (Dent. 3s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

Denis is a charming dragon with ambitions to live like a man. How his ambition was realised and the story of what happened afterwards is one that will delight Brownies and the story-telling Brown Owls. The illustrations make one love Denis even more.

Give your P.L.s the *Patrol Leaders' Handbook*, price 6d., for Christmas.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Little Plays of Pigwiggin. By Frances Mackenzie (British Drama League). (Dent. 1s. 6d.) Stocked at Headquarters.

Pigwigginn emerged just as the sirens began to sound; it would take more than a sandbag or two, however, to keep him under. Here he is in seven plays: "Pigwigginn and the Dragon," "Pigwigginn Goes To Sea," "Pigwigginn Gives a Concert"—the titles show all the various ways in which he makes his mark. He is a great character. Given a swashbuckling, rather riotous Brownie (or borrowed Cub) with a commanding voice—every pack can produce it—and the plays would be irresistible. They are all written with complete knowledge of what is effective and possible for children, as one would expect from the author of "The Amateur Actor," "The Princess With The Secret Sorrow" is particularly commended to Brown Owls as a playlet for elastic numbers that plays itself, indoors or out, and gives every child a chance.

Miss Mackenzie is a contributor also to "The Drama Highway," edited by John Hampden (Dent). Brown Owls are reminded that the first of the series is full of acting games, little mimes and playlets, all very good of their kind. Five minutes at the end of each meeting soon discloses talent enough to amuse the hard-working grown-ups, who must look to the children for their entertainment just now.

Let's Mime. By Lilian I. Sayce. (Harrap. 3s. 6d.)

The first part of this useful book deals with mime at its simplest and easiest; nursery rhymes, games, exercises, the kind of thing that is a boon to Brown Owls whose Brownies are determined to act but refuse to say a word. The second part contains *Augustus*, the Chubby Lad, who died of refusing his soup; *A Frog*, *He would a-woo-ing go*, arranged as a mime with spoken prologue; a Scots ballad for older children, and *Marjorie and the Mortgage*, which would make a good item for Rangers.

All are written in a practical, humoursome way with a great deal of intimate practical knowledge that is most helpful. K. S.

A Song For Peace. (Year Book Press. 4d.)

A Christmas unison song—"Sing out the war vulture and sing in the Dove"—with a simple, sturdy tune that children should enjoy.

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PROBATIONER NURSES (Female) required, age not under 19 years. No experience is necessary. Nurses are prepared for the Certificate in Mental Nursing and are eligible for promotion on gaining this. Pay on joining is 27/9 per week, with free board, lodging and washing. 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.

A leaflet giving fuller particulars and an application form may be obtained on application to the Matron.

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If you have the health and strength for Active Service for Christ, and if you are ready for sacrifice, why not offer yourself for free training in the Church Army? Young women (20-35) wanted who will hazard all for God. War-time ventures, Canteens, Recreation Centres, Mission Work in Homes and Hostels for destitute, homeless and friendless, and in slums and countryside. Salary, Pension. Write Miss Cartile, Hon. Sec., Women Candidates. 61, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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SOUTH OCKENDON, ROMFORD, ESSEX

PROBATIONER NURSES Required, age over 18 years. Hours 48 weekly. Three weeks' annual leave. Preference given to girls who would be willing to take part in the Colony Girl Guides Company. Training given for the R.M.P.A. Certificates (Mental Deficiency Acts). For further particulars apply to the Matron-Superintendent.

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P.484A



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 on November 14th, 1939.

PRESENT:

The Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, C.B.E. (Chair).
Mrs. St. John Atkinson.
Miss Bardsley.
Miss Browning.
Mrs. Carnegie.
The Countess of Clarendon.
Sir Percy Everett.
Miss Gibbs.
Lady Greig.
Miss Shanks (co-opted).
Miss Shepherd.
The Lady Somers.
Miss Ward.

By Invitation:

Lady Moore.

The Chairman opened the meeting by outlining the programme for H.M. the Queen's visit to Headquarters in the afternoon.

On behalf of the Committee, the Chairman welcomed Miss Parker on her return to Headquarters.

The Chairman reported that Miss Usher had agreed to be Assistant Commissioner for Camping for England.

