

Faith, Hope, and Love

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.

December, 1937.

A Mountain Dream

ENFORCED solitary leisure spent among mountain tops is so good for the soul that every man would be the better for such "retreat" if he forced himself to take it occasionally.

The quiet meditation, remote from the rush and unrest of ordinary life, cleanses the mind, and gives it ease and inspiration. Sitting here, unperturbed by Press headlines, and looking at Mount Kenya with his hoary old head standing four square as ever, one sees the clouds come and cover him for a time, and though they bring thunder and storm, they rift away again, leaving him standing there unmoved in the sunshine, as he has stood through thousands of years of similar passing showers.

So too, on a larger scale, this world is, from time to time, disturbed by clouds of war and unrest; but these pass away and, together with them, thank goodness, the agitators who brought them about; and the old world wags on unmoved as it has done for thousands of years through similar nightmares.

So you say to yourself, why get rattled about troubles that you can't prevent? But can't you? Browning says: "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world."

But a certain head-hunting tribe says that this is not so. Their belief is that the devil has for the present got possession of the world, and when that possession is over God's reign of peace will come.

The devil's agents are, after all, merely men, and it is therefore possible for man also to counter his devilments, and to bring about that reign of Peace and Goodwill which is the reign of God.

Here seems the opportunity-- indeed the Duty-- for every individual to take his share in preventing recurrence of those evils. It is in such crusade that I see a goal open to Scouters and Old Scouts.

My mountain says "Look wider; look higher; look further ahead, and a way will be seen."

Moral Rearmament, a vague term, though much used, is open to many interpretations, but among these few have so far supplied practical steps for making it a definite quality in our citizenship.

Yet the spirit of it is essential. I ventured to write a letter to The Times last year, recommending the adoption of some simple form of self-dedication to the service of Goodwill and Peace, much on the lines of the Boy Scout Promise.

This brought me numbers of letters of approval, but I don't hear whether anything definite has been done about it. Before the war a scheme for our national education was formulated "to build citizens rather than scholars"; but like many other good intentions it was dropped during the war, and has never been fully revived.

Now, even more than in those days, is such training needed if we, as a nation, are to keep pace with the developments of the age and hold our own, in giving a moral lead to others. The character of a nation depends on the individual character of its members.

Our falling birth-rate demands extra efficiency in every individual, to compensate for our lack of numbers. The steps taken by totalitarians abroad should be a spur to us where they are enforcing the universal training of their youth. This is done on lines based on Scouting methods, but confined to purely nationalist ideals of citizenship.

Citizenship has been defined briefly as "active loyalty to the community"; but should aim at securing peaceful and friendly relations with other nations. In a free country like ours it is easy, and not unusual, to consider oneself a good citizen by being a law-abiding man, doing your work and expressing your choice in politics, sport, or activities, "leaving it to George" to worry about the nation's welfare. This is passive citizenship. But the times to-day demand more than passive citizenship if we are to be a sound and solid nation, able to stand up among the others, and able to uphold in the world the virtues of freedom, justice, and honour.

Members of the church realise that it is not possible for them alone to accomplish this change of spirit. Indeed Totalitarian States look on the differing denominations rather as elements of discord in their peoples, where unity is essential for making a nation.

If, however, the individual believes that peace and goodwill are needed it is a matter for that individual, however humble, to contribute to their promotion.

It seems that each has to so discipline his conduct and, character that in his daily life he sees the other fellow's point of view as well as his own, whether it is in business dealings, or in politics, national and international, and that he is prepared to give Service wherever he can see it needed.

To believe that Peace and Goodwill-- instead of war and ill-will-- constitute the reign of God in the world is in itself a "religion." It is a religion to which all can subscribe, and one which no denomination will deny.

Its practice is citizenship of the highest type.

After all, are not these the tenets which are, and always have been, the underlying aim of our training in the Scouts?

If you could get them more fully understood and more widely extended it would be a direct and practical, if minor, contribution towards eventually bringing about the Kingdom of God in the world. Can you see a higher, or more worthwhile. Life Crusade than this for a man?

As very many Scouters have already realised, it opens up a wonderful opportunity for each of us, according to our powers, whether we be Scouters, Rovers, or Old Scouts, to take a hand in spreading by personal example, by teaching and talks, this practical step in the so-called Moral Rearmament. One man cannot hope to do much, but tiny individual

coelenterata have built coral islands by co-operation in an ideal. It needs a highly optimistic acorn to start hopefully on producing an oak tree.

But here, in our Movement, we have all the encouragement of a pretty big plant already existing as a nucleus, in our four and a half million of boys and girls in British and other countries.

