

# Baden-Powell



—FORBOYS OFALLAGES—

R. H. KIERNAN

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BADEN-POWELL

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# BADEN – POWELL

*By*

R. H. KIERNAN

AUTHOR OF

“LAWRENCE OF ARABIA” “THE UNVEILING OF ARABIA” ETC.

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To

DOROTHY

## PREFACE

**T**HIS biography was written with the knowledge of Lord Baden-Powell. While most of it was taking shape, he was in the doctor's hands, and was later cruising in North-Eastern Europe, so that he was unable to give practical help beyond granting permission to quote from his writings. I have used the facts given in his books and in his numerous, scattered articles, the memoirs of contemporaries, Parliamentary and War Office reports, books of military criticism, Army manuals and Service journals, British South Africa Company reports, and the journals and books of the Scout Movement. I am indebted for advice and help to Lieutenant-General Sir A. J. Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., and to Major-General Sir C. W. Gwynn, K.C.B., the former allowing me to use his interesting collection of Mafeking records. I owe thanks also to Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. D. Martin, D.S.O., M.C., 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and to the *Scouter*, who both loaned books not easily available; and also, for providing material, to the Headmaster and Librarian of Charterhouse.

These, with some books listed in an Appendix, were the main sources from which I have tried to present the fullest account of Baden-Powell, cavalryman, military scout, intelligence agent, leader of 'irregulars,' trainer of troops, artist, writer, and finally the founder and inspiration of the greatest youth movement the world has ever known.

The book is intended primarily for Boy Scouts, Guides, Rangers, and Rover Scouts, as a story of the career which exemplified their ideals of honour, health, manliness, and service for others. But I have not 'written down' to boys (as I have found that they do not greatly appreciate the tone of parental simplicity), so that the book may stimulate, among other readers, a practical interest in the movement that strives for those ideals.

South Africa provided the scene of the more spectacular episodes in Baden-Powell's career. An introduction outlines the political history of the country and indicates the causes, such as those of the Boer War, that led B.-P. to go there. South Africa became the nursery promoting the growth of many ideas and practices that went to the founding of the Scout movement, and it is fitting to know something of its story.

R. H. K.

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CAREER OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD BADEN-POWELL OF GILWELL

1857	Born, London.
1869-1876	Charterhouse.
1876	Direct commission to 13th Hussars.
1876-1883	India. 1883, promoted Captain.
1884	Natal. Intelligence work.
1885-1887	England. 1887, A.D.C. to G.O.C., South Africa.
1888	Military secretary and intelligence officer in campaign against Dinizulu. Promoted Brevet-Major.
1889	Secretary to Swaziland Commission.
1890	Military secretary to Governor of Malta. Intelligence work.
1891	Intelligence officer in Mediterranean countries.
1893	Rejoined 13th Hussars in Ireland.
1894	Manœuvres in England. Brigade-Major to General French.
1895	Ashanti Expedition. Promoted Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.
1896	Matabele Campaign. Chief Staff Officer to G.O.C., Sir F. Carrington. Published <i>Downfall of Prempeh</i> .
1897	Brevet-Colonel. Appointed command 5th Dragoon Guards, in India. Published <i>The Matabele Campaign</i> .
1899	Published <i>Aids to Scouting</i> . Raised special force on Transvaal frontier. Siege of Mafeking.
1900	Mafeking relieved. Promoted Major-General. Raised South African Constabulary.
1901	Awarded C.B.
1902	Police duties, South Africa.
1903-1907	Inspector-General of Cavalry, Great Britain and Ireland.
1907	Published <i>Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa</i> . Scouting camp at Brownsea Island.
1908	Command of Territorial Division. Published <i>Scouting for Boys</i> and started <i>The Scout</i> .
1909	Boy-Scout rallies at Crystal Palace and Glasgow. K.C.B. and K.C.V.O.
1910	Resigned Territorial command and from Army.
1910-1914	Advanced Scout Movement in Britain and abroad. 1912, married.
1914-1918	Published <i>Quick Training for War</i> , <i>Indian Memories</i> , <i>Adventures of a Spy</i> , organized Scouts for War-duties, visited British Armies in France, worked for Y.M.C.A. and War Museum.
1919	Published <i>Aids to Scoutmastership</i> .
1920	Olympia International Jamboree. International Scout Bureau founded.
1922	Published <i>Rovering to Success</i> .
1924	International Jamboree at Wembley.
1929	Scout Movement came of age. Celebration at Arrowe Park. Advanced to the peerage. Presented with car and caravan by the World's Scouts.
1933	Published <i>Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life</i> .
1937	Order of Merit.

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LORD BADEN-POWELL

*Photo E.N.A.*

## HONOURS

1 Baron (1929), U.K; 1 Bart. (1921); O.M. (1937); G.C.M.G. (1927); G.C.V.O. (1923); K.C.B. (1909); D.C.L., hon. (Oxon.) LL.D., hon. (Cambridge, Edinburgh, Liverpool, McGill, Toronto); F.R.G.S.; Kt St J.; Chevalier Legion of Honour (France); Chevalier Order of Christ (Portugal); Grand Cross Order of the Redeemer (Greece); Grand Cross Alfonso XII (Spain); Order of Merit (Chile); Order of the Crown (Belgium); 2nd Class Polonia Restituta (Poland); Kt Comm. Order of Dannebrog (Denmark); Order of Merit, 1st Class (Hungary); White Lion, 1st Class (Czechoslovakia); Order of Merit (Austria); Grand Cross, Orange Nassau (Holland); Order of Grand Duke Gediminas, 1st Class (Lithuania); Cavalier, 1st Class, Order of Meritul Cultural (Roumania); Grand Order of the Sword (Sweden); Grand Cross Order of Three Stars (Latvia).

## INTRODUCTION

THE Portuguese in 1486 first sighted the Cape of Good Hope. In the seventeenth century the Dutch, and later the French Huguenots, began to make permanent homes in the Cape. In the war against Napoleon, Holland being occupied by the French, Great Britain seized the Cape, and on making certain purchase payments, had her title recognized in 1814. Britain regarded her new possession at first merely as an important station for her ships bound for India. There were more Dutch there than British. The native Africans, Hottentots, Zulus, Kaffirs, and Basutos vastly outnumbered both together.

After the Napoleonic Wars British immigrants — ex-officers and others — arrived in greater numbers. There were many wars with the Kaffirs, and gradually the colony was extended to the Orange River. The country was administered for the Crown by a Governor and Council.

Meanwhile disputes had arisen between the British and Dutch settlers. Britain had prohibited the slave-trade in 1807, and twenty-six years later, forbade slavery in the British Empire. The Cape Dutch used black slaves, and they now stood to lose the labour they had bought, gaining only inadequate compensation. This, in their view, was an injustice; but another British measure seemed to them a positive danger. This was the granting to the natives of the Cape in 1828 of equal political rights with the European settlers. The Dutch, or Boers — which means farmers — thought that the natives were vicious, disorderly, so far from civilized, and so numerous, that firm discipline was needed more than political status. The Dutch bore these things as best they could, but when British humanitarianism prevented ordinary measures of self-defence against raiding Kaffirs, large numbers of Boer families — the *voortrekkers* — in 1836 made the Great Trek, out of Cape Colony into Natal and the region between the Orange and Vaal rivers.

Natal had a seaboard, which meant access to the outer world and prosperity; for trade, as Sir George Goldie said, always takes the shortest route to the ocean. There was a small British population already in Natal; the British Government did not want the Boers to have the territory, and though the Boers could claim it by right of arms (after defeating the Zulu, Dingaan) Natal was annexed to Britain in 1843. Then the land beyond the Orange River was annexed, but in 1854 Britain allowed the independence of the Dutch settlers, and the district became known as the Orange Free State. Britain then announced that the Orange River would be the northern limit of her rule. Those Boers who had trekked even farther, beyond the Vaal, were also granted independence in their new state, the Transvaal.

The Boers now thought they would be free to extend their frontiers, but quarrels between the Boers and the Basutos led to the British proclaiming a protectorate over Basutoland in 1868. Three years later, when diamonds had been found at Kimberley, there was an inrush of Europeans. The British Government purchased the district from a Griqua chief and stepped in, to bring law and order and protect British subjects. This was a bitter grievance to the two Boer states; the Orange Free State had hoped to acquire Kimberley, and the territory was north of the Orange River.

Between 1820 and 1872 the number of British and Boer settlers in Cape Colony had greatly increased, so that in the latter year the right of self-government was granted.

Five years later it seemed to the Cape and British Governments that the Transvaal, weak in finance and administration, was a danger to the white position in South Africa. A native success in war — and some slight hostilities were in progress — might encourage other African tribes to revolt. The Transvaal, therefore, was annexed. Yet, following this, Britain in her turn had to face a native war in an attempt to break the Zulu military power. The natives won the victory Britain had feared, when in 1879 a British force was wiped out at Isandhlwana, before the Zulus were defeated at Ulundi. The Chief, Cetewayo, was captured, and the tribes submitted.

The annexation of the Transvaal was not intended to be permanent. But Disraeli and Gladstone were slow to make any further change, and the Boers did not want British rule. Taking up arms in 1881, they defeated the British at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. It would have been morally easier, at this time, for



Gladstone to use overwhelming force to avenge these defeats. Instead he gave the Boers what they would have accepted without fighting at all, self-government under British suzerainty, which in practice meant complete independence. Yet this action led the Boers to underestimate the political and fighting strength of the British.



SOUTH AFRICA

Three years later Britain abandoned the title to suzerainty, which the Boers disliked, recognized the Transvaal as the "South African Republic," adopted with the Boers a definite frontier for the state, made certain reservations regarding the republic's dealings with foreign Powers, and arranged for freedom of residence and trade within the republic for all Europeans. From a great world Power to a weak agricultural state this was generous dealing.

Yet among the Boers were those who dreamed of a great Afrikaner Empire. Among them was the President of the Transvaal, Paul Kruger, whose memories recalled the bitterness of origin, the hardships of the Great Trek, and many native wars. He had made one attempt to federate the Orange Free State with the Transvaal by force, and had failed.

Opposed to Kruger there was an Englishman who had made South Africa his home, and envisaged an even greater African Empire lying from the Cape to Cairo, under Britain. Cecil Rhodes, and those who thought with him in terms of Imperialism, became the chief obstacle to all efforts of the South African Republic to widen its frontiers. When the Transvaalers entered Bechuanaland, Sir Charles Warren was dispatched with a military force to check them. This action made it clear to Boers, French, and Germans (who had their own designs on Africa) that Britain intended to dominate the south, and the corridor between the Transvaal and German South-west Africa into unexploited territory north of the Dutch. In 1885 Bechuanaland was made a British protectorate. Two years later Zululand was annexed.

Boer expansion was thus prevented west and east. The British Government did eventually allow to the Transvaal the administration of Swaziland (1894), but the Boers were interested in this region only as a step towards the sea. Britain now blocked the way to the port they desired at Kosi Bay by the annexation of Amatongaland.

Shut in on the south, west, and east, the Transvaal Boers might have been left the north for exploitation. But in 1889 Cecil Rhodes founded the British South Africa Company for developing that region, the modern Rhodesia. Such development was but a part of his design, which aimed at a confederation of British, and Dutch, in a great African state under the Union Jack. Some of the Cape Dutch shared his vision. But Paul Kruger and the Dutch of the interior had no enthusiasm for it.

In the later 'eighties the difficulties of the situation became acute, when gold was discovered in the Transvaal. The country was invaded by an army of foreign miners and speculators. There were, indeed, more foreigners than Boers. Most of the money for the administration of the Transvaal Republic was now raised in taxes from the 'Uitlanders.' Yet Paul Kruger would give no important rights in return. If, for example, he allowed the 'Uitlanders' to have the vote or any political power, it seemed certain to him — and he was right — that the original Transvaalers would be swamped by the newcomers, and the independence which had been fought for would be imperilled. Kruger would allow no rights of citizenship without long residence in the Transvaal. If the 'Uitlander' did not like this condition of things, he could go.

To Cecil Rhodes, who was now Premier of Cape Colony, the 'Uitlanders' seemed to be in an absurd and unbearable position — wealthier, more capable of developing the country's mineral resources, and more numerous than the Boers, yet with no share in government. Moreover, Kruger was not merely a passive obstacle to Rhodes's plans for a united South Africa; he was an active opponent, diverting trade whenever possible to the Portuguese outlet at Delagoa Bay, instead of to Natal or the Cape. Resolving to settle all difficulties by an armed rising on the Rand goldfield, Rhodes concentrated a force under his friend, Dr Jameson, on the Transvaal border at Ramathlabama, for a raid which should be the signal for revolt. Rebellion needs clear and determined leadership; in this case the leaders were hesitant as to policy; Jameson cut the knot by invading the Transvaal (1895) with only six hundred men. This force the Boers easily surrounded and captured.

As a result Rhodes angered the Cape Dutch; any hopes of enfranchisement entertained by the 'Uitlanders' became more remote; and in many countries there rose a howl of execration against British Imperialism. Nevertheless, the British Government would not let matters rest as they were. Despite the international sympathy for the Boers, a firm front was shown during the subsequent vain negotiations with Kruger. Troops were assembled on the Transvaal frontier, and others were ordered to Africa. Kruger demanded that the troops should be withdrawn. The South African (or Second Boer) War began in 1899. The Orange Free State supported the Transvaal.

From the middle 'eighties these events brought Baden-Powell to Africa, to play at first a very humble part, then a more prominent *rôle*, and in the end, to find the whole world his audience. None were more pleased than he by the issue of the long conflict of Briton and Boer, for he admired the Boers and made friends among them. Britain was victorious, yet was generous to the defeated, guaranteeing loans and advancing millions of money to obliterate war's devastations. Within five years of the Boer War, complete self-government was granted to the two new colonies. In time the Governments of these territories realized the advantages that would accrue to all from a union of South African states. In 1910 the first Parliament of South Africa, representing the Cape, Natal, Transvaal, and Orange River Colony, assembled.

# BADEN-POWELL

## CHAPTER I

### THE EARLY YEARS

*Floreat Æternum Carthusiana Domus*

**R**OBERT STEPHENSON SMYTH BADEN-POWELL was born in London in 1857. The Crimean War had just ended, but the feeling of peace was short-lived, as within a dozen weeks of his birth the Indian Mutiny began. Victoria was Queen, Napoleon III ruled the Second Empire, and Alexander II was Czar of Russia. The map of Europe showed Germany and Italy as regions of independent states.

If one were transplanted to Baden-Powell's childhood, one would miss many of the superficialities of life which one takes for granted to-day. There were trains, but no dining-cars; omnibuses were drawn by pairs of horses; bicycles had pedals attached to the front axle, heavy wooden wheels, and thick iron tyres. Not for more than thirty years was there a pneumatic tyre, or a motor-car, in England. Most ships were still under sail, and aeroplanes, cinema, and wireless were unknown. If one played a game of football, procedure was fixed in advance, as the rules were not standardized. In England, lawn-tennis and golf did not exist, and cricket was far from being a wide-spread, popular game.

Many of the classics of literature, which have now reached the stage of being read in schools, were new books when Baden-Powell was an infant — *The Tale of Two Cities*, *The Virginians*, *Frederic the Great*, and *Idylls of the King*. The journal *Punch* was in its early youth, and had it dealt in gruesome humour, might have discovered plentiful material in contemporary surgical operations, for a surgeon might work with his beard an inch or two from the open incision! Anæsthetics were employed, but not antiseptics.

The population of England and Wales was 20,000,000, less than half of the number to-day. But the difference between that age and this was not only in such obvious things, or in the comforts and amenities of life. The attitude to religion, to grades of social rank, and education was not ours. Compulsory education was not instituted, so that boys and girls went to work at the earliest possible age. By law, children were not allowed to give more than ten hours per day to their employer until they reached the age of eighteen, but some mills provided two hours' schooling in addition to the ten hours' work — a generous act, according to the standards of the day. Older people worked sixteen hours a day for a bare pittance. The economic ideas of the time involved a belief that industry was best served by being left alone, so that the Government was reluctant to interfere with employers, and only gradually began to protect work-people against dangerous machinery and unhealthy factory conditions. There was little the people could do to improve their lot, for it was only in the first twenty-five years of Baden-Powell's life that the urban worker was enfranchised, and the agricultural labourer had to wait even longer for the vote by which he might influence the Government.

Those conditions of work, play, and education are only at the distance of one long lifetime. Baden-Powell saw all the development in civic rights, schools, games, locomotion, entertainment, warfare, and all else, from that period to the present.

When he was three years old, his father, an Oxford professor, died, leaving a large family, of which B.-P. was the seventh son. The mother was a daughter of Admiral W. H. Smyth, from one of whose ancestors B.-P. may have inherited some of his cool courage, gaiety, and untiring zest. This ancestor was Captain John Smith, a seventeenth-century adventurer, explorer, and soldier, who captured French ships, fought against the Turks and defeated three of their champions in single combat, was made prisoner by

American Indians and was saved from death only by the intercession of the beautiful Pocahontas, 'La Belle Sauvage.' Smith became one of the founders of Virginia, and was Baden-Powell's great hero.

The boy's mother was friendly with many of the great artists and writers of the day. All his life B.-P. has kept a shilling given him by Thackeray, and he recalls that John Ruskin, seeing him drawing with his left hand, advised his mother to let him continue using both hands — for in those days parents tried to 'cure' left-handed actions. Being left alone, B.-P. developed ambidexterity that proved of great advantage to an artist, soldier, and scout. At school he could draw with one hand and shade with the other. Lieutenant-General Sir A. J. Godley, who served under B.-P. at the siege of Mafeking, has told the writer that a trick of drawing with one hand and writing with the other never failed to draw an amused audience.

Baden-Powell's early education was from his mother, at a private school in London, and then at a preparatory school in Kent. His mother was not rich, but managed to give all her children a good education. Baden-Powell, however, cost her little, for he entered Charterhouse as a Gownboy Foundationer in 1870, the year of the Franco-German War. One does not know whether or not Thackeray would have recommended Charterhouse, had he been living, for his unhappiness at the school helped to cloud the rest of his life, and he wrote bitterly of the bullying, "infernal misery, tyranny, and annoyance," which he experienced there. Very much the same might have been written, one imagines, of any early nineteenth-century public school. Certainly Charterhouse had progressed with the times, for Baden-Powell's days there became a happy memory, and he remained in close association with the school for the rest of his life.

To say that a man may be recognized by his school is less true now than it was in the nineteenth century. Yet a school with a history does still implant some quality in the mind and bearing of its scholars that is not always borne from the newer foundations. Charterhouse was then in Smithfield, London, and closer to the site of its long history. The Carthusian monks came into existence in the eleventh century, when St Bruno founded the first house at Chartreuse. Their lives were particularly austere, and the Order therefore attracted few novices. In England, when the monasteries were suppressed, there were only eight 'Charterhouses,' with one hundred monks. The London Charterhouse, founded in the fourteenth century, was dissolved in the sixteenth century by Henry VIII. When the monks would not admit his claim to be Head of the Church in England they were chained in the dungeons of Negate and allowed to die of starvation and neglect. Happier, because less lingering, was the death of their prior, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered. These monks of the Charterhouse may have been fools or martyrs, according to one's beliefs, but they were certainly ready to face death in any form rather than reject their creed. The buildings where these men had quietly prayed, sung their Office, and worked at copying manuscripts or in the fields passed into the hands of various nobles, until they were sold in 1611 to a successful business man, one Thomas Sutton, who founded a hospital for impoverished gentlemen. To this he added a school for the education of poor boys of gentle birth. The hospital and school began to function in 1613. There were forty sons of "poore men," Gownboys, so called from the picturesque gown they wore. When the school became one for boys whose parents could pay very considerable fees, the founder's wish was respected in that some places were reserved for sons of poor gentlemen. Baden-Powell's school thus had traditions that had grown from the time of James I, and indirect associations with one of the great medieval religious Orders. It was a small school in 1870, numbering less than two hundred boys.

The first months at a public school were no ordeal to him, for as a younger brother he had learned to 'keep his place,' take the fat with any lean that was left for him, and 'fag' for his elders and betters. A day in the life of a fag at Charterhouse, at that time, would be something like this:

7 A.M.	Rises and hastens to wake his 'upper' in the Sixth or Upper Fifth.
7-7.40 A.M.	Washes, makes several more anxious trips to rouse his 'upper.' Cleans 'upper's' basin and sees that his towels are dry. Gets hot water if required.
8-8.30 A.M.	First school.
8.30 A.M.	Breakfast (roll and butter, pint of tea). Slices and toasts roll and makes tea or coffee for 'upper.'
9.30 A.M. — 12 NOON	School. Before dinner, may be conscripted for racket-fagging.
1 P.M.	Dinner (meat and vegetables, pudding three times a week). On a half-holiday, cleans 'upper's' study. On other days, when free, runs errands and tends fire.
7 P.M.	Tea (bread, butter, and tea). Toasts bread for 'upper.'
8 P.M.	A period of rest, known as 'Banco.' Prayers.
9 P.M.	Bed.

This fagging was less arduous than some of Baden-Powell's activities on holidays, for his brothers were all lovers of open-air life. Their hobbies were fishing and rabbit- or bird-snaring — and their equipment was home-made. As the youngest, B.-P. was allotted the menial tasks of gutting the fish and rabbits and did most of the cooking and all of the washing-up. Once they acquired a collapsible boat, sailed it up the Thames from London almost to the source, transported it over the hills, and then brought it down the Avon by Bristol, across the Severn, and up the Wye. Later they were able to purchase a ten-ton cutter, which they sailed round the coasts of England and Scotland, commanded by Warrington, an elder brother in the navy. They once put out of Harwich in an easterly gale in an attempt to tow a vessel in distress, and at another time they were caught in a heavy Channel gale and knew some desperate moments before they reached the lee of Portland. On one long holiday they sailed to the coast of Norway. At sea Baden-Powell was cabin-boy, general factotum, and cook. When he spoiled a pot of soup he was made to eat the whole of it himself.

The modest part which he played in these activities and adventures helped to mould a body physically fit, and a willing, resourceful character. Common dangers taught him the value of the team spirit. There were other things which helped to form the future soldier, scout, and spy. For instance, in the school plays at Charterhouse B.-P. discovered a natural talent for acting, and retained the ardour for it all his life. He considered that the plays at school had formed an important part of his education, for they helped him to develop self-confidence, and trained him to alter his voice, character, and appearance, accomplishments of great use to him later in life, as an intelligence agent. But the school plays merely developed what was a natural histrionic gift. He was a born actor, and at school he was always in demand, at the piano, with the fiddle, or merely for his humour and irrepressible clowning. The boy of thirteen, of medium size, with red hair and freckled face, known as 'Bathing-towel' and popular with his fellows, was also a delight to his 'upper,' or fag-master, for he willingly cooked other dishes to vary the inevitable toasted rolls.

Looking back through the years, Baden-Powell considered that a great factor in his education was the 'copse.' This was an area of woodland near the playing-fields, and was out of bounds. He used to creep through these woods, studying the tracks left by animals and birds, getting close views of wild creatures, building up his powers of observation. Occasionally he snared a rabbit or hare and prepared it for eating, over fires which he tried to make smokeless. He learned to stay still and quiet, to walk silently, and to cover his tracks. When masters were looking for boys in the woods, he hid in trees, and discovered that man rarely looks upward. If one remained perfectly still in a tree, even if there was not cover, it was most

unlikely that one would be detected. Again, this boyhood discovery was later to save him more than once from long terms of imprisonment. Years afterwards he wrote:

Why, man, it was only the other day — it can't be fifty years ago — that I was learning to snare rabbits in the copse at the 'new' Charterhouse, and to cook them, for secrecy, over the diminutive fire of a bushman. I learned, too, how to use an axe, how to walk across a gully on a felled tree-trunk, how to move silently through the bush so that one became a comrade rather than an interloper among the birds and animals that lived there. I knew how to hide my tracks, how to climb a tree and 'freeze' up there while authorities passed below forgetting that they were *anthropoi* — being capable of looking up (or was it perhaps that they were real *men* who refrained from looking up knowing that they would discover one?).

And the birds, the stoats, the watervoles that I watched and knew!

Those things stand out as if they were of yesterday. Cricket? Football? Athletics? Yes, I enjoyed them too; but they died long ago, they are only a memory, like much that I learnt in school. It was in the copse that I gained most of what helped me on in after life to find the joy of living.

At Charterhouse B.-P. learned a first lesson in military tactics during a skirmish between his school-fellows and lads from Smithfield Market, near the school playing-field. With some of the smaller fry, B.-P. was not engaged in the struggle, but the Headmaster arrived on the scene. "I think," he said suddenly, "if you boys went through that door in the side wall you might attack the cads in flank." The boys pointed out that the door was locked, but the Head quickly produced the key, and a surprise attack was launched successfully.

B.-P. did not shine in mathematics or French, and Greek, he said, was always Greek to him. In fact he did not believe in the infliction on young people of ancient languages which had no obvious use, but at the end of his schooldays one master did show him some of the beauties of Greek drama. The Headmaster, Dr Haig-Brown, a connexion of the Haigs of Bemersyde, recognized that Baden-Powell's class-work did not reflect his real ability, and recalled him as a boy of kind, equable temperament, and exuberant spirits, beloved by everybody. B.-P. was a sergeant in the Cadet Corps, was picked for the rifle-team, and played in the school eleven in his last year. His position in the eleven seems now to have been most appropriate, for a goal-keeper must needs be cool, watchful, and active.

His favourite recreations were in football and in the school plays. As goal-keeper he sometimes enjoyed both pastimes, for round the net of the goal he was guarding there was always an audience to be amused by his antics and his flood of jokes. Yet he never relaxed his watchfulness; he possessed the Gallic combination of a light heart and earnestness of mind; for all his effervescent mood, in the Charterhouse goal he was as solid as a rock. This quality of earnestness was obvious in every aspect of his school life. As his Headmaster said, "He was a boy whose word you could not doubt." His Housemaster, Mr Girdlestone, recalled B.-P. as a very reserved boy, with no one particular friend, but quite free from shyness, and said that he entered wholeheartedly into all school activities; he was especially grateful for Baden-Powell's part in founding an excellent string orchestra.

"I wasn't a brilliant performer or a captain at anything," B.-P. wrote; but he was, in fact, so active that he could find time and energy for every occupation — football, orchestra, choir, cadets, rifle-club, and writing for the school magazine. He was ready at all times to be called on at short notice for any job of work or play. Once during a school concert one of the performers would not go on the stage. There was a long delay, and the boys were becoming restive. Inevitably the Headmaster turned to 'Bathing-towel' (a nickname B.-P. coined for himself), and asked if he could do anything. B.-P. at once responded with an impromptu mimicry of a French lesson which 'brought down the house.'

He was a capable violinist and pianist, but was not satisfied with accomplishment on two instruments, so learned to perform on the mouth-organ and ocarina. He was ready to go even further, for at Charterhouse he was once discovered trying to play the piano with his toes.

B.-P., the schoolboy, without being familiar, was never diffident towards the masters, and conversed freely even with Dr Haig-Brown. This natural poise may help to account for his success on the stage. His first recorded part in a school play was that of Cox in *Cox and Box*. In the school magazine in 1873 there is an entry to the effect that “Baden-Powell gave full satisfaction.... It was brilliant and spirited acting.” The school records witness his capable, lively performances in many subsequent plays and concerts.

At the end of his school life, in 1876, he was a monitor. Charterhouse had more than doubled its numbers, and all who have recorded their memories of B.-P. noticed his kindness and helpfulness to the new and younger boys, his promptitude in duties, and his keenness on sustaining the school’s traditions in a period of some unrest. The school in his time was in the process of removal to Godalming. Some of the boys did not like the change from old surroundings. The Headmaster was glad at that time to have such a boy as B.-P. in the school, saying later that “He showed remarkable intelligence and liberality of feeling...helping to smooth over the difficulties involved in the change to the new place and taking up every school activity which was new. He was by nature a leader of boys, as he has since become of men.”

The attempt to prove, in the writing of a biography, that the child is ‘father of the man’ is hackneyed and often wearisome. Yet that relationship did exist in the case of Baden-Powell. You have the zest for adventure, the alertness, the historic talent, the delight in the excitements of hiding from searchers and in stalking and snaring, the instinct of the scout, and the glory in fine traditions. To the end of his days he knew an undying love for Charterhouse. Some of the finest things he ever wrote appeared in the *Greyfriar*, as though B.-P. could give only of his best to the school.

## CHAPTER II

### SOLDIERING

Who, in a word, served the Empire best? Not those who carried off the prizes at Winchester or Eton, or had taken high honours at the Universities; not the great statesmen at Westminster....But those who had been bred in camps, who had given their lives in arms, and whose knowledge of mankind was greater than their erudition.

G. F. R. HENDERSON, *The Science of War*

**B**ADEN-POWELL intended to go up to Oxford, but Dr Jowett (one of his godfathers) rejected him for Balliol. He might have entered the university elsewhere, if he had not, to his great surprise, achieved a notable success in a competitive examination for direct commissions to the Army. Though he had not hoped for success, he did not fail to prepare thoroughly for this examination. Out of seven hundred candidates Baden-Powell came second for cavalry and fourth for infantry. This first six in the list were freed from cadet training at Sandhurst and gained two years’ seniority over the others. Thus, three months after leaving school at the age of nineteen, Baden-Powell sailed from Portsmouth to join a famous cavalry regiment, the 13th Hussars, stationed at Lucknow.

The regiment was once known in the Army as the ‘Geraniums,’ or ‘Evergreens,’ from the green facings on the uniform. In Baden-Powell’s time the facings were white — hence the ‘Lilywhites,’ a nickname also common to the Coldstream and several foot-regiments. The Hussars, raised in 1715, had a

notable history, and Baden-Powell's first commanding officer believed that regimental tradition was sustained by reminding the men of that fact. On the regimental calendar they could follow the deeds of their predecessors in every month of the year, as, for instance, that in October, 1854, "the regiment landed in the Crimea and took part in the charge of the heavy brigade at Balaclava on the 25th."

The voyage in the S.S. *Serapis* by Queenstown, Malta, and the Suez Canal was uneventful. It was a 5,000-ton sailing- and steam-vessel, very crowded. In the heat and damp of the Red Sea children died, ladies fainted frequently, and the cook went mad and jumped overboard. Officers and men tried to keep fit by boxing, single-stick, and quoits. B.-P. began to study Hindustani, and, more characteristically, noticed the birds accompanying the ship to Land's End — two sparrows, a robin, a lark, and a starling — which followed for some miles out of Queenstown.

He also remarked for the first time the stupidity, or lack of intelligent interest, of the old Regular soldier. This was a state of mind B.-P. combated throughout his career, though he loved the old type of 'Regular' long after it had almost ceased to exist. There was a sentry on duty at a life-buoy. Near by under glass was one of the ship's navigation instruments. When asked what he would do if a man fell overboard, the sentry replied, "I breaks the glass and pulls the 'andle, sir."

The 13th Hussars were fulfilling a fourteen years' tour of duty in India, and B.-P. served there, with one period of leave, from 1876 to 1883.

The young cavalryman in England, says a contemporary account:

...makes more parade of his wealth and independence. If in country quarters, he lavishes a small fortune whenever he gets the chance, in running up to town...parading Piccadilly with that jaunty step which is all his own, at his club consorting with other gorgeous beings, dining splendidly arrayed in purple and fine linen...and is a mine of wealth to the best tradesmen in the West End...he loves to go down to Tattersall's, or to swagger along the dandy's walk in the Park, criticising the horses in the Row and those who ride them.

Baden-Powell could not afford to be an officer of this type. It was not easy, even in India, for a young subaltern in a mounted regiment to live on his pay of £120 a year. But he was determined to keep clear of expense and debt and to cost his mother as little as possible. Therefore he drank little, kept his mess-bills low, and managed with a minimum number of servants. His career as a subaltern is evidence that a man need not be a spender to be popular. B.-P. was liked by his fellow-officers for his humour and untiring high spirits; the men respected him for his smartness, fairness, and infallible detection of 'lead-swingers' and malingerers. During most of his time Colonel Baker Russell commanded the Hussars — a dashing, unconventional soldier, of great stature, prone to violent expressions of temper, but normally a man of great charm and good nature. Baker Russell was typical of the Victorian army in India, where, as Colonel H. de Watteville says in his study of Lord Roberts, "leadership depended on experience, intuition, and boldness, as much as on any intellectual preparation." Baker Russell was unrepentantly ignorant of drill, and found little use for time-honoured, stereotyped methods of training. He employed them with a critical eye, and added variations of his own. For instance, he would send men in pairs or small parties to reach a parade-ground or manœuvre area, to find their own way and arrive punctually — the idea being to accustom them to act independently, and not to rely on being treated (in Wolseley's phrase) as "unreasoning children." Baker Russell tried to encourage the soldier to use his mind at a period when men were usually drilled as unthinking machines, and found little opportunity for developing initiative in anything. B.-P. admired his colonel enormously, and applied and extended this and other practices, as a squadron commander and when training his own regiment twenty years later.

The regiment was at Lucknow, where B.-P. replaced the customary Sandhurst instruction by an eight months' garrison course. He also experienced his first bouts of fever, for which his cure involved

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champagne with a light meal, a hot bath with cold water on the head, castor-oil, a warm bed, rest, and quinine — in that order.

Some of the old Army's habits were not conducive to good health, either at home or in the plains of India. Drunkenness was widespread, and in garrison towns picquets marched the streets to arrest brawlers. Fights between individuals and units were common, the usual weapon being the soldier's belt with its heavy buckle. Barrack-life was restless, lacking privacy. Soldiers, as a rule, would not rob a roommate, but damaged equipment meant deductions from a wretched pay, and the private's best training in alertness came from 'watching his kit.' Baden-Powell did much to introduce, or advance, the better way of living that evolved during his thirty-five years' service.

The new subaltern soon passed his garrison examination in the first class and gained a certificate in surveying, which resulted in his lieutenant's seniority being advanced two years. A bout of fever then sent him to England, where he remained for eighteen months. He attended the musketry course at Hythe, again passing first class. At the end of 1880 he sailed for the East to rejoin his regiment.

The 13th Hussars were then at Kokoran, near Kandahar, which had been captured by Sir Frederick Roberts after a three hundred miles' march and a battle with the Afghans. Baden-Powell returned to find the regiment absent, and followed it to Quetta, and then, with a small party, through the Kojak Pass into Afghanistan, to Kandahar.

The fighting was over, but Kandahar, Kokoran, and the surrounding area had all the aspects of a front line. Every one went armed — with revolvers, rifles, and bayonets, for the district contained scores of Ghazis, or Moslem fanatics, always ready to murder an unbeliever in order to gain Paradise. Sentries worked in pairs as a precaution against the sudden knife-thrust. B.-P. described the Afghans as "awful-looking sportsmen, fine, big fellows, with great hooked noses and long hair, in loose white clothing and very murderous." As a very young subaltern he wondered why Britain bothered to fight in their country, which was merely a "howling, rocky desert." The reason, of course, was that Afghanistan lay across the gateway to India from Russia, and as Britain in those days suspected Russia of designs on India, she considered it necessary to control the approach to the gateway.

The Afghans were not only brave fighters and hardy assassins; they were also expert stealers of arms and horses. At night they could slip through horse-lines and among tents and disappear noiselessly with their booty. A sentry's attention would be distracted by a diversion in one direction by a part of a raiding group, while the other part slipped through in the darkness. Even a keenly watchful sentry might be quietly and expeditiously knifed. Usually they took the two horses at each end of a line. B.-P. tells in *Indian Memories* how he found a way to prevent this in his own troop. At one end of his line he placed a horse which would absolutely refuse to move unless all the other horses were moving; at the other end he set a horse whose habit was to attack anyone who came near it in darkness. The plan worked. A combination of stubbornness and vicious heels was too much for the Afghans!

Baden-Powell responded so well to the Afghans' demand for alertness that later, when commanding cavalry near the North-west Frontier, he lost not a single rifle — by devising a nice co-ordination of lighting and shot-guns!

From Kokoran B.-P. accompanied a party of senior officers to the battlefield of Maiwand, where a British force had been defeated. Clothes, cartridge-cases, equipment, and British and Afghan bodies disinterred by dogs still lay over the ground. He made several maps of the battlefield, which were studied by many senior officers, and were used in the court-martial on the officers involved in the defeat. They attracted some favourable notice to the young Hussar officer. One of them was sent to Africa, for General Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was to have a great influence in his career.

The North-west Frontier of India has been for generations a fighting-school for the British Army. It might be suspected, indeed, that Britain has not dealt finally and ruthlessly with her troublesome neighbours there, as she could have done, simply because she values this training-ground, where some of the bravest and most skilled guerrilla fighters in the world can be found. Afghans and the tribes, such as

the Afridi, who live between Afghanistan and British India, are constantly fighting, either against the British or among themselves. One of Baden-Powell's first experiences on the frontier was to see from Fort Jamrud, on the Khyber, villages sniping at one another within sight of this British post. The British always kept forces ready for instant battle, and the army gained much experience in the conduct of irregular warfare in difficult country.

On the North-west Frontier Baden-Powell, as a lieutenant, experienced his first savour of a battle-front. There were constant night-patrols, hunts after robbers, a need for constant watchfulness; and the bitter cold of the hills at night helped to harden him to campaigning. But in this atmosphere of alertness and strain he did not lose sight of the fact that men cannot support existence without laughter. Yet in hostile country complete relaxation was not possible, and at concerts drawn swords were kept at hand on the stage!

A regimental entertainment was being given at Kokoran, when a general arrived unexpectedly. Colonel Russell knew his name but had not met him before, and politely found him a front seat. But the general, an ancient, jolly fellow, offered to sing, and was greeted rapturously as he mounted the stage. He was, in fact, well embarked on the Major-General's song from the *Pirates of Penzance* — "I am the very model of a modern Major-General" — vaunted his information vegetable, animal, and mineral, and was well launched on his ability to quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus before the Colonel realized he had been tricked by his subaltern, Baden-Powell.

