

Sunday Be prepared



A Polish Cub in India

BRITISH-POLISH GUIDE AND SCOUT FRIENDS

JUNE, 1947



archiwum

NEWS OF POLISH GUIDES AND SCOUTS EVERYWHERE

GERMANY:



From Maczkow we hear that on 19th March the Guides and Scouts celebrated the name day of the two national heroes, Prince Jozef Poniatowski and Marshal Jozef Pilsudski. There was a sing-song organised by the Cubs and Scouts. In the programme were songs, verses, dancing, Scout songs, boxing and Lilliputian wrestlers.

The great feature of the evening was the Cubs' train which journeyed to their far-off Fatherland. This train went to Slask, Pomorze, Kujawy, Wilno, Lwow and Warszawa, and to Krakow, where it arrived

in time to see the fight between Good and Evil. The valiant King Krak (a tiny Cub, on a huge "horse") delivered his people from the power of the Dragon of Evil. Good triumphed!

The evening was a great success.

ALSACE:

From Bollviller we hear of a family which enlivens all the concerts and entertainments! Marysia is the youngest Guide in the District—she dances a sailor's dance, accompanied by an orchestra consisting of her two brothers.

INDIA:

In the Polish refugee camps in India there are many Troops and Companies. Their work is always developing. They have their own clubrooms and gardens. Now they have put up a big cross, in memory of their countrymen who fell in the war.

FRANCE:

One of the Scout Districts ran an evening's entertainment, during which there was a demonstration by the "King of Iron"—a Polish sailor named Stanislaw Radwan. He is famous for his phenomenal strength, and with his bare hands he twisted a bar of iron into various shapes—he held it with both his hands and his teeth! The proceeds from this entertainment will be used for summer Scout activities.

AFRICA:



Bridge-building in Rhodesia



Polish Scouts canoeing in Rhodesia

OUR SISTER SWALLOWS

(By Teresa Bromowicz, in "Na Tropie"—"On the Trail," published in Katowice, 15th February, 1947)

In Sweden there are several boys' organisations founded on Scout principles. There are two girls' organisations—the Sveriges Flickors Scoutforbund (Swedish Guides Association) under the leadership of Miss Gerda Backstrom, and the "K.F.U.K." (The Christian Guides Association) with a definite denominational character.

We, the "Wandering Birds" (Polish Guide Patrol from Ravensbruck concentration camp) during our stay in Sweden found friendliness and received much help from the members of the association wearing the three-leaved clover, but special friendship grew up between us and the "S.F.S."—particularly with one Patrol in Stockholm who became actual members of our "Forest" Company. This is how it happened:—

Margaret Puke, a District Commissioner in Stockholm, whose totem name is "Puki," arranged for us a visit to the capital, and every day there were fresh surprises to please us. On our last evening, she sent the "Pisklaki" (the "chicks") to the cinema, and invited the older ones to her house.

Can you imagine a welcome to a Swedish home? Perhaps the Swedes are only moderately well-dressed, but they live well above normal standards. Their rooms are beautiful. The furniture is in one of two styles—either new, comfortable and practical, or old and romantic, reminding one of French novels. Everything is clean and comfortable and electricity is used in as many ways as the housewife desires. There is a great welcome for guests in every sort of home. There is always coffee (real, of course!) with cream and cakes and pastries. (I remember that once our whole Company was invited to a house, and the "chickens" had bets as to who could eat the most pastries! "Peewit" managed seven, but then could eat no more!) Now I will tell you some details that will amaze you.

Imagine a pleasant Swedish room with divans. An old lady at the piano is playing Chopin (one must make the Polish guests happy!) and candles are alight in silver candlesticks. No, not electric, but real candles. Just like the nineteenth century. Our Swedish hostess, wishing to give us a specially warm welcome, lit candles for us, in three-branched candlesticks. But this was not all. We saw on the table, a huge tart, and on it, written in chocolate letters, "CZUWAJ," beside the Swedish "VAR REDO," and a white and red flag beside their blue one with its long yellow cross. Puki's parents, sister and a Patrol of Guiders thought of everything and did everything to make us feel happy.

Perhaps the loveliest time was after the supper. Upstairs in a dimly-lit room stood Puki, by the hearth there was a log fire to delight the heart of a Guide. We began like a Greek theatre dialogue between the solo and chorus, something like this:—

"Is everyone here?"

