

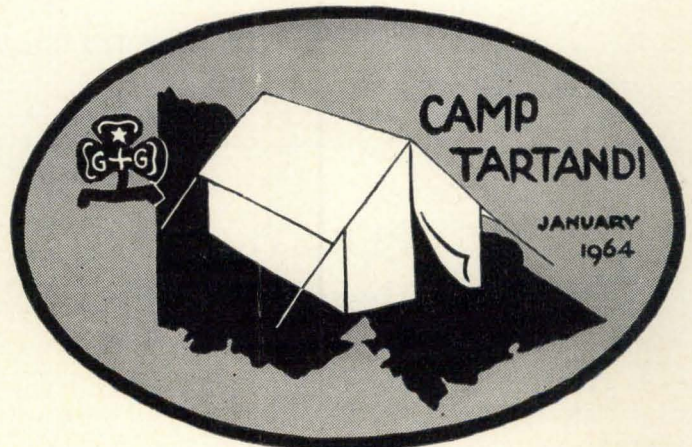
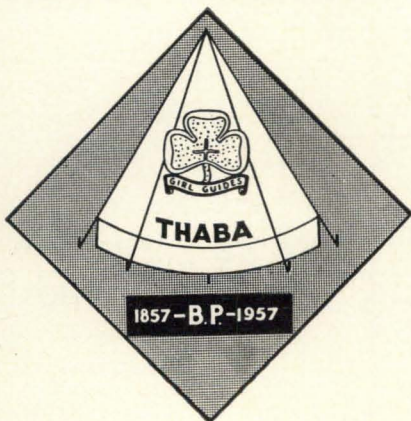
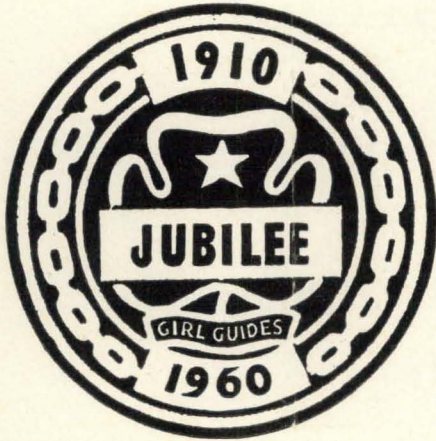
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Oct-1967

Registered at the G.P.O., Melbourne, for transmission by post as a periodical.
Subscription: \$1.50 per annum, 15 cents per copy.

MATILDA

VOLUME 45 No. 4
OCTOBER, 1967



A SPECIAL FUNCTION AT WHICH WE HOPE TO
SEE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS

OUR ANNUAL MEETING

TO BE HELD IN THE PRESENCE OF
LADY DELACOMBE
STATE PRESIDENT

Monday, 23rd October, 1967
ST. KILDA TOWN HALL, 8 p.m.



- LADY DELACOMBE, *State President,*
will officially open the meeting.
- MRS. J. R. PRICE, *State Commissioner,*
will present the report.
- DR. MARGARET BLACKWOOD, M.B.E.,
Ph.D.(Cantab.), M.Sc., A.T.T.I., Senior
Lecturer in Botany, Melbourne University,
will be Guest Speaker.
- SONGS BY THE GUIDE CHOIR.



REMEMBER—This is YOUR Annual Meeting—Do come
and hear these Interesting Speakers and meet your friends!

MATILDA

PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL GUIDES ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA
20 RUSSELL STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

(Temporary address — during rebuilding — c/o Ball & Welch Ltd., 180 Flinders Street, Melbourne, 3000)

STATE COMMISSIONER: MRS. J. R. PRICE • STATE SECRETARY: MISS B. MACARTNEY
ASSISTANT STATE COMMISSIONERS: MRS. R. E. GRAY, MRS. C. OSBOURN SHAVE
EDITOR: MISS MARGARET SHAW.

FROM THE STATE COMMISSIONER

Your State Commissioner-Designate, Mrs. Renshaw Jones, continues to get to know more and more of you in your working groups, as well as individually, as the weeks go by.

On **2nd August** she attended the meeting of Region Commissioners, to which I was delighted to welcome also Mrs. Urquhart, newly appointed to the Barwon Region. Our State International Representative, Mrs. Farrow, thoughtfully arranged for the two Senior Girl Scouts from the U.S.A., visiting Victoria on the way to the Ranger Safari in Central Australia, to have lunch with us — a much appreciated opportunity to offer them personal greetings from every corner of the State as well as to exchange information.

4th: The first Advisers' meeting attended by Mrs. Renshaw Jones, and the first, too, for Mrs. Chamberlain, Ranger Branch Adviser.

5th: I hope many of you participated in and enjoyed the 10th Jamboree-of-the-Air along with our brother Scouts, for whom it was a very special event, coinciding with their 12th World Jamboree in Idaho, U.S.A., and their Diamond Jubilee Year.

10th: Although there was a note of sadness behind our enjoyment, we appreciated Mrs. Farrow's invitation to lunch with our American visitors and their hostesses on the day of their departure from Melbourne. Both they and we felt that they "belonged" even after such a short time with us.

14th-18th: And then to Sydney for the Australian Executive meeting, for which I had been briefed so responsibly and thoroughly by the Executive Committee. It was a great

pleasure to introduce my successor to her colleagues at Australian level as well as it being a splendid opportunity for her to observe the procedure of this meeting.

We both regretted missing the Open Day for Commissioners at H.Q., but were conscious of an active interchange of thoughts between 20 Russell Street and "Glengarry".

22nd: A very nice welcome home with the meeting of Division Commissioners.

23rd: To make up for the week away from home, meetings of the Boundaries and Finance Sub-Committees were concertina-d into this day. Over and above the normal business of the latter, we received the detailed statements of our present financial position and the budget for 1967-68 from the Hon. Treasurer for discussion and recommendation via the Executive Committee to the State Council, and so for presentation in our Annual Report. I look forward to the feeling of satisfaction — without complacency, of course — and confidence in the future that you, who have all worked so hard to make this possible, will experience when you, too, have seen these figures.

Less than 24 hours after she had concluded her chairing of the Australian Executive meeting, our Chief Commissioner came to Melbourne to represent the World Association at the Y.W.C.A. World Council meeting, held at Monash University. I was privileged to represent the Association in Victoria at the Parliamentary Reception given in honour of the delegates to this Council, and was delighted to meet our "Chief" so soon again as well as the many interesting women from so many countries, thus welcomed by the Premier and State Government.

24th: A further international pleasure — Mrs. Gould enabled us to meet over morning coffee the two Korean Senior Scouts to whom she was “mother” during their stay in Melbourne, en route to the Central Australian Safari also.

Mrs. Buntine and I managed to sneak an over-lunch Guide chat near Monash, between sessions of her conference and before my Executive meeting.

30th and 31st: As Mrs. Buntine was obliged to return to Sydney before the conclusion of the Y.W.C.A. Council meeting, I was granted the privilege of occupying her seat for these last two days — a most interesting experience.

During the month I have been aware of it being the last time that a number of the meetings held would take place in our present building — with a twinge of sadness, but with even greater anticipation of better conditions for the future, as the detailed planning for our new building has progressed rapidly. Indeed by the time this letter reaches you we will have vacated 20 Russell Street, and will be conducting our business affairs under the convenient and co-operative roof of Ball & Welch Ltd., thanks to the initiative of Mrs. Stuart McKay, followed up by Mr. R. E. Gregory, our Hon. Treasurer, on behalf of the Association.

Joyce B. Price



EXECUTIVE NOTES FOR AUGUST, 1967

Again this month we seemed to be talking figures

Numbers of Sub-Committees of the Executive Committee — and there are several of these dealing with all sorts of activities, as you will have read among the series, “Know Your Committees”, which has been appearing in recent issues of “Matilda”.

Numbers of members on the Executive Committee and the State Council, for now is the time of elections for these bodies.

Figures relating to space — both that in the new H.Q. building, which will start to go up soon, and that in the transition accommodation which has been so kindly made available to H.Q. shop and offices by Ball & Welch.

And perhaps most important at this time of the year — the final figures for the financial year 1966-67 and the budget to which we will work in 1967-68. The Guide Association is very fortunate that its finances are watched carefully by the Hon. Treasurer and his Finance Committee — accurate forecasting is not easy in these days of continually rising, and varying costs and accounting for the many and extremely varied facets of the Guide Movement is even more complex. I wonder if we realise how much experience in how many fields we expect our H.Q. staff members to have sometimes?

Figures relating to dates were important, too — for with rebuilding imminent it has been necessary to look for alternative accommodation for meetings, and so dates of meetings are important that the necessary arrangements may be made.

Numbers, figures — yes, but behind them all stand the figures of the children — Brownies, Guides and Rangers — those whom we hope will benefit from our budgeting and figuring.

STATEMENT BY THE WORLD COMMITTEE

(Adopted by the World Committee of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, April, 1967; following the 19th World Conference of the World Association in October, 1966.)

THE WORLD COMMITTEE

Taking into account the emphasis placed by the 19th World Conference, both on the role which it is felt that the Girl Guide/Girl Scout Movement can play in contributing to out-of-school education, to community development and to an awakening of a sense of civic responsibility in its members, and the importance of further developing and expanding the Movement,

Considering that Guiding/Girl Scouting has for more than half a century trained and encouraged the young to take on responsibilities of leadership in their communities and that these young people have actively co-operated in many countries in such fields of development as the Campaigns for Literacy, Freedom from Hunger, Refugees, etc.,

Considering that the Girl Guide/Girl Scout Movement, with its membership of six million in 81 countries, has a positive contribution to make to the present United Nations programme, particularly in the field of education and the consequent promotion of the status of women,

WISHES TO CONFIRM the desire of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts to be closely and actively associated with those parts of the United Nations programme related to the aims of the Development Decade.

This Statement, short though it may seem, is in fact of great significance for the Guide/Girl Scout Movement. For the first time, the World Conference has expressed a formal desire to co-operate with the United Nations, and this should immediately strengthen the position of National Organisations who are trying to do just that.

For many years, Guides and Girl Scouts have carried out activities which, in some instances, were forerunners of the more massive government-backed, U.N.-sponsored programmes of assistance in their countries,

and in other instances have formed, and still do, a complement to these programmes. Among such activities one can cite with justifiable pride the strong emphasis on leadership training; the development of a sense of civic responsibility in our members in countries where women have often been forced to take second place; the strong emphasis on international friendship; the awakening of interest in work on the land and the development of rural areas; the deepening concern for the poor, the hungry, the illiterate and the refugees, a concern which is reflected in the Guide programme in many countries. For an organisation composed primarily of young members, it is an impressive list.

The Statement you see here serves to give it voice.

