

# GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

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## MISS BADEN-POWELL'S LETTER.

November, 1915.

MY DEAR GUIDES,

It has been said that this terrible War is costing every one of us, big and little, one shilling a day. We can only pay this by saving.

Rich and poor, high and low, we all have it to do; we have the honour of our Nation to uphold and our homes and lives to defend, and this cannot be done without vast sums of money.

We can each help if we begin at once trying to spend as little as possible on luxuries, extravagances, and unproductive pleasures.

During my recent tours of inspection in the North of England and the Midlands, it was most encouraging to hear how much the Girl Guides had been doing to help our sailors and soldiers. In some of the great cities where I inspected the Guides our girls had been working overtime, and in many cases taking night work in the factories.

Still, I was much struck by their enthusiasm, and the bright keenness of the Guides in Leeds, Halifax, Stockport, Manchester, Bradford, etc. It is always a great pleasure to me to see them, especially as the ladies and Officers, too, are all so loyal in helping on the work.

You all love animals, and I must tell you of a dear brave doggie which saved the lives of seven men in this War.

He was not a handsome beauty—just a mongrel, a sort of spaniel-pointer with a dash of fox-terrier in his breed.

He follows his French soldier-master everywhere, even in the trenches.

One dark night the soldier had gone out with six others to reconnoitre, when an enormous shell burst near them, throwing up heaps of earth and burying the seven men

alive. When the dog found that his master did not come back he set out to search for him; he found the place and dug down with his paws till he reached the men.

The dog's yelping and barking were heard by some stretcher-bearers, and, attracted to the spot, they were soon able to dig out the injured soldiers and get them back into safety. His master had received a bad wound in the leg, but it got well so quickly that the surgeon believed this was owing to the dog's care in licking it.

You will have felt, in common with the whole civilised world, a righteous horror and indignation at the news of the murder of a noble Englishwoman.

Nurse Edith Cavell, whose whole life had been spent in works of mercy, met her martyrdom in the cause of humanity, being found guilty of succouring fugitive Belgian prisoners.

We hear of this poor solitary English lady, who had never had a thought but of kindness to her fellow-creatures, being marched off to prison and then stood up to be shot at; but she gladly sacrificed her life, and, in her own words, "was glad to die for her Country."

That she had nursed numbers of wounded German soldiers might have been a reason for the enemy giving in to the earnest pleading for leniency in her case. Perhaps we may be able to endow a bed at a hospital in her honour.

So many farmers' men have gone to the War that there is now a demand for women workers on the land. Many things can be done equally well and even better by women, such as milking cows, rearing calves, making butter and cheese, fruit picking, packing and preserving, root pulling, etc. Those wishing to take it up can have free training. There has been a great need for hay-balers, to pack hay for the Front.

Numbers of ladies have gone in for this work, as well as in other lines, and University students have found farm work, cocking the hay, hoeing, and poultry-tending—healthful and refreshing. One lady says she was always anxious to be out by five o'clock each morning to feed her calves and milk the cows, and was "very happy in the open-air life and consequent sense of well-being."

Amongst the many professions that have been badly hit by this War is the employment of an oyster. Fewer people now indulge in this delicacy, and oysters are now asking whatever is the use of their being the direct descendants of the Whitstable shell-fish which the Emperor Agricola used to have supplied to him in Rome.

There appears to be a great quantity this year. Oysters increase very fast, each mother having about four hundred thousand little ones.

Those named "Royal Whitstables" can trace their family all the way back to the year 50 B.C., when Mr. Sallust praised their flavour in the local evening paper.

Their cousin, the scallop, you may see any day in the fishmonger's, with his row of bright, jewelled eyes looking out at you between his two shells, but I very much doubt if they are on speaking terms.

\* \* \*

Our Guides in many places are now learning up the words and music of part-songs and carols to sing at Christmas. They will make groups and go from house to house singing in parts to gain funds. This is a very old English custom, and one cannot help associating with it the romance of opening the latticed casement on a snowy, star-lit night, to listen to the sweet young voices singing of the coming of peace on earth and mercy mild.

Yours sincerely,  
AGNES BADEN-POWELL.

## ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM.

THE QUEEN WHO IS SHARING THE SORROWS OF  
HER PEOPLE.

One of the most heroic figures of the present war is a woman—Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who, albeit a Bavarian Princess, has taken the cause of her adopted people to her heart.

The home-loving wife of a peaceful King, she has suddenly become a great figure in the world war (says the *Evening Standard*), not because she has led her husband's legions into battle, but because, through her simple devotion, her tragic self-sacrifice, her ardent faith that justice will eventually triumph, she has served and serves as an inspiration not only to a nation whose country has been trampled under foot by a brutal invader, but to the word that breathlessly watches the combat between the forces of right and the forces of evil.

