

Mark Bush

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Matilda



APRIL, 1938.

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Editor: MARGOT ANDERSON, Guide Headquarters, 60 Market Street, C.I.

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APRIL, 1938.

No. 9.

EDITORIAL.

St. George's Day falls during this month and we are sure there are many Guiders who envy those who are able to attend the Service at the Cathedral to express their loyalty and to pray for peace.

The Financial Secretary reports that at least \$2 subscriptions are due for the three months of this year. We feel sure this is partly due to carelessness, as one Guide sending in her subscription remarked that she had received at least three yellow stickers to warn her that her subscription was due.

The editor would be pleased if any criticism of Matilda would be sent direct to her, as the assistant in the shop is in no way connected with the setting up and publication of Matilda.

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WHAT WE ARE DOING.

I think that everyone of us in the State will be delighted that three of our members received recognition of their help to Guiding on Thinking Day. I expect you all know that Miss Barfus received the Beaver, and Miss Cameron and Miss Purnell the Medals of Merit on that day. It was a very happy presentation by Lady Chauvel at 5.30 at Headquarters, over one hundred Guiders and Commissioners being present as well as Miss Barfus' Rangers. Everyone was so happy to be there and share in the pleasure of giving to them these symbols of thanks for all they have done during many years of Guiding.

Recipients of Awards, as we know, are always very modest and embarrassed about accepting them, being of course the very people who never think of them in connection with their work, but do what they do for Guiding in the full knowledge that it is the best way they know of helping the younger generation to find themselves and their rightful place in the community. But their many friends wish for the recognition, and the young people themselves wish it. What joy it gives a Company if Captain is thus honoured, or a District or Division if their Commissioner's endeavours are recognised. They all share in the pleasure of the Award as well.

I heard a Guider explaining to a friend the other day why she was so earnest about Guiding. She said, "she was very happy about being a Guider because she was on a good wicket." For a moment I wondered what she meant, then I heard her explain further that she was a very busy girl with a job to do and many outside interests and had not much leisure time. But she still wanted to do something for her younger sisters and the community. She had been a Guide and now was a Guider,

and was quite sure it was "the best thing she gave to it out of her busy life was "definitely not wasted."

Everybody is busy nowadays,—a bit too busy I'm afraid—but it is a satisfaction—especially to busy young women—to know that their efforts will not be wasted, and to feel quite sure about the means they are using to "help the young." It sure is a satisfaction to all of us when we are giving of our time and energy to feel we are on a "good wicket" when playing this happy, interesting, and vitally important game.

—ENID FAULKNER.

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WARRAGUL DISTRICT NEWS.

DROUIN GUIDES' DEDICATION OF UNION JACK.

In the Church of England, by the clergyman on November 28th, in the presence of Guides, Rangers, Members of L.A., parents and friends.

Combined Field Day.

Through the courtesy of the Drouin Captain, Miss Hazel Porter, the Warragul Guides were invited to participate in a Field Day.

Drouin is remarkably fortunate in that they have the bush right at their back door, to be exactly correct, within 1½ to 2 miles. As this was Warragul's first trip to this delightful spot, the girls were very thrilled.

Trafalgar.

In November, our Trafalgar Guides suffered a great loss; their Captain, Miss Giblett, was transferred to Maffra. Then recently their Lieutenant, Miss Dusting, left for Yarragon. Difficulties? Yes! But doesn't a Guide smile and sing?

Warragul.

In December, five of our Rangers, Hilda Robertson (Lieut.), Anne Johnston, Betty Soutar, Peggy Rush, Mary Adamson, left bright and early on the Monday morning (27th) per car enroute to the combined Ranger camp at Britannia Creek, Ann was at the wheel.

As some of the girls had not been under canvas before, this was indeed a thrilling experience for them.

At their first meeting for the year (14th February), many and varied were the tales told to the girls who stayed behind.

Our numbers were very pleasing when we resumed for 1938. Seventeen girls answered to the Roll Call, and one member brought along a visiting Brown Owl from Heidelberg.

—M. ADAMSON.

OUTSIDE HELP FOR COMPANIES.

SINGING, HANDCRAFTS, COOKING, COUNTRY DANCING.

Would you like someone to come to your Company a few times and teach the Guides (or Rangers) to *sing* some new songs well? Two Rangers would like to do this as a form of service.

Does your Company want to learn *Country Dancing* from someone who really can teach it well? Four Rangers would be willing to go, in parties of two (it is easier to teach if two go together).

Another Ranger would be willing to go to Companies to give hints on cooking, for the *Cook Badge*.

Still another Ranger is very good at *Hand-craft*, and would be willing to visit Companies to teach any of the following activities: Plaiting, weaving belts, leather work, thonging, Passepartout framing.

Companies asking for the services of any of these would defray the travelling expenses and provide any materials required.

Applications, giving all details re numbers to be taught, night and time of meeting, and place; also length of period to be allotted in the programme, and number of visits desired, should be sent to

MARGARET FOWLER,
121 Dandenong Road,
Malvern, S.E.4.

AN URGENT "GOOD TURN."

The little children who are suffering from infantile paralysis are feeling the cold now that autumn weather is well under way. Will you help QUICKLY to keep them warm?

