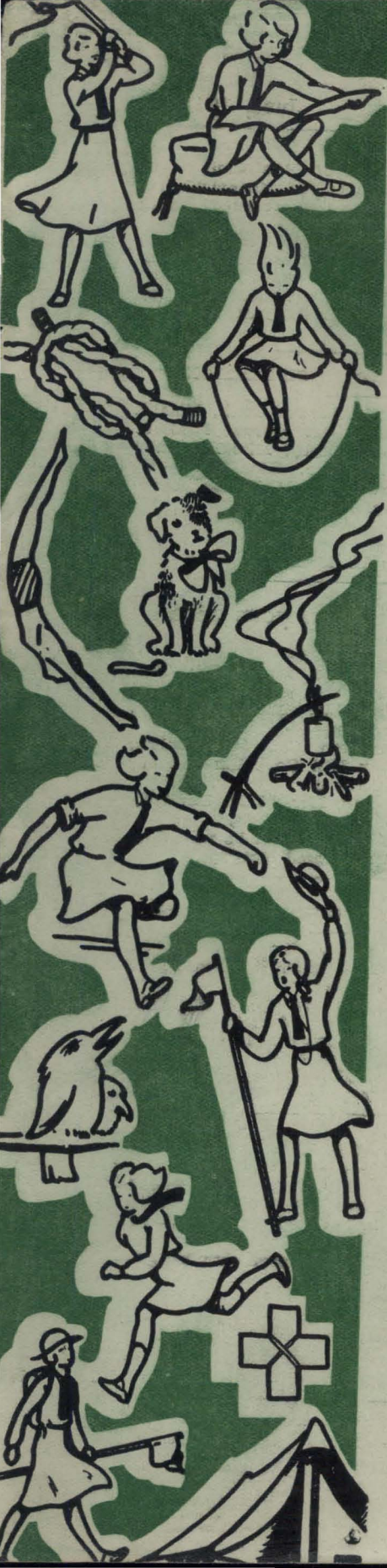


M. C. Bush

Matilda



JUNE, 1941.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Minutes of meetings of the Executive Committee of the Girl Guides' Association, Victoria, held at the Guide Office on 16th April and 1st May.

16th April.

Present.—Lady Chauvel, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Tate, Misses Butt, Cameron, Purnell, Ritchie, Cross, Russell, Swinburne, and the Secretary.

Lady Chauvel welcomed Mrs. Blair, Area Commissioner for 5th Country Area.

Reported.—That Lady Chauvel and members of the Committee had visited the Guide House in connection with the Caretaker's Cottage.

That Mrs. Faulkner had agreed to organise the re-union of Guiders to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of Victorian Guiding; that the re-union should include anyone who had been enrolled in the Guide Movement before 31st December, 1925.

That arrangements were being made for the building of a Guide and Scout hall in Benalla.

That a Thinking Day card had been received from Lady Clarendon.

1st May.

Present.—Lady Chauvel, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Bakewell, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Edmondson, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Tate, Misses Butt, Cameron, Drury, Moran, Ritchie, Russell, Swinburne, and the Secretary.

Lady Chauvel welcomed Mrs. Robinson, Area Commissioner for the 1st Metropolitan Area.

Agreed.—That the meeting to discuss the possibility of testing for the Little House Badge at the Guide House should be held on 20th May.

That necessary repairs to the Guide House should be made.

That the Secretary should be nominated as the Association's representative on the voters' roll.

Reported.—That Messrs Hicks Atkinson were allowing us to have a window for a display during Guide Week.

That Miss Broadhurst was arranging A.R.P. classes at Headquarters.

That Miss Moran, Miss MacLeod and the Secretary had attended a meeting in connec-

tion with the formation of Girls' Club.

That eight members of the Movement had attended sessions of the Conference of Youth Organisations.

That the trustees of the Walter and Eliza Hall Trust had allocated £34 to the Guide Association for 1941.

That Lady Chauvel had attended a meeting of the Co-ordinating Committee at the Town Hall.

WARRANTS AND REGISTRATIONS.

Brown Owl.—6A Camberwell Pack, Miss P. Knight. **Tawny Owl.**—1st Euroa, Miss B. Burton. **Captain.**—1st Digby, Miss K. Shaw; 1st Stawell, Miss D. Coward. **Lieutenant.**—1st East Malvern, Korowa, Miss M. Mellor. **Companies.**—1st Lockington.

Cancellations.

Lieutenant.—Miss B. Mentiplay.

"MATILDA" SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID.

January.—13th Geelong Co.

February.—Miss Reeves, Swan Hill; Tongala L.A.; Miss Abbott, Tongala.

March.—Miss Cannobio, Miss A. Searle, Miss M. Abbott (Tas.).

April.—1st Shepparton Co., 3rd Geelong Ranger Co., 1st Box Hill Co., Miss Gilmour (Tas.), Miss S. M. Cameron.

May.—Miss J. Alston, Mrs. K. M. Davidson, Mrs. A. Robertson, Miss D. Gillett.

Receipts retained at H.Q. will be posted on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

COPIES OF "THE GUIDER" NEEDED.

Miss Fowler thanks the Guider who sent a December, 1940, copy, which enables her to proceed with her binding.

Three other Guiders are anxiously hoping there may be December, 1940, copies available for them—if you can spare yours, would you kindly send them to me?

Also, someone would like a copy of the December, 1939, issue.—F. V. Barfus.

APPEAL.

Did I, in an over-trusting mood, lend to anyone my two precious books recording people whom I had tested from 1920 onward?

I need these valuable documents badly!—F. V. Barfus.

"Matilda"

An Official Treasure Bag of Guiders' Information for Guiders of Victoria, Australia.

Price: 3/- Per Year; 4/- Posted. Single Copies, 6d. each.

Editor: E. H. PURNELL, 10 Hermitage Road, Geelong.

Contributions should reach the Editor not later than the 18th of each month.

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JUNE, 1941.

No. 10.

THE TRUE STORY OF SCOUTING

By LORD BADEN-POWELL

Somewhere about 1893 I started teaching Scouting to young soldiers in my regiment. When these young fellows joined the Army they had learned reading, writing, and arithmetic in school, but as a rule not much else. They were nice lads and made very good parade soldiers, obeyed orders, kept themselves clean and smart and all that, but they had never been taught to be men, how to look after themselves, how to take responsibility, and so on. They had not had my chances of education outside the classroom. They had been brought up in the herd at school, they were trained as a herd in the Army; they simply did as they were told and had no ideas or initiative of their own. In action they carried out orders, but if their officer was shot they were as helpless as a flock of sheep. Tell one of them to ride out alone with a message on a dark night and ten to one he would lose his way.

I wanted to make them feel that they were a match for any enemy, able to find their way by the stars or map, accustomed to notice all tracks and signs and to read their meaning, and able to fend for themselves away from regimental cooks and barracks. I wanted them to have courage, from confidence in themselves and from a sense of duty; I wanted them to have a knowledge of how to take care of their own health, and how to cook their own grub; in short, I wanted each man to be an efficient, all-round, reliable individual. The scheme worked. The men loved the training, and Scouting became very popular in the regiment.

In 1899 I wrote a little book called *Aids to Scouting* for soldiers. It taught them observation, or how to track, and it taught them deduction, or how to read the information given by tracks. As one instance of observation and deduction, I told how my bicycle had been stolen one night in India and how I tracked it down and discovered the thief. In the early dawn I followed the track of the bike along a hard high road, not a easy thing to do if you look down on the road, but looking along the surface towards the sunrise one saw the track quite clearly ahead of one in the dew lying on the ground. The thief had led the bike by hand because the front wheel was locked and he evidently didn't know how to free it. His foot-marks alongside it were those of a soldier's boot, not of a native's sandal. I observed that he passed the turning which led to the Cavalry barracks, so I deduced that he was not a cavalryman; similarly he passed the road to the Infantry Barracks, but when he got to the Artillery road he turned up it and went into their

Barracks. So I had only to tell the Adjutant of the Artillery that I believed one of his men had possessed himself of a very nice bike with a locked forewheel, and in a short time my bike was returned to me, having been found hidden under the bed of one of the men. This was just one incident of many in the book to show the value of observation and deduction.

