

***Explore
Juliette and her travels
with her
great-great niece
Margot Gordon Iwanchuk***



Juliette Gordon Low

Founder

**Girl Scouts of the
USA**

March 12, 1912

DESIGN.

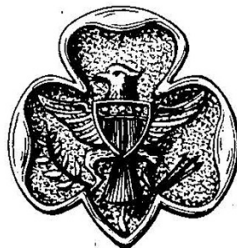
J. LOW.

BADGE.

APPLICATION FILED NOV. 22, 1913.

45,234.

Patented Feb. 10, 1914.



Witnesses

Edwin Matthews.

H. W. Primmer.

Inventor

Juliette Low

by Wilkinson, Gustaf & MacCoy.

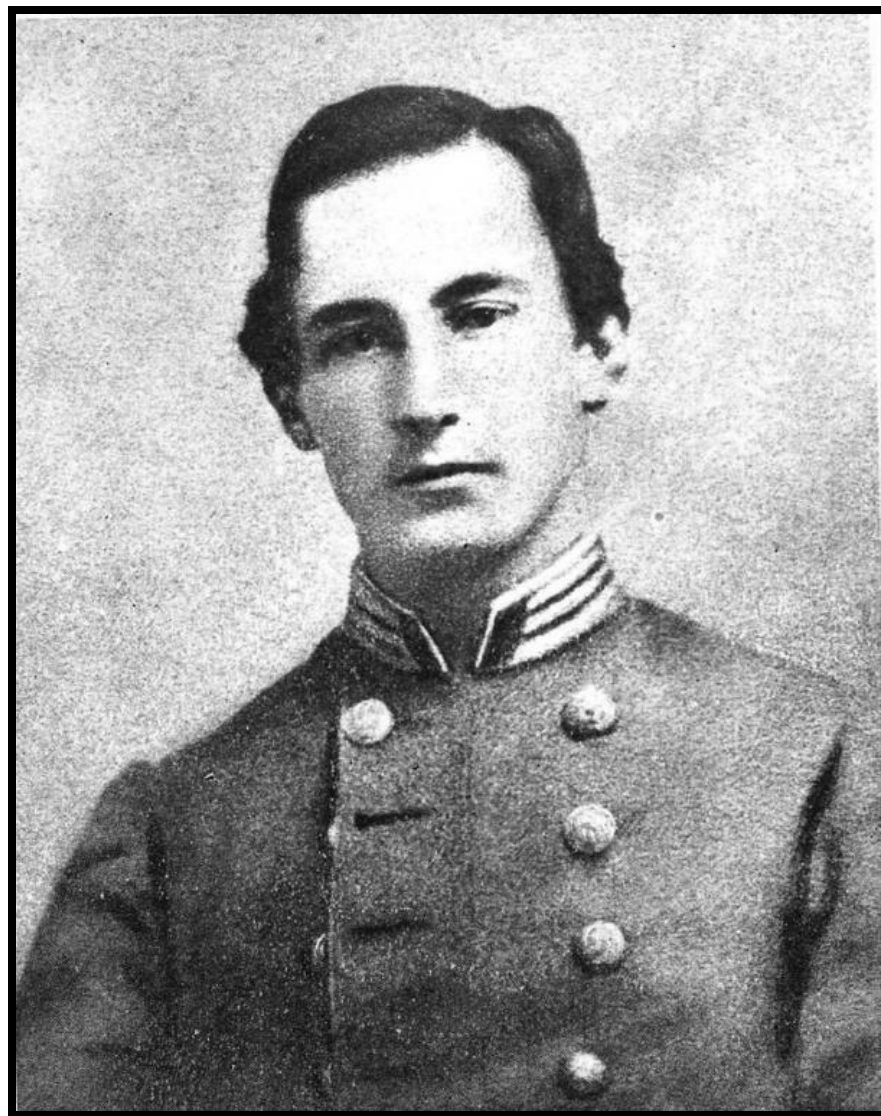
Attorneys



Juliette Magill Kinzie Gordon Low
October 31, 1860 - January 17, 1927



Nellie Kinzie Gordon



Capt. William Washington Gordon, II



JGL's father:

William Washington Gordon

Confederate Captain: American Civil War

Brigadier General: Spanish American War



**Eleanor Kinsie Gordon
(Nellie) JGL's mother**



Residence of JGL's great grandfather John Kinzie, Esq. (the first house built in Chicago)



JULIETTE GORDON LOW BIRTHPLACE



Girl Sout's Founder's Birthplace and National Historic Site

Gordon House in snow.



