



# Matilda

DECEMBER, 1936.

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# "Matilda"

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Number Six

## EDITORIAL.

Another year draws to its close with the approach of the festive season.

We hope you have had a very successful year. If you haven't, forget your disappointment in the joyous spirit of Christmas time, and try again next year.

That all Guiders should have the nappiest of Christmases is the wish of the Committee, because happiness is so infectious, and we have such opportunities of passing it on to others.

A Merry Christmas, Guiders.

## "A Camp, a Camp in Sunny Weather...."

There must be a reason why a camp is a frequent method of celebrating some epoch-making event. Some of our Guiders are counting the days till they go off to Adelaide, as Victorian representatives, to attend the Centenary Interstate and Overseas Camp organised by the Guide folk. We who remember the Centenary Camps in Victoria know what a busy time the South Australians must be having with all their preparations—why do they do it? Why choose a camp as a way of celebrating?

Several of the Victorian Guiders who are at present overseas were lucky enough to attend the Danish Jubilee Camp—another "celebration," and what a job it must have been organising so perfectly for such huge numbers! Why did they bother?

The Guide magazines we read are full of tales of Camps—Camps—Camps—an International Ranger Camp in Scotland, a Guide Camp at the Victoria Falls, Africa, the Estonian National Camp, and so on in long lists. Is it just that a camp is cheaper than a boarding house, when we want a large number of people to meet together at one place?

I have a delightful book, acquired I know not how; it is called "Camping Out," by Victor Bridges, and has a short "prefatory note" dated July, 1909, signed by "R.S.S.B.-P." "Lieut.-Gen. Baden-Powell" writes as follows:

"The man or woman who has never lived in camp has missed one of the greatest pleasures on earth. It is a clean life and a healthy one, for the soul as well as the body. After nightfall the Tenderfoot, "as he lies rolled snug in his blankets, with . . . the stars blinking kindly down from the high arch of heaven. . . . can say from his heart as he sinks to his rest—'Thank God! I have lived!'"

Of course, if one has not tried, it all sounds a bit doubtful, but year after year the Guides and Rangers who have once tasted those joys clamour for a repetition. It is interesting to realise that during the year under review, in

the just published Annual Report for Victoria, nearly twelve hundreds members of the Movement (Brownies, Guides, Rangers, Guiders) went to "camp." Nearly 400 of those camped in buildings, in charge of Guiders who have not yet qualified for camping under canvas, but 800 were in canvas camps. Why?

We read the behest to "put the OUT into Scouting"; camping seems to me to be one of the ways of putting the "guid" (that's Scotch!) into Guiding!

Camping is the climax of all that we have been trying to give through the out-door-ness of Guiding and its tests. Unless we accent the out-of-doors part, we have hardly any justification for Guiding remaining a separate Movement. There are so many clubs and organisations for the girls of all ages that sometimes it seems as if it were mere duplication to run Guide Companies as well. But if you think again—and hard—about our methods, you will surely feel that there is no duplication IF we stick to what we know is the right way of Guiding—the out-door way.

Our trail starts with the Tenderfoot tracking signs—and where does it point? Surely not into the corner behind the piano, or into the Blue Wren's patrol cupboard! No! the trail is out—out—wider and wider—along the lanes and the open road, up and over and through and out the other side—but always OUT—and the Guider knows in her heart that at the end of the trail is Camp—with her own Guides, in the Camp they have built themselves; in the Camp in which they find they are using all the knowledge they gleaned while Being Prepared—

No! That's not the whole truth! Camp is not at the END of the Trail—it is at this end—the beginning and the end—and why not the middle too? F.V.B.

December, 1936.

As this is the last issue of "Matilda" before Christmas, I am taking the opportunity of sending my best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to the Commissioners and Guiders of Victoria, with thanks for all they have done during the past year, and good wishes for Guiding during 1937.

I hope that all who are camping this summer will have very happy and successful camps.

SIBYL CHAUVEL.

## Field Day at Rifle Downs, Digby.

This is an event always enjoyed, and again on Saturday, October 10th, Mr. and Mrs. W. McKay Shaw made available the ideal site for such a gathering. More than 250 Guides and Scouts and nearly as many parents and local association members and friends, journeyed to the station home of the Digby-Dartmoor District Commissioner, Mrs. Shaw. Long distances were travelled by many scouts and Guides that day, as they came from Portland, Dartmoor, Digby, Casterton, Coleraine, Balmoral, Hamilton and Mt. Gambier.

Rifle Downs is situated in lovely country and on the cape of original bush which extends away to the South-Western corner of the South Australian border. "The field" which was the scene of so much activity is perfect as a camp site, having lovely plantations of fine old pines which make shelter from the most objectionable weather, and the long drive through these stately old trees looked somewhat like a "parking area," with motor transport of every description, up to date and out of date.

The Rally was a combined one of the Wannon Country Scouts and the Western Division of Guides. For the most part separate programmes were carried out, but for the opening ceremonial, when the Union Jack and the Scout Country Flag were unfurled, Guides and Scouts joined in, after which they carried out their various items. The Guide programme was in charge of the Digby Captain. Miss Dorothy Shaw, and an attractive navy pennant went to the Casterton Guides, who scored the most points for the day's work and fun.

As a grand finale Guides and Scouts formed up, and led by two Scotch pipers, marched past General Sir Neville Smythe, V.C., who took the salute, while on the saluting base with the General were Lady Smythe, Mr. J. R. Richards, Country Commissioner for Wannon Scouts; Mrs. Keith Davidson, Division Commissioner for Hamilton-Coleraine Guides, and Mrs. McKay Shaw, District Commissioner Digby and Dartmoor. Everyone was sorry that through ill health the Division Commissioner for Western Division, Mrs. A. Corney, was absent.

