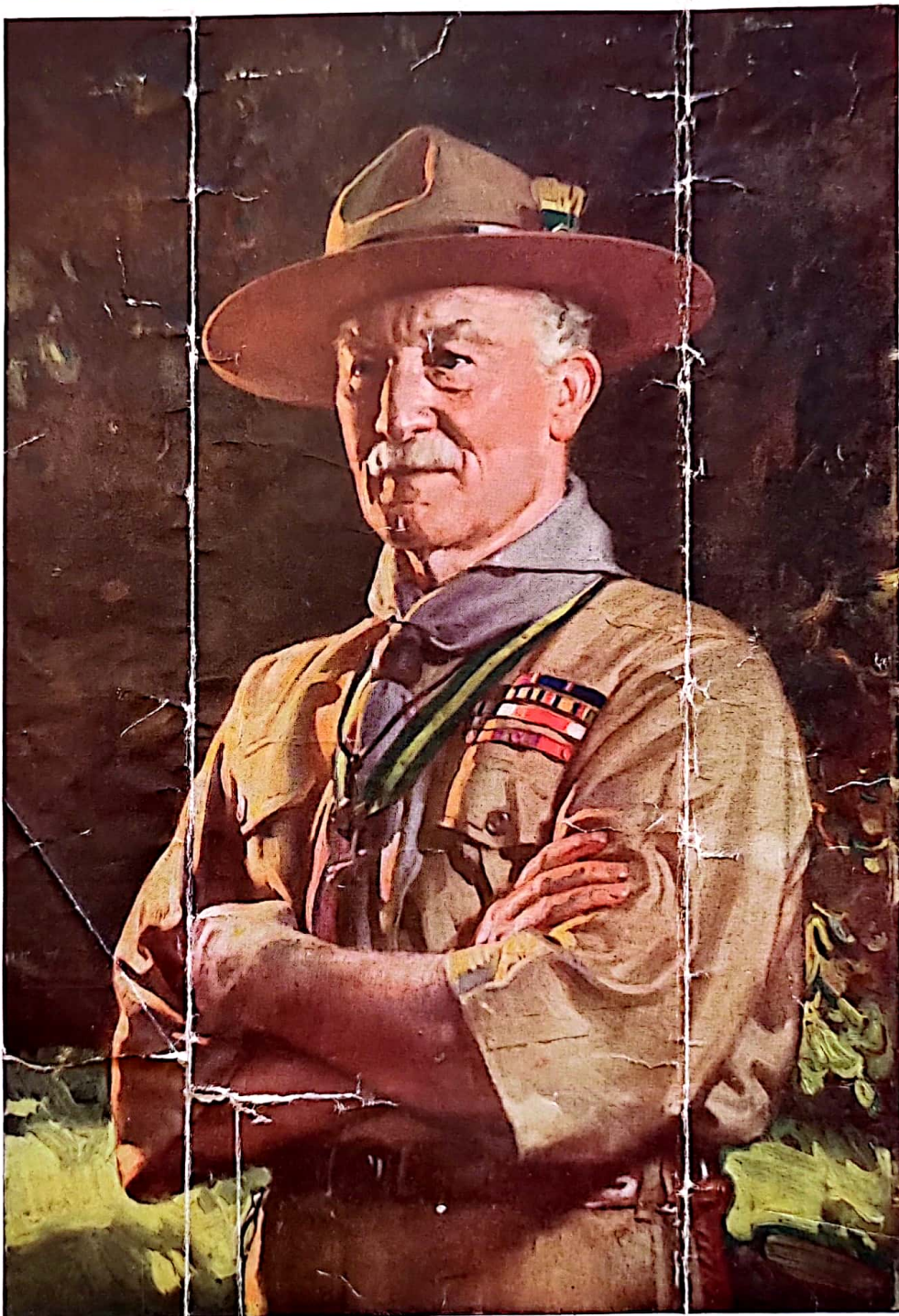


THE SCOUTER

MEMORIAL NUMBER TO THE CHIEF SCOUT



Vol. XXXV

FEBRUARY 1941

No. 2

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THE SCOUTER

MEMORIAL NUMBER TO
THE CHIEF SCOUT OF THE WORLD
LORD BADEN-POWELL OF GILWELL
O.M., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., LL.D.

Vol. XXXV.

FEBRUARY, 1941

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*"PRESS FORWARD WITH A FAITH IN THE SOUNDNESS OF THE MOVEMENT
AND ITS FUTURE POSSIBILITIES."—THE CHIEF SCOUT.*

THE CHIEF SCOUT

Baden Powell of Ilkley

By E. E. REYNOLDS

The Chief was born in London on February 22nd, 1857. He was fortunate in his heritage. The family of Powell can be traced back to a William Powle who held lands at Mildenhall, Suffolk, at the close of the fifteenth century. From that time the Powells played typical parts in the national life as county gentlemen, doctors, clergymen, lawyers, and merchants. The name Baden was added early in the eighteenth century when a Powell married a daughter of Andrew Baden of New Sarum (Salisbury).

The full name, Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, records his mother's family, Smyth, and the fact that Robert Stephenson, the railway engineer and bridge-builder, was his godfather. Admiral William H. Smyth (1788-1865), Mrs.

Baden-Powell's father, was noted as a naval surveyor, astronomer, and antiquary. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and one of the founders of the Royal Geographical Society. His father had lost large estates in the American Colonies owing to his adherence to the loyalist cause during the War of Independence. The family was descended from Captain John Smith, the adventurer and explorer, who in 1608 sailed with an expedition to colonise Virginia. His life was a constant source of inspiration to

the Chief, and it was appropriately a bust of this famous ancestor which he exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1907. John Smith's saying "We were born into this world not for ourselves but to do good unto others" was a favourite quotation.

The Chief's father, the Rev. H. G. Baden-Powell (1796-1860) became Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford in 1827, after having been Vicar of Plumstead, Kent. He, too, was a Fellow of the Royal Society and had a wide knowledge of nature out-of-doors. His standing as a theologian was high, and he contributed to that volume of *Essays and Reviews* which was condemned by Convocation as being too advanced; as his fellow contributors included such men as Mark Pattison and Benjamin Jowett, he was in good company. This independence of judgment was inherited in full measure by his son.

Professor Baden-Powell died in 1860. His widow was left to bring up, on none too plentiful means, a young family. The eldest, Warrington, was then 13 years old; the Chief was 3 years old, and his younger brother was born in the year of his father's death. Mrs. Baden-Powell had need of all her courage to face her task. The most famous of her sons paid this tribute to her on her death in 1914:

"The alliance between my mother and myself was of the nature of a loving comradeship which had lasted for over fifty years. She was left a widow with six children some fifty years ago by my father, a clergyman in the Church of England. With a very small income and little help from outside, she managed to train and bring up this large family under

difficulties and anxieties which it would be difficult for anyone to realise who had not gone through them. But with her immense pluck she pulled successfully through it all, and lived until over ninety years of age to see us safely launched on our different careers in life. But she did not confine herself merely to doing good to her children. In spite of the tax upon her strength, time, and powers, she managed also to give a helping hand in the hospitals in the poorer districts of London, and finally, with her broad-minded views and keen foresight, she entered upon a scheme with three or four other women for developing and promoting the higher education of girls throughout the country. And this eventually became a vast success.

"When I started the Scout Movement in a tentative way, she naturally took the deepest interest in its progress, and with her enterprise and experience she urged me to go on with it, recognising from the first the educational possibilities which underlay it, such as I had hardly foreseen myself. So it was largely thanks to her that the Scout Movement made its start in the world; and with her life as an example one could not but feel—in spite of the difficulties met with at the inception of such a scheme—one had only to stick to it and

look forward to the great possibilities that lay ahead to obtain success in the end.

"Her wisdom and her criticisms were practical and to the point and always encouraging, and it was with the knowledge of such counsel to fall back upon that one gained confidence to push on."

Mrs. Baden-Powell was a woman of unusual ability; her circle of friends included such famous men as Thackeray and Ruskin. She herself was a skilful artist, and some of her water-colours of Cardiff are now preserved in the library of that city. Two of her sons inherited this talent in large measure. Frank Baden-Powell became a noted painter; of the Chief's own skill it is unnecessary to speak. He was drawing and painting at an early age. A sketch, "Gil Blas meets the Robbers," made when he was 8 years old, already shows three characteristics which can be seen in all his work: his accuracy of observation is displayed in the drawing of trees: his power of representing action makes the men and horses live, and his instinct for essentials is shown in the economy of line used—an unusual quality in a child's work. Even at that early age he was using his left hand as easily as his right; his mother consulted John Ruskin, but the great art critic advised her to let the child draw in whatever way nature prompted him.

Up to the age of 11, the Chief was educated mainly at home; there was little book-learning, for his mother regarded a knowledge of outdoor life as more important. He went to a preparatory school at Tunbridge Wells, and in 1870 entered Charterhouse as a Gowhboy Founder. The school was



Drawn at the age of 8.



Charterhouse
Shooting Team, 1874.

then under the wise rule of Dr. Haig Brown, a man with an instinctive understanding of boys, and he saw the possibilities in the new gownboy. The Chief was an all-rounder at school, doing sufficiently well in scholarship to get into the Sixth Form (though it was reported of him that he "had to all intents given up the study of mathematics"), and taking a full share in school games. In his day games had not become a fetish and there was a wide latitude allowed for a boy's own interests. He summed up the matter in these words: "In addition to what I learned in school—which wasn't an overwhelming lot—there was a great deal that I learned at school, outside the classroom, which was of value to me. Also I learned more still in my holidays, from my brothers. These additional sources of education were: Theatricals, The Woods, Seamanship."

The first source, Theatricals, played a large part in the Chief's earlier days. His contemporaries at Charterhouse and later in the Army, recalled with glee his achievements as an actor and entertainer, for he was always able to "bring down the house" either with an impromptu performance or with more carefully rehearsed efforts. Many stories, too, are recorded of his love of fun and high jinks.

The second additional source of education, the Woods, was frequently referred to by the Chief as his training-ground as a Scout. Thus he wrote:

"When I was a small boy at Charterhouse, outside the school walls was 'The Copse,' a long stretch of woodland on a steep hill-side, extending for a mile or so round the playing fields.

"It was here that I used to imagine myself a backwoodsman, trapper and Scout. I used to creep about warily looking for 'sign' and getting 'close up' observation of rabbits, squirrels, rats and birds.

"As a trapper I set my snares, and when I caught a rabbit or hare (which wasn't often) I learned by painful experiment to skin, clean and cook him. But knowing that the Redskins were about, in the shape of masters looking for boys out of bounds, I used a very small non-smoky fire for fear of giving away my whereabouts.

"Incidentally, also, I gained sufficient cunning to hide up in trees when danger of this kind threatened, since experience told me that masters hunting for boys seldom looked upward."

The third source was in some respects the most important. Under their eldest brother, Warrington, the Baden-Powell boys became a band of adventurers: it would be no exaggeration to regard them as a Patrol with Warrington B.-P. as Patrol Leader. Their mother must have had many an anxious hour wondering what they were up to, but she wisely left them to work out their own salvations—which at times they had literally to do. Here is the Chief's own account:

"Although I had missed the guidance of a father, I, as seventh son, got a good training at the hands of my brothers during my holidays. These all had the sporting instinct strongly developed and were good comrades together, first-rate swimmers, footballers, oarsmen, etc. All were good at devising things that they could not afford to buy, even to building a boat.

"We built our own huts, made our fishing, rabbit and bird-trapping nets, and thus caught and cooked our own food to our hearts' and stomachs' content.

"In all of this I, as junior, had to take my share of the work, especially that part of it which would naturally be delegated to a junior, such as gutting the fish and rabbits (a really filthy job!), some of the cooking, and very much of the washing up.

"But it was all very good for me.

"As money came in we were able to buy a collapsible boat, in which three of us, among other expeditions, made the journey from London up the Thames to practically its source, then with a portage over the hills we went down the Avon via Bristol, across the Severn, and up the Wye to our then small home in Wales. A fairly adventurous journey, especially when crossing seven miles of Severn in our canvas cockle-shell, but at the same time a very educative one."

Oxford was to have followed Charterhouse, but he suddenly decided to try his luck in an Army examination; out of seven hundred candidates he came second on the Cavalry list and fourth for Infantry. As a result, he was granted a commission in the 13th Hussars and joined his regiment in Lucknow in September, 1876.

The pay of a subaltern at that time was £120 a year; most officers had private incomes to supplement this, but the Chief had no such resources to fall back upon. He was determined to live as economically as possible and he soon began to make use of his abilities as an artist: he contributed sketches and articles to such papers as *The Graphic* and *The Badminton Magazine*, and developed an individual style in both: his sketches are notable for the amount of vigour which he conveys in the minimum of lines, and his water colours for their purity of colour; his writing is straight-forward and almost conversational with no purple patches; his skill displayed itself best in a yarn, and he early began the practice of supporting any statement by some episode within his own experience.

His sketching and writing were both further developed by the long series of illustrated letters and diaries which he sent home to his mother. These formed the basis of his book *Indian Memories* (1915). He there says that these diaries and letters "show me to have been just the ordinary silly young ass who enjoyed senseless ragging, was fond of dogs and horses, and thought very little as he went through the ordinary everyday experiences of a subaltern in India." Few readers will agree with this verdict for the book reveals a far more complex character than a "silly young ass." There were, of course, high jinks—but then a sense of fun never deserted the Chief even under the most trying circumstances. Thus, on one occasion he and a fellow officer disguised themselves as War Correspondents, the Chief posing as an Italian. They were introduced as such to friends at the theatre and later to a supper party at which he should have been host, but his deputy did not see through the disguise.

"When we arrived at the door he not only welcomed Agnew in high-flown English, but he turned to me and, in the most atrocious French, endeavoured to express his greetings. This very nearly finished me. Although I was able to control the muscles of my face the tears were streaming down from under my gold-rimmed spectacles, and as I mopped my eyes he asked with extreme solicitude: 'Est-que vous êtes malade aux yeux?' And I replied in my best Italian-English: 'Yees, I am a little bit sick in the eyes.' This became thereafter a regular phrase in Simla if you asked anybody how he was feeling."



The 13th Hussars, 1878.

Then there were theatricals: the Chief was in demand as a scene painter since he could paint with both hands at once and so do double work. He even posed at one concert as a General unexpectedly arrived and it was not until he contributed to the programme the Major-General's song from *The Pirates of Penzance* that the hoax was discovered.

His work at his profession made him an invaluable officer and earned him early promotion. He was fortunate in his first Colonel, Sir Baker Russell, an unorthodox soldier who encouraged initiative and self-reliance in his officers and men; these qualities needed very little bringing out as far as the young subaltern was concerned and he soon proved that he could be trusted to stand on his own feet. His earliest recorded experience of scouting in the Army illustrates this: at some manoeuvres a party, including the Chief, was ordered to creep through the lines to discover the positions of the "enemy." The result was not too good as many of the scouts were spotted and driven back. The scouting party then returned and settled down to sleep. Then followed a typical example of initiative.

"Waking up some hours later, from the cold, I thought it might warm me up to go and try again to get more information. Knowing pretty well where the sentries were posted, I was able to evade them and to crawl past them to one of the supports.