"We are all here."

"Is no one missing? Then let us join hands. May the sacred flame inspire our hearts. Let us complete the circle with our clasp of sisterhood."

Then the voice of Puki—"Who will light our fire to-night?"

And the chorus—"Teresa! Teresa! Teresa!"

What? Why me? I felt hot and cold. Now I would disgrace Polish Guiding, for certainly I would not succeed "with one match" . . . when I am fire-lighter at home in Poland, I always prepare secretly some branches of juniper, and then it is easy . . . but here? In the heart of the fire was a slender pyramid of birch twigs. And perhaps the famous Swedish matches would help? The "Swallows" and "The Wild Geese" pinched me, to move me. I took the matches . . . crack! It is alight! One match! Shavings and dry birch bark bravely replace juniper!

At once a Swedish song begins, a canon, about the fire which encircles the wood and warms our hearts. Then "Inga" plays on the bagpipes a song about "Our Chalet" known to all Guides of the world. The choir chimes in; they have their song books. We start the International song of Sisterhood, and they sing with us, in Swedish. Everything is well-prepared and done with ceremony . . . Behold! suddenly Puki hands us long, sharpened sticks. "What are they for?" ask my "Storks." We put on "ceremonious expressions, to be ready for what may follow . . . but—we are given apples and we are to roast them on sticks (a Pipe of Peace!) The "Wild Geese" do this with real enthusiasm. But "Glow-worm" is evidently scandalised—No! NO! In a minute she shakes her head even more, for, before the sacred log fire we are offered chocolate and pastries! "When in Rome, do as Rome does," murmurs "Planet" gently. And he asked if he might say a few words. "Planet" is wonderful. He always does the right thing. Can you believe that he already knew Swedish? We were all trying to make do with French, English or a little German, but this magician gave his talk in Swedish! And what a talk!

Read for yourselves the "Legends of Christ" by Selma Lagerlof. There is a story of a Florentine Knight called Rainiero Rainieri. With the Crusaders, he broke through the walls of Jerusalem, to light his candle at Christ's tomb, and to bring back that sacred flame, in spite of superhuman difficulties, to Florence, his native town.

Can you imagine the lesson which Planet drew from this story? Like the Knight, we light our candles, at the Guide fire, and in our hearts we carry the flame of love and sisterhood about the world. We must keep it alight, in spite of all the whirlwinds and storms. We must take it back to our Fatherland . . . What a great pity that you could not all hear Planet's talk! The "Wild Geese" forgot to take their apples out of the ashes.

Our Swedish sisters told us that they want to belong to the "Wandering Birds." But really, to belong properly, so that our sisterhood be formally sealed.

"Yes, you must make us members of your Company," said Puki decisively.

I blinked at "Glow-worm" and we scratched our heads; what was the best thing to do? Again "Planet" had an inspiration. He said: "Let us give them woodcraft names and make them members of our Forest Company." A good idea, but how to carry it out? "Puki," "Giggie," "Inga," "I ko"—and many more—we don't know enough woodcraft names for them. So we decided to bring them into our Forest Company as a Swallow Patrol.

We made a Christening certificate on a piece of birch bark. On one side were the Swedish names, to be extinguished by flames. On the other side, "Planet" drew Swallows in flight, in indelible pencil, and wrote in Swedish and Polish, the word "Swallows" to resolve any possible doubt as to the kind of birds they were. Now we began the Christening ceremony. I spoke in Polish and "Planet" translated:

"Are there among us Puki, Inga, Giggie and the other Swedish Guides?"

"No, no!" replied the choir.

"Then who is here?"

"Our sister Swallows, wandering birds, like us."

"What links our Swedish sisters with the Polish Swallows?"

"They love flight, as we do. They love space and sunshine, and they know the charm of flight together among the stars and the clouds. They love their Polish sisters and their far-off country. They will fly to visit their sisters in that beautiful land. And so the 'Swedish Swallows' have become part of the Polish Forest Family, and from to-day, they are one of the groups of Polish 'Wandering Birds.'"

I handed the Christening certificate to the delighted Puki.

"Day is done; gone the sun; from the sea, from the hills . . ."

