

# Matilda.



AN OFFICIAL TREASURE BAG OF GUIDERS' INFORMATION FOR

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

**PRICE:**

3/- per Year. 4/- Posted.

Single Copies .. 6d. Each.

HEADQUARTERS, VICTORIA

7th Floor, 60 Market St., MELBOURNE

Open Daily from 12.30 p.m.—5.30 p.m.

Saturday—from 10 a.m.—12.30 p.m.

## CONTENTS.

	Page
Guiding in the Country . . . . .	2
Brownie Page . . . . .	3
News of Guiders Overseas . . . . .	3
Guiding Ourselves . . . . .	3-4
Extension Echoes . . . . .	5
Two Guiders in Search of a Camp Site . . . . .	5-6
About Books . . . . .	6
Railway Concessions for Camps . . . . .	6
Camping, Training, Warrants, Correspondence, . . . . .	6-7
Woodcraft, Guide Overall . . . . .	8

## "GUIDING IN THE COUNTRY."

"Don't be late, and polish your badge!" For days past that has been the only cry of the Guide-Captain; she even so far forgot herself as to tell the Scoutmaster (to whom such things are "eye wash") to polish his badge. Great was the excitement and the nervousness of the G.C. for the Commissioner and the Visiting-Guider-of-Great-Account were coming to test her for her warrant. At last the great day dawned, and by 9.30 a.m. we—the G.C., S.M., the Visiting-Guider-of-Little-Account, the hammer, nails, Troop color, a dozen cups and saucers, teaspoons, cake baskets, a kettle full of water, when we started) and a broom—left by car for the Hall (the "Guide Hall," according to the G.C., the "Scout Hall," according to the S.M.).

We stopped at the Store for breath, a length of beading and a window sash, which the S.M. held on the running board with one hand, while driving with the other. Arriving at the hall, we shoe-horned each other out of the car and staggered in. Dumping everything anywhere we could, we now began the real work of the day. First we cleared out all the "junk," we swept, we dusted, we swept, we cleaned pictures, we swept again, we moved forms, we swept with a hair broom, we cleared out more "junk," we swept with a straw broom, we rolled up morse signalling flags, and again we swept.

Then we had some fun! The S.M. put in the window, and it certainly was fine, for one could set through it, but, the screws being mislaid, the fanlight had to be nailed up, and we were cautioned not to demonstrate how it worked! Then four panes of glass had to be put in the window in the "Rovers' Den" (it's official name, but it becomes anything it is required for; this day it was the tea room, for we were to have tea after our arduous labors of the afternoon) and the cups were very soon filled with dust as a result of the S.M.'s efforts to clear away the old putty on the frame. At last the panes were in—what mattered it that the putty was only in place here and there? At least the panes stayed in, and enabled the primus to be lighted. The V.G.C.-of-L.A., now gave the—er—Rovers'

Den a final sweep and followed the S.M. out to the car, where the G.C. was hastily snatching a few minutes' rest (?) in the back seat. Her state of mind may best be judged by a question which she asked on the way home: "Are we going the other way?" The poor dear could eat no dinner, and could only manage a few sips of a glass of milk tenderly administered by the V.G.C.-of-L.A. (who inwardly thanked her lucky stars she wasn't being tested for her warrant, but aloud assured the G.C. it was nothing to worry about; they only came in a friendly spirit and not to criticise, etc.).

After some dinner and hastily arraying ourselves in our uniforms, we again left for the hall, accompanied this time by the G.C.'s sister and a recruit, also the tea-pot, milk, tea, sugar, scones, cakes, the primus, etc., etc. On arrival willing Guide hands seized the equipment and ourselves, and dragged us into the Hall—where we were able to make the final arrangements, i.e., the Guide-Captain pinned up the programme (representing hours of careful thought), while the S.M. hastily took down an Australian flag which had been on the wall (sh! back to front) for some months. Just as he slipped through the back door with the offending flag, the Commissioner and the V.G.-of-G.A. entered by the front!

Little can be said of the inspection of the books (the G.C.'s face being a delicate shade of pink by this time), the arrival of Lieutenant, not late, badges polished and a trifle nervous; Roll Call, a knot relay, Patrol time, the famous game of "Stew" (which, by the way, was eaten but never cooked), Group time and the singing. (But why, oh why, did the V.G. teach us "The Whale"? For days afterwards we had it for meals—not literally, between meals, on the piano, on the S.M.'s penny whistle, sung, whistled, hummed, anywhere and everywhere, until we wished we had never, never, never heard of the whale!)

