

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

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MISS BADEN-POWELL'S LETTER.

October, 1915.

MY DEAR GUIDES,

Did you ever hear about the man who had three hands?

I do trust that none of you Guides will ever have this misfortune, but, really, it is a fate that may befall any one of you.

It was this way: Two men were going to a meeting. One of them was not good at being prepared for all circumstances, and the other was a wit, probably a Scotsman.

The witty man got to the meeting first, and when asked after his companion, he said:

"I am afraid he is afflicted with the defect of having three hands! You see, he's a right hand, and he's a left hand, and he's a little behind-hand."

You will all join with me, I know, in congratulating Guide M. May on gaining the Order of the Silver Fish. I am always delighted to award this coveted distinction, especially when so well merited. It is in the form of a solid silver pendant, with realistic scales and fins, and the Fish is the emblem of one who has, by dint of hard study and determination, mastered so many difficulties that she is able to swim against the stream of trouble in life.

I was glad to hear of your giving entertainments for Guides' mothers. We must remember that all the mothers cannot come to the drills and practices, and some mothers are really glad to see what the girls are learning, and they get to take more interest in the Guides when they have seen with their own eyes the excellent discipline and the useful handicrafts the instructors impart.

I must say I am very proud of the capable Officers we have, and of the loyal way in which they carry out the principles of the Girl Guide scheme. The sight of the unflinching devotion and unselfishness of the Captains must make a lasting impression on the lives of their girls.

In the course of my journeys in all parts for Inspections, however, I have had occasion to wish some would study the Official Handbook more closely, and that, whilst reading it, they would keep in mind that the Patrol System is our backbone. Where an Officer finds the body she has to work rather unwieldy, she may be sure that efficient Patrol-leaders would make her Company far more successful. Entire responsibility given and expected is the secret of success.

You will already have heard how our energetic Girl Guide Commissioner for Western Scotland, Miss Georgie Fyfe, went out to Belgium with a motor ambulance last winter. She has been distinguishing herself by deeds of valour and bravery, and she has received public thanks for all the valuable services she has rendered in Belgium, stopping on to care for the suffering even after the British troops left the place. And now I hear that King Albert of Belgium has decorated Miss Fyfe with the highest honour he can bestow.

This is another ray of glory for the Girl Guides.

Now that war-time makes food so dear, we must consider the various ways of serving nourishing dishes, such as porridge or potatoes.

As you know, I am already much perturbed in my mind about potatoes, and especially now that we are warned to allow of no waste.

To cut a potato about with a knife is absolute waste.

Potatoes should never be cut, but should be cooked in their skins.

All the best and most valuable part of the potato is next the skin.

In order to peel them easily after boiling or steaming, you should first have cut off a narrow ring round the middle of the raw potato, then, when cooked, stick the potato

on a fork and the skin will easily come off. Put the potatoes back for a few moments to heat through.

I wonder whether all Guides know how to get a vegetable clock—that is, supposing they wanted one.

Well, you must *get up at eight o'clock!* (Get-a-pot-a-to-clock).

Talking of potatoes, you know that the starch of which potatoes are chiefly made is not all that we require for food; we need also some such body-building material as cheese or egg to eat with the starch.

Therefore, if you wish for a nourishing, though simple dish, you wash some large potatoes, bake them until nearly done, cut off the end, and empty the potato with a small spoon.

Then mash the crumbs with a little salt and mustard, a little grated cheese, a teaspoonful of fat, and moisten with a few drops of milk. Replace the mixture in the potato skins and bake till thoroughly cooked through.

Eggs are very dear now, and they will most likely go up in price, so you may like to know that vinegar may be used in making cakes in place of eggs. A very nice cake can be made with the usual ingredients, but using three tablespoonfuls of vinegar to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, a little carbonate of soda, and a larger quantity of margarine than usual.

I am hoping at my next Inspection to hear in greater detail how you have been studying the "Law of the Guides."

Law 4, on helpfulness and thinking for others, will also help you a great deal, if you just for a moment put yourself in another's place. Then you look at things from their point of view, and gain sympathy with them, however different you felt before.

