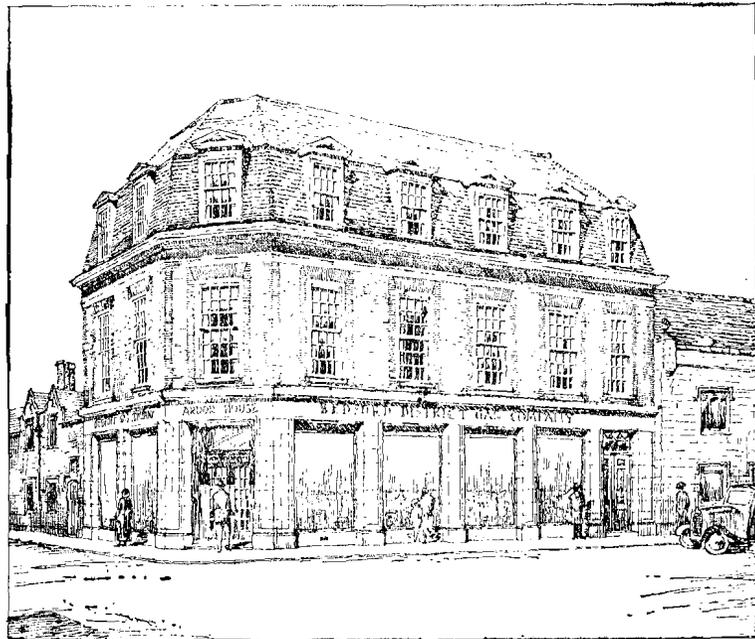


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Printed by Charles Elphick, Biggleswade.

JULY — 1946

**BEDFORDSHIRE  
GIRL GUIDES  
MAGAZINE**



**PRICE — SIXPENCE**

## EDITORIAL

Here is our first County Guide Magazine. Read it all the way through and see if you like it. If there is anything which you don't like, write and tell me, and if you have any ideas about what should go into our next Magazine, let me know that too.

Well done to all of you who sent in contributions for our first issue. Some of you will notice that your names aren't in the Awards list where they should be, and there is no news from some of your Companies and Packs. If this is so, see to it that Captain or Brown Owl sends them to me in good time so that you are not left out of our next Magazine.

If you have any contributions or news which you would like to go in let me have them as soon as possible. Will you be careful, too, to write on only one side of the paper and to put your name clearly on top, along with the name of your Company or Pack?

Can you think of a good name for our Magazine? We are offering a prize for the best one, so let me have your ideas.

We have ordered 500 copies this time. I hope as many of you as possible will buy one. Next time we hope to sell more, so do your best and back us up.

MARION W. SANDY.

5, Linden Road, Bedford.

## COUNTY COMMISSIONER'S LETTER

My dear Guide Folk of Bedfordshire,

In this first number of our County Magazine I am sure you will all join with me in wishing it a successful and useful career. Now wishing, alone, is not very much use. We should *do* something to help our wishes come true, like the little boy who, seeing a bird trap, wanted to save the birds from being caught in it, so first of all he prayed that the birds might not go near and then he went and kicked the trap to pieces! So what can we do? The success of this magazine really depends on us all pulling our weight together. We can buy it, then read it, we can send to the Editor all the interesting news of our Companies and Packs, our Districts and Divisions. We can write to the Editor and make suggestions as to what we would like, and ask questions of interest to Guide folk. I expect you can think of lots more ways in which *you* can help. Then in return the magazine will be a help to us, by linking up together all the members of the Guide Family in the County, so that we may have news of each other and exchange ideas, besides all the other interesting and useful things we hope to see. I will tell you what I should like to see in the next number. I should like to see a long list of names of those who have passed the 1st Class test. You know our Founder, Lord Baden Powell, said that a Guide who is content to remain a 2nd Class Guide is only a 3rd class girl. You need not wait till you have passed the 2nd Class before you learn some of the 1st Class, and you can start directly you are enrolled trying to be a 1st class sort of person, that is, not only able and willing but also absolutely trustworthy. Will your name be on that list? Good luck to your Companies and Packs, and my very best wishes to each one of you.

Your friend and fellow Guide,

MARGARET F. DALTON.

## AWARDS

—X—

### 1ST SOUTHILL GUIDE COMPANY.

2nd Class: J. Newton, B. Webb, B. Clark, S. Stewart. Proficiency Badges—Cyclist: J. Stock, W. Harrington, J. Faulkner, A. York, K. Jaycock; First Aid: P. Bowes-Lyon, B. Webb, B. Clark, S. Stewart; Sick Nurse: J. Faulkner; Child Nurse: J. Faulkner.

