

Hub B. B. B.

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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 St., Melbourne, C.1, by twenty-third of the month.

EXCELSIOR!

A Message from the State Commissioner.

The Editor tells me that I am to write a New Year message for "Matilda," which seems to me very unkind, as nobody wants to read New Year messages in the middle of holidays and surfing, tennis, walking—all the thousand and one delights which I hope are yours, at this time. All the same, I am rather glad of the opportunity to send you very hearty greetings and all good wishes for 1931.

It seems to me that during the last year we have had more help, sympathy and appreciation of Guiding from the general public than ever before. In a movement like ours it is the corporate result of all individual efforts that makes the whole, so that appreciation of Guiding by the public must come from the individual acts of Guiders and Guides which have come under notice. Therefore, I feel, most of you must have finished the year, if not completely satisfied, at least conscious that something definite has been achieved, that your work as Guiders and Commissioners has been worth while; that in your own experience with your children you have had a glimpse of the power of Guiding working in them, and you will start next year with high courage and hopefulness, and with "Excelsior" as your motto.

Along with a very real gratitude and appreciation of your efforts of last year is the happy thought of your help and energy available for this year—though, as a matter of fact, being holiday time (except for campers) I almost hope you are forgetting all about Guides so that you will come back fresher and keener.

It is going to be a busy year for us all, first and foremost because of the Chief's visit in April; but apart from that, the need of Scouting and Guiding grows more and more urgent in the world. Let the Guide outlook help us to keep up a good heart, and carry on doing our bit for our country by endeavouring to train up a fine team of youthful citizens.

(Sgd.) FINOLA SOMERS.

NOTICES.

As previously announced, **NO CREDIT WILL BE GIVEN** at the Equipment Depot this year. Approximate cost of goods, with postage added, should be sent with all orders. A complete price-list with approximate postage was issued with the December copy of MATILDA. Copies may be had on application to Headquarters.

In future, all **MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS** are payable in **ADVANCE**. Guiders could help very much by sending their subscription when due; **THE GUIDER 7/-**, incl. postage; **THE GUIDE 15/2**, incl. postage; **MATILDA, 4/-**, incl. postage.

THREE MONTHS' NOTICE of cancellation of magazine subscriptions (*The Guider* and *The Guide*) is required, as these papers come from England.

FEBRUARY will be a **CLOSED MONTH** for Correspondence in connection with the work of the Head of Tests and Badges, and Guiders are requested to refrain from sending any enquiries in connection with this branch during that period.

MATILDA is issued on 16th of every month. News, articles, stories, etc., should reach the Editor at Headquarters by 23rd of previous month.

HANDCRAFT EXHIBITIONS.

The entries for the Stradbroke Cup will be the basis for a Handcraft exhibition to be arranged during the visit of Lord and Lady Baden Powell.

Guides may send in anything that they have made; but **anything** is so vague that it is apt to fade away to nothing. So here are a few springboards to help you to take the plunge, and I hope they may tip you all right in!

1.—**Charts** made for patrol corners, not things just drawn with ink, but something **real**, illustrated and original, for instance, flags that come to pieces (though beautiful and accurate drawings would certainly be acceptable as well), tracking charts with sticks and stones and trees that hide the signs from one another. In fact, any kind of chart or corner decoration that you have thought about.

2.—**Things made for Second Class and First Class Tests**.—The best Morse Flag of the district, or the alternative articles, which would be very interesting to us all. The bed you use for practising, and the neat bedclothes and bright quilt; health scrap books and the model dustbins that we read about in a recent *Matilda*; maps and models of your district, maps to illustrate the legends; rope stretchers, or a home-made tennis net (see article on Sports-woman's badge), clock faces to tell the time to take your medicine, or the time to put a child to bed, and countless other notions that you have made, or will have made by April.

3.—**Things made for Badge Tests**. These might be collected from people who have already won badges, such as Artist, Needlewoman, Carpenter, Cobbler, Laundress, Embroidress, etc. *Matilda* has not enough space to print them all, but you know where to find the list. It will not matter if some of the

articles have been used. Mending done well on actual garments is far better than samples, but generally must be done just before the exhibition. Then there is the Handywoman's badge itself!

