

Mark Bush

Matilda



AUGUST, 1937.

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Volume XIV.

AUGUST, 1937.

Number Two.

Editorial.

Would Guiders please send all correspondence to MARGOT ANDERSON,
Guide Headquarters,

60 Market Street, C.1,

by the 14th at the latest of each month, as I am no longer in the city, and the mail usually takes another day or two before it reaches me.

I am sorry that articles from country districts have not yet been published. We do so want your news, country people, but “Matilda” is not very large, and so we hope you will excuse late publication.

Imperial Coronation Camp.

London, 1/6/37.

Dear Matilda,

I am writing to tell you a little about the wonderful camp we had at Chigwell Row during Coronation Week. It was quite one of the most marvellous events I have ever known, and I am sure everyone of us enjoyed it all, even the mud; for, Matilda, I don't think you could possibly imagine what that mud was like! By the end of the camp, when it had rained almost every day, and we had had sixteen hundred visitors, the mud was inches deep everywhere!

The five hundred campers included people from almost every part of the British Empire. We learnt such a lot of geography during the camp, as we were always finding new bits of the empire. The largest contingent came from Canada; there were thirty-four of them, and then came Australia with nineteen. Also, there were representatives from every country, both Guides and Rangers. We saw all kinds of uniforms, the familiar navy blue, and the white dresses of the West Indies, the khaki of the Rhodesians, and the green of the Wayfarers, from South Africa.

The whole camp was run rather on the patrol system with the commandants of the groups, into which we were divided, as the P.L.'s. There were about seventeen groups, of twenty five to thirty members, each named after a country or part of a country. Each group had its own Q.M., and did its own cooking, etc., getting its food each day from the central Q.M. There was a group called “Central.” In this group were the Post Office, the Messenger tent, with its eight or so messengers, who ran from one end of the camp to the other several times a day; the Press tent; the Secretary's and Treasurer's tents; the photographer's, and the three H.Q. canteen tents. Also, there was the transport group, with thirty-five members and twenty-five cars, who were always racing about, going up to London at any hour of the day or night, and incessantly meeting trains.

Perhaps, Matilda, you would be interested to know who was in camp.

Our Camp Chief was Mrs. Moody, Imperial Head of Camping; then Miss Bickersteth, Head of Camping for England, was also there.

Mrs. Janson Potts, Head of Rangers, was in charge of the Transport group.

Miss Agnes Baden Powell spent several days in camp with us. She showed some of the Australians a gold tenderfoot badge with a boomerang underneath it, which had been sent to her in 1911 by the Guides of Australia.

Each day was exciting in camp, though, of course, the actual Coronation day was probably the most thrilling. We arrived in camp on Friday, 7th May, and on the Saturday we were entertained by the local Guides and Rangers. Buses and cars were sent to take us to our hostesses, who looked after us for the afternoon. Some districts did plays, showed films, had treasure hunts or other things to amuse us, and most of us had campfires in the evening.

Sunday was Visitors' Day, when H.R.H. Princess Mary and the Chief Guide came to see us. That day we also saw all sorts of people about whom we'd read in “The Guider,” but never hoped to have the luck to see in real life, including Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan, Chairman of the Executive, Mrs. Percy Birley, and many others. It had rained most of the morning, and the mud was absolutely appalling. Of course we all wore gum boots; H.Q. Canteen sold out of them in half an hour, and spent most of Saturday rushing round the countryside buying extra supplies!

The next day—Monday—we went on excursions. Most of the Overseas People went in four huge buses to St. Albans, where we saw over the Cathedral and the Roman remains, which were most awfully interesting. We were all mixed up in the buses, and got to know other people on the journey. We had a wonderful assortment of uniforms and State badges and voices! That evening we had our only combined campfire, as on the other evenings it was much too wet to sit out of doors.

On Tuesday we packed up for our trip to town. We had to take some bedding with us, and although the train didn't leave until 1.30, some of us were at the station by 12.0, so we would all be safely transported in time. If you remember what Flinders Street station looked like on the day of the Rally in 1935, Matilda, you will know what the platform at Chigwell Row looked like, with over four hundred Guides waiting for their special train. We also had a special underground train which took us right round to Victoria station, where we got off and marched up to our home for the next two nights.

This home was the gymnasium of Watney's brewery, just behind Imperial H.Q.! There were piles of straw down each wall, with a small chair for each Guide to put her things on, and in the centre of the room were a few palliasses.

Before we left camp we were each given a colored label which had to be worn in a prominent position all the time we were in London. We were divided into groups of a dozen with two English Guiders as caretakers, or "Nannies." We never moved without our Nannies, even from the Gymnasium to Headquarters, where we all ate.

During supper that evening the Chief Guide came in to see us, and she brought the Chief Scout. It was, of course, the day he had been given the Order of Merit, and how we cheered him! Our Chief slept in H.Q. and the Chief Scout slept next door in Scout H.Q. that night.

Next morning we were awakened at 4.30 to be able to reach our places in time. The Colonial Officer had given us places on the Victoria Memorial, so we were just in front of Buckingham Palace, and saw the whole procession beautifully, and, indeed, saw some parts of it twice. We heard the broadcast of the Ceremony very well, and in the intervals we walked up and down on the Memorial, and some of us wrote letters! But there was never a dull moment, always something happening, even though it was only the changing of the troops that lined the route.

In the evening we listened to the Empire Broadcast in the Library at Headquarters, where a wireless had been installed. I think that this was the most thrilling and inspiring part of the whole day, when we listened to speakers from all over our Empire, sitting in a room filled with representatives from that Empire. When the different Dominions or Colonies were announced a gasp would go up from the Guides of that particular place. I personally cannot ever remember anything quite so wonderful.