In this hoaxing and practical joking B.-P. indulged throughout his career. Yet his 'stunts' were never such as to cause trouble or pain to others. He did not object to the ordinary rough and tumble in the mess, once emerged from such a scrimmage less a good deal of skin from his face, and even played an extraordinary game which involved diving over a table on to a heap of upturned chairs, at the same time calling, "I am a Bouncing Brother of the Bosphorus." Equally ready to play the fool openly as in disguise, his sole object was to raise a laugh, to amuse, to make people happy, and he was readier to start such games when there was an atmosphere of strain, as on the frontier, or when cholera was rife. He had a flair for impersonation, and did not fail to develop it for lack of practice. In the more peaceful surroundings of Simla, when he had attained the rank of colonel, he once passed a whole evening among friends as an Italian nobleman, with a companion who impersonated a London journalist. The hoax was eventually discovered by a lady, who recognized Baden-Powell's accomplice *from behind* — which taught B.-P. that an adequate disguise must alter the appearance from all angles. Soon afterwards his own disguise was unveiled, and he had to suffer the merited 'rag.' Such hoaxes and impersonations B.-P. considered very useful apprentice exercises for the spy, not because of the skill demanded in altering one's appearance (for real spies do not resort much to that), but on account of the practice in assuming a different personality.

An incident at Kandahar gave him practice in a form of field-scouting, and earned a favourable notice from his colonel. On a stormy night the horses broke loose and scattered. All were recovered save one, and this B.-P. followed by its spoor. Miles from the regiment, he reached a steep, rocky hillside, dismounted, and followed the tracks on foot. At length he sighted the horse on high ground against the horizon, captured him, and brought him into camp. It was an exceptionally good horse. The colonel was correspondingly pleased with Baden-Powell's work, and did not forget it.

On outpost duty and reconnaissance there were sometimes casualties. B.-P. described the death of a newly joined subaltern, 'Jam,' as a patrol, which had just captured one of the enemy, made contact with advancing tribesmen.

Bang! A loud report to our right awakens startling echoes in the cliffs, and draws out attention to a new body of foes, who are crowding down another cleft in the rocks towards us.

“Glasses, ‘Jam’ ” — and keeping my eyes fixed on this fresh apparition, I stretched out my hand for them — no glasses came — there was a sound as if he had gasped “Chub,” and a rattle of the falling glasses, half drowned by a second report of a rifle. I looked round — ‘Jam’ was lying bent over on his left side, his left leg doubled underneath him, and his right leg stretched out, toe downwards, shivering violently; then it made a slow sweep round, the boot marking a circle in the sand, and he lurched heavily over on his face, and lay — dead. Poor ‘Jam’! he had heard his first shot fired in anger, but never another: the bullet of the second had pierced his throat ere its sound had reached his ears.

But I saw one or two of my men turning their heads with horrified curiosity, and my acting propensity at once stood by me, and in spite of my own feelings, I was able in my everyday voice to give orders to the ‘even numbers’ to fire a volley, and then get mounted and hold the horses ready for the rest. Then, when the head of the enemy’s main body came crowding into view in the gully, we sent a smashing volley into it from the odd numbers, and during the check that ensued the remainder of us got mounted.

Then the sergeant-major, addressing me in a hushed murmur, asked:

“And what about Mr ——, the body, sir?”

“Hand him up to me, sergeant-major, and mount the prisoner on his horse”: and so we rode back to camp; a sad, sad company.

Baden-Powell’s journey to Kokoran, his routine outpost work, and his patrols in search of thieves, assassins, and lost horses led to his acquiring an excellent knowledge of the district. When the British forces were being withdrawn he was thus able to save the 13th Hussars a two hours’ march by the use of a short cut which he had discovered through the mountains. Colonel Baker Russell was delighted with his work, and marked him out for early promotion. Baden-Powell was actually the last British officer to leave Kandahar. The 13th Hussars formed the rear-guard of the British forces, and B.-P. went back to the city for a magazine-illustration which he had left behind in his quarters. As he rode out of Kandahar, the city was already ‘taken over’ by the untidy and villainous-looking Afghan levies in place of the smart British troops. The contrast, however, was one merely of appearance. British and Afghan were generally equal in courage and fighting-qualities.

Before he is qualified to judge the Regular Army of Great Britain, wrote Henderson in *The Science of War* (with the nineteenth-century Army in mind), a man must have been east of Malta. In Egypt and India, “in the constant association of bivouac and cantonment, under the shadow of a common danger, the British officers learnt, not only how to command, but how to govern, to think for themselves as well as to obey orders, to organize as well as to lead.” From his first lessons in soldiering, Baden-Powell was trained in the Indian school of the Victorian age, and almost at once he was thrown into the wild scenes on the North-west Frontier, where vigilance, initiative, and the acceptance of responsibility were demanded even of the youngest subaltern. It was in the Indian school that he first impressed his senior officers and won his earliest promotions; India and Africa gave him all his fame as a regimental commander, leader of irregulars, and military scout.

From his earliest days in India Baden-Powell sent sketches to the *Graphic*. He had received no instruction in drawing; his was a natural gift, exercised constantly. Payment for his work helped him, as a subaltern, to indulge in polo. “What a game it is,” he wrote:

With four keen fellows on one side pitted against four equally keen on the other, mounted on fast and handy ponies, with a hard, level ground to ‘keep the ball a-rolling,’ — no game comes near it. It is the quintessence of football, hockey, pigsticking and race-riding ‘fused together and etherealised,’ as one enthusiast has said. The hard, light,

white ball comes flying through the thick of the players, and away they rush to it; a click as the well-aimed club drives it back through the charging knot; then one happy individual gets away, ahead of his fellows, and with a round swing of his arm he sends the ball humming through the air, and where it strikes it seems to gather way; on they go, with every nerve of man and beast strained to the utmost. Now they turn, with one accord, like a flock of pigeons on the wing....

Few men are so diversely gifted, for he was soldier and scout, artist, actor, humorist, and spy; his work with the pencil would bear comparison with that of professional artists, and he was capable of sculpture good enough to be accepted by the Royal Academy, as was the bust of his hero, Captain John Smith. He was a skilled polo-player, and considered the game an admirable though expensive schooling for the cavalry officer. But no sport, in his estimation, rivalled pig-sticking.

The wild boar has throughout history provided excitement for kings and princes. The boar has immense strength, great speed, and a challenging fierceness. It stands three feet or more in height, and is armed with formidable tusks to eviscerate man or horse. In India this killer and destroyer of crops is hunted on horseback with spears. Small parties ride together, the beaters drive the wild pig from cover, and victory is to the first who rides him down and spears him. Of course the pig does not make the hunter's task easier; for he is naturally courageous and is fighting for his life; he twists and turns, or boldly charges. He may rip open a horse's belly with his wicked tusks, and a thrown rider is in deadly peril. The practical value of the sport was, in Baden-Powell's opinion, that:

It teaches a man to ride by forcing him to exert to the utmost all his riding-powers without any effort of mind; by making him anticipate the moves of the boar and regulate his own accordingly and to the best advantage of the ground; it teaches a man to use his wits and powers of observation, and gives him an eye for country; it trains him to decide on his course of action without a moment's hesitation; it gives him practice in the use of a weapon while moving at speed; in the encounter with a strong, infuriated boar, it teaches him self-reliance, and to keep his head and his pluck in an emergency; in a word, it excels all other methods of training in essential qualifications of a successful soldier on active service.

On one occasion B.-P. dismounted to follow a pig into some bush. The pig charged, B.-P. caught it in the breast with his spear, and was thrown down. The pig strove to get nearer to gore him, but B.-P. held on until other officers arrived and the pig was dispatched. One of his best contributions to the *Greyfriar* deals with a boar-hunt. The following is an extract:

No need to look out long, for the first glance round shows me his burly brown form sneaking away at a gallop across the open, and heading for the worst ground in the neighbourhood — a network of deep ravines filled with long tiger-grass. If once he gains this he is sage. Tally ho! Away we go, Clark and I, with a very even start. Now for the honour of being first to spear the boar. Neck and neck we start — neck and neck we go. Hup! Over a stiff bank together — faster and faster — our horses just as keen as ourselves, and each man 'with one eye on his neighbour and the other on the pig' — over a ditch and on through some scrub, still close locked, though Clark is creeping a little ahead. Our quarry is tiring, but he has only another hundred yards to go to reach the head of the first ravine — we are closing on him fast — each of us gets his spear ready, and with spurs going tries to rush up to him — ah! Too late! The boar is at the ravine — no! disdaining to save himself, he passes it by; a few more strides and Clark will be on him — when with a sudden turn to the right he is clear of us both; round comes my horse in another stride; Clark's is hardmouthed, and takes another half-dozen strides before he can

be turned. My game little nag, roused by a grip of my legs, brings me on to the boar with a rush, and before the old patriarch has time to turn he has received a deep crashing spear-wound through the shoulders. The 'first spear' is won, but we have still to kill our pig, and he still has time to escape further damage, as he is only twenty yards from a deep ravine impassable for a horse; but no! *his* blood is now up — he is all for fight; he turns, and scorning flight, stands to receive us. As Clark approaches him, the monster gathers himself up and hurls himself with a grunting roar at my friend's mount; a spear in his back stops the force of his rush, and he is struck down by a kick from the mare. Up in a moment again, he comes straight for me with ears and bristles erect and his eyes glowing with rage. I charge at him, and we meet with a shock and a crash, with the result that for the third time he has tasted the cruel steel; but he treats it as a very small matter, for he passes on and charges Clark, who had stopped to watch my encounter. Clark, taken by surprise, has only time to make a hurried 'jab' with his spear, and a dig with the spurs to move his mare out of the way, before he finds himself swung half round and nearly thrown down as the pig hurls himself at the mare's quarter, and passes on, leaving his mark on her in the shape of a long red gash in the stifle. However, loss of blood and his exertions are beginning to tell severely on him; he stands with his back to a high tuft of grass, to recover his wind. A fine, muscular, bristly specimen he is (standing 36 inches in height, weighing as much as a young bullock), with his wicked little eyes, bloodshot and glowing, watching our every movement, and foam and blood dropping from his mouth as he champs with his long, yellow, murderous tusks with rage; altogether a foe worthy our steel. As soon as I approach him he comes at me again, though not so fast as before, and my spear entering, so to speak, the small of his back, stops his rush and partially paralyses his hind quarters; then as Clark comes at him in his turn, in his frantic efforts to drag his limbs after him for one more charge, he falls over, and a spear through his brave heart puts an end to the fight, and sends him to happier jungles where hunters, horses, and spears are not.

"So here's to the boar good to run and to fight,  
And who never says die, till you've killed him outright!"

It was a rough sport, B.-P. admitted, but it gave excitement and appealed to man's natural fighting-instinct, for which the Churches apparently recognized the need for an outlet as they seemed satisfied to let men kill one another in war.

Baden-Powell was, of course, essentially a religious man. He seems to have had no bias towards or against any form of religion, and held that Christian principles, particularly those of the Sermon on the Mount, were applicable to all religions. God's Kingdom on earth meant to him the replacement of all selfishness and hostility, between classes or nations, by love. Love involved mainly service for others, to be practised every moment of daily life. To attain a knowledge of God he recommended reading the Bible and studying the wonders and beauties of Nature.

The creation by which Baden-Powell's name will live, the Scout Movement, is based on true Christian principles. That greatest achievement of a long life was twenty-seven years ahead of the subaltern then riding the North-West Frontier.

The 13th Hussars moved from Kokoran to Quetta, capital of British Baluchistan, an important point on the North-West Frontier. It was in a pleasant situation, at 5,500 feet, and became one of the most popular stations in the Indian Army, though at that time it was but an agglomeration of tents and mud dwellings. On the way, while stalking horse-thieves at night, B.-P. accidentally shot himself in the foot with his revolver. After suffering a very painful operation for removing the bullet, without anaesthetic and at the hands of a surgeon who had lunched rather too well, he was carried the rest of the march in a covered stretcher.

At Quetta he was an invalid for some weeks and spent the time studying Hindustani, Persian, and French, and preparing a long series of concerts. He had the latest songs, music, and light operas sent out from England.

On his recovery he was appointed musketry officer. This meant an increase in pay, which was welcome to B.-P., who had to watch his expenditure narrowly, to avoid getting into debt. Most of his fellow-officers had large private incomes. A day in his garrison duty at this time was something like this:

5-6.45 A.M.	Musketry parade.
7 A.M.	Breakfast.
8-8.30 A.M.	Orderly room.
8.30 A.M. – 12 NOON.	Range.
2 P.M.	Musketry lecture, followed by an hour's drill.

B.-P. noted this as a specially light day's work, but even the full programme, involving various other duties, certainly does not seem arduous; but one must remember that the climate of India, in most places, restricted both the length and degree of effort for Europeans. It was not unusual for men to drop dead suddenly from the heat, and attacks of fever came almost as a matter of course. The attitude of the Army authorities to enteric fever was often almost too passive. As a subaltern B.-P. did what he could for the regiment's health, particularly by organizing concerts and gymkhanas, for he was firmly convinced that general fitness was improved by cheerful distractions and a good hearty laugh. Baker Russell was well pleased with the subaltern, who was efficient in the field as a troop officer, could make the best map of a battlefield, had used his wits to shorten the regiment's marching-time on the withdrawal from Kandahar, and never rested from his task of keeping men and officers occupied and entertained. Now B.-P. was able to attract a little attention to his skill as a scout, at a time when the art was much neglected in the Army.

During night manœuvres the General has arranged an outpost line which he thought impenetrable. It was, in fact, a very good line, and several officers and men were captured in trying to prove the General's fallibility. B.-P. and his men, however, succeeded in fixing the adroitly sited posts, and B.-P. crept through it, noted the position of troops in the rear, and then left a glove there. When, among the guardians of the line, there was a certain tendency to doubt his feat, this glove was his witness.

In his colonel B.-P. was most fortunate. Baker Russell admired initiative in others, and was fully equipped with that quality himself. B.-P. never ceased to learn from him, and remembered the lessons. Realizing that in the Indian climate mental boredom and physical weakness were real dangers, the first often leading to the second, Baker Russell provided officers with plentiful opportunities for polo, pig-sticking, and shooting. Again, the regulation 'day off,' Thursday, was changed to Friday in the 13th Hussars, thus making a long week-end, in which the mess was moved into the jungle. The men also were encouraged to camp out, away from the cantonment, for days at a time, to teach them to fend for themselves and to add change and variety to the garrison life. In barracks they had to groom their own horses and not rely on native *syces* — this was intended to ward off the inclination to be idle in a hot climate. Every week the Hussars were turned out at least once for night operations. Baker Russell introduced keen competition between troops and squadrons, and even allowed the troopers to try their sabres and lances on the wild boar. Later, he developed scouting. In all these things, especially the last, he had an enthusiastic assistant in B.-P.

Almost from the very first days of his soldiering, Baden-Powell was attracted to scouting. Success in modern warfare, he wrote in his first handbook on the subject, rests on accurate knowledge of what the enemy is doing; and on the quickness and intelligence of the scouts, the eyes and ears of the army, depends the result of all operations. But his interest went further, for he believed that through scouting the best means would be found to make the soldier self-reliant and mentally alert, and these attributes were desirable in men, in civil and military life. In Ireland he taught his troop how to swim rivers, how to find

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the way at night, and how to cook and take care of themselves when separated from any regimental organization. But it was after the Matabele campaign in Africa, which broadened his own practical experience of scouting, that he set out determinedly to train men in things that were still generally neglected in military education. Through scout training he tried to bring out resource, manly independence, and intelligent observation and deduction.

Military knowledge he acquired by devotion to his profession, and he brought the training of soldiers to a fine art. The observant, guileful scouting-instinct was born in him, though experience sharpened it. In India he once recovered a stolen bicycle by following its scarcely perceptible wheel-tracks and the thief's footprints — for the machine had been locked, and its purloiner did not know how to release the drive!

Though B.-P. loved social life, he preferred soldiering with his regiment, especially the more active months, when a regiment was changing stations. From Quetta the Hussars made a march of several hundred miles to Muttra, a cavalry station in the United Provinces, where Baden-Powell became captain and adjutant after six years' service. His promotion was exceptionally rapid even for the cavalry, in which, for reasons indicated in a later chapter, advance was easier than in other branches. The reason in Baden-Powell's case, however, was a straightforward one — he was a first-rate officer, keen on every activity and every minor point that would make for regimental efficiency. He made it his business to know, through personal contact, every man in his squadron, his past career, his hopes and opinions. Years later he could remember the names, faces, and characteristics of hundreds of troops and N.C.O.'s who had served in the Hussars.

It was while stationed at Muttra, in 1883, that B.-P. won India's greatest prize for pigsticking, the Kadir Cup. His people had always been anxious about his keenness for this risky sport, but the only promise B.-P. ever gave was that he would do no more pigsticking in two months' time — when the season was finished!

A year later he wrote the standard book on pigsticking, for he had added authorship to his varied interests. An earlier book, dealing with scouting and reconnaissance, saved him a little trouble when he took his examination for promotion to lieutenant, for he was passed in these subjects on the strength of it. In 1885 he published a *Manual of Cavalry Instruction*.

Sometimes he went to Simla, and thoroughly enjoyed the plays, balls, and concerts, but he took these holidays more for the change of air than for the social life. As subaltern and, years later, as colonel, he always preferred the tasks of soldiering with his regiment, and their accompaniment of polo and pigsticking. One well-remembered pleasure of these years was a brief appointment to the staff of the Duke of Connaught, who, in the middle 'eighties, was a divisional general at Meerut. He noted his chief's considerateness to all officers and men, and the Napoleonic memory for those who had served with him.

In 1884 Baden-Powell made his first journey to Africa. It was India that gave him training as a soldier, and thirteen years later he was to make a great service reputation as a regimental commander in India. He could not have foreseen, when the 13th Hussars sailed for Natal, that some of his most exciting adventures, a great military feat, and the development of ideas that led to a great world movement for youth would all come out of Africa.

Like William Napier, as a young officer Baden-Powell's alertness, good looks, soldierliness, charm, and high spirits gained him friends quickly. Men liked him at once, and remembered him. There is a picture of Captain Baden-Powell at that time, as seen by a soldier as alive and progressive as B.-P. himself. General C. E. Callwell, then a lieutenant, writes in his *Stray Recollections*:

Baden-Powell, whose name I had often heard, was the adjutant, and...he happened to sit opposite me at dinner. He was in his absurdist mood, playing all manner of monkey tricks, imitating the various performers in an orchestra, and so forth, and he had the man

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sitting next to me and myself in such fits of laughing that when the meal came to an end we discovered, to our concern, that we had had practically nothing to eat.

The Hussars were moved to Africa because the Boers of the Transvaal, supported by Germany were attempting to annex a district of Bechuanaland. Cecil Rhodes and Sir Hercules Robinson, High Commissioner in South Africa, advised Great Britain to prevent it, and General Sir Charles Warren was sent with a force of four thousand men to protect the district. The 13th Hussars were landed in Natal to be used if required.

Horses were left in India, and the regiment was provided with remounts in Natal. One night several horses broke loose, and B.-P. was sent to find them. Remembering his search for a loose horse in India, he looked for them on high ground. After nearly a day's search he observed through his field-glasses two yellow splashes far away, judged that they represented horse-rugs, and soon brought in two of the missing remounts.

As support to the Warren expedition the Hussars had no fighting, but Baden-Powell, at his colonel's orders, carried out long, secret reconnaissance over passes in the Drakensberg Mountains, on the frontier of Boer territory, to find routes unlikely to be defended by the enemy if the Hussars were ordered into the Transvaal. Old clothes and a red, straggling beard disguised the smart cavalry officer. With a spare horse for his rations and simple camping-kit he covered six hundred miles in thirty days. The horses he rode alternately, and usually he found a billet at night in farmhouses, explaining when farmers were interested in his business that he was an artist, or a journalist writing about the country's attractions for settlers.

The reconnaissance led to Baden-Powell's making several alterations to the current map, but sixteen years later these corrections had evidently not been added to the maps issued to General Buller, who was using faulty maps during part of the operations for the relief of Ladysmith, during the Boer War.

In fact, if Baden-Powell's report on this reconnaissance had been intelligently noted, there would have been no siege of Ladysmith, for he advised that if ever a British force should retire under pressure southward to Natal, it should not resist at Ladysmith, but should make its stand south of the Tugela River. This suggestion, like his map corrections, seems to have passed unnoticed. So did precisely the same advice, given by Lord Wolseley years later, and in the Boer War a British force was immobilized for four months in that town, to be relieved only after costly fighting.

At this time two Baden-Powells were concerned with affairs in Africa, for an elder brother, George, was on the staff of Sir Charles Warren. This brother became M.P. for a Liverpool constituency, and in later years he acted as literary agent for B.-P. when he was on foreign service.

There was no fighting in Bechuanaland, and the Hussars were ordered to England. Before the regiment came home, Baden-Powell had some big-game hunting for several weeks in Portuguese East Africa. Nothing very exciting occurred on this trip, save one unusual lion-hunt. The party of six, including a famous South-African big-game hunter, had a few oxen, which were scattered one night by a rush of lions. At dawn the spoor was followed up, and eventually an old lion was found, feeding on a bullock. The lion retired, and the hunters again followed him. After several hours they saw him disappear into a thick clump of bush.

The place was surrounded, and as the lion still lay low it was decided that B.-P. should crawl down a tunnel in the bush with his rifle. The other members of the party agreed to explore other tunnels. To B.-P. it seemed to be simply offering the lion a good lunch, and it took an effort of will to creep into the tunnel. Yet as he crawled farther, he began almost to like the situation! Nevertheless, he was relieved, and even felt brave, when he saw the end of the tunnel — without meeting the lion! The others all emerged successfully, and the only casualty was B.-P., who carried three scars on his hand from thorn-bush.

He did not enter this adventure in his diary at the time, probably lest it should alarm his mother, for whom he kept illustrated diaries during his journeys abroad. Writing and drawing for his mother was

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Baden-Powell's way of talking to her, when they were separated by continents, and new scenes gave him greater pleasure when shared, as he wrote, with 'an appreciative friend.'

The trip resulted in fourteen heads, including one hippo (a hard shot at the eye, the only part of the beast above water), one buffalo, and the rest inyala and various buck. B.-P. also learned a great deal about tracking, spearing, finding the way by sun, stars, and landmarks, and practised these things assiduously. Indeed, the ride through the Drakensberg and the *safari* in Portuguese East formed his apprenticeship as an African scout.

## CHAPTER III

### OFF PARADE

Spies are like ghosts. People seem to have a general feeling that there might be such things, but they do not at the same time believe in them because they have never seen them.

LORD BADEN-POWELL, *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life*

TWO years at Norwich, Colchester, and Liverpool followed. At Colchester B.-P. proved the value of training his squadron to act on hand-signals instead of shouted orders. During operations in mist he followed the 'enemy's' movements by listening to the officers' commands, and led his own force in complete silence to a decisive attack on the flank.

In 1886 he was Assistant Adjutant-General in manœuvres at Dover; in the next year he organized a military tournament at Liverpool and acted as a judge at the Grand Military Tournament. Already Captain Baden-Powell had been noticed by Wolseley, the Adjutant-General, and was sent by him to Aldershot to inspect the training of cavalry machine-gunners and suggest methods of improving it. These were unexciting tasks. B.-P. found a means of introducing a little more adventure into life.

In 1886, for instance, he visited Germany with a younger brother, a subaltern in the Scots Guards, observed the Russian manœuvres, and reported results to the War Office. Some months later he toured the battlefields of the Franco-German war of 1870, staying with a Uhlan regiment at Strasbourg. The Germans may not have realized that in the trim, spare, English cavalryman, fond of playing the fool, always cheerful, a good 'mixer,' and not, as it seemed, vastly interested in their affairs, they were entertaining a man with peculiar powers of observation and deduction.

Baden-Powell began his secret-service activities at a promising time. Until about 1887 the Intelligence Branch was not an important department of the British Army. At the London headquarters 'secret' information consisted mainly of cuttings from foreign newspapers, carefully pasted into records. Nothing was done to study the information, such as it was, in relation to British measures or requirements. An improvement was now taking place, and funds were provided for accredited agents to take trips abroad for seeking data that were not published in foreign journals. Part of the agent's outlay was paid. B.-P., who usually covered his own expenses by selling articles and sketches dealing with his travels, believed that more valuable results would have been obtained had Intelligence been ready to foot the whole bill.

Espionage consists of two main activities: firstly, in finding out such things as foreign systems of training, types of armament, and strength of fortresses; and, secondly, in preventing such information about one's own fighting forces from reaching the enemy. The latter branch is called counter-espionage. For the most part, Baden-Powell was engaged in the former. One must not imagine him travelling in

luxury trains, drugging enemy agents, seizing documents that incriminate kings and cabinets, and adopting heavy disguise, like the spies of fiction. To be a spy of this romantic and thrilling type would doubtless have intrigued him, but actually his work was more commonplace, though exciting enough. His disguises rarely went beyond the cultivation of a limp, altering the shape of a hat, or carrying over his arm in one place the overcoat that he had been wearing in another.

Spying appealed to him to some extent as an obviously useful means of helping his country in peace time, but the main attraction was that it provided a stimulating change from military routine. He was to find that is exercised, in a fascinating way, many of his natural attributes, such as cunning, resourcefulness, and powers of observation and deduction; and it satisfied his impulse, for which there was little outlet in garrison duty, for crossing 'thin ice.' The danger, in this case, was arrest, followed by several years' imprisonment.

Britain prefers as spies men like B.-P., who work at their own expense, or primarily from patriotic motives, and who possess the technical knowledge, as of gunnery or engineering, to enable them to observe speedily and make deductions from things perhaps only half seen. If the spy can pass as a foreigner he is even more valuable. During the Great War an English spy, a civilian engineer, worked for several years in the German naval bases and provided information of vital importance for Britain.

If the spy could not pass as a foreigner, B.-P. would have advised him to be excessively English, for he found that the English traveller in the 'eighties and 'nineties was generally regarded as an unaccountable person, who was probably rather mad. Some of the most successful British spies profited handsomely from this attitude. Their sketches of cathedrals, or botanical specimens, were in fact plans of forts and gun-positions, and, when carefully examined, were of great interest to the Intelligence Branch in London.

The military attachés, at the Embassies abroad, try to gain information, but their activities are limited by fear of diplomatic complications, and at manœuvres they are shown only the things they already know. Baden-Powell in mufti, at a naval base, garrison town, or at manœuvres, was able to learn much that foreign Powers desired to keep secret. His activities sometimes necessitated entering prohibited areas. In such a place he was once chased by mounted police, ran across a plank bridge over a stream, and drew it after him. When the police galloped along the bank to find a bridge, B.-P. doubled on his tracks, replaced his plank, and got clean away.

At another time he lay along the top of a wall while his pursuers passed underneath. He relied upon the probability of the searchers not looking upward. Knowledge of this likelihood saved him from a period of incarceration when he was investigating a dry-dock and power-house, which were under construction in a foreign port. The dockyard was surrounded by a high wall. He described the episode in *The Adventures of a Spy*.

It was early morning; the gates were just opened; the workmen were beginning to arrive, and several carts of material were ready to be brought in. Seizing the opportunity of the gates being open, I gave a hurried glance in, as any ordinary passer-by might do. I was promptly ejected by the policeman on duty in the lodge.

I did not go far. My intention was to get inside somehow and to see what I could. I watched the first of the carts go in, and noticed that the policeman was busily engaged in talking to the leading wagoner, while the second began to pass through the gate. In a moment I jumped alongside it on the side opposite to the janitor, and so passed in and continued to walk with the vehicle as it turned to the right and wound its way round the new building in course of construction.

I then noticed another policeman ahead of me, and so I kept my position by the cart, readapting its cover in order to avoid him. Unfortunately in rounding the corner I was spied by the first policeman, and he immediately began to shout to me. I was deaf to his

remarks, and walked on as unconcerned as a guilty being could till I placed the corner of the new building between him and me. Then I fairly hooked it along the back of the building and rounded the far corner of it. As I did so I saw out of the tail of my eye that he was coming full speed after me, and was calling policeman No. 2 to his aid. I darted like a red-shank round the next corner out of sight of both policemen, and looked for a method of escape.

The scaffolding of the new house towered above me, and a ladder led upwards to its top. Up this I went like a lamplighter, keeping one eye on the corner of the building lest I should be followed.

I was half-way up when round the corner came one of the policemen. I at once 'froze.' I was about fifteen feet above sea level and not twenty yards from him. He stood undecided, with his legs well apart, peering from side to side in every direction to see where I had gone, very anxious and shift. I was equally anxious but immovable.

Presently he drew nearer to the ladder, and strangely enough, I felt safer when he came below me, and he passed almost under me, looking in at the doorways of the unfinished building. Then he doubtfully turned and looked back at a shed behind him, thinking I might have gone in there, and finally started off, and ran on round the next corner of the building. The moment he disappeared I finished the rest of my run up the ladder and safely reached the platform of the scaffolding.

The workmen were not yet upon the building, so I had the whole place to myself. My first act was to look for another ladder as a line of escape in case of being chased. It is always well to have a back door to your hiding-place; that is one of the essentials in scouting.

Presently I found a short ladder leading from my platform to the stage below, but it did not go to the ground. Peering quietly over the scaffolding, I saw my friend the policeman below, still at fault. I blessed my stars that he was no tracker, and therefore had not seen my footmarks leading to the foot of the ladder.

Then I proceeded to take note of my surroundings and to gather information. Judging from the design of the building, its great chimneys, etc., I was actually on the new power-house. From my post I had an excellent view over the dockyard, and within 100 feet of me were the excavation works of the new dock, whose dimensions I could easily estimate.

I whipped out my prismatic compass and quickly took the bearings of two conspicuous points on the neighbouring hills, and so fixed the position which could be marked on a large-scale map for purpose of shelling the place, if desired.

Meantime my pursuer had called the other policeman to him, and they were in close confabulation immediately below me, where I could watch them through a crack between two of the foot-boards. They had evidently come to the conclusion that I was not in the power-house, as the interior was fully open to their view, and they had had a good look into it. Their next step was to examine the goods shed close by, which was evidently full of building-lumber.

One man went into it while the other remained outside on the line that I should probably take for escaping, that is, between it and the boundary wall leading to the gateway. By accident rather than by design he stood close to the foot of my ladder, and thus cut off my retreat in that direction. While they were thus busy they were leaving the gate unguarded, and I thought it was too good a chance to be missed. So, returning along the scaffolding until I reached the small ladder, I climbed down this on to the lower story,

and, seeing no one about, I quickly swarmed down one of the scaffolding poles and landed safely on the ground close behind the big chimney of the building.

Here I was out of sight, although not far from the policeman guarding the ladder; and, taking care to keep the corner of the building between us, I made my way round to the back of the lodge, and then slipped out of the gate without being seen.

On a foreign trip Baden-Powell and his younger brother discovered that the claims of a certain cavalry, that all their troopers could swim rivers with their horses, were simply bluff. B.-P. did not disdain the use of bluff, for he used to enter forbidden places quite naturally, as though he had business there. Working with his brother, he obtained samples of a chemical which a foreign Power was using as an illuminating device in manœuvres at night, closely examined a fort, and noted all the secret details of a military balloon.

Baden-Powell's brother, a pioneer in aeronautics, was greatly interested in the military uses of balloons and kites. This interest became wider in the early days of aeroplanes. In those days few soldiers in England or Germany had much belief in the value of aeroplanes in war. That military vision was not confined to one member of the family is suggested by a lecture which Baden-Powell's brother gave at the Royal United Services Institute in 1909. He foresaw the value of heavier-than-air craft for bombing, reconnaissance, attacking enemy communications, and even for 'ground-strafting' and troop-carrying. Some of his remarks became most applicable thirty years later — "Let us not forget that machines are now actually in existence that can come over, without warning, from the Continent, and it is more than possible that they may be the cause of considerable damage to us, even risking their own loss thereby. Therefore we *must*, and at once, make due preparation to defend ourselves against such aggression."

While watching some foreign manœuvres, Baden-Powell was caught. His passport was impounded, and he was placed under open arrest in a hotel, until the police should be ready to deal with him. A friend arranged to get B.-P. and his brother, who was not yet arrested, places as members of the crew on a British steamer which was just leaving the country. In his book of spying-adventures he writes —

That was the scheme. But the difficulty was how to play it off. A ship was found whose captain was willing to receive us provided that we could get to him without being observed. With the aid of our friendly waiter, we let the detective at the hotel understand that we were tired of being under suspicion, and that we were boldly going to take the train and leave the country.

At ten o'clock a cab was to come round to take us and our luggage to the station, and if anybody interfered with us — why, we were freeborn British, and subject to no man's rule, and the Ambassador and all the rest of the Powers should hear about it! This was for the information of the detective, and he merely telephoned it to the police office at the railway station, where we should be arrested at the point of our departure.

We got into our cab and drove off down the street towards the station until we were out of sight of the hotel. Then we called to our driver and said we should like to go to a different station. This course involved our going to the river-side and taking the ferry.

It was an anxious time. Had we been spotted? Should we be missed? Were we being followed?

These questions would answer themselves as we progressed with our plot. The answer, when it came, would mean a tremendous lot to us — triumph or five years' imprisonment; so we had every right to be fairly anxious. And yet, somehow, I don't think we were worrying much about the consequences, but rather were busy with the present — as to how to evade pursuit and recapture.

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Arrived at the ferry we paid off our cabman and made out way to the quay-side. Here we found a boat which had already been arranged for; and we made out way safely off to the ship, which was waiting under steam in mid-stream to start the moment we were on board.

In Germany B.-P. sought information regarding machine-guns and methods of infantry training. Going openly at first, he was well received by German officers, but learned nothing. In another garrison town, passing as a civilian, he gained some information, but was discovered by a sentry when lurking near a rifle-range. This time he avoided arrest by pretending to be drunk — providing the appropriate aroma by spilling brandy over his clothes!

## CHAPTER IV

### SOLDIER, SCOUT, AND SPY

We followed the principles of the Zulus and other African tribes.

LORD BADEN-POWELL, *Scouting and Youth Movements*

#### I

IN January, 1888, Baden-Powell was again in Africa, this time as A.D.C. to his uncle, General H. A. Smyth, G.O.C. South Africa. It was useful to him, to watch a careful, balanced judgement at work in administration, for his chief had the chess-player's 'canny' mind. B.-P. had very little else to do but observe the routine of a headquarters. For the rest, he was involved in social occasions and organizing concerts and gymkhanas.

This uneventful life was interrupted by unrest in Zululand. The Zulus were originally a small African tribe, which, partly by accident and partly by the military genius of its chief, Chaka, conquered other tribes, and by conscripting their men into the Zulu regiments, or impi, prevented subsequent rebellion. The Zulus were courageous and skilful fighters, and possessed what was rare among natives, a strong code of military discipline. Led by Cetewayo, they had caused Britain considerable trouble in 1879, and ten thousand men had to be sent from England before they were defeated at Ulundi. Lord Wolseley then divided Zululand into thirteen districts, each under a chief. The arrangement did not work, the Transvaal Boers began to encroach on Zulu lands, and in 1887 Britain applied direct control by annexing the territory, which was placed under a Commissioner responsible to the Governor of Natal. Britain set out to make the Zulus prosperous and contented, but an obstacle to her work arose in Cetewayo's son, Dinizulu, who rebelled in 1888.

He had his own following, the Usutus, was joined by other tribes, and began to concentrate forces in the Ceza Bush, country on the Transvaal border. Other tribes remained loyal, regarded the Queen as their just guardian and protectress, and had always turned to the Governor of Natal when Boers entered their lands and ridiculed their loyalty. Among the loyal Zulus was Usibebu, a personal rival of Dinizulu's. He came to the British side with his impi, and the British were also supported by Chief John Dunn, and old Scots trader, reared among the Zulus and trusted by them.

The Acting Commissioner and Resident Magistrate in Zululand had sent a small force of dragoons, mounted infantry, and native police to arrest Dinizulu, but it was forced to retire with a few casualties. It was evident, not only that the Usutus could fight courageously, but that they were extremely well

handled. Dinizulu now sent out raiding parties which attacked some Europeans and drove off the cattle of friendly tribes.

Dinizulu's seemingly triumphant defiance encouraged his uncle, Tshingana, a chief who had been drawing a salary from Britain, to raise an impi, which soon grew in numbers from two or three hundred to two thousand. He occupied a mountain called Hlopekulu, and his raiders were soon busy in the surrounding kraals. The rising was now becoming widespread. In the coastal district, Mr Pretorius, Assistant-Commissioner, a few police, three hundred natives, and some white traders, women, and children, were surrounded at Umsundusi, on the Lower Unfolosi, about fifty miles from Eshowe. They were in a small fort some forty yards square which Pretorius had constructed — a ditch, a thorn fence, and an earth wall. Though he beat off an attack and even made a *sortie* to protect loyal natives, the Assistant-Commissioner's position was perilous.

General Smyth and his staff now arrived at Eshowe, and at once went to work. A flying column, consisting of about 500 white troops, Inniskilling Dragoons, mounted infantry of the Inniskilling Fusiliers and North Staffords, and 2,000 Zulus under John Gunn, who was the chief nearest to Pretorius, was sent off to effect the relief of the fort. A force of mounted Basutos joined the column shortly after it started, and the whole detachment was commanded by Major McKean, of the Dragoons. Baden-Powell went as his staff officer.

Baden-Powell's first sight of Zulus in war was when, from the brow of a hill, he saw Dunn's impi advancing in three long lines from the valley, chanting a song in parts. Forty years later he recalled that picture of the fighting savage — the magnificent golden-brown bodies, the tossing feathers and furs, the great ox-hide shields, and the flashing assegais. He remembered their song, too, and from it came the *Een-gon-yama* chorus, now known to thousands of Boy Scouts.