4.—**Things made in Camp!** I expect you had to leave many fine things behind you when you left camp, and you had just found out in one week how very much you could improve your gadgets next time—and here is next time in April, instead of waiting a whole year.

5.—**Anything else.** Designs for embroidery or stencil, as well as the finished work, weaving, woodwork, silhouettes—anything.

What a wonderful chance for the Posts! I wonder if they will surpass all the rest of us. There is hardly any time, so let us all think, Think Hard—DO, DO HARDER.

G. H. SWINBURNE.

DYEING WITH VEGETABLE DYES.

In London "Punch," Almanac Number 1930, there is a cartoon entitled "Little Ancient Britons who discovered where Father kept the Wood," the youngsters have dyed themselves, the farmyard animals and anything else they could lay their hands on, blue—the result is highly ludicrous! Thus the artist would remind us that children in those days were much the same (in some respects) as the children of today, and—that dyeing with vegetable dyes is one of the oldest of all handicrafts.

Yet it is not by any means a lost art, for although just as the power-driven machines have replaced, to a great extent, the hand looms and spinning wheels, so the aniline has taken the place of the vegetable dyes, still the wool for many of the best hand-made tweeds is still dyed with the old dyes; one cannot forget the pleasant pungent smell of homespun which years of wear, and even a trip through the tropics, cannot quite eradicate, it brings to the mind the picture of a crofter's cottage, perhaps in the Highlands of Scotland, with the peat smoke coming into the kitchen, a big pot on the fire, where the homespun yarn is boiling, and taking to itself some of those shades of brown and russet which are so typical of Scotch tweed, as well as absorbing the smell of the heather or lichen (also in the pot) from which the dyes come.

It is a pity that more people have not the time or the urge to experiment with some of the very fine native, vegetable dyes which are simply waiting to be gathered in this country. Those who have tried have found it a most interesting, useful, inexpensive and not difficult hobby.

Wool is the most easily dyed substance, and when dyed with lichen does not require a mordant, cotton and linen materials always require a mordant, and dyes, other than lichen, when used with wool require a mordant to be used before dyeing. To mordant is "to bite in" or fix the colour. Hessian requires a tannic bath beforehand, as well as a mordant.

Vegetable dyes last well, the colours are soft and pleasing, and uncommon shades can be obtained from them. If certain simple rules given below are followed, no difficulty should be found in getting good results. The follow-

ing recipes have been tried, and found satisfactory, but the great charm lies in experimenting. You may be trying to work out something which has never been attempted before in quite that particular way; you may make quite useful discoveries, and at the same time you have the knowledge that with one hand you are reaching away back into the past, and with the other linking it up in the same small way with the big resources of the plant life of our own new country.

One of the most effective dyes is that got from the common flat, black and grey lichen which grows on rocks and fences; it is a fast dye.

Method:—Gather this lichen, preferably after rain, place in a vessel with alternate layers of wool, or woollen material, fill up with cold water, put on fire and boil up. You will get the loveliest shades of colour, from pale yellow to rust red, according to the length of time of boiling, and the amount of lichen used. When treated in the same way the whitish green hairy lichen, called "Old Man's Beard," which grows mostly on old fences, give a faint sand colour; the proportion used should be 3% lichen to 1% wool. From the green cushiony moss which grows on rocks you get a rather pretty brownish colour when used in large proportions to the amount of wool, but of the three the flat black and grey lichen is by far the most satisfactory.

Cootamundra wattle leaves and blossom give green when mordanted with alum, the same when chrome is used as a mordant produces dark brown, fresh wattle bark with alum and tartar give a light tan, the same with Chrome (bi-chromate of potash) produces dark grey.

To Wash Wool before Dyeing.—Take skein, tie loosely with cotton every five or six inches, to prevent tangling. Put in pot of soapy water, bring it nearly to the boil, stirring from time to time with a stick. Do not let water boil. Rinse well in cold, clear water. If no mordant is required, the wool is now ready to be dyed.

Process of Dyeing.—Enter dye stuff into pot with the necessary cold water, gradually raise the temperature. Enter wool which has been previously wet, or you may enter wool and dye stuff together, in the course of three quarters of an hour bring it to the boil, boil till you get the colour you require, lift wool out and wash in clear cold water.