My Grandmother,
(my mother's mother)
Eleanor Wayne Parker Macpherson





JGL at about 10 years old

Daisy Gordon — about 1870



Daisy age 12



The Gordon children: Mabel, Eleanor, Juliette, Arthur, Alice, Bill. Juliette was then about 15 years old.



**Daisy as young
schoolgirl**



JGL(lower left) with sister Eleanor (to her right) and husband, R.W. Parker (top right)



Daisy Low, Savannah, Georgia



**JGL at Castle Aberpergwm
in Wales where she spent
the summer**



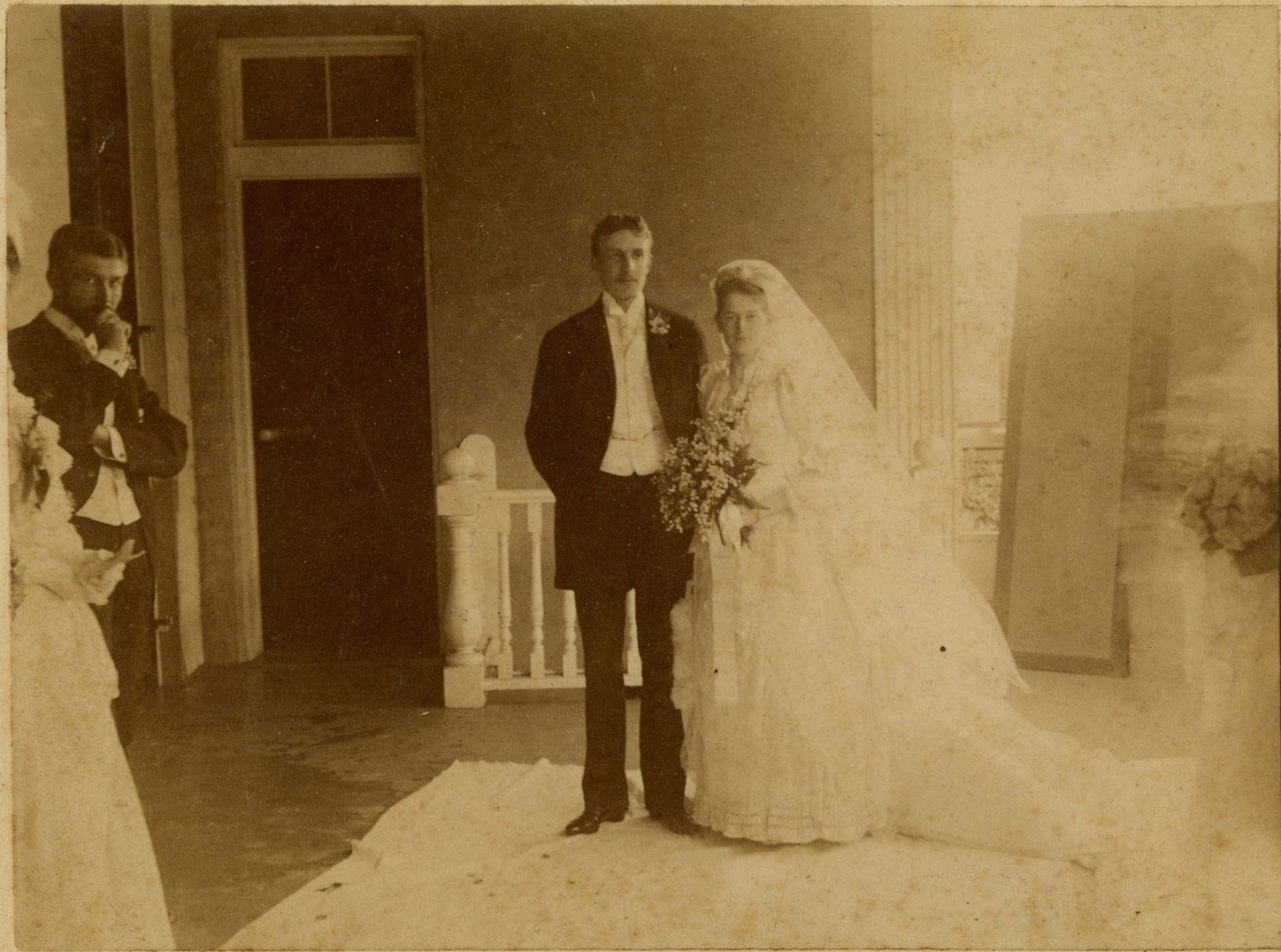
**Juliette Gordon Low, in
London circa 1888, about 28
years old**