It was this unselfish spirit which induced all our Overseas brethren, the Canadians and the Australians, to come over and help fight for Britain's rights. I feel sure we all wish to say, with the Premier, that we send them "a message of sympathy for all that they have suffered and endured, of gratitude for their splendid response to the Empire's needs, and of pride for the magnificent valour which has distinguished them in the field of battle."

Hoping to meet you soon.

Yours sincerely,

AGNES BADEN-POWELL.

THE WAR SERVICE BADGE.

How Guides can Qualify for This Distinction.

The War Service Badge will be granted on the recommendation of a Captain, and approved by the Commissioner, to all Guides and Guide Officers, who have performed or shall perform before the end of the war alternatively:—

(a) Not fewer than twenty-one days' special service for Hospitals, Nursing Institutions and other Public Departments or Societies or Girl Guides' Hostels. This service must be at the request of some competent authority, and must be carried out for at least three hours per day. Or:—

(b) Not fewer than 15 articles personally made, to include 4 pairs of socks, 4 pairs of mittens, 2 shirts, 1 pyjama suit, 1 child's garment, 1 woman's garment, 1 belt, and 1 bed-jacket.

Knitting and needlework already done for Sailors, Soldiers, Sea Scouts, Belgian Refugees, Hospitals, etc., may count.

N.B.—Where it is not possible to have material for shirts, pyjamas and bed-jackets provided, a Guide may make up her number of articles by adding to the number of socks and children's garments. Or:—

(c) For twenty-one days' work, not necessarily consecutive, for paid employment in connection with recognised firms working directly for the Government in connection with the war, or in connection with "War Service for Women" initiated by the Government Labour Exchanges. In such work for instance as Farm Work, Dairy Work, Market Gardening, Poultry Farming, Light Machining for Armaments, Clothing Machining, Brush Making, etc., etc.

Application Forms for the War Service Badge can be obtained only by Local Secretaries from the Girl Guides' Headquarters upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

The price of the Badge is 2d. post free.

Peterhof on the Gulf of Finland is the summer residence of the Tsar; there is an avenue of fountains in the grounds of the palace, and the sight of these playing and sparkling in the sunlight with a distant vista beyond of the blue waters of the Gulf and Finnish coast, is never to be forgotten.

The long summer days in Petrograd are delightful; at midsummer the sun sets as late as 9 p.m. and rises about 2 a.m., so that there is daylight nearly all the night through.

A great part of the town is built on piles, and Peter the Great, who wished to have a capital "with a window towards Europe" as he called it, could have had no easy task when he first transformed the marshy swamps of the Neva into the fair city of Petrograd.

DECORATED BY KING ALBERT.

An Honour for a Commissioner.

Guides all the world over will be interested and delighted to hear of the splendid work done by Miss Georgie Fyfe (Commissioner for the West of Scotland), and of the way in which her work has been recognised by the King of the Belgians.

Very soon after the war began, Miss Fyfe devoted herself to the task of helping the wounded in Belgium by working under Sir Hector Munro in his "Flying Ambulance." Whilst so engaged she had many trying experiences, and was at times in no little danger.

When—after a while—Sir Hector Munro joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, Miss Fyfe left his "Flying Ambulance" and continued her work under the Belgian War Office. Her duty was to get civilians (old men, women and children) out of the war zone and into places of safety. She also assisted in fetching wounded soldiers out of the firing line.

What terrible scenes she witnessed, what hardships she endured, what dangers she faced, it is impossible to describe.

During the awful time at Ypres she remained at her post amidst the desolation and destruction wrought by the enemy, and was there even when no British soldier was permitted to remain.

For her splendid work in connection with the evacuation of the city she has been

decorated by King Albert with the Order of the Cross of Leopold of the First Class.

This is the highest military honour that can be won in Belgium.

In addition to the work already mentioned, Miss Fyfe has founded a Scottish Military Hospital in Belgium, and established a Maternity Hospital there; she also has two houses in which refugees are lodged preparatory to being sent out of the country to places of safety.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR OFFICERS.

