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NOTE: This month's flower legend appears on page 60.





(Photo: M.A.G.)

THE CHIEF GUIDE'S TALK

I AM writing this at sea, as the Chief Scout and I are again on the move in and around Africa.

We left England wrapped in a cold frost fog, and have had lovely voyages, interesting fellow travellers, free time for reading and writing, and most enjoyable glimpses of branches of our Guide family at various ports of call.

The first place to visit was Tangier, and here a small pack of mixed Jeannettes and Louveteaux appeared, run by a Belgian Guider under the direction of the Guides de France—a tiny group but lately started in a place that must rank as one of the most difficult in which Guiding can exist.

Picture to yourself, within only four days' journey of London or Paris, this queer situation of an international port under the legal guardianship of three nations—an Eastern city with Eastern age-old customs and a teeming Moorish population; and about the skirts of this maze of picturesque narrow alley-ways a sprinkling of modern French houses, tall buildings of flats and shops, and a mixed coterie of most of the nationalities of Europe.

Peoples of a dozen varied religions and races pass each other by; and with the present day intricacies of international politics, of repercussions from the war in Spain, there

are wheels within wheels in the life of Tangier which do not make for a hopeful forcing bed for the seed of Guiding. Encouragement is surely due to this plucky little group, through chance visits, perhaps, of Guiders passing that way, or even by a kindly letter, or just a "thought wave" over the air.

Entering the Mediterranean of course we stopped at Gibraltar, and once more were kindly welcomed by a cheery crowd of Scouts and Guides. We feel almost ashamed of calling in there so often, and it seems odd that there are so many counties in our own home-land that we never visit at all, and yet we see "the Gibaltars" repeatedly, and even three times in this last one year.

One can never be sure about times and dates of movings in ships, and at Marseilles we let down the Scouts and Guides badly, by arriving too early and sailing away again two hours before the time appointed for their rally, which was most disappointing for us, and very annoying for them.

There are something like 3,000 Scouts in Marseilles, and Guiding is growing fast, too, in that part of France. We were happily able to see some of the leaders of all five of the Associations, and to visit the very attractive Scouts' "International Foyer."

This Scout Club, run by the *Eclaireurs de France*, has an ever-open door for Scouts passing on ships or landing in transit, and literally hundreds of Scouts of many different nations each year find there a ready Scout welcome and a most pleasing rendezvous for friends.

It is to me a great treat to get in touch with French Scouting and Guiding, and to see how it has caught the imagination of the children and the grown-ups alike. It means a great deal to these enthusiastic people who, with their quick minds and keen perception, have woven their own new magic into it, with special charm and vitality.

I may be wrong, but it appears to me that possibly we can see in the interpretation of Guiding in some countries a kind of reflection of their past history, as well as of their own individual mentality and of a seeking for present and future needs to be filled.

In Poland, for instance, we see in the vigour of the Guides not only the courage born of oppression in past ages, but also an in-born determination to progress and succeed.

You can see in the work and the camping of the Guides of Sweden the independence, the grit and the culture of that Northern race; and in Holland you see, cropping up, the trend of individualism which is so strong a trait in a people who stand up for justice and rights, and sent many vigorous personalities to strike out on their own in far away places in centuries past.

And here in France we can discern in the taking of "totem names" the search for originality and romance, and we see in the institution of very stiff tests demanding a great deal of the individual Guide something of the exacting expectation of a thrifty hard-working people.

Do we also perhaps see in the earnest fervour of the adoption of the Guide Laws and ethics of our Movement a reflex from the fact of the disestablishment of the church as a national church?

It is an inspiration indeed to visit the Guides de France and the *Eclaireuses*, and to catch from them their vivid enthusiasm for "Guidisme."

A surprise awaited us when we landed in Italy, for although all hope for Scouting and Guiding has been swept away with the absorption of the youth of the country into the Fascist organisation of the *Balilla*, a small Wolf Cub Pack appeared on the scene on our arrival at Genoa.

To us there was something very stirring in this little unofficial pack, meeting privately in a friend's garden each week, and the Dutch *Akela* Leader training with vigorous enthusiasm her little group of French, American, Dutch, British and Swiss boys.

Uniform is only worn in the privacy of their garden "den"; but it did one's heart good not only to see such a unique sort of pack of cubs, their eyes bulging out of their heads with enthusiasm at seeing the Chief, but also to hear how wonderfully "cubbing" had helped to blend the different nationalities.

By a strange coincidence we landed just on the anniversary day of the foundation of the *Balilla*, with its name taken from the young boy hero of Genoa, and we saw marching through the streets to celebrate the occasion many hundreds of girls and boys, very smartly turned out in their uniform, every boy both large and small with a rifle (model toy ones or otherwise) slung upon his back, and it is interesting to learn, just as a passing visitor,

that there are some two million of the chosen boys and girls of Italy now undergoing their special form of training.

At Port Said another kind welcome awaited us from Scouts and Guides, though here again our ship's arrival and departure was ill-timed for our friends.

Owing to school work and other causes it was not possible this time to see any of the Egyptian Guides who form their National Movement; but it was a real pleasure to see members of the International Guide Association of Egypt, and especially to realise what a meeting ground this forms for girls of so many nations in that country, and how specially keenly the work has been taken up by the Greek people living in Egypt.

The Hellenic companies are strong in number and in work, and it is interesting to hear that it was owing to the unquenchable enthusiasm of a young Greek girl, who insisted on becoming a Brownie, and the efforts of her mother living across the seas in Egypt and helping to found the Movement there, that led eventually to its foundation as a National movement for girls in Greece itself.

I have personally always had a great penchant for the origins of things, and knowing how and why things start and who does it; and certainly it is cases of this kind which can be of the utmost encouragement to us, showing that if you have enthusiasm enough you can achieve more far-reaching effects than you know.

From the Scouting point of view, if not from the Guide point of view, our next port of call—Port Sudan—was a delicious surprise. The Brownie pack that flourished here some years ago, faded and died out when that decade of Brownies grew up and the Australian Brown Owl departed.

Now, though there are European children to whom no doubt Brownies would give pleasure and profit, and though there are about 50 British women living in the town, nobody can be found to re-start the pack at present.

The Scouts, however, are run for the Sudanese boys in the good Government School, with four masters as Scouters, and the Arab Principal a strong supporter.

At an hour's notice the Troop put on a miniature Rally for us, with displays that were original and well done.

To us it was very wonderful, out there in the hot glare of the tropical sun, to see this group of enthusiastic sons of the Sudan doing their Scouting as well as any other Scouts, carrying on their work very largely in English which is to them a foreign tongue, rejoicing in the spirit of brotherhood, doing repeated individual and collective good turns to others, and definitely working as Scouts for high ideals and for fitting themselves to become good men for their country.

There now, I have made a mistake! I have written all this about our tour, and really I should have been writing about something different, and that is about Thinking Day, for here we are coming into Thinking Day month.

But perhaps what I have written may, in its own way, apply to Thinking Day, for on that day your mind will, I hope, take a long journey across the sea, across mountain lake and land, calling up visions of how far our Movement reaches, leading you to think of Guides known or unknown here, there and everywhere. As Guiders leading by your example all your companies and packs, can you then see in your mind's eye all the thousands of others scattered over the face of the globe, forming as it

THE GUIDER

were a solid phalanx of goodwill, drawn together and held together by the spirit of our sisterhood?
 The thoughts of your Guides will travel wherever you lead them, and on Thinking Day as we send our kind thoughts out to penetrate through to the hearts of our fellow Guides in far off lands, we can utter a prayer that the goodwill thus engendered may become a vital and truly living force in the life of the world of tomorrow.

Olave Baden Powell
 Chief Guide.

may be a delay of several months, but all names are kept by the Post Box Secretary on a waiting list in order of their receipt, and are dealt with as the names come in from abroad.

In these circumstances this delay in linking up is unavoidable and it would be a great help if Guiders would explain to their Guides that it is hardly ever possible to supply names at once.

REPORT FROM THE BRITISH POST BOX, 1937

The work of the British Post Box goes on steadily.

English Guides are constantly asking for pen friends from the Empire and from foreign countries. There are, however, not many requests from Scottish Guides, so that it is not easy to make arrangements for the many American Girl Scouts and New Zealand Guides who ask for Scottish correspondents.

During 1937 about 600 Guides in the British Isles have asked for correspondents and most of these have been put in touch with Guides overseas.

Two hundred and fifty requests have come from the Dominions and Colonies, of which the greater number are from Australia and New Zealand, but this year Rhodesia and the British West Indies have sent a considerable number. The Post Box in India has arranged correspondence between many Indian and other British Guides.

Comparatively few South African and Canadian Guides ask for correspondents and those that do write more especially to foreign countries. English Guides much hope to have pen friends in South Africa and Canada, and that the Guides there will write more to their sisters in England in the future.

Quite a number of English Guides ask for French pen friends and there has been an increase in the numbers of those able to write in French. About 35 are now corresponding with French Guides in French.

The Scandinavian Girl Scouts write English very well, especially the Danes, and a great many friendships have been formed, through letters, between the Danish and English girls. Belgium and France have supplied many correspondents this year and names have also been sent in from Finland, Holland and Norway.

The British Post Box receives far more names from the United States of America than from any other foreign country, and many English Guides have written expressing their delight in these pen friendships with the Girl Scouts.

One of the difficulties of the Post Box is that the demand in the British Isles for correspondents exceeds the supply of names coming from overseas, and this unfortunately means that it is often some time before it is possible to link the Guides up with those wishing to make friends with them through the post. It is especially difficult in the case of Rangers or Guiders, when there

COUNTESS CAVE

With the death of Lady Cave the Guide Movement loses one of its earliest and most enthusiastic supporters. Those who knew her and worked with her will like to recall her charm of manner—her gaiety and her warm-hearted personality. She liked to talk of Guiding in its early days, of the Camps actually held in the delightful garden of Wardrobe Court. She told, too, of a Rally held on Barnes Common during the War, when she heard an onlooker describe the Guides as England's "last hope."

Lady Cave's chief interest and affection was for the Kingston Division, of which she was appointed Commissioner in 1913; at that time this included what is now the Richmond Division. She took a most personal interest in the work of her Commissioners and Guiders, and there was always a warm welcome for them in her lovely home.

Lady Cave's interest in Guiding was not confined to this country. Visits to different parts of the Empire brought her many new Guide friends. She continued her association with the Girl Guide Movement up to the day of her death as a member of the Overseas Association, which keeps in touch with Guides throughout the Empire.

In 1926 Lady Cave was awarded the Silver Fish in recognition of all she had done for the Movement, and soon after this she resigned her work as Commissioner, though she always took a great interest in all that concerned the Guides.

OUR CHALET—THE WORLD HOME OF GUIDING.

Our cover photograph this month is perhaps one of the most beautiful pictures of *Our Chalet* which has ever been taken.

We think that Guiders will be interested to hear that in one year approximately seven hundred Guides from twenty different countries have visited the Chalet. Think of the friendships formed, the exchange of ideas and the widened outlooks!

To some of you who read *THE GUIDER*, who live in outlying districts with very little hope of being able to attend even a large Rally, *Our Chalet* is but a name, and a visit there only a thing to dream about. It may be cheering, therefore, to read that between May, 1936, and May, 1937, eight Guides from Australia, one from New Zealand, two from Canada, and one from South Africa made the dream come true. If people who live as far away as that can achieve a visit, there is hope for everyone!

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

MUCH has been done in recent years to inculcate good ideas on road sense among the children of Great Britain. More can still be done in many places, however, and it is for this reason that this addition has been made to the Brownie Second Class Test.

We are all agreed that this test and the training it will entail, if it is to be useful at all, must be really practical. Just talking to the Brownies about Safety First is not sufficient. We want each one to have these ideas as a real part of herself.

As Owls we must make sure first of all that we ourselves are careful and courteous users of the King's Highway. More can be taught by example than by preaching, and we know how observant children are at Brownie age.

It is essential that every Owl should possess a copy of the Highway Code. This can be obtained from:—

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE, at the following addresses:—

Adastral House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2; York Street, Manchester, 1; 120, George Street, Edinburgh, 2; 1, St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; 80, Chichester Street, Belfast; or through any Bookseller—Price 1d.

Those who are not already familiar with the Code, should study it carefully, paying special attention to the sections dealing with cyclists and pedestrians—for it is the ideas there that ought to be taught to every Brownie.

The teaching of road sense will start with behaviour under conditions familiar to each Brownie—i.e., town children will study first how they should act and behave in their own familiar streets, while country children should begin with the traffic on their own roads. Country children do visit towns, and town children do go for picnics and holidays into the country, so a wide view should be taken in our road sense training.

The following points ought to be covered in our training:

Where to Walk.

Always walk on the pavement or footpath—to the left-hand side of it, so that the traffic is not coming up from behind. Where there is no pavement or footpath always walk on the RIGHT-hand side of the road, so as to face oncoming traffic. (Owls must make sure that the Brownies know their right hand from their left.) Whether on road or footpath walk only two abreast.

Take care never to force anyone to leave the footpath for the road because of games or pranks, or because you are standing or walking in a crowd.

Crossing a Road or Street.

1. Choose the safest place to cross.

In town use pedestrian crossings, subways, or islands. If crossing at traffic lights, only cross when the light is GREEN—not amber—and be specially careful of traffic which may be turning at corners. If there is a policeman on duty, wait for his signal to cross. Policemen are always on the look-out to help children at busy crossings.

If possible, avoid crossing near a blind corner, or near the top of a hill when the oncoming traffic cannot be seen. Avoid, too, coming from behind a stationary vehicle which blocks full view of the road.

2. Stop before stepping off the pavement and beginning to cross the road. LOOK both ways, and LISTEN for warnings.

3. When the way is clear, WALK straight across the road. Keep a look-out all the time. If traffic approaches unexpectedly stand still or continue on your way. Avoid dodging back and confusing people. Only stupid people stand and talk in the middle of a road.

4. Help younger children and old and blind people, and remember they will take longer to cross than a Brownie does.

5. Be specially careful when the road is slippery, or when there is a fog.

How to Get On and Off a Tram or Bus, and How to Get in and Out of a Car.

1. Always wait until the tram or bus has stopped before getting on or off.

2. When stepping off the pavement to get on to a tram, keep a look-out for traffic.

3. When getting off, always go straight to the kerb, island, or side of the road, wait there, and then think of the rules for crossing.

4. When getting in or out of a car, use whenever possible the door nearest to the pavement or side of the road. When opening on to a pavement, make sure you are not likely to hit a pedestrian with the door. If the other door

must be used, make quite sure the way is clear before it is opened even a little bit. It is very dangerous to get out of a car in the middle of traffic.

Where to Play.

Play in school playgrounds, gardens, fields, parks, and waste ground. In town use also "No Thoroughfare" streets which are specially kept for children's playgrounds.

Dogs.

Brownies are responsible for their dogs, and should see that they are not the cause of accidents.

Bicycles.

1. Keep to quiet streets and roads until you are quite sure you will not be a danger to yourself or to other people in traffic. Even then only use busy streets when absolutely necessary. Be sure that your bicycle is not too big for you to control.

2. Always ride as near the left-hand side of the road as possible except when overtaking.

3. Overtake only on the right—except when overtaking trams in some towns.

4. Avoid riding more than two abreast, and when necessary ride in single file.



LET US LOOK TOWARDS THE LIGHT!

