

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.

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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.

Matilda has to report that there has been a most satisfactory response to the competition, and we trust that our page of "Bush Lore" will prove an inspiration to Guiders. The heading block which was selected was drawn by Miss F. Henry, of Portland; we hope to reproduce the design for the first time next month.

We would like to thank the many Guiders who sent in drawings and helpful suggestions, thus proving that they "love the game beyond the prize." Now that some people have commenced to write to "Matilda," perhaps they will make a habit of it. We look forward to receiving many more original contributions than we have done in the past.

THE COCKADE.

Anyone who may have wondered as to the origin of the cockade may be interested to know that in the 16th century a "coquarde," from "coq," in allusion probably to the cock's comb, was a knot of ribbons or a rosette worn as a badge; particularly now as part of the livery of servants. The cockade was the button or loop or clasp which fastened up the side of the ordinary slouch hat. The word first appears in this sense in Rabelais, in the phrase "bonnet a la coquarde," which is explained by Cosgrave as a Spanish cap or fashion of bonnet used by substantial men of yore . . . worn proudly or peartly on th' one side. The bunch of ribbons as a party badge developed from this entirely utilitarian button and loop. The Stuarts' badge was a white rose, and the resulting white cockade figured in Jacobite songs after the downfall of the dynasty. William III's cockade was of yellow, and the House of Hanover introduced theirs of black, which in its present spiked or circular form of leather is worn in England by the royal coachmen and grooms, and the servants of all officials or members of the services.

At the battle of Sheriffmuir in the reign of George I, the English soldiers wore a black rosette in their hats, and in a contemporary song are called "the red coat lads with black cockades." At the outbreak of the French revolution in 1789 green cockades were adopted. These after gave place to the tri-colour cockade, which is said to have been a mixture of the traditional colors of Paris (red and blue) with the white of the Bourbons, the early revolutionists being still Royalists. The French Army wore the tricolour cockade until the Restoration.

Originally the wearing of a cockade, as soon as it had developed into a badge, was confined to soldiers, and to "mount a cockade" was to "become a soldier." The trace of the cockade can still be seen in certain military headgears in England and elsewhere, but its use is now mainly confined to the servants of the wealthy.

It is rather fine to think that the Guiders' Cockade denotes one's rank in the service of others.

AUTUMN BERRIES.

Now that Autumn is with us, we are noticing great changes in the flowers and foliage in our gardens. One of the most beautiful Autumn bushes is the well known Hawthorn, with its marvellous scarlet berries.

I have been watching the hawthorns lately to see if any birds use them for food, and have already seen three different kinds—the Crimson Rosella the Blackbird and the Greenfinch. I found also an interesting contrast in the way the birds ate the seeds. The Greenfinch could only perch beside the berries and pick at them, the Blackbird swallowed them whole—greedy bird!—while the Rosella broke off a bunch with his strong beak and daintily held them in one claw as he ate them. I wonder if anyone can add to "my" birds of the hawthorn bush?

A.C., B.O., 1st St. Kilda Pack.

THE GIFTS OF AUTUMN.

Autumn is full of surprises, and though it heralds the approach of cold weather, is one of the most attractive times of the year. Then many of our bush birds leave their native haunts, and appear in suburban parks and gardens, delighting the town-dweller with their presence and the richness of their autumn melody.

The grey Butcher-bird is usually the first arrival, and at the beginning of March I invariably find myself listening for the full, rich carol ringing out from a tree in some neighboring garden, and mingling with it the shrill alarm cries of a host of excited birds, who resent the appearance of the "butcher," with his hooked bill, knowing that he likes to vary his diet with small birds now and again.

Maggie-larks are congregating daily in small flocks, and you may see them perched on the telegraph wires in the street, uttering loud cries of "knee-deep, knee-deep." Some translate the call as "pee-wee, pee-wee," and so this bird has been wrongly called pewit.

