

Bush

# 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.1, by twenty-third of the month.

## EDITORIAL.

Monday, May 26th, is Empire Day, and Empire Sunday is being held on May 25th. Guiders should remind their guides that this is "Guides" Day, and it gives us an opportunity of paying particular attention to the first part of our promise. Guides are sometimes apt to take this part of the promise for granted, because it is less tangible than the rest, and it will be a pity if Empire Day is not stressed in this connection.

Some Companies hold Church Parades on Empire Sunday, but when no special service is being arranged it is understood that all Guides will attend their own Churches, wearing uniform. It is hoped that the congregations of all our churches will discover many Guides in their midst on May the 25th.

Miss Sybil Irving, the State Secretary for Victoria, is leaving for a short visit to England on the 20th of this month. We feel sure that all readers of "Matilda" will join in wishing her a most enjoyable trip, and look forward to hearing a good deal about Guiding in England from her on her return.

## THE CHIEF AT HOME.

By W. D. Kennedy, D.C.C.

(By kind permission of Mr. Kennedy and the Editor of the "Victorian Scout.")

The Chief Scout has definitely made his plans to visit Australia; he will be with us in Victoria for several days in May, 1931.

So when the "Victorian Scout" recently sent me an S.O.S. to write something for my friends "back home," I thought I couldn't do better than to tell you something first-hand about the Chief. The two visits I have been privileged to make to his home at "Pax" are among the most treasured of my Jamboree experiences.

I met B.-P. first at Imperial Headquarters, where I was lunching at the cafeteria with "Pickie" and several other H. Q. Commissioners, soon after my arrival in London. The party was a very happy one—it always is when it contains those two inveterate mirth-makers, "Pickie" and the Overseas Secretary, Mr. Butterworth—and suddenly the door opened, and in walked the Chief. Our table was full, but in a trice chairs had been moved round, and room had been made for the "Piper of Pax" himself. It was a wonderful moment for me to be actually with the man whom I wished most of all in this world to meet, but the meeting was so unexpected that one could perhaps be pardoned for feeling a little momentary confusion. One's peace of mind, however, was soon restored by "Pickie's" characteristic introduction. "This is Kennedy, sir, the advance guard of our worries from Australia." The twinkle in the Chief's shrewd eye, and his friendly "so I noticed," put me at once at my ease, but I was too interested in the bye-play going on around me to take much part in it.

It gave me my first real insight into the secret of England's Scouting success. These were not "grave and reverend seniors," carrying the full burden of responsibilities for the great Jamboree to come; they were just like a band of jolly youngsters—I have seen many such Patrols dining so in our camps—enjoying themselves together and "ragging" each other roundly, while the Chief, with as ready a wit, but, so it seemed to me, of a gentler and more "fatherly" brand, fell into his natural place as Patrol Leader, and held the scales impartially in all the mock serious arguments going on around me.

There was no place for "shop" in such a gathering, but the Chief, as we left the table, said casually to me, "You must come and see me and tell me something about the Australians." I did not realise what this remark entailed, so I was delightfully unprepared for the invitation which reached me a day or two later to spend the week-end at "Pax."

The Chief's home is near the little village of Bentley in Hampshire, about 40 miles from London. The pilgrims who travelled in past ages from the coast to Canterbury Cathedral skirted the boundaries of the present "Pax," and, with his accustomed thought for others, B.P. has had the old Pilgrims' Way, where it passes by, cleared and marked, so that present-day travellers cannot go amiss. His home is set back from the road in a delightful garden—a veritable haunt of peace and loveliness.

Everything about the place is friendly—the birds, the dog, the staff, the house—all seem to draw their inspiration from the Lord and his charming hospitable lady, who preside over that little bit of England. But I got my first breath of real old-world courtesy from the Chief's chauffeur, who met me at the station. He is an old soldier (not very old in years) who has driven the B.P. car perhaps for half his lifetime, and he is a typical product of "Pax" training. Its remarkable what strange ideas flash into the mind, and what peculiar turns imagination gives to small occurrences.

Probably it was not so strange, after all, however, that I should have kept thinking to myself all the way to "Pax," as I drove with this jolly chauffeur, "Scout meets Scout," "Scout meets Scout." He was a real Scout.