IT is late to strike the hackneyed New Year note, for when this article appears the first month of 1938 will have made its mark upon the history of the world, and we shall have become involved, personally or generally, in the events, major or minor, which have occurred; but, listening to the Review of 1937 broadcast on New Year's Eve, I wondered how many others felt despondent and apprehensive as I did at the opening of a New Year so fraught with possibilities for both good and evil, a New Year which might bring—what? It is perhaps natural that that thought should lead to thoughts of International Friendship, and thence to Guiding and the Thinking Day number of *THE GUIDER*. That is why a New Year's editorial appears in *THE GUIDER* on February 1st.

During a year so much may happen through circumstances over which we *imagine* we have no control. That is, I think, a very general feeling. So many of us are diffident regarding our personal power. How many of us realise how important is the individual in

It is so easy to allow oneself to panic, to look on the blackest side when the newspapers are full of tragedy and violence. It is so easy to be critical, of friends and colleagues, of ideals and religions, of other nations. It requires greater strength than many of us possess to remain resolute, when common sense seems to give us the lie, when public opinion appears to be against us, when it is so much easier to adopt the same attitude as our friends, and such a temptation to "cap the last story." We are not strong enough to stand alone, but there is a vast fount of strength and courage upon which we may draw if we will put ourselves in tune with the spirit of God—the spirit of *good* everywhere—and let that inner strength inspire us.

Each one of us is important in the scheme of world progress. It is with the individual, in his own small scheme of life, that the great work of ushering in the higher civilisation must begin.

Presumably all you who read this are thinking women, or you would not be Guiders. As Guiders you hold such a responsibility that it is a sin against humanity every time you allow yourselves to swerve from the path of peace, every time you let yourselves admit even the possibility of defeat, every time you contribute to discouragement by retailing unnecessarily a depressing rumour. There may be much that is evil in the world to-day, but there is also so very much that is good. How many people realise the work which is being done internationally, and has been done, ever since the Great War, by associations such as *The Save the Children Fund*, for instance? How many people know the actual world membership of our own Guide and Scout Movements; how many understand the work of peace which we are doing?

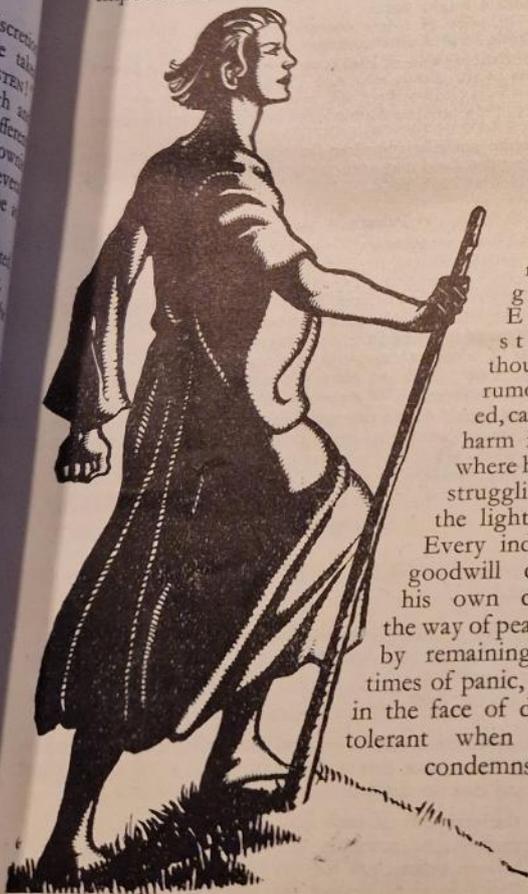
Let us remember, in times of discouragement, those Guides and Scouts of other countries, whose eyes, like ours, are turned towards the light. They are in tune with the infinite spirit of goodwill, and each one is a definite force for good in the world. In spite of setbacks we are moving forward towards a new age of tolerance and understanding.

As I listened to that New Year's Eve broadcast I looked about me for a motto with which to arm myself before stepping off into another year. It came to me out of the ether, in the chanting voices of the B.B.C. Choir:

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

On Thinking Day, 1938, let us resolve to look ever more steadfastly towards the light, knowing the strength which upholds us, knowing that, the world over, countless others are sharing our determination, inspired by the same spirit of goodwill. Unity is strength, and, whatever our race or creed, we in the Scout and Guide Movements are united in one aim—the good of humanity and the brotherhood of man.

THE EDITOR.





A THINKING DAY CEREMONY

A roll call of the nations who are full members of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

(When the Captain has called the name of the country, the Guide previously chosen to represent that country should come forward and say the words assigned to her. At the end of the ceremony they should have formed a complete circle.)

CAPTAIN:—Who are ye who have promised to make the Guide Law, the Law of your lives, and by so doing to live for God, your Country and your fellow men?

Great Britain.—We were the first to come, for the Chief Scout is of our country, and in our midst the flame was kindled. We will try to keep the flame burning, so that all who see it may be cheered on their way. We welcome to our circle the Guides of all other lands.

Australia.—Quickly we came in answer to the call, and we now have Guides in all the States in our vast country.

Sworn-Finland.—The country of a thousand lakes was the first to welcome women into the councils of the nation, and was among the first to adopt Guiding. Our country is an ideal land for Guiding, with its blue lakes, green forests and white summer nights.

South Africa.—In the land of "great spaces washed with sun," the land so dear to the Chief Scout, Guides are working for unity and peace.

Canada.—Canada has lived in peace with her great neighbour the United States for over a hundred years; she brings to Guiding the spirit of friendliness and goodwill.

Sweden.—From the land of mountains and forests, torrents and waterfalls, the Swedish Guides bring health of body and of mind.

Denmark.—From green pastures and golden meadows come the Danes with their hard work in farm and field.

United States.—In the new world, in the land of opportunity for all, Girl Scouts are working to uphold the good ideals of their country.

Poland.—Through years of difficulty and of danger, Poland has borne high the standard of Guiding.

Netherlands.—Our commonsense, our cleanliness, our love of home, we bring to Guiding.

New Zealand.—This glorious new land believes in Guiding as one of the foundation stones of her national life.

India.—In this land where conflicting ideals have caused so much strife, Guides walk in the paths of peace.

Switzerland.—From where the dazzling snow peaks soar into the sky, come the Guides singing.

Egypt.—In the land of pyramid and palm are Guides of many nations, dwelling together in friendship.

Czecho-Slovakia.—Where music lives in the hearts of the people, the Guides too are working for harmony, each one playing her part in the whole.

Belgium.—Our industry, our thrift, all that makes a small country great, we bring to Guiding.

Norway.—In the land of the Vikings, the spirit of adventure still lives, and fires the hearts of the children.

France.—Freedom, equality and brotherhood—these, the watch-words of France, are also the watch-words of the Guides.

Japan.—From a land where beauty is counted greater than worldly possessions, comes the constant search for beauty in everyday things.

Brazil.—Bearing high the Banner of honour and purity come the Bandeirantes of Brazil.

Estonia.—We serve Nature and Humanity by tilling the soil;

we know the spirit of co-operation which is necessary in a land where the summer is short and the winter hard.

Hungary.—In the great plains of Hungary, rich in corn, music has always been dear to the hearts of our people; we bring an offering of song and of dance.

Luxembourg.—Romance and legend are our heritage, the independence of a small nation our pride. We bring the beauty of fairy tales and the value of lessons learnt in a hard school.

Latvia.—Latvian Guides come from a peasant people; they know the call of the birds and the song of the harvesters. They send the fruits of the earth to other nations.

Iceland.—In the Far North, the land of ice and volcanoes, the Guide spirit glows with a bright flame.

Lithuania.—The pride of a free country is our joy. Lithuanian Guides are helping to bind a nation together.

Eire.—From the blue hills of Eire come the legends of the heroes and the visions of the saints, and with the blessing of St. Patrick upon them, the Girl Guides there will keep shining clearly the light of his message to the world; so shall we have peace, unity and concord.

"Now that the circle is complete, let us remain for a moment in silence, asking that God may give us strength and courage to keep the Promise which we have made."

PRAYER.

"This day we have set apart to think of our sister Guides in other lands, beyond racial frontiers, beyond lands and seas. We are many and we are strong; grant us to grow in numbers and in strength that we may resolve to work steadfastly for Thee in this world that is Thine. Grant that the uniform that we wear may never be put on simply from force of habit or from convenience; let it be a perpetual reminder to us of whom we are, and of what we are striving to be. Grant that the Law which we have promised to obey may never become to us a mere string of empty words; let it be the guiding principle of our lives. Grant that our promises may be a help to us each morning, as we prepare to face a new day, and a strength to us each evening, when wearied by our work, cheered or saddened by the events of the day, we turn to rest."

By a SWISS GUIDER "LEZARD."

Translated by R. KERR and J. HOLDER.

"What is the motto of the Guides?"
Be prepared."

"Are you prepared to stand for the right, to help all who are in trouble and to give a hand to all your comrades, so that you remain steadfast in your search for Peace?"
"We will do our best."

"Then give your hand now to each of your neighbours, and make a strong chain. Remember that each one of you is a link in the chain of Guiding, and that no chain is stronger than its weakest link."

"On the strength of each link in the cable
Dependeth the strength of the chain.
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain."

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

by

H. B. DAVIDSON

GUIDE CEREMONIAL

What is Ceremonial?

A ceremony is an outward form with an inward meaning. What do your Guides know about the meaning and reasons for our various Guide ceremonies? Ask yourself the following questions about your own Guide company.

Do they know that flags are symbols?

The Union Jack is the symbol of our country: the World Flag, or Company Colour, is the symbol of Guiding.

Why should they treat them with respect?

For the reason given above. Colours are only uncased for use and then are guarded by a Colour Party. Hats are worn when the Colour is "paraded." It is saluted when moving and is not allowed to fly loose except as a special salute.

What do they know of the customs of olden days?

Have you told your Guides anything about the days when standards were carried into battle and the bearer, with his hand held high on the pike, would have been in deadly peril if he had not been protected by his escort? Most children have vivid imaginations and are thrilled if you can take them back to the days of pageantry.

Do they feel that it is an honour to be chosen to look after the Colour?

Members of a Colour Party should be at their smartest, most alert, and hold themselves with dignity. There are three positions in which the Colour can be held and carried (see *Colour Ceremonial for Girl Guides*).

Do they know the origin of a salute?

We are told in *Scouting for Boys* that the raised right hand was the sign used by a freeman in friendly greeting to show that he was not holding a weapon. A slave would not have had the right to carry a weapon. There is nothing servile about a salute.

Why, and when, do we Guides salute?

As a greeting to each other when it should be accompanied with a friendly smile. As the sign of respect to a Colour or during the singing of the National Anthem. As a united "dismiss" at the close of a drill or ceremony. (Get your Guides to think out the different uses and occasions, and check them from *Policy, Organisation, and Rules*.)

How do we salute?

With three fingers pointing straight upwards as a symbol of—what? (Every Guide should know the answer

to this.) The half-salute, to shoulder level, is made during the Guide Promise at an Enrolment, when hatless, or when out of uniform.

Is an Enrolment the most important occasion in the life of your company?

If you are doubtful of this ask yourself the following questions about Enrolments in general and see if an answer in the affirmative to each would not help matters.

Is the ceremony understood by all taking part?

The recruit will have been coached by both Guider and Leader, but it is as well to get the company to understand clearly not only what they are doing, but also why they are doing it. A horseshoe is formed as a sign of friendship, all standing shoulder to shoulder with no gaps (an excellent explanation of how this comes from the Brownie circle is given in *An A.B.C. of Guiding under Enrolment*). The Leader brings up and presents her own recruit—why? All enrolled Guides have the privilege of standing at the half-salute while the Promise is made. (Ask your Guides where mention of the good-turn comes into the Enrolment ceremony.) The new Guide (no longer a recruit) exchanges the Guide "sign"—handshake and salute—with her Guider. She turns to salute the Colour, or Colours (more explanation needed!) and finally is greeted by the company.

You can begin to talk to them about it on these lines, but it is much better to think it out, bit by bit, as they are rehearsing, and a great deal more meaning will be found than is given in the very broad outline here.

Is an Enrolment always well rehearsed beforehand?

Some companies invent their own method of forming the horseshoe. Whatever method is used it should be well practised so that on the actual occasion everyone may have her mind clear about details in order to take her full part. Unnecessary orders, pushing, and whispering all take away from the dignity of the occasion, tend to make the recruit nervous, and spoil the general atmosphere. Even such details as a brightly polished badge with a good point (which should certainly be seen to beforehand) make all the difference to the smooth running of what should, and can be, a very impressive although simple ceremony.

Is an Enrolment always unburied?

There is no doubt at all that it should be, and if possible a large number of recruits being enrolled on one day should be avoided. A break for a talk in the middle can be made, but this is not really advisable. "Even for one" the ceremony should be just as carefully carried out. It is the recruit's "Guide birthday" and it is neither fair to her nor to the rest of the company to "fit it in" to a

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Just hurried five minutes with the care-taker standing in the doorway, watch in hand.

Do your Guides know why they drill?

There are various reasons, the most obvious being that when a number of people have to be moved about together it should be done easily and quickly, and in an orderly manner. Through drill they learn to hold themselves well and to take a pride in the appearance of the company.

You know that it is also a training in discipline and self-control; (watch the elder girl who giggles and the younger who is always on the fidget to see this). It also trains them to think and act quickly when orders are both sudden and unexpected.

Do they enjoy drill?

They will if it is taken well, with clear commands. (See *An A.B.C. of Guiding* for hints about this.) You should insist upon strict discipline and never allow whispering or pushing, but remember to stand them at ease if you are explaining a command or making any sort of comment. Also, whenever possible, drill out-of-doors where there is plenty of room to move about. Forming fours in a small area is very little use as a preparation for a rally or for marching to a Church parade.

Who takes the responsibility in Roll-Call drill?

The Guider may give the commands, but remember that once they have fallen in, each Leader is responsible for her own patrol. She should be given time to inspect as well as to call her roll, and should only "report" when she has everything ready for the Guider. After she has been inspected, herself, she should come round with the Guider and hear all her comments so that she feels that it is her responsibility to get the "perfect patrol" the following week.

Do Your Leaders know why anyone should "inspect" in a Guide company?

Ask them to think of all the reasons that they can. One of the most obvious is that uniform should be *uniform*

if it is to have any real value as an incentive for the feeling of co-operation, general smartness, and pride of company. In some companies the "really uniform Guide" is picked by the Leader from each patrol and sent up to the Guider for final criticism. They march back to their places in order of merit before the patrols are inspected.

What are you and the Leaders looking for in inspection?

"Top to toe":—brushed hats, tidy hair, overalls clean and mended even if well worn; tie knotted neatly and title-tapes sewn on collar at the back; badge and ends concealed under the leather of the belt cleaned with belt buckle bright, and the leather of household can provide boot polish (nearly every Guide household can provide this, or a tin and cloths can be kept at the club-room). Lanyard, if worn, clean; shoes and stockings neat and according to company ruling.

This appears to be a prodigious list, but actually with a little practice, a "top to toe" inspection of each Guide can be done very quickly. Train your Leaders to praise as well as to criticise. "You're a Shiner, anyway!" produces a bright Guide smile to go on top.