When Dunn's impi joined the column it had just skirmished with a rebel impi which was apparently making for Dunn's territory. The warriors were nervous about what these raiders would do in their kraals, so McKean detached five hundred men to that district.

The relief column, travelling without tents or heavy equipment, covered fifty miles in two days. The Zulu rebels hung on the flanks and once attempted an attack, but were soon driven off. At another time Zulu scouts were seen some distance away, so that McKean laagered and sent out a reconnaissance in force. The enemy could not be found, and the march proceeded without opposition. It was supposed that six thousand men were in revolt in this area, but as comparatively few Zulus were seen, B.-P. considered that the number must have been exaggerated.

Pretorius was relieved, and as his fort was commanded by higher ground four hundred yards away, McKean and B.-P. planned a new one, leaving some infantry to strengthen the garrison, which had lost forty killed and fifteen wounded. B.-P. attended to the sick and wounded.

Just before the column began the return march, sentries reported Zulu scouts on the neighbouring hills. Dunn's impi reconnoitred and found that the rebels were falling back, forestalling McKean by burning their kraals as they fled. The return was made in three columns, following different routes so as to cover more country and disperse scattered, hostile bands. McKean burned some deserted kraals, from which the men were evidently 'out' with the rebels. In the 'blue book' dealing with these affairs he is described as having "taken measures to discourage rebels in that part of the country." In this action he was supported by the local civilian Commissioner, but the practice was stopped on orders from Natal.

Perhaps the weather kept the Zulus passive, as it certainly made the relief march wretched. There was no shelter from the heavy rain at night; B.-P. tried the shelter of wagons, but the water trickled through; then McKean and he, draped in ground-sheets, tried to get warm by the camp-fire. One night they gave up the fire to a wounded native girl, who died before morning, and tried to rest in the mud under the cataracts of rain from the cracks in the wagon floor.

The smart accomplishment of this relief was duly credited to McKean, who in turn gave credit to his Staff Officer — "I beg to bring to the notice of the Lieutenant-General Commanding, the invaluable

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services rendered me by Captain Baden-Powell. This officer's unflagging energy, his forethought, and his thorough knowledge of all military details were of the greatest assistance to me."

In the subsequent operations McKean roved the territory, cowing the rebel impis. But meanwhile Tshingana was dealt with by a force of Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Zululand Police, and Basutos. Usibebu's troops could have been used, but the British were averse to employing them against the Dinizulu tribe, lest it should introduce the atmosphere of vendetta. Tshingana's mountain was stormed in a six hours' struggle, which involved much hand-to-hand fighting, the Police preferring to use Zulu assegais rather than their bayonets. Finally a way was forced into the centre of resistance, a deep, bush-covered ravine. Two hundred Usutus were killed, but Tshingana escaped. The victory had resounding effects, persuading many rebel bands to submit.

Baden-Powell, who had been employed after the Pretorius affair in forming an Intelligence Department at G.H.Q., was now in the field again, rounding up small groups of the enemy, seizing arms, and receiving surrenders. During this work he had one close escape, when his orderly shouted a warning, and turning around quickly, B.-P. saw that a huge Zulu was just preparing to throw an assegai. The warrior, seeing that his intended victim was ready for him, ran away. B.-P., instead of shooting, watched where he fled to, and then followed, and eventually came across a great crowd of Usutus with their women and children in a deep ravine. It called for cool self-control to walk down among them, but he did it. A few weeks earlier he would have had short shrift at their hands, but now, when his orderly shouted to them to surrender and their lives would be spared, they hesitated. Fortunately just at that moment British troops appeared, and they 'downed arms' without resistance.

B.-P. missed nothing that the Zulu scouts could teach him. He learned, for instance, their method of crossing a skyline in long grass on hands and knees, and then raising the head slowly, and inch at a time, to see what lay below them. If they thought they were seen they would remain absolutely still for incredibly long periods, hoping that their heads would be mistaken for rocks or tree-stumps. B.-P. did not wait for a suspicious object to move on a horizon, but gave no sign of having noticed it, and if, when he looked again, it had disappeared, he knew that a Zulu scout was at work. He learned also how to find the passing of impis by the parallel tracks on the ground, for they marched in single file; and how to tell, by the presence of sandal-marks or simply of bare feet, whether the regiment was on a long or short march. He had further practice in remembering his route by landmarks, and developed great skill in the art of concealment. On such accomplishments his life depended.

Dinizulu was still at large in the Ceza Bush, with a force of some 3,000 men. General Smyth surrounded the place, and B.-P. went forward to reconnoitre, with a few white troops and natives. In camp one night his instinct, or his sense of smell, warned him of danger. He ordered the men to fire a few rounds into the darkness, and the Zulus, who had been stealthily closing on the camp, retired at once. His alertness probably averted a small massacre, for the Zulus specialized in surprise raids at night. The Boers called them the 'night wolves.' With little experience of active service as yet, B.-P. had acquired the old campaigner's awareness of danger. His acquaintance with the North-west Frontier had not been fruitless, and the alertness demanded through all the twenty-four hours of the day, when faced by such expert scouts and ambushers as the Zulus, did not wear his nerves. Indeed, B.-P.'s nerves, like those of his ancestor, Captain John Smith, seemed braced by every successive adventure.

At dawn Baden-Powell followed these Zulus, who retired across the frontier into Boer territory. When he pressed the pursuit they soon surrendered. From the Cape there then came a remonstrance against his infringement of Boer neutrality, and B.-P. might easily have been in the position of the soldier in the field who is castigated and perhaps broken by the civil power. But he had a good answer — that on the official map, which he had used, the point he had reached was within British jurisdiction!

Returning to the Ceza area, B.-P. found nothing to do, for Dinizulu with some of his men had slipped through General Smyth's cordon and reached the Transvaal. The short, sharp campaign had occupied the midsummer months of 1888. What through initial successes might easily have become a struggle as

serious as the first Zulu War had been quickly ended. For his useful work in the campaign Baden-Powell was promoted Brevet-Major and was appointed Military Secretary to the G.O.C. at the Cape.

In the late autumn Dinizulu surrendered to the British and was deported to St Helena, where he may have been consoled by reflections on another royal exile. He was allowed to return to Africa in 1898, was involved in another revolt, and after a trial for murder, treason, and other offences, was sentenced in 1908 to four years' imprisonment. He was released after two years, and died in the Transvaal in 1913.

The capable handling of this incipient war was a step, however small, to restoring British military prestige. From the Peninsular War the Army had emerged with honour, but all reputation, save that accruing to courage, was lost in the blundering methods of the Crimean War, and the Indian Mutiny was encouraged by this lowering of military fame. Napier's march to Magdala did something to restore honour, and the victory of Ulundi helped to counter the tragedy of Isandhlwana. Then the pendulum swung again, and in a war with the Boers of the Transvaal a British garrison of Potchefstroom was forced to surrender, and in 1881 the British were defeated at Majuba Hill. This had persuaded the Boers to advance claims to Bechuanaland, but Britain checked this move by the Western Expedition. Nevertheless, the Transvaal Boers still retained ambitions beyond their own frontiers. These ambitions led to Baden-Powell's next employment in Africa.

## II

At Cape Town B.-P. planned a shooting-trip which should cover a reconnaissance of Portuguese territory in East Africa. Other duties intervened, but he did manage to have some big-game hunting at Knysna, some 250 miles east of Cape Town. There, amid jungle scenery, he first experienced the wild elephant, and his ignorance of the rules led him into places which experienced hunters would have avoided at all costs — tangles of fern and thorn, where it was almost impossible to see elephants or avoid them if they charged.

From a distance, and from high ground, he saw some of the huge beasts, but when he came down to approach them through the dense forest and undergrowth they disappeared. However, B.-P. had evidently kept a correct bearing on them, for soon he heard the crackling of the foliage and their intestinal rumblings as they pastured. These noises were all round him, but he could see nothing, until a trunk slithered weirdly through some branches and was followed by the great tusks and the head of an elephant. More quickly than it had appeared the head vanished, and there was complete silence. B.-P. waited, and still there was no sound. The herd had moved away quite inaudibly, without even a rustle of trees or grass. Many hunters have remarked the quietness with which elephants can move, despite their huge and apparently clumsy bulk. B.-P. did not particularly want to shoot these animals; he was quite content to watch them, and greatly admired the cleverness and adaptability of tame elephants. The leopard was a different matter. At Knysna, during his few days' hunting, he managed to lessen their numbers by one.

In the summer of 1889 B.-P. came to England on short leave, and on his return to Cape Town drew up a *précis* of the situation in Swaziland, an independent native district in south-east Africa, forty or fifty miles from the Indian Ocean. The Boers of the Transvaal had designs on this district, and in 1886 the Swazi chief, Umbandine, asked in vain for British assistance. Three years later the Boers were infiltrating and settling in large numbers. Umbandine, an unreliable chief, with a craving for heady wines, was neutralized by petty gifts, and at length the Transvaal Government, under President Kruger, began openly to show a desire for annexation. Eventually Britain agreed to a joint commission with the Boers, to make inquiries on the spot, and report on the situation.

Baden-Powell's *précis* was written for the British Commissioner, Sir Francis de Winton, and led to his being appointed private secretary on his staff. It was a South Africa very different from to-day's, for after travelling to Ladysmith by rail, the British representatives went by road to Harrismith, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Swaziland, in a coach drawn by mules. Johannesburg was something like the pioneer towns



described by Bret Harte, a new town, with no paving or lighting, dear food, and a small population, mostly interested in gold.

At Pretoria the British met Kruger — a large, heavily built man, with a rather flabby face and a low forehead, as B.-P. saw him — and the methods of procedure in the coming negotiations were settled. Then the party had some shooting on the way to Swaziland. British and Boers and Swazis met at Embekelweni, the Royal Kraal near Bremersdorp, and discussed the future *régime* for the country.

Eventually a dual control was set up, British and Boer, but it did not work well, and in 1894 the Boers were allowed to annex the district, though Britain insisted on certain native rights. In the Boer War the Swazis favoured the British, and when it ended Britain set up a temporary government to put an end to the disordered state of the country, and a protectorate was established in 1906. The Boers did not want Swaziland for its potential supplies of agricultural products, tobacco, cotton, for its grazing-land or its gold; it was desirable to the Transvaal as a step to the sea. Britain thwarted this object by annexing the territory between Swaziland and the Indian Ocean, Amatongaland, in 1895.

The minutes of the conversations between the Swazi chiefs, British and Boers, traders and farmers, signed by Captain R. S. S. Baden-Powell, can be read in the ‘blue books’ of parliamentary reports, and form an interesting example of such negotiations. This experience must have proved of great benefit to B.-P., for it brought him into contact with an Imperial problem in miniature, with political, social, and economic questions to be answered. It must have taught him, if he did not know it already, that one of the reasons for British success in Imperial administration is that an attempt is always made to balance conflicting claims, to avoid a flat ‘no,’ and to bargain with, and on behalf of, those too weak to insist on discussion.

Sir Francis de Winton mentioned Baden-Powell’s valuable aid in the work of the Commission, and added to his report an appendix, written by B.-P., on the military organization of the Swazis. B.-P. greatly admired the training of youth among the tribes of Zulu connection, Zulu, Swazi, or Matabele. The boy was sent into the veld or forest, quite alone and with sufficient arms; he had to hunt, and sustain life for himself, and if, within a certain period, he was seen by his kinsfolk, it was legal to kill him. Thrown upon his own initiative, to fend for himself in every way, the boy developed physical fitness, resource, and self-reliance. B.-P. desired some like apprenticeship for European youth. It seemed to him that only the civilized nations neglected the training of youth in manliness. When, later, he was given the opportunity of training boys and men, he did not fail to promote, as far as civilized conditions allowed, a system of teaching independence analogous to that learned in Africa.

While Baden-Powell was away in Swaziland, General Sir H. Smyth was appointed Commander-in-Chief at Malta, whither B.-P. accompanied him as Military Secretary and A.D.C., starting duty in the spring of 1890. He longed for camps and the life of the African veld, and Malta provided only office-work, running entertainments, gymkhanas, polo, and some woodcock shooting. This last was a dangerous sport in Malta, for there were so many stone walls, and so many people shooting in the season, that shot ricocheted from all directions, and B.-P. took out insurance against accident. For an officer engaged in the staff work of a garrison it is quite easy to get into the narrow channel of routine, a habit B.-P. avoided by finding something creative to do. In this case he resolved to found a Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Club. It took a long series of entertainments and concerts to raise the money for it, but the Club was opened, to be duly appreciated by the Garrison and the Fleet.

Whenever B.-P. was seated at an office desk, something always turned up to rescue him. Excitement came along in 1891, when he was appointed Intelligence Officer for the Mediterranean countries. He was thorough in everything he did, whether it was organizing balls, concerts, dinners, or attending to his chief’s correspondence; but he turned his back on garrison life with enthusiasm, for the chance of pitting his wits against the foreign police and military. He was thirty-four; half a dozen years had passed since his previous adventures in espionage, but the attractions of the game were still in the same order — the battle of wits first, and second the merit of bringing back useful information.

III

Posing as an artist, he discovered the tactics, organization, and standard of efficiency of certain Alpine troops, talked with the officers, and even had the battle-plan at manœuvres explained to him. Armed with his butterfly-net and a sketch-book, he explored forts and gun-positions on the Adriatic, and passed unsuspected by soldiers and civilians. B.-P. could assume the style and mannerisms of a civilian of any profession — a remarkable feat for one with years of military service, who was normally the trim, smart cavalry officer. In the Bosphorus, as a humble fisherman, he took soundings, studied the fortress artillery, and noted places where troops could be disembarked.

An expansive Turkish officer showed B.-P. (his ‘American’ guest) the breeches of some guns that were always kept covered. At the Austrian manœuvres he studied the allegedly superior marching-powers of certain Balkan troops. The manœuvres were held in the autumn, and B.-P. mixed freely, and on very friendly terms, with the troops.

To contrive a foreign air, he wore a flat hat, made of green felt with the brim turned up, and a cockade of partridge feathers at the back. His trousers were without an upturn, in the Continental fashion of the day. When he reached a small town containing the headquarters of one of the opposing armies he found all the houses and inns full of soldiers, so that it was impossible to get a bed or a meal. After buying some bread, cheese, beer, and apples, he set off in the late evening towards some woods outside the town, walking along the turf by the roadside so that his footsteps would not attract the attention of the various outposts which studded the countryside. After avoiding one sentry, he was suddenly halted by a shout of “*Wer da?*” and by the light of the stars saw the bayonet of another sentry at his chest. A non-commissioned officer came up and asked his business. “A stage laugh,” wrote B.-P., “and a white lie of having business at an inn up the road assured them, and I was allowed to proceed.”

That night B.-P. slept in the woods, using his knapsack as a pillow and digging a hip-hole for his hip-joint. “Never forget to dig a hip-hole when you have to sleep on hard ground, if you wish to sleep well.” His breakfast was a piece of bread and an apple, saved from the previous day, and at dawn he emerged to study the fighting. Men were entrenching, and soon a cavalry patrol passed, warning a party of infantry, to which B.-P. had attached himself, that the enemy were approaching.

He saw the enemy forming for the attack, the artillery preparation and the infantry advance. “Bodies of troops were thrown forward by their leaders, and put back by the umpires as killed; reinforcements rushed to the front as heroic as you please where no bullets were flying. Hour after hour the tumult and hurry continued. Then the rattle of the musketry grew to a steady, deafening roar as the ‘magazine’ fire was brought into play; and our side gradually began to retreat.”

Baden-Powell retreated with the troops over hill and dale, woods and ploughed land, to the next defensive position, where the battle commenced again. At the end of the day the soldiers went off to billets in the villages. B.-P. had a supper of sausage and beer at an inn with a Hungarian soldier, who explained points which certainly Baden-Powell’s trained eye had missed. “I saw,” he said, “what our colonel did not see, and what our general even did not see. I saw that to win the battle it was necessary for our side to break a gap in the enemy’s line. I explained the state of things to my *schwarm* (platoon or section) and gave them their orders for carrying out my plan. I waited in ambush till the enemy came close. Then I gave them a volley and followed it up with a ‘magazine’ fire that would have annihilated the company opposed to me. As soon as I judged that we had sufficiently shattered them, I gave the word to charge, and rushed at the head of my *schwarm* right into them. Presently an umpire came up and asked me what I, with No. 36 on my shoulder-strap, was doing there in the ranks of the 27th Regiment. So I explained to him that the 36th had taken the 27th prisoners, and that I and my *schwarm* had got them safe, and that the battle was over; we had won.”

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Another Bill Adams, who won the battle of Waterloo, thought B.-P. The friendly Hungarian took B.-P. to his *schwarm's* billet, a pointsman's hut near the railway, where he passed a comfortable night with the troops.

Baden-Powell had seen the tactics of infantry and cavalry, the methods of co-operation with artillery, and had noted the degree of efficiency among the officers. The marching-powers of the Balkan troops, he discovered, were much exaggerated.

In 1893 Baden-Powell resigned his appointment at Malta and rejoined the 13th Hussars in County Cork, where office work was varied with drills and polo. At the Curragh manœuvres in the summer he attracted the attention of General Lord Wolseley, then commanding in Ireland, by the use of a stratagem which was later employed at Allenby, before the Battle of Megiddo in 1918. B.-P. dispatched men to ride along a road dragging branches of trees, which sent up clouds of dust, to divert 'enemy' cavalry while he rode in with his squadron and overran the guns. Allenby used sleighs drawn by mules along the dusty ground, so that the Turks might think he was moving troops and artillery to his right flank, when he intended to attack on the left. This was a feint on a large scale; Baden-Powell's was just a piece of tactical guile, but the great soldier who was watching noticed it, praising B.-P., and remembered him.

The regiment moved to Dundalk and Belfast. In 1894, at cavalry manœuvres in Berkshire, B.-P. was Brigade-Major to Colonel French, who in 1914 commanded the British Expeditionary Force in France. From these manœuvres B.-P. gained a special mention for the smooth handling of reconnaissance and scouting. Another staff officer present was Colonel Douglas Haig, who was to succeed French in command of the B.E.F., France, directing the greatest army Britain has ever raised.

In 1895 Lord Wolseley, now Field-Marshal, became Commander-in-Chief. It was unfortunate that the powers of that office were curtailed when he attained to it, for Wolseley had for a generation been the advocate of Army reform, in general policy, organization, and regimental efficiency. Regarding the last, he sympathized with those officers who were often uninspired in their duties, as he believed that most of them were too intelligent to waste their time on "pipe-clay and hurdy-gurdy" parades. For years he urged that officers and men should be given practice in realistic war manœuvres and exercises, which he regarded as the true means of disciplining body and mind. He encouraged officers to study the art of war. The British officer, in his view, always proved devoted and self-sacrificing in the field, and by an enlightened system of training he wanted to bring those qualities to bear in peace-time. Wherever in his career he had been in a position to bring his teaching into practice he had done so. Most strongly he held that the officer's first interest should be the welfare of the men; they should make the men see that the interests of all ranks were identical, and should appeal to the ideals of honour and chivalry. Wolseley held that by showing confidence and trust in the men, the sentiment of honour and manliness would be created in those who lacked it.

These ideals of Wolseley, Baden-Powell accepted and tried to advance throughout his career in the Army. Wolseley's efforts were often stifled by his superiors, and thirty-five years before he became Commander-in-Chief he had almost expected to be placed on half-pay, for producing a book, the ancestor of the modern field-training manuals, which should have come from the War Office, if it had been alive to its work. But his efforts did not wholly fail, for they stimulated many officers, as they did Baden-Powell. Wolseley also was a staunch advocate of promotion by merit, over seniority — for the seniority system, in his opinion, was not only grotesque and wicked, but broke the spirit and ambition of capable men.

This attitude was very fortunate for Baden-Powell, for the new Commander-in-Chief was seeking ability, did not hesitate to look for it in the junior ranks, and had a system of picking capable men for special service. He may have remembered the cartographer of Maiwand, and Baker Russell certainly did not fail to recommend his alert subordinate. Wolseley had already chosen B.-P. to report on the training of cavalry machine-gunners, and at the Curragh manœuvres he had noticed him again. Baden-Powell's congeniality, which made him so popular in the Army, would mean little to Wolseley; the great soldier

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had marked him for efficiency, and still more for initiative. Thus in 1895 B.-P. was chosen for special service in West Africa.

Success in this employment brought, just before Wolseley retired, a further command which made B.-P.'s name famous throughout the world. Baden-Powell was one of 'Wolseley's men.' That, in itself, was a proud distinction; and it sent B.-P. to Mafeking.

## CHAPTER V

### LEVIES IN ASHANTI

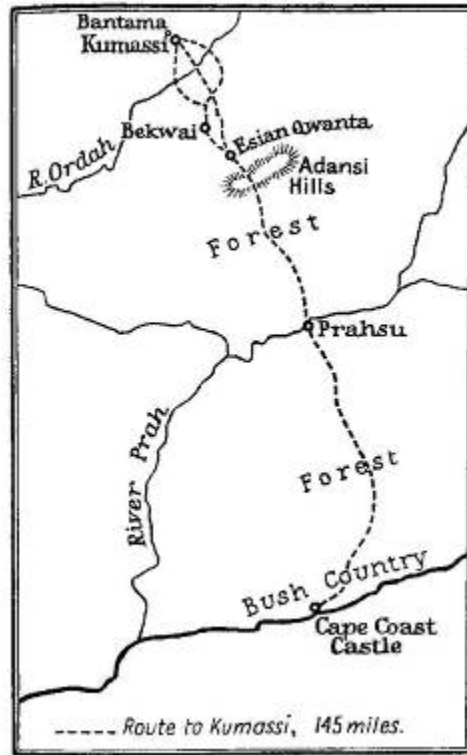
I think the duty of this country in regard to all these savage countries over which we are called upon to exercise some sort of dominion is to establish...*Pax Britannica*, and force these people to keep the peace among themselves...destruction of life in an expedition which brings about this result...will be nothing if weighed in the balance against the annual loss of life which goes on so long as we keep away.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLIN (*Hansard*)

THE Ashanti were a confederation of West African tribes, of which the most important from the early eighteenth century were the Kumassi. Troublesome to the neighbouring British colony on the Gold Coast, tyrannizing over natives under British protection, they raided for slaves and formed an obstacle to trade. Many of their victims were captured simply for their rites of indescribable torture and human sacrifice. Their chief king, at Kumassi, and all the sub-kings had absolute power over their people. The chief interest of the Ashanti was killing, their main characteristic a quenchless blood-lust. They believed that an important man should take with him to the next world a large band of attendants, so that a death was followed by vast human sacrifice. The life of a captive meant nothing to them, and the walls of the King's house at Kumasi were painted with blood. In 1874 Wolseley had punished them. The King had promised to pay an indemnity, allow trade, and try to stop human sacrifice. The British had taken action not only for political and humanitarian reasons; the Ashanti territory was potentially rich in gold and cocoa yet little trade could be done with it, or beyond it in the interior.

Prempeh became King of the Ashanti in 1888. For a time there was peace, but when trouble began again, in 1894, the Government of the Gold Coast suggested that he should live up to the promises of 1874 and, in addition, should agree to his country's coming under British protection. Prempeh refused even to treat with the Gold Coast authorities, for he thought that the defences of nature would be sufficient to deter British military action against Kumassi.

From Cape Coast Castle was a distance of some 150 miles. The first few miles of the route passed through low hills covered with bush; then came the obstacle upon which Prempeh relied for safety. This was a dense forest of enormous trees, hardwood and silk-cotton, whose domes rose to heights between one and two hundred feet from a carpet of jungle and bush fifteen to twenty feet high. For seventy miles to the River Prah the track ran through such country and was only four or five feet wide. In this country there were few birds, flowers, or animals. Baden-Powell once saw something like a deer's head, peeping from a cave, but was told that it was the head of a huge serpent. From Prah the country northward to Kumassi was the same, except that there was a less-defined track, and that there was some high ground, the Adansi Hills. Beyond these lay the River Ordah and Kumassi. The territory was dark, damp, and ridden with malaria.



THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN

To send troops along such a narrow track through heavily forested country, where a bold enemy could at any time attack their flank, or cut an extended column into parts as one might a dead snake, called for elaborate organization and precaution. Moreover, the campaign would have to be quickly successful, before fever took its grip of the white troops.

Before Colonel Sir Francis Scott and Baden-Powell, whose job was to raise native levies, arrived on the Gold Coast, much of the preparation was under way. While friendly Adansi tribes, supplied by Government with flintlocks, kept an eye on the Ashanti, bridges were built over streams, the telegraph was being laid along the proposed line in advance, and thousands of carriers were called in to transport supplies. In this country horses could not be used because of the tsetse fly. At seven places south of the Prah the jungle was cleared, huts were built, arrangements for food and military baggage were made, and the surface of the forest path was corduroyed. Each of the seven stations was to be a supply-base and hospital. All the elaborate preparations were intended to save time when the advance began, to enable the troops to go into action as soon as they reached the Gold Coast, before they could be knocked out with fever.

Baden-Powell landed in West Africa on December 13, 1895, and at once began to raise his native force. For various considerations, the tribal chiefs supplied the men, who included Krobos, with some small value as soldiers, Mumfords, who were definitely timid, and the Adansis, who had suffered from Ashanti inroads and might be expected to fight for revenge. A chief was paid 7s. 6d. and a man 9d. per day. In three days B.-P. collected the tribesmen from the chiefs, and five days were spent in organizing and equipping them. The latter task was not insuperable, as the uniform consisted only of a red fez. Eventually his unit, nearly six hundred strong, marched off with its raucous 'band' of elephant horns and drums of elephant hide.

Baden-Powell's main duty was to scout ahead of the West Yorkshires and other regular troops and keep in touch with the enemy, but part of the levy was employed in making a path beyond the Prah for the

troops to use. Other units joined later, so that his force numbered about nine hundred. In immediate support B.-P. had two companies of Houssas with a Maxim gun, a comforting thought to him, for the West African natives had no desire to fight. In fact they had no enthusiasm for any aspect of the job, tree-felling, clearing the track, making bridges, or any other arduous occupation. Sometimes B.-P. would get so tired of watching their reluctant movements that he would fell trees himself, until he found that the sight of his riding-switch sent a wave of electric energy through the levy. He never used this weapon, but his Houssa orderly occasionally took active measures with a thin cane. B.-P. believed that most things could be achieved with a smile and a stick — but he was always averse to using the argument of the stick.

It was always half-night in the forest, for the sunlight could not filter through the dense canopy of trees; the ground was wet or swampy, and the air was always stifling and rank with the smell of rotting vegetation. Along the track as B.-P. passed with his levy there were squads of natives under white officers, laying the telegraph lines and making bridges over the numberless streams and marshy depressions. B.-P. warned each village that a daily market would be held for yams and plantains for the carriers.

As the levy approached Prahsu there came rumours of fighting ahead between the native scouts and Prempeh's men, and at the village itself B.-P. found three white officers down with malaria. He halted at that place four days, awaiting orders to advance, and when these came, his force was carried across the Prahsu on December 24 by detachments in a large dugout canoe. Some of the levy at first refused to go farther, but B.-P. would have no discussion, and soon got them on the move. The river, seventy yards wide, was crossed, and B.-P. pushed ahead behind a screen of scouts, and began to broaden the almost invisible track. Headquarters moved up to Prahsu, and the whole line backward to the coast, bearers and troops, was linked up by the telegraph. Up to Prahsu there had been no fighting, yet of that point in the previous campaign Wolseley had written, "The stench from their dead at Prahsu and for some miles south of it was very bad when my patrols first reached it."

Beyond the Prah Baden-Powell's levies were in the 'no man's land' south of the Adansi Hills. They were quieter in this danger-zone, readier to carry out orders smartly without argument. Ahead were the Ashanti, in arms. The dreaded tribesmen had not taken the offensive yet, but it was their way to act slowly, and to protest peaceful intentions till the last moment before the attack. In the Adansi Hills B.-P. came up with one of the advanced outposts when from the jungle as though by magic a naked, brown figure appeared and was soon joined by others. They were Adansi scouts. B.-P. informed them that they were the eyes of the snake that was crawling up the path from the coast, getting ready to strike, and he showed them his repeating-rifle, as an example of the means of striking. He fired it slowly and then gradually faster until the scouts were quite overcome with excitement and delight, and went off gleefully to their usual work of watching the Ashanti day and night.

B.-P. pushed on with his unenthusiastic levies. They had to build many bridges — mainly by fastening poles together. B.-P. learned a good deal about bridge-building and tying knots. The natives were nervous as well as unwilling, and the riding-switch had to be frequently shown. The heat was damp, clammy, and oppressive. Over his back B.-P. carried a spare shirt tied by the sleeves round his neck. When one shirt was soaked with perspiration he changed, and let it dry on his back. He wore a broad-brimmed hat of the Stetson type, which protected the face from the sun, in open places, better than a helmet, would stand rough wear, and in the bush and jungle helped to guard the face and ears. For much of the time his only rations were bananas and plantains. But he felt fitter than ever before, despite the lack of sunlight and the atmosphere of rotting vegetation in the swamps. As they wound through the wet undergrowth, through swamp and bush-ridden boles of trees, the earth steamed with fetid heat.

When they neared the Ordah, the sub-king of Bekwai sent runners asking for the protection of the British flag, and pleading for troops to be sent quickly — before Prempeh murdered him. Baden-Powell set off, leading some seven hundred men, for a night march of about twenty miles to Bekwai, with scouts well in front, and advance guard, then Houssas, and a line of carriers protected by some of his native levies; another company of Houssas followed, and scouts covered the rear. The native levies knew

nothing of the march until they were ordered to start at night. B.-P. knew that some of them might have deserted in daylight, but would prefer to stay with the crowd in the hours of darkness.

The scene, as B.-P. describes it in *The Downfall of Prempeh*, was “dark as pitch, one’s only guide to the path was the white rag or package on the next man in front. With stick in hand one groped one’s way through the deep, dense gloom, hoping that as the moon rose things would improve — but they didn’t. Buried in this bush, below the overlaced tree tops, scarcely a ray could penetrate — and all around was the deep silence of the forest, only broken by the rare crack of a trodden stick.”

At Esain Qwanta, where the Kumassi track forked to Bekwai, the Ashanti had an outpost, so shortly before the position was reached, B.-P. took a forest path to avoid it. The moon had risen, but it was pitch dark in the forest as they passed over rough ground, swamp, creepers, and roots, slowly moving round the flank of the Ashanti post. Into deep shadows, where an enemy might be lying in ambush, lighted bundles of grass were thrown, but no Ashanti were seen. Nine miles were covered in six hours before the column halted for a rest, and Bekwai was ten miles distant. B.-P. now sent a company of Houssas to drive the enemy from Esain Qwanta, but the flanking-move had already persuaded them to fall back, and B.-P. left a few men at the place.

At Bekwai the sub-king was promised British protection and the Union Jack was hoisted, the African chief attending the ceremony with a yelling crowd of followers, beating drums and blowing horns. He even favoured B.-P. and his officers with a few dance steps, as an extraordinary compliment. Yet he found it difficult to realize that British protection had a price, and only agreed to supply the carriers B.-P. demanded on the threat that he might have to deal with Prempeh without British support.

At the River Ordah, Baden-Powell prepared to meet an Ashanti attack, for it was there that they showed fight in 1874. From the Kumassi bank tree and bush were removed, so that the enemy could be seen if they tried to rush the advanced troops. This time, however, the Ashanti made no move.

The last stage of the advance to Kumassi was made with the head of the long column, Baden-Powell’s command, approaching the town by three routes, with the Houssas in support. No one could be sure, even at the last moment, that the Ashanti would not fight. Behind the leading troops came Maxim guns, West Yorkshires, the Headquarters staff, porters, ammunition column, a field hospital, and a rearguard of West Yorkshires and Houssas. It was January 17, 1896, just over a month since Baden-Powell’s landing in West Africa.

Through the jungle B.-P. approached the sound of thundering drums, passed through groups of mud-huts, traversed some open ground, and reached a collection of huts with thatched roofs. This was Kumassi. Soon the flanking parties appeared from the bush. A political officer, B.-P., and two other officers were the first to enter. It seemed an anti-climax, after an arduous march to reach so squalid an objective as that African village.

As the troops arrived, Prempeh came out with his courtiers and attendants, and sat watching the scene listlessly. The Ashanti yelled, shrieked, blew their ivory horns, and beat their huge roaring drums, but Prempeh seemed quite uninterested. When Sir Francis Scott arrived, the chiefs filed past, saluting and making submission. Finally Prempeh was warned that he would be compelled to submit in native fashion to the Governor of the Gold Coast as soon as he arrived.

That night, B.-P. and his scouts unobtrusively surrounded the King’s house, to prevent any attempt at escape by the monarch or his headmen. Those leaving the house were intercepted. One man, coming out into the darkness, seemed uneasy, so to prevent him from returning and alarming the others, B.-P. closed with him. The native forced his gun towards Baden-Powell’s stomach. B.-P. grasped the lock, which came away in his hand, and they rolled and fought on the ground — a powerful, muscular negro and a slight, wiry Englishman. An orderly was just in time to prevent a knife from slipping into Baden-Powell’s body. It was a quick, silent, deadly struggle. Then the man was overpowered.

Watch was kept until after dawn. On January 20 Prempeh knelt before the Governor and embraced his knees. Doubtless he cherished a deep desire to pull the white invader to the ground and knife him; but

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instead of that he was forced to pay immediately part of the indemnity owing from the previous war. Then, with the queen mother and the chiefs, he was arrested.

The village of Bantama, where hundreds had died as human sacrifice, was burned, and the tree under which the sacrificial murders had been staged was destroyed. Baden-Powell brought back the large 'execution bowl,' over which thousands of victims of the Ashanti had been beheaded. He well deserved this trophy, for it was widely recognized that much of the expedition's success was due to the work of his native levies. The march of his advanced force was so smooth and rapid that it reached the Prah in one week. Wolseley had taken nearly two months.

Prempeh was exiled to the Seychelles, where he became a Christian. When he was allowed to return in 1924 he was met by Christians and heathens, all singing the 'Old Hundredth.' Eventually the ex-King was allowed the rank of paramount chief, and when the Prince of Wales visited West Africa, Prempeh attended the great palaver.

The removal of Prempeh did not mean the final conquest of the Ashanti. In 1900 the Gold Coast authorities asked for the surrender of the 'Golden Stool.' This article had little intrinsic value, being merely a wooden stool with some gold fittings; but to the Ashanti it was something revered, as given to the tribe by the God of the Sky. The British did not realize the stool's significance, and that the Ashanti believed the soul of the nation resided in it. The demand was met by a rising, followed by much suffering and bloodshed before the tribes were finally defeated. The territory was annexed by Britain in 1901.

For his part in the Scott expedition, Baden-Powell was promoted to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, at the age of thirty-eight. He then rejoined the 13th Hussars in Ireland.

## CHAPTER VI

### "UMLIMO"

The worst perhaps that can be said for Imperialism is that it gives to the native a new set of troubles in exchange for the old.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY, *Sir George Goldie:*  
*Founder of Nigeria*

### I

WITHIN a few weeks Baden-Powell was again on his way to Africa, as Chief Staff Officer to General Sir Frederick Carrington, going out to command forces dealing with the Matabele, who were in revolt. B.-P. sailed in the *Tantallon Castle* in May, 1896.

He was in command of 500 troops aboard, but these went into camp on arrival at Cape Town, while B.-P. proceeded to Mafeking (then the railhead for Rhodesia), sixty hours in the train. From Mafeking the journey north had to be made by road, and transport was scarce, as rinderpest had killed thousands of oxen. This swift and deadly cattle scourge had moved south into Rhodesia from Somaliland, and though large numbers of cattle had been slain ahead of its course, in an attempt to check it, all efforts had been unavailing. The Colonial Secretary and the High Commissioner made arrangements to relieve the distress in the affected areas by the importation of large quantities of food, and the former suggested that the men should find work in the gold-field while the women and children were supported at home. The natives, however, were not anxious to work for the white man who, as Lord Grey pointed out, had sometimes



defrauded them of their wages, as when the Vryburg-Mafeking railway line was being constructed. All movement of cattle was forbidden, and the slaughtering continued wherever rinderpest appeared.



MATABELE WARRIORS

*Photo E.N.A.*

Carrington, Baden-Powell, and other members of the staff made the 560 miles from Mafeking to Bulawayo in a mule-drawn coach. It was an occasionally exciting journey, as when steep hills were negotiated at high speed with inadequate brakes.

The Matabele were fighting-men of Zulu origin who had been driven across the Limpopo by the Boers. They had entered the territory of the Ma-Kalanga, where the tribes were more civilized, working in metals and pottery, weaving, and cultivating the land. Moselekatse, chief of the Matabele, conquered them, and he and his successor, Lobengula, held the subject people in awe by periodic raids. The neighbouring Mashona were also conquered and terrorized by the invaders. At the beginning of the 'nineties, Cecil Rhodes, following an agreement with Lobengula regarding mining-rights, introduced white settlers to Mashonaland, where their main centre was Salisbury. But the Matabele, who could still put 17,000 warriors into the field, became so troublesome by raiding and fighting, that Rhodes sent an expedition into their territory and seized Lobengula's kraal at Bulawayo. After some fighting, in which one small party of British was wiped out, Lobengula was driven from the country, and died near the Zambesi. After his fall the Matabele felt that they had no protector; the white man's native police bullied them, forced labour for private gain was demanded, and the best agricultural land was taken by gold-miners. There came a visitation of locusts, a prolonged drought which ruined crops and killed the cattle, and then the rinderpest, which not only killed the herds, but led to the officially ordered slaughtering. By this time there were about 4,000 Europeans in Matabeleland and 2,000 in Mashonaland, but the Jameson Raid had taken practically all the white police, and much of the ammunition and arms, out of the land.

It was a further encouragement that Jameson's band was captured by the Boers. The Matabele consulted their god, "Umlimo," a Ma-Kalanga deity whom the conquering Matabele had adopted. Through oracles, in a cave in the Matopo Hills, they were given a plan. It seemed easy, in the plan, to seize Bulawayo, kill the white inhabitants, and then spread over the country, slaying the settlers and plundering the farms.