Steeping wool in dye after it is taken off the fire deepens the colour. It is the relation, by weight, of dye to wool which matters, irrespective of the amount of water, which is always just sufficient to allow of free movement of the wool, try and keep the wool below the dye when boiling by poking it down with a clean stick.

Always lift wool out of dye before adding more dye to prevent uneven dyeing.

Never put wool into boiling dye.

Mordant hot—Dye cold.

The chief mordants are:—(1) Alum; (2) Bi-Chromate of Potash; (3) Tin; (4) Iron. Bi-Chromate is the most useful.

To mordant wool.

Take the dry wool and dip it in boiling water before mordanting in order to open the pores. After mordanting and dyeing dip it into cold water to close the pores. (Lichen does not require a mordant when dyeing wool yarn or woollen materials). Dissolve mordant in boiling water, then put wool in to mordant it.

Time for Mordanting.

Boil alum, also iron, from half to one hour.

Boil bi-chromate of potash from one to one and a half hours. When boiled sufficiently wash wool well and dye immediately. When mordanted with bi-chromate, iron (sulphate of iron) is added to bath of dye in which wool has been boiled, then continue boiling half an hour or so longer; proportion 5% of iron to 8% of wool. When using a chrome (bi-chromate of potash) as a mordant do not let light in or the wool will colour unevenly.

Quantities.

Alum.—Take ¼lb. of alum and 1 ounce of Tartar, dissolved in boiling water, for every pound of wool.

Chrome.—Take ¼oz. bi-chromate of potash to 1lb. of wool, boil till chrome is dissolved before adding wool.

A "sadder" or "brightener" is sometimes added to the dye bath after the wool is dyed. Tin always "brightens." Iron (ferrous sulphate) "saddens" or darkens.

Method.—Dissolve a small quantity of the "sadder" in hot water and add to dye pot, lifting out wool while doing so to prevent uneven colouring. Put wool back, and leave it in dye and either steep or boil it till it has reached the shade required.

Fresh Wattle Bark—Light Tan Colour.

Mordant—Alum and tartar.

More than half a kerosene tin of bark. Machine made wool. Cut bark into small pieces, soak overnight in cold water, boil two hours, strain and allow to cool.

Wash wool, mordant, letting it boil half an hour, let cool in mordant.

Put in warm dye and boil one hour.

Fresh Wattle Bark—Dark Grey.

Mordant—Bi-chromate of potash and tartar, boil for three-quarters of an hour.

Boil in dye half an hour, and small quantity of ferrous sulphate (iron) dissolved in hot water. Boil 20 minutes.

Gum Tips—Yellow.

Mordant—Alum and tartar.

Gum Tips—Khaki.

Mordant—bi-chromate and tartar, small piece of ferrous sulphate added to dye bath when nearly boiled enough.

Blue Gum Bark—Light Grey.

Mordant—bi-chromate and ferrous sulphate added to dye bath.

Wool Dyed with Lichen—Dark Brown.

7¼ ozs. wool. 8¼oz. lichen—the flat black and grey kind.

Boil for two hours after bringing it gradually to boiling point, lichen and wool being laid in layers in dye bath.

Wool Dyed with Lichen—Khaki.

4 ozs. of wool boiled up in same dye as above for two hours.

1½ drms. of iron (sulphate of iron) boiled into it for the last half-hour.

Wool Dyed with Lichen—Terra Cotta.

12ozs. of wool.

18ozs. of lichen.

Boil for about three hours.

To Dye Hessian.

2¼lbs. Hessian.

1½lbs. Black and Grey Lichen.

2½ozs. Tannic Acid.

1¼ozs. Bi-chromate of potash.

Wash hessian well with warm water and Lux, then simmer for two hours, with washing soda added to the water. Work and steep in hot tannic bath for two nights and one day. Wash hessian in clear water, wring out and put in hot bi-chromate mordant. Allow it to take half an hour to come to boil. Boil one hour. Wash well with cold water, wring out and put in hot bi-chromate mordant. Allow it to take three-quarters of an hour to come to boil. Boil one and a quarter hours. Wash well in cold water, wring out and hang up to dry.

