



# Matilda

JANUARY, 1937.

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## Editorial.

May 1937 be a very happy and successful year for all Guides of Victoria.

If there is anything "Matilda" can do in the way of assisting you, especially country Guiders, we do wish you would let us know.

We would welcome inquiries and suggestions. It is very disheartening to appeal for news and to find that you are either too busy or you can't be bothered.

We are very grateful to the regular contributions, but we are sure many interesting things happen in your district of which we never hear.

Do send in reports.

## Leisure and How to Spend It.

By "Adi Marella" of Fiji.

Leisure! What a vista it presents! Pause to ponder! To ponder would seem a necessary beginning to the successful spending of leisure. To people of leisure the whole duty of life would be to know how to spend leisure with success. Success in life surely depends on the results gained by contact. Successful contact with people being the expression of personality, so in the expression of personality depends the happiness and contact with other people.

To practise leisure contentedly it would be necessary to do what one desires most, and to do it in company with those desirous of doing it too. Surely that would embody happiness, and need not apply to leisure only. But in the successful spending of leisure it would need to be applied.

For those who are busy, leisure is a duty. It is not always within the bounds of duty to be able to please oneself. Therefore, much would depend on the manner in which one is employed for labour, as to how much one owes to duty in the spending of leisure. Rest is essential to mind and body, for the successful performance of all labour. And on the amount of strain imposed in labour should depend the amount of rest essential to recuperate powers of brain or muscle for their well-being.

Commonsense would be a true and unailing guide for the correct balance. For if commonsense is applied moderation must follow. And in moderation can be found the balance which successfully equalises work and leisure.

With a true perspective gained of necessary essentials in respect to work and play it would leave then to be decided the manner of being at leisure.

What a field, with the world at one's feet!

To gain most out of life it is necessary to experience contrasts. The extent to which contrasts are attainable would depend so much on facilities. For holiday-leisure greater contrasts should gain greater results. The city dweller to the bush, the bush-dweller to the

city. The gardener to his book, the book-worm to his garden. From noise to quiet and quiet to noise. Thus equalising experiences, so that one is better able to appreciate differences. To gain best there must be satisfaction in nothing short of best. Best ways do not necessarily mean elaborate ways. Appreciation is a quality necessary for success, and surely appreciation is an essential quality for the successful spending of leisure.

There is the old adage, "a change is as good as a rest," which if followed offers contrasts of work, the wisdom of which could be decided only by the need for rest. To fill all leisure to the exclusion of necessary rest is hardly offering justice to either labour or leisure.

Holiday leisure covers a given period, so should not be so important as the leisure of daily life. Relaxation, uplift, recreation, exercise, duty of service, development of mind and body, as apart from labour, social development or extension of contact, are some of the considerations to be weighed in the successful expenditure of daily leisure. Man is not meant to live alone, and in extending one's activities for the benefit of happy contact, unselfishness would seem to be an essential quality. Self and self alone can hardly be a happy guide. We are told that much of the charm of the old school of manners lies in preference of others to self. The old school also considered nobility of mind an essential quality of true character, and the old school bred characteristics not altogether to be scorned.

Service! Society! How can they best be served for our true gain and the happiness of others. It would be impossible to advise collectively. Consideration of individual opportunities would have to be weighed well before attempting to gain results. For development of soul it is necessary to be in touch with nature, and in contact with nature lies balm. To be able to combine the exercising of the necessarily developing qualities of character and contact, with a soul developing contact with nature so that one sees deeply, breathes deeply, and feels deeply would surely be that our leisure was not all rest for pleasure, but had been well considered and successfully spent.

If efforts in labour necessitated individual rest, it could scarcely be considered selfish for individualism to be practised. Loneliness might be an essential aid to development of soul by communion, and according to one's efforts so should it be decided whether recuperative and developing qualities lie in individual rest.

Labour must necessarily be reiterated and frequently becomes monotonous or irksome.

Variety is a great stimulant. Which suggests that variety, with mental nourishment, physical development, rest of body and mind, expansion of soul, with human contact, are qualities to be considered. In fact, all considerations for the development of character

should be embodied in the practice of leisure if leisure is to be potent in recuperative power, self-expression, happiness and enjoyment as apart from the trammels of labour.

Lead us to peace and self-content.

Lead us to hours of quiet well spent.

A mind to grow and heart to give

Of best within the sphere we live.

Labour, for gain and worldly good,

Leisure to bring us nearer God.

R.B.B.

## Travels.

The international aspect of Guiding is appreciated on one's first sight of the familiar uniform. Seeing them from the top of a bus one winter's day in Hull, two little Guides might well have been from my own district, since they both showed a good inch of white petticoat.

The rooms at Imperial Headquarters seemed a little cold and bare. Could we not commission an artistic Guider to paint bright wheat-fields on the plaster walls of the Australian room, which is occupied by six businesslike typists? Or perhaps some well chosen rooms would give the room an Australian character? My Ranger guide disturbed my gravity a little by not knowing the difference between Westminster Abbey and Cathedral! She explained she came from Essex, and did not know London well. Which reminds me that in Brisbane a Guide could not tell me the way to Headquarters.

Friendly afternoon teas, a visit to hear carols sung in Temple Church, and a Church Parade in St. Paul's were outstanding opportunities I received through Guiding.

Spring in the New Forest! A fortunate early booking of "The Link" and good weather gave us the chance of seeing this at its best. Australian Guiders in camp or a Training Week even missed an occasional session to visit us there.

Some blind Rangers with whom we camped in Cheshire were surprised to realise that English was the national language in our country. The Guiders told us of their pleasure to camp with Guiders from so far away. Regarding our language their only comment was on the "slight cockney accent"! It was a wonderful camp, and no one's spirits were damped by the almost daily thunder storms.

In Russia a young Consomol permitted us to take her photograph after a request made by signs. It shows a serious lass in a uniform rather like a policewoman's, standing, unfortunately, in a typically Australian slouch. I wonder if they teach "posture" there!