Mud-lark is another popular title for these slender black and white birds, the male of which is distinguished by a black throat, that of the female being white. Often their calls come pleasantly mingled with the tuneful warble of magpies.

With the approach of Autumn come blue-wrens to the garden, spritely little birds with jubilant bursts of songs. "Blue-cap" is proud of his gay colors, and away he goes, jauntily hopping over lawn and flower bed, his long tail held erect, followed by his sombre-hued family.

Robin is typically Autumn's bird, and unlike the wren, he is seen rather than heard, preferring to come alone, or accompanied only by his plainly-garbed mate. Redbreast appears later in the season, and will stay with us through most of the winter, till the call of nesting time sends him flying back to his fern-clad gully once more.

One of the happiest bird calls at this time of the year is that of the Spinebill honey-eater, a dainty little brownish bird, with a chestnut patch on his white chest, and a long curved bill, which enables him to drink honey from slender, bell-like flowers. Gardens that grow fuschias and heaths will always have the Spinebill as a visitor, and it is a pretty sight to see him hovering before a flower with quick, vibrating wings, while he sips the honey.

Those who have listened with delight to the whistling melody of the grey thrush in the bush may be surprised to know that he, too, is heard in town in the Autumn; and provided sufficient cover and food be available, will haunt a certain locality throughout the winter. I once had a grey thrush who came regularly for food to the bird-tray in the garden at the same time every day.

In addition to the birds already mentioned, there are several other varieties which may be noted, some not as often as others. These include the mountain thrush, golden whistler, grey bell-magpie, rufous fantail, grey fantail, and silver-eye.

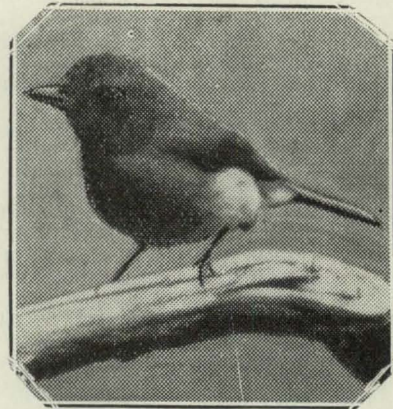
Besides welcoming many visitors, we have to bid farewell to some of our summer friends. Goldfinches, which have delighted us through the warm days with their bright little songs, will now be diminishing in numbers; yet awhile will they linger, if there be sunflower seeds in the garden. It is indeed a pleasant picture to see a "goldie" with scarlet face and yellow splashed wings, swinging on a large sunflower head, as he extracts the seeds.

Swallows soon will be gathering in rows on telegraph wires in the street, prior to their departure to a warmer climate. All our swallows do not go north with the advent of cold weather; some stay with us throughout the winter.

April is perhaps the best month to take Guides hiking, so that they can see for themselves the pictures that autumn paints. Heidelberg is an ideal place for Melbourne Guides to ramble in. There the winding river is fringed with golden-leaved willows, and a plentiful harvest of scarlet hips and haws on briar and thorn attract many birds to a rich feast.

Of other delights that Autumn has in store, there is not space to tell, but it is hoped that

many Guiders will try to make a few discoveries for themselves. This will arouse in them that enthusiasm, without which they can never inspire their Guides to "follow the woodcraft trail."
J.H.



The Robin (kindly lent by "The Age.")

THE FIRST 10th BIRTHDAY.

Even the five-year-olds felt young on Saturday, 29th March, when they went to 1st Heidelberg's 10th Birthday Party, but in spite of their youth they will long remember the happy afternoon which celebrated the party, marking the end of the first decade of Victorian Guiding. It is interesting to note that the first four Companies registered in Victoria, are still full of vigor in spite of, or perhaps because of, their age.

The party was essentially friendly and happy, and took place on a most delightful bend of the Yarra—Sill's Bend—at Heidelberg; a truly pleasant spot, and ideal for the purpose: an open space, and surrounding it the remains of an old orchard, interspersed with lovely hawthorns, with willows on the river bank, and in the river a Platypus. On the hill above stands St. John's Church, built in 1848, and one of the oldest churches in Melbourne.