When we were besieged in Mafeking, in 1900, my Chief Staff Officer, Lord Edward Cecil, got together the boys in the place and made them into a cadet corps for carrying orders and messages and acting as orderlies and so on, in place of the soldiers, who were thus released to go and strengthen the firing line. We then made the discovery that boys, when trusted and relied on, were just as capable and reliable as men. Also, from the experience of the Boys' Brigade, I realized that men could be got voluntarily to sacrifice time and energy to training boys.

Then my idea that Scouting could be educative was strengthened also through the following incident. General Lord Allenby was riding to his house after a field day when his little son shouted to him: 'Father I have shot you, you are not half a Scout. A Scout looks upward as well as around him—and you never saw me'.

There was the boy, sitting up in a tree overhead; but far above him, near the top of the tree, was his new governess. 'What on earth are you doing up there?' cried the General. 'Oh, I am teaching him Scouting', she said. She had been trained at Miss Charlotte Mason's College for Teachers, and they had been using my book *Aids to Scouting*, written for soldiers, as a textbook in the art of educating children.

Then in 1907 I, as a General, was inspecting 7,000 of the Boy's Brigade at Glasgow on its twentieth anniversary, and the Founder, Sir William Smith, was very pleased because the total strength of his movement was 54,000. I agreed that it was a big number but added that if the training really appealed to the boys there ought to be ten times that number.

"How would you make it appeal?" he asked.

"Well look at the young fellows in the Cavalry, how they enjoy this game of Scouting, which makes them into real men and good soldiers."

"Could you re-write *Aids to Scouting*," he wondered, 'so that it would appeal to boys instead of to soldiers and make them real men and good citizens?'"

So I did that.

But before writing the book I planned out the idea and then tested it. I got together some twenty boys of all sorts, some from Eton and Harrow, some from the East End of London, some country lads and some shop-boys, and I mixed them up like plumbs in a pudding to live together in a camp. I wanted to see how far the

idea would interest the different kinds of lads. I told a friend what I was doing and said that I wanted a quiet place, out of the way of Press reporters and inquisitive people, where I could try the experiment; she offered me the use of her property—Brownsea Island in Dorsetshire. And there we set up our camp for a fortnight, I had the late Major Maclaren and the present Sir Percy Everett to help me and we taught the boys camping, cooking, observation, deduction, woodcraft, chivalry, boatmanship, life-saving, health, patriotism, and such things.

The results upon the boys in that short space of time taught me the possibilities which the Scout training held for boys. So I at once set to work and wrote the handbook *Scouting for Boys*, intending it to be useful to existing boys' organizations such as the Boys' Brigade, the Church Lads' Brigade, the Y.M.C.A., and others. The book came out in fortnightly parts of 4d. a copy.

Before many of the parts had been published I began to get letters from boys not belonging to the Boys' Brigade or any other association. All the following year boys were writing to me telling me how they had started Patrols and Troops and had got men to come and act as their Scoutmasters. So we had to start a headquarters office in a tiny room to deal with correspondence and supply equipment. I remember my Secretary wondering whether, if we laid in a stock of twelve Scout hats, we should be able to sell them all!

In that year, 1909, I arranged to have a meeting of the would-be Scouts at the Crystal Palace on a certain day. And when I got there, my wig, there *were* a lot of them! Rain was threatening, so we mustered them inside the Palace and arranged a March Past and counted them as they entered at one door and went out the other. There were 11,000 of them—11,000, who had taken it up on their own accord!

That is why I say that one didn't see the start: Scouting had started itself.

Then, among the boys as they marched past, we found some groups of girls in Scout hats with staves and lanyards and haversacks, like the boys.

"Who are you?" we said.

"Oh, we are the Girl Scouts".

"The devil you are!"

"No—Girl Scouts."

So I had eventually to write a book for them giving them the name of Guides to distinguish them from Scouts. An that is how the girl Guides started—on their own—and they have gone on growing ever since.

Soon we began to hear from the Oversea Dominions and Colonies that they were all taking up Scouting, and before long foreign countries too were translating *Scouting for Boys* and playing the game. In 1921 I had to go on a tour through America explaining the Movement in twenty-four of the States. And I went on to Canada, Australia, and South Africa, preaching Scouting where they had all started it, but wanted to know more about it. It was wonderful.

Lots of people, of course, took to criticising the rapid rise, of what they called a mushroom growth, and prophesied that after the first ex-

citement it would gradually decline and probably die in the fifth year. The fifth year came, bringing the Great War, so the Movement had every reason to die then, for most of the Scoutmasters and all the older Scouts left to join up in the Services. Of these, some 10,000 were killed.

But the movement did not die. The boys were put on their mettle to carry on and do service for their country in the time of its need. One danger was that enemy spies in the country would try to upset our preparations by blowing up railway bridges, cutting telegraph lines, and so on, and at once Scouts all over the country mounted guard to protect such communications by day and night. Others were used as orderlies and messengers in Government offices to replace the men sent to the Front. The Admiralty asked if we could send Sea Scouts to take over coastguard stations and so release the naval ratings there to return to active service with the Fleet. Luckily we had prepared a big rally of Sea Scouts in the Isle of Wight for that Bank Holiday of August, 1914, and the Great War, you may remember, broke out on that date. So we were able to send off detachments at once to take over all the coastguard stations, from John o' Groats to Land's End. These detachments were mainly patrols commanded by their own boy leaders. We had some 25,000 boys doing this duty during the course of the War. They did their work thundering well, and after the War was over received the thanks of the Admiralty and of the King for their services.

So, instead of dying, the movement showed its vitality: it rose to the occasion and since then has gone on growing in strength and usefulness. We have now 1,011,923 British Scouts and 544,544, British Guides. In addition to these, some fifty-two countries have taken up Scouting and also have Guides, so that altogether in the world there are now 2,812,000 Scouts and 1,304,107 Girl Guides. It should be remembered, too, that behind these there are many millions more now grown-up in the different countries who have been in the fellowship of the Scouts and Guides.

But what is more important than numbers is the fact that these Scouts and Guides of all countries have arrived at the stage of being on very friendly terms with one another. The Pan-American Jamboree, in Washington this year, of 28,000 boys, followed by the World Jamboree in Holland of another 28,000 (which thirty-two countries attended, all at their own expense), shows the enthusiasm of the boys for making friends with other nations. There is in the movement the spirit of happy good comradeship which cannot fail to help in bringing about what we all pray for—Goodwill and Peace in the world.

—From *The Listener*, September, 1937, and published in *The Trail Maker*, Massachusetts.

THE ORIGIN OF THINKING DAY

According to information in the *Council Fire*, the idea of Thinking Day grew out of an agreement made at the International Conference held in the United States in 1926, when Camp Edith Macy was opened, that a day should be chosen for "remembrance," that is, when the Girl Guides

and Girl Scouts all over the world should think of each other.

The date finally selected was the 22nd of February which happened to be the Birthday both of the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide. The day is observed in many different ways; sometimes a national organisation may arrange for a general meeting or ceremony; but nearly always a troop plans such observance individually and marks the day with some simple ceremony. Perhaps the purpose may be to remember that Scouting and Guiding are international movements and so to use the songs, customs or stories of different nations. In some countries special Thinking Day postcards are produced and sent to Scouts and Guides of other lands.

This year Thinking Day takes on a sober significance. Many of the Guides who were in this country 'as members of the Silver Jubilee Camp in 1937 are in conquered lands which have lost even the semblance of freedom. The Founder of all Scouting and Guiding was called to higher service but a short time ago. However, we have his message sent a year ago to a world stunned by sudden suffering. It rings as true now as then so let us remember it:

"The darkest hour's before the dawn."