Amongst the training schools for Officers can now be included the one which Mrs. Blyth has formed at 8, Kinnerton Street. The proposal is that ladies wishing to become Guide Officers should live with a Captain, train with her Company for three months, learn the organising and handling of a Company, and work up their own Proficiency Badges, which can include, amongst others, Household Management, Cooking, Laundry, Dressmaking, Butter-making, etc.

It is hoped to arrange for six weeks to be spent in town and six weeks in the country. The fee for the three months will be £9 inclusive.

Mrs. Blyth will be glad if those who wish to join the school, either to train or to help with the instruction, will write to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Compton Burnett, 8, Kinnerton Street, Motcombe Street, S.W.

TROUBLESOME TAGS.

You have all, no doubt, been troubled at times by the "tags" of your bootlaces coming off.

When this happens, the strands of which the lace is composed become unplaited, and the end frays out, which makes it difficult to thread the lace through the holes in your boot.

What are known as "mohair" laces are made in the form of a tube.

Next time the tag of your bootlace comes off, do not throw the lace away or be content to let it remain as it is, but cut off the ragged portion and turn half-an-inch of the end inwards.

Then twist up the end of the lace and bind it round with a piece of black thread, when, instead of having an untidy, time-wasting lace, it will look neat and enable you to do up your boots quickly and easily.

Joan noticed all these, but Chris' eyes were still on the ground.

"Yes, he came right up here. See. He stopped here under this big yew tree. Now, where did he go next?"

The house stood on rising ground, and all around the earth was dry and sun baked. Joan could see no tracks, but Chris patiently puzzled them out and followed them, first to the front door, which was locked, then round the far corner, under a big ilex tree, and so to the back regions.

She found them outside the broken door of a paved yard and there they ceased.

"He must have gone in," she said. "Wouldn't it be a good thing to call, Joan?"

Joan shook her head. "I think not. If he is feeling contrary, he won't answer."

"Well, we shall soon find whether he is inside or not," said Chris, as she crossed the yard towards the back door. "It's open," she exclaimed. "Joan, I think we are getting warm."

Joan gave a sigh of relief. At last the tedious hunt seemed to be coming to an end. If Ivor were in the house, there surely could not be much difficulty in finding him.

She followed Chris in, and the damp, musty smell of the long deserted house rose to her nostrils. The plaster had peeled from the walls, and dust lay thickly everywhere.

"I was right, Joan," said Chris in triumph. "Here are Ivor's footmarks. Quite fresh, too."

"I see," said Joan, "but here are others, too. Look, they are men's," she added in a rather startled tone.

"Yes, but they are not fresh, Joan. They are quite old. Probably some tramp who sheltered here in the winter. Now let us see where Ivor went."

There was no longer any difficulty in finding out, for the lime dust showed every mark. The boy had just peeped into the big, desolate kitchen, with its rust-eaten range, then turned to the right, and looked into the empty larder. After that the trail took them up a long passage, and pushing open a door from which tattered fragments of baize still hung, they found themselves in the big central hall of the house. Through this Ivor had made a rough circle, and then passed out through a door in the opposite side. Here was another passage with bare, desolate rooms opening off it, and at the end a flight of stairs.

"I wonder he had the pluck to go up here, Joan," said Chris. "It's the most creepy place!"

Joan shivered slightly.

"It is, Chris. One's footsteps ring quite hollow, and the echoes are enough to frighten anyone. But Ivor is no coward."

"He seems to have made up his mind to explore the place thoroughly," said Chris. "I wonder where these stairs will take us."

"This part seems older than the rest," answered Joan. "See how thick the walls are."

They reached a landing, and the steps, after wavering about uncertainly, led them to a door which still seemed sound and solid.

Chris gave it a push. It did not yield. She tried the handle. It did not turn in the

ordinary way, but presently she found that it would pull back.

"Why, it's a regular spring lock," she exclaimed. "It must have closed after him and snapped to. Here he is, depend on it!"

She pushed the door open, and the light streamed through a large, low-ceilinged room, the windows of which were barred and closely shuttered.

"What a horrid, dark place!" said Joan. "He must have been dreadfully frightened."