The visitors, numbering about 70, included the Division Commissioner, Mrs. Euan Littlejohn, and the District Commissioner, Miss Wippell; Guides and Guiders from many Melbourne Companies, and Mrs. Linton, who as Miss Gwyneth Davies helped Mrs. Brady in the starting of the Company in 1920, and later became Captain.

During the afternoon there were organised games, including a peanut hunt, the four groups competing against each other; and some country dancing was indulged in, to the strains of a very amateur orchestra, made up of various tones of the human voice.

Then tea, with a delicious and attractive Birthday Cake, and afterwards Camp Fire—which ended with a few words of best wishes to us all from Miss Bedgood, Captain of 1st Heidelberg; and we went home, all feeling ever so grateful to her and the Guides of 1st Heidelberg for several very happy hours.

S.H.I.

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.

BIRTHDAY PARTY AT SHERBROOKE.

The Party! Is it going to be a fine day? These were the waking thoughts of nearly 50 Brownies on Saturday, 15th March.

It was Alison Campbell's birthday, and her mother had invited her Pack (1st Toorak) to a birthday party at their house at Sherbrooke. It was a kindly thought to extend the invitation to the Brownies of the district, 1st Belgrave, Kallista and Monbulk Packs. To "make a day of it," Mrs. Mountain, Commissioner of Ferntree Gully district, suggested that the Brownies bring their lunch and picnic on the lawns at Grendon, before going on to the party.

The first thrill was meeting each other, especially as the Country Brownies had never met a Town Pack before.

Miss Paling gave the Brownies their choice of having a game or lunch first, and, as many of them had had a walk, lunch won. First came a hunt for cards bearing the name of a month and an animal, and each Brownie found the card belonging to her birthday month. When all were found the different months sat together for lunch. Mrs. Mountain had very kindly provided lemon drink and tea. After lunch the Sixers cleared up, and then came a new game, "Hunting the Bunny." A long line of crackly leaves was placed on the lawn, and all except one Pack sat each side of the line, and with their backs to it. The other Pack in then tried to see how far along the line they could stalk the Bunny without being heard, while the others listened and hissed at the first sound. When one Pack had finished they changed places, so all had a turn. Then came the exciting time, getting ready to go over to the party; a long train was formed, all complete with driver, guard's van and guard, and away it went, singing a train song, and was welcomed by Mrs. Campbell on arrival. Ice creams were handed round, and there was no need to look twice to see how much they were enjoyed; and when they had disappeared Mrs. Mountain told the Brownies a fairy story.

Alison had been given a tent for her birthday, and this was a great centre of attraction. Rides on two very long-suffering ponies in charge of some of Mrs. Campbell's friends, provided great entertainment. Singing games were played till tea time, and although they had only a very short time ago consumed ice creams, the appetites had not suffered. Mrs. Mountain helped Alison cut her beautiful birthday cake, and every one was handed a slice. Soon it was time to start off home, and the Brownies and Brown Owls all thanked Mrs. Campbell for giving them such a lovely party, and everyone agreed it had been the happiest day they had had for a very long time. M.C.

"SATAN FINDS MISCHIEF STILL—"

Behold B.O. and T.O. discussing for the 99th time that "troublesome Brownie Meg who still

spoils the Pack," "Let's give her something extra to do again—she likes making things if she feels they're really needed!"

"What sort of 'extra' things, though? For the Pack? Yes. But what?"

"Well, what about renewing some of those things we use for the tests, and adding to them?"

1—There are those letters for the Promise, etc.

"How?" says T.O.?

"Buy a sheet of good brown paper and get Pack Leader (she's good at that!) to trace on it the Promise, Law, Motto (and three extra 2 A.H.—s!) in big lettering, about ¼-inch thick. Let Meg cut these out, paste each letter on a piece of cardboard, and help her cut the cardboard away when they are dry—Such a help, these, for Recruit games!