"Having had all their excitement in the earlier part of the evening in driving us back, they apparently supposed we had retired for good and therefore the look-out was not so sharply kept as in the earlier part of the night. I had therefore no difficulty in getting past the support, and then in keeping along in rear to find the position of other supports, and eventually by following one of their visiting patrols I found the exact location of the reserve. Having gone as far as I could, I left my glove under a bush on the bank of the ravine by which I had arrived, and made my way back with my report to my own people, just as dawn was breaking. Later on, when the dispositions of both sides were being criticised by the General, a doubt was expressed whether our scouts had really gathered their information from personal observation or had merely made guesses of the outposts, since the defenders maintained that it was impossible for scouts to get through at the spots mentioned. I was able, however, to prove our case by directing them where to find my glove.

"I was at that time a smoker, but I afterwards learnt from some American scouts how helpful it was on such occasions to be able to smell the whereabouts of the enemy's outposts and thus to creep past them. These scouts did not smoke because they held that such practice is apt to destroy or to deaden very much the sense of smell. I therefore gave up smoking and have never taken to it since, and I certainly found the value of being able to smell an enemy at night; it has been useful to me on more occasions than one."

It was in India that the Chief became passionately fond of polo, and above all of pig-sticking. Funds would not allow him to buy trained ponies so he had to break-in animals which he had been able to pick up cheaply: this only added to the excitement. He became an expert at pig-sticking and in 1883 won the coveted Kadir Cup. His book *Pig-sticking or Hog-hunting* (1889) has become a classic on the subject. Big game hunting was another pastime—though as he once wrote: "I could never bring myself to shoot an elephant. I would as soon blow up the Tower of London."

No wonder he wrote in his diary "I enjoy this business awfully, there is always something to do." But there is another side of his character which was revealed in those Indian days: he enjoyed social life to the full, but there was also a recurring need to get right away by himself, or with one or two native "boys," exploring or hunting with the inevitable sketch-book and paint box in his light kit. These long days away from all white men gave him a deep knowledge of the ways of the wild, and an insight into the native mind. He wanted to see things for himself and at times he would sit quietly for hours watching the animals in the jungle and learning more of their habits. Here, for instance, is a passage referring to his earliest days in India showing how even in the cantonment he found delight in exercising his powers of observation.

"I liked to sit in the verandah of my bungalow, watching all that went on in my garden. There was a squirrel just out in front, three of them had made their nests in the verandah roof; a bulbul bird whose horn made him look as if his mouth were wide open; then there was a hoopoe with his handsome crest who had a nest in the thatched roof of the house. There were also a crow and a hawk, always on the look-out to pick up something—you could not drop a piece of paper without one being there at once to take it. There was also a fly-catching bird, who looked something like a big swallow. In the garden were five mongoose, living in different holes and corners."

That passage makes one think of the last days in Kenya. Sixty years later he was again watching the birds and animals as he sat on his verandah at Paxtu and recording in word and sketch the doings of Hyrie and the members of the Bird Club.

Most of the Chief's Indian service was on the North-West Frontier. In 1883 he was promoted Captain and in the following year the regiment was sent to Natal to give aid, if necessary, to Sir Charles Warren's expedition in Bechuanaland. So the Chief first visited the country which he came to regard as a second homeland.

This period of African service was short; it was important for the Chief because it introduced him to scouting in Africa. He was sent out on a secret reconnaissance of the passes of the Drakensberg to the Boer frontier. On this 600-mile scouting expedition he went disguised as journalist, or as artist, or as fisherman. The information he gained and the maps he drew were of greater importance than the authorities realised at the time. When the Boer War broke out sixteen years later, the Chief's corrections to the map had not been made to the old ones, and his advice that a future British force should not make a stand at Ladysmith but behind the Tugela River was equally ignored.

This expedition was followed by some weeks of big-game hunting in East Africa. His diary contains many notes of observations made in addition to the records of animals shot. For instance, "The correct way to wash your hands in this country (owing to the scarcity of water) is to fill your mouth with water and then let a thin stream trickle on to your hands while you wash." And, "The gut of a buck or sheep threaded on a stick and roasted over the fire is an excellent morsel."

It was at this time that he won for himself the native name of M'hkala Panzi, or "the man who lies down to shoot"; this is how a Zulu describes the man who makes his plans carefully and completely before setting out on any enterprise.

In 1885 the 13th Hussars returned to England and during the following two years the regiment was stationed at Norwich,



Usutu Warrior.

Colchester and Liverpool. It was at this period that the Chief and his younger brother had some of the experiences afterwards recalled in *The Adventures of a Spy*. The risks of such work only gave additional zest to the exercise of his skill in acting and scouting.

He was back in South Africa in 1888 as A.D.C. to his uncle, General H. A. Smyth, who was Commander-in-Chief. The routine of duties was enlivened by hunting and polo and by organising theatrical shows and concerts. Then came a welcome diversion. Trouble broke out amongst the Zulus under Dinizulu, the son of Cetewayo. The Chief was appointed Intelligence Officer to the British force, and it was in the subsequent fighting that he captured the necklace of wooden beads which supplied the pattern for the Wood Badge. Here is the Chief's account of what happened.

"Dinizulu, after a few small engagements, took refuge in a mountain stronghold called the Ceza Bush, just on the border of the Transvaal. I reconnoitred the place with a few scouts, and our forces were brought into position to take it from three sides. Just before attacking I went into position with my scouts at early dawn, and found that the enemy had hurriedly evacuated it, leaving most of their food and kit behind, and had crossed the border into the Transvaal, where, of course, we could not follow them.

"In the hut which had been put up for Dinizulu to live in I found among other things his necklace of wooden beads. I have in my possession a photograph of him, taken a few months beforehand, in which he was shown wearing this necklace round his neck and one shoulder."

It was during this expedition that the Chief first saw a Zulu impi, and he never forgot the impression that it made upon him. He heard the chant that is now used by Boy Scouts, the Eengonyama Chorus, and he saw the boys (umfaans) of the tribes who had to pass initiation tests before being accepted as men. Here, too, was the germ of an idea which later he was to apply to the training of boys. One of his favourite quotations was also derived from Zulu sources:

"If we go forward we die,
If we go backward we die,
Better go forward and die."

This minor expedition was followed by several years of varied military experience. The Chief was at home on sick leave in 1889, but returned to South Africa in the same year as Secretary to a Commission which was investigating the affairs of Swaziland—the home of another Zulu tribe. Here again he made full use of his opportunity to learn all he could about the country and the customs and habits of the natives.

In 1890 his uncle, Sir H. A. Smyth, was appointed Governor of Malta, and the Chief went with him as Military Secretary. Such an appointment entailed routine office work with little outlet for initiative, so that when in the following year he became Intelligence Officer for the Mediterranean countries he must have had few regrets at the change. Now came many of the incidents recorded in *The Adventures of a*

Spy. Once more he had full scope for his abilities as an observer and actor, and the readers of that book will know how successfully he collected valuable information at considerable risk, but with keen enjoyment of the thrills.

He rejoined his regiment in Ireland in 1893 and for two years he was occupied with the normal activities of army life. At manoeuvres in 1894 he was Brigade-Major to General French, who had Colonel Douglas Haig as his A.D.C. His resourcefulness attracted the attention of Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief; in consequence the order came to join the Ashanti expedition in the following year. The Chief's business was to raise and command a native levy to pioneer the way for the main expeditionary force under Sir Francis Scott which had to march from Cape Coast Castle to Kumassi, the headquarters of King Prempeh. The tribes over which he ruled were notorious for their love of torture and the practice of blood-sacrifice; under their King they raided the British

Colony of the Gold Coast for slaves, and time and again broke their treaties with the British. The route was through swampy hollows and dense forest. The greater part of it meant hard pioneering—felling trees, building bridges and making some kind of roadway for the troops. At times the Chief left the main body of pioneers to scout ahead with a few men. From his intensive experience of pioneering and scouting he gained valuable knowledge and further skill in his favourite form of soldiering. The expedition succeeded in its purpose without bloodshed. Prempeh was captured and blood-sacrifice became a thing of the past. The Chief brought away the Great Execution Bowl into which the blood of thousands of victims had been poured: this gruesome object is now in the United Services Museum. A full account of the expedition



Matabeleland, 1896.

was written by him under the title *The Downfall of Prempeh* (1896). For his services he was promoted Brevet-Lt.-Colonel at the age of 38.

Once more he returned to his regiment in Ireland but it was not long before he was again on active service, for what he called "the best adventure of my life." This was to take part as Chief Staff Officer to General Sir Frederick Carrington in suppressing the Matabele revolt. The story of that experience is told in one of the most interesting of the Chief's books, *The Matabele Campaign*; many of the incidents have been retold and illustrated by him in other books, for it is no exaggeration to say that in Matabeleland he completed his training as a scout.

His book contains much scouting lore quite apart from its interest as a record of adventures and daring exploits. The Preface takes the form of a letter to his mother in which he says, "It has always been an understood thing between us that when I went on any trip abroad, I kept an illustrated diary for your particular diversion . . . it has served as a kind of short talk with you every day." There is another, and most important, reference to his mother in the book. He worked for a time with the famous American Scout, Burnham, and he made this note: "We got on well together, and he much approved of the results of your early development in

me of the art of 'inductive reasoning'—in fact, before we had examined and worried out many little indications in the course of our ride, he had nick-named me 'Sherlock Holmes.'" The diary was written at odd moments and in odd places: for example, he remarks, "The above was written while we paused inactive on the field, waiting for the stretchers." This habit of using every spare minute was life-long.

He experimented with kit and uniform until he found what proved best for his kind of work. Already he was using "a cowboy broad-brimmed felt hat with ventilating holes punched in the crown, and a brown silk puggree," and, as ever, had excellent reasons for his choice based on practical considerations: the hat shaded face and neck; it was light and so did not cause headaches as a helmet did; it protected the face and ears in going through thick bush, and it "can be slept in."

A few notes on scouting are worth quoting:

"It is almost impossible to obliterate your spoor, as, even if you brush over your footprints, the practised eye of the native tracker will read your doings by other signs; still, it is a point not to be lost sight of for a minute when getting into position for scouting, and a little walking backwards, doubling on one's tracks over rocky ground, lighting a fire where you are not going to cook your food, or one of a hundred similar subterfuges may often relieve you from the attentions of a too-inquisitive enemy."

"There is naturally a strong attraction in reconnoitring, for, apart from the fun of besting the enemy, the art of scouting is in itself as interesting as any detective work."

"It is almost impossible to describe all the little signs that go to make up information for one when scouting. It is like reading the page of a book."

"In the same way, in scouting, the tiniest indications, such as a few grains of displaced sand here, some bent blades of grass there, a leaf foreign to this bit of country, a buck startled from a distant thicket, the impress of a raindrop on a spoor, a single flash on the mountain-side, a far-off yelp of a dog—all are letters in the page of information you are reading, and whose sequence and aggregate meaning, if you are a practised reader, you grasp at once without considering them as separate letters and spelling them out—except where the print happens to be particularly faint. And that is what goes to make scouting the absorbing game that it is."

"Without special training a man cannot have a thorough confidence in himself as a scout, and without an absolute confidence in himself, it is not of the slightest use for a man to think of going out to scout."

"Development of the habits of noting details and of reasoning inductively constitute the elements of the required training. This can be carried out equally in the most civilised as in the wildest countries—although for its complete perfecting a wild country is preferable. It is to a large extent the development of the science of woodcraft in a man—that is, the art of noticing smallest details, and of connecting their meaning, and thus gaining a knowledge of the ways and doings of your quarry; the education of your 'eye-for-a-country'; and the habit of looking out on your own account. Once these have become, from continual practice, a second nature to a man, he has but to learn the more artificial details of what he is required to report, and the best method of doing so, to become a full-fledged scout."

"We English have the talent of woodcraft and the spirit of adventure and independence already inborn in our blood to an extent to which no other nationality can lay claim, and therefore among our soldiers we ought to find the best material in the world for scouts."

The Matabeles gave him a new name, Impeesa, which means "the Wolf," or "the beast that does not sleep, but sneaks about at night." Thus he records in one place that, "to-day, again, the enemy recognised me individually, and saluted me with threats, yelling my name, 'Impeesa,' with savage intensity."

The narrative of events in *The Matabele Campaign* reveals the many-sided nature of the author: there is his intense devotion to the work in hand, there is a full-blooded joy in action and the delight in the exercise of his resourcefulness and his ability to overcome welcome odds; the illustrations show his skill in picking out the essentials of a scene or of an action; there are touches of humour and an unflinching goodwill to men of all ranks and classes. Occasionally a more serious note is sounded, and this is as characteristic of the writer as all else in the book. One passage must be quoted at length:

"Once, not very long ago, at an afternoon 'At Home,' I was handing a cup of tea to an old dowager, who bridled up in a mantle with bugles and beads, and someone noticed that in doing so my face wore an absent look, and I was afterwards asked where my thoughts were at that time. I could only reply that 'My mind was a blank, with a single vision in it, lower half yellow, upper half blue,' in other words, the yellow veldt of South Africa, topped with the blue South African sky. Possibly the scent of the tea had touched some memory chord which connected it with my black tin billy, steaming among the embers of a wood fire; but whatever it was then, my vision is to-day a reality. I am looking out on the yellow veldt and the blue sky; the veldt with its grey, hazy clumps of thorn-bush is shimmering in the heat, and its vast expanse is only broken by the gleaming white sand of the river-bed and the green reeds and bushes which fringe its banks. (Interruption: Stand to the tent! a 'Devil,' with its roaring pillar of dust and leaves, comes tearing by.) I used to think that the novelty of the thing would wear off, that these visions of the veldt would fade away as civilised life grew upon me. But they didn't. They came again at most inopportune moments: just when I ought to be talking 'The World,' or 'Truth,' or 'Modern Society' (with the cover removed), and making my reputation as a 'sensible, well-informed man, my dear,' with the lady in the mantle, somebody in the next room has mentioned the word saddle, or rifle, or billy, or some other attribute of camp life, and off goes my mind at a tangent to play with its toys. Old Oliver Wendell Holmes is only too true when he says that most of us are 'boys all our lives'; we have our toys, and will play with them with as much zest at eighty as at eight, that in their company we can never grow old. I can't help it if my toys take the form of all that has to do with veldt life, and if they remain my toys till I drop—

'Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its grey,
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May;
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys.'

"May it not be that our toys are the various media adapted to individual tastes through which men may know their God?"

As Ramakrishna Parāmahansa writes: 'Many are the names of God and infinite the forms that lead us to know Him. In whatsoever name or form you desire to know Him, in that very name and form you will know Him.'

The latter part of the campaign was spent in collaboration with Colonel Plumer. The future Field-Marshal wrote, "The success of the various operations in the hills was unquestionably due in no small measure to his able reconnoitring, and the wonderful knowledge he had acquired of all the intricacies of the fastnesses of the hills."

At the end of the Matabele campaign, he was promoted Brevet-Colonel. On his return



Matabele Warrior.

to his regiment in Dublin this created a curious position for he was senior to the Lieut.-Colonel in command. The problem was solved when shortly afterwards he was appointed to command the 5th Dragoon Guards then stationed in India. He was most reluctant to leave the regiment which had meant so much to him for twenty-one years; he tried to slip away without any fuss, but the regiment turned out to see him off and his cab was pulled to the station by the men of his own squadron.