They made the mistake of killing settlers and prospectors on the road to Bulawayo, in March, 1896. Most of the native police proved disloyal. Old people, women, youths, girls, and tiny children were battered and torn to death. One hundred and forty-one were massacred in the Bulawayo district. But some people escaped, flying before the murderous savages, and the town was warned in time. Among those who brought the news that the rising was widespread was the famous big-game hunter, F. C. Selous, who was living twenty-five miles from Bulawayo.



MATABELE AND MASHONA RISINGS

The inhabitants of Bulawayo, Gwelo, and Belingwe formed laagers, a form of defence consisting of wagons arranged closely together in a circle, used by the Boers in their native wars, and by the American pioneers against the Red Indians. At Bulawayo the market-hall was surrounded by two lines of wagons. When the Matabele arrived they found a garrison on the alert, so that they did not attack, but hung about the surrounding hills. A bold assault might have stormed Bulawayo, but the Matabele had learned in the former war that attacking laagers was a costly business. In bold *sorties* the white settlers drove them farther from the town, and brought in some of the survivors from outlying districts.

It was the courage of the settlers, aided by the incompetence of the Matabele leaders, that saved the whites in Bulawayo and other towns. After some unnecessary delay, relief forces were organized at Kimberley and Mafeking under Colonel H. C. O. Plumer, who raised 700 men, and at Salisbury under Colonel Beal, who was accompanied by Cecil Rhodes. These forces and others, including a Dutch Afrikaner Corps, numbering finally about 3,000, though hampered by lack of oxen for transport, began to clear the country round Bulawayo of Matabele impis. Gwelo was relieved by Beal's column; Belingwe defended itself for months, and the garrison eventually took the offensive under Captain D. Laing.

The Portuguese Mozambique Company lent the settlers arms and gave facilities for passing ammunition and supplies into the country. There was no lack of white, black, and half-caste fighting-men in South Africa. The difficulty lay in getting them to Matabeleland and feeding them.

It was with such men, hastily raised volunteers for the most part, that Baden-Powell experienced what he considered the greatest adventure of his life. From the beginning, though he had to deal with much

office work, he was constantly engaged in hand-to-hand fighting, tracking, and scouting. Soon after his arrival, in May, three columns were sent out from Bulawayo to harry the rebels, when three miles from the town B.-P., scouting with one trooper, discovered a Matabele regiment in ambush, and hastened to warn the troops.

In this way his first fight occurred by the Umgusa River. Colonel Beal, with some 250 men, met 1,200 Matabele, who lay in veld covered with scrub on the other side of the stream. The Matabele did not oppose the crossing, but when the mounted men forded the river, they took cover, and then their bullets, and other variegated missiles fired from rifles, began to whizz among the attackers. Beal's men galloped among them in one fierce, irregular charge, shooting with deadly accuracy from the saddle. Then, as the horsemen closed with them, the Matabele fled, or if they could not escape, stabbed horses in the belly to bring them down. One trooper was grassed and rushed by eight Matabele. In the standing-position he shot four of them in one burst of rapid fire, and the others broke aside in their charge and ran. A warrior dropped to his knee in front of Baden-Powell, aimed carefully, fired — and missed! B.-P. tried to ride him down, but as the man began to run he fell on his face, shot by someone else.

Then B.-P. had a near escape from death. From a tree above his head a gun-barrel appeared and a bullet struck the ground at his feet. The marksman was soon dealt with. B.-P. kept a knobkerry and a photo of him, as souvenirs!

No quarter was given, because the men could not forget the sight of the crushed and battered bodies of the women and children slaughtered by the Matabele. It was a notable fight, as the impi which they defeated was composed of picked men. There were other skirmishes before the Matabele fell back into the difficult country of the Matopos, some thirty miles south-east of Bulawayo.

This almost inaccessible district was marked by hills of no great height, but consisting of great rocks and boulders, covered with bush and slashed with ravines. For several weeks it was Baden-Powell's duty to reconnoitre the Matabele positions in these hills. In this task he was sometimes accompanied by two or three men, but preferred to work with a single native who could track or stay with the horses, while he went out alone to find the Matabele impis and sketch their positions. Much of the work was done at night, when it was easier to pass through the outposts. At dawn the Matabele positions were shown by their fires.

The scoutcraft which B.-P. learned by actual experience is now available to all Boy Scouts. On his cunning and alertness his life depended — and death at the hands of the Matabele would have been preceded by devilish torture. Sometimes when the enemy saw him, he heard them shouting to one another to capture him alive, and he had no illusions as to their object. Even when he had no reason to believe that he had been sighted, he came back always by a different route, to avoid ambush, and he always kept an alternative way out from a position used to watch the enemy. He learned to wear clothes that harmonized with the background and to examine his kit before setting out, lest he might be wearing something vividly coloured, or likely to shine. He became adept at avoiding sky-lines, and found that anywhere else a person who remained perfectly still was very difficult to see. In dry weather he wore rubber shoes, as a slip over stones caused by the nails in a military boot might have led to a particularly nasty death when the Matabele were chasing him. Over wet, slippery ground he wore boots. The rebels were just a little less alert than he, though they tried to lure him to places likely to interest a scout, by showing fires or cattle.

Once while B.-P. was riding with a native scout over a grassy plain, the spoor of several women and boys was noticed, and where it became clearer over a patch of soil it seemed to lead to a suspected Matabele position in hills five miles away. Several yards from the tracks they observed a leaf, although there were no trees nearer than a village fifteen miles distant. The leaf smelled of beer, which B.-P. knew was carried on women's heads, in pots covered with leaves. It was 7 A.M., and there had been no wind to blow a leaf for two hours, so he knew the approximate time when the party had passed. It seemed likely, on the evidence, that beer was being taken to the Matabele warriors, and would have reached the hills

about six o'clock. B.-P. knew that the beer would probably be consumed at once and that the warriors would be sleepy. This suggested easier conditions for a reconnaissance, and forthwith he and a native scout made one with great success.

The result of several weeks' scouting was that Baden-Powell exactly placed and mapped the positions of all the local Matabele impis and their cattle, in a district 1,200 square miles in extent, a mass of boulders, bush, gorges, and caves. When the positions were attacked by the troops, his sketch-map was completely justified.

This scouting had to be done accurately and quickly. The area in revolt was much larger than the United Kingdom. The ordinarily great problems of transport and supply were made even more difficult by the rinderpest. When the rains came, the difficulties of supply and fighting were intensified, and a rebellion that is not speedily crushed tends to gather momentum. Carrington's object was to finish the campaign successfully before the rains.

## II

Following Baden-Powell's scouting, Colonel Plumer attacked a Matabele force about fifty miles northeast of Bulawayo. The column took some six hundred prisoners — men, women, and children — killed a hundred and fifty warriors, and brought in a great herd of cattle. The fight was round a bouldered kopje called Taba-si-ka-Mamba, which a corps of Cape Boys (blacks and half-castes), under an officer named Majore Robertson, distinguished itself by storming. After the fight the cave of one of the oracles of "Umlimo" was found, though the priest, Umkwati, escaped.

There was a Rider-Haggard atmosphere about the oracle's cave, which led gradually to a narrow slit in the rock, through which the natives questioned the god. Propaganda, encouragement, and magic charms to protect against bullets were dispensed through this slit by the witch-doctor, who entered the kopje by another cave.

For some time after this action B.-P. was often kept to his office chair, but sometimes carried out patrols while columns tried to clear north-west Matabeleland. As the impis were harried out of the district, strong-points were built and the people in the area were summoned to surrender. At length B.-P. was freed from office work to act as guide to a force led by Plumer against an important chief named Babyan. As the Matabele were now difficult to bring to action, the columns had to march at night to surprise them at dawn. It is astonishing that during the whole campaign the Matabele never attempted a determined attack while their opponents were on the line of march, though by rush tactics, with their greater numbers, they might have won a big success, especially at night. They would not have needed their rifles and variegated fire-arms. Under night conditions their assegais would have sufficed.

The force, about 1,000 strong, moved off towards the Matopos by moonlight. Baden-Powell, who had reconnoitred the position, led the way with an advance guard of Cape Boys, some friendly Matabele, and twenty mounted scouts with a Hotchkiss and two Maxims. The main column, consisting of Plumer's Relief Force, police, and volunteers from Belingwe, followed.

At dawn the Matabele were seen far off in rocky ground covered with scrub and kopjes at the far side of the Tuli River, and soon shells were screaming across to them. Working forward with his advance guard, B.-P. surprised them one of their outposts and scattered it with a sudden volley. Then, under cover of the guns, he led the way across the river against the main position. The Matabele lay well concealed behind rocks and in holes in the kopjes. The 'friendlies' did not like fighting under these conditions, so B.-P. brought up the Cape Boys and the Maxim guns. Then the attack began again, the Cape Boys leaping over boulders, rushing bits of scrub, using bullet and bayonet, darting into caves like ferrets after rabbits, or stalking concealed Matabele, as B.-P. described them, "like stage assassins."

Pinned down to a fight, the Matabele showed no lack of courage, and tried to cut off the advance force until they realized that they might be trapped between that and the main body, then the fighting ended in snipers' duels. One more rebel fastness had been cleared.

During the engagement the guns of a neighbouring column under Captain Laing had been heard, and B.-P. was sent to connect up with him. This he did, and learned that Laing had led his men into the Matopos and made towards Babyan's stronghold. When Laing camped for the night he formed a wagon laager. At dawn his sentries were chased in by Matabele, but the fire from the laager stopped the attack. Then Laing's seven-pounder, firing shrapnel at short range, further discouraged them, and the rebels retired. Unwittingly Laing had helped in Baden-Powell's fight, as the chief had detached some of his men against him. The reinforcements were too late, meeting Laing's opponents when they had been defeated.

After these engagements B.-P. sited a fort to control the district. His next job was a reconnaissance of a deep gorge in the Matopos. In this task he was aided by a young Colonial officer, a native scout, and a Zulu Cape Boy, Jan Grootboom, a very clever scout from whom B.-P. learned much bushcraft. In the fighting which followed his scouting B.-P. was hit on the thigh by a missile from a large-bore gun. Fortunately the shot was spent and left only a huge bruise. The stronghold of a chief named Inyanda was stormed, and (important as a factor in weakening resistance), large supplies of maize, rice, corn, and melons were captured, but the chief himself escaped. The following day B.-P. came across the bodies of Europeans, killed in a fight more than three months before, and buried them.

The first days of August brought another hard fight. In the preliminary scouting B.-P. derived much amusement from watching enemy scouts through his telescope. He could quite easily follow the line of reasoning which led to their actions and precautions. When the fight began he exchanged shots at close quarters with some Matabele, lying in long grass and changing his position after each shot, to their annoyance and discomfort. The Matabele were again defeated by Plumer, at a cost of five officers and N.C.O's killed and fifteen wounded.

Baden-Powell was now constantly leading patrols, finding enemy impis in their rocky fastnesses, and destroying their supplies and kraals in the neighbourhood. Once he drove in a herd of Matabele cattle, providing welcome fresh meat for the troops. The Matabele knew him well by sight, had often chased him, and only wished they could capture him alive. They called him "Impeesa," the wolf that never sleeps. Despite the constant watchfulness and danger his nerve remained as sound as ever. But the arduous scouting, by day and night, the terrific heat of Africa, and the lack of good water could not fail to take a physical toll of him, and he fell ill with dysentery.

For some time he had realized that the impis in the Matopos were tired of fighting and were only deterred by fear from making moves for an armistice. His most able scout, Grootboom, now made contact with some Matabele chiefs, and as a result Cecil Rhodes went into the Matopos with three companions to persuade the chiefs to lay down their arms. The fighting continued, but Rhodes remained in camp, at the risk of his life, in touch with the Matabele for two months, inducing them to yield, until the three leading chiefs, including Babyan, laid down their sticks, as a token of surrendering arms. The British South African Company's report on the rebellion states that Rhodes' efforts were largely responsible for bringing about peace in Matabeleland, and so do all the biographies of the founder of Rhodesia. It is true, of course, that the small white forces, engaged in such a large country, might have had to fight for years before finally subduing the Matabele. Yet negotiation would hardly have succeeded without the display of military superiority. The troops won a series of small but quite clear victories, and the impis, which alone gave the Matabele chiefs any weight in negotiation, were severely harried.

Two months before Rhodes entered the Matopos, the Mashonas had revolted. Again men, women, and children were savagely murdered. Salisbury and other settlements went into laager, but the Mashonas, whom Selous described as callous, greedy, and cowardly, had no intention of fighting. Isolated farmers and miners were their prey. In a few weeks relief-parties (some of them organized by B.-

P.) came up from the south, and a few British troops under Colonel E. A. H. Alderson arrived from Beira. Even before the reinforcements reached Salisbury, the settlers had issued from the laagers and were harassing the rebels. But the Mashona rising extended General Carrington's responsibilities so that they covered an area half as large as western Europe. Eventually some 2,000 troops were employed in Mashonaland.

An expert in musketry and irregular warfare, Carrington had campaigned in Griqualand West, had commanded the Frontier Light Horse against the Kaffirs, and had frequently met Zulus and Basutos on unfriendly terms. No contemporary soldier had perhaps quite so much experience of native fighting. In Matabeleland he was not unequal to his task, and even joined the advanced fighting-troops when he could, as during the march on Babyan's stronghold. But he was fifty-two years old, had seen much arduous campaigning, and suffered from bronchitis which aggravated an old chest-wound. Baden-Powell could learn much from an officer of such wide experience in African fighting, but Carrington was fortunate in his Staff officer. There is no doubt whatever that the rapid successes of the campaign were largely due to Baden-Powell's skill, tirelessness, and ubiquity. He made it his business, to the utmost allowed by his position, to be present at the 'front line' work. For instance, in September came the affair of Uwini, which occurred just after the twentieth anniversary of Baden-Powell's entering the Army.

While still in the hospital with dysentery B.-P. was told that if he recovered in time he could take command of a column operating north-west of Bulawayo. He began at once to evolve plans, and longed to get well again. But the disease persisted, and the force went off without him. Yet the opportunity was not lost, for as soon as he was convalescent from his illness, Sir Frederick Carrington sent him to overtake and command the column which was operating in the Somabula Forest.

When he reached the force, it was to find that it had been engaged with the Matabele and had captured a chief named Uwini, a powerfully built man, who refused any attention for a bad wound, and bragged of his former deeds. The local Native Commissioner urged that a court-martial should be held at once, as Uwini had incited revolt, instigated several murders, and refused to ask his people to submit. B.-P. admired Uwini's determination, but had to consider also the fact that there were several Matabele bands in good positions in the neighbourhood, and that it might lessen resistance and save life if Uwini were to pay for his misdeeds there and then.

Uwini was tried and condemned. Baden-Powell signed the death-warrant, and at sunset the chief was shot before a parade of natives and Matabele prisoners.

Then came an order from Cape Town that B.-P. should be placed under arrest as responsible for the execution. Carrington refused to do this, but promised a Court of Inquiry. At Gwelo B.-P. had to explain why he did not pass Uwini to the civil power for trial, and replied that according to military law he had power to decide on independent action when more than a hundred miles from his superior officer. The Court dismissed the case.

Had he been a good deal nearer to his Headquarters, B.-P. would perhaps have acted in the same way. Uwini was supposed to be specially protected by "Umlimo," and his execution lowered the spirits of the rebels in the district, so that many surrendered. Later, when the rebellion lingered on for months in Mashonaland, the High Commissioner wrote to Lord Grey — "*Get the murderers tried* as soon as you can...better to deal with 50 per cent. promptly than wait a year longer to bag the whole lot." B.-P. not only encouraged surrender by a display of prompt justice, but hastened it by seizing control of the local water-supply! If one was sufficiently thirsty, one surrendered! This arrangement saved British and Matabele lives.

One night an outpost guarding water fired on some hussars, mistaking them for the enemy. It was typical of B.-P. that he rebuked the officer in charge, not for opening fire, but for missing the hussars — as he knew that the officer was more than commonly proud of his men's proficiency with the rifle.

Following various patrols and some skirmishing in the Shanghai district, Baden-Powell marched to Belingwe — helping to shoot and skin a lion on the way. North of Belingwe he reconnoitred a mountain

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position, three miles long, containing several fortified kraals held by Wedza, a rebel chief. He parleyed with this man (under a white flag, but moving about all the time lest he should prove too easy a victim for some impulsive marksman) and found him quite confident of holding his ground. As a warning, B.-P. then ordered a bombardment of part of the stronghold.

Wedza's mountain was estimated to contain six or seven hundred men, while Baden-Powell's force numbered a hundred and twenty. For this reason the attack was based largely on bluff. His men were so disposed, and employed rapid fire so effectively, that the impression of greater numbers was given. After a day's manœuvring, without a direct assault, fires were lighted in many positions and kept burning by parties of men who went round refuelling them all night. By this ruse Wedza was led to overestimate the numbers against him, and was convinced in his apprehension of great odds by bursts of fire that raked his mountain from every angle — other patrols had been detailed for this firing, with orders to keep changing their position. The chief slipped away in the darkness with his garrison!

B.-P. then burned the kraals, and with Wedza's people in the open it was easy to prevent them rallying. Within a few days they surrendered. Colonel C. E. Callwell, in his *Small Wars*, sketches the operation against Wedza as an illustration of the skilful use of bluff.

Baden-Powell's last patrols in this campaign were on the Matabele frontier and through Mashonaland to Salisbury. His work was mainly reconnoitring and scouting ahead of columns, but he had one more charge in the manner of the first fight by the Umgusa River. An attack was being made on a rebel stronghold, and during the night B.-P. led some hussars round to the rear, to intercept the enemy when he retired before the main body. All went according to plan, except that when the Matabele were seen running away, the hussars' charge was held up by a stream, they had to dismount and use their rifles, and they could not drive the charge home. Nevertheless, they scattered the fugitives and prevented a rally.

After this action B.-P. joined his General and enjoyed some big-game shooting during the march to Salisbury. In the north the fighting against the cowardly Mashonas was in the nature of a rat-hunt. The rebels took up positions in rough country where there were numerous caves. Patrols surrounded these places and used dynamite to clear them. By the autumn the Matabele rising in the south was ended, but here, with much less determined resistance, operations continued until the following September (1897). The prolongation was caused by the immensity of the country, the lack of roads and transport, and the scanty numbers of Europeans to deal with large numbers of rebels. The work of arresting murderers and seizing arms went on for months, but General Carrington and his staff left Salisbury for Beria and reached Port Elizabeth on Christmas Day, 1896.

In the first week of January Baden-Powell sailed from Cape Town — Cecil Rhodes was among the famous people on board the *Dunvegan Castle* — and towards the end of the month arrived in England. In General Carrington's dispatch, he was mentioned for "gallantry in action and other good services," and Plumer's account of the campaign also mentions the value of his work. There came another step in promotion, to full colonel.

The rapid and well-planned movements of a handful of trained troops and irregulars had, at the least, helped to convince the Matabele of the desirability of peace. This effect Carrington had achieved before the rains, which would have made problems of supply almost insuperable. For the quick successes that were gained, much credit was justly given to Carrington's Chief Staff Officer.

The rising delayed Rhodesian prosperity for years. Of the original settlers 390 were killed and 150 wounded — representing about ten per cent. of the population. Farming, mining, and immigration were checked for years, though Rhodes gave great sums of money to the survivors, for he loved all those who had first helped him to occupy the new country. The Boer War was another set-back, and it was not until the first decade of the twentieth century that Rhodesia began to experience a measure of prosperity.

In 1897 B.-P. published *The Matabele Campaign*. No other book reveals so clearly the real Baden-Powell. In those pages one meets the alert soldier, quick and calm in all emergencies, the humorist, the adept tactician, the man mixing easily, and gladly accepted, among the varied personalities of the

composite forces that quelled the Matabele. To lead such men there had to be no chink in the armour of manhood. Above all else, the book mirrors the complete scout, a born scout ever adding to his craft.

Baden-Powell held that scouting in the British Army had been neglected since the Peninsular War. In Matabeleland even patrols of Colonials often failed to bring back information of military value. They wanted to fight, which was not the job of the scout. Yet B.-P. believed that scouting had become more important, not only in fighting savages, but for war between trained armies. In the days of long-range weapons a large reconnoitring party would not succeed, where a solitary scout could get through and gain accurate knowledge of the enemy's positions.

Possession of this knowledge was even more important because of the use of smokeless, long-range propellants which did not betray positions. Scouting also saved the energies of horses and men. But he held that special training in peace-time was absolutely necessary, because the art of scouting was largely the noting of smallest details, connecting them, and deducing their meaning by inductive reasoning. Observations and the eye for country had to become the scout's second nature. Good scouting could help to balance the British Army's deficiency in numbers, and he believed an English soldier, with keenness and practice, could be as efficient as any Colonial scout, bred and born to the art.

After the Matabele campaign he put into a handbook a condensed summary of his scoutcraft, under the title *Aids to Scouting*. Pointing out its importance in modern war, he instances two occasions, in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 and the Franco-German War of 1870, when the work of single scouts had resulted in the first case in a change of direction of the Prussian march before Sadowa, and secondly in the surrender of a French corps. Even when Marlborough was a general in command of armies, wrote B.-P., he personally made secret reconnaissances of enemy positions.

Scoutcraft, he urged, should be taught as part of routine training. Men should be instructed in tracking, finding the way in strange country, in map-reading, observation by sight and hearing, and deduction from 'sign,' concealment, sketching, reporting information, and in looking after themselves and caring for their horses on patrol. His manual provided elementary instruction on such points, based on personal experience. All these things could be done in time of peace. Scouts, moreover, should study the habits and mentality of their adversaries — Afghan, Zulu, or Russian. The handbook contained many practical hints to officers, intended to help in the training, as, for instance, suggestions with regard to the form of report following the scouting, condensing information to the salient points.

B.-P. was a teetotaler and a non-smoker, though he did not believe that people should be denied drink or tobacco against their will. He was a non-smoker partly because he considered that smoking interfered with the sense of smell. In scouting at night, he wrote, an enemy could be smelled out by the scout keeping down-wind from any place where he expected an enemy might be posted. The scout should sniff the air until something in addition to the scent of dew was noticed. A native, or a person whose body or clothes were dirty, could be easily detected. A man who carried tobacco could be noticed a long way off at night, provided the scout's sense of smell was unimpaired. He had discovered this when reconnoitring foreign fortresses at night.

Baden-Powell's scouting-manual, and its second edition (1906) incorporating further experience from the Boer War, was full of useful advice and information. He noted, for instance, that a lighted cigarette could be seen nearly three hundred yards at night, and a lighted match nine hundred yards. If in scouting one was detected, he wrote, it was sometimes useful to pretend that one had not seen the enemy, or that one was supported by friends close at hand. This last bluff he practised successfully, as will be seen, on one occasion in the Boer War.

The book was written for use in the Army — but it led to quite unexpected developments. Baden-Powell was working on the proofs of *Aids to Scouting* during the Boer War. They were among the last of the dispatches to pass through the Boer lines.

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## CHAPTER VII

### DRAGOON GUARDS

The good people of Bombay seem to think old soldiers are pieces of iron that may be kicked about at pleasure; the treatment the men receive is revolting to one's feelings.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, *Journal*  
(referring to the East India Company's attitude to Sepoys in 1842)

**A**FTER the Matabele campaign Baden-Powell returned to the 13th Hussars at Dublin with the rank of full colonel. An unusual situation arose, as in the regiment he was junior to the lieutenant-colonel and senior major, yet was senior to both in rank. Though he did not want to leave the Hussars he was appointed to command the 5th Dragoon Guards, in April 1897.

It was a sad moment when he left the regiment in which he had served twenty-one years. He would have departed quietly if the men had allowed it, but his squadron accompanied him to the station in a triumphal procession. It was one of his great pleasures, fourteen years later, when retired to the Reserve, to become Colonel-in-Chief of his old regiment, on the death of Sir Baker Russell. Meanwhile he was ordered to start for India at once.

When Baden-Powell was commissioned in 1876, the Army reforms of Lord Cardwell (1871-1872) had not had time to produce noticeable results. One of these reforms was the creation of short-term service in the ranks — twelve years — which was expected to attract a better type of recruit. But there were still, in the year of Baden-Powell's commission, many old soldiers serving the twenty-one year's period. The class of man who would enter what amounted to life-service, under the Army conditions existing then, was not the best England could show.

The soldier's life was a dead-end. No provision was made for his future, after discharge from the Army, and while serving, he received no preparation for civil life. In the ranks men were treated as unthinking creatures of the lowest species. Pay in a cavalry regiment was about fourteen pence a day. A pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat were allowed per day as rations; everything else, including the cost of washing, was deducted from the pay to the extent of 9d. a day. With the remaining 3s. a week the soldier had to buy underwear, cleaning-materials for uniforms, and accoutrements, and pay for repairs to his dress. He had to buy his own crockery, and usually owned little but a basin. Slight damage to a tunic might lead to deductions of pay to meet the cost of a new one. Recruits were treated roughly by the old soldiers, and 'rough-riding' sergeants knew so little about men and horses that they often broke the hearts of both. The only joy of the soldier was pay-day, when he would have a few coppers to spend on beer at threepence a quart. It was no wonder that the soldier was despised by the public. A soldier was lucky to find a respectable girl who would 'walk out' with him. Families considered it a disgrace to have a son in the Army. The red-striped trousers, multi-coloured, braided, puffed-up chest, and clashing spur-chains did not alter his status of 'black sheep' in the eyes of his relations.

Manœuvres or training in fighting-tactics were practically unknown. In the cavalry, musketry was generally detested, for the mounted man, who was perfectly useless for anything save a headlong charge, felt it below his dignity to learn the exercises of the Foot. In a troop of lancers a few men had carbines and were called scouts, but they were as ignorant as the rest of reconnaissance, and any modern Boy Scout could have taught the old soldier the elements of scouting, and fending for oneself in field or camp.

There were always those (apparently sharing Bombay's attitude to Sepoys) who considered what was good enough for Wellington's men should suffice for their own contemporaries, but influential officers never held this view. In the first twenty years of Baden-Powell's service many officers strove for reform, both in training and in the men's living-conditions. In India, Lord Roberts achieved much for the

soldier's welfare. Wolseley, and soldiers like Sir Evelyn Wood, exhorted officers to think and develop knowledge of their profession; they did not believe that hunting gave the best education for a cavalryman; they tried to get away from the old drill-books, and endeavoured to train officers were encouraged to study. Yet little progress was made, before the end of the century, in teaching tactics required in fighting that was revolutionized by quick-firing weapons; and the soldier, while practically perfect on parade, was still untrained to think for himself or to use initiative. As a fighting-man, courage was almost his sole qualification.

B.-P. told a story of a farrier sergeant of Hussar, armed only with a revolver, whom he had seen follow a badly wounded lion into a thick patch of reeds. He thought he should 'finish it off' — as it had been his duty to put injured horses out of their pain! The lion did not 'get' the man, but B.-P., who was expecting the lion, very nearly did so, as the sergeant emerged from the reeds!

In Baden-Powell's twenty years of service the soldiers' living-amenities had improved hardly at all — though corporal punishment by flogging had been abolished — and their pay was still wholly inadequate. It was almost impossible for them to take an intelligent interest in their work. General J. F. C. Fuller, in *The Army in My Time*, writes of his own infantry unit in 1899, at the beginning of the Boer War:

We had not been trained for war, we knew nothing about war, about South Africa, about our eventual enemy, about anything at all which mattered and upon which our lives might depend...we could march tolerably well, could form advanced and rear guards exactly as our ancestors had done one hundred years before; we could fire volleys, fix bayonets, cheer, and blow whistles; not for a moment did it enter anyone's head that we should be found wanting in this way.

When Baden-Powell reached his new regiment at Meerut, a great military station of the United Provinces, in the plains, but comparatively high and healthy, he was determined to introduce reformed methods. He was fortunate in his General, Sir Bindon Blood, who was in sympathy with his ideas. Blood was not a cavalryman, but had studied cavalry closely in manoeuvres and general training, to learn all he could of the mounted arm, and even found scope for cavalry work in the passes of the North-west Frontier.

Baden-Powell was now entering on a regimental command in which he had considerable freedom to apply his own theories of what cavalry should be and do. His view of the functions of cavalry may be mentioned here, as the Boer War did not change it. He saw, before that conflict which was to give a great stimulus to military thought, that future battle-fields would extend in area, and that battles would be fought over longer periods than had been the case in the past. Cavalry, therefore, with more endurance than infantry in covering wider areas, would assume great importance. It would not win battles, but would be of great assistance to infantry, which was the core of the Army. To cavalry belonged the art of discovery, or reconnaissance, and of protecting the movements of infantry and artillery ('covering' and 'discovering'). It should drive enemy cavalry from front and flanks and carry out various enterprises, including raids — which should always be well-planned raids, with an important purpose. Finally, the cavalry was for pursuit, which clinches victory. His view was Xenophon's — "An Army without cavalry profits nothing by its victories and loses all when defeated."

Such a view of the general employment of cavalry was not unusual, although many officers still thought of cavalry simply along the lines of outposts, patrols, and headlong charges with lance or sabre. As to the tactics by which cavalry should fulfil its rôle, B.-P. differed from some leading soldiers, as will be shown in a later chapter. With the Dragoon Guards, however, he was concerned rather with improving the mind and character of the individual trooper, instilling qualities he thought desirable both in the soldier and the man. The whole attitude towards the soldier, it seemed to him, cried aloud for change. Particularly it was necessary to lead him away from the unthinking crowd mentality.

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He began with officers and N.C.O.'s. Each was given plenty of responsibility, as, in Baden-Powell's opinion, responsibility brought out the attributes of leadership. Realizing that a soldier — or almost anyone else — prefers some kind of honour, or distinguishing mark, to a financial reward for service, he obtained permission for sergeants to wear the regimental badge, the galloping horse, superimposed on their chevrons. Every officer and N.C.O., down to the youngest corporal, was made answerable for the efficiency of his own section, and was expected to know intimately the characteristics and hopes of each individual composing it. Keen competition between troops and squadrons almost at once raised the whole standard of efficiency. B.-P. began to inspire the regiment with his own view of discipline — that it should come not from a scheme of rewards and punishments, but from freedom, trust, manliness, and an intelligent attitude to work. Such discipline, he held, could not arise from regulations enforced by supervision.

The results of his efforts were soon obvious. Enteric was a curse of the Army in India, and while the malady was rife at Meerut, B.-P. thoroughly investigated the men's habits, and concluded that it might possibly be contracted from food bought in the native bazaar. He paraded the men and suggested that if they did not visit the native quarter for a fortnight and the health of the regiment improved, a cause of enteric might be traced. He made it clear that there was no official rule on the matter; it was merely left to their own judgement. Shortly afterwards a man was admitted to hospital. He was the one man who had disregarded Baden-Powell's suggestion — and he was ill not with enteric, but from the results of the regiment's disapproval.

To discourage visits to the bazaar further, Baden-Powell started a regimental bakery which provided dishes beyond those supplied from Army rations. Then a dairy was established for butter, milk, and cream from the regiment's own cows. Lemonade and soda-water were made by the regiment under clean conditions. A refreshment room was provided for snacks during the day and hot meals at night. B.-P. believed that too much drink interfered with fitness, but he was not a fanatic. To keep the men out of the canteen, he arranged that those who desired it could have a pint of beer with their dinners. In doing these things B.-P. sometimes ignored Army regulations, but the figures for illness and disciplinary faults (known as 'crime' in the Army) decreased incredibly — literally so, as the Army authorities doubted the honesty of some of the figures supplied by the 5th Dragoon Guards.

In appeal to trustworthiness, B.-P. was only going back to old English ideas of military discipline. Such ideas had become overlaid with Prussianism since the time of Frederick the Great. Nor was he the only British officer who cared for his men; he was simply one of the most thorough. One may see in his work a parallel with that of Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe at the beginning of the century, not only in paternal care for the men, but in the attitude of both to the prevention of indiscipline by encouraging freedom of the mind, giving responsibility rather than inflicting punishment, and developing leadership among officers.

B.-P. held that success or failure in cavalry actions was always a matter of leadership, and that in the training of men the superlatively important thing was to develop the qualities of leadership. This view became stronger after the Boer War when it was clear that future warfare, spreading over vast areas, would reduce central control over the far-flung regiments. B.-P. wanted even the smallest group of men to be strong in leadership, for well-handled units, even if weak in numbers, could do much damage to vulnerable points in the enemy's rear, along the extended lines of communication.

While keeping his regiment occupied and fit, B.-P. did not forget his own health and amusements. He had his trips, pig-sticking and tiger-hunting, two months' leave in Kashmir, a dramatic society at Meerut, and a part in the *Geisha* performed at Simla. He was drawing, exhibiting, and selling his pictures, delighting in his hobby and at the same time augmenting his Army pay. On a tiger-hunting trip in Nepal he met Smith-Dorrien, who will be mentioned later as an Army reformer at Aldershot. In a smaller way at this time, Smith-Dorrien was working hard for his men's welfare, introducing coffee-shops, better canteens, and cycling-clubs. "I afterwards cribbed many of his ideas," B.-P. wrote, "for doing the same

thing in my own regiment.” Baden-Powell’s regimental cycling-club was a great success, and formed the nucleus of a despatch unit.

B.-P. regarded trips to Kashmir and Nepal for hunting as part of an officer’s training, and he was always ready to grant a subaltern much longer leave for these expeditions than for social visits to hill-stations. They helped an officer keep fit, to fend for himself, and to develop an eye for country. Such holidays were also inexpensive. Two months in Kashmir cost B.-P. only £32, of which the largest single item was the return railway fare to Rawalpindi. On that holiday he found time for study as well as sport, reading Colonel French’s *Cavalry Manœuvres* and Henderson’s *Strategy and its Teaching*. In slack periods during his shooting-trips he wrote his *Aids to Scouting*.

Wellington once said that the whole business of war is “to endeavour to find out what you don’t know by what you do.” B.-P. applied the axiom, not merely to scout training, but to incidents of daily life. For instance, he had excellent eye-sight, but confesses that he was not above increasing his reputation for keen vision by a little astute deduction. On one occasion he and some friends were trying to ‘spot’ the herdsman in charge of some cattle on a hillside three miles away. No one could find him. “We all looked in vain for him,” B.-P. wrote in *Indian Memories*, “till I noticed a bush on the hillside above the cattle, and I Sherlock-Holmesed that the man would like to be in the shade, and, at the same time, in a position commanding a view of his charges, so I made a shot at it, and said he was by the bush: and when we turned the glasses on we found I was correct.”

This reasoning process recalls some manœuvres in misty weather, when the Staff officers were trying to decide whether or not some blotches on a distant hill were cavalry. The action of one minute dot in wandering from one blotch to another seemed to B.-P. uncommonly like the action of a sheep. And sheep they proved to be!

As Baden-Powell’s experience in the field had convinced him of the supreme value of good scouting and reconnaissance, in his new command with the Dragoon Guards he began at once to make great efforts towards introducing efficient scout-training, and obtained official permission for a scout badge, the fleur-de-lis, to be worn on the arm by qualified men. The lectures on scouting he delivered personally to N.C.O.’s and men. The Dragoons were fortunate in their teacher, for B.-P., by nature and by practice, was a superb military scout. He had a great deal of Stonewall Jackson’s ability to deduce much from little; and like the great American, he possessed an exact eye for the able man, so that it became an honour to qualify as a scout in his regiment. The scout scheme which B.-P. employed in India was adopted later for the whole Army.

Though the famous study of Jackson by Colonel Henderson (another of ‘Wolseley’s men’) had not appeared when B.-P. took command of the Dragoons, and while the lessons of the American Civil War were not widely appreciated outside of Camberley, B.-P. was already aiming at producing cavalry which could bring in plentiful and accurate information, not merely carry out routine outpost and patrol-work — cavalry which could think and fend for itself, like the Virginians in the Civil War. He was to show later that he shared Jackson’s flair for doing the thing unexpected by the enemy.

B.-P. trained his scouts in night operations and sent them to act dismounted in Army manœuvres on the North-west Frontier. Here they met skilled ‘opponents’ in the Afridi units of Indian regiments, who were surprised when the manœuvre schemes were broken off with daylight, for the scouts had been taught that nightfall meant the beginning of their most valuable work. They proved adequately that night-scouting brought the best results, and they made an impression by their ability to cook and look after themselves under field conditions. The scout training, says the regimental history, “proved of the greatest use in the South African War.”

To lend greater realism to his own regimental manœuvres, Baden-Powell allowed each side to use a fixed number of ‘spies.’ The idea of this was to teach men not to converse readily with strangers, lest under war conditions information might be thoughtlessly divulged.

The soldier of old was enjoined to keep his powder dry. Baden-Powell's Dragoon Guards were taught, by natives, to keep their swords sharpened, although this was strictly forbidden by Ordnance, on the ground that sharpening lessened a sword's life. B.-P. wanted a sword to be so sharp that the lightest blow would shear through anything it touched, and so he disregarded the regulations. Yet Ordnance won, and he was ordered to have the swords blunted again at his own expense.

Though the Dragoon Guards, in common with all British regular units, were smart on parade, drill was always a very secondary matter in Baden-Powell's curriculum. In fact he suspected that officers who were too keen on drill were really uninspired — that they had no ideas beyond it. B.-P. did not judge the quality of metal by the shine upon it.

He insisted on at least one squadron of the regiment being always ready for instant action, numbers correct, weapons and ammunition in good order, and office-records completed. A squadron would suddenly be ordered to entrain with three days' supplies, and the exercise would be carried out even to the band playing the men off at the station. Sometimes the troops would be detrained after a short run down the line, or they would go into camp for a few days. Gradually the 5th Dragoon Guards were trained to the minute for quick mobilization.