Queen Elizabeth is the daughter of Charles Theodore of Bavaria and of the Duchess of Braganza, Infanta of Portugal. She was born in 1876 at Possenhoffen, her birthday occurring a few days before the outbreak of the present war.

In 1900 she married the then heir to the Belgian throne, now King Albert, and the marriage has proved a singularly happy one, their family life being proverbial in Belgium for its quiet joys and true domestic pleasures. Three children were the result of this union—Prince Leopold, born in 1901; Prince Charles, born in 1903; and Princess Marie-José, born in 1906.

When the Kaiser's intention of ruining Belgium first became apparent, the Brussels Royal Palace harboured one of the happiest families in the world, and for weeks after the German hordes had invaded the country the Royal Family refused to leave their home, the Queen helping to make the final arrangements to withstand the onslaught of the Teuton savages.

Not until Brussels faced the German occupation, not until Antwerp had begun to be threatened with a siege, did the Queen decide to bring her children to England. She accompanied them to these shores, placed them in the home of Lord Curzon of Kedleston at Basingstoke, and hastened back to share the dangers to which the King had been exposed.

Since then, whether a peasant's hut, a soldier's tent, or a trench formed the King's temporary refuge, Queen Elizabeth has been at his side, braving the elements, forgetting the discomforts, and laughing at the dangers.

Time and again has the King begged her to go to England to safety and rest; and just as frequently she has refused to listen to his entreaties.

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE,  
WHAT WE ARE DOING.

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

**A Dream of Great Women.**

In the early part of October I had a very vivid and curious dream. (Here is a grand chance for you who are experts in psychical research—and what a word it is to spell!)

I dreamt I was in a great public square in which were five statues of women. In the centre was that of Queen Victoria. The others stood at the four corners. One represented Florence Nightingale, another Mary Davies, the third—oh, well, perhaps I had better not tell you, otherwise your hats will be getting too small for your heads—for it was a Girl Guide! And the fourth I could only see indefinitely, for I awoke just then. I did not know who it was meant to be. I know now—Nurse Cavell.

**Miss Mary Davies.**

But first you may ask, "Who is Mary Davies?"

If any Guide has not yet heard of her, and her story has been kept very quiet, it is well that you should know that Miss Mary Davies has been acting as an assistant nurse at one of the hospitals for wounded soldiers in France. She had been a student at the Pasteur Institute, and was therefore clever at bacteriology and was employed in that department of the hospital under Dr. Taylor, the well-known authority on cancer research work.

He tried to cultivate the germ or bacillus of the disease which is produced by gas poisoning, in order to carry out tests, first on guinea-pigs, with a view to seeing what effect it might have in curing human beings when poisoned; but it was very difficult, in fact, impossible, to get a pure bacillus, because most of the men who were suffering from gas poisoning had in their blood germs of other diseases, which were mixed with those of the gas gangrene.

Miss Davies, who had attended him in his experiments and had seen how all the guinea-pigs experimented upon had died, one after another, and had also seen some 200 cases of men who died of the disease, thought out in her own way a plan for getting some pure germs for experiment;

and without telling anybody she took a room in the neighbourhood of the hospital and one day sent a hurried note to Dr. Taylor asking him to come round at once to make experiments upon her.

On entering, the doctor found that she had given herself a very strong injection of the culture which he had used in his experiments on guinea-pigs. Within two hours the symptoms of gas gangrene developed strongly in her.

The doctor thereupon injected the same preparation of quinine with which he had been experimenting, and in twenty-four hours Miss Davies was again convalescent—but in the meantime she had risked her life and had been in the gravest danger of dying. She had, however, been hopeful all the time that the system might prove a success if properly tried on a fresh patient, and she braved the ordeal with the result that, not only did she come through successfully, but her heroism may be the means of saving the lives of a large number of men in the future.

There is a splendid example of bravery and self-sacrifice for Guides to follow, and well worthy of a more substantial statue than merely one in a dream.

**Nurse Cavell.**

But what shall we say of the statue to the unknown heroine? Only a few days later her story was ringing from one end of the world to the other.

Many are the suggestions that are being made of some form of memorial to her. I have in my own mind what I should like the Girl Guides to carry out in this direction. A statue is, after all, merely a cold marble effigy showing what the person looked like, but I should like to see Nurse Cavell's memory kept warm and alive by each Guide making herself as nearly as possible like her—not in what she looked like, but in what she *did*.

Think of what she did.