Next day most of us went back to Chigwell. Owing to the rain, some of the Guides stayed in London for that day, and on the Friday we went off to various county camps which had been arranged for Whitsuntide. We went to all parts of the country, to Yorkshire, Lancashire, Kent, Surrey, Dorset and many other places. I went to Devon with another Victorian, a Tasmanian, a Canadian and a Ranger from St. Lucia. (Do you know where that is, Matilda? I didn't, at the beginning of camp!) During these camps we were taken to see nearby places of interest, and were entertained by local Guides and Rangers, and altogether enjoyed ourselves immensely.

And so ended the Imperial Coronation Camp. I am sure I can say for each one of us that it was an experience that we will remember all our lives. I only wish that many English Guides and Guiders would come to Australia so that we could try to repay a little of the wonderful kindness and friendliness that was shown to us. The camp was so much more enjoyable because wherever we went, everyone was so extraordinarily kind to us, and did everything in their power to make us feel at home. A VICTORIAN GUIDER.

COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE.

Commissioners' Conference will be held at Waverley House, Lorne, from September 16th to September 21st. Already Commissioners will have had notice of this, but if any further information is required write at once to Miss G. Black, or Mrs. Donald Eadie, Guide Headquarters, 60 Market Street, C.I. G. M. EADIE.

VICTORIAN GUIDERS' COMMITTEE

Those who attended the evening held at the Meeting Pool on July 2nd enjoyed a most interesting programme.

Conference.

The annual Guiders' Conference will this year commence on Saturday morning, September 25th, and last until Sunday evening, September 26th. Training classes will be arranged for those who wish to attend on the Saturday morning, and in the afternoon and evening the Conference will be continued in the Arts Building at the Melbourne University. On the Sunday, a bus trip will be arranged to a place of interest in the country, where a Guiders' Own will be held.

What are your difficulties? Please let the committee know as early as possible what questions you wish discussed at the Conference, and they will also be grateful for any suggestions in connection with the training classes.

E. TOBIN, Hon. Sec.

143 Victoria Pde., East Melbourne.

BADGE SECRETARIES, PLEASE NOTE!

A conference of Badge Secretaries and Examiners will be held at Guide Headquarters, 60 Market Street, on September 11th, at 2.15 p.m. Will Badge Secretaries please make certain that all their examiners hear of the Conference, and also that any questions or problems are sent in, for mutual benefit and discussion.

The names of those coming, and any questions, should be sent to me by September 1st.

Any Commissioners interested are invited to be present. I would be grateful if Commissioners, in cases where the Badge Secretary might not see this notice, would see that they are told of the Conference.

M. MOORE,

Commissioner for Tests and Badges.

CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE.

NEA BAINBRIDGE,

June 23rd, 1937.

A happy and a happiness-giving friend has been taken from us, and the hearts of many Guide people are sad at the loss of Mrs. F. C. Bainbridge (nee Shellard).

Nea's friendliness, enthusiasm and glad courage were lovely to see, and she was loved and admired for her work in Daylesford, where she was Captain and Brown Owl before her marriage.

Nea has passed on to a higher Company, "but, by the things she loved, we keep her yet." R.D.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

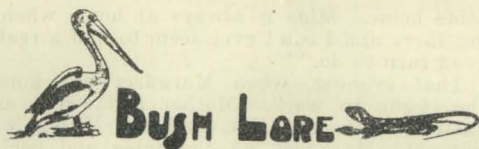
Articles have been received from M.R.H., Frankston; H.M.P., Drouin; C.O., Toorak, also report of 3rd Girl Guide Rally of Wimmera Division.

Healesville Camp Song, without sender's name, was received.

These articles will appear in "Matilda" at the first opportunity. (Ed.)

GUIDE NEWS IN DAILY PRESS.

Guide News appears on Tuesdays in the "Argus," the "Age" and the "Herald." (Ed.)



Editor: Miss Sydes.

SPOORING.

If you look up your dictionary, you will find that the word "spoor" means an animal's trail, and from that by the word "sporing" we mean observing and following animal trails. On page 110 of "Girl Guiding" you have a fine collection of spoor, but what of the actual thing? Very often after a light shower of rain, when the ground is dry, tracks of all sorts are very marked. Now, we have some interesting notes on spoor in Western Australia. Here they are!

SPOORS IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

I love the open-ness of everything here, and the difficulties of finding one's way about and the thrill of tracking everything to find out what it is doing. One so seldom sees sheep or horses that the tracks have to speak volumes concerning places of feeding, watering, size of mobs, condition of animals, etc. We are always on the lookout for dingoes, foxes and blackfellows, too, and emus and kangaroos are always interesting.

Two or three horses had been along a pad we were following, and one was a mare with a foal. By reading the spoor you could see where the mother, moving about feeding, had got out of his sight, while he was rubbing under a bough.

Finally he had missed her and galloped after her, overtaken her sooner than he expected and rushed round her in an excited circle before he could pull up. By looking at his rubbing bough we knew he was a chestnut from the hairs left there.

Emu tracks were very common and always interesting—kangaroos more interesting, but less common. And the ant tracks! After a shower of rain they were like well-defined little roads weaving in and out in every direction. I think meat ants had made them.

WEST AUSTRALIAN FLOWERS.

You will remember we had notes on some of these, especially the kangaroo paw, in the February issue, with a promise to continue, so here we are!

ORCHIDS AND OTHERS.

The orchids are seen growing everywhere, and such a variety! And such big ones, too! They have some of our varieties, such as the spider and the nodding green-hood. I saw both of these. Then, I also saw many varieties of our commonly known egg-and-bacon, trigger plants—big ones, fringed lilies, false boronia, hovea, and the marvellous Lexhennaultea is just a heavenly blue—growing abundantly in bushes, just masses of gorgeous blue.

Some of our garden plants, such as lupins, grow wild over there, paddock after paddock of them.

We were there at the best time for flowers, and they really were marvellous.

We saw a lot of Kurrajong trees, especially the Flame-tree, with its big flame-coloured

flower, which comes out before the tree gets its summer leaves. Then, there was the pretty Cape Lilac, with mauvish flowers.

... AND BIRDS!