It was a fine sight on that green turf, surrounded by wooded hills, many miles from our Victorian centre of Guiding and Scouting, to see that fine column of navy-blue and khaki, led by the outward symbol of loyalty to King and Country—the dignified color parties of Guides and Scouts.

The gratitude of Guides and Scouts to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw for making it possible for them to have this combined rally, which means so much to those outback—is hard to express.

P.D.

### DEDICATION OF FLAG.

On Sunday evening, the 13th of September, the 4th Ballarat (Skipton Street) Guides had their flag dedicated in the Skipton Street Methodist Church. The procession from the Sunday School was led by our minister (who also conducted the service) followed by Miss

Marion Blake, Captain of the 4th Company, the Color Parties, Guides, Guiders, the Commissioner (Mrs. Morton), District Captain (Miss Jean Murdock), District Secretary (Miss Thelma Morton), Past Secretary (Miss Kath Must); Mrs. Pittard (President of the L.A.) was also present. The Color Party for the 4th Company were Joy Hastie, Valerie Greenwood and Thelma Collins.

Jean Brimacombe and Joyce Stevens assisted the minister in the receiving of Colors, after which our flag was dedicated. Following this the Guides stood and repeated the Guide Promise and Prayer. The Rev. L. E. Hartshorn took for his subject, "The Modern Woman from a Man's Viewpoint," which concluded a very impressive service.

The flag was given to the Company by the Parents' Committee, and the pole made and donated by Mr. Middleton, father of one of our Guides. V.G.

## International Training Course.

### OMMEN, HOLLAND.

Miss Mollie Hoffmeyer represented us at the International Training in Holland, and she writes:

"It was held at a lovely spot, near Ommen. The tents were in a grove of birches and oaks. There was a big log hut in front of which was a campfire circle of logs and the flagpole nearby, from which flew the World Flag, surmounted by a pennant of Holland.

"The trainers were Miss Knappert of Holland, Miss Shanks of England, and Mme. Homi, of Suomi-Finland.

"The central idea governing the programme was to specialise on the subjects at which Holland is particularly good, and we all learnt a great deal. Woodcraft, in various forms, was the main feature. There were several hikes when our way was found or lost through the forest by compass, and various types of cooking done. There was a night game, commencing at 10 p.m. and ending at 11.30. This, while very exciting, would not, I feel, be very feasible in our Australian bush, with its poisonous snakes and spiders!

"An overnight hike was another feature, the trainees sleeping in a haystack, we joined in a delightful campfire with the Hague Guides who were camping nearby. Miss Sinclair will be interested in the fact that 'Kookaburra' has been translated into Dutch by Miss de Jong, and we sang it, two hundred strong and eleven different nations. It was really very beautiful and thrilling.

"A lot of handcraft was done, mostly with wood cut from the surrounding trees, woggles, paper knives, candlesticks, totem poles and many curious and wonderful things were evolved.

"I was very interested in Dutch Camping, which is very akin to our Australian methods, except that they have no greasepit worries, because they work!

"There were, of course, other activities—games, signalling and discussion—but hike methods were definitely the main theme."

## Guiders' Visit to W.A.

The party of visiting Guiders to W.A. consisted of eight Victorians and two from New South Wales. A most interesting programme was arranged for us, and opportunity was given to see the sights of Perth and the surrounding districts as well as to attend the various Guide functions.

It was a delightful surprise to be met at Kalgoorlie by the Commissioner, Mrs. Laver, and several Guiders, and to be driven out to the mines during the few hours' wait at that town. Coming home we were also able to spend a little time with them.

The first official outing was the Metropolitan Sports Day at Fremantle, when Mrs. Bartlett, Commissioner for Rangers, was presented with the Beaver for 21 years' continuous guiding.

The most interesting of the Guide functions were the Poster Exhibition, the Rally of the Murray Division at Fairbridge Farm, and the Guides' Garden. Several international talks, one by Miss Meek, of N.S.W. were given at the Poster Exhibition and were very interesting.

Fairbridge Farm is at Pinjarra, about 50 miles from Perth, and is a Farm Training School to which children are sent from England, the majority from Dr. Barnardo's homes. They are divided into "families" of about 10, either boys or girls, and each family lives in a cottage with its own Mother, and although two meals each day are taken together, there are certain family duties and privileges. All the buildings are of typical English style, inside as well as out, and the set out of the whole farm is very pretty, with a beautiful view of the hills and the river running through the property.

The Guiders were most enthusiastic, and all of the 300 children were marvellously healthy and happy looking. One of the attractions of the day was the boys' band, which at the time of the visit of the Duke of Gloucester could play only four bars of the National Anthem, and can now play four or five whole tunes, and very well, too.

The Guides' Garden represented a tremendous amount of work, and was most effective, even though a sudden downpour of rain at one stage made all the children scatter. They all returned as soon as the rain ceased, and carried out the programme most effectively.

Arrangements were made for us to inspect the University, beautiful new buildings just outside Perth, and very near the Swan River; the East Perth Girls' School which one sure must be the envy of schoolmistresses all the world over; the Zoo; Guildford Grammar School, with its historic chapel, for which one person in England donated the whole of the amount required, even when such sum was found to be considerably in excess of the original sum mentioned; and the West Australian Newspaper Office.

Then there were the trips to Gooseberry Hills, where wildflowers covered the ground like a variegated carpet, and to Mundaring Weir, from which the water is carried hundreds of miles to Kalgoorlie, and which is the only water supply of that town. The very large pipes can be seen following the railway practically all the way from Perth.

The kindness, hospitality and Guide spirit of our hostesses and everyone we met was mar-

vellous, and we do hope we were successful in conveying to them what a wonderful time we had had, and in inducing them to come and see our Victoria whenever opportunity offers. V.H.