We sing "Taps" under the Swedish sky, brilliant with stars. Does it matter that they sing in Swedish and we in Polish? The melody is the same, and the meaning; our hearts are stirred in the same way. Above all that divides, above race, tongue, religion, nation, there rises the great common bond of unity—Human Brotherhood!

Now it is nearly a year since we returned to our country. But our links with Swedish Guiding are not broken. We correspond, and they are dreaming of the day when the path of their wanderings shall lead from the Baltic to the Tatra Mountains. The Swedish Swallows want to know and love the country of their sisters.

On "Thinking Day" we send them a warm "Czuwaj!"

(Reproduced by the courtesy of the International Department, Girl Guides Association (Great Britain), to whom our thanks are due.)

A BRITISH SCOUT REMEMBERS

To the Editors,
"Czuwaj—Be Prepared":

Dear Sirs,

Miss Muriel Wynzar has kindly asked me to write something for your Journal which might be of interest to Polish members, and I will try, but although I have been a Scout since 1922, I have never acquired the ability to "spin a yarn" which all Scouts *ought* to have.

I need not say anything about the games and sports of British Scouts, because, for one thing—they are much the same for Scouts all over the world, with variations according to climate—and for another, Polish young people have never lacked the love of out-door sports and can teach us much about life in the open air.

One thing which I think is common to all Scout and Guide Groups, is that a tremendous lot depends upon the leader. He—or she—may be an “officer” or many be a Patrol Leader—what matters is the ability to lead others. That depends on “character” so one often sees a quite young boy with the “spirit of Scouting” in him, able to do wonders in keeping together and training a number of boys about his own age. Patrol Leaders did this in the late war, when their Scoutmasters left for the Forces. In one case, a P.L. of 13 years kept together quite a large Troop—and trained it on good Scouting lines.

An instance of what a youngster with plenty of energy and inventiveness can do occurs to me in the case of a young Assistant Scoutmaster in one of the Troops of my District when I lived in London—before the late war. He worked up a Troop in a very poor part of the town and his meetings were at first in a school room. (Scouts have often to accept the hospitality—freely given—of schoolmasters, in using rooms after school hours, but boys don't like the association which this brings with lessons.) So the young A.S.M. set out to collect money to buy a wooden shed he knew of, and he so impressed an old lady with the importance of teaching boys Scouting, that she gave him enough—along with his other efforts in raising money—to purchase the hut. The boys fitted it up in a wonderful way, and the A.S.M., feeling that religion was of great importance to the boys, as of course it is, made a small altar at one end. I do not think that many clergymen would have approved of his taking this on himself, but it showed his zeal, and I have no doubt that the services he conducted were quite reverent, if not quite “canonical.”

In his search for a suitable camping place for his Troop, the A.S.M. managed to find favour with the agent of a large estate in Surrey, who gave him permission to camp on an ideal spot—a piece of fairly flat land, surrounded by trees, and with a small lake suitable for bathing and boating. Other Troops in our District hearing about this ground asked if they could also camp there. The Estate Agent agreed to let them do so, “provided that the young A.S.M. was responsible for their good behaviour.” That was really amusing, because the Scoutmasters for whom he became responsible were all older and much more experienced than himself, but they had, in a way, to ask his favour.

This camping ground, which extended to some 21 acres, was so ideal that London Headquarters learning about it, and having a considerable sum on hand which had been left as a legacy for the purchase of such a ground by an admirer of the Scout Movement, ultimately bought the ground and it is now one of the Headquarters Camps—used throughout the year by various Troops. And it is entirely owing to the enterprise of that young A.S.M.

Another type of Scoutmaster in my London District occurs to me. This S.M., having “done his bit” in the 1914-18 war, set himself to making his Troop as efficient as possible in everything a Scout should know, and his Troop carried off most of the competitions it entered for, between the wars. When the last war began, some 80 of his boys who were of military age—or had recently left the Troop—joined up, and within three years, 50 out of that 80 had reached either commissioned or non-commissioned rank, and several, indeed many, had received decorations. This shows how Scout training can fit a boy for the hardest work which war calls for.