April, 1897, found him at Meerut. His activities were innumerable and some of them unusual. The care for the health and happiness of his men which he always showed took the form of a dairy, a bakery, a temperance club and a week-end camp in the country. Acting, painting and pig-sticking were also pursued with unabating enthusiasm. Additions to his experiences were tiger-shooting and fish-spearing. One period of leave was spent in Kashmir and readers of his *Indian Memories* will know how deeply he was affected by the beauty of that country; the water-colours he brought back are amongst the freshest of his pictures.

He came to England on leave in 1899. Affairs in South Africa were then in a critical condition. Lord Wolseley sent for the Chief who has reported their conversation as follows:

"On this occasion he said: 'I want you to go to South Africa.'

"With the air of a well-trained butler I said: 'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, can you go on Saturday next?' (This was Monday.)

"'No, sir.'

"'Why not?'

"Knowing well the sailings of the South African steamers, I replied: 'There's no ship on Saturday, but I can go on Friday.'

"He burst out laughing and then proceeded to tell me that there was danger of war with the Boers, and he wanted me to go and quietly raise two battalions of Mounted Rifles and organise the Police Forces on the North-west Frontier of Cape Colony."

As helpers in this attractive task he had the future Field-Marshal, Colonel Plumer, and Colonel Hore. The first organised the force in Rhodesia and the second in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The main task of the force was to hold the 650 mile frontier west of the Transvaal from Vryburg to Bulawayo; thus Mafeking from its situation at once became a place of considerable importance: it was a natural centre of trade between the bordering states; the prestige of the British amongst the natives was involved in its retention; and its defence would mean drawing away the Boers from the coast during the landing of troops. The Boers declared war on October 11th, 1899, and immediately an advance was made on Mafeking where the Chief had moved his regiment.

This is not the place to re-tell the story of the famous siege of a small town which had no natural defences and seemed to the Boers an easy prey. It was held for seven months.

The Chief's own comment is, "As an actual feat of arms it was a very minor operation and was largely a piece of bluff, but bluff which was justified by the special circumstances and which in the end succeeded in its object." The many ruses and ingenious methods used to deceive the Boers came mostly from his fertile brain, and it was he who set an unflinching example of cheerfulness and watchfulness. Here is what one of the besieged wrote of him. Emerson Neilly was the War Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in Mafeking and the following passage is taken from his book *Besieged with B.-P.*

"None that I have met could beat Baden-Powell in the matter of alertness and sleeplessness. From cockcrow till nightfall he was at it. Now you saw him snatching half an hour's leisure with a book, lying on the verandah of his headquarters, or relieving his brain by making a sketch or a painting; you looked around for a moment and he was gone—he was on the top of the house with his glasses glued to his

eyes, keeping a watch on the enemy's laagers, standing there like a graven image, reading the very mind of the Boer commandant, and guessing what the wily enemy would be up to next. Anon he had disappeared, and was riding around the lines with his A.D.C., or walking around with a stick in his hand and "Cavalleria Rusticana" on his lips. When he returned he was in conference with Lord Edward Cecil, an equally hard-working officer, listening to reports and complaints, and to the crop of grumbles from the discontented few, and generally straightening out the town.



South Africa, 1899.

Before now Baden-Powell had made his name in Africa—in Ashanti and Rhodesia and elsewhere. His doings as a scout had raised him to a pinnacle as dizzy as that upon which Buffalo Bill himself stood in his palmiest days, and made him the talk of the cavalry world. The natives up-country knew him. To them he was "the Wolf that never sleeps," and they still remember him and talk of him. In Mafeking I verily believe he seldom if ever slept. I often saw him lying on his stoep in a reclining chair with his eyes closed, but his alertness and wakefulness were there all the same. At all hours of the night I saw him prowling around the veldt, and coming in at dawn with the usual whistle going; and the sentries told many stories of a figure that pounced upon them out of the silent darkness while they kept their vigils and gave them advice—a figure that turned out to be that of the Commander."

The Times History (1906) of the war contains this sketch of the Chief as he appeared at that time.

"A bold rider and a sportsman, he was devoted to his profession, and had shown much originality in his methods of training and instruction. The uncompromising enemy of hide-bound rules and unintelligent drill, he made it his aim to develop initiative and individual responsibility, not only in junior officers but in every man of a regiment, and always laid great stress on the use of observation and intelligence in war."

Another character-sketch comes from the *Official History* (1908); it is written in a fashion unusual for that type of publication.

"His originality lay in a certain unquenchable and almost exotic attraction towards the unusual in warfare; in a preference for setting precedents rather than following them, for making rather than adopting experiments; and he was at once at home with any description of comrades whom the emergency which he courted might produce to meet it. A professional soldier by training, he was a soldier of fortune by predilection; and if, like many such, he was naturally adroit and prompt in minor tactics, his genuine education had endowed him with more soundness of strategy and a stronger grasp of organisation than is usual with leaders of his tendency."

A last quotation from *The Times History* sums up the significance of Mafeking.

"B.-P. justly gained immense credit for his plucky

defence. It appealed to Englishmen's delight in a good game played with boundless audacity. Merely as an example of what can be accomplished in war by ingenuity and a bold front, this defence was worth accomplishing; and B.-P. did more, for he kept nearly 10,000 Boers idle during the first most critical month of the war for England, and during the whole seven months never less than 2,000, at a cost to the English of only 35 killed, 101 wounded and 27 prisoners."

The relief of Mafeking was greeted with an unprecedented outburst of enthusiasm throughout the Empire; some of the wilder demonstrations introduced a new word into the language—"mafficking," but though the Chief was responsible for coining several new terms, he was not responsible for this one. At the time he was hard at work, for war is an inexorable task-master; this suited him, but when he happened in the course of his duties to arrive at any centre of population, he had to submit to being hero-worshipped to the full. For two months he was busy clearing the surrounding country with an improvised force; then in August, Lord Roberts sent him to Cape Town to discuss with the High Commissioner, Lord Milner, the problem of policing the country as soon as the war should be over. On his journey south he drew up a detailed scheme for the formation of a police force and this was accepted, with the authority to raise and organise such a force. No task could have been more suited to his talents and powers.

Here something should be said of the widespread belief that after Mafeking, the Chief was cold-shouldered by the authorities. Nothing could be further from the truth. No doubt many stick-in-the-mud conventional soldiers frowned upon his unorthodox methods, but the facts speak for themselves. At the age of 43 he was a Major-General, and more significant still, he was chosen for a most important task for which he was better fitted than any other man.

The creation of the South African Constabulary was a considerable achievement. The Chief had to start from scratch. Everything—method and standards of recruitment, organisation, equipment, uniforms and so on—had to be thought out in detail. His own comment is as follows:

"The work of organising with a scratch staff, and under agreement to produce and train a large and efficient force of mounted men for either military or police work, within eight months, was undoubtedly a tough job; at the same time it was a most interesting and joyous one, seeing that the force was to be entirely self-contained, with its own auxiliary branches for its feeding supply, housing, medical treatment, payment, transport, remount, criminal investigation, and this in a far-off country in the midst of a difficult campaign going on around one.

"We were asked to have our force complete and in the field, if possible, by June, 1901. Well, we raked in men and officers wherever we could get them, all over the Empire; stock-riders from Australia, farmers from New Zealand, North-West constables and cowboys from Canada, planters from India and Ceylon, R.I. constables from Ireland, and yeomen from England."

In a further passage describing the training given to the recruits, we can see once more how he put into practice principles he had established in previous experience and would again use in Scouting.

"We started training our men in batches as they arrived, by our patent short-cut method.

"No other form of training, certainly not that then usual

in the Army, could possibly have attained the results in the short time in which we got them. It was done by putting it to the men to train themselves to a very large extent, and the spirit in which they responded, and the results which followed, were a real eye-opener to most of us.

"Decentralised responsibility was the secret, to every man from Divisional Commandant down to the last corporal in charge of a group responsibility was given and praise or blame accorded on the results of his work.

"Discipline was bred from within instead of being imposed from without. It is true that our method of training was criticised by many military disciplinarians, especially as I had said that I did not want old soldiers for the Constabulary. I wanted intelligent young fellows who could use their wits and who had not been drilled into being soulless machines only able to act under direct orders."

A year of this intensive work following on the strains and anxieties of Mafeking resulted in a breakdown, and he was ordered home on leave. The doctor's letter to Mrs. Baden-Powell is typical of many which might have been written—and probably were written—in after years, for the Chief's physical and mental endurance were a matter of bewilderment to his medical advisers.

"I have long hoped that he would not work so hard. He would get fever of a severe enough type to lay most men up in hospital but he would go on working. What our General went through in Mafeking was again enough to lay most men up for a considerable time: and all this on top of the organisation of such a corps as this, 10,000 strong, was more than human endurance could stand."

Home did not mean a complete rest, for naturally the public wanted to make the most of its first opportunity to welcome the hero of Mafeking. He managed to dodge a great crowd waiting for him in London on his arrival, but he did not always escape as easily. Perhaps the most agreeable function he performed was the laying of the foundation stone of the South African War Memorial Cloister at Charterhouse which bears an inscription ending with the words

FUNDAMENTUM JECIT R.S.S.

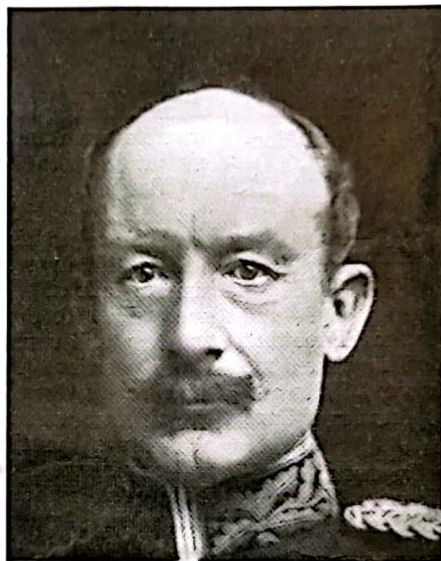
BADEN-POWELL OPPIDI MAFEKING

DEFENSOR INVICTUS.

Edward VII summoned him to Balmoral and there conferred on him the C.B. and the South African Medal, and had much talk with him about his experiences. By the end of 1901 the Chief was back in South Africa. There was still some guerilla fighting going on and the S.A.C. proved its value and its members had a deservedly high reputation for their courage and resourcefulness. Discipline was strict, but the first keenness of the men who joined was not blunted by unnecessary red-tape. By competitions between small groups—patrols—and by recognising personal effort and prowess the men were brought to a high standard of efficiency. But if they failed to satisfy the stiff tests to which they were submitted, or showed that they could not be trusted with responsibility, they had to go. On one occasion eleven officers and three hundred men were dismissed.

As he did not expect his men to spare themselves, so he did not spare himself. He rode thousands of miles to inspect units in all parts of the country, and his interest in the welfare of his men and his own unrivalled knowledge of their work inspired them to make the S.A.C. a fine name for itself.

The war at last ended in 1902: for six months the Chief remained in command of the S.A.C. and then he was offered



Inspector-General of Cavalry, 1903.

the Blue Riband of the Cavalry service—the position of Inspector-General of Cavalry in Great Britain and Ireland.

To this task, too, he brought the same gifts of initiative and understanding which had distinguished his previous army service. His methods were not conventional nor stereotyped: his visits of inspection always contained elements of surprise, and no one could predict what he would do or how he would do it. Yet again he inspired even the lowest ranks with a sense of personal responsibility for the general efficiency and welfare of the unit. A typical action was the foundation of the *Cavalry Journal* which was a means of circulating ideas and information: he himself contributed articles and sketches in his familiar style. He travelled widely to see what was being done in other countries in the training of cavalry: he visited Germany, France, Austria and Italy besides going to Canada and the United States, and wherever he went he studied methods of training. This experience he then applied to the improvement of cavalry training in this country. His conclusions formed the basis of *Cavalry Training* published in 1904.

In 1906 he accompanied the Duke of Connaught on an official tour in South Africa, and was able to get some big-game hunting. One result of this visit was his book *Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa* (1907); this contains perhaps the most representative collection of his sketches and water-colour drawings.

The Chief's appointment as Inspector-General of Cavalry ended in 1907, when he was placed on half-pay with the rank of Lieut.-General. Soon afterwards Lord Haldane, the Secretary for War, asked him to command the Northumbrian Division of the Territorials. Here again was an opportunity for original work, for the Territorials were a new formation and there were no precedents to trouble about. This citizen army called for special methods of training and even more depended upon its spirit and enthusiasm than on its technical efficiency. The Chief got into trouble when on one occasion in talking to his officers he predicted that if a German attack came it would be on an August Bank Holiday when we would be least prepared. Complaints came both from Parliament and from Germany, but Haldane was not sorry at this so-called indiscretion.

Meantime a new interest had been steadily absorbing his energies—the Boy Scouts. To devote himself fully to them he resigned from the Army with the approval of King Edward VII. Looking back at this distance it seems a natural thing to have done, but in those days the Movement was still ridiculed and abused and it had not yet gripped the public imagination. It was indeed an act of faith in the future, but it needed courage and self-sacrifice to end a brilliant career in the Army for an unknown possibility.

Amongst those who encouraged him was Lord Haldane who combined with his work as one of our greatest Secretaries of State for War, an unrivalled enthusiasm for educational advancement. With great foresight he wrote, "I feel that the organisation of your Boy Scouts has so important a bearing on the future that probably the greatest service you can render to the country is to devote yourself to it."

The year 1910, when the Chief resigned from the Army, takes us beyond the beginning of the Boy Scout Movement. Officially the date is given as 1908, but what has been written so far has been in vain if it is not already clear how the principles and methods of the Movement did not spring up fully formed in that year; they were the result of nearly fifty years thought-out experience. "Fifty" takes us back to

the time when the Chief was one year old—so this claim may seem somewhat fanciful, but his reference in *The Matabele Campaign* to the early training he received from his mother in "the art of inductive reasoning" justifies that claim. From that period onwards it is possible to trace the development of the idea of Scouting.

Two of the early stages have already been described; the "roughing" with his brothers, and the adventures in the copse at Charterhouse. He thus had a good foundation on which to build when he entered the army. It has already been pointed out that his first Commander, Sir Baker Russell, was unorthodox in his methods and encouraged initiative and self-reliance. The Chief found this much to his liking and he proceeded to try out various ways and means of promoting these qualities in his men.

Experiences in Africa only served to give greater meaning to these tentative efforts. The following extract from *Indian Memories* makes this clear.

"The need of a practical training in scouting had often been in my mind even as a young officer, and I had carried out a good deal of it in my early days in India. But its importance was brought home to me more especially in the campaign against the Matabele in 1896, where I found that, although we had plenty of men who were willing and eager to undertake adventurous rides against the enemy, they were seldom able to bring back the sort of information that we wanted and not be led away by chances of little fights and scraps on their own. So when I got to India after Matabeleland I set to work systematically to train the men in the points in which I found them deficient in practical soldiering. People seemed to think, and indeed many outsiders still do, that if a man could march past and look well on parade, he was therefore a perfect soldier; but in reality he was only a part of a machine. This was all very well for show purposes but not the slightest use against a really active fighting enemy in the field. Our men came to us as lads from their Board Schools, well grounded in the three R's of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but without any manliness, self-reliance, or resourcefulness. These were points which we had to put into them and which could not be merely taught in theory; but they came through the practice



With Lord Roberts, about 1910.

of the different duties which go to make up effective Scouting."