I missed our birds, garden ones such as sparrows, minahs, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, but saw greenies, magpies, mudlarks, and heard cuckoos, especially the pallid.

It was rather funny coming back. We had got used to being without the birds, then when changing trains at 6 a.m. in the morning at Port Augusta, S.A., we couldn't make out for the moment what the difference was. Then we realised here again were sparrows by the dozens, all chattering and chirping busily.

1st HAMILTON RANGERS GO A'HUNTING.

Spiders.

Under a semi-detached piece of bark on a gum tree we found a curious collection of spiders. One was a tiny one, little more than an eighth of an inch in length (legs and all), brown in colour, with brighter brown legs. Much of the piece of bark was lined with a peculiar kind of tough tissue paper, and under layers of this we discovered a flesh-coloured spider, about one inch in length, with very few markings, except for a dark line on the hinder part of the body; its legs were long and seemed to be in four sections. The head was almost dark red. Alongside other tissue paper houses we found the remains of various other spiders of like shape, of varying sizes.

Another creature beneath the bark was a dull brown, about a quarter of an inch in length, the back being a sort of hard shell, marked in tiny ridges, and quite unyielding when touched with a twig. M.M.

Beetles.

On a small gum we found a number of brightly colored insects, each about half an inch long, with dark purple-blue wings spotted with white dots. These formed a cover for the body when closed. The body was a pink shade underneath, and the six legs red at the top, the rest blue, and each was finished off with a claw. They are known locally as manna beetles. B.H.

Galls.

Tiny galls were found on gum-leaves, also on the stems, while other larger ones were also found, these having tiny holes piercing them. Some were as large as figs, and the same shape, being very hard and woody, with a small opening at the unattached end. They were a green colour. N.S.

Banksia.

We were very surprised to see many tiny banksia trees which appear to be this year's growth. There were a few which were three or four years old, but the damp summer has helped the germination this year. M.M.

Ants.

These industrious little warriors excited our curiosity, as they swarmed along the branch and bole of a gum tree, travelling in one line, some going one way, others going in the opposite direction. They were all hunting for food, to gather in their winter supply, against the bad weather.

They appeared, to my untrained eye, to be either very friendly or somewhat blind, as when going their way in the line one would bump into the other then go unconcernedly forward. S.McK.



Miss N. Thewlis, Editor.

"If you understand what you are trying to do,
your job is half done."

Margaret Joins the Brownie Pack.

Margaret sat at her desk in school with a heavy heart. Teacher had said that her hands needed washing, her nails were too long and dirty, and generally she was an untidy little girl. Margaret felt so ashamed. Stealthily she brushed away a tear, and tried to go on with the drawing lesson, but as the tears wet her hands, she smudged the page. How glad she was when the bell rang for lunch hour. She didn't rush out with the others, though; she wanted to be alone. Then she felt a touch on her arm: "Come and have lunch under the pepper-tree," said Betty, with a bright smile. Margaret was surprised. She liked Betty, and had always wanted her for a friend, but had been too shy to make any advance. Betty always looked clean and tidy, and very cheerful. Margaret murmured: "I'll have to go and wash first." "Yes, come on!" said Betty. Off they went to the wash-basin, and Betty had some soap and a towel and a nail file. Margaret scrubbed herself and combed her hair. "That's fine," said Betty, "you look as bright as a Brownie now." "What's that?" said Margaret. "Don't you know what a Brownie is?" asked Betty, and her eyes were wide open with amazement. "Never heard of a Brownie!! Come on out and I'll tell you all about it." They sped out to the far end of the playground and sat under a gnarled old pepper-tree. While they had lunch Betty told Margaret all about the Brownies. She explained how each Brownie in the Pack tried to act like a Fairy, just like the real Brownies in olden times. And, of course, they always kept themselves clean and neat—teeth, hair and nails.

Margaret took a big breath when Betty had finished. "Oh, if only I could be a Brownie!" "Why can't you?" said Betty. But Betty the Brownie didn't know what a difficult life Margaret had. Not so very long ago her mother, father and brother lived with her in a little home of their own, with a real bath room and a patch of garden in front. Then father had lost his job, and Bill only had part time jobs, and they couldn't afford to live in the home any more. Father had gone away to the country to get work, and now they lived in two rooms on the top floor of a building in a narrow, dingy street. It was hard to keep yourself really clean with just a small tub to wash in, and you couldn't have too many all-over washes because it took so much gas to heat the water. Baby sister lived with them now, and every morning mother took her to the creche, to be looked after while she went out to work. Margaret had to call for her after school every day and mind her till Mother came home at night. "Why, you could make an awfully good Brownie," said Betty. "Just think—you have a Baby to mind, and you could find all sorts of good turns to do for your mother while you wait for her to

come home. Mine is always at home when I get there and I can't ever seem to find a really good turn to do."

That evening, when Margaret got home, she began to work. Mother had swept and dusted before she left, and everything was tidy, but Margaret set the table and peeled the potatoes and the pumpkin. The pumpkin was a long job, because it was one of those hard green ones. Then she polished the brass door knobs and found that her mother's shoes wanted cleaning. She polished and polished till they looked like new—that is the uppers of them did. The soles were very thin, and the right one was almost worn through. While her hands were all over Nugget, she polished her own shoes in readiness for the next day. When Mother came home and found the dinner all ready to put on and the table set and Margaret looking so happy, she felt happy too. What a surprise for her to see the door knobs shining, and her shoes all ready to put on! When Margaret told her what Betty had said about the Brownies, she said it would be lovely if she could join the Pack. Perhaps she could arrange to leave her work early to get baby from the creche or the day of the Brownie meeting. When Bill came home, he, too, thought it a splendid idea.

