

LESSONS FROM THE 'VARISTY OF LIFE



Lord Baden-Powell

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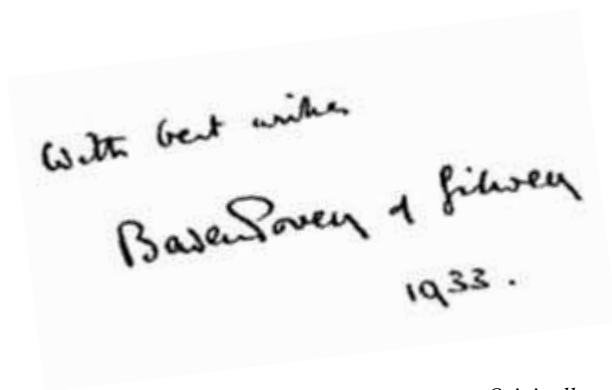
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LESSONS FROM THE 'VARISTY OF LIFE

BY

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WITH 8 HALF-TONE ILLUSTRATIONS
AND 115 DRAWINGS IN THE TEXT BY THE AUTHOR



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Dedicated to
her who has brought me success
— that is Happiness —

MY WIFE

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LESSONS FROM THE 'VARSITY OF LIFE

MY APOLOGIES

“How good is man’s life — the mere living.”
ROBERT BROWNING.

“This world that we’re a’ livin’ in
Is mighty hard to beat:
Of course there’s thorns in every rose,
But — ain’t the roses sweet!”
FRANK L. STANTON.

“No one can pass through life, any more than he can pass through a bit of country, without leaving tracks behind, and those tracks may often be helpful to those coming after him in finding their way.”

“Always do I recall the parting words uttered by my old governor: ‘My boy, never...’ I won’t set ’em down. I disregarded them fool-like — and paid, and paid; had I a son, I’d hand ’em on and ram ’em home! What fools we be when young. We fancy we be wise, forgetting that the old boys have graduated in the ’varsity of the world, the greatest ’varsity of all, and each day we should learn from they.”

JANES in the *Fishing Gazette*.

I DIDN’T want to write this yarn about myself; an autobiography is bound to be an egotistic repetition of “I”; but several different people have asked me to write some of my experiences because they might be helpful to young fellows in aiming their lives.

So it is mainly for these — and I include girls as well as men under the term “fellows” — that I write, seeing that I have passed through the ’varsity of the world abovementioned.

I don’t propose to make it a formal biography beginning with my babyhood and going progressively through the years of my life. It will rather be a sort of hotch-potch or plum-pudding, though I am afraid the plums will be few and you will have to pick them out for yourself from the stodge.

HOW TO GET RICH

Mind you, I have had in my sojourn on earth as good a time of it as any man, so I can speak with some knowledge.

A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* who is unknown to me lately described me as “the richest man in the world.”

That sounds a pretty big order, but when I come to think it out I believe he is not far wrong.

A rich man is not necessarily a man with a whole pot of money but a man who is really happy. And I am that.

I have known lots of millionaires who were not really happy men; they had not got all they wanted and therefore had failed to find success in life. A Cingalese proverb says: “He who is happy is rich but it does not follow that he who is rich is happy.”

The really rich man is that man who has the fewest wants.

Almost any biography will have its useful suggestions for making life a success, but none better or more unflinching than the biography of Christ.

• • • • •

If you have read *Rovering to Success* you will have realised that my idea of success in life is Happiness. Happiness, as Sir Henry Newbolt says, is largely gained by "Happifying."

A thing that many young fellows don't seem to realise at first is that success depends on oneself and not on a kindly fate, nor on the interest of powerful friends.

I have over and over again explained that the purpose of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movement is to build men and women as citizens endowed with the three H's — namely, Health, Happiness and Helpfulness.

The man or woman who succeeds in developing these three attributes has secured the main steps to success in this life.

I was asked the other day if I could define in a few words, say fifty, my idea of the best step to take in life.

I replied that I could do it in three — make A HAPPY MARRIAGE, meaning that he who succeeds in gaining the lasting affection of a really good wife has won the biggest step in life.

By a happy marriage I don't mean a jolly honeymoon of a few weeks or months and then mutual toleration, but a honeymoon that lasts through the years. *Experto crede!*

Yet one more item is needed to complete success, and that is the rendering of service to others in the community. Without this the mere satisfaction of selfish desire does not reach the top notch.

MY DOUBLE LIFE

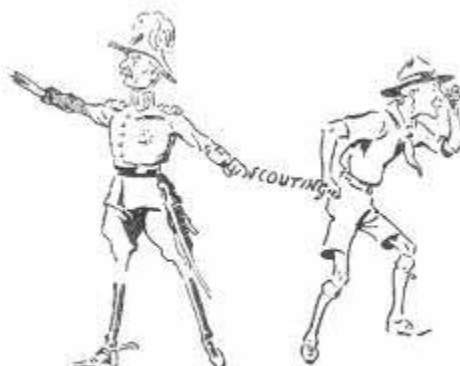
Another excuse for my venturing to write this is that I have had the rather unique experience of having in my time lived a double life.

I don't mean exactly what you would infer from this!

Life Number One. No, I mean that I first started out in life, after leaving school, as a young officer in the Army, and, by extraordinary luck coupled with an unaccountable love for my work, I gained rapid promotion through all the successive ranks.

There was in this life the romance of seeing strange lands at my country's expense, through serving successively in India, Afghanistan, South Africa, West Africa and Egypt. There was the campaigning, the sport, and the comradeship; there were hardships and sickness and partings, the shadows which enabled one the better to appreciate the sunshine.

Big jobs as well as little fell to my lot; as Adjutant, as Squadron Commander, and finally as Colonel commanding my Regiment, I had in turn what I thought the most enjoyable bits of responsibility that could fall to any man, and in which I was in close touch with my men.



Life No. 1 and Life No. 2.
Linked by Scouting.

But bigger jobs came to me, of which I will tell in a later chapter, such as, for instance, raising a contingent of native scouts for the Ashanti expedition, acting as Chief Staff Officer in the campaign in

Matabeleland, commanding that grand lot of men and women who held Mafeking in the Boer War, and, biggest of all, organizing the South African Constabulary for the settlement of that country after the campaign.

Eventually I reached the top of the tree in my branch of the Service as Inspector-General of Cavalry, with its inspiring opportunities of preparing our horsemen for the Great War when it came.

Thus, at the comparatively early age of forty-two I found myself a Major-General, and at fifty-three, after a marvellous run of luck, I had completed my career as a soldier and retired on a pension.

• • • • •

Life Number Two. Then I started on life Number Two, beginning an altogether new life, one on an entirely different plane, but, like Number One, it includes Scouting.

I married her who was to be my right hand in bringing up, not only our own children, but the vast family of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides which then came into being.

We have enjoyed the extraordinary experience of seeing this Movement grow from the tiny acorn of twenty-five boys encamped on Brownsea Island into a Brotherhood and Sisterhood which embraces almost every civilised country in the world, with a census, this year, of two million, nine hundred thousand.

• • • • •

Well, that is the brief outline of my life. I quote it just as a summary so that you may see the general line which this book will take in dealing with some of its details.

CHAPTER I

MY EDUCATION

WHAT was my preparation for this life? What my education?

My education came from several sources — home, school, travel, sport, etc.

Now, some of you will think — “Yes, that’s all very well, but you (meaning me) probably had a good start with lots of money and tons of luck.”

I certainly had tons of luck. But luck is a thing like pluck, you may have some of it come to you, but you can make it to a very large extent for yourself.

But I certainly had no money. When your father is a clergyman with fourteen children, and you are the last but two, there is not much money flying around for you.

From my father I derived but little in the way of education for he dies when I was but three years old. This was a great loss to me for he was a man of many parts.

Fortunately for me my father’s character was attacked some nine years after his death, by Dr. Pusey, who wrote such imputations against his Christianity as drew a chorus of indignation and refutation from those who had known him and admired his broad-minded views.

If these were in advance of their time (for he was a scientist as well as a preacher) they were views which are freely discussed and generally accepted to-day.

Had it not been for this defence of him I might never have known his qualities.

MY MOTHER

The whole secret of my getting on lay with my mother. How that wonderful woman managed to bring us all up, so that none of us did badly; and how she did not kill herself with the anxiety and strain I do not know and cannot understand.

Not only did she, though a poor widow, feed, clothe and educate us, but she found time to do other work in the world particularly as one of the founders of the Girls' High School Movement, which has done so much for our womanhood to-day. It was her influence that guided me through life more than any precepts or discipline that I may have learned at school.

EARLY AMBITIONS

As a youngster of course I wanted to be an engine driver, as is the ambition of 99 per cent of boys, I suppose.

But I had the additional reason for it seeing that my godfather was Robert Stephenson, the engineer.

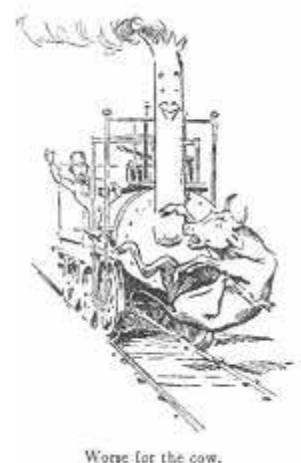
Funny to think that within a lifetime the idea of railways was laughed at! The elder Stephenson had to explain that it would be worse for the cow if she met a locomotive. John Leech caricatured the steam engine as a hobby for boys.

When I was only eight I became a reformer, and a red-hot socialist.

I wrote *Laws for me when I am old*.

"I will have the poor people to be as rich as we are (which was not saying much). Also they ought by right to be as happy as we are. All who go across the crossings shall give the poor crossing-sweepers some money, and you ought to thank God for what he has given us. He has made the poor people to be poor, and the rich people to be rich, and I can tell you how to be good. Now I will tell it to you. You must pray to God whenever you can but you cannot be good with only praying, but you must also try very hard to be good. 26th February, 1865."

My grandfather, Admiral Smyth, wrote on this: ... "as to your Law — oh Law! Is not law like a country dance, where people are led up and down in it till they can hardly stir their stumps, as Milton says, sez he.



"Law is like physic, those what take the least of it are the best off.

"Yet surely your intention 'when you are old' to make the rich and poor share alike in purse is only following the wake of Jack Cade who cleared the way by taking the heads off lawyers. This gentleman decreed, when he took London Bridge, that henceforth all should be treated alike, and they were, for he lost his own head and his decree became fulfilled."

CHARTERHOUSE

When I was thirteen I went up to Edinburgh and tried for a scholarship at Fettes College. I was lucky enough to get a scholarship as one of the original foundationers.

But I did not after all avail myself of it, for my luck went further. Only a week or two later I was granted a foundation scholarship at Charterhouse. This I accepted.

I was not a clever boy, nor, I grieve to say, was I as industrious a boy as I ought to have been. According to the school reports I began fairly well in my conduct but deteriorated as I went on.

The other day I wanted to inspire my son, Peter, to work harder at school and win good reports from his masters, so I pulled out my own old school reports and invited him to inspect them. "Now look at this" — I said — "um — er — well p'raps not that one." (In it Monsieur Buisson had said of me — "Fair

— could behave better.”) “Well then this — No.” (In it Mr. Doone recorded me as “Unsatisfactory” and my classical master as “taking very little interest in his work.”)

When, in spite of these uncomplimentary remarks, I succeeded in getting into the Sixth Form, my new classical master, the well-known Dr. T.E. Page, generously reported that I was “satisfactory in every respect”; but the mathematical authority countered this by saying that I “had to all intents given up the study of mathematics; and it was further stated that in French I “could do well, had become very lazy, often sleeping in school,” and in Natural Science that I “paid not the slightest attention.”

Thus my form-masters generally do not appear to have had a very high opinion of my qualities. The headmaster, however, that characterful educationist, Dr. Haig-Brown, managed in spite of their criticisms to see some promise in me, and reported that my “ability was greater than would appear by the results of my form work, and he was very well satisfied with my conduct.”

This spark of encouragement afterwards fanned itself into a flame of energy when later on I found it really necessary to work.

GREEK WAS GREEK TO ME

I have been comforted to find that greater men than I have also shown that they were no geniuses in school subjects. Winston Churchill, in his delightful book, *My Early Life*, confesses that he could not grasp either classics or mathematics when at school.



The Hon. John Collier admits that he gained nothing by his classical education at Eton, and Lord Darling recently gave it as his opinion that “Our country has got itself into no end of trouble in the East simply because Greek is a compulsory subject in the Public Schools. It has therefore misled a number of otherwise sensible persons, notably the late Mr. Gladstone, to involve his country in no end of obligations for the sake of the Greeks, all because they have read about Helen and Ulysses who, to my mind, was a most disreputable person.”

Lord Darling, like Mr. Winston Churchill, is glad that he “did not waste time learning Greek, but spent it on the far more useful pursuit of learning English.”

Similarly the late Lord Birkenhead, with his brilliant intellect, confessed to an entire ignorance of the classics.

Lord Balfour, in his autobiography, might have been speaking for me when he wrote — “You know — when I look back at myself I am appalled by how little I have changed in seventy years. If I have to write about myself I shall have to show people what I am, a lazy man, who has always had a job on hand. I am not erudite, but I have got a smattering of a lot of things....Through no fault of my teachers I failed to master either Greek or Latin; through no fault of my own no other languages were ever taught me.”

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson failed twice to pass the Army Entrance examination!

My classical knowledge was of no higher order than my mathematical, but I cannot see how or where it would have benefited me later on in life. I do see, however, where a real knowledge of a foreign language or two as well as of English, of science, of book-keeping, and of general history and geography, or at any rate the method and practice of acquiring these, would have been invaluable.

To impose both Greek and Latin grammar on young boys not a bit interested in them seems to me as stupid a waste of time as making unmusical girls spend endless hours in learning to play scales on the piano.

I know that I am displaying my ignorance of the science and theory of education by saying this, but I am merely speaking from results I have seen in the world.

• • • • •

Someone has bluntly said that the “main point in Public School Training is that it supplies Commonsense, Manners and Guts, even if it does not supply knowledge.”

At any rate it has shown that it can produce men proof against graft and bribery, men who can use initiative, discipline themselves, and take responsibility, and, as Mr. Roxburgh has said in *Eleutheros*, “men who are acceptable at a dance and invaluable at a shipwreck.”

Of course, my strictures don't apply to-day. Educational progress and improvement have developed in the half-century since I was at school, but traditional methods die hard, and they fail to produce so many able leaders or social servants as they should so out of the thousands of young men that the schools send into the world each year.

There are too many drones as yet in our hive, there is too great a waste of that human material which, especially at the present juncture, would be invaluable to the country if adequately educated to the joy and adventure of energetic Service.

SCOUTING

Through the whole of my career in the Army there ran a vein — a fad or whatever you like to call it — that obsessed me and which, while adding zest to my work, came to be of use for the service.

Later on it proved the connecting link between my two otherwise dissimilar lives.

This was Scouting.

Scouting includes a rather wide range of work. Briefly, it is the art or science of gaining information. Before or during war information about the enemy's preparations, his strength, his intentions, his country, his circumstances, his moves, etc., is vitally essential to a commander if he is to win success. The enemy, therefore, on his part, naturally keeps such details as secret as he can.

Thus the job which falls to the fellow who has got to find these out is a difficult one and risky. If he does it in disguise he is called a spy, and is liable to be shot, while in uniform he the more conspicuous as a Scout and equally liable to meet his end.

To do effective work demands a good knowledge of military tactics and organisations. It demands also, to a very high degree, the qualities of personal initiative and imagination, as well as of the four Cs, which I have elsewhere said go to make a soldier, namely, Courage, Commonsense, Cunning and Cheerful Co-operation.

Consideration for self, for one's ease or one's safety doesn't come in.

Scouting is certainly a fascinating game for the performer and worth all the risk, because of its immense value to his side.

In addition to what I learned in school — which wasn't an overwhelming lot — there was a great deal that I learned *at* school, outside the classroom, which *was* of value to me. Also I learned more still in my holidays, from my brothers.

These additional sources of education were: Theatricals, The Woods, Seamanship. Later on I got more advanced lessons through: Foreign Travel, Big Game Hunting, Active Service.

• • • • •

Now, before I go any further, may I say that I had thought of calling this book *Bombshells of my Life*. My reason for doing so was that most of the important steps in my career have been unexpectedly sprung upon me by fortune or outside agencies.

THEATRICALS

My first bombshell fell upon me when, as a small boy at Charterhouse, I suddenly found myself ordered to play the leading part, Bob Nettles, in a



Bob Nettles and Waddilove

comedy called — *To Parents and Guardians*.

Dr. Haig-Brown, who had very far-sighted views, looked upon play-acting as a useful means of education for certain intellects among the boys, and so he encouraged, in fact almost ordered, theatricals among us.

I was thus among the fortunate ones commandeered, and have ever been thankful for the start it gave me in that line, and which ultimately afforded me a helpful training towards public speaking and self-expression, but more especially towards efficiency in spying by developing the essential ability to change one's character, voice and appearance to meet the occasion.

THE WOODS



Stalking in the copse.

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

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

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

Incidentally, also, I gained sufficient cunning to hide up in trees when danger of this kind threatened, since experience told me that masters hunting for boys seldom looked upward. The Greeks made a bloomer when they styled man "anthropos," or "he who looks up," since in practice he generally fails to look above his own level.

Thus, without knowing it I was gaining an education that was to be of infinite value to me later.

It proved not only a help to me in the hunting of big game and also in the conduct of Scouting, but incidentally it started in me the habit of noticing small details or "sign" and of putting this and that together and so reading a meaning from them — in other words the invaluable habit of Observation and Deduction.



Matters anti-anthropos.

SEA SCOUTING

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

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

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

But it was all very good for me.

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

Eventually, when our money ran to it, we brothers became owners of a ten-ton cutter, built to my brother Warrington's design, and in her we had the time of our lives, cruising round the coasts of Scotland and England at all seasons of the year. Many a scrape — in both senses of the word — we got into and got out of and thereby gained a lot of useful experiences.

Some of these I will deal with later, but from the educational point of view the discipline, the endurance of hardships and the facing of danger involved in this cruising, were points of lasting value in one's training for life.

TRAVEL AND SPORT

The remaining schools through which I passed came later, after my actual schooldays were over — namely Travel, Big Game Hunting, and Active Service.

Through travel I gained the opportunity of seeing how other nations live and how we, in our own country, compare with them.

And more particularly I gained from those whom I met on my travels new views, fresh experiences, and a widened outlook which were very much needed items in my education.

Then through sport in the jungles I got nearer to Nature, which is a soul-opening experience, and, incidentally, I gained practice in tracking and stalking as well as in camper-craft and in facing risks, which were all invaluable for successful Scouting.

Then on Active Service I completed my education by practice in the real thing.

WAR SCOUTING

If you look back on your past life which bit of it attracts you most?

For my part, although my life has been to a large extent a series of enjoyments, when I ask myself which bit of it I most enjoyed, memory, without any hesitation, flies back to blazing sunshine on a hot, parched, thorn-scrub plain in Rhodesia, where the only shade from the scorching heat was got by hanging your coat over a little bush, where one's clothes were in rags, one's food a small portion of horse and a double handful of flour (which for want of time we usually mixed with water and drank down), and where we were tired and worn out with constant night marching against a crafty savage foe.

Veldt sores, roughly dressed with a fingerful of grease out of a wagon wheel, adorned our faces and hands. Our horses were drooping bags of bones, and they were tired, very tired.

And yet — we were fit and hard, there was new adventure, new excitement or anxiety every day, and we were good tried comrades all. It was all a glorious care-free adventure.

And then the nights; those clear frosty nights under the dark overhead vault, with its stars big and brilliant, twinkling humourously and watching you as you creep along in your crafty, silent stalk (with all the possibility of being yourself at the same time stalked).

You feel your way in the bitter darkness, suspicious of every rock or bush, with all your senses on the strain, eyes, ears and nose, to catch sight, sound or scent of an enemy.

On you creep, lying low; pausing; creeping again with deadly patience, in a blindfold game of hide and seek. You are alone, dependent wholly on your own Scoutcraft for guidance, for safety, for your life, but above all for not coming back empty-handed.

Risks? Of course, there are risks. They are the salt that gives the savour to it all. Didn't my heart go pit-a-pat the first time that the Matabele saw me on foot among hillside boulders.

But when I found that I could, with my rubber-soled shoes, skip away faster than they could follow, it became a cheerier adventure, which eventually came to be indulged in on nine different occasions.



But it gave one "an emotion," as the French would say, when they came after one full-cry, exactly like a pack of hounds running to view.

The ominous call of their Chiefs to the runners — "Don't shoot him — catch him with your hands" — was a spur if spur were needed. Just one false step or a twisted ankle would have brought me the same result — a long drawn-out torture before the finishing blow brought merciful ending.

But for such thoughts as these there was no room in the crowded excitement of the moment. All I know is that memory takes me back there still with the elated feeling that the Scout's life is a life worth living.

It is a MAN'S job and I loved it.

PEACE SCOUTING

Having talked of War Scouting, its hazards and its joys, I must explain that there is also such a thing as Peace Scouting equally endowed with thrills and hardships.

Just as an Army Scout goes out ahead of his army to find the way for it, to gain information, and to open up the situation for its advance, so the Peace Scout goes out ahead into unexplored regions to gain information and to open up new countries for the advance of civilisation.

Such Scouts are the explorers, prospectors, pioneers, missionaries, trappers, and frontier constabulary. These men have to be plucky, hardy, resourceful fellows, relying on their own ability to make their way without help from others. They must be able to stick it out when times are bad, and be ready to push on with their job the moment opportunity arises.

They have to maintain a cheery, hopeful outlook, even when things look blackest for them, and they have to be men who can be trusted to do their job away from all supervision and applause.

In practice one finds these frontiersmen ever ready to lend a hand to others where danger or difficulty threatens.

In every part of the world have I seen these British Peace Scouts at Work, whether in their schooners among the islands of the South Seas or the icebergs of Newfoundland, or harnessing rivers in far-away Canadian backwoods to provide power for the coming population; coaxing two blades of corn to grow where none grew before in Kenya, prospecting for coal and iron for future use in Rhodesia, conquering the deserts of Australia and South Africa, or bringing peace and enlightenment to the natives of Nigeria or the Sudan.

These Scouts are pressing forward all the time unseen, unpraised, but ever persistent.

The attributes of War Scouts are largely essential to the Peace Scouts of the backwoods, namely energy, self-reliance, courage, reliability and cheerful self-sacrifice in service.

But equally these qualities are desirable among our citizens in civilised parts.

They are not, however, qualities that can be taught to a class in school; they have to be picked up and developed by the individual. You cannot take every boy and girl to the backwoods to teach them, but it is possible to bring something of the backwoods within their reach as we are doing through the medium of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movement.



And that is how my own two lives, number one military, and number two civil, are linked by the common bond of Scouting which has pervaded both of them.

CHAPTER II

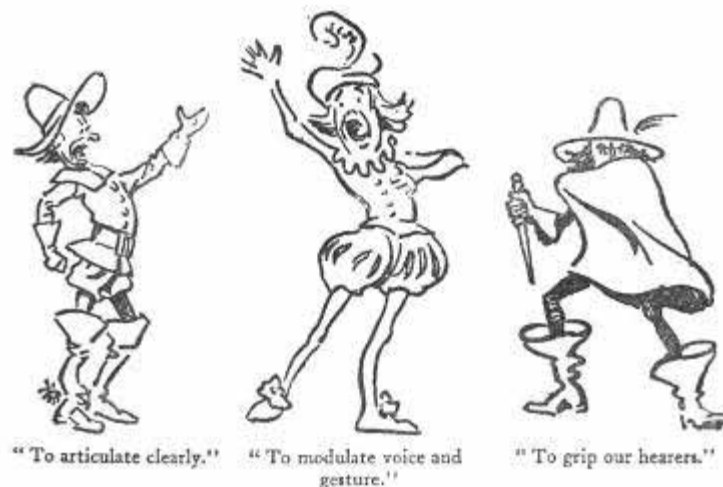
ART: ACTING

AT CHARTERHOUSE

I AM convinced that the play-acting which was encouraged among us boys by that broad-minded and far-seeing Headmaster, Dr. Haig-Brown, was of great value to us in after-life.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF PLAY-ACTING

It was not necessarily with a view to our going on the stage, however, that the Headmaster encouraged us to act but rather as a useful bit of general education.



For instance, it brought us boys to appreciate for the first time something of the values and beauties of poetic expression. It taught us to memorise speeches, to express ourselves without self-conscious awkwardness before an audience, to articulate clearly, to use apt phrases, so to modulate voice and gesture as to grip and hold our hearers; moreover it taught us that valuable asset of being able to gauge their responsiveness; all in fact that was helpful later on in public speaking.

SOME ACTING EXPERIENCES

On looking back I see that the late Lord Grenfell, who was then Brigade Major at Shorncliffe, forced me to give a series of lectures to the garrison, which included the following amongst its subjects:

“On Ancient Roman Barrel Organs.”

“On Steam Engines of all sorts.”

“On dead horses and the like.”

So I evidently was expected to have a varied range of knowledge.

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An old programme reminds me that I played Captain O'Scuttle in *Poor Pillicoddy*. This was a play got up by the Carr Glyn family at Hanford near Blandsford, which was then occupied by Lord Wolverton (Master of that glorious pack of hounds that used to hunt in the Blackmore Vale).

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Cox and Box, the immortal operetta by Burnand and Sullivan, is one which I believe I have played in on twenty-six different occasions, the most notable of which was in the Castle at Cape Town.



Sketch for programme of performance of “Cox and Box,”
at the Castle, Cape Town.

Here is the sketch of the programme printed for the occasion which shows the Printer indoors while the Hatter is without and Sergeant Bouncer maintaining the balance between the two. The background shows the old gateway of the castle.

When present-day maidens look down on their Victorian predecessors with ridicule they are led to somewhat imaginary ideas regarding their prudishness.

I could, if I would, but I won't, tell them some things about those Victorian girls that would make them sit up, and rather modify their views!

But if they think they are the first to shingle their hair and smoke cigarettes so bravely I can assure them that so long ago as 1876 a lady came to take part in some theatricals at Charterhouse and she wore her hair short, and she smoked — not puny cigarettes but big honest cigars. She stayed in Girdlestone's house; and when a boy came bursting into the

study with a message for the master and saw this apparition of modern womanhood, he blurted out: “I beg pardon, Sir — I mean Ma'am — Sir — Ma'am — I mean,” and he bolted out again without saying what he did mean, to spread the news that there was a “thermantidote” in the house.

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Whether it was for the pleasure of showing off I cannot now say but I certainly enjoyed acting for its own sake, and its pursuit led me to many new and interesting experiences.

At one time I got attached to a travelling company composed partly of amateurs, partly professionals, under the direction of Sir Charles Young the playwright, with Lady Monkton as leading lady. An experience of “Good Companions” in real life.

Here one got an appreciation of what a hard life is that of the professional actor. Our rehearsals were severe and strict, and one soon realised why so many amateurs, good for one or two performances, fail as professionals when it comes to keeping up the spirit of their part night after night, week after week, for months on end.

AN EXPERIMENT IN CASTE

On another occasion I was to play Sam Gerridge, the plumber, in *Caste*. It was notable in one way, seeing that the performers were all playing parts which they actually performed in real life, with the exception of Major Lacey who performed as the drunken old "Eccles" and myself as the plumber.

Rosina Vokes took the part of Polly Eccles the ballet dancer, and the two cavalry officers were actually cavalry officers in life. Lacey promised that he would do his best to qualify himself for the part of a steady course of alcohol, and the only thing left for me to do was to go and learn to be a plumber.

I put myself into the hands of Mr. Greenburg, the working-man's tailor of Chelsea, who rigged me out in a part-worn work-a-day suit and also a Sunday best. Mr. Greenburg's printed prospectus, which I still possess, gave one an idea of the quality of his goods when it said:

"SAUCY CUT TOGS. Pay a visit to C. Greenburg, White Lion Street, Chelsea, for flash togger.

The above champion builder begs to put his customers awake to the fact that he has dabbled his fins on a Nobby Swag of Stuff for his Ready Brass.

He can supply a pair of Ikey cords, cut slap up with the Artful Dodge and Fakement down the sides, from ten bob. Fancy sleeve vests, cut very saucy, fit tight round the scrag or made to flash the Dickey, from nine bob."

I completed my make-up by growing a tuft beard on my chin and by putting my left hand through a course of abstinence from soap and water. My right hand I bound up and hung in a sling. This was done partly to account for my being out of work, and also to be an excuse for not joining in the fights where etiquette demanded that one should support one's pal.

A few days later found me studying my models in the workshops and bars of the neighbourhood of the Commercial Road.

One fine morning I joined the crowd outside the gates of Buckingham Palace, to watch the arrival of the stream of rank and fashion attending a royal function.

Close to me in the crowd were two well-dressed, nice looking, respectable girls.

Just as they were in the midst of mutual admiration of one of the dresses they had seen, a dirty half-drunken bully lurched into them to get a good place for seeing the show, elbowing one of them into the gutter with a: "Nar then, 'Ria, outside."

In another minute, though I had not meant to trip him, he was on his back in the roadway. He picked himself up quickly and, getting to a safe distance, began to use pretty language and looked about for a stone with which to emphasise it.

But before he could do anything effective the police were on to him and, playing with him again the old game of "No child of mine" they passed him away out of sight.

Meantime the girls were thanking me as if I had saved their lives, and hoped that my bandaged arm had not suffered on their account.

The ice thus broken we were soon on friendly terms and I was able to tell them who was who among the great ones arriving.

As we were dispersing after the show, and had said good-bye I had scarcely gone a dozen paces when they came running after me, accompanied by a nice looking young fellow. He was introduced to me as Jim Bates, a carpenter, and the future husband of Kate, and I was openly lauded to him as a hero.

About Jim Bates there were no half measures and I was marched off willy-nilly to have tea with them at his mother's house in a little back street in Westminster, and from that hour I became firm friends with the family. I became Jim's constant companion at his work, and in his amusements and came really to like him as an ideal English working man.

Under his able and unsuspecting instruction I soon picked up the desired knowledge of the manners and customs of his kind and through a method far pleasanter than I had ever anticipated.

In the family I was known as Charlie, and was free to come and go as I pleased.

When the play came off my visits to Jim naturally ceased and I saw nothing of him till some years later.

It was at the Jubilee Review at Aldershot when galloping along on some Staff duty in my Hussar uniform that I almost ran over a hot-looking father carrying his child and helping his wife along.

"Hullo, Jim! How are you Mrs. Bates? You don't remember me — Charlie. Here, show this card at the gate of the enclosure there and they will give you a better view of the show. Good-bye."

And that was the last I saw of Jim Bates. But I always have a feeling of gratitude to him for having unwittingly helped me in playing the part of Sam Gerridge.

GAGGING

I was once called upon by a professional touring company to take the part of the sentry in *Iolanthe*, in the place of a member of the caste who had been taken ill.

Time did not admit of a rehearsal, but the part of Private Willis, the sentry, is a particularly easy one since he merely has to sing his one song and to do sentry-go without entering into conversation with the other characters.

I had finished my song and have given my cue for the entrance of the leading lady when, as I neared the prompt side in the course of my march, the prompter whispered: "She is not ready. Gag for a few minutes."

And I gagged. After looking cautiously round to make sure that no officer was in the neighbourhood I put down my rifle and taking things easy I gave in a soliloquy my opinion of "sentry-go" from the private soldier's point of view, generally alluding to various methods by which a cunning soldier could evade his sentry-go duties in comparative comfort without detection.

With an audience of soldiers (which indeed included H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught) my remarks went down all right; indeed so satisfactory were they considered that the Manager insisted on my taking part again the following night and repeating in full the lecture on "sentry-go."

In an ordinary way it would have been difficult for me on the spur of the moment to give an oration without some preliminary thought on the subject, but I have over and over again found that when one's whole attention is concentrated on the matter in hand, as it is when one is on the Stage, apt ideas spring to mind in a surprising way.

Gagging, though generally considered a vice, is in one way at any rate a virtue. It does undoubtedly develop a useful quality in public speaking, more especially if you are an M.P. and have to address hecklers.

I may be telling you a chestnut but the yarn is none the less worth relating as an instance of ready gag.

When in the midst of a political address the late Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for Australia, was interrupted by a man in the audience crying: "You're a double faced villain."

He looked at his heckler for a tenth of a second and said: "Well, that is more than you are or you would have left the one you are wearing at home."

RAGGING

I had just landed in Malta on my return there from a visit to Sicily. While in that island I had bought, as a curio, one of those high brass saddles with which the natives decorate their horses and mules.



The Selluraphone, a new musical instrument.

It was ornamented with a row of brass knobs upon a kind of spike in front, which terminated with a couple of brass flags at the top. One the sides were also rather larger and more conspicuous knobs.

A friend, seeing me arrive with this strange implement, asked: "Is that a musical instrument?"

"What else do you suppose it is?" I replied.

Then he begged me, with all the earnestness at his command, to play it at a concert the following week.

I did so.

I arranged with the orchestra to play a high-class Nocturne in which I should take the solo part with my "Selluraphone." Meantime I fitted the instrument with a strap so that I could hand round my neck in front of my chest and I attached a paper-covered comb opposite my mouth, and at the performance I "sang" through this comb in a high falsetto, tuning the instrument by means of its flags, playing the notes on the knobs up and down the front, and giving the loud and soft effect by tinkering with the larger knobs on the side.