SPLINT COVERS.—We want VERY URGENTLY hundreds of knitted woollen splint covers. Would you knit strips of plain knitting, 12 inches wide, and either 12, 24, or 36 or 48 long? Guides, and even Brownies, if they are good knitters, would be willing to knit at least one square 12 inches by 12 inches, if you explained how much the job is needing to be done—will you do all you can to send many squares or longer strips as soon as possible? Don't wait till you have dozens—send them quickly.

Ranger volunteers here will join the squares together into strips of the required length, varying with the size of the patient (46/36-inch strips will be very welcome, of course).

Relatives and friends will probably help you to increase the number of squares by doing some for you; they can use any odd scraps of wool that people can spare, and any colour of mixture of colours—WARMTH is the main thing.

Another type: If you prefer to knit on four needles, cast 52 stitches on No. 7 needles, and use 3 or 4 ply wool—in either *pin*, *blue*, or *white*. Knit 18 inches or longer (not less). Work the same as a sock, cast off for a toe if you like, but a straight cast-off will do.

Parcels of knitting in response to the above appeal should be sent to

MISS MARGARET FOWLER,
c/o Girl Guide Office, 60 Market Street,
Melbourne, C.1.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

The Annual Service for Guides and Scouts of the Anglican Church will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday, 23rd April, at 3.15 p.m. This will be the first time that the service has been held on St. George's Day itself.

Arrangements will be similar to last year, that is, Guides are expected to be in their seats by 3.5. Colour Bearers only will assemble in the Chapter House by 2.45 p.m. Flags should be marked with the name of the company.

Hymns to be sung will be:

O, Worship the King.—Tune, A. & M., 431.

All People That on Earth Do Dwell.—Old 100th.

O, Son of Man.—Londonderry, S.P., 611.

O, Thou to Whom Our Life is Pledged.—A. & M., 172.

Forth Rode the Knights of Old.—A. & M., 304

Just As I Am.—Hesperus.

Once to Every Man and Nation.—S.P., 260.

It would be helpful if the hymns were practised in Companies.

Will Guiders remind Brownies, Guides, and Rangers that they should go straight to their seats as directed by the usher, and conduct themselves in a reverent manner while in the Cathedral?
—S.H.I.

GOING! GOING!

Cheap Copies of "The Guilder" and "Matilda."

I have a number of these magazines which have been given in by Guiders who no longer require them or who have given up. Who would like them?

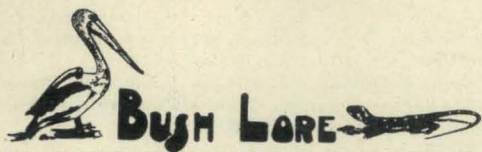
Perhaps you have one or two issues missing, and would like to make up your complete sets; if so, tell me which copies you need, and you shall have them. Of course, you will be willing to pay me A PENNY FOR THE CAMP HOUSE FUND! Thank you.

Or perhaps you are a new Guider, or even a seasoned one, who cannot quite afford to subscribe to these magazines, but would like a dozen assorted issues to brood upon for new games, stories, handcrafts ideas, thoughts on running the Company or Pack—news of other countries and Guiding there. Tell me what you are particularly interested in, and I shall make up a selection—say, a job lot of 12 for 1/- (for the CAMP HOUSE FUND, naturally). But you may buy less than 12 if you prefer.

Perhaps you run a Post Guide or Lone Guide Company? Use the illustrations in THE GUIDER to cut out and paste on the Company letters. Even the advertisements have useful bits.

I hope the flood of orders resulting from this offer will necessitate my appointing an army of Ranger helpers to sort the copies out!

—F. V. BARFUS.



Editor: ELSIE SYDES.

"It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain,
W'y, rain's my choice."

—J. W. Riley.

Rain that comes down steadily all day, driven before the wind. Rain that washes over everything, giving to the trees a new and resplendent green; makes the sharp blades of grass spring to life; sets all Nature rejoicing, and awakes in us a desire to go forth and walk and walk in the splendid freshness.

Haven't we all felt like that, after being indoors on such a day? But perhaps I should save this for later on in the year, even if it does feel and look like Winter now!

Autumn is almost here again with all her special loveliness.

Young Birds.

I haven't had any word about your holidays, so must conclude that nobody had any, nobody has seen anything, and everyone has forgotten poor Matilda!! Still, I hope you have been seeing all the baby birds about, being fed, giving their parents an awful time by keeping up a constant chirping for food. I saw three baby swans—mother, who was quite black, ventured out of the water and across the path in search of tit-bits. They remained in the water making sad little baby squeaks. At last they got up courage to come too. They were as big as she, but quite grey. What an awkward thing a man's neck is on land? Down at the seaside I watched the seagulls and you can pick the young ones again by their baby squeaks—so sad and neglected—sounding. After the note on the color of seagulls' eyes (sent in by the Lubeck Guider), I watched them particularly, and found that the young ones have black eyes, the older ones white with a black ring round and black centre. The young can also be picked out by the brown speckley colour on their wings, where the usual colour is that lovely grey. How spick and span they look, but oh, how greedy and quarrelsome! Have you noticed the difference in the colour of legs and beaks too? Some have very red legs, others brown, pale legs; some red beaks, others black, and many red with varying amounts of black. The youth and age rule didn't work here either. I think we can safely say that young birds of whatever species have black eyes to begin with and these change later, if the adult bird has eyes of another color. The magpie is another example to prove this, his eyes changing to brown. The young black swans, however, had pinkish eyes, while the mother had red ones with dark centre, but they were most likely old enough to be taking on adult coloring. Then there were young cranky fans being

fed, a white-eared honeyeater kept exceptionally busy by a wopping great cuckoo—a pale grey, very speckly fellow, quite unlike the adult he will grow into. The young masked woodswallow was unsuspectingly tame, and also very pretty; baby yellow robin was too busy pestering for food to worry about anything else. Do keep your eyes open for the baby birds and learn to pick them out, because there is nothing quite so charming in the whole realm of Nature.