Margaret could hardly wait for the day of the Pack meeting to come. All the week she was busy looking for good turns. She cleaned her brother's boots one day. That was a big job, but he was very surprised and pleased, and gave her fourpence to buy a nail file. She swept and dusted and made the beds, and she scrubbed herself all over every day, and her hair was nearly always tidy. When the very special day came she got up extra early to be sure of having everything just right. Her shoes were shining, and her socks darned (she chose ones with the fewest darns) and her dress was neatly pressed. After breakfast she dried up, and kissed Mother goodbye, and flew downstairs. She would have to hurry to be in time for school. Just as she was passing old Mrs. Bligh's fruit stall a whole case of oranges tipped over, and they went rolling round the dirty street in all directions. Margaret hesitated. If she stopped to help, she would be late for school, and if she was late she might be kept in, and then she might miss the Pack meeting. But poor Mrs. Bligh looked so upset. Her hands were twisted with rheumatism, and she could hardly bend. Quickly Margaret dropped her books and began picking up the oranges. It seemed hours before she had found them all. "Here, take a couple with you, my dear," said the old woman as she thanked her. Margaret tore down the street and across the park to school. She heard the bell ringing as she neared the gates. There would be no time for her to take her hat off in the cloak room. She caught up to the end of the line, just as it entered the school-room, and was quite breathless. If Miss Wiseman were in a good humour perhaps she would let her off, and Margaret marched straight up to her and said she was sorry to be late, and told her about the oranges. She looked so troubled that Miss Wiseman only laughed, and said it was kind of her to help the old fruit woman, but to start a little earlier for school in future. All through the morning Margaret could hardly work, she felt so excited. At lunch time Betty the

Brownie warned her to be careful or she would be kept in after school for not attending to her lessons. She inspected her nails and said they were good! The afternoon seemed long, and Margaret was thankful when the bell rang at last, and she and Betty hurried off to tidy up before leaving for Pack meeting. When they got to the meeting place Margaret suddenly felt shy and hung back. There were so many girls in brown uniforms and bright badges, and they all seemed to be chattering at once. Betty took her hand and led her to Brown Owl, who had just planted the loveliest Toadstool. Brown Owl said she was glad to have a new Recruit, and hoped she would like Brownies, and then she introduced her to Peter Rabbit and Pooh Bear, who lived near the Toadstool. Betty asked could Margaret be a Pixie in her Six, and Brown Owl thought it a good idea. Betty was the Sixer. Brown Owl held up two fingers and suddenly all was quiet. You could really have heard a pin drop. "Tu whit to woo," came the soft call, and all the Brownies skipped into Fairy Ring, where they sang their Brownie and Six Rhymes, Elves, Fairies, Kelpies and Pixies, and when they had finished singing they shouted "Lah lah lah" in a very loud voice.

After that they played Rats and Rabbits, but Margaret was caught nearly every time, because she could never remember which way to run.

At Inspection time Brown Owl seemed pleased with the Pixies, and said Margaret's nails looked as though they were cared for. When the Pack did Handicrafts, Tawny showed Margaret how to tie a Brownie tie. She didn't have to teach her plaiting, because she could do that quite well. The others were making kettle holders for their mothers, some were painting a lovely doll's house, made from a big box. Soon the Pack was going to make the furniture for it, and when it was finished, it was to be sent to an orphanage.

Brown Owl gave another funny little call, and all the Brownies stopped what they were doing and began to tidy up. "Quick," said Betty, "Pixies must be first to finish tidying their Home." Pixies were the first, though not by many seconds, and they all stood in a little Ring in their Home. Brown Owl said they might choose the last game. They chose a singing one, "The Good Ship Sails," and soon the Pack was in a lively frolic. Brown Owl then called them into a Pow-wow Ring and told them the funniest story, all about a naughty Pixie. When it was finished they all crept away ever so quietly. Brown Owl said she hoped Margaret would come next week, and she would call to see her mother some evening. That night, as Mother tucked her into bed, Margaret said it was just the happiest day she had ever had, and she went to sleep and dreamed she was playing with Elves and Pixies and Pooh Bear and Peter Rabbit in a lovely wood, and high up in the tree an old owl chuckled to herself.

Every week Margaret went to Pack meeting, and each time she learned a little more. Brown Owl told her the Brownie Story and all about the Promise and Law, and Tawny showed her how to wash up, though Margaret really knew all about it, as she had to do it so many times at home. Every day she searched for a "good turn," and when she

found one to do, she went on searching for a better. She seemed to have more friends at school now, though Betty the Brownie was her very special. Her smile was never in her pocket, and everyone in the street watched for the cheerful little girl who was always carrying a parcel or going a message for someone.

A few weeks later Margaret was to be enrolled. Brown Owl had found quite a good secondhand overall and brought it to Margaret the night before the Enrolment. When she tried it on, she wanted to run down into the street and show everyone, but Brown Owl said it would be better to wait till she could wear the badge too. All the next day Margaret was terribly excited, longing for the last lesson to be over. Mother and Baby were to be there for the Enrolment, and Mother hadn't been to Brownieland before. The hall was looking especially nice. Each Six had brought some flowers for their homes, and Brown Owl "magicked" the Fairy Ring into a clearing in a wood with a lovely pool surrounded by dark green moss nearby. After Margaret had made her Promise and Brown Owl had pinned the Badge on, she ran to the pool and said:

"Twist me and turn me and show me the Elf, I looked in the water and there saw myself."

And she did see herself—a real Brownie.

On the way home that night she and Betty just turned the corner of the street, and ran into Guide Captain, with her Patrol Leaders. "Hello," she said cheerfully, and saluted. Betty and Margaret both stopped and saluted, and so did the Leaders. "I've just been enrolled," said Betty. "Oh, that is fine," said Captain, and shook hands to welcome her. "We'll hope to see you in the Guide Company some day, won't we, Guides?" "Oh, rather!" they answered smilingly, and off they went with a jolly laugh.

