

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

No. 24.

DECEMBER, 1915.

Price 2d

MISS BADEN-POWELL'S LETTER.

December, 1915.

MY DEAR GUIDES,

Have you ever seen such a sight as I saw the other day? Rook politics (whether imperial or domestic) being hotly argued about!

As I sat under the hedge, keeping very quiet, I could watch all the chatterings and hoppings of the birds. How busy they seemed, and so full of their own affairs, they were not noticing anyone else.

But as I studied them, what seemed very clear to me was that they had trusted their safety to a faithful sentinel. What was that shining black fellow doing up there, all by himself? He did not join in the fuss or the fun; there he sat on the look out for any foe or danger.

Solemnly he denied himself the delights of arguing in rook language, though no doubt he overheard much he would have disapproved. Never for a moment did he leave his post, being faithful to his trust, until all of a sudden he dashed out, crying loudly his danger-call to warn the chatterers of the coming enemies.

Ought not those fussing, quarrelling busy-bodies to have been grateful to him for his warning, and for his self-denial in sticking to his lonely post?

And are not our devoted sentries on the battlefield giving unselfishly of their best, guarding their tired, sleeping comrades, or the suffering wounded—sentinels patiently watching for the good of others? No sentry may leave his post; often they have to guard many long hours on end without speaking, but they are trusted, and this trust is not misplaced.

Can we be trusted? We have also had jobs given to us, and shall we be found as reliable as they?

We have been sorrowing over the loss of many friends in the great transport ship

which was sunk in the Mediterranean. The grand example of the New Zealand nurses on board has, however, lent a ray of brightness to the dark deed.

As the ship's crew were aware that she was foundering, they got out the boats, and many people crowded into them. Some few swimmers jumped into the sea so as to get into the boats in that way.

When the last of the boats was filling, there were still ten of the New Zealand women on board with all the soldiers. The officers cried to them to come quickly, but they nobly refused to be saved before the men.

"Take the fighting men first!" they answered, and with hearts full of courage, thinking only of their Country's need, they waited till the ship went down and the sea waves closed over them. Were they not as brave as any men in the fighting line?

We must shake hands and warmly congratulate our New Zealand sisters on the example of self-sacrifice and courage they have shown us.

* * * *

The poet Sir Edwin Arnold has told us: "It is astronomy which will eventually be the chief educator and emancipator of this race."

I therefore feel that no excuse is needed for giving you a few more facts about those wondrous stars which are all round us, and for asking you to study carefully the map which I have drawn for you.

Is it possible to realise that each of these stars we look at is really a flaring sun, hundreds of times bigger than our sun, and that each one has his family of many planets and their moons flying round him, too?

We are still in the infancy of astronomy. We do not yet know all about it. Some day we may be able to invent telescopes which will show us more clearly what all

the stars are doing, where they have come from, and where they are rushing to.

Would you not like to have an instrument by which you could make out whether those lines on Mars are the designs engineered by intelligent people to economise the water which is so very scarce, or whether they are the wrinkles of old age on the face of a dying world?

Shall we be able some day to tell whether the planet "Venus" is a youthful, unadorned, soft body not yet grown to the age of our earth?

And now you will have Jupiter to shine on you for a month, and there will be a nice full moon about Christmas time, and I heartily wish you all and each as happy a Christmas as you can have.

We all know how Girl Guides make sure of being happy. That is not secured by making snowballs or by having plenty of skating and dancing, nor even by eating too much plum pudding!

By giving a little pleasure to one person, by not grumbling when she most wants to, by thinking of others instead of only of herself—that, I feel sure, is what makes a Girl Guide truly happy.

Yours sincerely,

AGNES BADEN-POWELL.

BELGIAN REFUGEES' CHILDREN.

Miss Georgie Fyfe, Commissioner for the West of Scotland, has been doing rescue work among the Refugees in Belgium for over a year now; and as we told you quite recently, she has done such good work, that the King of the Belgians has decorated her with the Leopold Cross.

She has already rescued about one thousand children; many of the poor little ones were wounded, one baby, only fifteen days old, had its foot blown off and all its family killed, so Miss Fyfe keeps the baby now, a fine little fellow of six months.

Miss Fyfe has Homes to which she takes the children out of danger; the little ones remain in Belgium, the older ones are sent to Switzerland. She appeals to the Guides of Britain to help in saving the children of Belgium.