There were, of course, a great many Rover Scouts in the Services during the last war, and many of these Rovers formed “Crews” wherever they were stationed for any length of time, as in Egypt, where the Rover Crews were large and flourishing. One of the greatest things in the Movement is the Fourth Scout Law (with its counterpart in the Guides) that a Scout, besides being a friend to all, is a brother to every other Scout of all nations—“no matter to what country, class or creed the other belongs.” It means that no Scout need hesitate to speak to any other Scout—he knows he will be welcomed. To anyone who, like myself is rather shy of speaking to strangers, this is a great help. I never feel any hesitation in speaking to any stranger who is in Scout uniform, or wearing the badge, and I find he always responds with a smile, even if we do not know each other's language which is of course a handicap to further conversation!

I shall finish this rambling letter by wishing the British-Polish Guide and Scout Friends the best of good luck this year and always. I have a great admiration for the gallant Poles, who have maintained their fine culture and high character through all the terrible trials of the last 200 years.—Yours truly,

(Signed) W. W. BIRRELL.

Mr. Birrell is a Scout Commissioner of many years' experience, and the Editors are most grateful for his interesting letter about British Scouting.

AT LAST—A BRIDGE!

“But when the war is over” (we said); “Then, we'll be able to make friends with the Guides and Scouts in Poland” . . . and “After the war, we'll get in touch with the Guides and Scouts there who are cut off from us now—the ones who are working and carrying on Scouting under the Occupation—whose brave deeds thrill us here in England. Then, we'll send them the help we long to send now . . .” Which of us did not think these things, in 1940, in 1941, and on to 1945?

The war ended two years ago, and in those two years, we have made friends with many of the Polish children scattered in exile all over the world. Like a small stone which makes great circles in a pool, our British-Polish Friendship has made ever-widening circles of friendship and our hands have met the hands of our sisters and brothers in France, Germany, Holland, India, Africa . . . our letters have truly blazed the trail.

But the Guides and Scouts in Poland? What of them? In two years of difficulties far harder than we can know, they have been building up their Scouting again, on the firm foundations which have so proudly stood the test of the worst war and occupation in history. Now, they are able to get in touch with us at last, and to-day we can show our friendship . . . the bridge is being built.

“We are so anxious to correspond with you, in spite of the distance which separates us . . .”

“The Thinking Day is coming, the Day of Brotherhood, which unites all Guides of the world. We write this letter desiring to know you better. Please write to us as soon as you can, and we will answer at once . . .”

“We ask all possible news. We confess, ashamed, that we know very little about the life of English Guides. We ask you to remember that here, hundreds of miles away, live, learn and work your sisters, and that they often unite with you in thoughts.”

"Write me, please, about your Girl Guide and Boy Scout Movement—Is there something new perhaps?" And so on . . . each day the letters come, exciting looking letters with new and exciting Polish stamps on them—letters to bridge the years and to show that the trail winds onwards.

The way is opening . . . the Polish Guides and Scouts themselves are cutting through the dark forest of the aftermath of war, like the pioneers that they are. The foundations of the bridge are being laid. The bridge will grow stronger, if we help to strengthen it with our letters and our friendship, until the happy day when we can at last cross the bridge and meet our Polish brothers and sisters in their own beloved, beautiful country, and when we can welcome them here in ours.

This extract from another letter is typical of the spirit of all:

"We would like to explain one thing. We did not ask you to arrange correspondence for us with the aim of getting some material benefit from it. We wished to make contact and to share our ideas with other members of the Scouting, and to strengthen by the help of correspondence, the mutual links of friendship which Scouting makes possible. Please be so kind as to tell the Guides that we are not waiting for parcels, but for friendly words, and exchange of ideas about our common links and ideals. We know that these letters will be far more valuable to us than the most splendid parcels."

THE SCOUTING BROTHERHOOD

It is the truth that among many ideas there is only one which is the most attractive for young girls and boys. It is, of course, the Scout Movement, as an international organisation. It is so not only for young people, but also Scouting is attractive in the same way for older ones who have always been, of course, good Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.

No Scout uniform and Scout badges worn by any Boy Scout make him a real Boy Scout. I knew many boys who only for the reason mentioned above enrolled themselves in the Scout organisation, but very soon after they gave up the Scout activity. They did so because they had never been real Boy Scouts! They had never loved the Scouting idea in their spirit!

So we can come to the conclusion that it is not enough to wear the uniform and badges, but it is necessary to be "born" for this Great Idea Only boys or girls who base their life on the Scouting Law are for ever able to make true the Scouting brotherhood all over the world.