A regiment that is trained and efficient far beyond the average, and fully realizes the fact, is in danger of developing undue self-importance. B.-P. encouraged *esprit de corps*, but rejected the *esprit d'arme*, the conceited pride of one's own branch of the Army. He held that cavalry should retain a sense of proportion, regarding itself as part of a military team, doing the job for which it was fitted, as did each other part, pulling together. Yet he did believe that the Briton had within him all the qualities that made for the great cavalryman, namely, confidence, the physique necessary for good riding, adventurousness, coolness, quickness to grasp a situation and adapt himself to it, and the instinct to play for a side, not for himself. These qualities, he considered, were inherent, and were evolved in such sports as football, cricket, polo, and national games that demanded speed, decision, and unselfishness. If one could foster these qualities, one might produce the finest cavalry in the world.

Baden-Powell extended his own knowledge by commanding brigades of Indian cavalry at manœuvres, and by visiting the Malakand Pass, which had been taken by the British two years before. Shortly before his arrival a fierce attempt to recapture it had failed after hand-to-hand fighting. B.-P. missed that 'show,' but Blood later invited him to witness an attack on the Sanghao Pass.

B.-P. started for the frontier at once and was present in January, 1898, at an attack on this gateway to the Buner country. Here a strong position was captured with the loss of only one man, of the Highland Light Infantry. An army of tribesmen held a ridge 2,000 feet high, which was gained by a rocky incline providing little cover and fortified by sangars. Under cover of shell-fire and volleys from the Buffs, the men of the H.L.I. and Punjabis began to attack the height. The tribesmen rolled large boulders at the attackers and jumped out of cover to fire. Once, when a sangar was destroyed by a direct hit, its three occupants charged down on the British troops. Two of them soon took cover again, but the third rushed on, dropped wounded, leapt up again, and staggered forward, waving his sword, until he was shot down. B.-P. wrote of this man in several books — the bravest man he ever knew.

Sir Bindon Blood always thought it unfortunate that Baden-Powell never had a command on the North-west Frontier, as he considered him ideally fitted for this area of operations.

B.-P. attended several such Border shows, felt that his trip had been highly profitable, and that he had learned a good deal more of frontier-fighting. He knew, too, that the 5th Dragoon Guards were ready for any service at a moment's notice. The regiment was, in fact, commended by the Commander-in-Chief as the best in India. Baden-Powell was therefore perfectly happy on his journey home for leave in the summer of 1899, shortly after moving the 5th Dragoon Guards a five weeks' march to Sialkot, and taking part in the camp of exercise at Muridki on the way.

He had tried to do more than make the Dragoon Guards a unit efficient to the last man. His methods were all directed to attaining a higher moral standard — of trustworthiness and straight-dealing. Years

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later, when Lord Roberts was struggling to win public opinion to the idea of compulsory military service, B.-P. thought that if the whole moral tone of the Army could be improved, so that it was imbued with the chivalric spirit and ideal of straight conduct, it might be a school in which the youth of the nation could complete its education.

B.-P. left India with a full appreciation of the Indian's viewpoint and philosophy, and realized that the European living there often seems to be an anachronism. Yet he did not consider that the Indian of forty years ago, or of twenty years ago, was ready for self-government. It was wrong, he wrote in *Indian Memories*, for the native of British India to be treated as the equal of the white man, as the Indian had not learned the value of obedience or self-discipline. In the education of Indian boys, he wrote, no attention was given to self-discipline, honour, fair play or truth, and without these, education simply induced priggishness and 'swelled head.' To govern others, one must learn to govern oneself.

Almost as soon as he reached England, a summons came from Lord Wolseley. B.-P. was told that trouble was impending with the Boers, and that he was to go to South Africa to raise a battalion of mounted rifles and prepare the police forces in Bechuanaland and beyond. The battalion was to be organized rapidly, but as secretly as possible. Soon after arriving in South Africa, he was instructed to raise a second mounted battalion.

Lord Wolseley was anxious at the prospect of hostilities in South Africa, and realized, as did very few soldiers or politicians, that it would be a very difficult war. He had done all within his power to improve the Army, but had won little support for his efforts. In 1899 British soldiers were still trained to fire volleys, much in the way that Baden-Powell's men had greeted the Afghans twenty years earlier. Now they were about to meet opponents who presented no target for volleys, were themselves accustomed to shooting fleet-footed game, and who acted by no fixed rules, trusting simply to their cunning, quick wit, and mobility in a vast country.

## CHAPTER VIII

### MAFEKING

Though they be one to ten,  
Be not amazed  
Yet have we well begun;  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raised.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, *The Battle of Agincourt*

#### I

AS the disputes between British and Dutch in the Transvaal continued, after the Jameson Raid (see Introduction), Britain pressed Kruger for concessions. "Oom Paul" temporized, and mustered the *commandos*. These Boer fighting-units consisted of farmers and burghers, accustomed for the most part to veld conditions, thrifty shots, mobile on their hardy ponies, and possessing a tradition of success in irregular warfare against African natives and British Regulars.

When the war began, the British Government, despite the urgent warnings of Lord Wolseley over a period of at least three years, was unprepared, and had to move reinforcements from India. The main

Boer forces invaded Natal, and Sir George White was besieged at Ladysmith, north of the Tugela, while Free State *commandos* invested Kimberley and Transvaalers surrounded Mafeking.



A BOER 'RATION-PARTY' WITH BUSHBUCK

*Photo E.N.A.*

Baden-Powell held Mafeking, west of the Transvaal, from October, 1899, till May, 1900. During that period several British reverses culminated with the 'Black Week' when General Sir Redvers Buller, trying to reach Ladysmith across the Tugela River, was defeated with the loss of 1,100 men and ten guns. Other reverses were incurred near Magersfontein, where 950 men were lost, and when a night attack on the Boers miscarried, the British were themselves surprised and repulsed. The modern magazine-rifle, firing smokeless cartridges and enabling a man to shoot while lying under cover, was speaking in very definite terms when in the hands of determined, intelligent white men. Britain began at last to see that war with the Boers would be no trivial frontier affair.

Lord Roberts was sent out as Commander-in-Chief, with Kitchener as Chief of Staff. Volunteers swarmed to the colours in South Africa, England, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. All available troops were mobilized, and soon the British had overwhelming forces. Lord Roberts planned a campaign including the relief of Kimberley, which was achieved by General French. Buller, in a fifth attempt at a task which had involved heavy casualties, entered Ladysmith, where the population of 22,000 had suffered much from disease. The British marched into the Free State capital, Bloemfontein. Thus at the beginning of May, 1900, only Mafeking remained to be relieved.

## II

The forces which Baden-Powell had been sent out to raise were intended to attract Boer *commandos* from Natal, hold the road to Rhodesia, protect British subjects, and guard the Bechuanaland frontier, a line over 600 miles long, marked by the railway, isolated farms, and great stretches of desert.

Baden-Powell's comrade of the Matabele campaign, Colonel Plumer, raised one of the regiments in Rhodesia, added a force of the British South African Police, and moved to Tuli, on the northern border of the Transvaal. Another officer, Lieutenant-Colonel C. O. Hore, took command of a regiment centred on Ramathlabama, eighteen miles from Mafeking but in Bechuanaland — where Dr Jameson had prepared his raid. For that reason the place was well chose; it was likely to have a demoralizing effect on the Boers, since a force concentrating there suggested a raid on Pretoria. Yet the real reason for choosing this

lonely spot on the railway in Bechuanaland as a mobilization centre was that the Government at the Cape, anxious to avoid the appearance of provocation, would not allow recruiting farther south.

It was difficult, indeed, even to get food sent up from the Cape. Lord Edward Cecil, Baden-Powell's Chief Staff Officer, gave the firm of Messrs Julius Weil his own note of hand for £250,000 — and in this way supplies were provided which were to prove the salvation of Mafeking. Meanwhile, on the Bechuanaland frontier, men, horses, mules, oxen, magazines of ammunition, and stores of food were quietly and rapidly gathered; the supplies were kept at Mafeking, and when the Ramathlabama force was ready, B.-P. moved it into the town on the pretext of guarding them.

He prepared his command thoroughly, down to the last detail, even to the following point, expressed in a note to one of his officers, Major A. J. Godley, who later commanded Mafeking's western defences:

22.9.99

In the train going Bulawayo-wards. I forgot before leaving to ask you to advertise in the local paper to 'cry down' the credit of the Regiment, so that you will be protected against being dunned by tradesmen for bills run up by your men.

Within four months of his interview with Lord Wolseley in London, B.-P. was ready on the Transvaal frontier. Then, as soon as war began, Mafeking was invested by a Boer force numbering about nine thousand, among whom, at various times, were fifty or sixty German officers.

The town itself, on the banks of the Molopo River, had been a railhead in 1894 before the line was carried to Bulawayo in 1897. It was a small place of wooden houses roofed with corrugated iron and a native quarter of round, thatched mud huts, surrounded by a rolling yellow veld with ground rising to 100-150 feet to the south-west. It was built on hard, rocky ground — its name meant 'the Place of Stones.' The civil population numbered about 7,000 natives of the Barolong and other tribes, and 650 white women and children. The town was not only an important centre for trade on the edge of the desert, but was regarded as an outpost of British prestige in the interior of Africa. Many Boers regarded it enviously, hoping to regain farms in the neighbourhood from which they had been expelled by the Warren Expedition in 1885.



THE BOERS' BIG CREUSOT GUN AT MAFEKING

*Photo E.N.A*



Baden-Powell had about 1,100 men for the defence — 448 Protectorate Regiment from Ramathlabama, 80 British South Africa Police, 100 Cape Police, 80 Bechuanaland Rifles, and 400 civilians. Less than half of these were armed with magazine rifles; the rest had old Martini-Henry rifles. The B.S.A.P. and the Rifles were accustomed to irregular fighting; the remainder B.-P. had trained in the kind of warfare he expected, where cunning and self-reliance would be more useful than drill-book lessons. The natives also helped in the defence, but their numbers involved difficult problems of food-supply.

The fortifications he built consisted of an outer circle of about sixty strong-points, stretching for nearly seven, and, later, ten miles round the town, connected usually by telephone and, where necessary, by trenches beyond which explosive mines were set. Within these posts was a second inner ring of defence-positions. B.-P. was usually ensconced on a roof-top in the market square, where he had a writing desk and a speaking-tube to the telephone exchange below, which was in touch with the forts. From this point he could watch Boer activities on all sides. Shell-proof dug-outs were constructed for all within the beleaguered town, and a system of signals gave warning when the Boer artillery was coming into action. A bell was rung as the enemy began loading his biggest gun, and small hand-bells shrilled in a code to tell the people the direction of the shell, giving them a short warning to gain cover.

The Boers had one 94-pound Creusot with an extreme range of 10,000 yards, and seven smaller guns, two of which were quick-firing 14-pounders. They were manned by gunners of the Staats Artillerie. Baden-Powell had four muzzle-loading 7-pounders, range 2,500 yards, and an old muzzle-loading 10-pounders dating from 1770, a weapon out of some old privateering ship. It could throw a 10-pound shot inaccurately some 2,000 yards. The garrison had also some .303 Maxims, a 1-pound Hotchkiss, and a 2-inch Nordenfellt. One of Baden-Powell's many achievements during the siege was the construction in the railway workshops of a howitzer made from a steam-pipe and iron rods. The blast furnace in which some of the castings were made was itself an impromptu creation, made from a water-tank lined with fire-bricks. The home-made weapon hurled an 18-pound shell 4,000 yards.

On October 11 the Boer forces, under Cronje, cut the railway north and south of Mafeking, and B.-P. had his first sight of them as their artillery came into position to prepare for the bombardment which was to continue for months. Two days later an armoured train was sent out south of the town, shelled the Boers, and drove them into the bush. The next thing was to get rid of two trucks of dynamite which were a danger while standing in the Mafeking sidings. These were pushed down the line by an engine, which then returned to the town. The Boers fired on the trucks, and, to their surprise, exploded the dynamite — which should have taught them not to interfere too readily with an armoured train.

The next day, however, the dispatch of the armoured train down the line for some miles led to a brisk fight, which necessitated the dispatch of reinforcements. The *sortie* resulted in eighteen casualties — four killed, one missing, thirteen wounded. B.-P. was pleased with the spirit and tactical skill shown by officers and men, but warned them against disregarding his injunction not to allow the Boers to draw them into a position which they would have to be extricated by others.

One must remember that henceforth shell-fire was the accompaniment to all that occurred at Mafeking. Day after day for months there was the boom and crack of guns. The thud of a distant explosion was followed by the faint wail of the shell, rising to a scream as it came nearer, then the crash of the missile striking the rocky ground, the cloud of smoke, the shower of steel splinters and sharp stones. From all points of the compass the shells shrieked towards the town and the defence-lines. Throughout the siege, sporadically at times, and on occasions lasting for hours, there was the chorus of screeching, crashing steel and high explosives. Those sounds were in the ears of men, women, and children every day, and they knew that each hurtling shell might bring death. To those nerve-shattering sounds was added the whine and hiss of bullets, until B.-P. pushed the Boer lines farther from the town.

The Boers in the beginning confined shelling to the strong-points, their first shots actually falling round a dummy position marked by a conspicuous British flag. But bombardment was soon extended to

the town. Cronje had eight or nine thousand men, yet when his first summons to surrender was refused, realized that a direct assault on the position as prepared by Baden-Powell might well prove costly. To lose men by attacking positions adroitly sited for defence and held by men who understood veld tactics was wholly contrary to Boer ideas. More over, Kruger was averse to heavy losses in any attempt to storm Mafeking.

The Boers on the spot were even more averse after the first few weeks of the siege, because they had come to know Baden-Powell as a most unusual type, a compound of guile, trickery, and boldness, one different from many professional soldiers in that he was always likely to do something unexpected. They feared him, and respected the troops he had trained, so different in method from the hide-bound Regulars. The Boers became content to settle down to siege warfare, at first under Cronje, and, after some weeks, under Snyman. It was Cronje who sent in a message saying that he would be compelled to bombard the town. Baden-Powell replied that he regretted the fact, but added that Cronje could carry on. He asked only that the women's laager, the Roman Catholic convent (the only two-storied building in Mafeking), and the hospital should be spared. These were clearly marked with flags. As some small return for Cronje's warning, B.-P. kindly informed him that many dynamite mines had been laid round the town. The Boers developed great uneasiness when crawling through the veld near the outer defences!

The shelling was directed mainly at the lines of the regiment raised in Bechuanaland. Very little harm was done, as B.-P. had left the tents empty but standing, while the men were under cover in trenches and dug-outs. The horses were kept wherever there was any cover, as below the banks of the river. Baden-Powell's *communiqué* read — "Oct. 21. All well. Four hours bombardment. One dog killed." October was spent by the garrison in sudden small attacks, intended to keep the besiegers 'on the jump,' and in improving the defences. That this work was performed satisfactorily was proved on October 31, when the Boers attacked an outlying post called Cannon Kopje, held by forty-five men. Though the hard nature of the ground there made trench-digging difficult, the direct Boer attack was driven off with heavy losses. B.-P. checked a flanking movement by switching over the fire of two 7-pounders. Another attack directed against the native 'stadt' was repelled brusquely with the help of the Barolongs' Sniders.

At the beginning of November the bombardment was intensified, the Boer shoots lasting sometimes for two or three hours. There were few casualties, as dug-outs and trenches were numerous, and the Boer observers were often misled by the ruse of dummy forts and trenches. The shells usually passed straight through the wooden houses and mud huts, and exploded in the ground. A town of stone houses would have suffered more, and there would have been more casualties from shell-blast and flying splinters of stone and steel.

B.-P. was interested and sometimes amused by the various ways in which people reacted to shelling. "People take the shells in different ways, according to their temperament. Some run like hares, others fling themselves flat, others just hunch their shoulders, and one there is who merely takes a passing but critical interest in them; when a shell burst within ten feet of him he merely growls 'What a rotten bursting charge.'"

Neither side fired on Sundays. The British kept the Sabbath in the morning. The afternoon was devoted by B.-P. to varied efforts at sustaining cheerfulness. There were entertainments in which B.-P. himself performed, horse-races, band-performances, games, gymkhanas, and even a baby show. Thus there was at least one half-day when the civil population could in some degree return to normal. To keep up civilian spirits further, B.-P. let them know some of the plans and methods of the defence. Meanwhile the work of strengthening the defence-lines went on ceaselessly, and the ration-supplies for Europeans and natives were daily reviewed and carefully allotted. The wide perimeter of the defences allowed considerable grazing-ground for herds of cattle, and there was, in addition to the food supplied by Messrs Weil, a large amount of stores found in trucks on the railway sidings. The water-supply on the whole was adequate. The springs were some four thousand yards outside the town, but wells existed from Warren's day, and others were made.

As the Boers had already learned to expect the unusual from Baden-Powell, they were disturbed one night to see two lights burning in the British positions. They studied them carefully, but found no explanation. The lights had actually been placed to guide a British raiding party, for by keeping them in line behind it, the party would have a direct alignment on the Boer post which was its objective — and could find the way back after the raid.

Even as Boers in various positions were watching the lights, Captain Fitzclarence was leading a hundred men through the veld. Suddenly there came the shouted command to charge, followed by the shrill British yells. Some Boers were caught sleeping, and the raid was a complete surprise. The attackers used only the sword and bayonet, lest they should shoot one another, while the Boers were firing wildly at every figure that sprang up in the darkness. As quietly and quickly as they had arrived, the British disappeared into the veld, retiring independently, guided back by the line of bearing provided by the distant spots of light from the lanterns. At a cost of six killed, forty Boers had been bayoneted — and still more, perhaps sixty, were shot by their own comrades in the wild firing.

Subsequently B.-P. had only to hoist a few lanterns to make the Boers open rapid fire in all directions — wasting their ammunition, losing sleep, and keeping their nerves on edge. On one occasion they fired off thousands of rounds!

For days after the raid the Boers indulged in vicious sniping and shelling, but the garrison, under good cover, suffered little, and to show that hearts were still high, Guy Fawkes' Day was celebrated by a band performance and fireworks. A few hours later Major Godley moved out before dawn to a Boer position west of Mafeking, and at daylight surprised and drove out its two hundred and fifty defenders — who fled to another position three or four miles further back. The raiders then retired on the Mafeking outer defence-line. When the Boers counter-attacked, as they were expected to do, they were beaten off with heavy casualties. For hours after this fight their Red Cross was busy removing dead and wounded.

These tactics, employed at Mafeking, were very modern. To-day one tries to lure the enemy into attacking, as modern fire is so rapid, accurate and intense that all the advantage is with the defence.

In mid-November the Boers began to push their outposts forward, and endeavoured to advance some of their artillery. The garrison dug saps towards the attackers. It was Baden-Powell's policy to push the perimeter of his defences farther from the town by small *sorties*, sapping, and general harassing-tactics, so that at least the streets would be out of rifle range. To the civilians the eternal quiet whine of bullets from the enemy Mausers was even more nerve-racking than the loud scream of approaching shells.

The clearing of Boer advanced posts was sometimes carried out by bombing, with grenades fashioned from jam-pots or tins, filled with dynamite. Thirty yards was considered a moderate throw with a one-pound bomb, but one man developed the art of sending one three times as far, by flicking it from the end of a fishing rod. Among the defenders were men who delighted in crawling into the veld at night and sniping at Boers in trenches and gun-positions. Eventually these marksmen forced the Boers to withdraw the big gun two and a half miles, to a position with less command of the town. Some snipers took cover in the veld at night and waited all through the next day till sunset, when the slanting light was in the Boers' faces. Then they would commence brief, but highly successful shooting. Under the same favourable evening conditions B.-P. would even push guns forward to hammer the Boer guns or outposts.

The Boers needed no instruction in cunning. One night they abandoned a post with a great deal of noise, and Baden-Powell's men were preparing to dash forward and occupy it. But the retirement was a little too obvious, and Baden-Powell's suspicions were aroused. A more cautious approach was made, and the post was found to contain charges of dynamite ready wired for the reception of the new tenants. Another Boer stratagem was to advance into the veld at night and dig small posts in new and unexpected places. These snipers' nests would have to be discovered and dealt with by the besieged — and when the Boers realized they were seen and ranged, they would move elsewhere.

Various dummy positions drew a great deal of Boer fire, but the real trenches did not always escape, as on November 21, when forty-three shells from the Creusot were fired — and again, the following day, when shelling was continued from dawn to sunset. At the beginning of December it seemed that the stock of food would last for only three months; actually, by careful management and much inventiveness, it held out for another five months. By mid-December the casualties were 288, including 23 Europeans killed, 53 wounded, and 163 natives killed and wounded. Of the civil population 17 had died from ordinary causes. Christmas Day was kept as a truce.



BOER SCOUTS IN THE VELD

*Photo E.N.A.*

Up to this time Baden-Powell's operations had been mainly on a small scale, driving back the more thrustful Boers and extending the defensive line. Now he decided on a larger *sortie*, which would enable him further to extend the area within the perimeter of the defences, to gain more ground over which cattle could feed. He was anxious also to establish contact with Plumer's column, which was hovering in the veld north of Mafeking. Therefore on Boxing Day a larger attack was launched against a Boer post called Game Tree Hill, which, if captured, would form an excellent point for joining hands with Plumer.

B.-P. personally examined the enemy position, though close reconnaissance was not possible. It seemed to be a low breastwork of sand-bags about three feet high pierced by a line of loop-holes. What B.-P. did not know was that the Boers had been warned of the impending raid and that after his last reconnaissance they had, during the night, raised their ramparts to twelve feet, dug a ditch in front of it, doubled the garrison, and brought large reinforcements up to reserve positions. To B.-P. and other reconnoitring officers an attack seemed feasible; but the last-minute preparations by the Boers turned the fort into a death-trap.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hore and Major A. J. Godley led the assault, which was carried out by a storming-party of eighty, with two hundred men as a reserve, some guns, and the armoured train. During the night, guns and troops took up positions for the advance. At the first light the guns flashed in the dark shadows on the veld and shells began to burst on the Boer position. Then the Maxim hammered, sending its hissing stream of bullets into the fort, and the armoured train slid out from Mafeking. Soon heavy rifle-fire began from the fort. British and Boer were now at death-grips.

The armoured train was delayed by damage caused to the line by the Boers in anticipation of the attack, yet it advanced as far and as quickly as possible, using its machine-gun and Hotchkiss. But much

of the fire from train and field-guns was wasted, as the Boers did not occupy the fort with their full reinforcements until the fire slackened to enable the British to charge. When the British guns ceased fire the assault troops rushed forward, and took cover in the veld to rest and fix bayonets for the final charge. Then, three hundred yards from the fort, a line of bayonets suddenly rose, flashing in the morning sun, and the men swept forward with a shrill cheer.

At once the firing from the fort became even heavier. Officers fell, but the men rushed on towards the loopholes, which shimmered with the stabbing light of rifle-shots. In that fort were some of the best marksmen in the world. The few attackers who swarmed up the high wall of sandbags found that the top of the Boer trench was covered with steel rails and sandbags! In front of the position men lay dead and wounded in the veld.

B.-P. anxiously waited for news of the attack. A message came from Godley that the men could not get into the Boer position. At once B.-P. ordered the assault to cease. The troops fell back by sections covering one another, while the artillery shelled the fort to keep down Boer fire.

The storming-party had forty-seven casualties, twenty-four of whom were killed. The Boers lost eleven killed. A sergeant and a trooper were awarded the Victoria Cross.

In accounts of the fighting at Mafeking the failure at Game Tree is often remembered, when all the smaller raids and *sorties* which succeeded are forgotten. All soldiers have to bear with this tendency among historians. Baden-Powell's attack did serve at least one purpose, of showing that the garrison was full of fight. The Boers were already aware of that, but the raid was a further demonstration of spirit that certainly discouraged them. Yet the difficulty of any operation from Mafeking was increased by the fact that people in the town were in sympathy, and could communicate, with the enemy. B.-P. was sadly affected by the loss of life. He had done everything he could foresee to make the operation a success. But his usual method of close reconnaissance had not been possible, and in addition it was believed afterwards that the Boers had been informed of his plans. Not only had the fort been strengthened, the railway line damaged, and reinforcements concentrated, but the enemy commander was actually present at the point of attack. The Boers were redoubtable opponents on even terms; forewarned, they were deadly. In fact an assault and retirement less ably conducted would have led to a more crushing disaster.

Just at this time news reached B.-P. of British defeats at Colenso and Stormberg, but he showed no sign of depression, for whatever his personal feelings, it was vitally necessary to appear confident and cheerful. The eyes of every soldier and civilian tried to read the fate of Mafeking in his face. All took heart at his jokes and cheery words. His alert step as he strolled whistling through the streets was a tonic to the depressed. He added, to his example of cheeriness, active measures to keep troops and civilians in good spirits.

There appeared in Mafeking typewritten or printed notices such as the following:

RECREATION GROUND  
VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT  
by the

PROTECTORATE REGT. And THE B.S.A. POLICE  
Committee decides best performance and prizes awarded

WIDE WORLD SHOW

The Grand Siege Driving-competition  
One prize for the most original turn-out.  
One prize for the lady passenger in the vehicle that wins the race.

The race consists of driving the vehicle round a circular course while the band plays.  
When the halt sounds, the vehicle that is nearest to the winning point wins the race.  
Drivers choose their own pace, but may not stop till the halt sounds. Any kind of vehicle,

and kind of animal or team, but each vehicle must be provided with some sort of alarm, such as horn or whistle, etc., which must be kept sounding during the race.

The following is one of the programmes of entertainment in Mafeking:

BECHUANALAND RIFLES  
TRAVELLING MINSTREL TROUPE

1. March Past — “Staats Artillerie”
2. Song — “Old Swanee River” *by General Snyman*
3. Grand Miserable Drill Display *by the Troupe*
4. Tent-pegging *by the Dark Town Sectional Team*
5. Clog Dance *by Piet Cronje*
6. Glee — “Fancy Meeting You” *by the Troupe*
7. War Dance *by the Missing Link*

One can imagine Baden-Powell’s talent as variety artiste being especially attracted to numbers 2, 5, and 7. With his lively personality to inspire them, the British in Mafeking continued to practise the social amenities. Survivors of the siege still retain as precious souvenirs invitations such as this:

—— requests the pleasure of ——’s company to lunch on Christmas Day at 1.30 at her Bombproof. Mr Weil hopes to provide a fat turkey.

Other soldiers might have defended Mafeking successfully, but no other contemporary could have done it in the B.-P. manner. Every aspect of the siege is marked by his personality. His vigour, optimism, bonhomie, and ubiquity sustained the will to win of civilians and soldiers. He was everywhere, night and day, with jokes, appreciation of good work, and new ideas for discomforting the Boers. The troops in Mafeking knew that the commander was as shrewd as any Boer that ever lived, and that, saving treachery, he would never be caught at a disadvantage. The British expect courage in their officers as a matter of course, but it is something even more satisfying for troops to know that their leader also possesses brains, astuteness, and initiative. The irregulars defending Mafeking well understood Boer tactics and mentality; they also knew that B.-P. far surpassed the enemy in that quality, so important in veld fighting, which the Boers call ‘slim.’

In B.-P. the troops therefore had unbounded confidence. Initiative and resource were encouraged by his orders —

Bluff the enemy with show of force as much as you like, but don’t let yourself get too far out of touch with your own side without orders, lest you draw them on into difficulties in their endeavour to support you...Do not always wait for orders, if you see the situation demands action. Don’t be afraid to act for fear of making a mistake — “a man who never made a mistake never made anything.” If you find you have made a mistake, carry it through nevertheless with energy. Pluck and dash have often changed a mistake into a success.

In the Boer *commandos* accurate shooting was a common asset, yet in the sniping, at Mafeking, they met their equals. Baden-Powell’s loop-holes in the sand-bagged trenches and saps were lined with steel plate, so that a marksman felt more secure than when merely behind a wall of earth and sand. Sometimes the Boers would be encouraged to look through their loopholes or over their parapets, by some unusual action or by a burst of singing. Then the snipers would take their toll; a slight pressure on a trigger, a

thud or crack in the enemy position, and some Boer would slither to the ground to fight no more. As Baden-Powell's snipers asserted their supremacy, Boer spirits flagged.

B.-P. found another way of causing alarm and despondency in the Boer lines. Armed with a tin megaphone containing vibrating wires, he would go to an advanced position at night and in a subdued voice, which nevertheless carried a good distance, would give orders for attack, as though to men at an assembly point between the trenches. Wild bursts of fire would come from the Boers, as they manned their trenches, summoned reinforcements — and lost their sleep.

A few acetylene lamps and a small store of acetylene were available in Mafeking. From these, with the aid of a reflector, B.-P. constructed a searchlight. The beam was swept round from one fort and was then rushed to another, where it was displayed soon afterwards. Each night the light appeared from different parts of the defences, to impress the Boers that searchlights were numerous — and thus to discourage night raids. Sometimes following a night *sortie*, when lamp-signals had been used, he would set the lamps to work again when no attack was intended. More jumpiness and rapid fire in the Boer position!

At the end of the year B.-P. issued paper money in small denominations for the ordinary buying and selling in the town. The following weeks were marked by no special incident. The routine of sniping and shelling went on, the big gun, nicknamed 'Big Ben' or 'Gertje' (Gertie), firing at the rate of nearly three hundred rounds a month. On New Year's Day the Boers shelled for six hours with five guns, 'Gertje' completing her six hundred and thirty-fifth round! At the end of the month casualties amounted to 253, killed, wounded, and missing, of whom 35 were non-combatants.

In February a single ration consisted of half a pound of flour or meal daily. Kitchens for soup had been opened, and all the ingenuity of B.-P. and his officers was exercised to find extra food. Sausages were made from slaughtered horses, whose bones were boiled for soup. A thousand pounds of sausage were manufactured daily. One officer made meal for bread out of oats, the husks of which were used to feed chickens, while the waste from oats and water was issued as food. Horses' hooves, heads, and hides all went into the pot. Two hides could be made to produce twenty-five pounds of brawn. When the supply of gun-ammunition ran low, shell-cases were made from horse-shoes.

To free more men for fighting, Major Lord Edward Cecil employed the boys of Mafeking as runners and orderlies. B.-P. noted, and did not forget, that when given definite responsibility they were fully trustworthy.

At the end of February messengers came through the Boer lines from Colonel Plumer (whose operations outside Mafeking will be indicated later), bringing news of French's relief of Kimberley earlier in the month. Mafeking was not so closely invested as to prevent single men or small parties from passing through the Boer positions. Those who undertook this task were well paid, but the money was assuredly earned, as the usual penalty for capture was applied by a Boer firing-party. B.-P., in fact, was able to arrange a postal service to Bulawayo, and much of the news from Mafeking appeared first in the local newspapers. To find money for the runners he intended to put a surcharge on stamps, but some members of his staff arranged for the issue of a special stamp, to be used in the town, bearing Baden-Powell's head. B.-P. was not responsible for this issue and was not pleased about it, especially when some of the stamps got out of Mafeking.

He knew in March that he could not be relieved before the middle of April, but at least he was in constant touch with Plumer, so that the sense of isolation was less keen. He continued to work ceaselessly to keep up the spirits of the besieged and to convince the Boers that all was well in Mafeking. Once he sent a solemn message to Snyman, under flag of truce, offering all the Boers a free pardon and immunity from punishment, if they would go home before he invaded their country! At another time he advised the Boer commander that Mafeking would never be captured by his merely looking at it.

Plumer's operations near Mafeking were of considerable importance. He had at first only five hundred mounted men, (four hundred and twenty Rhodesian Regiment, a few score B.S.A.P., and some

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Australians) with one 12-pounder, a 2.5-inch gun, and two Maxims, yet managed to impress the Boers that he had three times that strength. His position on the borders of Northern Transvaal was a threat which the Boers sent troops to meet, but they could not pin him down. His small column once covered fifty-four miles in eighteen hours, in great heat and with no water. When they discovered his true strength and withdrew men for the Natal fighting, Plumer moved south-west and, with some slight reinforcement, helped to weaken the Boer investment of Mafeking by mobile, harassing tactics, which caused Snyman to send strong forces northward. On one raid he marched seventy miles in twenty-six hours, and not one man fell out. He even tried to drive cattle through to Mafeking. Only four miles from the town he had a sharp affair with the Boers. B.-P. could not accept his offer to make a determined attack on the Boers, in view of Plumer's small numbers. The Rhodesian column therefore continued to create diversions, threaten and mislead the Boers, and further helped the resistance of Mafeking by feeding hundreds of natives who fled from the town.

Plumer resembled B.-P. in adaptability and skill in irregular warfare, but differed from him in temperament and was, of course, less versatile. As a rule Colonials did not care for British Regular officers, yet Plumer was well liked, despite his eye-glass, his knack of remaining neat and 'Sam Browne'd' in the roughest campaigning — and even though he always wore gloves, to preserve the impeccable condition of his hands.

The besieged in Mafeking had not remained content to stand on the defensive. They had carried the war to the Boers as aggressively as their resources allowed. B.-P. himself was constantly round the defence posts and often well beyond them, watching the Boer positions. "Once," he wrote, referring probably to an incident at this time, "having crept up a donga to look at a Boer fort, I was seen by the enemy, and they came out to capture me. I at once signalled to imaginary friends in the donga below me, and the Boers ran back into their fort." On most days he found time to enliven the sick and wounded by visiting the hospitals.

In Mafeking there were sixty-four casualties during March. By this time the besiegers were reduced by three thousand, and others were drifting away as the British poured into the Orange Free State. Snyman now bombarded mercilessly, and shells fell into the woman's laager and the hospital. B.-P. stopped this by putting men suspected of communicating with the Boers into the woman's laager, and informing Snyman that he had done so. Very little gun-ammunition remained at the garrison, and shoots were undertaken only on Baden-Powell's orders.

Rations also were low, and it seemed that unless they were sparingly issued it would be impossible to hold out beyond the end of May. Still the defenders' rifles, Hotchkiss, and small guns gave more than was received from the Boers. Their spirits were raised by a message from Queen Victoria, commending their patience and determination and the resourcefulness of the commander.

Night after night B.-P. would come in from patrol, stealing quietly from the darkness towards some sentry or outpost. A whispered password, a few short, humorous sentences, and he would disappear again into the blackness of the veld. By day he was at his observation post in Mafeking, and by night he reconnoitred the enemy positions as closely as he dared, in view of his responsibilities — for the capture of the commander of Mafeking would have been a resounding triumph for the Boers. Yet he retained energy to organize concerts and provide plenty of buffoonery himself. He would impersonate Paderewski, play the mouth-organ, or sing compositions of his own.

By the beginning of May Plumer was pressing the Boers more closely. Lord Roberts was moving northward to Pretoria. Although many of the Boers had been content to sit round Mafeking and hope for starvation to bring surrender, there were those who had always been impatient with Snyman's uninspired methods, and believed that now or never was the time to storm the town.

A new arrival, Commandant Eloff, whose mind was livelier than Snyman's, had been for some weeks closely reconnoitring the defences. Now, aided by some French and Germans, he launched a determined assault. Under cover of feints at various points, the outer line was pierced along the bed of the Molopo,



by the native quarter. Hore was captured, but the inner defences held. B.-P. issued a series of lightning orders, carried to all points by his telephone lines. As though by magic, at all the correct places armed men appeared. By nightfall the outer line had closed the gap, and the stormers were split up into detached parties, pinned down by heavy fire, and cut off from support. That night the following general orders were issued:

The garrison are congratulated on the successful result of to-day's hard work.

A number of Boers have been killed and wounded and twenty-five taken prisoner, and two parties of them are surrounded.

Extra alertness will be required to-night to prevent any further reinforcements of enemy getting in, and to prevent those who are surrounded getting out, so that we may finish them off to-morrow.

All firing should be kept low along the ground by night.

To prevent firing into each other, parties of men moving in the dark should use the countersign freely.

The countersign is "London."

By Order,

E. CECIL (Major)

Chief Staff Officer

Among the prisoners, Lieutenant-General Sir A. J. Godley informed the writer, was an officer who asked to be released, as detention would cause him considerable trouble! B.-P. replied that it would have been better to have thought of that before entering Mafeking. It transpired that the prisoner was an officer of the German Army, and was afraid of being punished for overstaying his leave.

After some brisk fighting, in which eight Boers were killed and some thirty wounded, Eloff surrendered. Lord Roberts had long been planning the relief of Mafeking, and had employed Baden-Powell's brother, Major Baden-Powell, in some of the preliminary arrangements. Now a column was detached for the relief, under General Hunter, who sent a column ahead, 1,100 strong, under Colonel Mahon. Distant gun-fire and flashes on the sky announced to Mafeking that relief was on the way. Mahon's force, moving at great speed, had a sharp clash with the Boers west of Mafeking. The enemy retired, and twenty-two miles west of the town the relief column met Plumer, who had marched twenty-eight miles during the night in order to link up. The joint advance began so rapidly that the Boers could not entrench. On May 16 a carrier pigeon brought B.-P. the news that help was at hand. Marching through the dark morning hours, Colonel Mahon's forces reached the town on May 17. Mafeking was relieved!

The next day the relieving troops and the besieged — now only about two-thirds of their original number — deployed from Mafeking; and the Boers, horses, wagons, and guns swarmed away over the veld. Among the defenders of Mafeking there were 326 casualties, of whom 159 were killed. Of the non-combatants in the town, 487 became casualties, 333 being killed. Of the coloured defenders 25 were killed, and of coloured non-combatants (Barolongs) 264. Fifty per cent. of the officers were killed, and nineteen and a half per cent. of the men.