After having tried out and proved his ideas, he set down on paper his conclusions. His unusual combination of the practical man and the artist always impelled him to follow this course: first to test vague ideas through practical experience, then to get them into order in writing and diagram and sketch.

At all stages he welcomed and examined the ideas of others qualified to speak, but for theory unsupported by experience or practical testing he had little use.

The most important result of his Scouting work in the army was the well-known book *Aids to Scouting*; this was first published during the Mafeking period; it has since been translated into many languages and has had a steady sale for more than forty years. As a military handbook it was unique in the appeal it made to the individual soldier to make himself by his own efforts more efficient. The point of view is fundamentally the same as that later developed and adapted to the training of boys. A few short quotations will make this clear.

"Many men never turn out any use as Scouts because they

only learn what is actually shown to them as a lesson, and have not the gumption to practise themselves at other times."

"The main key to success in Scouting is to have pluck and self-reliance. . . Use your own intelligence and act on it." This last piece of advice was almost revolutionary in the army conditions of 1899.

"One so often finds men full of pluck who would scout into the mouth of hell if you asked them—they would go slap-dash, bang in; but what one wants is a man who, besides having the pluck to go there, has the discretion to see how he is going to get back again with the information of what it is like. From what I have said above you will understand that *pluck*, coupled with *discretion* and *self-reliance*, are necessary qualifications for a Scout, and that they come from confidence in himself. This confidence is the result of the Scout having perfected himself in peacetime."

The book then goes into detail on such topics as Finding the Way, Tracking, Sketching, Reporting, Spying, etc. Each is made more vivid by accounts of personal experiences or references to those of others. Part of the book, "Reading the Spoor," reads almost like a detective novel, so it is no wonder that Burnham called the Chief a Sherlock Holmes.

The next link in the chain was Mafeking. Lord Edward Cecil there organised the boys of the little town as a corps of messengers to take the places of men who were wanted for more urgent duties; they proved so reliable and trustworthy that the Chief was deeply impressed with the value of giving boys responsibility even when quite young.

Mafeking also meant that hundreds of boys from many parts of the world wrote to their hero for advice in all manner of difficulties. He answered each letter with the greatest care for he realised that these boys needed help, and that was sufficient at any time to bring a willing and whole-hearted response. Thus, in a letter of 1901 to some boys, he made a suggestion which later was to become what is perhaps the best known feature of Scouting, the Good Turn. He wrote, "By 'doing good' I mean making yourself useful and doing small kindnesses to other people—whether they are friends or strangers. It is not a difficult matter, and the best way to set about it is to make up your mind to do at least one 'Good Turn' to somebody every day, and you will soon get into the habit of doing 'Good Turns' always."

Then on his return to England he found to his amazement that what had been intended as a purely military manual was being used as a guide in the training of boys. He recalls one instance in *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life*.

"Lord Allenby was astonished one day to find that his small son, together with his governess, had climbed to the top of a tree in order to ambush him. The lady explained that she came from Miss Mason's House of Education, where she had been trained on my book of *Aids to Scouting for soldiers*, which was used there as a textbook for teaching observation and deduction. This was the first authoritative indication I had had that Scouting was educative. Here

seemed an opportunity of doing something, if only I knew what to do and did it while the iron was still hot."

The opportunity soon came. In 1903, he was invited to preside at the Annual Display of the Boys' Brigade in the Albert Hall. He accepted and received a tumultuous welcome, for he was already the hero of British boyhood as the defender of Mafeking.

This began a close association with the Boys' Brigade and a friendship with Sir William Smith, its Founder. It was during that meeting

in 1903 that the Chief expressed the belief that much of the scouting he had done in Africa could be adapted for the character-training of boys.

In April, 1904, he reviewed 7,000 boys of the Brigade in Glasgow and during the next few years reviewed many other Battalions and spoke at many Boys' Brigade meetings.

In his report on the Review at Glasgow in 1904 he wrote:

"Something might, I think, also be done towards developing the boy's mind by increasing his powers of observation, and teaching him to notice details. I believe that if some form of scout training could be devised in the Brigade it would be very popular, and could do a great amount of good. Preliminary training in this line might include practice in noting and remembering details of strangers; contents of shop windows, appearance of new streets, etc. The results would not only sharpen the wits of the boy, but would also make him quick to read character and feelings, and thus help him to be a better sympathiser with his fellow-men."

In June, 1906, there appeared in *The Boys' Brigade Gazette* an article on "Scouting for Boys." This consisted of extracts from the manuscript of a paper which the Chief had placed at the disposal of the Brigade. With every encouragement from Sir William Smith, he then proceeded with the writing and publication of his great book of the same title.

Next came the test by practice. A camp was held on Brownsea Island, Dorset, from July 25th to August 9th, 1907. The Chief described the camp as "a small experimental one and in no way worthy of public attention." The boys were of mixed origins, and the twenty were divided into four Patrols—Curlews, Ravens, Wolves and

Bulls. Amongst the grown-up assistants was Mr. (now Sir) Percy Everett. Scouting practices and games occupied the day; there were night exercises and camp-fires. With all this we are now familiar, but in 1907 new ground was being explored in this experiment. The results encouraged the Chief to go forward with his plan.

He was still thinking of scouting as an adjunct to any existing system of training; he hoped that by its introduction it would increase the scope of any organisation by making a wider appeal to the boy's love of adventure and romance. This comes out very clearly in the next stage of development, which may be described in the account written by Mr. Charles E. Heald, the National Boys' Work Secretary of the Y.M.C.A.

"It was in the autumn of 1907, following the Brownsea



Brownsea Island, 1907.



The spirit of Scouting.

Experimental Camp, that General Baden-Powell called at the Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters and interviewed me as the National Secretary for Y.M.C.A. Boys' Work. In the conversation that followed, the General explained his ideas of how work with boys might be made more attractive and more effective. He said that in his scheme of Scouting for boys he was endeavouring to co-ordinate the many agencies used by workers with boys into a progressive method which would be:—

1. Attractive to boys.
2. An aid to men who wanted to help boys but did not know how to begin.
3. Capable of use by older boys themselves.

"In the talk that followed, there was a valuable exchange of ideas, loan of books, etc. It was quite evident that at that period there was no idea of founding a new organisation, but an earnest desire to help all existing organisations as well as individual workers.

"By January, 1908, the General was ready to give his scheme to the world as quickly and effectively as possible, and with the help of Mr. W. B. Wakefield, the Hon. Secretary of the Boys' Department, I arranged for the General to address a number of public meetings, to be organised by the Y.M.C.A., to which workers with boys, schoolmasters, clergy and ministers were invited. The very first of these meetings, the first public description of scouting for boys, was held in this hall (Birkenhead Y.M.C.A.) on January 24th, 1908. Meetings followed in Y.M.C.A. centres at Manchester, Nottingham and other places of which I have no definite record. At the same time a letter was addressed from the National Office to all Associations drawing their attention to the new scheme of scouting for boys, giving them the preliminary leaflets, and advising them that these leaflets would very shortly be supplemented by a series of handbooks containing the working details. Thus was scouting for boys launched in England.

"The next phase in the development now began to appear. That was the need for some kind of organisation to guide the growing movement which was catching on like wild-fire."

Meanwhile another supporter had been enlisted—Mr. (later Sir) Arthur Pearson—whose literary manager was Mr. (now Sir) Percy Everett. The first office was thus provided; the publication of *Scouting for Boys* was assured, and *The Scout* was founded. The appearance of the book in fortnightly parts immediately resulted in the springing up all over the country of Patrols of boys eager to practise the things they read about in those fascinating pages. Most of these would-be scouts were not attached to any existing organisation; sometimes they captured the interest of a grown-up and persuaded him to become Scout-

master. All kinds of weird uniforms were worn, and strange happenings took place. It became obvious that there must be some kind of control, otherwise scouting would run to all kinds of excesses, and so soon lose favour with the public.

In common with schools and clubs and other organisations, the Boys' Brigade took up scouting activities and the B.B. organised, at the Chief's request, large meetings in London, Glasgow and other cities where he explained how scouting for boys should be carried out, and showed its value as a help in character training.

In 1909 the Chief decided to form an Advisory Council for Scouting and invited Sir William Smith to join it. As full-time Secretary of the Boys' Brigade, Sir William, however, did not feel able to do so, although the invitation was very strongly pressed.

In a letter to Sir William at that time the Chief wrote:

"My object, as you know, in starting the Scout idea was not to form an additional organisation, but to give to the B.B. and C.L.B., etc., an extra attraction and additional character-training . . . but so many outsiders took up Scouting that, against my desire, it blossomed into yet another separate organisation on its own."

And so the great Scout Movement arose. Its relationship with the Boys' Brigade has always been very happy, and the Chief on many occasions spoke most generously of the help and encouragement he had always had from the B.B. and its Founder.

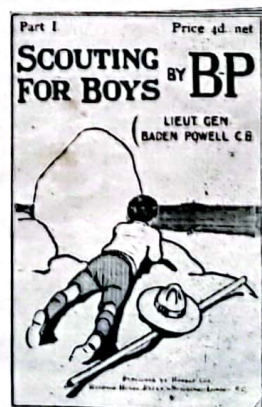
The Chief was soon busy touring the country, explaining the meaning of Scouting at public meetings, inspecting any groups of Scouts who were already formed, and enlisting the help of men of standing who would be local sponsors for the work. Gradually an organisation was evolved; it was based on the principle of decentralisation. No man liked red-tape less than the Chief, and he was determined that the Boy Scouts—as they came to be called—should not be strangled by some central bureau issuing orders; a movement in which initiative and self-reliance are key-notes would soon defeat its very purpose if over-organised.

Brownsea Island was followed by other camps under the Chief when further ideas were tried out. There was one at Humshaugh in 1908, and another in the following year, partly on C. B. Fry's training ship *The Mercury* and partly at Buckler's Hard. This was the practical beginning of Sea Scouting—a development on which the Chief set his heart, for he recalled the happy days with his brothers on their boat. It was fitting that the eldest of them, Warrington Baden-Powell, K.C., wrote the handbook *Sea-Scouting and Seaman-ship for Boys*.

The Chief summed up the story of how the Boy Scout Movement began, in the following words:

"The other inventors of Scouting invariably give the dates on which they hit on the idea, so it may be interesting to some who are not already aware of the origin of our scheme if I give a few facts about our particular Boy Scouts.

"The first idea of such training came to me a very long time ago when training soldiers. When I was adjutant of my regiment in 1883, I wrote my first handbook on training soldiers by means which were attractive to them, developing their character for campaigning as much as their drill ability. This was followed by another, and yet a third in 1898. This latter, *Aids to Scouting*, came somehow to be used in a good many schools and by captains of Boys' Brigades, and other organisations for boys, in spite of the fact that it had been



written entirely for soldiers. I therefore re-wrote it for developing character in boys by attractions which appealed more directly to them.

"The uniform, in every detail, was taken from a sketch of myself in the kit which I wore in South Africa, 1887 and 1896, and in Kashmir in 1897-8.

"Our badge was taken from the "North Point" used on maps for orientating them with the North; it was sanctioned for use for trained scouts in the Army in 1898.

"Our motto, 'Be Prepared,' was the motto of the South African Constabulary, in which I served.

"Many of our ideas were taken from the customs of the Zulus and Red Indians, and Japanese; many were taken from the code of the Knights of the Middle Ages; many were cribbed from other people, such as Cuhulain of Ireland, Dr. Jahn, Sir W. A. Smith, Thompson Seton, Dan Beard, etc., and some were of my own invention!"

It has already been mentioned that the Chief resigned from the army in order to give his whole time to the rapidly growing Movement. Something of what that meant may be shown in the following diary of his movements during February-March, 1910.

February 26th—Coventry to inspect Warwickshire Scouts.

February 28th—Plymouth Scouts.

March 1st—Devonshire Scouts at Exeter.

March 2nd—Torquay Scouts.

March 5th—Shropshire.

March 7th—Cardiff; meeting with Scoutmasters and others.

March 8th—Swansea Scouts.

March 19th—Edinburgh; a n n u a l meeting of Scoutmasters.

March 20th—Church parade.

March 21st—Perth; meeting and inspection.

March 22nd—Aberdeen; meeting and inspection.

March 23rd—Hawick; meeting and inspection.

These tours were not just "public occasions"; they were a means of finding out exactly how men and boys were putting the new method of training into practice. After this particular tour, the Chief gave his impressions in *The Headquarters Gazette*, the first number of which had been published in July, 1909.

"Almost at every place visited some unexpected feature has pleased me, whether in the matter of numbers, or efficiency, or originality. . . Of the many Scout Parades which I have lately attended, the most successful have almost invariably been those which were carried out on the least military lines. Without a good deal of previous drill, an imitation of a military parade can only look ridiculous to the spectators. . . People are tired of seeing drill, but they like camp, pioneer, and good-turn displays, Scout plays and camp-fire choruses, and so on, with a bit of boxing, fire-lighting, or marksmanship thrown in. In the management of these the display should not be too long-drawn-out—all should be done quickly and smartly."

To offer a substitute for imitation military parades, the Chief devised the form of Scouts' Rally now so well-known; the Scouts lie hidden until at a given signal they rush in to form a circle round the rallying point.

Practical problems were continually cropping up, but to all the Chief found some happy solution of an original kind. He saw the importance of all Scouting activities being dis-

tinctive, and not being poor imitations of something else, and his lively imagination was quick to invent new ways of doing old things. When he saw a Troop in action he did not want to see dull repetitions of stock ideas; but if initiative were shown, or some touch of originality and imagination given to the work, then he was the first to praise and encourage. The Scout Movement indeed owes much to this emphasis on initiative; it has saved it from becoming stereotyped and rigid. The Chief's own resourcefulness and inventiveness were a constant matter for wonder; it seemed impossible that one man could go on pouring out ideas as he did, but the Movement in its development made constant demands on him, and he never failed to find the right idea or the fitting term to meet the new need.

One of the most remarkable facts about the start of the Boy Scout Movement was its spontaneous outburst all over the world soon after its organisation in Great Britain.

It is not easy to trace the beginnings of Scouting in various parts of the Empire, for generally the boys themselves were inspired by the reading of *Scouting for Boys* to form Patrols and Troops and to put into practice the ideas suggested by the Chief. These early efforts were unofficial and so have

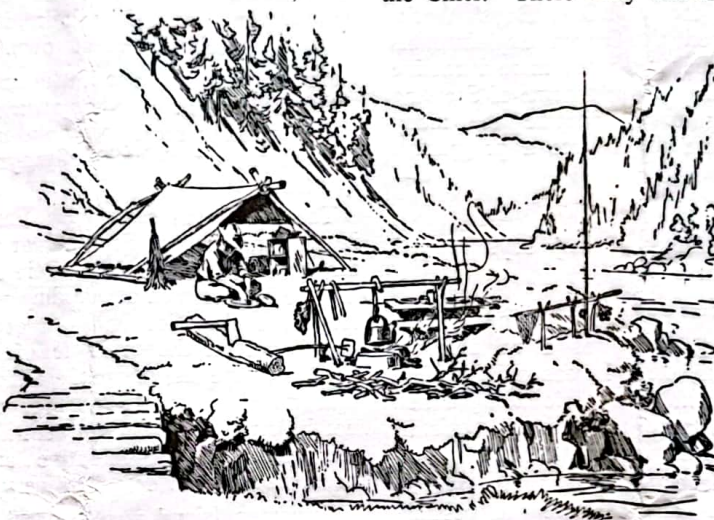
not all been recorded, but during 1908 Scouting "broke out" in Canada, Australia and South Africa, to be soon followed by most of the other members of Britain Overseas.