—The "Council Fire", July-Sept., 1967.



A LETTER FROM ICELAND

Dear Mrs. Renshaw Jones,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of 26th July.

You tell me good news, and I am sure the Australian Guides are very happy.

If I was able to write better English, I would like to say much more. I hope you know my meaning is good — of course, you could try to write Icelandic, and then!

I have been Guide Leader nearer 40 years. It is a long period (Chief Guide almost 20 years). I am tired now — I mean I would like to go over to the Guildes (old Guides and Scouts).

I hope there always can be good friendship between our Guides. I know there are difficulties, especially the language, and our people are not good writers — I mean, write letters. Let us hope for the best.

I was in Norway, Denmark and Finland in summer — had a month's holiday.

With all good wishes to you and your Guides,

—Hrefna Tynes, Reykjavik.

WORK PARTY — VICTORIA

The Work Party — who are its members? They do not represent Regions, Branches or any specific aspects of Guiding, but have been chosen for their individual ability and experience:—

Miss M. Owen—Sea Ranger Skipper, experienced in training and camping; a school teacher.

Mrs. D. Henshall—Brownie Guider and Brownie Trainer.

Mrs. R. Hepburn—Commissioner, dietitian, and teacher.

Miss Janet Cole—Cadet; represented Australia at the U.S.A. All-States Camp; student at Monash University.

Miss M. Beaumont — ex-Commissioner, Guide and Ranger Guider, now working with a Scout District Advisory Panel; Assistant Secretary, Teachers' Union.

Mrs. H. W. Halligan, Guide Guider.



Study groups have been arranged, and we have discussed generally the questions of age groups and the various programmes.

We would like to know YOUR opinions — if you have been feeling that some changes were necessary, why not use just one stamp to let us know how you feel?

Age grouping — Brownie/Guide/Ranger programmes — the Law and Promise — Religious Policy — these are the subjects we are thinking of. ARE YOU THINKING, TOO?

We NEED the views and ideas of as many Commissioners — Captains — Tawny Owls — Lieutenants — Brown Owls — Ranger Guiders — Trefoil Guilders — Local Associations, etc., as possible NOW! Be behind us — or better — with us!



Questionnaire

The Work Party want to thank the hundreds of friends who have returned the questionnaire on the "Pleasures and Pressures of Guiding".

We would like also to thank those who attached extra sheets of comments and sug-

gestions and added thoughts to the Yes/No answers when they felt their answer was "Sometimes".

This was in the nature of an "introductory" feeler to get at your overall thoughts, and we have a considerable amount of material on which to work.

—Margaret Shaw,

44 Tooronga Road, East Hawthorn, 3123.



PUBLICATIONS '67

"The Pack and the Promise"

By Leonora Wilson

A Book for Guiders

In this handy-sized book, Brownie Guiders will find a very practical approach to their work as leaders of Brownie Packs. As its name implies, the book concentrates on weaving the Brownie Promise through many phases of games, activities, interests and all things to do with widening ideas for the Brownies. Suggestions for these activities have been contributed by many Brownie Guiders; and whilst it is not possible for all games to be workable in every Pack, this book is an excellent one to keep handy for ideas to guide you in the preparation of your Brownie programme.

A book worthy of a place in your library—available from the Guide Shop; 45 cents.

—Joan Purcell, Brown Owl, 2nd Yea Pack.

DEAR "MATILDA",

I have just reached the "half-way" mark of my visit to South Africa — and time is simply whizzing past since I was given such a wonderful send-off in Sydney from Margaret Curtis-Otter! The flight over was very good — touching down only in Perth and Mauritius, the plane arrived in Johannesburg 16 hours from take-off! Received a very warm welcome there from the Deputy Chief Commissioner, Mrs. Todd, and the Provincial Commissioner, Mrs. Welch; South Africa's Training Adviser, Miss Pauline Wills; and also Commissioners and husbands at a delightfully informal cheese and wine party.

I spent two weeks in the Transvaal, and in that time gave training sessions for both Brownie and Senior Branch Guiders, and spoke to members of L.A. in Johannesburg. My visit to Pretoria coincided with the date of our Victorian L.A. Conference, which gave me the opportunity to present a gift to the L.A. from one of our L.A.'s in the Western District. Apart from Guide functions, I was treated to a visit down a gold mine — the Venterspost West on the famous Rand Reef. It was indeed quite an adventure dropping to 6000ft. below sea level and all most interesting. On this tour I was shown the pouring of gold at the reduction plant, the aptitude tests for mine labour being conducted, and the location for the mine workers. The kitchen is a remarkable feature — all spotlessly clean and caters for about 12 distinct tribal food diets, including an upstairs brewery bubbling with ingredients of native beers!

I spent the next four weeks in Natal Province, and this, too, was packed with much to do — local trainings in and around Durban, also a weekend at "Fairfell", Natal's permanent campsite and Training Centre. Spent three days in Petermaritzburg giving trainings and talking to the L.A. Enjoyed my visits to the Sea Ranger Crews in Durban — especially rowing with S.R.S. "Sao Gabriel" on a beautiful sunny morning in the harbour! The sights and sounds of Durban are fascinating, with the colourful saris of the Indians and the rickshaw boys in a glorious winter climate. There was never a dull moment in this very busy port — especi-



ally with the comings and goings of so many ships diverted from Suez!

Joan Parry, Natal's Training Adviser, and her family very kindly invited me to a couple of wonderful days "rest" in the Drakensburg Mountains. We stayed at a "camp" in the Loteni Nature Reserve situated on the Loteni River, which rises in the "Burg" some 100 miles from Durban.

This Reserve "Camp" consists of permanent dwellings — African Rondavals — round houses made of cement with thatched roofing. A permanent staff provides all the cooking and guides. There were many lovely walks to enjoy, especially exciting was one to the caves to see bushmen paintings. I was really glad to have my walking boots for this delightful "rest" — it was most refreshing.

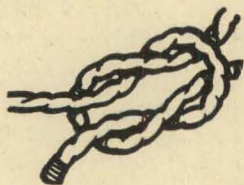
I visited Escort on my way back to Durban — a particularly interesting town in very rich farming country. Just before I left Natal, I visited Zululand, seeing the sugar cane covering part of the countryside for seemingly endless miles, but most exciting was a visit to the St. Lucia Estuary Reserve — a most fascinating expanse of water, apparently once abounding with bird life. Our Forester told us that so many birds had now disappeared from the area, and this seems to be due to the fact that a forest of trees was planted to deal with the swamp nature of part of the lake as a means of conservation. Once the water drained through the swamp to the sea very slowly, if much at all, but now it seems as if the water simply rushes out through the entrance and, of course, salt water flows back into the lake, upsetting the salinity content and making this unsuitable for the feeding habits of birds. However, we spent a very exciting time on the lake, sighting hippo and crocodile and a huge flock of pink flamingo

returning from a migratory visit — perhaps from Kenya.

I was then taken to Umfolozi Game Reserve, and this was all very breathtaking, actually seeing the game in a natural setting. One may be led to believe from T.V. documentaries showing African wildlife that the animals are standing by one after another to be seen! In fact, visitors may not leave the car in which you must travel, and sometimes it is hopeless to see any game at all. We had a superb African guide, who was very quick to help us when the animals were cleverly camouflaged, and even the great white rhino which are so big it would seem they could never be out of sight blend with the white-grey colouring of the thorn trees in very clever concealment from the untrained eye! We saw seven altogether in Umfolozi and also many, many wild buck, which are a joy to behold!

Best wishes and greetings to all.

Laurie Sharp.



TWO KOREAN GIRLS VISIT MELBOURNE

Stradbroke Cadets were asked to help entertain Hye Chung Kim and Kwang Ok Lee, two Korean Girl Scouts in Melbourne en route to the Ranger Central Australian Trip.

Our first effort was a barbeque at Mrs. Walker's place. For the Koreans this meant their first taste of lamb chops (Hye Chung didn't like the charcoal on the outside, but we explained that this was half the fun of a barbeque) and a shock introduction to some of our ways. After the barbeque we moved inside to dance. Once inside some people began dancing and others were sit-

ting around talking. In most cases, because of the lack of seating accommodation, girls were sitting on boys' knees. Kwang Ok and Hye Chung were so shocked — in Korea girls don't dance with boys until they are 18, and to sit on a boy's knee . . .! However, after an explanation that these things were acceptable here, Hye Chung braved the dance floor. One of the Rovers present took Hye Chung and taught her to dance. She turned out to be a "real swinger".

For us, the evening meant an introduction to two very charming girls, a better understanding of the Korean way of life, and a great deal of practice at getting our Australian tongues around their Korean names.

Next came our Cadet "Open Night", with special visitors in Kwang Ok and Hye Chung. Everybody assembled in Headquarters and we introduced Kwang Ok and Hye Chung. We then divided into groups to move around and look at various displays we had set up. Although we had slight difficulties in explaining some of the displays to the Koreans, they, and everybody else present, seemed to enjoy and appreciate our efforts.

The last item on our Open Night was a Mannequin Parade, the finale of which was our two Korean visitors modelling and explaining their Girl Scout uniforms and national costumes. This proved a great success and was much appreciated by us all.

A visit to Healesville Wildlife Sanctuary was the next item on the itinerary. Robyn and Jenny went with the girls on this trip, and on the way up we began to teach the girls some Australian songs. They, in return, sang quite a few Korean songs for us, but again our Australian tongues let us down.

The cockatoos were the first things we saw and, although the girls were greatly excited about talking to the birds (especially Kwang Ok when, on leaving, one of the birds said "goodbye" to her), and seeing all the other strange and exciting animals, none captured their imaginations like the kangaroos and the wallabies.

Kwang Ok became so excited at one stage that we thought she would burst. She was taking a movie of some wallabies, when suddenly a small head appeared out of a pouch.

The tiny Joey jumped out of the pouch, hopped around the grass, and then dived back into the pouch. Kwang Ok captured all this on film and was so thrilled she nearly dropped her camera.

Inside the kangaroo enclosure, where all the kangaroos had Joeys, Kwang Ok and Hye Chung patted and cuddled and chatted (in Korean!) to the animals, and we had trouble in getting the girls going again. As you have probably guessed, the girls thoroughly enjoyed their trip to Healesville.

Do you know that in Korea they don't have "swings and slides"? Well, after taking the girls to Middle Brighton Beach, where we ran out on to the pier, we tried to explain what buoys are (oh, did this test my English!), spent some time watching a motor boat skimming across the water, and ran and played on the sand, we headed for Elwood Park. Once there we played on the large slippery dip, swung on the swings, whizzed around on the hurdy gurdy, climbed on the jungle jim, hung upside down on the monkey bars, and taught the girls to do cartwheels. Maree and I had forgotten how much fun this sort of thing is, and Kwang Ok and Hye Chung probably enjoyed this as much as, if not more than, anything else we did.