2. There's the table cloth we need—something quite small will do—the size of a large handkerchief. Could be made of coarse linen, and hemmed round with big, even stitches of Clarke's brown embroidery cotton. And what about six little table napkins to match? About 6 inches square. Of course, if Meg liked, she could work a "B" on the corner, couldn't she?

3. And I'm sure she'd like to trace an owl on those white cards we are going to leave at the house when the parents are out—you know, those "Brown Owl came to see you today" cards!

4. And then we do need a new set of knives, forks and spoons. Ask Pack Leader to draw these on white cardboard (small enough to fit on the cloth!) and let Meg colour these with, say, "Berger's silver glow"—and when they are quite dry, you could make plates and anything else she thought of—with a band of silver glow round the edge—couldn't she?

5. Oh, and we do need a bag for the Pack rope! A 7lb. flour bag would do—we could cut out a big "B" out of some brown material, and tack it on, and Meg could buttonhole it round on the bag, couldn't she?

I'm sure she'd help you with some of these things! And think what a relief—and what a help!

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED!

"I have a Brownie Overall that belonged to a Brownie who has gone up to the Guides. It is in perfect order, including hat and tie, and I think I can find a couple more. Are there any poor Packs round Melbourne who would be glad of any? If so they are welcome to them."—Apply Miss Cerutti, 1 Edwards Street, Northcote, N.16.

JUMBLE SALE.

Owing to the exceptional amount of want in Fitzroy and Collingwood this year, the Guides of that district are holding a jumble sale in May, to raise funds for the missions at the churches. Any clothing will be most acceptable, parcels may be left at Headquarters, or anyone may have large bundles called for by ringing Miss A. Campbell (Wind 2009), or Miss H. Dunn (W.3842).

ECHOES FROM CAMP.

Dear Matilda,

I have read camping articles in your paper, and thought you may like to hear about the Combined Gippsland Camp at "Sunnyside."

The camp lasted for a week, Friday, 17th, to 24th January.

Guides from Orbost, Stratford, Traralgon, Moe, Yallourn and Drouin, from Bennison, Foster, Wonthaggi, Korumburra and Poowong assembled at Caulfield Station at 2.30 p.m. on the 17th. In all there were 38 Guides and 17 Guiders. We had about 20 sleeping tents, besides others for bath, store, etc.

Miss Purnell was Commandant, Miss Urquhart Assistant Commandant, and Miss E. E. Moran, Q.M. Miss Walters (of Geelong) was our life-saver, and put in good work. Of all the non-swimmers who came to camp, only one could not swim when we left.

On Saturday Lady Somers called at the camp, but all the Guides, and nearly all the Guiders, were out for a beach walk, and missed her. On Sunday we all went to Church at Mornington, and we had "Guides' Own" at night on the hill-side.

On Monday afternoon some of us walked along the beach to "Trendra," to visit Guiders at the Camucraft Week. The Rev. Mr. Cox conducted a nature walk on Tuesday to the Frankston fossil beds. We all enjoyed this walk very much.

Wednesday was Visitors' Day, and on Thursday we did our packing. We had plenty swimming, and several camp-fires, at which we learnt new songs.

Mr. F. Syme, who kindly allowed us to camp at Sunnyside, was very good to us, and provided trophies for the camp. Each company received one to take home as a souvenir.

Early Friday morning good-byes and regrets mingled in the air. The last bus load left at eleven or thereabouts, with many sighs. Camp was over for another year.

I hope some of us meet at camp in the future, but each one of us has the same happy memories of "our camp."

MAVIS WALDRON, 1st Traralgon,
St. James Coy., Gippsland.

BOOKS—AND OTHER HELPS.

The Victorian Scout.—Do Victorian Guiders know that the Victorian Scout is almost as interesting to them as it is to the Scouts for whom it is published? There are usually very interesting articles, helpful to Guiders, and many of the games and competitions suggested would be workable with Guiders. The subscription is 2/9 yearly, or 3d. per copy—published monthly. The March issue contains very helpful articles on Holiday Hiking, Do Your P.-L.'s Lead? and there are games and stunts. Recent issues have been full of Jamboree Jottings, with interesting oddments about the Chiefs.