The blackest cloud can only shade for a time the blue sky and the sunshine which is above it.

This winter is black for millions of sufferers in many countries owing to the war—but let us hope, and let us strive for brighter days and the blessings of peace in this coming year—if God so wills."

GUIDE WAR APPEAL.

The Old Malt House,
Carnforth.
Lancs.

Dear Girl Guides,—

A few days ago I received a parcel of clothes for the evacuees under my care. They were lovely little jerseys and trousers and the children were most excited as they tried on the garments and were given them to take home. They are all tiny children at the infant school. They had not heard of Australia before, but now think it is a second fairyland. The whole class has written a letter to say "thank you," but I am only enclosing the best.

You will realise how much your gifts were appreciated when you learn that some of the children have escaped with their lives but with no clothes at all. The "blitz" on Salford was two days before Christmas, and as the children say, "Father Christmas never came to Salford."

In the present surroundings the little dears are forgetting all the horrors of war, and will grow up into healthy citizens. I have been evacuated with the children as I am their teacher, and naturally wish to see them all well clad. Consequently, will you accept my thanks for your splendid contribution to help us win the war.

I am a Girl Guide, too, and am proud to

know that our Movement is doing such important work.

May I wish you all "Good Guiding,"

Thank you,

Yours very sincerely,

Dora J. Porter.

The total number of garments despatched is now 52,443, 44,867 being for children and 7576 for seamen. We have received news of the safe arrival of seven cases at Imperial Headquarters.

Miss Russell has compiled and had printed for us a little book of knitted patterns which is now for sale at the price of 3d., the proceeds of which are to go to the Guide War Appeal. They are for sale in the War Appeal Room on the Fourth Floor. You will remember that we are needing strips of towelling for making scarves for seamen. A suggestion has been made to us that members of our association might like to send in to the War Appeal coupons which they received with various household purchases and do not intend to use themselves, but which we could accumulate and exchange for towels to be used for making these scarves.—Sibyl Chauvel.

GUIDERS' COMMITTEE.

The following Divisions were not represented at our meeting held on 2nd May—South-western, Northern, North-eastern, South-western and Extensions. Our next meeting will be held on 6th June, at 8 p.m., and all representatives are asked to be present.

All Districts are asked to send in suggestions of subjects for discussion at our Annual Conference; send to the Divisional representatives by 30th June—L. Johnson, Secretary, Victorian Guiders' Committee.

21st BIRTHDAY OF VICTORIAN GUIDING PIONEERS!

This year Victorian Guiding celebrates its twenty-first birthday.

In 1920 our first Companies were registered at Imperial Headquarters, London.

To celebrate this event, Pioneers—those enrolled before 31st December, 1925—will foregather on 28th June at the Union House, University of Melbourne, for a re-union and reminiscences. (Don't forget to bring your early snapshots!)

Tea: 6 p.m. (1/6).

Meeting: 7.30-9.30 p.m.

Company Subscription, 3d.

Please tell all Pioneers to let me know if they are coming and whether at 6 p.m. or 7.30 p.m., and to enclose 1/6 if they would like tea.

Please make this widely known!

—E. Faulkner.

A LIFE IS SAVED.

From "The Waratah."

By her presence of mind and knowledge of first aid, Miss Margery Bilton, Captain of 5th Randwick (St. Jude's) Guide Company, saved a woman's life on Friday, 18th April. The woman met with an accident by which her arm was almost severed. Luckily, Miss Bilton was near, and immediately rushed to the rescue, applying pressure to check the flow of blood. She improvised a tourniquet, dressed and bandaged the appalling wound, and took the patient to hospital, where doctors told Miss Bilton that her prompt action had saved the woman's life.

[We offer our very sincere congratulations to Miss Bilton on her fine work and presence of mind under such very terrifying circumstances.—Editor.]

DISTRICT NEWS.

Warrnambool.

During Guide Week, Guides and Brownies in Warrnambool District have had quite a busy time finishing off work for tests and badges, and trying to save or make some money for the War Fund.

On Thursday evening, the Second Class Guides, who have been concentrating on the Child Nurse Badge in order to be useful if evacuation of their city becomes necessary, visited the Baby Health Centre, where they were shown around and given instruction by the Sister-in-Charge.

On Saturday, Guides and Brownies from Koroit, Port Fairy and Warrnambool met for a field day in Albert Park. After Colours, inter-Company competitions in Nature, Morse and First Aid and a relay race was held. The pennant given by the L.A. was won by 1st Warrnambool with 75 points out of a possible 79, and 2nd Warrnambool was only one point behind, with 74. We thought it particularly sporting of Port Fairy to compete in the Guide games, as theirs is a new Company of recruits, and we wish them better luck next time, when they will be Guides. The Brownie pennant was won by Warrnambool Pack, with Koroit second.

After afternoon tea, at which the Warrnambool Guides, Brownies and Local Association entertained our visitors, a flying up ceremony was held. All the Brownies present danced around the toadstool, while one found her wings under it. They then gave her a Grand Salute as a farewell before her Guide P.L. came and took her to the Guide Company.

The afternoon concluded with a real adventure—a visit to the underground air raid shelter (the first in Victoria). Here the District Warden gave a description and demonstration of the use of a gas mask, then Patrol Leaders went down into the shelter and one stood at each bend with a torch, while Brownies and Guides made an inspection and came out the other end.

Our Guide Week concluded with a church

parade, at which the minister gave a much appreciated address on the first part of the Guide Promise. He told us that the best thing we could do for our country was to be reliable, so we must try hard to be more reliable by our next Guide Week.

WARBURTON DISTRICT CAMP.

The Guide House.

There were 28 of us in camp; Guides coming from Lilydale, Woori Yallock, Warburton, Hawthorn, Caulfield and Brighton, and six Guiders.

The day we arrived was perfect, and after lunch we all set to and pitched tents. Our camp site was near the Brownie Cottage, and we thought it the best, as it is so near the swimming pool.

Each Patrol had two tents near each other, and they were responsible for those tents and that part of the camp site.

Swimming started in earnest the next day, and as soon as you could hold on to the edge of the pool and kick your feet, you were given an egg in brown material which could be sewn on your bathing gown. As your swimming improved, you could earn a two-legged and then a four-legged tadpole also a little frog and a big frog. Only two people gained big frogs, but no one stayed an egg for long.

During the week we learnt new Scouting games and lots of new songs and lots of other things, too.

We are looking forward to another camp next year.

THIS WAS ADVENTURE.

When Port Watch of S.R.S. Akuna decided to go a-roving, all agreed that every second of the week-end must be filled with adventure. So at four bells of the First Dog Watch—6 p.m. for the benefit of land-lubbers—Bosun, Cox'n and two ordinary seamen of Port Watch, each with a well-packed ruc-sac, set off for Whittlesea.

Three bells later, after much filling of water-bottles and delving in packs for torches, the party set off from the station and were hiking by moonlight to the summit of a distant mountain! Three miles from the township they left the road and began the long steep climb up the mountain track.

By this time, both moon and stars had disappeared, and the forest, so friendly by day, became a different place at night; the track visible for only a few feet ahead, grew steeper, packs became heavier, and as the miles rolled by the dark, leaden sky, seen faintly through the tree-tops, gave warning of approaching rain.

Crash! Thump! The four "seas" froze as the sound of something charging through the undergrowth beside them echoed round the bush. The sound suddenly ceased, and the eerie silence was broken only by the thudding of four wildly beating hearts. Then a voice was heard to murmur:

From Ghosties and Ghoulies and Four-legged Beaties,
And things that go Boomph! in the night.

The next few miles were covered in record time, the foremost thought being to get as far as possible from the unknown. Six bells, first watch, saw camp pitched on the summit of the mountain, 1650 feet above sea level, and the Rangers in their hike tents enjoying a well-earned supper of hot tomato soup and biscuits, while outside the rain came down in torrents.