10.30 p.m. on Wednesday saw Robyn, Jenny, Maree and the girls all set for a game of squash. About half an hour of giggling, squealing and much wild swinging we all eventually mastered the art of hitting the minute black ball. The rest of the night was spent in playing games against each other, and while nobody knows who won any of them we again had a great time.

On leaving Melbourne, one of Hye Chung's parting comments was, "I'm going back to Korea to get rich. I'm going to make and sell playground equipment and build squash courts everywhere" — an indication of their enjoyment, I think!



INTERNATIONAL VISITORS

New Zealand: Hamilton District were thrilled with the visit of Shona Hodgkinson, from Hastings, New Zealand.

After afternoon tea with our Division Commissioner she went to visit the Brownies at Byaduk. Shona told the girls a Maori legend and taught them a war dance — even Madam Commissioner can do it now!

We drove to Yambuk and had lunch on the sand dunes, and then on to Port Fairy and the shark pool. Shona met 1st Hamilton and 1st Byaduk Guides, and the combined Brownie Packs, as well as visiting Hamilton's famed art gallery. The Rangers visited Shona, too.

Perhaps the highlight of the visit was a real Australian barbeque in the Grampians with billy tea. Shona saw her first "wild" emus and managed to get close enough for photos. The wildflowers were not all out, but there were enough to let us imagine what it would be like in another month.

We loved having Shona with us, and do hope she thoroughly enjoys the safari in Central Australia — certainly a vastly different area of our country to the lush Western District, even allowing for the drought!

—P. Ward.



Korea: The two Korean Girl Scouts visited Waverley Division — meeting with the older Guides and Rangers. We had a very interesting discussion with them on Girl Scouting in Korea and Girl Guiding in Australia; and then they showed us some most interesting slides of Korea. During supper many of us were able to speak to the Korean girls personally, and this gave us a thrill, too. It was a wonderfully interesting evening.

—Gillian Davies, A.R.F. "Skylark".

Letters to "Matilda"

DEAR "MATILDA",

Plan Evergreen, or Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

What has happened to Plan Evergreen? It is a great pity, but it seems to have disappeared from the Guiding scene — as the name indicates, it should be with us for ever. At a time when Guiding activities are being viewed with a new approach, wouldn't there be scope for Plan Evergreen in our out-of-doors programme, seen not so much from the anti-litter angle, but in the light of conservation and preservation of nature in Group (Patrol) enterprises?

—T.K.

A Challenge?

Do we in Australia really meet the challenge of Guiding by entering sufficiently into community and social service projects? This was a question I asked myself after viewing the film, "Into a Wider World", and again, when talking recently to the two Senior Girl Scouts from the U.S.A. and hearing of all their social service work.

How interesting it was to hear Mrs. Barratt (Division Commissioner, Melbourne) speaking of her special project, the Trefoil Guild, at our Division Guiders' meeting recently. Here is a worthy community project we can surely help. I am sure that most of you have heard, at least briefly, of this project, but if you want to hear more (and I can assure you it is well worth hearing), Mrs. Barratt will be only too happy to tell you of it. At our meeting, 50 Guiders sat enthralled as we first heard of Guiding in the inner suburbs and of the dedicated Guiders who travel many miles to give of their time to these girls in the densely populated areas. How we determined never to complain again about our trifling little problems! However, in these areas these children need more than just their Guiding activities. They and many, many more need somewhere to go after school instead of going home to an empty flat. They need companionship of the right kind, someone with a kind word to listen to their troubles, a quiet place to study and do homework, maybe a hot meal.

All these amenities Mrs. Barratt can envisage in this Club (and others to follow in other similar areas). What a really worthwhile project this is! We all felt so inspired after hearing these plans that we felt we should rush home to look out old ornaments, clothing, etc., for the Opportunity Shop, which is so magnificently raising money to start this Club. Have you noted the address where articles may be left?

Perhaps we really should think deeply about our third Guide Law and then go out and meet the challenge. I know Mrs. Barratt and helpers are — but are WE?

—J.Q.



STAMPS

The supply of good, used stamps has practically ceased, and at least three-quarters of the last few parcels received from Packs and Companies had either to be re-done or were discarded. It will be a great help if Guiders check packets before despatch. We could do with many more high value stamps, as well as one, two and three cents, also the three and four cents photogravure (sold at stamp vending machines). The ordinary 4c red is sold, soaked off, by weight; therefore is not a money-maker on its own. With the proposed increase to 5c in letter rate postage, the present yellow-tailed Thornbill may be replaced.

I appeal to all collectors of stamps to please send in all old currency stamps, as there are many packets needing a few more to make up the 100 required for selling.

Save stamps, soak off old paper and gum, sort, and pack flat into envelopes (window faced if possible), but remember that bent, crumpled, torn or dirty stamps cannot be sold, so discard them. Post parcels to me at 12 Cowderoy Street, St. Kilda, 3182.

—Lorna E. Cuzens.

MANNINGHAM ROAD DIVISION

Division Guiders' Weekend

Summary: Theme for the weekend (and for our year's activities) — "Climb Every Mountain".

On Friday evening we were just at the foothills, "preparing for the climb". In our Patrols we discussed and reported back on three questions: (a) Why did we come to camp; (b) what did we expect to get from it; and (c) how can we help each other to climb the mountain of Guiding? At the end of this session, when the results of our discussions were pinned up on the walls, our Division Commissioner made the point, "That's what we've SAID . . . Let's see how we go!"

To bed all over the house—on the couches, on Li-Lo's, on the floor . . . such lovely scrubbed, smiling faces, and very interesting to see what happens to everyone's HAIR at night time!

Next morning we were "Checking Our Equipment". This role play of a Guiders' Meeting meant we were all involved in a real situation, which stimulated much discussion and made us more aware of our sensitivity — or lack of it — and of how each person, by their behaviour, helps or hinders the aim of the group.

"Obstacles to Climbing the Mountain" found each group contributing the very same thoughts . . . our main obstacles were lack of time; the family vs. Guiding conflict; loss of enthusiasm; difficulty of communication between Guiders and Guides and Brownies, etc.

After lunch, Mrs. Grace Allen, Commissioner for Bulleen, led us into a "Quiet Time" by reading from Michel Quoist's book, "Prayers of Life". This completely silent half-hour was a great boon in the midst of such a busy day — it was very, very quiet — some Guiders rested or read, while others sketched or went for a walk.

Then — "Fuel for the Climb". Discussion on (a) what do we as Guiders need to reach the peak of the mountain of Guiding?; and (b) how can we attain these needs? certainly deepened our thinking, and gave us more understanding of ourselves and others.

Points brought out included: Our mutual inter-dependence; the necessity for change and growth; the importance of CARING. At this point perhaps we were a bit overwhelmed by our discoveries — I must say I felt as if I'd discovered the Abominable Snowman . . . and it was ME!

This was a good time to stop climbing, make camp, and to relax over tea. We were delighted that our Region Commissioner, Mrs. Aileen Horsfall, came to visit us for tea and was able to share in our evening of fun. I have never before heard such laughter — we all appreciated this time of music and fellowship and joy together.

Up early on Sunday, as many of us went with our Catholic Guiders to 7 a.m. Mass at the Monastery. This was an especially rewarding time, sharing worship together and walking home feeling peaceful and refreshed — and very, very near to one another.

After breakfast, "The Stiffest Climb" — public relations! In groups we discussed: (a) What is the image of Guiding in our community?; and (b) where do we go from here? On the whole, we felt there was not a great deal of knowledge of the Movement in the general community and that the Guiding "image" lacked impact. People generally thought of it as something quite good for children — perhaps a bit dull? Regarding (b), suggestions included giving service to the community where possible; making the most of **ourselves** and so reflecting Guiding through our own personalities; and more articles for the press, local newsletters, etc., written from our own experiences — sharing our thoughts on Guiding.



Then our Guides' Own — and we were grateful to Rae Cock for speaking to us of her experiences at the Group Life Laboratory.

After lunch, "The Unexplored Peak" — Open Forum on our pet hates and our pet loves of Guiding, and during this final ses-

sion we also tried to find answers to all those curly ones in the Question Box.

At the conclusion of our weekend together I'm sure we'd all agree that we've had a climb that challenged us — and tried us out — and that was very worthwhile . . . a journey of exploration and discovery that we wouldn't have missed for worlds.

—Shirley Simmons,
District Commissioner, Templestowe.



Would you come to a Guiders' weekend? H'm, I'd like to, but what about David? Who would prepare the formula and change nappies? No — I don't think I could manage it. But perhaps I should ask the family about it. "Yes, go on," said my husband. "You might as well." "Yes, Mum," said Mark. "You'd enjoy it." (He having just come home from a camping weekend with the Scouts!). Janet, my Brownie, assured me she would do the cooking.

So on Friday evening, after much rushing about, I set off for my Guiders' weekend with Terry (our Brown Owl). Oh, what a marvellous weekend it was! One that neither of us will forget for a long while.

We started along the bumpy road to Rae Cock's beautiful home, and we were warmly welcomed by Glenice Soderlund, Commissioner of Doncaster District, and Guider-in-Charge for the weekend. We were the first to arrive, but soon we were surrounded by about 30 blue figures, all chattering and laughing together. Meeting Guiders from the other two Districts was beaut. We both feel much closer to them all now and that we have a better understanding of each other.

We found it was terrific getting away the usual hubbub — and marvellous to have time to look and talk only of Guiding and our relationships and responsibilities in Guiding. The talks we had were very invigorating and rewarding, and showed us, as fairly new Guiders, the true and deep meaning of Guiding. This helped us to look forward to a long and happy lifetime as Guiders. It was wonderful to share our thoughts and ideals. The Commissioner's did a great job in preparing for the weekend, not only by providing well for our physical needs, but

also in the thoughtful way they had prepared the programme — the discussion groups brought much serious talk, but there was time for fun as well.

We had both felt rather doubtful about going to this weekend, but when we got home we realised we had gained a very great deal indeed.

—Barbara Gurry (mother of five),
Tawny Owl, 3rd Templestowe Brownies.
—Terry Liddell (mother of four),
Brown Owl.



IS THIS YOU OR ME?

I heard a story recently of a friend who was working in a very busy city office. People continually called in and the phone ran hot all day. The boss wanted things done in a hurry, and this day her timetable was more chaotic than usual. At the end of the day, hoping to relax over dinner, the girl bowed her head and instead of giving God thanks for the food before her, gave Him her phone number instead!

This may tickle your sense of humour, but how often have you done much the same thing?