Has your company a "Closing Ceremony"? If so, do you realise its value?

These should be both original and varied. The chief value is the "steading down" of a happy, hilarious crowd of folk (as a Guide company should be), before expecting them to go off quietly along crowded pavements or on public vehicles. It is also the chance of making a corporate act—the company prayer, singing of Taps, etc.—before the final "Good-night." The Guiders can give out notices and after the final "dismiss," all go.

Do not feel that after reading this you know all that there is to know about Guide Ceremonial. Three inexpensive books will help you: *Colour Ceremonial for Girl Guides* (3d.), for details of all drills, etc.; *Guiding for the Guider* (6d.), for hints on inspecting; and *An A.B.C. of Guiding* (9d.) Better still go and take part in the ceremonial of a good company and you will soon discover its real value.



One way to get that International Feeling!

THE RETURN OF RIP VAN WINKLE

by

CATHERINE CHRISTIAN

V.

HARRIET GOES EXPLORING.

WHILE the low green bus snaked its way out of London, through the February dusk, down a road wide and white as a racing track, Harriet Gore sat back in her place and considered Pip's letter. "If you want to see the new type of factory and the new type of Factory Ranger company, my lot meet on Thursdays at eight. Richard and I can give you supper beforehand. I'd like you to see him. But don't feel any 'oughtness' about it, I shan't expect you unless you come."

Harriet sighed as she folded the sheet of paper and slipped it into the pocket of her uniform overcoat. It had arrived yesterday. Today was Thursday—and Harriet was a person most remarkably free from compulsions of "oughtness." But, she thought, smiling a little, Pip would probably fail to make the obvious deduction. Not because Pip was at all a humble person. Harriet's eyes grew gentle and infinitely understanding. Burnt children dreaded the fire—even fire that was safe and kindly behind a high nursery guard.

There was nothing to indicate a softened or sentimental mood about Harriet, however, when she rolled out of the bus at a place the conductor assured her was Southill Corner.

"But I'm looking for a factory and a block of flats," Harriet protested—"Benson's Cleaning Works."

"That's right. On your left, a 'undred yards up—you can't miss it." He smote the bell above his head twice as Harriet reluctantly descended on to the kerb and the bus shot away from her.

She stared about her, at the wide, windy road, the white kerb, the broad deserted footway with a border of grass, and frail little trees that bowed themselves shivering. Beyond them there seemed to be flat fields. But some distance up the road the ground appeared to rise abruptly, like the earthworks of some old fortification, and perched on the top stood a white sugar fortress with lines and lines of brilliantly lighted windows.

Harriet approached it cautiously. Her mind was grappling with the picture she had built up when she first heard of Pip's employment—a gaunt black building in a mean and crowded street, grim chimneys towering skyward, and near at hand a block of dingy brick tenements, past which she imagined trams clanged and tall red buses snorted.

Throbbing in alternate beats of blue, rose and violet, a giant's careless signature flaunted the name "Benson's" sheer across the face of the white building. Harriet began



Creating enough noise for a hundred.

slowly to mount the wide steps flanked by flower beds which cut the grass fortification bank in front.

Suddenly, from an entrance to one side, a crowd of girls emerged and came hurrying down the steps. Their figures were trim and purposeful, as they buttoned their coats against the evening wind. Most of them wore gloves and few of them hats. Their neat shining heads caught the gleams of light from the windows above, showing waves and curls elaborate to the point of elegance. Their voices as they called and laughed and wrangled held the shrillness and harshness of starlings, and Harriet, as she drew back to let them pass, was aware of something different there too. A tuning up—a keying up—the clipped staccato idiom of a younger continent superimposed on familiar cockney repetitions.

They glanced at her curiously, observantly—young faces tired under their gallant mask of make-up. One rather older than the rest paused and asked briefly:

"Looking for someone?"

"The flats—number twenty-three—Mrs. Hayward's."

The girl's face warmed—

"Ought to have guessed from your uniform," she apologised. "I was in the Rangers myself before I married. Come on, I'll show you."

Good naturedly, with obvious contempt for the older woman's capability, she shepherded her up the remaining steps, along the front of the building and round the side, past several blocks, until they reached a series of open doors, all exactly alike, each with six numbers to it.

"There you are. Second floor. She may not be in yet, but her young Dick will be," the girl told Harriet.

"Thank you very much," Harriet said meekly.

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"You're welcome. Ta-ta,"—and the good samaritan was gone, her high heels clicking on the asphalt.

Harriet gazed after her. "Before I married," she had said. "These children! She mounted rubber-carpeted stairs between tiled white walls. Everything was hygienic and silent as a Hospital; in fact, it reminded her so strangely of the New York Hospital in which she had left an unwanted appendix that she started when a burst of laughter and the loud strains of radio jazz came from behind a door on the first landing.

At number twenty-three she knocked, giving the special double knock her company had invented, with other romantic impedimenta, ten years ago. There was a rush of feet, a scuffle with the lock, then, as the door burst open, a small boy in a blue shirt and corduroy shorts retreated, evidently at a loss.

"You knocked like my mother knocks," he said, and smiled to hide confusion. His face was thin and eager, too white behind the golden freckles, so much darker than his barley-fair untidy hair, too small for the great blue eyes that showed wary and startled, yet friendly.

Harriet looked at him, and a long way back in her own keen grey eyes there dawned a smile that seemed to well up out of infinite goodwill.

"I daresay I did. You see, I knew your mother before you were born. Can I come in?"

"Oh rather!" He dragged the door hospitably wider. "I say, you're Harriet, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Harriet," she admitted. Eyeing her, he closed the door.

"Gosh, I'm glad you've come, I've always wanted to see you," he confided. "B'sides, Mum'll be so glad. She said you probably wouldn't, you know."

"Where is your mother?" Harriet was observing, without appearing to observe, the bare simplicity of the little hall-living-room, the cheap rugs, the wicker chairs, and a pot of early daffodils between the undrawn curtains of the big modern window.

"She's on late shift. The work always comes in on Thursdays, just when she wants to get finished up quick," Dick confided. "I say, do sit down. Shall I make you a nice cup of tea or—are you having tea with us properly?"

"Well, I rather think I'm having it properly," Harriet said gravely. "We'll wait and see, shall we? What are you making here—London Bridge?"

A wooden table in the window was cluttered with the various pieces of a mechanical model, and a gaunt half-finished erection of Steel strips rose from their midst. Dick shook his head.

"No, this is a rolling-lift bridge. It works on an entirely different principle, you know." Leaning his elbow on the table, and kicking restlessly with one foot, he plunged into a rapid and detailed explanation of differences. She knew enough of the subject to be able to gauge his devastating correctness. Slipping out of her coat and hat while he talked, she said at last:

"You mean to be an engineer, I suppose."

As he flashed a laugh up at her she saw how long his lashes were—much darker than his hair, and curling.

"Me? O hek, no! I'm going to be a doctor," he stated coolly, and added, with a flickering frown, "that is, if I can get scholarships. I'll have to get scholarships. If I can't I'll be a dance-band leader. I'm good at music too. Only I like real music more than jazz. I like Bach and Mozart—things like that. Do you?"

Harriet was spared answering, for just at that moment a key sounded in the lock and Pip walked in. She looked cold and tired, her overcoat shrugged on over a brown working overall. But at sight of Harriet her whole face lighted up.

"Darling, you? You came at once—the very first Thursday?" she cried incredulously.

"What did you imagine I should do? I wanted to come," Harriet told her.

"My goodness, and the place is a pig sty! I never dreamed you'd do such a thing—and we've nothing for supper!—Here, son, you must run down to the kitchen and get us something hot. I've no time to cook."

"Sausages, Mum?" Dick queried hopefully. "No, we'll be grand tonight. Three chops and chips, with greens; three apple tarts with cream," she ordered.

"Here you are—here's some money. Take the tray, for heaven's sake, how do you think you can carry that lot loose?"

Dick's eyes and teeth flashed in a smile Harriet would not forget. Armed with a tray he had grabbed from the kitchen, he fled, his swift passage making no clatter on the muffled stairs outside.

"Pip, you shouldn't bother—bread and cheese would do for me, you know it would," Harriet protested.

But Pip, ruthlessly sweeping the table clear of mechanics and laying a checked cloth aggressive with starch, shook her head.

"It has to do quite often enough for Dick and me. don't grudge us our festival when you've given us good cause for one!" she said.

"I'd imagined you in a slum, Pip. This place is like a dream of H. G. Well's come true."

Pip laughed shortly and paused to glance out into the darkness as she pulled the curtains.

I don't know whose dream it is, but it doesn't seem real even to me. I started with Bensons when they were right in London, you know. This has only been going three years. They gave their old hands the option of these flats."

"Marvellous flats," Harriet commented.

"You'd think so if you lived in them," Pip said rather bitterly, "one brick thick, and the rain coming through all winter. But I can't trek out from the village like the youngsters do—not with Dick. And the communal kitchen's a great blessing, when you can afford it."

"Pip," Harriet said sharply, "Are you justified in this?"

"What do you mean?" Pip swung round on her, defensive.

Harriet did not flinch.

"I've made it my business to find out quite a lot that doesn't concern me just lately. Sir Jerome Hayward would provide for Richard, Pip—if not for you."

"I daresay he would. But I prefer to provide for him myself. Dick's not a little Lord Fauntleroy, Harriet, to go licking his rich grandfather's boots. If that man wanted to help he should have helped when it was time," Pip said shortly. Sensing a wound still far from healed, Harriet did not press the point.

In a moment Dick staggered in under his laden tray.

"Old Hawkins wanted to know whose birthday it was we were celebrating with such a darned fine blow-out," he chuckled.

Rather irritably Pip reproved him—

"Don't use expressions like that, they aren't nice."

"Oh, rot! everybody at school does."
 "Because you go to a government school you needn't behave like a gutter urchin," his mother pointed out.
 Harriet smiled a little, shaking her head. Odd, how the bravest people in life could often be the most illogical, she thought.

Pip's company interested her profoundly. They met in a big white recreation room, provided, along with playing fields and tennis courts, by the factory authorities, a privilege paid for by a system of small contributions from the employees. There were thirty girls in the room when Pip and Harriet entered, creating between them enough noise for a hundred. The hours of silent routine that formed their day seemed to have reacted violently. They were shouting, singing, arguing, thumping the piano one end, playing a gramophone the other, while in between a girl with a delicate, refined face and the voice of an angry sea-gull kept begging for silence in order to judge what amount of melody she might conceivably be producing from the accordeon slung round her neck. All wore uniform, and all wore it immaculately. Never, Harriet thought, had she seen so smart a turn out, and again she noted the shining perfection of their groomed heads. Her Martinet's eye checked up a certain latitude in the uniforms themselves. There were pleats put in and pockets left out; there were stockings more suitable to a ballroom than a hike; and shoes to which the definition "low-heeled and laced" did not apply. Hats were worn "to taste," as the cookery books say—and to good taste in most cases, Harriet admitted tolerantly, as she followed Pip down the lines at Inspection. She had refused point blank to inspect herself.

"A pretty fool I'd look, hauling some poor child up for what's been correct by regulations for half-a-dozen years. You show me," she had commanded.

And Pip showed her. Pip spoke with pained regret such as Harriet herself had kept in the old days for nails "in mourning" of nails on which the coloured varnish chipped and peeled.

"It looks disgusting. I'd rather you didn't use any. And it doesn't take five minutes to renew. Don't be so slack again," she ordered, and the culprit quailed.

"Ask Marion to show you how to put on lipstick, Jancis, will you?" she suggested gently to a new recruit, indicating her tall Patrol Leader, "she's specially clever at it, you know—and I should use two shades darker if I were you, it'd be much better with hair as dark as yours."

She apologised to Harriet privately afterwards:

"If they *must* use make-up, I try at least to instil into them some glimmerings of artistic perception about it."

"Remarkable!" Harriet pronounced. "Remarkable! Can they do things or are they just ornamental?"

Pip grinned broadly, as in days long ago.

"Would you like to see Fire Drill on the factory premises, Air Raid stations with gas precautions and decontamination work, or Health-and-Beauty physical jerks? Those are our most showy stunts. You'll have to come down in the summer to see our Netball and Tennis. Then there's Swimming too—and the bicycle club we've organised with the Rovers from the Almyra works; we do a concert party with them too."

"Is that why your Rangers marry in their teens?" Harriet asked, remembering the girl who had directed her to Pip's flat, and forgetting Pip.

"Some of them do," Pip agreed. Her face darkened. Harriet said hastily:

"Let's see this Fire Drill. It sounds spectacular."
 It proved to be not only spectacular, but efficient. When she finally left to catch the ten o'clock bus in to London Harriet was in a very quiet mood. She refused all escort, and strode alone down those steps which in the frosty moonlight looked like the approach to a Greek Temple. She felt like an explorer heading for home after a voyage of perilous discovery. She smiled to herself—then, suddenly remembering little Dick's thin, too eager face—she sighed. Strain everywhere. Strain in the lines round Pip's tired mouth; in the pretty painted faces of those Rangers; in Dick's eyes: a generation strained to breaking point. Hands in pockets, coat collar turned up, Harriet whistled, as she always whistled when she was deeply disturbed.

Thin, rather eerie, the tune went with her—

It's a long, long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to go. . . .

Yes, a long way. A longer way than, twenty years ago, anyone had quite imagined. Waiting for the bus where the little trees bent to the cold night wind, Harriet remembered that she was old.

(To be continued.)

PROFICIENCY BADGES

New paragraph to be inserted at the beginning of the Brownie, Guide and Ranger Proficiency Badges:—

"All articles made for tests must be brought unfinished and completed at the examination."

There are different opinions about this paragraph. Examiners often feel that the children have been helped, sometimes to a great extent by their mothers, who have ambitions for their daughters and would like to see them win badges. It is sometimes difficult to gauge the Guide's capabilities without a practical test.

Guiders feel that the children must be trusted, and if they give in the work as their own it should be examined as such.

There are also practical difficulties to overcome.

What do Guiders think? Is this paragraph necessary? If so, is it best as it stands?

WOODLARKS

Camping plans for Woodlarks summer are getting settled earlier than ever this year!

Will Post Companies or Counties wishing to run camps for their Post Guides please write and discuss dates as soon as possible?

The 6th WOODLARKS CAMP for those Post Guides whose own captain is not arranging camp will take place from the 10th—20th May.

The "Pioneers Camp" for London cripples will take place from the 25th June—5th July.

Dates still free for camp bookings are:

Up till 10th May.

From 30th May till 10th June (over Whitsun).

From 16th till 29th July.

After 29th August.

Write for all particulars to: E. D. STROVER, Woodlarks, Farnham, Surrey.