Not a soul guessed that it was not a real musical instrument.

I am afraid to say how many were the incidents of this kind that have enlivened my past, but the outstanding one and the one which brought me special joy, was that which occurred at Simla.

THE SIMLA HOAX

Captain Quentin Agnew, A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George White, was a man who ought to have known better, but he drew me on.

We had taken a box at the theatre for a party of our friends and had ordered a supper at the Club to wind up with. While we were dressing for the evening he conceived the idea that we should disguise ourselves and go among our friends as strangers. No sooner said than done.

He made himself up and adopted the rôle of an English newspaper correspondent, while I, as an Italian Count, acted as representative of the Italian newspaper, *The Roma*. We had just arrived from Europe *en route* to the war, then impending, on the Afghan frontier.

We got another A.D.C. of the Commander-in-Chief to accompany us to the theatre and to introduce us to our friends who had already arrived in the box. He explained that we strangers had come with letters of introduction to the Commander-in-Chief, and that Captain Agnew and myself were at present detained dining with the Chief. Would our kind friends therefore entertain these two strangers in our absence?

We had naturally expected to be discovered before many minutes were over, but by some wonderful luck our friends appeared to entertain no suspicion whatever, and so successful was our venture that at the end of the first act we got ourselves taken round and introduced to other friends in the theatre.

In no case was any suspicion aroused about our identity; in fact quite the opposite. People gave away confidences to these apparent strangers which, among their own friends, they would never have uttered.

Finding at the end of the evening that we were still undiscovered it occurred to us to go on with our own supper party as guests instead of hosts.

I sent a hurried note to a young officer in my Regiment who was there on leave and asked him to go to the Club and act as host on my behalf and to receive our guests, as I had been detained at the Commander-in-Chief's dinner party.

In a P.S. I added that among the guests were two war correspondents who were strangers to the place and who were to receive special attention, one of them being an Italian Count.

When we arrived at the Club there was my faithful subaltern waiting to receive us but, when in default of any Italian he started to talk to me in most indifferent French, I nearly broke down with laughter.

As it was, though I held my facial muscles under control, the tears welled out of my eyes, and he anxiously asked: "*est-ce-que vous êtes lade aux yeux?*" to which I replied in broken accents: "I am a leetle sick ze eyes."

This phrase became a memorable one in Simla for months afterwards. When anybody asked another: "How do you do?" the invariable reply was: "I am a leetle bit sick in ze eyes."

It was towards the end of supper that the *dénouement* occurred. Out of the tail of my eye I saw one of the guests pass behind Agnew and, recognising his back view, go to speak to him. To her surprise she found herself confronted by a bearded man with a Cockney accent.

She went away and whispered her suspicions to a friend. I realised that something desperate had to be done. Accordingly I showed signs of having more wine than was good for me, which caused the ladies in my neighbourhood to feel that the time had come to withdraw; and as I got up insistent on following them I was promptly tripped up and thrown down by the nearest man.

But I struggled on, following the hurrying ladies into the next room, till they appeared to be really alarmed, when I pulled off my wig and showed them that it was all right.

All right for them, but not for me, for I was promptly pounced upon and rolled up in the carpet and sat upon.

The next day I was calling, on duty, on the Adjutant-General, and the first question to me was: "Are you the Officer Commanding the 5th Dragoon Guards?" in a very severe tone of voice. I thought I detected the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, so I boldly said: "No, sir, not here. My Regiment is at Meerut."

He then laughed and said: "Why didn't you come and draw my party in my box as the theatre last night?"

And I replied with becoming meekness: "Sir, I draw the line at Adjutant-Generals."

To this I attribute the fact that I got into his good books and was shortly afterwards ordered on active service.

Practical joking, ragging, pulling the leg, or whatever you like to call it, is all very well, but, like caricaturing, though it amuses the artist and the onlookers, it often hurts the subject.

Provided that precautions are taken to ensure against this, playing the ass is a very healthy outlet for youthful spirit. The difficulty is that too often the youthful spirit hasn't the sense to see where to draw the line, gets excited and carries tomfoolery to excess till it becomes rowdyism and a nuisance.

Impersonation has its value; it can in a way be educative for certain lines of life. The ability to disguise yourself to give the impression that you are someone other than yourself, and to carry it through successfully is a gift that can be of infinite value for "intelligence" purposes.

But this requires a good deal of self-assurance and confidence to carry it to a successful issue when your life depends upon it, so that considerable practice in ragging is desirable as a preliminary. (How senior officers will bless me for giving this suggestion to their subalterns!)

SPYING

It fell to my lot after a time to do intelligence work in foreign countries and here my experience, such as it was, in acting, making-up, and taking people in was a big help. In my book, *The Adventures of a Spy*, I have detailed some incidents of this work, many of which depended for success entirely on one's playing a part in one's dress, mannerisms, and so on.

Of course, one had to vary one's character according to local conditions, but generally the best paying attitude to take up was that of excessive stupidity. It was at times almost painful to have to repress the exultant laughter that was squirming inside one, and not to show even a sparkle of the eye, when, say, a Ruritanian officer was trying to get you to understand the secret strategical schemes which you had come to find out; the more you were dense the more insistent he became in trying to get you to understand the details.

The slightest eagerness to learn would have put him on the *qui vive*, while, on the other hand, a too absolute lack of interest might make him give you up in despair. A delicate line between the two was only to be got by careful play-acting and finesse. It was very delicious.

HAPPIFYING OTHERS

There is yet another joy that comes of play-acting, and one to which my colonel, Sir Baker Russell, introduced me; it is the fun of giving amusement to others. And that's as good a sport as any in life, especially at times when cholera or typhoid is rife and fear of death is among the men.

A great success was the place known as "The Poultice" in Malta. When I was on the Staff there I was interested in providing some place of recreation for soldiers outside their barracks, and I aimed at making it as unlike barracks as possible.

We took over a disused hospital in the town and transformed it into a really fine big Club, with its theatre, dance-room, billiards, reading and writing-rooms, gymnasium, refreshment and hot supper-room (where wines, beer and spirits were allowed), bathrooms, and about forty bed-rooms.

An attached building was made into a club for rest and refreshment for the women and children of the garrison.



IN "THE GEISHA"

The institution paid hand over fist from the very start, not only financially but in the moral sense as well. It was managed entirely by the men themselves, with stewards appointed from among them daily to be responsible for good order.

Protests, however, were raised against it, partly by the public house proprietors, which we accepted as a valuable tribute, but partly, also, by some of the chaplains. So I met these latter in conclave to hear their criticisms.

Their main contention was that the Club was situated in the worst part of the town, down among the drink-shops and houses of a worse description.

All innocently I asked: "Well. If you had a bad place where would you put the poultice?"

There was a moment's pause, they saw the point, and the cloud was dispelled with laughter, and thereafter they heartily backed the scheme.

But the name stuck; my beautiful Club became universally known as "The Poultice."

THOSE ACTORS

Being a schoolfellow of so many actors I formed many warm and lasting friendships in their charming circle.

Amongst other things I was best man to Cyril Maude a few years ago, which was nice of me, seeing that in his delightful autobiography he had made this accusation against me — namely, that when I was up for a Divinity Examination I was asked: “What did Elisha say when he saw Elijah go up in a chariot of fire?” I replied: “You never saw anything like that before, did you?”

I still suspect that he did say something of the sort but my answer was not adjudged correct by the examiner.

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I was asked to lunch at Sir Squire Bancroft’s one day and just as I arrived at his door I found a lady whom I knew ringing the bell.

So I asked what she was doing there. She was “going to lunch with the Bancrofts.”

“Oh, do take me in and introduce me,” I begged.

“I am afraid I couldn’t. You see I am just going to lunch with them.”

But I would take no denial, and as the door opened I went in with her.

She protested, but I persisted. As she went up the stairs I followed, in spite of her imploring me to go away.

She entered the drawing-room in a fury, with myself still in close attendance.

But she could not help bursting into laughter with relief at finding that, after all, I was an invited fellow guest.

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At one of Beerbohm Tree’s jolly supper parties he put me next to Nat Goodwin, the American actor, saying: “You will find him an amusing card.”

But Nat for a time remained very silent and I thought him rather dull. Suddenly he turned to me and said: “Have you ever seen a balloon ascension?”

“Well — yes.”

“Ah, but have you been to one when you were suffering from a stiff neck?”

“No, I haven’t done that.”

“Well, I have.” And he proceeded to give us a most delightful representation of how he saw the whole thing through other people’s eyes, not being able to raise his head, and having to judge people’s characters by their boots before asking them questions as to the progress of the balloon.

On that occasion Weedon Grossmith gave us a soul-stirring recitation about Yeomen called to the War.

It at once stirred us to patriotic fervour. It led us into battle; it moved us deeply with pathos; and finally wound us up in a burst of loyal enthusiasm — but without the expression of one single coherent word throughout.

No — I don’t mean that Weedon had exceeded the limit of wise potation; not at all; he merely imitated a reciter mouthing his words to the extent of super-articulation.

• • • • •

The late Sir Herbert Tree once told me how he had found one of his daughters, on her twelfth birthday, dressed in boys' clothes. When called on to explain matters she said: "I have been reading history and I have taken three characters of each sex to study. I find that the women are bad while the men are splendid, so from to-day I am going to be a girl no longer. I'll be a man."

Her father gently asked if he might be informed what men in particular had led her to this nonsensical conclusion.

She instanced Richard Cœur de Lion with all his chivalry; and then, after reciting the virtues of Saul, she added: "And then there's *you* Father."

That was enough. He was conquered.

"But where did you get the boys' clothes from?"

"Oh, I bought those for eighteen pence from Johnny Smiles next door. He just got scarlet fever and doesn't want them now that he's in bed."

DRAWING

I suppose a most common desire in every human being is the wish to express oneself through an art of some sort, whether by writing, poetry, music or acting, drawing or sculpture.

Personally I have got lots of amusement, for myself at any rate, through elementary dabbling in most of them.

I like trying to draw. With me drawing a picture is quite an exciting adventure, for I never know how it is going to turn out.

I never learned to draw at school because it was an "extra" and could not be afforded, but I tried to teach myself by studying and copying pictures by artists and noting how they got their effects. I have even picked up ideas from cave drawings of primitive bushmen: if these were crude and untutored at any rate they conveyed the idea of life and action to a remarkable degree.

During most of my life I made a point of writing home weekly wherever I might be, and I knew that my letters were the more welcome when illustrated with sketches, so when I was travelling I often made them up in the form of an illustrated diary in sketch books. Thus I have now a goodly collection of these which form for me a useful record and a reminder of good times in the past.

I should probably do much better if I took a course of drawing lessons, but it is always difficult to find time.

I have, however, had some of the best practical instruction since the London Sketch Club elected me as an honorary member.

This was many years ago and they presently allowed me to become a working member. So, when I attended their Friday evening sessions, I got the kindest help and criticism from them, and also the inestimable privilege of watching them at work and noting their methods.

They included among their members John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Lawson Wood, Heath Robinson, Harry Rowntree, Starr Wood, Rene Bull, F. Shepherd, and many others.

What a clever, brilliant, and jovial crew they were — and are, bless 'em.



Primitive drawings which convey the idea of life and action.



My sketching, such as it is, besides giving me a scrapbook record of my travels, and bringing me in money, has taught me to recognise beauties in nature which would otherwise have escaped me.

Soon after my arrival in India the *Graphic* offered remuneration for sketches of interest from the front, so I tried my hand at it, and to my surprise and satisfaction I got a cheque for six guineas for the first attempt.

So I didn't delay to send in more, and this was the beginning of a long and happy connection with that journal. It brought me into personal touch and friendship with Mr. Carmichael Thomas, then proprietor and Editor. Also it brought me into touch with a very useful addition to my slender income as a subaltern, and eventually enabled me to take my share in polo and pig-sticking, which would otherwise have been impossible.

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SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

Another contributor to the paper at this time was Sir Harry Johnston, of whose drawing Mr. Thomas has the very highest opinion. Sir Harry was an "Admirable Crichton" since in addition to his qualities as an explorer and administrator he was noted for his smartness in dress, for his searches into religion, for his abilities as a naturalist, and for his talent as a realistic artist.

His pictures were remarkable not only for their colour and good drawing but for their extraordinary accuracy in detail. One of his notable works was of a Masai warrior killed in action. To obtain the true effect he caused a Masai to lie as if dead on the floor of his studio, and a gallon of sheep's blood was employed to add to the realism of the picture.

While occupied in putting this on canvas, a deputation of chiefs was announced and, without ado, ushered into the studio. The ghastly scene that presented itself was too much for them, and they fled in all directions spreading the news that when the little Big Chief wanted to draw a dead man he promptly killed one.

Another value that I get out of drawing is that pictures of all sorts interest me and give me more pleasure than they would otherwise have done, and I am able the better to appreciate the inspiration and message they convey.

Sketching has the further advantage, in these days of ever-increasing hurry, noise, and materialism, of taking one away from the roar and bustle of the busy haunts of men to the quiet atmosphere of nature, and steeping one in the beauties and wonders that God has set out for our enjoyment.

SCULPTURE

I have even tried my hand at sculpture.

When I was stationed in Malta many years ago a sculptor came there from Italy to carve a memorial for the Cathedral, and he allowed me to come and watch him at his work.

One day I arrived in the studio while he was out and to pass the time I took up a lump of clay and fashioned it into the head and shoulders of a sailor smoking a pipe.

This I stuck up on the wall for the amusement of his two or three apprentices.

When he came in and noticed this work of art he asked who had made it and thereupon told me to come next day and start modelling from life.

He secured for me a live model, in the shape of a pathetic old half-blind Negro from Nubia. With his pronounced features the subject was not a difficult one and by a fluke my bust of him turned out a success, so much so that when exhibited later at an Art show it received very favourable notice from the critics.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

This fairly fired me with enthusiasm, and afterwards, when I was back in England, I started on a more ambitious theme, namely a bust of my hero, Captain John Smith of Virginia.

I could not afford a model to work from, nor could I get time for it in the daytime. I therefore went at it at bedtime.

By using a three-leaved folding shaving glass I was able to use my own head, ears, and back of neck for the purpose. His features I modelled from imagination, indicating as much as I could of his very varied and striking character.

John Smith was a soldier of some renown, and a navigator of great experience, also a geographer and explorer and colonial governor.

He fought with notable gallantry in Sigismund's army against the Turks, where, having defeated three of their champions in single combat, he was awarded, for his coat of arms, three Turks' heads "decapitated."

Later he was sent in command of an expedition of three ships to explore the coast of America, but as he found these ships totally inadequate for the purpose he adopted a quite simple expedient, sailed over to France and there fought and captured three bigger ones.

He then took a party of colonists over to Virginia and established them in a settlement on the James River. He went out to do a bit of reconnaissance on his own, coupled with a little duck-shooting, accompanied by a Red Indian as a guide, and as a precaution against desertion bound him to himself with his garter.

They were attacked by hostile Indians, and in their effort to get away the guide fell into a swamp, dragging John Smith after him. He was captured and taken before the Chief, Powhattan, and was only saved from being put to death through the intercession of the Chief's daughter, Pocahontas.

Later they became great friends. Pocahontas was converted to Christianity and married Rolfe, of an old Norfolk family and Smith's lieutenant.

Smith was badly wounded by an explosion and came home to England, to linger some years, eventually dying of his injury.

But to the very end he was the cheeriest of mortals and when dictating his biography he laughed so much at some of his misfortunes that his secretary confessed to having taken them down rather vaguely.

So his was an interesting head to model and luckily came out so satisfactorily that I had it cast in bronze.

Shortly after I was invited to send some of my work to an exhibition of works of art by officers of the Navy and Army, so I sent along old John Smith.

The manager of the gallery, instead of setting it up there, thought there was some good in it and sent it round to the Royal Academy, which was receiving sculpture that day, and to my amazement it was accepted.

Another bombshell in my life!

There was no holding be after that; but as soldiering duties happened to come on heavily just then I was not able to do more.

Also I reflected that it was well not to tempt Fortune too far and that it was wiser to rest on my laurels. This I did and, barring one or two small statuettes, I have so rested ever since.

But what has this to do with Scouting?



A sketch of the bust of Captain John Smith.

Why this — you will find, once you have taken to modelling heads, that you look at every person you meet from a new angle. You will be noticing the set of his head, the form of his features and their expression, to an extent that you never did before.

You just can't help it. Your fingers itch to be modelling that nose or that brow with a lump of clay.

From such practice you will get to remember people when you have once seen them, and this, for a detective at any rate or for a Scout, is a very valuable accomplishment.

When you can model a face or figure from memory you are able to make the best caricatures. In that delightful hour between tea and dinner after a day's hunting many are the statuette caricatures I have made of characters, men and horses, seen in the field that day.

DANCING

I am, too, a great believer in dancing and I always believe that the practice which I went through in learning to dance was largely responsible for the comparative ease with which later on I out-distanced my pursuers when hunted over the rocks by the Matabele warriors in the Matopo Hills of Rhodesia.

It had given me balance and command over my feet and legs so that I was able to skip with surety from one boulder to another, while the Matabele, who were plainsmen and unaccustomed to that kind of country, clambered and stumbled laboriously behind me.

So even dancing came in as a useful preparation for Scouting.

SCHOOL MUSIC: INSTRUMENTAL

When at Charterhouse I had joined the Cadet Corps as a bugler, and I played the flugel horn in the band as well as violin in the orchestra.

We had in the orchestra a very good system by which each boy took his turn at conducting.

Two useful results emerged from this upbringing after I joined my regiment. Having this acquaintance with band music I was eventually made Band President, and without a doubt I must have been a considerable nuisance to the Bandmaster in consequence.

Still, when he was away on leave, I was able to take his place and conduct our regimental orchestra.

Also, being accustomed to sound the bugle, I was able to blow my own trumpet (perhaps you will think I am doing so fairly fully in these pages), and thereby to give out my commands instanter without the usual delay involved in telling a trumpeter what to sound.

So my elementary efforts at music vocal and instrumental at school had their uses for me afterwards in my career.



HOME SWEET HOME

John Hullah was our choirmaster at Charterhouse. The first day I was there he discovered I had — like himself — a falsetto voice.

Talking of John Hullah and his singing, another well-known musician, Paolo Tosti, used to come to our home frequently and it was a joy to hear him sing his “Good-bye” though his voice, as I remember it, was not up to the standard of the feeling he put into the singing.

I suppose I was among the last who heard Adeline Patti in her incomparable rendering of “Home, Sweet Home.” It was after a private dinner in her house, long after she had retired from public singing, that we persuaded her to sing. Her voice perhaps was gone so far as concert singing was concerned, but, subdued as it was, in her own drawing-room it seemed perfect, and she held us spellbound to an uncanny degree. We were all very silent after she had ceased.

And how few people remember the author of that song. I have seen his grave more than once. It lies in a little crowded cemetery in a back street in Tunis, where he, Payne, was a clerk in the American Consulate.

He died in obscurity, but his song has lived.

Rhythm rules something more than the world; it rules the universe, but in this age of noise and speed it was in danger of being drowned out on this earth till Jazz came along and enforced it with a drum. So even in Jazz there is a bit of good somewhere — if you can only find it.

MELBA'S DRUMMER

Talking of drums, I lunched one day with Melba in her delightful Australian home and among other interesting experiences I inspected her troop of Boy Scouts. Among these was one who, I was told, played the drum like an angel. I had hitherto imagined that harps were more the vogue with angels. But when this boy started playing I realised for the first time that there was something more than a mere time-thumping, more than rhythm, that there was actually music in a well-played side-drum.

DABBLING IN ART HAS ITS USES

I am afraid that you will guess from the foregoing that though I dabbled in the arts my dabbling was not of a very high order. You will be correct!

You will class me rather mountebank for advocating as I have done the rôle of comic singer or actor or dancer. You will be inclined to say: "Have you NO sense of dignity?" and all that sort of thing.

But I am unrepentant, and I have a good authority to back me in Horace Walpole who said: "A careless song with a little nonsense in it, now and then, does not misbecome even a monarch."

So there!

You will forgive me for I am making full and open confession to you of my tastes, whether good or bad, an of my upbringing; as these were the preparation for the career I ultimately went through in Soldiering, in Scouting, and in enjoying the happiness of life.

As I have said before, happiness is not solely the outcome of enjoyment of the good things in life and of the beauties and wonders of Nature, but it comes very largely also from the practice of happifying.

A great deal of what may appear to you to have been frivolous dabbling in the arts on my part was really not without its uses in giving amusement to others — and sometimes when they were badly in need of it.

CHAPTER III

SPORT

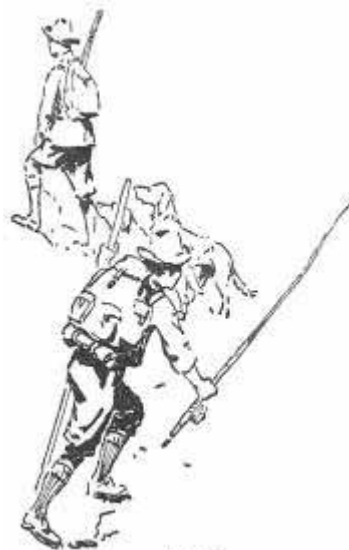
SO long ago as 1570 Roger Ascham recommended as a necessary adjunct to education the practice of riding and swimming and outdoor sports.

Team games, such as football, hockey, polo, and the like, promote discipline in obedience to rules and to the captain, fair play, backing up and playing all out for one's self and one's own glory.

Of course, you know all this already, but what I am driving at is that it applies not only for football, etc., but equally for the greater game of life, for playing in his place as a citizen in the team of his fellow subjects.

BOATMANSHIP

In the first chapter I have said how much I have owed to my early training in boatmanship. One of the great merits of boatmanship is that it gives a lad the chance of facing danger and getting accustomed to it, so



that when a crisis occurs, or he is nearly “for it,” the proximity of death leaves him unpanicked.

One found this in Canada, where so much of your travelling and sport has to be done by canoe.



In a larger vessel, too, at home, of which we brothers formed the crew, we faced more risks than are usually involved in yachting, partly because our eldest, a sailor and our skipper, had the wild notion that if we could one day manage to find a ship in distress and help to save her we should not only be doing a good deed but incidentally might win a fortune in salvage money. A great idea!

We younger brothers prayed that there might be no poor ship in distress, though we were not thinking entirely of the ship.

One day the call came, when we were lying at anchor in Harwich Harbour. Harwich is a charming place except in an easterly gale, when it is beastly.

On this occasion a pretty bad easterly gale was blowing. The lifeboat went out in response to signals of distress and we, getting under storm canvas as quickly as possible, hustled out to sea too by a different channel through the sands into a very hideous, yellow tumbling sea. Once outside the scud was flying so thick and the sea was so big that we soon lost sight of the lifeboat, and had a perfectly vile time of it.

Still we went on — indeed we had too — threshing through it tooth and nail, hour after hour, without seeing anything.

Our skipper was in his glory all the time and only remarked as night came on: “Ah, that’s good! With darkness we shall be able all the better to locate her by the flares.”

But in this we were unsuccessful and when we eventually got in we found that the lifeboat also had failed to locate the distressed vessel which had, meantime, been picked up by a tug and was already safely in harbour.

So although we had lost the salvage we had gained the experience. And we had much more of a like kind in the several years we were at it. Though we gained practice in roughing it and risking it we never got out salvage!

A bad time we had on another occasion when beating down Channel against a rising gale from the south-west. We tried to make Dartmouth, but tide and sea were too much for us, bursting our bob-stay, springing our bow-sprit, and smashing in our skylight.

We had to wear ship and run before it; a ticklish moment that, when turning round in a heavy sea, with every chance of the whole ship rolling over you! Ugh!

Then an awful run all night, a real nightmare with big black seas towering behind and trying to overtake and poop us. Hour after hour lashed to our posts like monkeys with sufficient length of line to enable each to get to the work required of him in his immediate neighbourhood, with steel-hard wet ropes to haul upon with blistered, salt-watered, half-frozen hands.

We were not far off being done for more than once before we eventually succeeded in rounding up under the lee of Portland Bill.

But it was a healthy lesson after all.

It taught us ready discipline and handiness, keeping one's head in danger, and team work, each using his wits and best endeavour towards ensuring the safety of the whole.

FISHING

Talking of Canada and canoes brings back memories of trout and bass fishing in those lovely lakes and rivers among the spruce forests of Canada.

Oh, it was good!

I had a French Canadian voyageur as a guide. He was a perfect artist with his axe, from slicing down a tree to sharpening a pencil, a great heavy fellow with enormous hands, who boasted he could carry a load of three hundred pounds, and yet was light as a feather in jumping into a canoe, and able to tie a delicate little fly with which to catch a fish.

In his quaint broken English he was full of interesting stories of the backwoods and their mysteries.

He told me how one moonlight night he woke up in his tent to see a shadow cast on it from outside. It had the exact form of his comrade who had not returned that day from fishing.

He thought the man was there with arms spread out on the canvas, and that he was trying to look through into the tent. He called to him to come in, but there was no response.

A sudden horror seized him. He could stick it no longer. He sprang up out of his blankets and the shadow disappeared.

He went out, and far down the river next morning he found his friend — dead — crushed in a timber jam, with arms spread out and face pressed forward just as he had seen him on the tent-side.

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In South Africa I had glorious fishing amid glorious scenery in those lovely trout streams which run down from the Drakensburg, and the rainbow trout which they contain gave glorious sport.

New Zealand with its huge trout is now rivalled by Australia, and, more especially, Tasmania. I only arrived in Launceston on the last day of the fishing season but I rushed up seventy miles by car and reached the Great Lake about sundown in a fierce and bitter gale and driving rain. But I went out and just as darkness came on I got into a big trout. Never was there such a lively, determined devil. It was a great fight and I got him in the end. But he has put into me the longing to get back to Tasmania once more before I die.

• • • • •

Which is better, salmon or trout fishing? I don't know.

They are so different and for myself I can only say that I love them both. Salmon fishing is the heavier, harder and more exasperating business, but when, after hours and days of blank effort, you suddenly get a tug on your line, and you feel that you are "into him" (and there are no other words that express that) it is well not to have a weak heart, for that organ certainly gets a bang and a thrill which is hard to beat.



She piloted me after our fish as he dashed up the river.

Trout fishing, on the other hand, demands greater skill and cunning and is the more delicate art, and if less exciting is greater fun.

A few years ago I was asked what return I should like for paying a visit of inspection to some Scouts in Wales, and, knowing the tastes of my host (the late Lord Glanusk), I said that my fee was a day's fishing. To this he readily acceded and asked me down to his charming bungalow on the Wye.

The morning after my arrival, which happened to be a Sunday, his daughter took me down to look at the river before going to church. The temptation was too great. I took a road from the rack just to try a cast in that lovely-looking pool. Just one cast. Well, one more. But — oh! I was into a fish and he a big one too. For a few minutes he swam gently round the pool, hauling steadily at me, then away he went with a rush upstream, my reel screaming its alarum.

I had to follow him, but the bank grew rocky and it was evident that I must wade in, though unprepared for it. My gallant hostess pointed out the danger of wading, since among the rocks were holes twenty feet deep; so using the gaff as a wading staff she plunged in herself up to her waist, and, telling me to hang on to her with one hand when I could spare it from the rod, she piloted me after our fish as he dashed on up the river.

For a long distance we followed him until he got into a long open deep stretch where it was impossible for us to go farther, and he had got all my line out. The time had come when I must either hold him or he must break me.

I held on like grim death, expecting the line to go at any minute, but it held. Suddenly he turned and then came speeding down the river towards us again. Reeling in as fast as ever I could I had a slack line for an ominously long time. I thought he was off but to my ultimate relief I got the strain on him again. Then he dragged us away downstream, over the rocks, and back to his original pool, where at length we killed him; a glorious fresh-run fish of twenty-five pounds.



The salmon towed me downstream.

As we landed him great cheers burst out behind us, and to our astonishment we found that quite a concourse of people had gathered from the main road which ran close by, and were rejoiced to see the successful end of the tussle.

But this was not the last I was to hear about it, for from these people the news spread and got into the local papers.

A week later I received a document in Welsh and English from a religious conference in which it was decreed that no boy or girl of their congregations was to join the Boy Scouts or the Girl Guides because I was guilty of having fished on the Sabbath.

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The Jock Scott is the great salmon fishing fly. It derived its name from the fishing ghillie at Makerstoun in old days, and he made up this particular pattern of fly for the then Duchess of Roxburgh for her to take with her to Norway, after which it became one of the most popular flies known.

Another famous ghillie at Makerstoun was Rob o' the Trows. He was apparently a quaint character if the story of him be true which relates that he was acting as ghillie to a certain peer one day when this gentleman caught and landed a salmon. The peer proceeded to take a drop of refreshment out of his flask, which he then put back in his pocket.

Rob had looked at that flask with some hope that the usual custom would be carried out of offering the ghillie a drink too.

Presently my lord caught another salmon and again he sipped, and again Rob hoped in vain.

A third time this happened, and Rob sprang into the boat and started to row away for his home.

The fisherman called after him: "Where are you off to?" And Rob simply growled "Them as drinks alone can fish alone," and went home.

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As an education in patience fishing is *par excellence*, the very best school. It grips men of every kind.

How can all those fellows go and sit all day in a punt on the Thames, or six hundred of them line the bank of the Trent in competition for hours? But they do it in absolute content. Ask any one of them if he has had good sport. "Yes, rather," he will reply, though as yet his creel is empty.

They go to *fish*, not to *catch* the fish.

Still more do you learn patience when fly-fishing in a wind and your delicate gut cast ties itself up into an intricate tangle for you to unravel. That is bad enough in England, but it is ten times worse when you get it, as I did once in Australia with a kukkaburra ("laughing jackass") chortling at you from a neighbouring tree every time you get tangled or caught in a bush.

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Somehow the absence of civilisation in your surroundings adds a zest to your fishing, whether it be among the ragged moorlands of Galway, or the mountains of Natal, or the forests of Canada or Tasmania; the wild has its charms.

At the same time there is a sweet attraction in the waters nearer home where, in the lush meadows of Hampshire, with the cattle knee deep among the buttercups, and the snipe drumming overhead, the rooks cawing drowsily among the stately elms, you wander slowly, stalking your trout in infinite quiet and solitude, far from the maddening crowd and away from the noise and rush of modern life in towns, a comrade among the birds and water-voles.

Trout fishing is the best rest-cure in the world.

On these occasions a ghillie spoils the show. A man who cannot land his own fish is not a fisherman.



The wild has its charms.

SHOOTING

Woodcock Shooting in Albania

Someone said only yesterday, talking of shooting, "woodcock shooting is the most dangerous sport in the world."

Well it *is* fairly risky when you are covert shooting in England and the beggar flies low, dodging hither and thither, and every single gun within sight of him risks a shot.

But in its own country, say Albania, where it is not a rarity, you shoot more calmly, more carefully, and with better effect.

That was a ripping country to shoot in. It's getting too civilised now, but a few years ago, when I went there in a yacht (the only way of getting there), we anchored in a perfect land-locked little bay and went ashore every day for shooting.

The law there was that you had to take a soldier with you as escort. His payment was sixpence a day, and unlimited cigarettes. Then you got a few villagers and their dogs to come with you as beaters. They were a picturesque-looking lot of ruffians and naturally so because their other rôle was that of brigands, by whom you would be trapped and hauled off to be ransomed, unless you were under Government protection, as evidenced by your soldier escort.

But in their capacity as beaters they were excellent fellows, hard and cheery blackguards and good sportsmen.

The dogs of that country were a special feature in the picture. They were trained to attack strangers, the idea being to prevent the stealing of sheep. If one saw a flock of sheep grazing on the hill-side one kept very wide of it, because each flock was guarded by three or four dogs. These beggars would lie around while the sheep grazed, but if a strange man appeared on the scene the nearest dog would go for him, calling up the other dogs to the attack, and they would not be happy until they pulled him down.

There was a strict law against shooting a dog even in self-defence, and it imposed very heavy penalties for doing so, but you were allowed to stab him if he got so near as to be within your reach.

When we landed we took some of our crew with us to act as beaters, and these we armed with boarding pikes, which served both as beating sticks and as spears for defence against dogs.

A very well-known sportsman, hailing from Essex, who had been shooting in Albania, told me that he had suffered an attack from one of these dogs, and in self-defence he shot him.

Then remembering the law he promptly set to work to bury the dog before anyone should see him.

Just as he was in the middle of the operation the owner of the dog came upon him!

"My goodness!" I said: "What did you do then?"

"Oh, there was nothing else for it. I buried him too."

In Malta

It has been stated in a book on shooting in the Mediterranean that I had made a record bag of woodcock in Malta. I have forgotten what was stated as this record, but it could not have been a very big one for I don't suppose I got more than half a dozen in a season.

When the woodcock came in their annual migration, they favoured the orange groves belonging to the Governor's country palace at Verdala. This came under my charge and I arranged with the head-gardener that when any woodcock were seen there he was to hoist a yellow flag on the tower. This was visible to me from my office eight miles away in Valetta. When I saw the flag flying I would jump into my cart and drive out to Verdala, and the gardener in the meantime would have called together a few beaters, and we proceeded to get the cock.

Shooting in Malta was a dangerous sport though, since the fields there are tiny enclosures between five-foot stone walls, and when birds were about there was a sportsman with a gun in almost every other field.

They fired in any direction and their shot striking the walls glanced off at all angles. I was a careful man and, seeing the danger, I took the precaution of insuring myself, especially my eyes, against accidents. I found, however, that my insurance paid itself over and over again for the many minor damages I sustained at polo.