Foreign countries soon followed; this was a development which could hardly have been expected so quickly, however much it might have been hoped. Sometimes a foreigner interested in the training of boys came across Scouts in this country, or read a copy of *Scouting for Boys*; he went back home and tried the scheme out, found it worked, and so introduced Scouting to his own people.

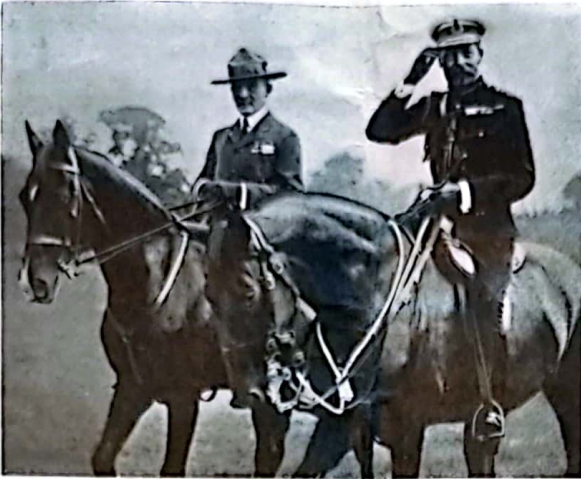
These men were seldom outstanding figures in their own countries; but Scouting does not depend for its success on "national figures"; the fact that "the man in the street" can use it and succeed is the main reason for the extent of the appeal of the method. Scouting depends on the service of ordinary men and women, and the Chief was wise enough to keep their needs in mind and not to expect more than they could achieve.

Chile was the first of the foreign countries to start Scouts, and in the opening number of the *Headquarters Gazette* in July, 1909, there is an account of a tour by English Scouts in Germany and an announcement of a return visit by German boys. In the second issue details are given of a tour in France by the 1st City of London Troop. *The Gazette* for November, 1909, contains the statement that: "There are now Scout organisations formed or forming in Germany, Sweden, France, Norway, Hungary, Mexico, Chile, Argentina, Singapore and India. We are here at the beginning of a Movement which is destined to play a very important part in the history of the world." Bold words, but they have proved true.

Meantime the Movement at home was pushing forward with ever increasing momentum. A rally was held at the Crystal Palace in September, 1909, when some 11,000 boys assembled. A Conference at the same time—the first of a long series—gave an opportunity for an exchange of views, especially on the vexed question, as it was then, of Scouting and Religion. Later a rally of 6,000 Scouts at Glasgow



The Chief in Camp.



King George V and the Chief at the Windsor Rally, 1911.

brought Scotland's achievement to public notice. It was in that same year that King Edward VII created the Chief K.C.V.O. and K.C.B. This was but one instance of the keen interest the King took in the Boy Scouts. Unhappily he died before he was able, as he intended, to inspect Scouts in Windsor Great Park. This recognition was, however, given by King George V in 1911, when 33,000 boys greeted him. In that year there were over 100,000 Scouts in the United Kingdom.

The Windsor Rally meant more than the royal recognition; it meant public acceptance of the new Movement. Thus *Punch*, a sure index of national opinion, had a cartoon with the title, "The capture of Windsor Castle." There was opposition from some quarters; for long the Scouts were criticised as being a military organisation; there was also some ridicule, but this became more kindly as the years passed. A man with a smaller vision might have been daunted by these displays of ill-will, but the Chief went his quiet way, gradually weeding out causes of offence if they were well-founded. Undoubtedly one stumbling-block was the eccentric "uniform" adopted by some Scoutmasters. An instruction issued from Headquarters included the following sentence: "aigulets, spurs, swords, revolvers, gauntlets and riding-crops must not be used." Gradually these aberrations died out, and the Scoutmaster prided himself on dressing much the same as his boys. To-day we do not realise the extent of this achievement, but in 1910 shorts were not worn as commonly as now, and any man appearing in public with such a garb was regarded as almost indecently clad. But the ridicule and criticism did good; they drove out the faint-hearted.

In 1910 it became necessary to do something about the sisters of the Scouts! At the Crystal Palace Rally the Chief was amazed to see some girls in a uniform of their own design obviously regarding themselves as part of the show. "We are the Girl Scouts" one of them calmly told him! So arose the Girl Guide Movement. Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, the Chief's sister, was the first President.

It was in 1911 that he was appointed Hon. Colonel of the 13th Hussars, his old regiment. Few honours could have pleased him more, and he always retained close touch with the doings of his regiment. He followed its achievements as a personal concern, and during the 1914-1918 War the Commanding Officer would give the instruction, "Let General B.-P. know of this," when the regiment had done a good piece of work.

In 1912, the Chief reached the age of 55, and most people must have regarded him as a confirmed bachelor. It came therefore as a pleasant surprise to hear that he was engaged to Miss Olave St. Clair Soames, whom he had met

on board ship on his way to the West Indies. Not only did his marriage bring him all the happiness and comradeship of family life, but the new partnership meant an increased influence in both the Scout and Guide Movements. To Lady Baden-Powell all owe a debt of gratitude not only for her own valuable work as Chief Guide, but for the love and devotion she ceaselessly gave to the Chief.

Mrs. Baden-Powell died in 1914, just one year after the birth of her grandson, Peter.

The West Indian voyage was but one of many journeys of encouragement which the Chief made to Overseas Scouts and to Scouts in other countries. The personal contacts with men and boys everywhere, and the opportunities for talking about Scouting to men of note and to gatherings of the public in so many lands, provided just that inspiration which the Movement needed.

No one could resist the Chief's personal magnetism; his aliveness, his resilience of mind, his sense of humour, and his quick appreciation of the problems of others, above all his obvious desire to help, quickly broke down any feeling of reserve which his great achievements and high position at first naturally produced in a stranger. There was nothing affected about him; he was sincere through and through, but he was also quick to detect humbug; he did not suffer fools gladly, but the shy, the diffident, and people in the humblest walks of life were soon set at ease.

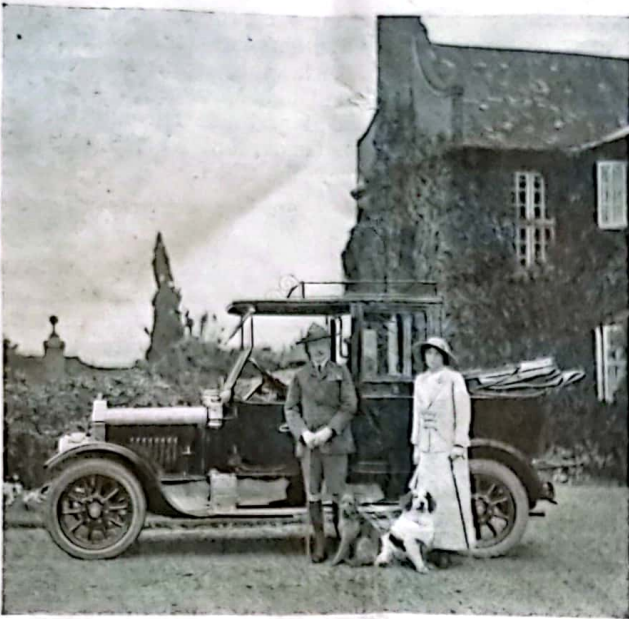
A typical photograph taken in 1937 shows him chatting with a coach-driver. The Chief's close attention to what the driver is saying, and the latter's obvious delight in the talk, make a conversation piece full of character.

It is no wonder that men followed him with an unswerving devotion. Innumerable instances could be given of how he inspired affection in all who worked under him—or, as he would prefer to say, with him. One example from personal observation could be multiplied a thousand times. In January, 1934, he underwent a most serious operation, and for some time lay in a critical condition. The annual Commissioners' dinner was being held, and on my way in Scout uniform I was stopped by a raggedly clothed man; I thought at first that he was begging, but he asked, "Can you tell me how B.-P. is? I was in South Africa with him."

The puzzle to all was how the Chief managed to find time for the vast amount of work he accomplished. He never seemed to be in a hurry; there was always leisure for friendliness; yet all the time he was pouring out sketches, articles, books, writing letters, attending to business, going to meetings, rallies and other functions, travelling hundreds of



1937.



Ewhurst, with Lady Baden-Powell, 1912.

thousands of miles throughout the world, and somehow squeezing in opportunities for his own sports and hobbies. Marriage meant some relief from irksome detail, and as the organisation grew, so much routine work in Scouting could be taken off his hands; but he never became a mere figure-head; even in his last days in Kenya, right up to the final illness, he was ceaseless in his activities. The books he then wrote are as fresh as anything he produced, and he kept in close touch with the whole Scout world; letters and notes were written to innumerable people, and suggestions for ways of spreading the work were coming from his active brain. It would be difficult to find a parallel to such a full life fully lived in every moment.

With such a leader it was impossible for the Movement to become rigid; as new needs arose, so fresh means were devised to meet them.

Soon after the Movement had become established it became evident that the boys below Scout age would not rest content with watching their elder brothers; they, too, wanted to take part in this new game of Scouting. Various experiments were tried with Junior Scouts. Then came the inspiration. Instead of a watered-down Scouting, the Chief seized on Kipling's stories of Mowgli in *The Jungle Book* as providing just the setting of imagination and make-believe which would appeal to smaller boys. In 1916 *The Wolf Cub's Handbook* was published as a result of several years of experimenting. The new branch was on its feet with its own distinctive features and atmosphere.

In the same way boys were reluctant sometimes to leave a Troop as they reached the young-man stage; again there was a period of experiment and discussion. In his Outlook for November, 1916, the Chief mentioned that one subject on which he was exercising his mind was "an aim for the older Scouts' training." This illustrates another aspect of his approach to all problems; he wanted to get clear first of all the purpose of any development, for he knew that this once defined would determine the character of the resulting scheme. He proceeded to get his ideas down on paper—and *Rovering to Success* was published in 1922. This unusual long period of search was due to the greater difficulty of the problem. Once more a romantic background was found; this time the ideals of the Knights of Chivalry.

So the work expanded in its appeal and at each stage the Chief's resourcefulness and his quick appreciation of the

facts of the position brought inspiration and life into what otherwise might have been a committee-scheme with all the cautiousness and hesitations which seem inevitable when people sit round a table and search for difficulties and reasons for not doing things. All this the Chief could cut across and with an imaginative stroke create a vision to inspire his followers.

The War of 1914 was the great testing-time. The Movement was only six years old and some predicted that it would collapse. In actual fact the test brought out the finest qualities of the boys and their leaders, and the coming of peace found the Movement in a stronger position than ever. The record of those years must be read elsewhere; the Chief himself was tireless in his efforts to encourage the boys. He was here, there and everywhere—inspecting coast-watching Sea Scouts, visiting serving Scouts in France, keeping in close touch with his old regiment, giving his help at any time where he could be of service, whether it was with the Y.M.C.A., or on the Committee of the War Museum, or organising the numerous kinds of service undertaken by the Scouts at home. He must indeed have felt that all his previous labours were well worth the cost, when tributes to the efficiency of the boys and old Scouts came from the highest officers in the forces; or when the records of the deeds of valour came in headed by the 11 V.C.s won by men who had been Scouters or Scouts. But there was also a feeling of sorrow for the ten thousand from the Movement who laid down their lives in the struggle.

Busy as he was he was looking forward to the future and its possibilities. One instance may be quoted. A Commissioner who was feeling depressed wrote to say that in his opinion the Movement was "tottering to its fall." The Chief's comment was typical.

"Don't be frightened, you take too serious a view of the whole thing. If the Movement is tottering, let it totter. As a matter of fact it has plenty of vitality under the surface, and is quite capable of doing a very big thing in promoting international amity—and, what is more, *it is going to do it.*"

The Chief realised that if progress was to be well-founded there must be some kind of training available for the adult leaders. Experiments were made from time to time in the form of lecture-courses and other more informal gatherings, and in 1914 he began to publish in *The Headquarters Gazette* a series of articles under the title, "Scouting for Scoutmasters." These were later published as *Aids to Scoutmastership*. A passage from the Preface gives the point of view:—

"You will find this book a disappointing one if you hope to find in it a set of definite stepping-stones to complete knowledge. I merely propose to state, as suggestive, the line which we have found to be successful, and the reasons for it. A man carries out suggestions the more wholeheartedly when he understands their aim. So most of these pages will be taken up with the objects of the steps rather than with the details of the steps themselves. These can be filled in by the learner according to his own ingenuity, and in harmony with the local conditions under which he is working."

This attitude is in keeping with the Chief's whole previous practice; he did not spoon-feed his Scoutmasters; he pointed out the direction, but he never laid down hard and fast instructions for reaching the goal; there must always be a wide margin for initiative and personal responsibility. This feature of Scouting has at times been a stumbling-block to critics; the freedom allowed to the leaders inevitably means occasional failures, but the gain in enthusiasm far outweighs any loss of uniformity. To totalitarian minds all this is anathema; it is little to be wondered at that in states where such minds are in control, the Scout Movement was amongst the first organisations to be suppressed.

In 1919 the chance at last came to put training on a permanent basis. The estate of Gilwell Park by Epping

Forest was presented to the Boy Scouts for camping and training. The first training course was held in September, 1919, and for as long as was possible, the Chief visited each course, and watched over the experiment; he left much—as was his custom—to the man in charge, but the main lines of method and training were his; Gilwell became a practical demonstration of *Scouting for Boys*. It happily combined the training of the leaders with the camping of the boys. An unexpected development was that Gilwell played a large part in the consolidation of Scouting throughout the world. Since its opening, over a thousand Scouters have come from the Overseas Empire to go through the courses of training, and nearly a thousand from 42 foreign countries. These men and women have returned to their own lands to spread the interpretation of Scouting according to the Chief's own conception.

This welding together of the Scouts of the World as a great Brotherhood is the most striking development of all. The intention was as soon after the War as possible to have a gathering of British Scouts from all over the Empire; it was the Chief who suggested inviting Scouts from other countries; he invented the term "Jamboree" for such a gathering. When asked "Why call it by that name?" he replied, "What else could you call it?" During the past twenty years a series of Jamborees has been held, and a number of World Moots for Rovers. Different countries have taken turns as hosts, and Scouts and Scouters who have attended these international camps have had unrivalled opportunities of making friendships with fellow-workers all actuated by the same ideals. Here there is only space to bring out one or two of the high lights of these gatherings.

Toward the end of the first Jamboree in 1920 at Olympia, in London, the Chief was acclaimed the Chief Scout of the World. Addressing the boys to thank them for this honour, he said:

"Brother Scouts, I ask you to make a solemn choice. Differences exist between the peoples of the world in thought and sentiment, just as they do in language and physique. The War has taught us that if one nation tries to impose its particular will upon others cruel reaction is bound to follow. The Jamboree has taught us that if we exercise mutual forbearance and give and take, then there is sympathy and harmony. If it be your will, let us go forth from here fully determined that we will develop among ourselves and our boys that comradeship, through the world-wide spirit of the Scout Brotherhood, so that we may help to develop peace and



Wembley, 1924. The Chief with Scouts of 23 countries.

happiness in the world and goodwill among men. Brother Scouts, answer me. Will you join in this endeavour?"