Then the enrolment, five new members of the great sisterhood were there that day—then the National Anthem, and while the "grown ups" refreshed themselves with a badly needed, and, in the cases of the Commissioner, the V.G. of G.A. and the poor Guide-Captain (now all smiles), well deserved cup of tea—the V.G.-of-L.A. watched the Guides, some on foot, some on ponies, wending their homeward ways, each with a badge and a smile to show everyone they are guides, and, as she watched, her thoughts were all admiration for Guides, Guiders and Guiding in the country. BLUE WREN.

## EQUIPMENT.

When ordering hatbands, it would save mistakes if Guiders would specify whether they want plain ribbon (6d.) or worked G.G. bands (2/6). It is not possible to remember which kind each Company usually gets, and if no details are given, we send the cheaper plain hatband.

## OUR BROWNIE PAGE.

"Something old, something new,  
Something magic, something true,  
Singing in plenty, a story to tell,  
And something to make you happy and well."

### PACKLEADERS' AFTERNOON AT HEIDELBERG.

One Saturday in October we had a Packleaders' Afternoon at Heidelberg. Only five of us arrived. I was rather surprised, as we had expected a whole train full, but perhaps if there had been a crowd we would not have enjoyed ourselves so much.

We met at Heidelberg station at three o'clock, and waited for about twenty minutes to see if any others would come, but as no one arrived we started to walk to an old orchard. On the way we passed a church which, I think, is said to be one of the oldest in Victoria, and we went in to see it. The stained glass windows were beautiful, but all the pews had doors, which I think would give one rather a "shut in" feeling. We proceeded blithely to the old orchard, which runs down to the river. All the trees were in blossom. It was the loveliest sight I have seen for a long time. They say this part is called "Lovers' Lane."

First we played two semaphore games, and then we learnt a new brownie game, then we had a game like a crossword puzzle, and it took a good deal of working out. After that we went for a walk along the river, and by the time we came back it was time to light the fire to boil the billy.

So we gathered the wood and lit the fire and nearly got smoked out. When the water boiled we had tea and had to hurry to catch the train, and so we went home, looking forward to our next Pack Leaders' Afternoon, which we hope will be very soon.

### NEWS OF GUIDERS OVERSEAS.

Miss Button (Sister Lenna) is undergoing a training course in young people's work at Christchurch (N.Z.). In a recent letter she told of her varied work, which includes six months' experience with the District Nursing Association; here she finds scope for her Guide knowledge, visiting the patients in their own homes. It is wonderful experience in sick-nursing; as she says, "The beauty of it all (to me) is that we have time to be human—to treat psychologically as well as medically—and really love the patients—not hurry from bed to bed, as in hospital wards. . . ."

"I often look back to our demonstrations at Howard Street (2nd North Melbourne Guide Company) of bedmaking, and the talk of 'what would you do if there were seven blankets?' One old soul of over 90 has nine blankets plus

rug, quilt and eiderdown. In weak cases we often tie a rope to the foot of the bed, and put the other end in reach of the patient, so that he or she can pull themselves into a sitting posture. On entering the house of a very old couple, I found a piece of cord clove-hitched to the bedpost, while in the other end was a perfect bowline! Politely commenting on these, the old man replied: 'Aye, them's sailors' knots.' 'Yes,' I said quietly, 'you couldn't beat the clove-hitch and bowline there; they're just the thing.' 'Why,' the old fellow shouted, and his eyes nearly hit me, 'you know something about it!' Ever after, I was known as 'the one who knows something about knots.'"

"I'm getting quite enthused on the educational side of the Youth Movement against alcohol; have been experimenting with alcoholic fumes on flowers, insects, eggs, etc., and demonstrating at public meetings. It's most interesting and convincing. There's lots of fun in the house when Sister Lenna spends her money on alcohol!"

On a walking tour last summer Miss Button was interested to meet a Ranger; and four Guiders from Auckland H.Q. who were also on a trek. She has not much time for Guide work, but is keeping in touch, and is "still very much a G.G. at heart."

### GUIDING OURSELVES.

During the summer we all become Lone Guides for a little while, and here are some ideas about a few things we can do.