## PERTH'S "THANK YOU."

A letter was received this week from Perth Guide Headquarters, wishing to thank the visiting Victorian Guiders for their gift of a book for their library, and for their "Thank you" letter which the Guiders sent before their return to Victoria.

## Quiet Afternoon for Guiders.

On Saturday, October 24th, twenty Commissioners and Guiders from the District of Richmond and East Melbourne and elsewhere came apart from the bustle of city life to St. Peter's for a Quiet Afternoon.

In his first address, Fr. Maynard spoke to us of Faith, the desire for Him which God has planted in the hearts of everyone, and the faculty which will grow as we use it for stretching out to Him, and seeking until we find Him.

In the second address we heard of Truth, which is the end of all our seeking. Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

God has not only made us want to seek, able to know the Truth when we find it, but He Himself seeks us, meets our needs, nourishes and helps us, so in the third address we were told of Grace.

The Faith is like a framework on which our spiritual life may grow and be supported, as a trellis is provided for a vine so that it may stretch out and grow to the fullest extent it can, and not sprawl in the dust and have its fruit spoilt.

As the grower of roses takes a bud from a good rose and grafts it into a wild stock, so Jesus Christ can be grafted into our lives so they are entirely given up to Him, and thereafter produce His kind of blossom and fruit—His kind of character, the best. This is the way we can carry out the highest aim of the Guide Movement.

In between the services we sat and read or meditated in the lovely Vicarage garden, and in the evening we went away with thoughts of peace and thankfulness, and a hope that such a time of quiet help and inspiration may come again. (Contributed E.R.)

## CAMPERS! CAMPERS! CAMPERS!

Competitions for all, no entry fees.

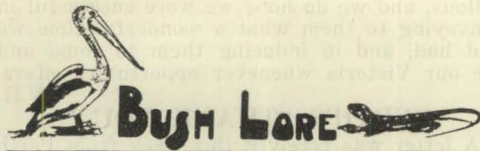
Closing Date, February 7th, 1937.

**Guides:** Make a collection of grasses and weeds—name all you can, as points will be given for this; press them, or do them up any way you like, and post in a parcel to the Nature Editor; or

Keep a list of all the birds you see and hear during Camp. Put in brackets after each whether seen or heard, or keep two separate lists. Give approximate numbers of each species.

**Rangers:** The best set of notes on the trees on your camping site and in the vicinity—gums, wattles, banksia, English trees—whatever they happen to be.

Post entries to the Nature Editor, Kennington P.O., via Bendigo, not later than Feb. 7th, 1937.



Editor, Miss Sydes.

"The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way . . . But to the eyes of the man of imagination Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is so he sees."—William Blake.

### THINGS TO SEE . . .

Jottings from a Nature Diary.

- 3rd March—Heard little grass bird. Tomtits feeding in grass in front yard.  
 27th Feb.—Wasp out working on front verandah at 6.45 a.m.  
 4th March—Late in evening dusk, magpies flying straight up, catching insects of some sort, turning over, and swooping down again with upturned wings.  
 April 2nd—Saw first scarlet robin for season.  
 April 6th—Saw two black-faced cuckoo shrikes flying over very high up.  
 May 28th—Found two long brown cases protruding from ground ('wattle-goat moths'). Measured one of the holes with a stick and it went down straight then curved. Measured down 14in. Was longer.  
 Oct. 13th—Hover fly on cornflowers, also one of the bee-flies (bombylidae), a fat furry-looking fellow with striped abdomen.  
 Nov. 8th—First finger-flowers out. Venus and Jupiter very lovely now.

### A First-Class Hike.

Ballarat, 5th October.

After receiving preliminary instructions, we set out from the Black Hill Look-Out at 2.30. On reaching the road we opened our envelopes, and found inside a cheery letter of encouragement, and instructions to continue north, and when we topped the rise to name two large sheets of water visible in the west. One was Wendouree, and the other should have been Burrumbeet, but owing to poor visibility it could not be seen. We also had to observe the mountains in the west, east and south-east, and to name six varieties of vegetation growing in the vicinity. (These were grass, gum, gorse, pine trees, wattle, lucerne trees).

Continuing along this road we passed Little Bendigo, where we had to state what the church spire is built of. As it is a real verdigris colour we decided it was copper. Our way continued through very scrubby country with a few houses—came to forked roads—then a small creek, which we decided must be formed by sluicing. Along this road found lots of wild violets, great clumps of pale mauve loveliness, wild pansies, sundews, wild boronia, small variety of thryptomene, flowering gums of different sorts, a pink orchid, and a yellow one. The birds about were mainly magpies, black-birds and a few gold finches. Later we saw male and female blue wrens, and a fantail—couldn't get close enough to distinguish what sort.

Just here we came to a gum sapling, and on it were huge caterpillars all twined together. Also found further Scout signs and instructions here, and a parcel with large arm slings.

So on through bush to a gravel road, until we found a Scout with fractured collar-bone. Passed this test, then on to a gully. Here found fresh fox marks, so fresh that sand was still wet, and the foxy odour was very strong. Rabbit tracks, and rabbits plentiful. Following the creek we came on a miner, who told us about his mine and puddling plant. More road travelling, passing a farm there suddenly appeared twenty-four little pigs, who insisted on following us with much grunting for about 50 yards.

Tea was very welcome at 6-15. During tea one of the Scouts caught a lizard—about 7in. long, grey marked with darker grey, and no frill. They said it was a baby frilled lizard.

