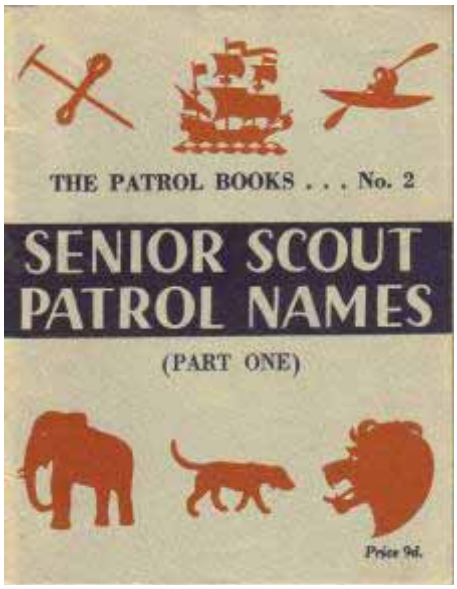

The Patrol Books....No. 2

SENIOR SCOUT PATROL NAMES

(PART ONE)

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Editor's Note:

The reader is reminded that these texts have been written a long time ago. Consequently, they may use some terms or express sentiments which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

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Chapter with short biographical notes of the writers of each chapter

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I. FRANCIS DRAKE

By Arthur Bryant

FRANCIS DRAKE was the first Englishman of the Age of Enterprise. It was an age which began with Elizabeth's accession; it ended, perhaps, with the death of Queen Victoria. Its hall-mark was the belief that there was nothing which a man of courage and resource might not accomplish if he knew it to be his duty. It produced a long succession of remarkable Englishmen whose life-story – and that of England – is that they all attempted and performed the seemingly impossible.

Drake was low of stature, of strong limbs, broad-breasted, round-headed, brown hair, full-bearded; his eyes round, large, and clear; well-favoured; fair and of a cheerful countenance. The painters bear out Stow's testimony. His portrait at Greenwich makes him look, for all the world, like a highly successful grocer: the kind of grocer who flourished in days when there was a free commerce in all the spices of the world. Everything, that is, but the eyes, which are those of fathomless resolution and command. One seldom saw such eyes in our own England of the 'twenties and 'thirties; yet I saw them again and again in the war years in the men who rose to command our Forces in the Field. Such eyes are the expression of a conviction, absolute and unswerving, tempered in fires of dire necessity.

Here lies the secret of Drake and of the men of his age. They sprang out of peril and disaster; like Hotspur, they plucked the flower, safety, from the nettle, danger. They inherited from their fathers neither ease nor security. They entered the stage, like the men of 1940, when the sky was falling; they had no choice but to bear it on their shoulders or perish.

Photo by New York Times Photos)

FRANCIS DRAKE
The statue on Plymouth Hoe

Drake grew up in those storms. His family was forced to fly from the Marian persecution when he was a child; he learnt his trade in the narrow waters that divided an anxious England – not for the last time – from a mighty and persecuting Power that dominated the Low Countries, Before he was out of his teens he served on the Spanish Main in one of those almost incredibly dangerous expeditions by which humble English seafarers sought to snatch a living from the iron commercial monopoly of Spain. In 1567 he sailed, a young sea captain of twenty-one, in his kinsman's John Hawkins' fatal trading expedition which was wiped out by the Spaniards in

San Juan de Zua. Drake's fifty-ton craft, the *Judith*, was the survivor that brought the news of that fearful disaster to England.

Thereafter Drake resolved to avenge himself on imperial Spain; it became his life-mission. He knew that otherwise there could be no survival for such as he; in this he anticipated and led his countrymen. After two exploratory voyages to the Spanish Main – for he was one, like Nelson and Montgomery, who never took risks until he had done everything possible to ensure success – he sailed from Plymouth in 1572 with two minute ships and seventy-three picked men "with intent to land at Nombre de Dies," the great Spanish fortress.

Embarking his men in three collapsible pinnaces, he subsequently entered the harbour, stormed the town and entered the treasure-house. He had brought his men, he told them, "to the mouth of the Treasure of the World." Only his collapse from an all but fatal wound prevented him from carrying it off. As it was, his enterprise staggered the western world. Later in the voyage he captured a Spanish ship in the harbour of Cartagena, burnt Porto Bello, and surveyed the Pacific – Spain's forbidden southern sea – from Darien. Drake's return from that fifteen months' voyage in August, 1573, is one of the great moments of English history; as his ship came to anchor in Plymouth Sound all the churches – it was sermon-time – emptied and everyone hurried to the waterside to greet the young hero.

> "And by his light
> Did all the chivalry of England move
> To do brave acts."

Drake's glimpse of the Pacific had fired his imagination; at the sight he had "besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea." The private expedition which left Plymouth in December, 1577 to carry out that dream caused the greatest sensation of the age. Led by Drake's 100-ton flagship, the *Pelican* – afterwards rechristened the *Golden Hind* – it negotiated the Straits of Magellan after a long battle against the elements, and burst like an atomic bomb on the rich, undefended Spanish colonies of the Pacific coast.

Drake's miraculous, unexpected arrival, his astonishing daring, his fabulous captures, his courtesy to his captives, the sublime confidence of himself and his crew won the admiration of his very victims. A Spaniard described him surrounded by young men in the prime of life, with everything bright about them – particularly their arms; dining in state off silver and gold and to the sound of fiddles while the younger sons of the nobility stood bareheaded before him.

Drake's return from the Pacific was as remarkable as his arrival. After hoisting the Queen's flag on a misty northern shore which may have been Canada, he crossed the Pacific and circumnavigated the globe. He returned to Plymouth, after three years' absence, one of the most famous figures in the world. The Spaniards wanted his head; the English Treasury wanted his gold, and the Treasury won.

Drake's supreme service to England came eight years later. With the great and enigmatic Queen he served, he was the heart of England's resistance to the Armada. It was he who inspired the direction of the Fleet, who harried the Spaniards all the way up the Channel, who went in with his fireships to drive them from their anchorage off Gravelines. His principle of defence, as always, was to attack; "may the Lord of all strength," ran his prayer, "put into Her Majesty and her people courage and boldness not to fear any invasion in her own country, but to seek God's enemies and Her Majesty's where they may be found."

A short, broad, bearded man with fearless eyes; shrewd, practical, imaginative, passionate; a man who saved England; who was the terror of her enemies; who became a legend; who being

dead, lives in the memory of the race and fires the hearts of other Englishmen in the hour of adversity!

The Patrol symbol—a silhouette of the Golden Hind; the Patrol colours are red and gold—for valour and treasure.