I wonder how often we stop and try to assess how effective our busy-ness is? It's all too easy for each to be caught up with meetings, committees and functions and live at such a breakneck pace that people can't see us for dust.

Surely the hymn writer knew a thing or two when he wrote:

"Drop Thy still dews of quietness

Till all our strivings cease.

Take from our souls the strain and stress,

And let our ordered lives confess

The beauty of Thy peace."

—From the "Presbyterian
Missionary Chronicle".

FORTY YEARS ON . . .



—Block by courtesy of the "Moorabbin Standard".

"You haven't changed a bit," was the quite sincere comment that went the rounds of the 130 ex-Guides who joined present members of the 1st Cheltenham Guide Company, at the 40th birthday reunion at the Cheltenham Guide Hall.

A "living link" of past and present was Mrs. I. Burnell, now Captain of the 1st Cheltenham Company, who was one of its Guides 40 years ago and has had a continuous association with it ever since.

It was fitting that Mrs. Burnell should, at this reunion, receive her Long Service Ribbon for service as a Warranted Guider.

She organised the reunion and must have been delighted with its success.

Guests came from all over Melbourne and

many country centres, one travelling from N.S.W. for the occasion.

The evening began with a welcome to all from the District Commissioner, who then introduced a speaker on the Trefoil Guild. Tea followed, prepared and served by Cheltenham Local Association.

Division Commissioner, Mrs. Bartram, and Miss Cooper, a former Commissioner, helped light the candles on the birthday cake. The last four Guides to be enrolled blew them out as Mrs. Graham, a former Captain, cut the cake, with cheers from all present.

Greetings from ex-members now living all over Melbourne and from all States, England and America were read. A tree was presented to the Company by the L.A. in honour of the occasion, and will be planted at the Hall.

40th BIRTHDAY PARTY

A birthday party can be exciting at any time, but when the occasion celebrates 40 years of Guiding it is something special.

2nd Prahran Guide Company's Registration Certificate is dated 19th July, 1927 — since then the name has been changed a time or two — 3rd Melbourne and now 3rd Wattle Park — but Guides and ex-Brownies, Guides, Rangers and Guiders ranging over the past 40 years gathered together at the R.V.I.B., St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, to celebrate, one ex-Guide having come all the way from Sydney.

Miss L. Hooper, Brown Owl of the first Pack at the Institute, was present, as was Miss A. Campbell, Victoria's first Commissioner for Extensions.

Victoria's present Extension Adviser, Miss N. Young, who had come from Bendigo, was accompanied by one of her assistants, Miss D. Kane, and the Extension Secretary, Miss A. Cockerell (an ex-Captain of the Company); the number of guests totalled about 150.

The Guides had not bargained for the "Do you remembers" that come with such a reunion. However, guests were entertained by the Guides when they held their "campfire", and everyone agreed that the Campfire Badge which the Company had received last year had been well earned.

Miss Campbell and Miss Young each expressed their congratulations to the Company, their pleasure at being present at this very happy party, and wished the Company every success for the future.

Two ex-Guiders, Misses Nancy Martin and Susan Harrison, from Belfast, Northern Ireland, sent a message of congratulation.

A beautifully decorated birthday cake was "lit and cut" by members of the present Company, and after supper had been partaken of, it was with great reluctance that guests drifted homewards.

Thank you, 3rd Wattle Park, for a very lovely party.

—A.C.

INTEREST RETAINED IN GUIDING

Mrs. J. Langley, President of the Local Association at Coleraine, welcomed a large attendance to the 45th Annual Meeting, when visitors came from other Districts and local organisations.

Mrs. Langley read a letter from England written by Mrs. Samuel Winter-Cooke, who was the first Division Commissioner when Guiding started in the area in 1922.

Telegrams and letters of good wishes were read from many people who had been in Guiding over the years.

Mrs. H. Hanlon, one of the early Secretaries, read the minutes of the first meeting held in 1922, and a request was made for more parents of Guides and Brownies to take a more active part in the Local Association.

Guides of 1st Coleraine then put on a short play, which was enjoyed by all present.

Miss Abbott, of Hamilton, was welcomed as the guest speaker.

Speaking of the "good old days" of the first Guides at Wannan, she told those present of many humorous incidents with the tent "Sametta" and the hip and saucer-type baths.

Miss Abbott went on to speak of her trip to England some years back when she visited such places as Brownsea Island, where Lord Baden-Powell started Scouting, and also lovely spots in Scotland.

Thanks were extended to fathers, husbands, brothers, etc., for their help and cooperation in helping the womenfolk as Leaders.

Mrs. J. Nash, a former Commissioner, also spoke of the good old days and congratulated Coleraine.

Mrs. Stone, Region Commissioner, then lit the candles on the beautifully decorated cake, iced in white and finished with Guide and L.A. motifs and ribbons in blue, silver and gold.

Miss K. Yeomans, Division Commissioner, fanned out the candles and Miss Abbott cut the cake.

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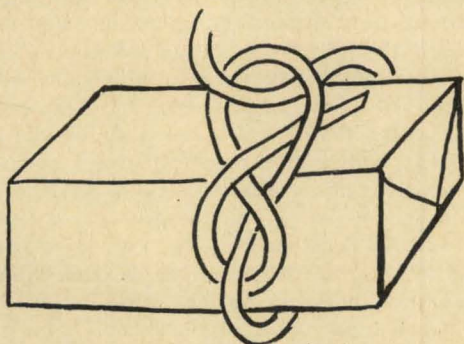
TRAINING PAGES



PRESENTING GOLDEN HAND ACTIVITIES IN THE PACK

PARCEL TYING

In addition to the knots learned for Golden Bar, another knot must be learned to tie up a parcel securely. A Golden Bar Brownie needs to know how to join cords of equal and different thicknesses and how to tie an end to a post. Next we teach her a slip knot which, when pulled, will tighten around whatever it is tied to. A Packer's Knot is a



good one to teach, although any satisfactory slip knot may be used for parcel tying. (None of these knots must ever be tied around a person or animal.)

Knot Giants' Caves

Have cards marked "Reef Knot Cave", "Sheetbend Cave", "Round Turn and two Half Hitches Cave" and "Packer's Knot Cave" placed at intervals with the necessary cords, ropes, posts and boxes on hand at each cave. One Guider is a good fairy, the other or Pack Leader, is a knot giant who chases the Brownies and puts them in his caves. Each Brownie in a cave tries to tie that knot, and if she can show it correctly tied when he comes again the giant must release her (after she has untied her knot). The good fairy shows anyone who is "stuck". If there are two Guiders and a Pack Leader, have either two giants or two good fairies, depending on how good the Brownies are at knots. Start by only putting prisoners into caves whose knots they should know, but anyone who seems up to it

can go into another cave to be taught that knot when the fairy comes round.

Having mastered the slip knot, the next stage is to use it on a parcel.

Parcel Around the World

Brownies tie up a parcel each, then take their parcels to another Brownie acting as the Post Office. The Brownie handing in the parcel has to tell the Post Office to which country it is being sent. The Brownie then becomes that country.

Parcels received by the Post Office are then sent around the world airmail (thrown around and across the circle) one at a time. The object is to see how many parcels reach their destination safely.

* * *

MESSAGE CARRYING

For a Brownie to deliver a message correctly she must be able to remember it. A game to develop the ability to listen and remember is—

Bewitched Princess

A witch has put her spell over the princess so she will sleep until a lot of charms are placed around her in exactly the right order. The princess is dreaming about the charms needed to rescue her, and whispering them over and over in her sleep.

The Guiders decide beforehand what charms will be required, with as many short lists as there are Brownies in the largest Six. The Guider running the game has a copy, but it is better if the princess can remember them, as it rather spoils the effect if she is seen consulting a list in her sleep!

The Sixes are out of earshot at equal distances and in different directions from the princess, with the required charms available to them. (Beads and buttons are jewels of different colours and milk bottle tops shaped around pencils are bars of gold and silver. Out of doors, leaves, blades of grass, sticks, etc., may be used as the charms.)

One Brownie from each Six goes to the princess, who repeats the first list several

times with a pause between each — two red jewels, four silver bars and one blue jewel. When the Brownie is sure of the message she runs and repeats it to her Six, who arrange the charms as listed, then all stand. The first Six with the correct charms place them in that order beside the princess, then run back to their Six position. Then another lot of Brownies listen as the princess whispers the next list. Repeat until all have had a turn and the circle of charms is complete. Then the princess wakes and plays with the Brownies.

* * *

Another popular message game is:—

Going Shopping

Equipment: Pictures, mounted on card, of articles that can be bought in a supermarket.

These are scattered at one end of the hall. The Brownies are at the other end of the hall, in pairs, naming themselves "Mother" and "Daughter".

"Mother" goes to Guider for a shopping list (a small card with three or four things printed on it). When the word is given, "Mother" reads the list to "Daughter", who runs to the supermarket, finds the shopping, and takes it back to "Mother" to be checked. If correct they could be given a token, if you wish.

After a suitable length of time, Guider calls "shop's shut" to cope with stragglers. The Brownies then change their character with their partner.

With some children who are very slow — these children can be given lists with only three articles to purchase, compared with four on the other lists.

* * *

A quieter game, but just as much fun, is:—

Whispered Messages

Each Six numbers off, with the Six standing in a straight line behind their No. 2. The No. 1's stand at the other end of the hall and are each given a message by a Guider or Pack Leader. When they all have their message they run to the middle of the hall and No. 2 runs to get the message from them. No. 2 then moves to the far end of the hall, away from the Six; and No. 3 runs to No. 2

and receives the message. No. 2 joins No. 1 in the middle of the hall, while No. 4 runs to get the message from No. 3. The winning team is the first team standing in a straight line in order in the middle of the room which is able to produce a correct version of the message from the last member of the team.

* * *

THE RANGER AS A PHOTOGRAPHER (Concluding)

Landscapes, Children and Animals —
the three favourite subjects of most amateur photographers!

Following on the tips about landscape photography I gave in last "Matilda", here are a few more suggestions. Beware of too-big subjects, however impressive they may be to the eye; it is better to concentrate on less ambitious scenery nearer to your lens. The time of day and the light available will alter the effect, so if circumstances permit watch for the best time, perhaps when light and shade are equally distributed, or when the sun highlights a particular spot. A certain locality may be better at early morning or towards evening; a snow-capped mountain may be most striking as the sun sinks behind it. Late afternoon sun produces interesting shadow effects, giving contrast and a more dimensional result than the flat midday light. Landscape colour is deceptive, and distant scenes can be very disappointing whether with black and white or colour film; early morning or late evening is often best for these, and the angle you take it can be very important.