First of all, a real rest is good for everyone, and if you forget for a little while all about work for badges and learning new things, you will come back all the more fresh and keen. You will have plenty of opportunity to look and listen, to feel and think, without being conscious that you are doing it as a Guide. If our Guiding is real to us, it gradually becomes impossible to separate the things we do "for Guides," and the rest of our lives—we become one—through and through, and that is something wonderful to live for.

"So first—go out; do as many different things as you can fit into the day, and lying in the sunshine is one of the most excellent. When you have had your rest, see if you can begin a job and carry it through entirely by yourself. Decide in your own mind that you will prepare for one special badge, and make sure that you know what is needed before the Company closes.

"Pathfinder" is a good one. Suppose three of you try to discover all about a certain area; meet one day, separate, and find out everything you need without anyone of you catching sight of any other! Do this several times. Then you will only need history of the district, and if you begin to talk to people you may find out for yourselves, and go back and tell Captain. You can plan tableaux of the early history of your town, and then won't the Company take notice!

"Pathfinder" leads on to "Sportswoman," and that is just right for the holidays. Make up your observation games, and if you try to follow a track you have laid yourself, it is practise in memory, as well as in tracking.

Summer is just right for the "Naturalist." Remember what you find, and describe it, and discover the proper name in a book later on. Mix plaster of paris and pour it over tracks of birds and animals, and when it is hardened you will have a good impression. Watch one feature of each bird particularly, compare beaks or feet or flight. Draw the flight with curving lines across a page, or trace it on the sand while you watch a gull or dotterel. Notice particularly in every flower the relation between spread of leaves and roots, and whether the pistil and stamens are in the same position in newly opened flowers, and flowers that are beginning to fade. Many insects can be found in summer in every stage except the pupa, and if you learn to know them by February you will not have long to wait for that.

The Sea and the Stars. They seem to have been together ever since men first lost sight of land. If you are going to the sea, beg or borrow or buy "The Easy Guide to the Southern Stars"—the Cross swings low in summer, before you are sent to bed, and may be difficult to see from the hills, but the cliff is a glorious place for watching the sky at night.

Then you will want some handwork for the blazing days and the pouring days. There are two ways of tackling handwork: (1) learn a lot about it before you begin; (2) start right away, find the difficulties for yourself, and see how far you can go with your own discoveries. The second is the most interesting, but you must be prepared to regard your work an experiment until you have asked someone to show you the right way, or tell you whether or not you have found it. Your things will probably not be suitable for a test the minute you come back, but you will be nearly ready to begin on your test things, and you will have laid your own foundation. By handwork I mean knitting, needlework, basket work, embroidery, toymaking, and so on. Of course, if a town guide has the chance to learn to be a dairymaid or a horsewoman or a landworker, she should seize it with two hands and all her energy.

And on these glorious days, when you are alone, there are books for our delight and our pens to search our minds.

We are Guides in Companies that we may learn to stand alone. How much have we learnt of it by this summer!

Note: These suggestions are written really for Guides. Will Guiders please read them to the companies if they feel they would be useful?

G. H. SWINBURNE,  
Head of Tests and Badges.

The series of articles on First Class Work, to be published fortnightly in "The Guide"

from September 20th, should greatly assist Guides and Guiders in "Guiding Ourselves." See Sep- "Guider," and "Notices" in this issue "Matilda.—Ed.

#### NOTICES.

"Matilda" is now published regularly on 16th of each month.

**Concession Fares.** We have been notified by the General Passenger and Freight Agent that the regulations have recently been altered, and that now the concession fares apply for parties of SIX or more (formerly eight or more) travelling together. This will be a great help to Companies on occasions when only a small party are travelling.

**Concessions on Trams** apply to Guides and Rangers in uniform, but not to Guiders. This half-fare concession is available on cable and electric trams, but not on buses.

**"Guider" Subscriptions:** The price of "The Guider," posted, is now 6/- per annum, 4/- if called for. The paper has increased in weight, and consequently in cost of postage.

**The Guide Subscriptions:** If two copies of "The Guide" are to be posted to the same address, postage is charged on only one subscription. It is announced that a series of articles on "The First Class Test" will shortly be appearing in "The Guide," which will enable Guides to do a good deal on their own towards gaining this badge. We shall be glad to send specimen copies of this "Guide" magazine to any who have not yet seen it.