### NEST TYPES.

Typical nests are:

- (1) Bare ground (Curlew).
- (2) Bare ground, with few particles of earth brought together (Dotterel).
- (3) Hollow of tree (Laughing Jackass).
- (4) Open nest of grass on the ground (Pipit).
- (5) Simple stick nest on tree (Bronze-winged Pigeon).
- (6) More elaborate stick nest on tree (Magpie and Raven).
- (7) Open nest of grass and moss suspended from branches (Yellow-faced Honey-eater).
- (8) Roofed nest suspended from branches (Yellow-tail Tit).
- (9) Roofed nest on ground (Ground Tit).
- (10) Tunnel-nest (Diamond Bird, Azure Kingfisher).
- (11) Nest of mud stuck on wall, etc. (Swallow).
- (12) Nest of material picked up in the air (Swift).
- (13) Nest made of secretion from mouth (Sea Swift of China).
- (14) Nests made by Bird Colonies (Fairy Marten).
- (15) Floating nest of water weeds (Black-throated Grebe).

### EGGS.

It is probable that the number of eggs depends mainly on the extent of danger to which the bird is exposed. Thus, the seabirds that nest in remote rookeries often lay but one egg, while ducks, and other birds exposed to much danger, lay a large number.

Shape and size of eggs. Eggs vary much in shape, but the pear shape is the most common. This shape prevents the egg from rolling far. Under a strong wind it swings round. The smaller end of the egg being turned towards the centre of the nest, a larger number of eggs can be laid, the eggs more completely covered by the sitting bird. When the egg is small in proportion to the birds size the young are generally born helpless, and it is in such cases that most pains are taken to build a nest that will serve as a safe and comfortable nursery. Where, as in the case of the sandpiper and barndoor fowl, the young run as soon as hatched, less trouble is taken with the nests, and sometimes the eggs are laid on the bare ground.

The cuckoo, having a very small egg and therefore helpless young, takes care to place its egg in a nest where the young cuckoo will be among young birds that are helpless like itself.

(Extracted from "Nature Studies in Australia."—Wm. Gillies.)



"A safety sign cannot talk, but is not as dumb as the fellow who disregards it."

## Suggestions for a Christmas Party for Brownie Mothers.

These are merely suggestions, because any Pack would most certainly want to arrange its own programme for a party in Pow-wow Ring, where Brown Owl will hear so many bright ideas that it will be difficult to sift out the most practicable of them.

The Party is really for the mothers' enjoyment, so choose games and handicrafts in which they can join. Impress on the Brownies their responsibilities as hostesses. It is easier if the mothers stay with their own Brownies and become Elves and Fairies, etc., for the afternoon.

Decide on where the party is to be held. If a garden is available it will be very nice, but be prepared for wet weather, and arrange alternative games for inside. If held outside arrange for seating accommodation, for mothers are not used to hopping up and down on just ground sheets.

Send out amusing Brownie-ish invitations some weeks before to make sure all the mothers will keep the date free.

Tea is a most important part of the entertainment, and it is no party for the mothers if they have to supply it, so count up your pennies and see what you can manage. Buns are popular, and swiss roll goes a long way, and don't forget that Brownies still like bread and butter with hundreds and thousands, so it should not cost the pack funds too much. Tea is more popular with grown-ups, but if you have not the facilities for making it, they will not mind an orange or lemon drink for once. Let the Sixes take it in turn to do the waiting, so that there will not be too many walking about at once. Brownies find it easier to pass the cakes on trays or dress-box lids than plates.

Then there are mothers' presents. These have been made some time before, and wrapped in pretty paper with the owner's name marked clearly. You may be able to have a small Christmas Tree on which to hang them. A small tree or shrub in the garden will do. Or you may hide the parcels and start a Treasure Hunt.

Unfortunately mothers sometimes do not arrive punctually, so it is best to start with singing games which they will like to watch, and by the time these are finished let us hope everyone will have arrived. Then the pack must make some magic and take them all to Brownieland, where they become just like Brownies.

A good game to start with is a Frog Race. Draw and cut out of thick cardboard frogs 6 or 8 inches high. Ask your shoemaker to put in an eyelet hole just where a frog would have a collar stud if he wore one. Thread 10 feet of string through; tie one end to a leg of a chair and manipulate the string to make the

frog walk towards you. Have at least six frogs and run the race in heats. It causes a great deal of excitement, and any shyness wears off, so that by the time they reach the finals all the mothers have completely turned into Elves, Fairies or whatever their Six may be.

A peanut race is fun, too, and may be run off in heats. Six peanuts have to be carried one at a time from one end of the room to the other, or across the lawn, on a table knife.

For a handicraft, get them all on to cutting and pasting. Each Six is given a sheet of cardboard and some coloured or just brown paper. Each person has to draw and cut out an animal or bird seen in a farm yard, and pastes it on to the cardboard. See which Six has the best farm yard. Or you may have a collection of all sorts of rubbish—match boxes, cotton reels, clothes pegs, pieces of material, anything at all. Everybody has to make something out of whatever they can pick up. Have pins, needles, threaded with cotton, paste and scissors handy.

Mothers would enjoy any of the nature games in the Games Book, so you will have no trouble in finding some they can play.

After tea, which should be near the end of the meeting, the presents can be given out, and perhaps Brown Owl will tell a story. If she is too shy songs in Pow-wow Ring will make a happy ending for, above all, this must be a happy, jolly party. The Grand Salute may be given after Fairy Ring, for this is a special occasion, and then some more magic is made to bring our mothers out of Brownieland again.

### SUGGESTED OPENING AND CLOSING FOR MOTHERS' PARTY.

Tune: London Bridge.

Make ring with mothers and Brownies standing alternately. When they start to sing Brownies skip to right in and out of the mothers. Turn and skip to the left at the second verse, and at the third they lead their mothers to their homes.

1—"Weave the magic in and out, in and out,

Weave the magic in and out,  
We are Brownies."

2—"Will you come with us to-day, with us to-day, with us to-day?

Will you come with us to-day  
Into Brownieland?"