One most important outcome of the 1920 Jamboree was the formation of the International Committee, and the foundation of the Boy Scouts' International Bureau.

The Wembley Empire Exhibition in 1924 provided an excellent opportunity for an Imperial Jamboree, especially as the International Jamboree at Copenhagen followed immediately.

The third Jamboree should have been held four years after Copenhagen, but as 1929 would be the Twenty-first Anniversary of the official organisation of the Movement it was decided unanimously to hold it in that year in England. For such a great occasion every effort was made to bring together a great company of Scouts from all over the world. When the vast camp opened at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, there were gathered together 50,000 Scouts from forty-one nations of the world and thirty-one parts of the British Empire. At the Farewell March Past the Chief stood on a dais in the middle of the Rally ground, where he formed the hub of the Jamboree Wheel of Friendship.

"Here is the hatchet of war, of enmity, of bad feeling, which I now bury in Arrowe," said the Chief, at the same time plunging a hatchet in the midst of a barrel of golden arrows. "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 wings 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 that all men may know the Brotherhood of Man."

To the four corners of the compass the Chief sent four golden arrows of Peace and Friendship. Swiftly they passed from hand to hand until they had travelled throughout the nations of the world.

The next landmark is the Rover Moot at Kandersteg in 1931. The Moot was attended by 2,500 Rovers from 22 different nations and 16 different parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Here are a few paragraphs of the Chief's own impressions of the Moot, taken from *The Scouter* for November, 1931:

"Up here among the Swiss mountains in the green valley of Kandersteg one is very remote from the fuss and hurry of the world. Yet, from where I sit in the flower-decked balcony of this Chalet, I can see the flags of twenty nations waving



The Kudu Horn, first used at Brownsea in 1907, is used again at Gilwell.



Gilwell, 1929.

above the tents, and the camp fires of some two thousand young men gathered there.

"Rover Scouts they are; a brigade, as it were, of storm troops of the larger army of over two million Boy Scouts. Their arms are alpenstocks, their discipline that of goodwill from within. Their service consists not in fitting themselves for war but in developing the spirit of universal peace.

"... To those who witnessed the Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead in 1929 the coming together of some fifty thousand boys of various nationalities was something of a revelation. But the Rover Moot, if it included smaller numbers, was not a whit less impressive, seeing that it showed not merely a mass of boys linked together in friendly comradeship, but a growing band of young men who, within the next few years, will be the men of affairs in their respective countries."

"To myself, possibly, the most inspiring part of their varied programme was when one saw the endless succession of these splendid specimens of the young manhood of all nations setting out in comradeship together with heavy packs on their backs and ice-axe in hand to tackle the neighbouring mountains. The Moot might have been held with greater convenience in any large city, but this valuable side of it, namely, the breeding of mutual friendship in healthy sport, would have been lost.

"Aye, and something more and above all price, namely, the higher tone of thought which could not fail to have inspired the least imaginative among them in those wonderful surroundings of mountain scenery. Here, among the eternal snows, face to face with Nature in its grandest and most sublime form, they must have felt themselves in closer touch with the Almighty Creator, and in a new atmosphere, far above the man-made jazz and vulgar squalor of the town.

"Yes, a wide and promising field lies yet before the Scout Movement."

The fourth World Jamboree was held at Gödöllő, near Budapest, in Hungary, in 1933. In spite of the world economic depression, and the gloomy forebodings of those who could see no hope in the European situation, Scouts came from 33 nations of the world. Again the Chief's final message contained the spirit of World Friendship:

"... You may look on the White Stag (the symbol of the Jamboree) as the pure spirit of Scouting, springing forward and upward, ever leading you onward and

upward to leap over difficulties, to face new adventures in your active pursuit of the higher aims of Scouting—aims which bring you happiness. Those aims are your Duty to God, to your country, and to your fellow men, by carrying out the Scout Law. In that way, you will, each one of you, bring about God's kingdom upon earth—the reign of peace and goodwill.

"Therefore, before leaving you, I ask you Scouts this question—Will you do your best to make friends with others and peace in the world?"

A Jamboree in Australia at the end of 1935 gave the Chief an opportunity for again seeing the progress of the Movement in many parts of the Empire.

In 1935 the Rover Moot was held at Ingarö, an island in the archipelago of Stockholm, Sweden. More Rovers from all over the world came together than at the Kandersteg Moot. Sweden could be proud of its contribution to International Scouting.

The latest Jamboree was at Vogelenzang, Holland, in 1937. More than 30 nations and 28,000 boys were gathered together to be welcomed by the Queen of the Netherlands and the Chief Scout. In his farewell speech, which proved to be his last Jamboree message, the Chief Scout spoke of Scouting as a Crusade. Having first spoken of the medieval Children's Crusade, the inspired but unsuccessful effort of the children to achieve what their fathers had failed to do, he went on:

"This Brotherhood of Scouting is in many respects similar to that Crusade. You Scouts have assembled from all parts of the world as ambassadors of goodwill, and you have been making friends, breaking down any barriers of race, creed, or of class. That surely is a great Crusade. I advise you now to continue that good work, for soon you will be men, and if quarrels should arise between any nations it is upon you that the burden of responsibility will fall.

"If you are friends you will not want to be in dispute, and by cultivating these friendships such as have been cemented at this great Jamboree, you are preparing the way for solutions of international problems by discussion of a peaceful character. This will have a vital and very far-reaching effect throughout the world in the cause of peace, and so pledge yourselves, all of you here in this great assembly of Youth, to do your absolute utmost to establish friendship among Scouts of all nations."

He was not able to be present at the World Rover Moot at Monzie in 1939. "I am held prisoner here in Africa by my doctor," he wrote. But so well-founded was his work that his absence only served to emphasise the bonds of brotherhood, and that theme of friendship between young men of all nationalities was the subject of his broadcast message from Kenya.



Many, many thanks for your kind thought for me
I am in excellent health and going on well!
Beverly Powell

1934.

These passages from the Chief's Jamboree messages emphasise that idealism which inspired all his work. He saw Scouting not only as a means of training youth in good citizenship, but as a crusade for good-fellowship between the boys and young men of all nations. But while his ideals were high, he kept his feet on the ground; he was as aware as anyone of the fires burning just below the crust of civilisation; the possibility of an outbreak had to be faced, and the Scout's duty in such circumstances was clear—he must serve his country loyally and give all in its defence, and many, many thousands are doing so now in the Defence as well as in the Fighting Services. The stern necessities of the present struggle in no way dimmed his vision of the ultimate purpose of Scouting. In April, 1940, he sent this message to his Scouts:—

"So when the present war-cloud rolls by the sunshine of Peace will supervene; and all the more readily if the next generation has meanwhile been prepared to promote it.

"No one knows what form that Peace will take. Federal Unions, Economics, resuscitated Leagues of Nations, United States of Europe, and so on, are variously suggested; but one thing is essential to general and permanent peace of whatever form, and that is a total change of spirit among the peoples, the change to closer mutual understanding, to subjugation of national prejudices, and the ability to see with the other fellow's eye in friendly sympathy.

"But although it will be difficult to get men of the present generation entirely to change their spots, we Scouters have two great assets to help us in impressing these ideas on the minds and actions of their on-coming successors. We have young and mouldable minds to deal with, and secondly the war, instead of hampering us in our work, actually gives us object lessons with which to ram home our points.

"For instance, the splendid courage of our seamen of all kinds and of our airmen and soldiers, without glorifying militarism, can inspire the boys on their part also to deeds of gallantry and sacrifice of self. The presence of our overseas brothers from all parts of the Empire can give them fuller appreciation of their membership of our great Commonwealth, and its high aims which bring us together.

"By contrast the exhibition of brute force now being exercised ruthlessly against weaker people will rouse in them a yet stronger instinct for justice and fair play. The appalling suffering of their own fellow Scouts in other countries will touch them very nearly, and will excite their fuller personal sympathy and friendship for those boys although of different nationalities.

"These friendships can be more fully developed, if Scouters set their mind to it, through increased interchange of correspondence, pen-palships, visits, hospitality to refugees, study of maps and histories of other countries, and

by reminding the boys that we are all sons of the same Father, Whose direction to us is 'Love your neighbour.'

"Such training in friendship has no precedent outside our own Brotherhood, but if the unprecedented chaos of war is to be settled in peace, unprecedented steps to that end are not only justifiable but essential."

During these years honours had been showered upon the Chief from many foreign countries, from universities and cities. In this country he received the G.C.V.O. in 1923, and the G.C.M.G. in 1927. In 1929, on the occasion of the Arrowe Park Jamboree, he was created a Baron, and he significantly took the title of Baden-Powell of Gilwell. But all such honours to him, gratifying as they naturally were, meant further public recognition of the progress of the Movement—that was, for him, the thing which mattered most.

The year 1937 proved momentous. He and the Chief Guide were touring India as the year opened and he had the great joy of spending his 80th birthday with his own regiment "on parade in full dress." France conferred on him the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour; from America came the award of the Wateler Peace Prize; and from his own country he received the rare honour of the Order of Merit. The Jamboree in Holland followed. In September he camped—for the last time—at Gilwell for the Annual Reunion; once again he used the caravan presented at the Coming-of-age Jamboree; the caravan is now at Gilwell as one of its most treasured possessions. Later in the year a Dinner was held to celebrate the silver wedding of the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide. The final passage from his speech in accepting the present then made must be quoted.

"It has been said that youth is fortified by hope and old age is soothed by content. Youth looks forward with hope, old age looks round with content, and some day, when I grow old, I am going to look round with great content.

In the meantime you who are not over eighty-one must go on with the work you are doing; there couldn't be better work, and you will be earning your old-age pension of content when you will be able to look back with satisfaction on having done a work that was worth while. And to the younger ones I say press forward with Hope; mix it with optimism and temper it with the sense of humour which enables you to face difficulties with a sense of proportion. Press forward with a Faith in the soundness of the Movement and its future possibilities, and press forward with Love which is the most powerful agent of all. That spirit of love is, after all, the spirit of God working within you."

"Remember, 'Now abideth Faith, and Hope, and Love—these three. But the greatest of these is Love.'

"Carry on in that spirit and you cannot fail."

Soon afterwards he sailed for Africa, hoping to see something of the progress of the Movement in that country. As



Pax Hill, with Lady Baden-Powell, 1937.

usual on the way out he gave himself to the boys; he inspected Troops at the ports of call and talked to all who could in any way further his life's work. The inevitable breakdown came, and complete rest became imperative. He found it at his new home, Paxtu—named after Pax his English home—in Kenya. A tribute from the *Durban Daily News* so well expresses what all felt that it may well be given here.

"Age comes to all, but it is given to few to carry it with a gay defiance like a banner. Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, Chief Scout of the world, must be counted among those gallant few, for at eighty-one years of age he has set sail for South Africa towards what he says may be 'the end of the trail.' It is said without regrets and without wistfulness as befits one whose years are full and whose life has been ennobled to a unique degree with service to youth. In this journey towards the sun it will be the eagersympathy of youth which will follow him and perhaps again enable him to recapture something of the intense avidness of life which belongs to youth, in the land which first brought him opportunity and completed it with fame. Because in truth 'B.-P.' will never grow old nor ever reach the end of the trail. His heart and his life are in his work, and that is something which the years will never burden nor time destroy. It is a living work for comradeship, for friendly discipline and group effort that provides one of the greatest contributions to peace that a soldier has ever made. It was because of his

achievement on behalf of peace through the youth of thirty-two nations that he was raised to the peerage, and though he now journeys towards rest amidst a world jangled by conflicts, trembling on the brink of war, there is no need for him to feel disillusioned. His work has not failed.

"Across and through the shifting pattern of events he and the organisation which his genius created have woven bands of friendship; threads of a newer and more spontaneous unity have gone weaving out to all parts of the world, bringing together the diverse in race and varied in creed. They are threads that may seem slight and tenuous, but they will hold. The quiet courage with which Lord Baden-Powell faces the future even though the years close in, will set them vibrating,

responding to tiny, invisible messages of a common affection and a common inspiration. In Shanghai to-day Boy Scouts are hurrying to and fro aiding the destitute, rescuing the injured. In Spain they still meet though bombs crash about their ears. These threads binding them together, the friendships woven in a different atmosphere are realities. They have created a core of sanity, a central bond of friendship that will hold even against the impact of propaganda and amidst the clash of greater events. It is in this that the reality of 'B.-P.'s' achievement lies, and it is the life flowing from that reality which ensures that though his own innings may come to a close the game will go on."

But the Chief never knew the meaning of the word "rest"; up to the final collapse he was busy devising new ways of spreading the message of Scouting; his pen and brush were as active as ever, and he was absorbed in his love of animal life. This brief memoir can be most fittingly ended with the words with which he himself concluded the survey of his own life.

"There is a scent of roses in the air—and sweetbriar. A rook caws sleepily in the elms nearby in answer to the distant crooning of a dove. A bee hums drowsily by, hive-ward bound. All is peace in the home at dusk, ere night closes down.

"She sits by me, in the silence of comradeship, who has shared some of the toil of the afternoon—and the joy of it. It is good to laze, honestly half-tired, and to look back and feel that though

one has had one's day it has, in spite of one's limitations, not been an idle one, that one has enjoyed it to the full, and that one is lucky in being rich through having few wants and fewer regrets.

"Through an upper window comes the laughing chatter of the young folk going to bed. To-morrow *their* day will come.

"May it be as happy a one as mine has been, God bless them!

"As for me—it will be my bedtime soon. And so—

GOOD NIGHT!

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please."



Paxtu. The Chief's verandah, and the Bird Bath, 1941.

THE KING'S MESSAGE TO LADY BADEN-POWELL

The Queen and I are deeply grieved by the news of Lord Baden-Powell's death. As the founder and leader of a great movement which has been of incalculable value to boys and girls in so many countries, the Chief Scout will always be remembered with affectionate admiration and gratitude.

To you and to your family, as well as to all associated with that movement, we send our sincere sympathy in your irreparable loss.

GEORGE R.I.

A HARD-BOILED EGG

By The CHIEF SCOUT

The following yarn and sketch were received within a few days of the news of the Chief's fatal illness. They are so typical of him that they are fittingly included in this Memorial Number.

THERE was a story going in Canterbury (where the sheep come from in New Zealand) of a real hard-boiled settler. This was over fifty years ago. Mr. Ellerby was a well-to-do flock-master, and had earned his prosperity by strict devotion to his work, without any outside interests. His sheep station was on the south bank of the river. A river in New Zealand means a wide stretch of rocks and boulders with a stream running somewhere down its course. That is in ordinary times. But when there is rain in the hills, the flood comes down with a rush and a roar, and in a few minutes the wide stony bed becomes a mighty torrent of tumbling waters.

One day Mrs. Ellerby had walked across the half-mile of rough boulders to call on a friend on the northern bank. In returning home she had only come part of the way across when, with a thunderous rumble, the flood came down towards her. She just managed to get on to a slight mound, which served to give her a dry refuge, provided that the water rose no higher. But who could tell? In her distress she waved her cloak in the hope that someone might see her danger. Her hope was not in vain. One of the farm hands noticed her predicament and rushed to Mr. Ellerby to give him the alarming news of his wife's danger.