The polo ground on the Marsa was solid rock in most places, which made the ball fly up with terrific force to catch you in the face, and if you had a fall, as occasionally happened, it gave you disastrous cuts and contusions when it did not happen to break your bones.

In South Africa

I had a dear old Boer friend in South Africa who, when he was harvesting his corn, left narrow strips of it standing which the quail came to use as cover.

They were thus easily walked up. On the first day that I shot over his ground he accompanied me in his Cape cart, with refreshments.

When I shot my first quail he shouted out his admiration, but when shortly afterwards I got a right and left and bagged them both his enthusiasm was unbounded. He said he had never seen anything like this before and it was a matter for celebration; so accordingly the stone bottle of dop brandy was uncorked and libation offered.

He then examined my gun with great curiosity and wonder. It turned out that he had never seen a shot-gun and he had supposed all the time that I was shooting those tiny birds with a rifle!

In Tunisia

Further quail shooting fell to my lot in Egypt and the Sudan and in India, as also of that splendid bird the sand-grouse, not to mention snipe and duck galore.

These also I shot in Tunisia under somewhat romantic conditions. I had a friend there in an English farmer who had been settled there for many years in a charming district for the sport. He introduced me to an educated Arab who became my constant companion and host on several occasions that I came to stay in that country.



Hadj Amor, an Arab Scout
guarding Hadj Amor from
the police.

I had a delightful night at his camp at Sidi Salem El Owain, "the tomb of the little lame man." He had prepared a khus khus supper for me in the shape of a bowl of rice and chicken and kid stewed together with other condiments into a very savoury dish, to which we helped ourselves with our fingers; and also some murga, eaten with milowee, thin lace-like chupatties.

Then we sat round a blazing log fire, for the nights were cold, in the brilliant starlight, talking and listening to his men singing their weird songs, far into the night. And when we coiled down to sleep we did so together, under his one blanket.

He was altogether a charming host and a perfect Arab gentleman. Later on I discovered that he was an Algerian Arab, Chief of a tribe, his real name being Cherif Ben Ali Sed Kaoui. He had, under the traditional custom of his kind, killed an adversary in a blood feud. For this he was tried by the French authorities, condemned and transported to Cayenne, a penal settlement across the sea. When he had been there a year or two he managed to effect his escape and got back to Tunisia, where he was now living guarded by the men of his tribe against rearrest.

Hence his shyness of meeting French officers.

Not many months later I saw in a French newspaper that his hiding-place had been discovered, surrounded by the police, and he himself captured and shot.

From his introduction I had many friends among the Bedouins, whose hospitality and sportsmanship I fully enjoyed. They have very many nice attributes, these sons of the desert.

One pretty custom of theirs is that so soon as you come within the circle of their tent-pegs you are their guest and no harm can befall you. In proof of their hospitable intentions they plant their tent-pegs far out from their tents, in order, as it were, to trap a guest.

Hadj Amor's signature.



A son of the desert.

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In the same neighbourhood I made the acquaintance of a young French farmer, who invited me to shoot a snipe bog on his farm.

He told me that many people had shot it but they looked upon it as a haunted bog because they never shot more nor less than eighteen birds. When I shot it I thought I had beaten the record when my nineteenth fell, but though he fell in a perfectly open spot we were never able to find him, so my bag totalled the usual score of eighteen!

One interesting first-aid hint that I gained from them was that horse-flies, when caught, will hang on to anything that they can bite with the tenacity of a bulldog, and the Arabs use them as we would use tweezers for pulling prickly pear spines out of themselves.

They also showed me a grave in which an Arab youth had just been buried; he had been caught by a jealous husband hovering round his tent. The J.H. caught him and, having tied his hands behind his back, shot him dead.

As this was considered a bit beyond the limit in Arab law the husband was arrested and was now in custody under sentence of execution. This was to be carried out by strangulation, for which process a man puts a slip-noose over his head and pulls it tight while a second man puts a second noose over and pulls in the opposite direction until the unfortunate victim is dead.

A cheery way of doing things.

In England

I never went in for making big bags of game. As a rule I only shot for the pot excepting, of course, when out covert shooting in England.

Here on one occasion I beat all records.

My pick up at one stand alone was something like fifty birds when I had only fired twenty cartridges!



I only shot for the pot.

My host had engaged the services of the local Boy Scouts to act as beaters and he stationed one Scout behind each gun to mark down and collect the birds he shot.

At the end of the beat, when I turned to leave my stand, I found this pile of birds to my credit. I then realised that behind the line of guns the boys had surreptitiously passed along some of the birds shot by the other men as contributions to my heap!

Such is *esprit de corps* among the Boy Scouts!

Somehow covert shooting had not the same appeal for me that shooting has out in the wild. A possible reason is that which Major Powell Cotton, the noted Big Game hunter, gave me for his abstention from covert shooting: "I am such a d—d bad shot."

AFRICAN BUCK SHOOTING

Talking of shooting, I have a very happy memory of staying with a Boer, Bertie Van der Byl, at Bresdaspdorp down near Cape Agulhas. He had a large ostrich farm there where there was mixed shooting and we even attempted pig-sticking on the descendants of domestic pig which had gone wild.

On this farm there was preserved a herd of Bontebok. These were a variety of Blesbok, which had practically become extinct in Cape Colony. My host allowed me to shoot one as a specimen. This was a unique occasion, not only on account of the rarity of the species but also for the manner in which we hunted them.

Van der Byl drove me in a two-wheeled Cape cart with four mules, straight away over the veldt till we sighted the herd. When they saw us the deer started to gallop away at full speed. Crack, crack, went the whip, and away we went at a stretching gallop after them. It was an exhilarating chase, as we bumped over the rough ground sometimes on one wheel, sometimes on none, I hanging on for dear life and my driver, as keen and excited as a boy, urging his mules to do their very best.

For a time it looked a hopeless chase, but as the herd changed their direction and circled round, we were able to cut corners and gradually to come nearer to them.

Two fair-sized hills loomed up in front of us side by side, and as the herd went to the right of them Van der Byl drove to the left, and when we neared the gap between them he shouted to me: "Now" — pulled in his team, and I sprang out just in time to get a running shot as the buck passed the opening between the two hillocks.

By great luck my shot hit a good buck through the neck and he fell head over heels dead. Fortunately he was quite a fine specimen.

Some years later Van der Byl moved to another farm, up in the Transvaal, taking the herd with him, and here it lived in a large paddock.

When the Boer War came on the British troops invaded the country and, on arrival at this farm, they shot the whole herd, seeing the chance of some good meat.

I fear now that the Bontebok must be practically extinct.

FOX-HUNTING

I had many other good sportsmen among my Dutch friends at the Cape. For a time I was Master of the Cape Fox Hounds, and we had some very keen, if weird-looking followers of the Hunt.

Their doings I have recorded in *Sport in War*. This was long ago, before the wretched Boer War. I am certain that, had the bond of sportsmanship been allowed to continue which brought Boer and Briton together in the hunting field in the way it did, there would to-day have been a close feeling of friendship, if not a fusion of the two races in those parts.

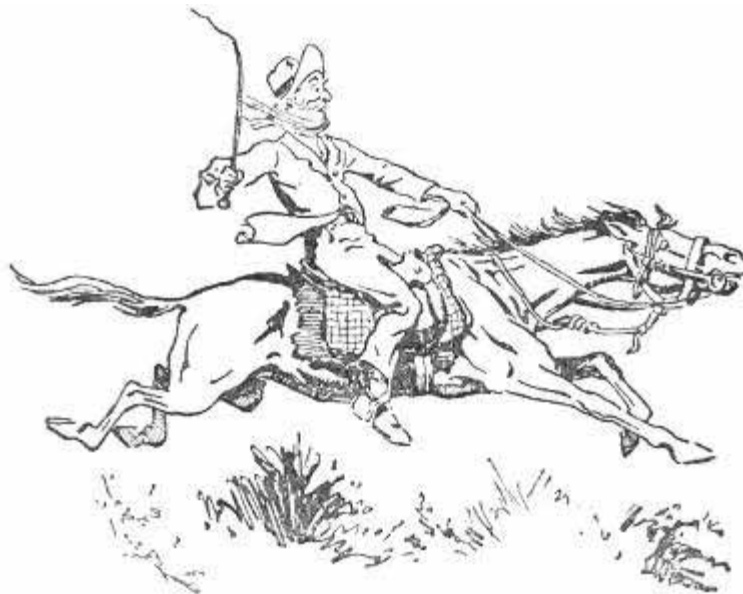
FOX-HUNTING AS A SCHOOL

Fox-hunting, when you come to think of it, is really a very wonderful institution. Although it has come to be quite an artificial sport in a wholly civilised country it still keeps going in every part of England in spite of the War, in spite of the decline in horse-breeding, and in spite of heavy taxes and heavier costs. It is one of the few old institutions left which still keeps us in touch to-day with the traditions and spirit of the former Old England.

There is another point about it too. Having seen most of the cavalries of the world I have no doubt in my mind as to which is the most efficient for its work in war, and equally I have no doubt that fox-hunting is to a large extent responsible for that efficiency.

The nation really owes much to fox-hunting for what it has done to help our cavalry to compensate for its small quantity by its excellence in quality, and this without any extra call upon the taxpayer — for once!

The ex-Kaiser fully recognised this even before he had tasted its quality in the Great War, and he had established at Hanover a pack of hounds as part of the establishment of the Cavalry School there.



A fox-hunting Boer.

Of course, it was militarised, having a Captain as Master, a Sergeant-Major as huntsman, a Sergeant as first whip, and so on downwards.

Undoubtedly fox-hunting has proved a school for training men in riding fearlessly across country of all descriptions; it has taught them practical horsemanship, in economising the powers of the horse, and judging when to nurse him and when to let him go.

It has also trained in them that invaluable attribute, "an eye for the country," and not through dry lectures or boring field-days, but through a sport which appeals to their enthusiasm and gives them at once health and enjoyment.

POLO

Equally with fox-hunting comes polo as a school, at any rate for cavalry officers, and again at no expense to the taxpayer, though a pretty big one for the player.

WINSTON CHURCHILL ON POLO

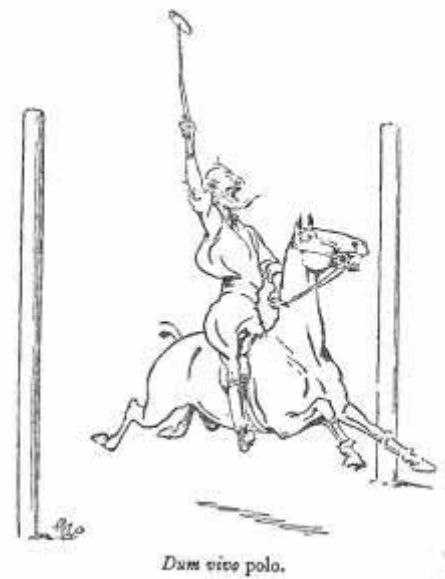
Winston Churchill, in his recent autobiography, omits the fact of his having delivered at a polo banquet one of the finest orations ever pronounced on the subject.

He eloquently put the subject before us, and gradually exposed the fact that not only was polo the finest and greatest game in the world but the most heroic and sporting adventure in the universe. At his peroration we could restrain our enthusiasm no longer and greeted the statement with a round of cheering.

After this, someone moved that "this be enough of Winston," which was carried with only one dissentient, and Winston was put under the inverted sofa, to be retained there for the rest of the evening with a hefty subaltern sitting upon it.

But shortly he emerged from under one of the arms, with what might be taken as an historic phrase:

"It's no use sitting on me — I am India-rubber."



PIG-STICKING

The Boar

I once adjured Mr. Rudyard Kipling to add to his jungle yarns some notice of the two greatest characters of the wild, who felt that so far their existence was rather ignored in his jungle books — these were the Boar and the Mallard, both of them creatures of character.

The Boar, who deserves a big B whenever he is mentioned, is the King of the Jungle. He is the one beast that no other, except possibly the blundering old rhino, will face. When he come down to drink at the water-hole all other people, including tiger and buffalo and elephant (especially elephant), sneak away, and believe that after all they are not very thirsty or think they will try for a drink somewhere else.

It isn't that he smells or slobbers, but he is so nasty with his tusks. He is the only animal that will go for you without being first roused, because he is the only beast that is habitually crusty.

An old African buffalo, or a Canadian bison, has, of course, his spells of crustiness, and is then unpleasant, but the boar is *always* peeved about something or other.

He is plucky and tough, as fast as a horse, and can jump where a horse cannot. He stands as high as a table, is long in the leg, and very muscular. He doesn't hesitate to swim a river, even when it is inhabited by crocodiles; he seems to think that the crops which the natives raise of melons, sugar cane,

grain, etc., are meant for him to devour, which he does extensively, and if a native objects he knocks him down and tries to disembowel him with his murderous tusks.



A Canadian bison has his moments of crustiness.

Well, that is the fellow we hunt in India on horseback with spears, and there is no sport can touch hog-hunting for excitement or valuable training.

The Hunt

Three or four riders form a "party." Beaters drive the pig out of his lair in the jungle, and the party then race after him, but for the first three-quarters of a mile he can generally outpace them.

The honours then go to the man who can first come up with and spear him. But so soon as the boar finds himself in danger of being overtaken he wither "jinks," that is, darts off sideways, or else turns round and charges his pursuer.



Bill Beresford coming a cropper.

A spear-thrust, unless delivered in a vital spot, has little effect beyond making him more angry, and then follows a good deal of charging on both sides, and it is not always the boar that comes off second best.

He has a wonderful power of quick and effective use of his tusks and many a good horse has been fatally gashed by the animal he was hunting.

Among the Indian Princes and cavalry leaders are a number of good pig-stickers, and it is on this common ground of sportsmanship that our officers of both British and Indian Regiments are on such good terms of friendship.

A great man after pig was Lord William Beresford, at that time Military Secretary to the Viceroy. And I remember him taking a toss, which would have killed any ordinary man, when riding after a pig at the Stud Farm at Saharunpur.

Here the paddocks were divided by stout post and rail fences with wooden gates. His pig instead of jumping the fence charged through the gate, smashing the bottom bar, lifting the gate off the latch, so that as Beresford's horse rose to jump it the gate swung open under him and landing on the top of it he came a heavy crumpler on the hard roadway.

But Beresford was an Irishman and no harm resulted.

Tested in Pig-sticking

I did most of my hog-hunting when with my Regiment, during three glorious years at Muttra. I never took the usual leave to the hills in hot weather because I could not tear myself away from the sport.

Some fourteen years later, after service in South Africa and at home, I returned to India to take command of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

A few days after I had joined the Regiment I was politely asked by the officers whether we might not have a day's pig-sticking. I felt in my bones that there was something underlying this question, and that these young men were anxious to put their new Colonel to the test in the hunting field to see what he was made of.

It was an anxious moment for me. I wasn't sure whether my nerve for the game had survived the years of abstinence from the sport which had intervened. (And it requires some nerve.)

However, once a pig was afoot I forgot all my doubts. We had a great run in which the boar eventually got into a big isolated strip of bushy jungle.

I galloped to the far end to see whether he came out, while others watched the sides. Knowing he was in there we called up the beaters and they went through the covert from end to end. Not a sign of him!

So I got off my horse and went in myself with the beaters, carrying my spear with me, to make sure that the place was thoroughly searched. As we advanced through the jungle for the third time I noticed that the beaters in the centre of the line edged outwards as they came to one particularly thick bush.

I pushed forwards towards it, urging them to close in and drive the old beggar out. But there was little need for my exhortation, for he came out of his own accord, not only willingly but with eagerness, and straight at me.

I had just time to lower my spear as he rushed on to it and it went deep into his chest. But the shock of the impact threw me over on my back and, while I held tight to the spear-shaft, he was there just over me, trying to reach me with his tusks but held off sufficiently by the spear stuck in him.

The natives, stout fellows, immediately cleared out of the jungle with loud cries to the horsemen outside, calling in Hindustani: "It's all right, the pig was there; he was killed by the Colonel Sahib!"

In a few moments they were off their horses and dashing in to my rescue. One small officer in his impetuosity dashed at the pig with his spear, missed him clean, and fell over on the top of him. However, better efforts prevailed, and the pig was promptly despatched.

Then came the awed question: "Do you always go in on foot, sir?" and in self-defence I had to say: "Of course, why not?"

But this involved me in frequent repetitions of the feat, and in the end we adopted it as a habit, as adding to the excitement of the chase. It certainly gave it an added flavour.

The Kadir Cup

Every year a hog-hunting competition is held in the Kadir Jungle near Meerut. Sportsmen from all parts of India congregate here to run off the eliminating heats after pig, till the final heat, which decides who is to hold the Cup.

This race is know as the Hog-hunters' Cup.



The Prince of Wales winning the Hog-hunters' Cup.

The Prince of Wales, during his visit to India, came to the camp to witness the final run for the Kadir Cup and then said he would like to ride for the Hog-hunters' Cup. But as this was limited to those who had ridden in the Kadir Cup he was told that it was impossible, and this was urged upon him because nobody wanted to see him ride over that country where falls are the rule and often very bad falls at that.

However, His Royal Highness insisted on starting, on the understanding that he would be disqualified. He was one of the very few that did not fall and though a total stranger to that kind of country he won the race and was disqualified. A great performance.

Being keen on pig-sticking it was only natural that I should enter such horses as I had for the Kadir Cup and this I did on three different occasions. The last was when I was in the 5th Dragoon Guards. The other two men drawn in my heat happened also to be in my Regiment.

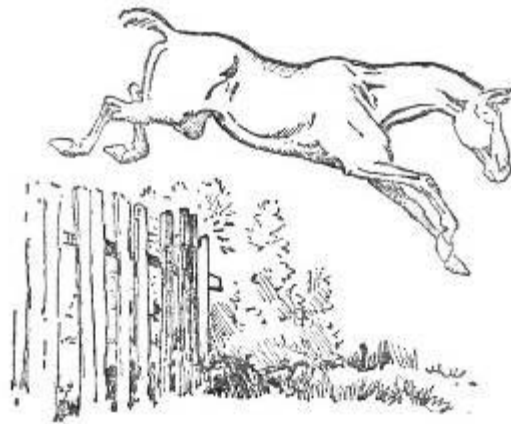
We had a ding-dong gallop after a pig. Shortly after starting one of them fell, and the race lay between the other man and myself. We were going all out, neck and neck, when suddenly my rival collapsed, head over heels, and I was left with a tired pug just in front of me.

I had only to push on, stick him and win. BUT — I glanced back to see how my fallen rival, Dunbar, was faring, and I saw that both horse and man were stunned and that he was lying with his head too near to the horse's hoofs to be safe. So saying good-bye to the pig I went back and lugged the lad clear. After giving him a rest the umpire started us anew after another pig, when Dunbar, most ungraciously I consider, streaked past me and speared the pig right away, and so won the heat. This put him into the final which he eventually won, bringing the Cup at all events to the Regiment. And that was all that mattered.

On the two previous occasions on which I had entered I had managed to get placed in the final heat, and one of them brought me one of the bombshells of my life, in the shape of the Kadir Cup.

I had won all the preliminary heats with the two horses I had entered, namely Hagarene and Patience; thus both had to run in the final heat against a third competitor.

I rode Hagarene, my favourite, and Ding MacDougall, a brother officer in the 13th, rode Patience for me. Hagarene quickly outstripped her rivals and was leading by many lengths when the pig dived through a thick hedge-like line of bush.



Hagarene, a real friend. She enjoyed life and did her jumping for the love of the thing.

As Hagarene jumped it I realised that there was no landing on the other side but a fall into the river. Here we soused under, almost on top of the pig, who turned and crawled out again where he had entered, and while I was getting out on one side and Hagarene on the other, the pig met MacDougall coming up on patience and was promptly speared.

Thus I won the Cup at the hands of MacDougall.

A Brutal Sport

You who sit at home will naturally condemn it. But again I say, like the drunkard to the parson, try it before you judge.

See how the horse enjoys it, see how the boar himself, mad with rage, rushes wholeheartedly into the scrap, see how you, with your temper thoroughly roused, enjoy the opportunity of wreaking it to the full.

Yes, hog-hunting is a brutal sport — and yet I loved it, as I loved also the fine old fellow I fought against. I cannot pretend that I am not inconsistent. But are many of us entirely consistent? Do what we will and say what we like, although we have a veneer of civilisation, the primitive man's instincts are still not far below the surface. Murder will out. Did we not see it in all its horridness in the War?

But apparently the Churches recognised the fact; at any rate one does not remember that they made any attempt to stop us killing our fellow-men, our fellow-Christians.

Until we get our education upon a more spiritual foundation instead of being content with mere academical scholarship, more of character training than standard of knowledge, we shall only have the veneer.

BIG GAME

Apart from pig-sticking and fox-hunting, you don't do your hunting on horseback as a rule.

I once had a good hunt after a wolf with a number of other mounted men near Kandahar. As a rule a wolf can out-distance an ordinary horse but on this occasion he took the wrong direction and perhaps had recently had his luncheon. In any case after a fair gallop we ran him into the ditch of a fort, and there speared him.

I also had a ride after a hyena with a number of Arabs, one of the most alarming games I ever took part in, for the plan was to gallop him down and surround him and for every man then to loose off his rifle at him.

As we were in a circle we were thus firing inwards and towards each other, but fortunately, being mounted, the guns were pointed downwards and the many bullets which missed the hyena went into the sand.

Assisted by dogs I have also ridden down a water buck in South Africa and killed him with an assegai, and I once got a black buck in India with my pistol.

I was on the line of march with the Regiment to which I had just been appointed, when we saw a fine black buck with remarkably big horns, running about on the open plain in an excited state. I noticed a masonry pillar near where he finally stood, so moving out till this came between the buck and myself, I galloped across the plain till I reached the pillar unseen though heard by him.

I got a quick shot at him with my Mauser pistol just as he turned and galloped away. He leaped a mud wall a few yards distant and so disappeared from view.

I heard an "oh" of regret from the ranks of the Regiment as I galloped after him. Looking over the wall to the open plain beyond he was nowhere in sight, but here he was lying dead close under the wall. He had been shot through the heart and the jump over the wall was his last spasmodic effort.



I once had a good hunt after a wolf.

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The panther I shot in the forest at Knysna.

In India one often meets with panthers when out after pig, and though I have never had the luck to do it myself many a sportsman has ridden down a panther and killed it with a spear. But it is a most dangerous game, as with his tough loose skin it is very difficult to give a mortal wound and he is very apt, when pursued, to crouch suddenly and let man and horse go by and then spring on to the horse's quarters and maul the rider from behind.

The only two panthers I have bagged were one baby panther which I captured alive and kept as a pet; the other I shot in the forest at Knysna in South Africa.

We were, at this time, on leave on a hunting expedition in the forest, which was very beautiful with wild mountain scenery. Deep in the forest we made out camp and started to tramp after elephants.

To judge from the accounts of the inhabitants the danger lay in the elephants tramping after us!

An Italian wood-cutter, for instance, said the simplest way of getting near the beasts was to pretend to be a wood-cutter and start chopping a tree. They would come running round in no time. He said that then was the time when he always ran "like blazery" and climbed the nearest tree.

An old Dutch farmer also told us the beasts were plentiful but added characteristically: "If the elephant don't give no road then I go home."

However, we were not beset by the animals. We walked for miles and miles without seeing any. We were in a ghastly jungle of tree-ferns over one's head, entangled, with a dense growth of creepers, creeping ferns and thorn bushes, forming a regular maze of narrow, well-worn elephant paths running in all directions.

Some time afterwards the great elephant hunter, Selous, visited the spot and when he saw the almost impassable jungle he made tracks out of it again as fast as he could, thankful to get away from such a hopelessly dangerous place before any elephants spotted him.

We being perfectly ignorant of elephants and their ways went boldly in where an angel would have feared to tread!

From a small open hill we at last saw a herd of elephant feed in low bush on the opposite hillside, their great rounded backs and flapping ears gleaming in the sun.

We crept and struggled for an hour through thick fern jungle. At last we got near enough to hear them tearing down the branches and snorting and gurgling.

Gradually the cracking of sticks and the crashing down of saplings grew louder as the animals came nearer, till they sounded quite close and all around us; but owing to the dense bush we could see nothing of them.

Suddenly there was movement in the bush high above the spot where I was looking for them. A branch was suddenly dragged down with a slatey coloured trunk coiled round it and then for a second there appeared two great white tusks and the huge head and ears of a wild elephant. In a moment it was hidden again by waving branches.

Two other elephants were close by me on either side by quite invisible except when they moved. Even then they were difficult to distinguish from the trees in dark shadow around them.

I could not see enough to shoot at, and even if I had I doubt whether I should have fired; this was not from any motive of caution but because I was so fascinated in watching them and, well, I have always felt that, if one may say so, an elephant is too big a thing and too sacred a thing for a puny man to slay.

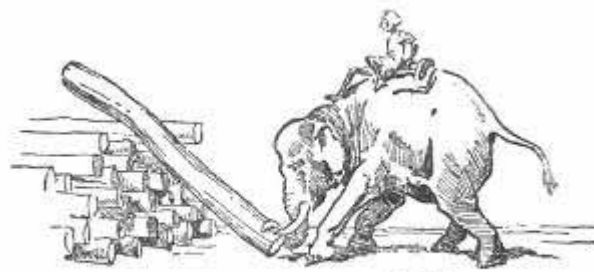
On they went, crashing, munching, rumbling and squeaking. Then, suddenly, there was a complete and tense silence. Not a sound. I guessed that they had niffed us or heard us, and were standing alert.

But the silence was broken by my tracker who said: "They've gone." And so they had. They had slipped away without a rustle, without cracking a twig, on tip-toe as it were.

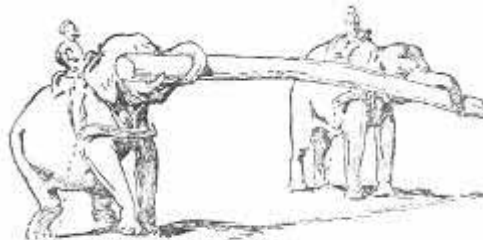
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If wild elephants are interesting to watch, still more so are they interesting when tame.

At Moulmein, in Burma, one saw them doing their daily task of piling teak logs and working in the saw-mills, with an intelligence that was almost more than human.



Elephants piling teak.



When one has a log that is too heavy for him he finds a pal to give him a helping trunk.

Just as one instance, one saw an elephant carrying a great log in his trunk bring it into the saw-mill, where he had to thread his way down a narrow passage between two whirling, shrieking blades and buzzing engines.

But he had the sense to turn his head and steer his log in sideways and eventually to place it lengthways on the sawing platform and to adjust it, to the very inch, in its proper place with a final shove here and there with his nose till it was exactly aligned. Then coming out he picked up a whole bundle of slabs of waste wood to take to the rubbish heap. He passed three men hauling on a heavy log which had got stuck on some impediment. Noticing this out of the corner of his eye, and without being told, he gave this log a hearty push with his hind foot as he went by, which sent it over the obstacle — all out of a sheer spirit of helpfulness.

Then, as he passed a stand pipe, feeling that he wanted a drink, he turned on the tap with the tip of his trunk and drank his fill, and then went on, leaving the tap running. His owner said that it was his one bad habit. He always forgot to turn the tap off again!

I had had other experiences of the wonderful cleverness and docility of elephants when I had one assigned to me in the Terai for shooting purposes. Her Indian name sounded like Dandelion, so Dandelion we called her. She was comfortable to ride, which many elephants are not when they stump with their feet and shake every bone of your body at every step.

And going along through the grass jungle, standing as it did some six feet high, as she rolled her way with the loud swishing of the grass, one felt exactly as though one were in a boat on the sea.

Nor did the illusion cease when we came to a halt, for Dandelion could never stand quite still, but kept rolling gently from side to side, with an easy sleepifying motion. But she was quick as a pointer to scent game, and whether it was a partridge or a tiger she stood like a rock the moment game was afoot.

Time after time she gave me warning before I saw for myself anything to shoot at.

On one occasion we were clambering up out of a deep ravine in the forest; when she was doing all she knew to haul her bulk up the steep bank she suddenly “froze.” Game was afoot.

I looked round and for a moment or two could see nothing. Then, along the skyline close above us, I could see a few inches of the hairy back of a great black bear.



Dandelion, my clever elephant, bringing home the black bear.

A quick snap-shot got him through the spine, and he came rolling head over heels close past Dandelion, but she never budged an inch and let him fall past her to the bottom of the ravine.

Of course, elephants are not always so well behaved. A transport elephant, attached to my Regiment, was carrying a load of tents across a river, when it got its feet into quicksand. It immediately seized with its trunk, one after another, three coolies who were walking alongside it, and pushed them down under its feet to gain a foothold.

This was intelligent of it but was a thing that wasn't done in the best elephantine circles, and the poor thing was condemned in consequence to wear heavy chain bracelets round each foot for the rest of its life.

Once when we had twenty elephants in camp one of these had a grudge against its mahout and, seeing him asleep in the midday rest time, it put out one foot to stamp on him but made a bad shot and only crushed his thigh.

There was an immense hullabaloo and the offending elephant was taken by the other mahouts and tied to a tree. The remaining nineteen were then formed up and solemnly told of the offence committed by Number Twenty and were invited to give him a hiding. This they accordingly did. Each elephant, taking a length of chain in its trunk, marched past in single file behind the culprit, and each, as he went by, slung the chain round with tremendous force on to his hinder parts.



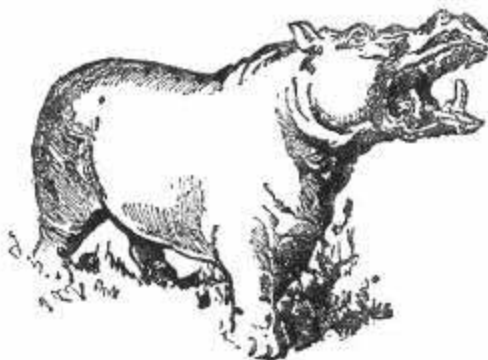
Was carrying a load of tents.

HIPPOS

I don't mind confessing that I have a weakness for hippos. If I kept a mascot I think that, though he doesn't exactly lend himself to being a pet, I should certainly like to have a hippo as mine.

Of course, he isn't quite what you would call beautiful, but there he is — he is not commonplace at any rate, he is quaint. Go and study him in the Zoo. I can watch him by the hour and...love him!

Talking of the Zoo a hippo there once got loose.



Of course, he isn't what you would call beautiful.

It was early in the morning before the visitors were about in the gardens. The keepers were in a great stew as to how to get him back into his paddock again. They tempted him with bundles of succulent hay, but he only ate the hay and wandered still further afield.

What was to be done? A brilliant idea occurred to Mr. Bartlett, the Manager. He remembered that "Obash" — that was the animal's name — had a particular dislike of one of the keepers named Scott, and used to run at him whenever he saw him.

So Mr. Bartlett sent for Scott and put a banknote into his hand and said: "Now you go and show yourself to Obash and when he comes for you run like billy-o into his paddock and then nip out over the railings on the far side."

Scott, who was a good sporting fellow, did not hesitate. He went towards the hippo and yelled at him: "Oh, you Obash! You ugly brute, you."

Obash looked up from his meal with surprise and then, seeing who it was, dropped his mouthful of hay on which he was busy, swung round and came for Scott at a tremendous pace.

Scott wasted no time. There was no dilly-dallying about him, and he just legged it as hard as he could go into the paddock, with old Obash tearing along after him.

He managed to reach the far railings and scrambled up them just in time to escape the rush of the mighty beast, who was thus safely caged in his own paddock again.



Scott wasted no time.

Unable to gratify my lust for a hippo as a pet in an English home I have to content myself with the next best thing — the skull of one as a memento — and this is how I got the beggar.

A friend and I were camping near a lake in which there were lots of hippos and the natives thereabouts were in a state bordering on famine and wanted meat. But the hippos were very cunning. They would not show themselves above the water while we were about, so it was difficult to get a shot at them.

One day we went out to a distant part of the shore to stalk them. Hippos can stay a long time under water, but they have to come up occasionally to breathe. When they do so they are careful only just to put their nostrils above the surface; they can blow off a little fountain of water and down they go again. So that all you see of them is six little black dots — their two nostrils, eyes, and ears — and these only appear for about three seconds.

But they always come up at the same spot, so the thing is to have your rifle ready aimed at the place, and the moment the eye appears to pull the trigger before the beast goes down again.

My friend and I had a match to see who could kill a big hippo who was behaving in this fashion opposite the place where we were lying. I lay on my back in order to get a steadier aim. It was this lying on my back which inspired the natives with me to give me the nickname “M’hlalapanzi,” which means “the man who lies down to shoot,” and, in its second interpretation, “the man who lays his plans carefully before shooting them into practice.”



M’hlalapanzi.

And this nickname stuck to me ever afterwards among the natives and our hunters.

I drew my bead carefully on the old beggar’s eye when it appeared, and kept the rifle steadily aimed at that spot while he was down, and then when he came up again was ready for him and let fly.

The monster heaved himself half out of the water with a tremendous snort and then plunged in amidst a fountain of water and spray, and we saw him no more.

Another appeared not far off and my friend had a shot at him and made him hop too.

A hippo when killed usually sinks to the bottom, but four or five hours later, owing to gases forming inside him, he floats up to the surface.

Our natives were very much on the look-out, therefore, for the bodies of the two hippos, and in the evening a runner came excitedly into camp to tell us that one of them was floating there dead.