II. DAVID LIVINGSTONE

By James I. Macnair

THE twelve great men that have been chosen as Senior Scouts Patrols represent a wonderful variety of type, but it is safe to say that they have all one great characteristic in common. They were all marked men of courage. It was that which gave them their power of leadership and made others proud to follow. But when you come to know their stories you cannot help noticing that their courage was of many different varieties.

Yes. Courage is of many kinds and I think we may say that even the bravest people are not brave all through. I happen to know that one of Mallory's friends, a man who climbed Everest with him, is afraid of cows! He can scale precipices, the very thought of which makes me crumple up, but he moves quickly across a road to get out of the way of a cow! Of course, there is always a reason for nervousness of this sort – a fright in childhood or something going even farther back, and there is nothing to be ashamed of in this kind of fear, only it needs to be controlled.

I wonder if there ever lived a man more fearless than was David Livingstone, the great Missionary Explorer. His friends all declare that he seemed to have no idea of what fear was. But none the less we know from his private diaries that on at least two occasions he felt a deadly fear. But he conquered the weakness and carried on.

The picture illustrating this article is one of the tableaux in the famous Livingstone Gallery in the Memorial to him at his birthplace in Blantyre, Lanarkshire. The sculptor has called it "Courage," and has pictured quite wonderfully a man who did not know what it is to be frightened.

Livingstone is out unaccompanied, taking bearings for a map he is drafting. He is unarmed. The canoe behind shows that he has just crossed a river into new country. Suddenly he meets an impi of Angoni warriors, the tribe which, at that time, was terrorising the district and murdering thousands from sheer blood lust.

You see they are strung up to fall on him, but he is completely unmoved. He simply raises a hand to stop them as if he were a policeman on point duty; and notice the effect his unconcern has, as seen in the faces of the four men. The first grips his knobkerri, crouching tense to pounce, and yet is somehow held back. The second shows hesitation, and the other two, increasing bewilderment. Here was something they had never seen before. They were the accepted terror-

makers of the countryside, but in the figure before them there is no hint of fear. They hesitate and as they hesitate they are lost. Courage has conquered.

Here is another of the many instances in his story of how his cool confidence controlled a dangerous situation. He was just beginning the journey of exploration which led to the discovery of Lake Nyasa and in a canoe with two or three whites and a dozen Africans was ascending the Shire River. The inhabitants, who had an unpleasant reputation for skill in the use of poisoned arrows, followed them up the bank, dodging behind trees and occasionally using their bows, which, because the boat was kept at a safe distance, had no effect.

Then Livingstone announced his purpose to land. His companions objected strongly. They were sure he would be hit and for themselves it was not much fun to sit still and be the target for poisoned darts. But it was never any use arguing with Livingstone when his mind was made up.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE
as depicted on one of the tableaux in the Livingstone Gallery

At his order the canoe was paddled slowly towards the bank. The natives could be seen peeping from behind bushes and tufts of grass. When near enough, the Missionary stood up, and shouting that they were not slavers but English and friends, stepped into the shallow water and waded slowly ashore. As he went he opened his shirt to show his white chest to prove that he was a white man and not a brown Arab, as most of the slave raiders were. The natives watched him fascinated. They were too surprised to shoot. So he got his chance. Presents were given and friendship sealed.

Nothing could have been simpler, but think of the nerves of wire that it needed and of the tremendous impression the attitude made upon the simple people. It was not always so easy, however. He often had hair-breadth escapes.

Three years before, while crossing Africa, he had this exciting adventure. He had no Europeans with him on this journey, only thirty carriers of the Mokololo tribe. They had been pushing their way westward for months in constant rain, and under increasingly difficult conditions. The tribes were suspicious and greedy, exacting tribute to such an extent that in the end there was hardly anything left to give up. Then, one morning, when the Missionary, weak from malaria, was

resting in his tent, there came a sudden commotion. The camp had been surrounded by a large band of fighters armed with vicious-looking spears. The Mokololo were no cowards and were preparing to defend themselves, but a battle was the last thing the leader wanted. It would have ruined all his plans. So shouting to his men to restrain themselves, he fetched a chair from his tent and, with a deliberateness of manner that he could assume, and which he had found effective among excited natives, he plated it in the middle of the prancing mob and began staring fixedly with his bright commanding eyes at his opponents one by one. That, however, left his back exposed and a young brave, bolder than the others, noting this, made a dash at him from behind. A shout warned Livingstone who, wheeling round, poked his gun in the man's face. Then, as always, his personality prevailed, tempers quieted and a settlement was reached.

It is a most remarkable fact that in all his twenty thousand miles of travel, often through unfriendly country, and through dangers like that just described, Livingstone never once shot in self-defence. It is true that on one occasion, while leading a group of white people, he did allow his companions to fire, but that was grievously against his will. Always he was able by the coolness of courage and the impact of his personality to control the most menacing situation.

Perhaps it may be objected that to the man who does not know fear there is no special merit in being brave. Pluck may be just the effect of steady nerves and even a lack of imagination. There may be some justice in this argument. That kind of natural bravery is a precious endowment and very few have it, but it is not the highest kind of valour. The courage that, realising danger and being afraid, still goes forward, is a finer thing still.

David Livingstone, while he had in abundance what is not very correctly called "physical courage," had also in a supreme degree the higher kind, the pluck, that realising all the consequences and being afraid, still mastered his alarm and drove him quietly forward.

I expect many of you know the great story of how the Explorer crossed the Loangwa river, but it is so much in my line of thought that I can't leave it out. Anyhow, it is one of the greatest stories in our language.

It happened at the end of his long journey. He was travelling down the north bank of the Zambesi and had come to a broad river – a tributary. He had no white companion and was heading about a hundred Africans. They had a good deal of baggage and some cattle and they needed several canoes to take them over, but the chief of the village on the near bank would give them only two. With his marvellous power of intuition of what was passing in the African mind, Livingstone sensed treachery. Obviously the plot was to let half the company go over the river and then attack and kill those who were left. And for the first time in his life, as far as he has shown us, the great man was afraid, and it was no half fear either. I have studied his account as given in his private diary – a book as big as an old-fashioned Bible – and you can see it all there, hot off his mind, so to speak.

The entry is in two parts, written with an interval of two or three hours. There is no shakiness in the writing. It is heavy and strong as usual, but of his fear there is no question. He writes as if his last day had come. He makes a kind of dying confession, "A guilty, weak and helpless worm into Thine arms I fall," he quotes. Then, he trembles for the fate of his family in Scotland. "I cast myself and all my cares at Thy feet." Then he thinks of the loss of the vastly important geographical discoveries he had made and for which he had suffered so much. There the first paragraph ends in absolute depression.