JGL Portrait (age 27)
National Portrait Gallery
By Edward Hughes, 1887



Daisy's wedding to William Mackay Low (Willy), December 21, 1886





Daisy' husband
William Mackay Low



The Andrew Low House in Savannah



"ANTONIA"
1105.

Wellesbourne House.





**Juliette Gordon Low, right, with Robert Baden-Powell
and Olave Baden-Powell.**



First Girl Scout Headquarters in U.S.A.

Originally stables of the LOW house, used as a meeting place for many years, bequeathed to Girl Scouts in 1927 and still headquarters of GS Council of Savannah, GA





Juliette Gordon Low holding one end of the Founder's banner in 1922 on the 10th anniversary of Girl Scouting in the USA



**Daisy observing as Grace Coolidge hands out awards
to Girl Scouts in 1925**



Early activities included learning semaphore, knot tying, self defense, first aide, housewifery and how to handle a runaway horse!



An avid hunter, Juliette Low encouraged girls to learn wilderness skills, including how to shoot guns.



Juliette Gordon Low (center) standing with two Girl Scouts, Robertine McClendon (left) and Helen Ross (right) after awarding them the Golden Eaglet in 1925, Macon, Georgia



JGL with a troop camping



JGL Pinning Golden Eaglet on Scout



Juliette Gordon Low sold her strand of rare pearls for \$2,800 (the equivalent of over \$71,000 today) to keep the Girl Scouts moving forward.



Juliette Gordon Low's hat.



**JGL in uniform and wearing the
Silver Fish award**



**Humorous sketch by JGL of
sister-in-law, Sybil Graham,
riding to Comrie during train
strike**



STILL LIFE, small oil on canvas, painted by JGL



Sculpture by
JGL of
Goddaughter



**Daisy's bust of her
grandfather, William
Washington Gordon I**



Peggy Gordon Lawrence Seiler with JGL's parrot Polly Poons



**JGL with one of her
many birds**



**Daisy with one of her
favorite parrots,
Polly Poons**









Center section of wrought iron gates designed and ornamented by JGL.
The gates were memorials to her parents and bear their initials.