Physiological Chart.—The Library at Headquarters now includes a fascinating Chart, called the human factory. It shows pictorially the functions of the different parts of the body, and would be of great help to Guiders

when teaching the Health Rules to Guiders. It is very easily grasped, and would thrill any child, one feels. The chart may be borrowed by Guiders, who would like to use it when instructing their Company. We would suggest that no Company keeps it more than a month on end, however. Guiders should inspect the Chart next time they are in the Office.

Company Libraries.—Some Guiders may not know what an acquisition to a Company Library would be copies of *My Magazine*, edited by Arthur Mee. The magazine is excellently produced, with splendid illustrations, and is just the thing that would interest Guiders—particularly, perhaps, those who cannot be bothered reading much, but would read the "little bits" under the illustrations, and learn ever so much about their world in that way. The subscription is 18/- per annum—issued monthly. F.V.B.

THE QUEST.

A Legend of the Australian Golden Wattle.

Long years ago, in the pioneering days of Australia, a party of strong men and grave women from the Homeland made a tiny clearing in the heart of the dense bush

Around them, on every side, towered the tall gum trees, with their leaves of varying green, uplifted to the brilliant sky, and their trunks, straight and rough, half hidden among the clinging foliage of the undergrowth. Tall and strong, ever prepared to withstand the tempests of the bush, they were typical of the newcomers who, while they loved the staunch trees, missed the delicate brightness of the English hedgerows. Their adopted land was all in all to them, but they longed for the wealth of colour in the Spring.

Coming of an imaginative race, their lives and minds were filled with the folklore and legends of their own countryside, and these tales were handed down from father to son.

Thus it was that David, pausing in his daily labours, and lifting his eyes to the hills, and seeing the glory of the clouds, and the sunset behind, was filled with the desire to go on the Quest of which he had so often heard.

The Quest of Happiness they called it, and legend had told them that, if one should climb the highest mountain, fainting not by the way, at the top would be Perfect Happiness. But only if one looked upward, and yet on all sides.

So David gathered around him a small band of followers, and together they set out to the highest mountain. The way was long, and rough, and all but three turned back. The road that led up the mountain was cool and inviting, and the three strode manfully on, at peace with the world.

But the road narrowed as they ascended, and shade was scarce; but David, inspired by the goal he sought, cheered his comrades when their spirits failed.

"We must ever look upward, and around us," he said, "if we wish to continue in that strength which we now have. The difficulties with which we are contending are but small compared with those which lie ahead." And he led them on.

But the road grew hotter, and still more

steep. As they climbed, they saw in the distance a green and wooded glade, lying a little from the road, and the two fain would go there saying—

"It will be cool there, and perhaps it will prove to be a shorter way."

So they departed from David, who turned not from the mountain path, but kept onward, for he knew it led to his goal.

As he toiled on, his eyes and ears were attracted to the voices of nature, and, as he listened to her message, the way seemed short. And his soul was uplifted, for he knew that his goal was not far distant.

Then, one by one, the stars appeared, and he greeted each as a friend, for they seemed, as he looked at them, to bring to his heart and mind that curious contentment which is borne of true friendship, and which drives before it the cares and troubles of the world.

It was dawn as he reached the mountain top, and, faint with exhaustion, he threw himself down, and slept. The rising sun bathed him in a halo of rosy light, and, as he slept, he dreamed.

It seemed to him as though a tower, grey and splendid, arose from amongst the clouds. Slowly he entered it, and, making his way step by step, to the topmost eyrie, he found the goal for which he sought.

The room was empty, except for a pedestal, on which lay a tiny blackwood box. Its carved lid bore the words

The Flower of Happiness.