Thinking about this, I imagine how very pleasant it would be in human life if we had such people, as many as possible, in every country. I think of course not only about Boy Scouts, but also of all people of good will, no matter to what kind of organisation they belong.

Going back on my own experience (being as a soldier in many countries), I remember some facts from war time. Our Polish Scouting activity has been restored again in the Polish Army in Iraq in 1943. There was created again the Rover Company consisting of all Boy Scouts from Poland. They all passed through the hell of the Soviet compulsory work camps. Many times they were terrorised there, suffering starvation and the greatest misery. But even there, both their behaviour and attitude have been of the best class. They have been unbroken as Polish patriots and most worthy as men. No doubt only owing to that reason they endured that most terrible time.

Our Rover Company has the name "Zorawie" (Cranes) for the reason that we have been as cranes going back to Poland. There were about 30 soldier-Rovers under the leadership of the Scouter Fryderyk Mandera, an officer of our regiment. Then he was killed at Monte Cassino in Italy. When I remember him I cannot prevent a tear going out of my eyes . . . He was really an example of the best Boy Scout I have ever seen. Under his leadership was created a real Scout family there in the Polish Army. Many times we made field-fires and even Scout trips in the countryside. We published a special camp newspaper intended not only for ourselves but also for all soldiers of our regiment. We also made special field-fires with a special programme for all soldiers to give an example for imitation.

It was very pleasant to be gathered in so friendly a circle remembering the Polish fields and forest, which were so often full of Boy Scouts' gaiety and song . . . There we felt as members of the Great Scout Family . . .

Later our regiment left for Egypt, where we were to be trained as an A/Tk regiment in the British Artillery Centre. We stayed in a suburb of Cairo.

One day, our Troop Leader was visiting Cairo and met an Egyptian Boy Scout who told him some details of the Egyptian Scout Association. Very soon after we made the acquaintance of Egyptian Boy Scouts and they invited us to their H.Q. in Cairo. When we arrived, they were all in Scout uniform and were awaiting us in the front of their house. After solemnly welcoming us, they took us into their H.Q.

Both we and they sat around in their reception room, and began a friendly talk about Scouting problems. We were pleasantly surprised, because there was one Scout there who had taken part in the Jamboree in 1936, in Poland (Spala)! So talking, someone began to sing Scout songs, and the wind carried away the melody of the Polish and Egyptian Scout songs, over all the city of Cairo

After the official meeting we went out of the room into the garden which was their recreation ground. There they showed us a lot of their Scout exercises and games. At last, with a "cup of tea" we finished our first meeting with the Egyptian Boy Scouts. We signed each other's "Chronicle Books" and said "good-bye" until our next meeting, and we hoped that the next Jamboree would be in independent Poland . . .

Unfortunately it was our first and last meeting with them. Soon after we left Egypt for Italy in order to take part in war operations there.

There later we met also Italian Boy Scouts who have been restoring again their Scout Movement after Mussolini's hard regime, which almost completely destroyed Italian Scouting . . . But about them I shall write yet later.

Czuwaj! Be Prepared!

JAN DASZKIEWICZ, Polish Scouter.

The Editors are very pleased to welcome Sergt. Daszkiewicz as a member and a contributor. They hope that other members will be encouraged to send in their Scouting experiences for future numbers of "Czuwaj—Be Prepared"

BRITISH-POLISH GUIDE AND SCOUT FRIENDS HIKE

April 13th proved a grand day for all the Friends who met at Sevenoaks Station. By 10.30 a.m. we were 20 strong, and we discovered later than some had forgotten the extra hour! This was not so with the 29 Polish Rangers and Rovers who came from Horsham by road, for their transport had broken down ten miles away. Some of us waited an hour and a half for them, but in the end we had to leave a note of our whereabouts for them at the station, and go on.

By this time, the main party had moved off across Knole Park, through Godden Green and Stane Street, through some very beautiful Kentish scenery towards the meeting-place for our mid-day lunch of sandwiches and tea. The fact that we caught up with the main party about a mile from the mid-day halt by bus gave rise to many pointed comments!

Tea at the wayside cafe was very welcome, and I think it will be a long time before we forget that pleasant interlude. As we sat on the grassy banks just below the fir trees of Oldbury Woods, Polish and English flowed freely. It was a great occasion, for many months had passed since we last met. One saw the shoulder flashes of the Polish Army, the attractive tie of the Polish Rangers, shoulder-titles from Sidcup, Tonbridge, Bramley (Yorks), Southall, Sevenoaks and London. We hoped to greet the Horsham party here, but finally had to leave another note for those unfortunates.