Daisy's Garden Party Hat



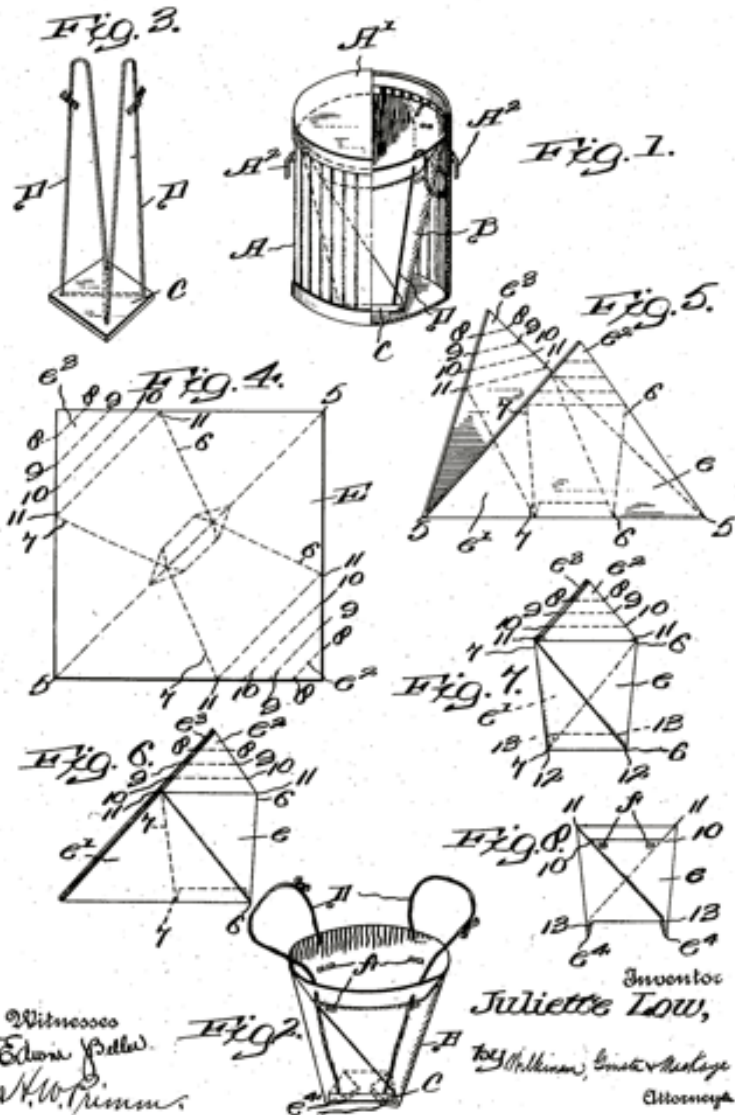
JGL's Sled

No. 60, Paris, Maine



1,124,925.

Patented Jan. 12, 1915.
2 SHEETS-SHEET 1.



JGL Patent for

“Liquid Container for use with
garbage can or the like.”



**In 2012, Juliette G Low was awarded the Presidential Medal of Honor posthumously by President Barack Obama
This is the highest award a civilian can earn in the U.S.**