It is always wise to make a test with a small quantity of wool before dyeing the whole amount, but as you can never repeat the same shade in a second brew of dye, even when following the same recipe, it is as well to do all you require in one boiling.

A kerosene tin cut so that it rests on its side is a good vessel for dyeing, as it gives room for the wool to move freely during the process. —J.A.

OUR BROWNIE PAGE.

Anything may happen,
And let each one of us **SEE THAT IT DOES.**

ST. PATRICK.

(As told by a Brown Owl to Her Pack.)

Ever so many years ago some pirates landed in Britain and while there they captured some boys and took them back to Ireland with them.

Amongst the boys was a shepherd lad called Patrick. For six years after he was brought to Ireland Patrick minded sheep, and no one could understand why he did not seem to feel his hard and lonely life. But Patrick had learned to love Jesus, and that is why he was never lonely or sad. The best Friend of all the World was ever near him, and Patrick spent many hours of the day seated on the mountainside minding sheep and thinking . . . thinking and wondering, perhaps, what he could do for Jesus. But there seemed so little he could do, until one day Patrick was able to escape from Ireland on a ship that took him to France. There he entered a monastery to prepare himself for his great life work.

Now Patrick's life work was to help to look after the sheep of the Greatest Shepherd of All, but they were not ordinary sheep that Patrick was going to help to look after—they were all the people whom Jesus loved.

There were many people in Ireland at this time who did not know how to find Jesus, so Patrick left the monastery in France and returned to Ireland to show them the way.

Patrick, whose birthday is on March 17th,

lived to be a very old man, and was much loved and much admired. He had brought hundreds of people to Jesus, and is now numbered among the Saints. His banner, which is white, has a big red cross stretching from corner to corner to represent, perhaps, the four corners of the land where he brought so much happiness. —P.D.

A FIELD DAY.

On Saturday November 15th, the Commissioner and eight Guiders of Hawthorn District held a field day at Wattle Park, and we hope that all districts will hold one after hearing of the good time we had. We met at the gates at 3 p.m., and walked up the hill and over to find a quiet spot, where we spread our ground-sheets and subsided gratefully, and more or less gracefully, on to them. Several Guiders showing a distinct tendency to sleep! our Commissioner took the most sleepy to the Kiosk for hot water, while the rest of us were shown how to make a camp compass and clock with the aid of a stick and a piece of string. After that we had tea and a biscuit all round, and then had our business meeting which, in spite of minutes and motions, seemed a very different affair from a meeting indoors. Our Commissioner spoke a few words of encouragement to us, thanking us for our work during the year, and likening our Guiding to the building of a vast cathedral, the final beauty of which is not seen by those who start building, but by generations after them; and asking us to do all we can to instil into our Guides the old ideas of loyalty, love, and even morality, and letting them see that the way to be happy is to serve.

After the meeting some Guiders went again for hot water, and others went for a ramble, starting at the source of the miniature river, and finding it getting deeper and wider as they went. One Guider collected one piece of each different grass she saw, and had a goodly sized bunch by the time she espied a notice prohibiting the destroying of trees or foliage! However, we all decided that grass was not foliage, and, besides, there was so much, so soft, so green, we all wanted to roll in it. Indeed, I fear, at least two of us did! Others collected different nature specimens, and these were all handed to our Commissioner on our return to the camping spot, and everyone listened while she "diagnosed" them. We marvelled to see how perfect is each tiny flower in the head of a Billy Button, each with five petals and stamens too small to be seen; noticed, perhaps for the first time, how graceful is *Wahlenbergia Gracilis* (the blue-bell); found, too, that the seed pods of *Acacia Armata*, curling about so gracefully, are almost more lovely than the balls of yellow flowers; and pitied the poor caterpillar who should try to climb up a blackberry stalk with its thorns placed point downwards to impede his progress. Tea was greatly enlivened by a "sandwich competition." Everyone had one of Commissioner's special brand, and had to guess what was in it by taste only, and as the prize was a lolly biscuit, competition was keen! No

one guessed all that went to the make-up of those sandwiches, which contained sage, marjoram, celery leaves and stalk, marmite and butter, of course.