Subscriptions from One Penny upwards, also any children's games, may be sent through Captains to—

Miss Hotchkis, 27 Kingsburgh Road, Murrayfield.

How to Help Your Country by Being Thrifty.

We are afraid that, in spite of all the hints and good advice put forth from various sources, some of us are not yet doing our utmost to economise during these war days.

In order to encourage thrift, the National Health Society (53, Berners Street, London, W.) has issued a number of useful leaflets, from one of which we have taken the following hints:—

All you save you save for yourself—for your Country, and you are doing "your bit."

All you waste is a loss to yourself—to your Country and helps the enemy.

Do not waste cinders—use them again to make a fire.

Do not waste ashes, they are useful as manure.

Do not waste "soap suddy" water. It is useful as manure.

Do not waste any scraps of food. They can all be used again.

Do not waste any parings or scrapings of vegetables. Boiled they can be used to feed fowls. If you have no fowls dig them into your garden for manure.

Do not use milk raw unless you are quite certain it is pure. Milk is more quickly tainted than any other food. If there is any doubt, boil it, as boiling kills hurtful germs.

If you are not sure your water supply is pure boil the water before using.

Do not think you must eat a great deal of meat to be as "strong as an ox." The ox does not get his strength from eating meat. Some of the strongest people never eat meat.

If you cannot afford new blankets line the old ones with newspaper. This will increase their warmth considerably.

Brown paper, where it can be used, tacked as a lining into clothes, is an excellent substitute for flannel. It must be changed when soiled.

When buying anything be sure you buy British made goods. In this way you can help your Country.

Do not grouse, do not grumble, put a brave face on everything.

"KEEP SMILING."

THE BROWNIE GUIDES.

Suggestions for Working Companies of these Young Members of the Movement.

A Brownie is a Girl Guide under 11 who promises

1. To be loyal to God and the King.
2. To try to help other people, especially those at home.

Motto

"Lend a Hand"

Salute

Holding up two fingers.

Uniform

Brown overall and belt.

(Optional)

Brown hair ribbon, rush or felt hat or cap trimmed with brown, with green leaf of patrol on left side of hat (in lieu of shoulder knot).

or

Dark blue Guide blouse, Dark blue skirt or tunic over blouse, Dark blue woollen cap with badge. Brown belt or brown braid sash. Brown tie. Brown hair ribbon.

Acorn Badge on Tape.

Badge**Tests**

ENTRANCE. To know how to wash up the tea things, clean and fill salt cellars, or hem handkerchief or duster. Plait her own hair. Tie her own tie.

SECOND CLASS. To know how the Union Jack is composed and what it means.

Make her own necktie or cap. Do up a parcel neatly. Lay a table for dinner for four. Darn stockings. Bind up a cut finger or knee. Know and perform three of the physical exercises given in the Handbook.

Badge

Acorn Badge on Tape with Leaves.

Tests

FIRST CLASS. Clean knives, spoons, forks. Clean boots, and know how to dry them when wet. Make doll's clothes (clothes may be ready cut out) or make a Brownie overall. Fold clothes for mangling.

Knit a pair of socks or wristlets. Know how to apply triangular bandage. Understand and carry out six physical exercises. Make a milk pudding. Carry a message of twelve words in her head and deliver it correctly.

Badge

Acorn Badge on Tape with Leaves and Motto.

N.B.—This scheme is based on Mrs. Ewing's story of the Brownies. It is advisable to have a G.G. Company into which to draft the Brownies.

CONSTITUTION.

1. A Brownie may be eleven years of age, and under.

2. Six or Eight Brownies to form a Patrol and assume the name of a British Tree, under the Patrol leadership of a Head girl, who should, where possible, be a selected and efficient Girl Guide.

3. The Head of a Company consisting of not less than two patrols shall be called a Company Leader and shall be at least 17 years of age. Must be registered at Headquarters through a local committee.

4. A Brownie shall not pay for her own badge: she must return it to her Company Leader on leaving the Company.

5. Uniform is not compulsory (but advisable).

6. A Brownie on becoming a Guide may wear her Brownie uniform for one year, or as long as it takes her to procure her G.G. uniform.

N.B. When a Brownie becomes 11 years old, she becomes eligible to enter a G.G. Company.