Daisy

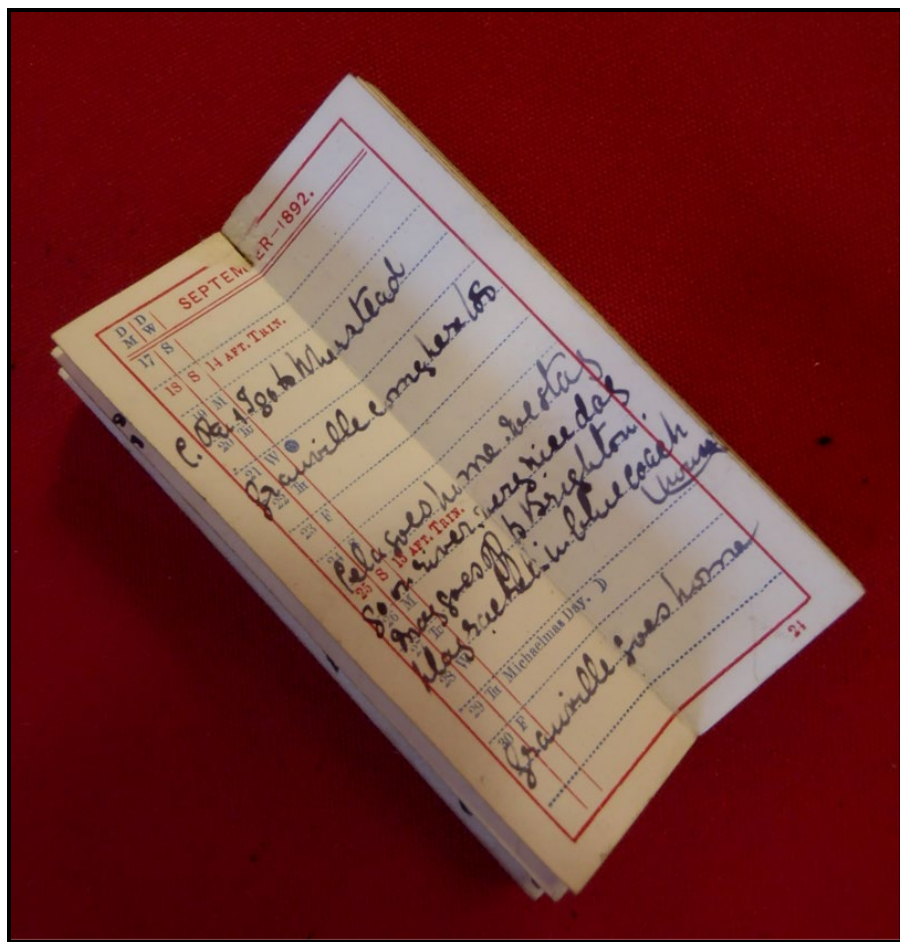




Sir A. H. C. Bombay
103 5 2 Army Navy
military Service

















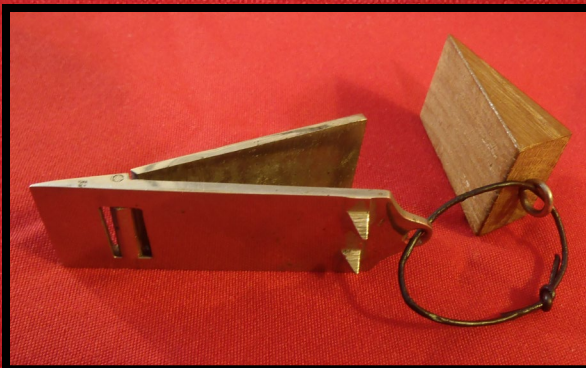




















LETTERS FROM INDIA AND SPAIN

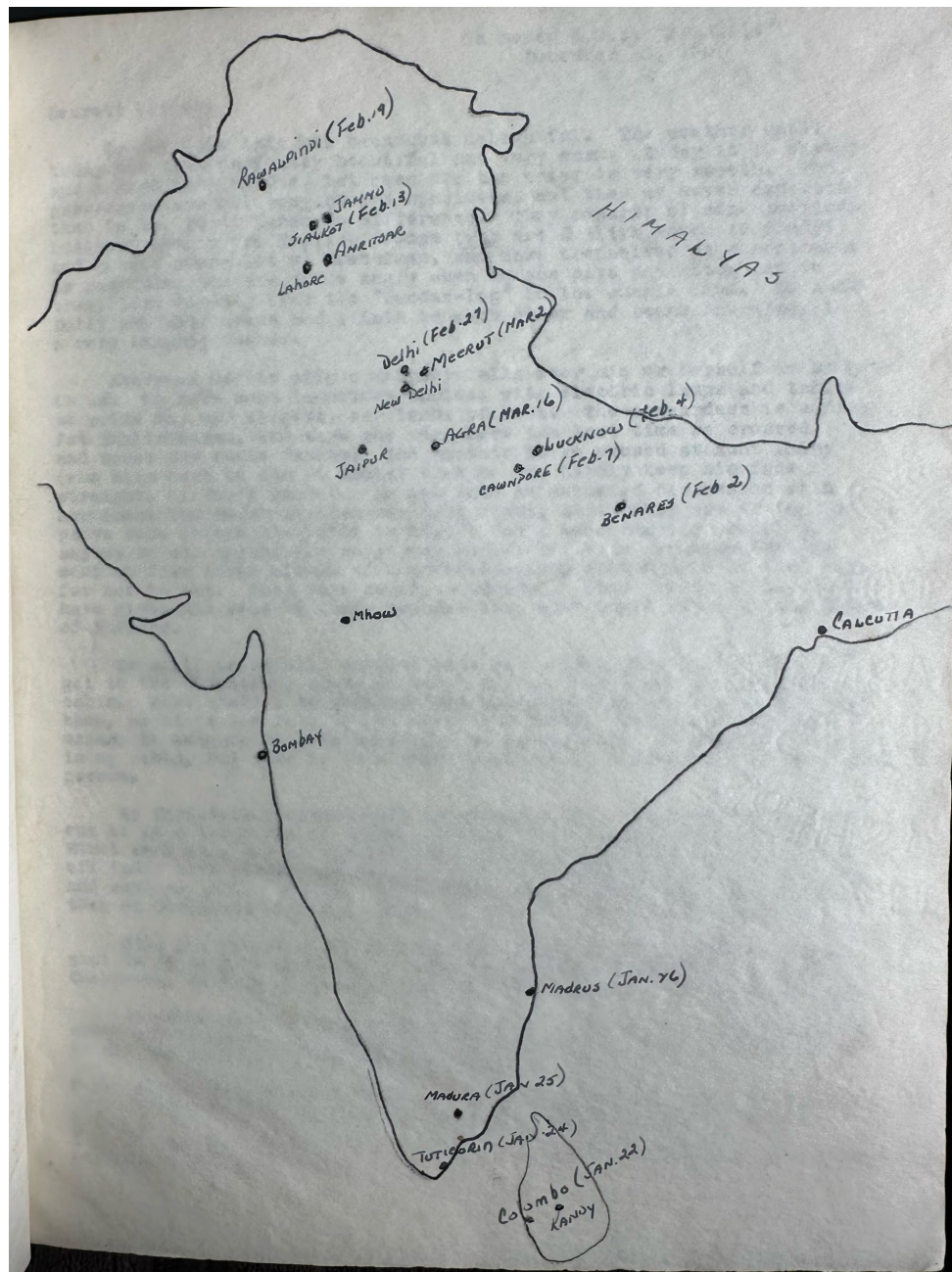
From

Elizabeth Wolcott Parker
Daisy Low
Alice Gordon Parker

December 26, 1907

to

May 18, 1908



March 2, 1908
Dearest Mamma,

On the 27th February I got a letter from you about Papa's influenza. He had had a relapse his temperature was 102. He had two trained nurses, and you had not taken off your clothes for 3 nights. I cabled Dongor "Cable Mahon Siālkot papas condition." then I went to Pindi because I did not want to get the worst news while visiting anyone. Did any of you get that cable? for no answer came. I agonized for 5 days at Rawalpindi, and finally I got Beth to wire to Wayne, who answered and we heard on 22nd Feb. "General Gordon entirely recovered." Please wire if anyone is ill again, and cable everyday, because letters only come once a week, and I rather pay for daily cables than again suffer such anxiety. Did you ever get my cable, if not I will make them refund the \$7.00 I paid for it?

Daisy

How is Alice getting on? With whom is she studying and how long is she going to stay. Will she be there when I get back to England?

10 Oglethorpe Ave.
Savannah, Georgia
March 30, 1908

Dearest Wayne,

I return you Nells letter and others just received from Daisy and Mabel.

Thanks for your invitation - impossible to accept - as to plans I not only wish you knew ours - but also that I did! Can't dig any information out of W.W.G. When I tell you what I have just gone through you will wonder I am not in the insane asylum.

