

Barnfields

WIFE A. BRASER



# THE GUIDER

Published Monthly for Commissioners, Guiders and Rangers

Annual Subscription, 5/- post free.

Price 3<sup>d</sup>.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 11.

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## WHERE THERE'S SERVICE THERE'S A GUIDE



Pamela McGeorge at a recent Sea Ranger Training.

### SEA RANGER IN W.R.N.S. WINS MEDAL

Sea Rangers everywhere, especially those who have served in *Implacable*, will be thrilled to hear that the British Empire Medal (Military Division) has been awarded to Sea Ranger Pamela Betty McGeorge, who is now a despatch rider in the W.R.N.S.

She was carrying despatches to the Commander-in-Chief during a very heavy raid on Devonport in April, when a bomb exploded, blowing her off her motor cycle, which was so badly damaged as to be quite useless.

Although badly shaken, Pamela McGeorge climbed over a heap of debris and ran for nearly half a mile to Admiralty House, with bombs falling and large fires blazing all round her. Having delivered her despatches, she immediately volunteered to go out again with more.

Pamela McGeorge will be remembered by all those who

were in *Implacable* as rowing in one of the winning crews. She is a member of the crew of S.R.S. *Edward Wilson*, of Gloucester. Since the war began she has never failed to link up with a Sea Ranger Crew wherever she was stationed, which, as she is a knotting expert, works happily both ways! She has just spent 48 hours with the Torbay Sea Rangers in a houseboat on the River Dart at a Sea Ranger Training, and not by any murmur did any guess she had even been in a blitz—Silent Service—grand—congratulations from the Sea Ranger Fleet.

### WOODMANCOTE GUIDES AS LAUNDRESSES

Twice a week Guides of the Woodmancote Company (near Cheltenham) cycle over to beautiful Southam Priory, now a hostel for babies from blitzed areas. Amongst their many jobs, they wash and iron baby clothes every week; they are also busy knitting garments for these small evacuees.



Hard work can be good fun, as the Woodmancote Guides have proved.

LANARKSHIRE GARDENERS

In a village in industrial Lanarkshire there are two Guide companies, a Ranger company and two Brownie packs. Very early this year they decided to join the "Grow More Food" Campaign, and accordingly applied to the local Council, who readily granted a piece of ground and had it fenced off.

They then invited one of the lecturers from the West of Scotland Agricultural College to give some general hints on the running of an allotment. After this came the ploughing by a local farmer and the digging and raking of it by the Guides, the latter no mean achievement.

This done, a local gardener was approached, and he gladly agreed to give his advice. Under his guidance seeds were sown and crops were planted. The allotment measures approximately 700 square yards, and they have planned and cultivated it as one whole, sharing among the companies (including the Brownies) the work, and the cost of the plants and seeds. They provided their own tools. Helped by



Labour—

kindly weather and good soil, they have produced, and are very proud of, fine crops of potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, beetroot, lettuces, cabbages, sprouts, peas, beans and leeks—a rich reward for their labour.

At present they are selling the produce locally. After they have made good expenses and laid aside a sum for next year's work, they should have a fair profit, which they intend to give to war charities. They are hoping to send gifts of their produce to Madame Malkowska for her Polish Children's School.



and a rich reward.

THE COTTAGE AT HELL-FIRE CORNER

An old cottage stands in a field about a mile outside Dover. For many years it has been used for odd days and week-ends by Dover Guides and Rangers, but latterly it has taken on a new lease of life.

Shells and bombs and the proximity of the French coast have driven out most of the Guides and Brownies, so that Guiding is represented mainly by the eldest branch, the Rangers. And these, the "Dover Patrol," have made the Cottage their Headquarters. The Dover Rovers, too—the "Hell-Fire Corner Crew"—are using it now, and with them a great influx of Rovers from the Services.

Most buildings are growing shabby as the war years go by, but it is otherwise at the Cottage. "Sticky," the well, has been rebuilt, a new porch has been added to the front door, the garden has been dug and planted and levelled, and a dozen other improvements have been effected by the Rovers.

In the one large room the Cottage boasts, there are Ranger meetings and Rover meetings, and once a month a joint Rover and Ranger meeting, and once a fortnight, on a Sunday, a combined meeting which ends with a service, often followed by discussion of the service theme, taken by a local padre or Army chaplain, and finally a Camp Fire.

The room is ideal for such gatherings. It has a wide red-brick fireplace, where the tea-dixies can swing (on iron hooks) above the red logs. The Rovers have made wooden sconces for candles and have fastened them to the walls. The furniture is scanty—a few trestle tables and forms and an odd chair or so. The few pictures include the Chief Scout in the place of honour over the mantelpiece. All is a little mellowed by wood smoke, but neat and orderly.

Rangers hold their enrolments here, and Rovers their investitures. There have been lively discussions and roof-lifting singing (the old room has often held as many as 50 vocalists), Highland dancing (introduced by the Rovers' new Crew Leader recently arrived from the Orkneys); hockey and netball are played on the uneven green field outside.

The Rovers who are in the Services come and go, but do not lose touch. From far and near, from different parts of the land, from the high seas and the coastal waters, they write saying what the Cottage and the spirit of fellowship it stands for has meant to them. And so a monthly "Cottage Bulletin," giving news of past and present Cottage folk, is being prepared.

When the war is over they talk of a great reunion. Then when all have gone to their own places, they will have the Cottage days and ways as a memory, and those who are left in Dover the inspiration of their cheery comradeship.

GLASGOW—SPITZBERGEN—BLACKPOOL

As many Guiders now know, a number of Guiders from Spitzbergen have arrived in Scotland. They were given a great welcome by Scottish Guides. A picture of one of them appeared in one of the daily newspapers, and Blackpool Guides, seeing this, sent a present to Headquarters for one of them. The gift was a torch, as they thought that, coming from a country where darkness is rare, they would find it hard to get used to the black-out. Mrs. Mark Kerr, International Commissioner, forwarded the torch to one of the Guides, and we publish below her letter of thanks.

Dear Mrs. Kerr,  
It was very kind of you to write to me sending good wishes to our Guides.

I have all the time wanted to visit the Guides' Home in London, so if I come to London I will be sure to visit you. I have met many Scottish Guides and it is very interesting talking with them. I have visited several companies.

My English has improved since I came here. I can now understand most things.

I was in Denmark 1939 at the big camp in Hørhaven, Aarhus. I will remember this.

My Father was Pastor and teacher in Spitzbergen and our family are going to Iceland soon.

I was very pleased to get the present from the Guides in Blackpool and will write to them soon.

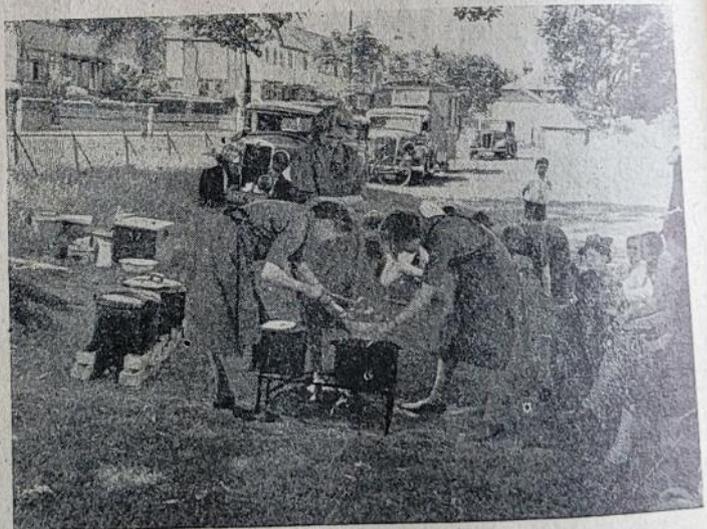
Guide's greeting to you from

ASTRID KRUSE.

We Norwegian Guides send Guides' greetings to you.

OBSERVATION ON NATIONAL SERVICE

Guiders who are keen signallers, and those who question the value of teaching the Guides signalling, may be interested in the story of a small Guide who, by her knowledge of signalling, was recently instrumental in the capture of a spy. The Guide noticed the signalling, reported it to a Ranger, who passed the information on to the Home Guard. Eventually the Army was called in, and a soldier put the Guide through several stiff signalling tests which she passed so well that he considered it worth while to watch with her—the spy was captured and the small Guide went home elated. No further details can be given at present because of the Censor, but we considered the story worth passing on, *pour encourager les autres.*



A Guide Cookery Team demonstrating "Blitz," otherwise camp cookery, for the Ministry of Food, in co-operation with the W.V.S. at East Barnet.

## A LETTER FROM THE CHIEF GUIDE

My Dear Guides,

Many kind friends have written to me in recent months, wrapping me around with their sweet sympathy and friendly thoughts. Many have asked what I am doing, and so I send this note to explain what I am at, even though it may take many weeks—or even months—to reach its destination.

I am writing this sitting, strangely enough, on board a steamer in the middle of Africa. And it is Midsummer Day.

It is midwinter still in my heart, and in the hearts of countless thousands of others, for whom life has been made sorrowful and cold, and overshadowed by a grey, bleak outlook, in these days in which we live.

We must not ponder on that, but must switch our minds on and far ahead on to a track of confidence and hopefulness, for a midsummer time that will come again.

This conjures into one's eyes visions of what the very word implies—the gay freedom of a well-earned holiday, by a shining summer sea, or the quiet beauty of the countryside, the smell of honeysuckle and roses, the dream village snug in the folds of the downs, the thick-leaved elms standing sentinel in the evening light, the thick-curling upwards from the camp fire—so lovely—so peaceful.

But now this does sound odd, to be on board ship in Central Africa, and I must explain that I am having a needed holiday. But I am homeward bound to Kenya again, to take up a new bit of work, as the elected President of our "East African Women's League," which will keep me busy for a twelve-month, as an adjunct to the little work that I can do at this present time for all of YOU.

I bought an old and very battered car to tour across Tanganyika, down into Northern Rhodesia, to stay for some days with my daughter Betty, returning through the Belgian Congo, and planning to see the Guides in Uganda.

So that is what I am at, and in spite of a gnawing conscience at being idle for a few weeks, it has been a wonderful and reviving experience, to tour through these miles of Africa's empty spaces, to be caught afresh by the magic interest of its native peoples, and the unceasing attraction of its immense beauty.

Though doing this tour incognito, and not specifically bent on seeing Guides, I have naturally found and seen them here and there en route.

An outstanding thing that has struck me greatly has been not only the keenness of the little groups in outlying places, and the fact of their "doing Guiding" effectively, and in the same way as you do in Great Britain, but the numbers of ex-Guides and ex-Scouts amongst the grown-up population.

They are everywhere, and though no longer actively working for us and with us, though no longer even in touch with the movement in any way, there is a glowing spark within them, that neither time nor distance will end.

Arriving at a tiny, hot and dusty township, pausing to get petrol, I saw a coloured girl passing, pushing a European baby in a pram. Seeing my Badge she stopped, gave the Guide sign, and, on enquiry, I find she is a Seychellois nurse, and that I had seen her as a Guide at a rally in Dar-es-Salaam in 1935!

Here, on Lake Tanganyika—one of the most exquisite lakes in the world, 300 miles long and surrounded by mountains and untouched forest—I land, to be greeted and given friendly hospitality by an ex-Commissioner from Yorkshire, whilst the only other person near at hand is an old Guide from Surrey.

I get on board ship to cross to the Congo, and the first woman I see rushes to take my hand, and I find she is the Belgian "Cheftaine" of a keen company of some 40 Guides at Albertville, and that some of them are soon going a week's journey to camp with the Natal Guides at Fair Fell, near Durban!

A man comes into a tiny inn where chance has halted me for a night, and I find he is an old Scout from Lancashire, and we last met at the Rover Moot at Kandersteg in 1931!

And so it goes on, and though for these many months I am far away, and am ashamed of not sharing with you all the sufferings of England, contacts even such as these, as well as my unending love for the Movement of which we are each a part, keep me tied to you as closely as ever, and keep me thinking of you all the time.

*Olave Baden Powell*  
Chief Guide.



### SYMBOLS OF ABILITY

"A HIGH standard of efficiency should be aimed at, but the actual test should be based on the amount of individual effort expended on the work by the Guide." (Policy, Organisation and Rules, Rule 38). This is the essential difference between our badge system and, for instance, a State examination. As Miss Martin pointed out at York, in her address on "Competition," we are out, not to find out who is top, but to train character by helping each child to attain the maximum development possible to her. The important words in that sentence are the last three—to help the Guide to see that she need have no shame in being less clever or talented than someone else, such gifts being distributed somewhat unevenly amongst us, but that God Who made her asks that she shall be strong, as skilled and as intelligent as is possible for her to be, and that will never be exactly the same as is possible for anyone else.

Inherent in such a badge system must be the danger of a low standard of efficiency. We think that risk worth taking because the Founder gave us as a primary aim "education and development of character through individual enthusiasm from within." Because of this inherent danger the badge system only succeeds when Guide, Captain, Commissioner, Instructor and Examiner all play their part well.