"Ivor!" she called aloud. "Ivor!"

There was no answer. The two girls looked all round. But there was no other door to the room. And yet most certainly Ivor was not in it.

Joan turned to Chris. "What does it mean?" she asked, in a frightened voice. "Where is he?"

(To be continued.)

THE COMMISSIONER'S UNIFORM.

The uniform, the wearing of which is, of course, optional, consists of:

Shirt blouse, pale blue tie (G. G. colour).

Regulation skirt, with two pockets.

Regulation coat, with four pockets. Whistle

cord on right shoulder to pocket. Ordinary

Officer's brown leather belt. Commissioner's

silver cords, badge etc.

Soft leather gauntlet gloves.

* * * *

The Commissioner's Badge, with silver cords and trefoil complete, can now be obtained from Headquarters, price 3/6, postage extra.



A Commissioner in full uniform.

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.
WHAT WE ARE DOING.

9

By LT.-GEN. SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B.

At the Front.

When I was in Belgium, I was very interested to see the splendid hospital of 1,100 beds which is located near the Front, so near that the enemy's shells can reach it if they like.

I was interested in it for two reasons; one was because it is mainly a British concern. The funds for its equipment are supplied by the British people as a small thank-offering for what the Belgians have so gallantly done in this war.

The whole equipment is of the most up-to-date type, and is all supplied from Britain, and, best of all, the nurses are all British women.

On the Continent it has not been usual for girls to learn first-aid and hospital nursing. The only people who could do this were the nuns. Consequently, when the war broke out and there was a sudden rush of wounded soldiers to be nursed, it was impossible to find enough people to organise hospitals or to carry out nursing duties. The few nuns available were overwhelmed with work.

Then it was that the British women came like angels upon the scene. Those who had carried out the Girl Guides' motto of Being Prepared, and had learnt in times of peace how to deal with wounded men, how to nurse them, how to cook for them, how to do the laundry work, the mending, the scrubbing, and all the other duties of a hospital, were able to do invaluable service.

And there they are to-day, carrying on their work unseen, tending the foreign soldiers just as carefully and as efficiently as if they were our own Tommies, and earning the admiration and gratitude of the Belgian nation for Britain.

So you see what women can do for their Country.

What British Women are Doing.

That is what women are doing inside the hospital; but the outside service of it

is also carried out by women, no fewer than three of whom have been continually engaged in driving motor-ambulances and rendering first-aid to the wounded soldiers and bringing them into the hospital.

One of these, Lady Dorothea Feilding (whose brother is a Boy Scout), has been carrying out this duty ever since the beginning of the war. She lives in the trenches continuously under fire, ready to render first-aid at any moment by day or by night. Officers told me that her presence there heartened the men to stick it out at times when they almost felt inclined to give way before the enemy's attacks.

Newspaper men wrote of the tremendous fire which was brought to bear upon Dixmude by the Germans, and how they directed their shells on to the roads around the village to prevent reinforcements coming up.

Staff officers and newspaper correspondents had pulled up their motor-cars, unable to face the fire, when a motor-ambulance dashed through them and hummed its way into the thick of the dust and smoke of the bursting shells.

After an interval it came labouring back at a slower pace with its load of mangled men. It was driven by Lady Dorothea. No wonder, then, that the King of the Belgians, when he spoke to me of the valour of his Scouts, went on to praise the splendid heroism of those British ladies who not only nursed in the hospitals but faced death in the field to bring in the wounded.

The Chief Scout of Belgium.

Another point which interested me about that hospital was that the chief medical officer in charge, Doctor Dépage, is also the Chief Scout of Belgium. He has got the Scouts into such good order that a large number of them are now regularly employed by their Army Headquarters as cyclist orderlies under the Scoutmaster, who had military rank and pay while there

in charge of them; and they have done splendid service.

Dr. Depage carries the scouting ideas even into his hospital, and he makes his assistants use their wits and their hands to improvise such apparatus as they require, and even to manufacture their own operating knives, scalpels, scissors, etc.

In a neat little workshop attached to the hospital, in what was once a grocer's shop, electric lathes were at work, and Boy Scouts were there making scissors. These were the doctor's own sons.