FORM OF ENROLMENT.

BROWNIES.

*Horse Shoe of previously enrolled Brownies
(Patrol-Leader in front with girls to be en-
rolled on left hand side. Captain facing
them.)*

(Patrol-Leader brings up first girl.)

CAPTAIN: "Do you know what it means to be a Brownie?"

CHILD: "Yes; it means that I must be loyal to God and the King and keep the Brownie Motto, 'Lend a hand.'"

CAPTAIN: "What is the Brownie salute?"
(Brownie salutes).

CAPTAIN: "Why do you put up two fingers?"

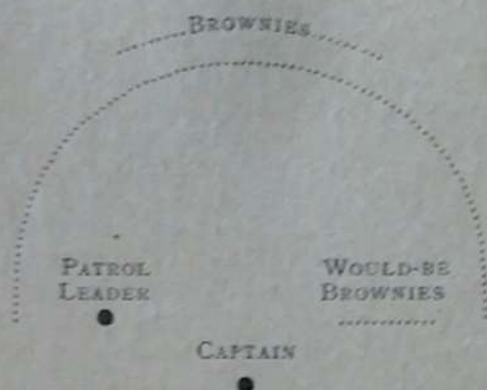
BROWNIE: "Because each finger reminds me of my promises."

CAPTAIN: "Now you know what it means to be a Brownie, will you make your promises?"

(All saluting, the child to be enrolled promises)

"I promise on my honour to be loyal to God and the King and to keep the Brownie Motto."

(Captain pins on the badge and child joins the end of the Horse Shoe.)



N.B. At first enrolment there will be no Horse Shoe.

Dresses which Brownies might wear. The first should be either brown or blue; the second and third blue; and the fourth brown. Nos. 3 and 4 are suggested as being the best.



BROWNIES.

AN EXPLANATION FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN UP PEOPLE.

What are Brownies? Do you see these nice little people in our picture? They call themselves Brownies because they want to

help other people, all sorts of people, old people and children, to have a good time.

A wise little lassie long ago said:—

"It is wonderful what a lot more good you can do if you join on with some more little girls, than if you only try all alone by yourself."

There is a delightful story written by Mrs.

Ewing called "The Brownies," *which you should read if you possibly can, because our companies of Brownies really grew out of that story. It is like a nursery garden in which we first took root and from which we have been transplanted. It will be much better for you to read the book, but I have permission to give you just an idea of the story here.

There were once some children who had no mother, only a Father and a Grannie, to take care of them. It is always hard work looking after a house and children unless one is a mother. It comes naturally to mothers somehow, and of course they begin gradually, not like a poor Father and Grannie suddenly left with the children and a house, and their own work to do as well.

Well, this Father found it very hard work, for he was a tailor by trade and doing house-work interrupted his sewing, and the children cluttered round and made the place untidy and he could not get his work done, and then of course he could not get money to buy food and they were all so hungry, often and often.

One night to amuse the boys and keep them from thinking how hungry they were, Grannie told them about the Brownies, funny little folk who were never seen to do any real work, yet who did lots of useful jobs when no one was looking, so that places got tidied up, tables were laid, lost things found, and everyone was the better for the Brownies. Yet they would not be thanked, and no one ever saw them doing these things; the grown up people just discovered everything done.

The boys wanted to know where the Brownies were to be found, but Grannie did not know, and said they must ask the White Owl, so they did, and what do you think she told them to do? To go in the bright moonlight down by the great pool of water and say

"Twist me and turn me and show me the Elf"

"I looked in the water and saw—"

and then they were to look in the water and what they saw there would help them to finish the rhyme.

Well, of course they finished the rhyme properly, and the very next morning they got up early and tidied the room and got breakfast ready and found their Father's measure that he had lost, and Grannie's wool that she had lost, and then scuttled back to bed, and chuckled over Father's and Grannie's surprise. They

* The Brownies and other Tales by J. E. EWING (Bell & Sons, price 1/-)

went on being Brownies for a long time before Father and Grannie ever found out who the Brownies really were, but oh they had such a nice comfy home all these months.

Now, the White Owl told the boys all children could be Brownies and learn to help in little ways without making any fuss or wanting to be watched to see how clever they were. Just letting people find things done is much more fun, don't you think, than waiting to be told to do the work? So Brownie Companies are bands of little girls who promise:—

(a) To be Loyal to God and to the King.