Let us look first at the darker side. I can remember a disgruntled group of Guides who had just passed their Child Nurse examination. "Captain, she didn't ask us one hard thing"; "I don't feel as I ought to have my badge, we didn't do anything at all." They felt that the badge could give them no pride or pleasure as it had been won without proof of knowledge. I can look back, too, on myself as Guide, spending a happy, but not ultimately profitable (except in the material sense of a nice sleeveful of badges), summer holiday with *Girl Guide Badges and How to Win Them*, picking out those, not that seemed most interesting, but that would take least time to learn. Again, would every Guide Captain, injured in an accident, naturally turn for help to the Guide who held the Ambulance Badge, or if you wanted a good meal prepared quickly, would you choose the Guide with the Cook's Badge?

What is the system at its best? First, it calls out the utmost effort and skill in each child, and is looked on not so much as something to win, but something to use. Badges on the arm show the world that you can do these things, the trefoil signifies that the wearer is prepared to use the knowledge to help other people. Then the badge is not an end in itself; most badges can and do lead to life-long hobbies and interests. The nice balance between "effort" and "efficiency" has to be maintained, and the Guide must feel that her knowledge has indeed been proved and tested, not just that the examiner was anxious to get it all finished as soon as possible.

Five people have to play their part in a rightly-earned badge. The Guide who, having passed Second Class, either develops some natural bent, or joins in with others in the company to work for some useful badge. The Captain, who uses her skill in encouraging the diffident; to try, or the pushing to divert badge-hunting into other channels; it is the Captain, too, and sometimes the Commissioner, who can see that badge subjects learned are not forgotten. They will expect wearers of badges to show that they can use them, and they will sometimes have surprise tests to see that knowledge is up to date.

Many badge subjects clearly need expert help, and it is here that the Instructor comes in. The expert isn't hard to find, but the expert who can hand out her knowledge in palatable and digestible pieces is a much rarer bird; the Commissioner may be able to help to snare her.

(Continued on page 196)



## A TRADITIONAL CRAFT OF THE HIGHLANDS

"I met a man in Harris tweed,  
As I went down the Strand;  
I turned and followed like a dog  
The breath of hill and sea and bog  
That clung about that coat of brown."

NOTHING can transport one in imagination more swiftly and surely than a scent, and this inimitable scent of Harris tweed—a faint, subtle blend of the peat smoke, heather and moss to which the material owes its soft colouring—is not the least of its attractions. During the last few years, handspun tweed, rugs, and knitting yarn from the Scottish Highlands and Islands have been coming on to the market, both in this country and in America, in ever-increasing quantities, consequently we are all familiar with the quality and charm of handspun material. I wonder, however, if it has occurred to the great majority of its admirers, that since it is made by the country women in their own homes, of materials, which of necessity, the humblest can obtain, that it lies also within the power of each one of us to produce the very same material which we admire so much.

In the old days girls were taught by their mothers the art of dyeing, carding and spinning; then, with the increased facilities for buying factory-made materials, the young people lost interest in their own work, the old industry was left to the "Calleach" (old woman) to carry on, and it seemed inevitable in a certain Highland locality; once famous for its handspun tweed, that with the passing of the old women, the craft would die out. Then something happened to alter the whole course of events.

It was a calm autumn day in the Western Highlands; the surface of the sea loch was like a mirror, reflecting back the golden lights of the high hills which rose steeply from the water's edge. Just above the high-water line of the orange seaweed, smoke rose from a wood fire which crackled merrily below a large black cauldron. Blue-clad figures bent mysteriously over the cauldron, peering into its steaming depths and occasionally stirring it, while scattered over the hillside, other blue-clad figures ran to and fro, scraping the weather-beaten rocks with blunt knives, filling their baskets with the grey lichen which grew in profusion on the rocks and dry-stone dykes. A Company of Highland Guides were making a united effort to revive their traditional handcraft, and as a beginning, they were dyeing a fleece of wool with that lichen which produces that beautiful deep golden-brown shade we know as crotal.

Crotal is one of the simplest and most effective of the vegetable dyes, the process being to wash the fleece, place in a pot, cover with water, and add a couple of baskets full of lichen, boil for three or four hours, until the wool attains the desired shade of brown. The range of vegetable dyes is endless, and fascinating experiments can be carried out with a few handfuls of wool which have been collected from the hedges after a flock of sheep have passed by. An old saucepan and a stick for stirring are the only necessary apparatus. Heather tops made a clear, soft green; long, hairy lichen makes yellow; so also do the skins of onions, although these are now only a memory of better days; the bark of alder trees make black; the roots of yellow iris make fawn, while berries of the latter make soft, misty blue. In some cases the addition of alum clarifies and makes fast the colour, and those who wish to go further into this subject are recommended to read Mrs. Mairet's *Book of Vegetable Dyeing*, which is a most helpful work.

Having dried the wool, the next process the Guides had to undertake was carding, that is, forming the wool into soft rollocks about twelve inches long and one inch in diameter. Having thoroughly oiled the wool to make it pliable, it is rolled and combed into shape by a pair of hands known as "cards," which resemble curry combs. The process of carding is slow, and needs skill and practice, but the old Highland women were adepts at this work, and whiled away the time by singing special Gaelic carding songs as they worked, and the Guide Company whose fortunes we are following were lucky enough to possess a "Granny" who was able to teach them both the old songs and the niceties of the craft.

After the carding had been completed the most important part of all, the spinning of the wool, had to be embarked upon. Some of the Guides had been given the loan of spinning wheels, some had found odd bits and pieces of wheels, covered in cobwebs and the dust of years, but with a hammer and nails, a great deal of oil and a little ingenuity, these discarded wheels were once more spinning round merrily, with eager feet pressing the treadles; little hands pulled out the rollocks of wool. At first it kept breaking under the unpractised hand, and the thread was "thick as a cat's paw," but the Guides battled on, and "Granny" went the round of her class, encouraging and exhorting, until the wheels began to spin more steadily and hands became more confident, pulling out a length of thread and fashioning it into an even texture ere the spindle took it in, another yard towards the final attainment. Then "Granny" struck up a spinning song and the young voices joined in. In another corner of the room a group of Guides were spinning with spindles, an older and more simple method than the spinning wheel. The spindle is shaped like a mushroom and made entirely of wood. It hangs down by the length of wool, which it spins into thread by a twist of the finger and thumb, which is a slower though just as effective a method of spinning as the better-known spinning wheel. The obvious advantage of spindle spinning for Guides is the very moderate price of the spindle, only a few pence, compared with the comparatively expensive spinning wheel. When all the wool had been spun into thread the Guides sent the greater part of it to the weaver to be made up into tweed, while a small quantity was kept, two threads being twisted together to be used as knitting yarn. And so that being twined together to be used as knitting yarn. And so that West Coast company attained its ambition of producing handspun material, and also of reviving a traditional craft in the countryside.

It is with an aim such as this in view that handicrafts are being organised throughout Scotland. For the information of those who are interested, cards, spindles, and spinning wheels can be obtained from the London School of Weaving, 163, Church Street, London, W.S, while examples of handspun work and information regarding the latter can be obtained from Highland Home Industries, Ltd., 111, George Street, Edinburgh. Raw wool is difficult to obtain at present, but it is possible to collect quite a considerable amount from fences and bushes where sheep have been grazing.

C. F.

### SYMBOLS OF ABILITY—(Continued from page 195)

Should there be badges at all? Would it not be better if the Guides worked for the love of the thing and without reward? B.-P. knew what children liked, and he knew, too, that what they liked could be used to give them what they needed. He never made the mistake of giving them what they needed without asking himself if they would like it. Guides and Scouts like badges because they represent a measurable and possible achievement. To love birds is too large and vague an object; to get a Bird-Lover's Badge is defined and possible and may lead to the larger aim.

As with so many other things, the secret of success with the badge system is right thinking, and right thinking in this case means thinking from the point of view of the Guide. We have to understand that a badge test long waited for, or a badge gained that does not come quickly, are very damping and disappointing things; if we can see the attractiveness of badges as a child sees it, and can measure with an adult mind their possibilities as a potential enrichment of capability and experience, all will be well.

JOSEPHINE GRIFFITH.

### APOLOGY

Miss K. M. Briggs, author of "Are You Intelligent," in the October *GUIDER*, wishes it to be known that the marking of the Challenge was not hers.—EDITOR.

## THE CITY CHILD

## THE GUIDER

THE reaction of the city child to war-time conditions has not yet been fully studied, and it is too early to say what the ultimate effects of these conditions will be. But after two years of war, of air raids and evacuation, a general idea can be formed of the more serious aspects and problems.

Those working among children in London are learning that, whatever the child's history in the past two years, the most serious factor is the overthrow of his normal life. Children, on the whole, do not seem frightened of air raids; but irregular hours, meals and schooling, the loss of familiar places and people, and a lack of habitual occupation are causes which result in a dangerous feeling of insecurity, fear and boredom, and are probably responsible for the increase in child delinquency. The psychological effects naturally vary with each child; apart from individual characteristics, very few of them have had similar experiences, but some broad generalisations can perhaps safely be made.

The children who have been evacuated and have returned to London fall into three groups. The first group have been unhappy in the country and have wanted to return home; and their parents, instead of giving them time to settle down, have brought them back to London. The disorganised home and city life have made the children wilder and more unmanageable, and a second evacuation, because they have been less capable of adjusting themselves, has usually been more unhappy. They return home again; and so it has gone on, and become progressively worse. Some children have been sent away and have returned as many as five times in the last two years. Each move has caused a dangerous upheaval in the child's life, and necessitated further readjustment—readjustment which it is hard for adults and difficult for children to make without damaging after-effects. To and fro, to and fro, "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do," and it is death to all their chances of steady progress of mind, body and character. The repeated shock of contact with the unknown, unfamiliar world outside their homes is tremendous.

The second group did not feel strongly either for or against the country, once the excitement of evacuation had died down. But the mother, afraid of the break-up of her home and the loss of the child's affection, has said, in front of the child himself, "He's fretting, poor lamb, I know he is." Thus encouraged, the child accepts the mother's word and comes home again.

The third type is perhaps the most tragic and difficult—the child who has loved the country and has been ordered back to London by a jealous mother because he was too unhappy away from home. This attitude on the part of the mother is, unfortunately, not rare; the poorer mother has little to live for or dream about except her children, and by hook or by crook she is going to keep them. But she defeats herself—the child not only feels torn between love and hate of her, he also builds a barrier of sullen obstinacy against the injustices of his world. Most children, given time to settle and a mother who wants them to be happy in the country, do not want to return to the squalid streets of London. And all who really care for children hate to see them in the streets and shelters of bombed towns.

Finally, there are the children who have never left London. From outbreak of war until August 19th last there were very few schools open in London, so for two years some of these children have had no education; in some parts of London there are children of 10 and 12 years old who cannot read or write. Nor has their health been improved by nights in the shelters and by idle days playing in the dusty debris of the streets. Shortage of certain foodstuffs, coupled with their mothers' ignorance of plain cooking, is often causing unnecessary malnutrition; and some pale, grey faces and dark-ringed eyes make a sharp contrast to other shelter children who have had a few months of country life.

In an effort to counteract, as far as possible, these unwholesome problems, children's centres have been, and are being, opened in the shelters of London by the Save the Children Fund. These are proving to be extraordinarily successful. Even when only run twice a week they have a stabilising influence in the children's lives; raid or no raid, the children know the centre and the regular leader who will be waiting for them on the appointed evening. The centres can be looked forward to by the children, and in a world of frightening, shifting events one thing is permanent. The value of this knowledge to the child cannot be over-emphasised.

And the centres are eagerly awaited for their educational value as well. The children of London, like all children, long to create with their hands and minds, and they have had little opportunity of this for two years. At first they find it difficult to concentrate, but soon their fears disappear and the undernourished minds and idle fingers respond eagerly. Losing their fear of the insecurity of everything, the children are ready to assimilate. Reading, writing and creative work of all kinds are not the only things they learn. In and through their work, and the example of their leader, they may learn tolerance, patience, self-control, sympathy and a faith in living. So that if the time comes when they will go to the country once more (and parents will often listen to the tactful advice of a leader whom the children

(Continued at foot of column II)

## "RIVER THOUGHTS FOR RIVER SEAS"

*River and a wind-wandering weed-winding bank.*

GERALD MANLEY HOPKINS

SO much is written and thought about the sea, and the Sea Rangers who launch their craft on its waters, that it is forgotten too often that, especially to-day, most of the boat-work done by "Seas" is done on the river.

Rivers have characteristics of their own, and yet if it be the big, wide, busy Thames, or the smaller, hurrying Dart, each in their turn must mean something to the Sea Rangers who spend so many hours going up or down in their boats. By these rivers Sea Rangers have lived, laughed, sailed and pulled, and have loved their changing moods—they have battled their wits and strength against tides and ways—felt the strength and peace of them. What is it that a river brings?

Rivers, surely, are like channels of Thought, which, when smooth and unobstructed, stand for the course of Truth; but muddy, foamy and windswept, stand for a type of falseness; so the course is set through Truth.

All rivers have tributaries, and we, too, are sort of tributaries to all that is best in us, and to nothing else, nothing unlike the highest. Often a piece of flotsam wood floats down the river, willy-nilly, hither and thither. We must not be as that stupid piece of wood, but should think more—think out our course—and appeal for help to gather in all our unformed thoughts and deeds into their proper channels, and so gain help for those thoughts to be unbound in such a way that our Right Purpose may appear clearly to us.

All the water-birds fly above the river, and soar high. Let them be the same as our dreams and ideals, soaring above, if possible, the very awkwardness of material things to a bigger understanding of the Real Principle by which we try to steer.