He himself was working day and night, allowing himself no rest, with the whole of the responsibility of this hospital on his shoulders, and yet he wore a cheery smile—"Because," he said, "the harder his lot, the more a Scout smiles."

There was more meaning underlying this than he cared to say, but I knew of it and kept silent too—his wife had only just died. But her death had been glorious.

A Belgian Heroine.

Every Guide will appreciate the story of Madame Depage, because it is typical of a Guide's self-sacrifice.

She was a right-hand to her husband, and while he worked and slaved in the hospital which he had organised, she—an invalid in body, yet strong in pluck—sailed over to America in order to raise funds in that country for the Belgian Red Cross, and thus to help her husband in his work.

At the end of her visit she sailed for Europe in the *Lusitania*, worn out in body, but full of joy at having succeeded in her mission.

The *Lusitania*, as you know, was struck by a German torpedo. As she went down, Madame Depage was being helped into one of the boats. But one of the crew on the ship had been badly wounded by the torpedo and lay there helpless. Madame Depage, with her knowledge of first-aid, at once went back to him and bound up his wound, and while so engaged the ship went down, and she was drowned.

Could there be a better example of self-sacrifice and gallantry?

The Zeppelins Have Come.

So, Guides, you have examples before you of what women can do and are doing to-day

in the way of heroism. They are not dead and gone worthies, but actually women of your own flesh and blood, whom you may see doing their work among you.

It is up to you to Be Prepared to do the same when you get your chance, and you never can tell when your chance may come—so Be Prepared.

The Zeppelins—bless them!—will be a great help to you in this way. I said in one of my former notes to you: "The Zeppelins are coming."

Well, they have come, and they will come again, maybe to London, maybe to Manchester, maybe to anywhere where women and children are gathered. Are you prepared for them?

You know what I mean. Have you got your hostels ready for taking in those injured or rendered homeless by bombardment? Have you your stretchers and bandages ready? Have you learnt to bind up wounds and to put out fires? Have you learnt to keep your head and to be plucky in a panic? Have you determined to think nothing of your own safety and to sacrifice if needs be in order to save others, as these other heroines have done?

If so, you are a real Guide and are carrying out your motto of Being Prepared.

Robert Baden-Powell

WAR SERVICE BADGE WINNERS.

Quite a number of Guides have already qualified for their War Service Badge, but we should like to see many more wearing this visible sign of having done some useful work for the country in this time of stress.

Here are the records:

Berkshire 11, Cambridge 5, Cheshire 45, Cornwall 1, Cumberland 2, Denbigh 3, Durham 3, Devon 6, Hants 1, Kent 15, Lancashire 14, Leicester 13, Lincolnshire 13, London East 24, London S.E. 30, London N. 33, London N.W. 2, London W.C. 19, London S.W. 1, Middlesex 24, Morocco 1, Northumberland 19, Nottinghamshire 1, Scotland 27, Shropshire 1, Suffolk 4, Surrey 15, Wales 12, Yorkshire 45.

OUR SUMMER CAMP.

An Account of the Officers' Training Camp at Boxmoor.

BY AN OBSERVER.

It was a hot day, and though an English breeze invigorated it, English civilisation, with its demand for "great piles of stuff outside our natural skins," got the better of the breeze. In the early afternoon one moved limply, looking for the nearest lounge chair.

In such an hour and mood I reached the Summer Camp, where it stood with its seven tents screened from the roadways, and looking down on a green valley flanked by the escarpment of a railway.

As I walked on to the quiet lawn with its bell tents, I straightened myself involuntarily; into the sleepy afternoon atmosphere something had entered, something alert and purposeful, something not to be deterred by any heat or any hour.

An Officer walked towards me and briefly saluted with a fine unconsciousness of self.

"I will tell Madam you are here," she said.

I looked after her as she walked away with an easy, swinging stride, and thought of the mincing and vaporous manners of the age of our grandmothers—and gave thanks; whilst I waited for further enlightenment.