Then besides them there are the many more millions of Old Scouts and ex-Guides who will rally to the call.

To descend to details:

Let us therefore, in training our Scouts, keep the higher aims in the forefront, not let ourselves become too absorbed in the steps.

Don't let the technical outweigh the moral. Field efficiency, backwoodsmanship, camping, hiking, good, turns. Jamboree comradeships are all means, not the end.

The end is CHARACTER-- character with a purpose.

And that purpose, that the next generation be sane in an insane world, and develop the higher realisation of Service, the active service of Love and Duty to God and neighbour.

March, 1939.

Hippos and Gilwell

HIPPOS became bracketed with Gilwell in my mind to-day, when I was being "carred" (new word, meaning carried by car or carted) by the Chief Guide on a trip to inspect Girl Guides.

While she busies herself with inspections, I sit tight and make sketches. On this occasion I had some subject for a sketch.

We came across a charming farmhouse with a glorious view over woodland, lake, and mountain. The owner was out, but his native servant told us of hippo in the lake nearby, and gave us an imp of a boy to guide us there.

He came, we found, from our village-- Nyeri-- and proved particularly willing and communicative.

As we approached a small lake, an offshoot of the greater one, the Chief Guide (who is always over-eager and sees what she wants to see before it is actually in sight) clutched my arm excitedly.

"There they are! Can't you see them-- there. A whole herd of them, lying in the water."

"Rocks, my dear, rocks. Don't get jittery about it."

Then one of the rocks suddenly raised its great blubber-nosed head, and sat up and took notice of us. After a sleepy stare it saw that we meant no harm, and slumped down again, pillowing its chin on a neighbour's pink belly.

So those great grey rounded rocks were all hippos-- twenty-four of them-- sun-bathing in the shallows. Alongside, and around them, were hundreds of water fowl, including flamingos, duck, small waders, and black-headed ibis. As we quietly approached, these last took alarm and rose with a loud flutter into the air.

The effect on the hippos was an exact replica of what would happen in a club smoking-room in the after-lunch hour if the club bore had suddenly bounded into the room crying: "I say. Bunny, have you heard the news? Old Stocky has married Baby-Face after all."

There was a general upheaval of fat bodies looking round indignantly, a lot of grunting disapproval as they shifted their position a few yards away, and sloshed down in the water again.

The two vast bulls on either flank of the herd merely, as it were, grumbled, "I don't believe a word of it," and settled themselves the more comfortably to sleep in their muddy arm-chairs. They had evidently had to travel far in the night to get their food, and were now well-fed and sleepy.

Finding them so peacefully disposed, we walked up to within a few yards of them, and took portraits of their huge podgy forms and great ungainly heads.

An hour later we had chosen a spot for our usual picnic lunch. It was high up, at 8,000 feet, on a spur of the Aberdare Range overlooking a vast panorama of hill and dale.

Sunshine and cloud shadows rang a continual change of light and colour across the scene.

Presently the empty solitude was broken by the figure of a man, striding over the down, and a white man at that, with his terrier. Soon it was evident that we were his objective, a fine typical specimen of a settler, in shirt and shorts, eyes and teeth shining bright through the tan of his face.

"Can I be any help to you?"

We hastily explained that he could help in disposing of our food and drink with us, but otherwise we were not, as he had supposed, held up by a car mishap.

We found that he lived close by, and that the crop of pyrethrum which we were admiring was his. Altitude and plentiful rain were necessary to it, and it got these all right up here.

"You are well away from wild animals here, I suppose, though you have forests in your valleys?"

"M'yes. Elephants only come occasionally; but there are buffalo and leopards down there-- plenty of them. By the way, aren't you B.-P.? My name's Gibbs. I was brought up at Gilwell, where my grandfather lived."

So in a few moments, up on that hill-top away in Africa, we realised that the world is not so very large after all; and, with anecdotes of his childhood in the old place with its ghostly passages and its charming gardens, we were "Back at Gilwell, happy land."

But is it a "happy land" just now? In the strain of war, with the tension of A.R.P., and while the flower of our youth is exposed to death amid floods and wintry gales.

Over here we sit shamefacedly unable to lend a hand, in this really happy land of sunshine and peace. Under war conditions it seems futile to wish you a Merry Christmas; nevertheless, I have little doubt that you will make the best of it all.

The hearty good wishes of the Chief Guide and myself go out to you, and also the hope that the coming of the New Year may see the end of the war-- and of Public Enemy Number One.

December, 1939.