### 1ST SHILLINGTON GUIDE COMPANY.

2nd Class: M. Pettifer, P. Naldrett, S. Walker, A. Jenkins. Proficiency Badges—Child Nurse: M. Rutt, E. Edwards.

### 4TH DUNSTABLE COMPANY.

2nd Class: F. Chorley. Proficiency Badges—Launderers: J. Boyd, K. Chowne, F. Chorley.

### HOUGHTON REGIS COMPANY.

2nd Class: J. Barling, D. Knex, S. Mitchell, K. Denton, J. Sinfield, R. Ward.

### 1ST MEPPERSHALL COMPANY.

2nd Class: E. Springham, S. Millard, M. Prince, D. Wells. Proficiency Badges—Child Nurse: D. Dilley, E. Springham; Cooks: D. Dilley.

### 1ST SHEFFORD COMPANY.

2nd Class: V. Dilley, P. Cox.

### LEIGHTON BUZZARD COMPANY.

2nd Class: S. Stewart.

### MODERN SCHOOL COMPANY.

2nd Class: J. Williams. Proficiency Badges—Needlewoman's: R. Prior, S. Gray, J. Williams, J. Eldridge.

### 4TH ALL SAINTS COMPANY.

Proficiency Badges—Needlewoman's: P. Burton, J. Taylor; Cooks: K. Humphrey, P. Burton, A. Brear.

### BROWNIE WINGS

5TH DUNSTABLE PACK: R. Brewer.  
14TH BEDFORD T.C.S. PACK: J. Ayres, J. Dutton, C. Mitchell.

## TWENTY-ONE YEARS BACK

—X—

It was a lovely day in July, 1925, when we learned that our Commissioner was about to run a camp at Northrepps, near Cromer. The fact that only one of us had ever camped before seemed to us to matter not at all; equally unimportant was the fact that the sole item of equipment we owned was one enormous iron dixie which could only just be moved by the combined efforts of two of us together.

With the irresistible enthusiasm of novices, we tackled and overcame all difficulties that stood in our way, and in almost less time than it takes to write it we had persuaded the C.C.A., the Commissioner and the parents of our Guides to agree to our camping for five days under the care of the Commissioner. Then came the kit lists; what a scurrying-about they caused! "Please, Captain, what's a palliasse?" "Do we take the straw with us, Captain?" "I haven't got an extra navy-blue skirt; what can I do?" "How many pairs of black stockings do we take?" and so on and so on.

The eventful day dawned bright and clear, and twenty-five Guides and three Guiders set forth on the great adventure with shining faces, shining buckets and spotless Morse flags, and with the supreme confidence which comes from total ignorance. When we arrived at Overstrand we were in no way daunted to find that the site was a considerable way from the station and that the only way to get there was to walk; that was all part of the fun, and walk we did, singing tunefully and cheerfully as we stepped out along the road. Arrived at the field, we found that, though part of the camp was pitched, we were expected to put up our own tents. When we had finished we were, not sadder, but definitely wiser

folk. We had learnt that you never walk on a tent, what a guy-line is and how to use it, and that to put a peg in the ground back to front leaning towards the tent is not the best way to make a bell-tent safe for sleeping. What patience the Commandant displayed! How kindly she explained to us the way to erect screening and to use the knots we had practised at Parade! (How very useful is the clove hitch!). At last we were ready to make our beds. "It is better to put too little straw into your palliasse than too much," said Experience. "I'd rather have a nice firm palliasse," said Ignorance, and proceeded to cram in straw and to bear to her tent a beautiful fat sausage-like object. Alas! that night wails were heard. "Why can't I stay in my bed, I keep rolling out?" "Why is my bed so hard? I put heaps of straw in my palliasse!" "Oh dear! I wish I'd listened to Madam when she told us how to do it." Thus did Ignorance begin to depart and Knowledge begin to take her place.

It is a marvel that the twenty-eight of us were ever settled down, but before dark all were in bed, lights were out, and twenty-eight weary, but very happy, adventurers gazed in awe and wonder from the tall tent above their heads through the open door to the stars on high, trying so hard not to talk and as yet not possessing the self-control to succeed. Suddenly a strange noise quite close by made twenty-eight heads shoot up. "What's that?" said they. "It's a nightjar I expect," said one. "What's that like?" asked a small Guide, picturing her mother's stone hot-water bottle. "Don't be silly, I expect it is a cow," said another. "Could it be an owl?" asked a fourth hopefully. After all, it turned out only to be an old sheep with a wheezy cough. Comparative peace reigned again, and then as a distant low sound

was heard one Guider murmured contentedly to the other two of us, "How lovely to go to sleep with the sound of the sea in our ears." A few minutes later another remarked, "Well, if it is the sea, why is it getting louder?" A brilliant light in the tent answered her, a big thunderstorm was rolling up. The new campers remembered that they had been told to shut their doors if rain seemed likely to blow in; with clumsy, unaccustomed fingers they did so, and what a comfort it was to hear the Commandant's cheery voice outside commending them and telling them not to touch the tent walls or roof after the rain began, as that would most likely cause a leak, which fact the careless learnt from damp and chilly experience shortly afterwards.