In Germany, too, we often saw bands of B.D.M.'s in their blue shirts and white blouses hiking on Saturdays or Sundays, usually singing as they marched. At a Leaders' Camp for both men and women we realised that they camp more simply than we do. The large bell tents have a straw floor, with a board at the doorway to prevent any escaping; and the flaps are securely tied to protect them from the night air. Eight to ten sleep in a tent, with feet to the pole; a minimum of equipment is taken in a small knapsack each.

But when I climbed up over snow and through mist to "The Chalet," I realised that we Guides have a bond which these two countries lack. At a B.D.M. evening I was a welcome visitor. But at "The Chalet" I belonged; and so was I warmly welcomed by the Guiders there, although they had to stop their Spring cleaning to take us over the house that belongs to us all.

D.I.

## THE WORLD ASSOCIATION OF GIRL GUIDES AND GIRL SCOUTS.

The World Bureau offers prizes for the best colored copies of the Painting Book, painted in water colours.

The conditions are as follows:

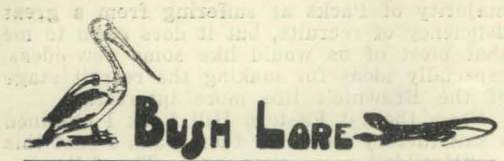
- (1) There will be two classes:
    - (a) Brownies below the age of 11 on June 1st, 1937;
    - (b) Girl Guides or Girl Scouts, below the age of 16 on 1st June, 1937.
  - (2) Each country, member of the World Association, must arrange to judge the entries sent in by members of its own organisation.
- Only two copies, one from each class, may be sent by each country to the World Bureau.
- (3) The entries must reach the World Bureau, 17 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, England, by 1st June, 1937.
  - (4) The entries will be judged by the World Chief Guide, and by the World Committee.
  - (5) There will be three prizes in each class: the first prize for Guides will be a Patrol tent. The first prize for Brownies will be a good painting box. The other prizes will be settled later.
  - (6) The judges will take into account whether the correct shades of colour are given to the flags and the different parts of the uniform. As it has been impossible in the text of the book to describe the different shades competitors will be advised to find these out for themselves through coloured book or through private correspondents. They should not write to the National Headquarters of Countries. Names of correspondents can nearly always be obtained through the Past Box in each country.

(sgd.) KATHARINE FURSE,  
Director of the World Bureau.

## Pipe Music.

As a result of a demonstration on pipes at the last Guides' Social by Miss Holgate Clarke, we hear that many Guiders meet together and practise under the baton of Miss Barfus. They have made their own pipes, and I believe their intention is to startle the other Guiders camping at Adelaide at the Rally.

Our thanks are due indirectly to Miss Ruth Flockhart, of M.L.C., for this sudden interest in pipe music. She herself is an expert, but as she was unable herself to come to our social she sent one of her pupils instead. We are indebted to them both. I am sure Miss Barfus will forward any information about the pipe "band." It must be fun. I'd love to join, wouldn't you?



Editor, Miss Sydes.

## Color in Nature.

Nature is not sparing with her loveliness. Take Color—reds and yellows of sunsets and sunrises; sometimes tiny broken clouds of a rosy pink, sometimes a brilliant, vivid show, that changes and fades, and glows bright again, must surely hold our breath; then the green of young leaves in Spring—so many different shades; the color in gum-tips, red shades and blue shades; twinkling stars dew-drops in the sun; butterflies and hundreds of other insects; the deep blue of the sky before summer's heat gives it that whitish look; and blue flowers—a mass of cornflowers, in the bush a carpet of blue pincushions or blue-bells, or patches of blue orchids peeping out from grasses and bushes; the robin with his scarlet breast, the gorgeous hues of the rosella, the blue wren with his black and blue garb, and so we can go on and on and on.

Only recently has my attention been drawn to the variety of coloring in beaks, eyes and legs of birds. For instance, the dusky wood-swallow has a decidedly blue beak. And eyes—a magpie has brown eyes, a grey magpie or Currawong has yellow eyes—very striking—full of expression, while the seagull has white eyes, which are hard looking, and suit his greedy habits. One way of deciding whether a bird is a blackbird or a starling, when you haven't got very far with you bird-lore, is by the color of the beak.

Now, is color in Nature just accidental? Decidedly not! Leaves are not green just by accident, dust and other things lead to color in the sunset; and so, if we go on reasoning, we find that color is used for many important purposes—flowers use it to attract bees and insects, because they must be pollinated to make seeds to carry on the next year. We need go no further than the gaudy marrow flower for an example. Sometimes it is set for a trap to attract insects, catch them and eat them.

The greatest use, perhaps, is for Protection. Insects, animals and birds all make use of it. And here I would refer you to an article in the June, 1936, Geographical Magazine, entitled "Concealing Coloration in Nature." It has some splendid photographs to illustrate—moths resting on bark being particularly good. To quote from this article:—

Two essential steps towards inconspicuousness must lie in the direction of

(a) Color resemblance: i.e., agreement in color between object and its background.

(b) Obliterative shading: i.e., counter-lightening and shading, which abolishes the appearance of roundness or relief due to light and shade.

Adding to these—

(c) Disruptive Coloration: i.e., a superimposed pattern of contrasted colors and tones which serve effectively to break up the real form.

And we must not forget the use of color for attracting insects, birds, etc., to one another,

or we might say as a sort of distinguishing mark.

When giving your Guides those color games don't forget to have a nature one sometimes. Brownies especially like collecting things of various colors.

## Odds and Ends.

1.—"Matilda" badly wants to know if any "nosey-Parker" has ever seen a spider spin that first bit of his web. You know he usually has a wire or something to start with, then he drops himself down to the ground, then runs up again, thus he has a right angle to spin his cartwheel in, but how does he proceed after he has dropped the vertical rope? I had a lovely chap I used to watch against the light of the sky—making a beautiful cartwheel—spokes first, then the criss-crosses. He generally started at dusk—about 8—but one night started too early, and as he dropped to within a foot of the ground, the magpie raced across and snapped him up in spite of my intervention. So I didn't ever see what happened next, so "Matilda" is asking you.