A GIRL SCOUT CIRCLE ROUND THE BALTIC

by
JULIA WILLIAMSON

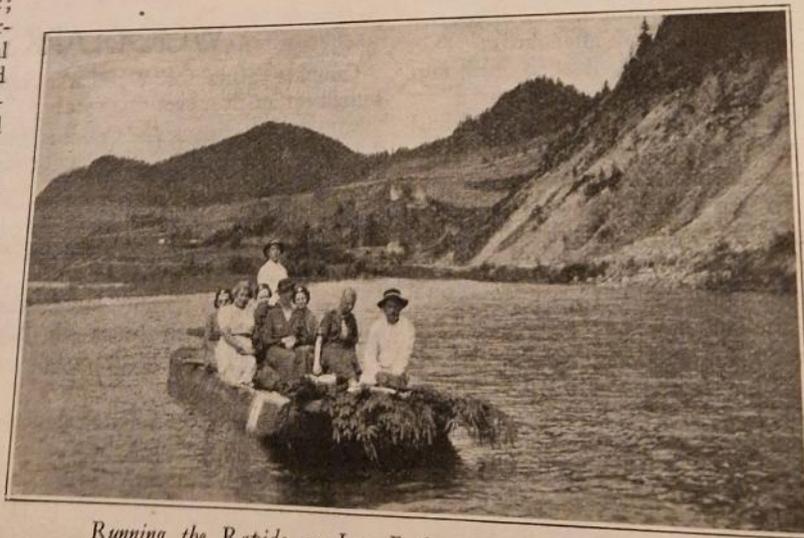
LAST summer five Girl Scouts and two leaders from the United States of America made a circle around the Baltic, visiting Poland, Latvia, Estonia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. During the winter the outline of the trip was planned through correspondence with the international commissioners or secretaries, and arrangements made to have the group met by Girl Guides in each country. This meant it was possible to see not only buildings and scenery, but also to learn something of the every-day life of the people of the different lands. The girls saw the shops and hotels, churches and castles, galleries and folk-museums, Parliament houses, lakes, forests and mountains, seen by every traveller, and, in addition, private homes, schools, settlements, factories, recreation parks, bathing beaches, and Girl Guide rooms. They swam and sang, danced and walked, picnicked and went on excursions, and discussed education and Scouting and life in general with girls and boys of their own age, until at the end of the two months of travel, thanks to their Girl Guide hostesses, they had a more intimate knowledge of the places visited than the average tourist ever obtains.

The voyage was made on the new motor ship *Batory* of which Poland is so justly proud, going from New York to Copenhagen and Gdynia by a northern route, passing close to Northern Ireland and Scotland, returning by way of Cherbourg and the English Channel. Eight days on a Polish boat taught the party a little Polish history—Stefan Batory being one of Poland's greatest heroes and kings—and a few words such as "thank you," "please," "good-day," and "good-bye," and prepared them for the cordiality of Poland.

Poland is the land of contrasts; from ultra-modern Gdynia, with the finest docks and machinery, grown in fifteen short years from a small fishing village to the largest port on the Baltic; through busy Warsaw, the capital with its palaces and parks and university, its old and new buildings, its hurry and bustle; to Krakow, mellow and beautiful, and aged, and full of tradition; to the peasant life around Cisoway Dworzek and Zakopane; was to see the whole pageant of life from the Middle Ages to the present, almost to the future. The two most memor-

able experiences were an hour in the tower with the Trumpeter of Krakow, whose broken Heynal in praise of the Virgin has floated out above the sounds of the city every hour of every day to the north and the south, the east and the west, for over seven hundred years, reminding all listeners of Polish faithfulness to a promise; and the day's journey down the swirling rapids of the Dunajec in the dug-out log-rafts poled by peasant boatmen in tight-ankled, gaily embroidered, white homespun trousers, and brilliant blue, sequinned, sleeveless jackets over white blouses; a pause for mass at the eleventh-century wooden church, with its painted interior crowded with kneeling peasants, the women in full-skirted, tight-bodied costumes with flower-printed kerchiefs.

Latvia brings pictures of new buildings and pleasant summer resorts by the sea, the markets with strict sanitary rules housed in the five huge Zeppelin hangars, built but never used by Germany in the Great War; the immense hotel at Kemeru, ultra modern in every detail, its baths rivalling all other spas, its great crystal restaurant, and its flower gardens like jewelled mosaics, set in a deep pine wood. Clearest of all are memories of a bell solemnly tolling as the little group of Americans marched up the long avenue between double lines of oak and lime trees to the altar guarded by Latvian Girl Guides to lay a wreath before the monument "TO THE FALLEN," those who had given their lives for Latvian freedom; and of the intensity of the young soldiers and the spectators at the changing of the guard, not in front of the palace of a living ruler, but in the centre of Riga, before the magnificent obelisk on which the statue of "MOTHER LATVIA" holds high aloft the three stars of her three provinces. In Latvia as well as in Poland and Estonia there is an ever-present consciousness of a tragic and oppressive past and the need of jealously guarding the new freedom, while in Scandinavia there is an ever-present sense of the health and strength of people to whom peace and freedom are the natural atmosphere of life. A Sunday in Estonia was another day of contrasts; the charming old city of Tallinn, with its ancient walls and watch towers, and winding, narrow streets full of quaint legends, and the fine modern parks with well-equipped play-



Running the Rapids on Log Rafts from Cisoway Dworzek.

grounds; we heard glorious music in the old Lutheran Church and the golden Orthodox Cathedral which will not soon be forgotten.

To arrive in Suomi-Finland by boat from Tallinn on a sunny summer day is indeed to see Helsinki as the "White City of the North," a city full of life and vigour, to see it through the eyes of one of the university guides (who was also a Girl Guide)

in her black and white velvet student cap, made the travellers appreciate Suomi-Finland's pride in being the first nation to give equal rights to women. What can be said in a paragraph to make a picture? We remember the wildness of lake and sea, rocky shores and forests, the great architecture of the city, the magnificence of the railway station, and the Parliament House with its use of the most beautiful new trends in furnishings, textiles, glass, art and architecture. The land of cleanliness, of hot baths and brawny bathwomen with their birch twigs, will not soon be forgotten!

Then Sweden, with Stockholm, the Queen City of the North, the city of jewelled lights, with its modern apartment houses with their bright walls and striped awnings, the "magic" summer-houses of the workmen, the great shining co-operative factories, the old buildings and the old city with no trace of decay, the fine playgrounds, the absence of slums and poverty; the great town hall with its magnificent modern murals and furnishing; Skansen, the outdoor museum—the folk-dancing and historical play; the opening night at the opera; the girls' school and the day nursery, as artistically designed and furnished and fresh of paint as the most charming home; as compared with other cities Stockholm seems almost like a dream of the future.

Norwegian scenery is so breathtaking that even the pleasures and beauty of Oslo fade before memories of fjords and mountains, the hair-raising drop from Tyen to Ardal, with the forty-five hairpin turns on the mountain road, with the snow-capped Jotunheimer always in view; the pleasant country inns with their warm welcome to Americans, the salmon jumping up the waterfalls, the one mountain there was time to climb, the old Stave Churches and ancient grass-grown roads that St. Olaf knew. How can justice be done to the natural beauty of Norway?

The *Batory's* first European port had been Copenhagen, so that it was with a sense of familiarity that the party sighted the green towers of the Castle of Elsinore, as they completed their Baltic circle. Denmark, land of the melancholy Dane, seems the cheeriest of lands—white, red-roofed or thatched cottages in green and fertile fields; Copenhagen, the city of red walls and green copper roofs and towers; Copenhagen, city of green parks beside sparkling blue lakes and sea, city of hundreds and thousands



American and Suomi-Finnish Girl Scouts with Wood-carvings, Weather-vane and Gate Top made in Camp.

of bicycles, with the little Mermaid watching great ocean liners, ferry boats and innumerable pleasure boats pass the Lange-linie; the drive along the Danish Riviera, the pilgrimage to Odense, home of Hans Christian Andersen, the delights of Denmark's castles; there is too much to mention all.

A whole article might be written on the delights of eating around the Baltic, the shopping

in sign language for picnic lunches to be eaten on boat and train and in the forests. The thin sliced ham of Poland and the cauliflower Polainaise, the iced coffee and fascinating cakes of Latvia which nearly meant missing the night train from Riga to Tallinn, the first Smorgasbord on the boat from Tallinn to Helsinki, and the many other Smorgasbords in Finland, Sweden, and Norway, the green field (of cold spinach) dotted with mushrooms (hard-boiled egg stems topped with half a red tomato) is one of the many appetising dishes recalled, a blueberry deep-dish pie in Stockholm, a melon cake in Finland, the pastries at tea on the ship and in Copenhagen, the open-faced sandwiches in Denmark—each one a work of art; the twelve different kinds of bread and the fresh butter and grated chocolate to spread upon it for breakfast at Sunny's Hus. Perhaps the food was even more delicious because of the settings in which it was eaten; the elegant courtyard of the Hotel Bristol in Warsaw, the friendly balcony at Cisowy Dworzek, the Francuski at Krakow; the pleasant Karelia in Helsinki with a flag over the doorway showing the nationality of each guest registered within, the evening at Will Roger's favourite hotel, the Torn, where even delicious icecream meant less than the sparkling lights of the city under the deep blue sky of the northern twilight; the spiced cake and coffee at "Wendy's little house" near Leksand; that first supper in Oslo high up above the city on a roof garden and the second evening's picnic supper by a lake after a long tramp through the pinewoods, the lunches and dinners on outdoor terraces overlooking the Oslo Fjord, the bountiful meals and fresh salmon at little inns in the mountains, the tempting list could be stretched out indefinitely.

Above all, in each country we found the friendliness and hospitality of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. As it was summer, practically no companies were meeting, and many of the Guides and Guiders were away from the cities, but in every country, even at the cost of personal inconvenience, arrangements were made to meet the group at train or boat, and to help them plan their time. The language difficulties are so great that it would have been impossible to have seen any of the country life of Poland without the help of the young Guide who spent a week travelling about with the visitors; the International Secretary met them at the boat and arranged the most

THE GUIDER

remarkable reduction of 80 per cent. on railway tickets for the journey.

Polish Scouting and Guiding, if it is fair to draw conclusions from so short a visit, seemed more successful in applying the principles of Scouting to life than in other lands. Perhaps because Poland has more needs than other more settled countries the reality of Scouting is called forth. It was remarkable to hear of the service given by the girls' camps to the peasant communities surrounding them, and the responsibility that was taken by the boys and girls themselves; a patrol of Warsaw Guides planned the Americans' trip as a "projekt"; a girl of sixteen took full responsibility as guide for over a week. The outstanding evening of the trip was spent at a mountain-top camp-fire, to which the neighbourhood had been invited; the singing of boys and peasants was led by a boy of under eighteen, stunts were given by boys of all ages, and the visit to the camp was conducted with dignity. Pride was shown in spotless sleeping tents and cook-tent, and it was amazing to find that the whole camp was being run by the boys themselves, the leaders being under eighteen. *Everything learned of Scouting in Poland pointed to the Chief's original ideals of a youth movement governed by the boys and girls themselves with the adults in the background.*

But everywhere there were so many pleasant excursions with Guides—the swims and lazy afternoons on the beaches in Latvia and Estonia, with a chance to exchange experiences; the five days in Helsinki, where the Guide nicknames made us feel at home at once; the boat trip to the old fortifications and the jolly evening of dance and song, cakes and coffee, at Miss Collan's apartment; the interesting Guide rooms full of equipment from camp where the remarkable woodcarvings of gate and weather-vane seemed astonishingly well done; the lovely bunches of sweetpeas at the train, and the friendly goodbyes, made it hard to leave such charming friends.

So with each country—it is impossible to enumerate all the Guide contacts: in Sweden there was the party at the opera, the trip to Gripsholm with the friendly Guider pressed into service as guide not only for the American Girl Scouts, but for the whole English-speaking group; the motor-boat trip "Under the Bridges," with the lovely voice of a young Swedish Guider alone or leading the rest in song under a brilliant sunset sky; the day of swimming and rowing, and delicious food and tree-climbing with three young Guiders at Frustunaby, the Foxlease of Sweden—the list lengthens and cannot be completed.

In Norway there was the tramp through the pine forests

with a merry group, the climb up the high tower at Tryvannshoiden for the view of mountains and fjord, the campfire and row on the lake in the long twilight, and the walk back to Oslo, under a starry sky, down the Kielias run (Toboggan way) and the Korketrekkeren (the cork-screw); the Communion service at the old Prebent's Kerke, and the Sunday-afternoon tea with the Commissioner's family; the evening of folk-dancing and song, and the thrill of the Viking boats at Bygdoy; the long day's motor-boat trip on the Oslo Fjord with lunch and swim at Ingierstrand, that most modern and finely equipped of all northern bathing beaches; and the visit to the rowing club as a finale to a glorious day with the Norwegian and English Boy Scouts.

Because the Girl Scouts lived in a Guide household, "Sunny's Hus," known to many visiting Guides and Guiders, and because the vacation season was practically at an end, there was more daily contact with Guides and Scouts in Denmark than in any other country. There was a great Boy Scout Camp-fire in which five thousand boys and girls from many nations who had been present at the Jamboree in Holland were gathered; there was even a procession with flags flying and a drum beating as the Americans marched down the Langelinie with a company of Danish Guides to take tea on the small yacht which a patrol of Polish Sea Rangers had brought through a terrific storm from Gdynia in Copenhagen. There was

lunch at Sonny's Hus with the Polish girls; and Sunday supper in the new rooms of a Danish company who had earned the money to redecorate and equip the rooms by taking part in a "movie." There was the party to see this self-same movie, "It Happened on Board," at which the visiting Girl Scouts were overjoyed to recognise not only their Danish friends, but also the good ship *Batory*, on which their journey had begun and was to end. Then the last night, when about twenty-five Girl Guides and Boy Scouts came aboard the *Batory* to see the scenes familiar to them in the movie, and to say goodbye and *bon voyage* to the visitors; they spent two hours visiting the ship and playing games and when at last the "all ashore" was sounded they stood on the dock singing songs which the Americans answered from the upper deck. The music of their voices followed the ship until the fading lights of Copenhagen told the Americans that they were indeed homeward bound, after a journey that had shown them so many interesting things, in which the hospitality and friendliness of fellow Scouts in the seven different countries had made them appreciate the reality of their membership in the great world sisterhood of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides.



[Photo: Mac.]

The Thinking Day Card for 1938, which is on sale at Headquarters, price 1d.

THROUGH GERMANY TO BOHEMIA—THE LAND OF GOOD KING WENCESLAS

by
D. NICHOLSON

WHAT really decided me to join a party of Guides going to Czechoslovakia was the fact that I knew nothing whatever about the country and had met no one who had been there. The decision once made, the intervening months were spent haunting the library in a preparatory attempt to enlighten my ignorance, and at last came the meeting with my forty-three travelling companions in London, the Channel crossing, the long train journey through Germany, a day spent sight-seeing in Dresden, and then—Prague.

The Czech name, Praha, means a threshold, and I felt that we were indeed on the threshold of a great adventure as the train steamed slowly into the city and we caught our first glimpse of the cathedral and castle across the river.

At the station we were greeted by a Girl Scout Commissioner, a Scouter and his mother.

"Welcome, sisters, come this way," they said, and promptly took charge of us and our luggage. It was the same throughout our stay—we were looked after splendidly; the Czechs called us "sisters," and quite simply treated us as such.

The few days which we spent in Prague were far too short a time in which to explore that fascinating city, where every building seems to be either very ancient and historic or very modern and up to date. We visited the castle, built right round the Cathedral of St. Vitus, which contains the tomb of "good King Wenceslas," who is now the patron saint of Czechoslovakia. Of course we noticed little things, too—the pavements, laid in small square blocks of grey and white stone in mosaic patterns; the long, narrow carts with outward-sloping sides, drawn by beautiful horses; the vendors of fruit and vegetables, embroidery and newspapers, all of whom seemed to

pitch their little stalls just where ever they liked.