Although he could see nothing, David knew that he was no longer alone. The rays of the morning sun seemed filled with voices that echoed through the air. He could not hear what they were singing, but in his heart he felt it to be a Chant of Joy and Attainment, and his soul sung too.

And then he lifted the lid, and gazed on a sprig of golden sunshine, caught and held in tiny fluffy balls. Their brightness lit up the room, and it was filled with a perfume of exceeding sweetness. And as he took it in his hand, the dream vanished.

It was the birds that awakened him. They were singing their morning hymn of praise, and it was strangely like that which he had heard in his dream.

As he opened his eyes, his glance fell on a spray of Golden Wattle in his hand, and he remembered his dream. But as he looked his soul was filled with realisation, and he said:—

"What need have I for this, the Flower of Happiness, the Goal of Joy, for I am happy now. I will take it to the world, and tell them that which I have learned—that true happiness is not that which you find, but the way in which you seek it. It is the tiny things around which show the glory and peace of happiness." And he smiled at the singing birds.

And so he returned to his people, and gave the precious flower to his adopted land, and its sunny blooms and sweet fragrance are ever part of the Australian Bush, as living reminders of David's Quest for Happiness.

M.W.&E.A., 1st Bendigo Rangers.

TRAINING.

Training Classes.

Guiders should communicate with their Commissioner before attending Classes, and everyone who has not previously been nominated must bring a Nomination Paper signed by her Commissioner. A charge of 3d. per night is made, to cover cost of lighting, etc.

Notices of Training Classes, etc., are published in Tuesday's "Argus" and "Sun," and in Wednesday's "Age," and are posted on the Headquarters Notice Board.

Training Classes are held, unless otherwise notified, at Girl Guide Headquarters, 60 Market Street, at 7.45 p.m.

Brownie Training.

The second course for Brownie Guiders will begin on Tuesday, 29th April.

Guide Training.

The second Course of General Guide Training will begin on Monday, 7th April, and will consist of about eight classes. The third course will begin on Friday, 9th May.

Ranger Training.

The First Course for Ranger Guiders began on 13th March.

Training Days.

It is hoped that several Training Days will be held during the year. The first one, which will be held on 10th May, will deal with Colours and Colour Parties, Drill and Outdoor Games. Further details will be announced in the Press, and on the Headquarters Notice Board.

Training Week.

The 20th Victorian Training Week for Guiders and prospective Guiders (over 18 years of age), will be held from Friday, 16th May, to Saturday, 24th May, 1930, inclusive, at Morongo P.G.C., Geelong, by courtesy of the School Council. Guider-in-Charge: Miss M. Bush.

At the same time and place, there will be a Week of Training for Brownie Guiders and prospective Guiders (over 18 years of age). Guider-in-Charge, Miss M. Brown.

Fee 30/- for either Course.

Applications, accompanied by a deposit of 5/-, and stating which course is to be taken, should be made in writing to the Secretary, Training Department, at Headquarters, not later than 25th April. Deposits will not be refunded unless withdrawal of application is made a fortnight before the beginning of the week.

MERLE BUSH.

AMBULANCE BADGE.

The members of the voluntary organisation of St. John's Ambulance Society are willing to help Guides to prepare for the Ambulance Badge. The Secretary has kindly offered to cooperate with the Girl Guides by finding demonstrators and instructors among his own members whenever it is possible to do so.

Commissioners and Captains who wish to arrange for instruction are asked to apply to The Head of Tests and Badges at Headquar-

games, even if they seem to have no idea of rules or fair play, they will like the type of game, and you will gradually develop a team spirit and a sense of fair play. If you achieve this, you will have accomplished something very important in the work of a company.

If the Guides become used to obeying rules in their games, they will tend to obey the rules of the game of life later on, and will understand that laws are made for the success of the whole, and not to put restrictions on individuals who may resent them.

People who are used to no kind of discipline when they are young are likely to be of little use as citizens in later life, and there is no better way of getting some sense of obedience to rules where there tends to be none, than through games.