B.P. and Lady Baden-Powell were expecting us, and met us in the garden—the Commissioner for Gibraltar was also a guest, and travelled down with me—and there was nothing formal or insincere in their welcome. Together they showed us round the garden bathed in summer sunshine, the sun room, which can be revolved on a central axis, and which is adorned on its walls with a complete list of dates of all the Chief's horses, and all the little hundred things in which out-of-doors' people delight.

As evening fell we went indoors, with still time to spare before dinner. With a sly glance at Lady Baden-Powell, the Chief announced, as he opened a door leading from the garden, "This is my own den; perhaps not as tidy as some people would like it." How Scouts would love to browse in that place, which was indeed a mine of interest, and so delightfully appealing to any mere male who has a "den" of his own which his womenfolk do not "clean up." There was a big file containing all sorts of odds and ends, which the Chief culls from all sources to give him ideas for his weekly articles in the "Scout." Dozens of his own inimitable drawings and sketches, many of which you have seen reproduced in various Scout Books and papers, lay about, for, as he remarked, he was "digging these out" for Lady B.-P., who had conceived the bright idea of selling them to swell the funds to help build the new Girl Guide Headquarters in London. One felt thrilled in this room, for one realised that from it flowed that written inspiration to Scouting, which we, in the far-distant places, have had to depend on so much.

One wanted to linger there to see what books the Chief had about him, what trophies adorned the walls, and what little things surrounded, in his working hours, a man so beloved and so renowned; but one didn't know how a close scrutiny might be appreciated. The Chief, however, is wise beyond belief in his knowledge of men and their desires. "Come back here when you feel inclined," he says with a smile. "Look at what you like if you are interested." And so we pass on through that house, cram full of treasures. Relics of Mafeking and mementoes of many campaigns, trophies of the chase, gifts from boys and men and people from all over the world, tributes of all sorts from cities and nations that have recognised B.-P.'s work and worth. "Pax" is far more interesting to a Scout than any museum anywhere in the world, for within its walls is enshrined the whole history of our beloved Chief, and the whole history of the Scout movement. But beyond that, there dwells there such a "Chief" as you may picture, but as you will never wholly imagine unless you have had the good fortune to meet him. A Chief who is so strong, yet so gentle in his strength; a man who has justly won the love and affection of a world full of boys as well as the esteem of nations, yet, withal, is

as unspoiled by success as any unknown to fame; a man whose wisdom and knowledge of his fellow-men is almost without parallel, and yet who invariably sees the best that it is in the "other fellow." One realises why Scouting and Guiding are what they are, after experiencing something of the home life of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell; indeed, it is only too easy to realise it, but difficult to express.

Perhaps, however, in a later issue, I may have the pleasure of telling you something of this.

#### ANOTHER IDEA FOR A "GOOD TURN."

We have been asked to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Girl Guides and Rangers in the work done by the "Cottage by the Sea," which is run by the Ministering Children's League.

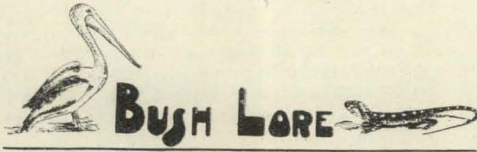
This is one of the oldest charities for children in Australia, and the Cottage by the Sea, Queenscliff, is the only home of its kind in this continent. It is a home situated on a beautiful spot overlooking the Heads, with the big ships coming and going in full view. There are rooms with sweet white beds and polished floors, rooms filled with health-giving sea air, and there is abundance of good, nourishing food, helping to build up poor little frames weakened by sickness or by actual starvation.

The little children from the poorest homes round Melbourne, and from the far country towns, are taken, when convalescent after illness or otherwise run down in health, to this lovely home, the "Cottage by the Sea," and there they may enjoy a fortnight or a month under the care of a trained Matron and her staff. Imagine what a wonderful experience it is for some of these poor children, coming from the homes they do, to enjoy the delights of wide, clean rooms and fresh, white beds—some of them have never known what it is to have a bed to sleep in. They come back to their mothers with sunburnt rosy cheeks and with a store of happy memories which will never leave them.

The Cottage by the Sea was built and is supported by the voluntary work of the Ministering Children's League and its branches, and Guides who would like to help children less fortunate than themselves in this way might like to join up with their local branches of the Ministering Children's League, who would be very glad of additional members to help them carry on this service for children. The Motto of the Ministering Children's League is: "No day without a deed to crown it."