The next entry is headed "Evening.'' It is entirety different in tone. It is not difficult to guess what had happened. The truculent crowds of armed Africans had slipped away into the dark bush and Livingstone sits by his little tent reading his Bible in the failing light. Then he writes these memorable words:

"Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having my plans knocked on the head by savages tomorrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'Lo, I am with ye always even unto the end of the world.' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour and there's an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night as intended. I will take observations though they be my last. I am calm now. Thank God."

But in the morning things looked more dangerous than ever. The beating of many drums told him that the tribes from other villages also were gathering. And now there was only one canoe available. But Livingstone was his own confident self again. He knew exactly what he would do.

The usual camp routine was followed. The single canoe had to travel back and forward and it was a very protracted business. First the goods, then the cattle, and last the men. And all the time the warriors with their ugly spears were massed around, but Livingstone joked with them and kept the chiefs in good humour. He showed them his watch, he amused them with his mirror; he startled them with his burning-glass. Then, last of all, he stepped aboard, after thanking the chief for his courtesy. Next day he sent him a present from the farther side.

Here surely we have courage at its highest.

There is one danger that goes with fortitude like this. It is apt to lead to foolhardy action, and the only other record we have of Livingstone's being afraid arose out of a feat that can only be described as being imprudently bold.

The passion of the Explorer's later life was to stop the horrible traffic in slaves that was turning East Africa into a jungle. As part of this campaign he had had built, at his own expense, a little steamer which he called the *Lady Nyasa,* which he intended should be placed on the lake of that name. But the plan failed, and at the end of his engagement with the British Government he was left with the costly little ship on his hands. He could have sold her easily in Zanzibar, but he feared if he did so that the slave-dealers would somehow get hold of her. So he decided, instead, that he would sail her right across the fifteen hundred miles of open sea to Bombay and dispose of her there.

It was a risk that no experienced captain would have taken. She was a light little craft built for an inland lake and not for the open ocean. She had room for only fourteen tons of coal. He had only one trained sailor to help him and had to take charge of the navigation himself. The monsoon winds were due in about five weeks, but he was confident that he could get over in time. But he did not know that before the advent of the monsoon there are often long spells of calm. Hence the progress was maddeningly slow. Then, when the squalls began to come it was found that they could not keep the frail craft on her course. The African boys who made up the crew had not been trained to trim the sails and the result was that the *Lady Nyasa* swung round broadside to every blast and all but turned turtle each time. Then Livingstone realised the hole he had got himself into, for he knew that in the full monsoon gales that might break at any moment, the little boat would have no chance whatever.

Once again his diary is frank as to his fears. "A poor helpless creature, permit me to lean on Thy powerful arm," he prays. But once more fortune favoured the brave and the competent, for the captain's amateur seamanship proved so accurate that they reached the coast near Bombay just as monsoon conditions were setting in. It was a wonderful trip, but it should not have been undertaken.

These last two stories tell something very important about courage. It is a gift that we all possess in a greater or less degree, but of which no one has an unlimited stock, not even a Livingstone. Thousands of men from the last war will tell you that. It is a stock that gives out if not renewed. Rest is needed and change, but most of all, access to some powerful motive, to

moral principle, to patriotism, to morale, but deepest of all, to religion. If you had asked Livingstone where his courage came from, I think he would have lifted his shaggy eyebrows at you in wonder that you should ask so simple a question. To him it was clear as noonday. He was God's instrument, doing a job that God had given him to do. So, what room was there for fear? The building of his confidence might quiver now and again, but the foundation was secure. It was this faith that made Livingstone great.

The Patrol Symbol—a silhouette of a Lion's head; the Patrol colours are brown and gold for the earth and sun of Africa.

III. CHARLES DARWIN

By R. Neil Chrystal

"I KNEW a biologist once," said an old lady to me many I years ago, "a Mr. Darwin, a friend of my dear husband's. I liked him very well, but he had ideas about monkeys and creatures like that, didn't he? I was at the Zoo with my husband one day, and we saw the chimpanzees. The keeper, to amuse us, gave one of the horrid creatures a top hat and cane. With the top hat on his head, and flourishing the cane, it bore such an uncanny resemblance to my dear husband, I have never cared for Mr. Darwin and his odious ideas since,"

CHARLES DARWIN
This portrait, sketched by an unknown artist, pictures him at the age of 31, four years after the return of the "Beagle" to England in October 1836

That was all that my old friend, and many other people like her, ever knew of the life and work of the most famous naturalist the nineteenth century produced. Charles Darwin was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809. His father, Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, was a well-known doctor in that town, a man of shrewd intelligence and wit. His mother, a daughter of the famous potter, Josiah Wedgwood, died when he was only 8 years old. At the age of 9 he was sent to Shrewsbury School, and looking back in after years on this period, he wrote that "nothing could have been worse for the development of my mind than Dr. B.'s school." He disliked the drudgery of work which depended upon mere exercise of memory, but delighted in the study of geometry because he took pleasure in the understanding of any complex subject. With an older brother, he studied chemistry and "made all the gases," the nickname "Gas" being bestowed on him by his schoolmates. The headmaster rebuked him publicly for wasting time on such trivialities, and the general opinion of his teachers was that his mental powers were below average! Schoolmasters often make errors of that kind. At the age of 10, he was collecting insects, was keen on birds, and began to discover an interest in geology, this taking the form of a desire to know something of the history of every pebble in front of the hall door. He was a keen sportsman, and could get lots of that at Uncle Josiah's place. Such was his delight in these outdoor sports that his father once reproached him that "he cared for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching and . . . the reproof ending in the usual prophecy of disgrace to himself and the family." At the same time, he was an avid reader, poring over Byron, Scott, and Shakespeare, and a volume of nature lore entitled *Wonders of the World.* This last he read, significantly, not only for gleaning of information, but probing for the reasons why and how all the strange things recorded in these pages had come about.

In 1825, at the age of 16, his father decided that he had the makings of a successful physician in him and he was entered at the College of Edinburgh, where his grandfather, the famous Erasmus Darwin, had taken his medical degree some 70 years before. As the starting-point of a medical career, the Edinburgh experiment was a failure, but the youth spent rapturous hours studying the marine fauna of the Firth of Forth, making his first contribution to the study of marine biology, and attracting notice from the discerning who noted how he would experiment, observe and see for himself, refusing to take speculative opinion for granted. His stay at Edinburgh was short, and by January 1829 we find him, an undergraduate at Christ's College, Cambridge, reading theology. Again, however, fate decreed otherwise, and his zeal for the study of Paley's *Evidences* hardly matched the excitement provoked by close study of Humboldt's travels, from the pages of which he conjured up visions of tropical exploration, adventure and discovery. His great gifts were already a subject of remark, and among the many friends he made during these years, Professor Henslow was the most important so far as his future career was concerned. His last year at Cambridge found him an enthusiastic collector of beetles, and about the same time an excursion to North Wales with the great geologist, Professor Adam Sedgwick, laid the foundations of that geological knowledge which he was to put to such great use during his travels in H.M.S. *Beagle.* By 1831 he had taken his degree and left Cambridge, still an amateur in all branches of science, but noted by all who knew him well as one who had an uncanny knack of penetrating to facts, which sometimes upset preconceived views current at the time.