Hovering Birds.

In the past these clever birds have been mentioned in Bush Lore, the two examples being the spinebill and the restless flycatcher. But the master of them all is the Kite. I was lucky enough to see one of these while I was on holiday. On Leach p. 79, you will find a paragraph about them—Leach says: "They are, perhaps, the most graceful of flyers, gliding, soaring, hovering, and performing all sorts of aerial evolutions." The one I watched hung in the air for several seconds with wings motionless, save for a slight bending of the very tips. This bending of the tips up and down together with a spreading of the tail, then a closing of it again, enabled the bird to maintain its balance. It would hover in the one spot, then with a few flutters of the outstretched wings move to right or left, higher or lower, hovering miraculously in the new position, and all the time head bent watching the ground—then a swift beautiful swoop to earth—like a stone, and up once more. The kite feeds on grasshoppers, so is one of our most precious bird friends.

A WOG-BOX STORY.

My wog-box is a strawberry box, with paper pasted round it and a piece of glass on top. I chose this box, because of the high sides—some caterpillars liking to climb to pupate.

Well, on February 2, I found a caterpillar on an acanthus leaf—had not known it was acanthus before! The caterpillar was an inch long, reddish-brown, and with long grey hairs. At first he did not like being a captive and refused to eat. However, after three days he changed his mind and ate well, mostly at night. On February 13, I lost him—horrors—however, he was found wandering round my study, so I popped him back into prison, whereupon he crawled into a rolled-up bit of cardboard, and within that and a crumbled leaf spun a cocoon of grey silk and his own hairs. I was surprised at this, as I'd expected him to turn into a hard pupa, thinking I knew the caterpillar.

October 23—and he has come to life, emerging from a small hole at one end of the cocoon.

He is now a little moth, with a pattern of black spots, five black spots down the side of his body, and a little red about his head. Leach tells me that he is a Tiger Moth, and a pest—but he was a great thrill to me!

Strange to say, on October 22, I saw one on a gladiolus leaf, not knowing what it was—but on October 23 I knew.

Do you know that moths come from cocoons and butterflies from a pupa? Isn't that queer!

BROWNIES

(Joint Editors: M. BUTT, M. HESELTINE.)

Quotation—

Double your enthusiasm and you will quadruple your working force.

—OSSIAN DAVIES.

GAMES.

Ball Throwing.

The waste paper basket is a box placed in the centre of the room, and the Pack forms a circle round it some feet from it. Each Brownie is given a bean or a paper ball, and in turn attempts to throw it in the basket. If they fail, they drop out of the game. Those who succeed are issued again with articles, and ordered to take a step backward. Again each Brownie throws, again the losers drop out, and the rest step back, until only one—the champion shot of the Pack—is left.

—M.H.

Cup and Ball.

This game needs one ball for each six, and a corresponding number of egg cups. The balls should, if possible, be of different colours.

The egg cups are placed on the ground, each standing in a little chalked circle; the balls are balanced on the egg cups.

The Sixes are lined up, behind a chalked line, which should be six yards from the egg cups.

When Brown Owl blows her whistle, the first Brownie runs to the egg cups, picks up the ball, and throws it to the second Brownie, who is toing the line; second Brownie catches (or retrieves) the ball, and throws back to No. 1, who replaces it on the egg cup, sees that the egg cup is in its little circle, and runs back behind her Six, and sits down. When the last Brownie runs to get the ball, the first one has to catch for her.

It is best to give marks for catching and throwing, as, if speed is the only object, the quality of the throwing is likely to be extremely poor!

—P.M.N.

EPIDEMIC EFFORTS.

A sample programme posted to each Brownie: A small picture made of scraps of coloured paper, with the suggestion that the Brownie make a picture in the same manner.

A plan for self-inspection.

An enquiry about seeds shared at the last meeting.

A rhyme by Wilhelmina Stretch.

A plan to play skittles—right hand versus left hand, using a ball and empty tins for skittles.

A chatty Pow-wow.

Replies were not received from all Brownies, but the ones who did reply made it worth while sending more programmes. The pictures made were very ingenious. They gave themselves points for inspection, and reported that their seeds were up.

Another programme sent out consisted of a suggestion for knitting string dishcloths for mothers' Christmas presents.

Book balancing, making an apple tree, inspection chart, some Test work, a Pow-wow, and the words of "Brownie "Grace."

Extracts from letters received:—

Dear Brown Owl,—I drew an apple tree and put on a red apple when my teeth, hair, shoes are good, and a yellow one when they are fairly good.—Yours loving Brownie,—Kathlyn.

"Just a few lines to let you know why I have not been able to write. I had some kind of measles, so I did not write in case you thought it was not right. Thank you for the sweet song."