We hurried down to examine him, and there he lay, a great fat monster on his side, stranded among the rushes.

We could find no sign of a wound until we opened his eyelid and there we found the eye had been smashed; the bullet had gone straight to its mark and had entered his brain.

Of course, each of us claimed the animal as his.

I had been firing with a government rifle while my friend had used an "express." When we dug out the bullet it had the broad arrow on the base. It was a government bullet and so the hippo was mine.



Hippo for lunch.

You should have seen our natives and what they did with that hippo. As a first step they cut a square hole in his side, just big enough to admit a man, and one man accordingly went in with a knife and fetched out all sorts of tit-bits in the way of chunks of liver, heart, etc., which he handed to his friends.

Of all the horrible sights you could imagine that grinning negro, literally covered with blood from head to foot, was a complete picture. We were in a fairly desert country at the time, where there seemed to be few if any inhabitants. But at nightfall there were nearly a hundred natives collected on the carcass and to these people a lump of raw meat gives as much joy as a whole plum pudding would to a boy at Christmas, especially as they were near starvation point.

That night our camp was the scene of tremendous feasting and festivity. Every man lit his own fire and, after skewering great slabs of meat on his assegais, he planted them round the fire. Then he sat down and solemnly set to work to eat the whole lot.

The meat had not got time to get cooked. He simply ate it raw or half-warmed.

All night long, whenever we woke, we could hear the men chumping away at their meal.

LIONS

It was about four in the morning. We were sleeping peacefully, the camp-fires were burning low, and even the most hungry of our "boys" were dozing; one of the dogs awakened me by continual growling and uneasiness; then the disturbance was added to by a neighbouring goat startling the night with a shrill

bleat of alarm; in another moment there was a sudden rush as of the wind, a crash, and a confused trample of flying hoofs as our herd of four oxen burst forth from their corral and rushed into the surrounding bush.

In a second everybody was awake and moving. I rushed from my tent, hog-spear in hand, to find all the "boys" in an unwonted state of excitement, with but one word in their mouths: "N'gonyama" (lions).

It appeared that, attracted by the scent of the roasting hippo and of our cattle and ponies — and pony is to a lion as turtle soup to an alderman — a roving band of lions had made a rush through our camp, and the cattle had in consequence stampeded, followed by their aggressors.

While we were yet discussing the situation a shrill bellow of pain echoed through the bush at a short distance from the camp, and told us of the fate of one of our poor beeves.

As soon as day began to dawn we followed them up and presently came across them. There was the old lion having his breakfast off the dead bullock, while a party of four young lions was sitting round, waiting until the old lion had finished and they could have their turn to feed.

However, their little plans were upset by our appearance on the scene, and they all made off as fast as they could; and we followed up the big lion by his foot-tracks in the sand.

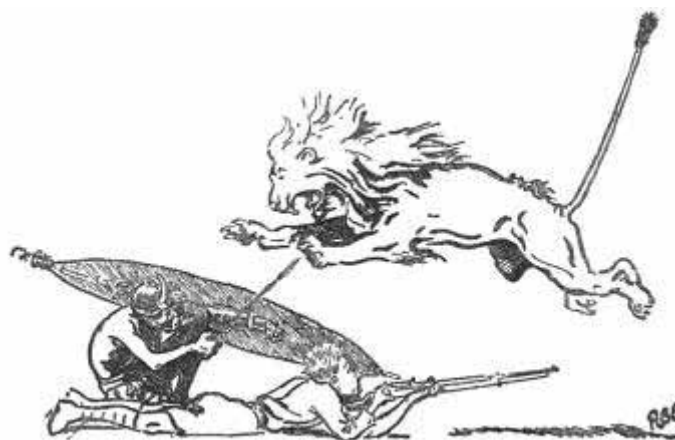
We trailed him for many hours trying to catch him up, but he always dodged us by getting scent of us before we got sight of him, till at last he had to cross an open glade in the forest where we saw him dive into a thick patch of thorn bushes wherein to hide.

We came up as quickly as possible and surrounded the clump, ready to shoot him whichever side he came out. But he didn't come out. So a plan was then made, at the suggestion of our chief tracker, who was an old Zulu warrior, by which we could make sure of getting him.

This clump of bush was very like a big patch of furze bush which you may see on any common, very thick and prickly above but with several tunnels leading through it underneath.

The plan was that I should creep into a tunnel on all fours, with my rifle, and the Zulu would follow close behind me. So soon as I saw the lion I should shoot at it and then lie flat. The Zulu would put his big shield over both of us and as the lion charged us he would stick him in the tummy with his assegai.

I thought it a splendid scheme excepting the part where I came in! And I didn't at all like the idea of that creeping game. My hair almost stood on end to think of it. But as a small boy I had been taught the Cub Law and that was that I must not give in to my own feelings or wishes, and I had always tried to carry it out.



A simple way for killing a lion.

At this moment I felt horribly inclined to break the law and give into myself. But I am glad to say that I stuck to it and I crept into the tunnel. As we got farther in my hair got more than ever inclined to stand on end until, on turning a corner in the tunnel, I saw before me...day-light at the other end! Then my pluck returned; the lion was not there, and I crawled into the open on the other side feeling a perfect hero.

The lion had sneaked away without our having seen it.

So you see a lion is not always as brave as he is painted. At the same time I have met with one who was quite nasty about it when he saw me, and — well, to make a long story short, I am still alive, and his head (stuffed) and skin adorn my room now.



A MASAI LION KILLER

PETS

I have said that I love my enemies, which is a course frequently suggested but not often practised. In this case by my enemy I mean the boar.

I was lucky enough to capture in the jungle a very young “squeaker,” as young boars are called. I took him home and kept him for a long time, and found him a delightful and interesting young friend. He lived loose in my compound and retained all his wildness, hiding in his clump of bushes when any stranger came along.

I got him to come to me when I called him for food and he would do so also for the sweeper when he offered him food. But he invariably attacked the sweeper with his tiny tusks, hinting to him that he wanted the food but wished to dispense with his company.

There was an old stump of a tree in the garden around which Algernon (for that was his name) was never tired of galloping. He used to practise running a figure of eight round the stump, cutting at it with his baby tusks every time he passed, right and left alternately, thus practising for combats that were to come.

I had an old English mare loose in the compound, who, being a staunch pig-sticker, used to go for Algernon whenever she saw him, and the little beggar positively delighted in leading her on till she tore after him, with



Squirrels when very young.

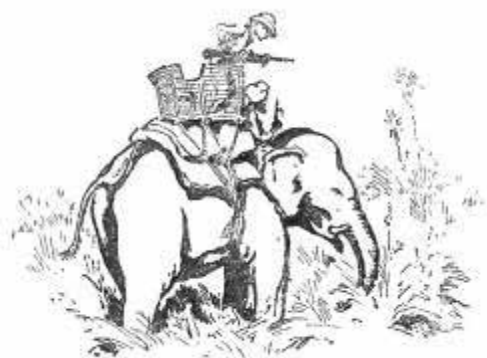
ears back, eager to trample him or to kick him if she could only get him.

Unfortunately one day some dogs about the place saw this chase going on and joined in and soon ran down poor little Algernon and bit and tore him so badly that he had to be killed. The killing was done with the spear as behove his rank.

The only other wild pet that I had was a small panther, named Squirks. I had heard of a panther in a certain part of the Kadir and was out looking for him on an elephant.

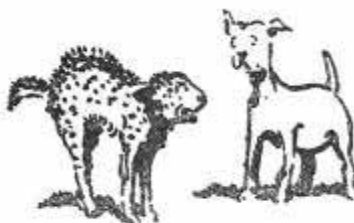
Peering down into the grass jungle through which we were moving I saw what I took to be the paw of a panther sticking out from behind a tussock of grass. So I fired where I judged the body of the animal to be.

This startled the paw and as it moved I saw that it was a complete panther on a very small scale. So I got down and picked it up and took it back to camp.



Shooting at a panther's paw.

I was sleeping out in the open that night on a native bedstead with my puppy and this new acquisition alongside me. In the night he started squalling in panther language but soon settled down again quietly alongside the puppy, with whom he was already friends.



Squirks meets my puppy.

Next morning we found the pugs of a panther having walked round and round my bed, evidently in connection with the squawkings — possibly its mother, but she had not summoned sufficient courage to rescue her offspring.

So Squirks lived with me for nearly a year and was a most cheering mischievous comrade, as tame as a dog, but in no way reliable.

When I was leaving India many people volunteered to take over Squirks. I gave them twenty-four hours' trial of him, but in every case he was returned with thanks. He was too strong and too mischievous, so I finally passed him on to Jamrach.

Of course, I had innumerable horses and dogs, not always beautiful, but none the less beloved. I suppose there has seldom been a more ugly pony than Hercules, but he was my very first possession in the horse line and I had bought him for a very small sum from an Indian grass-cutter who used him for carrying forage to the market.



With care and feeding he turned out a most useful animal, a grand jumper for paper chases, and a handy, sensible polo pony.

From “Boswell’s Life of Johnson,” a puppy that died from overeating in my early days, down to “Shawgm” of to-day I have scarcely ever been without a dog — or two — or three.

Shawgm, a beautiful Labrador, with a glossy coat and great solemn brown eyes, was given to me on the occasion of a Rally of Scouts of five counties — Shropshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Monmouth. Hence his name, based on the initial letters of the names of the counties.

That dog has a perfectly human mind and understanding.

I have read recently that the difference between man and the creature world is that man has a sense of humour and animals have not.

The author of that remark can never have owned a dog.

STALKING

Stalking, by pitting one’s cunning against that of one’s quarry, has a tremendous fascination for me, even if it is only creeping up to a bird or a rabbit and “freezing” stock still so that he doesn’t notice one while one watches his every move at close quarters.

Still more thrilling, or course, is the stalking of wild big game in difficult country, such as the ibex in the Himalayas or the stag in Scotland, or better still some beast who has it in his power to go for you.

In mentioning stag stalking I don’t mean what is usually understood by the term in Scotland — namely creeping about under the direction of a ghillie till he shows you your target and hands you a rifle.

The moment for the rifle is, for me, the moment where the pleasure of the stalk ends. You have, it is true, the excitement left of seeing whether you hit or miss and whether, then, your hit kills or only maims.

In either case, to me, though goodness knows I ought to be pretty hardened to it, the hit always brings regret. I hate to see the beautiful eye of a gazelle gently questioning: “What harm have I done that you should shoot me?” and then glazing in death.

I have never, in all the years that have passed since, quite got over the remorse I felt when as a small boy I killed my first bird.

But, as I said before, I am utterly inconsistent; there is a tremendous satisfaction in bringing down neatly a high, fast-flying pheasant, or a grouse coming straight at your face, just as there is in bowling over a racing buck or a dangerous animal.

On the other hand to kill a venerable great elephant would be to me as great an impertinence as to blow up part of the Tower of London; but to stalk him with a camera would be a very different pair of shoes — the best sport possible.

SCOTTISH DEER STALKING

Of this I have done very little and so am scarcely qualified to speak — but I have done enough to know that I don't care for it. I had stalked many kinds of deer and big game in other climes, but when it came to being led about by a ghillie over the moor in Scotland I lost interest in it. To my mind the whole fun of stalking lies in spotting your stag and planning and carrying out your approach by yourself. If you get within range successfully that is all you want (especially if it is within range of a long-distance camera). As far as I am concerned somebody else can then do the killing.

I hated having my rifle carried for me and in its case. On my first visit to the hill when this was done I expostulated: "Supposing we come upon a stag suddenly."

"Ah! Ye'll no do that," and at the next turn of the path we did that very thing. What a scramble to get the rifle out of its cover and loaded and handed to me, by which time the old stag was out of sight, far away up the glen. When at last we stalked to nearly within a shot of another he winded us and trotted off round a small clump of timber. Rifle in hand I tore away to cut him off — the ghillie staying behind and objecting that this was no way! I was evidently transgressing some rule of stalking etiquette.

But sure enough there came the stag cantering across my bows at 160 yards (paced) and with my infernal good luck a flying pot shot at him got him in the neck and rolled him over, dead.

The ghillie was full of flattering remarks, but I thought all the time they were covering a certain amount of displeasure at my behaviour. Later on he had reason really to dislike me.

I was walking up the hill with a well-known lady stalker. She insisted on carrying her rifle in case of a surprise. Suddenly a stag was there before us and she got a snap-shot at him as he darted away and plunged down into thick undergrowth in the ravine. We could see nothing of him, but a dog that was accompanying the party dashed in and was presently in full cry away up the corrie. We all started after him but I was not happy about it and still looked for sign on the ground.

Almost immediately I found it, a drop or two of blood, then a hoof mark — and more — which led me down the ravine in the opposite direction from the hunt. I only had to go some fifty to a hundred yards till I found the stag lying dead. The dog was running heel.

STALKING WITH A CAMERA

Big game Kodak-ing is taking the place of big game shooting, as the recognised form of sport. Where big game hunters used to compare notes over their rifles they now do so with no less interest over their cameras. It implies more crafty stalking and as great daring and skill as ever.

The trophies, especially if gained with a movie camera, form a far more exciting record both for yourself and for your friends than any dead horns and hides.

It is tending to make the big game hunter more of a naturalist than a butcher, and it leaves the fauna still intact for our sons to hunt in their turn, in the same fashion, and so to learn the invaluable lessons one gains in the school of the jungle.

MOUNTAINEERING

There is yet another form of sport which I should like to have crowded into my life, and that is mountain climbing.

I have pettifogged pretty freely up and down the minor heights of the Himalayas and the Andes and the Rockies, but though I have gazed in awed admiration of their mighty snows, I have never trespassed on those sublime heights.

There is to me something sacred about their calm isolation far far above the world where it would be a presumption for a puny man to make his footmarks.

Mountaineering appeals to me not merely for the sport of stalking ibex or of climbing for climbing's sake, but because there is something spiritual and uplifting about it, as good for the soul as the exercise is for the body.

I read somewhere lately:

“One becomes a kind of Yoga in the mountains, where you can only walk and sleep and think.

“I do not know what it is; nine-tenths of the people who live higher than 1400 feet are Buddhists. The mountains almost talk you into it. In the quiet of the night you listen to their voices; you are drawn into the brooding intensity all round you. Then, as the slough of immediate cares and preoccupations slips away, the spirit expands and wider cycles of consciousness are opened out.

“In warm cities where men huddle together, one must have something to cling to, a personal Saviour, a lantern in a sure and kindly hand, comforting voices in the dark.

“But here you do not seek — you know. Self vanishes. There is a mystic purpose in Nature with which you are concerned — remotely not individually.

“You may dream apart, but you are one with all the seeds of the grasses and the little round stones, unprivileged.”

THE SCHOOL OF THE JUNGLE

These lessons of the wild are, for Scouting, indispensable, whether it be for peace purposes of exploration and the like, or for war purposes of military information.

They develop the qualities of observation and deduction, endurance, courage, patience, resourcefulness, self-reliance, nerve, and eye for country, as no other training could do.

But, side by side with these, one gains a wider conception of the Brotherhood of man, where the hardships and dangers are shared by faithful, if less civilised, natives.

And then through living in continued contact with Nature a fuller and higher appreciation is developed of its order and of its Creator.

CHAPTER IV

SPYING AND SCOUTING

I NOW come to the most interesting work that lies amongst the duties of an Army Officer, and which forms the thesis underlying my activities both in my first life and in my second, namely, Scouting.

Allied to Scouting is Spying.

Spying is secretly gaining military information in peace-time in preparation for eventualities. Spies are like ghosts. People seem to have a general feeling that there might be such things but they do not at the same time believe in them because they have never seen them.

But spies do exist, in very large numbers, not only in England but in every part of Europe. A spy is not necessarily the base and despicable fellow that the name implies; he is invariably both clever and brave.

The German spy, Carl Lody, when captured and tried by Court Martial in London during the War, said he “would not cringe for mercy. He was not ashamed of anything he had done; he was in honour bound not to give away the names of those who had employed him on his mission; he was not paid for it, he did it for his country’s good, and he knew that he carried his life in his hands in doing so.”

He was shot as a spy, but even in our own House of Commons he was spoken of as “a patriot who had died for his country as much as any soldier who fell in the field.”

SCOUTING on the other hand is the gaining of information in the course of military work in the field.

MY START IN SCOUTING

I had not been long with my Regiment after leaving school when we were ordered to Afghanistan, and while camped out there a sudden storm of wind and rain blew half our tents down and hurled a large tarpaulin up into the sky, and it eventually fell among the horses picketed out in the horse lines. The animals were naturally terrified, broke their head-ropes and stampeded all over the place.

Next day, when daylight broke, the Regiment was busy rounding them all up until only one was missing — the best horse in the Regiment, A.44, ridden by the Regimental Sergeant-Major.

There was considerable excitement about this, especially as the Colonel was very angry over its loss.

So I started out on my own, and got on to the tracks of a horse which I followed for some miles from camp till they led up into mountains, and, taking my eyes off the track and looking upwards, I spotted the runaway high up on the skyline at the top of a small mountain. Leaving my own horse at the foot I clambered up the crag and eventually succeeded in bringing A.44 safely back to camp.

This little episode was in its after-results a big step for me.

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While we were stationed in Baluchistan, near Quetta, the General at manœuvre-practice posted a line of outposts and defied the cavalry to get information of what was going on behind their line. It was an all-night business, and a very dark and cold night at that.

Among others I was told off to try and find out where the enemy were posted and if possible to get through their line and report anything I could find out.

Then again patient creeping which I had practised in the copse at school came in useful, and by slow degrees I wormed my way between the outposts and eventually found where their supports and reserves were posted. Having got as far as I could I marked the spot by planting a stick in the ground with one of my gloves on top of it, and then crept my way out again to my own force.

Next day at the conclusion of the operations we officers had to give our respective versions to the General of what we had done.

I explained where I had been and was told by the Officer Commanding the outposts that I had a touch of the Ananias about me — or words to that effect — as it would have been impossible for anyone to go where I said I had been.

So I told them of my glove, which was then found at the spot indicated.

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From India the Regiment was moved to South Africa, where an expedition was being formed under Sir Charles Warren against some Boer adventurers who were endeavouring to annex part of the territory lying to the north of Cape Colony in Bechuanaland.

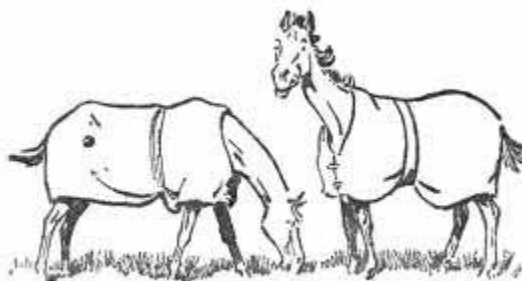
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We were hurriedly send from Bombay without our horses, and on arrival in Natal were supplied with remounts which were entirely unbroken and wild. Here again one night we had a stampede, and a number of the excited animals got away and were not found for a couple of days.

The Colonel chaffed me and told me to go off on my usual game and find those horses.

So, profiting by my former experience, though there was no snow or mud in which to track them, the country being grassy and mountainous, I went uphill all the time looking for them on the mountain tops.

The only living things I was able to find after a day of searching were a herd of cattle high up on the mountain-side. I took a look at these with my glasses, and happened to notice that one of the beasts was of a very peculiar yellow colour. Then I spotted another yellow one, and very soon recognised that these were horses which had got among the cattle and were clothed in their yellow horse rugs.



Peculiar-looking beasts.

So with great joy, I went up and captured the two which I had seen and brought them back to camp. Another pat on the back from the Colonel.

I was fortunate in having a very long eyesight which enabled me to see things in the distance where many other people had to use their glasses. My Colonel also had remarkable eyesight and used to enjoy spotting things which other people had not seen. One day when we were on the Rifle Range the Colonel suddenly said to me in his gruffest voice: "What is that man doing over there?"

I knew that he would be furious if I asked which man and where, so I took a quick squint round to see what he meant and I luckily spotted the head of a man bobbing along just behind the crest of a neighbouring hill.

Noticing the direction he was taking, that was towards a big farm where I knew the sergeants obtained vegetables for their mess, I made a bold shot and said: "It's Sergeant Russell, sir, the caterer of the Sergeants' Mess, going out to buy vegetables."

He roared "Nonsense" and sent off his orderly at a gallop to overtake the distant man and find out who he was.

The orderly returned with the information: "Sergeant Russell, sir, going to buy vegetables."

The Colonel rode off without saying a word, but he very shortly afterwards selected me for an important scouting mission which was one of the most interesting I ever had.

MY FIRST SPYING EXPEDITION

Forgive me for quoting these footling little yarns under such an important heading as "spying" but it well to see how from small beginnings greater things may grow.

Shortly after this recovery of strayed horses, etcetera, the Colonel hurled a bombshell at me when he sent for me one morning and said that he was going to form a flying column of mounted troops and guns to be ready to move across country into the Boers' territory, in the event of Sir Charles Warren's expedition meeting with resistance in Bechuanaland.

As a preliminary, he wanted accurate information as to possible passes by which he could move over the Drakensberg Mountains which formed the frontier between Natal and the Boer Provinces of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and I WAS TO GO AND GET THIS INFORMATION. It had to be done in absolute secrecy.

There were two well-known passes through which roads ran into the Transvaal and Orange Free State respectively. Naturally these would be held by our adversaries.

There had been in the old days other passes through the mountains, but these had been purposely blown up and destroyed by our engineers, in order to prevent raids into Natal by the natives of Basutoland.

I was able to find out whether any of these could readily be made available on an emergency.

My expedition took me a month, involving a ride of six hundred miles. I rode one horse and led a second, which carried my blankets and foodstuff. I grew a scraggy beard and must have looked an awful ruffian. At any rate my disguise was evidently effective, for one day I happened to meet the Major of my Regiment in a town through which I was passing, and which he was visiting on leave. He was a grumpy old customer.



I rode one horse and led a second.

Quite forgetting my appearance, I greeted him with the customary "Good morning, Major." He turned and looked at me for a moment, and apparently thinking I was a tramp, out for money, he growled savagely: "Get out," and went his way' and I went mine, with the contented feeling that I was not likely to be taken for a British officer.

I generally put up at farms where I happened to find myself at nightfall, and my usual excuse for wandering about in this fashion was that I was a newspaper correspondent seeking information, with a view to recommending it for immigrants, and I thus got to know a good many Boer, as well as British, farmers, and their varied opinions about each other and about the prospects of the country.

I found that the map which I took with me for guidance was a very inaccurate one, and therefore I took it upon me to add a bit of surveying to my activities, and made a number of corrections which would be useful from a military point of view.

One of these, at any rate, was not take notice of by the authorities to whom my reports were afterwards sent, for when the Boer War came on, and Redvers Buller fought the battle of Colenso, he believed a certain mountain to be on the far side of the Tugela River, and the old map showed it, whereas I had found it to be on the near bank.

Apparently, this error had not been corrected in the Government map, in spite of my pointing it out.

Also, I had expressly said in my report that, in the event of our column from Natal being driven back in its effort to advance northward it should fall back south of the Tugela, and not attempt to hold Ladysmith.

Had that line been taken in the Boer War, I feel that Sir George White's division would not have been held up as it was by the Boers for over four months.



It has often been argued that the Zulus could do longer marches than the ordinary British soldier. Of course the latter is handicapped by wearing heavy clothes and equipment, but even without these, and without the practice, I doubt whether he could hold his own with the average Zulu on a walking tour.

On a particular day of my ride, I started out from Greytown at the same time as a fine young Zulu and his bride. I cantered off at my usual loping pace, and then pulled up after an hour or so, to off-saddle, graze the horses, and have a meal myself. Before long, the Zulu pair came trotting by, and went ahead of me. Later I overtook them again going merrily along, and again when I halted they once more overtook me.

This went on throughout the day, and when I eventually arrived at my destination forty miles from starting, there they were, quite cheery, and probably able to go on the next day at the same rate.

I met many interesting characters in the course of my journey, among the settlers and among the Police, many of whom were members of well-known families.

One storekeeper with whom I rested for the night, pointed to a distant grass fire on the veldt, which he said reminded him of the lights of Ryde in the Isle of Wight. He proved to be a keen yachting man, who every two years or so went to England on the funds he had been able to accumulate at the store, and his sole dissipation was to hire a yacht for the season, and enjoy himself sailing on the Solent.

He had married a very capable native woman, who kept house for him, and ran the store for him during his absence at Cowes.

I found that I had arrived on an unfortunate day, as there had been a funeral in the family. He said his little son had died the previous night, and he had buried him that day. Having no regular coffin, he had interred him in a wine packing case, labelled Heidsieck Dry Monopole, which he considered singularly appropriate, seeing that the child's name was Bacchus.

SPYING IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

My first essay in spying was so interesting that I repeated the experience so soon as I could get the opportunity. The desire grew upon one as strongly as the desire for drink grows on some people, so, when quartered in England, I took every opportunity I could of travelling abroad and learning all that I was able to of foreign armies and their ways.

I attended manœuvres wherever I could, as an ordinary tourist going about the country, until finally employed for such work.

Then I visited the Dardanelles in a tramp steamer carrying grain from Odessa, a most comfortable ship with a delightful old Scottish captain and his still more delightful old wife who was an excellent cook and a motherly hostess.

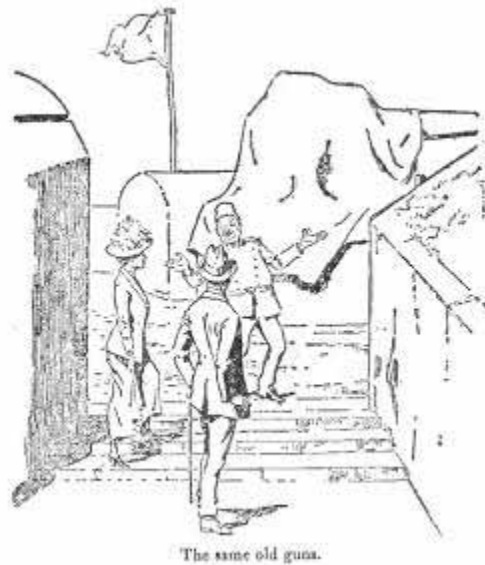
The captain fully entered into my scheme and when we arrived opposite any fort in which I had any special interest he would come to anchor, and lower a boat for me to go "fishing."

Several times he was visited by patrol boats from the forts, telling him to clear out. He drew their attention to loud hammering going on in the bowels of the ship, informing them that his engines had broken down, and so soon as these were mended he would gladly get on his way again; meantime could they advise his nephew in the boat yonder what was the bait to use for fish; his "nephew" meantime being busy angling in another sense of the word, that is in taking the angles of the different embrasures and facets of the forts.

Some of these forts were reputed to be armed with a brand-new kind of gun about which there was much question. I was able to get to the bottom of this through a friend of mine, a lady who lived in Constantinople and was on friendly terms with the Turkish Commandant of one of the most important of the defence works.

She persuaded him to invite her to tea in his quarters, and to bring me with her.

Strolling about the fort after tea I drew attention to one of these mysterious guns all covered over with canvas sheeting, and he laughingly explained as he lifted a corner of the cover: "These are the same old guns that have been here for years, but we thought it advisable, in view of some moves by a certain neighbouring power, to let them suppose that we had re-armed ourselves with something very new and very formidable."



As I have recorded in my book, *The Adventures of a Spy*, I posed as an artist on another occasion, when I was gathering information as to the quality of the mountain troops on a difficult frontier.

I had met with one of these soldiers, who in conversation told me that the force to which he belonged, consisting of an infantry and artillery, was high up on the snows carrying out field manœuvres against a similar force acting from another valley, and he roughly pointed out to me where his force was bivouacked — near a high peak called "The Wolf's Tooth."

He incidentally let out that the manœuvres were being kept very secret and such paths as led in that direction were guarded by the military police.

After dark that night I left my inn — discreetly — and finding my way up a dry water-chute I clambered up, away from all mule tracks, simply aiming for the Wolf's Tooth which I could see silhouetted against the stars.

It was a tough and arduous climb, and took me practically all night, but I got there by dawn, and as I topped the ridge I saw one of the most startlingly beautiful sights of my life — sunrise on a great snow mountain above me.

Here I actually carried out my pretence of being on a sketching tour and made a rapid water colour drawing of the scene, and here I was presently caught by an invasion of Staff Officers directing the manœuvres.

Finding me a harmless artist they became quite friendly, and showed me their maps and explained the proceedings, and I spent a day full of interest in watching the ingenious way in which they got over the difficulties of mountain climbing with their guns and mules, and in getting over glaciers and snows with their men roped.

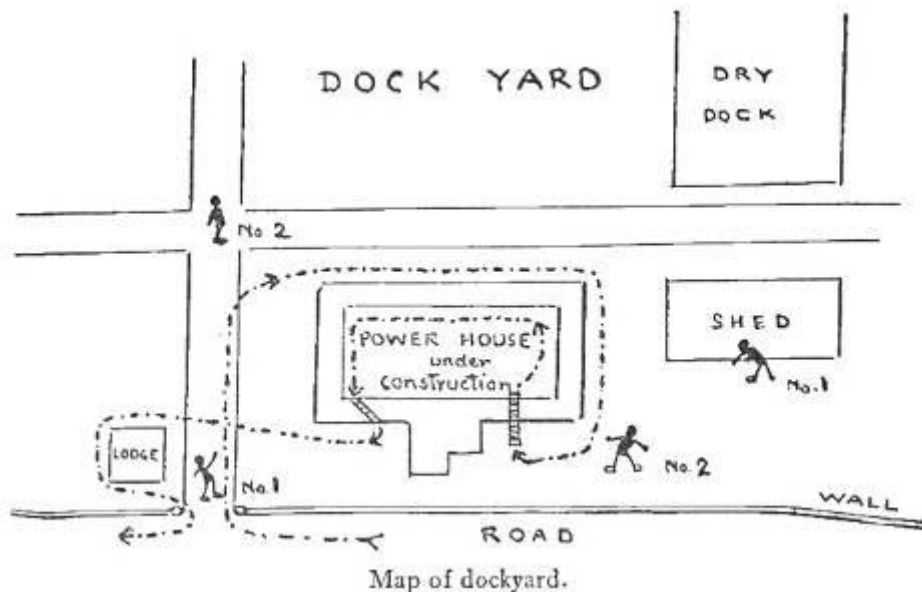
It was my sketching that saved me from coming under worse than suspicion.

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I had an exciting time in dodging gendarmes in a new naval dockyard where I had no business to be.

This again, with the map of the chase, I have described in my *Adventures of a Spy*.

I had slipped through the dockyard gate alongside a wagon which was entering screened by it from gendarme No. 1; but when the wagon farther on turned to the right near No. 2, No. 1 spotted me and called out to me. I took no notice but walked on till I was behind the Power House, then in the course of construction. Once out of sight I fairly bolted, and rounding the far end I gained a ladder leading up the scaffolding.



I was half-way up when round the corner came one of the policemen. I at once froze, without moving. I was about fifteen feet above sea level and not twenty yards from him. As I had learned from the masters at Charterhouse, unless they think of it men very seldom look upward, and I hoped breathlessly that this fellow would follow the fashion.

He stood undecided with his legs apart, bending over and peering from side to side in every direction, to see where I had gone, very anxious and shifty.

I was equally anxious but unmovable.

Presently he drew nearer to my ladder and, strangely enough, I felt safer when he came below me, and he passed almost under me looking in at the doorways of the unfinished building.

Then he doubtfully turned and looked back at the shed behind me, thinking I might have gone in there, and finally he started off and ran on round the next corner of the building.

The moment he disappeared I finished the rest of my run up the ladder and safely reached the platform of the scaffolding, quickly looking for another ladder as a line of escape, for it is always well to have an emergency exit when you are scouting.

I found a short ladder but it only led from my platform to the stage below, and not right down to the ground. Peeping quietly over the scaffolding I saw my friend the policeman just below, still at fault, so I sat back to take note of my surroundings and to gather all the information I could from this particularly good look-out place.

I realised that I was on the new Power House, whence I had an excellent view over the dockyard, and within a hundred feet of me was the excavation for the new dock, whose dimensions I could easily estimate.

With my prismatic compass I took the bearings of conspicuous points on the neighbouring hills, and so fixed the position of the Power House, so that it could be marked on a large scale map for purposes of being shelled if necessary.

Through a crack between two of the foot boards I watched my pursuer and his comrade in confabulation. They presently examined a goods shed close by, one going inside while the other waited to catch me if I came out, but he remained accidentally close to the foot of my ladder.

While they were thus busy they were leaving the main gate of the enclosure unguarded and I saw now was my time to get out if I could.

So I silently moved along the scaffolding, till I reached the short ladder, got down on to the lower storey, and then quickly slid down one of the scaffolding poles and landed on the ground just out of sight of the policeman guarding the ladder, and, keeping the corner of the building between us, I slipped out of the gate without being seen.

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I was, owing to the carelessness of over-confidence, actually captured on one occasion. It was in my early days — in Russia.

I had spent about a week watching night manœuvres which embraced interesting experiments with searchlights, and I had made myself familiar with these and their working by actually going into the fort from which they were shown.

It was the last night of the manœuvres when the Tsar himself was to be present.

I had really gathered all the information that I wanted, but as this promised to be an extra special display I went out to see something of it.

My brother was working with me on this occasion and he agreed to go with the troops which were to attack the fort while I went to observe the defence. On entering the place I found that this special occasion had attracted such an extra number of staff officers and police that I thought it wiser to clear out again — which I did.