"Rise up, for the day is dawning, and the sun is shining o'er the hill," optimistically sang one young "sea" the next morning, as she shivered in her sleeping bag and listened to the steady drip of rain upon her hike tent.

The original plans for the morning were altered because of rain and cold, but after lunch the four "seas" were on the trail once more, this time in the direction of Yan Yean. The trail home is never quite as exciting as the trail forth, but the ten miles covered that afternoon were packed with little incidents which helped to make the week-end such a success; the beautiful glimpses of the Reservoir through the pines, the sea-shanties sung walking along in the rain, and, oh, so many things!

Yan Yean at last. Tea on the station, a general tidy up, and the four Adventurers sank gratefully into the padded seat of the homeward bound motor train, murmuring, "And how much better was all that than lounging in too great comfort at home."—B.E.W., Bosun.

COMBINED WESTERN DISTRICT GUIDE CAMP.

A combined camp for Guides of Hamilton and the surrounding districts was held on the property of Mr. O. F. Morris, Monivae, during the Easter holidays. Companies represented included Digby, Portland, Casterton, Monivae, and Hamilton. The weather was glorious, and the Guides enjoyed, under the most delightful conditions, a holiday that they will never forget. The camp was set in a field sheltered on two sides by tall pines. The kitchen shelter was a hay shed, a most convenient fixture where we prepared meals under ideal conditions. We cooked on a trench fire; and what a time the Q.M.'s had guiding the footsteps of the tenderfoot cooks along the culinary path!

For many, this was the most exciting occasion, "their first camp," and perhaps that may account for those slight first night disturbances. But the sheer joy of living for just a little while apart from the busy everyday world seemed to pervade the whole camp. After all, it is a thrill to go out across the fields in a cart and chop your own poles from the plantation; to pitch your own tent and care for it each day; to cook, and serve the meals—in short, to do all the exciting things that we do about a camp. The Reveille at

seven brought everyone from their tents to the bath tents. Then followed Prayers, the breaking of the Colour, and that most popular meal, breakfast. After breakfast we had jobs to get through, but we didn't work all the time. The afternoons were filled with all the fun about the place; treasure hunts, hikes, Scouting games, and competitions. One afternoon some of us hiked to Monivae School, and cooked our tea in the most elusive gravel pit we've ever seen. And that treasure hunt! Weren't we breathless after it? But the fire-lighting competition was almost too much for everyone, competitors and spectators alike. The flames went everywhere but in the right direction. Visitors came to see us, among them being our Divisional Commissioner, Mrs. K. Davidson.

In the evenings, having finished our duties, we'd sit around a campfire of glowing pine cones and sing. It was all very lovely, and when it was over and bath time came and slipped by, we were all ready for hot cocoa, biscuits and bed.

With "Taps" the soft cloak of silence fell upon the camp. "Day is done . . . gone the sun." The moon, a golden ball, rises from its deep blue bed, and drifts gently over the still white tents. And as we go to our own tents we realise how thankful we should be for just these few days.

SUNRAYSIA TRAINING WEEK-END.

Cowanna Bend, on the Murray River, below Merbein, was the picturesque site selected for the Sunraysia Guiders' Training Week-end. The advance guard spent Thursday evening erecting tents and by sundown we had a most realistic camping ground. We were delighted to welcome "Foringa" to Sunraysia, who entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of camp.

At 6.30, Friday morning, the camp fire's blue smoke curled between the gum trees and soon a delicious breakfast was prepared. After breakfast the majority of the Guiders arrived, and after Colours and Prayers, training commenced in earnest. Special nature and knotting sessions were conducted, after which we could tie knots with our eyes shut and were competent at "throwing" the clove hitch.

When orderly duties were completed on Saturday, we went for a very interesting nature ramble along the river bank. On Saturday afternoon a most exciting Scouting game was played, but the palefaces did not succeed in killing any of the wild bears that were roaming the countryside. After rest hour, the Commissioners, who were sleeping on the sand, suddenly awakened to find us merrily singing the Prownie rhyme as we skipped around them. It was such fun stalking them. At night we had a ceremonial campfire, the fire taking the form of a trefoil. The solitude of the bush enraptured us as we gazed at the fading coals. I think this will be one of our loveliest memories of camp.

Sunday morning arrived too soon. A very busy scene showed the breaking up of camp. For Brownie Guides, a most interesting session was held. We had a very enjoyable and inspiring Guiders' Owl held in the shade of the tall, stately gum trees. Sunday's dinner was the crowning meal. How well our Commissioner was received when she arrived with a delicious sponge cake.

After loading "Galloping Gwendoline" and watching her scale the river cliff, we reluctantly departed from camp declaring that it was the best week-end of our lives and that we, as Guiders, would start again.—Jean Williams, 2nd Mildura.

GEELONG DISTRICT HIKE.

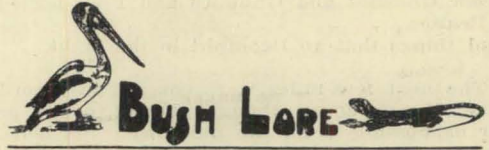
On Monday, 24th March, Barwon Division, District 2, held an all-day hike. It was an experiment for our District, and results were very gratifying. Besides proving an enjoyable day, it gave the various Companies an opportunity to mix and get to know each other. Eighty Guides and six Guiders, representative of six Companies, were able to attend. One Guider was in charge of the hike and the Guides were divided into Patrols with a Guider in charge of each Patrol.

We caught the 8.15 a.m. train to Moorabool Railway Station, seven miles out of Geelong, and on arriving set off to walk back to the city by following the Moorabool River—a distance of about 10 miles. We had dinner on the river bank, each Patrol lighting its own fire. The meals cooked were many and varied, ranging from scrambled eggs to fried mushrooms, the latter being gathered on the way. The Guides learned new ways of cooking from each other and from the Guiders—some of the Guiders being particularly efficient in the management of pointed sticks and cigarette tins.

After dinner the Guides explored the river and the surrounding country, then followed rest-hour and then a sing-song. When all the fires were out and the spot cleaned up, we split into two parties. One, comprising the halt and maimed and the younger children, who were to walk back to Moorabool and catch the train back home—the other, including such as were still hale and hearty, who were to keep on down the river.

The way home led past orchards and farms, then coming on a weir we decided to cross the river by stepping stones. Unfortunately the stones were our downfall, and several (including—whisper it—the Guider in charge!) came to grief in the shallow water. Then we passed through the quarries, and leaving the river walked back down the cement works railway line, which brought us back to Geelong at about 4.45 p.m.

Although the day was rather windy, the rain kept off until we were all safely back in the city. Everone voted the day a great success, and the Guides are all looking forward to their next District hike.



Editor: Ina Watson.

STORY OF THE PINE CONE.

The pine tree's story of reproduction is an interesting one. The flowers are very inconspicuous, and the male and female flowers are born on different trees.

All flowers are simply leaves which have been modified, but in the male pine there is very little difference: the rounded spikes bear masses of pollen, which, when ripe, can be seen blowing in clouds from the trees. So many accidents can happen to the precious pollen grains that Nature provides countless numbers to make sure of the new generation of pine trees.

With the female tree, the "leaves" have become thickened and shortened, and are grouped into the cone. Behind each of the "plates" on a pine cone is another tiny leaf at the base of which is the female or "egg" cell. Fertilisation takes place when the pollen is blown by the wind or by other means on to this cell. The tiny male pollen cell fuses directly with the female, and for this reason the pine tree belongs to the group known as "naked seeds."