When the river is "mist-garlanded" and all serious and sombre in colour, it is puzzling to know the way, and maybe we grope blindly, but never-faillingly, gradually the veil is lifted and the river-scene changes once again into Light and Vision. In these days of haste and bustle, days when men and women think more, live closer to death, fearing discord, and so much that is inharmonious, we must be brave and have moral courage in our outlook. We must be sure of our aims, of what we give and receive, that we are not just passengers in an "up-river" boat, contributing but little. No—we must be free and fearless and generous, and with tolerance be ready and willing to explore the River of Life, and get our inspiration from its "still-waters."

SIR PERCY EVERETT  
Guiders will welcome the news that Sir Percy Everett has been appointed Deputy Chief Scout, and we know that you will all wish to join with us in congratulating him on his appointment.

Who has not loved the reflections in the river of tree and masts and flags and hulls of boats? They reflect as they are, not the tree the mast, the flag the hull. So we, too, if we tune in with the Spirit of the River, can, and should, reflect His goodness and power, His strength and poise. As the river reflects the masts, so can we be the spiritual reflection of even taller things, and so find peace and permanence.

There is a Brotherhood of the River; a comradeship between us and the birds and trees and the wind, as well as our fellow-boatmen in their river craft; all seem to be one in the silence of the evenings or in the scuttle of the day. Let those who feel they are rich in understanding help the other.

Rivers sometimes run through grey-coated buildings, under low bridges, past grim warehouses, wherein the struggle for our food supplies is ever going on, down through high-banked trees and into a valley which might represent darkness and depression, coupled with fear and doubts, but it eventually gets broader and wider, and there is again more Light, which is a strong force, and will always illuminate the greyest spot of trouble.

In rivers we find strong, cool spots, rocks, big tree branches, the supports of a bridge, something solid which gives shadow, shade and shelter; so, too, let us build up our foundations on such a spiritual basis of solidity and strength and launch it on truth and love, and so find order, harmony and shelter.

Maybe sometimes we shall be over-agitated if we meet sudden squalls, or the tide seems too strong to row up against; but with a quiet confidence we shall pull our craft through, however hard the going and pulling. However soft our hands seem, the very effort and the hardness of the task and all we put into it will get us there, and we shall win through to smoother waters and a firm landing-ground and gain the biggest rest and peace—and creep into the comfort of our understanding of the River and God.

ANNE HOPKINS  
Assistant Commissioner for Rangers  
(Sea Rangers).

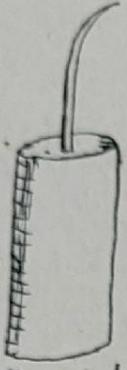
love and respect), the children will be more billetable and they will have a greater chance of happiness and greater resources of inward faith.

RHODA S. HARRIS,  
Hon. Organiser, Children's Play Centres  
in the Shelters.

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## ARE YOU ADAPTABLE?

**A**S a nation we are often accused of lack of adaptability. The "Briton abroad" is a music-hall joke. Yet if this is true, it is a serious defect, because the cause must be lack of both imagination and courtesy, and it is urgent that we train our Guides now in these necessities, when we think of the part they will have to play in planning and perfecting the world of to-morrow. Camping and Woodcraft challenge all of us to learn the art of doing without half the things we are accustomed to think indispensable in perfect happiness and comfort.



Tool with cork handle

Fig. 4.

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When the Founder planned the original Scout and Guide training, don't you think he visualised both the branches filled with essentially adaptable people? Let us test our own adaptability on the following points:—

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Marks.

- Heads.** Is your head adaptable? Using them in
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1. Can you go for a real cross-country walk or a day's shopping with equal comfort? ... 3
  2. How easily can you drive a car with controls different from the one you are accustomed to using? ... 5
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- Hands.** How much care do you take to maintain your hands in such a good condition that they can be adaptable?
1. Can you do (a) fine work, e.g., sewing; (b) jobs requiring balance and accuracy; and (c) speed and strength? ... 4
  2. How much are you affected by heat or cold? ... 2
  3. How far have you trained your left hand to help, and if necessary, replace, your right? ... 3

- Voice.**
1. Can you take drill efficiently? ... 3
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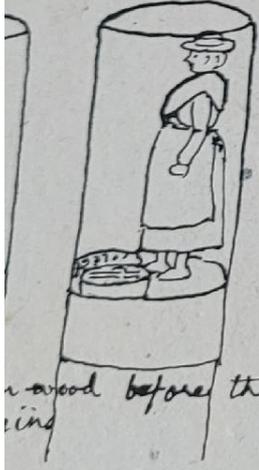


Fig. 3.

wood before the  
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# WOODCARVING

THE creation of anything is a joy, and woodcarving has always had a fascination for me ever since I was given a tiny chamois carved by one of those wonderful Swiss carvers, but it was many years later that I saw a small, crudely-carved huntsman, with a painted face and a stuck-on arm, and I felt that I must do a better one. (See fig 1.) Having negotiated the peak of the cap with much care, I managed features of a sort on the face, and a coat collar and carved arms and divided legs. My ambition grew cut by cut, and I think everyone must feel the same. Having done one thing, you simply must try something better, but it is much wiser to begin on something simple, an apple, perhaps, or an acorn or a mushroom, and get on to other things as you become more skilled.

You have got to remember when carving what the object looks like all round! It is no good carving the front and the back and having no sides! Also, you must adapt the size of your carving to the thickness of the wood. It is a good plan to draw the object roughly on the wood before you begin (see figs. 2 and 3) or you may find you have the head much too big to be in proportion to the size of the body you can get out of the width of the wood.

You want a very sharp knife with a small pointed blade, though the cutting away of the spare wood can be done with a larger blade, provided you go carefully. You really have to think about every cut, lest you find you have carelessly removed a vital bit. Still, a lot of repairing can be done with a mixture of secotine and sawdust.

Carve everything you can out of the main piece of wood, but should you want to add an extended arm or something of the sort, it can be carved separately and stuck on. I did a lot of Alice in Wonderland figures once, and among them Haigha holding out a ham sandwich to the White King, and both had separate arms. I bored a hole in the shoulder and left a little extra piece on the arm, and fixed this into the hole with secotine. Sometimes you can find a twig with just the right bend you want for an elbow, and this can be trimmed to shape, and helps tremendously as the grain of the wood goes the way of the arm and not across it, and so is much less liable to break.

Pretty well any fine-grained wood can be used, but you do not want it too hard, and, of course, there must not be any pith in the middle. Among others I have used rowan, privet, pear, beech and lime, but I got all my original pieces from the pea-sticks, which were probably hazel. You do not want green wood, naturally, nor must it be so dead that it will not cut properly.

Finish off the top of the carving before you get too low down. Once you have reached the feet of a figure there is very little resistance left in the wood, and if you then try to add finishing touches to the face you will probably find the figure snaps off at the ankles.

I saw a knife and a fork which were beautifully made by a Scout in the last war; the knife, as a knife, was not much use except to cut paper, but the fork could perfectly well be used, so if you go to camp and lose your fork, you know what to do!

If you can use your knife with both hands, so much the better, for there are occasional corners that just can't be got at right-handed, and I have found great help from a pin before now, in excavating corners, where the point of a knife would not reach without cutting something else on the way. I always feel that some dentist's tools would be invaluable, and once in a tool shop I found a little curved tool just 3 inches long, which I pushed into a cork for a handle. (See fig. 4.) It can be sharpened, and is marvellous for hooking out little bits of wood from difficult corners, but for years I only used a knife and a pin.

If you have not got a small stone for sharpening your knife, a piece of emery cloth or paper stretched over a small board and stuck or pinned on to the under-side does very well, and a rub on this every now and again works wonders.

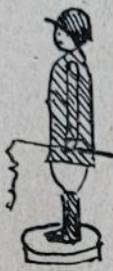
Sometimes I seem to have more control over a delicate corner if I push the wood with the left hand against the blade, rather than cutting down the wood with the right hand.

Having finished the carving I paint everything all over with white water-colour paint as an undercoat, and then put colours on the top. This hides all the joins, but, of course, the plain wood with no paint

is fascinating if there are no mistakes to be hidden. It is very easy to cut yourself, so keep something handy to mop up with. Carving little figures from life is great fun, but I try to draw them on paper from all angles before I begin, as it makes it easier for getting the proper proportions on the wood. Mine are about 1 1/2 inches high, and then I leave a stand of about 1/4 inch, as they look better with a fairly large base. For this size you want a stick about 8 inches long, to allow yourself a good handle to hold while you are carving. It is not at all easy to carve on too short a piece of wood.

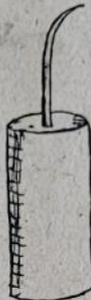
Something bigger might be easier for beginners, but there is no end to the joy you can have with a knife and a piece of wood. I do hope everyone who tries will love this craft as much as I do, but do not think you can carve in a hurry, nor if you want to talk all the time, for you really must think what you are doing.

RUTH BLACKETT.



The origin of it all.

Fig. 1.



Tool with cork handle

Fig. 4.

## ARE YOU ADAPTABLE?

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**Travel**

1. Are you an adaptable traveller? If the train is late, can you take to a bus, drive a car or horse, ride a bicycle or horse, or walk? ... 4



Drawing on wood before the carving begins

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

THE GUIDER

- 1. Is your luggage so packed that you can dump the "heavy" portion, taking with you just what you need immediately? ... 3
- 2. Are you fussy about the amount of air in a dormitory or railway carriage? Can you sleep equally well in light or dark conditions? ... 3
- Hours**
- 1. Are you easily upset by different hours? ... 2
- 2. By unusual meals or meal-times? ... 2
- 3. Can you keep awake or sleep more or less at will? ... 2
- Make-up**
- 1. Are you dependent for happiness on having the toilet preparations you are accustomed to? ... 2
- 2. Is your "make-up" (if any) adaptable to uniform and "mufti"? ... 2
- Clothes**
- 1. Is your wardrobe so arranged as to be suitable for varied occasions? ... 3
- 2. Are you content to accept Headquarters Blue as an unsuitable colour for stalking, or have you planned how to conceal, or find a good background for, this colour? ... 3
- House**
- 1. Can you adapt your house quickly to be suitable for (a) nursing infectious illness; (b) sudden closing for, say, one week's holiday; or (c) inclusion of several either very old or very young guests, who are quite unexpected? ... 2
- 2. Can you effect household repairs if you cannot lay hands on the proper (i.e., the usual) tools? ... 3
- 3. Is your garden adapted to war-time conditions without losing its own character? ... 3
- Religion**
- 1. Is your religion so surely founded that it can afford to be tolerant, i.e., adaptable? Have you thought what really matters, and what is trimming, and may be changed at will? ... 2
- Art**
- 1. Is your taste in reading and music wide enough to find pleasure in almost any direction? What do you feel about "adapting" or "arranging" music or stories. Don't forget "copyright" and also the intense responsibility anyone who attempts such a task undertakes. So many "fools" rush in "where angels fear to tread," and so many vital characteristics become lost in inferior copies of ancient arts, crafts and legends ... 4

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Some things cannot be adapted, so don't misuse this excellent tool or let it degenerate into mere change for change's sake.

These are only suggestions of a few forms which a test for adaptability might take. Bear in mind the Chief Guide's preference for "pink elastic" in place of "red tape," and adapt the list for yourselves! F. M. M.

BROWN OWLS!

Are you keeping an eye on your older Brownies and sending them up to the company at the right time, which may be soon after they are 10? It is to suit present-day conditions that children may now become Brownies at 7 and, though there are exceptions, three years in the pack is usually long enough, if not always to become First Class Brownies it is still long enough to get a good deal of all-round training. After that they may either become bored with many of the pack's activities and get out of hand, or they may be so bossy and important that they will not settle down when they go up to the company.

Do keep in constant touch with the company so that there will always be room for the Brownies and do send them up as soon as they are ready.

VIOLET C. SMITH, *Great Brown Owl.*

THE STATE AND THE CHILD  
2.—THE TODDLER

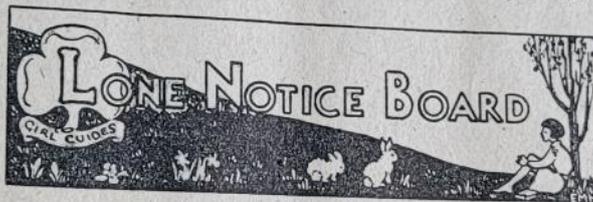
THE services for the toddler are inadequate at present. State, County, and Borough foster the infant and care for the school child, but the toddler is still rather neglected. Maternity and Child Welfare Centres may have a toddlers' clinic, but the Act of Parliament concerned does not make the duty of providing these to be found only in go-ahead districts. So the toddlers' clinic is the war doctors were telling us of the loads of trouble collected by toddlers, and brought with them to school when they reached the age of five, and discovered at their first medical inspection. Guiders and Guides who want to make a better world might well turn their thoughts to the needs of the toddler. And if they do, they will see how specially important is a close partnership between the parent and each of the State services concerned. However much the State does, the main responsibility is with the parent, but the parent needs the help of the State in many ways.