It came quickly enough; impressions crowded upon one until there seemed no time in which to ask a tenth of all the questions one desired to ask. Yet the root question was always the same: "How did you learn all this? How did you gain this proficiency?" And one desired to ask a further one of the outside world: "What use are we going to make of this splendid determined girlhood?"

I recalled camps where soldiers' food is being wasted, and, when not wasted, badly cooked; and then I longed for a colossal megaphone, down which I might shout: "Here are young women ready, efficient, organised—send them out to your camps and end the waste."

At that moment the Officer in Command came up and welcomed me. Then I learnt one of the chief secrets of the activity, the smart obedience, the enthusiasm of that

summer camp for training Guide Officers—its inspiration was the C.O.

A C.O. who rose at the same time as those under her, going out in the dewy mornings to join in those arduous Swedish exercises before the morning bathe. It was something to see that! It was "some" drill! Thirty young women arrayed in a fine catholicity of *désahbillé*—knickerbockered, loose tunics above—disciplining their muscles to a perfection of obedience, and cheered by the C.O., wearing on these occasions on her head (these next few lines are censored, but no matter!) a nightcap. I'm no authority on them myself—but I was told this in confidence—which was believed to be the very one which Mr. Pickwick wore in his historic encounter with the lady of the yellow curl-papers!

After drill and bathe, in the keen morning air of September, there was a rush to the coach-house—cleared for a mess-room—for breakfast at 7.30. (The company cooks were prepared for the onslaught.) Some of the girls had been up since five, learning how to milk at a farm near, where two amiable cows allowed the experiment, and were probably amazed to discover how soon humans who have been trained as Guides tumble into the knack of doing anything.

At 9.30 came tent inspection. One might have thought all the tents would have presented a like appearance within; but it was astonishing to see what some of the occupants had managed to do with four bags, staff poles, coats and rugs. There was actually a dressing-table in one, fashioned somehow out of a bag and rug—I don't know how—but it gave one an idea not only of comfort, but almost of luxury! No other tent had quite achieved this; there must have been a Captain with a genius for home-making there.

There were four Officers to each tent; they slept on the ground on waterproof sheets with rugs over. There was a heavy shower one night, but ropes were loosened smartly, and no harm befel.

While inspection was going on, one of the company was busy with map-making.

"Plane table method," she explained to me; "sighting from a point chosen to others which will best fix the essential objects of the land to be mapped. Also simple methods of contouring. . . ."

The observer at the summer camp had plenty of opportunities for humility! Yet there was no sense of displaying knowledge of any sort; only a tremendous keenness to learn, and, having learnt, to carry out with thoroughness.

Round one tent four Captains were discoursing with great deliberation. It was the tent which was responsible for the organising for the day, which included catering—at 1s. a head—and the meeting of officials at the station coming to view the camp, and the management of the general routine for the day.

"Do you think three legs of mutton will be enough?" asked the chief of the organising party.

She looked with some anxiety at the figures of the thirty Officers in training, moving briskly up and down, and getting ready for signalling and drill. They were a hearty gathering! She dismissed that more economical idea of two legs which she had entertained, and determined to economise on the supper! Then she walked to the cook-place to see that the large cookers were filled with water, and to the hay-box, in which all the cooking was consummated. Everything was in order.

On the lawn the company was being drilled by a drill sergeant who would have been the envy of any regular regiment. Tall and authoritative she stood, her commands came quick and to the moment.

The observer, feeling very diffident, congratulated that Captain on the perfection of that drill.

Then off went some of the company to lime-wash a large cow shippen—a good turn to the farmer for having taught some of them to milk and to make butter and to separate cream.

If you have never lime-washed a shippen you will have no idea how hardly those girls earned their dinner!

After dinner—made adventurous every day by hordes of wasps, which sawed off pieces from the food on your plate under your nose—there was a compulsory hour's rest—needed and earned. Then out again to haymaking and bridge-building. A supper-tea at six.

Afterwards, logs were piled upon the cook-place, and while the September twilight folded down the company seated themselves round the smouldering fire for a camp-yarn.

Perhaps that was the best hour of the day. Everybody was happy at having learnt something more, and glad of each other's company, and looking forward to sleeping on the ground, which everybody was too full of health and tiredness to think of as being hard.