There were a great many Scouts in Prague at that time on their way to the Jamboree in Holland, and we were interested to see how many of them would recognise our bright blue uniforms; most of them did, and saluted us smartly, too. We had quite a long talk with one Scouter, a Hungarian from the far east of Slovakia, and it was most interesting to learn about such things as the education system and compulsory military service from a native of the country.

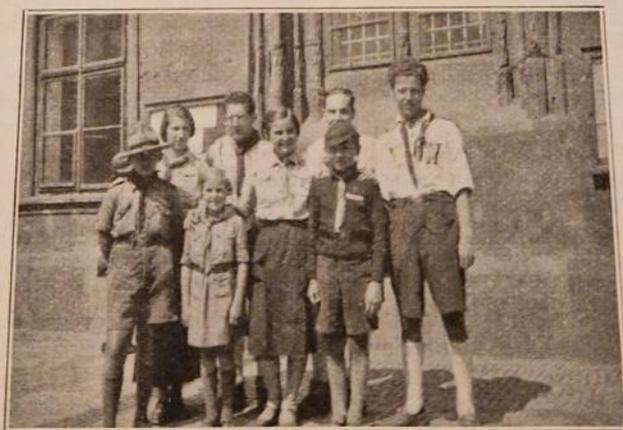
We visited the Headquarters of the Czechoslovak Boy and Girl Scouts Association, and discovered, incidentally, that map-reading has an added thrill when you know that if you *do* lose yourself you are quite incapable of asking the way!

Then one afternoon there was a thirty-mile drive to Karlstein Castle. It looks exactly like a picture out of a fairy story—perched high on a rock in a little valley surrounded by forest-clad hills. In the well-guarded topmost turret is "the most precious jewel in the whole Czechoslovak Republic," the Chapel of the Holy Cross, its walls inlaid with polished Bohemian semi-precious stones set in gilded mortar and its golden-dome ceiling representing the vault of heaven. Here, in olden days, were kept the Crown and religious treasures of the Kingdom of Bohemia.

The following day we visited the Bohemian Paradise en route for Spindleruv Mlyn (Spindlermühle), in the Giant Mountains, and were greeted by several Scouters and a friendly and excited Guard of Honour of Girl Scouts. There was a great exchange of badges and stamps, and though we did not know a word of each other's language that never seems to matter with Guide folk.



The Wreath for the Czechoslovak Unknown Warrior.



Austrians and Czechs Outside Prague Town Hall.

[February, 1938]

The Paradise is a weirdly beautiful place, with its great cliffs and columns of sandstone towering far above the dark forest trees, and flights of steps cut through fissures in the rock just wide enough to pass through. Robbers, and later, fugitives from the Hussite wars, sought sanctuary in this rock "town," and it is said that long ago the sea washed round the base of the cliffs. As our Scout guides brought us to each new vantage point there was another wonderful view between the rock walls until at last we looked out over a sea of treetops and the rounded heads of hundreds of pillars of rock.

At Spindleruv Mlyn (Spindlermühle) we spent several peaceful days, with expeditions up the mountain ridges, or lazy saunters along the banks of the Elbe.

One more day in Prague when we took a wreath (specially made for us of yellow statice in the shape of a trefoil) to the tomb of the Czechoslovak Unknown Warrior in the Town Hall. A Czech Scout, Girl Scout, Cub and Brownie stood at attention beside the tomb; we formed a horseshoe in the little chapel while a Colour Party laid the wreath; a moment's silence before we quietly turned and went out. It was all very simple and impressive.

In the evening we held an indoor campfire, though, owing to holidays, not very many Czechs were able to come. Madame Kosecova, the International Commissioner and Chief Guide of Bohemia, and her husband, were there, and we very much wished that Dr. Kosec's most interesting talk on Czechoslovakia could have been longer.

Early next morning we said goodbye to Prague and its friendly people, hoping against hope that some day we should be able to go back. A short visit to Marienské Lazne (Marienbad), then on to Nürnberg, that most fascinating of German towns, with its mediaeval castle, gothic churches, and old houses overhanging the river, which remind one of Venice. In every street there is some picturesque corner to attract the traveller, and nothing could be more charming than the Adolf Hitler Platz, when there is a flower market going on.

For those of us who loved Wagner's opera, "Meistersingers" there was the additional thrill of visiting the Meistersingers' Church (St. Catherine) and of discovering that Hans Sachs really was a local poet, and that a visit could be made to his home and cobbler's shop. We lived again the whole opera in those streets, and almost imagined that Eva or Walther would come round a corner at any minute.

Nürnberg was also the home of that versatile artist Albrecht Dürer, and a visit should be made to his house, where many of his sketches can be seen, though I believe his best works are in the German National Museum, that wonderful treasure-house of German art. Part of the museum was originally a convent, and it has therefore the added charm of cloisters and small courtyards, which make a perfect setting for its contents.

The modern industrialists to whom all this makes no appeal can visit the modern part of the town (Nürnberg), with its factories, modern schools and model settlements. The lover of sport will find gymnasiums, tennis courts and sports pavilions.

That day spent in Nürnberg was all too short. Determined that one day we would return and explore more thoroughly, we turned reluctantly towards the station. And so home once more, our wonderful holiday behind us, but our minds full of memories which will endure forever of Czech and German kindness and hospitality.

1ST CAMBRIDGE OLD GUIDES (TRAVELLERS JOY).
We held our first meeting on December 21st, and although there are 22 of us at present, only 14 were able to come.

Our Division Commissioner, who was also our captain when we were in the Guide company, very kindly invited us to her house for the meeting, helped us to arrange it, and provided us with excellent refreshments.

We began by reading the pamphlet about Old Guides and decided that membership should be for all Old Guides and Guides of the 1st Cambridge Company, and that we would have three meetings a year, one each vacation.

Service: We have already sent two Christmas parcels to the distressed areas. We also decided to knit vests and coats for the baby ward of Addenbrooks (Cambridge) Hospital and to make "pages" describing different parts of the Second Class test for Lone Company Letters. We also agreed to save our used postage stamps for the Queen's Hospital, London. We are going to help the 1st Cambridge Guide Company when we can, beginning by making programmes for a play they are acting and by helping at the performance.

Subscription for Old Guides to be 1s. a year to cover postage, etc.

After supper we played several games which were very amusing and great fun.

HELEN THACKER,
Recorder.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS OLD GUIDES.

A meeting was held in November, and although only nine members were able to accept, we had a very jolly evening.

Our Division Commissioner who is very interested in Old Guides spent the evening with us. The first quarter of an hour was spent in reviving past memories—do you remember when?—shall you ever forget?—Hullo, how jolly to see you again—How is so and so?—What is she doing now? etc. Nine people—eleven including our Division Commissioner and myself—it sounded more like fifty, and I thought their tongues would fall off!

We decided we did not wish to be intelligent or high-brow, so I had arranged a treasure hunt in the house. We might possibly have been mentally lazy, but our powers of observation were put to a severe test—33 objects were hidden, distributed between 6 rooms, each old Guide was given a list of the hidden objects but no other clue. The looker-on certainly saw most of the game. Eyes peered at the bronze figure with an elastic band round its neck and never saw it—they glanced at the white bell push with an aspirin stuck on the end, but they never saw it—they stared at a gilt carved frame with a Tenderfoot Badge stuck on it, but they never saw it—"We'll not give in, we can't come for any refreshments yet!" They had at last to be forcibly collected and sat down to refreshments. During this interval the Division Commissioner talked to us about the suggested scheme concerning Rangers, and this raised some interesting discussions not only about Rangers but on Guiding in general. I had arranged half an hour's music to finish our evening but our soloists and accompanist were unable to come—we really needed no entertainment, for they entertained themselves by chatting about old times.

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All the Old Guides present at the Re-Union filled in a list of ways they were willing to help in if called upon, so I feel that our branch, though small at the moment, is not going to be inactive.

Our next meeting (official) will not be till Thinking Day when we are all going to "lend a hand" to the Division who are having the Annual General Meeting that day.

The Tunbridge Wells Old Guides are all hard working, busy folk, with very little spare time—but they are still interested in Guiding, though unable to take a very active part.

M. EMSON,
Recorder.

THINKING DAY FUND APPEAL

from
The World Bureau

Whilst celebrating our 25th anniversary of our married life I personally am celebrating my 21st anniversary of becoming a Guide, and in commemoration of this I am venturing to send to the "Thinking Day Fund" 7,665 pennies—one penny for each day of these many busy, happy years in which I have had the joy of Guiding with you all.

OLAVE BADEN-POWELL,
Chief Guide.

The World Bureau has to move into larger premises, and as British Headquarters cannot spare us more room we have, very reluctantly, to move our office elsewhere.

We would like to have a simple hostel within easy reach of British Headquarters and of Victoria Station, which could provide accommodation for Guides and Girl Scouts coming to London, and which would be run on Guide lines and be open to girls of all races.

The World Bureau could then find its accommodation in part of this hostel and thereby be in constant touch with the people for whom it works.

We have already the sum of £300 to enable the office to start in new premises, and this will be a great help, but we need money to provide the house, and if you all help we can get it.

If every Brownie, Guide, Ranger and Old Guide, to say nothing of every Leader and Commissioner, would send us one penny, or its equivalent, on Thinking Day—the 22nd February—we should receive some 1,320,000 pennies, or £5,500!

OUR MOST SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS TO—

Mrs. MARK KERR, International Commissioner and Deputy Chief Commissioner for the Home Counties, on receiving the Order of the British Empire in the New Year Honours.

A MAGAZINE FOR MUSICAL CHILDREN.

The Young Musician. Price 6d. Annual subscription 7s., post free. Stainer & Bell, 58, Berners Street, W.1.

This excellent magazine for children has now reached its fourth volume and must have made its way into many of the homes of small music lovers. The January number starts with a carol for the New Year and has, besides, quite a lot of music, a little piece for piano and violin, and a piano piece. Haydn is the composer particularly featured: there is an account of his (most interesting) life, and the Presto from his Symphony in B \flat arranged, very simply, for the piano.

This paper does what it sets out to do: it caters for the child. Music is not an affair of sitting at a piano for a given time each day playing scales and exercises: a publication such as this does much to make the child realise that. The articles, notes, letters, competitions, are all the kind that a child can read and do alone and yet find useful when the time for the music lesson comes round.

THE GUIDER HANDICRAFT COMPETITION

Closing Date

IS

FEBRUARY 14th

IS

YOUR ENTRY
READY?

ENTRIES WILL BE
ON VIEW AT HEAD-
QUARTERS FROM
FEBRUARY 18th—22nd

For Details of Rules and
Classes see *The Guider*,
January number, page 23

THE GUIDER.

Handicraft Competition Coupon.

Name of Entrant.....

Guide Rank.....

Address

Class

Section

FEBRUARY NUMBER.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH COMPANY

EVERY Guide company is different; this is one of the joys of being a Guider, but I feel that the one I am running must be one of the most unusual in existence.

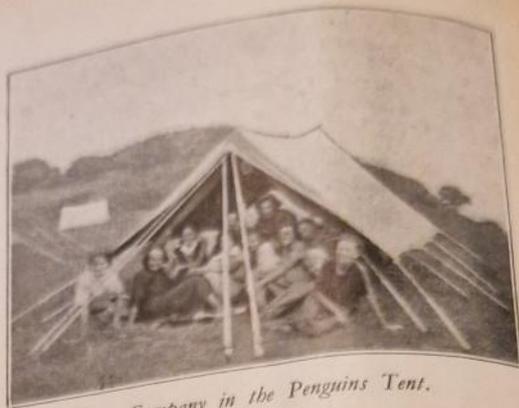
To begin with it is two companies rolled into one: the 1st Cannes British Girl Guides and the 2nd Cannes belonging to the Fédération Française des Eclaireuses; then about one third of its members live in Antibes, a town some 10 miles away, and finally it has among its members representatives of many nations, classes and creeds. All this makes for variety and though the company presents many problems, it is never dull.

It was started in October, 1936, and it is composed of the remnants of the English Guide company, the non-Protestant members of French Cannes II (a closed company run in connection with the local Protestant church) and a good many recruits. It took as its name the "Pourquoi-Pas?" Commandant Charcot's famous ship, thus combining the British love of the sea and the French admiration for their great explorer. The Eclaireuses chose a grey tie with a broad blue edge to symbolise the grey ship on the blue sea, the Guides keeping their old orange tie.

In such a company the Patrol System is not merely the best way of running it: it is the *only* way. We have four patrols, the Swallows who are all Guides, wearing their own uniform and badges and having their own Law, the Pingouins who live at Antibes and have their own headquarters at their Leader's home, the Macreuses and the Albatrosses. All the patrols have meetings on their own, though up to now the Swallows and the Pingouins have been the most go-ahead.

One of our great difficulties are the distances. Bus fares are high and our headquarters is far, but our usually good weather is a great help, for instead of the ordinary weekly meeting we have had two outings a month lasting the whole day, alternately at Cannes and at Antibes. When it has rained we have gone either to our headquarters or to that of the Pingouins. We have lovely times at these outings. Exciting scouting games are played: Indians come to grips with pioneers, customs-men chase smugglers, beautiful princesses are saved from wicked barons, and burglars leave marvellous trails. We also do quite a lot of work, different groups being taught by the Leaders and myself, and we can do real long-distance signalling from one hill to another.

Naturally the Court of Honour plays an important part in the life of the company. It is very informal and unlike the model ones run at training weeks! We meet twice a month at luncheon-time at one of the Leader's homes so as to be more central. In the summer we go bathing and discuss our company affairs while toasting



The Company in the Penguins Tent.

our backs! I do a little test work, teach them a game or two, and there is a lot of laughter and fun. Though all this sounds rather vague it is very important as it creates a strong feeling of comradeship between us all, and it is through the Leaders that I run the company, though I sometimes suspect that the Leaders run it through me.

The Leaders are a splendid lot, each one different but making up a very united team. Three of them started Guiding with me and the third, a Swiss Eclaireuse, came to us last year. It is extremely interesting to see how each one leads her patrol in her own way, they all have a great sense of responsibility, looking after their Guides at school and between meetings and mothering the little ones. They are also very efficient; during our summer camp I suddenly found myself not only Quarter Master for three camps but also responsible for the whole group consisting of six camps all with young unlicensed Guiders. This left me with little or no time to run my own camp. Explaining the situation to the Court of Honour, they answered, "You needn't worry, Captain, we'll run it quite as well as you would," and what is more they did; except for the fact that meals were usually late I have never seen a more smoothly-run camp or one in which everyone enjoyed themselves more.

We are lucky in living in the South of France for we can camp the whole year round. First of all we had Leaders' camp at Christmas. The father of one of our Guides very kindly lent us a hay-loft where we were snug and warm. It started quite excitingly for half of us, for, having sent on the cooks by bus with pots, pans and provisions, we walked there at night with only a torch, a map and a compass to find our way, and we arrived in due time very hungry and pleased with ourselves, to find our dinner waiting for us. We had meant to study the stars during this camp, but they most unkindly hid themselves during the whole time. However, we did some exciting map-reading, starting out in two groups and meeting for lunch miles away. French children are excellent walkers and love it. They think nothing of walking five miles to camp with their kit on their backs. They also camp very light, and even for a three weeks' camp never take more with them than their ruc-sacs and their blanket rolls.