"I am at present making a set of doll's furniture, and have just finished making the "grandpa's" chair. I have already tasted the fruits of satisfaction in the writing desk, stool, and "grandma's" chair. I have made the hairs out of cretonne and cardboard, the desk of matchboxes, and the stool of a cotton reel. Do you know any patterns for dolls' furniture?" An apple tree resembling a pineapple top, and bearing many triangular apples, testified to Beryl's tidiness. "The apples," said she, "are for five days cleaning my shoes, teeth, nails, and going messages." A note from her mother explained that Beryl's picture was too big to post.

So it went on. Some Brownies write regularly, some occasionally, some never. And very soon we resume proper meetings. Brown Owl has visited only a third of the Pack so far. Five of these are thrilled to come to "Brownies" again, and the sixth? Her's the greatest thrill of all; next week she goes to "Guides."

—H.G.

NOTICE.—

Please note alterations to the Brownie Tests published in January and February, "Guiders." Although P.O. & R. is not published until July, B. Owls may start on the new Tests immediately. Watch "Matilda" for details.

BREVITIES.—

There are 80 country B. Owls and 65 metropolitan. If each B. Owl made £1 it would make £145 for the Camp House Fund.

If each Tawny helped they might double the sum. How about trying, Brownie Guiders?

BROWNIE LIBRARY.

THE following books have been added to the Library, and others are in the process of being covered:—

"Sandman's Fairy Stories."

"Ten-Minute Tales," by Stephen Southwold.

"Peter Pan Picture Book."

"King Arthur's Knights."

To continue with our description of books in the Library:—

S.13.—BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY TELLER.—Quite a useful book, with hints on how to tell stories.

S.15.—TALES FOR BROWNIES.—Nearly all these tales are tellable, and will definitely appeal to any Brownie.

S.16.—THE BROWNIES, by Mrs. Ewing.—This book contains the original story of the

- Brownies, from which our own story, which we tell recruit, is adapted.
- S.17.—LISTEN, CHILDREN.—These stories, on the whole, are rather short but very attractive.
- S.17.—SANDMAN'S GOODNIGHT STORIES.—Rather short, but quite helpful.
- S.19.—THE OTHER SIDE OF NOWHERE, by T. Quin Darwin.—More use on a Brownie Holiday for reading to the children, as stories are very long.
- S.20.—WHIMSICAL STORIES TO TELL, by H. Williams.—A perfect book, as practically every story is tellable. Worth owning.
- S.21.—ENID BLYTTON BOOK OF FAIRIES.—These are lovely stories, each with a slight Nature touch which one does not observe until the story is told.
- S.22.—FIVE-MINUTE TALES, by Enid Blytton. These are again fascinating, as all books by this author are, but these stories are much shorter than the others.
- S.23.—TEN-MINUTE TALES, by Enid Blytton.—These are all absolutely fascinating stories of elves, pixies, etc., and no Brown Owl will want to stop until she has told them all.
- S.24.—FORTY GOOD MORNING TALES, by Rose Fyleman.—All very fascinating, but unfortunately very short. Could quite easily be adapted.

TO SAY AU REVOIR.

A happy evening was spent by Brown Owls on 10th March at Headquarters, when we met to say good-bye and good luck to Miss Ruth Scott, who leaves for England, via Canada, very soon. She hopes to visit an International Camp to be held in Lithuania.

CAMP HOUSE.

BROWNIE GUIDERS' EFFORT.

The Next effort by the Brownie Guiders to raise funds for the Camp House is to be a Jumble Sale to be held at the Prahran Town Hall on 6th May. Anything that you have that may be useful can be left at Headquarters after the 1st May or will be called for if you ring Miss Betty Casper, Windsor 1716, before that date.

—o—o—

H.U.T.H.O.

That means, Help Us To Help Others, but perhaps it will help YOU, too.

When the Companies resume meetings, there will be new Recruits who need outfits. If they are going to find it difficult to afford all the uniform required, don't forget that we have the HUTHO Depot, which can let you have second-hand uniforms very cheaply. We have hats, overalls, State Badges (Guide and Guider) belts, black shoes and stockings, odd Patrol emblems, whistles, lanyards, and so on. For Guiders we have a number of coat-frocks

(mostly buttoning down the front, but some the newer design), as well as coats and skirts.

In some cases the money for the sales of this equipment goes to the owners, but in most cases the proceeds of sales go to the Guild House Fund, so don't forget, will you?

When enquiring, please give details of sizes required, and possible prices; we can often adjust the prices to suit the purchaser, in necessitous cases.

F. V. BARFUS.

The conveners of the Jam Market in aid of the Guide House Fund wish to thank all members of the local Associations, Commissioners, Guiders, Rangers, Guides, Brownies, and friends of the Movement for their generous supply of jam. We also owe gratitude to those who packed the jam and brought it to Headquarters or despatched it from the country to Melbourne.

Our thanks are also due to the H.Q. Staff, who gave much assistance and volunteered to continue the sale until the jam was finished.

We are very grateful for the posters which were so attractively done by Miss Wettenhall and her helpers, and to shops and offices which displayed them.

Some of the more outlying divisions and districts decided to hold local sales instead of sending the jam a long distance to town. We will wait to hear the result of this excellent scheme before announcing the final result of the Market; we anticipate at least eight days' endowment, but hope for more!