The Chairman reported that Miss Bickersteth had agreed to act as Imperial Commissioner for Camping until Miss Martin's return.

A letter of thanks for the award of the Silver Fish was read from Mrs. Fairweather.

The Chairman reported the resignation of Lady Moore as Deputy Overseas Commissioner, on the appointment of her husband as Governor of Kenya. The Chairman said that she knew she was expressing the feelings of all the members in wishing Lady Moore and her husband every happiness in their new work in Kenya. They were all very grateful to Lady Moore for the excellent work she had done for the Overseas Branch during her term of office.

It was agreed that a County Commissioners' Conference be held in London on February 14th, 1940.

The resignation of Lady Alethea Eliot, Assistant Commissioner for Extensions (Hospital Companies and Packs), was reported.

Routine and Financial business was transacted.

The date of the next meeting, Tuesday, December 12th, at 2 p.m. was confirmed.

AWARDS

Silver Fish. (For Good Service to the Movement.)

Mrs. Fairweather, Assistant County Commissioner, Kent, and Assistant Commissioner for Awards (Gold Cords).

Bronze Cross. (For Gallantry.)

Madame Malkowska, founder of the Girl Guides in Poland (in memory of the gallantry of the Polish Guides during the German invasion of Poland).

Silver Cross. (For Gallantry.)

Company Leader Ethel Steward, 1st Lowestoft Company, Norfolk.

Ethel was on her way to play tennis on July 17th when she saw a capsized canoe with someone clinging to it about a quarter of a mile out to sea. There was a high wind, and the sea was rough, but Ethel threw off her coat and shoes and jumped in. She had to swim nearly half a mile before she reached the canoe as the tide kept carrying it away from her. She found a nineteen year old boy in a state of exhaustion (he could not swim) and she urged him to hold on, while she kept the canoe steady and away from the tide race until the Lowestoft lifeboat came to their assistance, by which time Ethel was also exhausted.

Although Ethel, who is 17 years old, is a good swimmer, she was in considerable danger, as the sea was rough and the tides extremely strong. We congratulate her on her courage.

Guide Patricia Batty, 1st Coleraine Company, Co. Derry, Ulster.

Patricia was bathing with the three children of Dr. McGlade, on June 7th. The nurse was on the beach with the younger children when John McGlade, aged six, who was trying to learn to swim with a rubber ring, got into difficulties and was

being carried out by the tide. Patricia immediately went to his assistance, swimming out beyond the depth of an average man and towing him in. The nurse, who is a non-swimmer, waded out as far as she could to help Patricia, and caught her hand and Patricia, who was very tired, said that she was thankful for her hand "as John is so strong."

Patricia is a delicate child of thirteen, and by her action she definitely saved the little boy's life. She is to be congratulated on her courage.

Medal of Merit. (For Gallantry.)

Guide Pamela Hands, 2nd Caversham Company, Berks.

Pamela saved Derrick Reed, aged three, from drowning in the Thames on the afternoon of September 18th. Directly Pamela reached the drowning child he caught her by the hair and almost pulled her under. He struggled all the time, with a strong tide running, in a depth of about 22 feet. When Pamela, who has been a Guide for eighteen months, eventually got Derrick out of the water, he was quite exhausted and she was able to help his mother to revive him.

Pamela's bravery and prompt action undoubtedly saved the child's life, and we congratulate her on her quick and courageous behaviour.

Badge of Fortitude.

Patrol Leader Mona Stott, 7a, Blackley Company, S.E. Lancs.

Eagle Owl Diploma.

Miss E. Lardner, Victoria, Australia.

Gold Cords.

Company Leader Jessie Morton, 39th City of Edinburgh Company.
Company Leader M. Hope Yellowlees, 1st Beacon School (Bridge of Allan) Company, Stirlingshire.

Patrol Leader Jane Archdeacon, 12th Hastings Company, Sussex.
Guide Mollie Laverty, 1st Ealing Company, Middlesex.

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

ADDITION TO THE BOOK OF RULES.

WAR SERVICE BADGE.

Any enrolled Guide, Ranger, or Cadet, may qualify for the War Service Badge, but this will not be awarded until she has passed Second Class or Ranger Test.