Our next venture was a company camp at Whitsun with three French companies from Nice, each one being

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independent but all uniting for prayers, colours, "méditation" and "veillée." In the afternoon we had inter-company competitions on Tenderfoot and Second Class work. I am sorry to say that the "Pourquoi-Pas?" did not shine on this occasion, but we hope to do better next year. This camp ended with a glorious camp-fire where we acted and sung not only for our own enjoyment but for that of quite a lot of visitors, and it was fine to hear a hundred young voices singing all the old favourites.

Our last and most enjoyable camp was the summer one. For seventeen days we lived on a high plateau more than 2,000 feet up, our only link with the world of the "pale faces" being an extremely steep mule track. At our feet lay the whole coast and hinterland from Toulon to Nice and Italy, behind us the arid hills of the Alpes-Maritimes covered with flowering lavender and sweet-smelling herbs. Here the Fédération Française des Eclair-

ceuses had taken over an old place, formerly a convent, then a preventorium, which through lack of funds and want of roads had had to shut down. The place was really ideal. The house provided us with shelter and room for our stores, there was an ample water supply and the catering was simplified by a regular mule-service which brought up our provisions every second day. We even had a swimming pool in the shape of the barrage for the electricity supply. Here during our stay six companies camped, coming from different parts of France, and we even had foreign guests, a Dutch Guide who was staying with a Paris company, and a Czechoslovak Brown Owl who came to us; she knew but little French and we no Czech, but we made the greatest of friends and missed her greatly when she left us. I think none of us will forget the beautiful view we had from our tents, the lovely expeditions we made in the country round, or the thrilling over-night hike the Leaders took when we walked for two days covering over forty miles of mountain paths and sleeping under the stars next to a mound of newly cut lavender, or the breakfast we ate next morning at a village inn, over two hours' walk away, when the eight of us managed to eat more than 8 lbs. of bread! And so when we started down our mule-track at 3 a.m. on August 2nd, and saw the sun rise for the last time over Nice, I think we all felt that it was a perfect end for a splendid year.

At the time of writing we are starting our second year or "cruise" as we call it. We are having fewer outings and more patrol meetings, and we all of us mean to go to camp at Christmas. Our special preoccupation is the organising of an entertainment which will take place in the spring. We want this to be very lovely and very paying, for we are cherishing a great ambition—we want to go to camp in England.

Would some kind Guide company ask us to join them? We are very unorthodox and our ways are queer at times but we are full of the spirit of adventure, and the "esprit scout," as we call the Guide spirit, means a great deal to

us. We have got all our equipment belonging to the patrols, and largely paid for out of their own funds; our ambition is to camp at Foxlease and see London, and somehow I feel that we shall realise it.

Alice Wemyss.



The View from our Tents.

ENQUIRE WITHIN

NOTE.—May we once again remind Guiders that anonymous queries for this column cannot be dealt with. Name, address, rank and company must be given, but in no circumstances are these disclosed.

Is it correct for a Guide captain and lieutenant to wear brown shoes and stockings in uniform, when the Guides are wearing black shoes and stockings?

No, company Guiders may only wear brown shoes and stockings in uniform if the whole company is wearing

them. (See Rule 23, page 21, *Book of Rules*, 1938.)

May a Guide holding the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life Saving Society be awarded her Swimmer badge without further test?

No.

Should anyone who has been enrolled as a Ranger, wear the Ranger Tenderfoot badge, even when acting as a Guide captain?

A Guider who has been enrolled as a Ranger may continue to wear her Ranger Tenderfoot badge if she wishes, even though not actually working with Rangers.

If a Guider holds warrants as Captain, District Commissioner and Division Secretary, should the Secretary's crossed pens be worn on the lapel of the coat only when wearing Secretary's tie and cockade, or may it also be worn when she is wearing Captain's or Commissioner's uniform?

If the three ranks mentioned are held by one Guider, they should be kept separate as far as possible. The Secretary's lapel badge would only be worn with the appropriate cockade and tie; the distinguishing marks of a captain would be worn on all occasions when with her company, and the tie and cockade of a District Commissioner worn when acting in that capacity. As you will have seen on page 33 of the January GUIDER, Secretaries' lapel badges are now made in metal and enamel, to pin on the coat lapel, and are sold at 2s. 6d. each.

May Gold Cords and an All-Round Lanyard be worn at the same time, or does the former supersede the latter?

Gold Cords are only awarded to a Guide or Ranger, but may be worn by a Guider if desired, whereas the All-Round Lanyard is only awarded to, and may only be worn by, a Guider, who has to take the required tests on a teaching basis. It is not permissible for a Guider to wear both Cords and Lanyard, and she should, therefore, wear the latter only; but if still an active Ranger she could wear the Gold Cords with her Ranger uniform.

ADVENTURE!

ADVENTURE Programmes? Yes, they do sound fun, but aren't they awfully complicated? After all, we *must* get down to solid Test-work. . . .

How many times is this our smug excuse for crowding out Adventure in our meetings? Or else we say that Guides to-day don't rise to it: they're so appallingly literal—they'd turn their noses up at games of mere pretend,



Certainly a short time ago I might have seconded that argument; but our company (who are, I think, as matter-of-fact and critical as most!) have since then done their best to prove me wrong. We turned them into stranded pioneers in meeting time

the other night, just as an experiment.

Four thrilled, if rather dazed, patrols were presently seen "getting down to things."

Their hidden sealed instructions had informed them:—Your patrol is a party of pioneer explorers stranded in unknown territory—(the garden!). You have reached the borders of a foreign frontier, where you must encamp while spying out the land.

Take possession of a chosen area outside, and cord it off with the aid of string or rope. (Unfortunately, this got very wet in a recent rainstorm, and must first be joined.)

Improvise a patrol flag, collect firewood, secure the bundle with a suitable knot, and in patrol notebook sketch leaves of two *good* and two *bad* trees for firefighting.

One of your comrades has met with an unfortunate accident, and is suffering from a broken forearm.* Render First Aid.

Another is in danger of slipping down a dangerous precipice. Haul her back to safety, and leave knot round waist for inspection and demonstration.

You have sighted a rare tree specimen across the frontier border. Dispatch your fastest runner, who will be challenged at the frontier gates and her uniform



inspected. If passed she may proceed to park and bring back the largest *fallen* leaf obtainable (extra point for naming same correctly).

Other points for organisation, speed and efficiency.

When finished, whistle "F" in Morse, and remain in patrol area.
* The First Aid varied with each different patrol—sprained ankle, head injuries, and so on. The gist of the instructions was otherwise identical.

When the first "F" whistle sounded we hurried round, it must be confessed, with not a little curiosity. What we found was really quite encouraging—especially the impro-



vised flags! There had been absolutely no copying of next-door neighbours, for the patrols had chosen widely different corners of the garden, and been fully occupied there the whole of the time, save when their runners undertook the daring expedition over the frontier border (actually, to a park at the bottom of the road). To make the game more real, the "challenge" at the gate was given by a stranger to the company, who subjected the applicants to a searching uniform inspection and also timed the speed of each respective runner, if she passed.

We do not pretend that this so-called Adventure Programme contained the peak of highly-coloured mysteries and surprises, but at least it combined straightforwardness with an imaginative side, and called for practical all-round Second Class knowledge in addition to its abstract issues of resource and ingenuity. Much could be added—variations invented—the main thing is that what pretence there was the Guides enjoyed tremendously. (It seemed to help them "swallow" Second Class!)

It took us about an hour, all told, for they were slow at first in finding their instructions. Also, a really thorough judging of the contest must be their reward, and proved a fairly lengthy job. But it was worth it.

"Do you *like* this sort of game?" the Guiders questioned frankly at the finish of the meeting. "Better than ordinary team races?"

Unanimous chorus—
"YES!" (And these Guides speak their mind!)

PAT O'TOOLE.



SWITZERLAND

Guiders wishing to organize parties to Switzerland are cordially invited to write to us for any information they may require.



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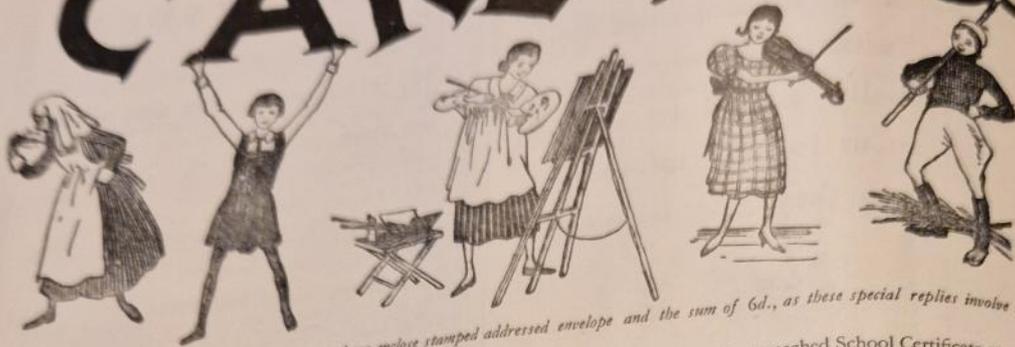
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CAREERS



Will enquirers who wish for personal replies to letters, please enclose stamped addressed envelope and the sum of 6d., as these special replies involve much extra trouble.—EDITOR.

SPEECH THERAPY.

This month and next we are continuing our series of unusual careers for girls with Speech Therapy and Orthotics. In common with Occupational Therapy these make a special appeal to the girl with scientific instincts and a strong social sense, because they are essentially curative in their aims.

Speech Therapy is the treatment of defective speech. We are all familiar with the distressing results of speech which is halting, nasal, or lisping; and in extreme cases so thickened and distorted as to be quite unintelligible. Stammering—one of the common speech defects—frequently causes agonies of embarrassment to the unfortunate subject. We do not realise how much we rely on speech for all our normal activities and human contacts until some temporary difficulty robs us of the power of articulation for a time. Even loss of voice following a common cold can produce a sense of complete frustration.

In the old days speech defects were looked upon as more or less incurable, and quite unimportant because they did not affect general health. Their possible serious nervous consequences upon the sufferer were not even considered; but it is now known that a very large proportion of speech defects are completely curable.

These may be grouped, roughly, into two main categories: Speech defects arising from definite malformations of the mouth, throat or nose, and known as *mechanical*; and those where no organic lesion is recognisable, or *functional* defects.

Among the first group come the types of speech associated with hare-lip, cleft palate, adenoids, palatal teeth, etc. Frequently in these cases operation causes a marked improvement, and the patient can then be taught to adjust the movements of tongue and lips to produce sounds which are very close to the normal, if not indistinguishable from it.

A tremendous amount of good work has been done along these lines, and an interesting development of the therapeutic side is taking place with deaf and dumb children. Here the lack of speech is not necessarily due to a faulty voice mechanism, but a lack of knowledge of what sounds are like. By placing the lips, tongue and teeth in the proper positions, by means of specially designed instruments, the child can sometimes be taught to know speech sounds by their feel, though incapable of bearing them.

The majority of minor speech defects, however, are not organic, but are due to faulty breathing, carelessness in articulation and insensitive ears. Bad accents are sometimes so acute that they amount to abnormal speech. Then there is a large group of people whose speech defects are nervous in origin, and these are sometimes the most obstinate in yielding to treatment. Stammerers very often belong to this group.

The profession of speech therapist is a growing one, in which the prospects, for the right type of person, are improving. Posts are available in private practice, in Hospital Clinics, in Educational Institutions, and under Local Authorities. A thorough training is necessary for this work, and the student should not be less than eighteen

years old and should have at least reached School Certificate standard. It is also rather important to decide at the outset whether she wants to specialise on the medical side of the work, or on the teaching of normal voice production and the remedying of minor speech defects, such as faulty breathing, bad accents, and poor pronunciation. This side of the work is frequently combined with elocution and even training for the stage.

A comprehensive training is given at the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art, which includes all aspects of the work other than the treatment of speech defects arising from serious malformations. The diploma given at the end of the three years' training has the status of an academic diploma of the University of London. Recently the school has established a Certificate for Proficiency in Speech Therapy and Remedial Speech Work, which is open to teachers wishing to specialise in curative speech work. The course extends over one year, and the fees are £30.

A Speech Therapeutic Training Course is run in connection with the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, London, W.1. This covers a period of 18 months—2 years, and includes a great deal of clinical work. The fees are £27 6s. od., but subsidiary subjects are extra.

A number of practising speech therapists take student trainees and arrange for clinical work to be taken at hospitals and institutions, but it is probably easier to obtain employment after the more widely recognised trainings.

The prevalence of speech defects and the importance of the measures taken for prevention and cure are obvious. Probably the time will come in the not-far-distant future when properly organized and staffed speech clinics will be part of every school medical scheme. As yet the openings are not numerous, but the supply of trained workers is also strictly limited. Speech Therapy is still a pioneer profession, and one which is essentially worth while and packed with human interest.

A LEGEND OF THE SNOWDROP

Eve sat and wept. She was weeping for her lost paradise, and for her flowers, for ever since she had lost her Garden, snow had fallen relentlessly, flake by flake, covering up the ground and the flowers that might have reminded her of home.

But as she cried an angel swept down from Heaven on his strong wings to comfort her, and he caught a snowflake in his hand as he came.

When he reached her side, he said: "Take courage, Eve!" and as he breathed upon the flake he bade it live and bloom and become a flower.

"This bud is an earnest that summer is not dead," he whispered, as he gave it to her, and it seemed as if it were fairer than any flower richly coloured in Paradise.

Then the angel, seeing that Eve's tears were dried, flew away, and as he spread his wings the tips of the feathers touched the snow round her on the ground in a great circle. And as the flakes still fell there sprang up a ring of snowdrops, growing out of the cold earth to comfort her.

Huddersfield Royal Infirmary

There are vacancies for PROBATIONER NURSES at the Preliminary Training School. Candidates will have a two months' course of tuition and practical work before entering the wards. They must be women of good education, aged 18 to 30. Three years' training. Salary: 1st year, £30; 2nd year, £35; 3rd year, £40, in addition to board, uniform and laundry. Probationers are coached throughout their training by a Resident Sister Tutor. Educated Superannuation Scheme in force. There are also a limited number of vacancies for Nurses who have passed the Royal State Examination in Children's or Fever Nursing and who are desirous of a period of two years' general training. Enquiries to be addressed to the Matron.

Hill End Hospital and Clinic

FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISORDERS, ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

(Training School for Mental Nurses.)

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.

**Royal Northern Hospital
Holloway, N.7**

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

**Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital,
Exeter.**

(280 Beds.)

Approved complete Training School with Preliminary Training School.

PROBATIONERS required immediately for increase of Staff. Age 18 to 30. Must be well educated. Apply to the Matron.

County Borough of Brighton

Brighton Municipal Hospital

Applications are invited for PROBATIONER NURSES in the above Hospital, which is recognised as a Training School by the General Nursing Council. Candidates must be between 18 and 30 years of age. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Matron, Brighton Municipal Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton, 7.

STANLEY J. FIRTH, Medical Superintendent.
Brighton Municipal Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton, 7.
January, 1938.