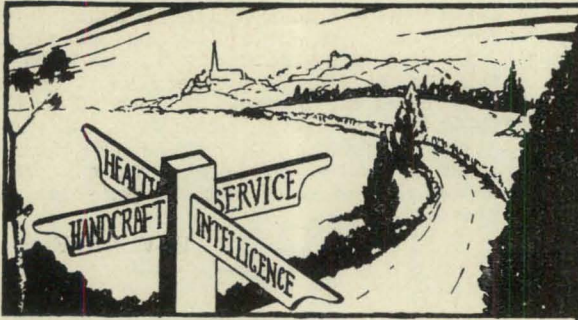
—G. A. BLACK.

EXTRACTS FROM TOURING RANGERS' LOG.

On a cold clear morning early in December, we left Port Madoc, and made the long run through Shrewsbury to Stafford-on-Avon. Low Jinks, after a four days' spell was "full of beans" and fortunately too, for in the higher places snow covered the fields and house-tops and made the world before us seem like a painting on an English Christmas card. It was touch and go whether we'd be able to climb one hill where the road was frozen over and as slippery as a sheet of glass, but all, with the exception of the driver, dismounted and with the aid of bags and all pushing valiantly at the rounded rear of the caravan, it flew over the top of the rise—what else could it do with all that weight behind it? The next glassy patch to be encountered was on a downward slope and gravel was being thrown on the road to make the car wheels grip. After alighting to admire the beauty of the scenery at this spot, "Professor" came running down the hillside to make up for lost time. It was a good intention but alas the way was slippery and a loud report echoed through the hills as she measured her length on the cold cold ground.

We were welcomed at Stratford by the

(Continued on Page 12.)



THE SIGN POST

GIRL GUIDE DAY.

May 24th, Empire Day, Girl Guide Day.

Few people take notice of the day, some are half-hearted.

Question: What do we want the day to be? How can we make it a real interest for the children?

Answer: We can clear away the mixture of motives that has grown up round the celebrations of the children; give them the opportunity to be spontaneous.

The failure of interest in this day is a small sign of danger.

Danger ahead, yes, great danger, if we block the imagination and resources of the children by committing Guides of this year to routine performances, because Guides of other years have joined in plans of other organisations.

All regular "days" have this danger. The Chief Guide was doubtful about the wisdom even of the Thinking Day Fund for fear it should commit children ahead as a matter of course. It is so fatally easy for the Court of Honour to say, "We always give our pennies this week to that," and leave it there.

I believe that, even with all the safeguards that are taken and all the personal interest that may be used, any fixed plan has this danger. Even the Christmas Stocking Trail has features that may make it an external route for many children.

1st.—It is suggested by adults. 2nd.—It is impersonal for many of the children taking part. We read such sentences as, "I wish you could have seen the letters from the children." But did each Guide who sent a stocking see a letter? Did each Guide who helped, take a stocking to the car? Children cannot imagine the joy in the slums if it is beyond their experience. 3rd.—Once a Company has taken part it makes a big pull upon the Guides afterwards, because adults can visualise disappointment if the act is not repeated. So the imagination and resources of Guides who have had no part in the first decision are committed for the future. 4th.—It diverts the impulse and resources of each Guide from doing something that she can find for herself, her own response to a demand upon her sympathy and service.

All through the community organisations are using the resources of the children for the moment, but I believe they are drying up the springs of service. Is it a little quick-return farming from the land and let the future take care of itself?

I have analysed what I believe to be certain dangers within one of the great schemes of our Movement, because it is all within the family. There is one society in Victoria which began before Guiding as a plan to encourage children to help others and prepare themselves to do so. At one stage adults "suggested" to the children that if all efforts were "directed" to one subject, some result would be "seen." The object is a splendid one, and has succeeded, but there are no children in the society. It is run by adults FOR children, and is not now a society OF children.

The Guide Way has endured because it is inspired with a genius for the instincts of children. Their imagination must be developed from the particular to the general.

In Guiding, adults help Guides to be ready to bring joy by teaching them and awarding them such badges as Toymaker and Knitter, then leaving to find for themselves the personal way to bring joy to others. To find a child who has few joys at Christmas, and take a toy and a garment to the house; to see the child up the lane hugging the doll she has dressed, or the boy wearing the scarf with local football colours she has put in for fun; these personal joys must be the basis for wider unseen acts of kindness, or the seed of service will wither because it is sown in stony ground and has no root.

Children do not think in terms of unseen masses. The Guides are children whom we are training, and we believe in them so sincerely that we are willing to strengthen their best impulses, make them able to make their own ideas come true, and leave them to build the future on that foundation.

The Ranger may be ready to choose a definite permanent job. The Guide needs to know what there is in the world to do before she finds some one thing that will appeal to her imagination. For her, the permanent part is the habit of responding on her own initiative to a chance for sympathy and service, and the enthusiasm to be ready for new opportunities.

So anniversaries and special occasions must be spontaneous if we are to celebrate them at all. The great rallies have their own inspiration; they are few and rare, and they should not any account be taken as examples of the more intimate and regular celebrations.

Now to be particular, and suggest the HOW.

(1) Conviction. Be convinced that the occasion is of value, and be prepared to give enough time, both your own and the Company's, for plans to be made.

(2) Start early. During April have a calendar with the date for Girl Guide Day marked. Let

the Court of Honour see it in time to ask about it and to tell their patrols about it. Suggest that any way of keeping the day might centre round the Guide Promise, our God, our King, our feeling of sisterhood, but give them time to think out how their own Company shall carry these out.