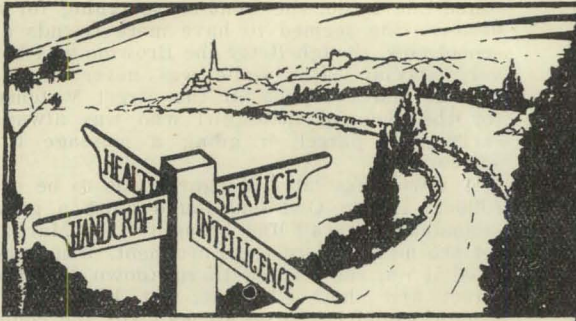
"Goodness me," said Margaret, "what fun I'm going to have!" M.K.B.

USING THE KNOTS.

(Adapted from "Brownie Margaret")

Once there was a fussy old gentleman who was going on a journey, and as well as his case and overcoat, he wanted to take his walking stick, two umbrellas (in case he lost one), a fishing rod and a hockey-stick for his grandson. But when he was strapping the sticks together with the strap he always used for that purpose, it broke. Then he fussed and looked at his watch, and said to his wife: "Will you get me some cord to tie these sticks together, my love, or I shall miss my train?" But when she brought some cord it was too short; and the old man fussed, and they both looked for more cord, till the old lady said: "Here is some thick string, my dear, but I'm afraid it's not much longer. You must tie them together quickly, or you'll miss your train." The old man fussed and fumbled, and every time he thought he had fixed it the knot slipped, and he got still more fussed and flurried.

Then in came his grand daughter, who was a Brownie, and she said "Let me tie that, Grandfather, while you get your overcoat!" and she tied the string to the cord with a sheet-bend, and then did a round turn and two half hitches, very tightly, round the sticks; and carried them to the station for her grandfather, and he caught the train.



The Sign Post

(Editor, Miss R. Denny)

The Guide Law.

"A GUIDE WHO OBEYS ORDERS."

"Obedience is the simplest, most transparent virtue." Perhaps because it IS a simple, straightforward, uncomplicated virtue, I have found it very complicated as a subject to prepare for this article.

In looking through the Guide Law in the various forms in which it is used in different Guide countries, we find interesting differences and distinctions. Seventeen of the countries have it in the same form as ours: "A Guide obeys orders." Two countries put it thus: "A Guide is disciplined (i.e., self-controlled) and obeys cheerfully." Five countries specify those to whom obedience is due—"those who have the right to ask obedience," "her leaders," "older people," "parents and superiors," "parents, teachers and Guiders." Two countries have, at first sight, no law which corresponds to our seventh, but on a closer study one notices these clauses: "A Guide is true to duty and punctual"; "A Guide is punctual and conscientious." And there is one country whose Guide Law does not seem to have this clause in anywhere—look in the Fourth Biennial Report, page 266.

Obedience may be a simple virtue, but it is certainly not simple to attain. We are inclined to think it one of the "easy" Laws to keep, but I doubt whether anyone finds it easy—even the "satisfactory Guide." A Guider must know exactly what she means when she uses these abstract terms, and I would suggest some lines of "research" which Guiders could follow with the Guides in Pow-Wow time concerning this same Law.

This "discipline"—self-control; it is really a matter of making our bodily members (hands, feet, tongue) obey the behests of our better self—or shall we call it conscience?—or God? If tempted to steal, for instance, would not resistance be a result of obedience to our stronger sense of honour? The countries that use the wording "true to duty, conscientious, punctual," seem to have thought along these lines.

"Old" Guiders will remember that we used to word the 7th Law thus: "A Guide obeys orders of her parents, Patrol Leader or Captain without question," and how the Guides at School immediately pounced on the idea that, as teachers were not specified, it was alright NOT to obey them! A perfectly natural, though naughty, conclusion! But though the present shorter wording means much more, we must help the Guides to understand this fuller meaning.

By the way, do you like the forms of wording mentioned in the second paragraph?

Discuss this with the Guides, and see whether they could frame the Law in a more satisfying way. One point to make about obedience to authority is that one willingly obeys any authority in whom one has full confidence. Another is that the mere wishes of those one loves have the effect of commands—one likes to carry out the guessed, but unspoken desires of those who mean so much to us (this could be a thrilling pastime for the Guides to try on their parents—unostentatiously, of course!).

As the Guides grow up to Rangerhood, they will be confronted with the problem that adults are constantly meeting in their daily life . . . the need to discriminate between obedience to justified authority, and blind obedience to thoughtless orders, or even orders which should not have been given. These problems are a stiff test of character, and one hopes that girls of Guide age may be spared the need for decision. Let us help these youngsters to see all the ramifications of the Guide Law, so that, when they are grown-up, they may be the more prepared to face complications.

Have you tried discussing with the Guides one Law in connection with all the others?

Obedience involves Honour in the full carrying out of the order; Loyalty to the giver of the order and his plans (this requires, of course, imagination and sympathy); Thrift, in saving argument, protests, pleading, and the fraying of the spirit that goes with these! Courtesy and cheerfulness can make of obedience more than a matter of duty.

Obedience to written laws, as well as to unwritten ones, to unexpressed desires, and in all sorts of very small ways, depends largely on the intuition that comes of a fuller understanding of the spirit of the third, fourth and fifth Guide Laws.

How are you going to link the law of Obedience with those of kindness to animals, and purity? I think the Guides will help you with ideas.

And what of the Guider's part?

We are proud to have made the same promise as the Guides; we are very proud of our Guides when we hear of their valiant efforts to carry out the Guide Law in their daily lives. It is in the consciousness of frequent failure in making the Guide Law a reality in my own life, that I make bold to suggest that we Guiders sometimes forget the urgency of our doing this big thing ourselves, as well as asking the children to do it.

The Guides notice Captain's response to a request from "authority"—her attitude towards rules—her criticisms of direction (perhaps for a Rally?)—her comments on "red tape" . . . (is not loyalty a necessary basis for obedience?)

