

Bush

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Matilda.



AN OFFICIAL TREASURE BAG OF GUIDERS' INFORMATION FOR

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

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News, articles, stories, etc., for inclusion in "Matilda" should be forwarded to the Editor, c/o. Girl Guide Headquarters, 60 Market Street, Melbourne, C.I., by twenty-third of the month.

EDITORIAL.

With the opening of guide activities for the year may we make a report on the progress we have made during the first half year of our existence as a monthly journal.

Our circulation has shown a gratifying increase, although, as yet, we have not reached our goal—500 regular subscribers. In the past six months we have published a series of Nature Talks and several badge articles. We have received a number of items of district and company news. We regret that space did not allow us to print them in full. Now that the price list is published separately we have more space, and once again we would ask Guiders to send in items of original company doings.

This year we hope to publish regular badge articles and Nature talks.

We would like to make an urgent request that Guiders will let us have any suggestions that will enable us to cater more fully for their needs. It has been suggested that now "Matilda" appears each month, captains might exchange ideas on problems of company management through the correspondence columns, so that all might benefit.

We hope that Guiders will continue to support "Matilda," and help us to make it more interesting.

Our final reminder is that contributions should reach the Editor not later than 23rd of each month.

GUIDERS' UNIFORM.

A new form of uniform for Guiders has been approved for use in Victoria. It has the appearance of a full-length coat, buttoned down the front with inverted pleats on the sides, and the usual patch pockets, worn over a white shirt or blouse, with the ordinary Guiders' belt. It is intended (a) for Guiders who do not wish to purchase a coat and skirt; or (b) made in drill as a summer uniform,

Patterns, price 1/6, are available at the Equipment Depot.

S. H. IRVING.

IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING FUND.

In the "Guider" each month we read with interest of the progress of the new Building, and of the many ways in which companies and packs are helping to raise the required amount of money.

The Hon. Secretary of the Australian Federal Council has cabled to Imperial Headquarters, asking that a room worth £800 be reserved as Australia's donation.

Up to date, Victorian Brownies, Guides and Rangers have subscribed £204/2/6, with a promise of £5 to come next month. Guiders! Please let us know if there is any more money to come.

When everyone has sent their subscriptions to the Victorian Fund, the money will be forwarded to England, and the attractive certificates (we have a sample on the notice board in this office) will be sent from England to all the Companies and Packs which have subscribed.

S. H. IRVING, State Secretary.

STRADBROKE COMPETITION.

Nature Diary.

It has been found that some companies had disbanded last year before receiving the notice of the details for the Stradbroke Cup Competition, so it has been decided that the date for the commencement of the Nature Diary should be altered to 1st March.

There have been several questions about the Diary, to which a general answer is given below. It is not intended that the Diary should contain entries by each Guide, every week. The work should be divided amongst the Patrols. It has been suggested that Patrols take month about to keep the Diary. This would be quite all right, but any other arrangement for the division of labour would be equally correct. Rules should not be too hard and fast; naturally any interesting fact or happening observed by any member of the Company should be included, irrespective of whether or not her Patrol is responsible for the Diary at that time.

The aim is to produce an interesting chronicle, to which all members of the Company have contributed something.

The method adopted by the Company in compiling the Diary should be described.

B. ENID FAULKNER,

Hon. Sec. Stradbroke Cup Competition.

COUNTRY NEWS.

The 1st Poowong Guide Company and Brownie Pack celebrated their first birthday with an indoor rally. The programme included a physical culture display and sing-songs by the Scouts and the Brownies. Colors were pre-

sented to the Company by the local Executive, whilst the Guides and Brownies were in horseshoe formation.

The District Commissioner, Mrs. McWilliam, and the Scout Country Commissioner (Rev. E. F. Cooper) were present. The Companies at Korumburra, Arawatha and Bena were represented.

CAMPING, 1929-30.

Twenty Guide Camps were held this summer, so that a great many more children spent a Guide holiday under canvas than any previous year here.

Many of the camps were at the seaside, which in some cases meant that children from the country saw the sea for the first time, and in other cases children from Melbourne camped inland, thus enjoying the hills and gullies and river scenery.