#### CORNERS.

Guiders who find it difficult to take their Guides hiking may induce them to watch for signs of Autumn by having a special corner night. The Patrols compete with each other to see which Corner shows the best and most varied Autumn collection.



### THE SQUIRREL'S HARVEST.

Underneath the chestnut tree in the garden fallen leaves lay thickly on the ground, and every breath of wind brought a shower of prickly-coated chestnuts down with a thud. Here it was I saw the grey squirrel at work, several mornings recently; Autumn comes but once a year, and he must make the most of it.

At soon as the nuts began to drop he appeared on the scene, and came each day till the harvest was gathered. It was most engaging to watch him searching among the leaves, and, when he found a nut, he would seize it in his mouth, and run off to a flower-bed, where he quickly dug a hole with his dainty paws, and buried it. The nuts are buried all over the garden, and in the winter the squirrel will venture forth now and again, to draw on his hidden stores.

Occasionally he rested from his work, and selecting a nice nut, he climbed to the back of a garden seat. He made a charming picture, sitting upright with his bushy tail curved along his back; and holding the nut in his paws, he ripped off the outer skin, then quickly devoured the kernel.

This squirrel has his home in a neighbour's garden, and the drey is built at the top of a tall cypress tree. The drey is a large nest of grass and other material, in which the young are reared. The little ones seem to be driven away from the home, as soon as they are old enough. These neighbors are very kind to the squirrel, and feed him on nuts when he is hungry. Sometimes his mate is seen in the garden as well, but generally it is only "Squidge," as they call him. "Squidge" has become very tame, and allows these friends to come quite close, without showing alarm.

I wondered if he would let me get near him when he came to our garden for chestnuts, so getting some walnuts, I threw them on the ground near my feet. Quite fearlessly he ran along, and picked up the pieces, and even ate some from my hand. But any strange sound would send him rushing up the nearest tree, where he clung to the trunk, with his tail hanging straight down.

Most Guides would be interested in the fascinating ways of the grey squirrel, and he is practically the only animal that may be observed in its natural state in town. In Autumn he is more likely to be seen than at other times of the year, for then he ventures down to the ground, to gather nuts for his winter larder. Could we not encourage Guides to be on the look-out for this charming little creature, for there must be quite a number in our parks and gardens?

Several delightful stories about squirrels have been told to me by neighbours and friends, and doubtless there are Guiders who

could tell other tales. "Matilda" will be glad to receive notes on squirrels (not more than 150 words), the best of which will be published in the next issue.

For Brownies there is the Tale of Squirrel Nutkin, a pretty story of red squirrels, which is true to life, and is quaintly illustrated.

### BIRDS AND HAWTHORN BERRIES.

Here are three more birds to add to A.C.'s list of berry-eaters. A neighbour tells me that all the haws on her bush were eaten by sparrows; and passing a hawthorn in the street one day, I noticed it was visited by silver-eyes. In the country, starlings descend on the hawthorn hedges in huge flocks, to feed on the berries.

J. H.

### LIBRARY AT HEADQUARTERS.

Miss Isla Peaton has recently taken charge of the Headquarters Library, which contains many books of interest and value. Guiders are free to borrow these books.

The Librarian has compiled a complete catalogue of the books in the Library, she would remind country Guiders who desire books to be posted to them that postage should be forwarded.

#### Library for Badge Books.

Books that will be useful to guides working for badges have been collected, and may be found on special shelves at Headquarters. Files containing additional information will also be prepared, and may be consulted by Captains and Test Secretaries and Commissioners. Files will contain such things as

- Schemes of Work;
- Names of Additional Books and Diagrams;
- Alternative Certificates;
- Arrangements for finding Instructors and examiners;

Suggestions for constructing Tests;  
Articles taken from The Guider and Matilda.  
A few such files are already finished. The others will be ready as soon as possible.

Arrangements for making the library available to country districts will be announced later.

I wish to draw special attention to the publications of the Victorian Department of Agriculture. A list of pamphlets will be sent to anyone who writes to the Director of Agriculture, Melbourne, enclosing return postage. Most of them are issued free of charge, and the information concerning Poultry, Bee-keeping, and Dairying, is the best available.

The Dairying is not applicable to the Guide Badge, but is most interesting to all who are concerned in the industry.

The Honey Flora of Victoria (1/6, postage 1d.), is an excellent treatise on eucalypts, and useful for identifying the different species.