Emerson told us long ago that "Obedience alone gives the right to command," and the practice of obedience—that "simple and transparent virtue"—involving unselfishness and self-control, is a necessary part of the training of character for leadership. You remember the words of the Guide prayer: ". . . that we may yield our hearts to Thine obedience, and exercise our wills on Thy behalf." I doubt if the Guides have any idea of what that means when Captain speaks the long words at a Company meeting—does Captain really understand them herself? It seems a pity if the Guides gain no definite impression from this prayer. Will you talk about it with them—but will you make sure first that you have a fairly clear idea of what may be involved in yielding your own heart to . . . obedience—that "simplest, most transparent virtue" F.V.B.

Overnight Hiking in England.

Collecting and planning kit for overnight hikes is great fun. First I'll describe the kit I carried in a rucsac and on my bicycle, and then the various hikes we had last summer.

Rucsac (each item has its own bag): Spare clothing; trowel and gym shoes; canvas bucket and basin; washing kit; dish-cloth, etc.; shoe and badge cleaners; mackintosh and sou'wester; cycle lamp.

Rucsac pocket: 1st Aid outfit; matches; birchbark; comb, etc.; small groundsheet; repair outfit.

Cycle bag: Bedding; groundsheet; shelter.

Cycle basket: Cup and spoon and food packed in the billy.

The shelter is made of proofed balloon fabric and is pegged down over a guy line between two poles found at the camp site.

Bits of material left over from making this made the small triangular wash basin and bags for small things.

The bedding consists of two long bags of light-weight material, joined together round three edges. At the camp site these are filled with hay and straw, and one wriggles down between them, keeping warm as a rule.

The groundsheet and sou'wester were made of lightweight material, proofed by oiling with boiled linseed oil and dried outside. Pyjamas and a small air pillow were packed in the bedding roll.

I went for two experimental hikes, one to an uncle's garden, and the other to a friend's farm. The chief interest in the first was that everything was new and untried, but I was given much help in the way of fuel and shelter in case it rained!

The second time was more interesting. First, when I unpacked the food, the egg was mixed with cocoa and tomato. Much of it was eatable, though, and since then I've packed food more carefully.

During the night a hedgehog came into the tent and sniffed around, but soon went.

After these came the test for the Explorer badge. Our County Camp Advisor is the examiner, and took much trouble to make the test interesting.

First I was sent to a village police station six miles away for sealed orders.

They consisted of a fairly large scale map and details of the route I was to follow; also instructions to look for possible camp sites; where I was to spend the night, and told to find out the history of the place.

A mile of the route lay along the bank of a small river, and I had to carry my bicycle over thistles and lift it over several stiles. The ferryman came to take me across, and as there is no landing stage it was difficult to get the cycle into the small rowing boat which the current was pulling away from the bank. However, it was done. In one place the way led across fields (where there was a bull), and through various pretty villages to Goodmanham, on the edge of the Yorkshire wolds.

I camped in the Rectory paddock and received many kindnesses from the Canon and his wife, and learnt that Goodmanham is the site of the first Christian church in the north of England.

Many rooks came home to the trees while I cooked and went to bed. The night was very close, and they woke early in the morning. I started home about 11.30 a.m., having been given lunch and a buttonhole!

The chalk hills of the wolds have a contour and a charm all their own. Deep blue sky with masses of white clouds which cast their shadows on the hills made vivid contrasts of light and shade.

At 4 p.m. I reported to the C.C.A. at her home in Beverley, told my adventures, and thanked her. The journey home completed about 60 miles. It was a delightful adventure, and I had the honour of being first to get the badge in our county.

And now for the story of another overnight hike. One morning in camp we rose at 5 a.m. and watched the sun rise as we had breakfast. Then, everything tidy and bicycles loaded, we cycled 12 miles against a head wind, and just caught a train at 9.30 at Driffild.

On arriving at the market town of Pickering we visited the church and did some shopping before starting on the last stage of our journey. At last, after cycling and walking up some of the steepest hills we reached the camp site and were glad to have dinner and rest before pitching our tents. The site was not very good, but we were high on the north Yorkshire moors, so what did it matter?

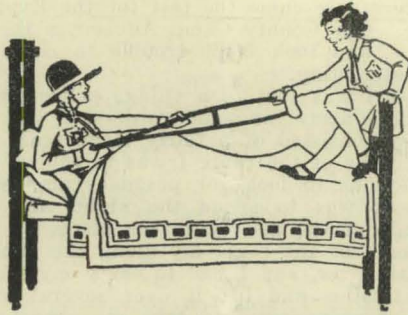
A C.C.A. visited us at tea-time, and, although she did not share it, said our cooking might have been better! Rather soft eggs are a bit difficult to manage in polite society.

Later we had a glorious walk over the heather, and appreciated the silence, space and colour. It was the first time some of the Rangers had seen the moors.

A big moon rose, and it was a very cold night; we shall remember it all.

The next morning we were up at 5.30, and after an early breakfast had a lovely ride to Pickering, mostly downhill this time. We took the train back to Driffild, and, after a horrid moment, when we thought someone had a puncture, cycled back the last twelve miles to camp.

EVELYN A. WOOD.



Guiders! What About It?

Have you ever been forced to stay in bed any length of time? After the first few days, doesn't the time drag, and how sick of reading, sewing and knitting you get! You feel so cut off from outside things. All the ordinary everyday things seem so thrilling, even seeing another room or collecting the letters, or picking a bunch of flowers.

Guiding can bring the outside world in to you, because Guiding lets you do the same things, wear the same things, and feel like "ordinary active people."

It's bad enough to be in bed when you are grown up, but when you are only school age it's ten times worse. You are cut off from the rough and tumble of school and games, and all the fun that goes with them. So you can imagine what it means to children who suddenly find that they can be Guides, "just like everyone else."

In the early days of Extension Guiding, a Guider was visiting the Austin Hospital and she saw one of the patients in the Girls' Ward just sitting doing nothing. She was tired of reading, etc., and was just a bit fed up. Then Guiding started there. Next time that Guider went to the Hospital, she saw the same girl. She asked her what she'd been doing, and the girl replied that she'd been so busy teaching the others their tenderfoot and all about Guiding that she hadn't had a spare minute for days!

