High Lights on the Five Point Program

Six schools in Virginia are reported 100% Five Point.

One county has for two years reported every white junior and senior high school pupil a "Five Pointer."

More dental corrections made.

Eye clinics in many sections of the state.

Recognition of Five Point pupils at Child Health Day.

Celebrations throughout the state.

Ellen H. Smith

A FIRST AID PLAYLET FOR GIRL SCOUTS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jane, second class scout
Amy, tenderfoot
Louise, second class scout
Elsie, second class scout
Mary, tenderfoot
Martha, tenderfoot

SCENE

Out of doors in natural setting. Bench in center of stage.

Jane (seated on bench, bathing foot with cotton from solution in pan. Triangular bandage and newspaper on bench)

(Enter Amy.)

Jane—Hello. You're one of the new girls who came in last night, aren't you?

Amy—Yes. What are you doing?

Jane—Bathing this poison ivy.

Amy—Poison ivy! Huh, that don't look like the poison ivy I had last summer.

Jane—No? What did you do for yours?

Amy—Nothing. That is, until it got so bad I had to leave camp, and Mother took me to our doctor. I had it all over my legs and arms, too.

Jane—Yes, I bet you scratched it.

Amy—Of course I did; it itched like everything. Doesn't yours?
gone swimming. I hope my suit comes to-
morrow. Bet I don't forget it next time.

(Enter Louise and Elsie, Louise holding
up hand.)

Louise—I didn't know that pan was hot! I
don't think it's much of a burn, but it does
hurt.

Amy—(Goes up to them.) Oh, what did
you do to your hand?

Louise—I burned it.

Amy—What's that you have all over it?

Louise—Unguentine.

Amy—Where did you get it?

Louise—From our first aid kit. Elsie,
will you put this bandage on for me?

Elsie—Of course, I will (Takes ban-
dage from Louise and puts it on her hand,
then stands back and looks at it.) You
know, Louise, I believe that would feel bet-
ter if you wore it in a sling today.

Louise—Yes, I think it would. Here's
my tie. Will you fix it? (Elsie fixes sling,
and Louise places hand and arm in sling.)

Amy—My goodness! You girls know a
lot! I had to do an awful lot of talking to
get my mother to let me come here; she
doesn't think much of camping since I had
such a time with poison ivy last summer.
I am going to write her today that you all
know just what to do when anything hap-
pens.

Elsie—Yes, and you tell her we know
what not to do, too. That's just as im-
portant.

Louise—And when you go home this
time, you'll know these things, too.

Amy—Goody! Then I'll be second class.

(Enter Mary and Martha, looking very
sad.)

Martha—She said my bed looked like it
hadn't been made at all, and by the time I
had made it over, the others had gone
swimming, and here I am.

Mary—My bed's back in the corner, and

I was hoping she wouldn't see it, but she
did. (Sighs.)

Martha—Well, I came to camp to have
fun, not to make old beds all the time.

Mary—I made mine just as good as I
ever made it at home.

Elsie—So you girls have had to make
your beds over. Why didn't you make
them hospital style in the first place?

Martha—Hospital style? I can't do
that; I've never been in a hospital.

Mary—I haven't had my tonsils taken
out, either.

Elsie—Silly, you don't have to go to a
hospital to learn to make a hospital bed.
Why, you have to know that before you are
second class.

Louise—We could teach you now, only
I can't do much with one hand. Here
comes Jane, though; she'll help.

Jane—Sure, I'll help. What is it?

Mary—Teach us to make our beds hos-
pital style.

Jane—Sure. We can do that right now.

Martha—No. Let's wait until tomor-
row. I've already made mine twice today,
and I do hate to make beds.

Louise—But it's fun to make them this
way.

Elsie—And when you make them this
way they stay made.

Martha—Well, I am glad to hear that.
Come on, let's go, then.

Amy—(Goes up to Louise.) I'll make
yours every day, Louise, until your hand is
well.

Louise—Oh, thanks, Amy. (Second class
scouts put arms around tenderfoot scouts
and all go off.)

(curtain) Mary R. Waples

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole!"

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul help flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!"

—Robert Browning.