Morrison is at his home ill for ten days. Called down to basement Friday to find my laundress in a swoon - no pulse - puzzled but suddenly remembered she had had a tooth pulled - and suspected cocaine poison on a weak heart. Poured in whiskey till I could get a doctor found my diagnosis correct! and that I had saved her life and the doctors antidote of morphine supplemented my work. Next day W.W.G. tripped up in the street and fell on to his knee-cap all but breaking it. Doctor for 4 days but now is O.K.

Beirne was riding Lady Bird - she fell pitched B. on to his head nearly broke his neck and he was laid low for 10 days. W.W.G. declared she never stumbled! and rode her next day to prove it. She fell on her head and only his good riding kept him from a fearful fall! She has been sent away at last.

Sunday my maid was severely stung by a spider and her right hand and arm fearfully swollen and painful. Better today. I am getting W.W.G. and accident insurance policy. Its the only way to prevent his having any more accidents or God knows what he will invent next. Oh that I had the wings of a dove for then would I flee away and be at rest.

Your affectionate - Cousin Nelly

Miss Grace has some amusing American friends here whom she met by chance in a shop the other day. They are from Chicago - the lady came originally from Cooperstown. The contrast between Chicago and

January 20th. We landed at Colombo at 7:30 January 20. The custom house officer asked me how many pieces I had? and made me sign my name. He then said I could go at once and he would pass everything when Louise arrived with all the luggage. So Grace, Beth and I went off to a beautiful hotel, a mile from Colombo on the sea shore. We were told all the rooms were engaged, but one of the passengers who had travelled on the Orantes, an old Scotch man named Macbeth - insisted giving up his room to us, and the manager finding we had friends found us two more rooms !! on the principal of the man in the bible, who had 10 talents and was given 20.