Tea finished, all closed their eyes for a few minutes, "to see what they could hear," and then made a list of everything they had heard; trains whistling and rumbling, cows moo-ing, grasses rustling were some of the sounds, while those with very keen ears heard the gramophone in the kiosk, and a cricket ball hit a bat. Then we all sat quite still, and as we saw anything move, made a note of it. These lists include the tea-bag swinging on a tree, grasses "dancing," cars whizzing along the distant road, a man with a billy, the hands of a watch, and mosquitoes. Next we made a note of every colour and its different shades we could see, and it was interesting to note the different interpretations of the same shade. Someone remarked that we "had done everything except smell," whereupon all noses were lifted into the air, but the only two smells were smoke and eucalyptus.

By this time it was almost dark, and after packing up and donning our coats, we prepared to star-gaze. As we had become rather chilled we warmed ourselves by country dancing, and it is not easy to dance, and hum the tune, and giggle at the same time! First of all Commissioner pointed out the extremely bright constellation called "The Snake," very low in the sky, and it was minutes before we all realised she was pointing to a wiggledy line of street-lights on the next hill!! Afterwards we learnt quite a lot about the stars, and were kept busy jumping up to see "So-and-So" just coming up over the hill, and then bobbing down out of the wind; then up again as someone said: "Oh-h-h! he's lovely, now." And we never could all see the same "falling star" at the same time, in spite of a pre-arranged signal to be used if anyone saw one. As it was nearing 10 p.m., and getting quite cold, we had to make ourselves go home, so we formed a circle and sang "Taps," then started on our way to the tram, singing, rested and happy.

R.D.

FIJI COMPANY MEETING.

Dear Matilda—

I have just returned from a trip to Fiji, and while staying in Suva, I met the Captain of the Native Guide Company, who asked me to go along to a Company meeting. I thought perhaps you might like to hear about it.

We all arrived at the hall about 7.30 p.m., the Guides looking very spick and span, but, of course, minus shoes, stockings and hats. A number of them had two service stars, and all the Patrol Leaders had been invested. The Company consisted of about forty girls in six patrols, all of which were named after tropical flowers with native names.

The meeting began with the hymn "He who would valiant be" in English, followed by a prayer in Fijian; after which the Captain explained that I was a Guider from Australia, and during the evening I might possibly teach them a new game.

Then came Roll-Call Drill and Inspection, followed by a short Pow-wow about the success and proceeds of a bazaar which they had held the previous week, and also about a forthcoming Church Parade. After that they had Patrol-Time, during which I noticed two Patrols doing Morse, two doing First-Aid, and two doing a mixture of Recruit work and Second-class nature.

After Patrol-Time, having racked my brains, I produced the promised game, which I explained to them through the medium of an interpreter, because about one-third of them, the younger element, scarcely understand a word of English, although they learn it in the Mission Schools. However, they liked the game, and picked it up extraordinarily quickly, and the fun and laughter grew hilarious, for they laugh at the least things; they were especially delightful, the way they laughed at their own mistakes. This game was followed by a Morse Game, which almost the whole Company seemed to understand perfectly.

We ended in a circle with Taps and the National Anthem in English, then came Dismissal.

It was very interesting and enlightening to see Guides in Fiji doing exactly what we do at home; and it served to remind me that Guiding embraces all colors, creeds and classes, and that through it we can be a "Sister to every other Guide."

Yours, etc.,

DOROTHY McDONALD,
T.O., 4th Malvern Pack.

JUNIOR RED CROSS.

[We are publishing the following letter received from the Junior Red Cross Committee, thanking Guides for their response to the appeal made in our October number.

We would draw the attention of our readers to the further request contained in the letter. Here is an opportunity for Rangers to render Service.]

Dear Miss Purnell,—

On behalf of the Junior Red Cross Committee, I am writing to thank all the Girl Guides for the beautiful gifts of toys, books and caps which they sent to help with our Christmas Distribution.

Thanks to their help, we have been able to send to families whom we thought we should have to leave off our lists, and, in all, over 1000 children have been given a happy Christmas.