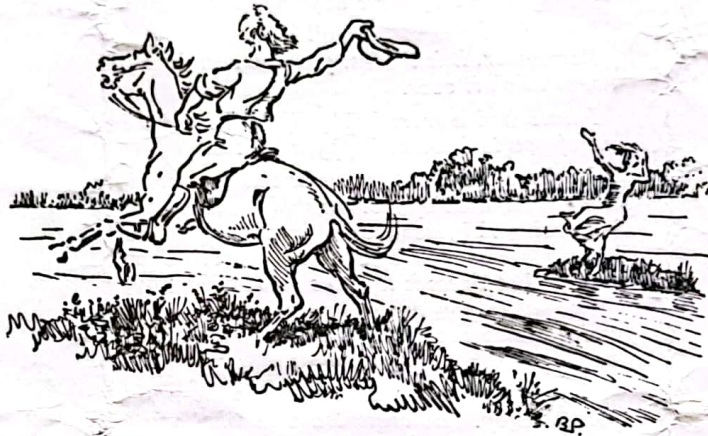
Mr. Ellerby, at that moment, was deep in his flock registers, determining, in particular, which sheep should be assigned to the slaughterer on the morrow; but when the alarm reached him he lost no time in jumping on to his horse and galloping down to the river bank. There an awful sight met his eyes. He could see his wife stranded on her tiny islet, with a raging yellow flood all round her. It was obvious that neither man nor horse

could survive any attempt to cross it. The situation was hopeless. So he stood on the bank and waved to her and shouted, in the vain hope that his voice might reach her above the roar of the waters. This is what he called to her: "Well, good-bye, Elizabeth; we will meet in heaven." Having delivered this message of comfort and hope, he wheeled his horse round and hurried back to the interrupted study of his flock books.

I think I have said that he was hard-boiled.

Evidently some of his men had got news of Mrs. Ellerby's danger and, going on to a spit of land which jutted out into the stream well above her present position, they collected a number of logs in the backwater, and, lacing them together, they fashioned a raft on which two of their number, assisted by a long line, poled their way to her and succeeded in bringing her to safety. So the need for her husband's good wishes now fell to the ground.

The next day was a busy one for him, superintending the slaughter of sheep for the market. As he watched the first butcher at work, he was surprised to hear so callous an artist gently address his victim at the moment of its execution with the affecting words: "Good-bye, Elizabeth; we shall meet in heaven." Puzzled by the expression, Ellerby moved on to the next slaughterer. Again, as the fatal knife did its work, he heard the same farewell expressed: "Good-bye, Elizabeth; we shall meet in heaven." And so it was wherever he went through the yard. It then dawned upon him that, although his men respected a stern disciplinarian and a hard worker, an egg that was super-hard-boiled was too much for their digestion.



THE BROADCASTS

I. By LORD HAMPTON

I have had the privilege and happiness of working under the Chief Scout's leadership for nearly 29 years, and although it was obvious that the possibility of his return from Kenya to spend the closing years of his life at home was remote, yet the knowledge that we shall never again see his spare active figure, never again hear his voice, clear and strong as that of a young man, nor come under the spell of his personality, is difficult indeed to realise.

There was no man who had earned a greater right to end his days amid the peace and beauty of his mountain home studying, sketching and writing about that wild Nature from which he had learned so truly and drawn so much inspiration. And it will always be a source of deep satisfaction to those of us who knew him best that we were successful in our persuasions that he should not attempt to return under present conditions. It took a bit of doing, for he was pulled in two directions—the first, a feeling that his strength was not really equal either to the journey or to the winter climate at the end of it; the second, that his place in the gravest period of our history was at the head of his Scouts here at home, leading and inspiring them as no one else could.

Inevitably one's mind goes back to what was perhaps the most significant incident, both in his life and in the history of the Scout Movement—that memorable scene at the close of the Olympia Jamboree in 1920, for it was there, and then, that he gained what was perhaps the greatest of all the many honours of his career—the spontaneous acknowledgment by the boys of 28 nations of his place as Chief Scout of the World. This was no put-up job; no attempt had been made by their leaders to suggest such acknowledgment—it came direct, and in no uncertain manner, from the throats of the youngsters themselves, and from that moment the boys of Britain had to be content to share their hero with the whole world of Youth.

Since that event there have been many occasions when Scouts of all nations, colours and creeds have testified to their affection for the man who had given them so much of happiness and a true purpose in life; for to the end he was the founder, the

Leader, and the main source of inspiration of the world-wide Scout Brotherhood.

His was a wonderful life to have lived. Few men could have crammed more of adventure, travel and resource into 83 years, and fewer still, perhaps, could at the end of it have shown a greater balance on the credit side. To know him and to work with him was a privilege; to take one's doubts and troubles to him was to have them resolved and put away. He could get at the kernel of the problem quicker than any man I have known, because he possessed not only a great reserve of experience upon which to draw but the knack of harnessing that experience to the immediate issue.

I speak as a Scout, but as I have been given the privilege of speaking these few words, I feel I should be sadly lacking if I failed to mention our great sister movement, the Girl Guides. It was not to be thought that the boys could keep such an adventure as Scouting to themselves, and so Guiding followed inevitably in the path of Scouting and has brought its contribution of happiness and comradeship to the girls of the world.

Our thoughts go out to the Chief Guide in sympathy, and in deep gratitude for the great part she has played, not only in the leadership of the Guide Movement but in her loving care of our Chief through all these years.

The Chief Scout has passed on. He is leaving a memorial unique in history. In a world where so much effort and skill are given over to destruction, his life and work shine out as a beacon light—the light of friendship and useful endeavour and self-sacrifice, leading the world back to sanity and rebuilding.

Scouting and Guiding will have their part to play in the rebuilding: they will not fail their Chief.

The Chief's Last Message to Boy Scouts

Dear Scouts,—If you have ever seen the play "Peter Pan" you will remember how the pirate chief was always making his dying speech because he was afraid that possibly when the time came for him to die he might not have time to get it off his chest. It is much the same with me, and so, although I am not at this moment dying, I shall be doing so one of these days and I want to send you a parting word of goodbye.

Remember, it is the last you will ever hear from me, so think it over.

I have had a most happy life and I want each one of you to have as happy a life too.

I believe that God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can be useful and so can enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look on the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it and when your turn comes to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but have done your best. "Be prepared" in this way, to live happy and to die happy—stick to your Scout promise always—even after you have ceased to be a boy—and God help you to do it.

Your friend,

Baden Powell

Those who heard the broadcast, "The Chief's Happy Adventure," on January 11th, will be glad to know that it is to be repeated on February 22nd in the Home Service Programme at 4.30 p.m. Those who did not hear the original broadcast should make a point of listening on February 22nd. The programme was devised by Mr. Haydn Dimmock, Editor of *The Scout*.

II. By SIR PERCY EVERETT

The Chief has gone home, but still lives radiantly in the hearts of all those who have come under his magic spell. No man in this century has had greater influence for good in the lives of a greater number of young people than he.

I was privileged to help him at Brownsea in August, 1907. What a thrill it was to play even a minor part in that first Scout camp of twenty boys, drawn from all ranks of social life.

I can still see the Chief at the evening's camp fire, spinning a yarn of his own adventurous life, telling us in his own inimitable way something of the romance of the stars, of the trees and of the animal world, and then leading us in a dance round the camp fire, singing the Eengonyama Chorus.

We were roused in the morning by the Kudu Horn; through the day we played games, every one with its own special meaning. To our slumbers at night we went with the Chief's rich voice ringing in our ears, " Good-night, boys: God bless you! "

From this first camp sprang those historic books, *Scouting For Boys* and *Girl Guiding*, the handbooks of these two great Movements, both of them illustrated by his own sketches. For the Chief was a man of great versatility, Author and Artist, Architect and Sculptor. He has written and illustrated many books, he has had exhibitions of his pictures in London, he designed the building of a wing of his own house in Hampshire and has executed some fine pieces of sculpture. He was ambidextrous, drawing equally well with either hand and even at times with both hands together. He was a gardener, a fisherman, a stalker and a sportsman; in fact, he was essentially an outdoor man. Coupled with all these and many other qualities he had a genius for organisation and for getting the best out of those working with him. I can well remember finding myself in his garden, wheeling heavy barrow loads of stones, and being left responsible for the stiff pruning of a 50-yard-long privet hedge!

He was a man of few simple tastes. When the Scouts wanted to give him a present, Lady Baden-Powell ascertained that the only thing he lacked was a pair of braces. This was presented in public at Arrowse Park Jamboree and was worn as an order round his neck.

He was a man who liked to clean his own shoes and make his own bed. He got up as early as the simplest Scout worker and did an enormous amount of work before breakfast every morning. He always started the day with some brisk exercise, with his dogs around him—half-running and half-walking at Scout's pace.

He was a man who believed in bringing religion into life in practice and not as he described it, " bottling it away as a precept."

He was a man who loved babies, flowers and birds. His greatest joy in his home in Kenya was to feed and watch animals and birds, and to sketch and write about them.

He was a man who made his way from small beginnings; the son of a poor clergyman, he kept himself by his own work as a young officer and lived simply even when he could afford to keep servants.

He was a man who was loved in every country in the world. He revelled in travelling and meeting people and as Chief Scout of the World was loved and respected wherever he went.

There is a story of six Scouts of Lithuania who shook hands with him and when they reached home refused to have their hands washed because they had been clasped by the Chief. The parents were in grave difficulty, but after consultation agreed to a plan which solved the problem. All the Scouts washed their hands in one bowl and that bowl of water was bottled and stored.

He was a man of infinite humour and could always see the bright side of every situation. There was a touch of picturesqueness in his every word and action. In apolo-gising once for using mixed metaphors, he said, " I hope I have done so here, and if I have, I can plead the excuse that I have done so in good company—namely, that of a leading Indian speaker. He is said to have gone so far as to remark, ' It is the toad under the harrow that can best tell where the shoe pinches.' "

He was an extremely humble man and protested that he did not deserve the high honours bestowed upon him, but he accepted them, not for himself, but as a tribute to those who were working with him in Scouting and Guiding.

The Chief loved fishing, sketching and country life, but, above all, he loved his fellow-men and wanted to see every boy and girl have a fair chance of making a success

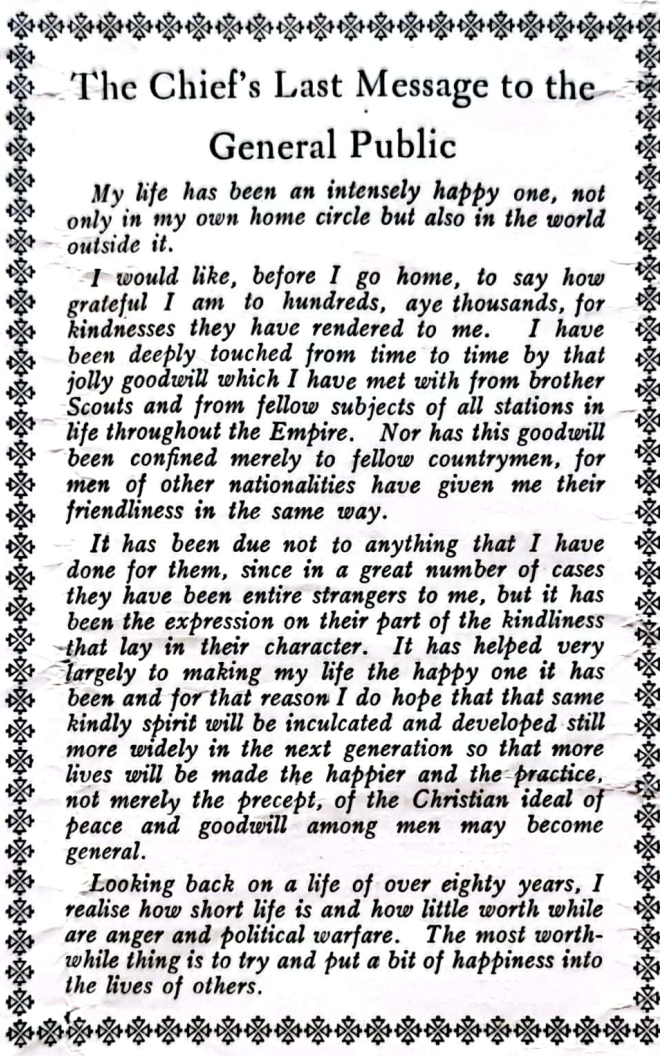
of life. To that end he gave every moment of the last thirty-five years of his life.

He was a great camper, and no one has done more than he to set a good standard of camping. " Leave nothing behind but thanks " was his sound advice to all campers.

He often said that he was the happiest man in the world, and I can well believe it because no one in this world has given more happiness to others.

Though he has passed on, I know that he would not wish us to grieve for him, but rather to think with joy and comfort of the happiness he has brought to millions of young people all over the world, and to realise that he has left behind him an inspired lead to guide us and the millions that will follow us.

His influence in the world can never die.



The Chief's Last Message to the General Public

My life has been an intensely happy one, not only in my own home circle but also in the world outside it.

I would like, before I go home, to say how grateful I am to hundreds, aye thousands, for kindnesses they have rendered to me. I have been deeply touched from time to time by that jolly goodwill which I have met with from brother Scouts and from fellow subjects of all stations in life throughout the Empire. Nor has this goodwill been confined merely to fellow countrymen, for men of other nationalities have given me their friendliness in the same way.

It has been due not to anything that I have done for them, since in a great number of cases they have been entire strangers to me, but it has been the expression on their part of the kindness that lay in their character. It has helped very largely to making my life the happy one it has been and for that reason I do hope that that same kindly spirit will be inculcated and developed still more widely in the next generation so that more lives will be made the happier and the practice, not merely the precept, of the Christian ideal of peace and goodwill among men may become general.

Looking back on a life of over eighty years, I realise how short life is and how little worth while are anger and political warfare. The most worthwhile thing is to try and put a bit of happiness into the lives of others.

AUTHOR AND ARTIST



THE Chief was so good at so many things that it is easy to overlook the extent of his achievement in any one activity. If, for instance, he had done nothing else but write and illustrate books, he would have made a distinguished name for himself; as it is there is a danger of underestimating his work as author and artist simply because he took such work in his stride.

It has already been pointed out that in his determination to be self-supporting, he supplemented his meagre income as a young officer by writing and

illustrating articles for various journals; at first the subjects were the sports such as pig-sticking which he followed in India. Later he widened his scope by retelling incidents within his experience; he quickly gained an easy narrative style. The basis of this work, as of his sketches, was accurate observation and a quick eye for significant detail. The diary-letters which he wrote to his mother for many years provided him with that constant practice so necessary to a writer.

Even when the need for adding to his income was no longer pressing he continued to record his experiences; it was just one outlet for that urge he had for sharing the good things of life with others.

No exhaustive list of his magazine articles has yet been compiled; it would be a long one, for not only did he contribute to commercial journals but he gave willingly of his best to the magazine of his old school, Charterhouse, to boys' papers, and to such professional periodicals as *The Cavalry Journal*.

Journalism naturally led to the writing of books, and his narratives of his experiences in the Ashanti and Matabele Wars are of importance from a military point of view as well as from that of the general reader. Later he wrote those books which have proved inspirations to youth all over the world; these, too, were based on personal experiences, for he always kept in close touch with practical life.