In August, 1831, a great opportunity came his way. He might go as naturalist on H.M.S. *Beagle,* under the command of Captain Fitzroy, on a world-wide surveying expedition. Henslow was strongly in favour of his going; had, in fact, proposed it in the first place. His father, however, demurred, and the young man in deference to his wishes reluctantly abandoned the idea, and went off shooting at Uncle Josiah's, where he, no doubt, gave his uncle all the news about the position. Uncle Josiah earns our lasting gratitude by taking a different line of thought, and bringing the father round to acquiescence in the scheme. A second application for the position was successfully made, and that autumn of 1831 the Coronation procession of King William IV was

witnessed by an excited and enthusiastic young man who was shopping in town preparatory to setting out on a voyage which was to last five years, and make scientific history.

The world encircling voyage of the *Beagle* was the most important event in Darwin's life and determined his whole future career. Out of the vast mass of collections, observations and impressions which the young naturalist gathered during those years, several major items stand out, i.e., his observations on the formation of coral islands, his geological studies on St. Helena and other islands, and, most important of all, as a signpost along which he was destined to travel, his observations on the relationships between the past and present animals and plants of the islands of the Galapagos group, and their affinities to the flora and fauna of the South American lands lying 600 miles farther east.

Darwin returned to England in October, 1836, with an established reputation, and confident forecasts of his future pre-eminence in science were made by many who were watching his career. In 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, starting married life in London, where, owing to ill-health, his stay was a brief one. He was forced to seek the peace and quiet of a country life and settled at Down, a small village in Kent about 20 miles from London. Down House was to be his home for the rest of his life, leading an existence of comparative seclusion, combating against ill-health, and always deeply engaged in scientific work of vast magnitude. During those years he was to be constantly supported and encouraged by the constant love and care of the faithful Emma and a devoted family.

In 1837 he had begun his first notebook on what he called "The Transmutation of Species." Originally a firm believer in the current doctrine of the special creation and fixity of species, he was beginning to feel that the phenomena of animal and plant relationships which he had observed on his world travels could not be explained at all satisfactorily by these doctrines. Some evolutionary mechanism must be at work, and his task was to seek, in the first place, for evidence that evolution had taken place, and then to search for the causes which helped to bring it about. The idea of the evolutionary process was no new creation of his, Aristotle had speculated on it, and many distinguished thinkers had followed him. It was to be his achievement to infuse life into the dry bones of speculation by the creation of the entirely new theory of the mechanism by which species were originated, and which he called Natural Selection. He had inherited mental qualities which equipped him well for the task. Grandfather Erasmus had possessed powers of thought and imagination which amounted to genius, and his father also showed the imaginative gift to a lesser degree. Witness the following lines of verse suggested to him by the appearance of the first locomotive about 1825: –

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear,
The flying chariot through the fields of air."

Not a bad picture of an age to come, poetic licence allowed for!

Darwin had been working on his theory of natural selection for almost twenty years when in 1855 Alfred Russel Wallace, a naturalist working in the Malay Peninsula, published a paper on the laws which regulate the introduction of new species. In this paper he expressed views which were almost identical with Darwin's own, and contact between the two men was soon established. In 1858, Wallace sent Darwin the MS. of an essay entitled, "The Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type." He asked Darwin to read and criticise the paper and express his views as to the publication. On receipt of the paper, Darwin's first impulse was to withdraw his own work in favour of that of Wallace, but after anxious debate, he was dissuaded from this course by his friends, Lyell and Hooker, at whose suggestion a joint paper by the two men was submitted to the Linnean Society on July 1, 1858. This paper bore the

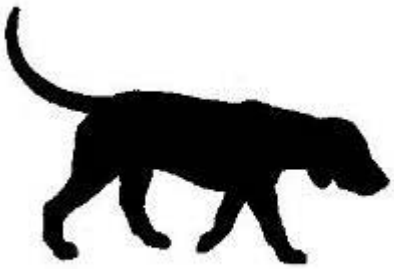
tide, "On the Tendency of Species to Form Varieties, and the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection."

Seventeen months later, on November 24, 1859, Darwin's share of this paper appeared in an expanded form as the famous *Origin of Species,* a work destined to revolutionise biological science, and establish organic evolution as a current creed.

Space forbids any detailed account of the many other works which came from the pen of the great naturalist. One can only briefly review a few of the most important. For instance, the brilliant account of the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle,* which appeared in separate form in 1845, the work on the structure of Coral Reefs (1842), the scientific monographs on the Barnacles *(Cirripedia)* (1846-54), his great contribution to the purely descriptive toxonomic side of marine biology. After the appearance of the *Origin* came works on Animal Variation and the *Descent of Man,* and between 1877 and 1880 the results of his researches on Orchid Fertilisation, Climbing and Insectivorous Plants, and his last book, the famous and much-quoted work on the *Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Earthworms.*

Early in 1882 it was obvious to those around him that his days were drawing to a close. On March 7th he was able for the last time to reach his favourite "sand walk" in the garden at Down, and as late as April 17th he was recording an experiment for his son. But his work was done, and on April 19th he died and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey close by his teacher and lifelong friend, Sir Charles Lyell. The greatest naturalist the world had seen since the days of the great Linnaeus, he was gone, but his influence remained a beacon light to help and encourage workers in natural science for generations to come.

The Patrol Symbol—a silhouette of a Beagle; the Patrol colours are green and white, for Nature and the search for knowledge.



IV. GEORGE MALLORY

By Howard Somervell

GEORGE LEIGH MALLORY was one of those exceptional people who combine a high degree of imagination with a perfectly rational outlook towards danger.

To most people of the imaginative type, danger looms in their mind on many occasions when in fact there is little or no risk. We think of what *might* happen rather than reflect that it almost certainly will not. But George had an instinctive way of realising that most "dangerous" places are perfectly safe as long as one is careful and as long as one is able to concentrate on the matter in hand. He was always an adventurer. While driving a car he would invariably pass the car in front of him, accepting the fact that it was in front as a challenge. It was the same spirit that made him look upon every mountain or cliff, not as an object in the landscape but as a challenge to his gymnastic ability.