**Exchange.** Would Guiders sending country cheques in payment of their accounts please remember to add exchange!

**Receipts** for amounts under 5/- are not posted back, unless a stamp has been enclosed for return postage.

**Guide News** appear in Tuesday's "Argus" and "Sun," and Wednesday's "Age," and Guiders should watch for announcement made in these columns.

**Annual Meeting, 1929.** The Annual Meeting of the Girl Guides Association will be held on Tuesday, 19th November, at 3 p.m., at the Town Hall, Melbourne. All Guides and Guiders are entitled to attend, as it is for members of the Association, and for subscribers. The Annual Report will be available at Headquarters after the meeting.

**Contributions** for each issue of "Matilda" should reach the Editor at Headquarters not later than the 23rd of the preceding month.

#### FOUND.

A brooch was found at the Kindergarten Holiday Home some weeks ago, after a weekend at which Guiders had been helping. It is now at Headquarters, waiting to be claimed.

## EXTENSION ECHOES.



FOR FORTITUDE.

(Cutting from a London paper, dated 7th August, 1929.)

There is a little girl lying in the Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End at Stratford, who is, perhaps, the most gallant child in the world. For months she has endured almost unbearable agony, yet she has faced it not only bravely, but with a courage that is heartbreaking to see.

Last December thirteen-year-old Betty Fitch came from her home at Brentwood to stay with relations at Stratford. One night, as she stood in front of her bedroom fire her nightdress caught alight. Her screams brought help, but not before the child's body had been burned from shoulder to foot, and only by a miracle was her face saved. They carried her to the hospital, a poor little tortured scrap of humanity, and from that day to this she has lain motionless on her back, utterly helpless, and with only her head showing above the cotton wool in which she is wrapped. When the burns have to be dressed Betty has to be laid in a bath filled with a special preparation before the unbandaging can be attempted.

Last week the Queen, who is the patron of the hospital, paid it a surprise visit with the Duke of Gloucester, who is the president. Betty told me about it.

"She asked me how I got burned," she said slowly, for it is still an effort to speak. "And whether I should be scarred much. And, do you know (and here the whisper was eager and wondering) she even noticed my bookrest, and asked if I could turn the pages myself."

"And can you, Betty?" I asked.

"No," said Betty, with a funny little smile. Betty Fitch is a Girl Guide, and has been awarded the most coveted medal of the association. Her mother, who stood with me by her bedside, told me about it, and picked up a little case from the locker. It was empty.

"It's pinned on me, mummie," whispered a little voice. A nurse moved forward and drew back the blue bed-jacket that spread under the child's chin and round her face. Under it was

revealed the cotton wool that covers the dressings. And there on the sheet was the blue medal, with the words "For Fortitude."

"She is a wonder," said Major Jackson, the secretary of the hospital, and his words were eclipsed by the nurse who looks after her.

For nearly six months there has been a daily fight between life and death, but now Betty is pronounced "out of danger." At first it was thought that one hand and arm would not be saved, but surgical skill has averted the calamity of an amputation.

## TWO GUIDERS IN SEARCH OF A CAMP-SITE.

"On such a day as this," I said to myself, as I woke to find the world bathed in spring sunshine, "one should discover the ideal camp site." However, when I had packed a spade and my Lieutenant into the car, and had explained the object of our quest to the latter (I mean the Lieutenant) she merely snorted. "There is no such thing," she said, "and even when there is someone else has always bagged it." But even this illogical remark failed to damp my ardour, and as we sped along the roads I had rosy visions of grease-pits that drained, soils which held tent pegs firmly—but not too firmly—and sheltered glades where no winds ever blew inconveniently.

Unfortunately, as the miles increased, I had to admit that the countryside was not exactly bristling with sites; though we penetrated back tracks which threatened to hold us in their muddy grip, either there was no water available or the site has such a steep slope that even the most seasoned camper would find it difficult to "stick" on at night.

Passing through a small township, we espied what was surely the oldest inhabitant! We agreed that if there was a camp site in the district he would know of it. We hailed him and stated our case. As he cogitated I felt instinctively that he would love Girl Guides—I saw him in the role of the camp's adopted uncle, with the qualities of a fairy godmother, if you know what I mean. At last he had a brain wave.

"Just the very place," he cried, "hup at 'ill's." He promised an introduction, and we packed him into the car. He was quite right about the "hup." I sincerely hoped that the equipment van would be able to "make the grade," as carrying heavy ridges and uprights up a slope will try the best advance party.