The work must be undertaken with the approval of the local Guide or Commissioner and signed for by the authority under whom she has worked or by the Commissioner as being in all ways satisfactory.

Qualifications.

(1) Eight hours a month for twelve months in each calendar year, or the equivalent of 96 hours in the calendar year of voluntary war service. (The badge to be awarded on completion of the 96 hours); or

(2) The Commissioner may award the badge for any achievement equivalent to the above which she considers is better judged by results than by time expended.

Handiwork and work in connection with the SAVE ALL SUPPLIES SCHEME (see December, 1939 GUIDER) will come under this heading.

CLOSED 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 English Area Assistants, January (not December) is the closed month for correspondence.

CHIGWELL AND CUDHAM

The Chigwell Row and Cudham Camping Grounds are both open for indoor camping and day hikes. Hikers and Campers will be welcome. Applications should be sent as usual to the respective Wardens at Chigwell Row Camping Ground, Chigwell Row, Essex; or The Shaws (Cudham) Camping Ground, Cudham, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.

NEWCASTLE GUIDE SHOP

Owing to war conditions, and the evacuation from Newcastle, the Guide shop, 19, Saville Row has closed down. Mrs. Campbell, 66, Reid Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2, has taken the goods to her house and will deal with all orders by post from there.

Headquarters rooms are still available for meetings.

SCOTTISH JUVENILE WELFARE OFFICER

The President of the Board of Trade and the Secretary of State for Scotland have recently appointed a National Youth Committee to advise them on questions affecting young people in time of war. Use will be made of the Scottish Juvenile Welfare and After Care Office in maintaining contacts with voluntary bodies. To facilitate this contact two Juvenile Welfare Officers have been appointed by the Scottish Central Council of Juvenile Organisations. With the consent and approval of Scottish Headquarters Miss Paterson has been appointed Welfare Officer for girls. Miss Paterson will still continue her work as Secretary to Scottish Headquarters.

SCOTTISH HEADQUARTERS.

Headquarters Shop, 16, Coates Crescent. Hours of Opening:—
Mondays, 9-5; Tuesdays, 9-6; Wednesdays, 9-5; Thursdays, 9-5; Fridays, 9-5; Saturdays, 9-4.

Please shop early for Christmas!

The above cancels the notice in the November GUIDER.

GUIDING IN ULSTER

Will any Guides temporarily living in Ulster who would like to be put in touch with Guiding, communicate with:—
The Secretary.

Ulster Girl Guide Headquarters,
80, Upper Arthur Street,
Belfast.

who will be very pleased to do this.

PEN FRIENDS WANTED

Three French Lady Cubmasters and one American Brown Owl want to write to Brown or Tawny Owls in this country. Will Brownie Guiders who would like to correspond with these foreign Scouters and Guider please write to the Post Box Secretary at Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters for their addresses.

GENERAL NOTICES

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. N. S. Pollock, the
County of London Lone Secretary,
is now living at:—
31, Gordon Road,
Ealing,
London, W.5.

CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE

On October 2nd, Miss F. E. Bradbury, 27, Kendall Road, Dollis Hill, Captain of the 8th Neasden, St. Francis Company.
Ruth E. (Robin) Carl, age 20, Golden Eaglet member of Girl Scout Troop 39 and Senior Girl Scout Troop 44, of Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., after a three-year illness cheerfully born.

Appointments and Resignations

Approved by the Executive Committee, November, 1939.

ENGLAND.

BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM.—Dist. C., Miss M. Clow, Sudbury, 109, Sutton Road, Erdington, Birmingham, 24.
ST. PAUL'S.—Dist. C., Miss M. Mott, 120, Handsworth Wood Road, Birmingham, 20.

RESIGNATION.

BIRMINGHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. R. Gladhill.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

RESIGNATION.

BUCKINGHAM.—Dist. C., Miss Ivie Price.

CHESHIRE.

LONE SECRETARY.—Miss H. Rodway, 22, Victoria Drive, West Kirby, Wirral.

CORNWALL.

RESIGNATION.

LOOKE.—Dist. C., Mrs. E. Cradock.

DEVONSHIRE.