2. "Matilda" whispered in my ear that she thought that you would think—but that's her way—that she was like the Elephant's Child—full of "satiableness," because she wants to know.

(a) Aren't there any honeyeaters in your district?

(b) Don't you have any 1st class, 2nd class or any other sort of "ikes," or Field Days, or Nature Rambles, when you see things, and hear things, and observe things, and write things in your note books, and collect things, and don't pick things, or knock things about, or stamp on ants' nests just to tease them—and here "Matilda" ran out of breath—but she finished up by saying she thought you were pretty nasty, because she told you all her nice things, and you just kept all yours to yourselves.

### 3. Bulbs or Corms?

A crocus is a corm, like the gladiolus, and not a bulb. Examine one and you will notice it has that hard, flat look, and has a little shoot sort of on top. How is it different from a bulb then, such as a jonquil or daffodil?

A corm is really "the dilated base of the stem," a bulb is "a modified leaf-bud formed on the plant beneath the ground."

Take both to the Company meeting, dissect them, and show the Guides the difference.

You will see that the leaves and flowers grow from the top of the corm—actually on the top, while in the bulb they grow right from the bottom. The corm is a solid affair, while the bulb is composed of folded up fleshy leaves. Get your two specimens, cut them in half, and it will all be quite plain.

4. And now, as a last word, I wish you all "Good Camping!" and "Good luck" for the Nature Competition—and I know "Bush Lore" will not have to close down for 1937, after all.

## BIRD IDENTIFICATION.

Don't you find it hard when Jane comes to you and says "What's this bird, Captain? It's got a black beak, shortish sort of legs, a dark back, whitish underneath, and a sort of reddish patch somewhere on its head." Or it might be even vaguer than that!

(Continued on Page 12)



(Secretary, N. Thewlis).

"It is not enough to take steps which may some day lead to a goal; each step must itself be a goal and a step likewise."

### THE BROWNIE PAGE NEW BLOCK.

Yes! We have not forgotten this! The entries were very few, and the Committee decided to extend the competition until next April. Some of the designs we have received are very good indeed, in fact, most attractive, but we would like more before finally deciding. In case you have all forgotten what it is about, here are the conditions. We want a new block, as a new frock makes its wearer feel brighter, not that we are tired of our old ones, but just so would a new block, perhaps, make some reader sit up and take notice! The block need not be for the top, it can be for the middle, or the end; it should not exceed 4 in. x 2 in. in size, and should be of some attractive Brownie-ish design. The prize is one year's subscription to "Matilda," so you see it is well worth while!

N.T.

### APPEAL TO COUNTRY GUIDERS.

Some time ago we appealed to Country Guiders to send us in their bright suggestions, ideas and games. What happened? For a long time, nothing. Now Mrs. Arnott, of Trafalgar, has sent us in some ceremonies for which we are very grateful. Thank you, Mrs. Arnott!

## Some Ceremonies.

### OPENING CEREMONIES.

Tune: "Here we go round the mulberry bush."  
Our Brownie Laws, we must try to keep—  
To Fairy Ring we must quietly creep,  
The Pixies, the Elves, and the Fairies, too,  
We must each of us here to our Promise be true.

### CLOSING CEREMONY.

Tune: "We're the Brownies."  
Now our Brownie meeting's done,  
To home we go, we've had our fun—  
To "Lend a Hand!" will be our aim,  
And every day to "Play the Game."

### WELCOME TO VISITOR.

Welcome to you—we're Trafalgar Pack.  
We are glad you are with us to-day.  
We hope that while with us here most happy  
you'll be  
And join in the games that we play.

### TO POW-WOW RING.

We trip along and gaily sing,  
For we are coming to Pow-wow ring,  
To hear and heed all Brown Owl says:  
And try to follow in her wise ways.

### FROM POW-WOW RING.

From Pow-wow ring we now take ourselves,  
To the homes of the Fairies, Pixies and Elves,  
Then listen once more for Brown Owl's call,  
To a game, p'raps of skipping or throwing the ball.  
Mrs. ARNOTT.

## New Recruits.

I wonder whether there are not more recruits in Brownies? Is it because there is so much more to fill their leisure hours that the demand for such activities as Pack Meetings is not high? Or perhaps our meetings are dull—or childish. It does not seem to me that the

majority of Packs are suffering from a great deficiency of recruits, but it does seem to me that most of us would like some new ideas, especially ideas for making the recruit stage of the Brownie's life more interesting.

From the 1st Eastern Hill Pack I obtained a satisfactory name for them—and I sent this to "Matilda" some time ago. The following suggestions might help some Brown Owl, and might make other Brown Owls send in their ideas.

When I was in College I always asked my recruits to come to afternoon tea. When our simple tea was over I would ask them to help me wash up—show them my ideas, and thus make a fairly interesting event of a dull job. (My pack was a very poor one, and washing up a very frequent occupation.)

Then might I send in these suggestions? Draw a figure on cardboard and let the recruit colour in various parts as she shows ability to do certain things—i.e., when she can do her hair and plait let her draw in the hair, when she can tie her tie, let her draw the tie in, etc. These things are not to be filled in when she is tested, simply when she can do the various things. This might stimulate a desire to do.

When you teach her to plait (make use of this) let her plait narrow ribbons or colored threads to bind a book, hang a picture or decorate a doll. Give her an object that she can see. After all, a Brownie is seldom called upon to plait, but to learn to plait so she can have a more decorative way of tying up the pages in a scrap book might seem a worthwhile thing to her.

Then make the learning of the law, promise, smile, etc., a tremendous thrill—the badges, pass words and special signs of a secret society—in fact, a Secret Society. Make it exciting, and make it an honour to be allowed to learn; don't make it a task. At that age little girls rather like secret societies, so make use of this fact too.

When it comes to testing—if you can, do not let it be known that you are so doing—but if you have to make it a test, make it as exciting as possible. Make it a surprise, have a Brownie with a bandaged hand and say that as she can not tie her tie you would like one of the recruits to do it for her—or something of that nature. Ask someone to plait something for you to use, and USE it. Have some occasion such that it will be a Good Turn to wash up, and get the recruits to do this as a lovely surprise. If you use a Church Hall—persuade some members of a Guild or Mother's Society to have a meeting and leave their cups and saucers to wash (persuade them to show intense excitement when they "discover" the things have been washed up).