Here and there we find splendid pieces of work being carried out. You have all heard of nursery schools. There are not many of them; we want hundreds more. They were the idea of that remarkable woman Rachel MacMillan, and suitably there is a training school for nursery school teachers which bears her name. It is difficult to describe a nursery school in a few words. Children from the age of 2-5 attend, and the place is built to suit their size and needs. There are small tables and little chairs, low basins, cloak rooms with little pictures over the pegs—a bird or an animal, so that the toddler can recognise where his things are. There are no lessons, but lots of activities. Usually there is a large sand-pit to play in, and a climbing jimmy, which not only offers adventures, but trains the childish muscles. There is singing and dancing, and play with colours and clay. Rhythm is fundamental to good living. You explore

rhythms through your sense of sound, of colour or touch. The nursery school helps you on this voyage of discovery. For two hours the toddlers sleep on stretchers in the open, or in a well-aired room. Washing, eating, bodily habits, figure prominently in the programme. The toddlers play and work by themselves and in groups. Doctors and nurses visit the schools and inspect the children, and so all ailments are quickly discovered and dealt with. You have only to sit quietly and watch the busy, happy groups of toddlers occupied in a little world built to suit them to realise what a wonderful inspiration the founder had.

Nursery schools used to be found mostly in the big cities—in places where there was not enough room for children to play and sleep and grow up happily. Now the Government has outlined, on paper, a scheme for setting up war-time nurseries. These are a development from nursery schools—simpler, as needs must be during an emergency. Here mothers who have to go to work can leave their "under-fives." There are not many of them yet, but we hope there will soon be hundreds of them. They are run by trained matrons and nursery school teachers and assistants; but some of the work will be done by "probationers"—a wonderful opportunity for the right sort of girl.

What else have we for toddlers? Voluntary bodies are still pioneering through some splendid children's hospitals and convalescent homes for the sick. But for the toddlers the best is still to be built, and let us hope that Guides will help with the building.



NEWS OF LONDON

The London Secretary for Lones sends the following news:— "Since the war started, the London Lones have been increasing weekly, and it has been difficult to fit them into already rather full companies; but lately we have managed to get a noble Lone to start another Ranger company, so we now number eight companies.

"I have heard from the captains of many wonderful incidents of bravery amongst our numerous Rangers who are mostly nurses in the danger areas of London. Some of our girls have been bombed out two or three times, and their first thought has been to rescue the Lone Letter from under the debris. It is remarkable how they treat these adventures as everyday occurrences.

"In June we started a Lone Guiders' Letter, which is sent to all the captains and lieutenants. The Guiders are thrilled about it; they give all their personal news and that of their companies. We are hoping to send one out three times a year.

"Many War Service badges have been won by the Rangers and, in spite of the difficulties of changed addresses, bombed buildings, etc., the Lone Letters seem eventually to get round to everyone.

"The keenness of the Rangers and Guiders is really quite amazing. "The keeness of the Rangers and Guiders is really quite amazing, and in considering that so many are more or less "at the front," and in danger day and night. One captain is a full-time A.R.P. Warden; another is a Postal Censor; one is in the Land Army, and one is doing fine work collecting salvage (she is having many adventures with the salvage and the collectors!). Others are Civil Servants and Nurses, and some are carrying out their war service by supplying the world with future Guiders!

"There is only one Guide Company, but they seem to be taking on the responsibilities of the war in various ways. They have had two German refugees, and one P.L. spent many hours at a First Aid Post, whilst another organised a Christmas party for the local balloon-barrage section.

"On reading the 'London Lone Guiders' Letter' it is really wonderful to realise how keen and enthusiastic they all are about Lone Guiding, although they have all experienced the joys of active Guiding."

The Commissioner for Lones suggests that other counties follow the example of London, and circulate a letter amongst their Lone Guiders. The London one forms a most happy link between the Guiders, and is vitally interesting. It is a rare and inspiring treat for Lone Guiders to receive a letter instead of having to send one out!

## NEWS OF WADDOW

**T**HE story of Waddow's National Service is yet another proof of the good team work which Guides can do when they find a job that needs doing.

Waddow itself "Joined up" as a hospital for small children early in the war. It has been quite full since October, 1940, and up to the end of July this year, the in-patients numbering 42 during the busy period.

At Christmas there were 43 children in the hospital (30 of whom were under six years old) with measles and acute pneumonia. Guides provided presents for every patient and also saw to it that every Christmas tree bore its full crop of gifts.

In January an appeal for babies' bedjackets was published in THE GUIDER, and by the end of the month Rangers, Guides and Brownies had sent 75. Guides also supplied all the necessary nighties, pyjama, woollies, face squares, shoes and shorts. Each child who needs it has been dressed completely on leaving hospital with gifts from Australia, Canada, Accrington W.V.S., Ross-on-Sea W.V.S. and Guides of the British Isles.

The farm has been in constant use as a nurses' home, which has made it impossible for it to be let to Guiders this year. The garden is in fine condition and has supplied the hospital with vegetables throughout the year, besides supplying salads and vegetables for a great number of the camps.

Camping has been in full swing this year at Waddow. Forty-three camps, ten more than in any previous year, have been held there, and every site has been in use since the beginning of June. 855 Guides and Rangers, 209 Guiders and 123 companies have attended the camps.

Guiders who know Waddow well have been interested to see that Miss Anderdon has now been appointed General Secretary at Headquarters. Miss Joan Fraser is taking Miss Anderdon's place at Waddow, so the many Guiders who have camped with Miss Fraser in the past will feel they still have a friend at Waddow.

## PERSONAL ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS INSURANCE

### ARE YOU INSURED?

The New Policy starts on November 8th. Full particulars on request. Refer also to page 183 of the October GUIDER.

# THE VICTORIAN VILLA

OR

## MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB



**H**OW much do we care about this question of uniform? The women's Services have uniform provided, and the Government can place priority orders with the clothing firms. We have to provide our own uniform out of our savings and Headquarters has to replenish stocks as and when possible, and difficult it is in all conscience. Someone once said that *anyone* could make a Tudor cottage look beautiful, but it takes an artist to be successful with a Victorian villa. Well, we have got the Victorian villa; what are we going to do about it?

Now, there are two courses open to us. Either we can say: "Uniform is well-nigh impossible to-day, we don't see how it can be expected of us, everything must just go"; or we can say: "Uniform to-day is difficult in the extreme, therefore fun, and worth tackling. *We will not let our standards down.*" This article is written to help all those who are game to the last ditch and do not mean to be defeated over uniform. First of all, if you want to know how to look your best, turn to the 1940 October GUIDER and read "The Wearing of Uniform." New Guiders—beg, borrow or buy a copy, for it contains many tips for how to look really well turned out.

To-day everything depends on the way we keep our uniform. First, let us consider shoes. In these days, if you are going to buy shoes, buy them to last. It is worth spending a bit extra and getting a really good pair. Shoes for Guiding *must* be strong and serviceable, with low heels and stout soles. In buying a pair of shoes, amongst other things one should look at the inside line; this should be straight from toe to heel. But the most important thing (to my mind) is to have a shoe that is high enough in the uppers. It is impossible to walk long distances over rough ground in many modern shoes for they do not really grip and support the foot.

The cleaning of shoes is all important; if you keep the leather supple and well cared for they will last much longer. If they are in a mess, clean them well with Propert's saddle soap, then "bone" them. The handle of an old toothbrush will serve the purpose for this, though the proper implement is a genuine shank-bone saved from the stock-pot. With your bone you massage the polish into the leather, which takes the creases out and prevents cracking. Finally, you polish well in the usual way.

The same treatment can be given to belts, and there is no doubt that unhygienic though it is, the advice given in the above-mentioned GUIDER to "expectorate" into the tin of polish does produce the fine result we see on officers' Sam Brownes. Headquarters now stocks belts for Guides and Guiders made in really good leather, and there is no reason why new belts should not look like that of a Field Marshal. Many Guiders appear never to polish the leather of their belts; besides looking frightful, these become scratched, dry and cracked, and cannot wear as long as a well-kept belt. In passing, perhaps it is worth pointing out that in order that leather may go a really good mahogany colour with polishing, it is necessary to have it a light yellowish tan to start with. Our old-style belts were dyed dark brown, and in consequence it was impossible to get most of them a good colour.

It is more economical, as well as more serviceable, to wear a triangular tie, and many of our most progressive Guiders wear them always when in an overall. Everything depends on the way the tie is starched, ironed, folded and tied, and great care must be taken over this. For details see articles on uniform in THE GUIDE. Many women are hopeless at tying an ordinary sailor's knot. The knot itself, on an open-ended tie, *must* be pulled tight, and the tie pulled up till it sits well into the collar and hides the stud and the inside part. This is hard on a silk tie and tends to wear it out, specially if you wear a stiff or semi-stiff collar—another reason for wearing a triangular tie whenever possible.

Have you ever had a hat reblocked at Headquarters? It is considerably cheaper than buying a new one, and I have found it most successful. So much depends on the hat if you want to look really smart. A Guider's hat can look very becoming if it is kept well and worn cleverly, but a tired cockade and a wavy brim will ruin any hat.

All badges, including stars and belt buckles, will, of course, be shining bright and lanyards spotlessly white; these should be stretched when drying so that they dry straight. Lanyards should not twist when worn.

When your uniform is clean and well pressed and you have attended to all the details mentioned above, *provided you hold yourself well*, you will look smart, even if the overall is old and the hat not a "this year's model." The best-dressed woman I have ever known was so poor that she hardly ever had the fun of wearing anything new—nearly all her clothes were cast-offs from her richer friends—but she had taste and originality, was clever with her needle, and was prepared to take trouble.

But now let us come to the really tricky part, and consider what you should do when you go to Headquarters for a cockade, belt, or badge and the answer is, "These are at present unobtainable."

First of all, *do take care* of all the uniform you have got. Collect up

all old, unwanted overalls, hats, belts, ties, lanyards and badges and keep them in use till they are worn out. This is a duty, just as much as any other form of salvage. Next, remember that the source of supply varies from day to day, and if the price list says "temporarily out of stock" that may only apply to the moment of printing, so *ask again* a little later on. When an article is finally unrepeatable for the duration of the war, Headquarters will say so and provide a substitute. This has recently happened with the Brownie Recruit Badge. (See October GUIDER, under Headquarters Notices.)

If you are short of badges, and Guides or Brownies are waiting to be enrolled, make sure that everything has been done in your own county to obtain them. It may be that another Captain or Brown Owl has a stock even if you have not, and she will probably be willing to help you out in an emergency, or another District Secretary might have some if your District Secretary were to approach her. County Secretaries usually send in their orders to Headquarters once a month, but in these difficult times, when the source of supply is limited, and they are often asked to accept 50 per cent. of their orders, it is quite legitimate for them to inquire again before the month is up.

Headquarters is doing all that is humanly possible to obtain uniforms and to keep the stocks up. Naturally, it is wholly to their advantage to sell it, and they are just as eager to serve you as you are to be served. It is worth while remembering the vast quantities in which they deal. One sometimes hears Guiders say: "Headquarters is out of cockades," for example. "They say they can't get the ribbon. I had no difficulty in getting it at Smith's, and I have made my own cockade." It is, of course, easy to pick up a small piece of material here and there if one pokes about, and if you have done that, by all means make your own cockade, as long as you are careful to copy a correct Headquarters' one and finish it off properly. It may interest you to know that Headquarters sells on an average 100,000 Brownie Recruit Badges in a year and during the busier months 1,200 overalls a week.

Finally, "Where there's a will there's a way." Go on expecting a high standard from your Guides and you will find that they will respond, mothers will produce coupons, stockings and socks will continue to be the correct colour, and you will still be able to be proud when you march at the head of your company.

## NEWS OF WADDOW

**T**HE story of Waddow's National Service is yet another proof of the good team work which Guiders can do when they find a job that needs doing.

Waddow itself "Joined up" as a hospital for small children early in the war. It has been quite full since October, 1940, and up to the end of July this year, the in-patients numbering 42 during the busy period.

At Christmas there were 43 children in the hospital (30 of whom were under six years old) with measles and acute pneumonia. Guides provided presents for every patient and also saw to it that every Christmas tree bore its full crop of gifts.

In January an appeal for babies' bedjackets was published in THE GUIDER, and by the end of the month Rangers, Guides and Brownies had sent 75. Guides also supplied all the necessary nighties, pyjama, woollies, face squares, shoes and shorts. Each child who needs it has been dressed completely on leaving hospital with gifts from Australia, Canada, Accrington W.V.S., Ross-on-Sea W.V.S. and Guiders of the British Isles.

The farm has been in constant use as a nurses' home, which has made it impossible for it to be let to Guiders this year. The garden is in fine condition and has supplied the hospital with vegetables throughout the year, besides supplying salads and vegetables for a great number of the camps.

Camping has been in full swing this year at Waddow. Forty-three camps, ten more than in any previous year, have been held there, and every site has been in use since the beginning of June. 855 Guides and Rangers, 209 Guiders and 123 companies have attended the camps.

Guiders who know Waddow well have been interested to see that Miss Anderdon has now been appointed General Secretary at Headquarters. Miss Joan Fraser is taking Miss Anderdon's place at Waddow, so the many Guiders who have camped with Miss Fraser in the past will feel they still have a friend at Waddow.

## PERSONAL ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS INSURANCE

### ARE YOU INSURED?

The New Policy starts on November 8th. Full particulars on request. Refer also to page 183 of the October GUIDER.