The whole process takes two years. In the first year the "leaves" of the cone are open, and the male cones produce pollen. When fertilised, the plates close over, and the seeds develop under them. In the following year when the seeds are mature, the food supply to the cone is cut off. Each of the curved hard plates on the cone is made of cells—those on the outside being larger and, of course, containing more moisture. As this moisture evaporates and is not replaced by the plant, the cells shrink, the larger, outer ones more so than the inner and smaller ones, finally turning the plate outward, releasing the winged nut, and as its useful life on the tree is now finished, the cone falls to the ground to make excellent fuel for our fires.

Pine nuts, of the varieties which grow big enough, are quite good to eat. If your pine tree does not grow nuts, it may be that there are no male trees near to pollinate it.

Autumn Treasures.

A ramble through a gully, or, in fact, anywhere these days, repays one with the colour and variety of the fungus. On Anzac Day, we found a collection of 40 different kinds, some with the most amazing colouring. One cream one looked as if it had a particularly sticky blackberry jam spilt over the top.

On a dead branch were tiny flat fungi of a vivid green. When broken open the fibres of the wood looked as if dipped in green ink.

This was the hidden plant, growing there—the tiny growths on the outside being the fruit. Best of all, were the perfect little "toadstools" in brilliant red and soft blue, both of which were no bigger than the heads of coloured pins which used to be used to pin veils on to hats. All the fungi are reproduced by spores.

Nest Hunting.

If you live in Gippsland, or anywhere near lyrebirds, keep a watch for new nests. Several have already been located in Sherbrooke. Mrs. Lyrebird often builds a "platform" of sticks in a couple of places before settling down to a real home. It is no light task, as the actual measurements of a nest show—circumference, 7ft.; height from stump, 2ft. 6in.; diameter of entrance, 6½in.; and interior depth from front to back, 10in. It takes a lot of sticks to make a nest 7ft. in circumference! Usually the nest is left for a few weeks before the single egg is laid. You can tell if Mrs. Lyrebird is housekeeping, as her tail will be bent to one side. It is too long to fit straight into the nest, so she goes in and then turns round—often you can see the end of her tail sticking out of the nest entrance close beside her head. As the egg takes approximately six weeks to hatch, it is no wonder her tail gets a bit out of plumb.

LONES.

The next meeting of the Lones Local Association, which will be held at Guide Headquarters on Tuesday, 8th July, will be the annual one. Yes—this Association will then celebrate its first birthday. This, as everyone knows, is a very important age to be. It is then a child begins to stand on his feet and take his first steps alone.

The Lones Association can certainly claim to be a healthy product of the Movement. It possesses 48 members; its finances are in a flourishing state and its activities are energetic and helpful. In extending my thanks to those who have stood by me so nobly all this year of its being, I want to say that I feel a very proud parent.

At the same time, however, I want to point out that from this membership 29 are from metropolitan districts and 19 from country ones. As the Lones are primarily to help country girls, surely we should have more country members. I will not be thoroughly satisfied until we have a representative from every country district; some one who will look after Lones in her area and be on the look out for girls who may become Lones.

To those Commissioners who have not already appointed a Lones representative from their own Local Association I appeal again to do so before the annual meeting. The subscription is only 2/6 yearly. Minutes are posted to all country members who are unable to attend, so that they can keep in touch with the activities of the Association and act on the suggestions discussed.

To those metropolitan members who have

not been able to attend regularly I extend the hope that they will be able to do so this year, so that their co-operation may lighten the responsibilities that inevitably lie heavier upon the remaining few.

The annual meeting will take place at 2 p.m. and a hearty welcome will be extended to those who attend.

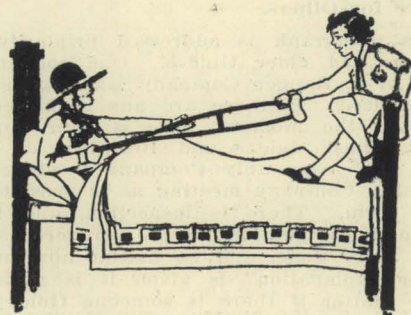
Our chief concern at present is helping to make the Lones gathering a success. This naturally needs quite a lot of careful planning beforehand. Besides helping financially the Lones Association has promised to provide hospitality to the girls on their way to and from the Guide House, also to meet their trains on arrival, and to start them on their homeward journeys.

Another item they have promised to attend to is obtaining the loan of uniforms for their week-end. It is so rarely that Lones have occasion to wear uniform that they do not usually get one, and feeling this might be a drawback to their attending, these members have undertaken to produce a uniform for the girl allotted to them. As measurements will have to be sent beforehand and then a local girl found who is both willing to lend and whose dimensions comply with the size required, it is easy to understand how much spade work has to be undergone to produce the desired result.

However, if just a few can realise the joys of meeting in happy comradeship, the efforts will be well worth while. We are hoping that each Company will be represented by at least one girl. Some Companies are sending more than one. The Guiders are anticipating a great thrill in meeting girls with whom they have been corresponding for so long, and whom they have been trying to visualise from letters.

As I believe this will be the first Lone camp for several years, it will certainly be a thrill to those who in any way contribute to its smooth running.

—M.R.F.



Editor: Sydney Foott.

TRAINING WEEK-END.

The Extension Training Week-end was held on 3rd-4th May, 1941, at Scots Church Hall, and at 41 Spring Street. To both the Scots Church Committee and to Miss Boyes we express our gratitude for the use of these

rooms. Twenty-six Guiders and others interested in Extension Guiding were present, including Mrs. Fairbairn, Miss Moran, and Miss Urquhart, of the Victorian Society for Crippled Children. The speakers were Miss Jess McDonald, Miss J. U. Boyes, Miss Alston and Miss Foott, Miss Coles and Miss Bush.

Rally at Frankston.

The Mt. Eliza Guides and Scouts held a grand rally at the Orthopaedic Hospital on the first Saturday in Guide Week. Various Guides and Brownies from Peninsula Companies were present, also Scouts from Hawthorn, and 6th Post Guides in full force. The "rally" marched through the wards—first the Cubs' ward, then the Brownies', then the Scouts', and last the Guides'. Then they broke off, and we finished up with a sing-song.

Will you remember the date of the Frankston Rally for next year—those of you who couldn't go this time? It will be the second Saturday in May, so make a note of it now for a Company outing.

If you would come once and see how terribly thrilling it is for the hospital Guides and Scouts, you would be sure not to miss it again. And when you DO come, please remember to bring your colours with you. The very smallest small boy said: "Lady, lady, ask them to come again, and tell them to come with their flags."

2nd Heidelberg Company.

The 3rd Melbourne Rangers visited 2nd Heidelberg (Austin Hospital) Company on the Tuesday of Guide Week—allegedly to demonstrate Company drill (!), but actually to take part in a thrilling Company meeting, with a treasure hunt with a pirate band around a desert island.

Then they went on to songs—with the Guides and Rangers joining together.

Service for Others.

This paragraph is addressed primarily to Rangers and older Guides. One sometimes hears of a Ranger Company wanting "ideas for service." If there are any such people about at the moment, here is your opportunity. Post Guides and Brownies, as you know, get a monthly Company meeting—as normal a Company meeting as is possible in letter form. There is inspection, and roll-call, and competitions to be answered, and work to be done, and no matter how much "paper explanation" is given it is a much easier matter if there is someone Guidey to explain the various bits of the meeting.

This is where you come in—or we hope you do! If possible, each Post Guide and Post Brownie should have a "Baloo" (remember your Jungle Tales, and Mowgli's teacher, helper and friend?). The Baloo is an older Guide or Ranger or Brown or Tawny Owl or Lieutenant who comes each month (more often if possible), and helps the Post with

her Guide and Brownie work. She also acts as a link between active Guiding in the District and Post Guides, and will see that the Post gets the opportunity of coming to Company and District "dos" whenever these appear. And then when there are special Post parties, the Baloo is a welcome guest as "legs" at the party.

If anyone reading this would like to be a Baloo, please get in touch with me or Miss Alston, and we will tell you if there is a Post Guide or Brownie near at hand.