(b) To help other people, especially those at home. Then Brownies learn to wash up nicely without getting their pinnies wet or making a mess on the floor, to peel potatoes, and to clean spoons and forks, and all sorts of nice Brownie things! You will find quite a long list at the end of this paper, as well as rules for the little and big people; but the grown up people keep in the background, and never spoil the fun, while they help Brownies to learn to be good, and useful and happy.

BROWNIES OR ROSEBUDS?

The scheme put forward above is partly intended to draw opinions as to which is the name and dress generally preferred.

Of course, it is most desirable that the Junior Branch of the Guide movement should have a distinctive uniform of its own. It is said that with boys this is a simple matter—their leaders are accustomed to sink their ideas in the interests of the whole, but with girls it is different "*tot femine tot sententia*"—every woman has her own different opinion, *I am told*—mind you, I don't necessarily believe it.

I should, however, like to see the idea disproved by the captains of the Junior branch agreeing to adopt one name and one form of uniform for the whole sisterhood.

SIGNALLING CARDS.

The 1st Kendal Company is prepared to execute orders for Morse and Semaphore Alphabets, and Diagrams of positions for Signalling on large cards or separate sheets suitable for putting on walls. Prices reasonable.

For full particulars apply to—Miss C. Taylor, 25 Aynam Road, Kendal.—*Advt.*

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

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

A Happy Christmas.

A Happy Christmas to all!

Whether I "wish" it or not, I think it will be happy when you can look back and see that you have done your best to carry out your duty as a Guide during the past year.

Some of you, no doubt, will feel that your Christmas cannot be perfectly happy when there are absent from it friends who have fallen at the Front; but you may at the same time realise with gladness that they have proved themselves by making the Great Sacrifice, and that they have gone forward to Higher Service by the most sure and certain road.

By exercising a little of their spirit of self-sacrifice in a big endeavour, we may well resolve to improve our work during the coming year, to better our characters, and to develop the movement for the good of others.

If in this we succeed—why, then, we shall indeed win for ourselves a

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

About Uniform.

The *Times* recently dilated on the "Duty of Neatness" in the matter of uniform as worn by British nurses serving in France.

To anyone who has seen the different kits and ways of wearing them by these ladies the article appeals with considerable force. For every trim, neatly turned out nurse—and there is no more becoming dress—one sees half-a-dozen dowdy, tousled people waddling about. Well meaning, earnest, and patriotic, but not attractive. This is not as it should be for the credit of the profession.

And then, on the other hand—I won't say they are all British—there are here and there most beautifully got up "sisters" with long, picturesque, unpractical veils, white stockings, or white high-heeled shoes—awfully dainty, but not very convincing or workmanlike.

The regulation nurse's uniform, properly

fitted and properly put on, is in every way excellent. But that is the point—it must be properly fitted and properly put on.

That the *Times* should devote a whole column of its valuable space to this question is a proof that there is considerable importance attaching to it.

But there is still greater importance in the same point when we come to the wearing of the uniform by Officers of the Girl Guides; for here not only has the outside public to be impressed, but also an example and a lead have to be given to the girls. Therefore it is doubly, if not trebly, important for Guide Captains and others to bestow care on their appearance in uniform.

As a first step, the clothes must be strictly in accordance with the rules laid down for the Guides' uniform.

Then they must be well cut and well fitted.

Thirdly, they must be well put on—even, or should I say, especially in the matter of the hat. As the *Times* says: "Very few Englishwomen have a talent for wearing hats, whereas the plainest Frenchwoman knows how to make herself attractive in any sort of hat."

Neatness in shoes and stockings is also of full importance.

Neatness, simplicity, and repression of all "swank" or display should be practised almost to the verge of exaggeration in the case of an Officer, in order to counteract the tendency which is only too frequent among the girls of certain classes who deck themselves out like Christmas trees; this is the first step in vanity and "show off" with all sorts of bad results in its train.

A well-known land agent told me that he had done more for the moral tone of the young women in his town than all the preachers, girls' clubs, and educationists put together—simply by having asphalt paths made through all his fields where there was a public right of way.