BADEN-POWELL  
*Photo Elliott and Fry, Ltd.*

III

For seven months Baden-Powell had borne the responsibility and cares of the siege. His activities and vigilance were ceaseless, so that one wonders how he found time to sleep. But to the public in England, Mafeking seemed simply a thrilling adventure and B.-P. the gay, spirited leader, of infinite guile and impish humour. During the dark days of the war, and then when the outlook was more cheerful, with Roberts sweeping northward and Ladysmith and Kimberley relieved, Mafeking still held out, sustaining popular civilian interest as every siege has done, from Troy to Port Arthur. For a siege is a challenge; the wit and courage of the attacker are set against the watchfulness and endurance of the beleaguered. Stories of Baden-Powell's cunning and wariness, of the Sunday entertainments in which he himself performed, of this gaiety, his *sorties*, of the *Mafeking Mail* which was "issued daily, shells permitting," and of his capturing Eloff, came through to England and were told and retold. The somewhat bombastic attitude and defiant messages, employed by B.-P. for the special purpose of depressing the Boers, were hailed with delight by a people thousands of miles away, who did not realize their object. Baden-Powell himself did not know the extent to which the siege was rousing attention in South Africa, England, and every corner of the world where people read newspapers. The wider operations more difficult to understand, lacking this character of a direct challenge or tournament of champions, were of little interest while the world waited for news from Mafeking.

Thus when the town was relieved, it was, to everyone save B.-P. and the garrison, like the end of an exceptionally good play, or sporting event, full of thrills and incident, with the added attraction of a happy ending. It was more than that. The British people had identified themselves with the small garrison, regarding it as composed of civilians like themselves, or at the best only temporary soldiers, led by a character bold, adroit, and gay.

Britain went mad with joy. All classes of the people fraternized in wild scenes in the streets; newspapers were sold out again and again; men and women rushed from theatres and restaurants to join the surging, shouting, dancing, singing crowds. Never before had been such wild jubilation. That weekend gave a new word to the English tongue — 'mafficking.'

The scenes were described (with some restraint) in *The Times*:

There was certainly no trace of British phlegm in the demeanour of the crowds who filled the streets of London until the small hours of Sunday morning, nor can we find in accounts from the provinces anything but abounding evidence of the exuberance of popular delight.

The siege of Mafeking is now often considered merely as having been a very subsidiary operation in the South African War. Yet Baden-Powell's resistance pinned down several thousand Boers (nine thousand at the beginning, and never less than between two and three thousand) who could have been used either for an invasion of Cape Colony or at critical points elsewhere. Thus Lord Wolseley's strategy in concentrating forces in that district had been amply justified. The failure of the siege also depressed the morale of the besiegers: there was mutiny in Snyman's *commandos*, the men demanding another leader.

The defence of Mafeking also closed the doors to Rhodesia, ensured the neutrality of tribes that not long before had been in arms against the British, and discouraged others from assisting the Boers. For while Baden-Powell still held Mafeking under the Union Jack, with a force inferior in numbers and equipment, and with all the Transvaal separating him from his countrymen, it was a symbol not only to the Boers but to all Africa that the British cause was undefeated.

The relief of Mafeking would have formed a fitting climax to the war, but it marks rather a change in the character of the fighting. Lord Roberts occupied Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, early in June, and the High Command was optimistic. Hunter and Baden-Powell, the latter highly praised by Lord Roberts

and now promoted Major-General, marched through the Western Transvaal. The British held the main towns and the railways. The Boers, however, split up into mobile units, elusive, appearing in unexpected places, striking quick blows at isolated forts, at the railways, at convoys of supplies. The Regular troops, yeomanry, and volunteers toiled after them. Even after Hunter and Baden-Powell had crossed the north-west Transvaal, the district became active almost at once, and it seemed that B.-P. might be again surrounded in Rustenburg. In the western Transvaal, De Wet cleverly slipped away from converging forces under such able soldiers as Kitchener, Smith-Dorrien, Ian Hamilton, and Baden-Powell, at least one of whom well understood the Boer wiles. De Wet was a supreme artist in this guerrilla warfare.

In the summer of 1900, however, it seemed only a matter of weeks before the *commandos* would be rounded up. Yet Britain had to resort to other measures, burning farms to cut off Boer supplies, concentrating the civil population, making great drives, night marches, and raids, building fortified block-houses along the railways and elsewhere to reduce the enemy's mobility. Even after months of such methods there was still fight left in the Boers; in fact they could often take the initiative, and at the end of 1901 De Wet captured a large force of Yeomanry.

The war was becoming like the protracted fight of Knight and Dragon, while Britain

...smote again with more outrageous might,  
But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,  
And left not any marke, where it did bight.

In June Baden-Powell made his headquarters at Ottoshoep, in the Western Transvaal. He was now in command of the military district of Mafeking, Zeerust, and Lichtenburg, with 1,100 Rhodesian Volunteers and Police, and a few guns. To hold this district he kept garrisons in Mafeking and Zeerust, and to clear it of Boers he sent out two mounted columns, one of them under Plumer. Then he moved on to Rustenburg, the most important town in the district. When this town was occupied by Plumer, B.-P. received orders to make a 'drive' as far as Warmbad. While awaiting the arrival of 2,000 Imperial Bushmen Corps from General Carrington at Bulawayo, he kept his patrols moving about the Western Transvaal.

Everything seemed to be quiet, but the calm was deceptive. Quite suddenly the Boers appeared in action again, and B.-P. was faced by *commandos* numbering 5,000 men. Falling back on Rustenburg, he co-operated with Lord Methuen in driving off the Boer bands, but when Methuen was recalled for operations elsewhere, B.-P., with 1,500 men, was faced by nearly twice that number of very active enemies. Should he hold Rustenburg as he had held Mafeking? Lord Roberts decided to abandon the town, but B.-P. saw to it that no defensive works remained, and destroyed a huge quantity of Boer ammunition before leaving.

In the operations which followed, Baden-Powell served under General Sir Ian Hamilton, but early in this period of guerrilla warfare he was withdrawn for another important duty.

## CHAPTER IX

### SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY

Some of the finest examples of discipline and devotion to duty are to be found among bodies of men, who, though in all essential respects soldiers, are designated by the names of constabulary, or police....The service demands of them not only courage and daring but great powers of moral and physical endurance.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE, *A Gallant Company*.

ON July 4, 1900, Lord Roberts wrote to Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner in South Africa, regarding the choice of an officer to command a new force of constabulary on the lines of the Canadian North-west Mounted Police.

Baden-Powell is far and away the best man I know. He possesses in quite an unusual degree the qualities you specify, viz., energy, organization, knowledge of the country, and a power of getting on with its people...as a member of the Government you will find Baden-Powell immensely useful.

In the following month, when it seemed that the Boer War was drawing to a close, Baden-Powell was summoned by Lord Roberts to discuss the formation of this force for the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Swaziland. On his way to Belfast through a war area of broken bridges and shattered railway lines, B.-P. thought out the requirements and organization of the new corps. He then processed to Cape Town, where Milner approved his plans.

At this time in South Africa Baden-Powell's journeys were in the nature of triumphal processions. At all stations there were cheering crowds, but at Cape Town the climax was reached when he was received by the Mayor and carried shoulder-high through a multitude to Government House.

A few months later one might have seen in the veld three companies of men, riding about a mile apart, and at the three points of a triangle. They wore khaki uniforms and flat-brimmed Stetson hats, decorated with a short green feather. Their tunics were faced with green and yellow. An airman flying above the scene would have noted a string of Boers, lying among grass and rocks on the lip of a spruit, waiting for the nearest company to pass, but they were invisible to the horsemen. As the first shots came from the ambushers, the men in khaki extended, dismounted, and took cover, while their horses were led behind a slope in the ground. A rapid exchange of shots followed — there was little time for more, as the other two mounted companies had already galloped in a wide circle round the flanks of the Boer position, had dismounted, and were closing in, shooting as they came.

The Boer was himself an expert in outflanking movements, and no soldier felt more uneasy than he, when rifles began firing from his sides and rear. This party of ambushers quickly ran to their ponies, which were being held in a hollow behind them, and galloped away. Out raiding that night, they were fired on from ground which seemed devoid of men or fortification, and in their flurry they became entangled in wire laid in the long grass. Soon they were being fired at from three sides, and the darkness was lit by flaming bundles of dried grass that seemed to be hurled out of the earth at their feet. The next morning several bodies lay between the three concealed trenches. Khaki-clad men, with tunics faced with yellow and green, came out of the ground and shot several ponies, which had been injured when brought down by the strands of wire.

These small actions were typical of the work performed by Baden-Powell's new force, the South African Constabulary. He began raising the corps by collecting a small staff and some existing bodies of police. From the Army he could get little in the way of officers, horses, or supplies, but with Milner's

encouragement he surmounted all difficulties. At Stellenbosch, near Capetown, there was a camp which has given a word to the English language, for here were sent officers who had fallen foul of authority. B.-P. thought it unlikely that officers who had blundered once would do so again, and so he rescued some of the lost souls in this Gehenna for his constabulary. That was in the beginning. When B.-P. was known to be raising a force there was a deluge of applications for commissions, and he could choose excellent material, particularly among Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, cowboys, farmers, and prospectors, well used to roughing it in the open and taking care of themselves and their friends in tight corners. In the ranks B.-P. did not want men who had served long terms in the Army, as he judged them likely to have lost independence and resource. The highest standards of physical fitness were demanded, and elaborate precautions were taken to prevent deception of the medical officer and, later, that no man should avoid demonstrating his proficiency with horse and rifle.

At first it was thought that the war was ending, and the constabulary were to be employed in keeping order in the devastated country that was swarming with rouges and crooks. But the war continued, and the constabulary added fighting to police duties. They were trained at Modderfontein. Again B.-P. adopted the principle of individual responsibility. Each man was made to feel personally responsible for his own progress in musketry, riding, drill, tactics, construction of defensive works, and even in setting explosive charges. To develop resource and self-reliance, the men were sent on patrol in pairs. If a man showed a special tendency to depend on leadership he was sent on a journey alone, to compel him to use his own judgement. This idea was borrowed from Baker Russell. In South Africa B.-P. was able to apply it in a large country which provided plenty of scope for long treks, made under war conditions.

The constabulary was divided into four divisions, three in the Transvaal and Swaziland, and one in the Orange Free State. Each consisted of between two and three thousand men, and had its own administration.

Typical of the personnel, though more famous than most, was the colonel in charge of the northern Transvaal district, Sam Steele, late of the Royal North-west Mounted Police and Strathcona's Horse. He was of a United Empire Loyalist family, had been guide to Sir Garnet Wolseley on the Red River Expedition, was a wonderful revolver shot, had tracked down and captured Louis Riel, and had kept order as judge, administrator, and policeman during the Yukon gold-rush. Many other officers and men in the constabulary could have told good stories of the backwoods and pioneer life.

Horses were acquired from Australia. B.-P. paid a commission to ships' masters who landed cargoes in good condition, and succeeded (as might well be expected of a soldier of twenty-five years' service) in concealing the number of his remounts, lest they should be impounded by the Army.

The S.A.C. was used with the troops in the field and as garrisons for strong-points which were intended to be a check on the movements of the illusive Boer. In action the S.A.C. formation was triangular, so that each company could cover and reinforce the others. The Boers found it a difficult formation to take by surprise. The constabulary's outposts were trenches, strongly roofed, loopholed longitudinally at ground level, camouflaged and wired in. They were sited in threes, for mutual support, and the area between them was wired irregularly, so that an enemy might get in but would have difficulty in getting out in darkness. In various places dummy positions were made to mislead the Boers. These posts often drew the fire of snipers, to the amusement of the occupants of the concealed positions. In this way the S.A.C. held a good deal of territory, while small infantry garrisons held block-houses along roads and railways. The best Boer leaders, men like De Wet, could usually manage to circumvent both types of obstruction, but on the whole they put some check on enemy movements.

Five months from Baden-Powell's summons to raid the force, the S.A.C. was already holding the areas round Pretoria, Johannesburg, and Bloemfontein. The general aim originally was to clear the country of Boers still in arms and get the peaceful Dutch back to their farms under the protection of the new constabulary. Within ten months B.-P. had 7,500 men in the field.

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In the summer of 1901 he was invalided to England, where he received the C.B., and stayed for a few days at Balmoral. He was the guest of honour at a great dinner at the Hotel Cecil, and various municipalities pressed honours and presents upon him. But all who knew him were aware that the greatest pleasure he experienced was a stay at Charterhouse, where he laid the foundation stone of the South African War Memorial Cloister, with an inscription ending — “R. S. S. Baden-Powell Oppidi Mafeking Defensor Invictus.” He also visited the London Charterhouse, the earliest scenes of his public-school life, and the aged brethren turned out in force to see him and shake his hand.

B.-P. was back in Africa before the end of the year to hear tales of the gallantry of the S.A.C. Though the force had been kept at first too much on defensive duties, it proved one of the ablest units in the later guerrilla fighting, meeting the Boers with their own tactics of mobility, feint, surprise, and out-flanking. Awards included three V.C.’s and several D.S.O.’s. Baden-Powell instituted a special Constabulary Badge for gallantry. During the Great War one of the V.C.’s won the award a second time, and one of the D.S.O.’s gained the decoration three times again. In eighteen months the S.A.C. accounted for nearly a thousand Boers — and the fact that only ninety-three of these were killed is perhaps an indication of the extent to which the S.A.C. out-maneuvred their opponents. Thousands of horses and hundreds of mules were captured, a severe handicap to the Boer *commandos*, whose most valuable asset in a country swarming with British troops was mobility.

Discipline in the S.A.C. was very strict, and standards of efficiency heightened by competition between sections, or small ‘patrols,’ were relentlessly sustained. “The constabulary,” B.-P. once said, “was a hard force to get into, but a very easy one to get out of.” He once dismissed eleven officers and three hundred men in one batch! A commission from the ranks was granted only after a stiff examination, which tested practice and theory, followed by a period of strenuous, searching probation. B.-P. rode thousands of miles visiting various units and posts. Forty miles a day was commonplace, and once he covered one hundred and fourteen.

When the war ended in 1902, he retained command of the constabulary for another six months, when he was offered a coveted appointment in the Cavalry Service, namely Inspector-General of Cavalry in Great Britain and Ireland. He accepted, but he did not forget the dead of the war. The constabulary in all areas was ordered to find the graves of the killed, Boer and British, and see that they were kept in good condition.

On Baden-Powell’s resignation, the High Commissioner expressed in a General Order his admiration for the work he had achieved, and wrote in the same vein to B.-P. in a private letter. Baden-Powell thanked Milner for his help and encouragement, especially in the early days of the S.A.C. when, as he wrote, “we were practically left to work out our own salvation as best we could.”

The S.A.C. was disbanded when the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were given responsible government. “Baden-Powell,” wrote Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Trew, the author of *African Man Hunts*, who served with him in the field after Mafeking and in the S.A.C., “had a wonderful gift of inspiring men under him with his own high sense of honour and love of good service....It [the S.A.C.] built up for itself a great name for *esprit de corps* and ungrudging service to the State. The spirit which its great organizer instilled into it remained until the end, and even carried on into the other forces [the Transvaal Police and South African Police] which the officers and men joined after the death of the old force.”

In the next chapter something will be said of the failures of the British Army in the Boer War, the improvement which was made in the years following, and Baden-Powell’s contribution to it. But one may note here that the British fought a brave and active people who employed unique tactics in a country which presented, in an accentuated degree, all the difficulties (of supply, communication, and unfriendly population) which beset the French in the Peninsular War. It is certain that the British adapted themselves to the conditions more successfully than any other European army would have done.

## CHAPTER X

### PREPARING FOR 1914

An army is an institution not merely conservative but retrogressive by nature. It has such natural resistance to progress that it is always ensured against the danger of being pushed ahead too fast. Far worse and more certain, as history abundantly testifies, is the danger of its slipping backward.

B. H. LIDDELL HART, *Foch: Man of Orleans*

FOR the British Army, the South African War was an educational process, for it had met a foe unhampered by routine ideas, drill-books, and conservatism. The Boers made strategical mistakes, as in immobilizing forces for siege warfare, but they knew how to take cover, shoot accurately, use the contours of the ground, feint, attack by surprise, plan ambush, and retire skilfully. They were mounted men who fought on foot. When the British tried to close with them, they would gallop away, after inflicting much damage on the attackers, and take up an entirely new position. If an attempt was made to outflank them, they continued firing until the last moment of safety and then slipped away rapidly to form some other front which left the British manoeuvre 'in the air.' They had learned the art of irregular fighting, night-scouting, and night-raiding from their immediate ancestors, who acquired it in war with Basutos and Zulus. As Ian Hamilton said, all the parade-drill, pomp, and pageantry of the Army was useless against intelligent farmers with magazine rifles. Lord Roberts stressed the fact that troops in future would have to learn "to use their wits" and fight with intelligence. The use of intelligence, initiative, and cunning was an object pursued in military training by several officers from Lord Wolseley downward, and notably by Baden-Powell, for years before the Boer War; but they had not succeeded in changing the general attitude to training.

In the history of the British Army the period after the war in South Africa is in contrast to the periods following other wars. Armies as a rule are slow to adopt new ideas. This tendency can be seen, for instance, after the War of American Independence, whence the officers returned anxious to apply the lessons of the war, such as individual shooting as against volley-firing, encouragement for the soldier to think and act for himself, and less rigid parade manoeuvring in battle. Yet the Army had to wait twenty years before Sir John Moore was able to introduce, in a limited field, new tactics and methods of training troops. Another example of military aversion to change may be seen in the arming of soldiers with the bayonet. Officers who served against the American colonists believed that the bayonet was obsolete; the last war in Europe convinced most soldiers of its uselessness, at least for its intended purpose; yet it is still carried. Much has been written of the reluctance of higher authority in the Great War to accept the tank. There are many instances of Army conservatism, and some military writers, with justified exasperation, are fond of recounting them.

In Britain, many of the shortcomings of the military machine were due to a combination of various factors such as the conservatism of officers of very long service and advanced age, and the voluntary system of recruiting, which brought men in for training in small numbers and at varying periods of the year, and through which also the Army gained its recruits almost entirely from the uneducated classes. Add to these factors the necessity of private income for officers, which closed the commissioned ranks against many educated men, and the fact that a naval Power was less inclined than some others to spend money on the Army, and one may realize that Army reformers were faced by some steep gradients.

Nevertheless, the Boer War provided a stimulating tonic, which led to a great forward movement in the Army. Further progress was quickened by the prospect, becoming clearer as the years passed, of a European war in which Britain would be involved. Those who saw danger advancing in Europe worked steadily at the task of preparation. Lord Kitchener in India moved garrisons to better strategical positions



and tried to break down some old Army traditions and train men on more advanced lines. Through the National Service League, Lord Roberts followed Lord Wolseley in a vain plea for compulsory service. The Secretary for War, Lord Haldane, introduced changes that were to prove the salvation of Britain, speeding up mobilization plans, creating the British Expeditionary Force, forming the Territorial Army, and founding the O.T.C.s in universities and public schools.

In this forward movement Baden-Powell was concerned, firstly as Inspector-General of Cavalry in Great Britain and Ireland, and then as commander of a Territorial Division. For the remainder of his military service his most important work was in the training of cavalry.

Now the Boer War became largely one between mounted infantry on both sides, for the Boers did not fight as cavalry, and were eventually met by their own tactics, which were new to the British cavalry, trained only in the old shock charge with sword or lance. In the years following, there can be discerned three schools of thought, in Britain and India, regarding the future tactical employment of mounted troops. They are:

(a) The Mounted Infantry school — the soldier charging with sword or lance is obsolete. When contact is made with the enemy, the horseman will fight dismounted. Therefore, though he must have a fair knowledge of riding and looking after a horse, his training must be chiefly directed to musketry and infantry tactics.

(b) The *arme blanche* school — cavalry in future will drive home the attack by the shock of the charge, using sword or lance.

(c) The ‘half-way’ school — cavalry must be trained in dismounted action up to infantry standards, and dismounted action will be normal when the troopers are called upon to fight. Yet they must also be trained in shock action, chiefly in case of encounters with hostile cavalry when quick action is needed.

All the lectures, by British and foreign soldiers, on the lessons of South Africa, agreed that cavalry would play a great strategical part in future warfare. On the tactical employment of cavalry, however, division of opinion existed. The most outstanding exponent of the *arme blanche* school was Haig, who held that in South Africa the enemy had attacked with greater confidence and boldness when the troopers had been separated from their steel weapons, and that the Boers had been really afraid of sword and lance. Haig was a believer in the moral effect of cold steel. When questioned by the Royal Commission on the War in South Africa, Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Godley, Irish Guards, who had served with B.-P. in Mashonaland and Mafeking, did not agree with Haig, saying that he had not noticed that the Boers took courage in the absence of steel weapons. Despite the published verdicts of professional soldiers and thinkers, like Henderson and Callwell, of intelligent civilians with experience of active service, like Erskine Childers, of other close students of the Army, such as Amery, and of the bulk of opinion in other branches of the Service, Haig still retained his trust in shock tactics. When he became Inspector-General of Cavalry in India, he insisted on the full doctrine of *arme blanche* while not denying the cavalry a measure of training in dismounted action. Though a fine cavalryman and a capable soldier, Haig in this teaching seems to have given inadequate consideration to the effects of modern fire-power and field fortifications. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905 to most soldiers was further proof that cavalry shock tactics were obsolete, but Haig retained his belief. “Now, as formerly, all great successes can only be gained by a force of cavalry which is trained to harden its heart and charge home.”

French belonged to the ‘half-way’ school, and so did Allenby, though the former, and perhaps Allenby, too, had leanings to the *arme blanche* school. French, however, was kindly towards the idea of Mounted Infantry; it was Haig who recommended Haldane to abolish that arm, and the M.I. centres were closed down.

The use of Mounted Infantry was not new to the British Army. The Boer War simply gave it an impetus, though even there its speed — about four and a half miles an hour, walking and trotting — was not always well employed, and often the M.I. was not given its obvious work, screening and scouting for infantry.

Most of the younger cavalymen, like Gough, did not hold the extreme doctrine of shock with steel weapons. They were of the 'half-way' school.

Baden-Powell believed that there was a use for Mounted Infantry, and for Mounted Rifles. He had much experience with the latter, intelligent irregulars, who, being better riders and horsemasters than Mounted Infantry, were a step nearer to pure cavalry. But the work of these troops, he considered, was limited to such things as rapid tactical moves and combat duties, while the grand strategical *rôle* remained to cavalry. Believing that cavalry would be required for distant raids, wide reconnaissance, flanking-operations, and moves against enemy communications in the far-flung battlefields of the future, B.-P. held that a high standard of horsemanship would be demanded.

He realized that in the Boer War cavalry had not been fully efficient in duties of protection and reconnaissance, and pointed out that patrols had sought out the enemy by daylight, whereas in point of fact the Boers pulled off their best 'stunts' by night. De Wet, it may be noted, remarked that the British were totally ignorant of night scouting and raiding, until taught by Boer deserters. B.-P. also knew that British cavalry, as such, had been baffled by the mobile tactics of Boer horsemen fighting in a country eminently suitable to their methods. He had, in fact, expected these things to happen, cavalry training being as it was, and in his own command of Dragoon Guards he had tried to break down the deadening, unimaginative instruction, so as to fit men to fight with intelligence and guile. But Baden-Powell's trust in cavalry remained firm after, as before, the war in South Africa. He simply wanted to change its outlook and training.

He had not much faith in shock tactics with steel weapons, save as something of occasional, abnormal opportunity. He believed that it was not cold steel, but firing during an advance, that made the Boers run, and that they feared accurate fire more than waving swords. The sword he considered "a perfectly useless weapon....whether as a sword or anything else." If it was necessary for horsemen to carry a steel weapon, he suggested a very sharp sword bayonet, twice as long as the infantry bayonet, attached when necessary to the rifle, and used as a lance when mounted, or as a bayonet on foot.

All the points B.-P. had tried to develop in his own commands he could now insist upon in a wider field as Inspector-General of Cavalry. The main improvements he wanted to see were a high standard of riding and care for horses, thorough training in dismounted action up to infantry standards, and, as cavalry was to be used for intelligent reconnaissance and raids which would involve extended, independent marches, and training in skirmishing, scouting, and using the lie of the country. Finally, he aimed at developing the qualities of leadership by granting responsibility to junior officers from their first entry into the Army. "They should be made," he said after the Boer War, "really to command their unit, however small, and be answerable for its efficiency and success....The so-called chain of responsibility is too often one of irresponsibility."

To train cavalry on these lines, B.-P. thought, produced good soldiers and developed mind and character, so that the trooper could go back to civil life as the equal, if not the superior, of his fellows. The Inspector-General reported the results of his own and his staff's inspections to the Army Council; the General Staff drew up training-instructions, and the Inspector-General and his staff could not change them independently. In practice, however, the soldiers at the War Office would usually shape their policy on information from the Inspector-General's department. Baden-Powell, therefore, had a great influence in moulding a new cavalry arm.

It is said that the Duke of Cambridge once remarked, "Why should we want to know anything about foreign cavalry? We have a better cavalry of our own." His evaluation would have been truer ten years after his period as Commander-in-Chief (1856-1895) when B.-P. had been Inspector-General less than two years. While he was aware that practice was worth a good deal of theory, and that the British Army had more recent experience of warfare than any other in Europe except the Russian, B.-P. believed in examining foreign methods — not always, as has been seen, officially. For years he had read the military

journals of other countries. One of his first steps in his new appointment was to visit cavalry schools manœuvres, and battlefields abroad, in America, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Italy.

On his return he called a conference of leading cavalry officers, outlined his plans, and obtained a general approval. His plans included the giving of responsibility to junior officers; extension of the principle of responsibility to small sections within the troops; a teaching-centre for training officers in equitation, reconnaissance, and other duties; the regular establishment of scouts, under a scout officer; a triangle formation to be usually adopted by cavalry; and hand-signals to be added to trumpet-calls in directing movements. In his own commands he had already introduced most of these things, and was now to apply and develop many of them throughout the cavalry at home.

The old-time inspecting general was concerned almost entirely with external details, such as the shine on a soldier's buttons or saddlery, or the cleanliness of barrack-rooms. Sometimes a small article would be left purposely uncleaned for the general to discover, so that he might have the satisfying emotion of having conducted a really thorough inspection. There is the story of the general who found everything immaculate, until he climbed by a ladder to a roof and remarked, "A bird has been here." Usually the general sent the regiment in advance a programme of the things he would wish to see.

To B.-P. such inspections were utterly futile, and he was not unacquainted with Army methods after nearly thirty years of service. In contrast to such time-honoured practice, he was determined to see the regiments at their ordinary routine training. To this end he would stay with a unit for a short period, living in the camp or barracks, seeing more than parade smartness, and gaining a thorough knowledge of a regiment's progress. He did not insist that all officers should be present during an inspection visit, yet invariably all were with the regiment, for two good reasons. The first was that B.-P. was a figure of great attraction to the young regimental cavalry officers. He had either shone superlatively, or had been keenly enthusiastic, in the things they admired, in pig-sticking, polo, and big-game hunting. He was the adroit African scout, the trainer of a brilliant regiment in India, and the famous defender of Mafeking. With this fascinating reputation he was also approachable, humorous, and in sympathy with youth. No young officer would willingly be absent when B.-P. was inspecting, and living with his regiment.

The second reason was that B.-P. had at once begun the application of the principle of responsibility, so that the youngest officer felt, with good reason, that the Inspector-General was keenly interested in his particular fraction of the regiment's training.

Squadron and Troop officers were made to feel that their own unit, however small, was their personal concern, and that its efficiency reflected their own. They were urged to think out new schemes of training and to introduce the competitive element into the work of their commands. This insistence on individual effort, the refusal to allow any officer or man to sink into the mass of his comrades, was simply a continuation of Baden-Powell's method with the Dragoon Guards and the South African Constabulary.

It was a corrective to faults attested to by a flood of witnesses after the Boer War — fear of responsibility, lack of initiative, and a general habit of irresolution. These faults had been particularly obvious in the cavalry, to which standards of admission, because of expense, were much lower than to the infantry or artillery, although mounted duties demanded just the qualities that were widely lacking — alert intelligence and initiative. Baden-Powell's efforts for encouraging initiative, by giving the young a full measure of responsibility, were not successful on all fronts; but they succeeded wherever his influence could reach.

It was an unfortunate thing for the cavalry service that an officer had to have a minimum private income of £500 a year. For an infantry officer £120 was sufficient. Results of these arrangements were firstly that cavalry had to accept many officers who did not take the career seriously, and secondly that for the more industrious among them promotion was easier. The keen cavalry officer had not to meet the competition that existed in other arms. Haig was adjutant of the 7th Hussars in three years; Robertson, after ten years in the ranks, became captain in the 3rd Dragoon Guards in less than seven years; Byng was a captain in seven years; B.-P. was captain and adjutant in six. All these were, of course, good soldiers,

for normally, even in the cavalry, it took ten years to reach captain's rank. Yet there was a danger in the comparatively quick promotion of cavalry officers, who often outstripped more capable men in other arms. In 1903 Lord Roberts began to take the best Army candidates for the cavalry, and tried to open the branch to men who lacked adequate private incomes by lowering the cavalry officer's expenses. After his time (1904) B.-P. always sought means of introducing reductions in the officer's expenditure.

A practice now adopted on a larger scale, under Baden-Powell's influence, was that of practice mobilization. And again, as was his method with the Dragoon Guards, he extended the principle of responsibility to the lowest grades of N.C.O. and provided them with a thorough training in tactics, and the 'thinking' side of a soldier's work, something beyond the parrot-drilling of men.

Long before the Boer War B.-P. knew that the care of horses, including the art of riding without 'killing' them, was insufficiently taught in the Army, and his journeys abroad convinced him that foreigners were ahead in this, the basis of all cavalry work. During his period as I.-G. a vast improvement in the teaching of equitation was achieved. The Cavalry School, established in 1905 during his tour of duty, originally for subalterns and N.C.O.'s, went beyond instruction in these arts, taught strategy and tactics, and strove to nurture common aims and ideals between officers and men.

In these years B.-P. was always in touch with the Duke of Connaught, Inspector-General of the Forces, who supported his plans. In 1905 B.-P. accompanied him on a duty tour of South Africa and managed to include some big-game shooting, for his days were not filled exclusively with professional work. He continued drawing and exhibiting his pictures, and published *Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa*. The year of his African tour saw the foundation, not without official opposition, of the *Cavalry Journal*, which was intended to promote the discussion and propagation of ideas throughout the Service. It was to be a more specialized medium of expression than the *Journal of the Royal United Services Institute*, which printed the views of all branches of the fighting forces.

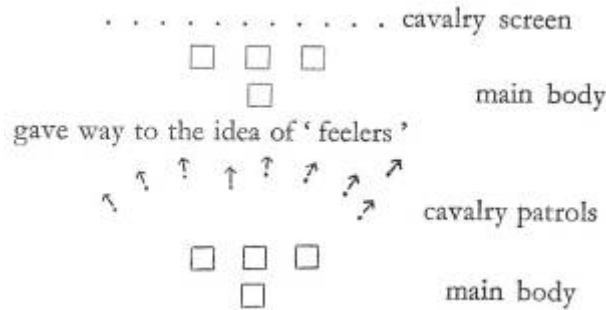
While aiming at reforms on wide, far-reaching lines, Baden-Powell did not lose sight of the more commonplace things. On tours of inspection he found that many cavalry barracks were in an advanced state of dilapidation, and his reports on them were no less forceful for being flavoured with humour. Indeed his humour, mother wit, and long experience of Army procedure came to his assistance whenever needed supplies were delayed by official red tape. The same qualities, together with his experience in forming the South African Constabulary, were useful in his work, successfully achieved, of bringing the cavalry remounts up to strength. In B.-P. the cavalry had a man who combined the qualities of an architect of important changes, as for instance, the formation of permanent cavalry bridges, and those of a business manager with an eye to detail, such as replacements of equipment, and small practical adjustments that needed immediate attention.

Two other projects, perhaps the most important, engaged much of the Inspector-General's attention. The first, inevitable in the light of his previous career, was the training of scouts, as in his view this training brought out more strongly than any other, all the attributes most valuable both to soldiers and civilians, namely, trustworthiness, self-reliance, and the use of wits. He wanted scouts to be men better at their job than the Boers had been. Knowing that cavalry patrols could never be a substitute for trained scouts, he set out to provide the Army with a new set of eyes and ears.

In relation to Baden-Powell's second objective, it should be remembered that while he was attracted to the cavalry ideal of quick, decisive action, he believed that the cavalry charge would be a feature of occasional opportunity and not the aim of all manoeuvre, so that troopers would have to fight dismounted and using cover. While imbued with the fine cavalry spirit, he had considerable experience of service with irregulars, rather of the Mounted Rifle type, who were on the whole more intelligent than the other ranks in the Regular Army. He knew how efficient a fighting-man could be made by combining the attributes of the highly trained cavalryman with the skill in shooting and dismounted action of the irregular. Under his direction a new rifle, as used by the infantry, was issued, and the troopers were trained in musketry and fire-tactics. In 1895 the officers of the Life Guards had to contribute from their

own pockets to get their men trained in musketry at Bisley. Ten years later, when B.-P. had been at work for less than twenty-four months, the cavalry could claim, with much justice, that they were as well trained in shooting and infantry tactics as any of the Foot. In all these things B.-P. was at one with Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, who stressed the importance of training in dismounted action and scouting, in his preface to *Cavalry Training* in 1904.

Another tactical change, it may be suggested, well reflects Baden-Powell's experience of irregular fighting. It is that the idea of a regular cavalry screen in an advance, roughly illustrated as follows:



each patrol having its successive objectives, without much attention to strict linear formation.

Ian Hamilton remarked, of some manœuvres he had watched in 1906, that the cavalry had shown a real eye for country, in using ground for cover, and had demonstrated truly realistic methods of skirmishing and reconnaissance. The scouting had been carried out freely and well, and he specially praised the method and skill of officers' patrols. The measure of the difference between the cavalry of 1899 and 1906 may be seen from the fact that while in the former year the horseman knew little else but the shock charge, Hamilton complained after these manœuvres that though the cavalry was full of guile, it had failed to come promptly to the assistance of hard-pressed infantry. This was, of course, a fault of leadership — the quality B.-P. always tried to develop — and proved Baden-Powell's contention that it could be attained only by years of training and the efforts of each individual to better his own powers of quick observation and decision. He wanted officers, by constant practice in realistic manœuvres, to acquire the power of seeing and deciding instantly in the field of action. He aimed high, at producing leaders from the Murat and Cromwell mould, knowing that modern war would prove a test for officers more searching than either could have conceived.

Cavalry efficiency could not be reached by any process of hustle, and the task, as B.-P. saw it, was to prepare for the great European struggle, which he anticipated, by steady, unremitting work, pressed on at the most economic speed, so that the cavalry should be ready to take its place, first in the field, for the duties he envisaged — scouting, reconnaissance, big strategical moves, and, if necessary, fighting on foot as skilfully as infantry.

Years later he wrote with unjustified modesty that he was not really fitted for the 'blue riband' of the cavalry service, because he had not passed through the Staff College, lacked academic knowledge, and acted merely from common sense and an appreciation of Cromwell's methods. What B.-P. meant by 'Cromwell's methods' is not wholly obvious. Cromwell's means of attaining discipline were not his, for the former introduced barbarous punishments not merely for breaches of military regulations but for moral delinquency. Order, among the conscripts and volunteers of the New Model Army, arose mainly from fear. His methods, those of his age, were in this not even basically those of B.-P. Probably Baden-Powell was thinking of two other aspects of Cromwell the soldier — firstly, that as a man without military training he learned the work of leadership by accepting responsibility, in the early days of the Civil War, when the fighting was haphazard and there was no skilled, general direction in it, and that he had the ability to adopt and develop sound ideas from an experienced soldier, Waller, who first conceived

the New Model Army. Secondly (and this is certain) B.-P. saw Cromwell as a general who acted from good sense, unhampered by routine ideas, red tape, and military dicta. He admired Cromwell's art of rallying after a charge, preventing dispersion, and flinging his troops again and again at the decisive tactical points. Thus he advised young officers to emulate Cromwell, in not being carried away by some small success when detached on patrol or pursuit, and to rally to their leader, so that the officer in command would have his force under control to strike where a blow was needed.

There have been many soldiers who learned their profession almost solely by practice — all the medievals, a whole constellation of Napoleonic marshals, and the Boer Generals. During successful operations in the Great War, General Louis Botha said, "I have never studied that (the *Maxims* of Napoleon) or any other military book....What I planned to-day is the fruit of hard experience in war." Baden-Powell's development as a soldier came similarly from the practical lessons in the field, pondered and assimilated, but he had the further advantages of a sound knowledge of the routine of his profession, such as the handling of supply and transport, and an original, unique, versatile mind.

His tour of duty as Inspector-General gave a splendid impetus to cavalry training, especially in forwarding resourceful initiative in action, skill in scouting and reconnaissance, and high efficiency in dismounted tactics. As regards dismounted fighting, all who followed him in subsequent years were not of his mind, and though the manual *Cavalry Training* of 1907 still stressed dismounted action, it included some of the *arme blanche* teaching. Indeed, one might suspect the *arme blanche* sections of being a first counterblast to those whose faith in shock tactics and steel weapons was limited — save that all military manuals are intended to check what may seem to authority extreme doctrines. They do not represent forward schools of thought, and follow the general trend of more conservative opinion rather than give a lead to new ideas. Two years after Baden-Powell's tour of duty as Inspector-General ended, the doctrine of shock was being more successfully pressed. Whereas an Army Order of 1903 had named the carbine (or rifle) as the horseman's chief weapon, and said that lancers were to abandon the lance at manœuvres or on active service, six years later the lance was to be carried on all occasions, including active service. To separate the cavalryman from his cold steel seems to have been a task of Sisyphus.

## II

In 1907 Baden-Powell was placed on half-pay with the rank of lieutenant-general. One has no space to mention all the officers who were concerned with him in the welfare of the troops, or those who were working on parallel lines, though to do so might show his ideas and methods in better proportion. Many of these officers were unknown outside the Service, like Lieutenant-General G. K. Ansell, a brilliant officer, of the Royal Inniskilling Dragoons, who was among the younger cavalrymen one of the leading exponents of realism at manœuvres, and commanded the 5th Dragoon Guards from 1911 to 1914, when he was killed in action. But from the more famous soldiers, one may take Smith-Dorrien, a progressive soldier with ideas practically identical with Baden-Powell's, who became G.O.C. at Aldershot as Baden-Powell's Inspectorate ended.