RESIGNATION.

BUCKLAND FILLIGH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Lloyd.

DORSET.

WIMBORNE.—Dist. C., Miss P. G. Blandy, Colehill Vicarage, Wimborne.

ESSEX.

MID ESSEX.—Div. C. (Temp.), Mrs. Coleman Smith, The Willows, London Road, Chelmsford.
INGATESTONE.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Mrs. Nott Bower, The Moorings, Ingatestone.
LIBERTY OF HAVERING.—Dist. C., Mrs. Mallin, New Hall, Harold Wood.

RESIGNATION.

PETERA.—Dist. C., Mrs. Borsell.

CORRECTION.—In the November GUIDER the appointment of Mrs. Taylor was shown as Mrs. Watson resigned. Please note that Mrs. Taylor's appointment is a temporary one as Mrs. Watson hopes to take over the District again when the war is over.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

RESIGNATIONS.

CHELTERHAM SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss K. Oswald.

DYRHAM.—Dist. C., Miss H. I. Phipps.

HAMPSHIRE.

FAREHAM.—Dist. C., Miss C. M. Wyatt, East Lodge, Fareham.

PORTSMOUTH CENTRAL (NEW DISTRICT).—Dist. C., Miss N. Coish, 9, Chetwynd Road, Southsea.

RESIGNATIONS.

BEATLEY.—Dist. C., Miss D. E. Millington.

FABHAM.—Dist. C., Miss M. Croft Watts.

ODHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. Hedley.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

BUSHEY.—Dist. C., Miss M. Welford, The Cedar House, Common Road, Stanmore.

EAST BARRET (SOUTH DIVISION).—Dist. C., Miss Kimpton, 16, Park Road, New Barnet.

HATFIELD.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss A. Gibbs, Bayford Hall, Hertford.

HODDINGTON.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss Gardner, Woodlands, Bengon, Hertford.

RESIGNATION.

BUSHEY.—Dist. C., Miss G. Stacey.

KENT.

CANTERBURY CITY.—Dist. C., Mrs. Foster, 126A, Old Dover Road, Canterbury.

DARTFORD.—Dist. C., Miss E. L. Tidd, Woodlands, Broomfield Road, Bexley Heath.

SWANLEY.—Dist. C., Mrs. A. Smith, Lucas Farm, Swanley.

RESIGNATIONS.

SITTINGBOURNE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Tildard.

SWANLEY.—Dist. C., Miss G. Miller.

LANCASHIRE NORTH-WEST.

GARSTANG.—Dist. C., Miss Cardwell, Burrow House, Scotforth, Lancaster.

MORCAMBE.—Dist. C., Miss A. Yates, The Grand Hotel, Morecambe.

RESIGNATION.

MORCAMBE.—Dist. C., Mrs. Wolfenden.

LANCASHIRE SOUTH-EAST.

RESIGNATIONS.

ECCLERS.—Div. C., Mrs. Bradford.

SWINTON.—Dist. C., Miss B. Edwards.

MIDDLESEX.

NORTH-WEST MIDDLESEX.—Div. C.,

Mrs. Rodd, Anthonys, Pinner.

PENYALE.—Dist. C., Miss S. G. Lister,

75, Lee Road, Greenford.

WEMBLEY PARK (HARROW DIVISION).—

Dist. C., Miss E. A. Ellis, 99, Woodcock

Hill, Kenton.

RESIGNATIONS.

ASSISTANT COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—

Miss N. M. Blacklock.

NORTH-WEST MIDDLESEX.—Div. C.,

Miss E. Warrender.

ALPINGTON.—Dist. C., Miss E. Ellis.

NORFOLK.

COUNTY SECRETARY.—(Temp.), Mrs.

R. F. St. B. Wayne, Wissonsett

Hall, Dereham.

ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY.—

(Temp.), Miss E. M. V. Fletcher,

Woodlands, Thorpe, Norwich.

COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—(Temp.),

Miss R. Y. Back, Hethersett Hall,

Norfolk.

FREEBRIDGE LYNN.—Dist. C., Mrs.

Fuller, Sandringham Rectory, Nor-

folk.

RESIGNATION.