Next month the Brown Owls and Brownies who were enrolled before December, 1925, have the opportunity of meeting at the Pioneers' re-union; we hope that all who know of this re-union will remember the comrades of pioneer days and tell them.

Reef Knot.

Every now and then comes a recruit who is slow to master the reef knot. Each week she needs to be shown all over again until it becomes necessary to give her a specially attractive method of mastering the knot once and for all.

Brown Owls use many stories as an aid to mastery of knots, and following is one written by Freida V. Barfus and published in "Matilda" 20 years ago. I have found this story a sure winner and have her permission to reprint it here.

Once upon a time there was a slender, sinuous, slithery snake, and his name was Slitherskin. One sleepy summer's day he woke up, uncurled himself slowly and started to invent a brand new game that he could play all by himself. He had to play alone, because all his little brothers and sisters, that he used to play with, had been caught and eaten by the blackfellows, who just love roasted snake for their supper! Well, this time that I'm telling you about, Slitherskin invented such a splendid game; there in the grass, as he lazily uncurled himself, he saw his own shiny tail. "Ha, ha!" said Slitherskin, "OVER we go and UNDER we come!" and with that he dived over his tail and back the other way underneath, like this. . . .

That made him look like a great big wriggly ring, and he liked it so much that he thought he'd do it again—and there was still the end of his tail, so "OVER we go and UNDER we come"—he did again, and there was another wriggly ring, but a littler one this time.

Slitherskin was just chuckling to himself at the fun of it when out from the bushes jumped two blackfellows. One took his head and one took his tail, and they pulled, and Slitherskin wriggled until you couldn't see the little wriggly ring at all—and poor old Slitherskin's head and tail were jammed so tightly

that he couldn't even give a last gasp before he died.

And you can guess what those two black-fellows had for supper!

(Use a rope with different coloured ends—one for head and one for tail—for teaching this.)

First Burwood (Kildonan) Pack.

Once a week, since November, some Brownies have danced round a tiny Toadstool, singing Brownie rhymes. Brown Owl said that if the Tweenies tried to live like Brownies, some day the Toadstool might grow into a big one. One night in April the Pack journeyed upstairs in the dark, and stood outside the door of the room where they meet. All coats and cases were placed on the floor, and the Pack made a ring around them, holding tightly to each other. Brown Owl said that they were going to Brownie Story Land, and this was the door of the cottage where Tommy and Betty lived. Everyone shut their eyes and said "We are going to Brownie Story Land." Brown Owl knocked at the door and walked in and switched on the light. The Pack picked up the coats and cases and—what do you think? That wee Toadstool had grown into quite a big one!

In the cottage there were tables to set for tea and lovely games to play until at last came a Most Important Moment. One by one the Tweenies stepped on Stepping Stones of Good Turns and Smiles, and all the things that Brownies know, until they reached the Toadstool, to make the Brownie Promise. Then, one by one, they gazed into a pool and saw a really truly Brownie looking out.

The five Brownies then stretched their arms very wide to reach around the Toadstool, and they made the Grand Salute to celebrate this Most Important Moment. A story was listened to and the cottage tidied, and then a very sleepy Pack said "Good night" to Brownie Land.

Caution.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that in some Packs the Brownies have worn uniform before enrolment day. Our rule says clearly that uniform is worn for the first time at enrolment (with no exception).

—V.A.T.

GUIDE SHOP.

MATERIAL.—We are still able to get supplies of material from England, and it is the same quality as a pre-war quality, only that we can no longer guarantee the dyes. We wish to point out to our clients that considerable care should be taken in washing this material and a soft soap without any strong sodas in it should be used. If possible, dry it in the shade and before making up into Guide uniforms shrink it. We wish to give every help to our clients, but we ask them to realise that because of war conditions, we are placed in the position of having to sell

a non-guaranteed material for colour. The quality is good and providing care is taken it will give good wear.

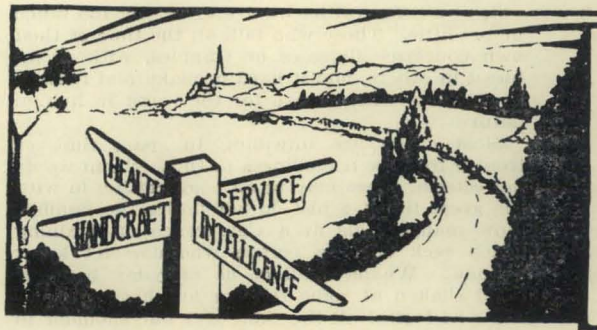
WHISTLES.—Last month it was advertised that whistles were no longer procurable, but fortunately small supplies have been found, and for the time being we will be selling them again, the price being 1/11. Stocks are necessarily low, so it is necessary to order early.

COLOUR OF TIES.—As it is impossible for the staff to know the colour of tie worn by each Company in Victoria, would you please specify the exact colour when ordering—preferably enclosing a small piece as sample, which we can then paste into our record book against your Company's name.

If no colour is mentioned in an order, we send pale blue.

MONEY ORDERS.—We appreciate very much the thoughtfulness of so many Guiders who are now making out their money orders to Market Street or Collins Street Post Office instead of Melbourne; this is a very great help to us, and we ask other Guiders to note this.

The Sign Post



Editor: Majorie Nicholson

The Fourth Law

*"I wish I loved the Human Race;
I wish I loved its silly face;
I wish I loved the way it walks;*

*I wish I liked the way it talks;
And when I'm introduced to one
I wish I thought What Jolly Fun!*

(WALTER RALEIGH, wished at a garden party.)

"A friend to all and a sister to every other Guide." A hard saying for most of us, something that requires deliberate effort not vague good feeling. It is not enough to resolve to be friendly,

most of us cannot do it that way, we have somehow to find a basis for friendliness, and since the law makes no exceptions but says roundly "all," we can base it on nothing less than the conviction that everyone, however wrong-headed we may consider their views, or disagreeable their person, is a body and soul precious to its maker; and, further, that though individual souls we are also a part of creation, and therefore an indissoluble part of a whole, whether we think in terms of parish or universe.

Friendship cannot of course, always mean "approval," we shall not find it possible to like everyone, nor would it be right to agree with everyone, but it ought to be possible to regret failings not for the annoyance they cause us, but for the barriers they set up. It is always worth considering too, when everyone seems to us disagreeable, whether the fault does not in fact lie in ourselves.

It would seem that these are the chief barriers to friendship. First purely habit and lack of imagination, just not looking on certain people as human at all, forgetting that they have feelings to be hurt, aching feet, tiresome families or any private joy or sorrow. For children this class usually includes all adults, especially teachers. Most of us have our blind spots, very often for the people who serve us, the dustman or the bus conductor.

Another, and probably the greatest barrier to friendship, is our concern for self. Sometimes we are at our worst with the very people whose friendship we should most value. We show off in our anxiety to please, we talk foolishly or cannot talk at all, fearful as we are of saying too much or too little. Those who talk all the time of their own concerns, illnesses or troubles, without interest in others, find it hard to make real friends, as do those with an eye for the worst in human nature.

Most of us are unwilling to spare time or trouble to show friendliness to those whom we do not esteem, or we may be so busy getting in with the great that we just do not notice the humble. How many of us at a Conference or Training Week seek out the person who doesn't know anyone? We have all of us probably had our hand shaken at some time or another by someone who looked all the time over our shoulder to find the next person and didn't listen to our answers. The Chief Guide is a good illustration of the opposite of this; she makes everyone feel that she remembers, knows and is interested in them, and this is because she really does remember us, know us, and is interested in what we are doing.

Having decided that we do want to be friendly, how do we set about it? First, by putting ourselves one side as far as may be; a snub won't really hurt us, and we are far more likely to gain than to lose by making the first move. Secondly, by using our imagination and sympathy to see behind an awkward or ungracious exterior, and thirdly by mentally placing ourselves on their side and giving practical proofs of our goodwill.