For the other tests make them the password, etc., and do not let the recruit join the fairy ring—or go to the Six Homes till she can give these correct "pass words."

L.T.

## SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR GAINING RECRUITS.

From old and new Brown Owls alike come the cry, "How can we interest new children in Brownies and make them want to join the Pack?" There are many and varied ways of doing this.

Brown Owl could find out the names of all the children of Brownie age attending the Sunday School (if a Church Hall is used) or from

C A M P     I N     N O R W A Y.

The Ncrsk Spøiderpikeforbund is arranging a National Camp to be held at Mandal from 8th to 16th July, 1937, and invites 10 Guiders, Guides or Rangers from Australia. Visitors are asked to bring tents and cooking utensils and full personal camping outfit. The cost for the Camp will be about 15/-, English money, per camper.

Any Guiders, Guides or Rangers who hope to be in Europe in July and would like to avail themselves of this invitation should send applications in writing to the Secretary at Headquarters, Melbourne, not later than 20th February 1937, after obtaining the Commissioner's permission. Our Victorian applications will be forwarded to the Federal Secretary, who will have to evolve some scheme to reduce the number to ten if there happen to be more than that number of applications from all the States.

S.H.Irving.

the local school, then she could send them all an invitation to a Brownie party. Instead of just playing "Drop the hankey," Brownies games could be played, and then tea. The visitors could watch the Brownies "do" Fairy Ring, and so catch a glimpse of the toadstool. Of course, being a Brownie party, it must end with a story.

The children's mothers would probably call for them, and so give Brown Owl an opportunity of meeting them.

Another idea would be to send a Brownie card to each child illustrated in an attractive manner, and "containing full details as to place, and time of meeting." These cards could be sent from the "Brownies and Brown Owl," and not just from "Brown Owl."

The Brownies themselves should be the best means of introducing new children. If they are thrilled with being Brownies they will naturally tell the other children what exciting times they have at Pack, and so plenty of recruits should be "waiting on the mat," if our meetings are well prepared, and full of surprises.

Last but not least, on the way to Pack, Brown Owl is sure to meet "something" that looks a little bit small but who is dying to be old enough to be a Brownie, and it is not very hard to make a pact with a seven-year-old, giving the all important date when she may be a Brownie.

Judging by the crowds on Saturday morning there certainly are plenty of children, so why not have a "crowd" one afternoon a week, and have a full pack?

R.L.S.

## More Adventures of Peko.

(Continued from last month).

In the scullery were two busy maids, who were washing dishes, and when both their backs were turned he skipped across the floor and through another door which led into the big kitchen. Here was a great bustle. Cooks were busy baking for Christmas, and Peko sniffed the most delicious smells of mince pies and cakes, but there was no time to enjoy them, not a hiding place could be seen, no cupboard door stood ajar, no screen of any sort could he see, so he darted across and under the table. The head cook was greasing a paper to line her cake tin, and just at that very moment she let it drop. It swooped under the table and on to Peko, where it stuck. "Bother," said cook, and she stooped to snatch it up again, but Peko was off, the paper still sticking to his back. "What a draught! Shut that door!" shouted cook to the scullery maids, but Peko was through the next door and was flying up the back stairs. Cook started after him, but thought better of it. It was rather warm, and she was fat.

Peko ran up two flights of stairs. He left the paper on. It was not so noticeable as a green suit, and people still might think him merely a piece of paper blowing about. In the corridor at the top of the stairs he took refuge behind some curtains to get his breath. No one seemed to be about up here, but presently he heard a low, droning sound. After listening for some time he decided it was some one speaking or reading aloud, and the sound came

from the far end of the passage. He crept along and looked through wide doors. It was the Throne Room. There sat the King in a purple robe and a gold crown set with jewels on his head. Beside him, on her throne sat his Queen. She wore a beautiful lilac robe and crown set with amethysts. Peko was sure she was the most beautiful lady in all the world. Beside her on a small throne sat the Princess. Now the Princess was dressed in a pretty blue frock, and she also wore a crown of gold, which was set with pearls, but as the day was warm and the drone of the Lord High Chancellor, which Peko had heard in the passage, was very soothing, she had fallen asleep, and her head lay to one side against the throne, and her crown was tilted over one eye.

All the courtiers sat up very straight and tried hard to look interested in what the Lord High Chancellor was talking about, because he really was giving an account of most important affairs of state. It was difficult for the poor things because, besides being a warm, sleepy day, they had all lunched well, and now and again a head would nod. Peko began to slide round the wall very, very carefully. He got nearer and nearer to the throne of the Princess, until at last he was able to climb up the back of it, and then he began to whisper in her ear. She stirred and smiled and dimples appeared in her cheeks. Then suddenly she laughed out loud and sat up, looking very bewildered. The Lord High Chancellor stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and all the courtiers sat up and looked with shocked surprise at the Princess, whose crown still tilted over one eye. Suddenly a footman sprang forward. "Your Majesty, there is something on the throne of the Princess," he shouted, and he made a grab at Peko, but only grasped the paper. Peko darted out in front of the King. He was not the tidy little Elf who had started out that morning. His hiding place in the coal cellar had left him rather black, and the grease from the cake paper had not improved matters. "What's this, what's this?" demanded the King, and he looked wrathfully at the grimy little figure.

"P-please, Your M-majesty!" stammered Peko, "I'm Peko the Elf, whom you met once in the forest." "Peko!" exclaimed the King, remembering. "Well, why do you come in like this? Why didn't you come by the front way, and get yourself announced properly?" "Oh, sir, Your Majesty, I was frightened; I had no pass-word. The woodman said I would not be allowed in without one, and I had to see you, you see. I have to be home to-night, and I couldn't wait about all day for you to come out!"