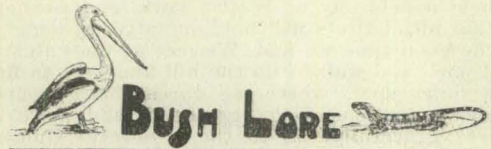
Besides this Christmas distribution, we have at headquarters a Cupboard which gives clothing to the families of sick and unemployed returned soldiers. Normally it is kept supplied by the efforts of members of Junior Red Cross Circles, but in these days of unprecedented distress and unemployment the efforts of our members alone are unable to cope with the rush. At present we are having to turn away many applications, and we are really dreading the winter next year, when the demands to be met are likely to be more pressing than ever before. If any Girl Guides could help us by making warm cloth-

ing for children of all ages, we should be extremely grateful. Practically every kind of garment is needed, and in particular, there is always a tremendous demand for infants' squares.

We hope the Girl Guides will not think us unduly greedy in making this appeal to them, but we have been emboldened to do so by their generous response to our Christmas needs.

Yours sincerely,

EDITH S. CHERRY,
Convener Junior Red Cross Committee.



BOOKS THAT MAY HELP.

Guiders often ask what books they can read to help them with nature work. For general bird study, there is nothing to compare with Leach's "Australian Bird Book" for field work. It is very complete, and yet is small enough to place in your coat pocket. With the aid of this book, a would-be naturalist can identify any bird seen on a ramble, because the picture of every bird is included among the large number of excellent coloured plates and photographs which illustrate the various pages. The price of this book is 7/6, and it is well worth it. It does not, however, deal in a general sense with nests and eggs of our birds, but for this Guiders will find "Useful Birds of Southern Australia" (Robert Hall) a help. Though now out of print, it may often be picked up in a bookshop for about 1/6, as it is now a little out of date in some respects.

This Christmas, a new book on Australian birds has been published, entitled "Our Own Birds," price 3/6. It is intended to tell people about our native birds, and from all accounts, seems a most useful and informative book. So far I have not had the chance of reading it.

"Australian Nature Studies," also by the late Dr. Leach, is a veritable mine of information, and is one of the most comprehensive nature-study books ever written. It not only treats of elementary botany, but includes birds, insects, animals, marine life and geology. It is priced at 12/6, and is the best book for all round nature work. As it is written for the teacher, and is well illustrated, it should prove invaluable to the Guider. Another smaller book, which in the early days of Guiding I found most useful, is "Nature Studies in Australia," by Hall and Gillies, price 3/6. It is extremely well written, and though not containing so much material as the former book, deals with our insects, plants, birds and animals in a charming way that cannot fail to rouse the interest of the readers. The beginner, especially, will welcome this useful book, as it is written in a simple manner, easy to understand.

Two other small books are "First Studies in Insect Life in Australasia," and "First Studies

in *Plant Life*," now in use in the State Schools. These are advisable for those who take a special interest in either subject, and both are instructive and clearly written.

A popular and cheap book on wild flowers is badly needed. If anyone is particularly keen about wild-flowers, it would be worth while securing "*Native Flowers of Victoria*," by Pescott, price about 6/-. I hope that a suitable book for beginners, at a reasonable price, will be forthcoming fairly soon. But for those who desire to become acquainted with the flora of Victoria, this book, by Pescott, can be recommended.

A Naturalist-Writer.

Apart from text-books that are mainly instructive, there are other books which are read more for their literary merit, and which reveal a true nature-lover's spirit. The two foremost authors of works of this kind are W. H. Hudson and Richard Jefferies. Hudson is now considered the greatest nature lover and writer that has ever lived, and since his death in 1922 his books have been regarded as classics. In Hyde Park, in London, there is a statue to his memory, erected by a large number of admirers. It stands in the Bird Sanctuary, and is a figure of the forest girl, Rima, the heroine of one of his romances, entitled "*Green Mansions*." Only recently I had a letter from an Australian Guider now travelling in England, who is a keen naturalist, saying she had been to see Hudson's Memorial. Like many others, she was disappointed, because being one of Epstein's works, it is rather weird.