Without attempting to discuss in detail, as my Rangers once did, the precise difference between a "sister" and a "friend," we all accept that there are degrees of friendship, ranging from the

simplest act of liking and friendship shown as merest acquaintances, and the real friendship which has more opportunity to grow. There are few better things in life than when, having met someone we feel to be congenial, we are given the chance of developing the friendship, finding ideas in common and much that can be shared. It would seem that a real and lasting friendship must be based on an inner feeling of equality, even though outward circumstances may be very different. Trouble begins when one side is casual and the other adoring, or one pitying and the other craving sympathy. The only possible cure for these lop-sided growths is for the weaker to become strong. Adoration cannot as a rule outlive closer knowledge; it either discovers that the adored is more ordinary than was thought and the whole thing fades out, or it develops into a real friendship.

We have to be able to extend our friendship and understanding not only to people whom we meet, but to those we may never see; to Guides in other countries, to people who need our prayers and our help though we have never met them. This requires of us still more imagination.

Our self is both our instrument and our barrier; it is all we have to offer in friendship and at the same time what chiefly prevents us giving friendship as we might.

PRACTICAL

Patrol System.—As always, the way in which we can most help the Guides is through the Court of Honour. We can help them find the good points in each new recruit by discussion, and to appreciate the value of each Guide in the Company.

The patrol is a valuable way of showing friendship to the recruit; the patrol can learn to feel responsible for the well-being and happiness of each one.

We have to be careful in planning competitions that the Guide who "lets the patrol down" does not get too hardly dealt with.

Games.—How many people do you know in your street? How many new friends can the patrol make through a good turn this week?

Tell the story of a knight seeking people to befriend, and in pairs or patrols Guides can choose someone unpopular in school or home to champion and help.

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP AND FRIENDSHIP WITH OTHER GUIDES

It is well to make sure that the Guides do get real contacts with others; by letter, joint good turns, meetings, hikes, competitions (that are not too fiercely competitive). Proximity does not always lead to close friendship; we have to help them to develop understanding.

It is an exceedingly important part of our work that we should keep alive feelings of friendliness to children of all nations in every way that we can; this side of Guiding is apt to be forgotten in "National Service."

Discussion.—Is "Having good manners" exactly the same as "being courteous"? If not, what is the difference?

JOSEPHINE GRIFFITH.
—From "The Guider."



COUNTRY DANCE PARTY, 1941.

A Country Dance Party will be held at St. Stephen's Hall, Richmond, on Saturday, 24th May, at 8 p.m. sharp! Admission will be 9d. including supper.

To reach the hall take the tram from the city in Batman Avenue, to Docker Street, and then walk up the hill, or if you are coming from Richmond Station walk east along Swan Street to Docker Street and then up.

There will be a programme of well-known dances. Remember, that the proceeds are in aid of the Guide War Appeal, so bring along all your friends who are interested in Country Dancing and make the night a great success. Don't forget to wear a light frock and sandshoes. In order to make arrangements for supper, will all Company Secretaries please let me know the number who will be attending before Monday, 19th May.

The success of the evening depends on your presence.—Beatrice Wilson, Convener (U.7722), 1 Ashley Grove, Malvern, S.E.4.

Annual subscriptions are now due. After this month, circulars will not be sent to unfinancial Companies.

If your Company birthday is this month, please don't forget your donation to the Thank You Fund. Postal notes (2/6) should be made payable to Margaret Shaw, Post Office, Collins Street, and sent to her at 30 Parslow Street, Malvern, S.E.4.

Do You Know That the Ranger Branch is Financial?

At present the Ranger Branch has a banking account of just over £20, which has been built up over a number of years. A large part of this money was raised by early Ranger Committees and it is thought that they intended it to be used to endow a room at the Guide House. During later years it has been increased or decreased according to the success or failure of fixtures held during the year.

The present Committee feels that this money should not be left idle in the bank when both the Guide House Endowment Fund and the Caretaker's Cottage Fund need assistance, and suggest that £15 be given to

either of the above funds. The remainder of the money to be left in the bank as a reserve fund.

Will all Companies please discuss this matter and let me have their decisions as soon as possible.—Peggy Edmondson, Secretary, 18 Griffiths Street, Caulfield, S.E.8.

Brownie Working Bee.

There is to be a Working Bee at the Brownie Cottage during the school holidays, from 26th May to 2nd June. Will any Ranger wishing to attend the working bee for the whole week or for the week-end of 31st May only, please get into touch with Miss J. Robertson, 101 Mathoura Road, Toorak, S.E.2, as soon as possible.

For all notices and arrangements about the Ranger Dinner, watch "Matilda."

Ranger First Aid Box.

Did you know that the Rangers own a well-equipped First Aid Box? It may be hired for hikes, week-ends, camps, etc., at 6d. per day. The box is kept at Headquarters and the Ranger in charge of it is Hazel Sampson, 26 Pole Street, Seddon, W.11.

Don't forget to advertise this fact to all who may be interested in using the kit!

Registration Cards.—So far we have not received a suitable design for a new registration card. Has your Company artist any bright ideas? Perhaps you have some good ideas, but not the skill to execute them, send these along and perhaps an artist from another Company will be able to use them.

Ranger Room Quilt.—There are now three quilts to be completed, if your Company wishes to share in this work will you please let the Secretary know.

An Important Reminder.—All correspondence or money for the Committee should be sent direct to the person concerned. If it has to be left at Headquarters, will you please make sure that it is fully labelled with the name of the sender enclosed, and that it causes no inconvenience to Headquarters. Thank you!

CAMPING AND TRAINING.

Elaine Moran.

REQUEST FROM ENGLAND.

A letter has been received from Miss Shanks, Commissioner for Training, Imperial Headquarters. The following is a special message to you, contained in Miss Shanks' letter:—

"I write specially to send you all my very best wishes to 1941. Although I have not written to you for a long time I think of you very often, and wonder how things are going with you in these days. It is the nicest possible thing to have news from overseas, and I welcome letters from you whenever you have time to write. We all feel very close to you, and the happenings and experiences of every day seem to draw us closer.

"During the last year we have done much more written training than in the past, and especially through 'The Guider' and 'The Guide' and from the beginning of February, 1941, the Girl Guides' Association will have taken over 'The Guide' paper from the Broadway Press, which has hitherto been responsible for running it. It will, therefore, become our own paper, and we hope to make various developments by degrees. A Publications Committee has been formed at Imperial Headquarters, and we are most eager to hear what you would most like included in 'The Guider' and 'The Guide,' to have ideas and suggestion from you and also to receive contributions. Will you give this as a special message to your Trainers and Guiders. . . .

"Another thing which we are working for just now is the improvement of our camp-fires. At international gatherings, for instance, it has always been difficult to find songs that we all know, because—coming as our representatives did from different parts of the Empire—we did not know the same songs, or the same versions of the songs, nor did we know all the verses word perfect. We are therefore beginning the campaign for better camp-fires by asking Companies to know two English, two Scottish, two Welsh and two Ulster songs, whatever else their repertoire of camp-fire songs comprises. The first eight songs are: 'Summer Is Icumen In' and 'Rio Grande,' 'One Hundred Pipers' and 'Ye Banks and Braes,' 'The Bells of Aberdovey' and 'All Through the Night,' 'The Ninepenny Fidei' and 'The Londonderry Air' to the Derry words. We should very much like to have songs chosen by you in the Dominions and Colonies, and I should love to hear from you about this. . . . In the county to which I belong, there has just been a Patrol Leaders' gathering, and they welcomed the camp-fire campaign enthusiastically, and would very much like to be able to add songs from overseas, which have been selected by you. . . ."

So will you please take this message as a personal one to you, and write to Miss Shanks about anything special you would like in "The Guider" and "The Guide," or suggestions for these papers. Will you please send

her news of your Packs and Companies and interesting photographs, specially country Districts.