Physically he was of almost perfect proportions; his face was so handsome as to be beautiful – a word one seldom uses of the faces of men; his body was of average height and perfectly made, with adequate but not excessive muscle; lithe yet not slim, strong yet not clumsy.

And combined with his very perfect physique was a serious, thoughtful, friendly and spiritual nature.- Just as mountains and rocks were a challenge to his body, so human distress and times that were out of joint were a challenge to his thoughts, and he was constantly discussing methods of "putting the world right." If he had lived longer, he might have contributed a lot to social reform, and to make his country a better and a happier place.

[By courtesy of the Alpine Club

GEORGE MALLORY

Ever since I came to know George Mallory, I felt him to be a kindred spirit. The mountain or rock, the car in front, and the sufferings of mankind have always been a challenge to me – a thing not to be accepted or neglected but to do something about; so when I found myself on the 1922 Everest Expedition with George Mallory, our friendship, which previously had been little more than an acquaintance, rapidly deepened. When we shared a tent, as we often did by choice, we would read aloud to one another from Robert Bridges' *Spirit of Man,* that best of all anthologies, which I never look at nowadays without thinking of George in a cold and draughty little tent, and of the plans we made together for the betterment of human relationships, national, communal and individual. We always came round to it that the only solution of the world's needs is spiritual, and along the lines already laid down by Jesus Christ in His teaching. George Mallory's mind, which has been described by his friend, David Pye, as "half-sceptical, half-ardent fearlessness in matters of the heart and spirit," rejected all short cuts to the solution of social or national problems, but found eventually that the solution must lie in the spiritual sphere and not along political or material lines.

From being a schoolboy at Winchester, George Mallory went to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he took history, and made a close friendship with A. C. Benson, then a Fellow of the College, and later its Master. Although a deep and intelligent thinker, George Mallory was not good at examinations and only got a second-class in the Tripos examination. He went on to be a schoolmaster at Charterhouse. A large part of his holidays through all this time was spent in climbing – in the Alps and on British rocks – and throughout his all-too-short life mountain climbing was his chief hobby – far more than a hobby; it sometimes seemed to be the thing for which, more than anything else, he lived.

Why was George Mallory a mountaineer? Why, for that matter, are any of us mountaineers? Surely because mountains, to those who have surrendered to their charms, become a spiritual

necessity, just as those who surrender to the charm of music are most truly happy when performing or listening to music. Mountains call forth one's best physical efforts, and reward us by the double spiritual reward of grand and romantic scenery, coupled with the satisfaction of having done a hard job to earn one's enjoyment. Between his visits to the Alps, George often visited the rock-climbs of Wales, Cumberland or Skye. Here the difficulties are more intense and the rewards more physical. The rocks demand accuracy of judgment, quickness of appreciation and decision, poise, muscular strength, gymnastic ability on a smaller scale of time and distance, but to a correspondingly greater intensity, than do the longer Alpine ascents. David Pye, in his life of Mallory, sums up the rewards of rock-climbing well when he says: all faculties "are focused upon an aim which is for the moment supreme; the deliberate and certain, though rapid, movement which leads after moments of high nervous tension, to the luxurious ease of complete security."

In his exploration of new rock-climbs, Mallory was in the truest sense unselfish. When he felt that a projected climb was likely to prove dangerous, he preferred to explore it alone, for, in his own words, he "took risks for nobody but himself" if he was alone. Solitary mountaineering is not approved of in most climbing circles, but in the ascent of steep rocks, where the leader in any case risks his life, and under some circumstances may risk the lives of others on the rope with him, it is devoid of all blame to climb alone and may be actually a wholly admirable and courageous thing to do. It was so in the case of George Mallory.

He married just before the 1914 war, and was actually on his honeymoon in Wales when the war began. To a man holding his views, that the ideal relationship between nations is the same as the ideal relationship between individuals, the war was a terrible shock. All the goodness inherent in civilised life had gone crash. Centuries of human attempts to evolve order and justice and happy community life were suddenly brought to nothing. He joined the gunners and in 1916 went to the Western Front; his sensitive mind naturally found there that of the two horrors – the press fanning hatred to fury and the death and suffering of battle casualties – the former was the worse. Throughout the war, in which he proved himself a practical and efficient gunner officer, he was continually thinking how best to influence the *thought* of his country when it was all over; and he actually wrote a small book, *War Work for Boys and Girls*, urging young people to learn the history of their country and then to think out what path it could best pursue to build up greatness and happiness once again.

After the war, Mallory returned to Charterhouse, to the profession of schoolmaster – that calling which of all others admits of good and regular holidays; and these, of course, were spent in climbing, largely in the Alps. But not for long; in 1920 he was asked to go in the expedition to reconnoitre Everest in the following year. Everest had never before been approached by any climbing or exploring party. Being, as it is, between two countries, Tibet and Nepal – which are both sensible enough to beep out Europeans, and with them that doubtful commodity Western civilisation, no Westerner had been allowed to approach Everest until 1921. So the expedition of that year was largely geographical, the mapping of the approaches to Everest and the finding of a possible route up the mountain.

Then, their maps having been made, Mallory and his fellow-climber, Bullock, spent two months exploring the eastern and western approaches to Everest, but they came to the conclusion that only by the north-east shoulder was there any hope of getting to the top. Their rightness has been confirmed by all the later expeditions. But the hardships encountered and the energy consumed in these reconnaissance efforts had deprived all the members of the expedition of much of their former fitness; the high wind and blizzards of blowing snow settled their problems, and they had to be content with going as far only as the "North Col" – an icy pass of 23,000 feet between Everest and the mountain immediately to its northern side, The height was almost a record in mountaineering history, to be surpassed by 4,000 feet the following year. But the

weather and the climbers' condition made it quite impossible to make any serious attempt to climb the mountain hi 1921.

The following year, 1922, a better equipped and bigger expedition set out in which I had the privilege of sharing. We made a string of camps, the last being on the top of the North Col. From that camp the real attempts to climb the mountain took place. First Mallory, Norton, Morshead and I set out, with a few of our magnificent Nepalese porters, two little tents, sleeping bags for four and about two days' food – we could not carry more. We camped at 25,000 feet on a stony slope. To this day I remember the tossing and turning during the night, the sharp corners of the stones sticking into one's back and the relief when by some movement the corners stuck into a new part of one's anatomy. Turning in bed at that height required a lot of energy and made one breathless for five minutes. Then next morning we set out, in fairly decent weather – but Morshead was a sick man and had to be left in camp, so the other three of us pushed on as far as we could, and got up to 27,000 feet before we had to turn back. Morshead must be got home (to the North Col) before it got too cold or he might be frozen to death. Down we came, from 27,000 to 25,000 feet in a very short time. Poor Morshead was very ill, and to prevent severe frostbite we had to make him walk and climb on his own legs, although he begged us several times to let him down on a rope or drag him home on an improvised sledge of blankets. At one place on the way back we nearly had a fatal slip down the slopes of ice, but were saved by Mallory, who, when the slip occurred, had fortunately reached a rock, from which he could hold the whole party. But we got home all right, and then found no matches to light the stove so had to go to bed without food or drink.