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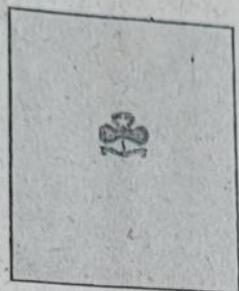
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# A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



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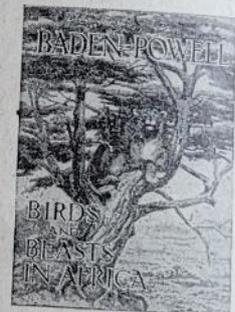
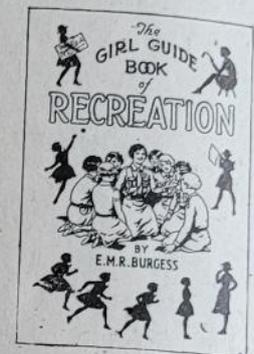
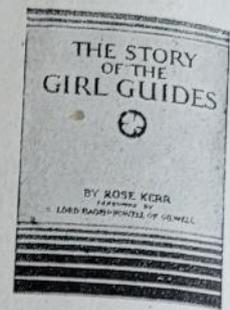
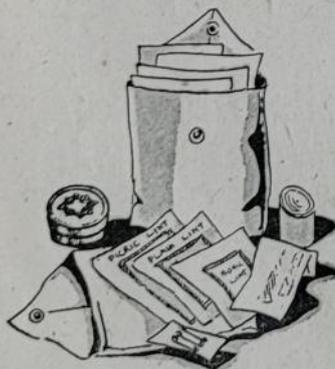
In navy waterproof case 4" sq., weight 2 oz., containing envelopes of boric lint, absorbent lint, plain lint, adhesive plaster, tin of boric ointment, bandages, safety pins.

10d. 3d.



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	Price.	Postage.
The Story of the Guides ...	2/6	7d.
The Story of a Million Girls ...	4/-	7d.
The G.G. Book of Recreation ...	2/-	5d.
The G.G. Book of Knowledge ...	2/-	4½d.
African Adventures ...	2/6	7d.
More Sketches from Kenya ...	3/6	7d.
Look at the Map ...	1/2	3½d.
Birds and Beasts in Africa ...	4/6	7d.
Diaries in Leather Case ...	3/8	3d.
„ with Pencil ...	1/2¾	2½d.
„ without Pencil ...	11d.	2½d.



THE GIRL GUIDES ASSOCIATION  
17-19, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., LONDON, S.W.1

# HE WAS BORN A MAN—HE DIED A GROCER



NCE, when I was quite small, I read these astonishing words as an epitaph on a tombstone. "He was born a man—he died a grocer." Does this read to you that man in the likeness of God. He died engrossed in his own concerns, with his spirit swamped by material things.

As we live, the choice is ours. Often do we meet the difficulty of not seeing the wood for trees—the trees in this instance being our immediate interests—the wood an impression that we leave which lives after us, because we have been mindful of others.

So it is with Courtesy—for courtesy is born of love and reverence, and the moment that we become swamped by our own interests in Christ as our leader, and in the story of His life we read of His care and courteous bearing towards all who crossed His path.

We have only to read in the books our Founder has left for us that the essence of Scouting and Guiding is consideration for others. Our good turn permanently points to this. "A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love." (S. Basil.)

A short time ago at a training week-end, the Court of Honour decided to have a courtesy campaign—does this perhaps seem ridiculous among grown-ups? If any thought so when we launched it, most certainly none could have done so by the end. One day a Guider laughingly said to me: "I find this courtesy campaign a awful strain!" I most wholeheartedly agreed—for indeed it was! I had been finding by the good manners shown around me how often, and where, I needed to pull up myself. More than ever, I think, did we realise the uselessness of preaching sermons on courtesy to our Guides, for we were showing each other the way all along the line.

Astonishing things came to light in the willingness to help—to jump to supply another's need. The readiness to open a door; to stand up; to offer a chair. The way in which we played games. Our efforts to be punctual and so not to waste other people's time, or keep them waiting for us. Again, to say a word of apology if we were late for a meal or a session. To remember to pass things to each other at meals, carrying out the answer to the riddle: "What is the difference between the way in which a pack of hounds and a pack of humans eat?" We made efforts to mix and to get to know others, and not sit next to our friends, and to talk to whoever in this way we found next to us at meals. (If anyone who may read this feels that this defeats them, then try the Alphabet Game: A—"Have you ever been up in an aeroplane?" B—"Are you interested in Bats?" C—"How do you teach Courtesy in your company?" etc. The game is to see how far down the alphabet you can go before the meal is over—without, of course, your partner guessing what you are at!!) More thought was shown to see that others near us were not made to feel out of things by our conversation. Again, we found ourselves being ready with a cheerful "Good morning," and not a mumbled reply if someone said "Good night." It was obvious that all felt the responsibility of welcoming which lay at the door of whoever first saw a strange Commissioner or Guider arrive in that large concourse of people. We found ourselves with a more watchful eye to notice that no one—unless they so desired—need go to church or chapel or for walks alone. And when we all went home, many of us remembered the courtesy of a written word of thanks. All these perhaps seem little things, but, being courtesy-conscious, we realised, as many of us had not before, how we slipped up in them—and in many other ways—more often than not through lack of thought or carelessness. But it clearly showed that manners could do with a rub up now and then.

How often do we hear it said that children are mimics? Let us therefore show them courtesy as it was meant to be. No amount of talking will suffice. To be a courteous being ourselves is the first step towards teaching our Guides further knowledge of it. Do we apologise if inadvertently a Guide collides with us, or do we merely say: "Mary, look where you are going," in rather nettled tones? Do we notice when a courteous action is done to us, and acknowledge it with thanks? I am still tempted to slam the door on the back of anyone who stalks through without a word of thanks when I have held it for her. Do we apologise to our Guides if, no matter how we have tried, something has made us late for our meeting? These are the sort of things they notice.

Our Founder points to courtesy and service for others as the carrying out into daily life of the practice of religion. It is so closely linked to the good turn that to build upon it is of immense value. Sometimes we tend to forget this well-known slogan that the public associate us with. The Scout or Guide is "out to do a good turn"—this is something to live up to. If lethargy should ever creep into our midst, we should be seen only as the ghost of what these words once meant.

We must be ready to look beyond our own interests and not to be so absorbed in them as to become oblivious of what is going on around us. Fair words are not enough—it is actions that count. Shallow pretence is useless. "I cannot hear what you say for what you are shouts so loud." Our life is a speck in eternity, but the world should be happier because we have been here; we are part of God's plan—no one can do the job that we are sent here for but us. While we live we climb, but who would call it progression to tread on

the thoughts or feelings of others? Rather would this be slipping backwards. We must not shut our eyes in our complacency and snooze our life away until our own epitaph comes to be written.

*"The heights by great men reached—and  
Were not attained by sudden flight—  
But they, while others headless slept,  
Were toiling upwards through the night."*

HETHER KAY.

## THE PATROL SYSTEM 8-AT LEADERS' TRAINING



WHEN we have found the time, and duly met our Leaders for training, what are we going to do with them? Our first aim is to establish the right relationship with them so that we may work together in the best "atmosphere." This is most important, as we want our Patrol Leaders' Training to represent very closely the Patrol Leader and the Leaders as her patrol; she should regard herself as Patrol Leader and the Leaders as her patrol; she must "handle" them as she would like them to deal with their patrols. This means showing an equal interest in the work and worries of each; it means preparing the training thoroughly so that it is fun as well as sound work; it means setting a high standard generally, and "getting across" the feeling that nothing less than our best endeavour is good enough for our Guiding.

Practically speaking, our Leaders need help in four main ways: (1) In the "Guiding atmosphere"; (2) in the organising of Patrol Time; (3) in learning how to do things in the best and easiest manner; (4) in learning how to teach things in the easiest, most thorough, and jolliest way.

In working for "atmosphere" at our Leaders' Training, we might profitably read and apply to ourselves the chapter "What your patrol expects from you" in the *Patrol Leaders' Handbook*, and we should also bear in mind two bits of advice to Scouters from *Scouting for Boys*. In the one the Chief said: "To get hold of your boys you must be their friend; but don't be in too great a hurry to gain this footing until they have got over their shyness of you"; and in the other he explains that Leaders in the Movement are like elder brothers, "since they join in the fun." Meditation on these points should show us the right "line" to take.

Perhaps one of the best things we can do is to get our Patrol Leaders to catch the feeling that we would regard lowering the standard of our Guiding as equivalent to lowering the flag—a thing not to be thought of, whether in regard to our work, or, more important still, to our ideal of the Law. This is better accomplished by our attitude than by preaching, and it does mean that we must guard our "little words"—those, by-the-way speeches which slip out without thought, and sometimes make us bite our tongues and live wish them unsaid. It also means that we must be consistent and live up to the standard we are setting, by making sure that we give good tests and not slipshod, hasty ones; nothing is more disappointing to "worthwhile" people than to work hard at some subject and then to go through a perfunctory examination. (Haven't you heard after a Badge Test sometime, "She didn't ask us anything, Captain!" uttered in tones of deep disgust by a keen candidate?) This measuring up to our own standard is of vital importance to the company life. The Chief said: "Remember your own character soon reflects itself in your boys"—this is just as true of our girls and far be it from us to spread an unworthy habit of "lip-service" which is not honoured by deeds.

D. IVESON.

## THE EDITOR'S POSTBAG

S.O.S.  
To the Editor.

Dear Editor,  
In another column of this paper you have published an article describing the work being done in an attempt to meet the many problems in the lives of London children to-day. These problems are, as we have explained, very serious, especially as these children may be one of the most important generations in the history of the world, for it will be their task to create the peace of to-morrow from the chaos of to-day.

Even we did not imagine that the work would assume such proportions so quickly. But the demand for children's centres in the shelters has been overwhelming, and has come from every part of London.

We are badly in need of leaders to run these centres; wise people who are willing to give an hour one or two evenings a week, in a shelter near their own homes. Helpers can be recruited from the shelterers themselves, but leaders with training such as Guiders have, are rare and hard to find. Would any of your readers be willing to help us? And perhaps those living near London might be able to come up one night a week. Both we and the children would be very grateful; as it seems wrong that such badly needed work should be limited for lack of personnel.

If any of your readers are interested, I should be very glad if they would communicate with me at the Save the Children Fund, Shelter Play Centres, 20, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Yours sincerely,

Signed (Miss) RHODA S. HARRIS,  
Hon. Organiser Children's Play Centres  
in the Shelters.

# A PLAY AT CHRISTMAS

by  
KITTY BARNE



THE third war Christmas. More than ever we shall want to forget the horrible thing for an hour or two, and remember Christmas and all it means. To many grown-ups it will not seem like Christmas if there is no children's play for them to see, and to many children it will not seem like Christmas if there is no acting for them to do. There may not be time or attention for an ordinary entertainment, but most Guiders will make the effort, and sacrifice some of their precious leisure to get up one if they can be sure that it is going to help the children and their audience to feel the tremendous special significance of Christmas in these tremendous times. This year it won't be Ye Olde Grande Guzzle (and many of us will thank heaven for that!); nor can it be quite the lovely riot of generosity, with coupons running out and War Certificates screaming to be bought; but more than ever it will mark the turn of the year, the rebirth of hope, the renewal of kindness and goodwill, all centred round the most helpless of living things—a human baby. At this festival of children, as it more and more becomes, it is well to remind our children of the Child they love and honour, and there is no better way of doing it than by letting them relive the story of His birth by acting it.

Children find a religious play the most natural thing in the world. The first drama in England was religious drama, when, in order to teach the ignorant the Bible stories, the priests and choristers turned them into plays and acted them in the churches. Now once more it is the fashion to act in churches, thanks to the enthusiasm and encouragement of many vicars, and there is no better place for the right play; no fuss of scenery or curtains, a dignity and atmosphere that even the smallest and newest church must possess, and an organ, with very probably a sympathetic organist, to provide the musical background, generally carol singing.

A play for a church must be chosen with care and, of course, submitted to the vicar for his approval. Safest of all, perhaps, is Martin Browne's *Story of Christmas in Mime* (Sheldon Press, 1s.). It uses the Bible words, largely taken from St. Luke's Gospel. It needs one good reader, who most emphatically should not have a clerical voice, for the Narrator, otherwise no one speaks, and the quiet acting of the characters can be achieved in comparatively few rehearsals. The only necessity for this kind of play is a raised platform, if possible almost as high as the pews, so that everyone can see. If this is given a slope up to it from back and sides, and not steps, the actors will maintain their dignity and poise with all the more ease. Wood is hard to come by, but planking can generally be borrowed for a week or so, and it is amazing how members of the church will come forward to help with carpentry, or simple lighting effects, or with the singing of the accompanying carols.

*The Three Roses* (Challenge, 4d.) has been done by Guide companies in their church with great success, and Nelson publish a collection of Christmas Plays (2s. 6d.) with some by Mona Swann and Margaret Cropper which will be found suitable.

Whether acted in a church or a room, religious plays for children must be chosen with the greatest care. Good intentions are not enough. Sentimentality, an uncertain mysticism, long moralising speeches that defeat their own ends—such as one is apt to find in so many missionary plays—these are things to avoid. The Bible stories themselves are always direct and dramatic, many with a beauty of feeling and language that gets an instant response from young minds. The characters are as real as if they lived to-day. Ruth, David and Jonathan, Daniel, Esther, Judith, Jezebel—these people, their faults and their virtues, are woven into the very texture of our English thought. There are many plays about them: *Three Biblical Dramas*, stories of Isaac and Rebecca, Nebuchadnezzar, the Prodigal Son, read from the Bible and mimed, are by Clarissa Graves (Nelson, 9d.). The Plays of Mona Swann, such as *Saul and David* (Nelson, 1s. 4d.) are a safe choice. This author, when more words are needed to allow for the action, borrows them from other parts of the Bible, and thus never loses the beauty of language; a wise proceeding, for there is no collaborating with Tyndale any more than there is with Shakespeare.