It was a really heavy storm. We three Guiders looked at each other and the senior of us said firmly, "I'm going round to see how the Guiders are, in case anyone is frightened, but you two must stay here." Carefully removing her glasses, which she always wore, and donning a tight bathing cap, climbing into her mackintosh and gumboots and covering the whole outfit with a groundsheet over her head, she sallied forth into the darkness and disappeared. A few moments later a piercing shriek rent the air. We two, left together, caught sight of each other for a second as a brilliant flash lit up the inside of the tent. As we were preparing to follow her, she returned looking considerably crestfallen. "I've come back," she said, "because the Guiders don't mind the thunderstorm a bit, but they were simply terrified when I put my head through the doors. They didn't seem to recognise me. I'm going back to bed."

Do you remember your first night at Camp, or can it be that you haven't had it yet?

D. I. MADDEN, C.C.A.

## CAMP, 1944

—x—

When I am old, and full of dreams,  
My friends will sometimes share  
my fire,  
And we will remember happy days  
That call up pictures in the flames,  
Ghosts of images half-forgotten  
Will hover in the quiet room,  
Images of camp . . . .

The scent of warm hay drifts  
across the air,  
Borne by a breeze that whispers of  
delight,  
Of sun-drenched fields and shadow-  
dappled woods,  
And golden evenings leading in the  
night.

Tang of wood smoke catching in  
your throat,  
As voices round the campfire rise  
and swell,  
Rivalling the birds in joyous  
melody,  
Then dying with the echo of a bell.

Overhead, like swarms of angry  
bees,  
Great war-planes carry Death  
across the sea;  
While we have found release,  
content, and peace,  
Bound in a freedom which is  
harmony.

J. PARKER,  
(14th Bedford Cadets).

\* \* \*

## A KNOTTY STORY

—x—

*Can you fill in the gaps? There is a different knot for each space.*

Kathleen Tye, fourteen year old Daffodil Patrol leader, rolled over sleepily and looked at the sun streaming in through the open window. Then she jumped out of bed. In doing this she knocked her head against the shade of the electric light, so she decided to shorten the flex by tying a

(1)..... in it. As she was dressing her shoe lace broke, but she quickly tied a (2)..... and hurried down to breakfast.

After breakfast her mother asked her to take a parcel to a neighbour, Mrs. Key. She tied it up with a (3)..... and set off. Kenneth, her little brother, ran after her with two pieces of wood, a long and a short one, and said he wanted them making into a sword. She made them firm with a (4)..... and hurried on. Presently Kathleen heard a familiar bark and, turning round, saw Sandy, her Irish terrier, who had run out without his collar on. She tied a strong cord carefully round his neck, using a (5)..... and led him along until she came to Mrs. Key's gate, when she fastened him up to the gate-post with a (6)..... and walked up the path. She had arrived just at the right moment, for it was washing day and Mrs. Key's clothes line had broken and she was trying to mend it. Kathleen soon found a piece of rope, which she joined on with (7)..... Then she put a (8)..... on the end of the rope and tied it to the post with a (9)..... She gave the parcel to Mrs. Key, untied Sandy, and set off home, this time taking the path through the wood. As she went she collected firewood until her bundle was so big that she had to secure it with a thick piece of string tied with a (10)..... and carry it over her shoulder. It was quite easy to carry like this and she was back home in no time.

R. A. STRATTON  
(14th Bedford Cadets).

## ANSWERS

1. Sheepshank. 2. Reef. 3. Packer's knot. 4. Square lash. 5. Bowline. 6. Round turn and two half hitches. 7. Sheet bend. 8. Whipping. 9. Clove hitch. 10. Timber hitch.

## THE ALL-ENGLAND RANGER RALLY

—x—  
18th and 19th May, 1946

—x—  
A contingent of Rangers from Bedfordshire attended the All-England Ranger Rally in London on the 18th and 19th May, 1946, and two Ampthill Rangers have sent us the following accounts of the functions. We are sure all our readers will be interested in their impressions.

### RALLY, ALBERT HALL

As a Bedfordshire Ranger I had the honour and privilege of attending the All-England Rally at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, 18th May, 1946.

After the Royal Salute, the programme began with the entry from the left-hand side of the arena of the King's Colours, and from the right-hand side of the World Flag, H.R.H. Princess Margaret then proceeded down the centre aisle behind the flag of St. George and took her place in front of the band of the Welsh Guards. Then followed a parade of County Standards and the singing of "England." Each county had its own box, and on the front of each was the County Badge. To these the colour parties proceeded with their standards and hung them from their respective boxes.