FREEBRIDGE LYNN.—Dist. C., Miss J.

Birkbeck.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE SOUTH.—Div. C.,

(Temp.), Mrs. Morgan, Sakey Lawu,

Road.

OXFORDSHIRE.

COUNTY SECRETARY.—(Temp.), Miss C.

H. Pemberton, at Hatchfield House,

Liphook, Hants.

SUFFOLK.

IPSWICH CENTRAL (NEW DISTRICT).—

Dist. C., Miss M. Gibbons, 17, Park

Road, Ipswich.

IPSWICH OUTER EAST (NEW DISTRICT).—

Dist. C., Miss C. O. Beckett, 65,

Deby Road, Ipswich.

IPSWICH SOUTH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Robin-

son, 15, Sherrington Road, Ipswich.

RESIGNATION.

IPSWICH SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss A. A.

Turner.

SURREY.

GUILDFORD.—Div. C., Lady Gillan, Old Westmoor Cottage, Eghingham.

GUILDFORD TOWN.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss Heath, 26, Agraria Road, Guildford.

SOUTHERN GREENS.—Dist. C., Mrs. Sowrey, Betchworth Lodge, Betchworth.

RESIGNATIONS.

ASSISTANT EXTENSION SECRETARY (EAST AREA).—Mrs. A. K. Richardson.

SOUTHERN GREENS.—Dist. C., Miss M. Calvert.

SUSSEX.

BRIGHTON CENTRAL 1 (THE HILL).—Dist. C., Mrs. Gilliland, 58, Beaconsfield Villas,

Brighton, 6.

KING'S CLIFF.—Dist. C., Mrs. Morgan, St. James' Vicarage, 75, Marine Parade, Brighton, 7.

RESIGNATIONS.

BRIGHTON CENTRAL 1 (THE HILL).—Dist. C., Miss G. E. Wyles.

BRIGHTON CENTRAL 2 (SEASIDE).—Dist. C., Mrs. Berrington.

MOULSCOMBE.—Dist. C., Miss P. Kemp.

SHOREHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. Penny.

WESTMORLAND.

KENT VALLEY.—Dist. C., Miss M. Heaton, Priest, Kendal.

RESIGNATIONS.

KENT VALLEY.—Dist. C., Miss S. H. Williamson.

UPPER LUNSDALE.—Dist. C., Miss A. Bickersteth.

WILTSHIRE.

CHIPPENHAM AND MALMESBURY.—Div. C., Mrs. Basil Hankey, Stanton Manor, Chippen-

ham.

AVON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Basil Hankey, Stanton Manor, Chippenham.

RESIGNATION.

CHIPPENHAM AND MALMESBURY.—Div. C., Mrs. Basil Hankey.

YORKSHIRE WEST RIDING NORTH.

HALIFAX "C".—Dist. C., Miss E. Breachy, 5, Saville Park Gardens, Halifax.

Please note that Miss V. Wright, District Commissioner for Harrogate East, and Knares-

borough, has married and is now Mrs. D. McCall, Straydale, Shingay Walk, Harrogate.

RESIGNATION.

HALIFAX "C".—Dist. C., Mrs. A. J. C. Hirst.

YORKSHIRE WEST RIDING SOUTH.

Please note that Doncaster Division has been re-arranged into the following Districts:—

CENTRAL A.—Dist. C., Mrs. Hain, 228, Holly Road, Doncaster.

CENTRAL B.—Dist. C., Mrs. Lloyd Evans, 75, Westworth Road, Doncaster.

CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS

CENTRAL C.—Dist. C., Miss A. Bell, 15, Auckland Road, Doncaster.
EAST 1.—Vacant.
NORTH A.—Dist. C., Miss K. Matson, Ivanbeck, Low Road, Warrmsworth.
NORTH B.—Vacant.
SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss B. Shaw, "Summit," Tickhill.
WEST.—Dist. C., Miss M. Neave, Glendon, Beech Grove, Warrmsworth.
NOTTINGHAM EAST 2 (NEW DISTRICT).—Dist. C., Miss D. Z. Bartlett, 62, Wentworth, nr. Nottingham.

RESIGNATIONS.