Our route then led us by country lanes through many lovely hamlets but few villages, to One Tree Hill, from which we had an excellent view of Sevenoaks Weald. Sevenoaks was three miles distant from this point, and we made our way across the Park once more to the Scout H.Q. in Sevenoaks, where we were to have tea.

It was good to find that our Horsham friends had at last succeeded in locating us there. We heard the sad story of their adventures, and while we were sorry that they had missed the hike, we felt that they certainly made their visit worth while by their excellent contribution to the Camp Fire.

We all enjoyed the day immensely and are saying, "When can we have another?" Sevenoaks Rovers are wondering how and when they can get the Poles to Sevenoaks again, to teach them some more Polish dances. Meanwhile, they are getting their voices into training!

ED SMITH.

WITH LADY BADEN-POWELL AND THE FRENCH GUIDES

(Part of an article by Maria Trojanowska, in "Na Tropie"—
"On the Trail"—a Polish Guide paper published in Katowice,
15th February, 1947)

One day during the World Conference at Evian, in September, 1946, I had a wonderful surprise. I was invited to a luncheon with French Guides, with the Chief Guide, and Miss Violet Syngé.

The World Chief Guide charms everyone by her simplicity and joy in living; in her is nothing of the proverbial English coldness. You could see her youthful animation when she jumped out of the car and began greeting the waiting ranks of French Guides in navy blue. She gave to each, even

the youngest, a warm handshake (Guides shake with the left hand, nearest the heart; the right hand is kept for strangers)—then she recognised someone whom she had met before and smiled, mixing English words with French.

I was astonished to hear the French Guides singing "Plonie Ognisko" in French, and I was told that this song is used to greet very distinguished visitors—"Notre Chef est parmi nous."

After we had visited the camp, laid out in a huge field, we sat down to dinner. For the guests there were beautifully made chairs of small branches and plaited cord. In general, at French camps, the Guides sit in a circle on the ground for meals. This time it was a ceremonial meal. The menu was dramatised—some of the Guides ran into the middle of the circle and by their actions we guessed that salad was on the menu! Then some Guides, covered with dark blankets and one Guide with a large knife, acted "cutting the cake"—brown capes made the "chocolate" icing, and one Guide touched it and licked her fingers!

The dinner ended with much gaiety, songs and other items by the French Guides who are renowned for their artistic talent. And again our car rattled up and good-byes were sung. It was time to go home. We were sorry to leave that hospitable camp where we had been for so short a time.

On the way home, the Chief Guide told us about her travels. She had made a journey round the whole world, taking the message of international friendship with her. Since the war ended, she has been in nearly every country in Europe, with the exception of Poland and Greece. When we invited her to Poland, the first available time was May, 1948, for she is soon going on a big tour in Australia, having already made such tours in America and Africa.

And so from town to town, in every sort of transport, goes this undaunted traveller—now to a ceremonial gathering of thousands of boys and girls in some huge American city—now hundreds of miles into the jungle to see a small group of black Guides, where she is the first white woman who has penetrated there. Here, there and everywhere she speaks about Guiding—about the big, world-wide family of Guides and Scouts, and her smile and her warm clasp of the hand are the best examples of that Guiding. The French Guides truly said of her, "We found her just as we had dreamed that she would be, our real Leader, simple and full of happiness."

A MILLION CHILDREN ARE HOMELESS . . .

In Poland, to-day, a million children are homeless as a result of the war—a million children with no homes of their own, no parents, none of the background of security which should be the heritage of childhood—most of them too young to remember "before the war" . . .

What is happening to them? All over the country, in the Tatra, in the plain, they are being cared for by helpers, doctors and teachers who are working to try to provide some degree of normal childhood for these children who have never known it. The children are housed in schools and sanatoriums and large houses—but that is not quite as it sounds.