The 1st Eastern Hill Rangers and Guides had an indoor camp with Miss Morton at Sherbrooke; Miss Campbell camped at Lara for a week with Rangers, and a week with Guides from the Fitzroy district; Miss Hayman also had two weeks at Eltham with Rangers and Guides from Sandringham and Hampton. 3rd Richmond, with some Guides from 1st Broadford, were at Eltham with Miss Urquhart, and 2nd St. Kilda went with Mrs. Potter to Mount Evelyn.

Camps by the sea included one at Merricks, with Miss Thewlis in charge, of 1st Armadale and 3rd Kew, while sites at Sunnyside, Mornington, and Hendra, Frankston, were used for six camps, apart from those organised by the Camping Departments. Miss Mills, with 1st Surrey Hills Rangers, Miss Moore with Guides from Canterbury District, were at Sunnyside, while Miss Nethercote, with Guides from Kooyong, Kew and Ivanhoe; Miss Purnell, with a Geelong District Camp; Miss Salmon with Camberwell Guides; Miss Bush with Guides from Bendigo, Kerang, Shepparton, Kyabram and Lone Companies, were at Hendra.

The six camps organised by the Camping Department included four at Sunnyside and two at Hendra. At Sunnyside Miss Barfus had two combined camps of Rangers from 1st St. Kilda, 1st Hawthorn, 1st Drouin, 1st Malvern, Malvern District, 1st Ballarat, 1st Bendigo, 1st Toorak College, 3rd Bendigo, 1st Melbourne, 1st Hamilton, 1st Albert Park, 1st Geelong, 1st, 2nd and 3rd Victorian Lones, 1st Kyabram, 1st Prahran, 1st Tallangatta, 1st St. Arnaud, 2nd Heidelberg, 3rd Camberwell, 1st Casterton, 2nd North Melbourne.

Miss Moore was in charge of a combined camp, with Guides from 1st St. Kilda, 1st Gardiner, 2nd Carlton, 1st Maldon, 1st Clunes; and Miss Purnell had a combined Gippsland camp, with Guides from Traralgon, Korumburra, Yallourn, Bannison, Drouin, Foster, Yarram, Wonthaggi, Stratford, Moe, Orbost, Poowong.

At Hendra Guides from 1st Lancefield, 1st Northcote, Ararat, 1st Castlemaine, 1st Monbulk, were in a combined camp with Miss

Nethercote, and Miss Bush held a Training Camp for Guiders.

Several of the camps had "visitors" staying with them—too many to include names here, except to mention the Guides from the Extension Branch. To those privileged to be there, it was very good to see two Guides from the 2nd Prahran (the Blind) Company, in camp at Lara, and four Guides from 2nd Heidelberg (Austin Hospital Company), at Merricks—and to see how splendidly they joined in camp life, and what a big joy it was to them.

From all reports, the camps were thoroughly enjoyable and happy, and one hears everywhere that, among the children at least, there are already eager plans being made for "our next camp." And from what one could see, the Guiders also, in spite of the trials of wind and rain and heat, were also thoroughly enjoying themselves, and showed signs that they, too, with the children, would be planning for future camps.

Those camps which began soon after Christmas Day had a very fair share of variations in the weather, as the heavy rain, and in many cases exceptionally strong winds, were enough to provide a very good test of the Camper's ability to deal with such conditions. These difficult situations were handled splendidly by all the Guiders concerned, helped by the children, who, with a very good, happy spirit, entered thoroughly into the work and fun.

The weather improved with the new year, the later camps having, on the whole, beautiful days and calm, cool nights—in fact, the weather at the Campcraft Week, the last of the season, was almost too even, as some at least wished for more variation, to give practice in dealing with emergencies.

Camps could not be held if Guiders were unable to arrange with owners for the use of their land, and there must always be a very deep feeling of gratitude and appreciation to all those who have lent sites, and who, together with many other friends of the movement, too numerous to mention, have contributed so willingly, in so many different ways, to the success and happiness of the camps.

Each camp will have its own story to tell, of the fun and happiness—of all that happened at "our" camp—and each Guider who had the privilege of camping with the children could not but realise how much she, as a Guider, owed to Camp, which is, as the Chief Scout says, in Girl Guiding, "her greatest opportunity" in her "fun of playing the game in guiding girls."

M. E. BUSH.

RANGER PROGRAMME.

The programme for the two monthly meetings for metropolitan Rangers has been drawn up for 1930. The meetings are arranged, as far as possible, for the last Saturday in the month. The proposed plan is—

February (22nd).—Swimming Carnival.