BLACKBURN.—Dist. C., Miss L. Johnston. (This District has been disbanded.)
DONCASTER NORTH EAST B.—Dist. C., Miss E. Harrison.

WALES.

CARDIGANSHIRE.
LAMPETER.—Dist. C., Miss E. V. Forbes, Peterwell, Lampeter.
CARNARVONSHIRE.
LONG SECRETARY.—Miss F. M. Reading, Ivy Dene, 45, Mostyn Avenue, Llandudno.
FLINTSHIRE.
COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Miss E. C. Pryce, Crossford, St. Asaph.
PRESTATYN.—Dist. C., Miss E. S. Roberts, Bryn Avon, Caradoc Road, Prestatyn.
RESIGNATION.
ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY (FINANCE).—Miss M. A. Brinkley.
RADNORSHIRE.
RESIGNATION.
SOUTH RADNORSHIRE.—Div. C., The Lady Swinsea.

SCOTLAND.

ANGUS.

FORFAR TOWN.—Dist. C., Miss Hope.
AYRSHIRE AND BUTE.
Please note that Miss M. Howie has married and is now: The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Stairford, Mauchline.
DUMFRIESSHIRE.
GLENCARIN (UPPER AND MID NITHSDALE AND GLENCARIN DIVISION).—Dist. C., Lady (Jude) May, Glenluart, Montrose.
THORNHILL.—Dist. C., Miss G. Helt, 8, Main Street, Kirkcubright.
RESIGNATION.
UPPER AND MID NITHSDALE AND GLENCARIN.—Div. C., Mrs. Gladstone.
DUNBARTONSHIRE.
MILNGAVIE AND BEARDSDEN.—Dist. C., Miss A. Robertson, Inverey, Thorn Road, Beardsden.
RESIGNATION.
MILNGAVIE AND BEARDSDEN.—Dist. C., Mrs. Teggart.
CITY OF DUNDEE.
ASSISTANT COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Douglas Murray, Templewood, Brechin, Angus.
EAST.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss Bald, 14, Duntrone Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
MEADOWSIDE.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss Whytock, 11, Thomson Street, Dundee.

FIFE.

RESIGNATION.

LEVEN.—Dist. C., Mrs. Holmes Ure.
CITY OF GLASGOW.
SOUTH-EAST.—Asst. Div. C., Miss M. MacLellan, 1, Montague Terrace, Glasgow, W.2.
No. 5 (SOUTH-EAST DIVISION).—Dist. C., Miss H. Wilson, 1, Westbourne Terrace, Glasgow, W.2.
RESIGNATION.
No. 5 (SOUTH-EAST DIVISION).—Dist. C., Miss I. Craig.
INVERNESSSHIRE.
ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss R. K. Aspin, Broomhill House, Dulnain Bridge.
LANARKSHIRE.
RESIGNATION.
ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY (POSTS).—Miss M. Hamilton.
PERTSHIRE.
RESIGNATION.
PERTH EASTERN.—Div. C., Miss D. Forman.
ROSSSHIRE.
LOCHCARBON (WESTER ROSS DIVISION).—Dist. C., Mrs. N. Laidley, Ardoch, Kishorn, Strathcarron.
STRAITHPEPPER AND WEST.—Dist. C., Miss M. Stirling, Fairburn, Muir of Ord.
RESIGNATION.
STRAITHPEPPER AND WEST.—Dist. C., Mrs. Laidley.

ULSTER.

CO. FERMANAGH.
ENDISKILLY.—Dist. C., Mrs. Eddie, Inan, Lisbellaw.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

GUERNSEY.

ISLAND COMMISSIONER.—Miss W. B. Harvey, M.B.E., Newlands, Prince Albert's Road, Guernsey.
ALDERNEY.—Dist. C., Mrs. French, Fort Corbetta, Alderney.
RESIGNATIONS.
ISLAND COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. R. Leale.
ALDERNEY.—Dist. C., Mrs. Mellish.
JERSEY.
ST. HELIER No. 1.—Dist. C., Miss M. T. Pridaux, Jersey College for Girls, Rouge Bouillon, St. Helier.

OVERSEAS.

AFRICA.