In addition to these Bible stories, there are a host of Plays of religious feeling that, though they are often robust and vigorous, often amusing, carry with them their moral. Plays such as the Hans Sachs (Year Book Press, 31, Museum Street, W.C., 1s.)—the one of Dame Truth pushed down her well by the crowd is very apposite to the present day. *The Evil Kettle*, Lord Dunsany's fantasy on the dire effects of the harnessing of steam to man's wagon; *Philemon and Baucis* (Nelson, 8d.), the lovely classic on the duty and joy of hospitality: plays such as these are the descendants of the old mystery plays, wherein moral truths had to be taught simply, visually and directly, in the childhood of our race; Scottish Guides should try *The Golden Sill* (Nelson, 4d.), a play for ten people, about St. Bride of Scotland; *The Children's Guest* (Oxford University Press, 4d.) is an unusual little play for five children, ending with a Nativity tableau.

Rangers, of course, can range farther afield in their choice of a

play. The old mystery, morality and miracle plays can all be played effectively by women. *Earlier English Drama* (Nelson, 1s. 4d.) is a dry title for what is an interesting and comprehensive book. *Everyman*, even, makes its effect without a man in it. Some enterprising moderns may even try *He That Should Come*, by Dorothy Sayers, written for broadcasting, but now available for amateurs, and reviewed in another column of this paper. Such plays are for people who are resolved to devote the time required and who have a producer who can produce. The standard of acting of religious plays was high before the war, thanks largely to the efforts of organisations such as the Religious Drama Society; with these plays, above all others, it must not be allowed to drop. Once again, good intentions are not enough. But if enthusiasm and devotion are there, help will be forthcoming, and time somehow will be made for what is the most rewarding, of all dramatic effort.

## REVIEWS

*Listening to the Orchestra*, by Kitty Barne (Dent and Sons, 7s. 6d.)

This is essentially a book to possess—and therefore to buy—if one wishes to acquire it honestly.

It is a book which fills a need, conscious or unconscious. How often has one sat through concerts, listened to the radio or gramophone, in an attitude of respectful non-comprehension, marvelling at the effect produced on one's more musical friends! One knew there was "something" there; a message which would stir one to the heart if only one could understand the strange language in which it was spoken—as interpreter was needed to teach us the A.B.C. of the magic speech.

This book by Kitty Barne (Mrs. Streatfield) explains the elements of this language. As she says in her preface: "We enjoy our symphony concert a hundred times more if we have a working knowledge of the orchestra, that superb instrument played to us by its conductor; also if we have read enough musical history to get an idea of how music grew, slowly, inevitably—like some great forest tree; and finally, if we know something of the life and labours of the great masters, and how the masterpieces came to be written."

Here is the programme of the book: The first part describes the various instruments which make up the orchestra, describes them by sight and sound; this section is illustrated by magnificent photographs of the various instruments and their "principals" in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Now at last we shall be able to distinguish the different members of the wood-wind family—the brothers flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, with their cousins the piccolo, cor anglais, bass clarinet, double bassoon; we shall know their voices when they speak to us from the great ocean of sound.

Then comes a chapter on the gradual development of Western music, from the early Christian Church music, touching on bards, gleemen, troubadours, minstrels, chamber musicians—till we come to the period when music, instead of being more or less anonymous and communal, became as it were an individual art, and the procession of great Masters begins its march down the ages.

There follows short but lively picturesque chapters on the lives of the great composers, from the Italian Monteverdi, the father of the "new music" down to Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wagner (to mention only the greatest). They are depicted with charm and humour and we learn to love them, with their endearing weakness of character and the greatness of their soul.

This is a book written with love, and for all its simplicity, it rises to the heights, as befits its subject. "It is to the Symphony, great music without the encumbrance of words or the distraction of the human voice, that the music-lover looks for the expression of the eternal truths, above the din and smoke of the tortured earth." As Beethoven himself said: "From the heart this music has sprung, and to the heart it shall penetrate."

R. K.

*He That Should Come*. By Dorothy Sayers. (Gollancz, 2s.)

Guiders and Rangers who are contemplating a Christmas play should read "He That Should Come," to be remembered as a notable broadcast. It has now been adapted by the author for performance in any kind of building, church or hall, and a most valuable Note for Producers added for the benefit of amateur and repertory companies.

This very unusual Nativity play brings the scene in the Inn completely to life. To use the author's own words: "the whole idea in writing it was to show the miracle that was to change the whole course of human life enacted in a world casual, inattentive, contemptuous, absorbed in its own affairs and completely unaware of what was happening." It must be played briskly in natural, realistic style, without any of the usual conventions of such plays. Played by women and girls it would still carry out the author's intentions—to show that the Baby was born not into the Bible but into the world.

K. B.

## WHAT TO EXPECT AT FOXLEASE

### TRAINING DATES.

Nov. 7th-14th. General.	Jan. 23rd to 30th. Guide Training.
Nov. 18th-25th. Guide. (Special training in First Class at week-end.)	Jan. 30th-Feb. 24th. Spring Cleaning.
Nov. 28th-Dec. 5th. Guide and Ranger.	Feb. 24th-Mar. 3rd. General.
Dec. 5th-22nd. House closed.	Mar. 6th-10th (Week-end). Commissioners.
Dec. 23rd-30th. Christmas Party.	Mar. 13th-20th. Brownie and Guide.
1942.	Mar. 24th-31st. Arts and Crafts.
Jan. 2nd to 9th. Prospective Diploma'd Guiders and Instructors' Training.	Apr. 2nd-9th (Easter). General and Woodcraft.
Jan. 13th to 20th. General Training.	Apr. 14th-21st. Brownie.
	Apr. 24th-May 1st. Cadet Guides

For particulars regarding Free places, Railway Grants, Fees, etc., please see the September GUIDER.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Foxlease, Lyndhurst, Hants, and must be accompanied by a deposit of 5s., which will be returned if withdrawal is made two full weeks before the date of the course.

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

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



## NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

AS we go to press, the first meeting of the Overseas Circle will be taking place at Imperial Headquarters, and already we have found how much it has been welcomed. Overseas Guiders who are working here, and have no time for regular Guiding, tell us how much they look forward to meeting each other and English Guiders, while Guiders and Rangers of this country, to whom Overseas Guiders have lately become very real and friendly since they received some of the lovely clothing they have sent to help us, are eager to learn more about these Guides of the Empire. Many people have not yet seen the film of the Guide Gifts of 1940, and we hope to show this, and also some films of Burma brought back by Lady Cochrane, who was President of the Guides there and is now our Chief Commissioner for England. Among those who are coming to the Overseas Circle are a Guider from Canada, now in the W.R.N.S.; two Guiders from the West Indies, who are nursing; a Guider from Canada, now working for the Red Cross, and another who is a Canadian Army nurse; the Island Commissioner for Grenada, home for a short spell of leave, and several others who have been there for some time.

Bermuda has recently welcomed a new Governor, Lord Knollys, and Lady Knollys, who accompanies him, did not wish to be President from outside the Movement, so she was enrolled at Imperial Headquarters by the Overseas Commissioner just before she left. We are always hearing how much help and support is given by our Presidents, and we are all most grateful to them.

It was very interesting to see the exhibition of clothing and comforts sent to the West Indies Committee, and among the gifts were some most useful and decorative articles made by Guiders. Several members of the Committee have been actively connected with Guiders in the West Indies in the past, and were very pleased to see the things they had sent, and to show them to the Imperial Headquarters.

Guides from several of the West Indies met lately at the Western Hemisphere Encampment at Bonnie Brae, which they attended as guests of the Girl Scouts of America. An account of this camp is given in the October number of *The Council Fire*. Those who are interested in South America will also find an account of Mrs. Leigh-White's travels to see the Guiders and Girl Scouts in Latin America.

Empire Guiders have worked hard during the last few months to meet our winter needs. We have lately received four cases of clothing from New Zealand, six from Canada, 12 bales from New South Wales, 22 cases from Victoria, eight from Durban, three parcels from

Bermuda, two from Western Australia and a beautifully-knitted blanket from the Gilbert Islands.

Besides this we hear of other activities—New Zealand Guiders have been helping the Army by collecting clean rag for using as polishing and cleaning cloths, and they have been making camouflage netting as well as sending comforts to the New Zealand troops overseas, South Australia has raised over £5,000 since May, 1940, by their Thrift Campaign. Waste material of all kinds has been collected, functions have been held, herbs have been picked and prepared for sending to troops abroad. All the money has been given to the Red Cross, and has already provided £1,000 for a blood bank, £500 for an ambulance, £850 for an Advanced Surgical Dressing Station, besides which £250 were given to the Air Raid Victims' Funds and £50 to the Greek Red Cross.

As well as their bales to us, New South Wales Guiders have sent woollies to Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital and Victoria Guiders send regularly to the Sailors' Society. Montserrat Guiders raised £500 by collecting scrap iron and sent this to London. They collect stamps and silver paper for a London hospital and sent a crate of foodstuffs, cushions and clothes to Plymouth.

Islands are in the news this month, for we have a letter from St. Helena where the Guides are carrying on although they have no Commissioners and their Secretary and Captain are ill. Recently they celebrated 20 years of Guiding in the island. Mauritius Guiders sent two large sacks of silver paper which were collected from the docks by Glasgow Guiders and handed over to the Red Cross. Ceylon Guiders are not content with their food production scheme and with making hospital supplies, and are planning another concerted effort to help alleviate war suffering. In spite of over 800 raids since the war started, Guiders in Malta are continuing to meet weekly all over the island. We heard recently that uniforms are becoming very old and scarce. They have not had a Guider for many months, but all are doing useful work, and many who are now working in hospitals or in military jobs find that their Guide training is standing them in good stead.

We have just heard of two Overseas Guiders who have been called to Higher Service. Miss Annie Macintyre, who started Guiding in Dominica, and had been Island Commissioner since April, 1930; she will be much missed, for she was beloved by all the Guiders, and Miss Gladys Carter had given keen and devoted work in Newfoundland as General Secretary.

## WHO WOULD BE FREE ?

*Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.—Byron.*

HOW much do we value Freedom? The manner in which the British people met the raids of last autumn and winter would seem to make the question unnecessary. The manner in which we are meeting the false peace of the present makes it essential. There are disturbing signs that, lacking any excitement to keep us awake, we are beginning to nod, to murmur drowsily: "I always wake up when the alarm clock rings."

The alarm clock has rung. It rang once, and for the duration, on September 3rd, 1939. For some it has never ceased to ring from that moment. Others have got used to its voice, and to the thousand other voices which, day and night, shout to us their desperate warning. And yet we are, by tradition, a freedom-loving race.

In Poland, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway—in Germany itself—there are men and women who so love freedom that under the very eye of the Gestapo they are living and working, constantly on the alert, to undermine the power of the evil force which threatens to destroy it for ever. The price, if they are discovered, is not just death. It is the refinement of torture until the last living moment, and then execution. But these people count that price small, compared with what their efforts may achieve. They are our brothers. They are fighting with us for that which we believe in—and to-day it is still possible to find people who will go to almost as much strategy to outwit the rationing! Thank God they are in the minority—but it is shame on us that they exist at all. They know not what they do. Their crime is not deliberate—its cause, above all else, is ignorance. They are unconscious. Yet what is there we can do to awaken them?

A short time ago I was watching a film. It was the story of the Freedom Radio in Germany. I could hardly attend to the film, which was more stark in its gripping reality than any I have seen, because of the behaviour of the people who were sitting next to me. Their mockery showed that they were utterly oblivious to the fact that they were seeing not fiction, but reality. Had I said to them, as I longed to do: "This may be going to happen here," they would have laughed at me, as they laughed at that magnificent portrayal of undaunted, unsleeping courage. I may be doing them an injustice. It is just possible that their British reserve made it necessary for them to laugh, to cover up their embarrassment at being shown something shocking. I hope that was the reason.

But that incident brought to the surface much that I have been feeling, subconsciously, during the last two months. I realised that I was desperately concerned about my fellow-countrymen. How real is this war to the average man or woman in the street—now that the attack is no longer directed immediately at their own homes?

We are still too concerned with the comforts of civilisation to realise that we are living in a world where comfort and enjoyment cannot exist except as the hard-won prize, after victory has been achieved. Civilisation can count for little because, had the world been civilised, it would not be possible for us to have reached a state such as exists at present. Civilisation is yet to be won, by the steady, unrelenting determination and sacrifice of all who love justice and peace. It is not enough that a section—however large—of the community is prepared to give and suffer and endure while others enjoy the fruits of their labours. If the evil forces which threaten mankind to-day are to be vanquished each one of us must play his part to the full. Each must be trained, alert, hardened to endure—there must be no talk of inability to sleep on hard beds, no grumbling about war-time food. In Britain to-day there is hardly a restaurant where slices of good white bread are not provided for the customers to crumble and play with while they enjoy good food—in Germany and Italy bread-tickets have been in force for many months, while in the occupied countries a slice of bread is a highly valued prize. In Britain we do not, as yet, understand the full meaning of war. Is an invasion necessary to teach us?