"There's the river for you," he remarked triumphantly as we arrived. Certainly the Yarra was looking quite attractive a long, long way below. The site might have been promising, but I did not need my "Loot's" bright remark, "so nice and handy for the pig bucket," to draw my attention to a very odorous pig and fowl run. After a glance at the very dilapidated outbuildings I decided the best way out of the difficulty was to explain to our enthusiastic

friend that a large solid shelter was most desirable. Another inspiration soon had us in the car again, and making our way down the hill to the Sports Ground, which also boasted proximity to the river. The solid shelter here was the grand-stand, obviously erected by a well-meaning working bee. I almost hoped that it might be necessary to seek its shelter, for I longed to see how comic rows of Guides would look sleeping on the narrow seats.

However, the Sports Ground seemed to have possibilities, and we began to make plans. The Ancient was full of suggestions, such as using the goal posts to "tie our tents up to." He was obviously disappointed to hear that the 500-gallon tank would not supply the needs of 25 Guides for a week, I have no doubt he would have had grave doubts as to the observance of the ninth law, had he known what it was.

Suddenly a cloud came over our friend's face. "Want it between Christmas and New Year, do you? Well, you wouldn't mind taking your tents down during the day, would you? We've lent the ground to a young men's club for a cricket match. But if you take your tents out of the way, I'm sure they won't mind," and hopefully, "it'll be something for your girls to look at."

Sadly we bade him farewell. The afternoon was drawing in, and still we had no camp site. As we drove home we happened to meet a girl we had known at school, and gave her a lift. When she heard about our experiences she invited us to come and look at their paddock. Doubtfully we went and found—the perfect camp site. Immediately one could see a perfect horseshoe of gleaming white tents—here was the spot for the cook house, quite near the river, higher up on the hill was a spot for the camp fire circle. Enthusiastically we promise to come back and make a fuller inspection.

"To-day," I murmured, as the car moved off, "I knew I should find the perfect camp site."

"It may be a clay soil," retorted my Lieutenant.

"A pessimist is an abomination to the Lord and very little help in times of triumph," I remarked sadly.

—J.B.L.

#### ABOUT BOOKS.

**The World of Little Lives**, by Gladys H. Froggatt.

This very interestingly written book is now available in a ninepenny edition. In it will be found the story of the following:—Green Monday Cicada, Bulldog Ant, Ant-Lion, Rose Aphid, Rainbow Ant, White-Ant City, Nature's Workmen, Stick-Insect, House-Fly, Water-Scorpion, Flower Beetles, Orange Butterfly.

In a sequel, called **More About the World of Little Lives**, will be found the stories, equally fascinating, of the Dragon-fly, Grasshopper, Bush Silkworm, Home-maker Wasp, Solitary Wasp,

Mosquito, Cricket, Praying Mantis, Cockchafer Beetle, Ladybirds, Cockroach, Gall-Makers.

For Guides who are interested in insect life, and are studying any of them for their Second Class Test, these little books can be highly recommended.

A set of welcome stories of the Australian Bush has been published. In the Reference Library we have copies of the following (price 9d. each):

**The Flower Fairies** and other Stories, by Amy Eleanor Mack.

**The Gum Leaf That Flew**, and other Stories, by Amy Eleanor Mack.

**The Birds' Concert**, and other Stories, by Amy Eleanor Mack.

Guiders who are wanting this type of story are recommended to inspect these. All of these books can be obtained through Headquarters.

A set of younger stories, suitable for little ones, would be **Little Obelia**, being the further adventures of Ragged Blossom, Snugglepot and Cuddlepie—Miss May Gibbs' well-known characters. The price of this book is 1/.

—F.V.B.

#### RAILWAY CONCESSIONS FOR CAMPS, ETC.

**During Christmas and New Year Holidays.**

Last year the Railways permitted the travel of Guides using concession forms on any trains, on any date, but it was understood that this was an experiment which might be withdrawn.

We have now been in touch with the Superintendent of Passenger Train Services, whose letter is quoted below.

"I desire to say that there will be NO RESTRICTION with respect to the USUAL GUIDE CONCESSION FARES, provided that where there is a large number travelling, previous notice of a few days shall be given of the destination, train and date by which you propose to travel, and the numbers and class, so that adequate accommodation may be provided."