It does not matter in the least that Hudson's books deal with things more or less unfamiliar to us. He talks of the birds and trees and animals of England, but in a fascinating way that cannot fail to enthrall all lovers of wild creatures. Apart from his beautiful style, which ranks him among the foremost writers of his time, he has a deep and sincere love for nature shining through all his works. Guiders who love the woodcraft trail will delight in reading the books of this naturalist-writer, because he seems to impart his own happy spirit to every page.

If you would understand and enjoy nature in its fullest sense, it is a great help to read some of Hudson's writings, and those who are already interested in the open-air world, will revel in the accounts of wanderers through lanes and woods, on moors and coast; and his adventures with birds and animals in his adored England.

Often, too, when on holidays, you wonder what book would be suitable for a quiet hour. One of Hudson's is just the very thing. Even in our busy town life, when there is not much time for quiet thinking, to sit alone for half an hour, and read a chapter from one of these refreshing books, is true recreation.

I have also found that some of the older Guides, who show a real love for nature, are able to read and enjoy Hudson's writings. It will be remembered that the "*Book of the Naturalist*," by this author, is included in the list of books for the booklover's badge. But I do not think it quite so good as some of his other books.

In order that Guiders may have the chance of getting to know the works of this famous nature-lover, one of his books, "*Birds and Man*," will be placed in the Library at Guide Headquarters, for their perusal. And I trust that to many Hudson will be a true help and inspiration for their nature-work. —J.H.

INCIDENTS FROM THE 3rd RICHMOND CAMP AT ELTHAM.

The Advance party of the campers left for Eltham on Saturday, December 27th. It was very cloudy and wet, but that did not damp the spirits of the Guides. The van was so loaded that four of the advance party had to go by train. Two of the Guides sat on the tail-board of the van and kept the copper, which persisted in falling off, company. (The Editor wonders if the Guides also indulged in the falling excursions!)

When we arrived at Mrs. Rutter's, we found that the bridge had been damaged, and we had to unload and carry everything from the bridge to the camp site, which was a few hundred yards on; this put us back a great deal in our work, but we managed to have things ready when the Guides arrived on Monday.

We went in for a bathe every day, but the first few days, owing to the high river and strong current, we had to go in on ropes. Water parade was one of the most outstanding features of the camp; it was so interesting that one of the guides, not realising how near she was to the grease-pit, missed her footing, and found herself sitting in it.

One night it rained heavily, and the Guiders had to get up in the early hours of the morning and dig trenches round the tents. It was still raining the following morning, and breakfast was served in bed.

Thursday (New Year's Day) was Visitor's Day. Miss Purnell, Head of Camping, was to have come to see us and stay the night, but business detained her, and she was not able to visit us until Friday. Camp-fire, which we held every night, was enjoyed very much, but it was especially nice when visitors were present.

On Saturday we went for a hike and cooked our meals in patrols. Most of the Guides went to Church on Sunday evening, but a few stayed back to look after the camp-site. Our Loot, Miss Cribb, had to leave us on Sunday night, but she was given a send-off by those who remained, our Q.M. (Miss Moran) who was always singing and smiling, broke down completely at the parting, but after a few tears decided that she would keep the 8th Law, and began smiling and singing once again. While the guides were absent we sewed up their pyjamas and when they returned, tired and weary after their three-mile walk, they had to set to work to unpick our stitches, but they did not really mind, as a Guide smiles and sings under all difficulties!

The Guides went home on Monday, but three remained to tidy up and leave things as we found them when we arrived.

—E.B. and M.G.

THE MORE WE HAVE OF CAMPING.

Being an Ecstatic Account of the Ranger Camp, "Sunnyside," Mornington, 26th Dec., 1930, to 2nd January, 1931.

Of course, we ran out of laudatory adjectives long before the week ended. That's one of the problems of camping, to our mind—to express our feelings adequately, and yet avoid using the same adjectives more than twenty times a day. However, Camp is over now, and we're simmering down after a glorious week—(there we go again!) of sun and wind (and rain) starlight and firelight, working and playing together in the true Ranger way.