3—"We will take you to our homes, to our homes, to our homes,

We will take you to our homes,  
Into Brownieland."

For goodbye, all make a ring again and sing "Weave the magic."

2nd verse:

"We are glad you came to-day, came to-day, came to-day,

We are glad you came to-day,  
Goodbye, good luck to you."

At the words "goodbye, good luck," Brownies stop skipping and stand in front of nearest mother and bow low.

### A CHRISTMAS BREAK-UP.

A Pack should do at least one Good Turn a year, so what better opportunity is there for doing one than at Christmas, the season of

Goodwill? Let the Brownies give some happiness to somebody who otherwise would have none, and give a poor family a Christmas Hamper.

For this, of course, it is necessary to have some money, so for the last meeting of the year have an open meeting, and invite all the mothers and fathers. If the Pack has been extra energetic you could have a small handicraft stall, it all helps. Then explain to the mothers what you are aiming at, and you will find them most sympathetic and ready to help. The minister of the Church to which the Pack is attached will readily supply you with the name and address of a family. Then take some of the Brownies with you to buy the articles necessary for the hamper. Let them choose the things. After all, it is their effort, and they will thoroughly enjoy everything, besides realising that there are other people in the world who need help. Last of all, don't forget to take your Sixers with you when you deliver the hamper.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor, 8/11/36.

In reply to a Brown Owl in Recess, I would like to thank her very much for writing. It was most encouraging to hear that some one actually reads the Page, and to hear that some one is not tired of either the blocks, which, by the way, we still love, or the material in the Page. We make appeals for ideas of games, handicrafts or anything that would be interesting to Brown Owls, and you might hardly believe it, but only those people actually on the Page Committee respond. Therefore we felt that no one read our Page and perhaps a new block might catch the eye of a "passing reader." Our sincere thanks go to one who could find time to write such encouragement.

Yours faithfully,

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

### More Adventures of Peko.

Peko the Elf hopped out of bed as the first sunbeam touched his head. Peko had asked the sunbeam to wake him because he wanted to be up very early. It was the day before Christmas, and Peko was going to the Palace to visit the King. He put on his green suit and long red-pointed boots and red cap. "Now Peko," said his mother, as she kissed him goodbye, and tucked a clean hanky in his pocket, "Remember, always lend a hand where ever you can, and no matter what happens be polite to whoever you meet." "Yes, Mother," said Peko, and off he went through the forest. Five miles is a long way, he thought, I must hurry. He went striding along, whistling a merry tune, when round a bend in the track he came on Mr. Griffigrump. He was very big, almost a giant, in fact, and he carried a bag of turnips on his back. "Humph," he roared, "you're a lucky fellow to have nothing to do but whistle." Mr. Griffigrump was always cross and grumpy, though some said he was kind at heart. "I'm going to the palace to visit the king," said Peko. "Huh, humph!" exploded Mr. Griffigrump. "What would the king want with a rascally Elf like you?" "Oh," said Peko, and he got

very red and was just going to say something rude when he remembered his mother's warning. "Oh, well, I'll be pleased to see him, even if he doesn't want to see me. Look out, you're dropping your turnips." He stooped and picked them up, and handed them to Mr. Griffigrump, but as fast as he picked them up Mr. Griffigrump dropped them. "Here, put them in your hat," said Peko, "that bag is too full." So Mr. Griffigrump held his hat while Peko threw in the turnips. "Er, thanks," said Mr. Griffigrump slowly. "Don't mention," said Peko, most politely. "Goodbye," and he ran off quickly in case more turnips should come tumbling down.

Presently he overtook Mrs. Oldmeadow, She was very old and lame, and was carrying a large bundle of sticks. Peko would have liked to have passed her quickly, but he remembered what his mother told him. "Good morning, Mother Oldmeadow, may I help you with your bundle?" "Thank you kindly, young man, it would save my back if you take one end of the sticks." Mrs. Oldmeadow walked very slowly, and it was a long way to her cottage. Peko was impatient to be on his way, but he talked cheerfully, and told her he was off to visit the King. "How nice," said Mrs. Oldmeadow, and when they reached her cottage at last, she gave him a small pot of loganberry jelly to take to the King. "Thank you very much," said Peko politely, although he did not feel at all sure if that was the sort of present one should take to a King. He put it in his pocket, and ran off to make up for lost time. After a while he heard the sound of wheels coming behind him, and looking over his shoulder he saw a horse drawing a cartload of wood. The driver pulled up and said "Jump up, Mother Oldmeadow tells me you are going to visit the King. I'll drive you as far as I'm going." "Thank you," said Peko and he clambered up beside the man, who slapped the reins on the horse's back, and off they rattled. "How do you think you are going to get into the palace?" asked the woodman. "Will they try to stop me?" asked Peko in surprise. "Why, yes, of course. Only people who have business with the King are allowed to pass the sentries. Unless you have a password. Have you a password?" "No," said Peko, and he looked very glum for a long time. "Cheer up," cried the man, "you might slip in without being seen, being so small, and if you try the back gates you'll have more chance. I'll drop you here at the turn-off. You follow that road, and it will lead you right to the front gates of the palace." Peko thanked him and climbed down. "Good luck, little man," called the woodman as he drove off.

Peko began to feel nervous. He was in the outskirts of the town, and he had never seen so many houses or people before. Everybody seemed to be staring at him, and he set off at a great pace to get away from them. The further he went the more people there were, and as Peko was very small he just seemed to be walking through an army of legs. He found he got on best by walking at the edge of the path, and when the legs were too many for him, he just skipped into the gutter. After what seemed a very long time to him he came into a huge square, just opposite the palace

gates. Two sentries stood at attention each side of the gates, and Peko stood close to the wall to watch if they stopped people from going in. Quite a number of people went in, but they were all in carriages drawn by beautiful horses, and they were wearing fine robes. No one came on foot, and Peko felt he would not dare to walk through that enormous gateway, passed the two stern-looking sentries, after what the woodman had said. He started off along the wall to look for a back gate, and after quite a long walk he came to it. This was not nearly such an imposing gate, but there were two sentries just the same, and Peko was scared to ask to be allowed in, in case they turned him away.