Like Baden-Powell, he had served in small wars, in Egypt, the Sudan, Zululand, and the North-west Frontier. The two men were born, entered the Army, and were promoted captain and colonel in each case within a year of each other. They differed in experience, in that Smith-Dorrien's soldiering had been with Regular troops, European or coloured, whereas Baden-Powell's active service had been mainly with 'irregulars' and native scouts, the white men for the most part being intelligent Colonials, capable of acting on their own initiative and not attracted by ideas of rigid discipline. Yet despite his generally professional career, Smith-Dorrien was as deeply concerned as Baden-Powell with the institution of reforms in training, welfare, and a discipline founded on the spirit. As a regimental commander in India he had tried, as B.-P. had done, to train men as intelligent beings and improve their social amenities. At Aldershot he made an enormous improvement in the soldier's living-conditions, and showed that his means of attaining discipline was that of Sir John Moore and his disciples, among whom was B.-P., for

Smith-Dorrien appealed to manliness and trust. The picquet, which marched Aldershot's streets to arrest the disorderly, was abolished; no public-house was placed out of bounds, and the troops were simply put on their honour. To the surprise of the routine minds there resulted a striking decrease in drunkenness.

Perhaps even more strongly than B.-P., Smith-Dorrien believed that cavalry would invariably have to fight with the rifle and dismounted, and shared Baden-Powell's view that the rapidity and endurance of horse would find their great employment in sweeping reconnaissance, flanking movements, and gaining control of important positions. Realizing fully the effects of modern fire-power, he insisted on attention to machine-gun instruction, and created a miniature, realistic battlefield for musketry practice that would have been a credit even to Baden-Powell's ingenuity.

In two other respects his work may be cited as similar in conception to Baden-Powell's. He believed strongly in the value of competition, and in musketry he stimulated rivalry between infantry and cavalry by the award of a challenge cup. Finally, he is an exemplar of one of the most important of all changes brought about in the Army after the Boer War — the introduction of reality to manœuvres. Ideas which B.-P. had evolved and applied years before, in India, now became common practice. Instead of men going back to camps or barracks for their meals and rest, field-kitchens and bivouacs became features of training. Smith-Dorrien even committed what seemed heresy to some cavalry officers at manœuvres, by putting definitely out of action a careless body of cavalry which had been 'captured' by infantry!

Baden-Powell, Smith-Dorrien, and other progressive officers were aided in their work by the fact that in the twentieth century the soldier was recruited less from the sweepings of the country. As the standard of recruit improved, the Army was bound to meet his altered material needs. The soldier of the decade before 1914 was better educated, more sober, and more intelligent than the man of Baden-Powell's subaltern days. In civil life the workman had more education and leisure, and the improvement in the soldier's status was inevitable. Similarly to-day the amenities of the soldier's life are being brought into line with those of his civilian brothers. B.-P. and Smith-Dorrien had striven to improve the minds, health, and comfort of soldiers in the bad old days; now, in positions of influence, they achieved wonders, both in Army conditions by financial control, reactionary forces, and the voluntary system.

All military training was hampered by the system of voluntary enlistment. Recruits arrived in a varying stream, so that some were fully trained while others had received only rudimentary instruction. It was rare for a unit to be at full strength at manœuvres, and officers' training was often conducted with imaginary troops. Conscription abroad permitted a smoother system of training, as the men arrived in large batches. In Britain no one had ever seen a division at full strength until one was mobilized in 1909, and the sight was not encountered again until 1914. Thus, with the advantage of troops more educated and better cared for than ever before, reformers like B.-P., Smith-Dorrien, and others had to outflank many immovable obstacles on the way to their goal of creating an efficient Army. Yet, small though it was, the British Army in 1914 was the most efficient fighting-machine in the world. The lines on which the Regular infantry and artillery were trained proved adaptable to training an army of millions. No doubt the cavalry also would have been expanded, but the great test, which its leaders had worked to meet, never came.

During the Great War cavalry proved useless, save when used as infantry in trenches, or when employed, mounted, in the lesser theatres, and then only in exceptional circumstances. It would be very satisfying for a biographer of Baden-Powell to be able to write that he differed from all other European cavalry leaders in foretelling the whole nature of the Great War — its character of a vast siege, with entrenched lines made more formidable by concrete and barbed wire, and with an immensity of fire-power never before conceived. No leading soldier realized that the horseman would be neutralized, and all warring European armies had vast numbers of cavalry, whose part in the main operations ceased by 1915 or earlier. The 5th Dragoon Guards had experience of trench warfare so early as September, 1914. Baden-Powell's old regiment, the 13th Hussars, arrived in France from India at the beginning of 1915, and went into the trenches as infantry. Later in the War they acted as cavalry in the approved Haig style, in Mesopotamia, and it was only in such theatres, where there was room for manœuvre and less field-

fortification, that cavalry found employment. The only classic cavalry battle of the War was fought in Palestine, where horsemen were used against the lines of communication of a half-starved, demoralized enemy.

The British cavalry leaders dreamed of breaking the enemy's lines and then throwing the horsemen through the gap, to capture the guns, cut the lines of communication, and disorganize resistance, by mobile, sweeping operations. Their hopes were unattainable on the Western front, for even had the lines been widely broken, the horse was not the medium for effecting such manœuvres in the face of modern fire and even slight barriers of trench and wire. If Baden-Powell had been in high command during the War, it would have been interesting to see his reaction to the idea of the tank, the vehicle which might have realized the cavalry dreams. One feels that the enthusiasts for the new mobile-bullet-shield, that was capable of crossing field-defences, would not have experienced such an uphill struggle.

Even while Baden-Powell was Inspector-General, the twilight of the mounted man was falling. Yet speed, mobility, surprise, and endurance, the attributes of cavalry, became more necessary than ever before! Without them the European battlefield presented a long stalemate, so that eventually a new cavalry emerged, petrol-driven, armoured, firing shells and bullets. Thus it was Baden-Powell's lot, thought he did not realize it in the pre-War days, to write a last page in the history of that glamorous figure — the man riding to battle across a horse.

### III

Just after Baden-Powell's retirement to the Reserve, Haldane asked his advice about the formation of Officers' Training Corps, and offered him the command of the Northumbrian Territorial Division. This appointment was not one due to his rank, but he accepted without hesitation, because he believed that there was a danger of the Territorial Army's existing only as cadres that might be mistaken for effectives ready for employment in war. He could see to it that one division at least was ready, and would be in touch with the state of preparedness of the whole force.

No better choice could have been made for the commander of a civilian force. He had served with, and fought against, irregulars and others who lacked 'parade-ground' training, and saw it in correct proportion. He did not try to make Guardsmen out of his Territorials, but he knew that much could be built upon willingness and general intelligence. To his north-country division he gave of his best. The units were scattered over several counties, and B.-P. often slept in his car when covering the area. He became known to every man in every platoon, even in the remote mining-villages. The manœuvres which he held never suffered from lack of attendance. A Territorial division would have responded to such keenness in any officer; but Baden-Powell had the further advantages of his African reputation, personal fascination, and a prestige of special attraction to the adventurous. The Regular Army officers who had met him on his tours of cavalry stations viewed him through the eyes of adventure, though he was one of their own. To the artisans and professional men of the Territorial Army he was a tonic and an inspiration — for they saw him as keener even than themselves for the end which had made them volunteer — to serve Britain when needed. Each of these men from office and mine saw the slight, active figure of the renowned soldier in the reflections of his own fancy; yet the least imaginative recognized in him a quality possessed by the best in their own circle — that he was a proven man.

While Britain refused to believe in the possibility of a European war, ridiculed Lord Robert's campaign for national service, and sang humorous songs about the "Terriers," Baden-Powell lectured on mobilization, saying that Germany would attack during the August Bank Holiday when Britain was disorganized. His lecture caused an outcry in Germany and in some circles at home, but it probably roused the public to some sense of peril. The Government at that time was so anxious to avoid diplomatic complications, that Smith-Dorrien, who, on instructions to prepare for invasion, organized a staff-tour to study the problem, was told not to do so again!



In March, 1910, Baden-Powell resigned from the command of the division. A new interest had long been growing in his mind, and was taking an increasing amount of his time. A few weeks later he retired from the Army and was created K.C.B. In the previous year, at Balmoral, where King Edward had made him K.C.V.O., there had been a long conversation regarding this new interest. The King reminded him that he was abandoning his career just as the highest rank was becoming possible; yet he agreed that B.-P. was making the right decision and felt that he was undertaking a task of immense promise.

Baden-Powell was leaving the King's service, which he loved, to devote all his time and energy to the Scout Movement.

In *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life*, B.-P. denied a suggestion that the War Office had lost interest in his career because of his much publicized actions in the Boer War. There is nothing in this charge. Baden-Powell was personally popular with the Army, from the subalterns in the field to the generals at the War Office. He was recognized first and foremost as a keen professional soldier who put the Army and its best traditions before all else. In those days the Army was like a family, in which the characters of officers were well known to all. There was no camouflage round an officer who, like B.-P., had served at home and abroad for nearly a generation, and the Army knew that he was no schemer or careerist. Baden-Powell roused no enmities or envy, and, as he wrote in contradicting the statement that professional disfavour had retarded his career, he had in fact been given two great employments in the years after Mafeking, one of them important in preparing the Army for war. One has only to talk with Baden-Powell's contemporaries, officers who fought under him at Mafeking or knew him elsewhere, to realize that no such jealousy existed. Baden-Powell's promotions had, in fact, been extraordinary, and he was immensely admired. Yet if ever the full mead of reward had been denied him, B.-P. would have experienced no feeling of resentment — indeed, he was sublimely unconscious of the possibility of injustice to himself. While in India, as senior full colonel he became major-general in the ordinary process of seniority, and was so appointed locally. His elevation lasted four days, after which he was 'demoted' by the War Office in London, as too young for the rank! Had this promotion stood, he would have been major-general some three years earlier. Yet he refers to the affair only casually, and humorously at that.

His Army career and his fighting were ended. A great task awaited him, but this task was one of peace.

#### IV

The varied qualities noted in Baden-Powell the soldier are not found frequently among British officers. Personal courage and care for their men have been abundantly common, but not many, as he, could be relied on to act always with imagination, to reject the formal rules at the right time, and to do a thing the enemy did not expect. Not to many has been given this wide vision of discipline and training. While never holding the highest command in the field, B.-P. has a place among those officers who have been most efficient, liberal, humane, and far-seeing.

It has been noted, for example, that his ideas of training and building morale were basically those of Sir John Moore. A few other points of similarity with great soldiers of the past can be taken. The defender of Mafeking reminds one frequently of Elliott, of Gibraltar fame. There is the same cheerfulness and endurance in the face of great odds, the same ability to watch all details of defence and to remain constantly on duty without apparent need of rest. Both had a sense of the ridiculous which could turn incipient discontent, so dangerous to a beleaguered force, into laughter. Both were professionally versatile, capable of taking over almost any kind of command. There seems to have been something in Baden-Powell of Sir Harry Smith, who, with troops neither trained nor equipped for anything but European warfare, acting with some Boer farmers and 'loose vagabond' Hottentots, mastered the art of bush-fighting in the Kaffir Wars. In his versatility, common sense, and energy, one recognizes qualities common to B.-P.

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One sees something of Baden-Powell in another great soldier, Charles Stuart, who fully understood the viewpoint of the irregular and was, like B.-P., utterly devoid of the professional prejudice towards the temporary soldier. After Matabeleland and the Boer War, Baden-Powell might have written in much the same terms as did Stuart, when organizing the guerrilla defence of Sicily in 1799 — “Essential military operations are too often avoided, neglected, and misarranged from the false idea that they can only be effected by disciplined troops, whereas in many cases...the joint efforts and exertions of armed peasants are more likely to prove effectual.” Baden-Powell’s arrangements in Sicily would surely have been those devised by Stuart — small groups of irregulars under their own shrewd leaders, working from a chain of *depôts* but without any rigid military plan, trained simply to kill the enemy and fend for themselves. The *Official History* of the South African War compares B.-P. to another of the same name, J. E. B. Stuart, a great cavalry leader of the American Civil War.

In that both believed that the intelligence and higher instincts of the soldier should be developed, and that tyrannous discipline was wrong, there is an obvious likeness between B.-P. and Wolfe, though in this the latter was more remarkable, as being far ahead of his time. For in the eighteenth century, and even when B.-P. was commissioned, discipline was ferocious and was sustained by corporal punishment. Baden-Powell’s constant insistence on developing initiative in officers and men was, of course, common to many of the great soldiers, as, for instance, Napoleon, Wellington, and Stonewall Jackson. The Virginian’s principle was also his — “Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy.”

If it is unfitting to rank B.-P. with the military giants of the past, one may at least see eighteenth-century Baden-Powells in two less-known officers of humbler rank. Colonel Henry Bouquet, a resourceful master of Red Indian warfare, based discipline and the soldierly spirit not on brutal penalties, but upon self-respect, trust, the sympathy of officers for men, and the development of the men’s confidence in themselves. Even closer to B.-P. seems Colonel the Hon. George Wapole, who transformed men accustomed to regular operations, and clad in the blue-and-white uniforms of Light Dragoons, into scouts, marksmen, stealthy ambushers, and guerrilla fighters in mountain and jungle, so that they completely demoralized masters of such tactics, the Maroon bandits of Jamaica. There is a further point of contact with B.-P. in this case, as his first regiment, the 13th Hussars, were of the (then) Light Dragoons commanded by this Colonel Wapole, who took part in the Maroon War. Moreover, in the methods of Wapole, training and leading what was in effect a small constabulary, one recognizes Baden-Powell’s ideal — for the eighteenth-century officer abandoned all the harshness and rigidity of contemporary military practice and discovered true discipline and morale through trust, responsibility, and encouragement of the independent mind.

The quotation which heads this chapter, regarding the military tendency to retrogression, is amply justified in the story of the British Army. In his own sphere B.-P. did more than prevent the “danger of its slipping backward.” He was responsible for an improvement in the cavalry to which scores of officers and men, still living, can testify. But Army reformers come and go, and their work does not always survive. Baden-Powell’s success in promoting efficiency and character by giving responsibility to the young might have been more widely emulated. But he was luckier than other progressive officers, in that when his soldiering was ended he was able to advance his ideas in a vaster field — firstly among the young people of Britain, and then with the youth of the whole world.

At the tercentenary celebrations at Charterhouse in 1911, some one was inspired to assign the part of Thackeray’s Colonel Newcome to Baden-Powell. To those old boys of the school who were present, he was a thrilling and romantic figure, one who had faced bullet, knife, and assegai in the hot plains of India, the dark forests of West Africa, and the rock veld. Quietly and slowly he spoke those words, the creation of another Carthusian:

Heigho! How one lives in the old days now! It's pleasant dreaming! Where are they now, old comrades of the bivouac? In their graves belike!...But the moon shines on the quiet sod. We used to say, that as she neared the full, she'd keep out memories bright, and there she shines! Over the roof-ridge here, and there over the old fort at Peshawar, or on the Khyber cliffs! I might be campaigning again, on the wide veld under the stars, and my head pillowed upon the saddle, they and I still youngsters. There were no such nights! Give me the soldier's life for making young blood course and hearts beat free, and knitting friendships up. That keeps the boy alive in us, which never need grow old.

## CHAPTER XI

### SCOUTING FOR BOYS

I promise, on my honour, to do my duty to God and the King, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Scout Law.

#### THE SCOUT PROMISE

**B**ADEN-POWELL learned his first steps in scouting in the Copse at Charterhouse, and that beginning stood by him within five months of leaving school, in India, and then later, in the Natal reconnaissance and the operations against Dinizulu. While campaigning and big-game hunting, he studied the methods of native scouts and trackers, and applied the lessons so learned to the training of his troop and squadron. The Matabele campaign provided a great opportunity of practising the scouting lore and bush-craft garnered through twenty years. By this time Baden-Powell was well convinced that the chief qualities of a scout — manliness, resource, and reliability — were important equally in civil life as for the efficiency of the soldier. Then in the Dragoon Guards he encouraged those qualities, particularly by scout training, to supplement the training of men whose education had been in the elementary schools. His handbook, *Aids to Scouting*, was a brief summary of his teaching for soldiers.

At Mafeking he had been struck by the reliability of Lord Edward Cecil's corps of boys. The world publicity given to the siege of Mafeking, the tales of the fighting and the romance attaching to the defender's name, seemed to Baden-Powell out of all proportion to the event and to his own importance. Could he make use of this sudden fame, to do some good in the world? From every corner of the Empire boys were writing to him in South Africa. The interest of the rising generation was focused on the hero of Mafeking. While engaged in the guerrilla fighting and when organizing the S.A.C. he never failed to answer letters from boys and boys' associations asking for advice, and usually based his suggestion on the practice of explorers, big-game hunters, and pioneers — men he had known, like Burnham and Selous. He would point out that such men, who had to be physically fit, did not smoke; he would not tell a boy *not* to smoke, but would merely make inference that a sensible boy who wanted to be fit, like these famous men, would refrain from smoking.

He began to feel that there was a great work to be done among boys in developing ideals, strength of character, self-reliance, and the sense of adventure. As the years passed he was to find that these aims became increasingly desirable, when towns and villages grew, factory work extended, life was speeded up, nature retreated from the urban centres, and existence became more crowded, rushed, and unhealthy.

In Army recruits he had tried to develop qualities which were neglected, but inherent to the body and soul of man — adventurousness, quick, receptive intelligence, observation, initiative, and sound health. Hussars and dragoons had responded magnificently to his efforts. They developed pride in themselves, keenness in routine tasks, and overwhelming eagerness for Baden-Powell's particular enthusiasms —

scouting and reconnaissance, stalking and tracking. The fleur-de-lis badge became almost a caste mark, denoting endurance and mental alertness. If such results could be reached in the Army, among men from the poorest classes in the country, it seemed to B.-P. that some parallel system should be of value in civil life, among all classes, and more so if it was begun early enough, with the very young. One might harness the fresh energy of youth to the highest ideals. He was encouraged in his view that military scout-training could be adapted for educative purposes among civilians, by hearing that Miss Charlotte Mason, at the Teachers' Training College at Ambleside, was using his military manual for its examples of observation and deduction.

As Inspector-General of cavalry, B.-P. still made a hobby of tracking, and during short periods in Egypt and the Sudan, when travelling to and from Africa, studied desert spooring, and wrote about it in the *Greyfriar*, illustrating his article by diagrams of tracks of camel and horse, walking, galloping, or at the canter.

In 1905 B.-P. attended a great Boys' Brigade parade at Glasgow. His personal popularity, five years after Mafeking, was demonstrated when the crowds rushed the enclosure to surge round him, cheering wildly. This parade, though no one realized it at the time, was a turning-point in the history of the world's youth. The presence of thousands of boys in the ranks convinced him that youth would always respond to an appeal for training, if it believed that the training was based on sound ideas. The Boys' Brigade, he thought, might benefit by a more attractive programme. Sir William Smith, the founder of the Brigade, agreed, and B.-P. suggested that military scouting might be modified and applied to the training of boys. Sir William replied that B.-P. should put his ideas into writing, in a book for boys.

Sir Arthur Pearson, the publisher, and Sir Percy Everett received his ideas sympathetically, as did the leading soldiers and statesmen of the day. In 1907 he made a lecture tour of the United Kingdom explaining his scheme for training boys, and then tried it out in practice at a camp on Brownsea Island, Dorset. The rule of the camp was the 'Scout Law,' and the boys, drawn from various social classes, worked under their own leaders in groups of five, the beginning of what became the 'Patrol' system in Scouting. They cooked, tracked, and learned woodcraft and nature study under a discipline based on trust and honour.

Baden-Powell was well satisfied with the results of the trial camp. He did not recognize that the Brownsea camp was the first outward sign of a second life. Thirty years had been passed in military service, and a few more Army years remained to him. Beyond that lay more than thirty years of work for the young and for peace and goodwill. It is by the monument that he raised in this second life that Baden-Powell's name will live.

In March, 1908, appeared his book, *Scouting for Boys*. This surely was the most momentous boys' book ever written. Its aim was to develop qualities desirable in the citizen, such as health, resource, and manliness, through the mediums of the open-air life, camping, and woodcraft. B.-P. held up as examples to youth famous soldiers, sailors, explorers, and pioneers — all grouped together as 'Scouts.' He recalled the boys of Mafeking, who performed men's duties in the siege, and boys were encouraged to read of the cunning and powers of observation of Kim, the "Little Friend of All the World." Such a basis was capable of great expansion. His book was revised and enlarged to include more of woodcraft and camping, how to cook, what equipment is necessary in the outdoor life, how to avoid colds, how to observe, and how to deduce from observation. In his first edition he outlined scouting-games, such as dispatch-carrying through guarded lines; later a whole volume of scouting-games appeared.

There is probably no other book for the young so rich in intriguing content as the modern edition of *Scouting for Boys*, for B.-P. poured out his scouting-lore, the fruit of years of experience and thought — stalking and spooring, how to erect tents and other shelters, how to improvise substitutes for the things that get broken or lost, such as buttons and studs. There was instruction in judging distance and height, and finding one's direction by the stars; he told how to save life and develop endurance. In cheerful, manly tones he advanced ideas of conduct and citizenship that were worth attaining; but he did not

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‘preach,’ or make a list of prohibitions. In aim and presentment *Scouting for Boys* and its enlarged editions were inspired books. Baden-Powell’s success was twofold, for he made the development of character and practical attainments something romantic, and transmitted his inspiration to thousands of young people in Britain.

Before publication in book-form, the work had appeared from January, 1908, in fortnightly parts. It had a huge success, through intrinsic merit and from Baden-Powell’s reputation and personality. Boys knew that he recommended nothing that he had not done superlatively well himself. Long before the serial publication was concluded, troops of Boy Scouts were forming in every corner of the country. By 1909 it was computed that Boy Scouts in England numbered eighty thousand. In the year of his appointment to the Northumbrian division, B.-P., with the aid of Sir Arthur Pearson and his staff, founded *The Scout* — a first-rate magazine and newspaper through which he would be able to establish contact with Scouts everywhere. All this work, it may be noted, was accomplished in the time he could spare from military duties. The aims and methods adopted by Baden-Powell reveal an amazing knowledge of boy psychology. His avoidance of prohibitions has been mentioned. Scouting was intended to develop character and moral attributes, but to reveal any ‘pious’ aim would hardly have encouraged boys to adopt the new activity. On the other hand the simple word ‘Scouting’, having an association with big-game hunters, frontiersmen, and explorers, led to an immediate wave of enthusiasm. B.-P. always sought to inspire boys by romantic figures, like Kim, or by the severely practical uses of an activity—

As in war the young soldier often gets shot before he had learnt how to take cover, so in the backwoods the young hunter often gets his quietus from a cobra or tiger before he had properly learnt how to first-aid himself, or he is broken down with fever or dysentery before he has discovered how to look after himself.

He would then say that one should not imagine there were no longer any backwoods or dangers of wild life — why, so many thousands were killed last year in India, by tigers, bears, wolves, or snakes, and such a number of tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, and snakes were themselves killed. B.-P., of course, would give the exact figures, knowing that precise facts carry extra weight with the young. “Then Brazil — my wig, there are some pretty funny wonders to be met with in the jungles there, not forgetting snakes seventy feet long and frogs two feet across.” Therefore, he would argue, it was a good thing to learn backwoodsmanship, or scouting, in time, for it was good fun and fitted one for any job or sport in life, and enabled one to enjoy it.

Scouting contained another psychological appeal, in that the boy could still be a member of a gang, only now it was a ‘Troop’ or ‘Patrol.’ There was also the attraction of competition; things could be won, for there were badges for efficiency in various branches of the craft. Yet efficiency was not all, as even a dull and clumsy boy could gain his badges, the examiners judging almost as much by the efforts he had made as by his material results. There was an added attraction, in that these badges could be worn on a uniform combining utility and romance — half-sleeved shirt and shorts, the garters for the stocking being skeins of wool which could be used for darning, and the Stetson-type hat which B.-P. had worn in Ashanti and which was made famous by the South African Constabulary. The Scouts carried ashen staves, which could be used for such purposes as signalling, bridge-building, stretchers, holding off a ferocious dog (if a Scout could be imagined as on such unfriendly terms with a dog), and feeling the way over dangerous ground in the darkness or fog.

The Scout’s staff, wrote B.-P., “decorated with his own particular totem and sign, is typical; like his staff, among a mass he is an individual, having his own traits, his own character, his own potentialities. He may be one of the herd, but he has his own entity. He gets to know the joy of life through the out-of-doors.”

Behind the romantic appeal lay the real aim of Scouting. Baden-Powell was out to develop character and physical fitness through camping, handicrafts, training in self-reliance, the encouragement of loyalty,

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and unselfish service to others. All this was to be done, as far as possible, in the open air. The out-doors was to be “the school for observation and for realizing the wonders of a wondrous Universe.” Through Nature and the open country, B.-P. wrote, “A great door may be unlocked if it be only to admit fresh air and sunshine into lives that were formerly grey.”

The first objective of the Scout, formulated in the Law, were honour, duty, and loyalty. The Law was not a code of rules — it was rather a statement of a moral condition — “a Scout is thrifty; a Scout is courteous.” The Scout, said the Law, is the friend of all people and animals, obedient to orders, courteous, cheerful under difficulties, thrifty, clean in thought, word, and deed. B.-P. demanded no oath from the Scout, only a promise to try, as well as he could, to:

Do his duty to God and the King — or to his country.  
Do a good turn every day.  
Obey the Scout Law.

The general scheme was to develop observation and deduction from scouting and woodcraft, to bring out honour, chivalry, and self-reliance through the Scout Law and Scout activities; team games, Patrol-work, and the holding of Courts of Honour were intended to produce the spirit of discipline, fair play, responsibility, and respect for common rights. Physical fitness and strength were aimed at, through such mediums as temperance, continence, camping, games, swimming, treks, and the Scout’s responsibility for personal health. Such was only a part of the wide scheme, as it related to the individual. Civic value, to the community in a broader sense, Baden-Powell envisaged by promoting technical efficiency, handicrafts, good turns, work in fire-fighting, live-saving, and first aid. All these activities, and many useful hobbies, were to teach the young citizen how to use his leisure, benefit himself, and become a worthy member of the community.

Baden-Powell modestly claimed no originality for his scheme, saying that it was simply the adoption and collating of many ideas, gathered from African tribes, the Romans, the Spartans, the ancient British and Irish, and more recent European schemes, as for instance, that of Jahn for physical training.

Despite the fact that the bare-kneed man, like the Territorial ‘week-end’ soldier, was sometimes an object of chaff in those days, there was no dearth of adult leaders ready to give up their own hours of relaxation, and their money, to work for this new inspired movement. Volunteers came forward in great numbers, sometimes at the persuasion of boys anxious to form a Troop. Directed by B.-P. in the *Headquarters Gazette* (which later became the *Scouter*), these leaders, or Scoutmasters, were to be as older brothers in a family, sharing the activities, games, and hopes of the group, knowing all the boys individually, inspiring work and sustaining interest by new ideas when old ones grew stale. The only reward for the Scoutmaster or ‘Scouter,’ as for Commissioners, instructors, and all officials and officers in Scouting, was the satisfaction of doing something to make young lives happy and well spent. Their sympathy with youth was not sentimental; it was severely practical, calling for protracted self-denial and hard work.

At first Baden-Powell thought that his book *Scouting for Boys* would be useful to boys’ associations, and that with writing it his work was ended. The spontaneous formation of Scout Troops which had nothing to do with existing associations was the factor which led him, in 1909, after a visit to South America, to call a rally of all Boy Scouts at Crystal Palace. Eleven thousand were present! Six thousand appeared in the same year at a Glasgow rally. These, of course, were only a fraction of the Scouts. In 1910 there were 123,000, and Baden-Powell decided that he must choose between the Army and the leadership and organization of this growing movement. It was a difficult decision, involving a great renunciation at the age of fifty-three, while nearing the top of his profession. He chose Scouting.

Just after his retirement from the Army, the King sent for him to discuss a Scout Rally to be held at Windsor. At Buckingham Palace B.-P. waited in an ante-room and at length was told that the King was

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unwell, but wanted to say that he would have the Rally in Windsor Great Park. B.-P. heard the King's voice through an open door. Late the next night Edward VII died.

The Royal interest was continued by King George V, who reviewed the Scouts according to his father's intention. The movement by this time was spreading through the Empire. In Ashanti, Prempeh became President of a Boy Scouts' association, and his son a Scoutmaster! In the United States, where a rich American returned enthusiastic for the movement, after personal experience of a Boy Scout's 'good turn,' the Scouting-idea was welcomed by President Roosevelt, one akin to Baden-Powell in spirit. In 1910 B.-P. visited Canada and the United States to organize Boy Scouts. Chile was the first foreign country to adopt Scouting, as a result from B.-P. in that year. To-day there are 7,500 Chilean Scouts. From 1911 to 1913 by personal visits B.-P. introduced, or strengthened, the beginnings of Scouting in France, Russia, Norway, Sweden, and in a chain of foreign lands and Dominions from Panama eastward to Japan. To Canada B.-P. took two Patrols of Scouts to 'show the flag' by demonstrations of woodcraft, tracking, camping, and other activities — practical illustrations to his lectures.



PARIS: ALL EYES ON THE CHIEF SCOUT

*Photo E. N. A.*

In January, 1912, B.-P. began a six months' journey through the Colonies, Dominions, and other lands, to regularize many scattered and embryonic Scout organizations. From Southampton he sailed to Barbados, Trinidad, Port of Spain, and Cartagena. All those places he described in weekly articles in *The Scout*, so that his tour not only encouraged the Scout Movement abroad but resulted in delightful instruction for the young at home. His dispatches were rich in historical and geographical information — as, for instance, how 'buccaneer' came to mean 'pirate,' Drake's raids on the Spanish Main, or the nature of the pitch lakes of Trinidad. From Colon he described the work of the scientists in defeating malaria and making possible the construction of the Panama Canal.

At Jamaica he was greeted by the island's first little group of Boy Scouts. New York saw the beginning of a series of lectures on the Scout Movement, in which B.-P. especially insisted on its aim of inducing international goodwill, apart from its value to health and character. He inspected 5,000 American Scouts, and his lectures in the United States were tremendously successful. The interest roused by B.-P. did not die; to-day the United States is the greatest Scouting country in the world. At Washington he was received by President Taft and a Scout parade at the White House. In the great cities

of the eastern littoral he was greeted by parades of from one to three thousand Scouts. Visits to a dozen cities of the Middle West followed. On the Pacific Coast he spoke to large gatherings at Seattle and San Francisco. In all these places Scouting was given a great impetus, for its unassailable ideals and aims were clearly explained by the founder.

B.-P. proceeded to Japan, and then from Hong-Kong to Australia. Regularly, in *The Scout*, British boys followed his journey, and saw these far lands through his eyes. Baden-Powell was, in fact, teaching a huge and very attentive class at home, using first-hand material gathered in distant countries. In May, 1912, a great welcome was given him at Brisbane and subsequently at most of the chief towns. From Australia he sailed to New Zealand, where he spoke on Scouting, and saw the new Troops before returning to England by South Africa.

His mission had unfolded an ideal of brotherhood not merely with the British Empire but between the nations of the world, to be achieved through the training of the young in the international Scout Movement, which should stimulate friendliness, sympathy, and the will to settle problems amicably between the nations. One of his sentences was quoted throughout the world — “If some one would give to the Boy Scout Movement the price of one dreadnought, we could go near to making dreadnoughts no longer necessary.”

In connexion with this journey it may be recalled that one Scout law enjoins thrift. B.-P. was never rich, but from the beginning of his career he had made himself financially independent. With the small pay and considerable expenses of a cavalry subaltern he had lived within his means. On this world tour he managed to cover all his expenses by lectures.

The Scout Movement has never been static, for it has all the qualities and traits of youth — a sublime disregard of national and class differences, singleness of purpose, a natural expansiveness, directness, and simplicity of character. As the movement has grown older it has become ever more obvious that it owes these qualities to Baden-Powell, for they are his own characteristics, bred and constantly encouraged in Scouting. From the beginning many developments have emerged successfully. Among the first was the Sea Scout branch, which B.-P. fostered from memories of his own boyhood, holding that many fine attributes, such as pluck, teamwork, and resource, could be developed in craft afloat. In 1909 Mr C. B. Fry lent his ship *The Mercury*, and two Troops learnt something of seamanship and the handling of boats on the Beaulieu River, where *Euryalus*, *Agamemnon*, *Bellerophon*, and other vessels of resounding fame were built. The Sea Scouts developed an off-shoot, the Deep Sea Scouts, for those serving in the Royal Navy and Royal Merchant Navy. In 1937 the Colonial Office and Government of the Falkland Islands enriched the Sea Scouts with the gift of the Polar Research Ship *Discovery*.

In 1912, the Privy Council granted the Scout Movement a Royal Charter of incorporation. In the same year Baden-Powell was married. Apart from the personal happiness and the family which henceforth brightened his life, the marriage was of immense importance to the Scout Movement. From the beginning girls had been anxious to share in scouting. They ‘fell in’ on parade with their brothers, and some one (probably B.-P.) has said that “they founded themselves.” The Girl Guide units were at length formed to meet the demand. In this task Baden-Powell’s sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, was a pioneer. With her assistance B.-P. wrote a handbook dealing with the new branch. The training of girls, while primarily aiming at health and character, tended to develop mother-craft, efficient housekeeping, and the talents useful in the home. To-day there are more than a million in this branch, including Brownies (junior) and Rangers (senior), more than three-quarters of them being British. To Lady Baden-Powell’s work much of this success is due. She has been Guide Commissioner for Sussex, Chief Commissioner, and Chief Guide. B.-P. came to regard the girls’ branch as more important than the boys’, as the girls were the mothers of the coming generation.

The Scout Movement did not forget the younger brothers. The Wolf Cub branch was created, for boys of eight to eleven years, grouped in small ‘Packs,’ under a Cubmaster, man or woman, called ‘Akela.’ Their training, based on Kipling’s *Jungle Book* and carried out mainly by play and dressing-up, was to be

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an apprenticeship to Scouting. The Cub promised to do his best to be loyal and to do his duty to God and the King, and to keep the law of the Wolf Cub Pack. The Law ordained that “the Cub gives in to the old Wolf; the Cub does not give in to himself.”

The Troops of Boy Scouts, of twelve to seventeen years, consisted of Patrols of six or eight, under their own boy leaders. A Troop usually numbered thirty-two, as larger groups made it more difficult for Scoutmasters to give individual attention.

In July, 1913, an exhibition of Scouting and handicrafts was held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham. All the models on view were made by Scouts in their spare time. The exhibition, the first of its kind, attracted many visitors to the great Midland city, and helped to swell the ranks of the movement. It had, moreover, an international tone, as Scouts attended from most of the European countries. Before 1914 all the leading countries had begun Scouting, but there was no international organization, and as yet the feeling of brotherhood between nations was rarely expressed. Yet the feeling was there. When the first English Scouts crossed the Channel and the North Sea they were greeted rapturously by foreign Scouts and were received and fêted officially.

Such was the Scouting sentiment on the eve of the Great War, when goodwill between nations was wearing thin.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE WAR AND AFTER

If some one would give to the Boy Scout Movement the price of one dreadnought, we could go near to making dreadnoughts no longer necessary.

LORD BADEN-POWELL

**I**N August, 1914, the Great War began. Baden-Powell at once offered his service, but the Secretary for War, Lord Kitchener, urged him to organize the Scout to replace the man-power which would be required in the War. Even had a desire to return to soldiering with old comrades made him unwilling to do this supremely important work, B.-P. could not have seen fighting-service again, as the doctors would not pass him as fit. He did, however, try to help the new young officers by producing a little pocket-book of advice, called *Quick Training for War*. It gave practical hints on such matters as trench-making and field-fortification, but its chief message was a moral one, stressing the importance to the soldier of courage, common sense, cunning, and cheerfulness.

In October Baden-Powell suffered his heaviest loss, the death of his mother. On his adventurous campaigns or routine-duty abroad he had always kept for her diversion an illustrated diary, and mother and son were bound to each other by the closest bonds. She had encouraged his earliest ideas on scouting for boys. Now, in a message thanking his world-wide band for its sympathy, he pointed a moral for boys — that to lose one’s mother was a terrible blow, but a less thing than for a mother to lose her son. Boys could not prevent that loss if it came from death; but a boy could be lost to his mother in another sense. He reminded boys of the work, care, and trials a mother experienced in rearing them, and the hopes she felt for them as they grew older. Then came the time of pain for her, if the boy did not work and show pluck and keenness. The pain was there, even if the mother did not reveal it; the boy was in this sense lost by his mother, for her work was for nothing and her hopes were disappointed. Every boy should therefore try to make his mother happy, to avoid giving her disappointment, so that when she died he

would have the consolation of knowing that he had done the best to please her, and had been a credit to her life.

Scouting was in its infancy when the Great War came, but under Baden-Powell's direction it responded magnificently within twenty-four hours to numerous calls. Every department of Government needed Scouts, and 50,000 boys went into action at once on the Home Front.

The Sea Scouts undertook coast-duties, thus releasing the coast-guards who were mostly Naval Reservists. More than 20,000 boys were employed in this duty during the War, as many as 1,500 or 2,000 being on duty at the same time. They were paid a small sum weekly, part of it going to costs of rations and administration. Sea Scouts were employed in signalling, reporting the course of aircraft, watching for floating mines, policing beaches, acting as secretaries to coast-guard officers, and, when off duty, helping farmers — the 'good turn.' In summer they lived under canvas; during the winter they were in huts or cottages. Their duties were later extended to naval bases and air and wireless stations.