And that Company of Guides is no longer in existence because there is no Guider to take it over.

All the original members have left the hospital, but the present girls are longing to be Guides.

Isn't there a Guider anywhere in Melbourne who could re-start this Company?

Or if you are too busy to take on a once-a-week meeting, could you be a Post Guide Captain? We are urgently needing help with the Post Companies.

Please, Guiders, if you think you can help at all or if you know of anyone who could help, will you let the Commissioner for Extensions (Miss A. Campbell) know as soon as possible? Her address is 41 Spring Street, Melbourne, C.1. J.A.

Of Interest to Guiders.

Dear Matilda,

I feel that a letter is due from the Equipment Depot to the Guiders of Victoria, offering an explanation and an apology and a deep appreciation of their patience during the time we have been making alterations to the Guide uniform, and during the time that we

(Concluded in next Column)

RANGER PAGE.

Rangers doing the "Know How Scouting and Guiding Began" section of the Ranger Test will be interested to find some of the material the Chief used in building his Grand Idea. The inspiration was his, and his alone, but as with every other good builder, he turned a variety of materials to his purpose.

Recently I was lent a volume of a series of books called "Our Wonder World," published in the United States some time about 1914 I should think, though I can find no date on it. It has one long chapter devoted to the Scout Movement, and the writer says: "... the credit for many of the ideas belongs to a number of boy leaders and organisations! and two of the most important are American: Daniel Carter Beard, who organised the Boy Pioneers or Sons of Daniel Boone; and Ernest Thompson Seton, who called his groups of boys Woodcraft Indians. Their movements were finally merged into Scouts, because they found best scope for development in a single organisation."

After shortly giving the early history as we know it, the writer quotes from a speech made by the Chief Scout when introduced as the father of the Boy Scout movement at a banquet in New York City. "You have made a mistake, Mr. Seton, in your remarks to the effect that I am the father of this idea of scouting for boys. I may say that you are the father of it, or that Dan Beard is the father. There are many fathers. I am only one of the uncles, I might say. The scheme became known at home. Then I looked to see what was being done in the United States, and I cribbed from them right and left, putting things, as I found them, into the book, 'Scouting for Boys.'" But it is well said that if General Baden-Bowell did not father the Boy Scout idea, at least he became its great genius, its supreme organiser, and under his leadership the movement spread throughout England, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Australia and New Zealand, and has taken root in South America and South Africa.

Rudyard Kipling was another who supplied many of the inspirations. Rangers who have anything to do with Cubs will know this, but in any case read, or re-read the Jungle Books, Kim, Captains Courageous, and Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides, and you will find ideas only waiting for the magic wand of the Chief Scout to weave them into Scouting and Guiding as it is to-day—or can be if we make it so. J. U. BOYES.

(Continued from Previous Column) have been endeavouring to find a material both durable in colour and substance.

For some years there has been criticism of the design of the uniform, and we have received numerous new designs and suggestions for its improvement. It is very hard to evolve a uniform that is acceptable to all in the beauty of its shape; and at the same time consider also the possibility of it suiting all shapes and sizes of human beings; also to consider the manufacturing costs, where every little bit extra is going to put the cost up far beyond the means of a Guide. All this has to be taken into consideration; and as a result we are offering you the new Guide overall.

There is not such a great amount of difference from the old design, except that it makes for a neater appearance and a better fitting garment.

The side pleats may arrive in the wrong place for some figures, but if you observe the inside workings, you will find that ample material has been left for you to make any simple alterations. The Executive Committee and the Shop Sub-committee, who have worked on this new design, hope that it will meet with the approval of all guides and guiders. Will you please give it a good try-out before making any startling suggestions, as it means considerable expense to the manufacturer and the Guide Shop if drastic alterations are to be made. We have received very helpful suggestions from many of our clients, showing us where there are small faults, which we report to the manufacturer, and they are then rectified.

Now about the material for guide uniforms. This is where an apology is given from the Shop. In the past few months we have had complaints about the colour and quality of the material we have been providing. This has caused considerable worry to a few people, and efforts have been made to rectify this as quickly as possible. You will be glad to hear that this material will no longer be sold. Arrangements have been made with Imperial Headquarters that we should deal direct with the manufacturers of the material supplied to I.H.Q. This has been done, and soon we will be stocking material of a good quality dye. This is the "Duro" fabric, and is well known as a reliable material. The colour will be light navy and very pleasing; we think that it is safe to promise that there will be no variations in the colour in the future, as the backing of I.H.Q. ensures this. It is unfortunate that this material will not be here until about the end of August, as we have already finished the old material. The result is that we are not selling any material at the Guide Shop until the end of August, when the new lot from England arrives. We thought it better to do this than get in a temporary material which would not be the right colour or quality. So, we would be very grateful if Guiders would tell the guides this so that mothers will be saved an unnecessary journey to Market Street. We do ask for patience on your part, and hope that in the future you will be pleased with the result. Just another small point before we get off materials. As a result of the better quality material we will be stocking, the price of the material will be somewhere around two shillings. This cannot be settled until it is landed in Australia, and all the numerous duties paid.

Now the last thing, I don't know if you all read in the Executive Committee Minutes that it had been approved that there should be a Shop Sub-Committee to deal with all things pertaining to the shop, and amongst the members there should be guider representatives of Brownies, Guides and Rangers. This has been done, and the Guiders' Committee have asked Miss Jean Robertson, Miss B. Potter and Miss D. Morton, of these respective branches, to give their help on this committee.

FOR SALE!

There are still a few of the Guide Coronation mugs for sale. It has been decided to reduce them to 1/6, with the postage at 1/-. This is a good opportunity for Guides to get a good souvenir of the Coronation.