A few days later, Finch and Bruce made the second attempt and pitched their single tent a little higher, but in a very exposed position. For twenty-four hours they fought against a storm which threatened to carry away their tent. It must have been a terrible fight: but they won, and next day in bitter weather went up 500 feet higher than we had gone. They were using oxygen and we had not, so we resolved on a third attempt, by Mallory, Crawford and myself, with oxygen.

While making our way up a snow-slope below the North Col, a large party of seventeen – our three selves with fourteen porters – were carried down by an avalanche and seven of our number were killed – those who had been at the back of our party were thrown over a cliff, whereas the avalanche slowed up and stopped before the front end of the party had reached the edge.

One of the clearest recollections I have of that disaster was the absence of fear. Death in a few seconds seemed so certain that there was no time to be afraid – or perhaps it was because (being a Christian) I knew that death is not a thing to be frightened of, but only a door from the room we call ordinary life into the open air of the great life beyond. George Mallory was more upset about this accident than any of us. He felt that as the only member of the party who had been on Everest the previous year he ought to have known better, and he seemed to take upon himself an unfair share of the blame. That was just like him. We must all take our share of the blame and his was no more than mine, or anyone else's. Anyway, the expedition was now at an untimely end; we all realised that as we sorrowfully dug our friends out of the snow below the cliff, and found seven out of the nine who had fallen were dead.

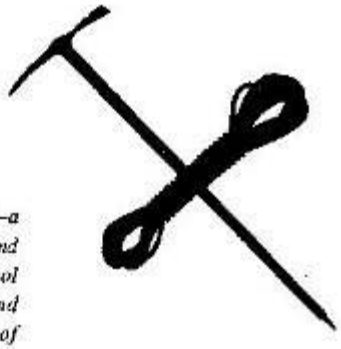
In 1924 we returned to the assault, and this time we planned our climbs in a different way. At least six climbers were to assemble at the North Col, with plenty of food and equipment; three attempts on three successive days were to be made, with two climbers on each. Of these, George Mallory and Geoffrey Bruce were to be the first pair. Up they went to 25,000 feet with three little tents and four of the selected porters, whom we called "Tigers." Next day Norton and I did the same. But instead of seeing Mallory and Bruce going on ahead to establish a second camp at 27,000 feet, we saw to our disappointment that Mallory and Bruce were coming down to meet us. Bruce had felt the altitude and his heart wouldn't allow his body to go farther, although from

what I know of his indomitable spirit he must have made a very good try to do so. Norton and I slept at the camp Mallory and Bruce had pitched, went on another 2,000 feet with our four Tigers the next day, pitched a single tent and said "good-bye" to the Tigers as they ran down the mountain-side towards the North Col. Yes, they ran; for at this part the mountain is easy going, and although every step upwards has to be fought for by hard breathing and a summoning of all one's energy, it is work against gravity that demands oxygen, and while one is going down one can go almost as quickly and easily as on a Lakeland mountain or a slope in Snowdonia. We were making our attempt without oxygen. Mallory and Irvine were to use it on their climb three days later.

Next morning Norton and I got a bad start, for we had upset our thermos flask of coffee in the night and not only got wet and icy blankets as a result, but had to light the stove, melt some snow and make more coffee before the start. We got off at six or so – an hour late. After some hundreds of feet on easy slopes, the rocks steepened and the real climbing began. Up and up we went, going more and more slowly as we got higher, until at 28,000 feet we sat down; we worked out our rate as only 100 feet an hour, although we had gone all out. We had over 900 feet more and it was about 3 p.m. That meant the top – if we could get there – at midnight; possibly losing our way in darkness and having to wait about in the intense cold of Himalayan night. And *that* meant being frozen to death. We were willing, of course, to *risk* our lives, but we thought it wrong to throw them away. Norton went on a bit to prospect the difficulties ahead, while I sat down to regain my breath, and then went on to meet him, for he was starting snow-blindness and needed a companion. We roped together once more, and Norton went down first, myself ever ready to hold him if he, with his impaired eyesight, should slip. But he didn't slip – he went splendidly and securely, right down to the North Col, Next day Mallory and Irvine went up to Camp 5, and the day after to Camp 6, our little tent at 27,000 feet.

On the third day after our unsuccessful assault, they started early, and went straight up to the summit ridge of the mountain. Up and up along the ridge they climbed, and they were seen well above our highest point, going well, and ahead of our time by several hours. Then a cloud came down and covered them, and the top of Everest was shrouded in mist for some tune. When, after some hours, the clouds cleared away, every eye was strained, every telescope or binocular was in use – but they were never seen again. Odell stout-heartedly went up alone to the highest camp, and found no traces of their arrival there. A search party was proposed, but Norton wisely forbade it; there was no use in throwing away good lives to search for what would certainly be dead men. For if they had not fallen through some slip or loss of balance, they would assuredly be frozen to death. One more Everest expedition had ended in disaster.

What a pity it is that George Mallory was not spared to help along our nation, which is in such dire need of greathearted men with a real genius for leadership. Some would say that he threw his life away in attempting no better thing than to climb to the top of a mountain. But *was* that life thrown away? The price of a life of adventure must necessarily be the running of risks, one of which may end in premature death. Adventure in itself has no value in hard cash nor in any material commodity. And for that very reason its value is largely, if not entirely, spiritual. To look at its negative side: what will happen to a nation in which there are no adventurers, no members who are prepared to run great risks in order to climb high mountains, or to visit unexplored regions, or to pit their strength against the very difficult or dangerous places of the earth? Such a nation will become material in outlook, limited in vision, selfish in its life and its policy. If Britain had no more adventurers, she would settle down to the marshlands of third-rate-hood. George Mallory did not die in vain. He died doing a thing in which there is nothing of the material, in which mind endeavours to assert its superiority over matter. The inevitable outcome of the surrender of the spirit to matter is, as we have recently seen, the crashing disaster of total war. Enthrone the spirit as supreme, and the brotherhood of mankind is not far away.



The Patrol Symbol—a silhouette of ice axe and coiled rope ; the Patrol colours are brown and white for rock and snow of the mountains.

V. GINO WATKINS

By J. M. Scott

I KNEW Gino Watkins for little more than four years, but it was my fortune to be with him not only when life was easy but also in the more revealing circumstances of cold, hunger, disappointment and success. I will write of such qualities as I was able to appreciate by describing the circumstances in which I discovered them.