If you do not get "The Guider" it is worthwhile making an effort to do so. It contains a wealth of information and help for all Guiders. Perhaps Local Associations could provide a subscription for the Guiders of every Company and Pack.

And will you please discuss with your Guides and Rangers which Australian songs would be good ones for Guides in Great Britain and other countries to sing. Please send your suggestions and those of your Company, to Miss B. Macartney at the Guide Office. A special committee will discuss them and make the final decision.

Will you join in the "campaign for better camp-fires," by singing the eight songs already chosen? Full details of these will be found in "The Guider," December, 1940, page 309.

TRAINING COURSES.

Woodcraft Week.—This camp for Guiders will be held under canvas at the Guide House from 30th August to 6th September. The fee will be between 22/6 and 30/-, depending on the number attending. The fare from Melbourne will be 7/-, including bus. All types of Woodcraft Training, suitable for Guide and Ranger Companies, will be included. It is lovely at the Guide House in the spring!

Camp First Aid Test.—This syllabus is not prepared yet, as it has not been possible to finalise dates. It will be published here next month.

Refresher and First Class.—These will be held at the Guide Office on 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th June at 7.55 p.m. sharp. And on 21st June at Ivanhoe Bridge (Burke Road) from 2.30 to 5 p.m. Fee, 3d. per class. Please bring sandshoes to H.Q., notebook and pencil and compass if you have one. Life-line to the Field Day.

OPEN WEEK-ENDS.

June 20-22; July 4-6, 18-20; August 1-3, 15-17; September 19-21; October 3-5, 17-19; November 7-9, 21-23.

CAMP ADVISER.

Miss A. D. Gillett, District Commissioner, Geelong, has been appointed Camp Adviser.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"The Girl Scout Leader," U.S.A.; "The Canadian Guider"; "The Trail Maker," U.S.A.; "The Waratah," N.S.W.; "Adventuring," South Australia; "The Girl Guide Magazine," South Africa; "Le Trefle Rouge et Blanc," Switzerland; "Te Rama," New Zealand.

Are not many of our most tragic failures caused by excessive busyness, not necessarily with unworthy things but with less worthy things?

—H. E. Fosdick.

THE 'LITTLE HOUSE' EMBLEM.

Lady Chauvel called a meeting on May 20th to discuss how we can use our Guide House in training and testing for the badges comprising the Little House Emblem. To this meeting were invited metropolitan Division Commissioners, who were asked to bring a Guider from their Division; the Convener of the Guide House Committee, and the Commissioners for Tests and Badges, and Camping.

If you have not read about this new Guide Emblem that can be worn by Guides who have passed the tests for Cook, Child Nurse, Needlewoman, Laundress, Home Maker and Hostess Badges, you can get all the information from MATILDA, April 1941, page 5, where there is an article (reproduced from THE GUIDER) by Miss Shanks, Imperial Commissioner for Training.

In brief, war-time in England has shown even more clearly than peace-time, the necessity and value to the girl of training in these badges, and to emphasise their importance the Guide who has passed these tests is to be given a special emblem to wear - a replica of Princess Elizabeth's Little House in which she has practised many of these housewifely accomplishments.

Our Guide House is our cherished possession; every Guide owns it, and to practise for these badges, perhaps even to do the tests, in her own House, with her own nice furniture and china and kitchenware, must give her far more pleasure and far more interest in the work that is involved.

At the meeting on 20th May it was suggested that one very good way to give training for some of these badges, particularly the Home Maker and Cook badges, would be to arrange special Camps for the purpose at the Guide House or the Brownie Cottage. These Camps could be arranged by Districts, to take place from Friday evening to Sunday evening, and could be organised on the same lines as any other indoor camp. The staff would consist of three or four, including the Guider-in Charge and the Quartermaster, who together would be responsible for the special homecraft training during that part of the daily programme usually devoted to "tidying up the house." Guides could spend the rest of the time in outdoor activities, and could thus be shown by the balanced programme that housework should not take up the whole day.

It was felt that various interesting schemes would later be evolved by Districts to suit their own requirements.

A report was made that, at a Patrol Leaders' Week-end recently, several Leaders were tested for the Domestic Service Badge, and were very thrilled to be tested at the Guide House. (The Domestic Service Badge has since been discontinued, and is now included in the Home Maker Badge).

Finance was discussed, and it was agreed that it was not an insuperable difficulty. Including all expenses, a two-day week-end should not cost a Guide under 16 more than 11/3. There are 22 beds at the Guide House; this would allow for four Guiders and 18 Guides.

How very worthwhile if 18 Guides from each District were trained each year to be thoroughly good "Homecrafters"!

E. E. Moran.

GUIDE HOUSE GROUNDS AND GARDEN WORKING BEES.

The last two working bees have been used to paint the house, and now all our part is finished, and the result looks good. There is only the roof to be done to complete it. Future working bees will be held on 21st and 22nd June, 12th and 13th July, and 9th and 10th August.

There is much to be done in the garden during these months, and all those who feel they would like to take a turn at digging will obtain plenty of practice.

In future all those applying will be asked to pay their train fare (5/9), plus 2/6 deposit, for food. This has been found necessary as we have had withdrawals after the orders have been sent so the people who attended have had the extra expense of paying for the food of those who withdrew. Applications should be made in writing to Miss C. Broadhurst, Girl Guides' Association, and should enclose this 5/9 plus 2/6, and state the time and date they will be travelling.

Many precious things brought to us are at the cost of sacrifice.

Do you not know that if you read this book, you cannot read that?

—Ruskin.

Life is a grindstone—but whether it grinds you down or polishes you up depends on the material of which you are made.

FUN NIGHT.

The Brownie Cottage Committee invites all Guiders, Rangers, Guides and friends to a fun night, to be held at H.Q. on 17th June (Tuesday) at 7.45 p.m. You are invited to bring a gift (or gifts!) to be sold on the White Elephant Stall. Fortune teller, sweets and drinks on sale. Competitions and camp fire. Bring sandshoes. Admission, 1/-. Proceeds to Brownie Cottage.

Coppins Grove,
Hawthorn.

Dear Editor,—

We cannot hope to have uniformity of uniform when our Guides wear uniforms in sunlight and wash them. The two latter being the more desirable, I do not think we should feel sad that at rallies we do not look like a "monstrous regiment of women." We want this to be a democratic movement, I hope, and so we should consider the parents. Uniform stockings may not mean much to some of us, but if we stop to consider we will realise that stockings are a large item in a poor family. Our Rangers just starting work will probably find that their artificial silk stockings wear much better than lisle at the same price. Then if they are going away in uniform they will have several pairs of stockings they can take, whereas only the comparatively wealthy can run to several "for Rangers only." Then we come to the vexed question of the Guide Company—we, ourselves, do not care for red socks and silver tappers, but we know it's all poor old Rosie had at the time and we are not unduly cast

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down. We do not like black stockings and brown shoes, but we frequently have to endure them, and we know quite well that if we insisted on uniform footwear we would have to provide it. I have been very grieved to see that white socks are no longer encouraged. These are eminently sensible, for they look well with black, brown or white shoes, and moreover they are already possessed by most children. At the London Rally in 1937 white socks were present in very large numbers and looked smart. One might prefer brown or blue, but we do not see them so commonly worn. I expect someone will immediately cry out that white gets so dirty—it gets no dirtier than any other colour, it only emphasises the need for washing—not a bad thing altogether. I do think in these days we should endeavour to make as much use as we can of things already possessed by our children. I do think we should try and realise what it means to bring up a family on a basic wage—or less—before we wail about these minor imperfections in uniform. If we must complain, then I think pink underwear on otherwise smartly-clad Guiders is not pretty—it's the unnecessary visibility that I complain about. And we could aim at a higher standard of conduct when in the public eye, as M.G.R. suggests.

An interested Guider of the present!

LEILA TULLOH.

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