Why? Because the girls who had formerly been content to go barefooted and

untidy had been tempted to buy the smart shoes now retailed in the shops. To wear these it was necessary to invest in proper stockings, these in their turn induced neat skirts and dresses which were not much good unless topped with a hat in keeping. All this brought about a higher tone of self-respect among the girls.

To encourage the wearing of the origin of it all, viz., the smart shoe, he hit on the idea of supplying clean paths for them to walk upon in place of muddy tracks across his fields. He even took me out one Sunday to see for myself the result, and the success of his idea was very palpable.

There is a great deal that is moral underlying the neatness in dress, and just now when uniform is so much in evidence it can be employed to that end if the leaders only



The weird ladies in uniform to be seen out at the Front are much admired by the natives—but not by the Officers.

take pains to give a correct example in the wearing of it.

I venture to put this forward, not because I have any complaint to make on the head of carelessness or extravagance of fashion in our movement, but because it is an educational point which may not have occurred to some of our Officers; and also because we are getting fresh accessions to our movement every day, and it is well that those already in it should be able to show the correct line, and be in a position to advise the new Officers who are coming in.

A Brave Girl.

In the last two numbers of THE GAZETTE I have been wanting to write to you about all sorts of things, but in each case inci-

dents of heroism by women at the Front have cropped up which I could not allow to pass unnoticed.

This month I had settled in my own mind at last to tell you a few things about housemaiding and pudding cooking—on which, of course, I am a great authority—when to my confusion there again arises a case of a heroine which I cannot well overlook.

I am just now "Somewhere in France," and though everybody here knows of the case, it may not have been reported in England. Also, the instances which I gave you before were all those in which grown-up women appeared; but in this case it was a girl of seventeen, and one who acted as a Girl Guide would do—I hope. It should, therefore, appeal with special

force to Girl Guides, and so I give you the story.

Emilienne Moreau, the girl in question, is a French girl living at Loos, where the heavy fighting took place in October. When the Germans took the place and held it after their retreat from the Marne a year ago, she with her family remained there and made the best of things under the German occupation. She lived with her aged father and invalid mother, a sister, and a small brother of ten.

The father, broken in health and spirit by the presence of the hated Germans, died. Loos was practically empty of inhabitants, business was at a standstill—it was impossible to get a coffin in which to bury

the poor man; so this girl, with the help of her young brother, got hold of some planks, and themselves made one for their father's body.

In September she noticed that the German garrison of the place were getting disturbed. More men were put into the town, and more defensive works were made. Shells began to fall, and the firing to become more intense day by day.

Instead of hiding in a cellar, she climbed into the roof, where, through a hole in the tiles, she was able to see the fighting that went on between the German defenders and the Highlanders attacking. For several days it continued. But the Scotsmen finally got into the town and drove the Germans out from street to street with hand-to-hand fighting.

In a hidden corner five Germans kept sniping our troops unseen, till this girl discovered their position. She got hold of some hand grenades, and threw them in among them, killing three of them. The two survivors attacked her with bayonets, but she had armed herself with a revolver belonging to a dead British officer, and as they came at her she turned it on them with quick and steady aim and shot them both.

Then she went to work regardless of the danger of rifle fire and shrapnel, and tended the wounded, rendering first-aid, bringing water and blankets to them, and thereby saving their lives, and easing the pain of a number of British soldiers. Our officers found her doing these things.

She was personally thanked and congratulated by the British general for her valuable assistance to the Medical Staff and for her courage and gallant help against the enemy, and she has now been awarded the French Military Cross "For Valour on the Field of Battle."

What this gallant French girl has done, I hope that British Girl Guides would do in similar circumstances—but it could only be done when she had trained herself, as Guides do, to be plucky, to keep cool and think what is the right thing to do, and to know how to do it.

So stick to your work, Guides! Learn all that you can, so that if your chance should come, as it came to Emilienne Moreau, you will Be Prepared like she was to do your duty.

THE LONE HOUSE AT LITTLECOMBE

Our Splendid Serial Story.

By Christopher Beck.

CHRIS SPEAKS OUT.

The crash was followed by silence so intense that it almost hurt, and for some seconds Joan remained crouching against the cold rock literally shivering with fright.

At last she managed to scramble to her feet. "Chris!" she screamed. "Chris!" There was no answer, and in her panic Joan started away in the darkness down the tunnel. She was conscious that Chris had met with some terrible accident; and she felt that it was impossible to remain where she was in this horrible darkness and suspense.