Almost everyone likes photographs of children, but not all children like to be photographed! The golden rule is patience. Set up the scene, adjust your camera (except for the focus, which may have to be altered as the child moves), and then **wait until the child is happy**. If it is a baby old enough to move about you may have to take the picture somewhere else entirely because you will only upset it by continually dumping it back in the spot you have chosen. You may get a cute picture of a crying child, but you could build up a fear-resistance to any future photographic sessions. With young children a high chair or pusher or anything else that will confine the subject to a limited area is a great help, or a "photographer's assistant" may play with the child and fix its interest

while you wait and watch for just the expression you want to capture.

Bright sunlight is not ideal for any portrait photography, whether the subject is a child or an adult. It is much better to take the picture in a good indoor light or on a dull day. In bright sunlight the subject will be squinting into the light and there will be sharp shadows under the eyebrows and nose and chin. These can be eliminated by using a flash. You will notice that press photographers use a flashlight for all portrait pictures, even on the brightest days, for this very reason. Don't be afraid to use a flash. The procedure is quite simple and the equipment inexpensive — and just think what fields it opens up in child photography! Baby in his bath, having his tea, playing with the cat, and even asleep in his cot — these are the pictures someone will treasure!

Taking good photos of animals — as distinct from just taking photos of animals — can be even more exasperating than taking photos of children. If the subject is a cat, my advice is to take it as it is, not to try and pose it; once a cat grasps the fact that you want it to stay in a particular place it will go any place else — but not there. Don't take a close-up of an animal facing you, because you will find the head looks far too big and the body far too small — a phenomenon called "foreshortening". If you want to take the head full face, have the animal lying across the picture and the head turned towards the camera. When photographing a dog it is a good idea to have the owner there to tell it what to do, but while an obedient dog will stay where its master tells it, it will not necessarily look happy about it. Once you are sure you have your focus adjusted (not easy as the animal's head turns from side to side), try making a chirruping noise or miaou-ing like a cat, then press the shutter quickly as the ears come up and the eyes brighten — you have to be quick because the dog will probably leap forward to look for the cat!

Photographing animals at a zoo or sanctuary presents a different set of problems. Very often the animals are in shade and your camera is in the sun, and you cannot walk up and take a meter reading against the subject's hide, so you need to know your camera if the animal is not to be just a darker blob in a patch of shadow. Then a foreground of wire will spoil your picture,

so you need to fit the lens into an opening in the wire. Remember the bit **you** look through is not the bit the camera looks through. It doesn't matter if a bit of wire runs right across the viewfinder so long as it doesn't obscure the lens. And another piece of advice in that connection — many cameras have lens caps to protect the lens from being scratched, and, because the view through the **viewfinder** is not obscured, people often press the shutter without removing it and then can't think why the film is quite blank. Don't let it happen to you!

—M.C.



PIONEERS

The following article is of extracts from a letter where the writer recalls her days as a Girl Scout:—

"There were 10 in our Patrol, the Ravens, and I think we must have started somewhere about 1908.

"Our uniform consisted of navy blue long skirts, grey flannel shirts with little white turnover collars, grey slouch felt hats, black ties, and black shoulder knots, Scouts' badges and belts, whistle, lanyards, and Scout poles.

"We all had small pouches on our belts and murderous clasp knives.

"It all began with a friendship between Muriel Pym, then aged 15, and a young Scout, Master Wallace Peat, who lived at Holly Bank, Redhill. They started the idea of Scouting for girls and asked my sister, who was about 16 then, to join in.

"My sister's diary for 4th September, 1909, records:

"Great Scouts Rally. Our Patrol went to the Rally today. It consisted of A. M. Pym (Patrol Leader), M. Coleman (Corporal), Frances Halstead, Leslie Halstead, Dorothy Tatton-Winter, Mollie Tatton-Winter, Constance Pym, Susan Coleman.

"When we got there we separated and wandered about the Palace and grounds. Consie and I went together and we soon got tired of saluting. Every Scout and every Scoutmaster saluted us. After some time we all met and marched down to the "Orderlies tent" — A.M.P. went in and reported our

presence. After we'd had our lunch we went to see the aquatic sports, which were very feeble indeed. Then we went to the Scouts' Display in the arena. All the Scouts, 15,000 in all, sat round the cycle track while spectators sat in the grandstand. After tea came the March Past. We stood in the Northern Transept for what seemed hours, but in reality was only about half an hour, cheering violently without knowing the cause except that B-P was speaking. The March Past was grand. Some officer arranged us so that we had a space in front of us and therefore had a salute all to ourselves. Afterwards an awfully smart officer came up and said, "I really must compliment you girls on your smartness." We had a glorious and rather triumphant day; we had an interview with a newspaper reporter and a paragraph in the "Evening News".

"I remember some of this myself and staying for a fireworks display afterwards. I remember toiling up the slope from the railway station and being very tired.

"After the Rally we held a display mainly to raise Patrol funds and also to advertise Wallace Peat's invention — a stretcher carried between three bicycles. We had a campfire and built a signalling stand of staves up which I climbed to semaphore a message to the spectators. On coming down I was supposed to fall and break my leg, whereupon the others practised their First Aid on me and I was hoisted on to the stretcher to be carried triumphantly round the display ground. The diary records we made £3 net and had our photos in the 'Daily Mirror' and the 'Surrey Mirror'.

"That evening, 18th September, 1909, we held a meeting to make May Barry a Patrol Leader and Wallace Peat presented our badges. My sister had First and Second Class and Tenderfoot, Cyclist and Stalker. I had Second Class, Tenderfoot, Cook and Stalker.

"Shortly afterwards my sister was sent away to Paris. She says that while she was away I wrote to her of Scout meetings on our lawn at Springfield, but I cannot remember this.

"From the diary I see we went to camp in Balcombe Forest in August, 1909, and were given a paragraph in the 'Mid-Sussex Times', about 25th August."

—Susan Brown (nee Coleman)
(from the "Guide").

UP — AND OVER!

Activities for Practice in Upward Throw of Lifeline

Finger Prints

An agile Guide places a black sheet of card in a tree near to a suitable branch over 14ft. high. See how many Guides, using a rope to hoist themselves, can put their fingerprints upon the card.

Arab Traders

Your Guides are Arab traders taking our goods to sell to passengers on ships at Port Said. See who can throw rope over ship's rail (branch, beam, balcony or wall) most times to do most trade.

Trapped

One Guide in suitable spot above ground represents a man trapped on ledge. Throw up a line so that he may draw up a mug of water to quench his thirst.

Smugglers

Hoist a signal light (candle in jam-jar) to guide ships carrying contraband to secret cove.

Make a rope ladder and hoist it to assist in scaling cliffs.

Waggon Trail

A member of your party has been shot by marauding brigands. Hoist him (dummy figure) up a tree out of reach of prowling animals while you go for help. (Remember not to hang him!)

Water is precious on a waggon trail. Hoist a bucketful without spilling any.

—By Jean Dixon, from the "Guide".

INTEREST RETAINED IN GUIDING

—Continued from page 114

Mrs. Reid thanked Mrs. Langley for chairing the meeting so efficiently, and invited everyone to inspect the Guiding mementos displayed around the room while the L.A. members provided a luscious supper and a taste of the cake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Winter-Cooke took a piece of cake to air mail to Mrs. Samuel Winter-Cooke in England.

All present voted the 45th Annual Meeting a very pleasant and fitting celebration for a very worthwhile occasion.

THOUGHTS TO "MATILDA"

I have just returned from watching the girls in residence here, at Our Cabana — from Canada, U.S.A., Mexico and El Salvador — carrying out a service project in a village nearby. They had planned very well, having practised their Spanish and learnt games to teach the children, and crafts to teach the mothers. These were children of a poorer area, who go to school in the morning. Today was a fiesta day, so they were dressed in their best — in many cases patched, but neat. We met in the courtyard of the Church, and they played games, drew with crayons, cut out puzzles, while the mothers wove on a simple, square frame. There must have been 100 children. Then the highlight! The girls had made pinata with paper decorations over a large pottery pot, and these were strung up. All the children stood around, one was blindfolded, and tried to hit and break the pot, to release the presents and sweets which the girls had brought with them.

The atmosphere was one of great friendliness — you didn't really need to speak Spanish to play "London Bridge Is Falling Down"!

Tonight was international night. Firstly, the girls from Kentucky sang songs from the Civil War — unaccompanied and in parts. It was obviously well rehearsed, although Kentucky seems to have a reputation for singing. Then Ohio, using puppets, told of aspects of life there, in industry and education. Canada sang, and did a marching dance to their new centennial song. Indiana illustrated their history with girls dressed as characters from Abe Lincoln to Grisson, the astronomer. The girls from El Salvador did a dance in traditional costume, and the girl from Mexico did the Mexican hat dance, and everyone joined in. In between we sang songs, finishing up with "Our Cabana" in English and Spanish, and Taps.

This is such a beautiful setting — the plain, the mountains, the well-designed buildings on varying levels, all so easy to get to, and the beautiful gardens. Ten years of growth in this climate have really made it a picture.

Each of these International Homes has a character of its own. "Sangam" is so new, but

the interesting design of the buildings, and the site, offer wonderful prospects for the future. When I arrived there was only one person in residence, Teddy Datoc, whom I had met about seven years before in the Philippines — a wonderful reunion.

"Olave House" is, of course, a hostel, so that one meets girls who are working in London, as well as visitors from overseas on holiday. Australia, Canada, U.S.A., South Africa, Denmark and Sweden were all in residence when I was there; it was a very friendly place to stay.

At "Our Chalet" one finds tradition, developed over the years, and a wonderful feeling of friendship. Everyone was skiing just outside the door and having a marvellous time. Then at night the lights of Adelboden across the valley were a real fairyland. Here I also found an Australian on the staff, as well as girls from the Scandinavian countries, France, Luxembourg, Holland, Belgium, South Africa and Great Britain.

Being able to visit each of these International Homes has been a most rewarding experience. New friendships gained, old interests shared, and the fun of learning something new about different countries, customs and people.

So far I have travelled in 30 countries since December, and these four places have been cases of friendship and fellowship in foreign places, where sometimes it is not always easy to converse with people when one's only language is English. At least you know that here you will find people, who have the same thoughts, ideas and interests.

—June Parrott.



VIVE LA SPORT!

Having been brought up in Sydney it was not until a recent Sunday that I had my first opportunity to watch a football match played under Australian Rules, and I feel that others in like cases might like to hear from me what I learned of the game.

It was not perhaps as expert a display as the ones that such crowds gather to witness at the M.C.G., being staged by Rangers to help a New Guinea Guide Company, but I found it very interesting. The number of spectators and the "cheer squads" with their colourful banners in the bright sunshine made it all very exciting also.