(3) Allow for all individual ideas. Any invitation from a Church or Town Council must be treated as an invitation direct to the Guides, discussed by them in Patrols, and answered by them after full discussion. Patrols may have different ideas, and they should have the opportunity to carry out their own. It should certainly mean two meetings of Patrols and two meetings of the Court of Honour to prepare ideas. The ideas of the Guides will be different from ours, and probably surprising, perhaps from our point of view unsuitable, but they will be a beginning, and the different ways that Companies have kept the day would be a good subject later for a district Patrol Leaders' "meeting."

(4) Example. Be interested in the day ourselves, not only as a mean to train Guides. Captain and Lieutenant could tell the Guides that they will be attending Church and wearing uniform that day. They could have a letter to another Guide of whom they are thinking on that day; they could bring a message from the Chief as something that they have liked. It is Guiders' Day as well as Guides' Day. do we sometimes forget to be Guides ourselves and so push instead of lead?

The spontaneous celebration demands more time and thought from the Guider than doing everything herself. Our ideal is masterly inactivity, and that is a very active form of activity indeed.

The basis of all spontaneity is the DEED A DAY. The more deeply I think of Guiding the more I am convinced that we lose our foundation when we are careless of it, and that from it, linked with our first promise, can spring the power to respond with courage and imagination to our highest ideals.

—G. H. SWINBURNE.

WEEK-END ON CYGNET ISLAND.

Island! The word has an enticing sound, whether the actual place be in the Pacific Ocean or merely Port Philip Bay—as ours was. Cygnet Island is its real name, though it is more popularly known as Mud Island—why I don't know as there is practically no mud there. It lies not far from and nearly opposite the Heads, and slightly north of a direct line between Sorrento and Queenscliff. From the Bay Steamer it looks like a line of bushes growing low down to the water.

Two Guiders were in a small party that visited it in January to see the birds—particularly the migratory waders, with which it is a much favoured spot.

From Queenscliff we went by motor launch the six miles to the island. However, the sand bank surrounding the island extends out so far that the launch has to anchor about 300 yards out, and you and your belongings have to be transhipped to a small dinghy from which in turn you have to wade the last 20 yards to the shore. As there were 11 in the party, the dinghy had to make several trips,

and the first boatload, containing some of the men, with the tents and the large 44 gallon drum of drinking water—there is no fresh water on the island—had a buccaneering look as, with trousers rolled up round their knees and bare feet, they rolled the drum of water (or was it rum?) with much labour up the sand.

In the dinghy we took off shoes and stockings, waded ashore, and got busy making things comfortable in the camp, which was in the largest patch of trees—mostly "currant bush" at the south-west corner of the island. Our next job was to collect armloads of the dried seaweed that lies high up on the beach—it is rather like dry grass, and makes a lovely bed to sleep on—sand gets very hard about 3 a.m. There was a cold wind blowing and rain was threatening, so tents were pitched. The two guiders had a tiny tent to themselves. It was precariously pitched, as it was hard to find suitable trees and wood, and inside there was just room for the two sleeping bags. It was warm and cosy, and though we expected the worst to happen every night, each morning found our tent still up, though leaning over at an angle.

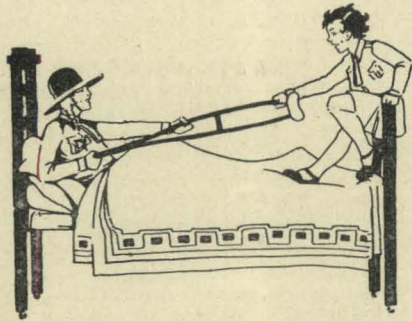
After tea, we set out about 9 p.m. to see the arrival at the nesting burrows of the white faced storm petrels—small greys birds, with (you would never guess!) white faces. Like the mutton birds they nest in tunnels in the ground, the chick is a ball of the softest, fluffy, pale grey down—covering even its eyes and little bill. The island in certain places is honeycombed with the burrows, which have increased over the last few years, and it is difficult to walk without your foot going through the sand and breaking down the nest. There was not time after tea to become familiar with the geography of the island, and as the centre is a shallow lagoon, with the main rookeries on a third smaller island in the centre, we had to wade—and the experience of walking into the black water, not knowing how deep it was, in the dark, with a cold wind blowing and your clothes hunched up round you was an exciting one. But it was worth the inconvenience to see, by the light of the powerful torches, the lovely, silent flight of the little grey birds dropping down and finding their own burrows. They were affectionately known in the party as "the grey moths."

You must be prepared to wade at Cygnet Island. The fringe of island proper varies in width, and is 3 miles round, but you are in and out of the central lagoon all day. It varies in depth from a few inches to about 3 feet, and during the day time, it is very pleasant to paddle around in the warmish water. Sunburn lurks at the Island for the unwary—I don't know whether it is the sea wind, the constant wetting, or all combined that causes the bad burning, but all legs must be covered—hence you walk round in stockings and sand shoes. A plentiful supply of old stockings is desirable and they are disposed of before leaving for home. Our heroines had some very modish specimens in "gun-metal" shade, which looked most attractive when

covered (partly) with sand and salt water, and worn with (decrepit) brown shoes. Our costumes also included an ancient shapeless navy camp hat, washing dresses, and anything we could think of to prevent sunburn.

Fresh washing water was scarce, so for the week-end, we contended ourselves with cold creaming, scraping and re-plastering—and we did manage to avoid sunburning.