Singing, conducted by Miss Mary Chater, Assistant Commissioner for Music, came next; then choruses for all, songs by the Ranger choir, and songs for choir and audience.

We then heard an inspiring address by General Sir William Slim, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (Commander of the Fourteenth Army and later Commander-in-Chief of Allied Forces, S.E. Asia). The vote of thanks to

General Sir William Slim was proposed by a Ranger from the north of England and seconded by a Ranger from the Channel Islands. Further singing brought the first half of the programme to a close.

After a short interval the hall was darkened, organ music was heard, and we settled back to watch a pageant-play, "Days of Glory," specially written by Kitty Barne. In the pageant we looked back through the years to see for ourselves what courage had done for girls in the past, what responsibilities and authority they had carried and the extent of their studies, their martyrdom, love and loyalty. There was Grace Darling who braved the seas, Victoria who became Queen of England at the age of seventeen, Florence Nightingale who nursed, and many others, not forgetting Mrs. Beaton, author of a famous book of recipes.

To conclude, we stood to the salute during the playing of the National Anthem. This was something I shall always remember; it was a truly great occasion,

RITA HARRIS (Ampthill).

### THE MARCH PAST, HYDE PARK,

SUNDAY, 19th MAY, 1946

I was one of the Bedfordshire contingent who took part in the March Past in Hyde Park on Sunday, 19th May, and with 8,000 other Rangers spent the night of Saturday in the Clapham Common Air Raid Shelter.

After an early rise and breakfast, we left at 9.30 a.m. in order to be at our assembly point in Carlisle Place in good time. Lunch was served at Watneys Brewery, after which we made our way to the Park.

The parade had been divided into blocks, and as Bedfordshire was not large enough to make its own block we joined Gloucestershire and Somerset.

In Hyde Park we found that the

stretch of grass facing the saluting base had been marked out in large squares, into which blocks we were told to fit ourselves—front rank toes on the line, and rear rank heels on the line. By the time we were finally settled the clock on the boathouse on the opposite bank of the Serpentine said 2 o'clock, which meant that we had a whole hour to wait before the arrival of the Royal Party, but there was plenty to see and the hour passed quite quickly. The identity of the various Guiders was an interesting topic for discussion.

More and more Rangers arrived, until there was nothing but navy blue berets with a suggestion of red over the left eye as far as one could see. There was the Guard of Honour, effectively composed of Land, Sea and Air Rangers, all looking extremely smart. The arrival of the Colours was also a source of interest, or shall I say awe? What a colourful array they made as they took up their positions at the rear of the main body of Rangers. "Look, there is Bedfordshire."

By this time the rain clouds were rapidly dispersing, and after some controversy the Rangers were told to discard their raincoats about five minutes before their Royal Highnesses were due to arrive. Looking round, it was quite a sight to see light blouses and ties appearing in place of navy blue coats, and I am sure it was then that the Weather Clerk took pity on us and called on the sun to show itself.

"Look, there is a car. Yes, it's her all right!" And so it was, Princess Elizabeth looking extremely smart and very charming in her Commodore's uniform, followed by Princess Margaret in the navy and white uniform of a Sea Ranger, the Princess Royal, our President, and the Hon. Lady Cochrane, Chief Commissioner for England. They took their places on the platform and the National Anthem was sung with every Ranger standing at the salute,

Three lusty cheers followed the order to stand easy. After welcoming speeches, Princess Elizabeth made an inspection of the Guard of Honour, and when at last she again took her place on the dais the Drumhead Service followed immediately. It was a very simple service and only lasted about half an hour, and included a short address by the Rev. the Lord Bishop of Willesden.

After the service Princess Elizabeth spoke to us. How sincere she was and what an inspiring message she gave us to take back to our members who were unable to be present! Great applause followed her short address.

Then came the part of the proceedings for which some of us had suffered much at the hands of a hardened Service Drill Instructor for the past six or eight weeks—the March Past! Waiting for our turn, we had a good view of the thousands of Rangers marching past the saluting base where Princess Elizabeth stood to take the salute. Oh, now it is our turn, we must take our places in the long line of Rangers which stretched along the road as far as the eye could see. Left, right, left. Oh! please everyone keep in step, we are going past any minute now. Yes, "Eyes right"—what a moment! and how quickly it passes! "Eyes front"—it is over!

There were crowds of people lining both sides of the road. "Here come the Bedfords, let's give them a clap." Who said that? One could not help feeling a bit of a thrill running down one's spine. Someone in the crowd obviously had some reason for happy memories of our county town. Will he realise, I wonder, how he made a happy memory himself for at least one of those Rangers representing that very place?