"Oh, well," said the King, and he smiled kindly, "it was clever of you to get in—magic, I suppose?" "Oh, no!" said Peko, "Really it wasn't. I wouldn't use magic for that. I'm not allowed to. I came in with the vegetables." He looked so upset and comical that the King and the whole court laughed. Then the King presented Peko to his Queen, and the Princess set her crown straight and came down from her throne and took his hand and squeezed it, and said: "Papa, perhaps I had better take Peko away. He needs a wash, and I should like to get to know an Elf." The King

looked at her with a twinkle in his eye, and said it was a good idea, and he didn't scold her either, for so rudely interrupting the L.H.C. So off they went, hand in hand, to the bathroom, where Peko made merry among all the shiny taps and the big cakes of scented soap, and the L.H.C. finished his discourse on Important Affairs of State. The courtiers were not so sleepy, having been thoroughly aroused by the appearance of the queer little mannikin. The L.H.C. was roused too, and he cut his long speech short, and wished them all a happy Christmas and New Year, and then they all went off to the banquet room for afternoon tea. The King and Queen sent a messenger to find Peko and the Princess. He found them in the rose garden, where Peko was showing the Princess how to stand on her head. Not a seemly act for a Princess, but she had been born under a wrong star, and the Astrologers said she would always be a tom-boy. She turned right side up, smoothed her skirt and said "Bother, I'd much rather stay here!" However, she took her crown from the top of a garden stake, where she had hung it for safety, and set off with Peko for the banquet hall, and the King and Queen greeted them kindly.

Peko told them of his adventures getting in to the palace, and everyone was very amused. When tea was finished Peko said he would have to go, as his mother would worry if he did not arrive home before the sun had gone; but the King said he would take him home in plenty of time. He asked him to go with them while they distributed some Christmas presents. Peko thought that would be lovely, and then suddenly he blushed to the ears and began to stammer: "Your Majesty, talking of presents, I forgot," and he fumbled in his pocket and at last brought out the tiny pot of loganberry jelly which Mrs. Oldmeadow had given him for the King. It had melted somewhat, but otherwise it was intact. The King thought it was very kind of the old lady, and said he liked that sort of jelly better than any other, and he did not seem to think it a strange sort of present at all.

Then the King, the Queen, the Princess and Peko got into a carriage drawn by four black horses, and another carriage came behind, loaded with toys, and off they went through the city to the very poorest part, where boys and girls lived who had no toys and not many clothes to wear, and sometimes little to eat.

The King and his family gave out the toys and talked to the children and their parents. Sometimes they went inside a house to see a sick or crippled child, and Peko went too, and skipped about and danced to make them laugh. The children had never seen an Elf before, and they liked this quaint little chap.

When the carriage was empty of all the toys Peko said goodbye to the Queen and the Princess, who asked him to be sure to come again, and he and the King got into it and drove to the forest. When they came to Mrs. Oldmeadow's cottage Peko told the King, and he stopped the carriage and got out to thank her for the present she had sent him.

"What a good thing I carried those sticks this morning," thought Peko. "Mrs. Oldmeadow might never have seen the King if I

hadn't. Wish Mr. Griffigrump could see me sitting in the King's carriage. He would get a surprise," and Mr. Griffigrump just did see Peko in the carriage, for at that moment he came along the road, and do you know, he was whistling!! "Humph!" squeaked Peko in his loudest voice, "you're lucky to have nothing to do but whistle." Mr. Griffigrump looked at the carriage and at Peko in great surprise. "Well, young man, if you hadn't started me off whistling this morning, I wouldn't be whistling now. You seemed such a cheerful little chap I got to feeling cheerful myself just from thinking of you," and he grinned a broad grin from ear to ear. "And that," thought Peko, "is a thing he has not done for a very long time, if all I've heard is true." "I see you found the King." "Yes, here he is!" said Peko, and the King came out and said "Good day" to Mr. Griffigrump, who pulled at his forelock respectfully.

Peko hopped down. "Thank you very much, Your Majesty, for such a happy day, and for bringing me home. I will be able to go on my way with my friend Mr. Griffigrump and save your Majesty from coming further into the forest." He bowed low to the ground, and doffed his cap. "Goodbye, Peko, and come again soon, but next time walk right in through the front gate." The king got into his carriage and drove off, and Peko and Mr. Griffigrump turned and set off home, whistling a merry tune together.

### THE BROWNIE LIBRARY.

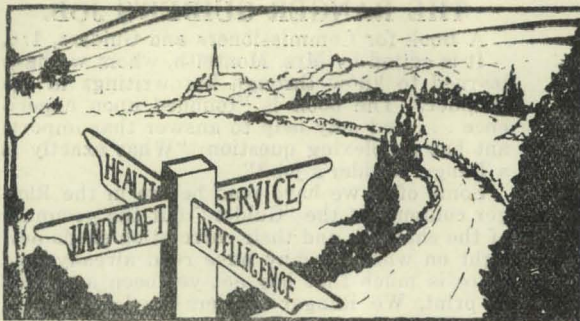
After much effort, the Committee has succeeded in tracing and recovering quite a number of the lost and long-outstanding books. One very kind person not only returned her book, but sent another with it as a peace offering. It was very nice of her, and the Committee appreciated her thought. Some, however, are lost beyond recall, so it was decided at the last library meeting to write these off and replace as many as possible with funds in hand. The books have all been re-classified and numbered, and the library will be opened about February, 1937. It is hoped to have an entire cupboard of our own and we do ask borrowers to enter their names when borrowing and to return the books as soon as possible. A list is being drawn up of the books most used; when funds permit, these will be duplicated, or trebled where most popular, and then there will be separate metropolitan and country Guiders' libraries.

A question has been "Who has most use of the Brownie Guiders' Library—country or metropolitan Guiders?" So I have worked out the percentages for the years 1934-35. When I say "books," I mean separate borrowings.

Country Guiders: 23 books, kept for an average of 1½ months each. Also six of my own books (when library copies were not available) kept for an average of three months each—with permission.

Metropolitan Guiders: 132 books, kept for an average of 2½ months each; 28 books for an unknown time—returns were not entered; 14 book borrowed, not entered, and never returned.