Rain poured down upon our bare legs and mackintoshed figures on the first day in Camp. It rained on a half-drowned Commandant and her gum-boots alike. But we slept in the trams that night, and the next day dawned brightish, albeit muddily, so by the end of the second day all our tents were up. Of course, we didn't have the Hospital Tent erected, or the bath-tent, or—but anyway, we had tents up! Upon which fact we gloated, seeing that we had very few experienced campers among the twenty-four Rangers there. Surrey Hills, Canterbury, Northcote and St. Kilda were well represented, with a few odds and ends from North Melbourne, Geelong and the University Cadets. In fact, there were so many odds and ends that our Commandant, Miss Mills, wore a different tie each day—one from every company, and a few over!

Sunburn ruined our noses all the rest of the week, but we had no more rain, for which we were extremely grateful.

We went about quoting Christopher Rob-in almost continuously. We even felt like singing him on the way to Church, but we didn't like to set bad examples for the Guides who occupied the same dear old luggage van. Indeed, we sang all the time. Commandant's voice was heard raised in song in the wash-cubes in the early dawning, and the sunset saw us singing round the camp-fire. Of course, the campfire had to be imaginary—rules and regulations of the shire council, we regretfully suppose—but Rangers have splendid imaginations. The wood-and-water patrol imagined, at times, that the cooks had enough wood for their needs (they never had). The mess patrol imagined that the cooks hadn't made enough fritters for breakfast, when all the time the fritters were sitting coyly beneath a dixie lid. (The mess P.L. had grey hair by the end of that meal!) And we even tried to imagine away our sunburn—but that didn't work!

What else did we do? We dressed up in our beautiful best uniforms to take the pig-bucket up to the house, which was rather fun, because we got our all-round cords pig-bucketty. (Yes, we really did have all-round cords—and first-classes, and bronze-medallists, and what-not). And we went fossil-hunting, and discovered, all on our own, a very thrilling four-inch cowrie over four million years old; we found blackfellows' camps, and we stalked blue wrens. And we had the most original and

thrilling water sports and races on the sand. On New Year's Eve we had a Fancy Dress Party, and stunts on the beach. It was absolutely marvellous, said the camp. The Spirit of the Departed clanked her beerbottles eerily; Romeo and Juliet cuddled with gusto—(Oh, Com, how could you?) and the Arab Sheikh—(who would have known our assistant Commandant?)—the Arab Sheikh, we repeat, "clicked" in a marked manner with the romantic gypsy who was our Q.M. Supper and muffled cheers followed—we had to let the Guides have their beauty sleep, poor dears—and at twelve of the clock twenty-eight sleepy people staggered down from their warm beds to sing Auld Lang Syne round the flagpole, then we simply fell into bed as soon as we could.

And then, on New Year's Day, the SURREY HILLS FLAG was hoisted. Bated breath and reverence, please! They actually MADE IT THEMSELVES!! And it really did look impressive.

We had a camp-song, too—only we didn't have time to sing it. It goes rather well to the tune of "The Climate."

"We're various Rangers at Sunnyside Camp,
All learning to weather the heat and the damp;
And also we're learning, as each one will tell
That the spirit of Camp is to work and play well.

Chorus:

"Work and play,
Work and play—
The spirit of Camp is to work and play well!"

"We're strangers no longer now Rangers are
we,
For Rangers aren't strangers, wherever they
be;

We're learning the fact that whatever befell
The spirit of Camp is to work and play well!"

We did really get hold of the camping spirit. We don't know what we'll do next year with Miss Mills in the clutches of the Sydneysiders, but we want her to know that we really have enjoyed the ripping week (yes, again!) that we Rangers had at Sunnyside, and that we can face life cheerily in the memory of it. R.H.

REGISTRATIONS AND WARRANTS.

Guide Company—

1st Heywood.

Captains—

1st Berwick—Miss G. Pennefather.

4th Bendigo—Miss E. Weller.

1st Foster—Miss D. J. Bennett.

2nd Hamilton—Miss F. D. Marshall.

2nd Parkville—Miss E. Batten.

2nd South Melbourne—Miss E. Wells.

3rd St. Kilda.—Miss I. Green.

Lieutenants—

1st Cheltenham—Miss M. Beltz.

Brown Owls—

1st Castlemaine—Miss T. Campbell Walker.

2nd Camperdown—Miss D. Sincock.

2nd Heidelberg (Austin Hospital)—

Miss Coles,

1st Linton—Miss K. Nicol.