The following list of his published books may be useful for reference:

Pig-sticking or Hog-hunting (1889), *Reconnaissance and Scouting* (1890), *Vedette* (1890), *Cavalry Instruction* (1895), *The Downfall of Prempeh* (1896), *The Matabele Campaign* (1896), *Aids to Scouting* (1899), *Sport in War* (1900), *Sketches in Maseking and East Africa* (1907), *Scouting for Boys* (1908), *Quick Training for War* (1914), *My Adventures as a Spy* (1915), *Indian Memories* (1915), *The Wolf Cub Handbook* (1916), *Girl Guiding* (1917), *Aids to Scoutmastership* (1920), *An Old Wolf's Favourites* (1921), *What Scouts Can Do* (1921), *Rovering to Success* (1922), *Life's Snags* (1927), *Scouting and Youth Movements* (1929), *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life* (1933), *Adventures and Accidents* (1934), *Adventuring to Manhood* (1936), *African Adventures* (1937), *Birds and Beasts in Africa* (1938), *Paddle Your Own Canoe* (1939), *More Sketches of Kenya* (1940).

The written word was always supported by the sketch. We have seen how as a child he showed unusual ability in drawing and one of his early efforts is reproduced on page 26. His ideas and thoughts naturally took the form of a sketch or diagram; he had a pictorial imagination again based on accurate observation combined with the ability to pick out essentials. At first his drawings are careful and somewhat detailed, but

later he developed that bold line with which we are all so familiar in his books and articles.

Drawings of animals form one large section of his work, and it was to this favourite form of art he returned during his last days. No one but a lover of animals could have produced such vivid pictures; his power to show them in action was the most marked characteristic. As examples we may take the crocodile and lion at the foot of page 43, and the horse—his favourite animal—on the same page. He had no use for art divorced from fact, and readers of his *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life* will recall the scorn he poured upon some modern representations of the horse! On page 257 of that book is an amusing caricature of "the best we can do nowadays."

His sense of fun and of the ridiculous found full expression in his sketches; at the top of this page is a caricature of himself, and his books are full of pictorial jests. At the committee table he defeated boredom by making sketches on his blotting-pad of his fellow-members, or by putting into the form of a drawing his comments on the proceedings. It is said that there was keen competition amongst the victims for possession of the blotting-paper!

Many of his ideas he set out in the form of cartoons or diagrams; thus the figure of the Scout leaping over the obstacles

to sound character, gives the boy—and the adult—a clear vision of the idea the Chief had in mind. Possibly such drawings did as much to drive home the principles of Scouting as the printed word or the discourse.

Mention should also be made of the series of Greeting and Thanks Cards which he designed year by year. The last of these was reproduced in *THE SCOUTER* for January. Those who were fortunate enough to receive such personal gifts, treasure them as most valuable possessions. I remember meeting a Scouter in a remote part of Iceland who had one of the Chief's cards of Thanks; he carried it about with

him in his pocket-book, and showed it with pride to everyone until he was in serious danger of becoming a bore!

A last group of drawings is also illustrated on this page; to these the label "inspirational" may fittingly be attached. They, too, were intended to sharpen the vision the Chief ever held before the eyes of youth. Very early in the history of the Movement, the figure of St. George became familiar to Scouts through the Chief's representations of the Saint. There is only space here to reproduce one, though it would be possible to give a dozen or more variations on the same theme.

It is unfortunately impossible here to reproduce a specimen of the Chief's work in colour. The effects are gained with the minimum of means, so that they seem easy to achieve, but actually such simplicity only comes after much experience.

We shall miss the inspiration of the Chief's ready pen and pencil, but he has left us a wealth of material which will always bring back to us his gay and encouraging presence, and serve to remind us of the great ideals for which he lived.



HIS PEERS ACCLAIM HIM

WHEN the House of Lords met on January 21st, 1941, speakers of all parties joined to pay tribute to the Chief. Two extracts only can be given here.

Lord Snell: "In the death of Lord Baden-Powell this country loses a man of world-wide renown and a man of commanding prestige and rare and useful achievement. Lord Baden-Powell was seldom seen in your Lordships' House, and he took no personal part in its work, but he was honoured here as everywhere throughout the land, and his name was revered by boys all over the world. To them he was a veritable Pied Piper to whose call they came. When they came they learned much from him, and they always went away lifted up and strengthened. He understood and used the spirit of adventure which is in every boy and girl, and he created in his own time a new chivalry of youth. His nurture of the Boy Scout movement was a miracle of insight and understanding, and he appeared to me to know more about the mind of a boy than all the pedagogues who have ever lived in the world. He helped boys to be clean in body and clean in mind, and he nourished their love of country and encouraged in them a love for its beauties and respect for the wild life of the countryside."

Lord Samuel: "Great Britain has, in the course of the centuries, originated many inventions and industries, many institutions and movements which have done much for the moral and material advancement of our own country and of the world at large. The most recent of these movements initiated here have been the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements, and they have not been the least valuable. Beginning as a game, through its influence on the character of millions of the youth of many countries all over the world, it is not too much to say that the Boy Scout movement has become a factor in civilisation. Those of us who have held official posts in other parts of the Empire, or of the world, know how widespread that influence is and how valuable. Seldom has any great movement been so definitely the outcome of the initiative and energies of one individual as the Boy Scout Movement has been in the case of Lord Baden-Powell. His genius found a wonderful outlet for the natural, healthy, and adventurous energies of youth in ways that are both attractive and useful, and ways that are also both patriotic and universal, for it is essential to the spirit of Scouting that there be no enmity, no violence and no arrogance in it."

"PRESS FORWARD"

The second of the Gilwell Murals is reproduced on the front page of this issue. The following lines were chosen by the artist, Henry Strachey, and appear at the foot of the painting:—

Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. *The River Duddon.*
Sonnet, XXXIV. "After Thought."

THE OUTLOOK

By LORD SOMERS

OUR Chief has gone ahead of us to further and higher service, and we are humbly grateful for the devoted service he has rendered us for the last 36 years, service devoted and unsparing, given with a tremendous boyish enthusiasm that was never satisfied.

Much has been written about the Chief and it is perhaps presumptuous to try and add anything to what has already been so eloquently expressed; but there is one aspect that I want to emphasise.

The Chief, from early boyhood until the end of this life here, enjoyed his life to the full, a life full of adventure of his own seeking, full of problems that had to be solved, full of eager anticipation of some testing difficulty and a warm glow in overcoming it. A life full of virile adventure and enjoyment in it. Now here is one great fact—he could not keep it all to himself. He loved it all so much that he wanted us to come in with him and see what fun life could be. What did he mean by fun, or should I say happiness? He knew that you could not have real genuine fun without being able to give it and share it, so giving and sharing were the keynote of his fun. This urge was, I think, at the back of his venture into Scouting for boys. He had been a Scout all his life and he knew what it had meant to him and he couldn't bear to keep it to himself. To put these ideas into writing, so that we could share, must have seemed an almost impossible task. Yet so great was the urge that *Scouting for Boys* took form and gradually became available to the boys of all lands. So we were able to share with the Chief his life of adventure and service, to learn how it is that adventure and service can be such fun, how to keep mind and body fit to seek and deal with adventure when it comes, and how to become aware of the higher loyalties that educe that urge to service.

The Chief will always be The Chief; no one can take his place. He has, however, many lieutenants who will go on interpreting his ideas and trying to absorb and instil the principles and precepts of Scouting. Few can hope to incorporate in themselves the thousand and one gifts of intellect and practical ability that were his, and it is better so.

The aim for us all is to be a Scout like him and we can get some way towards that ideal by the time we pass on in our turn. What will be the criterion of our attempts to emulate him? I think this—How much fun and enjoyment have we given in our lives? How many people are the better for having known us? How many have benefited spiritually by our example and materially by our helping hand? And, finally, what have we gained in stability, resourcefulness and character? The Chief wants the answers to be *plus*. Zero is no good; minus is unthinkable with his life and example before us.

So let us get on with our jobs whatever they may be, finding happiness in the doing of them, unconsciously keeping to the Chief's rules of life and conduct, as subscribed to by us when we took the Scout Promise and learnt the Scout Law. This will be the most fitting memorial to our Founder and will at the same time bring consolation and content to Lady Baden-Powell and their family, to whom our sympathy goes out the more deeply as we share with them their loneliness and sorrow.

Somers

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

Meeting of the Council

THE Annual Meeting of the Council of the Boy Scouts Association was held on Wednesday, January 29th, 1941.

Chief Scout

At the Annual Meeting, Lord Somers, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., was asked to accept the position of Chief Scout for the United Kingdom in succession to our beloved Founder. Further reference to Lord Somers' appointment will be made in the March number of THE SCOUTER.

Council

Lord Somers was elected Chairman of the Council and General Sir John Shea, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lord Wigram, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., were elected members of the Council.

Committee of the Council

The following members of the Committee who had retired by rotation were re-elected:—

Colonel C. F. Birney
Mr. L. A. Impy

Mr. Harold Legat
Lieut.-Col. G. Walton

I.H.Q. Appointments

Rear-Admiral R. H. L. Bevan, D.S.O., M.V.O., has been appointed Acting Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts, during the absence of Mr. G. M. Carter, on National Service, and Mr. H. A. Haworth has been appointed Acting Headquarters Commissioner for Education, during the absence of Captain A. L. Hunt, on National Service.

Annual Report

The Annual Report and Accounts of the Association for the year ended September 30th, 1940, will be circulated to Commissioners, Secretaries and Chairmen of Local Associations. Copies are on sale in the Scout Shop, price 6d., post free 7½d.

Air Scouts

At the Annual Meeting, it was decided to introduce a new branch of Scouting, Air Scouts, for boys of Scout age. It is not intended to extend it to Rovers at present, nor should Cubs be given this training, though where a Pack is part of an Air Scout Group, an "air" atmosphere may be introduced in games and stories.

Air Scouts should receive the ordinary Scout training together with additional training appropriate to the branch. Special attention should be given to those parts of the First Class tests which have a particular value in this connection and the following proficiency badges will be especially valuable:—

Ambulance	Handyman	Photographer
Athlete	Healthyman	Pioneer
Blacksmith	Interpreter	Rescuer
Carpenter	Marksman	Signaller
Clerk	Master-at-Arms	Starman
Cook	Metal Worker	Surveyor
Electrician	Missioner	Weatherman
Engineer	Motor Mechanic	Wirelessman
Fireman	Pathfinder	

Three new proficiency badges have been introduced. They are:—

Air Apprentice

1. Know the proper conduct to adopt, and the ordinary safety precautions to follow, when on an aerodrome or near aeroplanes.
2. Know how to be of practical help to a pilot by indicating wind direction both by day and by night.
3. Know how to help a pilot by picketing an aeroplane, how to use chocks and improvise them.
4. Understand the importance of keeping people away from an aeroplane when stationary or moving and the necessity of leaving a grounded or crashed machine and/or parts thereof undisturbed until the proper authority arrives.
5. Know what constitutes a reasonable landing ground and name three possible landing grounds in the neighbourhood. In towns of over 100,000 inhabitants know where the two nearest possible landing grounds are.
6. Have a knowledge of the theory of flight—shape of an aerofoil, airflow round an aerofoil, streamline bodies.
7. Make a model aeroplane which will fly at least 25 yards.

Air Mechanic

1. Explain the general position and functions of flight control surfaces.
2. Name three well-known distinct types of aircraft and their engines, understand and describe their differences briefly.
3. Have a clear idea of the working of the internal combustion engine and know the names and positions of all the principal parts.

4. Show a knowledge of the use of hand tools in common use in engineering practice, including precision filing.
5. Make a well-finished scale model of an aeroplane—it is not necessary that the model should fly and it must be a separate model from that used to qualify for Air Apprentice.

A glider weighing not less than 1 lb. which will glide at least 100 yards.

Air Navigator

1. Keep from personal observation a daily record of the weather for two months, using the Beaufort letters and symbols, and understand how the weather map is prepared.
2. Understand what is meant by latitude and longitude.
3. Understand fully the principles of the Magnetic Compass and Compass Bearings. Plot on a map a route given by the examiner in the form of a Compass Bearing from one spot to another, allowing for a specified angle of drift.
4. Show a knowledge of the conventional signs of an Aero Map and landmarks used in cross-country flying.

Literature for Air Scouts will be available as soon as possible. The uniform for Air Scouts is as for Scouts, but with the following differences:—

Shirt or jersey	...	Grey.
Shorts	...	Dark blue.
Stockings	...	Plain dark blue.
Cap	...	Soft without peak; dark blue; with the Scout Badge between the letters "A" and "S" all in lighter blue on the left-hand side.

Scouters of the Air Scout branch will wear uniform as for other Scouters, but the shirt or jersey must be grey, and the shorts and stockings dark blue. If a uniform coat is desired it should be grey. The Air Scout cap will be worn by Scouters of that branch with the A.S. badge in red for A.S.Ms., green for S.Ms. and purple for Commissioners.

Scouts and Scouters taking up Air Scouting but not wishing at first to buy a new uniform may continue to wear ordinary uniform until replacements become necessary. This, however, does not apply to the hat; the Air Scout cap with A.S. badge must be worn.

Air Scouts will wear the same badges of rank as other Scouts, except that there will be no special cap badge for Patrol Leaders.

Air Scouters will wear the same badges of rank as other Scouters, except that the cap badge will be of the A.S. type as described above.

A Scouter proposing to form an Air Scout Troop or Patrol must first of all obtain the permission of his D.C.

Diary of Wood Badge Training Courses, 1941

Scout Courses

- 141st Scout Course—June 14th-22nd, at Youlbury, Oxon.
- 142nd Scout Course—August 16th-24th, at Kibblestone, Staffs.

Cub Courses

- 73rd Cub Course (Men and Women)—June 9th-14th, at Youlbury, Oxon.
- 74th Cub Course (Men and Women)—August 11th-16th, at Kibblestone, Staffs.

Application forms and full particulars can be obtained from the Assistant Camp Chief, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

War Distressed Scouts

Offers of week-end hospitality for Scouts from bombed areas are invited from Districts, Groups and individual Scouts and Scouters. The Fund for War Distressed Scouts can help with the cost of fares and in other ways, and offers of hospitality should be sent to I.H.Q.

Sea Scout Training

A week-end Course for Scouters and Patrol Leaders will be held on the Guardship *England*, which has been established between Marlow and Henley. The Course will be held over three consecutive week-ends, commencing March 8th-9th, and the inclusive cost will be 10s. 6d.

Those interested should communicate with Mr. A. E. Mackenzie, R.R.S. *Discovery*, Pilgrim Pier, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2.

Eire

Scouters of Scouts or Cubs who may be evacuated to Eire under the scheme recently agreed upon between the Governments of Great Britain and Eire are asked to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Boy Scouts Association, 12, Trinity Street, Dublin. Details of Group, rank and boy's address in Eire should be given in order that he can be linked up with a suitable Group.

Rosemary Home

It is regretted that it has become necessary to close Rosemary Home temporarily. The Committee of the Council are grateful for the many kind donations which have been made towards the upkeep of the Home and to enable Scouts to be sent there, but it is felt that while the Home is closed, Districts and Groups may wish to send their donations to some other Scout fund.

A. W. HURLL,
Acting General Secretary.