April.—Talk on League of Nations.

June.—Social and Country Dancing.

August.—Debate.

October.—Annual Conference.



RANGER CAMP AT SUNNYSIDE.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of "The Leader."

ECHOES FROM CAMP.

Throw, throw your overflow
Gently down the stream.
Merrilees, Merrilees, Merrilees, Merrilees,
Grease is but a dream.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

From a Guiders' Camp—

I hear "Rally," I hear "Rally,"
Hark, quite near, hark, quite near,
Pitter, patter, footsteps,
Pitter, patter, footsteps,
We're all here, we're all here!

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

To the tune of "Tit Willow," with apologies.

"On the banks of a dam
Some Girl Guides were camped,
And they worked from morning till night,
And I said to them: 'Guiders, why slave in
this way,
When you should be so carefree and gay?'
With a sigh they replied
'This fact doth us sway,
The C.A. is coming to-day!'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Matilda,

I was most interested to read in your December number about the early days of Guiding in Victoria, and of the two English Guiders of experience, Miss Robinson and Miss Hogarth, who came out to help place Guiding on a firm footing.

I was then connected to one of the largest up-country branches, and was enrolled by Miss Hogarth. They spent a whole week in our district, and I shall never forget their visit. Everything in Guiding was so new to us in those days, that the things they told us, and the photos they showed us, filled us with enthusiasm, and a desire to learn more of the movement.

To-day we do feel we know a little more about the big game, but realise we have still much more to learn.

While writing, Matilda, I wonder if you would be interested to know in this small town of ours we run a competition each year between the Guides, Scouts, Brownies, and Cubs, for a Club Room Clock, presented by our President, Mrs. Troup. The first year the Guides won the clock by nine points. This year the Scouts beat the Guides by half a point, but our Brownies beat the Cubs by six points, so we are pleased to hold the clock for the second year in our Club Room. These competitions create quite a lot of interest. We had judges out from Ballarat. We realise it is hard to judge the work between us, but it is worth while, and helps to raise the standard of company work. If any of your readers are interested, I will be pleased to send details of competition, and points given. Yours sincerely,
M. MOWBRAY.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Dear Matilda,

We must write and tell you all about the camp at Wooloomanatta, Lara, because no Guides have ever camped there before, and anyway, it was all such a thrill that we're simply dying to tell someone.

Our thanks are due to Major Fairbairn for allowing us to use the site, to the manager and his family, and everyone else who did so much to make our camp enjoyable.

The first week the camp consisted of Rangers from the Fitzroy District companies, and the second week the Guides came from the Fitzroy and Collingwood companies. The Rangers invited two blind Guides to camp with them. We just loved having them, and they made us such a wonderful pudding, and lovely strong stands for the basins in the wash cubicles. We hope that we'll be able to have blind guides with us again next year.

Well, the wind blew quite a lot at first, but when it is found that a trifle like that didn't worry us, the wind seemed to lose heart, and only blew in gusts, and sometimes it forgot to blow for a whole day. New Year's Day was like that, which was just as well, because we had such a busy time. You see, it was hot, and we all wanted to swim in the big dam. It was so extensive, Matilda, that people like you would probably call it a lake, so don't imagine it was a muddy waterhole, will you? The manager's son summed up the importance of the day when he wrote in his diary: "To-day was Visitors' Day. Miss Bush came to inspect the camp. Another stray dog arrived as well, and we don't know who it belongs to!" So you see we had no time to spare that day.

The next day we hiked to the You Yangs. We climbed right to the top, and felt as Matthew Flinders must have felt when he reached that peak—only more cheerful, as we knew we would get a lift part of the way home. Then came a sad day, when the Rangers had to go home, but the Guides arrived the same day, and were very cheerful.

As the weather was warm in the second week, swimming took up a good deal of our time, but on two afternoons we had the most exciting cricket match—the Staff bravely played against all the Guides—we will remember our fifth law, and refrain from quoting the scores! We Guides also climbed the You Yangs. There was a special thrill about it, because we went to bed very early the night before, and got up about 5 o'clock next morning, and had tea and biscuits. Then we started on our climb, and enjoyed breakfast on the mount. We could just see our tents, 'way, 'way down below us.

We were all very sorry to take our tents down, and bring our camp to an end.