Peko watched the carts going in and out, and wondered what he could say to the sentries. Presently the vegetables for the King's household arrived, piled high with pumpkins, potatoes, carrots, cabbages, and all sorts of fruit. The driver stopped to ask the sentry something and suddenly Peko had a bright idea. He slipped across and jumped into the cart and found himself on top of the carrots. He thrust his feet in their long red boots amongst the carrots and curled round a cabbage, which was just the same green as his suit. His cap was just like a tomato. What better hiding place could any Elf have? No one noticed him even when they began unloading at the store room door. Peko was trembling. Suppose they pulled the carrots out and pulled his feet. He watched till the man had his back under a bag of potatoes and then dropped to the ground and shot into the first doorway, which happened to be the coal cellar and fell down a few steps. "Well, I'm blessed," exclaimed the man looking about, "I could swear I saw some carrots drop then." And he looked very puzzled. "Peko lay still among the coal and thought. He was no better off now than outside the gate—worse, in fact, because he had no right to be there at all, and he would probably get into serious trouble. It was not likely that the King would come near the coal cellar. "If only I could get to the King," mourned Peko. "He wouldn't turn me out. I know he believes in Fairies." He realised that everything was quiet in the courtyard now, so he crept up the steps and peeped out very cautiously. There was no one in sight so he slipped out and through a door which seemed to lead into a scullery.

(Concluded next month).

## Library Notes.

Librarian: Miss Pearson.

Guiders! Have you had a peep at some of the new books?

"Woggheeguy" (for instance). A book on Australian aboriginal legends by Catherine Stow. Most of the legends were told to her by aboriginals on Bargate Station, N.S.W., where she lived for 20 years.

Legends collected about the same time as she wrote her first two books 1896-1898, but she didn't publish them until there was a desire among the reading public for "Black Culture."

Realising too that the aboriginals were so quickly disappearing, and the old story-tellers

and their tribes almost extinct, leaving, perhaps, the only proof of their existence, their spears and legends—which are both very difficult to collect.

To get the soul of a people who only know a sort of "swear-word" English, it seems essential to have at least a smattering of their "mother" tongue in order to transcribe, and yet retain the spirit. Then try this:—

"Woggheeguy"—fairy tales.

"Youluindee" is merely hungry, and

"Wallahgooroonboonan"—a spirit kind to children, and many more.

"Girl Guide Book of Ideas" on different branches of work and play. Guiders just taking up Guiding—(Guiders, too, who crowded so many ideas into their heads and have perhaps forgotten a few; or P.L.'s in need of ideas for their patrols. Do read it. Ideas on P. Log Books and "Open Air"; P. Corners; Cooking in Camp; P. Notice Board; Sports Day; P. Test Pages; Camp log and yarns; 12 new P. games, and a host more indoor, outdoor, by night and by day.

Campfire Singing.—For Scouts and Guides, by Vera Barclay. —Hints on Campfire Singing. As long as everyone shouts heartily, is Campfire a success? Read about "enthusiasm," "order and discipline," development of skill, improving quality, and clearness of words, etc., and contains bibliography of song-books, as well as rounds, Swiss folk songs, and hymns for Camp.

Report of "Buxton" Conference.—Have you read this? It was the first Conference of Commissioners and country secretaries held in April, 1935. What it contains of "vital" interest would fill "Matilda." The discussions, everyone, of most interest to the Guider of to-day, and here in Australia, too.

1.—"Is there a serious leakage between ages of 14 to 16 in the Movement in YOUR district?"

2.—Does Guiding still meet the needs of the children of to-day?

3.—Mrs. Mark Kerr on "National and International Guiding."

4.—"Guiding" along new paths (by an outsider—Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P.).

Do read Pages 32-35.

"Sunlight." by C. W. Saleeby, Esq., M.D., is of outstanding interest.

Tracks to Adventure, by M. Vera Marshall, a series of tracking adventures.

English Folk Song and Dance, by Iolo Williams.

Australian Signs and Symbols, since Scouting's first introduction in Australia—most signs and symbols used throughout, have originated in America and Africa, until in the past few years Scoutmasters have been collecting real Australian ones to take their place, so do read them.

These are some of the new ones—and we hope for many more, so no one need "ever" feel "rusty." Isn't a 1d. a copy worth it?

## TRAINING.

Training Week. The proposed Training Week, which was to have been held at the end of December, has been cancelled, as insufficient applications were received.

M. E. BUSH, Commissioner for Training.



(Editor, Miss R. Denny)

We wish you joy and gladness and content on Christmas day and every day.

"May the God of Christmas bless you With His own sweet gifts of peace.

May the graces to you granted, deepen, Strengthen, and increase."

### Thrift and Father Christmas.

Father Christmas, his sack heavy with gifts, was making his round; by his side was a figure veiled in grey, so soft that those who saw her pass thought her a cloud. Swiftly they passed from roof to roof, but only the children heard them in their dreams.

"Are the gifts beautiful?" the grey lady asked.

"Some are, others are not. Now here," Father Christmas paused by the chimney of a small house, "one has been laying by money for the gifts ever since last Christmas. Yet under this roof there is a sick man who cannot work much; the mother has to do most of the earning; but they follow her precepts, and so are happy."

"I am so glad," said the grey lady.