G. H. Swinburne.

## 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.

**Brown Owls, be sure and tell your Pack Leaders that:—**

A Pack Leaders' Afternoon has been arranged for **SATURDAY, MAY 31st.** from 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Mrs. S. E. Andrews, of Heathersett, Burwood, having kindly allowed us the use of a paddock adjoining her home for the afternoon. Miss Paling and Miss M. Brown will be in charge, and will meet Pack Leaders at the **Burwood Tram terminus at 2 o'clock.** Each one is to bring a coat, mug and a "bun"—billy tea will be provided.

There will be opportunities for practice in parts of the Brownie 1st Class Test, but Pack Leaders should bring a written application from their Brown Owl if they wish to be tested in any part of the test.

ADRIENNE E. PALING,  
 Head of Brownies.

## BROWNIE CAPS FOR WINTER WEAR.

The wool for these Caps comes out to little over a shilling each, and the expense is well worth considering, as it saves the rush hats getting battered about during the bad weather.

Instructions for knitting these caps are still obtainable on application (enclosing stamped and addressed envelope) to Miss Hooper, Bathwick, Albany Road, Toorak, S.E.2, but the Oakleigh Brown Owl has just forwarded the following instructions, which she has found even more satisfactory than those already available:—

### Brownie Cap (medium Size).

Band Measurement: 9½ in. x 2 in. (59 stitches).  
 Crown measurement: 9 in. x 14 in. (56 stitches).

**Directions:** Cast on sufficient stitches to make the band 9½ in. wide. Knit moss stitch, that is, 1 plain 1 pearl, starting every row 1 plain on, pearl to end of row (therefore uneven number of stitches needed). Then decrease, that is, knit two together 2 or 3 times in the next row to make the crown measure 9 in., then knit stocking stitch, that is, one row pearl, one row plain, alternately, for 14 in. Then increase, that is, throw wool over needle to make a stitch, two or three times. To increase, back again to 9½ in., and knit moss stitch for 2 in. more.

Cast off and join up the sides, turn back moss stitch band and stitch down peaks. Be careful to join the band on the reverse side from the crown, or else it will turn back with the wrong side showing.

Amount of wool, 1½ skeins. Obtainable H.Q.

## THE GUIDE.

Numerous enquiries made to the Postal Department have failed to produce copies of "The Guide" since the issue dated 12th October, 1929—nor can the missing numbers be traced in England, so the publishers are sending out a duplicate order. We do not expect the duplicated order to arrive until the end of May, and when it does arrive, foresee that the Magazine Secretary will be lost to sight amidst the hundreds, say, rather, thousands of copies with which she will have to cope. Will subscribers please sympathise with her difficult future, and she will endeavour to send out the "Guides" as quickly as possible.

S. H. IRVING.

## CAMP PHOTOS.

Mr. Francis Syme very kindly provided us with a number of copies of the camp photos, which were published in "The Leader." There was a full page of snaps of the 1st Combined Ranger Camp. A copy was sent to each Company which had camped from 26th December to 3rd January, but there are some spare copies which Rangers may have on applying to Miss Barfus at Headquarters.

## GUIDERS' CONFERENCE.

The third Victorian Guiders' Conference will be held on Saturday, 19th July, 1930.

It is intended that the Conference should take the same form as last year, beginning with Luncheon at 1 p.m., with Conference Sessions in the afternoon and evening, and it is hoped that many Guiders will take this opportunity to meet and discuss any matters which they may wish.

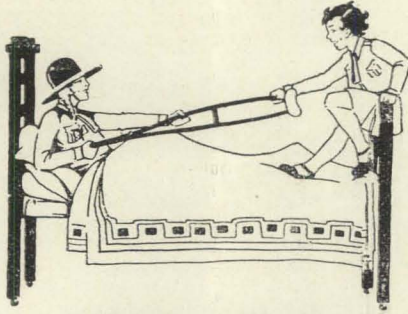
Further details of place and time will be published in the June issue of "Matilda," and in the "Argus" (Tuesdays) and "Age" (Wednesdays).

A Conference of Guiders holding the Camper's Licence, Quartermaster's Certificate, or Indoor Camp Test Certificate, will be held at Headquarters on Friday evening, 18th July, 1930, at 7 p.m.

## HELP WANTED!

Could I appeal through Matilda for uniforms for both Brownies and Guides? Our Guides have pale blue ties, and the hat bands with worked badges. The children belong to the V.C.A.'s home, and therefore can not provide their own. Also, if any company would like to do a good deed, might I suggest that it should take the Home Children for hikes, as I am not free on Saturdays, and the children have no money for fares and food.

