

## SCHOOL NOTES

### Campfire Girls

#### Enjoy First Outing

The Campfire Girls really feel they are all that their name signifies after the successful camping trip they had on Saturday, September 25, at Camp Idle Hour. The Boy Scouts didn't think very much of us when they heard that we were to start off in a motor boat instead of on foot—we could almost hear them say, "Girls can't be Scouts"—but if they had seen us after the boat left us on our own resources, with wood to chop, fires to build, food to be prepared and cooked, they would have been surprised; and I'm sure we did it all in the approved fashion of Scouts and woodcraft.

We had a long hike through the woods, and in some parts had to "blaze our own trail," for occasionally our "pacemaker" lost the trail, and it was interesting to see how skilfully she maneuvered to bring us back to the beaten path again. When the girls love the outdoors, they have no fear—with eyes and ears they are alert to every sound and learn a sense of direction which does not come through contact with the pavements of city streets. We in Badin are particularly fortunate to be placed as we are—in the midst of nature—and the pity is that we do not take more time to get out into it, and to know it and love it. My campfire girls have learned this love of nature, and there isn't very much more to teach them about it. They know the trees and flowers, and can climb trees like squirrels, and swim like the fishes, for after a long hike there is nothing more refreshing than a dip in the lake—and what an appetite it can create!

We hadn't intended staying all night when we left in the morning, but the day had been so perfect that it seemed too bad not to make it complete, and we knew there would be a full moon; so when Mr. Williams said he would stay with us, we weren't long making up cots and preparing for the night. We built a real fire for the night, with logs four to six feet long, all of which the girls themselves had cut. I'm sure their mothers would have been surprised to see how anxious they were to handle an ax—and I hope they are going to show

some of the same enthusiasm in their homes this winter, if any emergency arises when mother needs wood.

After an hour of songs and stories around this fine log fire, we were ready to turn in—and though some didn't sleep, for it was our first experience in the woods all night—and others wanted to giggle and watch the moon or listen to the owls hoot, I'm sure there were a few hours when silence reigned supreme, and six o'clock wasn't long rolling 'round. Bacon and eggs and coffee are never so good as when eaten outdoors, when there is a taint of smoke on everything—and that's what we thought when at last breakfast was set on the table. We held Sunday School, so that those who are working for perfect attendance record would not be counted absent in their classes; and after cleaning camp and leaving everything just as neat and clean as we had found it, we said "Good bye" to the camp, and came down the lake in the glorious sunshine of a perfect Sabbath day.

The experience had been worth much to those whose first it had been, and we are looking forward to the time when we can have them often. We hope to have some long hikes and tramps these glorious fall days. Elizabeth Pannill, Louise Beagle, Claire Burdette, Elizabeth Ross, Elaine Johnson, and Theo Belk were with us, and they certainly are the "material" that good Campfire Girls are made of.

—EDITH WILLIAMS.

### How We Can Beautify Badin

In entering into a town for the first time, we at once form an opinion of the inhabitants in a general way, by considering the neatness, cleanliness, and general appearance of a town.

Neatness should first be taught at home. A child can do many things to help the looks of a home, such as keeping paper and all waste from accumulating in the yard. If your neighbor lets paper and waste ruin the looks of their yard, do not give up and say it is no good for you to try to help your own. Keep your own homeplace clean and neat, and your neighbor will soon try the same remedy for their own. Flowers always give a homelike and inviting ap-

pearance to a place. Vines of various descriptions may be used for their practicability as well as beauty. Window boxes help the looks of the outside of the house as well as the inside.

Next the school room, school property, and school grounds should be considered. If every child or pupil in the school room threw all the wastepaper that each had on the floor, we can imagine what the room would soon look like. Every piece of paper or waste material should be put in the wastepaper basket. And there is no need whatsoever for a child to mark up their school books and desks. Next comes the school grounds, the rocks should be picked up, and the ground cleared of paper, apple peelings or cores, chewing gum papers, or paper sacks. Good care should be taken of the grass, to keep it from being trampled and killed. The trees should be protected, and the flowers taken care of.

Let everyone, while walking on the streets, or in some public building, if they have any apple cores or waste material of any description, keep it until they can put it into some trash can or burn it.

We, meaning the Badin High School, should set an example for the smaller children. Such things as wider sidewalks and more of them, and better roads, we can only hope for; but if each does his or her individual part there would be a great difference in the appearance of Badin.

—CONSTANCE MCGEHEE.

### Doings of Troop No. 1

On Friday evening, October 15, in the schoolhouse, the Scouts of Troop No. 1 presented their first demonstration of Scouting before a large number of their parents and friends. With clocklike precision the boys demonstrated the building of a human pyramid, semaphore and wigwag signaling, knot-tying, carriers for wounded, bandaging, stretcher making with Scout staffs and coats, and the making of fire by friction.

The demonstration closed with a typical camp scene at night. The lights in the room were switched off, and the artificial campfire turned on. Soon the words of the camp songs rang out, until finally, the hour growing late, the