She stumbled on over the greasy floor, Ivor's weight making her arms and back ache fully. Regaining a little of her courage she stopped and shifted him on to her back. This eased the weight a trifle, but then he began to cry. It was a miserable, terrified moan quite unlike his usual lusty yell.

The darkness was terrible. The only way which Joan could get along was by keeping one hand on the wall. She dragged her feet forward, afraid every minute of falling into some unseen hole in the floor.

How long this went on she could not tell. It seemed hours. Every muscle was aching and her face was wet with perspiration. Twice she stopped and shouted Chris's name at the top of her voice. But only the hollow, rattling echoes answered.

Joan was getting dizzy and faint from over-fatigue, when suddenly she caught a glimmer of light.

At first she could hardly believe it, but a few steps more put it beyond doubt, and a significant relief burst from her lips as she realised that she could see the dull gleam of the tunnel walls on either side.

Quickening her pace, she was soon enough to see a small opening in front. It was very small indeed, a mere loop-hole, and seemed a good height above her. It was until she got quite near that she found her path blocked by a huge mound of earth, which filled the tunnel nearly to the roof. The light leaked in through a small space between the pile of earth and the roof of the tunnel.

Joan stopped, and all her fears came back. The fall was fresh. It was the sound of rubble crashing down which she had heard in the tunnel.

Her heart beat loudly as she stood trying to master the panic which almost overwhelmed her. For the terrible conviction upon her that, somewhere under those tons of rubble, her friend lay crushed and buried. "Chris!" she cried again. "Chris!"

As before there was no reply. The suspense was dreadful. She could not bear it. She slipped Ivor carefully to the ground, took off her jacket and laid it flat to sit on. Then deliberately she set herself to climb the mound of fallen earth.

Perhaps she did not realise altogether

THE GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

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The Gazette will be published on the 15th of each Month.

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All communications should be addressed to—

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116 Victoria Street,
London, S.W.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When Christmas Comes.

Christmas is upon us again!

How short a time it seems since last we celebrated this anniversary of "peace and goodwill." Then we were hoping that, when next the joyous season came round, we should indeed be living in peace and happiness once again.

But alas! the war, with all its accompanying sadness and misery, does not appear to be much nearer an end than it did twelve months ago.

In most of our homes this year there will be vacant chairs or aching hearts. But let us bury our own sorrows, and try to bring happiness to the wounded heroes in the hospitals and those whose loved ones are far away fighting our battles.

It is a very true saying that we only find real happiness by making others happy. So we'll all do our best to put this into practice.

We hope some of you will send us an account of your patriotic good turns this Christmastide.

Our heartiest greetings to every reader.

A Suggestion for 1916.

Before our next issue is published a New Year will have dawned, and with it we hope brighter days are in store.

We may tell you that during 1916 changes greatly for the better are in prospect for *The Gazette*. Nothing definite has been decided upon at present, but you shall know all about it as soon as possible.

In the January issue we shall be commencing a splendid serial by Harold Dorning. It will deal with the adventures of some Guides, and will be fully as exciting as "The Lone House at Littlecombe," which you have all enjoyed so much.

We would suggest that as a good resolution for 1916, each reader of *The Gazette* should resolve to secure at least one fresh subscriber. If our circulation doubles next year, there will then be no doubt about great improvements in the paper.

Girl Guides Diary.

The Diary for 1916 is now ready, and can be obtained from Headquarters in two qualities:—

Leather (with pencil)	...	1/1	post free.
Cloth	...	7d.	post free.

Send for your copy quickly, as last year a number of Guides were disappointed because their orders were despatched too late.

War Workers.

The Alderley Edge Company has a good record of war workers amongst its members.

Eight are in Military or Red Cross hospitals.

Twenty-four do regular kitchen and laundry duty at a hospital.

Twenty-five to thirty are responsible for the daily potato peeling at a hospital for 50 wounded—three go on duty each afternoon.

What Companies can show a better record than this?

The Brownies.

From the particulars given on pages 4, 5, and 6, you will see that the Brownies are really coming into being.

Every Company of Guides should try to enrol a Company of Brownies; then as the bigger girls leave—as they must for various reasons—the gaps can be easily filled with girls who are already partly trained.

What a good name Brownies is! don't you agree?