(By courtesy of J. M. Scott

GINO WATKINS

The first was his originality. He was always individual, often surprising, even disconcerting, but he was never dull. That is an important factor in somebody with whom one must live under uncomfortable surroundings for weeks and months together. I remember my first meeting with him. At a breakfast party during my last year at Cambridge I made the remark that many people have made at one time or another, "I wish I could do some exploring." But I said it in the company of a man who had himself explored with Shackleton and Captain Scott.

"Watkins is planning to go to Labrador," he said. "I'll write to him, and you had better go and see him."

"Who is Watkins?"

"He led the expedition to Edge Island last year."

"Where is Edge Island?"

"About five hundred miles north of Finland," I was told.

I suppose one always forms a mental picture, consciously or unconsciously, of a person one is going to meet for the first time. I don't remember exactly what I expected to find in Watkins – something fairly old and formidable at any rate.

What I did find was an undergraduate, younger and much more lightly built than myself, with neatly brushed fair hair, and a very polite manner. That was the first surprise. But the second came when this young dilettante unfolded a big map of Labrador and, with one hand in his pocket, pointing with the index finger of the other, made such remarks as, "All that part is unexplored, one will have to survey it. . . . That dotted line is the height of land. They've agreed that shall be the boundary, but thereabouts they don't know where it is. … The Indians say there is a big waterfall somewhere there. . . . It is all forested this southern part. There aren't any paths. One travels by river – canoe in summer and dog sledge in tie winter."

Then Watkins asked me if I knew anything about map-making. No, I was sorry I did not. Could I ski or walk on snowshoes. No. There was a pause, and then he asked if I would like to go with him. I said I would love to. We might have been arranging a picnic on the river.

And in a way that first expedition I did with him was a picnic on the river. It was a characteristic of Gino Watkins that he made everything appear quite simple, undramatic, and rather a joke. I remember an incident on the canoe journey. It had been raining for days. The river was in furious flood and our canoe had been swamped in a rapid. We had rescued all we could of our belongings. We had put up the dripping tent, but no fire would light, even with birch-bark. As he crawled into his sodden sleeping-bag, Watkins quoted, slowly and seriously:

> "Where the bee sucks there suck I,
> In a cowslip bell I lie . . ,"

He was fond of poetry, but that did not prevent him making a joke of it.

It was an arduous picnic. We were a poor expedition and could afford to hire few men to help us. That meant that, apart from the surveying work, which kept us busy with compass and plane table by day and often kept us up late into the cold night taking theodolite observations of the stars, we had to hunt our own food, paddle, pole or portage our canoe, or drive our dogs or pull our hand-sledge. In nine months we travelled over 2,000 miles. We had plenty of data to take home; far more than any similar party had collected; and it had been won by Gino's careful planning and enormous energy. In a country as wild as Labrador it is impossible to plan for everything beforehand; dangers and difficulties must be met as they appear, and nothing useful can be achieved by a small party without at least a minimum of risk. On every single journey we ran short of food – for the sake of our map we had to go just that little bit farther. It was a great responsibility for the leader – a man of twenty-one years – to know how far we ought to go. I remember one incident in particular. In the early spring we were three hundred miles from the nearest settlement, very short of food, and enduring a sudden spell of cold weather – more than 40 degrees below zero – which had killed half our dogs and sapped the vitality of the rest. Our task was to chart the course of a river and find the position of a waterfall, an objective chiefly of geographical interest and one which was unlikely to impress the third member of our party, a trapper who considered the value of a district solely in terms of the amount of fur it was likely to produce. The position was the more demoralising because in that wooded country it was never certain that we had not already passed within a mile of our objective. Watkins made no speeches – he never did – but he remarked that while we were here we might as well finish the work. He bet me a dinner and a theatre that the river came from a certain lake, and he declined most of his share

of the food because he said he was not at all hungry. He saved us from feeling ourselves heroic, and we finished the job as a matter of course.

I will tell one other incident from Labrador. We had finished our work and sledged out along the coast to meet a ship that would take us home. When we reached the Belle Isle Straits which separate Labrador from Newfoundland, we found to our bitter disappointment that they were still locked by ice-pans. These drifted to and fro with the tide, and a storm would have scattered them; but impatience had taken the place of courage, and I proposed that we should walk across. Gino refused. He said we would wait for a ship.

I was puzzled. During our surveying I had seen him cross a newly frozen river where the thin ice sagged and cracked under his weight, and where, if he had fallen through, he would have been swept away to certain death. I had seen him risk his life so often that I could not understand this sudden caution, It was not till much later that I understood.

If he wanted something, he went for it, not blindly, but with his eyes open and his mind alert, using his experience, his intuition, and the advice of others to help him to select and follow the path which was most likely to prove successful. If he wanted to go somewhere, he went; but he only followed a dangerous path if there were no other. He was quite indifferent whether he was called a brave man or a coward, but if his object seemed to justify risks he refused to be handicapped by principles of safety. On holiday he allowed himself the luxury of risks – flying, rock-climbing, ski-ing – for the sensation of being frightened, as he put it. But in his work risks were the currency with which he bought results, and he was careful how he used them. If a dangerous river or a crevassed glacier lay between him and a survey point, he crossed it as lightly as he crossed a road. But by jumping from ice pan to ice pan in the Belle Isle Straits we could have gained only a few more days at home at the distinct risk of our lives and our hard-made map. That was not justified.

Watkins was scarcely back in England before he began planning his third Arctic expedition, the British Arctic Air Route Expedition. This was a much more ambitious venture with a dozen companions, two aeroplanes, and fifty sledge dogs. It was to win him an audience with the King, the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, awards from the Geographical Societies of both Scotland and Denmark, and, posthumously, the Polar Medal with Arctic clasp, an honour which had not been given for half a century. But anyone who saw Gino during those months of preparation might have been excused for not recognising in him the organiser of a difficult and audacious venture. They would have seen a young man, very neatly dressed, and carefully turned out, cheerfully interested in bathing, in picnics, in cinemas and dances, in doing anything and everything with his family. His work was mainly done later at night or early in the morning.

For me it was very interesting to watch how his essentially personal methods of leadership succeeded with a much larger party. He used no artificial methods of authority: he was Gino to everyone. He was the leader because he was the best man. Although physically he was far from being the strongest member of the party, he was the best sledge traveller, the best in an Eskimo kayak, the best hunter. He was daring and sweeping in his plans, and meticulous in their preparation. But he could work out these life-and-death details with a gramophone playing and everybody talking in the room – or with everybody else asleep. There was no privacy on an Arctic expedition.