Sunday morning we were up with the sun, and in time to see several pelicans soaring over with their wonderful, effortless-looking flight. We had breakfasted, covered the mile to the north-east end of the island, and had crept up to the shallow sand banks left there with the receding tide, before 7 a.m.



Infantile Paralysis After-Care.

Miss Campbell has asked me to say how grateful she is for the response to her appeal for Extension Guiders.

Although we still need many more offers of help, it has already been possible to start three new Guide Post Companies and a new Extension Brownie Pack. These have absorbed a number of the children, but there are others anxiously awaiting their chance to join a Movement that enables them to "be like other children."

We would be very glad if a Brown Owl could regularly visit Yooralla School for Crippled Children, and run Brownie meetings. There are seven Post Brownies at the school, and it would give them great joy to have regular visits.

If anyone can help in ANY way, please write to Miss Campbell, 41 Spring street, Melbourne, C.1.

—JOAN ALSTON.

CAMPING.

"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons;

It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth."

—Walt. Whitman.

Unfortunately, "Matilda" goes to press before the final date of application for the Campcraft and Pioneer Badge courses, so we cannot give any interesting information about the numbers of applications and the Companies represented, etc., until next month, and by then the two courses should be in full swing.

I have been very glad to receive some helpful letters with comments on the last paragraph of

the Camping Notes in March "Matilda." (If you have not already read this, Do It Now—it is not too late!) Several Guiders are definite that the lack of applications for Guiders' Campcraft Weeks is due to the *time* they are usually held being inconvenient for many Guiders (e.g., the middle or end of January), and that the week from Christmas to New Year would be much more convenient. If you have any other suggestions, please write!

Don't forget to let us know about the following:—

The Ocean Grove Site.
Indoor Camp Test.
Pack Holiday Permit.
Quartermaster Test.

If you have forgotten what it is all about, look up last month's "Matilda."

—ELAINE E. MORAN,
Commissioner for Camping.

THE GUIDE SHOP.

POLICY, ORGANISATION, AND RULES. Price 1/-; postage 2d.

The new book for 1938 has just come to hand, and it contains numerous alterations which are vital to Brownies, Guides, and Rangers. The price of this has been reduced to 1/-, plus postage, and this entitles each purchaser to P.O. & R. and the Victorian Annual Report, which contains the local Victorian rules. We have a large stock of P.O. & R.'s, and it should be possible for all to obtain a copy.

NOW THAT YOU ARE A GUIDE. Price 1/6; postage 2d.

This is purely for Guides, and especially the new Guide. It contains a basis for thought on the Guide's attitude towards Guiding as a whole, her Tests, and her attitude towards the Company. This little book is an attempt to deal with the Spirit of Guiding. There is another side to our great Movement besides learning to tie knots, rendering First Aid, and so on. It is written for new Guides and old, and is a good thing for the Captain to keep in her possession and to lend out to each member of her Company. It gives food for thought.

HIKING AND LIGHTWEIGHT CAMPING. Price 10d.; postage 1d.

Now that so many people are doing lightweight Camping, this book is a very welcome addition to all those who wish to be truly efficient. It is very nicely illustrated, and gives lots of bright ideas.

SINGING GAMES FOR RECREATION, Book 2. Price 1/3; postage 1d.

Book 1 has already been written up in this magazine, and now Book 2 has come to hand. It contains the following Singing Games:—

The Gay Musicians.
Hey, Little Lassie.
Sandy Land.
Duck of the Meadow.
The Noble Duke of York.
The Roundabout.
Skip to My Lou.
Little Red Handkerchief.

The music and the detailed description are good. These games come from Czechoslovakia,

America, Sweden, Russia, and England. They are simple and easy to learn.

YOURSELF AND YOUR BODY. Price 5/3; postage 3d.

Written by the famous Labrador doctor, Sir Wilfred Grenfell. It tells how the body is made and how it works. There are over 200 interesting illustrations, and it is told in story fashion. This book should be on every Company bookshelf, as it supplies the information which every Guide should have concerning health and her attitude towards it.

STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE. Price 6/9; postage 3d.

The author of this book has visited every country in the world and has obtained a delightful collection of stories, and at the end of each she has given a summing up, and suggestions as to how these stories can be acted.

WALL CHARTS. Price 6d; postage 1d.

A collection of Wall Charts has come to hand, and these are illustrated and give very good directions.

- (1) *Fires For Cooking.* How to make them, and cooking utensils used.
- (2) *The Compass.* Its degrees and points. Every Watch a Compass.
- (3) *Discovery.* If you want to explore your district, these are the things to find out. The questions a real Explorer has to bear in mind and answer. There is just as much to discover in your district as there is in the African forests, the deserts of Asia, or at the North Pole. Then this delightful Chart gives a series of questions under different headings. This is an extremely good Wall Chart, and could be made into a form of competition. It would need small adaptations, but is very easily applicable to Australian conditions.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

- (1) Of the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide together. Price 3/6; postage 1d.
- (2) Chief Scout. Price, 4/-; postage 1d.
- (3) Chief Guide. Price 4/-; postage 1d.

These are the latest photos. of the Chiefs. The first one taken together is a very happy photo., and the same can be said of the other two. These would be welcome additions to the decorations of the Company meeting place.

POSTERS.

We have a small stock of Girl Guide Posters which are very attractive, and could be used as a form of decoration or for propaganda, etc. The

prices are 4d. and 9d.