Any Guiders who can help this Company should write to the Captain of the V.C.A.'s company, c/o. of Girl Guides Association, 60 Market Street, Melbourne.



## EXTENSION ECHOES.

### RANGERS AT THE AUSTIN.

April 5th was a gala day at the Austin Hospital, because Miss Barfus was taking the first enrolment of our Ranger Company.

The Company started in October of last year with two recruits and one guide, but it had grown steadily until when the day came there were eleven girls ready to be enrolled as Rangers.

Of the original Three, only one remained; the Guide had left the hospital greatly improved in health, and the other had gone on to a Higher Ranger Service than ours.

Now, at a gala day at the Austin, every Guidey person takes part, and so at the enrolment we had Guides and Brownies as well as the Rangers.

The beds were arranged in the form of a horseshoe, Rangers one side, Guides the other, and the Brownies filled up the gap between.

The visitors present were Our Commissioner, Miss Wippell, the Acting Matron and some of the Sisters, the Head of Extensions, Miss Campbell, some of the 1st Hawthorn Guides (who most kindly sent us a wonderful donation of uniforms), and several other Guides.

We used our own Colours, which were presented to us last year by the 1st Derrinallum Company, and the Colour Party was taken from the Austin Hospital Guide Company.

There were 10 girls enrolled—one, unfortunately, being too ill—and to them all the enrolment was a very real thing. Miss Barfus, as she went from bed to bed enrolling, spoke a few words of encouragement to each one. Afterwards she talked to them all and told them that, being out of all the rush and bustle of our every-day lives, perhaps they might be better Rangers than we more active people, as they had more time for thought and consideration.

Miss Barfus finished her talk with the following verse:

“Bite off more than you can chew, then  
chew it;  
Plan for more than you can do, then do it.  
Hitch your wagon to a star,  
Keep your seat, and there you are!”  
Then afternoon tea, thoughtfully provided

by the Acting Matron, was much appreciated by everyone, and so ended a very happy afternoon. We are very grateful to Miss Barfus for coming to enrol us.  
A.E.

### THE AUSTRALIAN FLAG.

The British Flag has pride of place  
Upon Australia's ensign bright;  
True, loyal to our mother race,  
Our hearts across the world unite.

The Southern Cross, Australia's sign,  
Upon Australia's flag must shine;  
The big star, seven-pointed, see,  
Six States and Federal Territory.

On New Year's Day, in nineteen 'one,  
Our Federation was begun,  
And round the world the message went,  
“One nation for a continent.”

(Note: The last line is part of the famous rallying cry of Sir Henry Parke, father of Federation, in his great campaign to establish the Commonwealth of Australia. “A continent for a nation, and a nation for a continent.” He was president of the National Australasian Convention in 1890, but did not live to see the Commonwealth established.)

### ROTARY CLUB RALLY.

To mark the opening of Boys' Week on April the 26th, the Melbourne Rotary Club held a rally of the representatives of the various organisations working for the welfare of youth. This year the Girl Guides and the Y.W.C.A. were asked to join with the Boy Scouts and the Y.M.C.A. in this demonstration.

About 2500 Guides and about the same number of Scouts and Cubs were present, as well as many representatives of the various clubs connected with the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A. For nearly an hour a column four deep filed from the entrances of the Motordrome, past the saluting base into the arena.

After the march demonstrations were given by the various organisations. These concluded with a massing of colours by the Scouts, followed by the National Anthem.

During the afternoon the Colonel Cohen Shield was presented to the 1st Hampton troop.

This gathering gave us a splendid opportunity of seeing some of the work being done by kindred organisations.

### FOUND!

A copy of PEG'S PATROL was left at Sunnyside after the combined Camps last January. The book is a prize awarded to “Beryl Moffatt.” As the name is not that of one of the campers, we should be glad if the Guide owner would claim it. Apply to Miss Barfus at Headquarters.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

4th April, 1930.

Dear Matilda,

For the last hour I have been trying to compose a poem to be entitled "Complaint of an Ill-Used Cadet." However, it has come to an untimely end. I am afraid I was never fitted for the life of a poet. So I have been reduced to prose to voice my complaint, protest and rebuke. And I have been thus inspired because of Miss Cameron's note in your last issue about Cadet Rangers. It is true—the fact she made public is most mournfully true—that the Cadet Rangers are corporately and individually unrecognised and unsung.