In her life and in her death she carried out all the best ideals of the Girl Guides training. So it is within the power of every Guide, no matter how poor or how small, to be like her if she only tries.

**How She Carried Out  
the Guide Law.**First-aid

First of all Nurse Cavell began by learning about First-aid and how to nurse the sick and wounded. Not only did she become good at it, but she made herself better than others, and so was chosen to be a teacher of other nurses in Belgium, where good nurses are scarce. She worked under Dr. Depage, who, as I told you in last month's *Gazette*, is Chief of the Boy Scouts in Belgium. It is curious that I then spoke of him as being connected with one heroine of the War, namely, Madame Depage, who was drowned in the *Lusitania* while attending an injured sailor.

Then he was connected with the Ambulances which were run by two other heroines mentioned in last month's *Gazette*—Miss Fyfe and Lady Dorothe Feilding. And now it appears that this latest and greatest heroine of the War was also associated with him.

Pluck

When the Germans invaded Belgium, Nurse Cavell might have escaped to England if she had wanted to, but she preferred to stick to her post, for nurses were badly needed. She did not merely nurse British or Belgian wounded, but was just as kind and tender to the Germans. All were treated alike as friends once they were inside the hospital walls.

Self devotion

But at the same time she was loyal to her Country and to the Allies, and she helped numbers of our men to hide and to escape when the Germans were trying to catch them to shoot them.

Friend to all

For this she was arrested and tried by court-martial.

Loyalty

She was asked whether she had done these things.

Bravery

She might easily have answered "No," and they

might possibly have found it difficult to convict her.

Honour

But she scorned to tell a lie even to save her life. She was not going to be dishonourable. She owned up to it and was sentenced to death.

Truthfulness

That night they shot her.

**How to Avenge Her.**

It was a poor, cowardly thing for a nation of soldiers to do. But at any rate one good result will come of it. Had the Germans only condemned her to imprisonment or a fine, we should not have heard so very much about the case. As it is, her death-knell is a trumpet-call to every woman and girl in Great Britain.

The worst revenge that could be inflicted upon the Germans would be for them to find that in slaying one brave woman they have roused into being a whole nation of Cavells; that when she fell there sprang up a whole host of British girls inspired by her example and ready to do and dare as she had done.

Remember Miss Cavell's last words to the clergyman who attended her before her execution:—

"I HAVE NO FEAR OR SHRINKING. I AM GLAD TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY"

This is a motto and an inspiration for you!

**The C Badge.**

At the Guide Headquarters we have the initial letter "C" of Miss Cavell's name made up as a little badge in bronze. The price is twopence.

Every Guide who agrees with my suggestion, to make herself a living memorial to Miss Cavell by growing up as far as possible like her, should send for one and wear it. It will be to her an ever present reminder to make herself like her heroine: to be

**C**apable, that is, skilful and efficient at her work.

**C**haritable, that is, helpful and kind-hearted to others.

**C**areless of self and unselfish.

**C**ourageous and brave.

**C**andid in speaking the truth.

**C**hivalrous and full of honour.

Cheerfully prepared to put **C**onstancy to her **C**ountry before all other things without fear or shrinking, and glad, if need be, to die for it.

#### Active Service for Guide Officers.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has told me how anxious she is to get some really useful ladies to come and help in the management of the Y.M.C.A. huts, and we also want some in our Scout huts, so I am getting names of those among our Guide Officers and Lady Scoutmasters who may care to volunteer their services.

Her Highness has a long list of ladies who are willing to "serve behind the bar" in these huts, but they are not so much needed as ladies who would be prepared also to take a share in the work of managing the huts, more especially in the departments of accounting and storekeeping, marketing, and cooking—in addition to bar serving.

I shall be very glad to get the names and qualifications of any willing to take up this work, and will gladly send all particulars on application, or give them a personal interview.

The work is of the greatest possible value for recuperating the worn, and inspiring the young soldiers by putting the right spirit and "go" into them. It is one of the best lines in which women can at the present moment help the needs of the Country.

#### Girl Guides in Industrial Schools.

In his Annual Report for 1914, the Chief Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Great Britain makes very gratifying mention of the work of the Scout and Guide movements in such schools.

"Not only the Boys' but the Girls' Schools also have benefited by this movement," he writes, "for Companies of Girl Guides have been formed with conspicuous success at the Princess Mary Village Homes and at Stockport, Poole and Sale."

"The new interests brought in a girl's life through such an organisation are of incalculable value, and just as a troop of Boy Scouts should be a feature of every Boys' school, so should a Company of Girl Guides be one of the features in a girls' school."