How our feet ached!

As we reached the gates of Hyde Park so once more the blocks went their various ways, and before long we were on our way again,

getting nearer to our assembly points.

When we had turned the last corner. "Halt!—Dismiss!" What now? Everything was over, the next thing was to get tea and talk of the marvellous week-end we had had, the many inspirations which had been there for us to draw upon. Then later to go our separate ways, taking with us all the impressions we had gleaned over those past two days; to tell them to our friends and families; to spread the news that the Ranger Movement intends to accept its responsibility for building a new and better future.

BETTY SHEPPARD  
(1st Ampthill District Ranger Company).

\* \* \*

## RIDDLE-ME-REE

—x—

My first is in hat, but not in coat,  
My second is in book and also in  
note,  
My third is in rat, but not in  
mouse,  
My fourth is in sty and also in  
house,  
My fifth is in stone, but not in ton,  
My whole is something you ride  
upon.

JUNE GIDDINGS  
(1st A Biggleswade Pack).

\* \* \*

## WHIPSNADE ZOO

—x—

There are many attractions at Whipsnade Zoo this summer! Improvements have been made, and the park is altogether in better trim than it has been during the difficult war years. Whipsnade is coming into its own again as a real (and unusual!) holiday resort.

The most important Zoo inmate is "Uno," the baby chimpanzee, the first ape to be born at Whip-

snade. The chimpanzee nursery was placed out of bounds to all visitors for over three months so that "Boo-Boo" and her precious baby could remain perfectly quiet and undisturbed. "Boo-Boo" has been an ideal mother, and little "Uno" has made splendid progress.

The big circular monkey playground near the chimpanzee house is now occupied by a colony of lively rhesus macaques from India. When first released they fought among themselves and chased each other around the playground for hours. Rhesus monkeys are very high-spirited, and this was probably just their way of celebrating.

Other new arrivals are thirty-seven grass snakes and over fifty vipers from the New Forest. On warm sunny days they come out of hiding to bask on the rocks of the open-air reptiliary. It is easy to tell the harmless grass snakes from the poisonous vipers or adders: the grass snake has a bright yellow collar or neck band, while the viper is distinguished by a prominent V mark on its head and a thick zig-zag line down the centre of its back.

Along the downs a new paddock has been made for those grotesque African wild pigs, the wart-hogs; and the old tiger pit has been altered to house giant Kodiak bears.

Whipsnade has become famous for rearing brown bears. Five lovable cubs are on view this year. Children delight in watching their playful antics and wrestling bouts, but though they look safe enough to cuddle, bear cubs soon become spiteful and untrustworthy. They can inflict nasty bites and scratches.

In a quiet corner of the Zoo keepers are rearing six valuable baby deer. They belong to a species known as Père David's and are very rare. The only herd of Père David's deer in existence is at Woburn Abbey, though formerly there were large numbers in the

Chinese Imperial Park in Peking. The Zoo babies, which were sent to Whipsnade by the Duke of Bedford, are fed on goats' milk. They are quiet looking youngsters with spotted flanks, wide splayed feet, and with very long faces of oriental appearance. Four of the young Père David's deer will go to the New York Zoo later in the year and will be the first of their kind to be seen in America.

The herd of shaggy two-humped Bactrian camels—the finest herd of camels in Western Europe—has been strengthened by the birth of a healthy calf, and several yaks have been born. Other interesting babies are the husky dog puppies and many wallabies, whose heads can be seen protruding from their mothers' pouches.

The rheas have laid well, and it is hoped that a good proportion of chicks will emerge from the big primrose-coloured eggs which have been placed in special incubators. A hen ostrich arrived from another zoo to be a mate for the fine cock ostrich which has been at Whipsnade for some years. Of all the broods of gosling and ducklings hatched in the park perhaps the most fascinating family is that of the paradise shelduck. Her four little striped youngsters look as if they are wearing tiny football sweaters; they are carefully guarded by very proud, noisy parents. Families of Japanese jungle fowl wander freely about the park, while in coverts and among the undergrowth North American wild turkeys fuss over their foraging youngsters. Fifteen wild turkeys flew away from Whipsnade in the spring, but this season's hatchlings should bring the turkey flock up to full strength again.

No visit to Whipsnade is quite complete without a visit to the lions and tigers at feeding time, and in the parrot house there is an accomplished sulphur-crested cockatoo who will bid you "Good-bye" after he has entertained you with a song and a cheerful "Okey-doke"!

## A NEW BROWNIE SONG

(From the Sandy Pack)

—x—

We're Brownies of the Sandy Pack,  
And very proud of it.  
We rally round our wise Brown  
Owl  
And try to do our bit.  
We learn the flags and semaphore  
And do our very best  
To keep the Brownie Law.