Four Score and Four

I HAVE had such a flood of wishes for a Happy New Year that I don't know how to thank for them. I mean not only from the excess of my gratitude, but also from the physical impossibility of thanking everyone individually, as I haven't a secretary nor an office to help me. (Not forgetting the further fact that postage is now 1s. 3d. a time!)

So I have to resort to this collective way of saying to all of you, and that very cordially, "Thank You!"

Two reasons already promise that it will be a happy year for me. One is that the acid test of war has shown me that thanks to the work of Scouters the Movement is on a sounder footing than ever, and doing valuable service for the nation. Secondly it is most happifying to me to realise that in spite of-- or probably thanks to-- my enforced absence from I.H.Q., and my increasing age, the Movement goes on extending its usefulness and extending its possibilities, without my interference.

Talking of increasing age, you need not pity me. As I enter my 84th year I recognise how ripping is old age!

I don't know whether it is innate laziness now coming out, or the after-effects of a life which has, unintentionally, been strenuous since early youth, but anyway I do enjoy being considered exempt from extra work or responsibilities.

The Duke of Cambridge, when he was well over 80, said to me: "Because I'm a bit gone in the knees" (and no wonder, for he weighed about a ton!)," those damn fools think that therefore my brain is correspondingly weak. I'll show 'em!"

I feel much the same way, though I have no intention of "showing 'em"-- it is much easier to use the shelter supplied by their thought that you are a bit gagga.

As soon as one passes the threshold of eighty and becomes an octogenarian nothing is expected of one, which is such a blessing! On the contrary, everybody is out to help you, you sit still and good turns are showered upon you.

I don't know who the philosopher was who made it, but I fully agree with his remark: "I just LOVE work. I could sit for days watching other people doing it."

Well, that just describes my present attitude, the attitude of the rock--

". . . a-sittin' on a hill and doing nothing all the day, but just a-sittin' still.

I needn't eat, I needn't sleep, I needn't even wash, I can just sit there a thousand years, and rest myself-- BY GOSH."

I can look on at others doing what I ought to be at. But when I see the work that you fellows are doing so successfully in this time of stress and strain I confess a surge of shame comes over me, that I am not doing more to help.

Although 84 might serve as excuse for some, it does not hold true in my case. I don't believe I am physically any older than sixty, but the doctor, not appreciating this fact, has declined to pass me fit for even light service. So that's that. And, here I am, just a rock.

I can only applaud and shout to you from outside: "Good lads! Go to it!"

Just one thing is needed to make 1940 a happier year for us all, so I heartily wish it to you, and that is that our Public Enemy No. 1 may by some unfortunate chance come to a bad end.

Then when the war is over and Right has come into its own, let your earnest aim be to attain the age of eighty-four, and you will then know what it is to have nothing expected of you, and to be a rock with leisure to look back in happy retrospect.

February, 1940

Sowing the Seed

I READ in the Bombay *Scout Gazette* for February this sentence:

"The long-expected war has come at last with all its devastating calamities, and it cannot be helped.

"The Scout Movement, an institution of Peace and Service, pledged itself to serve its generation, tried its utmost through its different organisations, but failed . . ."

I am sorry, but I do not quite agree that it has failed.

On the West Coast of Africa, in a place then known as the "White Man's Grave," I met a missionary who told me that the average life of his predecessors in that spot had been four years, and he expected that this would be about the length of his own life there.

I started to argue why waste the life and knowledge he possessed in trying to convert a few illiterate natives, when he might be employing his talents more usefully, for a long term of years, among his own heathen fellow countrymen in the slums of England. But he felt "called" to this work, and said that though he would not live to see the fruits of his labours he was sowing the seed which would ultimately ripen and produce good fruit in due season.

The beginnings of any great development must naturally be small. The Christian religion itself started with only a tiny group of men who had faith, and from them, after some hundreds of years, it spread through Europe; and only now, two thousand years later, was it beginning to make its appeal to untutored peoples about the world.

Scouting is by comparison as yet in its early babyhood, it has to grow for many generations before it can have gained sufficient hold on the minds and actions of men generally to secure Peace. But we are on the right road, and already showing the way. Only a sprinkling of Scouts about the world have as yet reached man's estate, but they are well distributed among the different nations. The seed has been widely sown. More and more boys are growing up in their thousands to be the fathers of yet more Scouts in their millions.

Most of us who have been sowing the seed will not in the nature of things be here to see the harvest; but we may well feel thankful, indeed jubilant, that our crop is already so well advanced as it is, considering the very short time that has elapsed since its original sowing.

But it means that if that harvest is eventually to come, our job in the meantime is to see that the growing crop is adequately tended, that the boys now in our hands have the higher aims of Scouting so instilled into them that these become their principles for their lives, and not only for their own lives but for the lives of the sons they ultimately father into the world.