DOROTHY SEDGFIELD,  
Secretary Brownie Library.



## The Sign Post

(Editor, Miss R. Denny)

### The Old and the New.

#### A QUEST FOR 1937.

It was a perfect day of spring when I came to Tintagel. Blue sea, blue sky around and above the emerald-clad cliffs in the sheltered nooks of which clustered the last and only primroses I saw in England. It was a day for dreaming, a day on which one wanted to forget the rush of modern times, and re-live in the mind that romantic age of chivalry. It was quiet, too—no sound but the break of the waves upon the rocks far below, or the thin voice of the rock pipit as he soared and dropped about the edge of the cliff, blown like a leaf hither and thither by the strong sea breeze.

So it was here in the far-away middle ages that King Arthur and his Knights once lived and toiled and handed down to us an unforgettable tradition, a story that will never die. Of course you may say it was only a legend—pure imagination on the part of historian and poet. I wonder—!

Sometimes I think in this materialistic twentieth century of ours we have become just a little too practical; we have thrown away the cream and are existing on skimmed milk. No wonder most of us go a little hungry!

I think if you could have descended the cliff with me and knocked at the door of the cottage where dwelt the old woman who kept the key, taken possession of it and climbed the steep stone stairway you would have said:—"This is a page from history." Tintagel is colored with this romance from bygone times, and for this reason remains outstanding in the memory of the tourist. Standing amid the ruins on the top of the crag one almost hopes that any moment an armour-clad figure may come riding over the crisp sands with the clank of mail, and harness, seeking admittance to the ancient stronghold.

Surely there was time for dreaming and time for visions in this sea-girt sanctuary, with all its lonely yet peaceful solitude—a solitude which resulted in such splendid deeds of gallantry.

What was the vision which beckoned on these knights of olden-time? What was it they sought for day and night? Come now with me to Glastonbury, where was built the first Christian Church, a primitive structure of wattle and daub, and then later the glorious abbey, the ruins of which are now a national monument, here again it was the simple beauty of making a living carpet patterned with daisies.

By the altar an open grave—the first burial place of King Arthur and Guinivere. And on the hill above, a Tor or stone to mark the supposed resting place of the Holy Grail, somewhere at its foot. In an adjoining field a scout and guide jamboree was taking place—the old and the new—but yet the same truth running through it all. I leave you to discover it in your own way: it is ever an individual search.

From Glastonbury to Winchester for the last link in this story. Here on our way home from Foxlease we visited the Great Hall to see the Round Table hanging on the wall. Not a very big table, but large enough to bear the names of all such knights as won fame. At the top, in pride of place, sat Sir Galahad, the youngest, who alone succeeded on the quest through his singleness of purpose and the strength which comes of pure unselfishness. For when the Knights had fallen from their high endeavour because self-interest had corrupted their once noble enterprise, he taught anew an everlasting truth that neither rank nor fame nor achievement may give us that which we so much desire. But perhaps if we, in humbleness of spirit, look through the eyes of our newest guide we shall see the vision afresh and re-capture the shining spirit of adventure—the greatest adventure in the world.

### Brainwave Basket.

#### HOW TO MAKE A CAMP "SHEET-PILLOWSLIP."

To make a combined bag-sheet and pillowslip, which only weighs half a pound, and costs five shillings, take five yards of pongee silk 33 inches wide. Cut  $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard from one end, half of this  $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard is to make the flap to keep the pillow in, the other half may be used for a deep pocket, sewn to the top half of the sheet wherein to put one's handkerchief, torch, etc. Take the flap, 18 inches by 9 inches, hem one 18-inch side, now 18 inches from the end of the main piece of material, begin joining on the other 18-inch side of flap, stitch down the two 9-inch sides. Now fold over the 18 inches of main material, stitch down, join up the end and your pillowslip is complete. Hem the other end of sheet, taking care that right side of hem will be uppermost when sheet is turned over blankets; leave 9 inches for the turnover and start joining the sides where the pillowslip begins. When these sides are finished your sheet-pillowslip is complete.

#### GAMES FOR THE CAMP-FIRE.

1. Emergencies. Give each person a card on which is written an emergency such as

"The person next you is struck by lightning."  
"You are in a crowded room and the child with  
you says 'I want to be sick.'" "You get a fish-  
bone in your throat." No one looks at her card  
until her turn comes to read it and say what  
she would do. Answers are discussed.

2. One Word Law. Each guide or patrol  
makes a list of ten words which express the  
ten parts of the Guide Law.

The words must not occur in the original,  
and the Guide with the most unusual words  
wins.

#### A THANKSGIVING.

"O Father of goodness,  
We thank thee each one  
For happiness, healthiness,  
Friendship and fun,  
And all that is beautiful.  
Loving and true."  
For good things we do,

R.D.

### Help Your Guides to See.

Helen Keller, blind student and author, said  
"Now and then I have tested my seeing friends  
to discover what they see. Recently I was vis-  
ited by a very good friend who had just re-  
turned from a long walk in the woods, and I  
asked her what she had observed. "Nothing in  
particular," she replied. I might have been in-  
credulous had I not been accustomed to such  
responses, for long ago I became convinced  
that the seeing see little."

Observation games will help our seeing  
Guides to see.

#### Coloured Bead Relay.

Each Leader has three beads for each Guide  
in her patrol, and she places them in three  
little lots in a line between the patrol and the  
place where she stands facing the patrol. Each  
Guide in turn runs out and picks up one bead  
from each heap and gives them to Leader;  
then takes her place behind the leader. When a  
Leader has all the beads and her patrol is in  
a line behind her, she has won. Use brown  
beads on earth and green beads on grass.  
Words.

Each patrol is given a slip of paper with a  
word of five letters on it. They have five min-  
utes in which to find five articles, the initial  
letters of which spell their word. They arrange  
these on the floor in the correct order. Patrols  
now move round and guess the words of  
other patrols. Then gather all patrols in cen-  
tre of room, facing inwards and ask them to  
write down all the articles on the floor. The  
patrol with the greatest number of Guides  
with a complete list wins.