First as to numbers — I am still not quite sure how many players make up a "side" in this game, because, although the umpire frequently stopped the play and lined up the teams to count them, and often sent some players off the field, others seemed to drift on. The only time I counted them there were 23 on one side and 25 on the other and, as this was just after the umpire had given a ruling, I expect this is the correct number.

The players kicked very well when they connected with the ball, but as the ground was very muddy the effort they put into the kick usually jerked the other leg from under them; it was quite usual for three girls to try to kick the ball at once, so the trio of cartwheels gave an impression of a slow ballet and was most effective. Everyone was very obliging, and I noticed particularly that after one team had trouble kicking the ball between the goal posts they had one of the posts removed, which provided a much wider opening and helped enormously.

Players were labelled with the initials of their team — the T.N.T.'s on the back of their sweaters and the Eastern and Northern Districts had E.N.D. conspicuously sewn on an appropriate place.

First aid service was most enthusiastic; if these noble women felt that a player was severely injured, but too full of courage to leave the field, they would dash out into the thick of the fray and drag her off bodily, even if — as sometimes happened — she was one of the opposition team just about to take a free kick. Perhaps I am wrong in feeling

they might have been just a mite TOO anxious to carry out their duties, but when a spectator pointed out a player voluntarily leaving the ground and limping badly, and suggested she might be a genuine casualty, I distinctly heard one of the First Aiders breathe fervently, "Oh! I hope so!" as she grabbed her bag and ran off after her.

There were some customs which I noticed, but did not fully understand. Once when the play had been for some time up the other end of the field I saw the bored full-backs converge on the goal umpire (a Sea Ranger wearing her husband's best yachting pants), each take a leg or an arm, and carry her out to a particularly muddy spot on the field and there walk solemnly round as though working a capstan, still keeping hold of the arm or leg by which they had carried her. No doubt this ceremony had some significance in Australian Rules, but it must have been very uncomfortable for the goal umpire, who did not resist in any way. When the ball came back to this end of the field, the four left her very promptly; I think she must suffer from rheumatism because I noted she walked very stiffly back to the goal, and I noticed that she had, of course, a large black mark on the back of the large white shorts.

As I have said, everyone was most friendly and helpful — for instance, when I wanted to take a photograph of the play, and it seemed permanently sited on the furthest part of the oval, someone sent a runner over to tell them, and in no time at all the ball was brought over to the side where I was standing. I was told that if ever I attend a big match at the M.C.G., and am in the same predicament, I have only to ask a policeman to take a message to the two captains and they will be happy to do the same!

I am afraid I am still not clear about the actual RULES of the games — I did not understand why so many players appeared to try to pick up the ball and so few actually did so, or what constitutes "offside", or why after the game they first cheered the umpire and then threw him down into a pool of water and all piled on top of him,

Continued on page 121



THE WEST AUSTRALIAN STATE BADGE

The W.A. State Badge was introduced in 1928. Two cuttings from the "Daily News" Guide column, contributed by Mrs. H. Davis under the pen name of "Wattle", give definite dates.

December, 1927: "The design for the State Badge submitted to the Hon. Rachel Kay Shuttleworth, has been acknowledged and approved by that lady".

December, 1928: "You are reminded of the beautiful State Badge now on sale — our own State Badge, the emblem of the Black Swan":

This badge was circular with the swan superimposed upon a rising sun. It was effective and distinctive, but was later changed from a round shape to a cut-out of the swan itself. A change prompted, rumour has it, because of its similarity to the bottle tops adopted by a local brewery about this time! There have been minor changes over the years, but the badge is substantially the same — the cut-out figure of a black swan resting on a strip of bright blue is the current State Guide Badge.

* * *

Learn how to think rather than what to think.

BIRD OF PARADISE EMBLEM OF GIRLS GUIDES ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA

In 1953 when discussions were going on for the Papua and New Guinea Movement to become self-governing, much thought was given to the choice of an emblem.

A competition was organised and children from Packs and Companies all over the Territory sent in designs. The emblems most commonly chosen by the children were the Bird of Paradise and Hibiscus. The judges chose this bird because it is unique to New Guinea.

This particular species, the Augusta Victoria Bird of Paradise, was chosen because it is common to both the highlands and coastal regions, is known to all tribes and forms a part of their own symbolism.

The Augusta Victoria bird could probably be seen in a museum and is illustrated in Volume II of Iredale's "Birds of New Guinea", which book would probably be in a Public Library.

It has an iridescent green throat and front, a warm yellow head and back, a bright chestnut brown chest and the most wonderful shades of glimmering orange belly and plumes which come from the wings. From the tail the two long wires are a bright reddish brown. It has a strong beak, being related to the crow, and a light eye.

VIVE LA SPORT!

—Continued from page 120

or why when they put so much effort into kicking the ball it always went such a little way — but I did admire their spirit. One girl who had plaits right down to her ankles had them torn out of her head during the fierce game, but went right on playing without her scalp. Think of it! It is a truly exciting game!



The arrival of a drilling rig in an Indian Village is quite an event. The following article, reprinted from "The Anglican", speaks for itself:—

AN EVENT TO BE REMEMBERED

A mundane, unlovely piece of practicality in its native environment, the rig was exotic, mysterious and more than a little fearsome to the crowd of idle villagers who watched its coming. Idle they were indeed, for all activity had ground to a halt for lack of water.

The village wells were shallow, hand dug. Bedrock lies close under the soil in this part of India. Shovels can reach only water above the rocks. All such water sources have been exhausted in three long, rainless years.

Water was rationed. Each family was allowed to draw each day one pot of water from the only well remaining.

In half an hour of painstaking dipping with a hand bucket, a woman could collect a pot of murky brown liquid. That must suffice her family for the day's cooking, drinking and washing.

The village council of elders had agreed to let the stranger try his magic. The stranger, John McLeod, a Scottish agricultural missionary, appointed a day.

And on this morning the grotesque monster was inching into the village, raising a dust on the sun-baked ridge.

No road passes through the village, but there is an open space on the central high ground among the 200 or so clay-and-stone cottages. Local wise men advised that a good supply of water lay under that space in a spot near the temple.

John McLeod knowing that the success of his operation depended on the goodwill of village leaders, went over the ground carefully and agreed to drill the spot indicated. He would have preferred lower ground. From the rise, they might have to drill 200 feet or more to reach a good water supply.

As the crew prepares to hoist the rig and start the drill, the elders step forward with a coconut, spilling its milk over dusty ground. They sprinkle coloured powder on the well-site, and burn incense to ensure plentiful water.

Then the roar of the compressors begins, and the steel bit cuts into the earth, sending up a fine dust to coat the faces of the watchers. As the day wears on, the crowd thins to a few children and old men. The rest of the village goes about the few tasks that can still be done.

Just before the drill enters the rock that imprisons water beyond the reach of villagers' shovels, there is a brief spurt of mud. It does not last long. Through the still parched afternoon the gigantic chatter of the pneumatic hammer hangs tensely. The drill reaches 100ft., 150ft. Men sit in lengthening shadows watching the drill team move around the monster that has occupied their village.

It is late. The crew prepares to stop work for the day. The drill reaches 170ft. down. Suddenly there is a rusk of water shooting out around the air hammer. A brief cheer, and the drill is brought up, the hole covered. The crew leaves.

Silence and doubt descend with night on the village. All day there has been great magic-making. But still they have not water to drink.

Early next morning the hole is opened. The chief elder peers down into the narrow black opening. Non-committal, he steps back. There is more activity. A charge of high explosive is lowered into the hole to enlarge the well chamber. A muffled thump announces detonation.

The metal lining for the shaft is sunk, and a pump to force the water up. There is much assembling and tinkering and testing.

When the pumphead is installed village women begin to gather, hopefully carrying water jars. A few strokes of the pump handle bring a fitful splutter, then a steady stream from the tap.

The water is very cold, very clear. The first woman touches the stream that is pouring into her jar. She has pulled water up from the earth in a bucket all of her life. Never until now has water flowed into her jar with such incredible ease.

—From "Now!", Journal of Community Aid Abroad.

"There's a Rainbow round our shoulder"

This sketch was performed at a Regional Conference at Jeparit and needs 12 people to take part. One with a good voice to read it; one to change the Law cards as the reading takes place, and one person to take each colour streamer from the container across the stage to form the Rainbow.

The streamer is carried across the stage — the first one starting at ground level and each streamer held slightly higher than the previous one.

The streamers used were about 1ft. wide and 20ft. long and were anchored in the container (painted gold) with a brick.

The person controlling the Law cards places the container out on the stage when the colour GOLD is mentioned in the second verse.



The Girl Guide Promise and the Law
ARE they dull? **DO** they bore?
Please don't fuss!
They're **NOT** to us!
WE have colours from a rainbow gay!
Colours to brighten our Guiding Way!

***GOLD** is precious, Gold is a ring
And like our Promise a beautiful thing.
Gold is good—
We always should
Respect our Promise to foe and friend,
Gold we find at the Rainbow's end.

***BLUE** is the colour of the sky,
Blue is the colour for aiming high.
Honour's true blue—
And trustworthy, too!
So Blue is the **FIRST LAW**† in our eyes
Blue is the ribbon that wins first prize.

The **SECOND LAW**† and **PURPLE*** we see—
Rich and regal—you'll agree.
Purple is royal
And Purple is loyal—
So to our Country and our Queen
May our loyalty be ever seen.

***ORANGE** is autumn when leaves need
sweeping,
Orange flames from the bonfire leaping,
Orange is bold—
Doesn't want to be told—
Orange is busy as busy can be,
So useful and helpful it's **LAW No. 3**†.

***PINK** is the colour of blossoms in Spring—
Pink for a girl, a feminine thing—
So **FOUR**,† we think,
Is coloured Pink
For a girl, a sister and a friend,
For the helping hand that we extend.

To elderly folk with hair of **GREY***.
We are polite and help if we may.
The **LAW IS FIVE**†
And so we strive
To be considerate, civil and kind—
That's why **GREY** brings courtesy to mind.

***GREEN** sends our thoughts where the air is
free—
Green is the grass, and the leaves on the
tree—
Green is the Spring
And a living thing!
A friend to animals—it would seem
When the **LAW IS 6**† the colour is green.

The **SEVENTH LAW**† comes to our head
When we see the colour **RED***—
Red traffic light
Says stop all right,
And if we do then we're O.K.
It is an order that we obey.

Happy and bright is the colour **YELLOW***—
Yellow is a gay and sunny fellow.
Smiling and singing—
Sends troubles swinging
So **LAW No. 8**† seems to fit the bill
We'll show a bright face when fortune is ill.