NORTHERN RHODESIA.
WAYFARER GUIDES.—Mrs. A. F. Thom, P.O. Box 69, Broken Hill.
LUSAKA.—Dist. C., Mrs. W. G. N. Lightfoot, c/o Secretariat, Lusaka.
RESIGNATIONS.
COLONY SECRETARY.—Mrs. Forester.
LUSAKA.—Dist. C., Mrs. Copeman.

TANGANYIKA.

RESIGNATION.
DIAR-ES-SALAAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. B. E. Frayling.

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

JAMAICA.

RESIGNATION.
SCATTERED COMPANIES.—Dist. C., Miss J. R. Irwin.

WINDWARD ISLANDS.

ST. VINCENT.

WINDWARD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Tilley, Methodist Mission House, Georgetown.

MALTA.

ISLAND SECRETARY.—Mrs. Lockes, 114, Strada Reale, St. Julian's.

BRITISH GUIDES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

ARGENTINA.

ORGANISING COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. J. M. Widd, Calle Lavalle, 759 Hurlingham F.C.P., Buenos Aires.
RESIGNATION.
ORGANISING COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. R. Drysdale.

UNIFORMS FOR SALE.

Guider's Uniform, W. size, best quality, nearly new; also hat, navy blouse, dress; £3 10s. or nearest offer.—Box No. 64, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

Guider's Tailored Uniform, never worn; small women's; 45s.—Box 65, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

Guider's Tailored Uniform and Woollen Uniform Dress, good condition; bust 36 ins.; 25s. complete.—Box 66, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

Two A.T.S. Officer's Uniforms, caps, shirts; worn only 16 times. Makers, Flights, Burlington Street, London.—Apply Mrs. Sanctuary, Old Headington, Oxford.

EMPLOYMENT OFFERED.

Alert Employment and Typewriting Bureau (Principal a Guider) invites all seeking clerical or office positions, London or suburbs, to call: 21-23, Took's Court, Cursitor Street, E.C.4 (off Chancery Lane). No booking fee.

North Wales Sanatorium, Denbigh. Probationer Nurses required, aged 17 to 30 years. Candidates are prepared for the Preliminary State Examination of the General Nursing Council and the Certificate of the Tuberculosis Association. Salary £35 per annum. Uniform provided. Holidays. Apply to The Matron.

TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING.

Miss Midgeley's Typewriting and Duplicating Service, 43, Oakington Manor Drive, Wembley. Your orders appreciated and promptly executed. Business as usual.

WANTED.

Brownie Uniforms needed for poor children, not evacuated.—Send to Miss Lilian Marriott, "Eastleigh," Washington Road, South Woodford, E.18.

THEATRICAL.

Amusing Plays, Sketches, Duologues, supplied as usual. Approval 6d. No Royalties.—"Plays," Bramber, East Grinstead, Sussex.

School Drama, a quarterly journal, gives practical help to all youth organisations on drama problems. Price 1s. Send for specimen.—60, Worship Street, E.C.2.

EDUCATIONAL.

Churton's Children's Bureau offer a free list of inspected private houses and nursery schools where children are received for long or short periods.—2, Duke Street, S.W.1. Whitehall 9525.

Parents.—The Misses L. and K. Cooke, Princess Christian trained, take entire charge, children and babies; happy open-air country life and companionship on Downs. Nursery school for older children; Hospital and Psychological training.—Little Swanborough, Nr. Lewes. Phone: Lewes 757.

Home School. Entire charge taken of children up to 10 years, during parents' absence also Babies from the month.—Enquiries to Miss Blandford, Cable House, St. John's Road, Woking, Surrey.

ACCOMMODATION IN LONDON.

London, Kensington. 53, Scarsdale Villas, W.8. Attractive, quiet; divan bed-sitting rooms with breakfast; moderate terms.—Western 8609.

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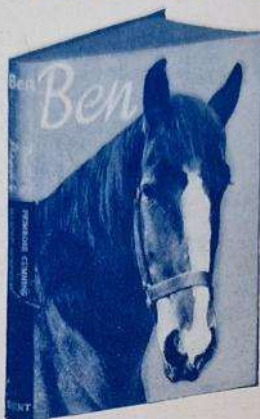
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