Children with no idea of discipline will often enforce the rules of a game when they would scorn a rule that they thought a grown-up had made for their conduct.

Besides team games, there are games of skill which quicken the various faculties of the child, and there are games of chance.

These latter, however, are very often also games of skill. Games in which the issue is wholly or partly dependent on chance may be considered bad from the point of view that possibly they lead to gambling, but they have their value in that, whereas the bright guides usually shine in games of skill, games which involve luck may be won by the weaker Guides, and this gives an opportunity for those who are used to winning to know what it is to take a beating.

Again, games whose result depends on luck may be very useful in teaching us how to lose and start all over again, perhaps lower than before. It is this kind of beating that may come to any one of us in later life. Just bad luck upsets one's whole plans, and it is much harder to start again after a failure over which one had no control, than where there is the knowledge that with greater effort one could have saved the situation.

Games, too, either consciously or unconsciously, remind Guides of their laws, as many of these are practised in every team game. For example, we get loyalty to the leader or Captain; if a Captain at cricket tells one of his men to go to some other part of the field, he does not stop to argue—that would immediately show a possibility of weakness to the opposing side. We get honour in that there must be no cheating—and honour practised in play becomes a habit. There is helpfulness; the Guide is working to help her patrol, and the Guides who are stronger in the game will inevitably help the weaker ones to attain to their standard. They will develop the habit of helping those less efficient than themselves, instead of laughing at them.

Then there is friendship, for who does not feel a sense of fellowship with the others in one's own team, and one learns to take a beating in the right spirit, and show good feeling towards one's opponents.

One gets obedience to the Captain or Leader, and to the rules of the game. Cheerfulness in that one must realise a happy, joyous feeling

in taking part in a well organised game. One learns to smile, and shake one's opponent by the hand after a beating, and it is always the one who has lost who makes the first move to applaud the victor.

Thrift is shown in that one learns to reserve one's strength, and ammunition, if it is a game that ends when something is finished.

There is another thing one might perhaps mention in regard to games, and that is do not play only games on Guide work. Each Guide has friends who are not Guiders to whom she talks about her Guide Company meetings. Let them learn some good, healthy games, which they can introduce to their friends who are not Guides, so that they will see that Guide meetings are not made up entirely of such mysterious things as tracking, signalling, knot-tying, etc., which are looked on as the be-all and end-all of guide training by so many outside people.

Would it perhaps not be a happy thought to introduce Guides to such a game as deck tennis, or circles, as it is often called on land. A game which gives no end of exercise, and can be played on any lawn or verandah which is approximately 17 x 30 feet in area.

I suggest that in such games as this guides might find Saturday afternoon employment, in which they could take part with their friends, whether guides or not.

A net made of string, and a quoit made of rope, could take the place of the correct rubber ring and ready-made net. Most girls would play tennis or basketball in preference to pictures on Saturday afternoons if it was possible—expense and lack of space are usually the hindrance.

Below are given adaptations of well-known Guide games made slightly more complicated to meet the needs of a more advanced company:—

1. The Patrol stand in star formation with the leaders facing one another in the centre (the Guides are in file behind their leader). Each leader has a ball. On the whistle she passes the ball over her head to the Guide behind her, who passes it to the one behind her, and so on, till it reaches the last Guide in the file. On receiving the balls this Guide runs right round the back of the four Patrols, and stands in front of her leader. The ball is then passed over the heads as before, and the last Guide again runs round with the ball. When the leader is back in her original place every Guide having had her turn of running, the Patrol is given the order right turn by her leader, and the ball is bounced by each Guide in front of her and caught by the next, when the end Guide gets it she runs round as before. The game ends when both the passing and bouncing parts are complete, and the leader is back in her original place.

2. A Stalking and Compass Game. One patrol lies down with spaces between each Guide. The others try to get through without being heard. If a member of the sleeping patrol hears a sound she calls out the compass direction from which it came. If correct direction is given, she is counted as having caught the stalker.

C.M.B.