Do you all know that the Guide Shop is selling some very attractive Guide stationery, writing pad with envelopes in an attractive shade of blue and the Guide Badge on the paper and envelope. Price 1/- and 6d. respectively. I think you have been told about the Guide cards ornamented with the Guide badge. They are useful for writing hurried notes and can be made very attractive for invitation and presentation cards. Price 6d. dozen. C.B.

Executive Committee.

Meetings of the Executive Committee of the Girl Guides Association, Victoria, were held at the Guide Office on 21st April and 6th May, 1937.

Present 21st April: Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Tate, Misses Boyes, Bush, Broadhurst, Cameron, Purnell, Swinburne and the Secretary.

Present 6th May: Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Eadie, Mrs. Tate, Misses Boyes, Broadhurst, Bush, Russell and the Secretary.

The following were agreed with:—

That the following nominations from the Guiders' Committee for the Shop Sub-Committee be accepted:—Misses Potter, Robertson and Morton.

That the film of the World Conference in Sweden be purchased for use and hire.

That the Victorian rule making the minimum age for trainees 18 be rescinded.

That for 1937 meetings of the General Purposes Sub-Committee be held in June, August, September and October.

That the resignation of Miss Purnell as Commissioner for Camping be accepted with very much regret, and that Miss Moran be appointed in her place.

That Miss Moran be appointed a member of the State Council.

It was reported that—

The Shop Sub-Committee would meet monthly.

The grant for 1937 from the Walter and Eliza Hall Trust was £35.

A party of 7 Guiders and Rangers intended visiting New South Wales for the Coronation Display.

Mrs. R. T. Robinson had agreed to act as the representative of the Association on the Women's Committee of the Anti-Cancer Council.

Miss M. Moore was arranging with Mr. Clarke to hold a series of lectures on Public Speaking.

The time for the Guide and Scout Broadcasts would be 5.30 p.m. on Mondays, starting 7th June, from Station 3AR.

Mrs. T. M. Cherry had agreed to be Commissioner for Guiding in Schools and Colleges for one year.

Mrs. C. P. Broadhurst, Mrs. Guy Bakewell, Miss A. McA. Campbell and Miss M. Moore had agreed to become members of the State Council.

More properties had been inspected but none found suitable for the Guide House. Promises of endowment were being received; the result of the referendum was in favour of the hills.

Miss Sydes had agreed to be Editor of the Nature Page in "Matilda."

Meetings of Executive Committee of Girl Guides' Association, Vict., were held at Guide Office on 19th and 26th May, and 3rd June.

Present, 19th May: Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Eadie, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Tate, Misses Broadhurst, Cameron, Purnell, Ritchie, Russell, Swinburne and the Secretary.

Present 26th May: Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Eadie, Misses Broadhurst, Hamilton, Russell and the Secretary.

Present 3rd June: Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Eadie, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Tate, Misses Boyes, Bush, Lascelles, Moran, Ritchie, Russell, Swinburne and the Secretary.

It was agreed that—

In order to augment general funds a Jumble Sale on a large scale be held, and that Miss Ritchie and Miss Russell be joint conveners of a sub-committee to arrange the sale.

The Guiders' Committee be asked to nominate a representative who would be co-opted a member of the Executive Committee until the end of the year, when the Council would be asked to add to the Constitution to provide for a Guiders' representative on the Executive Committee.

Miss Elaine Moran was elected a member of the Executive Committee.

The Secretary represent the Association on the Council of the Free Library Movement.

The voting for the representative of Australia at U.S.A. Anniversary Camp be 1, Meryl Wills, Victoria; 2, Rozaline McDonald, N.S.W.

Guides be asked to contribute to the Silver Wedding present for the Chiefs on the following basis: Brownies 2d.; Guides and Rangers 1d., and Guiders not more than 1/-.

S. H. IRVING, State Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS.

District Commissioners.

Minyip—Mrs. Robertson, c/o. James Barnes, Minyip.

St. Arnaud—Mrs. Sinclair, Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney, St. Arnaud.

District Secretary.

Warragul—Miss Hilda Robertson, Smith Street, Warragul.

WARRANTS.

Brown Owl.

1st Mooroopna—Miss Lawson, Netell, Mooroopna.

Captain.

8th Hawthorn—Miss Mary Jolly, 493 St. Kilda Road, S.C.2.

9th Hawthorn—Miss Ruth Denny, 46 Koo-yongkoot Road, E.2.

1st Stawell—Miss Elizabeth Allsop, Jennings Street, Stawell.

Lieutenant.

3rd Hawthorn—Miss W. Rogerson, 11 Nottingham Hall, Auburn Grove, E.3.

Ranger Captain.

1st Broadford—Miss J. Daws, Eastgate, Cockatoo.

RESIGNATIONS.

Captain.

1st Canterbury—Miss Lorna Gordon.

Ranger Captain.

1st Hampton—Miss D. Hamilton.

REGISTRATIONS.

1st Heywood Pack, 1st Somerville Co., Brighton District Ranger Co.

CHANGE OF GUIDER.

1st Echuca—Mrs. Kemp, Captain.

AMALGAMATION OF COS.

1st and 2nd Canterbury—Miss J. McLean, Captain.

CAMPING.

Guiders, it is my fault that "Matilda" did not inform you at least two months ago that Miss Edith Purnell has resigned as Commissioner for Camping, and that Miss Elaine Moran has been appointed in her place.

We are tremendously grateful to our ex-Commissioner for Camping for the help she has been to all of us in practical ways, for her patient and wise guidance, and particularly will we always remember the way in which she carried the responsibility of the Indoor Camps during the Rally of 1934-35.

We welcome Miss Moran, and look forward to more and more Guides and Rangers camping during the time she is looking after this job in the Movement. S.H.I.

TRAINING.

Training Classes.—Dates for the next Brownie and Guide Training Courses are to be fixed shortly, and will be published in the daily press. Guiders wishing to attend any course are asked to send their names and needs to the Training Secretary as soon as possible. MERLE BUSH.

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Flannel from 45/-

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