**The Staffordshire General Infirmary
Stafford**

Recognised Training School under the G.N.C.

Owing to the Hospital's extensions there are immediate vacancies for PROBATIONERS. Age from 17. Resident Sister Tutor. Commencing salary, £25. Apply to Matron.

**Violet Melchett Training School, A.N.T.C.,
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All Saints' Hospital,

Austral Street, West Square, Southwark, S.E.11

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**Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases, Bath
(Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath)**

PROBATIONER required, age 17-18, for two years' training. Salary £28-£30. Uniform partly provided. Apply with particulars to Matron.

NURSERY TRAINING COLLEGE (A.N.T.C.),

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HEADQUARTERS TRAINING CENTRES

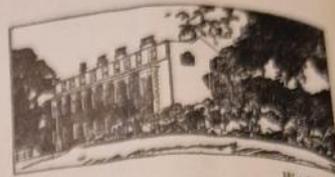


Foxlease

FOXLEASE

Training weeks have been re-named as follows—

- Guide Weeks ... Guide Training.
- Ranger Weeks ... Ranger Training.
- Brownie Weeks ... Brownie Training.
- General Weeks ... Covering Ranger, Guide and Brownie Training.
- Elementary Weeks ... For Guiders of little experience.
- Refresher Weeks (for those who have already been to an ordinary training). To include such subjects as Knitting and Splicing; Rangers; Brownies; Woodcraft (*i.e.* Stalking and tracking, observation, involving the use of signalling; outdoor work for town and country Guides; practice in emergencies; First Class; and any other subject asked for beforehand.



Waddow

WADDOW

Waddow Trainings 1934.
DATES.

Foxlease Trainings 1934.

1934.
* February 18-23. Special Week-end Training for Thinking Day.
February 23—March 4. Brownie Week.
March 8-15. Guide and Ranger Week.
March 18-21. Guide (Entries closed.)
March 23—April 1. Refresher Week.
† April 4-9. Cadet Training.
Easter, April 14-21. Guide and Ranger (Ranger over week-end.)
April 26—May 3. General Week.
May 6-13. Woodcraft Week.
May 16-23. Diploma'd Guiders' Conference.
May 27-31. Ranger Week-end.
June 3-10 (Whitsun). Brownie Week.
June 14-23. Commissioners' Week.
June 25—July 2. Guide Week.
July 9-16. Ranger Holiday Week.
July 19-26. General Week.
July 29—August 5 (Bank Holiday). Guide Week.
August 9-16. Guide and Ranger Week.
August 19-26. General Week. (Elementary.)
August 30—September 6. Brownie Week.
September 9-13. Woodcraft Week-end.
September 16-23. Guide Week.
September 27—October 4. Prospective Diploma'd Guiders and Eagle Owls.
October 7-11. Ranger Week-end.
October 21-25. Brownie Week-end.
October 29—November 5. General Week.
November 8-15. Commissioners' Week.
November 18-25. Guide and Ranger Week.
November 29—December 6. General Week.
* February 18-23 will be an International Training for British Guiders. The British International Commissioner will be present and it is hoped that Guiders from other countries will contribute to the programme. Films of the Chalet and Conferences will be shown.
† Cadet Training. This will be a General Training and opportunity for discussion for Cadets. Two Cadets from any one company may apply. If more wish to come, their names will be entered on the waiting list.
Guiders are asked to note that the weeks June 25—July 2 and October 29—November 5 start and end on a Saturday.

- February 4-8. Guide Week-end.
February 11-15. Brownie Week-end.
February 18-22. Guide Week-end.
February 25—March 1. Guide and Ranger Week-end.
March 4-11. Guide Week.
March 15-22. Brownie Week.
March 25-29. Guide Week-end.
April 1-8. Guide Week.
April 14-21. General Week. (Easter.)

April 26—May 3. Guide Week.
May 6-10. Extension Week-end.
May 13-20. Brownie Week.
May 24-31. Woodcraft Week.
June 3-10. General Week. (Whitsun.)
June 18—July 2. Ranger Holiday fortnight.
July 5-12. Guide Week.
July 16-23. Guide Week.
July 29—August 5. General Week. (Bank Holiday.)
August 9-16. Brownie Week.
August 19-26. Ranger Week.
August 30—September 6. Guide Week.
September 9-13. Guide Week-end.
September 16-23. Guide Week.
September 30—October 4. Commissioners' Week-end.
October 7-11. C.C.A., Conference.
October 14-18. Commissioners' Week-end.
October 21-28. Brownie Week.
November 4-8. Guide Week-end.
November 11-15. Ranger Week-end.
November 18-22. Guide Week-end.
November 25—December 2. Guide Week.

FEES, ETC.

(Applicable to both Centres.)

Weekly.						
Single rooms	£2 10 0
Double rooms	2 0 0
Shared rooms	1 10 0

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

Week-ends. (Per day.)						
Single rooms	s. d.
Double rooms	7 6
Shared rooms	6 0
	5 0

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

Further information applicable to both Centres will be found on page 64.

"HANDICRAFT" COMPETITION
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Ug-Ug the Ogre, 1/- ; King Canoodlum, 1/-. The two Funniest Shadow Plays in existence. **Christ Love**, the Xmas story with carols. A striking Novelty for Guides. Played by your own shadows. No words, scenery or "costume." Just a lamp and a sheet.

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You will get the best results by using Coats' and Clark's threads and, in addition, they enable you to qualify for extra prizes in Class 1 and Class 2. That means that if you work your entry with Coats' or Clark's thread you win a double prize in these classes: the one given by "The Guider" and one of the same value presented by Messrs. Coats and Clark. But to do this you must be sure to attach to your entry the ticket from every reel or skein you use.

Coats' and Clark's threads are on sale everywhere.

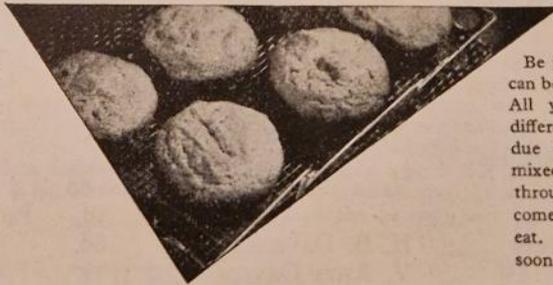
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★ Why not organise a cake-making competition? Just write to Department Q2, Homepride Mills, Eirkehead—and we'll send you all details.

THE GUIDER HEADQUARTERS TRAINING CENTRES

CAMP SITES.
Applications for camp sites, giving dates and approximate numbers and with a booking fee of 2s. 6d., should be sent to the Secretary. All the sites have permanent shelter and sanitation, also drinking water laid on. The usual provisions forms are necessary. No camps of over 80 may be held.

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

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

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

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

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

GRANTS ON RAILWAY FARES.
For return fare exceeding £2, a grant of 5s. will be made.
For return fare exceeding £3, a grant of 10s. will be made.
For return fare exceeding £5, a grant of £1 will be made.

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

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

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

FOXLEASE COTTAGES.
The two cottages at Foxlease are to be let by the week to Guiders requiring a rest or a holiday. The larger one contains two double bedrooms and one single, a sitting-room furnished by Canada, a bathroom and a kitchen. The charge for the cottage is 24 guineas per week in summer, and 3 guineas per week from October to March.

The "Link," which is the bungalow furnished by America, contains three bedrooms, a sitting-room, a bathroom and a kitchen. The charge for the "Link" is 22 2s. per week in winter, or 24 guineas per week in summer.

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

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

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

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

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

PRESENTS.
Garden Bench, H.R.H. The Princess Royal; Watering Can, Miss Parker (Devon); Cover for Cornwall Bedroom, Miss Butler (Cornwall); Book of Photographs, A. Saularsis (Lithuania); Picture, Dr. Watson and Miss McBride (Ulster).

Subscription to *Punch*, Miss D. Watson (Yorkshire); Cushion Covers, Thorpe Bay District Rangers.

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



ARTICLES AND REPORTS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS FOR INCLUSION 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.

MISS. 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 4/6 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 January 18th, 1938.

- PRESIDENT.**
 Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, G.B.E. (Chair).
 Mrs. Percy Birley.
 Miss Grace Browning.
 Sir Percy Everett.
 Lady Greig.
 Mrs. Houston Craufurd.
 The Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, O.B.E.
 Miss Rhys Davids.

In attendance.
 Mrs. Janson Potts (during the Sea Ranger discussion).
 For amendments to *Policy, Organisation & Rules* see page 4 of the Matlock Conference Supplement.
 Routine and financial business was transacted.
 The date of the next meeting, Tuesday, February 15th, at 2.30 p.m. was confirmed.

AWARDS.

- Badge of Fortitude.**
 Patrol-Leader Marjorie Dry, 1st Westmorland Post Rangers.
 Ranger Euphemia Paradise, 2nd S.E. Lancashire Post Rangers.
 Guide Nora Fairhall, 1st Bodiam Company, Sussex.
 Guide Norma Parkinson, 1st Ellel G.F.S. Company, Lancashire, N.W.
- Blue Cord Diploma.**
 Miss Joslin, of Middlesex.
- Gold Cords.**
 Company-Leader Megan Whittaker, 1st Sale Company, Lancashire, S.E.
 Cadet-Patrol-Leader Winnie Groves, 8th Reigate Company, Surrey.
 Ranger Patrol-Leader Victoria Cooper, Shanghai Rangers.
 Patrol-Leader Patricia Stewart, 17th Southport Company, Lancashire, S.W.
 Patrol-Leader Clara Whitehead, 1st Sale Company, Lancashire, S.E.
 Ex-Patrol-Leader Norah George, 1st Sale Company, Lancashire, S.E.
 Cadet-Second Sheila Parker, 1st Westlands Company, Shropshire.
 Cadet Mary Maw, 5th Mill Hill Cadets, Middlesex.
 Ranger Marion Chell, 4th Derby Company, Derbyshire.

GOLD CORDS AWARDS FOR 1937.

Hampshire	11	London	8
Suffolk	11	Middlesex	8
Scotland	10	Glamorganshire	5
<i>Four Each.</i> —Cheshire, Lancashire S.E., Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire W.R.S.			
<i>Three Each.</i> —Kent, Lancashire S.W., Surrey.			
<i>Two Each.</i> —Birmingham, Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, Hertfordshire, Somerset, Shropshire.			
<i>One Each.</i> —Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Dorset, Staffordshire, Sussex, Yorkshire W.R.N., Ulster, Rio de Janeiro, Irish Free State, India.			
<i>Total.</i> —101.			

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

OXFORD CONFERENCE.

A Conference will be held at Oxford from April 1st to 6th, 1938, for Commissioners, County Secretaries and all Diploma'd Guiders. Applications will be received up to March 1st.

An excellent programme has been arranged, including practical work, as well as lectures by experts both inside and outside the Guide Movement. The Chief Commissioner hopes that all Commissioners will try to come, especially those who have not been to a conference before.

Programmes will be sent out early in March. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary.

A limited number of day members will be admitted to the Conference, by ticket only. Commissioners are advised to apply for these tickets as soon as possible, by sending in an application form with a deposit of 1s. The exact dates of attendance may be sent in after the receipt of the programme, but must reach the Secretary not later than March 18th. Tickets for meals must be applied for at the Conference Office, Rhodes House, on the day before they are required.

Fees:—
 Full time £3 5s. od.
 Single Day (inclusive) 14s. od.

Payable at the Conference. The deposit, 5s., payable in advance.
 Day members:—Conference fee, 2s. per day, payable on the day.
 Deposit, 1s., payable in advance.

Arrangements will be made to garage cars. Further details to be published in the March number of THE GUIDER.

Conference Secretary:—
 MISS ANSTICE GIBBS,
 Bayford Hall, Hertford.

PUBLICATIONS.

In view of developments under consideration the Commissioner for Publications would be glad to know of Guiders who have any experience of the work of publishing firms, of the production of books, or have themselves written for publication.

ORDERS FOR PROFICIENCY BADGES.

Headquarters understands that many Badge Secretaries are under the impression that Proficiency Badges cannot be ordered in quantities of less than one dozen at a time. This is not the case. Headquarters is always pleased to supply Proficiency Badges, as they may be required, in any quantity from a single badge upwards. Will Badge Secretaries please note this?

PLEASE NOTE.

On and after Monday, January 31st, 1938, Leeds Branch shop address will be 62 The Headrow, Leeds 1. Phone 27273.

GENERAL NOTICES

S.O.S. TO KNITTERS.

Miss Barlow, who is working for the Spanish Relief Committee, has written for helpers who are willing to knit garments to be sent to clothe children who are victims of the Spanish war. These children do not belong to any one side, and they are utterly destitute.

Miss Barlow is willing to provide wool and any further particulars. Anyone who would like to help her should communicate with her at Greenthorne, Edgeworth, nr. Bolton le Moors. Correspondence cannot be dealt with by Headquarters.

WARREN BEACH CAMP.

Campers please note all enquiries this year should be sent to:—
 Miss Maynard, 38, Bramley Avenue, Coulsdon, Surrey.
 Booking has already started, so please book early if sites are wanted. The perfect time is late spring—gorse out in bloom, and the place to yourself, and all the huts for the price of one.

THE GUIDER

ERRATA.

January Column page 8, para 1: for Second Class read First Class. Also page 2 column 2. For next year, read this year.

The Star-Clock diagram in last month's article on the Out-of-Doors was by mistake printed with a quarter turn to the left. The figure (Miss) should, of course, be at the top. The pointers of the clock are directly above the Pole Star at midnight on March 21st.

Called to Higher Service

On December 20th, 1937, MADGE OSBORNE, District Commissioner for Haywards Heath North. Enrolled 27th March, 1915, at Clevedon. In turn Captain of the 1st Larimer Harrow Mission, the Ardingley and Princess Louise Own Heritage Companies. On December 7th, MARGARET ROWE, District Commissioner for Deal and Walmer District. On December 29th, JOYCE E. E. TAYLOR, Captain of 40th Sunderland (Wesley Hall) Guide Company

Appointments and Resignations

Approved by the Executive Committee, January 1938.

ENGLAND.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

BROMHAM.—Dist. C., Miss E. Hulse. LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Dance.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

ELY AND EAST CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Div. C., Mrs. Gilbert. BOTTISHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. Gilbert.

CHESHIRE.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss I. Mayne, The Rectory, Wistaston, Crewe. RESIGNATION. EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss E. Brown.

CORNWALL.

CORNWALL NORTH.—Div. C., Mrs. E. N. Willyams, Carnanton, St. Columb Minor, Newquay. CORNWALL WEST.—Div. C., Mrs. A. Bolitho, Pendrea, Gulval, Penzance. ST. BURYAN (CORNWALL WEST).—Dist. C., Mrs. le Grice, Treerife, Penzance. ST. COLUMB.—Dist. C., Miss M. Stokes, Tregurrian, St. Columb Minor, Newquay.

RESIGNATIONS.

CORNWALL WEST.—Div. C., Miss E. Hunter. ST. COLUMB.—Dist. C., Mrs. E. N. Willyams.

CUMBERLAND.

CARLISLE has now been amalgamated with Cumberland, and the following changes have taken place:—

CUMBERLAND appointment: COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Miss R. Carruthers, 85, Warwick Road, Carlisle.