#### Birds' Food Pounce.

Guides form two lines, facing partners. One  
line about turns, and each one in the other  
line is given two pieces of wool, about two  
inches long, and of different colors. These she  
hides on the front of her person, but a small  
portion of the wool must show. The first line  
now about-turns and looks for wool. They must  
not touch their partners. The first Guide to  
find both pieces of wool raises an arm. Now  
change the lines and let the partners hide  
the wool. Red wool is fun to use, as it may be  
held between the lips.

R.D.

### THE RANGER GUIDER'S JOB.

A Book for Commissioners and Guiders, 1/6.  
It is edited by Mrs. Monteith, whom we have  
learned to know through her writings in the  
"Guider." The book is "founded upon experi-  
ence . . . and may help to answer that import-  
ant but perplexing question: "What exactly is  
a Ranger Guider's job?"

Some of it we have read before in the Ran-  
ger columns of the "Guider," but the grouping  
of the chapters and their correlation sheds new  
light on what we may have read already, and  
there is much that has not yet been available  
in print. We Ranger Guiders need this book;  
it will help us to tackle anew with freshened  
inspiration the job that to-day's world calls  
us to do.

The book is excellently illustrated.

### The Guide Law.

A country Division Commissioner has sug-  
gested a series of articles on the Guide Law.  
We are grateful to her for this idea, and this  
month we begin the series with an article on  
the Second Law by E.G.R., a District Commis-  
sioner.

#### LOYALTY.

Years ago the Guide Promise ran:—"I  
promise on my honour to do my best to be  
loyal to God and the King . . ." Why the  
words were changed we can but guess. It is  
not suggested that the old way was better, but  
to look at the difference in wording helps us  
to realise the inner meaning which both ren-  
derings seek to express.

Loyalty seems a more picturesque word than  
Duty—the latter seems made of sterner stuff,  
and perhaps the idea contained in it is a little  
dull, and has less appeal to this generation.  
Loyalty does not seem to exact that so much  
be done about it, so long as one feels the  
right way. Really this is not so—Loyalty sug-  
gests the inner allegiance of the heart, and  
Duty the outward expression of it.

The old Promise may be regarded as typi-  
fying the loyalties that are expected of a  
Guide. If we are truly loyal to God we will put  
Him first in our lives, and we will try to do  
our duty fully as He shows it to us. We allow  
Him to show us what we are to do when we  
spend time in prayer, or reading and thinking  
about Him, and using the means He has given  
us of learning about Him in His Church.

Loyalty to the King is the highest form of  
the duty we owe to other people, our earthly  
loyalty, as our duty to God is our spiritual  
loyalty. We should be loyal to our parents,  
relations, friends and associates, to those in  
authority over us, or who work under us. We  
must do our best for them, speak well of them,  
and not listen to idle gossip about them.

Sometimes loyalties conflict. In his play,  
"Loyalties," Galsworthy has shown the clash  
of the standards of a class with an outsider.  
In their solidarity they would veil things which  
are wrong, and resent the exposure forced by  
one who lacks good taste in his methods. Some-  
times the conflict comes as a personal choice  
between those that one loves, or between some  
personal tie and the work for which by birth  
and training one has been fitted. In these times  
when a choice is necessary it is one's loyalty

to God which helps us to decide which tie must hold us so that we can live up to the best that is in us. God has given us a light by which we may know what is right, "the true Light that lighteth every man which cometh into the world." If we live by this light it will continue to burn brightly for us, but if we forget or disregard it, it will grow dim as when a lamp is not fed and its glass is not kept clean. This means that we must have a right standard of living and call things by their right names. If we give good things bad names we are not being loyal to truth. If we give wrong things names that do not sound so bad we feel more comfortable about doing them, and will then fall into the temptation to do a wrong thing by persuading ourselves that it is not wrong at all. This is the way that evil often starts in our lives, and our light grows dim.

Let us, in all the little choices that we make, remember that so we build our characters, so that when a day of sudden trial comes, we shall hold fast to our highest loyalty. E.G.R.

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I wish all Brownies, Guides and Rangers  
a Merry Christmas and a Happy New  
Year.

Eleanor Huntingfield.

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**GUIDERS COMMITTEE.**

There are still several divisions which have not nominated representatives for the Guiders' Committee. If you belong to one of these divisions, will you see that your representative is nominated before the next meeting, which is to be held at Headquarters on Friday evening, February 26th, at 8 p.m.

Committee members appointed to date are: Misses J. Inglis (South Western Suburbs); M. Henderson (Northern); Ferguson (Eastern); Potter (Outer Eastern); Westenhall (Southern); Caspar (Western Suburbs); E. Bunning (Lones); E. Woodford (Extensions); I. Pearson (Librarian); Anderson (retiring president); D. McKinnon (retiring secretary); Britton (rep. from retiring committee).

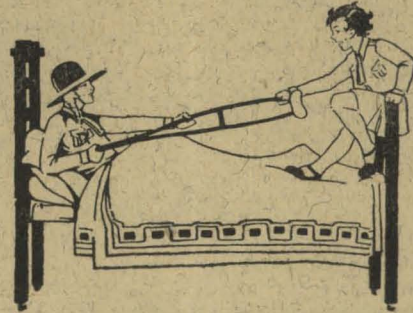
President: Mrs. Ebeling (rep. from retiring committee); Secretary, Miss E. Tobin (North Eastern), "Dorijo," 145 Victoria Parade, East Melbourne.

**VICTORIA'S GUIDE HOUSE.**

Mrs. Littlejohn, who has looked at so many possible and impossible places for a Guide property, has had to go on leave of absence, and Miss Jess Boyes has taken her place as Convener of the sub-Committee (which has been formed to find a place we will all like for our Guide House. The Committee consists of Mrs. Faulkner, Miss Bush, Miss Russell, and a member from the Guiders' Committee.

The Committee plans to search the Mornington Peninsula thoroughly and to exhaust every possibility of a sea site before turning their attention to the Yarra or a creek suitable for swimming; a definite wish has been expressed by country members of the Association that we should find a home near the sea.