They passed to another house; and Father Christmas said "Here the gifts are small. The parents mean well, but they have no forethought. To-night the man regrets his extravagance, to-morrow his regret will be shown in temper. There will be little happiness in this household."

"Poor little ones," replied his companion, "it makes one sad when there are not beautiful things to bring them."

"Are you not a little to blame, dear lady? Have you not left them too much alone? Why do you not try to enter into their lives?"

"Alas! So many people learnt to hate my name. They call me 'Meanness' or 'Stinginess,' and yet, if they would look in their dictionaries, they would see that my name, 'Thrift,' means thriving or prosperity, and this I have tried to teach them. I love to come with you on Christmas eve, when I find that my teaching has borne fruit. Now, Father Christmas, in order that next year all the children may have beautiful gifts, I will drop a seed down the chimney of every house you visit; and I will try all through the year to prove to people that Thrift does truly mean Thriving."

(From "Stories on the Girl Guide Laws," by Lady Lennard)

### Games for Field Day or Camp.

#### BUTTERFLY HUNT.

Give each patrol four "butterflies" made of paper; a different color for each patrol. Each patrol has a "home"; on first whistle or signal

they hide own butterflies; on second whistle they go to next home and hunt for butterflies; on third whistle they return to own home and collect any unfound butterflies. Score: One point for each butterfly found and two for each butterfly remaining in own home.

#### CATCHING THE COW.

One Guide has a bell or a tin with a small stone inside. All the others are blindfolded and try to catch the "cow" by the sound of her bell.

#### READ THE NUMBER.

Each Guide puts a number of three figures in the front of her hat and then starts from the outside of a large circle, to work in towards the centre, where the Guider is. When the latter reads the number of a Guide, that Guide must stop, and at the end of a given time, the Guide who is nearest to the Guider and has not had her number taken, is the winner.

#### SNATCH.

"A" and "B" patrols play against each other, or "sides" with from ten to twelve Guides on each. The two teams stand on base lines about twenty yards apart (or further to make a longer run), with a circle marked in the centre of the ground. About twenty articles of different sizes are placed in the circle, and the game begins. "A" patrol stand backing the circle while "B" patrol runs across the ground, picking something out of the circle as they pass (only one Guide can do this). They have to cross "A" line without being touched (they can only be touched just on the line), and if the Guide carrying the article can do this, she takes it to the Umpire without "A" team seeing it. (If caught, she gives it up to "A" team and it scores to them). "A" team then runs across the ground, and if any player can spot what is missing from the circle in passing the article can then be claimed by "A" team. They then run back to their own line, picking up an article as they go, and have to get through "B" team to the Umpire.

The game is won by the team with the greater number of articles to their credit at the end of twenty runs. B.M.M.

### A Christmas Good Turn.

We all know how often Court of Honour racks its brains trying to think of a Christmas good turn which will bring happiness into the life of someone at this particular season of the year, so I am going to tell you of a good turn which a Company once did and which you might like to try some time.

During a particularly dull Court of Honour, when every one was endeavoring to think of

ideas for a good turn, one Leader brightly said: "How about getting a hamper together for some poor family and giving it to them for a Christmas present?" After a great deal of discussion it was decided to approach the Minister of the Church to which the Company was attached to see if he knew of anyone the Guides could help in this way. His answer was "Yes."

This is how the Company decided to carry out their plan. Instead of having the usual Christmas party for themselves, there would be a games night, when the children would bring, in place of supper or Company funds, a small contribution for the hamper—preferably something made by themselves or purchased with their own pocket money. Having got the hamper packed, everyone then had to think of a way in which it could be given, and with the aid of the Minister, the Leaders and Seconds paid a surprise visit to "their family" one night just before Christmas, taking with them the hamper and a small present for each member of the household, not forgetting a few games and supper as—you know—it was to be a real "surprise party."

I really do not know who enjoyed the evening most—the Guides or their new friends—and you can just imagine the excitement when the children found that there was actually a real present for them on the small Christmas tree which stood on top of the hamper.

The party ended with a picnic supper, and before the Guides wended their way homewards, every one joined together in singing a well-known Christmas carol.

I do not think I need say that the happiness and smiles of "their family" made the Guides feel that their good turn had indeed brought something into their lives which otherwise might have been missing.

I am sure there are many Companies who would enjoy their own Christmas festivities more if they could see happiness brought into the lives of others who are less fortunate than themselves—remember, it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

It is only a few weeks to Christmas now, so do not delay a minute in deciding what you are going to do for your Christmas good turn. I suppose many of you have decided already, so "best of luck to you all." B.M.M.

## The Ranger Page.

Editor, Miss Boyes.

Miss Clara Broadhurst, who was the Federal representative at the Round Table Conference of Ranger Guiders, held at Our Chalet, Adelboden, in August of this year, has sent a report of the sessions. The following are extracts from the parts which are likely to be of special interest to Ranger Guiders in Victoria.

Nearly all the discussions, over a wide range of subjects, pointed to the need for intensification of the spiritual aspect of Guiding for the Ranger-aged girl, and the need for keeping the Guide Ideals in the foreground, and in no way lowering our standards.

All countries have recently revised and enlarged their programmes, after much experimenting. The old programmes had been found to be too vague and long-drawn-out, sometimes too easy and too much like the Guide tests. The new Tests give greater precision, and

diversity of choice, and stress the value of Ranger work in relation to everyday life. To be a force for good, the Ranger Company must attain a civic attitude, which works through the home, through the profession, and in social service.

In Poland, great emphasis is laid on organised service, which is first taught to the Ranger as a member of a team, and develops by stages to individual national service. France and Belgium were agreed that their programmes had been too vague in presenting the ideal, and that they would henceforth adopt a more direct way to progressive work, opening the Rangers' eyes to the possibilities of service.