As I walked back along the road in the dark I saw the lights of a number of carriages of the Tsar's entourage coming to the fort. As the first carriage passed me I did a stupid thing; I bowed my head to avoid being recognised.

This made the occupants of the carriage suspicious. They were Staff Officers.

They stopped the carriage, promptly seized me and hustled me into it and drove on without a word so as not to check the progress of the rest.

Then they questioned me as to who I was and why I was there, and finally handed me over on arrival at the fort to some officers in the garrison.

I truthfully told them that I was an Englishman, that I had been looking on at the manœuvres as a spectator and had lost my way to the station, and I should be glad if they would direct me how to get there.

They did that by sending me back in charge of an officer to be handed over to the police and removed from the capital.

Arrived here I was placed in open arrest, that is, allowed to live in an hotel, but not allowed to leave the town. I was there befriended by a German officer, who was acting as waiter in the hotel for reasons of his own, and he kindly told me which of the hotel frequenters was the detective specially charged with watching me.

I received warning that I had better get away without delay, as the charges against me would mean five years' imprisonment without trial, but that arrangements had been made with the Captain of an English ship, sailing from a neighbouring port, to take my brother and myself as members of his crew.

I evaded the attentions of the watchful detective, and we made out way deviously so as to put any follower off the scent, and succeeded in getting on board ship, where we passed muster, when passports were examined, by lining up with the crew.

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I have now nothing more to add about spying, because I was apparently eventually caught and shot as a spy during the Great War.

The following is the complete account of my death as reported in the American press.

The first intimation of it was the following cable:

“Sunday papers report Baden-Powell shot in Tower of London as German spy upon return from Germany. Was caught with maps of fortifications which he was trying to dispose of to the enemy. Mr. Walterbury, returning to Pittsburgh, tells of the above knowledge gleaned from brother, an English officer who was present at the trial and saw him shot to death.”

The press account of the unhappy episode reads as follows:

“BADEN POWELL SHOT AS A SPY.

January 15th, 1916. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Shot to death by English soldiers on his return to England as a German spy.

That is what happened to Major-General Robertson Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, hero of the defence of Mafeking in the Boer War, and organiser of the Boy Scouts, when he went back to London and was caught with papers in his possession, showing maps of Great Britain's fortifications that he is said to have been selling to the enemy of England. — This statement is made by a man who says he is a Britisher and that the execution was witnessed by his brother.

‘My story is a true one,’ he declared to-night. ‘I can tell you nothing else. My brother saw the execution with his own eyes. My brother explained that Baden-Powell marched to his place of execution without a quiver, and, as the cover was being placed over his eyes, said only these words: “May God have mercy.” If reports be true, and I am sure that my brother is to be relied upon, England has put into his last sleep one of the bravest soldiers who ever headed her armies in foreign lands.’”

It was really worth being shot as a spy to gain so sweet an epitaph as that.

Apropos this slight mix-up of my nationality the case is rather on a par with that of my being burned in effigy by the factory girls of a Scottish city on the night of the relief of Mafeking — just an awkward little case of mistaken identity between President Kruger and myself.

I have, however, quite recently had a possible explanation of this from General Smuts, who told me that after the Boer War an old back-veldt Boer at Rustenburg said he was a bit confused in his mind as to the relationship between “Oom Pole” (Kruger) and one called “Baden Pole.”

• • • • •

I don't happen to have been in Germany during the War although I have been assured on good authority that I was there.

A naval officer, for instance, told me only recently that he had escorted me home during the War when I came from Norway. He knew the name of the ship that I had travelled in (one that I had never heard of myself) and that his patrol boat took special care to prevent my being captured or torpedoed *en route*.

The German Staff also knew that I was in Germany and issued some special orders for my capture.

I think the foundation for these rumours may probably have lain in our War Office, where sometimes it was found useful to start a hare to see whether and how far confidential information leaked out.

• • • • •

Spies are not only used in peace time but in the field in time of war as well. In the Great War all fronts were teeming with them on both sides.

I have an interesting relic hanging on my wall in the shape of a notice board on which was written in the three languages, French, English and Flemish, the history of the owner, a cripple.

"Kind Friends...I stood in the ice-cold water and rescued a child from drowning, and have no use of my limbs. Help me..."

He sat on a small trolley in Ypres during the War and people out of pity used to throw him an occasional franc note. One day one of these notes blew away and a soldier of the Durham Light Infantry picked it up and in handling it back to him noticed that it was not a money note but a letter in German writing.

This he reported, and the man was found to be no cripple at all but a very active agent or "post-box" for the German spies of the neighbourhood, whose reports he used to collect in this way under pretence of their being banknotes, and transmit after dark to the German lines.

He was tried and shot; and I kept his placard as a memorial of a brave man.

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A tremendous lot of your success in spying naturally turns on the disguise adopted.

I don't mean by that merely the actual theatrical "make-up," but the ability to assume a totally different character from your own and also the repression of any little mannerisms you may happen to have, or the adoption of some special one for the occasion.

This may mean a limp in your walk, a habit of sniffing, a croaky voice, etc., etc.



Quick change of hat, coat, tie and trousers legs.

A very important point in your make-up is to alter your appearance as seen from behind.

I was at one time under the surveillance of a detective who changed his appearance each day; one day he was a soldierly-looking man; the next an invalid with a patch over his eye; and so on; but I recognised him as being the same man when I watched him from behind, and saw him walk.

Sometimes it may be necessary to make a quick change of appearance as I have had to do more than once.

You know how, when you are addressing a man, you notice his necktie more than anything else — and probably his hat.

I was interviewed one day by a newspaper man at a railway station. A few minutes afterwards I found myself close to my interviewer in the crowd, where he was re-telling the incident to a brother journalist who was also

anxious to find me — and I was not anxious to be found.

“He is down there in one of the last carriages of the train. You will know him at once. He is wearing a green hat, a red tie, and a blue serge suit.”

Fortunately I had a grey overcoat on my arm, in the pocket of which was my travelling cap and comforter. Diving into the waiting-room I effected a quick change into these, crammed my hat into my pocket, and tottered back, with an invalid's shuffle, under the very nose of the waiting porter, into my carriage.

SCOUTING

Scouting differs from spying in that it is gaining information about an enemy or his country in the ordinary course of military practice.

The definition of a Scout was given a long ago as A.D. 1560 by Machiavelli in his *Arts of Warre*.

“I have not founde that for to warde the campe at night thei have kepte watche without the trench, as thei use men now as daies whom them call Scoutes. All the strength of the watche was within the trench. Their feared that with men stationed in from the armie within might bee deceived in seeing them coming in, or that they might be oppressed or corrupted of the enemye.”

This means that Scouts were used instead of outposts. It has been said: “There is scarcely a battle in history which has not been won or lost in proportion to the value of the previous reconnaissance.”

In spite of such importance of Scouting there was, when I joined the Service, no specific training in this essential science. We were taught, it is true, to draw maps and make reports, but we were not taught how to get the data for these in an enemy's country, nor how to achieve the more important job of getting information about the enemy himself.

I have seen the ordinary British officer of those days described “as ignorant of Scouting as a chimpanzee is of skating.”

Personally I got hoicked into Scouting, as I have indicated, through my Colonel sending me to gather information because I had apparently acquired a habit of noticing small signs and reading a meaning from them: in other words, Observation and Deduction.

Thanks to this I gained some of the most exhilarating experience that any soldier can wish for in a kind of glorified detective work.

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The following is not a fable but is actually what happened not long ago. A party of savants and explorers were carrying out a scientific expedition into the interior of Australia, and very nearly came to a tragic end in the great thirstland in which they found themselves.

That they came out alive was due to the powers of observation and deduction and ingenuity on the part of a little native girl of fourteen whom they met. Half-perished with thirst they were searching the plain for a drop of water when the girl noticed some ants creeping up the stem of a tree, and making their way into a small hole in the bark. She at once inferred that they were going there for some purpose, and, passing a twig into the hole, she discovered that there was water in the hollow tree-trunk. She thereupon stripped the bark from some green twigs so that they formed a succession of small tubes, which she fitted one within the other, and, passing the end of this tube down through the hole in the tree, she provided an instrument by which each one of the party was able to suck up his fill of water.

It was not the knowledge of Greek or of higher mathematics which this eminent party possessed that saved them, but the natural knowledge of one who had been brought up to some of the essentials of life.



Like these savants I too learned a lesson in observation and deduction from a native.

This occurred when reconnoitring the enemy in Matabeleland many years ago.

Early one morning my Zulu tracker and I were riding across an open grass plain when we came on the footmarks of several women proceeding towards some hills some miles distant, where we believed the enemy to be hiding.

A Mahobahoba leaf was lying about ten yards off the track. There were no trees near us but we knew that some of this kind existed in a village fifteen miles distant in the direction from which the tracks led.

The “sign” pointed to these women having come from that village, bringing the leaf with them, and having gone on towards the hills.

The leaf was damp and smelt of native beer and we inferred that they had been carrying pots of native beer on their heads, the mouths of these pots being as usual stopped with bunches of leaves.

The leaf had fallen out and had blown ten yards off the track. But no wind had been blowing since five a.m. and it was now seven.

Thus we read the news that a party of women had brought beer during the night from the village for the enemy in the hills, where they would have arrived at about six o'clock. The men would probably start drinking at once (as the beer goes sour if kept very long), and they would, by the time we could get there, be getting sleepy from it; so that we should have a favourable opportunity for reconnoitring their position.

We acted on our information accordingly, with complete success.



It doesn't seem right, somehow, that this science of observation and deduction which forms so valuable an asset in a man's character is not as yet included in the school curriculum — except in such schools as have adopted the Boy Scout training.

To begin with it has great educational value for the boy or girl, according to one authority who says:

“OBSERVATION develops to a remarkable degree the alertness and efficacy of the senses; by continual practice the eyesight becomes quickened and strengthened; so also the hearing and sense of smell and touch.

“DEDUCTION promotes in a still more effective way alertness of the mind through development of reasoning power, imagination, patient research, commonsense and memory.

“It is a science which has the further benefit of being full of attraction and interest for the youngster, so that once he has been introduced to it he takes up the study with increasing keenness and practises it for himself.”

And so do old 'uns for the matter of that.

The practical value of such education in supplying a new quality in the character of a man is incalculable, no matter what line of life he may select. Whether he takes up law or medicine, exploration or research, business or soldiering, police work or big game hunting, or what you will, its uses come in every day.

It is essential to him if he would gain knowledge of material facts or if he would read the character or enter sympathetically into the feelings of other men; if he would enjoy the many little pleasures that Nature offers to the discerning eye; and indeed if he would make full use of the talents which God has given him.

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Another time, during the siege of Mafeking, we had a fortnight of close contact between ourselves and the Boers' trenches, at sixty-eight yards apart. We finally made a determined effort to get into their works, mainly by cutting our way into the communication trench which led from their advanced work back to their base.

In the middle of our effort, at about three a.m., we heard the Boers making a considerable noise, calling to each other to retire, and we could hear them making their way through their communication trench, evidently vacating their front line.

My men were wild with joy and eager to rush in to take possession, but I stopped them.

Observation. Why should the enemy be leaving noisily, when one would expect them to creep away quietly?

Deduction. There was something suspicious and caution was necessary.

So we sent forward two trusty scouts to discover what was up. They got into the communication trench and were feeling their way along it towards the main work just vacated, when they found that the wall of the trench was wet to the touch, and presently they discovered that a wire ran along inside the wall in the trench and was just recently plastered over with mud, evidently to hide it.

We cut the wire, and then followed it up into the main trench, where it led to a beautifully laid mine of two hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine, which would have blown us sky-high had we gone in in a body.

Not content with discovering this we got hold of the end of the wire, and reeled in nearly a hundred yards of good copper wire with which we were now able to lay mines, using the nitro-glycerine in smaller proportions.

Our men gave three cheers for the Queen, while our friends at the other end were trying to touch off their mine and cursing their luck at its very greatly delayed action.

TRACKING

From all that I have been saying about Observation you can probably realise how all-important for Scouting is the art of tracking.

It has been said that Scouting without tracking is like bread and butter without the bread. With a Scout tracking becomes habitual; subconsciously he is looking for and reading signs all the time even when engaged in other things.

He is leading a column perhaps along a path to surprise a kraal some fifteen miles away. Away in the grass to the left of the path he notes the indented mark of a toe and on the right a heel mark, recently made (grass still bent down) by a man running (pronounced toe marks at long intervals) going diagonally in the same direction as the column, and going secretly (jumping the path to avoid showing spoor).

The Scout stops and says it is no use going on — they have got news of our coming.

This, and incidents like it, occur every few minutes of the day with the trained Scout.

Scouting is an art which you can go on practising for ever, and though you keep improving yet a white man seldom reaches the acme achieved by native trackers, like those in the Sudan or the bushmen in South Africa, the Ghonds in India, and the blacks in Australia, who are brought up to it from infancy, using tracks as their newspaper and as their infallible guide in hunting and in war.

Where the white man scores is in the application of his intelligence to read the meaning of the tracks.

When I went scouting with Fred Burnham he was quicker than I in noticing "sign," but in pointing it out to me he would ask: "Here, Sherlock, what do you make of this?"

Unfortunately we British make very little use of the art, either in our military or civil training, so when we go on service, not being accustomed to tracking habitually, we often neglect to use it, even when the ground before us lies open like a book, full of information.

I was sent to join a column on the march in Matabeleland, and riding along with the Commanding Officer I noticed the fresh tracks of natives, evidently moving in our neighbourhood. These became so intriguing that I asked the Colonel whether his Scouts had brought in any information. He replied that he had no Scouts out, as it wasn't worth while tiring men and horses in a country where no enemy were visible.

I was horrified and assured him that if he did not see them he would in a very short time feel them, since as far as I could see they were all round us.

Mercifully they did not attack us and later I found from this impi, when it surrendered, that they had allowed the column to go through that part of the country undisturbed because they did not want to draw attention to their presence there where they were getting good feeding; but, having seen the column wandering about with its Commander riding in front, they had given him the nickname of "The Bellwether leading his flock."

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"Sign" does not consist merely in foot tracks, but also includes clues of any kind that can be discovered by the senses. Thus, a match struck high up on the hillside in the middle of the night which informed one that that height was held by the enemy, would be "sign."

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I was taken down a peg in my boasted tracking by a young lady in England. She was the daughter of the late Lord Meath. As we were walking in the gardens of Sion House she suddenly pointed to footprints on the path and asked what they meant.

I said indulgently: "A common or garden cat has recently passed this way."

"Yes, even I could tell that," she replied, "but I can further tell what was the colour of the cat — can you?"

Thus put on my mettle I set to work to examine any twig or spray that might have caught a hair from the animal, much on the principle by which Zadig was able to say that a roan horse of sixteen hands high had passed through a wood.



But search as I would I could find no clue that would indicate the colour of that cat. My companion looked at the track again closely, and said: "Yes, I am not mistaken. It was a light tortoise-shell cat."

I also looked more searchingly on the ground but it gave back no helpful sign. At long last I confessed myself beaten. "How did you arrive at that colour?" I asked. "I saw the cat," she replied.

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A good instance of tracking by an Egyptian tracker was when, in returning from a field day on the desert, I found that I had lost my field-glasses. A tracker was brought along who examined my horse's feet and watched it gait when it was ridden up and down for his inspection.

As I had been riding at the head of a Regiment it was probably that my tracks would be fairly well obliterated. However he went off full of confidence and eventually returned with the glasses. He had found my horse's tracks showing where I had gone off alone to view the field operations, recognising them amongst the many others about the plain, and they had eventually led him to the glasses.

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A great part of one's Scouting work was done by night. This again is an art which requires a lot of practice such as we seldom get in civilised countries. Personally I believe that I have done more work by night than by day when on active service, and certainly when engaged in Scouting.

For one thing, in Matabeleland and Zululand at any rate, one had to make one's way until close to the enemy's position under cover of darkness, and then go into hiding during daylight where one could watch the enemy's proceedings unobserved, getting away again after nightfall.

It often followed that one had then to guide a column by night and to get it into position for an attack by daybreak. One felt a horrid lot of responsibility on one's shoulders when doing this lest one should take a wrong line or lead the whole body into an ambush.

Such leading needs every ounce of concentration one can put into it. I am not constitutionally rude but I was never so rude to anybody in my life as when one young officer, thinking I looked lonely walking along by myself, came up with me and, meaning well, started a merry and bright conversation. My response was not courteous and he fell back to his place feeling a little hurt.

Landmarks by night are very different from those by day, and that is a thing that a beginner does not realise. Then there are those infallible guides the stars, infallible until the important night when they are invariably covered by clouds; and then you thank goodness that you made notes of landmarks as well.

JAN GROOTBOOM

"He has the guts of a white man in a black man's skin."

That was the character with which Jan came to me in Rhodesia. He was a Zulu who had had some education and a pretty wide experience, having travelled and mingled with Europeans of the right sort.

Though I knew Zululand I was new to Rhodesia and its people, and I needed therefore a really reliable guide and Scouting comrade.

When you are choosing a man for a job like this, where your life is going to depend on him, and, what is also considerably to the point, where he at times will have to rely on you for his life, the selection is not one that can be lightly made.

It's as bad as choosing a horse — or a wife. There is a lot depending on it.

But in my case there was no time for having a dress rehearsal or preliminary trial with likely men, and I had to take this man on his reputation and his face value. As it happened both appealed to me, and I never had to regret my choice. The character given him in the first instance exactly described him; he proved the bravest man I ever saw.

Many fellows, on first going overseas, are only too ready to show their "superiority" and to look down on the "nigger." Older hands who have shared danger and sport with the native know his good points and promptly recognise the very raw tenderfoot in the newcomer who runs him down.

So I tell you of Jan Grootboom.

To do our job he and I used to ride out from our outposts as soon as night had set in. This enabled us to get through the intervening twenty-five miles of country in good time to conceal ourselves near the enemy's position at dawn, and then to ascertain his exact whereabouts by observing his camp-fires as they lit up for cooking the morning meal.

There was a lot of Sherlock Holmes work to be done in our job.

For instance one morning we had some difficulty in creeping through the enemy's outlying posts, and, thus delayed, we did not arrive on the more dangerous ground near his main camp till after daylight.

When we had found a good hiding-place for ourselves and horses we took it in turns to examine the enemy's position.

But Jan was not much of a mountain climber and as the whole of our work lay among rocky kopjes I found that with my rubber-soled shoes I was able to get about more rapidly than he could, and, indeed, than the enemy could — as I have already told you.

In this way the enemy got to know me fairly well; they gave me the name of "Impeesa" — the beast that creeps about by night.

One night we had crept down to near the enemy stronghold and were waiting there to see his morning fires so as to ascertain his position. Presently the first fire was lit and then another and yet another.

But before half a dozen had been lighted Jan suddenly growled: "The brutes, they are laying a trap for us."

I did not understand at the moment what he meant, but he said: "If you stay here I will go and look."

He slipped off all his clothing and left it lying in a heap and stole away into the darkness practically naked. Evidently he was going to visit them to see what was going on.

The worst of spying is that it makes you always suspicious, even of your best friends; so as soon as Grootboom was gone in one direction I crept away in another, taking the horses with me, and got among some rocks on a small rise where I should have some kind of chance if he had any intention of betraying me and bringing the Matabele back to capture me.

For an hour or more I lay there while the sun rose, until at last I saw Jan crawling back through the grass — alone. Ashamed of my doubts I crept back out to him and found him grinning all over with satisfaction while he was putting on his clothes again.

He said that he had found, as he expected, an ambush laid for us. The thing that had made him suspicious was that the fires, instead of flaring up at different points all over the hillside simultaneously, had been lighted in steady succession, one after another, apparently by one man going round to light them.

This struck him as suspicious and he assumed that the enemy expected that we might be in the neighbourhood and were trying to lead us on to examine the place more closely.

He himself had pressed in towards them by a circuitous route from which he was able to perceive a party of them lying low in the grass close to the track which we should probably have used had we gone on.

He therefore passed them unseen and reaching a point near to their stronghold he came back to them pretending to be one of themselves; and after chatting with them he found out what was their intention with regard to us, and also what were their plans for the near future.

When he left them he walked boldly back towards the stronghold, and, once out of their sight, he crept away among the rocks and quietly made his way back to me.

A job like that carried out in cold blood, with the certainty of death if he failed, demanded a pretty high form of courage — higher even than that of a soldier who goes forward in the charge in the height and excitement of battle.

Many and many a time Jan risked his life in similar ways.

When at the end of the campaign I left Matabeleland we parted as real friends.

Three years afterwards, in the midst of the Boer War, I was commanding a column in an out-of-the-way corner of the Transvaal when I was told that a native wanted to see me.

It was Jan. He had made his way down from Matabeleland through the Boer country, and he appeared in camp with a splendid horse and a very good mule and two first-class rifles and any amount of ammunition.

When we met neither of us could speak for a moment and some brutal fellow snapshotted us. We were simply, each of us, a huge grin.

When I asked him how he had managed to get there so well equipped he said that he had heard that I was in the Transvaal, had started out on foot to find me; and had appropriated several enemy's horses, rifles and ammunition *en route*, which he displayed with some satisfaction.

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When I left South Africa Jan attached himself to George Grey, the celebrated lion hunter and a great friend of mine. Jan served him well and was eventually killed defending him. Grey himself was afterwards killed by a lion.

Yes — Jan had proved himself a white man — if in black skin.

CHAPTER V

SOLDIERING

BOMBED INTO THE ARMY

THE second bombshell of my life burst upon me some four months after leaving school. I was on board the *Gertrude*, a yacht belonging to Professor Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, an old friend of my father's, who was his "opposite number" as Savilian Professor of Geometry. One of the guests on board was the Dean of Christchurch, the celebrated and handsome old divine, Dr. Liddell.

The Dean accosted me one morning with the news that, according to the newspaper, a namesake of mine had passed his exam. for the Army. And there, in black and white, was my own name!

Well, the Army Council cannot well turn me out now, so I may as well confess that I practically got into the Army by fraud; that is, I got in by examination, but examination is by no means a fair test of a fellow's abilities.

When I went up for the Army Exam. it was naturally without much hope of passing. Indeed I took the whole thing airily as a trial canter over the course.

In the subject of Euclid I had never succeeded in getting over the *pons asinorum*, but with a certain cunning I wrote out in the Loissette method —the Pelman system of those days — and committed to memory the several books of Euclid required for the Army Exam. My success was complete though the real meaning of those problems was, and is to-day, a sealed book to me.

ANOTHER TIP FOR PASSING EXAMS.

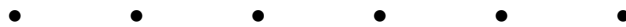
Early in my Army career I committed myself to authorship by writing a little handbook for the use of my men, called *Reconnaissance and Scouting*. Later on when I came up for examination for promotion in the subject of Reconnaissance the examiner asked whether I was the author of the handbook on the subject, and he had the decency to pass me without any further question.

So to any candidate for examination who is doubtful about his ability to pass in any particular subject, my advice is to write a book about it and let it be known to the examiner that you are the author. Material for the book can, of course, be obtained from the many other existing books on the subject!

ON THE STAFF

In due course I got a footing on the Staff in a humble capacity, as A.D.C. to General H. A. Smyth, Commander-in-Chief in South Africa.

When the news came to the Regiment that I was to be seconded for this job the men of my Squadron presented me with an illuminated address printed on white satin in which they generously gave me their good wishes for success. Testimonials from men to their officers are strictly forbidden, yet, I ask, what can you do about it when the thing itself is actually there thrust into your hand? Anyhow — it is one of my most treasured possessions to-day.



My previous experience of Staff work had been when, in India, I had been appointed temporarily to the Staff of the Duke of Connaught, when His Royal Highness was Divisional General at Meerut. There were never three military leaders more unlike in their respective methods and character than the three under whom I served directly and personally.

Sir Baker Russell, a dashing Cavalry leader, did not know a single word of command as laid down in the Drill Book, but he rushed into action with instinctive knowledge of what was required, and by sheer dash and determination carried the thing through whether the fight was in the field against an enemy or on paper with “the authorities.”

The Duke of Connaught, of wider experience in the world, had the extraordinary gift of seeing the human side of every venture. He realised how far his officers and how far his men could go, and through his personal sympathy and memory of every personality with which he came into contact, he gained the whole-hearted and devoted team work of those serving under him.

My new Chief, Sir Henry Smyth, was about as nearly the opposite of Sir Baker Russell as you could get; very slow and careful in his deliberation he looked at the question or plan from every point of view, in principle and in detail with an unbiased eye, and he saved himself from falling into many a fatal error by his calm forethought and use of experience.

Well, for a young officer learning his Staff work, those instructors gave a valuable lead, if only one had the sense and the power to follow it.

AN AIDE-DE-CAMP'S LIFE

Life on the Staff at the Cape, under a well-loved General and popular lady, was a very happy and enjoyable experience. It was hardly what one would call soldiering, but there was lots of Headquarters work, more especially as the post of Military Secretary being temporarily vacant, I was told off to act in

that capacity in addition to my duties as A.D.C. This gave me most valuable training and experience in Staff work.

In my spare time I had plenty of occupation since I was the Hon. Sec. of the Polo Club, for which I got up fêtes and gymkhanas in order to raise funds for making our ground and pavilion.

Then, in addition to lending a hand in theatricals, Pierrette Minstrels, Drawing Society, etc., I was second whip and, for one short season, Master of the Cape Foxhounds.

At this time the Governor of the Cape was Sir Hercules Robinson, afterwards Lord Rosmead. He was a typical Colonial Governor, very British, a diplomatist, and a sportsman, and managed to look all three.

Lady Robinson on her part looked a typical duchess, stately and very sure of her own mind. And she caused for me one of the most terrifying experiences it has ever been my luck to go through.

I wanted to secure her patronage for a concert I was getting up and called at Government House for the purpose. I was a very shy young officer and hoped to the last moment that she might not be at home. But there she was and I was shown in.

Although she used them to scrutinise me Her Ladyship did not need lorgnettes to see that I was in a powerful funk. She put me through a close catechism as to my feelings towards each in turn of the many charming young ladies of the Cape, and appeared to think less and less of me as we went through the list without any exciting discovery.

Finally, when I was reduced to a nervous rag she asked: "What about this concert? Are you going to sing one of your imitations of a Prima Donna?" Thinking to please her I said yes. "Then sing now," was her order.

There was no way out of it. I halted, I hesitated, but I had to do it. Can you picture it? Alone and helpless under that pitiless gaze I started miserably to sing in my ridiculous high falsetto those runs and trills which had made me such a hero to myself on the stage.

There was precious little of the hero about me now. But gradually I warmed a little to my work and was in the middle of a *tour de force* which trilled to the top notes of my compass when the door opened and in marched a footman followed by a portentous butler bringing tea. I didn't know whether to stop or what to do. What I most wanted was that the earth should open up and swallow me up. As it was I brought my performance to an end within the next bar or two, and exercising all my dramatic powers I explained to her, for the benefit of the butler, that that was the sort of thing we might expect at the concert.



What the butler saw.

Then she gave me tea and I soon found that under that, to me, alarming exterior, there was a soul full of humour and a heart full of kindness.

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Altogether I was now in a very different kind of atmosphere from that of soldiering, and for a time it was a pleasant change. Indeed it was great fun, a regular beano, when...bang came a bombshell!

ZULULAND

An alarming telegram came through from Zululand to say that the Usutus were up. They had defied the police; some troops from Natal had been sent to back up the civil force and had been driven back with loss. Generally the fat was in the fire.

The Governor of Natal (and incidentally of Zululand) was disturbed in his mind. He wanted more troops as a backing, but being by title "Commander-in-Chief" of Natal he did not want military generals butting in. However, General Smyth saw that if there were to be troops there must be transport and supplies and organisation and hospitals and remounts, and that every hour's delay meant wider outbreak, so without ado he despatched all necessary orders and promptly embarked with his Staff for Natal and Zululand.

Here again my luck was in. The post of Military Secretary was just then vacant, waiting for a Field Officer to be appointed from England. I was gazetted to act as such in the interim although I was below the rank of Field Officer.

The Staff consisted of:

Commander-in-Chief	Lt.-Gen. H. A. Smyth.
Adjutant-General	Col. Curtis, C.M.G.
D.A.A.G.	Major Gordon.
Military Secretary	Capt. Baden-Powell.
A.D.C.	Capt. H. Robinson.
O.C., A.S.C.	Col. Christie.
P.M.O.	Surg.-Col. Faught.
Commandant Native Levies	Col. Sir F. Carrington.

JOHN DUNN

I shall never forget my first meeting with a Zulu army. I was going with our troops on the march in Zululand when we met a group of warriors with a white man riding at their head. It was John Dunn, followed by a few of his head-men. John Dunn was an old Scottish trader who had lived since his boyhood among the Zulus, and was so liked and trusted by them for his honesty and courage that he had become chief adviser to Cetywayo.



Even when the Zulus broke out in war against the British and Cetywayo, thinking himself invincible, expected to invade and capture the whole of Natal, no harm was offered to Dunn. He even went so far as to try to persuade that great Chief that his outbreak was bound to end in disaster.

If one of his own people had dared to tell him this, Cetywayo would have promptly killed him, but he had too great a respect for Dunn.

All the same he did not accept his advice, and he lived to regret it when his vast army was finally smashed up in the battle of Ulundi, and he himself was taken prisoner.

It was after this defeat that Zululand was divided up into eight provinces by Lord Wolseley, and each province placed under a different Chief — of whom John Dunn was made one.

When we met John Dunn he informed us that he was bringing his Impi or Regiment along to join our force in our advance against the remainder of the Zulu nation.

A ZULU IMPI

Shortly afterwards I heard a sound in the distance which at first I thought was an organ playing in Church, and I thought for the moment that we must be approaching a mission station over the brow of the hill.

But when we topped the rise we saw moving up towards us from the valley below three long lines of men marching in single file and singing a wonderful anthem as they marched.

Both the sight and the sound were intensely impressive.

Then the men themselves looked so splendid. They were as a rule fine, strong, muscular fellows with cheery, handsome faces of a rich bronze colour, and very smartly decked out with feathers and furs and cows' tails.

They wore little in the way of clothing and their brown bodies were polished with oil and looked like bronze statues. Their heads were covered with ostrich plumes and they had swaying kilts of foxes' tails and stripes of fur; while round their knees and elbows were fastened white cows' tails as a sign that they were on the warpath.

They carried huge shields of ox-hide on the left arm, each regiment having shields of its special colour, while in the right hand they carried two or three throwing assegais for hurling at an enemy, and a broad-bladed stabbing assegai which they kept for hand-to-hand fighting; while in their girdles was slung a club or axe for polishing off purposes.

With four great impis of this kind against us we felt that we were lucky in having at any rate one such force on our side, and under such a man as John Dunn. He and his Scouts were invaluable.

Apart from these our forces consisted of detachments of:

The 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.
Mountain Artillery.
Inniskilling Fusiliers.
North Staffordshires.
200 Mounted Basutos.
A troop of Mounted Volunteers.

A FLYING COLUMN

The General, on arrival in the country, lost no time in getting to work. Following up Major McKean's success in the Southern part, he established a line of fortified posts to prevent the enemy from returning there, and arranged to attack the different hostile impis in detail before they could complete their concentration together.



On the warpath.

But the first and most urgent business was to effect the relief of Pretorius, a magistrate who was besieged in his house by the Zulus. A flying column was at once formed for the purpose, consisting of 400 Mounted Infantry and Dragoons, two guns, 200 Basutos and native police, and John Dunn's 2000 Zulus.

This force was placed under command of Major McKean, and he took me as his Staff Officer.

We started on the 7th July and covered the first fifty miles in two days, with the enemy hovering around us, not daring to attack at first, but on the second day they charged our rearguard, killing four of our men. They were, however, easily repulsed.

After the fight it was a filthy wet night which will always remain in my memory. We were travelling light without tents, but with a few mule wagons carrying rations and forage.

McKean and I bivouacked under one of these wagons, but it was only a pretence of a shelter, for the ground underneath was soft wet mud and very cold, while the rain ran steadily through the bed-boards of the wagon and dripped on us in a continuous stream.

We managed to light a fire near by, and adjourning to this we sat over it with our waterproof sheets over our heads.

One of our Zulus came in from the fight carrying a wounded girl on his back. It was rather a surprising thing that a Zulu should save one of the enemy, so we asked his reason; he informed us that this was his niece who was in a hut near the line of fire and a stray bullet had struck her in the stomach and gone clean through her.

We had no doctor with the force so McKean and I took charge of her. She was very plucky and knelt up when we told her to so that we could plug the holes and bind her up. Her only clothing was a bead girdle and a necklace of black and white beads. So we procured a good big thick mealy sack and, cutting holes for her head and arms to go through, slipped it over her and made her comfortable by the fire; then we boiled up a little soup and after giving it to her we left her in charge of her uncle while we retired to our bedroom under the wagon with a view to getting a little sleep.

Under the wagon one lay on one's side in the mud trying to feel warm, and imagination went a long way. But when your hip got tired and you turned over to the other side you found the fresh mud so cold and wet that you didn't want to repeat the performance. The rain coming down on top of one was wet it was true, but it had one good effect, namely that it washed off a good deal of the mud which was continually being splashed and spurted on to one by the mules picketing round the wagon stamping in the slush. It was a jolly night.

Then after a time the poor girl at the fire near by began moaning. So I got up and went to see how she was getting on. There she was, stark naked again, with the rain beating down on her and her uncle hunched up with her sack over his shoulders smoking a pipe. I ran at him in fury and landed him one kick before he disappeared into the darkness taking the sack with him.