But this instillation cannot be done by preaching, it can only be impressed through example and through such steps as appeal to the boyish instinct and temperament.

Hence Scouting!

Patience is needed at this stage on the part of the trainers. Patience is hard to practise; you are eager to see immediate results; but I think patience can be acquired if you look forward to the ulterior aim and realise how necessary must be the intermediate steps. But one blessing about training Scouts is that even while the ultimate aims may seem as far off as the moon, you are all the time giving Happiness, fresh Interests and Character to each individual you are privileged to have as your disciple.

I have heard Scouters lamenting that they cannot find enough war work for their Scouts, but I should not worry too much about that, valuable though it is for the boys.

You are, or can be, preparing them for helping in the greater cause of Peace.

Look forward. The existing world war-quake is a man-made catastrophe, and can only be redeemed by man. Our present generation is out to effect this by defeating force by force. On the next generation will lie the duty of bringing about Peace through peaceful actions.

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 minds 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.

Hatred, born of war, and revengeful feeling, will naturally be weeds in the path with many boys. But as your plants grow up from the seeds which you have sown labelled "Broad-minded outlook," "Love," and "Desire to bind up the wounds of war," such weeds will eventually be choked and Goodwill and Peace will be your harvest!

April, 1940.

A Lesson in Being Prepared

THE war, with its day-to-day developments, has taught us, if anything were needed to do so, the value of our motto, to "Be Prepared," not only for what is probable but for what might in any way be possible. The fate of Holland falling into the grasp of the Nazis must recall, by contrast, to many of us the picture of the great peace and happiness which centred round our camp three years ago at the Jamboree at Bloemendaal. That was a wonderful experience for all of us. On the conclusion of that great Rally I had reminded the boys that it was, in all human probability, the last time that many of us would see each other. I was, of course, thinking of my own declining years compared with their rising into strength and manhood. Little did I or anyone then imagine the possibility that only three years later the reverse would be the case, that I should be living and so many of them dead. They were Dutch, Norwegians, Finns, Danes, Czechs, as well as British boys, and among these were numbers who, though growing up with the spirit of mutual goodwill that was to make peace in the world, are now laid low by the fell stroke of brute force against national freedom.

Considering the short period of our existence, the Scout crusade had already made

remarkable progress in the world, and the Rally at that Jamboree seemed to strengthen and consolidate the right spirit in the coming generation and so to consummate all that we had hoped for in its world expansion. Then has come this crushing set-back of the war. But I look on it as only a temporary set-back. The war is bound to end with the triumph of Freedom, and though it may take some years to materialise I am confident that the steps we have taken in the development of international goodwill will then prove their value as a practical aid towards peace.

Paxtu:

Nyeri: Kenya

So 'Gilwell' has come of age !!
And what a life it has led! From the very start,
full as an egg of good and ever-improving work,
building up our edifice on the right foundations.
It has done this not only in the United Kingdom
but also in the many branches Overseas and in
other Countries — all cemented together with the
True Spirit of Scouting.
It has now to stand the strain of War.
Afterward may it continue to extend and develop
yet more widely that Spirit of Brotherhood and
goodwill among all our ranks in all countries,
and that we may thereby directly help towards
establishing a lasting peace among the peoples.

Baden Powell

July, 1940.

Though the war may have killed very many of our dear comrades and companions of that camp it has not killed all, and it has not killed the spirit. You Scouters and Scouts who still live will carry on that same spirit, and will now develop it with all the greater force when

you realise that you are taking up the torch which was dropped by those who have been struck down.

Few of those comrades of ours could have foreseen that within a short time they would be fighting and giving their lives for their country, but we do know that through "Being Prepared" as Scouts they were the better able to face their fate with courage and good cheer. As your tribute to their memory it is open to you to make goodwill and friendship for brother Scouts abroad your aim more directly than ever before.

When the war is over and the bullies of the world have been defeated we must Be Prepared for establishing peace, a peace that will ensure for ever the end of war.

How this will be carried out in detail none can say, but one point of principle is certain and that is that the road to peace will be the more easy and effective where the young men and women of different countries are already good friends and comrades, as in the Scouts and Guides.

So let us Be Prepared with steadfastness for what may befall in the war, and afterwards do our part in bringing about the essential spirit for peace.

September, 1940.

Pruning Roses

I HAVE been pruning roses in my garden here in Kenya. Not a very high-class job of service in war-time! I am not proud of it, but it is all that I am allowed of out-door exercise, by my doctor. At any rate, pruning has its moral for us Scouters. I had cut some of the plants to such an extent that I feared I had overdone it and possibly had killed them, but not a bit of it. With our alternate sunshine and rain, they are all sending out fine, strong shoots and are coming to bloom better than ever, thanks to the operation.