*Chorus:*

Brownies, we are called the  
Brownies,  
We are proud to be the  
Brownies.  
Brownies, we are called the  
Brownies,  
We always play the game.

We learn our knots and ties and  
plaits,  
And sing our Brownie rhyme.  
We dance around the Fairy Ring  
And have a jolly time.  
We try to help the folks at home  
And make them happy too.  
We smile our Brownie smile.

*Chorus.*

(To the tune of the American  
Hymn to the Republic).

\* \* \*

## RUSSIAN CONVOY

—x—

On February 27th, 1945, I was asked if I would be one of a small party of Welfare Officers to go immediately to Odessa, Russia, to fetch home some of the first of our released Prisoners of War. Miss Wells, who was the County Secretary, Bedfordshire, was also asked and was in charge of the whole party.

We were told that two ships were going and that three Welfare Officers would go in each ship, taking in all 54 tons of comforts for our returning P.O.W.s. About

14 tons was for each ship on the return journey and the remainder was to be left in the transit camp at Odessa.

The ship I went in was the S.S. Duchess of Richmond. We took about 3,000 Russian troops. The only other passengers were four Russian families returning from the Embassy in London to Russia.

We sailed from the King George V. Dock, Glasgow, on March 8th and steamed down the Clyde. We anchored that evening off Gourach to await the formation of the convoy before setting out across the Irish Sea.

A convoy is a very impressive sight and it brought home to me all we owed to our Royal Navy and Merchant Navy during the long and hazardous years of war.

We went in convoy as far as Gibraltar, after which each ship went on to its own destination. We and the S.S. Circasia, the second ship bound for Odessa, sailed on alone through the Mediterranean.

We called at Malta. It was interesting to see this gallant but battered George Cross island.

We were busy on the outward voyage getting our 14 tons of comforts ready for our return. We had the following goods among them: complete canteen equipment, tinned milk, tea, sugar, biscuits, chocolate, cigarettes, tobacco, pipes, towels, kit bags, socks, slippers, jerseys, balaclava helmets, gloves, games of all sorts, musical instruments, enough books to set up a library, and a gift bag to be given to each man on embarkation. In each of these bags was a flannel, soap, tooth brush, comb, shaving brush, shaving stick, two handkerchiefs, bar of chocolate, and fifty cigarettes, together with a card of welcome from the Red Cross Societies of the Empire.

We arrived at Odessa on March 23rd. A British Red Cross Welfare Officer who had flown out and arrived at Odessa five days before came on board. She told us there

were about 800 British Prisoners of War in camps in the town. She also told us that the food was very poor, so it was arranged with the ship's steward to land cake, and later bread, butter and bully beef for our men until they were embarked for home.

It was not until March 25th that we were allowed to land and go to the camps and help with the canteen being organised by the Welfare Officer. The joy of these British Prisoners of War at meeting someone from "home" was very great, and they asked us many questions about England. These men had been "out of the world," in many cases for over five years, and they were badly clothed and badly fed, but they possessed the true British spirit, and one felt proud to be their fellow countryman.

On March 26th the great embarkation started. We stood by the gangway and handed each man a gift bag and a packet of cigarettes as he stepped on board.

Once on board, we were very busy issuing the comforts, getting the canteen going, starting games, and answering their many questions.

The favourite game was Tombola, otherwise known as Lotto or House Full. This was played every evening, with anything up to 400 men playing at the same time. The men decided to give 10 per cent. of each game to the British Red Cross and Order of St. John Prisoners of War Fund as a thank-offering for all this fund had done for them. This was very wonderful, as the money was the first these men had had since being P.O.W.s, but it showed what they thought of the Red Cross and St. John.

Our first port of call was Istanbul, where the wife of the British Consul came on board with gifts of dried fruit, sweets, oranges and flowers. Some of these flowers we put in cold storage to decorate the altars at the Church of England

and Roman Catholic services on Easter Sunday.

Our next port of call was Naples, where we remained five days as we filled up with British troops going home on leave. We also took a further 100 Prisoners of War who came from Odessa in a Dutch ship.

Our last call was Gibraltar, where we remained three days while the convoy was formed. We were now busy packing up our remaining stores and giving out writing paper for the men to write home. It was wonderful to see how much stronger the men were and to see their spirits rising daily as we neared home.

At the final evening of the Tombola I thanked the men for their great generosity, as their target of £100 had now risen to the amazing sum of £307 1s. This was the result of the Tombola, a Bridge Drive, part of a Victory Draw and various donations. If any proof were needed of the value of the Red Cross Prisoners of War parcels this was it, and I felt it a most moving tribute.

On April 17th we anchored in the Clyde off Gourach, and the following day the men were disembarked by lighter. It was rather sad that we did not actually see them step ashore on British soil, but we bid them farewell as they left the ship.