This time the city cannot be saved for the sake of one honest man, or even for the sake of several million honest and self-sacrificing men and women. This time the salvation of mankind is at stake, and if justice and peace are ever to rule the world again, each individual soul must take an equal share in the struggle. If the invader comes to Britain, it will only be over the bodies of those who have been awake to the value of Freedom since first it was threatened, who have been prepared to die in its defence. Then it will be time for the sleepers to awaken, and grim will be their struggle, under conditions which they have mocked at as "impossible and exaggerated," to regain the Freedom which, at a great price, others have obtained for them in earlier, saner times.

Those whose eyes are open to realities have a mighty responsibility. In the face of mockery and unpopularity we must awaken the sleepers. We must tear down their illusions, and show them the stark reality of the situation. We must shock them into realisation, train them, prepare them and harden them. In the words of a poster I saw in Whitehall, we must shout at them: "If you ever hope for a good time again—For God's sake be serious now."

Only so can we begin to be worthy of those who, daily, are paying the price of freedom—those of our own blood and those who struggle onwards under the shadow of the crooked cross. Only so can we save our own souls. Only so can we hope to re-establish peace and good-will among men.

MARGARET TENNYSON.

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# THE GUIDER



Articles and Reports, Photographs and Drawings for insertion in "The Guider," Letters to the Editor and Books for Review, should be sent, if possible, by the 10th of the previous month to the Editor, Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

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

Editor in regard to contributions submitted, but every effort is made to ensure their safe return should the necessary postage be enclosed. Subscriptions to be sent in to The Secretary, Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

"The Guider" is sent direct by post from Imperial Headquarters to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 5d. per month (which includes postage). Post free for a year 5s. Foreign and Colonial, 5s. post free.

## HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL

The adjourned meeting of September 9th was held on September 23rd, at which routine business was transacted.

OCTOBER 14th, 1941

PRESENT

Miss Anstice Gibbs (Chair)  
Miss Hardsley.  
Miss Browning (co-opted).  
The Countess of Clarendon (co-opted).  
The Hon. Lady Cochrane.  
Mrs. Elliott Carnegie, M.B.E.  
Sir Percy Everett.  
The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Gibbs.

Mrs. Griffith.  
The Lady Merthyr.  
Miss Shanks (co-opted).  
The Lady Somers.  
Lady Stubbs (co-opted).  
Miss Ward.  
Miss Wallace Williamson.  
The Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright.

### APPOINTMENTS

Miss Irwin as Island Commissioner for Jamaica, in place of Mrs. Kelly Lawson, who has resigned.

### GRANTS

Guiders should apply for all Grants, from whatever source, through their Commissioners. A suggested policy to govern application for Grants was approved, and will shortly be circulated to County Commissioners in England and Wales.

### GIRL GUIDE RELIEF FUND

Donations Received: September 17th to October 7, total £98 10s. 5d. This includes £6 10s. from Girl Scouts in Fall River, U.S.A., and £3 15s. from a Friend of Guiding in New York. In addition, £25 has been refunded from a camp run by the Oxford University Guide Club.

Grants: The total amount expended was £6 18s. 2d. Of this, £6 2s. 11d. was for uniforms and books for Guiders and Guides who had lost theirs owing to bombing, and 18s. 3d. was for postage of parcels and stamps.

### B.B.C. OVERSEAS BROADCAST

It was agreed to take part in the Overseas programme "On Young Shoulders" Series on October 25th, the introductory talk to be given by the Imperial Chief Commissioner, followed by four two-minute talks by Guides who have been prominent in different fields of war-work. It is hoped to have this programme broadcast in a Home Service station at a later date.

### SCHEME OF TRAINING FOR RANGERS

On the recommendation of the Ranger Sub-Committee it was agreed that no fundamental change in the scheme of training for Rangers should be considered for general use until after the war, but that any companies wishing to experiment with the Five Year Cycle of Training as outlined at the County Commissioners' Conference, should apply for further details to the Ranger Commissioner for their County. Meanwhile, in view of the National Emergency, all Ranger companies should be urged to concentrate on preparing girls between school-leaving age and the age of registration for National Service. For this purpose the Home Emergency Service training is specially recommended. It was also agreed that Ranger enrolment at 14 should be permitted at the discretion of Ranger Captains.

### MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE

The above Ministry has asked the Guide Association to co-operate with them in making known the urgency of the present need for women workers, particularly for those outside registration age-groups, who are willing to be mobile. The Ministry also asks us to help them in sifting out reasonable complaints and criticisms of those attending interviews, and any such complaint or criticism should be sent to Headquarters, countersigned by the County or Division Commissioner.

### FINANCIAL SECRETARY

Many members of the Movement will learn with regret that Miss Carter, who has been at Headquarters for 27 years, is resigning at the end of October, owing to ill-health.

The Executive Committee and members of Headquarters Staff feel sure that members of the Movement would welcome this opportunity of joining with them in expressing their sincere thanks to Miss Carter for her long and loyal service to the Movement, and wish her better health and great happiness for the future.

### ANNUAL REPORT AND CENSUS

Various Counties have found it impossible to complete their reports by September 30th, and have pointed out that the date was too early, and made it almost impossible to include their school totals. Headquarters would like to explain that such an early date was only fixed as an emergency measure, as it was feared that by a later date there might not be sufficient trained staff left at Headquarters to cope with the work involved in checking the reports and producing the new Commissioners' Register. The difficulty is not likely to occur again, and Headquarters is most grateful to those Counties who managed to complete their reports on time.

Unfortunately, neither the new census nor the new Register can be proceeded with until all the reports have been received, so will Counties who have still not sent their reports in make every effort to do so immediately?

## AWARDS

### Bronze Cross (Posthumous Award)

Miss Heather Barnes, Captain 1st Colgate Company, Sussex.

Miss Barnes was a V.A.D. attached to the First Aid Party in Colgate village. During a severe raid Miss Barnes showed amazing courage and endurance. Her one anxiety was to reassure the elderly, frightened cottagers.

She could not be persuaded to take cover at any time, going from house to house comforting the people. When the house in which the District Nurse lived was hit, Miss Barnes, with two other V.A.D.s, scrambled through the wreckage and rescued the nurse, who was seriously injured, from the bottom of a large crater. Together they carried her to the village hall, and were attending to her wounds when the hall itself was hit, and Miss Barnes received injuries to her hands when she was killed, and the Senior Miss Barnes was twenty years old when she was killed, and the Senior Miss Barnes says of her: "I was struck by her splendid behaviour in what must have been, for a young girl, a terrible experience. I can honestly say I have known men who could not have done any more, and I consider she upheld the best tradition of the Guides."

Miss Barnes was Company Leader of her school company before she became Captain of the 1st Colgate Company. The Guides of Colgate will remember her with love, and all other Guides will share their pride in the Captain whose courage and devotion to duty has brought to British Guiding the second Bronze Cross to be awarded in this war.

### Gold Cord

Company Leader Daphne Clark, 2nd Herne Bay (Girdlers) Company, Kent.

## GENERAL NOTICES

### VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, Miss Anstice Gibbs was appointed Vice-Chairman in place of Lady Clarendon, resigned.

### REGISTERED GOODS

Will Guiders please study the price list and note that certain goods, such as badges, stars, enrolment cards, etc., come under the heading of registered goods, and as such cannot be ordered direct from Headquarters, but must be obtained through warranted Badge Secretaries. Each day Headquarters receives a large number of orders for registered goods from Guiders unqualified to order them direct, and this causes a lot of extra work and correspondence.

### HOSPITALITY NEEDED

The Committee of the Dominion and Allied Services Hospitality Scheme have asked for our help in obtaining offers of hospitality for members of the Services who have no homes in this country to go to when on leave.

Hospitality is not so urgently required for officers as for the men, who are often very lonely. They come from every kind of environment, and many of them would be happiest in surroundings similar to their own homes. They need to feel themselves regarded as "one of the family", and entertaining is neither necessary nor expected. Guiders will realise the importance of the ties between the Dominions and the Mother Country, which could be so much strengthened in this way, and we are certain that they will respond to the best of their ability.

Those who are willing to offer hospitality should write to Miss Macdonald of the Isles, C.B.E., Dominion and Allied Services Hospitality Scheme, 21b, Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. Offers of hospitality for week-end or seven days' leave are urgently required.

### RAZOR BLADES!

The Associated Independent Department Stores, Ltd., Avon House, Redcross Street, Leicester, will pay 1s. 6d. per gross for all razor blades suitable for reconditioning—i.e., blades which are not rusted on the edges.

### HORSE CHESTNUTS!

Messrs. Maclean's (toothpaste manufacturers), The Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex, will pay 7s. 6d. per cwt., £7 10s. a ton, for Horse Chestnuts. When collections have been completed, please notify Mr. Alfred Wiseman, Sales Manager, Maclean's, Ltd., who will have the necessary bags forwarded, together with instructions for sending the chestnuts. Where possible a minimum of 5 or 10 cwt. should be sent.

### CEASE FIRE!

Guides are asked to note that no further Rose Hips can be accepted by Messrs. Duncan, Flockhart and Co., 104, Holyrood Road, Edinburgh. Therefore Guides in Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, Westmorland and Cumberland should cease fire immediately.

### CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE

Mrs. Frank Moffat, District Commissioner in Central Edinburgh. Her valued assistance will be much missed.

Owen Rees, on September 29th, District Commissioner for Pentypridd, and Camp Adviser and Camp Treasurer for Glamorgan. Her cheerfulness and courage during several months' illness were an inspiration, and she will be sorely missed.

Mrs. Winifred S. Bull, on August 23rd, 1941, Captain for 8 years of 96th Sheffield (1st Wadley) Rangers, and Skipper of S.R.S. Malaya (96th Sheffield Sea Rangers) for two years.

# CALENDAR OF EVENTS THE GUIDER

**C.C.A. CONFERENCE**  
The C.C.A. Conference will be held from January 2nd-6th in the North Midlands. It is hoped that each County will be represented. All particulars will be sent to C.C.A.s in due course.

**TRAINING**  
The Scottish Training Department is arranging to have several small residential week-end Trainings at Invermay House, Forranberry, Perthshire (station and bus-stop, Forvieviol). This is one of the Perthshire Education Committee's hotels for evacuated children, but the Reception Officer has kindly given permission for some of the spare room to be used by Guiders.  
The dates are as follows:-  
November 14th-17th General Training.  
November 18th-19th General Training.  
As space is limited, applications should be sent as soon as possible to the Scottish Commissioner for Training, Miss E. C. Sharp, Hill of Tarvit, Cupar, Fife, who can give any further information required about the Trainings.

**SEA RANGERS**  
London Sea Rangers are arranging a Conference on Saturday, November 16th, at 2.30 for 3 p.m., at The Library, GFI Guides Association, 18-19, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1. The charge for tea at 4.30 p.m., to which all Sea Rangers are invited. Further particulars can be obtained from Miss Dennis, 44, Shirland Road, W.9 (Tel.: CUMMINGHAM 1885), to whom numbers for tea must be sent, as accommodation is limited.  
There will be an informal lunch for Guiders at Our Ark, 11, Palace Street, S.W.1, at 1.15 p.m. Please inform Miss Dennis if you wish to take lunch.  
It is hoped that Lady Clarendon, Mrs. Laughton-Matthews and Pilot will attend.

**CRAFTS COUNCIL TESTS**  
May we remind readers that the entries for the next tests should be in by November 15th. We hope for a really good entry this time. Forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Crafts Council, Hamilton House, Baldborough Street, W.C.1.

**ENGAGEMENT**  
November 5th—Miss Clark, Cambridge Y.W.C.A.

## Appointments and Resignations

Approved by the Executive Committee, October, 1941

**ENGLAND**  
**BEDFORDSHIRE**  
RESIGNATIONS  
COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Barrett.  
ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY (FINANCE).—Miss Hyde Harrison.  
SOUTH BUCK.—Dist. C., Mrs. Seeborn.  
LUTON, SOUTH.—Dist. C., Mrs. Seeborn.  
SHARNBROOK.—Dist. C., The Hon. Pearl Lawson Johnston.  
MILDENHEAD.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss E. Bateman, The Shelling, Sandisplatt Road, Milenhead Thicket.  
**BIRMINGHAM**  
DERITEND.—Div. C., Miss E. V. Abrahams, 28, Clarendon Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16.  
DUDDESTON.—Div. C., Miss W. Simmonds, 61, Westley Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.  
ALL SAINTS.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss P. Kelly, Bishop Latimer Vicarage, Handsworth New Road, Birmingham, 18.  
ST. MARY'S.—Dist. C., Miss N. Pridmore, 179, Harborne Road, Birmingham, 15.  
SPARKBROOK.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss F. E. Prichard, 30, Reddings Road, Moseley, Birmingham.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
DUDDDESTON.—Div. C., Miss L. Allday.  
ST. MARTIN'S AND DERITEND.—Dist. C., Miss E. V. Abrahams.  
ST. MARY'S.—Dist. C., Miss W. Simmonds.  
ST. PAUL'S.—Dist. C., Miss I. Oxley.  
**BRISTOL**  
EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss J. Round, Westward Long Ashton, nr. Bristol.  
EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss E. Wethered.  
BRISTOL, WEST NO. 2.—Dist. C., Mrs. K. L. Waterman.  
**CHESHIRE**  
CHESTER.—Div. C. (Temp.), Mrs. Bazley Overde, Curzon Park, Chester.  
NORTHWICH.—Dist. C., Miss M. Haward, Mere Bank House, Davenham, Northwich.  
**CUMBERLAND**  
COUNTY SECRETARY.—(Temp.), Mrs. Inglis, Green Lane, Dalston.  
PENRITH.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss Walton, Beacon Hill, Penrith.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
COUNTY SECRETARY.—(Temp.), Miss M. Grant.  
LONGTOWN.—Dist. C., Miss B. Matthew.  
**DEVONSHIRE**  
RESIGNATION  
TOPSHAM.—Dist. C., Miss E. M. Gibbs.  
**DORSET**  
RESIGNATION  
LONE SECRETARY.—Mrs. Glover.  
**ESSEX**  
HORNCHURCH, EAST.—Dist. C., Mrs. Allen, 6, Pool Road, Hornchurch.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Miss N. Robarts.  
HORNCHURCH, EAST.—Dist. C., Mrs. Waller.  
**GLOUCESTERSHIRE**  
RESIGNATION  
COUNTY SECRETARY.—Miss E. Wood.  
**HEREFORDSHIRE**  
RESIGNATION  
EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss M. Shepherd.  
**HERTFORDSHIRE**  
BUSHEY.—Dist. C., Lady Marjorie Stoptord, 21, Chiltern Avenue, Bushey.  
**RESIGNATION**  
BUSHEY.—Dist. C., Miss M. Welsford.  
**KENT**  
RESIGNATIONS  
FAVERSHAM.—Div. C., The Hon. Mrs. Neame.  
MEDWAY.—Div. C., Mrs. Noel Boucher.  
BEXLEYHEATH.—Dist. C., Miss E. M. Bex.  
**LANCASHIRE, SOUTH-EAST**  
FARNWORTH, EAST.—Dist. C., Miss M. Farnworth, 7, St. Kilda Avenue, Kearsley, nr. Manchester.