McKean came and lent a hand in trying to make the girl more comfortable. We put his mackintosh coat over her and gave her some more soup. But before the morning she died.

We had to make a very early start, before daybreak, so he and I put her into an ant-bear hole and filled it in as well as we could, and threw a great heap of thorn bushes over it to keep the hyenas away.

Before burying her I took the liberty of annexing her necklace as a memento, and it stood me in good stead later on.

We relieved old Pretorius all right and found him in his post, fairly fortified, and crowded with a collection of traders with their wives and children and friendly natives from the neighbourhood around. He had stood a heavy attack successfully but lost forty killed and fourteen wounded before he beat it off. He had done some fine shooting himself, killing two men under a certain euphorbia tree, which we found on measurement to be nine hundred yards from the fort.

We improved his fortifications and left a small garrison to protect him and returned to Headquarters taking the white women and children with us.

Also we took one or two natives who had been severely wounded in Pretorius' defence, and a trader, who had escaped in a marvellous way when his wagon was captured by the Zulus. He had two wounds in his leg.

As amateur doctor of the force I had a very busy time of it, dealing with the wounded, some of whose hurts had not been dressed or dealt with in any way since they were received.

One of the white women also was very ill with dysentery; so altogether I served a very practical apprenticeship.

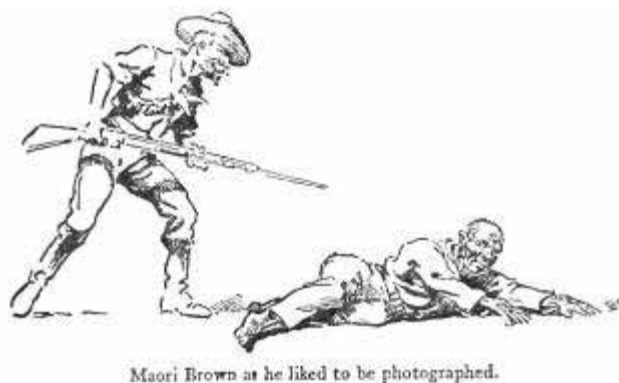
MAORI BROWN

A white officer with our native contingent was well known throughout South Africa as Maori Brown, a real hard-bitten adventurer, son of a general and of good old family in Ireland. He had lived a life of surpassing adventure if only half that he told of it were true.

After being educated for the Army he had got into various scrapes and he would have been cast off by his father had it not been for the intervention of another old general. They agreed on a reconciliation. He was invited to lunch to celebrate the occasion with the two old gentlemen at their Club; was lectured; he promised reformation; they shook hands all round and swore friendship in a final glass of port. Then Brown, as a kind of thank offering and peace offering combined, offered a cigar to his father and to the other general. As they lit their cigars simultaneously both weeds went off with a bang. He had quite forgotten that he had put in some trick ones to get a rise out of a friend.

That did for him, and he took the next ship to New Zealand. There he managed to become a Police Officer and was doing well when a murder case occurred in which a white acquaintance of his had been killed by some unknown Maoris.

With a posse of police he was hastening to the spot when in the bush he came across three or four natives wearing the clothes of the murdered man.



On the principle of *Bis dat qui cito dat* he arrested them and shot them then and there without further trial. For which smartness he was evacuated out of the police.

Then he drifted to South Africa where he went through a marvellous string of adventures in Kaffir wars and at the gold diggings, and had finally come under the notice of that celebrated South African fighter, Sir Frederick Carrington, who had put him in charge of this native levy.

I found him a delightful companion during that little campaign.

Years later, when in England, I saw a paragraph in the paper to the effect that a Colonel Brown had fallen on evil days and was being taken care of by the Salvation Army in the East End of London. I went to see him and found that it was my old friend, down and out with fever and old age, but still smiling. And he had reason to smile, for a lady, a generous friend of the Salvation Army, hearing of his plight came to visit him frequently, and in the end he married her and lived happily ever after.

THE BALLROOM STAIRCASE

Different small columns were sent through the country so soon as all organised resistance was at an end, to clear up and collect surrenders and arms. Here and there there were little scraps but as a rule the Usutus gave in readily.

When accompanying one of these reconnaissances for rounding up cattle I came to the edge of a high cliff overgrown with thick bush.

While peering down into the valley below to see what had become of some enemy Scouts whom we were following up, my orderly suddenly called out: "Look out, behind you."

I jumped round and there stood a splendid figure of a Zulu warrior, in all the glory of glistening brown skin and the white plumed head-dress from which the Usutu had their nickname of "Tyokobais."



A Tyokobais Usutu Warrior.

With his great shield of ox-hide and his bright assegais he made a fine picture. He had popped up from under the brow of the cliff to get me, but finding another with me he did not stop to argue but sprang down into cover again. I could see him and another running and scrambling along a sort of track on the face of the bluff, and I kept along above them with my pistol ready, and before long they crossed a bit of open rock-face giving me a chance.

But I didn't take it. I wanted to see where they were making for, and very soon they disappeared into what was evidently the mouth of a cave. My particular friend caught his shield in a bush in the course of his flight and rather than be delayed left it there.

So, accompanied by my orderly, I went down the path and got the shield.

Following the path along I presently found that in place of a cave there was a deep crevice or gully in the cliff face which ran right down to the plain below.

As I looked down into this a strange sight met my eyes. The gully was packed with the brown faces, with rolling eyes and white teeth, of hundreds of women and children, refugees hiding from us. Down below, nearest to the plain, were crowds of warriors, evidently waiting for an attack from that direction. I had come in at the back door!

I made my Basuto orderly call to the Usutus that fighting was all over now and that no harm would be done to them if they surrendered quietly, and in my heart of hearts I warmly hoped they would. Just then our flanking party turned up moving along the base of the cliff, and this helped them to make up their minds, which had been pretty well joggled up by our unexpected appearance also at the back door. So they called "Pax."



Then I made my way down through them. The women seemed to think that this was the beginning of slaughter and began screaming and pushing to get out of my reach. In the struggle a small brown imp fell off a rock on which he had been put so I naturally picked him up and replaced him, giving him something to play with. This had a miraculous effect; the hubbub died down; remarks were passed from mouth to mouth and I was able to squeeze down among them without further trouble.

One of my fellows below, seeing me doing this, shouted: "What is it like there?" To which I replied: "Just like the squash at a London ball"; from which bright remark the gully came to be known as the Ballroom Staircase.



Eventually Dinizulu took refuge in his stronghold, the Ceza Bush. Had he held out there we should have had a tough job in taking it, consisting as it did of a mass of boulders, bush and caves, all over a steep mountainside.

As it was he decamped, and a few days later came in and surrendered.

JOHN DUNN AT HOME

Before leaving Zululand at the conclusion of the operations I paid a visit that was full of interest to the home of that great hunter and chieftain, John Dunn. Mangate, as it is called, consisted of three houses close together, in a nice garden. He lived in one house and another was occupied by a detachment of his wives and children.

We saw several of them. The ladies were black, being the daughters of various royal chiefs whom as a Chief he had to marry. They were all dressed in European clothes. The children were half-caste and in many cases practically white. He had a school there for them run by a white schoolmistress.

Dunn possessed two other places, Inyazone and Ingoya.

We dined at about 6.30. The only servant was a naked Zulu who donned a short — very short — singlet for the occasion. Dunn seemed very quiet and rather sad and also a little deaf. But he could see and enjoy a joke when one was on the tapis. His quick clear eye was a noticeable feature.

I read part of his autobiography after dinner. It was very interesting to read of the amount of game that he used to see in the country which we had been over and where we had scarcely seen a head.

John Dunn, in spite of his much-married state, was a very religious man and very Scotch!

THE END OF THE SHOW

The campaign as a whole was another example of the futility of divided authority between Civil and Military authorities when once military force has been called in.

So far as we soldiers were concerned it was a useful experience at any rate to the young officer, among whom were the future Field Marshal Lord Allenby (Inniskilling Dragoons), General Sir M. Rimington (ditto), and General Sir Archibald Murray.

For myself I thoroughly enjoyed the outing and it brought me not only valuable experience but also promotion, because when the authorities continued to object that I could not hold the position of Military Secretary since I was but a Captain, the General replied that as I had carried out the duties on active service I was evidently fully qualified and that therefore, to meet the difficulty, they had better make me a Major — which they did!

Thus for the fourth time I was promoted before my time; and people say there is no such thing as luck!

After South Africa I was for three years Military Secretary and Intelligence Officer in Malta; a very fascinating job.

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Imitation cavalry.

Then, stationed in Ireland with my Regiment, I sprang a bomb upon myself which had powerful repercussions upon my career.

At a field day I sent some of my men to tow branches of trees along a dusty road, in order to draw the attention of the enemy while I captured his guns.

The trick came off all right, but had been observed by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, and to my alarm I was sent for by him. I expected a summary dismissal from the Service for playing the fool, but to my surprise he highly commended me for the ruse.

Shortly afterwards he sent for me to the War Office and told me he had selected me to go to the West Coast of Africa to raise and command a native contingent for the Ashanti Expedition.

"Not that it is a Cavalry Service," he explained, "but one where you can use your wits."

WITH A NATIVE LEVY IN ASHANTI

On landing at Cape Coast Castle, having with me as my assistant Captain Graham, D.S.O., 5th Lancers, I set to work to organise a contingent of 800 native warriors from eight different tribes in the neighbourhood, each tribe forming a Company with a King in command.

PIONEERING

The job for my force was to go ahead of the main body which was composed of white and West Indian troops, to Scout in the bush some days ahead, and to ascertain the moves and whereabouts of the enemy. Also we had to act as pioneers in cutting a path and making a roadway through the jungle for the troops to follow; and this proved no light job.

Every seven miles or so we made rest camps for the troops, that is to say we cleared a large space in the bush and put up wooden shed, thatched with leaves, with long bamboo shelves for the men to lie down on. We also built storehouses where their supplies could be dumped; and round the whole we erected stockades for defending the place if necessary.

We had our little mutinies now and then — the bridge-builders for instance refusing to march one day because they had not had enough salt in their ration — and then one had to send another company to arrest their King and make them see reason somehow.

The first people to mutiny were my own bodyguard of men imported from Sierra Leone. I had gone out of camp for a stroll with my rifle along the path by which we had come up, and on the way back I met my eight stalwarts trotting off towards the coast.

They stopped in horror at the unexpected meeting and as they were in single file on the path I made the muzzle of my repeater to look towards them and told them to turn about and march back on their tracks, otherwise the repeater would begin to "talk."

When we got back to camp I called Ali, my Hausa orderly, and put them in arrest under his charge.

A Hausa is a very different character from the average coast man, and enjoys considerable prestige amongst the others just as a Zulu does among other Kaffirs in South Africa.

I watched with interest from my tent his further procedure with the prisoners.

He cut down a small tree so that it lay about a foot above the ground, and he made the whole lot of eight men sit on the ground and put their legs under the tree with their feet projecting on the far side; then each man had to lean over and touch his toes with his fingers; the Hausa then came along and tied every thumb to every great toe.

This was his idea of stocks and there he left them for the night. The prisoners, however, devised a method of obtaining release — or thought they did. One of them started to yowl in a miserable way at the top of his voice, and as soon as his breath ran out the yowl was taken up by the next, and so it went on in succession. This they hoped would disturb me to such an extent that I should order their release.

But before I could suggest a remedy the Hausa himself had devised one. He cut a thin whippy cane and went to the singer and smote him across the back, and then stood by the next man ready to smite the moment he began his song.

The singing stopped like magic and was not resumed.

The moral effect of this little episode on the rest of my force was excellent.



Native levy.

HOW GINGER WAS REPORTED KILLED



A misleading label.

My white officer went down with fever and was replaced by another and he in his turn by another until I had had no less than five replacements, but I was lucky enough to escape the disease myself. I had so much to do that I really hadn't time to go sick.

At one time I had "Ginger" Gordon, 15th Hussars, serving with me, and I put him in charge of part of my column to make a parallel road some three or four miles from me, working to get round the flank of the enemy who were reported massing at Kumassi.

In this wilderness, and being ahead of the supply train of the army, we did not keep a luxurious table. It was a great luxury then when one day my Scouts managed to acquire a small goat.

Thinking to share this luxury with Gordon I sent a portion of it to him by a native runner, with a label attached on which was written: "Major Gordon," and the date on which the goat was killed.

The usual procedure would be for him to initial the label and send it back to show that he had received the gift safely. The messenger, however, failed to find me on his return, as I had already moved on from my former position; but finding some of the advance guard of the main body he handed over the label to the officer in charge, who, reading, "Major Gordon, killed 14th April," with some illegible initials below, evidently authenticating the news, sent word to Headquarters that Major Gordon had been killed.

Presently I began to receive urgent messages asking where the battle had been and why I had sent no report, and it took some little time to clear up the misunderstanding caused by that small piece of label.

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The expedition succeeded in its mission of taking Kumassi and capturing King Prempeh. This was effected without bloodshed, mainly thanks to rapid movement and outmanœuvring the enemy. Human sacrifice was put an end to, and from being "The Place of Blood," Kumassi is now a modernised, busy town.

The Great Execution Bowl which I brought away from the sacred Bantama can now be seen in the Royal United Service Museum, Whitehall.



The Blood Bowl of Bantama.

THE VOYAGE HOME

The last march was partly done in the night, so that I was able to pay off and dismiss my army at daybreak on arrival at Cape Coast Castle.

Then, in order to cadge a good breakfast, I went on board the hospital ship *Coromondel*. They gave me a hearty welcome and as I sat in a deck-chair waiting for breakfast, with all my responsibilities off my shoulders, I quietly fell asleep. I did not wake up till the following day to find myself in bed in a comfortable cabin.

I was eventually given my passage home on that ship, not as a patient, but as a guest of the chaplain, an old schoolfellow. I was witness of an amusing incident to close the campaign.

On arrival at the London Docks, a big ship entered the dock just ahead of us and as she did so a band on the wharf struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," and a large posse of generals and staff officers from the War Office formed up on a red carpet to receive her as she moored at the quay.

As our ship was then warped in to the opposite side of the dock the band suddenly ceased playing and the bandsmen, together with the generals and staff, were observed scuttling round the dock, hastily leaving the first ship to come round and welcome us. There had been a slight mistake.

The first ship proved to be the transport bringing from South Africa as prisoners the officers and men implicated in the Jameson Raid, for trial and punishment at home. "Conquering heroes" and red carpets didn't exactly fit the case!

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"To set up the British idea and British administration over all this new area (Ashanti) is bound to yield handsome returns in commerce and finance....It is no mean advantage to our traders to discover in Ashanti a new market which, if properly organised, should take within a few years probably from two to three million pounds' worth of British produce each year. Moreover in thus setting up strongly and definitely the Queen's peace over this great native area, in place of the degrading, demoralizing and pauperising regime hitherto dominant, we shall be bringing to perhaps four to five millions of natives all the advantages of peaceful industry and commerce and the high principle of order and justice and goodwill for all men — which are after all the guiding principles taught by our firm national religion."

Policy and Wealth in Ashanti, 1896,
By SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

My brother's prophecy has proved its truth to-day. Ashanti is now a very flourishing colony of the Empire, and Kumassi a modernised city with its railway, electric light, cinemas and cars.

THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE NEW

I have been fortunate enough to serve with both Long Service and Short Service soldiers.

I was not far off weeping when I saw a party of time-expired men off by train, leaving my Regiment on completing their twelve and some their twenty-one years of Army service; such splendid fellows in the pink of soldierly condition, smart, clean, efficient, and full of *esprit de corps*, proud of themselves and of their Regiment.

I can recall most of them now, by name and feature, though that day lies fifty years back.

They were very different from the soldier of to-day, a different type, trained in a different way.

The short service soldier of to-day is educated to be an intelligent unit in the team, his discipline comes largely from within so that he is more sober and well conducted, and a more intelligent individual fighter than his predecessor.

The old soldier was drilled into a standard pattern by a long course of discipline to be a cog in the wheel of the machine, faithful as a dog to his officer and as dependent on him as a dog on his master.

But even in that standardised machine one found individual characters.

In my squadron there was among others a grand old character, Farrier Gauld, a Scotsman who had joined us from the 92nd Highlanders. He was a hefty, dour old fellow, who kept a good deal to himself and spent his spare time in peaceably knitting socks.

But if on rare occasions he was roused he had a fist like a sledge hammer. One of these occasions happened when our Regiment had been suddenly moved to a new station to replace one which had been removed owing to friction with its neighbours there.

On the evening of our taking over our new Headquarters Gauld was roused. He was taking a quiet stroll, looking round the new cantonment, when he was set upon by three of the remaining Regiment. But he knocked them all out and brought in one as a trophy.

It was then found that his assailants did not know of the change of Regiments that had taken place and mistook him, as a cavalry man, for one of their former enemies.

The fame of his prowess spread at once and earned for our Regiment the fullest admiration of our neighbours — and an appalling amount of beer for Gauld.

CHAPTER VI

MATABELELAND

AFTER the Ashanti show I was quartered with my Squadron of the 13th Hussars at Belfast.



Cecil Rhodes chatting with General Sir Frederick Carrington (sketched from life).

One day I received a telegram from General Sir Frederick Carrington, to the effect that he was ordered on service to South Africa and was starting in three days' time; if I could join him he would take me as his Chief Staff Officer.

This was the 29th April and he was sailing on the 2nd May.

I left at once and while on the journey I sent a telegram to my Colonel at Regimental Headquarters at Dundalk, saying that I was off to South Africa and asking his leave — not quite the orthodox procedure but excusable — at least I thought so — under the circumstances.

The Colonel did not recall me so I went; and I have owed a debt of gratitude to that Colonel ever since, for without knowing it I went then for the best adventure of my life.



The reason for the sudden call for General Carrington was that the Matabele tribe in South Africa had broken out, and its warriors were murdering the white settlers there.

The Matabele were originally Zulus who under the leadership of 'Msilikatsi, son of Matshobane, had been sent on a raiding expedition by the Zulu King, Tshaka, in 1847.

Their attack having failed they were expected to return, according to custom, and to be disarmed and then to have their necks broken by the women of the tribe. On this occasion they did not see it in the same light, and elected not to return home but to go off, on their own, with unbroken necks, to the northward, until they could discover a suitable country to settle in.

This they eventually found in what is now known as Southern Rhodesia, where, having wiped out the unwarlike Makalaka inhabitants, and having bagged their women and cattle, they settled down at Gubulawayo and formed a new tribe.

This was in 1850.

'Msilikatsi, a fine old warrior, died in 1868 and was succeeded by Lobengula. In 1888 Rhodes secured an agreement from Lobengula to take over and colonise Mashonaland, the territory lying to the east of Matabeleland. This, in 1890, he placed under the governorship of his friend, Dr. Jameson. But the Matabele could not get over the habit of raiding their neighbours and continued to make incursions over the border and finally took to fighting and killing the Mashonaland Police.



Eventually, in 1893, Dr. Jameson organised a counter-offensive with the white pioneer settlers in Mashonaland, and after some sharp fights with the Matabele he captured Lobengula's head kraal at Buluwayo and Lobengula fled northward along the Shangani River till he got in touch with a fresh part of

his army, under M'jaan and Gamba, which had been away raiding and was not back in time to take part in repelling the British.

Major Wilson, with an advance party of thirty-four mounted men from Major Forbes' column, had pursued Lobengula with a view to capturing him, but by bad luck only overtook him just as he reached this fresh army of warriors.

By a further mischance the river which they had just crossed rose in flood behind them and cut them off from their supporting column.

Thus, surrounded by a horde of unbeaten warriors, though they fought it out gallantly to the very last, every man of the patrol met death.

The story of their last stand has become an epic in the history of the country and their bones are laid near those of Rhodes himself at "The World's View" in the Matopos.

Nityana, the Chief who led the last attack against them, thus described Wilson's end:

"The Induna was bewitched. We shot him with six rifles and he still fought. A wounded man passed a new gun up to him all the time. But we killed him at last and the wounded men who could not fight just put their hands over their eyes while we ran assegais into them. Ah! they do not die like the Mashonas. They never cry or groan. They are Men."

This was in 1893, and Lobengula died two months later, a fugitive in the bush.

THE SECOND CAMPAIGN IN MATABELELAND

We now come to 1896, when the Matabele had settled down and had been hoping that the British invasion of the country was merely a temporary raid, such as they were in the habit of dealing themselves.

Finding that the British intended remaining there they turned in their dilemma to the "Mlimo" — their god — whom for generations past they had been wont to consult for advice on national emergencies.

This oracle gave out his instruction in a certain cave in the Matopos, and also in two or three other places in Mashonaland.

On this occasion his advice was that the Matabele warriors should make their way to Buluwayo on a certain night and massacre the white people in the place, and after that should go out and kill the individual white settlers on their farms.

This plan miscarried owing to the impatience of the warriors when making their way to the rendezvous, as they could not resist the temptation of killing some of the farmers as they passed near their homesteads. Several of these men, however, managed to escape and to get away in to Buluwayo and to give warning of the impending attack. Among those who escaped was Selous, the celebrated big game hunter, who had a farm some thirty miles out of Buluwayo.

The townspeople in Buluwayo formed a strong defensive laager in the Market Square, into which they all congregated for safety against attack. The Matabele coming to the town in the night found it all dark and unnaturally quiet and suspected that this must mean some sort of trap.

Therefore they did not venture to enter the place but contented themselves with destroying outlying farms and murdering any stray white people they could come across. Meantime the settlers organised themselves into fighting units mounted and dismounted, and carried out bold attacks on the enemy when and where they found it possible.

Relief forces were meantime raised amongst the residents in Salisbury in Mashonaland, and by Colonel Plumer in Cape Colony, and it was to take command of these forces and of the general situation that General Carrington was now summoned.

The nearest railway station to Buluwayo was at Mafeking — 587 miles away — and the road thither was a heavy sand track, waterless for the greater part of the distance. Ox wagons were the only means for transporting heavy goods and at their usual pace of two miles an hour it was naturally a long job to get supplies of food and ammunition, equipment and hospital stores, up to the front.

As if this were not sufficient handicap rinderpest now broke out and swept the country so that whole teams of oxen died in their tracks and hundreds of wagons were left stranded along the road.

From Mafeking the General, with his Staff (consisting of Colonel Vyvyan, as Assistant Adjutant-General, and Captain Ferguson as A.D.C., Colonel Bridge as Quarter-Master-General and myself as Chief Staff Officer), proceeded by coach, a regular old "deadwood" affair, with eight mules, on our long trek.



Coach in Rhodesia.

It took us ten days AND NIGHTS to get there, the most unrestful journey I have ever endured. We picked up fresh mules at the mail stations every fifteen miles or so. The marvel was that, though in the enemy's country, the Matabele never interfered with the traffic on this roadway. The reason which they afterwards gave for this was that they supposed that if they left open a way of retreat the people of Buluwayo would be glad to avail themselves of it and escape out of the country.

It was not in their programme that we should use it the other way on.

Immediately on arrival at Buluwayo we fixed up our office and started to organise.

There were a few fights in the district and the Matabele eventually retired to their great stronghold in the Matopo Hills.

These hills consisted of a tract of country, broken up into piles of granite boulders, mounting in many places to eight or nine hundred feet in height, full of caves and deep ravines half-hidden in vegetation of cactus, mahobahoba, and baobob trees.

The district extended some fifty miles in length and twenty in depth and was the most damnable country that could be imagined for fighting over.

Here the enemy hid their cattle and women and took up strong positions for defence, not in one but in half a dozen different places. Though we had many friendly natives and plenty of white volunteers to act as Scouts we found the information which they brought back so lacking in military details as to be of little use for working out tactical plans, and in the end the General sent me to reconnoitre the positions, handing over my duties in the office to my far abler assistant, Captain — now Sir Courteney — Vyvyan.

These reconnaissances became the joyous adventure of my life even if they were a bit arduous.

In this work I was on several occasions associated with Major Fred Burnham, the American Scout, whose adventures are fully described in his book *Scouting in Two Continents*.

The Matopo Hills were some thirty-five miles away from Buluwayo.

My usual method of procedure, after one or two essays, was to ride off with one assistant so as to get half-way there in daylight. The remainder of our journey had to be done in the dark in order to escape observation, our plan being to get into a position before dawn where we could watch unseen the doings and gather if possible the position and strength of the enemy.

This was best shown by the fires that he lit up in the early mornings for cooking purposes.

The result was that we were able to locate the different positions held by the enemy and to attack them in detail.

These attacks required unorthodox methods owing to the very unusual terrain over which we had to work. The heights which formed the strongholds were mainly composed of gigantic boulders piled one upon another within which were natural cave and tunnels, and in some of them springs of water.

Thus the enemy were mainly out of sight and secure from shell fire with bolt holes in various directions.

Our coloured contingent of Cape Boys were particularly apt at the kind of fighting required for clearing those caves. Under command of Major Robertson, a former Highlander, they would gallantly crawl in where even angels would fear to tread, and would to work with the bayonet as their favourite weapon.



A typical stronghold.

This Corps, by the way, was nicknamed “The Forlorn Hope” because, though they had rifles and bayonets, we had not sufficient equipment to supply them with belts and scabbards, consequently they always moved with fixed bayonets and thus looked particularly businesslike.

And so with some rough fighting we gradually overcame the resistance in the Matopos.

UWINI

Eventually I was put in command of a flying column to clear the country of scattered bands of Matabele.

One job for my column was to capture if possible one of the two “Mlimos” who were urging the people to go on fighting against us. Major Watts had succeeded in getting one of these, Makoni, and the man was tried and executed. Major Burnham had shot another.

About the same time my column came across the third, named Uwini, who, with about a thousand men, was holding a number of strong kopjes. These we proposed to attack severally, and in taking the first one we lost four men, but after an exciting scrap, in dark tunnels underground, our men captured the Chief himself, wounded but defiant.

There were various crimes against him including the murder of at least two white men. We tried him by court-martial and he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

A few days later the surprising order came from the Governor of South Africa indicating that I should be tried by court-martial as being responsible for the execution of Uwini, since I had signed his death warrant, and directing that I should be placed under arrest.

Sir Frederick Carrington telegraphed to the Governor in reply requesting that “Colonel Baden-Powell should be spared the indignity of arrest as an officer who had done so much excellent service,” but that a Court of Enquiry should be held.

This came off in due course at Gwelo. The charge against me was to the effect that, having arrested a malefactor, I should have handed him over to the nearest Police Station to be tried by civil authorities.

In my defence I rather confided myself to the legal point that according to Military Law I had the power to exercise my own judgement if I was over a hundred miles from a superior authority.

I was over a hundred miles from my General and over a thousand miles from the Governor, though had I been only fifty miles away I should have acted in the same way since summary punishment in the presence of his own people had given one the exceptional opportunity of smashing their belief in the 'Mlimo. It also gained their surrender and thereby saved many lives which would have been lost, both among our own men and amongst the enemy, if we had had to continue our attack on the eight successive kopjes forming their stronghold.

Of course, the Court found me "Not Guilty" and I was released without a stain on my character, as it were.

If the Governor was not pleased with me my General was, and he told me privately that he had recommended me for the C.M.G. But I never got it — except in another form!

Some years later, when I was in Africa again for the Boer War, a man came up to me in Cape Town and asked: "Did you ever get that C.M.G. for the execution of Uwini?" And when I laughingly told him "No" he drew from his wrist a common iron wire bracelet which he handed to me and said: "Here it is then — the bracelet Uwini had on him when we shot him. I was one of the firing party."

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I have quoted the case of Uwini rather fully because it illustrates the fact that there is an itch which sometimes attacks men in authority and incites them to keep pulling at the strings when they have virtually handed over responsibility to the man on the spot for working the show.

One has seen it occasionally with Generals, where it may be a little more excusable, but it is not merely laughable but actually harmful when governors butt in as they did on occasions like those in Zululand, delaying our attack on Dinizulu, wrongfully accusing an officer of killing subjects of a friendly power, and then in Matabeleland ordering arrest of officers and criticizing the tactics of the General Officer Commanding.

Even popularity-seeking politicians sometimes feel the itch and are allowed to have effective say in such cases as that of Colonel Dyer in India and General Gough in France.

It would not matter if there were only a ridiculous side to it, but there is the danger, of course, that the possibility of being hauled over the coals and professionally ruined by some such outside influence, cannot fail to influence a good many officers when dealing with a situation, where they have one eye on the consequences to themselves instead of concentrating whole-heartedly on the right conduct of the matter in hand.

Joseph Chamberlain was a model to others who profess and call themselves statesmen, in that he said to me, when dealing with difficulties in South Africa: "Don't be afraid to do what you feel is right. We (i.e. Colonial Office) shall back you up."

That is as it should be. When you have selected a man for a trust, trust him. If he does not turn out a success don't make him the scapegoat for what is actually your own error in making a bad selection.

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In the end the Matabele gave in, but their surrender has been made by some of Cecil Rhodes' biographers a rather more dramatic affair than the actual facts of the case warranted.

MASHONALAND

Just when we had repressed the rebellion in Matabeleland it broke out anew in Mashonaland, putting some twenty thousand more men in the field against us, while the armed white men in that country did not exceed two thousand; but regular troops arrived from Cape Colony, under Colonel Alderson, and before long the whole rising was put down just before the rains came on.

In this little campaign we had lost 187 dead and 188 wounded, while 264 white people had been murdered.

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At the conclusion of the campaign the General and I travelled down from Mashonaland to the coast with Cecil Rhodes. An interesting incident occurred when we arrived at Umtali. This town had been built and settled on the understanding that as soon as possible the railway from Beira would be brought to the town, but it had now been discovered that engineering difficulties would prevent the line from coming nearer than eighteen miles.

This naturally upset the inhabitants, and when we arrived there they let Mr. Rhodes know that they proposed to attack him on the subject.

He, however, dealt with the matter in his usual original way. One after another he invited householders into his room, ascertained from each how much he had spent on his property, and handed him a cheque for the amount and sent him off to set himself up in the new township which was planned on a site adjoining the railway.

When he came in to lunch that day Rhodes asked: "Does anybody want to buy a town? I have just bought this one complete with houses, hotel, church and jail. What offers?"

FAREWELL TO THE 13TH HUSSARS

When I got home from the Matabele campaign I rejoined my Regiment, the 13th Hussars, in Dublin. I arrived there in the early morning, had a tub, and in stripping for the purpose I took from my neck a little amulet which had been given me by my Irish groom, Martin Dillon, when I started out for the campaign the year before. He had begged me so earnestly to wear it, because it had received special blessing from his priest, that I did so in order to humour him.

I took this off, as I said, in going to my tub, and on proceeding to dress again I could not find it anywhere.

That morning when I met old Dillon I told him of its mysterious disappearance, and he was not in the least surprised but merely remarked that that was quite natural. It had only been given to me to ensure the preservation of my life during the campaign and having performed that duty it had now naturally disappeared.

Anyhow I never saw it again, though a thorough search was made.

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I had been with the Regiment just long enough to buy myself a new outfit when suddenly, bang, came another bombshell.

I had been awarded a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy for the Ashanti campaign, and a further Brevet of full Colonel for the Matabele campaign, so although I figured as a Major in the Regiment, below the Lieut.-Colonel in Command and the Senior Major, Second in Command, I was actually senior to both of these in rank, which was a bit of an anomaly.

This had not occurred to me until the Colonel sent for me one day and informed me that I was appointed to command the 5th Dragoon Guards.

This was indeed a bombshell, but I waved it off by saying to him: "I don't want to go. I would rather stop in the Regiment."

However, he then explained to me that as a full Colonel it was impossible for me to remain where I was, and so I had to go.

Leaving my old Regiment was perhaps one of the bitterest moments of my life.

I had served in it for twenty-one years, the very best years of my life, and the going away was a big wrench, especially in the actual departure, which was worse than I expected.

I arranged with my servant that I would slip away in the early morning before breakfast; and, so that it should no be noticed, he was to have a cab round at the back door of my quarters and get it loaded up with all my luggage so that I could nip away unseen.

When all was ready I sneaked out of the back door, there to find my cab, with the Regimental Sergeant-Major sitting on the box and conducting the Band which was also in attendance, every man of my Squadron harnessed in on long ropes, and the whole Regiment there to see me out of the barrack gate!

And off we went, the most choky experience I ever had.

My last glimpse of the barracks showed blankets being waved from every window, and all through the slums and streets of Dublin went this mad procession which finally landed me at the station with a farewell cheer.

Thank God I was allowed to come back to the Regiment again a few years later, as its Colonel-in-Chief, which I still remain, and have thus completed over fifty-six years' connection with the old "Lillywhites."

FIFTH DRAGOON GUARDS

My bombshells had been falling on me in rather rapid succession. No sooner had I got home from Ashanti than I was ordered to Matabeleland, and now I was barely settled at home again when I had this order to go out to India.

I made an appeal to be allowed to go on leave, as two fairly arduous campaigns in succession left one a bit played out.

But I was told that my services with the 5th were urgently required, and I must go at once, but so soon as I had got matters straight there I could ask for as much leave as I wanted.

So off I went.

I soon found after arrival at Meerut that with the excellent lot of officers and non-commissioned officers I should have no difficulty in having the Regiment in tip-top order, so soon as I got to know them and they me.

There is no job on earth, that I know of, as delightful as that of Colonel of a Regiment, especially if, as it was with me under Sir Bindon Blood, your General is sympathetic to your fads.

I found in both officers and men a most responsive team of keen soldiers and between us we took up several new lines of training for the development of efficiency. These were both interesting experiments and productive of useful results.