Guiders are requested to note that the Superintendent of Passenger Train Services should be informed in good time re parties of Guides travelling during the holiday weeks (mentioning that they will have extra luggage, if going to camp). "Large parties" would probably mean any number over 20.

#### CAMPING.

**Camp Equipment.** None of the Headquarters equipment will be available during December and January. For list see August issue.

**Seaford Holiday Home.** Until further notice the Y.W.C.A. Holiday Home at Seaford will not be available for Guide holidays.

**Pegersham, Healesville.** For details see September issue.

**Combined Guide and Ranger Camps.** For details see September issue.

**Campcraft Week.** If applications warrant it, a **Campcraft week for Guiders (over 18 years)** will be held from 18th to 25th January inclusive, near Mornington; Commandant: Miss Bush. Fee 35/-.

**Applications,** accompanied by deposit of 5/-, should be made in writing to Camping Secretary at Headquarters not later than 3rd December.

M. E. BUSH, Head of Camping.

### TRAINING.

There will be no further **Training Courses** this year, either for Guide, Brownie or Ranger Guiders.

**Training.** For details of 19th Victorian Training Week see October issue.

### WARRANTS.

#### Captains.

2nd Mildura: Miss N. Thomson.

#### Ranger Captains.

1st Surrey Hills: Miss M. E. Mills.

#### Lieutenants.

1st Yallourn: Mrs. Drummond.

(Omitted from last list).

5th Ballarat: Miss Beryl Jackson.

2nd Ballarat: Miss A. O. Watson.

1st Canterbury: Miss Jean Couchman.

1st Korumburra: Miss F. Western.

1st Merbein: Mrs. Stanton.

2nd Mildura: Miss Jean Thomson.

1st Monbulk: Miss Hazel Green.

#### Brown Owls.

1st Preston: Miss E. M. Tobin.

#### Secretaries.

Division Secretary, North-Eastern Suburbs—  
Miss B. Bedggood, 21 Mount Street, Heidelberg, N.21.

District Secretary, South Yarra: Miss W. Elvin, Domain Road, South Yarra, S.E.1.

#### Company Registrations.

3rd North Melbourne (St. Alban's).

2nd Surrey Hills.

#### Ranger Company Registrations.

1st Colac (St. Andrew's).

We have just celebrated our first year as a Company, and I thought you may be interested in hearing about it. When we started a year ago we had only seven Guides. We now have 22, with three recruits, and it has been such a happy year for us all that we celebrated it with a party.

We had a birthday cake with "Greetings to Orvale Guides," "Many happy returns," written across the front, and there was a flower, or bird, or some such ornament for each Guide.

The Guides arranged the programme, and each patrol was allowed 15 minutes to do its stunt. A group of fancy exercises, and a Law acted, were the star performances. A song in character acted by a leader was much applauded.

Then, for the visitors' pleasure, Games were introduced, and much amusement was aroused over the Bag Game. In case you have not tried it, Matilda, I will tell you of it. We placed paper bags at the end of the Hall, the Guides standing in patrols at the other end, on the whistle each Girl runs to the platform, picks up her bag, blows it up, then bursts it, and runs back to her patrol. It sounds easy, but try it, especially when one is having a party, and is rather excited. Then the next piece of excitement was the cutting of the cake. Everybody received a piece, and had to wish on it. The leaders made impromptu speeches.

Then came the crowning surprise of the afternoon. The Ranger Captain asked us to accept a colour from their company. We could hardly believe we had heard aright, as it has always been our ambition to possess a colour of our own.

### COUNTRY DANCE RECORDS

#### In Stock at H.Q.

Flowers of Edinburgh and Christchurch Bells	6/-
Picking up Sticks and Scotch Cap-the Boatman	4/-
Chelsea Reach and Hunsdon House	4/-
Jenny, Pluck Pears and The Old Mole	4/-
Newcastle-Sweet Kate and The Black Mag-	
Grinstock	4/-
Shepherds, Hey, and Gotland's Quadrille	4/-
Morris: Blue-Eyed Stranger and Rigs o'	
Marlow	4/-
Carrousel and Landnum Bunches-Morris	4/-

### DEDICATION OF FLAG.

It was an important occasion in the history of the Oakleigh Ranger Company when the flag presented by the executive of the Oakleigh, Murrumbreena and Carnegie Guides was dedicated at Holy Trinity Church, Oakleigh. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. E. Ramshaw. After the dedication Mrs. Springthorpe, the District Commissioner, received the flag on behalf of the Rangers.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Matilda,

As our Company has had some exciting times of late, I thought I would let you know of some of them, and then perhaps other Guiders may tell us of their doings, and we may find ourselves being of help to each other, for we know from past experience just how hard it is to find interesting items for our Guides,

Later a party was held in the Parish Hall to celebrate the first birthday of the Ranger Company, at which about eighty rangers, rovers and friends were present. Mrs. Springthorpe cut the lovely birthday cake, which was adorned with one red candle. She recalled that the first guide company, brownie pack and ranger company in the district had been formed at Oakleigh. The rangers were assisted in organising their successful party by Mr. F. Denton.