I haven't had time to tell you about our camp fires or the kingfishers and their nest, or the swans that flew across every night, not to speak of the hawk which was mistaken for an aeroplane—but there is no time now.

With best wishes from

THE CAMPERS AT WOOLOOMANATTA.

STAR TALK.

"5000 years ago the Southern Cross was visible from the Baltic, and it is now on its return journey from the South to appear again above the European horizon."

(From "Flags of the World"—W. J. Gordon.)

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!

PETER.

A Story for Brownies.

There was once a little boy called Peter, who was always saying: "Me too, me too!" When he looked through the window and saw some one riding by he would call "I want to ride, too!" When he played in the garden, and saw the birds flying in and out of the trees, he would stretch his arms up to the sky and cry "I want to fly, too!" And when he went down to the pond, where the little fishes swam, he would cry, "I want to swim, too!"

One day Peter was all alone at home. He had seated himself under a bush, close to the house, and was cracking his whip to pass the time when—Trot, Trot. Peter saw a white horse with a golden saddle on his back coming towards him. The horse stood still as he came in front of the boy, and said, "Jump on, Peter!" The boy at once jumped on his back crying "Now I can go for a ride. Hurrah!" Trot, Trot—and off they went.

Not far away he passed his little sister, standing outside a gate. "Where are you going to, Peter?" she called. "Out in the world," cried Peter. "Come too—there's lots of room."

"No, I'd rather stay home," she said. "Oh, well, stay then," he cried excitedly. "Good-bye!" And he cracked his whip, and the horse galloped on. First they went across a large meadow, then they climbed a hill, then they went through a thick, dark wood. After this they came to a lovely green field, full of red and blue flowers, and then to another wood—just a tiny one, this time—and here the trees were no higher than ordinary grass—and they stood so close together that one couldn't see the earth. At the end of this wood was a very high sandbank, up which the white horse proceeded to climb, but more and more slowly, and not without some difficulty, until he reached the very top—and there, at the foot of the other side of the embankment, to his astonishment Peter beheld stretches and stretches of beautiful blue sea.

"Now I can't go any further, you must get down," said the horse. "But I want to go further—I want to," cried the little boy.

At this the horse kicked up its hind legs and gave a mighty jerk, and the boy was rolled off the horse's back and on to the sandbank, when he rolled down, down, down until—splash—he had reached the bottom, and fallen into the sea!

Just then a reddish goldfish slipped in between his legs. "Now I can go for another ride," cried Peter, sitting up very straight on the fish. "Now you must swim," said the fish. "Why, that's even better!" cried Peter, and off they swam through the deep, wide sea. And down at the bottom of the sea all the little

fishes were looking on and dancing with joy when they saw Peter swimming along; and above, the birds were flying and peering into the water at him, and saying "Look, Look! Why, that's Peter!" and as they swam farther and farther, they met a ship, and on the ship stood Peter's father, looking very angry, and peering anxiously about him, crying: "Where can the boy be, where can he be?" And as Peter heard this he cried to the fish: "Quick, go deeper, or he'll see me!"

The fish dived under, and landed at the bottom of the sea, where the white shells were glistening, and the red stars shining. But Peter had his eyes full of water, and he was soaking wet all over. He cried: "I want to get back—I want to get away!" At this the fish shot up to the surface, and gave a mighty jerk as he was about to dive down again; at the same time a large black and white bird who was flying by caught Peter in his beak and threw him over his head on to his back, and flew away.

"What luck," cried Peter! Now I can fly!" The bird flew higher and higher—the sea sank lower and lower, and had soon disappeared altogether. A vision all in black passed them—it was light on her way down to the earth—but they flew on, higher and higher, up to the moon and the little stars.

"Good evening, Peter! You here! Why, it's terribly late, and you should have been in bed long ago!" cried all the little stars at once. "But I don't want to sleep," said Peter, "I want to fly higher and higher up the sky, and follow the sun on the other side." The stars laughed—"I cannot fly any higher," said the bird, "you had better go on flying on that cloud! "Hurrah! I'll fly on that cloud," cried Peter, and the next moment the cloud came by and took the boy in his arms—so gentle and soft was the cloud. But all of a sudden, as they flew high up there, it seemed to Peter that he felt—two big, hot tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Feels just like my mother's tears," said Peter, a little sadly. "Yes, my boy," said the cloud, "they are your mother's tears—as I came by she was crying, and I brought them with me. Wipe them quickly," he added, "we are getting near the sky, and you must have a clean face."