The war is now over, but the Red Cross is as busy as ever; so if you read this, give a thought and a helping hand when you can to the British Red Cross Society.

RUTH HALSEY

(Captain, 1st Southill Girl Guide Coy.).

## REFLECTIONS ON OUR FIRST CAMP

—x—

- A** was "A" Group at the camp in Wrest Park.
- B** Biggleswade Guides who got up with the lark,
- C** for the Camp Fires, such fun in the twilight,
- D** was the Darkness around us at night,
- E** for the Energy with which we all work,
- F** for the Frog who on pillow did lurk,
- G** for the Grass each morning so damp,
- H** for Miss Heard, Commandant of the camp,
- I** for the Insects so many and weird,
- J** was the Joy when second helpings appeared,
- K** for the Kitchen, a favourite spot,
- L** was the Larder, hanging aloft,
- M** for Miss Madden, for inspection and tea,
- N** for our Neighbours, Group "B" and Group "C."
- O** was the Out-of-doors, breezy and gay,
- P** was our Prayers which started the day,
- Q** was our Q.M. who nobly fed all,
- R** for Reveille when we answered the call,
- S** was for Sunday—fond parents see daughter,
- T** for the long Trek to fetch all our water,
- U** for the Unity expressed in one voice,
- V** for V.J. Day when we all did rejoice,
- W** the World Flag our thoughts did express,
- X** the Xcitement of Camp Fire fancy dress.

**Y** for You all who enjoyed your short stay,  
**Z** was the Zest shown in work and in play.

*From the 1st A Biggleswade Girl Guide Company.*

\* \* \*

## CATS AND DOGS

—x—

Can you feel any difference between the fur of a cat and that of a dog?

Why does a cat dislike getting its coat wet?

How do their tracks differ?

What does each do when angry?

If they lick your hand, do dogs' and cats' tongues feel the same?

Into how many pads are their paws divided?

What use does a cat make of its tail when asleep?

What use is a dog's tail to him when awake?

\* \* \*

## GUIDES IN WAR-TIME

—x—

Throughout the war years the Guide Movement has flourished in Bedfordshire in spite of difficulties, and Companies and Packs have found innumerable ways in which they have been able to help their country. Bedford W 2 District, 1st Ampthill Rangers and Brownies, 1st A Biggleswade Guides and Brownies, and 1st Pottton Brownies have all sent accounts of their struggles and successes.

One of the difficulties was the loss of Guiders who left the county to serve with the W.R.N.S., the W.A.A.F.S., the A.T.S., in the Nursing Services, and to do all sorts of jobs of National import-

ance. We sent them off with pride in our hearts, yet with a slight misgiving as to how we should manage without them, but in nearly every case the breach was filled. Rangers came forward and Cadets and Guiders who had come from other counties to Bedfordshire. Miss D. J. Harrison (now Captain, 25th Bedford 1st Convent Co.), who joined the A.T.S., writes: "The horrid feeling that Guiding was a thing of the past came to me in the train as I went to join the A.T.S. Much to my relief, it proved to be the exact opposite. During the first month it wasn't possible to do any active Guiding, one's time being completely occupied with Army Regulations and 'spit and polish,' to say nothing of sore feet through new shoes! Sometimes one concentrated too hard, as on my first Pay Parade—after having practised the correct salute solidly for one hour beforehand, I calmly marched up to the Paying Officer and gave her a smashing *GUIDE* salute! However, it was passed over with an understanding smile. It was very noticeable to see how much interest was taken in you if you were a member of the Movement. One of the more trivial advantages was that of being able to tie one's tie! It was whilst on night duty that a girl, having noticed my Ranger brooch, asked if I did any Rangering in the Army. Her sister was Ranger Captain at Tottenham, and I was invited to their meetings and later became acting Lieutenant. My thanks go to Guiding as a whole for all the things it has taught me." Now we are beginning to welcome back some of the Guiders and Rangers as they leave the Services, and we hope that soon all the Companies and Packs will have been restarted.

Those who remained carried on in the face of difficulties—black-out, no premises, a shifting evacuee population and shortage of uniform. Some met on Saturday afternoons, others early in the evening. The 1st Ampthill

Brownies had to invent outdoor games, so that they would be out of the way of the caretaker who was also trying to race the black-out.

Cadets, Rangers, Guides and Brownies have all contributed to the war effort and helped those who have suffered through the war. Rangers have trained for First Aid, Civil Defence and W.V.S. canteen helpers. Guides have acted as patients in First Aid and Invasion exercises. Two from the 1st A Biggleswade Company were trained to make emergency ovens for use in case of air raids, and gave demonstrations of these at a number of W.V.S. centres.