MANMASTERSHIP

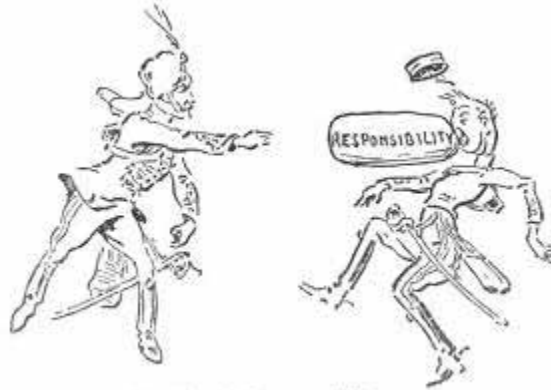
Horsemastership was naturally developed as it is primarily the great aim of every Cavalry Regiment; but in addition to this we promoted "Manmastership" which was occasionally a subject that was lost sight of, whereas the horse is after all only the instrument for bringing the man into action. It is the man, his fitness, his efficiency, and his spirit, that is important.

A man can only be a good horse-master if he is fond of his horse. He can only be a good soldier if he is fond of soldiering. Similarly an officer can only be a good man-master if he likes his men.

By man-master I don't mean a slave driver, but one who, like the horse-master, has his men in the best condition for fighting. This involves keeping them fit and fed, but not fed up, and he must give them the spirit that keeps them cheery, keen and loyal.

Any fool can give commands, but to be a successful *leader* a man must be a man-master.

Knowing the value in my own case of having had responsibility thrust upon me as a young officer by my Colonel, I carried out that principle to the full with the young officers of the Regiment, and by organizing the men in small squads responsibility was devolved on to the junior non-commissioned officers, as being the backbone of discipline and efficiency.



The Colonel hurls responsibility at me.

When I was a Squadron commander I had made it a practice, though it was strictly contrary to regulations, to see every man in my Squadron privately and alone in my room. I set him at his ease by giving him something to smoke or letting him have tea with me; and, in ordinary conversation, I got him to tell me what induced him to join the Service, what his past life had been, what were his ambitions, who were his people, and so on. In this way one got into close friendly touch with each individual and by inviting their confidences one secured their confidence.

For one thing I found to what a surprising degree they regarded the opinions and feelings of their parents.

I am absolutely convinced that it is the personal touch between the officer and the individual men that commands the stronger discipline, the discipline that comes from within, rather than any discipline imposed from without by regulations and fear of punishment.

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Enteric was playing havoc with the troops in Meerut, and having seen to all the sanitary arrangements in barracks, including the water supply and the all-important item of keeping flies out of the cookhouses and keeping these spotlessly clean under white superintendence, I came to the conclusion that possibly men picked up the germ by buying refreshments in the native shops.

Therefore I addressed the Regiment one day and suggested that as an experiment they might refrain from going into the native bazaar for a fortnight, and see if that had any effect on the general health of the Regiment.

I explained that I did not want to make a general order of it, because they were not children but sensible men, and I left the matter in their hands.

A few days later one man was admitted to hospital badly knocked about but he would not say how he had come by his injuries. It afterwards transpired that he had gone down to the bazaar contrary to the general wish of the Regiment, and the Regiment had consequently given expression of their displeasure.

The result of the experiment, however, seemed to show that we were on the right lines, therefore I started a bakery of our own under a sergeant who had been a pastry cook and knew how to make all sorts of delicacies.

Also we had our own soda water and lemonade factory, and we established a refreshment room where men could get light meals at all times and hot suppers in the evening.

Also, directly in opposition to Regulations, I allowed the men to have a pint of beer with their dinners if they wished to, and thus there was no longer any need for their usual pilgrimage to the canteen and there to stand loafing at the bar sipping.

Indeed our canteen sergeant came to me one day and said that not a single man had been to the place that day and that he could carry on with one instead of two assistants in the future. I presented him with a pair of white gloves to mark the occasion.

We also started a Regimental dairy, having our own herd of cows and a sergeant in charge to ensure scrupulous cleanliness. We made our own butter and sterilised the milk and cream. This industry paid us hand over fist. Outsiders came to us for their milk and butter.

Indian milk makes very pale butter, so we used to add a little saffron to give it a creamy appearance. One day the saffron pot upset and the butter came out a rich yellow. This won the hearts of numbers of our clients, who asked for more and more of that lovely yellow butter, and we obliged them by liberal use of the saffron pot, but of course charging twopence a pound more — for exactly the same butter! Not that saffron was so very expensive but since they liked it — well, *you* know what I mean.

The more important way, however, in which our dairy paid, was in the notable reduction of illness in the Regiment. This stood us in good stead when, at the end of the year, we had to hand in our reports as to the amount of crime, etc., in the Regiment.

There were no cases of drunkenness and only a few minor offences. This disturbed the authorities at the War Office, who told our General that the Regiment was undoubtedly concealing facts.

Our General, fully acquainted with our internal arrangements, wrote back that even if the Regiment might be concealing its crime it could not conceal its deaths, and these were on much the same low level when compared with the returns of other Regiments, in which enteric was claiming its large numbers of victims.

Incidentally I kept record of such cases of enteric as did occur, noting which barrack bungalow they occurred in, whether that bungalow was thatched or tile roofed, how far the floor was above the ground level, and from what direction the wind was blowing, etc. It may have seemed a silly thing to do, but even in the short period of two years' observation we were beginning to arrive at definite data; and when we left Meerut the General handed these reports of observations on to the Medical Officers to continue.

REGIMENTAL SCOUTS

I started a system of organizing and training Scouts in the Regiment, which eventually came to be adopted for the Army generally.

I obtained leave from Army Headquarters for those men who had taken the trouble to go through the training to wear on their arm a distinguishing badge as Scouts. For this I chose the *Fleur-de-Lys*, which marks the North point on the compass, as the Scout is the man who can show the way like a compass needle.

Lord Haldane informed me later that this scheme of Scouts had been adopted for the Army generally and that to encourage it men who had passed their tests as Scouts would receive twopence a day extra pay. I assured him that twopence a year, in the shape of a badge to wear, would do the trick at less expense. Men will do a lot for a badge — vain creatures that we are.

Our Scout work was done as much by night as by day. In order to give the men practice I obtained permission for them to take part in the Army manœuvres at Attock. They had to go dismounted, as these manœuvres were entirely among the mountains. The Pathan companies of Indian regiments were sent to act as enemy in their own methods of fighting, which on occasion became very realistic and very nearly the real thing!

On the first day my Scouts were rather astonished to find that operations ceased at nightfall, and the General in Command was equally surprised when they told him that night was just their time for getting



on with the job. Up till then he had thought it was the time to rest his men, but on their suggestion he thought it a good thing to give them some night operations and afterwards expressed himself as astonished and pleased at the reconnaissance work done by the Scouts and the good information they were able to supply. He was also struck with their independence in carrying all they needed in a rucksack on their back and cooking their own meals when and where they required them.



Very nearly the real thing.

As an addition to the Scouts we also trained despatch riders, using regimental bicycles, which enabled them to get about rapidly and silently, to the great saving of horse flesh.



Swimming horses.

Naturally every Scout had to be able to swim rivers with his horse.

QUICK MOBILISATION

Another innovation we introduced was that of having one Squadron always ready to turn out for active service at a few hours' notice. Each Squadron took this duty in turn for a month at a time, having the men and horses made up to strength, with the man's pay sheets and papers all ready, ammunition, supplies, etc., available — and swords sharpened.

This last item roused the ire of the Ordnance authorities, the rule being that swords should be kept blunt until required for active service, when they should be sharpened by the Regimental Armourer.

I estimated that this sharpening, with the staff available, would take from two to three weeks. So I had men trained in each Squadron to be sharpeners and the men themselves were taught how to keep the blades keen after they had been sharpened.

One need only recall the case of the Carbineers at the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857, when, with blunt swords, they were suddenly called upon to tackle the mutinous Indian Cavalry, who habitually kept their swords as sharp as razors.

“As disgraceful as a blunt sword” is a saying in the Indian Cavalry.

Now and then I would give the alarm for the mobilisation of the “Service Squadron” with the order for it to embark in the train with three days’ supplies, and move off to an unknown destination. This used to be carried out complete with every detail even to the Band playing the Squadron off to the station, to the strains of Auld Lang Syne, as the train moved off.

Sometimes it was only moved along the line a few hundred yards and back again, at others we would send it off for an hour or so down the line, there to disembark and camp out.

In this way the whole Regiment was prepared for rapid mobilisation.

INDIAN CAVALRY

I was lucky enough at this time to command Brigades of Cavalry for different manœuvres, and thereby gained a great liking and admiration for the Indian Cavalry, of which the following Regiments came under my command at different times: the 1st, 4th, 5th, 13th, 14th and 18th Bengal Cavalry, and the 15th Multanis. These latter were splendid wild fellows and I seen them now in my mind’s eye breaking the ranks to rush full tilt after a hare which got up in from of the Regiment, troopers hurling their pugarees at them.

I formed a great liking for the Indian officers of the Regiments of my Brigade.

NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

What adds to the zest of soldiering in India is the fact that there are always rows going on on one part or other of the North-West Frontier.

Sir Bindon Blood, who was our General at Meerut, had done some of the heaviest fighting on the frontier and was a great believer in the use of Cavalry even in that mountainous country, for between the rangers there were valleys and plains to be fought over.

Therefore, although I had had over a year’s experience in Afghanistan and Baluchistan, I felt that I ought to learn more about this kind of fighting if possible.

For this reason I attended the frontier manœuvres at Attock. Also, on receiving an invitation from Sir Bindon, who had just completed a hard-fought campaign beyond the Malakand Pass, I hastened to avail myself of it.

I arrived at the Malakand Pass only to find out that he was at Dargai, but I was hospitably put up by General Jefferys, commanding that post. (I little thought that within the year he would have died and I, as senior full Colonel, would have been appointed Major-General in his place. As a matter of fact I only remained General for four days on appointment from Headquarters at Simla, for my promotion was cancelled by the War Office at home on the ground that I was too young for the position!)

The Malakand Pass, now a very heavily fortified position, had been captured by the British two years previously, and four months before my arrival had sustained a tremendous effort on the part of the tribesmen to retake it.

The fighting went on with scarcely any intermission for four days and nights, in the course of which the enemy were on many occasions hand to hand with our men.



Micky Doyne, formerly Captain in the 13th with me, and afterward promoted to be Colonel of the 4th Dragoon Guards, managed to slip away from his command and to get himself camouflaged as a private in the K.O.S.B. in order to be "in it."

Sir Bindon took me over the site of six different battles fought in this campaign, and showed me where he had used the Cavalry with killing effect in two of them, and where Fincastle and Adams won the Victoria Cross in bringing away the body of Greaves, who had got away ahead of his men in pursuit of the flying enemy.

Sir Bindon then took me to the bridge over the Swat River and its protecting fort, Chakdara, where the heroic defence took place by 300 Sikhs for six days and nights against continuous attack by twelve thousand tribesmen.

At Chakdara were many remains of Buddhist temples and their carvings were evidently Greek sculpture. (I brought away one beautiful little head.)

A soldier in digging a rain trench round his tent unearthed a Greek signet ring, and a number of Greek coins were found in the neighbourhood, which tended to show that this was where Alexander the Great crossed the Swat in his invasion of India in 327 B.C.

Shortly after my return to Meerut I got a telegram on the 4th of January from Sir Bindon Blood, saying: "We are having a pheasant shoot on the 7th. Hope you will join us."

I read between the lines and started off then and there for Nowshera, the nearest station to Mardan and Dargai.

I eventually caught up with the General and his column at Sanghao. There I had a warm welcome from many friends.

Next morning we were all astir at an early hour for a very spectacular attack on the Sanghao Pass.

We were in a narrow valley, faced by a steep rocky ridge, some two thousand feet high, along the crest of which could be seen hordes of the tribesmen with their banners, twenty-nine of them, awaiting our attack. They had built little stone forts or sangars, along the top, which afforded beautiful targets for our guns. These kept shelling them heavily while our troops made their attack and scaled the heights at different points.

On our ridge, forming the near side of the valley, were the guns and the Buffs who, with long-range volleys, were able to keep down the fire of the enemy while the advance was proceeding.

The enemy, however, disdained to take cover, and parties of them kept prising up great rocks and rolling them down the precipices on to the attackers below.



A splendid sight—from a distance!

In the course of this fight I witnessed the bravest act I ever saw. One of our shells blew up a sangar and out of the burst of stones and dust there emerged three blue-clad figures who apparently were made quite angry by this insult. They seemed to say: "That lets you out!"

They started to charge down the mountain-side to attack the whole British force. A heavy fire was turned on them, when two of them stopped and thought better of it and hurriedly dodged back again over the crest. But the third man came on, a splendid sight, with his loose blue clothes flying out behind him and a big glittering sword in his hand.

He came running and jumping down at a wonderful pace, till he got to a bit of a precipice where he had to pause and seek about before he could find a way across. But he managed to do this and came on again undaunted, leaping from rock to rock. One could see spits of dust jumping up round him, but they did not deter him, till suddenly he stumbled and fell.

But it was only for a moment or two; he was evidently hit but was binding up a wound in his leg. Then he picked up his sword and shaking it at us he came on again limping, but determined to get there. It was a grand and pathetic sight to see this one plucky chap advancing single-handed against the whole crowd. Our men in front of him ceased firing at him, whether out of admiration or under orders I don't know, but a minute or two later he suddenly tumbled forward and rolled over and lay in a huddled heap — dead.

As we went up to the heights afterwards I passed him as he lay, and was glad to see that some of the Indian troops who had gone ahead had, out of admiration for him, laid him straight and covered him over.

Before bombing by airplanes came into vogue our enemies across the frontier and our own forces fought with a mutual liking and admiration.

Waziristan is an example to-day. Formerly the most turbulent country it was forced to become quiet by the establishment of fortified posts commanded by sympathetic, sportsmanlike officers. Roads were made and markets established. But bombing, whereby women and children have been killed, has produced a bitter feeling which will be more difficult to subdue.

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After this little busman's holiday at the Malakand I returned to my Regiment with more up-to-date knowledge of frontier fighting and what might be required of Cavalry there.

Although the Regiment was not the first on the roster for active service in India I felt that if any emergency should arise during the summer in my absence the authorities would realise that the 5th D.Gs. were the most ready and would utilise them accordingly.

I little expected that the preparations I had made exactly filled the bill, when the sudden call came for troops for South Africa a few months later, and the 5th D.Gs. were the first to receive the order to go.

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Meantime my leave was granted me and I packed off home in anticipation of a good long rest time. A telegram followed me on my homeward voyage which added to the joy of my homecoming, since it told me that the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George White, had sent his congratulations on the 5th D.Gs. being reported on as the best unit of all arms then stationed in India.

THE ARMY AS A UNIVERSITY

I suppose some will tell me, as a result of what I have said in the foregoing pages, that I ought to be ashamed of myself for taking pride in preparing men to be murderers.

I have been told so once, and in my reply I quite agreed that I *ought* to be ashamed but at the same time I wasn't.

I pointed out that there was another side to the question. Lord Allenby has said: "Soldiers don't make war. Politicians make war, soldiers end it."

Shalimar, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, quotes an American soldier who says: "War is *not* Hell, and any young fellow who thinks it is is dead from the neck up. I know of no more glorious feeling on land or sea than that of leading — under the sure touch such a General as Stonewall Jackson — a hundred such men as mine in action; and in those days I was so proud and happy that I wouldn't have called King of England my aunt."

But apart from this glamour of the surface, apart from its comradeship and its sports, apart from the adventure of pioneering and fighting in far-off corners of the world — all of which have their strong appeal to any red-blooded man — there is a higher call and opportunity for the officer, namely the education of the thousands of young men who pass through his hands for future citizenship for their country.

The German Kaiser once said to me that the value of conscription to Germany was not so much in providing a certain supply of soldiers but in giving the youth of the country a continued education in such qualities as loyalty, patriotism, obedience, self-discipline, self-respect, team sense, punctuality, and a sense of duty, all of which contributed to form the best character in their citizens and which could never have otherwise been instilled into them after leaving school.

The Army is the best University we have for the post-school education for a very large number of our future citizens. Here at least they gain, in addition to their school knowledge, a development of physical health and stamina, and a number of valuable qualities with which to face life and to help the community.

Thus it is that an officer has in his hand a valuable power as great as that of any schoolmaster or clergyman for developing among his men the best attributes of good citizens.

From this you will probably have inferred by this time that my soldiering propensities did not lie entirely in the usual routine of Drill and Tactics, but ran more particularly in the direction of Scouting and Manmastery. Therein is the explanation — and the excuse — for much of my line of action later on.

CHAPTER VII

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA

I WAS at home in London, just back from India in June 1899, enjoying what I considered my well-earned leave, when, lunching at the Naval and Military Club, a new bomb was hurled at me.

George Gough, A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley, sitting at a table near by, suddenly came across and said: "I thought you were in India. I have just cabled to you to come home as the Commander-in-Chief wants to see you."

With such coolness as I could command I said: "Well, here I am"; and after lunch we went down together to the War Office and I was once more shown into Lord Wolseley's room.

He had a knack of trying to spring surprises on you and was all the better please if you were not bowled out by them. I think it was his way of judging a man's character, and I took care accordingly not to be caught out if I could help it.

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

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

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

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

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

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

He had already appointed my Staff, Lord Edward Cecil, Grenadier Guards, to be my Chief Staff Officer, and Major Hanbury-Tracy, Royal Horse Guards, to be Staff Officer.

He then asked me what my address would be before sailing, and I said that if he didn't want me in London I should be at Henley for the boat races.

"What about kit?"

"I have got all that is necessary, and — South Africa is a civilised country."

He then took me in to see Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, who accorded me the high-sounding title of "Commander-in-Chief, North-west Frontier Forces."

Having had my instructions I had by that evening formulated in my own mind my plan of campaign.

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As I walked (almost danced) home I landed on a street refuge, held up by passing traffic, where I found that my neighbour was Sergeant-Major Manning, of my Regiment, home on leave.

I told him I was off to South Africa and he begged me to take him with me. I said I had no authority to take a Sergeant-Major. He said that I should be allowed to take a servant and he could go in that capacity, and it was settled there and then in the middle of the street.

I need scarcely say that he did not long remain my servant, but I made him Regimental Sergeant-Major of the first Regiment we raised, and he then became Adjutant and finally Major.

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My orders were to raise two battalions of Mounted Rifles, to mount, equip, and supply them, with the least possible delay and the least possible display.

For this purpose Colonel Plumer and Colonel Hore, with several Imperial officers, would be sent out to join me for the purpose, and I should have to make up the remainder of the establishment of officers from likely men in the colony.

Also, I was to take charge of and organise the Police of Rhodesia and Bechuanaland as part of my force.

But I was to make as little show as possible of these preparations for fear of precipitating war by arousing the animosity of the Boers.

The object of my force and its establishment on the north-west border of the Transvaal was, in the event of war, to attract Boer forces away from the coast so that they should not interfere with the landing of British troops; secondly, to protect our possessions in Rhodesia and Mafeking, etc. Thirdly, to maintain British prestige among the great native tribes in those parts.

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The personal staff with whom I had been supplied were entirely new to South Africa. I should have preferred to choose my own Staff Officers had it been permitted before leaving England, in order to have men who knew South Africa and men whom I knew personally. If you make a man responsible for a job you must, if you would be fair to him, let him choose his own tools.

However, in Rhodesia I found many old hands who had served me before, and among those who were sent out to me from England later were an excellent lot and included a few South African comrades like Colonel Plumer, Colonel Vyvyan, Major Godley and Captain Maclaren.



MAFEKING OFFICERS

Standing (left to right): Major Panzera, Capt. Ryan, Capt. Greener, Major Lord Edward Cecil, Capt. Gordon Wilson, Capt. Hambury-Tracey, Capt. Cowan.
Sitting (left to right): Major Godley, Major Vyvyan, Magistrate Bell, Col. B.-P., Major Whiteley, Col. Hore, Doctor Hayes.
On the ground: Lieut. Moncrieffe.

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The duty of my force was to hold the frontier on the west of the Transvaal from Vryburg in Cape Colony to Buluwayo in Rhodesia, a distance of some 650 miles, with two Regiments of Mounted Rifles (if we could raise them) and about four hundred Police, but no regular troops at all.

The railway ran most of the way close to the border of the Transvaal, and a great portion of the country was practically desert inhabited by native tribes.

I realised that to distribute men all along the border would be futile, so Colonel Plumer took the duty of raising his Regiment in Rhodesia, while Colonel Hore organised his at Ramatlabama, sixteen miles north of Mafeking.

The reason for this was that Ramatlabama was in Imperial territory, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, whereas Mafeking was in Cape Colony, and the Cape Government, being in sympathy with the Boers, would not allow us to raise troops in that territory.

Incidentally this proved a help to our scheme of producing a moral effect on our enemy, since Ramatlabama was to the Boers a dread spot, because it was there that Dr. Jameson had three years previously organised his Raid on Johannesburg.



Thus the forming of a mounted column in this same spot naturally foreboded our making another rush from this place to capture Pretoria and the President.

At least that is what President Kruger evidently thought, judging from his frequent telegrams to his border Commandants in which he repeatedly urged them to watch Ramatlabama.

Ramatlabama was nothing more than a name, a small railway siding; there was no town there.

Mafeking, on the other hand, was a town of some two thousand white inhabitants, nine hundred miles from Cape Town, with railway workshops, sidings, and goodsheds; so it was here that I collected from Cape Town our stores of food, equipment, etc.

When eventually Colonel Hore had organised his Regiment at Ramatlabama I got permission from the Cape Government to place an armed guard in Mafeking to protect these stores; but as the strength of that guard was not stipulated I moved the whole Regiment into the place without delay.

At the same time Plumer's newly raised Rhodesian Regiment, together with the British South African Police in Rhodesia, took post at Tuli on the border at the ford of the Crocodile River where the main road of the Transvaal entered Rhodesia.

Thus, at the end of September we held two important strategical points both of which attracted considerable forces of Boers for a longish period during the early months of the war. They attracted more attention from the Boers owing to the fact that both forces were mounted and therefore palpably intended for active aggression and not merely for passive defence.

In this way we endeavoured to carry out, as fully as possible, our instructions, which you may remember were:

1. To draw Boer forces away from the coasts during the landing of British troops.
2. To protect British subjects in Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, and Mafeking.
3. To maintain British prestige among the Bechuana, Matabele, and other native tribes in those parts.

Ultimately we might link up our forces and form a column for attacking the Transvaal from the north-west, in co-operation with the troops coming from the south.

That was the general idea, but in the meantime — in order not to precipitate war — we had to enlist our men unostentatiously in different parts of Cape Colony, Natal, and Rhodesia, equip them, obtain

remounts, and train these as well as the men, collect our supplies and transport, and all this within a space of three months with very little help from the General or from the local Government.

It must be remembered that the ordinary training of a soldier, even with everything ready found, usually takes at least twelve months. So it meant in our case intensive and energetic work on the part of all. The marvel is that, although we only started in July, we had our force ready for service and in the field when war was declared by the Boers on the 11th October, 1899.

I don't suppose to weary you with a detailed description of the so-called siege of Mafeking; enough and more than enough has been written about it in books and the papers of the time. As an actual feat of arms it was a very minor operation and was largely a piece of bluff, but bluff which was justified by the special circumstances and which in the end succeeded in its object.

The besieged consisted of a thousand men, newly organised and armed, six hundred white women and children, and seven thousand natives. We retained there at first over 10,000 Boers under Cronje and later smaller numbers under Sneyman, from October 1899 till 17th May, 1900.

THE DEFENCE OF MAFEKING



After the enemy had cut the line north and south of us on the 11th of October their artillery appeared on Signal Hill, three miles out of the place, where we had a look-out picket.

This came in and reported in good time, so that I was able to watch the guns wheel into position and open fire upon us.

The first shell fell very short, and while I was watching these from a corner of the street, a girl came bicycling past me. I said: "Young lady, you had better go home and get under cover. The Boers are beginning to shell us."

She said: "Oh, are those shells? May I stay and look at them?"

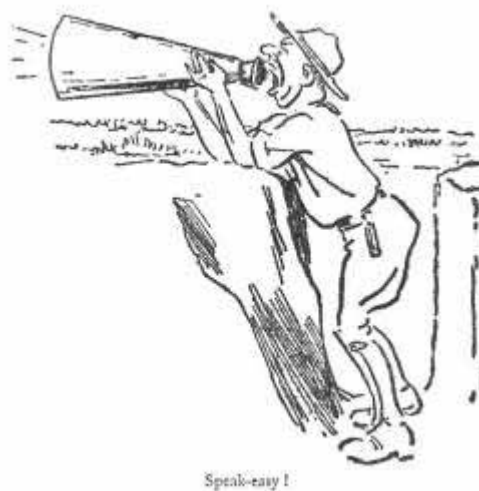
But I packed her off home. She would soon learn to know quite enough about shells, when they got the range of the town. But her fearless spirit was typical of that which distinguished all the women of Mafeking.

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I was always expecting a night attack, and in order to discourage this we started searchlights in every fort, that is to say we made one searchlight with a big cowl made of biscuit tins on top of a pole which we stood on the ground and turned gently round in the direction required.

There was a man in Mafeking who was a commercial traveller in acetylene lamps, and he had a few of these and a small supply of acetylene with him, so he fitted a lamp into this reflector with an acetylene burner and one night showed a great flare from our fort at Cannon Kopje, with a splendid searching beam that quietly traversed the country round. Later in the night the same lamp appeared in a fort in a totally different part of the defences, and this was repeated for several nights, every time in a different fort, so that the enemy believed we were well supplied with searchlights which would be turned on the moment they attempted any attack. As a matter of fact we soon ran out of acetylene so could not do much more in that line.

Apropos of disturbing the enemy at night I had a joyous



little dodge of my own. I had a big megaphone made out of tin, with which I could proceed to one of our advance trenches in the night, and play a ventriloquist stunt upon the enemy, as I found that one's voice carried quite easily twelve hundred yards, and I would command an imaginary attacking party, giving in the voice of the officer orders to advance very silently, and asking Sergeant Jackson if his men were all ready.

"Sergeant Jackson" would then reply: "Tell Private Thomas to get his bayonet fixed," etc., etc.

We always tried to make the night as lively as possible for our foes and as quiet as possible for ourselves, for the men needed all the rest they could get.



MOTHER WASHING HER CLOTHES IN MAFKING

SNIPERS

We had a number of excellent rifle shots in the garrison and these men were detailed to creep out on to the veldt and to pick off gun layers in the enemy's batteries and officers, etc. They devised a method whereby each man went out during the night, carrying with him a trenching tool and a green window blind. Having arrived at the point where he expected to get a good view of the enemy's gun emplacement he would dig a pit for himself and when daylight came he would coil down in this with the window blind stretched over him to hide the hole, and quietly slumber there till the afternoon.

Generally about sunset he would get to work, with the sun on his back and shining on the enemy. He would put in his shots very often with deadly accuracy, while being in the eye of the setting sun himself it was almost impossible for the enemy to locate him and therefore to retaliate.

We played this game also even with our guns, having moved them fairly near to the enemy's camp by night, lying doggo all day, and just as the sun was dipping over the horizon in the west the guns would let them have round after round for the few minutes left of daylight.

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TRENCH WARFARE AT MAFERING

Another bright invention which necessity mothered upon us was —bombs.

When our enemy entrenched themselves in earthworks close to the town we pushed out small works towards them where our men would be under cover to harass them and eventually drive them back. To get to these works we had to dig deep pathways.

Thus by degrees we established a regular system of trenches quite on the lines of old-time warfare. Eventually we got to a point where we were only thirty yards from the enemy and here we stuck for some days till we thought of bombs or hand grenades.

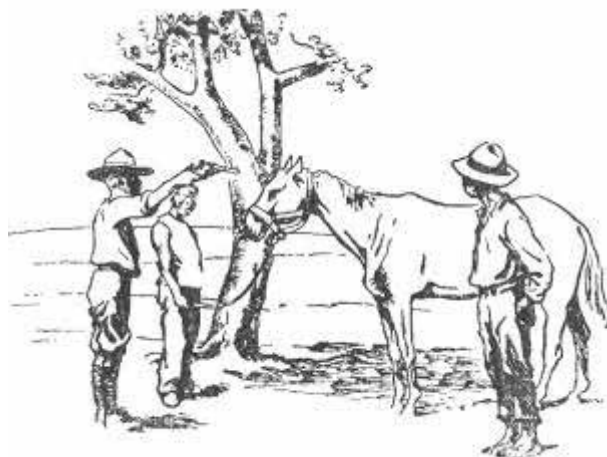
These we made out of old meat or jam tins filled with dynamite or powder with a fuse attached, and we hurled them into the Boers' trenches. They soon replied with more artistically made hand grenades. But they did not like ours and they withdrew their advanced trench a few yards and there we stuck for a fortnight at sixty-eight yards apart.

To Sergeant Page, who had done sea fishing from the rocks at East London, it occurred to "cast" bombs from the end of a fishing rod, which he did with great effect and a range of nearly a hundred yards.

People afterwards laughed at the idea of our going back to mediæval methods with our trenches and bombs, little expecting that within a few years the most modernised armies would be at it again on just the same lines in the Great War.

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As time went on naturally we began to get anxious about our food supply; everybody was strictly rationed and my wretched Staff had to live on a lower ration than the men, as we were then able to judge how little was necessary for keeping us going, and at the same time the men could not complain that the officers were living on the fat of the land while they were starving.



Dying in a good cause.

Incidentally we learned to economise very rigidly in the matter of food and also to devise food substitutes.

When a horse was killed his mane and tail were cut off and sent to the hospital for stuffing mattresses and pillows. His shoes were sent to the foundry for making shells. His skin, after having the hair scalded off, was boiled with his head and feet for many hours, chopped up small, and with the addition of a little saltpetre was served out as "brawn."

His flesh was taken from the bones and minced in a great mincing machine and from his inside were made skins into which the meat was crammed and each man received a sausage with his ration.

The bones were then boiled into a rich soup, which was dealt out at the different soup kitchens; and they were afterwards pounded up into powder with which to adulterate the flour. So there was not much of that horse that was wasted.

Our flour was made from the horses' oats, pounded and winnowed. But with all our appliances we never succeeded in getting completely rid of the husks. We managed thus, however, to issue to every man daily a big biscuit of oatmeal.

The husks of the oats were put to soak in large tubs of water for a number of hours, at the end of which the scum formed by the husks was scraped off and given as food to the hospital chickens, while the residue formed a paste closely akin to that used by bill-stickers. This was called sowens, a sour kind of mess, but very healthy and filling.

Amongst other things we supplied for the invalids in hospital a special blancmange which was made from the *Poudre de Riz* commandeered from the hairdressers' and chemists' shops.

MONEY

As money was necessary for paying wages and for stocks commandeered we took over the cash in the Standard Bank, but also found it necessary to issue paper money of our own. I therefore drew a design for one-pound banknotes and printed minor ones for two shillings and one shilling.

The design for the one-pound note I drew on a boxwood block, made from a croquet mallet cut in half, and this I handed to a Mr. Riesle, who had done wood engraving. But the result was not satisfactory from the artistic point of view, so we used that as a ten-shilling note and I drew another design which was photographed for the pound note.

These could all be exchanged for cash if presented within six months of the end of the siege. But none of them were presented, since people kept them or sold them as interesting mementoes.

Thus the Government scored at least six thousand pounds and for two years afterwards were calling on me for explanation of what they supposed was faulty bookkeeping which showed us so much to the credit. Sentiment didn't enter into their calculations.



Mafeking banknote.

STAMPS

We also found it necessary to issue postage stamps for the transport of letters within the defences. My Staff in designing some of these stamps issued a set with my head on them, without my knowledge. As they were entirely for local and temporary use it was not a matter of any importance, but later I heard that it was considered a piece of gross *lese majesté* on my part, if not of treason, to print my own head on the stamps, and that the Queen was very annoyed with me! Well, if she was, Her Majesty did not show it but on the contrary sent me most gracious and appreciative messages both during and after the siege, and personally directed my promotion to Major-General. It is very amusing to see how rumour gets about.

Very much of the praise that was showered on Mafeking for holding large forces of the Boers up in the north-west at a time they were needed in the south and for reassuring the native tribes of the frontier, was really due to (then) Colonel Plumer and his Rhodesian column co-operating with us outside the place. If any proof were needed it is to be found in Kruger's captured telegrams to his commandants before Mafeking, in which his anxiety was shown by continual injunctions to "Watch Plumer at all costs," and his repeated bleating of "Where is Plumer?"