GUIDE CERTIFICATES. Price 6d; postage 1d.

These are very attractive certificates that can be given to Brownies, Guides, and Rangers for special events, and special appointments and special awards which have been issued by the Company. Any Guide would be quite happy and thrilled to bits to have one of these given to her.

—C. BROADHURST.

APPOINTMENTS.

Assistant Commissioner for Extensions: Miss Sydney Foot, 86 Collins street, C.1.

Division Commissioner, Barwon: Miss C.

McKellar, Bell Park, Geelong.

District Secretary, Dandenong: Miss O. Odgers, Foster street, Dandenong.

WARRANTS.

Lieutenants:

1st Hampton: Miss H. Johns.

1st Nauru: Miss V. Dillon.

CANCELLED.

District Secretary, Ballarat, etc.: Miss I. M. Elder.

Captain, 1st Hampton: Miss D. Hamilton.

AWARDS.

The following awards were made by Imperial Headquarters on Thinking Day, 1938:—

Special Service Badge: Miss F. V. Barfus.

Medal of Merit: Miss S. M. Cameron, Miss E. H. Purnell.

TRAINING.

BROWNIE TRAINING CLASSES.

A mistake was made in the notice published in the previous issue, the date being given wrongly. The first Browning Training Classes for the year will be in on Monday, 4th APRIL, in charge of Miss Hill.

GENERAL GUIDE TRAINING.

The second course will begin on Tuesday, 14th June, at the Guide Office, at 8 p.m.

—M. E. BUSH,

Commissioner for Training.



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Girls' Doctor Flannel SCHOOL BLAZERS

The ideal Blazer for School or College wear. Super quality Doctor Flannel in Navy. Finished with Silk Ribbon Binding. Specially Priced

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Tailored Fuji Silk SKIRT BLOUSES.

20in. to 27in., 7/11; 30in. to 33in., 8/6; 36in. to 39in., 8/11; 42in. to 45in., 9/11.

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LIMITED

Meetings of the Executive Committee of the Girl Guides Association, Victoria, were held on 3rd and 16th March, 1938.

3rd March, 1938.

Present, Lady Huntingfield, Lady Chauvel, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Littlejohn, Misses Bush, Purnell, and the Secretary.

16th March.

Present: Lady Chauvel, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Eadie, Mrs. Ebeling, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Littlejohn, Mrs. Tate, Misses Bush, Cameron, Purnell, Ritchie, Swinburne and the Secretary.

Resolved:

That H. E. Lady Gowrie be asked to represent Australia at the 10th World Conference.

That an alphabetical list be made of the organisations on which the Girl Guides Association is represented and that representatives be invited to meetings of the Executive Committee whenever there is a short agenda.

That a Thanks Badge be granted to Mrs. King, of Glengarry.

That the proposal from Lang Lang to purchase land for a joint Guide and Scout Hall be approved.

Reported.

That Miss Sydney Foott had agreed to be Assistant Commissioner for Extensions for 1938.

That a Meeting to discuss the World Conference questions has been arranged for 21st March, 1938.

That H. E. Lady Gowrie would be unable to represent Australia at the World Conference. Routine and financial business was discussed.
S. H. IRVING, State Secretary.

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EXTRACTS FROM TOURING RANGERS' LOG.

(Continued from Page 7).

Commissioner and Rangers, who soon had us round a cheery fire consuming tea and cake, which they seemed to produce from nowhere as if by magic. We enjoyed the privilege of sleeping in their hall during our stay at Stratford and in the daytime made excursions to Warwick and Tintern Abbey as well as seeing the sights of the city itself—these included Shakespeare's birthplace, the grammar school, the Holy Trinity Church where he was buried, and last but not least Ann Hathaway's cottage. A chance visit to the farm adjoining the last mentioned proved most entertaining as it possessed some old things of great interest—stocks, pillory, scold's bridge and even a cock-pit, which has been turned into a bathroom for camp girls! Shakespeare's Memorial Theatre erected in 1932, impressed us with its unusual design, it is said to be possible to see and hear from every seat in the building. From its roof a lovely view was had of the Avon, in one direction the church spire showing through leafless poplars and evergreens, and in the other direction the bridge and some

five or six swans floating serenely by made an unforgettable picture.

Reports of bad weather in the South whither we had intended heading caused an alteration in plans with the result that we chose the first promising day and went straight through to Foxlease. Crossing the Cotswold Hills was a chilly experience and Salisbury Plain quite verified the newspaper reports which declared that the blizzard which had passed over the country was the worst for sixty years. The only cleared place in the snowy expanse was the winding ribbon of road and the frozen snow which had been shovelled off was piled in heaps beside the wheel tracks. The sun had done its best to warm things for us but had only succeeded in melting the snow from the southern sides of the haystacks. Poor old Sol isn't allowed to show his face for very long here in winter and seems to set in nearly the same place as that in which he rose. From Salisbury to Lyndhurst we counted sixty odd telephone posts down—snapped off as cleanly as though a giant had thought they were match sticks, and the wires where the snow was still clinging to them in fluffy festoons appeared to be three or four inches in diameter.

How changed Foxlease seemed to be from when we spent a fortnight there in August, and what havoc the storm had wrought! Numbers of trees were broken down, and many others showed open wounds to the world where their branches had been stripped off.

(To be concluded next month.)

SCHOOL BLAZERS

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Blazers Tailored to
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In the best quality Velour
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Snows

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