In other words, nobody loves us, and everybody hates us—or seems to.

Let me explain.

I had occasion to go to a meeting the other day—never mind what meeting—in my beautiful white hatband, not to mention gaily striped tie. My badge was shining and my uniform was speckless. I trotted into the room, which was full of Guides, Guiders and others, feeling simply thrilled to bits with everything in general, and my own very excellent appearance in particular. I sat myself down and prepared to listen to what was going on, and generally prove exceptionally intelligent because of my exalted rank as a Cadet Ranger. Everybody, I thought complacently, must be envying my aforesaid beautiful white hatband, not to mention my excellent striped tie. And then I heard a voice at my ear—a polite, surprised voice—say in cold tones:

"Er—do tell me, if you don't mind—do you belong to the Guide Movement? I mean—er—with that hatband and tie, you know—"

The speaker's voice dwindled into silence as she met my shocked gaze.

"Of course I'm a Guide," I exclaimed, directly I got my breath. "Not to mention a member of one of the oldest companies in Victoria, not to mention a budding Lieutenant, not to mention a Cadet Ranger! Haven't you ever heard of them?"

"Er—no—not now you come to mention it," my inquirer replied nervously. Thereupon I launched into the life history of the whole Ranger movement, how the Cadets came to be formed, and then a full resume of our own Company's particular activities, and the ripping times we have. By the time I had finished my companion looked visibly worn. However, I didn't care—fancy not knowing what a Cadet was. . . . !

I soon found that my companion was but one among a multitude. "What company do you belong to?—A Guide Company?"

"Are you an Extension Guide?" "Perhaps you belong to a Lone company?" "I'm sure I've seen you before; aren't you from the Girls' Friendly Society?" These were but a few of the questions that were shot at me during that awful evening. My answer became condensed into a formula after the first eleven inquiries.

"Yes, I am a Guide; I belong to the Cadet Rangers—" (this in the loud tone of some one explaining obvious facts to a person of very inferior intelligence)—"The Cadet Rangers are a branch of the Ranger movement, and

we train to take some part in the Guide movement afterwards." And so on, and so on, and so on.

But this tale is not altogether a tale of woe, Matilda. I went to a subsequent meeting consisting of the same people, and ascended to the appointed room feeling quite prepared to answer another forty questions, and, to tell the truth, rather sorry for myself. Imagine my astonishment and delight, therefore, when the Guider in charge looked at me with joy in her gaze and said in happy tones—

"Why, HERE'S ONE OF THE CADETS!!!"

Yours, etc.,

CADET RANGER, AND PROUD OF IT.

Dear Matilda,

I am writing to tell you how the Bennison and Port Franklin Coys. spent their first birthday. It was a bright sunny day on Saturday, April 12th, and the whole Company met at a bend of the creek, which runs through a property belonging to the President of the Local Association, where we had been invited to hold our Birthday Party. We played games until the District Commissioner arrived, and then we had all kinds of races—Flag, Potato, Knot and Centipede races. The parents of the Guides and the members of the L.A. enjoyed watching the races so much that they entered for some of them.

Then we had afternoon tea, and the Commissioner cut the cake, and gave the first two slices to our Captain and Lieutenant. It was beautifully decorated, and had "Good Luck to the Guides" written on it. In the centre of the cake there was one candle. The Commissioner then presented the prizes for the races.

As it was getting late, we had campfire, and after singing "Taps" and the National Anthem," we said "Good Night," and went home after enjoying ourselves immensely.

W. ASTBURY, P.L.,

1st Bennison & Port Franklin Coy.  
South. Gippsland.

## 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.

## Guide Training.

The Third Course of General Guide Training will begin on FRIDAY, 9th MAY. The Course consists of eight Classes.

The Fourth Course will begin on MONDAY, 9th June.

## Training Week.

The 20th Victorian Training Week for Guiders and prospective Guiders is being held from 16th to 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. Guider in Charge: Miss M. Brown.

MERLE BUSH,  
Head of Training.

#### AWARD.

Eagle Owl Diploma—Miss M. O. Brown.

#### APPOINTMENTS AND WARRANTS.

##### Division Commissioners:

Western—Mrs. Arthur Corney, Tuke Hill, Coleraine.

Wimmera—Mrs. T. O. Guthrie, Glenavon, Donald.