So it will be in our Scout rose garden. The war has pruned our Movement by taking away the Scouters and Rovers, and has scattered many of the Scouts as evacuees in various parts of the kingdom. In other countries the pruning has been even more drastic. In many cases the Nazis have pruned the local bushes down to the very ground, and have tried to replace them with other plants, such as Hitler Youth and the Balilla. *But the roots are still there!*

When the Spring-time of peace returns, in God's good time, the plants will put out their new shoots in greater strength and profusion than ever, and, vitalised by the test they have gone through, they will very materially help to restore the glory of their respective national gardens.

Reports come to me from all parts, telling how the Patrol Leaders and Courts of Honour are proving themselves the tap roots of our plants, since, in the absence of their Scoutmasters, they are playing the game splendidly by keeping their Troops going in spite of the difficulties of war, and inspired, no doubt, by the sense of Duty and Service which the war itself has emphasised.

Thus the teaching of the Scoutmasters and of the training courses for Patrol Leaders have not been thrown away.

With such promising plants it is up to us gardeners, whether we are Scoutmasters or Rovers, Old Scouts or members of Local Associations, not to let these boys down, but to do our best to tend the "roots" and keep them encouraged to carry on cheerily, and so Be Prepared with confidence for the season of bloom ahead.

October, 1940

EPILOGUE

"The Old Order Changeth, Yielding Place to New."

A KIND friend in Canada has sent me an original and interesting book called *First Things in Acadia*. Acadia was the old name for the Eastern Maritime Provinces of Canada from Newfoundland as far as Washington, D.C.

The book is a compilation of the origins of the main enterprises that have gone to make Canada what she is to-day. For instance, it includes such varied things as the first discovery of America by John Cabot; the first white child born in Canada; the first Atlantic cable from England to America; the first boys' school, the first ship built in Canada, and so on.

In other words, it is a book which should give the younger generation a self-education in the history, tradition, and romance of their country', and, to those who have vision, a suggestion of the possibilities which yet lie before Canada and her future development.

Yes. *First Things in Acadia* is an inspiring book about youth. But what about us old 'uns?

For those who have reached a certain age -- say those who have crossed the octogenarian line -- a corresponding compilation might be permissible, a sequel entitled "Last Things in One's Life."

I remarked only recently that my dress tail coat had done yeoman service, but instead of ordering a new one, I told it "You can last out my time." As I write a young fellow goes swaggering down from the golf links, throwing a chest, with head erect, arms swinging and legs stretching their back sinews, just like me -- ten or fifteen years ago. But not now.

A young fellow complained to me yesterday that he was suffering from polo elbow.

"My dear fellow," I replied, "I had the same trouble years ago, but in the end it cured itself." I did not add that it cured itself too late in life for me to take up polo again. My polo days were over.

The happiest of my many birthdays was my 80th, which I spent with my regiment in India.

They had a full-dress mounted parade in my honour, and I had to get on a horse once more in my beloved uniform to review them. I felt forty years younger on the spot. It was for me my last mounted parade.

As a matter of fact, it was also about the last ceremonial mounted parade for the regiment, since their horses were shortly afterwards taken away and they were changed into a mechanised unit. I had been their Colonel-in-Chief for over 30 years. But I was a hard-boiled Cavalry Officer of the old type, and I saw that it was no longer possible for me to deal with mechanised units and modernised tactics.

I therefore resigned my post into younger hands to a man more conversant with machines and modern ideas.

It has been very much the same with the Scout Movement. After being in it up to the neck for over thirty years, I went for three months' holiday to Kenya. There I developed a tired heart, and a radiumed eye, under a doctor whose orders were "You must stay put here."

His orders were further enforced by Hitler and his war, and she who must be obeyed added her voice to the decision.

So here I am, staying put. Many kind friends have written to me in the terms of Longfellow's brawny blacksmith "Under the spreading chestnut tree," with his slogan --

"Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose."

That's all very well. The repose will come before very long. But in the meantime he doesn't mention the waking interval between the end of the work and the oncoming sleep.

So here I lie idle, watching others doing my work, without lifting a finger to help them.

The great consolation, however, is that they are young, keen and energetic, devoted to the welfare of the Movement, far better able than I to steer it through present difficulties, and having a wide outlook which enables them to recognise and grasp the opportunities which will come, for making the Movement of yet greater national and international value in the organisation of peace after the war.

With great content I leave it all in their hands; and to them I whisper "God bless you and prosper your efforts."

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