Peter began to cry, and sobbed: "I don't want to go to the sky, and I don't want to see the sun. I want to go home."

As soon as he had said this the cloud began to go lower and lower, and very quickly—thud! There lay the boy under the bush near his home—and in front of him stood his mother—and never was Peter more pleased to see her, and the sun smiled pleasantly on them both.

F. LOWENBERG.

(Translated by a Brownie Guider.)

BROWNIE TRAINING.

The first course of Brownie Training Classes will begin on Tuesday, 25th February. The Classes will be held at 7.45 p.m. at Guide Headquarters, 60 Market Street, Melbourne. The trainer will be Miss M. Brown.

SOME NOTES.

(Taken on Reading "Flags of the World—Past and Present—Their History and Associations," by W. J. Gordon.)

The original standard of Rome was the simple wisp of straw which has now come so low as to be used by roadmenders and hung under bridges to mean "No Thoroughfare."

A **Standard** is that which stands by itself, as an upright post or pole—then has come to mean that which flies from it.

A **Pennant or Pendant**—long, narrow flag, ends in point, and hangs from a height.

Bunting.—9in. x 40yds. Made in Yorkshire.

Toggle—a spindle-shaped wooden pin beneath which is pitched the rising end of halliards.

Red Flag—Mutiny and Revolution.

White Flag—Amity and goodwill, Truce, Surrender.

Yellow Flag—(or black and yellow)—Infectious illness.

Green Flag—Hoisted over a wreck.

Black Flag—Mourning and death.

Black Flag, with Skull and Crossbones—Pirate.

Red Cross, with arms of equal length, half as wide as they are long, stopping short of the edges of the white field; hospital and ambulance flag (1863 International Conference, Geneva). (N.B.—Difference between Red Cross and St. George's Cross, latter extends to edges of white field.—F.V.B.).

Dipping—Mark of honour and respect; the flag is run down, then up again.

Royal Standard may never be flown except when Sovereign is actually present; it may not be used for decoration.

On Church Towers the proper flag is that of St. George, irrespective of the Saint to whom the Church has been dedicated.

The only flags the civilian may fly for patriotic or decorative purposes are the Union Jack and the Red Ensign.

F. V. BARFUS.

GUIDERS OVERSEAS.

Guiders who are travelling usually find their enjoyment greatly increased by being put in touch with the various organisations overseas. Those who know Miss Jean Macmorran will be interested to hear what she writes to Miss Irving from Somerset, England. She arrived early in October.

"It was awfully good of you to write to the

Durban, Cape-Town and London Guide Headquarters, and I have appreciated it. I did not have time to look up the Guides at Durban, much as I wanted to, but at Cape Town I went to the Headquarters, and had a very pleasant hour there with the Secretary and Mrs. Campbell, Head of Rangers. They were very good to me, and made me stay to morning tea, and we discussed the color question and its relation to Guiding. They had planned to take me for a drive round Cape Town, and a visit to a Company, but as I sailed again that day, it could not be arranged.

I only had three "hectic" days in London, but I found time to go to Headquarters, and saw Miss Hill, who knew that I was coming. I do hope I shall be able to see her again. I have met Miss Paterson, Guide Secretary in Glasgow, and she is going to arrange for me to see some companies there.

Now I am spending three weeks here in Somerset, with my uncle. It is a beautiful spot, right in the country. At the end of this month I am going to Waddow Hall in Clitheroe, Lancs., for a training week as I cannot manage Foxlease this year. I am looking forward to it immensely, and will let you know how I enjoyed it."

TRAINING.

General Guide Training.

The first Course of Training Classes for Guiders and prospective Guiders will begin on FRIDAY, 28th February, 1930. The Classes will be held at 7.45 p.m. at Guide Headquarters, 60 Market Street, Melbourne; Miss Swinburne will be in charge.

Further Courses will be announced later; the second Course will probably begin in April.

MERLE BUSH, Head of Training.

WARRANTS AND REGISTRATIONS.

Lieutenant:—

1st East Doncaster—Miss Bullock.

Packs:—

1st North Melbourne.

1st Richmond.

1st Winchelsea.

Companies.

4th Bendigo.

1st Melbourne.

1st Queenscliff (S. Georges).

3rd Richmond.