One night the observer—very audacious—talked to the Officers of "The perfect Captain," and how she might best be evolved. Perhaps it was the final test of the sincerity of that summer camp that these Captains in training, who had worked so hard and ungrudgingly all day, listened with patience to suggestions as to how they might make still further progress, in order to train girls younger than themselves to an efficient, helpful and healthy womanhood.

Then followed a prayer and hymn—by lamp light, for the fire had died down, and the night, dark and starry, was upon the camp.

At 9.15 all lights were out, but one could see the Commanding Officer walking round the tents to be sure that all was well, and to say "Good-night."

THE LAW OF THE GUIDES.

By M. ROSS

(Patrol-Leader, 1st Harrow Company).

Hurrah for the life of the Guides,
For Honour's a beautiful thing;
A Guide on her honour is true to her trust
And loyal to Country and King.

Deny yourself something you like, girls,
The weak and the helpless defend,
Then hunt up the girl who is lonely and sad,
And just let her feel you're her friend.

Be kind without thought of reward, girls,
To save some poor creature from pain;
A Guide must be courteous from kindness
within,
Never thinking of what she may gain.

Obedience (by practice made perfect)
Is dear to the heart of a Guide,
She finds satisfaction in playing the game
With a smile, if she's true to her name.

Then don't waste your money on trash, girls,
But save it and guard it with pride,
Above all keep your heart pure and clean,
girls;

For this is the Law of the Guides.

THE GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

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to—
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The War Service Badge.

On another page we publish a record of the War Service Badges won up to date. We are really surprised that the figures are not higher, for there are so many ways in which it is possible for Guides to qualify for this greatly-prized badge.

We fear that a number of Officers do not encourage the members of their Companies to do the necessary work, or in some cases do not explain the qualifications.

Only the other day we were talking to a Guide who we knew had been helping regularly at a Y.M.C.A. hut, and, on asking if she had won her War Service Badge, we heard with surprise that she had no idea that she was entitled to one for doing such work.

For several months now the tests have been published in *The Gazette* and we give them again this month.

We hope, therefore, that any Captains who have not yet explained to their Guides how to qualify, will do so without further delay.

We should like to see every Guide in the country wearing the red badge with gold lettering showing that she has made herself as useful as possible during these stressful days.

An Appeal From Australia.

Owing to the great demand this year for Girl Guide Diaries, one of the Companies in South Australia was too late to get one.

It would be doing a good turn to our Oversea sisters if some Guide in this country would send a copy to Mrs. Stacy, Clare, South Australia. Copies of Guide Songs would also be appreciated.

Mrs. Stacy tells us that on wet afternoons her girls knit socks for the soldiers, and net fly nets for those in Egypt. To make the time pass more pleasantly, the Guides take it in turns to read the serial from *The Gazette*, so that everyone can appreciate it.

We commend this idea to other Companies where every Guide does not take a copy of *The Gazette* for herself.

How Many War Workers?

Miss Georgie Fyfe has been doing splendid work for the wounded in Belgium, as you will see from the account of her special recognition by King Albert published elsewhere.

It would be interesting to know how many Officers and Guides are actively engaged in the Military and Red Cross Hospitals both at home and abroad.

The Alderley Edge Company has two members nursing in Military Hospitals, three nursing in Red Cross Hospitals, and nine doing laundry and kitchen work.

What have other Companies to say?

Good Work By Guides.

During the recent meetings of the British Association in Manchester, Guides were employed in various capacities in which men and boys had formerly been engaged. And very well they did their work, too.

Miss Murray, Teacher in Egyptology in the University of London, has written to the Chairman and Executive Committee as follows:

"I should like to put on record my high appreciation of these Guides. They took their work seriously, and therefore did it effectively. Their charming manners, their willingness to help, and the promptness and intelligence with which they worked, impressed me greatly.

"I made an opportunity to tell the Captain of one Company what I thought of her Guides, but I feel that I should like to have the pleasure of 'speaking my mind' on the subject to still higher authorities, hence this letter."