***BROWN** for the cent we try to save
Brown for the chocolate that we crave—
Resist will we!
And thrifty be!
And we'll bring to mind a stitch in time
Is the very essence of **LAW NINE**.†

What could be more pure than the colour
WHITE?*

Fresh laundry is a beautiful sight.
White and clean—
Never obscene—
We're feeling fine and spirits are bright,

So **LAW No. 10†** can only be white.
This brings our story to an end
And so the moral is, my friend,
Colours live
And colours give
Brightness to our Guiding Laws
The Rainbow is ours—
And it can be yours!

‡ "There a rainbow round our shoulder
And the skies are blue, not grey.
It can rain and pour
We've got our Law
In colours gay."

—L. Reid.

Notes:

*A streamer of the colour mentioned is taken from the container and carried across the stage to the opposite side.

†A card with the appropriate Law printed on it, big enough to be seen by the audience, is placed against stand next to container opposite side to streamers).

‡All participants join in and sing.

From September "Matilda":

We must apologise for gremlins in the last issue of "Matilda".

* * *

On page 75 there should have been an acknowledgement, "J.Q.", after "our great world-wide Movement".

* * *

On page 79 acknowledgement should have been given to the magazine, "Thunderbird", from British Columbia, Canada, for the article on "The Origin of Lones".

* * *

The article, "Paddle Your Own Canoe", on pages 80 and 85 should have been credited to "The Guide" magazine, England.

* * *

In the Campfire Song words, on page 95, chorus 4 is incomplete. The missing line reads, of course, "Fifty years ago".

THE SERVICE GAME

Spoken during a Service Session at a Regional Conference,

Girl Guides aim at service—
From the Promise it is seen . . .
We aim at serving other people
And serving God and Queen.

Commissioner comes* first of all,
She serves everyone in the scale;
Guiders and the L.A.
She will not fail—

L.A., Guides and Guiders
Seek her sound advice,
Because when help is needed
She ne'er has to be asked twice.

The L.A.'s always ready,
Working as a team,
To serve the local units
With funds and interest keen.

The Guider serves her Company—
She is well aware
That citizens of tomorrow
Are there within her care.

She trains in observation,
In leadership and skill,
But service unto others
Is THE law that she instills.

Rangers are our senior Guides,
At service too they aim.
Our community is their special sphere,
In it they play our game.

The Guide serves both one and all,
At home, at school, at leisure,
In lending all a helping hand
She gets her greatest pleasure.

And last of all* come Brownies small
At home they help their mothers,
And we're all in the Service Game—
Of helping one another.

—H. and M. Fuller.

*The Commissioner came first and the Brownies at the end of a parade of all Guide "personnel", as they were mentioned in the verses.



BRITANNIA PARK

HAVE YOU LOST IT? During the rebuilding of H.Q., articles which have been left behind at Guide House or Brownie Cottage, will be held by Mrs. Gray (83 9207) for three months from the date of finding them.

* * *

Wonderful people have rallied round with gifts for the property — mostly for the garden. First, Mr. James, of Wantirna, who is always so good to us, took his truck all the way to Oaklands Junction and filled it with more rocks which Mr. and Mrs. T. Alston had offered us. He then turned round and drove it all the way to Britannia Park. Shortly after this, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Coles, of Olinda (who have THE most glorious garden!), gave us 11 most choice rhododendrons, some of which will even bloom this year. Then all the way from Macedon came Mrs. Blackburn (Div. Com.) with a car-load of little maple trees, azaleas and hydrangeas, and even a rhododendron. She toiled hard all day helping to plant them, and then went back again to Macedon in the evening.

Not to be outdone, the Natural Resources Conservation League presented us with 120 little acacias and flowering gums for our planting around the fence line. If people continue to be so kind to us you will, in a few years' time, see in the paper, "The gardens of the Girl Guides property, Britannia Park, will be open to the public on such-and-such a day"! But the most beautiful sight at "B.P." lately has been a trusting little

yellow robin sitting on her nest in the scrub near the Chapel. Perhaps, like Lady B.-P., she thinks it's "a holy place".

Guiders, if our gardens are to flourish we will need your help over the coming summer. Will you try to save some water and give it to these plants? Those in the houses could help the plants around them, and the campers could help the little trees around the fence line. The Committee thank you in anticipation.

And then, for the fourth year in succession, Dandenong L.A. came forward with a very generous donation to our Maintenance Fund and, combining all the money they have given us, we have been able to have permanent seats put on the side and back verandahs at Guide House. These will act as beds at night, and we will be able to dispense with the ugly and uncomfortable stretchers. We hope everyone will like them, and many thanks to Dandenong. It is hoped that these seats will be completed by Azalea Day so that Dandenong L.A. can see them.

In case you think help comes only from adults, I can assure you that if it were not for the Packs and Companies our Maintenance Fund would be in a sorry state. I would like to tell you about a certain Patrol in 4th Preston Coy. who ran two Toffee Nights in order to raise enough money to maintain the property for a day. This was a farewell gesture to Linda Clarke, who, with her father

Continued on page 127



CAMPFIRE SONGS

OLD MAN, GREAT CHIEF

A song of the North American Indians — reprinted by permission from the "Kent County Song Book", published by Novelle & Co. Ltd., London.

OLD MAN, GREAT CHIEF

Slowly *mf* Arranged by R. S.

Old man great chief, Maker of the moun-tain, Hear, oh hear my
 cry.— Hear my cry for good-ness, Hear my cry for clean-ness,
 Hei ah
 Hei - ah, hei-ah, hei - ah, hei-ah, hei - ah, hei-ah, he: - ah!

FROM CANADA COMES THIS INDIAN TRANSLATION OF THE 23rd PSALM

The Great Father above is a shepherd chief
 And with Him I want not.
 He throws me a rope, and the
 Name of the rope is Love.
 He draws me, and He draws me,
 And He draws me to where the grass is
 green
 And the water is not dangerous,
 And I eat, and I lie down satisfied.

Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls
 down,
 But He lifts me up again, and draws me
 Into a good road. His name is wonderful.
 Some time—it may be very soon,
 It may be longer, it may be a long, long
 time,
 He will draw me into a place between
 mountains.

It is dark there—but I will not draw back:
 I will not be afraid, for it is in there.
 Between these mountains
 That the Shepherd will meet me
 And the hunger I have felt in my heart
 All through this life, will be satisfied.

Sometimes He makes His love-rope into a
 whip,
 But afterwards, He gives me a staff
 That I may lean on, He puts His hand
 On my head; all "tired" is gone
 My cup He fills it till it runs over.
 What I tell you is true, I lie not.
 These roads that are away ahead—will stay
 with me
 And afterwards I will go to live in the Big
 Tepee,
 And sit down with the Shepherd Chief
 forever.

—From "Thunderbird", Canada.

RANGER BRANCH "CAMPFIRE CORROBOREE" WEEKEND

The 190 Rangers and Guides who attended the Ranger Branch "Campfire Corroboree" Weekend at Frankston returned home with hoarse voices and a hint of American accent. Visiting with us were Donna Arndt and Mary McKeever from the United States, who were members of an All-Australian Central Australian tour by Ranger Branch members during the September school vacation.

Our links of friendship are strong when it comes to songs and singing, whatever country we come from, and the American girls entertained us with many songs, some new and others not quite so new.

As the theme of the camp was music and song, it was fitting that each Patrol had to acquire some accompaniment. We discovered many a musical talent in the "recitals" given by the Patrols, who were given 30 minutes to make, or mar, musical instruments out of natural materials. With a song and a good beat most items were very effective. Mrs. Chamberlain, our new Ranger Adviser, was the distinguished adjudicator and awarded the winning Patrol with bank-sia pendants.

After some energetic folk dancing in the afternoon we were led at campfire on Saturday night by Miss Peg Barr, and here we revived old songs and learnt new ones. The next morning, after an early (7.30 a.m.) Rangers' Own, a member of the Chadstone Drama Group came to speak on voice production and miming. The Ranger Branch has some budding actresses.

Mrs. Walker conducted yet another round of singing in the afternoon, and it was regretfully that the weekend came to a close, although perhaps our voices may not have endured much longer.



BRITANNIA PARK

—Continued from page 125

and mother, has done such a lot of painting in both Guide House and Brownie Cottage.

The Working Day, held in mid-August to landscape the gardens around the swimming pool, was an example of what a lot a few dedicated people can do in spite of rain and knee-deep, very wet red clay. Mr. John Knight, who, I understand, got his baptism of fire as regards Guide House working bees 30 years ago when we first acquired the property, still wields a very nifty spade, and is now teaching his son and daughter the art. Mrs. Bate, one time Brown Owl, brought her family and some friends to help us, and they, too, sloshed most willingly through all the mud and rain. It was disappointing to note that of the 20 people working there, probably only two would ever use the pool and less than a handful would ever benefit from the property as a whole. If we have a membership of over 13,000 adults and over 400 Rangers who OWN the place, I find it difficult to understand why we have to rely so much on people outside the Movement.

Our grateful thanks to the following who supported the Maintenance Fund during the month of August:—

- 30th July to 5th August—Dandenong L.A.
- 6th—Miss N. Young.
- 6th—1st Glen Waverley Pack.
- 8th—1st Bonbeach Pack.
- 9th—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crouch.
- 10th—1st North Melbourne Pack.
- 10th—Carrum and Bonbeach District.
- 11th—Ashburton L.A.
- 12th—3rd Mitcham Pack.
- 14th—Miss M. Tharle.
- 14th—Mrs. B. J. Turner.
- 15th—1st Burwood Coy.
- 16th—East Malvern Ranger Coy.
- 17th—Melton District.
- 18th—Port Phillip Division.
- 19th—Koala Patrol, 4th Preston Coy.
- 21st—McLeod and Rosanna L.A.
- 22nd—2nd East Preston (St. Mary's) Coy.
- 24th—Glen Waverley L.A.
- 27th—4th Deepdene Coy.
- 28th—2nd East Reservoir Pack.
- 29th—1st East Reservoir Coy.
- 31st—Myrtleford 1st and 2nd Packs and Coys.

NOTICES

TRAINING DEPARTMENT

Headquarters Courses (Third Term)

Brownie Golden Hand (daytime), 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.; Wednesdays, commencing 1st November.

Decentralised Courses (Third Term)

Special training for Warranted personnel. A refresher course for Guiders who have held a Warrant for 10 years or more.

Box Hill: Guide Guiders (weekend), commencing 13th October.

Macedon Division: Brownie Pre-Warrant (weekend), commencing 14th October.

Broadford: Brownie Advanced (weekend), commencing 14th October.

Country Courses (Third Term)

Bairnsdale: Guide Pre-Warrant (weekend), commencing 14th October.

Summer Training Week, 1967-68

Brownie and Guide Pre-Warrant. A summer training week will be held at Britannia Park, Yarra Junction, from 27th December to 5th January. Further information will be published in the next "Matilda" and the Commissioners' Newsletter.