Imagine a "Home" which is certainly a building in good condition—it has walls and a roof—but inside, you will find no furniture, not even beds, just nothing but the walls . . . Imagine a "school" which has practically no educational supplies or facilities—no desks, no chairs even. A "Nursery" with no toys; a "Sanatorium" with insufficient furniture and



nothing at all in the way of materials for occupational work for the children who must spend so much time in bed . . . listen to some of the stories:

Home for 50 homeless girls (12-18) from beyond the Curzon line. The girls had no opportunity of learning since 1939. Very neglected, but keen. The house is being organised, the girls are there, but there is *nothing* besides the bare walls.

Needed: School requisites; English readers; old clothes for sewing lessons, or bits of odd material and old woollies or wool for knitting; combs, tooth brushes, etc.

Home for "T.B." children—100 homeless children from 3-8 years.

Needed: Besides old clothes, wool or old woollies; pictures, old Christmas and post cards; toys, garden tools, child's size; any kindergarten equipment; coloured crayons, pencils, etc; toilet materials; First Aid equipment.

Sanatorium for 100 children 12-18, 60 children 2-12.

Needed, besides clothes, any materials for toy making—the older children make for the younger; sewing outfits; pictures, post cards, Christmas cards; toilet materials; First Aid kit; toys.

— And so on—the list could go on indefinitely—a million is a great many. What can we do?

Can YOU help? Can YOUR Guides or Scouts collect and send things to these children? You would have the thrill of a real "good turn" and the joy of what the Founder called "happyfying"—the real personal contact—you would be sending direct to the children, and your Guides and Scouts would hear from them. A grand way of putting into practice the Third as well as the Fourth Law.

Don't delay—write at once to the British Hon. Secretary.

THE NOTICE BOARD

OUR NEW HON. TREASURER

We are very pleased to welcome Miss H. C. Boley who has kindly agreed to relieve Miss Wynne of the work of Honorary Treasurer of the British-Polish Guide and Scout Friends. Subscriptions and donations should now be sent to:

Miss H. C. Boley, 140, Townsend Road, Southall, Middlesex.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1947

If you have not yet sent your subscription for this year it would be appreciated if you would kindly do so now. Members may not be aware that subscriptions are due on 1st January each year, and the Treasurer would be glad if members would please make a note of this.

FOREIGN STAMPS

The British Hon. Secretary is fortunate in having a wide correspondence which now covers several countries—and would be pleased to send stamps—Polish, French, Danish, etc., to stamp-collecting members. Please send a stamped addressed envelope to:

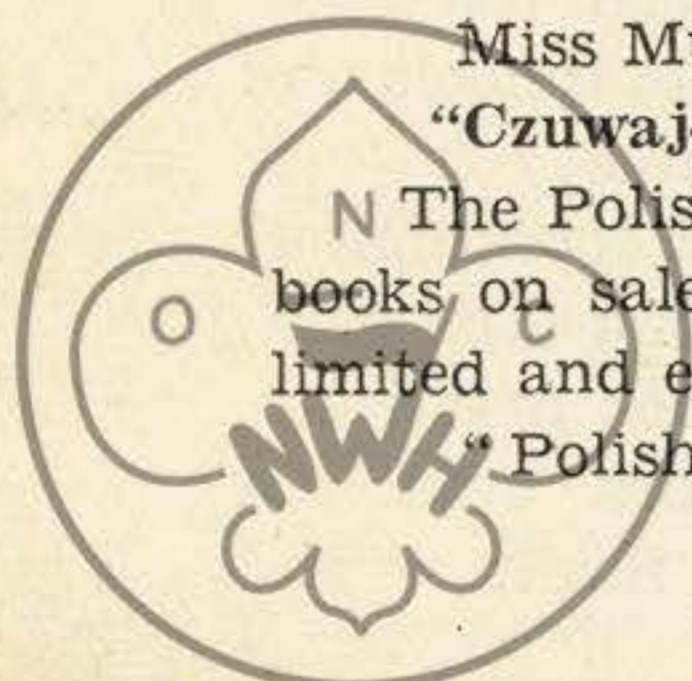
Miss Muriel Wynzar, 15, Eversley Crescent, Osterley, Middlesex.

"Czuwaj—Look for Friends" and "Polish Wolf Cub Handbook"

The Polish Scouts announce that they have a small stock of both these books on sale at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each, or 3s. 6d. the two. Stocks are limited and early application is advisable. Please write to:

Polish Boy Scouts' Association, 45, Gloucester Road, S.W.7."

Thomasons Ltd., Cedar Press, Hounslow.



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