If any reader of "Matilda" knows of a suitable place not more than 50 miles from Melbourne with a reasonable train fare and price, a permanent water supply and swimming facilities, would she communicate with Miss Boyes? Thank you, and may the Committee have good hunting in 1937. S.H.I.



**POST BROWNIES' CHRISTMAS PARTY.**

The Post Brownie Pack has reason to be very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Ross and their family, one of whom (Billie) is a Post Tawny Owl, because, on Saturday, December 12th, a wonderful Christmas party was given to the Brownies at Mrs. Ross's home in Balwyn.

Various people were very kind, offering their cars for transport, and sixteen Brownies were able to come. The sitting-room was like a Fairyland with colored balloons and lovely flowers everywhere.

First we were given an exciting display of conjuring tricks; then we all cooled off with ice-cream and had more tricks. After that we tried, while blind-folded, to pin Mickey Mouse's tail on the right place. Then came afternoon tea, and afterwards who should come down the chimney but—Santa Claus! He had presents for everyone on a lovely Christmas tree, and what a buzz there was as the parcels were opened!

Merle Brockfield, who is the oldest member of the Pack, gave Mrs. Ross a box of flowers, and then we all gave a Grand Howl by way of a "Thank-you" for a perfectly wonderful party. J.A.

**Library Notes.**

Librarian, Miss Pearson.

Dear Matilda,

Did I tell you of my good fortune? After being friendless for so long (No, I had a kind friend or two, but we couldn't do much by our little selves—and so many things engrossed everybody's time in this advancing age—Nobody had time for "little" me)—the Kind Executive befriended me, and that "befriend" (or some of it) was spent in books that had been long in demand.

Now the Guiders' Committee have adopted me, and you have no idea, Guiders, of their kind thoughts for you and me.

They say so kindly, "What would you like?" A cupboard, says I, and a cupboard we have—and I am gradually being all dressed in blue.

But looking to bigger things: "What should be on my shelves?" "What book would you, personally, like to see there so as to help you?"

I feel now I might be a real help to you all, and that I should have the more expensive books—ones that are difficult for Guiders to have as their very own. Most of you secure the little pamphlets.

Then, again, I am a "reference" library—but that, to my mind, has a broader view. I

feel I should "look wide"—have books that carry the thoughts out beyond the actual tests, further afield, e.g., when we study the laws we want to get beyond and "live" and see them "lived."

Please, "Matilda," then, ask your readers to be kind and helpful, to tell me what they would like to find in me. I do so want to grow to be the friend they need.

With hopes of a greater friendship in 1937,  
Yours ever, "LIBRARY."

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Minutes of a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Girl Guides Association, Victoria, held at the Guide Office on 3rd December, 1936.

Present: Lady Chauvel, Mrs. Eadie, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Tate, Misses Boyes, Bush, Cameron, Ritchie, Russell, Swinburne and the secretary.

Lady Chauvel welcomed Mrs. Eadie, elected at the Commissioners' Conference as the Commissioners' representative on the Executive Committee.

It was agreed—

That Miss S. Cameron be a member of the Executive Committee and of the Finance sub-Committee.

That £3000 of the Guide House Fund be placed on fixed deposit.

That recommendations from the Commissioners' Conference be agreed with.

That the following recommendations to attend the Coronation Camp at Chigwell Row be accepted:— Miss Mavis Cribb, Miss Dorothy Britten, Miss Catherine Meens, Miss Mary Lambe, and that Miss M. Drury, who is still in England, be asked to attend.

That the office be closed from 24th December to 5th January.

That Lady Somers be written to asking her to arrange a date for a meeting with Guiders and Commissioners, and if possible another one for an informal meeting with Guides and Rangers.

It was reported that 30 Rangers had been invited from Victoria to the Interstate Camp at Goolwa, S.A., and that, besides the Camp Party, four other parties of Rangers and Guiders were visiting South Australia, arranging for their own accommodation.

Routine and financial business was discussed.  
S. H. IRVING.

### TRAINING.

The dates of Training Courses in Brownie, Guide and Ranger Training will be arranged as soon as sufficient applications have been received to warrant the holding of the Courses.

Guiders wishing to attend a Course are asked to send their name and address, with a nomination form signed by their own Commissioner to the Training Secretary as soon as possible, stating the type of training desired, and the nights that would suit, in order of preference.

M. E. BUSH, Commissioner for Training.

### EQUIPMENT.

Several enquiries have come lately concerning the accuracy of the Brownie Badges, so it may help those in doubt to explain that all Brownie and Guide badges now bear the words

"Girl Guides"; Brownies are part of the Girl Guide movement, and the badges of the movement are registered.

This alteration was made at the same time as we started using Tenderfoot Badges (both Guide and Ranger) with the words "Girl Guides" on the scroll. The woven badges—Second Class and Proficiency—also bear this wording.

The reason for the addition of the words is connected with the registration of the copyright; without this precaution it was possible for firms or individuals to make and sell replicas of the Guide badges without authorisation from Headquarters.

### BIRD IDENTIFICATION.

(Continued from Page 5)

Does Jane know that young buds are very often quite different in coloring? Just yesterday I saw a blue wren half changed—his tail was blue, and he had a dab of color on his throat, and two black patches—small and elongated, one on each side of his neck at the back—the beginnings of his beautiful black patch. A black chinned honey-eater had a fawny colored cap instead of a black one, and the young cuckoo is almost unrecognisable. The young bird always shows a yellow skin at the base of his beak, which is always big in proportion to his size—a sort of pouch where he has opened it so wide as a very young baby. He squeaks, too.

Field glasses are most useful in bird observation. I just read of a Ranger Company who bought a pair. There's an idea for you next time some kind person wants to give you a present!

## SCHOOL BLAZERS

Ribbon-bound Blazers in high-grade flannel, .. from 18/11

### Blazers Tailored to Measure

In the best quality Velour Flannel . . . . . from 45/-

## SNOWS

John Snow & Co. Pty. Ltd., Melb. C1