The chief source of the spirit of service is the faith which everyone has in some form and degree; it is the work of the Ranger Captain to bring out this spirit. Some countries advocated the study of social scourges, and things that should not be; all emphasised the importance of practical work being done, all as soon as possible, because, once started, it gives the Rangers the desire to go on and find other avenues of service for themselves. It is most satisfactory if the Rangers come in contact with the people they are helping.

Concerning Ranger Programmes, all agreed that the amount the Rangers do towards running their own Company depends on the length of time the Company has been running, and the type of Ranger. A clever Captain leads first, and gradually stands more and more in the background, though keeping in personal contact with all, and remaining the inspiration of the Company.

It is not desirable that the Rangers should see to the whole running of the programme themselves, because it might not be well-balanced, and inspiration might be lacking. When the year's programme is planned, suggestions are made, and arrangements are carried out by the Rangers, who profit by any mistakes which may be made.

The difference between Guides and Rangers is not so much in programmes, but in the spiritual outlook. Spiritual values must be put first, with the individual as well as with the Company. The leaders of the Movement must supply an atmosphere of certitude that we know where we are going and that we are out to achieve an aim, and are expecting the Rangers to go with us to help us. In this connection, it is hoped that the Old Guides will continue the spiritual side of Guiding and will be able to render service that the younger ones cannot.

Concerning Camping for Rangers, it was agreed that Ranger Camps should be peaceful and re-creational, the work of the Camp centering round the Campercraft and Woodcraft badges, that eventually the Rangers should be trained for hike camps. The success of a hike camp depends on scrupulous preparation.

The need for International Relationships was stressed. Knowledge of one's own country would be a starting-point, with a desire to learn about other countries with a sympathetic understanding. Patriotism should lead to Internationalism. It should not be confused with Nationalism, which implies a self-centred satisfaction with one's country, and will accept no criticism. Patriotism is an expression of love of one's country, which will accept criticism and realise the good points of other

countries, and is conscious of International obligations. In the latter there must be the idea of sacrifice, otherwise we cannot live at peace with other peoples. We should not present this problem as a simple one, because it is not.

In connection with the international aspect, it was thought necessary to create a common ground, an open mind, and a broad outlook. We can influence the young minds before they have become set, and pave the way for contacts with other countries. This can be done through international badges, and by study leading to understanding. The mind of the Ranger can be prepared in such a way that she can influence her family and comrades and rectify wrong impressions.

In discussing the training the speaker advocated very little training for Ranger Guiders, saying that those who take up the work must do so intelligently, and find out for themselves the reasons for what they do. Some countries suggested that training could be given in psychology, and thus much valuable time would be saved. The girl's initiative is of paramount importance, and the types of Guiders who hinder this are those who lean towards dictatorship, the absorbing of affections, or the grand-motherly or fairy-godmother attitude.

Methods must vary in different countries, and Ranger work should be adapted, rather than copied. All Ranger work must not be a thing apart, but must be closely related to the work and thought of the country concerned.  
F.V.B.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

Lady Huntingfield, State President, presided at the annual meeting of members of the Association and Subscribers held in the Meeting Pool on Friday, 20th November, 1936. Over 100 members and subscribers were present.

Lady Huntingfield spoke of the pleasure with which she had seen so many Brownies, Guides and Rangers during her visit to country districts and her appreciation of those Guiders who are business girls and give up so much of their precious leisure to running Packs and Companies, and her hope that in the coming year Guiding would have more young people volunteering as leaders.

The adoption of the annual report was moved by Mrs. W. Sargood, president of the Country Women's Association, who expressed the pleasure the Country Women's Association would have in co-operating with the Guide Association at any time.

The adoption of the balance sheet was proposed by Mr. W. S. Kent Hughes, M.L.A.

Mrs. C. O. Fairbairn gave a most intriguing account of the 9th World Conference in Sweden.  
S.H.I.

### EQUIPMENT DEPOT.

The Fourth Biennial Report of the W.A.G.G.S., 2/3.

As usual, this report is brimful of interest. The historical sketch takes us from 1934 to 1936, and includes Mrs. Storrow's report of the Jamboree here, and a picture of "Australian Brownies at Melbourne Rally." As one turns the pages of the report, each heading makes one want to read it at once. The final one, "Whither?" is a direct message to each Guider.

As the Chief Guide says in her message: "This report will give us all some splendid and

inspiring material to work with, and to help us to extend on to an ever wider scale."

**Christmas Cards.** — Delightful Christmas cards are available at 2d. and 4d., in Brownie and Guide designs; one at 4d. is a charming card of Guides from all the world with a signed message from the Chief Guide.

### COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE.

The 14th Conference of Victorian Commissioners was held at the Terminus Hotel, Brighton Beach, from 17th to the 20th November, 44 Commissioners, including the State Commissioner, Lady Chauvel, attended all or part of the Conference. Lady Huntingfield spent one morning at the Conference and addresses were given by Dr. Florence Cooper, Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Dell Hayman and Miss D. H. Irving.  
S.H.I.

### WARRANTS AND REGISTRATIONS.

**District Commissioners.**

Caulfield: Miss D. Britten, 9 Hume Road, Caulfield.  
Malvern: Mrs. Colin Macdonald, 455 High Street, S.E.6.

**Captains.**

1st East Melbourne: Miss I. Watson.  
1st Canterbury: Miss L. Gordon.  
2nd Albert Park: Miss F. Davies.  
1st Shepparton District: Mrs. McBean.  
2nd Surrey Hills: Miss V. Williams.  
1st Warracknabeal: Miss I. King.

**Lieutenants.**

1st Cheltenham: Miss B. Fenwick.  
**Ranger Lieutenant.**  
1st Hampton Rangers: Miss M. Baillie.

**Registration.**

1st Kyneton Pack.

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