The endurance and willingness of the Sea Scouts were thoroughly tested by the long, dull vigils and routine work. Few had the opportunity of proving their worth in more dramatic style, as did the Whitby Sea Scouts, who rendered assistance when the hospital ship *Rohilla* was wrecked in a gale, or the Walmer Sea Scouts, who went to the rescue of the torpedoed guardship *Niger*, off Deal.

When the *Niger* was torpedoed, the coast-watch officer of Deal put off in an oared boat with seven Sea Scouts. It was midnight, in bitter November weather, with a high wind and a strong sea running. Other ships, motor-boats, and destroyers were rushing to the scene, and several times the Scouts' little wooden shell was almost overturned or swamped. But they pulled on towards the stricken vessel, only to find that the rescue work had been accomplished by others. The boys were now soaked through, cold, and becoming exhausted. The coast-guard officer gave up hope of regaining Deal, and turned the boat's head towards Ramsgate. Fortunately just then a life-boat passed and gave the Scouts a tow into Deal.

Not all Scouts could publicly demonstrate their value as did the 'All Clear Boys,' who reported at police stations on the warning of air-raids, and when the danger was past, cycled through the streets blowing the 'All Clear' signal on bugles. When the Giants and Gothas droned through the night over London, Scouts were called upon for a multitude of duties. One night, when there had been the shriek of falling bombs, thundering reverberations as they struck, and the sliding crash of buildings, Scouts in a congested area of the East End worked through the dark hours, carrying messages, fighting fires, removing *débris*, rescuing entombed people, giving first aid, and acting as stretcher-bearers. They carried on until five in the morning, and after a short rest, continued their splendid work until the midnight following.

These were deeds which all could see, but much of the work of Boy Scouts was not obvious to the public. They were on duty at bridges, railways, viaducts, and long telegraph lines. Five thousand pairs of watchful eyes guarded the telephone lines for the Post Office. At the War Office, many military Headquarters, and hospitals, Boy Scouts acted as orderlies and runners. Trek-carts were pushed round the streets from house to house, while Scouts collected books for the troops to read, or rags and bottles to be sold for comforts for the soldiers. Dustbins were searched for anything that might be useful in raising funds or in the manufacture of munitions. Scouts delved among the rubbish, collecting fruit-stones which could be used in manufacturing carbon for gas-mask filters.

In remote parts of the country, Scouts worked at the back-breaking tasks of flax-harvesting, tree-felling, potato-gathering, and weeding turnip-fields. They toiled and saved for money to provide rest-huts and ambulances. In France they worked in recreation centres and hospitals. Over 150,000 Scouts served in the fighting services, though many of them were under military age; ten thousand lost their lives. When nearly all Scoutmasters were away with the Forces, others came forward, and where no Scoutmaster was available, Troops were run by women, boy leaders, and Courts of Honour.

Through all the work of the Boy Scouts in the War, Baden-Powell's training in honour, trustworthiness, self-reliance, and alertness was justified. That the qualities he had set out to develop in

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the civilian were also the desirable qualities in the soldier is proved by the promotions of those who served with the Forces, and by eleven V.C.'s. The first ex-Scout to win the Victoria Cross was Piper Laidlaw, King's Own Scottish Borderers, who rallied men for a charge, under a storm of fire, playing 'Blue Bonnets over the Border.' Another V.C. was 1st Class Boy John Travers Cornwell, who, at the Battle of Jutland, in H.M.S. *Chester*, when all the men in the turret were killed, stood by the gun through all the thunderous tornado of battle, lest he should be needed again, though in great pain from a mortal wound. A Cornwell Scout Badge was instituted in his honour, and the first to win it, appropriately, was a Sea Scout.

Heroism and Scout cheerfulness were not lacking on the Home Front. As a result of the German bombardment of Scarborough, a Scout coast-watcher had a leg taken off. In hospital he said to B.-P. with a smile, "Before I was shot I could run twice as fast as the boys. Now I am handicapped I'm on a level with them!"

These war-time Scout activities were common to the whole British Empire. When America entered the War, Scouts were utilized for a wide range of duties from canvassing for war-loans to increasing food-production by helping the farmers. They adopted motto — "Every Scout to feed a soldier." American Scouts also searched for the desirable fruit-stones and explored remote parts of the country for scattered groups of black walnut-trees, as there was a shortage of walnut for rifle-stocks and aeroplane propellers.

In some of the Allied countries Scouts at the beginning of the War did much military work, and two Belgian Boy Scouts were executed by the Germans for examining their positions. In the great Serbian retreat it is believed that hundreds of Boy Scouts perished; if they were captured by the enemy, say *The Times History of the War*, they were shot as *francstireurs*. A Russian Boy Scout crept into a German artillery park and put several guns out of action by removing screws from the breeches. He was twelve years old!

In the War years Baden-Powell's days were full. There was the mobilization of Scouts for War duty, inspection of the coast-watchers, inauguration of the Wolf Cub branch, conferences of Scout Commissioners, work for the Y.M.C.A., journeys to see the Scouts in Portugal and Spain, duties on the committee of the War Museum, visits to the British Expeditionary Force in France, organizing Scouts for flax-gathering, and the publishing of several books. A handbook and newspaper for Wolf Cubs appeared, and in 1915 came *Adventures as a Spy* and *Indian Memories*. In 1919 *Aids to Scoutmastership* was published.

Valuable as his work was, one feels, nevertheless, that Baden-Powell's services might have been well used with the Army. A modern Corps or Army Commander does not need physical fitness in the sense of ability to ride, fight, and endure hardship — and B.-P. was fit enough, as the years showed, to reach a healthy old age. One does not claim that B.-P. was a Napoleon, but men's lives were at stake, and there is a general consent of testimony that the British High Command might conceivably have benefited by the introduction of a fresh, independent, vivid, and creative mind.

B.-P. took the keenest interest in the conduct of units he had served with. In April, 1915, he visited the 13th Hussars in France, inspected them, spoke to the men, and presented them with cigarette-cases. When the Hussars went to Mesopotamia he was kept informed of their actions, often directly, and very fully, by the C.O., Colonel J. J. Richardson. In the letters which that officer wrote to others, describing the Hussars' fighting, one may read the phrase "let Gen. B.-P. know of this." It delighted B.-P. to learn of decorations and mentions in dispatches awarded in his old regiment.

Some of Baden-Powell's writings reveal his views on the faults of English civilization. Admitting heroism and self-sacrifice in many women and men, he saw also physical unfitness, ignorance, dullness of minds, slackness, selfishness, and the 'strike habit.' He was angered by the industrial disputes that kept needed equipment from the front. Drink, he considered, was only a contributory cause of national inefficiency. There was a lack of self-discipline, physical knowledge, and hygiene. The remedies lay in education in character and physical health. The Scout Movement, he thought, might do something to

improve matters in the next generation. He was certainly disappointed in the number of volunteers and wrote, years later — “Two millions joined up voluntarily at the beginning....One million could not....Five other millions did not.”

Referring to the absence on service of most of those who had directed the Scout movement, Mr Beresford Webb says in his encyclopædic, and frequently very moving, book, *Scouting Achievements*, “During the Great War perhaps the Scout Movement’s greatest achievement is the fact that it survived.” After recounting the work of Scouts in the War, he adds, “When Peace came there was much rebuilding to do, but the foundation had stood firm, and the Scout Movement could march forward knowing that the things it set out to produce in the world’s boyhood had been achieved.” In some parts of the world, especially within the British Empire, a result of the War was to increase the number of Scout Troops. This helped to offset the loss in action of Scoutmasters and those pioneer Scouts who doubtless would have become Scoutmasters, had the War spared them.

In 1920 a great rally, or jamboree, was held at Olympia to celebrate and give thanks for Peace. Originally it was intended to be a meeting for British Scouts, but on Baden-Powell’s suggestion invitations were sent to foreign countries — and every invitation, even to the farthest country, gained a response. Twelve thousand Scouts and twenty-seven nations came together — and elected B.-P. the Chief Scout of all countries! A result of the Olympia Jamboree was the creation, made possible by private benefaction, of an International Scout Bureau and an international journal printed in several languages.

In 1921 a baronetcy was conferred on Baden-Powell, and the same year saw a return to earlier scenes in India when, at the invitation of the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, he sailed east with Lady Baden-Powell to give direction to the Scout Movement among English and Indians. With the help of Mrs Annie Besant they succeeded in unifying the various unco-ordinated groups and laid the foundations for the success Scouting has since attained. They also visited Burma and Ceylon, and on the return, Egypt and Palestine, inspecting Scouts and Guides and advising on future organization.

The chalet at Kandersteg acquired by the International Bureau in 1923, together with a ground capable of being used as a great Scout Camp given by an American benefactor, furthered the beginnings of international Scouting. At this convenient centre the boys of all nations could meet at any time in the year, but particularly for winter sports. At Kandersteg the first World Rover Moot was held.

Internationalism and the founding of Rover Scouts are the two outstanding features of Scouting since the War. Rover Scouts are youths and men of seventeen and a half years of age and over. Colonel Ulick de Burgh was a force behind this new departure, and Baden-Powell’s book, *Rovering to Success* (1922), added a great stimulus. It seemed to him that men went out of life taking with them all the wisdom acquired from the errors and successes of existence; thus the next generation had to start at the beginning without profiting by previous experience. Helpfully and cheerfully, therefore, he wrote of the joy there is round us and of the fun and pleasure to be had in moulding what the world has to offer.

He warned young men of some of the rocks and shoals of life, and introduced the ‘rovering’ ideal, of cheerful service to others. This branch of the Scout Movement inevitably lacks the vast battalions of the main stem of Boy Scouts (about 3,000,000), as the adult had other duties and activities, but it has a bright future. During Whitsuntide, 1938, five thousand Rover Scouts met in the largest gathering held to that date in England. The camp at Gatton Park, Surrey, was mainly for English Rovers, but Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Gibraltar, France, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary were represented. “Rovers,” wrote B.-P., “are a Brotherhood of the *Open Air and Service!*”

The second longest entry in the index to Mr Beresford Webb’s *Scouting Achievements* is concerned with the work of Rover Scouts — the longest deals with Boy Scouts. Only a few Rover activities, of the vast range described, can be indicated. Much of the heavy work involved in preparing sites for big camps, and for the upkeep of these camps, is performed by Rover Scouts, who make roads, latrines, water-lines, and log cabins for those on duty there during the winter. They act also as Countryside

Wardens who preserve hedges, gates, trees, and stock from damage by the unthinking, and in this work they have only persuasion and the smile (not the stick) to help them. Some of them are active in a land-survey, filling in maps showing how the country is being utilized. Rover Scouts run animal dispensaries for poor people, under the direction of veterinary surgeons, and co-operate with the R.S.P.C.A. Others help the police and road-scouts in traffic control and act as guides in foggy weather, cycling with lights on their backs. The unit of Rover Scouts is a 'Crew,' under a 'Leader,' and a Crew may be subdivided into Patrols under Rover Mates. Every Rover Scout has spent a period of three months or more on probation as a Rover Squire before joining a Crew.

Rover Scouts can be depended on for any 'good turn' (from getting the doctor in an emergency to looking after a domestic pet) if it does not deprive some one of a paid job. They pass many evening hours reading to the blind or repairing wireless sets for institutions. They give concerts, operas, and plays, to help poor Troops and charitable objects. In the last seven years London has been enlivened by an annual entertainment called the Gang Show, given by Rover and Boy Scouts. These shows have done much to make the public familiar with Scout ideals, particularly that of unselfish team-work. Glasgow and Newcastle have had similar entertainments, and all have been immensely successful.

The Rover Scout's first duty is to himself, to become efficient at his job, so that he can feel free to help others. Ultimately some portion of his time must be given to such service, for the motto is "Brotherhood and Service." Much organization and manual work for the big Jamborees is done by Rover Scouts. They grasp at every opportunity to perform service — helping in hospitals, watching delirious patients, giving blood-transfusions. At the Quetta disaster Rover Scouts were prominent in rescue-parties. In recent fighting in Brazil, British Rover Scouts served in casualty clearing-stations and field-hospitals and acted as ambulance-drivers. There is hardly a part of the world where the Rover Scouts cannot be found engaged in some task of service to others. One can only direct the reader to the astonishing list of their activities in *Scouting Achievements*.

It is not impossible to bring about a spirit of harmony among boys of different nations. It is more hopeful when such harmony can be achieved among men, as it has been among Rover Scouts. The forwarding of the idea of international brotherhood is one of the brightest aims of this branch of the movement.

The Imperial aspect of the Scout Movement was demonstrated during the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in 1924. In deciding to hold a great Jamboree at Wembley, Baden-Powell considered that the meeting would help the Scouts of the Empire to get together and compare notes, that it would develop good-will in the rising generation of the States of the British Commonwealth, and that it would show the world the methods by which Scouting developed character and intelligence, handicrafts and skill, health and service for others. Thousands of Oversea Scouts were present, and many more came from all parts of the British Isles.

The organization of rail- and road-transport, camp-routine, and sanitation, all worked out by Commissioners, Scouters, and co-opted officials, on a voluntary and honorary basis, ran with a smoothness which was then astonishing, but has since become commonplace in the great Scout rallies. The Scouts were received at the Wembley stations from 3 A.M. until late at night and were fed and sheltered, as they arrived, with the regularity of a machine. The camp in Wembley Paddocks extended over forty acres, and was like a town, divided into sections or wards, with street and tent names — "Mafeking Lane," "Princes Street," "The Merry Mudlarks," the last being a very appropriate title, for the Oversea Scouts saw something of English rain and mud! The camp contained a post office, bank, a quartermasters' department for the issue of tent-equipment and valises, receptions departments, lost-property office, a stores to provide everything a Scout might need, from a new kit to needle and cotton, and an administrative office which was on duty incessantly day and night during the ten days of the Jamboree.

The greatest number of Scouts in camp together was 12,461; 75,000 gallons of water, 6,000 loaves, and 250 pounds of tea were used daily. The Scouts handled transport and administration, but the catering was wisely left to Messrs Lyons, who fed, on the average, about 12,500 boys daily at the charge of 3s.4d. a day per head. Twelve great marquees arose, two miles of iron piping and two great boilers appeared, for providing steam for cooking and cleaning some 70,000 plates, 1,000 dishes, and 1,500 baking-tins each day. For each lunch 500 yards of suet roll were cooked! Messrs Lyons provided packed luncheons for Scouts who were going sight-seeing, as Baden-Powell was anxious for the Oversea Scouts to see as much as possible of England.

The public were shown Scout methods of first aid, gymnastics, athletics, life-saving, hygiene, and pioneering. The whole organization of the Jamboree was in itself an object lesson in Scout service for others. All the displays were well attended, but the largest audience arrived for the Wolf Cubs' performance.

Akela, the Old Wolf, from the Council Rock in the centre of the Stadium, summoned the Pack, which stalked a deer in the jungle. Then Mowgli, the boy, was chased by Shere Khan, the tiger, and was rescued by Baloo, the bear, and Bagheera, the panther. Playing with Baloo and Bagheera, Mowgli was next attacked by monkeys, but was rescued by Kaa, the snake. This snake was an enormous reptile, composed of a cardboard head and a hundred yards of body made up of Wolf Cubs. It swallowed the monkeys, curled up, and went to sleep. This performance was given by London Wolf Cubs, and was followed by all the Cubs, 7,000 in number, concentrating in a great circle in the arena, where they sat down and gave the Grand Howl.

"Akela, we'll do our best."

"Dyb, Dyb, Dyb, Dyb (Do your best)," came the high-pitched cry of the leading Sixer.

"We'll Dob, Dob, Dob, Dob (do our best)," rejoined 7,000 voices.

There were many pageants, as, for instance, of the cotton-industry, and of Australia past and present; but perhaps the most thrilling display after the Cub show was the Massed Highland Dancing of the Scots contingent (some 2,800 strong at Wembley) with their hundred pipers, an amazing scene of coloured tartans, wild music, wild cries, and intricate movements performed with mechanical precision. The Prince of Wales attended a camp-fire sing-song and afterwards spent the night in the camp, under canvas.

The problem of organization in a Jamboree does not merely consist in getting the Scouts concentrated, sheltered, and fed; it also involves seeing them safely home. This work went as smoothly as all the rest in 1924, but with boys elaborate organization could not succeed unless there was co-operation from the boys themselves. Baden-Powell was well pleased with the splendid conduct and self-discipline of this great assemblage of youth and wrote:

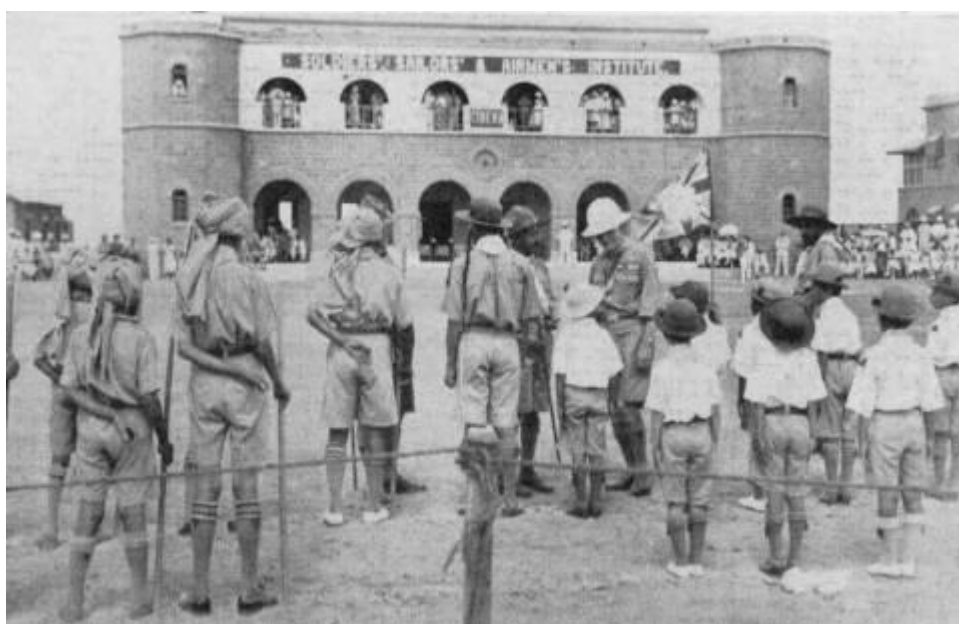
When I have been asked what impressed me most about the Jamboree I have been able honestly to say it was not the pageantry, it was not the fine appearance of the boys nor their numbers and efficiency — it was the fact that *discipline from within showed itself to be an established force among them, and that they have a true grasp of the ideals of the movement.*

In the years after the War, Baden-Powell made many journeys for inspections, organizing, and advisory purposes. In 1923, for instance, he visited Canada to lecture on the educative value of Scouting. Canada and a great part of the United States are countries 'made for' scouting, with abundant land for free camping-sites, and rivers, lakes, forests, and mountains for fishing, hunting, and trekking, while behind Canadian and American Scouting is the tradition of the Red Indian, the pioneer, and the *voyageur*. The movement in Canada to-day has more than 86,000 members. Camping-efficiency is very high, and camps are continued sometimes into the winter, when skis, snowshoes, and log-cabins are called for. In the year

of his Canadian tour, B.-P. also visited South Africa, where he stayed seven months, inspecting Scouts and Guides, advising, organizing, and seeing places of old memories.

The great movement which Baden-Powell has founded and nurtured came of age in 1929, when the occasion was celebrated by a World Jamboree held at Arrowe Park, near Birkenhead, where a campsite of 450 acres was provided free of charge by the Corporation. Birkenhead possessed the added advantage of good facilities for river-, road-, and rail-transport. For months before the Jamboree, the committees were busy in Merseyside, and sections of the Boy Scouts' Association were fully occupied in arranging the transport, shelter, feeding, and medical welfare of the Scouts, arranging for the programmes, and advertising the Jamboree. From the International Bureau the call went out to the world.

By ship, rail, aeroplane, and road the Scouts moved towards Arrowe Park. Indians walked a hundred miles through mountain and jungle to reach rail-heads; Germans hiked from Grimsby; poor English Scouts reached Birkenhead on foot from great distances; and some Americans arrived from Plymouth by a trek in a covered wagon.



ADEN: INSPECTING LOCAL WOLF CUBS AND INDIAN SCOUTS

*Photo E.N.A.*

The camp was a mile long by half a mile broad, and 56,000 Scouts of all nationalities camped together. Enormous interest was aroused merely by the nature of such a rally, and the public was treated to splendid Scout displays. It was a pageant of nations. 1,500 Americans marched with the Stars and Stripes, accompanied by contingents from the Dominions and Colonies, black, brown, and yellow, under the Union Jack; red fezzes, kafiye, turbans, and the varied head-dresses of the European countries mingled together. The different nations acted scenes from their history — Sioux war-dances, Irish battles of heroes, Caractacus and the Druids of Wales, and the Belgians' play of St George and the Dragon. There was again the wonderful dancing of the Scots, a Wolf Cub display, and all the demonstrations of handicraft, bridge-building, first-aid, and physical training. Camp-fire sing-songs, concerts, and cinema shows were organized, as at Wembley, and the Prince of Wales again slept under canvas in the Scout camp. At Arrowe Park there was a Press camp, so that the British public and the world were kept informed daily of programmes and incidents at this colourful Jamboree. The camp newspaper, the *Daily Arrow*, sold 38,000 copies daily.

The Jamboree ended with a Farewell March Past to the Chief Scout, the Scouts of all nations, arm in arm in lines of twenty-five, marching with their flags, hats on staves, and cheering wildly. Then the Scouts formed a great wheel — the ‘Wheel of Friendship’ — round Baden-Powell.

“Here is the hatchet of war, of enmity, of bad feeling, which I now bury in Arrowe,” said Baden-Powell, and drove a hatchet into a barrel of arrows. Then he continued:

From all corners of the earth you have journeyed to this great gathering of world fellowship and brotherhood. To-day I send you out from Arrowe to all the World, bearing my symbol of peace and fellowship, each one of you my ambassador bearing my message of love and fellowship on the winds of sacrifice and service, to the ends of the earth. From now on, the Scout symbol of Peace is the Golden Arrow. Carry it fast and far, so that all men may know the brotherhood of man.

Then B.-P. sent four golden arrows to the four points of the compass, and they were passed from hand to hand through the nations of the world. His final message was then given:

I want you all to take back to your countries a good account of Great Britain and all the boys you have met here, and the people who have tried to be good to you. Of course, any ass can see the bad points in people or a country, but a good Scout will look out for the good points in us and forget the bad ones. Tell your friends in your own countries all the good you can about us, so that we can all think better of one another. Go forth from here as ambassadors of goodwill and friendship. Each one of you Scouts, no matter how young or small, can spread a good word about this country and those you have met here. I can only say now “Good-bye to you. Farewell.”...Try to carry on you Scout work in the meantime. Try to make yourselves better Scouts than ever. Try to help other boys, especially the poorer boys, to come and be happy, healthy, and helpful citizens like yourselves. And now, farewell, good-bye, and God bless you all.

The interest in the Arrowe Park Jamboree affected all classes, in all countries of the world. In Britain it again demonstrated the eagerness with which the Royal Family has always followed the fortunes of Scouting. The present monarch, George VI, is traditionally the firm friend of the Scouts. The greatest honour for a British Scout is the title ‘King’s Scout.’ The privilege of using this title of honour was first granted, on Baden-Powell’s request, by Edward VII.

In all these developments of Scouting the biographer has turned the limelight on the central figure, Baden-Powell. That is because he was the inspirer; but on the edge of the light and beyond, one must think of the countless army, of humble and important people, who were lined up with him, giving time and energy to the task. The movement’s debt to such men and women Baden-Powell remembered, when the Prince of Wales informed him that he was to be raised to the Peerage. The honour was not to be avoided, yet to him an even more thrilling awarded came from the young of all countries, led by Denmark — a motor-car and camping caravan paid for by a penny subscription. It was a complete surprise, and as he thought of the source of the gift, a moving and humbling experience.

The United States fully appreciates the nature of Scouting and its permanent advantages in character-building. One great American educationalist has put it on record that the schools of America will not be equal to their task unless in future the Scouting spirit and Scouting method is employed as much as possible. The honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America is the President of the United States. At the head of the Scout structure is a national council of Scout leaders and delegates from local councils. An executive and various committees carry out the decisions of the council. Troops, often belonging, as in Britain, to a church or school, are of thirty-two boys in four Patrols, under a Scoutmaster. The ranks in ascending order are Tenderfoot, Second, and then First-class Scout. About ninety badges can be gained,



and the Scout can proceed to Star, Life, and Eagle rank. An Eagle Scout (who corresponds to a King's Scout in Britain) can earn palms for 'merit badges' beyond the number, twenty-one, required for the Eagle rank. For some particularly meritorious civic act Eagle Scouts may win financial rewards out of a fund that allots money for higher education. The highest award for an American Scout is the Medal of Honour for saving life. The United States, with more than a million Boy Scouts, is to-day the largest Scouting country in the world. One President has pointed out that Scouting, more surely and rapidly than most educative processes, can weld together the diverse nationalities among the population of the United States.

In America, when tornadoes and floods bring disaster the Scouts are always called upon for rescue-work, first aid, looking after homeless refugees and children, and gathering food and clothing. In the United States hundreds of thousands of Scouts spend at least a week annually in camp, and great attention is given to the hygiene of safe camping. The activities of American Scouts are highly varied and include Sea Scouting, treks on foot, by lorry or motor-car, fire-fighting, protecting game-sanctuaries, making trails in national parks, and forestry. It is typical of American sympathy with youth that in isolated districts where there are few boys, one may become a 'Lone Scout,' carrying out the Scout curriculum by correspondence. In this way the boy on a lonely farm or ranch can feel in touch with his fellows in the populous centres.

In Britain, Scouts have planted thousands of trees, but in the North American continent they have worked at afforestation on a really large scale, to check the thinning of the forests by the constant demands of industry. To give but a few examples from very many, near Angus, Ontario, 140 Boy Scouts planted 100,000 trees during one school holiday camp. That camp, an annual affair, planted 500,000 trees in its first six years. In the United States in one year six groups of Scouts working under Federal direction planted over 64,000 trees. Millions of acres of forest have been posted and mapped by Boy Scouts, and much systematic trail-building in the National Parks has been accomplished by Eagle Scouts. In the Province of Quebec, Boy Scouts are being trained as forest-, fish-, and game-wardens, to patrol rivers and forests guarding against the destructive results of ignorance or carelessness.

Canadian Scouts were the pioneers in the 'Toy-shop Scheme,' which has become world-wide and is particularly active in England. The idea was to provide toys at Christmas for the children of poor settlers. The Scouts collect old toys, aeroplanes, dolls, tricycles, railway engines, anything that is unwanted, and renovate them, while others prepare the list of poor children, and at Christmas distribute them to all parts of the country — in Canada, even in the remotest districts, accessible only by air or by sled.

Scouts have many ways of 'happifying' (Baden-Powell's word) Christmas for poor children. In England Christmas morning breakfasts are provided, with games and presents. Wherever one looks in the world to-day Scouts are seen doing the 'good turn' in a public and private way. At the great Indian pilgrimage centres they act as traffic directors and sanitary squads, water-carriers, and special constables, and man numerous first-aid posts. Wherever there are forest fires, heaths ablaze, or other calamities to a community, the Scouts are present for first aid, police duty, and fire-fighting. Any public authority in time of stress can rely implicitly on the tireless, heroic, and disciplined efforts of the Scouts.

Scouting has brought happiness to many of the young who are debarred the usual child activities by disease, accident, or deformity. In England alone there are 2,000 crippled Scouts and a number of deaf and dumb Troops. To the child sentenced for life, or for months, to lie on his back, Scouting has been a boon which simply cannot be estimated. He need not feel alone, for he is one of a world-fellowship. Some of the children vanquish their handicaps to pass Scout tests — sometimes the same tests as the fit and strong. One crippled boy learned to tie his Tenderfoot knots with his toes! Crippled and sightless Scouts play football! Rover Scouts do invaluable work in the hospitals, and are principally responsible for the cripples' camp at Farnham, Surrey, which is called Woodlarks. Surely B.-P. must have devised that name!

Among the younger men in the prisons of Ceylon and India there are Crews of Rover Scouts, maintaining their own discipline through Courts of Honour. They have school in the morning and training for Proficiency Badges in the afternoon. In the evenings, there are classes in English. Prisoners can be trusted to do their First Class hike without guards. Such an improvement has been made through character-training that reconviction has fallen from 67 per cent. to 3 per cent. by this courageous experiment.

The Scout Movement, to take one final example, has in India, British Guiana, and other parts of the British Empire, brought a new joy to the lepers. To the isolated and depressed sufferers there has come a zest and keenness that helps to banish the thought of physical disability. The Troops follow the Scout Law, hold parades, go into camp, and have concerts. Spiritually the young are no longer people apart, for they belong to the world-wide band of brothers. Mr Webb's *Scouting Achievements* gives a long list of the Scout activities, in all places and among all kinds of people. Some of the things he records are almost incredible, but show how the human soul can rise above handicaps and environment. That so much joy has been brought into the world is due primarily to Baden-Powell.

Scout work for the unemployed (the 'Umps,' as B.-P. calls them) has been varied and widespread in England and America. In the latter country the Scouts are fully mobilized to find jobs for the workless, help the destitute, sustain the moral courage of the man long unemployed, and give him what training they can. In England, at Hedingham Castle, in Essex, men from distressed areas are trained as butlers, cooks, valets, and gardeners, the basis of the training being the Scout discipline and ideals. Another centre prepares boys for jobs overseas. At Llanfrecha Grange, near Caerleon, there is a training-centre which fits boys from the distressed areas for domestic work in the prosperous districts. As in America, Boy Scouts in England canvass firms, farmers, and private houses for jobs for the workless. Rover Crews, formed among the unemployed, go into week-end camps and learn Scoutcraft, first-aid, bridge-building, and other activities that keep them intelligently occupied. Unemployed Rover Scouts have done great work in reconditioning and distributing toys. Their work is unpaid, and helps them 'to keep their chins up' with real self-respect.

Troops receive the workless as guests in their Headquarters and camps, and hold classes in useful trades. For raw material and money for tools the Scouts do not beg, but work, run concerts and dances, and give up part of their wages. Rover Scouts have entertained large numbers of unemployed men at week-end camps, paying all expenses thought their own efforts, glad to provide activity and healthy surroundings for those who are 'down and out.' A 'good turn' in the real Baden-Powell spirit is recorded by Mr Webb. A Rover Scout took nine unemployed men for a 200-mile hike in North Wales. He arranged for their unemployed benefits to be paid *en route*, for free ferry-transport, for the loan of rucksacks, mackintoshes, sleeping-bags, and maps, and for hot cooked meals. It was an education to these men, who had seen little of the open countryside and, in some cases, nothing of mountains. They learned the use of the compass, map-reading, cooking for themselves, and a thousand things in the study of nature. These unemployed men could have no feeling that they were providing data for a charitable experiment, as they paid 10s. a week towards the cost of their food.

Most Troops have taken some of the children of the unemployed to camp with them, and several camps have been run especially for such boys. At one camp, made possible by private beneficence, hundreds of boys have had a grand Scout holiday. Cubs, Scouts, and Rover Scouts, have all joined in the collection and distribution of clothes and comforts for the workless and their children. Some of the most hard-working Rovers are themselves unemployed. A very long book, indeed, might be written of this Scout activity throughout the world. Since the depression at the beginning of the present decade, the work for the 'Umps' has provided the movement with a vast field of service.

Coinciding with the growing fear of war with Germany, and with a campaign for national compulsory military service, Scouting in the early days was suspected of being a means of preparing future soldiers, and the fact that the founder was the defender of Mafeking probably increased the hesitancy of some parents to encourage their children to join. From the first, Baden-Powell urged that the aims of Scouting

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were constructive and unwarlike. The idea of an association between Scouting and militarism no longer exists, and it is the work of Scouts for peace and in the service of the community that has helped to eradicate it.

Scouting is not one of those modern movements which try to substitute ethics for religion. Baden-Powell conceived it as a help to churches and schools in establishing God's kingdom of love, peace, and goodwill upon earth. Scouts are of all creeds, and sometimes direct their service towards their own religious bodies. Rover Scouts are often lay-preachers, missionaries, Sunday-school teachers, or organizers of parochial activities. There are Catholic Rovers, in France, who specialize in running pilgrimages or reviving the full liturgy of the church services in their parishes. The aim and method of Scout training is positive, avoids negative advice, and involves the 'good turn' in daily life to promote goodwill and helpfulness. No denomination can quarrel with the religious idea underlying these aims and methods. Belgium, probably the most Catholic country in Europe, is also one of the most enthusiastic in Scouting, as was seen in May, 1938, when a 25th anniversary was celebrated by the Baden-Powell Belgian Scouts.

Twelve thousand Scouts marched past King Leopold III, Cardinal Van Roey, and Lord Hampton, representing Lord Baden-Powell. Though all the Scouts paid their own fares to Brussels, without any special reductions, 85 per cent. of the total strength was present. In front of the Palais de Justice solemn High Mass was sung.

From peace and goodwill among individuals within the same country, the next step is to a more reasonable frame of mind between the nations. The ideal of international peace has always been a Scout ideal. Baden-Powell worked for it by journeying through the British Empire, visiting other countries, and holding international Scout Conferences and international Rover Moots. At Gilwell Park, near London, British and foreign Scoutmasters are trained in short courses, so that the system and ideals are borne to all parts of the world.

To-day, in addition to the millions of Scouts 'on the strength,' there are many more millions of young and middle-aged men who have been trained in the movement. Thousands of newcomers swell the ranks every year. Scouts visit other lands and camp with fellow Scouts. Every year there is a great exodus from Britain, when Scouts mix in comradeship abroad. In Scouting there are no distinctions of colour, class, nationality, or religion, for the uniform and Scout Law embrace all other differences. Simply because it hides all differences of nationality and class, B.-P. always advocated the general use of the original Scout uniform. Germany and Italy have their own youth organizations, based originally on Scouting, but with a national and military trend, as against Scout internationalism. Yet the movement, to say the least, provides one hope of reaching peaceful understanding among the nations.

Thirty years after the founding of the movement, Baden-Powell saw that education, perhaps inevitably, still encouraged the things that Scouting was intended to check. The examination system, for instance, tended to make the child selfish and self-centred, thinking too much of a personal success, and encouraged to do so by the parents, who were anxious for their children to be sage in a competitive world. Service for others became very secondary. The teachers could do little, for they had the children for only a few hours in the day, and had too many pupils in their classes to know each one individually, so that character-training through the schools was almost impossible. Scouting, therefore, was more than ever necessary to fill in the great gap in training, to develop manliness, balance, and sense of honour, physical health, the co-operation of hand and brain through handicraft, and to give service for the community. For this task he wrote:

We want Scoutmasters first and foremost; but also we want men of standing and experience for Commissioners; we want experts or hobby-men for instructors and examiners; we want men and women to train Wolf Cubs; we want Rover leaders and we want secretaries and treasurers to look after the business side. Here is a heaven-sent opportunity for every man and many a woman who are anxious for the country's good to

take up a jolly work in a happy brotherhood, and a work that will bring the biggest return that any man could wish for his world.

That the Scout Movement is indeed a great work no one felt more strongly than Lord Roseberry, who paid Scouting what is perhaps its most striking tribute:

If I were to form the highest ideal for my country, it would be this — that it should be a nation of which the manhood was exclusively composed of men who have been, or were, Boy Scouts, and were trained in the Boy Scout theory. Such a nation would be the honour of mankind. It would be the greatest moral force the world has ever known.

In May, 1938, Baden-Powell returned from a visit to South Africa. He did not attend the Old Carthusian festivities, though for fifteen years he had been President of the Club. For rest and quietness he sought Pax Hill, in Hampshire, suffering, in Lady Baden-Powell's reported words, from "sixty years of over-work." He did not rest for long. A few months later the youth of Iceland and Denmark saw the loved figure of the Chief Scout. At the turn of the year he sailed for those shore which he had seen for the first time in another autumn, sixty-two years before — the shores of Africa, motherland of Scouting.

## APPENDIX

### SOME BOOKS BY LORD BADEN-POWELL

*The Downfall of Prempeh.* The story of the Ashanti Campaign.  
*The Matabele Campaign.* The best picture of B.-P. as military scout.  
*Aids to Scouting.* A manual for soldiers.  
*Sketches of Mafeking and East Africa.* Contains some of Baden-Powell's best work in book illustration.  
*Scouting for Boys.* The inspiration of the Scout Movement.  
*Indian Memories.*  
*Adventures as a Spy.*  
*Aids to Scoutmastership.*  
*Rovering to Success.*  
*Scouting and Youth Movements.*  
*Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life.* An Autobiography which recounts some of the episodes of previous books and adds other matter.  
Numerous articles in the *Greyfriar* and *Carthusian*.  
(E. K. Wade's *The Piper of Pax* quotes from Baden-Powell's letters and diaries).

### SOME BOOKS ON SCOUTING USED IN THIS VOLUME

*Scouting Achievements*, by Beresford Webb. An encyclopaedic account of what Scouts have done and are doing.  
*The Imperial Jamboree* (1924). The Boy Scouts Association.  
*The World Jamboree* (1929). The Boy Scouts Association.  
*Scouting Marches On.* The Boy Scouts of America. The story of American Scouting.

### RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL READING

*Scouting Sketches*, by Lord Hampton.  
*Boy Scouts*, by "Gillcraft."  
*Rover Quests in Practice.* The Boy Scouts Association.

Inscription on the Foundation Stone of the South African War Memorial Cloister at Charterhouse:

MILITIBUS CARTHUSIANIS IN AFRICA  
MERIDIONALIS DE DOMO AC PATRIA BENE  
MERITUS HOC VIRTUTIS MONUMENTUM  
EXTRUXERUNT CARTHUSIANI  
FUNDAMENTUM JECIT R. S. S.  
BADEN-POWELL OPPIDI MAFEKING  
DEFENSOR INVICTUS

AD. iv. Kal. Oct.