*Arthur Duden-Power*

#### OFFICERS' MEETINGS.

The Officers of the Dublin Companies together with the Honorary Secretary of the Branch and the Honorary Treasurer, have had four meetings, besides a special Court of Enquiry consisting of Captains, to settle various difficulties.

It is usual that if any Captain is unable to attend a Companies' meeting, she is entitled and expected to send a Lieutenant to represent her Company, so that each Company may keep well-informed regarding the doings and resolutions of the Officers' Committee.

#### VERY GENEROUS.

FLO: "Is your big sister generous, Grace?"  
 GRACE: "What's generous?"  
 "Does she give you things?"  
 "Oh, rather. She gave me measles and mumps."

#### NOT MUCH OF A PART.

"What part am I to take?" asked Lily, when the girls were arranging for parts for the new play.

"You are to be the hero's sister," answered the stage-manager.

"What does she do?"

"She dies ten years before the curtain rises on the first act."

#### Cyclist's Badge—conclusion.

you measure the road on a slip of paper and then measure the paper on the scale.

#### 5. Carry a Verbal Message Correctly.

Be very careful not to alter the message in any particular; do not put your own construction on it; even if it appears nonsense to you, remember it and deliver it accurately, because the one who receives it may understand exactly what it means, and any alteration would make it worthless. It might be some pre-arranged sentence meaning something very important, which only the sender and receiver could understand.

A "Cyclist" Guide can train her own memory by writing something on a slip of paper, committing it to memory, and then sealing it up in an envelope. Next day write it again from memory and then open the envelope and compare the two.

This test is an annual one, and a Guide who ceases to own a bicycle must hand in her badge to the Captain.

## THE GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

NOVEMBER, 1918.

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All communications should be addressed

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London, S.W.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## Queen Elizabeth of Belgium.

We give you this week an interesting article on Belgium's brave Queen. Only a few weeks ago she actually visited the Belgian soldiers in the trenches.

The men at first did not recognise their distinguished visitor, and for some time she sat on a sack on the slope of a trench distributing chocolate and cigarettes and chatting freely with the troops.

Presently a soldier came from another position, and, recognising Her Majesty, said: "Oh, the Queen."

Instantly everyone rose and stood at attention, embarrassed somewhat by the freedom with which they had been speaking. But Queen Elizabeth quickly put them at their ease and, expressing good wishes for their welfare, left the trench.

On the sack upon which she had sat, the soldiers wrote the words: "The resting-place of the Queen."

Later on, the soldier to whom it belonged was asked whether he would sell it as a souvenir.

His reply came promptly:—

"No, not for thousands."

## No Collecting.

We have heard lately that members of Companies have been allowed to take part in public processions and collect money for various objects.

Captains must please remember that this is strictly against the rules, however good the object.

It may, perhaps, be a little difficult sometimes to refuse to do a good turn of this

kind, but those who ask for your help will quite understand the reasonableness of your refusal when you explain that Guides are expected to earn money, not to beg for it.

As an example of how money can be earned, even with only a few pence to start with, we would refer you to the splendid work of the Bowdon Guides described on another page.

## A Good Suggestion.

The sale of THE GAZETTE during the last few months has increased in a most gratifying manner. But there still must be many Guides and Officers who do not see it regularly. Here is an extract from a letter which reached us recently:—

"We are now taking fifty copies of THE GAZETTE (writes Miss de Reyes, of the Bath Association). My Committee have offered to bind all complete sets at the end of the war, printing the Guide's name, and date on the cover. This is a great incentive to collecting and keeping them carefully, as it will form a splendid remembrance of a Girl Guide's service to her Country. I thought you might be interested in the suggestion, as it might encourage others to take THE GAZETTE."

## The Red Cross Matinee.

Miss Florence Parbury, who organised the very successful matinee at the Princes Theatre in aid of the Red Cross funds, sends us the following particulars of how the money has been spent:—

"It was originally my intention to devote the profits (£120) to the purchase of materials for Red Cross supplies to be made up by the Guides, and the Canadian Red Cross accepted the offer of the gift in kind as suggested.

"However, it was not possible to carry out this arrangement, and the money was handed over to the Canadian Red Cross, by whom it has been gratefully acknowledged."

## Weigh your Letters.

Since the new postal rates came into force we have been inundated with letters upon which we have had to pay sums varying from one penny to threepence. As you can imagine these small sums mount up. In one day alone our total of surcharges came to five shillings.

Please be sure to weigh all your letters, when they contain more than one sheet of notepaper, that is to say, remembering that the new rates are:—

1d. for 1 oz., 2d. for 2 oz., and ½d. for every ounce afterwards.