Interstate Trainings

Please note change of dates for January training in N.S.W. Training will now take place from 30th December to 6th January, the fee remaining at \$1.50 per day.

DON'T FORGET YOUR



COMPACTOID First Aid Kit
small – medium – large

As supplied to, and recommended by, your Association
AT YOUR GUIDE SHOP

FLORENCE — THE AFTERMATH

Arriving in Florence today for the first time, a casual visitor who knew nothing of last November's flood would probably notice little amiss. He might think it odd that so many roads should be under repair simultaneously, that rather many houses should be shored up with heavy timbers, that the walls of the narrower streets in certain quarters of the city should be disfigured by a sticky, brown high-water line and smell strongly of disinfectant. But apart from that he would be eternally dodging the usual avalanche of traffic, looking into shop windows stocked with a multitude of attractive objects; museums and galleries would be open to him, and hotels, bars and restaurants functioning normally. Yes, superficially, Florence IS functioning normally, ready to welcome the hoped-for onrush of tourists. By sheer determination and astonishing energy the Florentines have very largely succeeded in restoring the facade of their city and in hiding their honourable scars. Yet the scars are barely healed. Whole sections of the town, not usually visited by tourists, are devoid of shops and work places; thousands of artisans, formerly prosperous, are now eking out some kind of a living; the museums and galleries have closed off whole sections to conceal from the public gaps on walls and shattered showcases; behind closed doors the interiors of some churches are devoid of frescoes and furniture, with their floors torn up by the force of the floodwaters.

The Plight of the Artisans

It is said by some that a decade must pass before Florence will be whole again; others believe that the city will never recover its former glory. For myself, returning to Florence after only three months, my reaction was not of dismay that so much remained to be done, but delighted amazement that so much had already been done to restore the stricken city. It can be said that two facts have now emerged. One is that the damage done to, and loss of, art treasures, manuscripts and books, has happily proved less than could possibly have been imagined at the height of the calamity. The second sombre fact is that the plight of the artisans is worse than had been anticipated.

Most of Florence's artisans worked in the centre of the city where the flood wreaked most havoc, and the very nature of their occupations located them in basements or on ground floors where they kept the tools of their trade and stored their merchandise. In consequence about 65 per cent of them, that is to say, between five and six thousand persons, lost their all. Apart from a Government subsidy, all financial assistance has been controlled by Committees representing private aid, much of it from abroad, in particular from the U.S.A. and the United Kingdom.

Still, the funds are woefully inadequate, especially as part of the money has to be used for what is called "general" relief. I obtained a list of those artisans who had received assistance from one Committee: it embraced no less than 45 trades ranging from a dental mechanic to a puppet-maker. This man had had a small theatre down by the river for which he and his family designed and made the puppets, the scenery and the costumes, arranged the lighting and wrote the scenarios. With the grant he was able to buy raw materials for constructing new puppets, and in gratitude he had written to the Committee offering to perform his first show for them when it would be ready.

In a former monastery attached to San Stefano, a Church said to have been founded by Charlemagne, I found 25 artisans at work, mostly jewellers and watchmakers. The monastery overlooks the Ponte Vecchio with its mediaeval shops. It was in those shops, destroyed by the flood but now being reconstructed, that most of these craftsmen had worked, and it is particularly fitting that they should be temporarily housed in a building which contains a chapel dedicated to the patron saint of jewellers, St. Eligius.

Florence is celebrated in the world of haute couture by reason of the House of Emilio Pucci. The showrooms and workshops are in the Pucci Palace and when the flood came not only were the workshops destroyed, but the entire collection, which was due to be shown in New York three weeks later. Signor Pucci described how he and a nephew donned bathing trunks and managed to salvage a few sewing machines and dress forms, and these their willing staff

used to such good effect that the whole collection was entirely re-made (by candlelight) and sent to New York in time for the opening date as scheduled. This display of initiative so impressed the Americans that they decided not to sell any single item but instead sent the complete collection on tour round America as a tribute to Florentine toughness and resilience.

"The Angels of Mud"

By chance I had to go straight from the gilt and chandeliered opulence of the Pucci Palace to the poorest quarter of the town where Signor Pucci's nephew was leading a squad of mud-caked students in the clearance of a stinking cellar. Two days earlier I had donned dungarees and thigh boots and clambered down into such a cellar to interview about a dozen Girl Guides. Crouching in the light of guttering candles stuck on the dripping brickwork they were scooping malodorous mud and unidentifiable rubbish into buckets and heaving them along in a chain to the surface, with every appearance of enjoyment.

This was on a Sunday and earlier that day I had attended a Morning Mass for the "Angels of Mud", as the newspapers have dubbed these youngsters, to their acute disgust. It was in the dilapidated Church of Santa Monaca, where every Sunday a Mass was held for the young cellar workers of the Scout Relief Centre. The average age was 17 or 18 and, with a young priest officiating, they sang away with gusto, led, not by a Choir or organ, but by a beat group. Four young men, calling themselves the "Flying Singers", with drums and guitar, were filling the Church with modern renderings of the Credo and Hymns of Praise. Later, in my perambulations around the city, I came to recognise the activities of the "Angels of Mud" by the heaps of silt and debris piled in the gutters. In all, these teenagers from many countries have cleared some 500 cellars, apart from churches, libraries and public buildings. And this they have done in return for frugal board and lodging, devoting holidays and weekends to what must be regarded as the most repugnant of tasks. But it is an essential one; not only would the continued presence of mud and water weaken the foundations of the houses, but in the mud are dead animals and organic mat-

ter which, with the onset of the hot summer months, could breed disease.

At the so-called Operation Centre, where many of these volunteers have been housed in an old palace made available by the City Fathers, Gionnozzo Pucci, the young Secretary, told me how they had used more than a thousand volunteers from 15 countries, including Africa, Asia and the New World. Food was provided by the city and money for materials — buckets, beds, blankets, etc. Later, donations came from abroad. What developed into a large and complicated undertaking was organised entirely by the volunteers. Many of the volunteers told Pucci on leaving that it had been the most important experience of their lives.

World Youth Centre?

This remarkable young man, Gionnozzo Pucci, feels that something has been started which should not be allowed to die. For thousands of young people who came to work for the city during its hour of trial, Florence has become something of a symbol, in a world which offers so few outlets for the idealism and energies of youth. Pucci wants the city to become a rallying point for the youth of the world. He is now seeking a monastery or castle in the Tuscan hills near Florence, to develop into a centre which would welcome young people from no matter what country or culture. They would work to serve others — in slum clearance, restoration of buildings, archaeological digging, anything which needed willing labour. To the centre would come by invitation leading artists, humanists, scientists, to establish human contact with the young people and talk to them about the world they have inherited. Pucci sees this as something which must be an organic growth, as he put it, and that therefore it should have modest beginnings. The Florence disaster has amply demonstrated the calibre of today's youth.

—By Rex Keating from
UNESCO Features.



CONGRATULATIONS

CONGRATULATIONS to the recipients of the following Awards:—

LONG SERVICE AWARDS:

Uniformed Personnel—

White Ribbon—

Mrs. R. Nielsen, Koonung Heights.
Mrs. L. H. De Marchi, Burwood.
Mrs. J. T. John, Ballarat.

Local Association Members—

Mrs. J. Starford, Footscray.
Mrs. B. T. Taylor, Belgrave.

THANKS BADGES:

Mr. J. Nightingale, Tecoma.
Mr. E. Boulton, Buronga.
Mr. E. J. Barnes, Eltham.
Mr. J. H. Rowland, Camberwell-Hartwell.
Mrs. R. I. Curwood, Footscray.

APPOINTMENTS

District Commissioners:

Mrs. W. P. Dawson, Clayton East; Mrs. A. A. O'Connor, Clayton West; Mrs. D. R. Appleford, Tatura; Mrs. C. L. Park, Beaconsfield; Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Kerang; Mrs. E. A. Johnson, Sunshine; Miss J. O'Brien, Moonee Ponds; Mrs. J. C. Millar, Coburg South; Mrs. R. A. Rapsey, Bethanga; Mrs. J. P. O'Malley, Wentworth; Mrs. M. Botterill, Ivanhoe-Heidelberg.

RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

RETIREMENTS

We acknowledge with gratitude the service given by the following Commissioners whose terms of office have now drawn to a close:—

District Commissioners:

Mrs. I. A. Dix, Brunswick West; Mrs. J. H. Matthews, Clayton; Mrs. L. G. Weatherly, Streatham; Mrs. M. Botterill, Coburg; Mrs. R. F. Dixon, Horsham.

RESIGNATIONS

Thanks are also due for the service given by the following Commissioner, who has had to resign:—

District Commissioner:

Mrs. I. Merrick, Sale.

WARRANTS

Captains:

Miss R. M. Coles, 1st Frankston; Mrs. W. F. Shenton, 2nd Frankston; Mrs. R. Hunter, 1st Newborough; Miss R. A. Hauser, S.R.S. "Wongala"; Miss H. Llewelyn, 2nd Dandenong; Mrs. D. J. Harle, 1st Mt. Waverley; Miss M. E. Bradshaw, Coburg South Ranger; Mrs. E. J. Munn, 2nd Seymour; Mrs. J. Beck, 1st Watsonia; Miss P. J. Cowan, 3rd Coburg North; Miss K. J. Slatter, 1st Coburg North; Mrs. W. Robinson, Horsham Ranger; Mrs. R. Heine, S.R.S. "Voyager"; Miss R. E. Saunders, 2nd Herne Hill; Miss L. S. Boxall, 2nd Horsham; Miss J. Couch, 2nd Sandringham; Miss B. Robinson, 9th Ballarat; Mrs. B. D. Kidd, 4th Forest Hill; Mrs. J. T. John, S.R.S. "Ballarat II"; Mrs. A. Clark, 4th Forest Hill; Mrs. G. S. Brittain, 3rd Glen Waverley; Mrs. D. W. Hill, 2nd Horsham; Mrs. P. Watts, 1st Shelford; Mrs. M. R. Lockey, 4th Sunshine.

Lieutenants:

Mrs. G. T. Flower, S.R.S. "Cerberus"; Mrs. R. G. Fisher, Horsham Ranger; Miss M. J. Gooch, 3rd Sale; Miss B. Lynch, 2nd Ivanhoe; Mrs. A. Poole, 1st Derrinallum; Miss M. Peel, 1st St. Albans; Miss M. Ives, 2nd Coburg North; Miss D. J. Smith, 1st Coburg North; Mrs. H. Palmer, 2nd Belmont; Mrs. G. D. Parkin, Doncaster Ranger Coy.; Mrs. E. T. Perry, 2nd West Heidelberg.

Brown Owls:

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