##### District Commissioner:

Camperdown—Mrs. Gray Robertson, The Manse, Camperdown.

##### Captains:

1st Bruthen—Mrs. Freshwater.

1st Croydon—Miss Clayton.

1st Moe—Miss Whittakers.

1st Poowong—Miss Salmon.

2nd Warrnambool—Miss Rogers.

##### Lieutenants:

2nd Brunswick—Miss Hayes.

1st Bruthen—Miss Pratt.

##### Brown Owl:

1st Collingwood—Miss E. Andrews.

##### Ranger Captain:

3rd Bendigo (All Saints)—Mrs. Haultain.

#### FIRST AID, AND THEN

Guiders may find the following playlet useful when planning entertainments. It would make an excellent curtain-raiser, or would fill up that awkward five minutes on the social programme.

Scene: Company Headquarters.

Eva, Louie and Amy (Guides), and a Street Urchin.

(Eva and Amy are practising First Aid. Louie sits on the table reading).

Amy: All this practising, and never a single real accident.

Louie: It's wretched! Guides in books are always saving people's lives!

Amy: Stories in books are never true. Come and practise the one for the broken clavicle.

Louie: No, thanks! I am tired of tying up people whose limbs are as sound as my own. Give me a real case!

Eva: Of course, I'd do my best, but I can't say I'd like to be on the scene of a real accident.

Louie: I'd love it! In this book I'm reading, the heroine (a Guide called Peggy) is always saving people's lives! In the very first chapter of all she saves a drowning policeman!

Amy: That's nothing! Any policeman would float; they're so fat!

Louie: Then in the chapter I'm just reading she comes across a man who has tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat.

Eva: How horrible.

Louie: No, lovely! She saves his life, too!

Amy: Peggy is too good to live.

Louie: Eva, couldn't you break your leg, or something, just to give us some real practice?

Eva: No, thank you! I've done my good turn for to-day!

Louie: Well, I must say some people are selfish!

Amy: Read us a bit out loud.

Louie: All right. (Reads) "Peggy reached the Company Headquarters rather tired after having saved the old farmer from being gored to death by a bull."

Amy: Hullo! You didn't tell us about that.

Eva: Peggy sticks at nothing!

Louie: Listen! (Goes on). "She rejoined her fellow Patrol Leaders, and was telling them of her adventures when suddenly the sound of crying reached their ears."

Eva: Something else to be saved!

Amy: Some people have luck!

Louie (reading): "The cries grew louder and louder. The child was evidently in great distress. The Guides sprang to their feet . . .

(Sound of child crying off stage).

All: What's that? (Louie jumps off table).

Amy: It's the book come true!

Eva: Nonsense—it's a child in pain!

Louie (dramatically): To the rescue! (All rush off. They return, carrying in a handchair a ragged urchin who rubs his eyes with his fists and weeps. Louie and Amy carry him to the table, where he sits).

Amy: What's the matter?

Louie: Are you hurt? (Child weeps).

Amy: It can't be his legs (feeling them), because he kicked me so hard when we picked him out of the gutter!

Louie: Perhaps it's his arms he's broken. (Feels left one). I'll put this one in a sling to be on the safe side. He seems able to move it, but it is difficult to tell some fractures of the forearm, because of the two bones there. (Puts arm in sling).

Amy (feeling right ankle): He didn't kick me much with the right foot, I think, so perhaps his right ankle is sprained. I'll bandage it in case (does so). Go and get some water, Eva, for fear he feels faint.

Louie (to child): Do you feel better now, dear?

Amy: Oh, dear! What can we try next?

Louie: Let's get the First Aid Book. (Does so; runs her finger down the index). Well, he hasn't burnt himself; he isn't half drowned, or hanged, or poisoned, or dislocated anywhere.

Eva (entering with water): Perhaps he's been gored by a bull?

Louie: Don't be silly!

Amy: Wouldn't you like a drink, dear? (Child shakes his head and sobs).

Eva: Hydrophobia, perhaps?

Amy: Not likely!

Louie: Oh, dear! What is the matter with you? Do tell us.

Amy: Come, we want to help you.

Louie: Are you hurt?

Child (sobbing): N-n-n-o!

Amy: Then what is the matter?

Child: D-d-d-dropped my p-p-enny down the grating!

by M. E. Atkinson.

Black Out.

(Taken from "The Guide.")