CUMBERLAND resignation: COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Mrs. Dickson.

CARLISLE resignations: COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Miss L. C. L. Murray. COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss R. Carruthers. ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss E. Wilford. COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Miss C. W. Livingstone. CALDEW.—Div. C., Miss L. C. L. Murray. PETTERIL.—Div. C., Miss E. Ducat Wood. ST. NICHOLAS.—Dist. C., Miss C. Harrison.

CARLISLE itself has been re-organised as two Divisions:

EAST CARLISLE.—Div. C., Miss U. Wait, Etterby House, Carlisle, containing the Districts of—

AGLOWBY.—Dist. C., Miss M. Mawson, Marlborough Gardens, Carlisle. ST. AIDEN'S.—Dist. C., Miss G. Graham, Edenbrae, Brampton Road, Carlisle.

STANWIX.—Dist. C., Mrs. MacDonald, Scaurbank, Stanwix, Carlisle. WEST CARLISLE.—Div. C., Vacant, containing the Districts of—

CALDEW GATE.—Dist. C., Miss C. W. Livingstone, 11, Mulcaster Crescent, Carlisle. CURROCK.—Dist. C., Miss C. W. Livingstone, 11, Mulcaster Crescent, Carlisle.

DEVONSHIRE.

ASHBURTON.—Dist. C., Miss D. B. Pasmore, Tor Cot, Hay Tor, Nr. Newton Abbot. Please note that Miss E. H. Alcock, District Commissioner for Yealmpton, has married, and is now Mrs. Hardy, Thorn Cottage, Wembury, Plymouth.

RESIGNATIONS.

ASHBURTON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Bolitho. BEAFORD.—Dist. C., Miss F. Puddicombe. BRAUNTON.—Dist. C., Miss K. Nicholson. GEORGEHAM AND CROYDE.—Dist. C., Miss K. Nicholson. ILFRACOMBE.—Dist. C., Miss Pugsley.

DURHAM.

SOUTH SHIELDS No. 7.—Dist. [C., Mrs. Armstrong, 122, Reading Road, South Shields.

RESIGNATION.

HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.—Div. C., Mrs. Greenshields.

ESSEX.

ESSEX NORTH.—Div. C., Lady Marjory Merriam, The White House, Langham, Nr. Colchester. ESSEX SOUTH-EAST.—Asst. Div. C., Miss M. Street, 19, Ailsa Road, Westcliff-on-Sea. WALTHAM ABBEY.—Dist. C., Lady Buxton, Woodredon, Waltham Abbey.

HAMPSHIRE.

HAVANT.—Dist. C., Miss C. E. Ewen, The Nest, Eastoke, Hayling Island. HAYLING ISLAND.—Dist. C., Mrs. Starling, Woodlawn, Holloway, Hayling Island. KINGSCLERE AND SILCHESTER.—Dist. C., Miss K. Karlsake, The Hollies, 11, Chesiot, Nr. Reading. WINCHESTER.—Dist. C., Mrs. White, Holm Lodge, St. James Lodge, Winchester.

RESIGNATIONS.

EASTLEIGH AND CHAWLEERS FORD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Sykes. KINGSCLERE AND SILCHESTER.—Dist. C., Mrs. Newnham-Davis. SOUTHAMPTON NORTH-EAST.—Dist. C., Miss M. Fulton.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

HEREFORDSHIRE NORTH.—Div. C., Mrs. J. Daventry, Foxley, Hereford. SOUTHAMPTON NORTH.—Dist. C., Miss P. Greenland, West View, Bodenham Road, Hereford.

RESIGNATIONS.

HEREFORDSHIRE NORTH.—Div. C., Mrs. J. Daventry, Foxley, Hereford. ASSISTANT COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Jollyman. COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss E. Armitage. HEREFORDSHIRE SOUTH.—Div. C., Miss R. J. Fair Smith. HERFORD CITY NORTH.—Dist. C., Miss R. J. Fair Smith.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Gibbs, Hunsdon Mill House, Watlington. COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—The Hon. Rosalind Gibbs, Crowbury, Watton-at-Stone. COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Miss O. Crosbie, Hertford.

RESIGNATIONS.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—The Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, O.B.E. COUNTY SECRETARY.—Lady Everett. ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss O. Crosbie. BISHOPS CROFT.—Dist. C., Mrs. R. Batt. HERFORD.—Dist. C., The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Gibbs.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

HUNTINGDON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Thackray, Green End, Gt. Stukeley, Huntingdon. HUNTINGDON.—Dist. C., The Hon. Olive Lawson Johnston.

RESIGNATION.

HUNTINGDON.—Dist. C., The Hon. Olive Lawson Johnston. ISLE OF WIGHT. SOUTH-EAST WIGHT.—Asst. Div. C., Mrs. Morewood, Whiteley Bank House, Whiteley Bank, nr. Wroxall. VENTNOR.—Dist. C., Mrs. Morewood, Whiteley Bank House, Whiteley Bank, nr. Wroxall.

RESIGNATION.

NEWPORT AND DISTRICT.—Dist. C., Mrs. Wadham. KENT. CRAY VALLEY.—Dist. C., Miss P. Russell, 8, Old Forge Way, Sidcup. BARHAM DOWNS.—Dist. C., Mrs. Roberts Powell. MAIDSTONE, No. 1.—Dist. C., Miss H. L. Cadman.

LANCASHIRE—NORTH-WEST.

FLEETWOOD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Brier, Rosslyn, Abercrombie Road, Fleetwood. FLEETWOOD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Robertson.

LANCASHIRE—SOUTH-EAST.

STRETFORD.—Div. C., Mrs. Appleby. CHEETHAM HILL.—Dist. C., Miss D. Woods. HASLINGDEN.—Dist. C., Mrs. Lord. SADDLEWORTH AND LEES.—Dist. C., Miss A. Nixon. TYLDESLEY.—Dist. C., Mrs. Partington.

LANCASHIRE—SOUTH-WEST.

HUYTON (ST. HELENS, WIDNES AND DISTRICT DIVISION).—Dist. C., Mrs. Sproston, Meadow Croft, Forest Grove, Eccleston Park, Prescot. SOUTHPORT, No. 1.—Dist. C., Miss B. Gibson, 131, Eastbourne Road, Birkdale, Southport.

RESIGNATIONS.

LIVERPOOL CENTRAL, No. 5.—Dist. C., Miss M. Christian. SOUTHPORT, No. 1.—Dist. C., Miss P. Hollings.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

MARKET HARBOUROUGH.—Div. C., Miss E. Nicholson, Rose Hill, Market Harborough. RESIGNATION. BLABY.—Dist. C., Miss W. Barnley.

LONDON.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss M. Sandeman, 182, Coleherne Court, S.W.5. BLACKHEATH AND KIDDBROOKE.—Dist. C., Miss E. Earle, 43, Fairfield Road, Charlton, S.E.7. CANONBURY.—Dist. C., Miss C. H. Albrecht, 37, Heathcroft, Hampstead Way, N.W.11. HIGGATE HILL.—Dist. C., Mrs. Moore, Ben-y-Vrackie, 5, West Way, Church End, Finchley, N.3. WEST HAM, SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss D. E. Sanders, 20, Brunswick Road, Leyton, E.10.

Please note that Highbury District has been divided into two, as follows:— LOWER HIGHBURY.—Dist. C., Miss F. E. Smith, 56, Parliament Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3. UPPER HIGHBURY.—Dist. C., Miss S. L. Ricardo, 32, Kensington Court, W.8.

Please note that the permanent address for Miss Horncastle, Division Commissioner for Battersea, is now: 39, Queens Gate, S.W.7.

RESIGNATIONS.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss M. E. Martin. HIGGATE HILL.—Dist. C., Miss M. Hall. WEST HAM, SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss R. Hurst.

MIDDLESEX.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss F. Paterson, K.9, Sloane Avenue Mansions, S.W.3. BRENTFORD AND CHISWICK.—Div. C., Lady Sharpe, 1, Mount View, Mount Avenue, Ealing, W.5. ALPERTON.—Dist. C., Mrs. MacColl, c/o Manor Lodge, Harrow. EDGWARE.—Dist. C., Miss E. I. Wood, Carew, 9, Hillside Drive, Edgware. KENTON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Armytage, 255, Kenton Road, Harrow. WEST WOOD GREEN.—Dist. C., Miss D. Wright, 68, Woodfield Way, N.11.

RESIGNATIONS.

EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Mrs. Barton. BRENTFORD AND CHISWICK.—Div. C., Mrs. Cook. EALING.—Asst. Div. C., Lady Sharpe. EDGWARE.—Dist. C., Miss M. A. Wyatt. KENTON.—Dist. C., Mrs. Andrews.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

UNIFORMS FOR SALE.

Guides' Headquarters Uniform, hat, belt, blouses, gloves, shoes, etc.; practically new. £2 10s.—Box 7, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

Guides' Uniform, new, skirt 32 in., fit 36 in. bust; 42s. Approval. M.—Box 8, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

Guides' Tailored Coat and Skirt, 34-in. bust; one blue and one white blouse; other accessories; all hardly worn; 47s. 6d.—Box No. 9, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

Guides' Costume, hat, belt, 18s.—Dams, White House, Weybridge.

Guides' Tailored Uniform, bust 38 in., hat, belt, blouse, overall, 50s.—Ashby, Staplecross, Hawkhurst, Kent.

Guides' Tailored Uniform, with accessories. Good condition; bust 32 in., length 46 ins., 35s.—Box 10, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

Guides' Uniform, good condition, bust 34 ins., medium build.—Meats, 25, Tunnel Hill, Worcester.

Various Uniforms, size 36 in. Information—P. R., Morton House, Leamington.

Guides' Uniform, tailor made. W.X. 30s.—Mrs. Max Wilson, The Chase, Ruislip.

WANTED!

A Brown Owl to save a Pack in a poor part of North Kensington from being closed.—Please apply to Miss Bethell, 31, Lansdowne Crescent, W.11.

Wanted, Guide and Brownie Uniforms for Company and Pack just starting in South-East London. Payment offered.—Box No. 11, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

EMPLOYMENT OFFERED.

Wanted—Two General Maids for school. Rangers preferred. Fond of children and dogs.—Miss Harwood, St. Nicholas, Orpington.

Wanted—Lady Help for two small children. Share all duties. Daily help.—Mrs. Symon, All Saints Vicarage, Blackheath, S.E.3.

The Alert Employment and Typewriting Bureau (conducted by a Guider) invites all who are seeking clerical or office positions in London or suburbs to call at 20-21, Tooks Court, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.4. No booking fee.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

Ranger (26) seeks post, companion-chauffeuse.—Taylor, 14, Greenhill Avenue, Rochdale, Lancs.

Guider (Captain, District Secretary) seeks employment. Experienced gardening, poultry; can drive car.—Box No. 12, c/o THE GUIDER, IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

CAMPING.

Bournemouth Girl Guide Camp, Dudsbury (14 acres). Camp House fully equipped for 16 Campers especially suitable for early Ranger holidays or Extension Companies. Also three Camp sites.—Apply D. Lamplough, Weston Hall, Bournemouth.

Sightseeing in Edinburgh. Guide hut available for small indoor camps, easy access to centre of city, water, gas ring, electric light and heat.—Apply Mrs. Osborne, Kilknock, Davidson's Mains, Edinburgh.

TO LET.

From May—Attractive Caravan, with two small huts, completely furnished, beautifully situated; terms moderate.—Don, Langton Matravers, Swanage, Dorset.

ACCOMMODATION IN LONDON.

For Business Girls, London. Comfortable, separate en-suite bed-rooms. Large sitting and dining rooms; separate en-suite bed-rooms. Full board-residence 18s. 3d. to 21s. per week inclusive. Apply Superintendent (send stamp), 8, Fitzroy Square, Tottenham Court Road, W.1; 9, Bulstrode Street, Welbeck Street, W.1; 11, Fitzroy Street, Princes Square, S.W.3.

Bedroom and Breakfast. One day 6s., 32s. 6d. per week. Large, sunny rooms, clean and comfortable.—5, St. Mark's Square, Draycott Avenue, Sloane Square, Bayswater, W.2; 31, Regent's Park, N.W.1 (near Zoo), Primrose 4245. Miss Hilda Temple.

Ladies' Residential Club, overlooking Hyde Park; comfortable, congenial surroundings; freedom garden; excellent meals. Inclusive, from 30s. weekly. Daily, including breakfast, 5s.—80, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Paddington 6916.

London, Kensington, 53, Scarsdale Villas, W.8. Attractive, quiet; divan bed-sitting rooms, with breakfast; moderate terms.—Western 8609.

HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATION.

Near Foxlease. Miss Hexter, the late Housekeeper, takes paying guests.—Greengates, Lyndhurst, Hants.—from 2½ gns.

Camping Huts, fully equipped, also bed-sitting rooms and tent pitches. Close sea and shops.—Boyle, Combe Martin, Devon.

Castle Gay, Broadstairs—the ideal holiday house for Rangers, Guides, and Brownies—run by Guide and Brownie people.—Miss Reiss and Miss Ashby.

Broadstairs. Hostel accommodation suitable small companies, families, individuals. Close sands, shops, station. Hot running water in bedrooms. Outside covered-in dining and play room. Terms 17s. 6d.—30s. inclusive according age, numbers and month.—Mrs. Lowe, 19, Queen's Road.

Lady with Small Girl and a Norland Nurse would welcome Nannies and children and others at attractive house near sea. Every home comfort and central heating. Terms moderate. Come charge taken if required. Golf links near.—Rolls, "Rozane," Summerly Lane, Felpham, Sussex.

THEATRICAL.

Guide your COUNTRY with a performance of "The Masque of Empire." See page 63.

"Bargain Sale," "Seaside Apartments," "That Gap?" etc. 1s. 1d. each. "Teas Provided," "The Substitute," "Eileen's Oven," "Two Skits," etc., 7d. each. No royalties. Six on approval 6d.—"Plays," Bramber, East Grinstead.

Beautiful Acting Clothes for hire, all periods, sizes, stage, curtains, properties. Special Guide terms from 2s. 6d. Drama Library, free Advisory Bureau.—Enquire Hon. Sec., Citizen House, Bath.

Shadow Plays, the latest craze. See page 63.

PRINTING.

Chelsea Girl Guides, 155A, King's Road, S.W.3, print stationery, programmes, tickets, etc. Charges moderate. Write for estimates and samples.

TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING.

Midgley Typewriting and Duplicating Service—Lone Guider at your service—43, Oakington Manor Drive, Wembley.

Programmes, 3s. 6d. 100. Circulars. MSS.—Miss Stratford (Guider), 44, Liberia Road, London, N.5 (CANonbury 2801).

Post Guider wants typewriting, duplicating, general, author's MSS.; experienced, price moderate.—Oates, 62, Durban Road, Beckenham.

FOR SALE.

Camp Dixies and Steamers for sale: 18 in. x 10 in. x 12 in. deep. About 8-galls. With lids and taps. 5s. each. Also bundles of good assorted solid leather straps, from 18 in. to 4 ft. long x 1 in. wide. 2s. 6d. per bundle of six. All ex-Army stock, in excellent condition, offered subject to prior sale. Cash with order, carriage forward.—George Cohen's, Quadrant Street, E.16.