There is no doubt he was well tested. To fulfil his ambitious programme of work, considerable risks had to be taken. Sledging parties became overdue; if their rations and equipment had not proved good they must have perished. Both aeroplanes crashed. Courtauld, who was in charge of the weather station on the Ice Cap, was besieged for five months by winter storms more than a hundred miles not only from the nearest man but from the nearest particle of life, and the first

relief sent out came back without him. Furious winds, blowing at as much as 130 miles an hour, rushed down on the base hut and the sledging camps. Accident and death were reported from the much older German expedition on the other coast.

Sometimes this Arctic world seemed too powerful even for the strongest man. But in the middle of it all was Gino Watkins, slight and more fragile than any of the rest, his face carefully shaved and his hair neatly brushed, quietly planning some still more daring journey or asking the wireless operator, whose masts had been blown down by a storm, how long it would be before he could pick up the Savoy band.

On his return to England, after a final open-boat journey of 600 miles round the stormy southern tip of Greenland, he found himself, at twenty-four, something of a celebrity. But, as always, his eyes were on the future. He was planning a great journey across the Antarctic continent. At that financially depressed time he failed to raise the necessary money. So, instead, he went back to Greenland to amplify the work done on his last expedition. And it was there he died, hunting alone in his kayak. No trace of his body was ever found. He had gone cleanly out from the world.

In conclusion, I would mention two sayings of Gino Watkins' which help a little to explain how a man of twenty-five could achieve so much without making a single enemy and while, in spite of long absences, remaining an essential part of the family he loved. "If you want to do anything strongly enough," he said, "you can do it – absolutely anything." And, "People work best when they are happy."

The Patrol Symbol—a silhouette of a kayak; the Patrol colours are light blue and white—for ice and snow.

VI. ORDE WINGATE

By Bernard Fergusson.

I HAVE been asked to write for THE SCOUTER some account of Orde Wingate, that astonishing soldier who, like Nelson and Wolfe, was struck down at the very moment of his greatest triumph. I find it hard to do. There are so many facets to his character that it is impossible to convey a lucid impression of it in a short article. These were Wingate the strategist, the technician, the planner, the leader of desperate enterprises, the politician, the explorer, the expounder of philosophies. In each character he was remarkable. Let me describe Wingate the super scout.

When he was gathering his force for his first expedition into Burma, he startled the authorities with his outline of the training which he proposed to carry out almost as much as he had startled them with his plan. It was in May, 1942: the months when the monsoon breaks in India. For the next three or four months the climate is one of continuous rain; and in Central India, where he proposed to train, the rainfall in those three months is four or five times that of England in the whole year. It has always been thought impossible for European troops to live outdoors in that

rain and not succumb to disease. Wingate took his men by train to the jungles of the Central Provinces, halted the train and marched them forty miles into the forest. There they were to spend the next six months.

Photo by Graphic Photo Union

ORDE WINGATE

I did not join his force until after the monsoon was over. I found the men triumphant at having come through the monsoon, rather like a Sea Scout might be triumphant at having sailed through a gale of wind. By this time they were as much at home in the jungle as the animals themselves. Wingate had taught them how to be so. No man had more property than what he could carry on his back. Each man was confident of being able to hold his own as a jungle dweller. Two or three days a week no food would be delivered to our bivouac so that we should learn to be able to shoot and gather what we needed. Instead of meat rations, we went out and killed deer or snake or monkey or anything that was edible; and we learnt that there was no such thing as an inedible animal. We learnt to recognise edible plants and how to cook them, in the most palatable fashion.

Wingate taught us also how to move through forest quickly, silently and with the minimum of fatigue. He taught us how there is a right and wrong way of doing everything in the jungle: a right and wrong stroke at the creepers through which you must cut your path. He taught us how to hollow out a bush to sleep in so that you would not be observed from air of ground; how to avoid disturbing animals whose fright would divulge your presence; how to conceal where you had tramped.

His discipline was inexorable. Once, when lecturing us on water discipline, he told us how when he crossed the Sahara in 1934 and when he was fighting in Upper Palestine in 1938, he used to make his men, even when they were nearly frantic with thirst, wait and look at the water for half an hour or an hour before drinking it – in much the same way as you say “trust” to your dog when the biscuit is underneath his nose. All this was to inculcate self-discipline and self-reliance; and he bred this in his men to such a degree that he knew he could trust them to exact the same standard from themselves whether he was a hundred miles away or present among them.

He was no orthodox soldier; there could not have been a soldier more unorthodox. Yet he refuted the idea that to be orthodox meant to be slipshod. I remember how furious he was once when he found that the bivouac in which my men and I were spending Christmas, when I thought we might relax a little, was not up to his standard. He pointed out to me that my camp

should either be meticulously conventional with the men sleeping in rows, or else that it should be precisely as he taught with everybody hidden under bushes. Mine was neither one thing nor the other. To one of my subordinates who said to him, "A merry Christmas, sir!" he replied, "How many mules have you got and are they fit for hard service?"

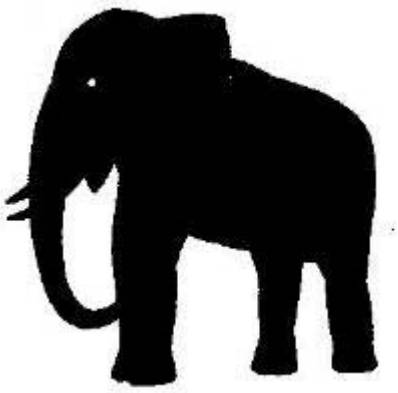
Here are some of his sayings which seem to me good slogans for Scouts. "The answer to noise is silence." In other words, do not be tricked by noise from your quarry into being noisy too. When the Japanese came at us shouting and shooting we must remain absolutely silent.

"Don't be predictable." When you are stalking your enemy, never do what he expects you to do.

"No patrol will report a jungle impenetrable until it has penetrated it." He said this to some patrols which he was sending into a patch of jungle never before crossed by Europeans or natives.

Another time, when we were far behind the Japanese lines, some laxity on the part of one of his columns annoyed him. He halted us all by wireless, and ordered that every single officer from every column in the neighbourhood should come to his bivouac. I left my column hidden and under the command of the sergeant-major and brought my officers, weary after much marching, to where Wingate lay. The officers of five columns were there – nearly a hundred in all. Wingate raged at us for an hour, beginning with our own shortcomings, and developing his theme into a condemnation of what he saw as the degeneration into slackness of the whole British race.

His standards were impossibly high, but never for a moment did he allow himself or his men to cease striving to attain them. No leader ever held the imagination of his followers more than he; and none will ever live more vividly in their memory.



The Patrol symbol—a silhouette of the Burmese elephant; the Patrol colours are dark green and red—for jungle and army.