**RESIGNATION**  
FARNWORTH, EAST.—Dist. C., Miss N. Thwaites.  
**LONDON**  
RESIGNATIONS  
NORTH LAMETHAM.—Dist. C., Mrs. Miller.  
SOUTH PYCKHAM.—Dist. C., Miss R. M. May.  
**MIDDLESEX**  
RESIGNATIONS  
SOUTHGATE.—Dist. C. (Temp.)—Miss E. M. Bellefontaine, 18, Lancaster Road, New Southgate, N.11.  
**NORFOLK**  
HOUSLOW.—Div. C., Miss L. B. Preece.  
TWICKENHAM.—Div. C., Miss M. D. Middleton.  
Please note that NORTH NORFOLK Division has been divided into two as follows:—  
CENTRAL NORFOLK.—Div. C., Mrs. Quinlan Gurvey, Bawdeswell Hall, Norfolk. (Containing the Districts of: South Erpingham, Eynford, Milford and Launditch (transferred from Mid Norfolk Division).  
NORTH NORFOLK.—Div. C., The Hon. Batt. Beaton Regia Hall, West Ranton. (Containing the Districts of: North Erpingham, Holt, North Greenhoe.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
NORTH NORFOLK.—Div. C., The Hon. Denis Harbord.  
NORTH NORFOLK.—ASST. Div. C., The Hon. Mrs. Batt.  
EYNSFORD.—Dist. C., Mrs. Quinlan Gurvey.  
**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE**  
COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Mrs. Anderson, 1, Brickhill Road, Wellingborough.  
**RESIGNATION**  
COUNTY BADGE SECRETARY.—Mrs. Wain.  
**NORTHUMBERLAND**  
COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—(Temp.), Mrs. A. Selby Wood, Brunton House, Wall. Hexham.  
EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Mrs. Heslop, 10, Osborne Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Obst. Milford.  
EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Mrs. R. Arkless.  
BENTON AND FOREST HALL.—Dist. C., Miss S. Stevenson.  
**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE**  
RESIGNATION  
DALE.—Dist. C., Miss H. M. Harcock.  
**OXFORDSHIRE**  
RESIGNATION  
DEDDINGTON.—Dist. C., Miss M. Stival.  
**SHROPSHIRE**  
SHREWSBURY TOWN, WEST.—Dist. C., Miss M. C. Ward, Fairmead, The Mount, Shrewsbury.  
**RESIGNATION**  
SHREWSBURY TOWN, WEST.—Dist. C., Mrs. Spencer.  
**SOMERSET**  
ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY (BADGES).—(Temp.), Miss B. Lee, The Knoll House, Uphill, Weston-super-Mare.  
**EAST SURREY**  
RESIGNATIONS  
ASSISTANT COUNTY SECRETARY (FINANCE AND BADGES).—Mrs. Holford.  
REGATE.—Asst. Div. C., Miss V. Taylor.  
**SUSSEX**  
Please note that the WORTHING DISTRICTS have changed their titles as follows:—  
WORTHING No. 2 is now known as WORTHING CENTRAL; Dist. C. not yet appointed.  
WORTHING No. 3 is now known as WORTHING WEST; Dist. C. as before.  
WORTHING No. 4 is known as WORTHING EAST; Dist. C. as before.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
COUNTY OLD GUIDE RECORDER.—Lady Rachel Egerton.  
HAYWARDS HEATH NORTH.—Dist. C., Miss R. Hodgson.  
WORTHING No. 2.—Dist. C., Miss A. Stanford.  
**YORKSHIRE, EAST RIDING**  
HORNSIA AND DISTRICT.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss E. Hebblethwaite, Rose Lawis, Rolston Road, Hornsea.  
**YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING, NORTH**  
BRADFORD MOOR.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss K. Metcalfe, 87, Woodview, Manningham, Bradford.  
**YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING, SOUTH**  
BARNSELY, SOUTH.—Dist. C., Miss D. Potts, 115, Barnsley Road, Wombwell, nr. Barnsley.  
**RESIGNATION**  
ENDCLIFFE.—Dist. C., Miss J. Yates.  
**YORK CITY**  
RESIGNATION  
GALTRES.—Dist. C., Mrs. Harvey.  
**WALES**  
**GLAMORGANSHIRE**  
EXTENSION SECRETARY.—Miss Hockin, 10 Grosvenor Road, Sketty, Swansea.  
CARDIFF.—Div. C., Miss D. Fifoot, Westways, Ty-Gwynn Crescent, Cardiff.  
CARDIFF.—ASST. Div. C., Miss M. Bassett, Cheverell, Llandaff, Cardiff.  
CARDIFF.—ASST. Div. C., Miss J. Miller, 21, Richmond Crescent, Cardiff.  
CARDIFF.—ASST. Div. C., Miss S. Evans, Eastfield House, Cowbridge.  
COWERIDGE.—Dist. C., Miss S. Evans, Eastfield House, Cowbridge.  
Please note that Whitchurch has now become a District on its own (from LLANDAFF, WHITCHURCH and RABYR DISTRICT).—Dist. C., Miss M. Derryhouse, 18, Alfreda Road, Whitchurch, nr. Cardiff.  
GABALFA AND TREDGARVILLE (Districts amalgamated).—Dist. C., Miss E. H. Lewis, Elferdan, The Common, Whitchurch, Cardiff.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
CARDIFF.—Div. C., Miss S. Vachell.  
CARDIFF.—ASST. Div. C., Miss D. Fifoot.  
GABALFA.—Dist. C., Mrs. Glyn Williams.  
RHOOSE AND ST. ATHAN.—Dist. C., Mrs. Pyne.  
TREDGARVILLE.—Dist. C., Miss K. Randall.  
**PEMBROKESHIRE**  
PEMBROKESHIRE, NORTH.—Div. C. (Temp.), Lady Lewis, Henllan, Narberth.  
PEMBROKESHIRE, SOUTH.—Div. C. (Temp.), Miss A. Page, "Good Companions" Club, Pembroke Dock.  
BONCATH.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Mrs. Bickerton Edwards, Flynnon, Boncath.  
**RESIGNATIONS**  
PEMBROKESHIRE, NORTH-WEST.—Div. C., Mrs. Mathias.  
KILGETTY AND BEGELLY.—Dist. C., Miss F. Phillips.  
ST. DAVIDS, Dist. C., Mrs. Mathias.  
SOLVA.—Dist. C., Mrs. Mathias.  
**SCOTLAND**  
**DUMBERTONSHIRE**  
LENZIE.—Dist. C., Miss M. Beveridge, Ballilisk, Lenzie.  
**RESIGNATION**  
KIRKINTILLOCH.—Div. C., Mrs. J. M. Hogg.  
**EAST LOTHIAN**  
RESIGNATION  
PRESTONKIRK.—Dist. C., Miss M. Jack.  
**CITY OF EDINBURGH**  
MORNINGSIDE.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss S. White, 7, Macdowall Road, Edinburgh, 9.  
**RESIGNATION**  
NETHER BOW.—Dist. C., Miss B. Birnie.  
(Continued on back cover)

# THE GUIDER OPPORTUNITIES

[November, 1941]

## Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women WATERLOO ROAD, S.E.1 (Recognised Training School.)

There are vacancies for PROBATIONER NURSES for three-and-a-half years' training. Age 18-35. Salary £30, £35, £40, £50. Board, lodging, and some indoor uniform provided. Some of the period of training will be spent at the base hospital in the country. For particulars apply to 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 seven weeks' training, without fees, before entering the wards. Salary during training £30, £35, and £40 per annum. On completion of three years' training selected Nurses have the opportunity of training for the C.M.B. Apply to the Matron for full particulars.

## THE LONDON CHEST HOSPITAL VICTORIA PARK, E.2 and COUNTRY BRANCH.

Required PROBATIONER NURSES to train at this Affiliated Training School. For particulars apply to Matron.

## PULMONARY HOSPITAL Withnell Road, Chorley, Lancs.

PROBATIONERS required. Salary £50, rising by £5 to £55, with £3 6s. war bonus. Uniforms provided. Lectures and certificate given. Two years' training. Apply to Matron.

## COVENTRY AND WARWICKSHIRE HOSPITAL Preliminary Training School.

PROBATIONER NURSES required. Salary £30, £35, £40. Apply to the Matron.

## SUSSEX EYE HOSPITAL EASTERN ROAD, BRIGHTON

PROBATIONER required, two years' ophthalmic training. Applicants must have reached the age of 17 years. Commencing salary £30 per annum. Lectures and certificate given. Apply to the Matron at the Hospital.

## WOODFORD JUBILEE HOSPITAL WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX

require PROBATIONER, age from 17 years. Salary £20 per annum. Uniform and laundry provided. Lectures given in preparation for training. Apply to Matron.

## KENT. COUNTY COUNCIL PUBLIC ASSISTANCE DEPARTMENT County Hospital, Chatham. County Hospital, Dartford

STUDENT NURSES are required at the above hospitals for training in general nursing for a period of three years. Salary £40 a year for the first year, £45 a year for the second year, and £50 a year for the third year, together with residential emoluments. Candidates will be prepared for the examination of the General Nursing Council, and if successful, will be eligible for appointment as Staff Nurses. A Superannuation Scheme is in force. All nurses receive three weeks' annual holiday. There is a good Nurses' Home with all modern conveniences at each of the hospitals. Further details as to the general rules of the hospitals will be forwarded on application being made to the Matron of each hospital.

W. L. PLATTS, Clerk of the County Council.

County Hall, Maidstone.

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## APPOINTMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS—(Continued from page 207)

### CITY OF GLASGOW

#### RESIGNATIONS

No. 3 (EAST-NORTH-EAST DIVISION)—Dist. C., Miss N. Boyd.

No. 4 (EAST-NORTH-EAST DIVISION)—Dist. C., Miss M. Easton.

#### INVERNESS-SHIRE

LONE SECRETARY.—Mrs. Grant, Castlehill House, Inverness.

No. 1 (STRATHSEY DIVISION)—Dist. C., Miss R. K. Aspin, Broomhill House, Dulnain Bridge.

#### RESIGNATION

No. 1 (STRATHSEY DIVISION)—Dist. C., Miss C. Stuart.

#### MIDLOTHIAN

BONNYRIGG, LASSWADE AND DISTRICT.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Mrs. McLeman, Broomieknowe House, Lasswade.

CURRIE AND BALERNO.—Dist. C. (Temp.), Miss E. M. Dryborough, The Kips, Balerno.

#### RESIGNATION

CURRIE AND BALERNO.—Dist. C., Miss A. M. Stewart.

## OVERSEAS

### WINDWARD ISLANDS

#### ST. VINCENT

#### RESIGNATION

ASSISTANT ISLAND COMMISSIONER.—Mrs. Nanton.

#### MAURITIUS

#### RESIGNATION

ISLAND SECRETARY.—Mrs. J. Ireland.

### BRITISH GUIDES IN FOREIGN LANDS

#### CHINA

#### RESIGNATION

SHANGHAI.—Dist. C., Mrs. D. Butt.

Approved by the Scottish Executive Committee

SCOTTISH POST BOX SECRETARY.—Miss Haig, Clayton, Dairsie, Fife.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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### EMPLOYMENT OFFERED

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Assistant Cook and Dining-room Maid required. Wages according to age and experience. Ranger company in district.—Apply Matron, Haslemere Hospital, Haslemere, Surrey.

Voluntary Helper wanted to assist in kitchen in hostel for evacuated cripple children. Cadeit, young Guider, or one over registration age suitable.—Applications to Guider-in-Charge, Cowdenknowes, Earlston, Berwickshire.

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Printed by the Surrey Fine Art Press, Redhill, and Published by the Girl Guides Association, 17-19, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.