The 1st Pottton Brownies have dressed a doll, made bedclothes for its cot, and sent these to a sick Dutch Brownie in hospital at the Hague. This gift has started a correspondence between the Dutch Pack and the Pottton Brownies, and also between the Guides and Rangers of La Hague, who went to see the bed, and those at home. And everyone has knitted for the Forces; collected rose-hips, conkers, acorns, books, magazines, waste paper, cotton reels, milk bottle tops, silver paper and jam jars; raised money for the B.P. Fund, G.I.S., Red Cross (the 1st Pottton Brownies gave a show which raised £23 14s. 6d.), War Savings, hospitals and Barnardo's; collected or made toys for evacuees and blitzed children—in fact, they have been ready for whatever job needed doing.

\* \* \*

## COMPANY NEWS

—x—

Leighton Buzzard Rangers (Air Section) have been elected hon. members of the Leighton Buzzard Aero Modellers Club. They will be allowed the use of the Club-room once a week. They have been given a plan and asked to build

a model sail plane for the All-England contest to be held at the new sports drome at Eaton Bray on July 28th.

The 1st Ampthill Ranger Company had a very successful "Penny" Party to raise money for the G.I.S. Fund. Among their guests were Guides from Ampthill and Flitwick.

In May, the 5th Bedford Company held a competition afternoon. Guides and Brownies from the town went along to help them, taking their parents and friends with them. In addition to competitions of various kinds they were honoured by a visit from two Gemine Gypsy Fortune Tellers (looking surprisingly like two of the Company who got lost during the afternoon!) They also had a Bring and Buy Stall, and, of course, teas. The evening ended happily with a Camp Fire conducted by Olive Heard. The afternoon realised about £4, which they are using for Company funds and various Guide causes.

\* \* \*

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

—x—

Mrs. Whithead has again kindly offered a prize of £3 for a "News and Topical Picture Scrapbook."

The County Swimming Cup Competition will be held on July 8th at Luton. It is feared that this notice will be too late, but we hope to publish the results in our next Magazine.

## HANDICRAFT EXHIBITION.

The Handicraft Exhibition will be held in Bedford at the end of November, 1946. Every Brownie, Guide, Ranger, Cadet and Guider may send in ONE exhibit which may be in any of the following Classes 1 to 13, such entry to be the exhibitor's unaided effort:—

Class

1. Soft toy.
2. Hard toy.
3. Glove-making (not knitting or crochet).
4. Knitting (Brownies, simple article; Guides, socks, jumper or gloves; Rangers, Cadets and Guiders, own choice).
5. New from old.
6. Mending and patching.
7. Miscellaneous.
8. Posters (propaganda for the Movement).
9. Doorknocker and 6 knobs for chest of drawers in "Bedfordshire" at Foxlease.
10. Embroidery (no ready-made or traced articles).
11. Lettering.
12. Pillow-lace (not less than 1 yard).
13. Campcraft gadget.
14. Co-operative Company or Pack effort (cost to be stated on label).
15. Patrol log book.

Commissioners and Secretaries may enter for any ONE class.

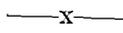
Further details will be sent out later.

\* \* \*

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Miss Sandy, Mrs. Beal, Mrs. Cole, Mrs. McGhee, Mrs. Munro, Miss Murray, Miss Odell.

IN MEMORIAM

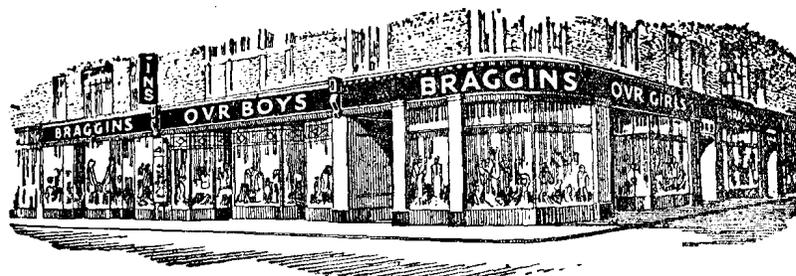


Edith Baron served Guiding devotedly in Bedfordshire for about 20 years. She was one of Bedford's original District Commissioners, and Mid. Beds. Division Commissioner; she was also an active Captain for some time.

Her deep enthusiasm for the Movement included a great love for Foxlease and generous support of our H.Q.s in London, where she gave one of the front pillars near our County room.

Millicent Squirrell died in Mansfield Hospital, Northampton, where she had borne much suffering gallantly and cheerfully for five years. She had been Captain of the 21st Bedford (Bunyan) Company, and Tawny at Goldington; before that a keen Ranger. Her letters were full of spirit of Law 8 in spite of continuous suffering, and she was thrilled to have a visit from the Chief Guide last year.

\* \* \*



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