#### "MY UNCLE HE SELLS OL' CLO'S."

The Fitzroy and Collingwood District are holding a Jumble Sale in the Fitzroy Town Hall on December 2nd to help to defray camping expenses. We will be extremely grateful for any clothes or "white elephants." Any article, provided it is clean and fairly whole, will be welcomed.

We are particularly anxious to have a good result as, owing to the distress this year, many of the children who are needing a holiday most will not be able to go to camp unless expenses can be kept at a very low figure.

Parcels may be left at Headquarters, or anyone wishing to have large bundles called for should ring Miss A. McA. Campbell, Wind. 2009, or Miss H. Dunn, W.3842.

#### WOODCRAFT.

The following notes on trees may prove valuable to Guiders on "the woodcraft trail," either in helping them to recognise different trees or in enabling them to test their burning qualities.

**Peppermint.** Very drooping habit, never very tall. Probably it would give fine dry twigs for a fire.

**She-oak.** Recognisable by its needle-like greyish branchlets (impossible to distinguish one species from another without fruit). Fine trees for shelter from sun or rain.

**Blue Gum or Mountain Grey Gum.** Not distinguishable from one another without buds or fruit, but differing from other gums in their very tall, shaft-like, bark ribboned trunks. Not shelter trees, but useful if light dry bark for a fire is needed.

**Silver Wattle.**—Known by its silver-green feathery foliage. It's presence usually means that water is near.

**Lightwood or Blackwood.** Dark leafy branches and compact habit are characteristic of these species. Good for shelter if one needs firewood.

**Red Gum.** Gnarled, aged looking trees with patchy bark, usually indicative of open park-like country and well drained soil; perfect for a picnic site if you have water, but most unsuitable for camping.

"Matilda" will be glad to receive any results of Guiders' observation and research of this character.

#### MALVERN NEWS.

The District annual meeting was held at the Town Hall on October 31st. His Worship the Mayor presided. After the report and balance-sheet had been read and the Committee for the year elected, Miss Bush gave a very interesting talk on Guiding, and Mrs. Faulkner, Division Commissioner, briefly explained some of the duties of a Local Association, Guides from the various companies, in charge of Miss Sprague and Miss McKinnon, then gave a display which was worked in the form of a company meeting, and brownies from the 7th Malvern Pack sang two action songs.

On 5th October we had our second patrol leaders' conference, and after it a combined Guiders' and P.L.'s evening. The Guiders were invited to tea, and later we had games, country dancing and songs.

Several companies and packs have had birthday parties recently, and six guides from 6th Malvern are looking forward to a week-end at Pegersham this month.

Below is a copy of 7th Malvern company's Guide Hymn. Both the words and tune were written by a Guide in the company, and we have asked her permission to publish it in "Matilda," in case other companies would like it. The tune could be supplied to anyone sending a stamped and addressed envelope to the District Commissioner, Miss C. Brown, 19 Mereer Road, Malvern.

Oh, Guide of Guides! From Thee we seek  
In confidence and love  
New strength to face the coming week  
Thou sendest from above;  
And oh! we humbly ask of Thee  
Thy blessing on this Company.

One aim we have, and one ideal,  
Of fellowship and grace,  
Before our eager eyes reveal  
The vision of Thy face,  
That we with courage earnestly  
May set our hearts to follow Thee.

Oh, Lord! Prepare us all to meet  
And triumph over sin,  
For only Thou can stay our feet,  
And keep us pure within;  
But keep Thy presence ever near,  
Thy hand to hold, Thy face to cheer.

Oh, make us ever glad to serve  
Our fellow-men that fall,  
And help us ever to preserve  
A loving thought for all,  
And serving gladly, by Thy side,  
Make us for them a worthy Guide.