I must just give my impressions of Ceylon because I write in the train, and we sail for India tonight and I have very little time. The trees, vines, bushes are all vividly green and gigantic! The people match the scene of vivid color and brilliant sun. All the laborers are naked and unashamed, except for loin cloths around their waists. The women wear little chimeses. Bishop Heber was wrong when he wrote "Every prospect pleases and only man is Vile". Man and woman are beautifully made and wonderfully graceful, but it is hard to tell men from women, as they all wear long hair but the women wear bracelets nose rings, toe rings, and the men wear curious combs in tortoise shell at the top of their heads. No one wears a hat, but sometimes a high class Buddhist Priest, wears lemon colored robes and carries a modern cotton umbrella over his head.

March 18, 1908

We returned to Delhi the 14th met Grace and drove out to Kutah Minar a big column built to commemorate the victories of a Mohammedan King.

We came to Agra 15th. Notices were posted on this hotel warning the tourists in the name of the Maharaja of Jaipur not to go to Jaipur as the plague had become too dangerous for him to risk allowing visitors there. Beth and I had a narrow escape of being quarantined there. I now realize why those broad streets smelled so dreadfully. I kept saying to the guide "Something must be dead here". We probably were sitting near corpses. No more bazaars for us in future. All my shopping is done anyway.

Another thing leaves an unpleasant impression on my mind regarding Jaipur. It was there that Tassadue Ali our servant got so dazed by opium (he had been warned by me that I should dismiss him if he continued to prove us so much trouble.) Well he got so fuddled that he packed the 3 hotel towels and 4 table napkins in our bag. We had to take a midnight train back to Delhi - all trains are vile - so the proprietor of the Hotel had gone to bed and just as we were leaving 8 servants surrounded our carriage and insisted on searching our luggage for the stolen towels. I was very angry and though no one could interpret my servant who was still half dazed, and who swore he had not touched a towel, but had only locked up my bag, so by firmness and hauteur I refused to be searched and forced the driver to go to the station. What was my rage next day when Louise found all the things in my bag. Benjamin was not more horrified when the silver cup was discovered in his sack. I at once dismissed Tassadue and returned the towels. We have now Grace's bearer (or servant).

Daisy

here and they won't let me keep it in the passageway.

We took the train for Marseilles that evening and I never had such a horrible journey in my life. We couldn't get a sleeping compartment, so we got into an empty first class compartment and Daisy tried to induce the guard by bribery and corruption not to let anyone else in. The guard said he'd keep them out until we left Paris, but that we'd have to trust to luck after that. So Daisy and Miss Grace trusted very much to luck, and took off their corsets so as to sleep more comfortably. We settled down with steamer rugs and pillows on two seats apiece, and went to sleep. At midnight the train stopped at some big town or other and suddenly the door was flung open and a man looked in, turned to his companions and said: "Il y a de la place ici." Daisy woke up and said most decidedly that the compartment was taken. The man replied gently but firmly that there were only three

January 4, 1908

of us. Daisy insisted that it was a lady's compartment. The poor man said that there was no sign on the door; that he was very sorry to disturb us, but that there was no other compartment vacant. So he sat down and we sat up, and we all looked very uncomfortable indeed. Just then Miss Grace remarked in English, "This is a nice place to have a man." The gentleman looked around, spied Miss Grace's large corsets reposing on the shelf, and fled. A little while later we heard him and some other men expostulating outside, and soon another car was put on. But even then it was very crowded, and our slumbers disturbed as they were by guilty consciences, were broken entirely everytime we got to a station. In the morning we were very tired and horribly dirty - we had slept in our clothes, the one place to wash was filthy and the door wouldn't lock! So when we got to a hotel in Marseilles and could get clean we were much more cheerful.

The cabin on this boat is pretty tiny for three people. The luggage takes up most of the floor, and Miss Grace standing up takes up all the space. So I retire to my stronghold in the upper berth to do most of my dressing. It isn't any worse than a section in a pullman sleeper anyhow.

Please don't think from these lugubrious tales that I'm not enjoying myself, because I'm having the time of my life. The people in France are as good as a play to watch, and the Mediterranean with all the little islands around Corsica is perfectly beautiful. We get to Naples tomorrow morning and we'll spend the day there, probably going to Pompeii. This letter will be sent off from there. The Australian stamps are the only kind the ship keeps. You can give them to Corty. Tell him that his writing paper is extremely pretty and that I use it for all the letters that have to look particularly beautiful.

The dressing bugle is sounding so I must stop.

Yours ever - Beth



Daisy's favorite picture of herself with her Airedale