ELOFF'S ATTACK

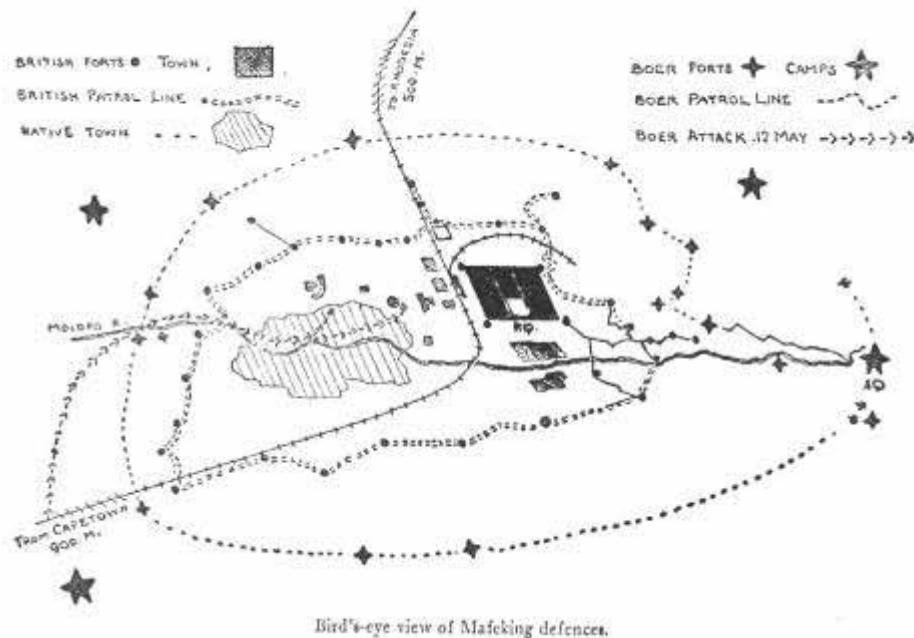
Some letters came to us from the Boers on one or two occasions in an unorthodox way, being fired into the town in shells. They were to convey news of their friends to Boer families we had in the place. In one instance the gunner who fired the shell said that he only wished he had something to drink our health in. This was so nice of him that I sent him out a bottle of whisky under the white flag.

When I was in South Africa again recently a man came to me in DeAar and said that for many years he had wanted to meet me and thank me for an excellent bottle of whisky I had sent him, and this was my friend the gunner.

I received a letter from the Boer Commander, Sarel Eloff, one day, in which he said that he and his friends proposed coming into Mafeking shortly to play cricket with us.

To which I replied: "My side is in at present and yours is in the field. You must bowl us out before your side can come in."

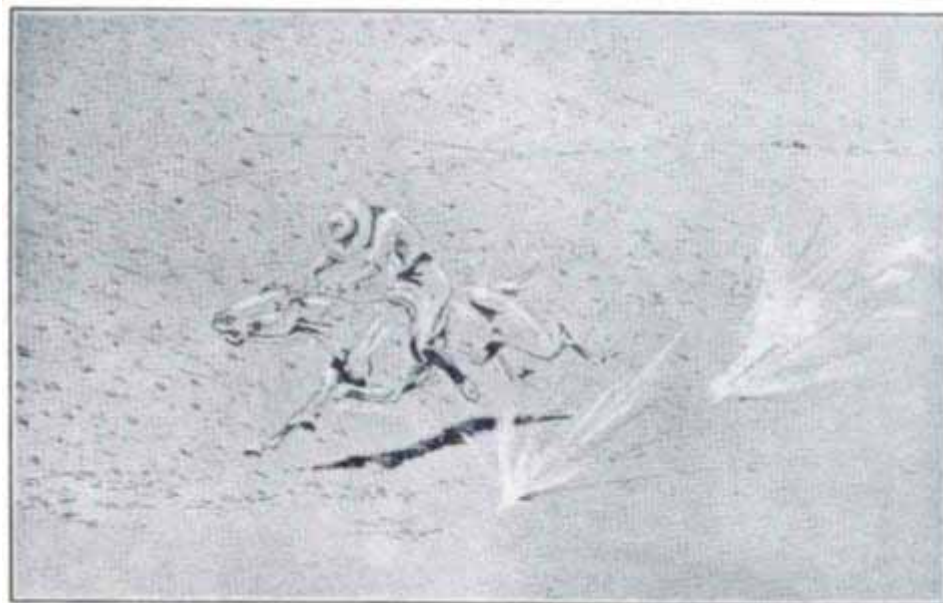
Not long afterwards he made his effort to do so, but the attempt failed and Commandant Eloff and over a hundred of his officers and men were captured by us. (See arrow line on Plan).



THE RELIEF

A week after our repulse of Eloff's attack Mafeking was finally relieved, on the 17th May, by Mahon and Plumer's columns in co-operation.

We received then the inspiring telegram sent to me by the Queen: "I and my whole Empire greatly rejoice at the Relief of Mafeking, after the splendid defence made by you through all these months. I heartily congratulate you and all under you, military and civil, British and Native, for the heroism and devotion you have shown. V.R. and I."



A GAY TIME BETWEEN POM-POMS AND LOCUSTS

CAMPAIGNING IN THE NORTHERN TRANSVAAL

After we got out of Mafeking my column, reinforced by fine contingents of Australians and Canadians, pushed into the Transvaal through the districts of Zeerust and Rustenburg, and eventually joined hands with Lord Roberts' main army at Pretoria.

It is a long story of much marching, few supplies, minor skirmishing and lots of incident, but not worth boring you with in detail.

A comic touch was given on one occasion when we surprised De Wet's column at Warmbad. A number of Boers were captured by the Australians in the act of bathing. The "Diggers," being in rags themselves, eagerly commandeered their prisoners' clothing, and garbed in frock coats and Boer hats brought back their captives clad in towels.



In a recent sketch of my life by Mr. Winston Churchill, he has pointed out what I had not before recalled, namely, that my over-advertised doings in the South Africa campaign had drawn upon me the dislike of Army Headquarters, and that my "bright fruition of fortune and success was soon obscured by a chilly fog," and that perhaps it was lucky for me that I was not therefore used in "those arduous and secret preparations for the Great War" which preceded it.

As a matter of fact for the next seven years following my share in the South African campaign I was fully employed by the authorities on two of the biggest jobs of my life — one of them in direct preparation for the Great War (as the next two chapters will show) — and for which I received honours far above my deserts.

Thus I never noticed that "chilly fog" of which he speaks.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY

"I WANT you to see me without delay regarding formation of Police Force for Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Swaziland."

Such was the bombshell which, on the 29th of August, 1900, was burst upon me in a telegram from Lord Roberts at Belfast (Transvaal) just as I had taken over command at Nylstroom of a force of all arms with which I was to operate in the Northern districts.

Accordingly "without delay" I handed over my newly-acquired command to Colonel Plumer (the late Field-Marshal), who at the time commanded its Rhodesian contingent. He was succeeded in that capacity by Colonel Godley (now General Sir Alexander Godley).

We had that day restored railway communication with Pretoria, having utilised the line and rolling stock as far as Pienaars River, where the bridge had been blown up by the enemy. But as there was no locomotive on this section of the line we employed oxen to haul the trains, while my Scots Guards

brother, who had become Railway Staff Officer, used a railway trolley for his work which he fitted with a mast and sails!



On my way to Belfast I roughed out on a half-sheet of paper my ideas for a Police Force, whose strength was computed according to the area, population, white and native, mining centres, and cities involved. These met with Lord Roberts' approval.

A few days later I was on my way down country to see Lord Milner, the High Commissioner, at Cape Town, since the Police as a civil force would be under his direction.

It was a long railway journey in those days of blown-up bridges, all-night stoppage, broken lines and "deviations"; but I utilised the time in planning out my scheme in fuller detail on several sheets of paper, with estimates of personnel, ranks, equipment, food, horses, transport, training, distribution, duties, finance, medical staff, housing, etc., etc.

For passing the time on a long journey try planning a police force; it beats jig-saws and crossword puzzles all to fits.

RECEPTION AT CAPE TOWN

On the journey down country I met with a wonderful experience. At several places where the train stopped there were large lines of communication camps, and the men crowded around the train to cheer. At one place they swarmed into the carriage itself to shake hands, and then that happened similar to what happened to me later on in Russia.

A sudden mania seemed to break out among the crowd and every man seemed to want to give me something as a memento. It might be a pipe or a matchbox, an old knife, money, anything the man happened to have about him, and one dear fellow, finding his pockets empty, tore from his breast his only possession, a medal ribbon. I have it still — a great treasure — bless him, whoever he was!

The day before I was due to reach Cape Town I got wind of an unnerving ordeal which I should have to go through. The Mayor and Corporation were going to meet me at the station. In order to avoid this I telegraphed on to Government House, where I was to report myself, that I was unfortunately delayed and might not arrive until a day or two later.

This, I knew, would be passed on to the Mayor, who would then postpone the reception till at least the following day, and meantime I should slip in unnoticed and "unreceived."

So, when my train drew into Cape Town station, I happily rolled up all my small kit, ready to walk to Government House, with an eager eye to bath and breakfast. But — Goodness, what was this? The platform was a swaying mass of humanity, overflowing on to the roofs of neighbouring trains, all cheering and waving.

I have but a confused memory of what followed. I believe that a tiny space was cleared in which the Mayor was able to greet me with a short speech, and then I was bundled off, on the heads of a roaring mass, out of the station into the sunlight of Adderley Street. I do remember that two excellent fellows

seized hold of my breeches pockets on either side to prevent my money from falling out, and in this way I was marched — more or less upside down — through Cape Town, all the way to Government House. There I was carried past the bewildered sentry and was at last deposited with a flop in the hall.

The butler, hastily summoned from his pantry, appeared on the scene to find a dishevelled, dirty, khaki-clad figure standing there, with a roaring mob outside the door. He, naturally, looked upon me for the time as a truculent leader of a revolution.

But a British butler is nothing if he cannot be dignified, even in the worst crisis, so he sternly demanded what I wanted. I was at a loss. I realised that I was not expected there until the following day and that Government House had not passed on my message to the town. All I could think of to blurt out at the moment was — “Could I have a bath, please?”

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Lord Milner approved my scheme and I returned to Pretoria to get it going. I was really glad to have the job, since, long before the war, I had served in South Africa and had formed friendships with the South African Dutch. It was therefore distressing to find myself in the field against them. Now it was going to be my duty to help in pacifying the country and to be once more in friendly touch with them.

THE CONSTABULARY IN WAR

Difficulties of Organisation

On the 22nd of October, 1900, the Constabulary came officially into being, but previous to that date we had already collected from scratch staff and a number of officers and men from various units in the field, and we also took over the small local police contingents which has been organised as a temporary measure under General Ivor Maxse.

The original undertaking with Lord Roberts in September, 1900, was to have a force of ten thousand mounted men prepared by the middle of 1901 to take over the police duties of the country.

I was allowed to draw on the Army for officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, up to a certain percentage, and for horses, transport, clothing, food, equipment, hospital treatment, etc.

All very nice but almost from the very first these undertakings began to fail.

My great need, of course, was specially qualified organising officers. But those I asked for, such as Godley, Alderson, Pulteney and others, could not be spared. Colonel John Nicholson, late 7th Hussars, was the one that I wanted in particular as my right hand. He was Commandant of the British South African Police in Rhodesia, and was at the moment serving as Staff Officer to the column that I had handed over to General Plumer.

I got him all right, but it was only for a few days, and then he was snatched back to Army work again.

It was not till some months later that I eventually got him.

Meantime I had to do the best I could with such officers as I could pick up.

Beyond food and equipment the Army found themselves unable to supply our needs in clothing, men, horses, transport, etc. We were further told not to get these from sources of Army supply since they were already working at full power.

Consequently it devolved upon us to arrange our own recruiting and the transport from overseas of men and horses, and to a large extent their equipment, and to organise our own medical staff and hospitals.

Then, as time went on and the war did not come to an end as had been expected, our objective was changed, and from being police we had to prepare ourselves in training and organisation to be a fighting force in the field — a very different pair of shoes.

Foiled in my efforts to get officers from the Army I turned to the dépôt camp at Stellenbosch. This was a sort of purgatory in which officers were placed who had been responsible for any "regrettable incident" in the campaign, and there were a good many of them corralled there.

But I reckoned that every man makes a mistake some time or other in his career. As Napoleon said: "The man who never made a mistake never made anything." These men had made their mistakes and were therefore all the more likely not to do so in the future, so I took them. I don't remember having to regret taking them in any single instance.

So soon as the Force became known applications flowed in for commissions in numbers that were difficult to deal with. Some three thousand were received where only three hundred officers were required. Literally hundreds of mothers plied me with letters recommending their sons, many getting influential friends to back them. It was a whole-time job for one of my officers to open, acknowledge and burn these letters.

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

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

A remarkable difficulty was that according to our wonderful laws in the British Empire we were not allowed to enlist the men outside of the country where they were to serve, so our recruiting officer in England, for instance, examined men and on finding them suitable he handed them their passage money to South Africa, and trusted them on their honour to go there to enlist. I don't think we had a single case of a man abusing his trust.

At that time there was a good deal of fraud going on in the army enlistment through personation. This we avoided in recruiting for the Constabulary, by making each man, when he was received by the recruiting officer, make the print of his thumb on his identity card. With this card he then called on the medical officer who made him "sign" the card a second time with his thumb print, which was then compared with the original to ensure that it was the same man. Then he went on to be tested in riding, again signing his test in the same way, and similarly with the shooting test.

Thus it was impossible for him to get another man to pass the test in his place, as no two men have precisely the same thumb marks.

In addition to these British contingents we enlisted some six hundred friendly Boers and two thousand native Zulus for police work. A fairly mixed lot, but all of first-class quality.

Quick Training for the Men

We established a central training dépôt and headquarters in a dynamite factory at Modderfontein, situated between Johannesburg and Pretoria, and here we started training our men in batches as they arrived, by our patent short-cut method.

No other form of training, certainly not that then usual in the Army, could possibly have attained the results in the short time in which we got them. It was done by putting it to the men to train themselves to a very large extent, and the spirit in which they responded, and the results which followed, were a real eye-opener to most of us.

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

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



[Incidentally, being at the dynamite factory, we were able to give the men practical training in mine-laying. This had unfortunate results for the local Boer who supplied us with milk and who arrived early one morning before the mine-wires had been disconnected. See illustration.]

Practical War Training

At Modderfontein we taught our recruits riding, musketry, drill and tactics; also how to make blockhouses and trenches which they built round our dépôt with barbed wire entanglements and all other such contraptions.



Within a few miles of Modderfontein the Boers had established themselves in a strong position on a kopje which served as a base for their reconnoitring and raiding parties.

For the instruction of our recruits in field tactics and manœuvres this position made an admirable target for our attacks, since it gave the lads a taste of action under fire, so that they learned to keep their heads and to observe discipline under the actual conditions of war.

When we had gone far enough we sounded the “retire” and practised rearguard action with Boers coming our elated at the idea of having defeated us.

This scheme was carried out time after time, until towards the end of our stay at Modderfontein we elected actually to carry the attack home and take the position.

The annoyance of the Boers at being captured on this occasion was nothing compared with their rage when told they had been merely used before for our recruits to practise on.

Our Distribution

I was fortunately able to secure the services of a first-rate lot of officers from different branches of the Services and from different parts of the Empire. We organised the force in three self-contained divisions for the Transvaal and Swaziland, and a fourth for the Orange Free State, each division eventually to have a strength of between two and three thousand men, and each decentralised in its administration.

These divisions were commanded by Colonel Edwards, 5th Dragoon Guards, late Commandant of the Imperial Light Horse, Colonel "Sam" Steele, the famous head of the Royal North-West Mounted Police in Canada, Colonel Fair, 21st Lancers, and Colonel Ridley, Northumberland Fusiliers (who was later succeeded by Colonel Pilkington, late 19th Hussars, of the Australian Mounted Forces).



Distribution of the S.A.C. Divisions.

Major Wilberforce, Queen's Bays, commanded the depôt, where recruits and remounts were trained previous to being posted to divisions.

The remounts were under Lieutenant Mackenzie, who had been my Transport Officer in Mafeking.

The Veterinary Department was under Major Sanderson, of New Zealand.

Uniform

I designed a uniform for the men on my experience of work in different climes, of an economical type and one which differed in appearance from that of the Army. Since officers and men had to be continuously on duty and therefore always in uniform it was essential that this should be not merely smart but also comfortable to wear.

We therefore adopted khaki coats with roll collars and khaki shirts and collars with neckties, instead of the military stand-up stock collars. Our innovation was afterwards adopted by the Army.

The facings of the Constabulary uniform were green, with yellow piping, the national colours of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State respectively.

For headgear we wore Stetson hats with flat brims which distinguished them from the hats worn by the Army with soft brims looped up at the side.

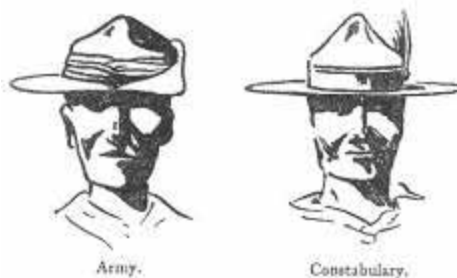
These hats, which were imported from America, were known in the trade as "Boss of the Plains" or "B.P." pattern, which brought about the mistaken notion that they had something to do with me.



In order to make the greater distinction from the Army headgear, the Constabulary hats were fitted with a feather cockade, termed in the trade "Jay's Wings." Although they were nothing more than chickens' feathers dyed green for the purpose, I received angry protests from bird lovers in England for massacring the race of jays.

In March, 1901, a train bringing the supply of our S.A.C. hats was wrecked by the Boers. Fearing that they would adopt these hats for their own uses for purposes of disguise I had a notice printed in Dutch and posted about the country, giving warning to all and sundry that anyone found wearing these hats unlawfully would be liable to be shot.

Although we had hundreds of instances of Boers wearing British soldiers' equipment, we never found one wearing a Constabulary hat.



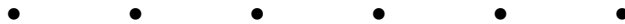
Besides planning out what the men should have as their uniform, it also fell to me to design the uniform for our nurses; and for a man, and a bachelor at that, to attempt to dictate what ladies should wear was a pretty bold start on my part.

I quite expected mutiny since, among other things, I departed from the universal custom of nurses wearing voluminous cloaks over their uniform dress and gave them instead khaki serge greatcoats rather like those worn by the officers. To my surprise these were so popular that the ladies on taking their discharge (which they had to do on getting married — and they were always getting married) universally asked to purchase them.

Also their uniform proved popular, comprising as it did brown Holland dress with a green shoulder cape with yellow piping, a white headkerchief for indoor duty, and a cowboy hat like those of the officers for outdoors.



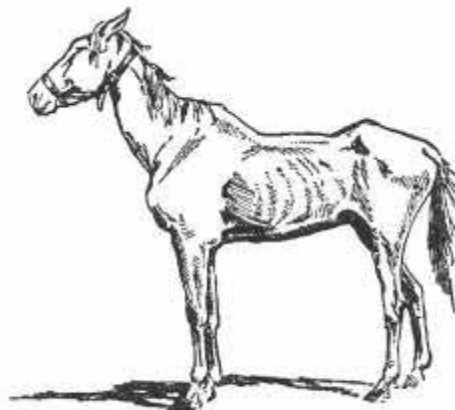
S.A.C. Nurse.



With regard to paying the men, our principle was to give them good pay and short service, and easy transfer to the Reserve, the idea being that so soon as peace was fully established, the strength of active Constabulary could be very materially reduced, and if men arranged to settle in the new territory, they would be given farms on easy terms and transferred to a Reserve with the liability to be called up for any national emergency.

A retaining fee of twelve pounds per annum would be paid to them, for which they were bound to turn out for a week's duty in the year at the nearest Police post, to keep up their musketry efficiency and their knowledge of Police law. The pay was liberal for the reason that the men would not have pensions for long service. I knew — from the Irish Constabulary — that old policemen never die, and a pension list with these lusty fellows is a greater burden on the public purse than the pay-list of the active force.

Remounts



A remount as landed for the Army (from photograph).

The Constabulary was to be a mounted force, but the immediate difficulty at starting was to find the horses for it. All the horse markets in the world were being sucked dry to supply remounts for our large mounted army in South Africa.

I had, however, been successful in the past in mounting my Regiment well by taking horses of a kind that other people didn't want, so profiting by that experience I sent to Australia for horses, seven thousand of them, of a size just below the minimum standard for Army remounts.

In this way I got a very useful lot of cobs. Small wiry men stand more strain than big beefy ones (e.g. the armour that our forebears wore would be too heavy for most of us to carry to-day, if we could get into it. They were very small men but must have been very strong for their size.)

So it is with horses. Cobs rather than big striding troop horses for our work, which lay mainly in extensive long-distance patrols.

Then the Army remounts from overseas usually arrived in very poor condition after a long buffeting sea voyage, and many of them gave out altogether on being sent up-country for service.

So I offered to Captains of the transports which brought over the cobs for the Constabulary one pound a head for each horse landed in good condition. This meant a hundred or two into the Captain's pocket, so it was to his interest to lie to in a gale, or to have the hatches off in hot weather, and so on; and in this way our horses generally reached us in the form of horses, and not as skeletons.

Another point which was rather lost sight of by some of the higher authorities was that horses are liable to be affected by altitude to a greater extent than men. Most of our work in the Transvaal and Orange Free State was at an altitude of between four and five thousand feet or more, and to push horses, soft and unfit from the voyage, to do hard work at this trying altitude, was to burst their hearts and kill them. And it did kill them in hundreds.

In the Constabulary, therefore, we rented a farm in Natal, at an altitude of between two and three thousand feet and deposited our remounts there, after landing, for a period of several months, to get them acclimatised, conditioned, and trained to do their work.

In this way, when they took the field, they were up to the demands made upon them, and this was fair not only to the horses but to the men who rode them.

But we were dishonest enough not to mention the remounts on our returns until they were acclimatised, otherwise the Army authorities would have called upon us to put them in the field, and they would have been very quickly sacrificed.

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Constabulary units, as soon as they were available for service, were lent to the Army for employment as fighting units.

Every week we supplied Lord Kitchener with a return of men and horses thus available for service, but we did not mention remounts. I rather trembled once when he paid a visit of inspection to an Army convalescent farm which was very near my remount farm in Natal, and I was very much relieved when he took my hidden store of horseflesh to be part of the Army establishment there.

I did not realise that this plan of ours was known outside our own immediate circle in the Constabulary, but when I returned home later on and was summoned to see King Edward, one of the first questions that His Majesty put to me was, "How was it that your Constabulary horses did not die to the same extent as the others?"

There was precious little that King Edward did not know, but how he knew it was difficult to say.



I remember too, that his very first question to me that day, when I appeared before him in full dress uniform, was: "I suppose this is the first time you have worn your uniform as a General. Are those spurs gold or gilt?" He was greatly interested to hear that they were gold, presented to me by the people of Lewisham.

Items of dress had a remarkable importance in his eyes, and few mistakes in that line escaped his attention.

Field Tactics

As I have said, the organisation of the force dated from October 22nd, 1900, to be in shape by the middle of 1901; but urgent calls came for its use from the Commander-in-Chief before the end of 1900 and the surprising thing was that we were able to respond, inadequately of course, but not without effect.

Indeed, by the 12th of October, when forming the nucleus of the force, we had had our first engagement as a fighting unit in the field. It was at Strydom's Pass in the Orange Free State, in which our little force was successful. Six Boers were killed including their commandant, Brand, and ten wounded were captured, our losses being five killed and four wounded.

The force came to be used in two main ways, one as mobile columns working in co-operation with the regular troops, and the other in making and holding lines of block-houses to prevent the enemy from moving across certain tracts of country.

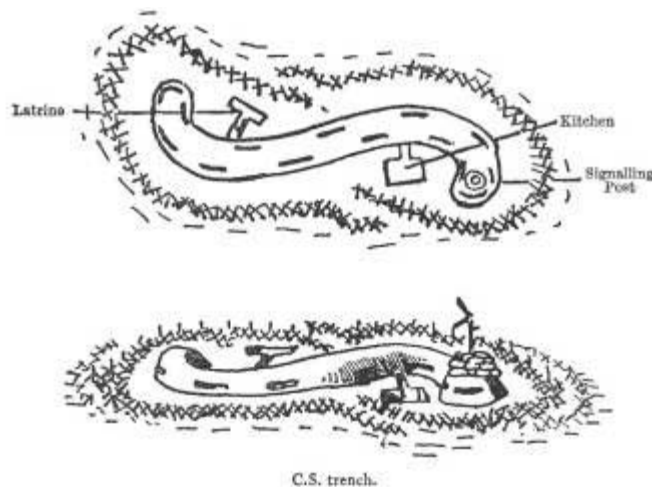
As a general principle for mobile columns in the field we adopted what we termed a triangular system, that is, that the column was divided into three units, which moved across country in a triangular disposition, each party at a distance of a mile or so from the others.

The formation was thus always ready for attacks by the enemy from any quarter, the body nearest the enemy taking the offensive, the other two at once forming support and reserve automatically.

The Boers seeing a party moving across country generally preferred to distract its attention by feinting in front and delivering an attack on its rear. But when they tried this on with the triangular formation on more than one occasion they found themselves in a tight corner, being fired into by the two supporting units.

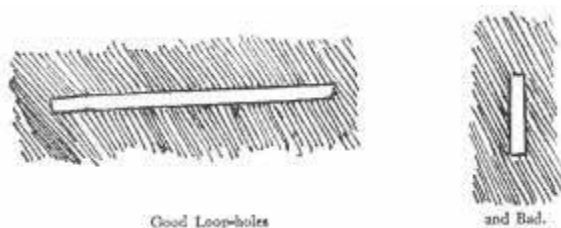
This formation proved its value, particularly in one engagement, when the Boer Commandant, Erasmus, suffered defeat at the hands of the S.A.C., and Lord Kitchener wrote a favourable appreciation of its formation and its use.

For holding the line of country where required we devised a form of trench which served as block-house without the failings of the recognised type of building usually employed.



It was called the C.S. or "Common Sense" trench, because in its trace it was shaped like the letter C or, alternatively, the letter S — a long deep narrow trench, six feet in length for each man of its garrison.

Wide, low loop-holes were made on every face, on the ground level, and the whole trench was solidly roofed in. It was concealed from distant view by bushes, grass, etc.; any firing from the loop-holes was thus along the surface of the ground, and therefore was as effective at night as by day; the trench offered no target for artillery, and the loopholes being wide by low gave the defenders a good range of vision while safe from dropping bullets.



To make our line impassable we naturally had to employ innumerable dodges improvised to meet the local peculiarities of ground, but generally our block-house trenches were grouped in triangles so that if the Boers passed one they found themselves under fire from two others; barbed wire entanglements held them up at unexpected points; dummy forts and standing camps of empty tents gave false impressions to their Scouts by day; wire trip lines to spring guns, lighted lanterns, watch dogs, etc., were posted at intervals between the block-houses.

Alarm signal flares were made of bunches of dry grass hung on poles, which a sentry would light up in a moment to give the alarm and to shoe up the enemy.

To ensure watchfulness by sentries at night the officer in charge would flash a bull's-eye lantern from his headquarters to his outlying posts, to which each sentry replied by striking a match inside a biscuit tin, whose opening was directed back to the officer, while its side prevented the light from being seen by the enemy.

It was an ingenious but not a novel idea, since when Athens was besieged by the Spartans Alcibiades used to see that his sentries were awake by showing a light, which every sentry then replied to.

So also by Sir Frederick Carrington, in the Basuto campaign, where outlying sentries were posted in inaccessible points among ridges and ravines, impossible of access to an orderly officer by night, the same principle of signalling was employed.

How We Secured Some Transport

It was a very difficult matter for us to obtain the necessary transport for our supplies to the force, since the Army had naturally obtained all the available transport animals and vehicles in the country.

One day Lord Kitchener told me that he had got a first-class man to command a column of loyal Dutch and British farmers. He added that his name was Colenbrander. I could not help a sudden smile. Lord Kitchener spotted this and asked the reason for the smile. I answered that I knew Colenbrander well, but it was strange to me to hear him by his proper name instead of his more usual nickname of "Collar 'em and Brand 'em," which had been earned through a little habit of his when he saw any stray cattle about.

Well, old "Collar 'em" and his force came to be camped with my column of Constabulary for a time. I told him that apart from being an old friend he needn't bother to loot any of our transport animals as we had practically none, and were, in fact, badly in need of any we could get ourselves. Of course, I was not going to sneak any of his.

He saw my point and proved a real friend. In a few days we had wagons and teams galore passed into our line. I never knew where they came from, nor did I ask. Enough for me that we got them and that they were branded as ours. So ours they must be.

It was said of old Colenbrander, though I don't know with what truth, that when the war was over Lord Kitchener allowed him to buy some thousands of Army horses at a very low figure per head conditional on his taking a quantity.

Those who knew of Colenbrander's impecunious state at that time wondered how he was going to pay for them. Still, they were confident that somehow or other a little difficulty of that kind was not going to stand in his way.

He surmounted it all right. By great luck there came a hailstorm, a day or two after he had corralled his army of horses on a fenced range. Colenbrander appeared before Lord Kitchener desolate. The large proportion of the horses he had bought, being in such poor condition, had succumbed to a blizzard of snow and hail, and he was faced with ruin, being without the means of paying for them.

He implored pity for an old warrior in misfortune, and he did not appeal in vain.

But though the report went on to say he had made a pile out of the horses which survived (which nearly all of them did) I scarcely believe it.

Spirit Triumphs over the Impossible

I have always maintained that if the right spirit is there it can knock the "im" out of the word "impossible," and this certainly proved itself true in the early days of the S.A.C.

The spirit of the officers and men was indomitable. For the most part ill-fed, ill-clothed and living in such shelter as they could improvise, they carried on. At one time I found a detachment performing their work of trench digging in continuous heavy rain, dressed in nature's garb in order to keep their only suit of clothes dry.

An extract from one of my letters to the Adjutant-General says: "Our horses are in good fettle, hospital and transport organised and working well. Our men are in rags and doing a lot of real hard work in night raids and ambushes. They have no rest for eleven months, *but they are full of go and keenness for work in the field.*"



So in spite of all these difficulties by June, 1901, the Constabulary was 8000 strong, out of its ultimate establishment of 10,000, mounted, equipped, trained, and doing effective work in the field.

Invalided Home

Unfortunately I myself gave out about this time. I had been pretty hard at it practically every day and night ever since arriving in the country in July, 1899. Doctors wagged their heads over me and told me I must take some months off, and I was packed off home. On arrival at Southampton I was warned that there was an enormous reception awaiting me in London, but the authorities were bricks; they tacked a carriage for me on to the engine and vans which took the mails ahead of the boat-train to London, and gave orders to the driver to stop and let me out at Woking.

Here I arranged to stay quietly with my brother officer of old, "Boy" Maclaren, till I could escape into quiet country quarters.

At Balmoral

I shortly afterwards ventured back to London and started opening my letters, in the midst of which a bombshell was burst upon me in the shape of a Command invitation to come immediately to stay at Balmoral for the week-end.

I left London by night train via Aberdeen for Ballater (which I found was pronounced Bahleter).

Soon after my arrival Colonel Davidson, the Equerry, took me for a walk round the Castle grounds. He and I had travelled out to India together in 1876 in the *Serapis*.

Later that afternoon King Edward sent for me in his study, where he made me sit down and had a long and most cheery informal talk.

After a time he rang the bell and told the footman to "Ask the Queen to come here." It sounded to me like a bit out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Presently Queen Alexandra came in, bringing with her her little grandson, the present Prince of Wales.

I knelt and kissed her hand, or at least tried to do so, but had been told that actually to do so was a very rare accomplishment as she had a knack of snatching her hand away at the critical moment and causing one to kiss one's own silly fingers. And so it came about in my case.

The King and Queen asked me a lot about Mafeking, about Lady Sarah Wilson, Ronnie Moncrieff, the present state of the war, the value of Colonial troops, and all about the South African Constabulary.

It was a long and very friendly talk. Finally, with a few particularly kindly words of thanks and congratulations, the King handed me my decoration as Companion of the Bath and the South African War Medal, and told me that I must stay on for a couple of days' holiday at Balmoral.

Also, just as I was leaving the Castle two days later, the King came into the hall to see me off, and presented me with a walking-stick as a souvenir.

Then taking me on one side he began in a serious voice, which for the moment sent my heart into my boots, and said: "I want to speak to you seriously. I have watched you at meals and I notice that you don't eat enough. When working as you are doing you must keep up your system. I am sending you with some venison to tempt you to eat more. Don't forget — eat more."

And with a genial twinkle in his eye he laughed and warmly shook hands.

I have seldom met a jollier or more kindly host. I wrote a day or two later to Colonel Davidson privately to tell him so, and he went and showed my letter to both the King and Queen!

I travelled that day and night to Cornwall to stay with friends at Fowey. The following evening one of them said: "Won't you play us something on your violin?"

"Violin? I don't possess such a thing."

"Oh, yes you do. We saw it arrive with your luggage."

I went up to my room to look and there, under my bed, was a neat little box like a violin case, containing the King's haunch of venison.

Back in South Africa

At length I was passed sound by the doctors and although my term of sick leave had not expired I was back in South Africa by the end of the year (1901).

On arrival at Johannesburg I found that the S.A.C. Headquarters were now established on a permanent basis in that city. I wrote home saying: "It is good to be back at work again. We (the S.A.C.) are now quite a power in the land and doing excellent work in every direction."

We had so many cases of individual gallantry on the part of officers and men that it was difficult to get them all recognised by the Army authorities, especially as they were in so many cases not regularly attached to Army units. SO, although we had three V.C.'s and a considerable number of D.S.O's and D.C.M's awarded to the S.A.C., I found it desirable to institute a Badge for Gallantry of our own; and this came to be a highly prized decoration in the force.

Talking of V.C.'s we hold two "records" in the S.A.C. among the officers, viz. Major Martin Leake, V.C., who won a second Victoria Cross in the Great War, and Brigadier-General E. Wood, D.S.O., who was subsequently awarded the Distinguished Service Order on three further occasions during the Great War.

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In the first eighteen months of our existence we had frequent scraps with the Boers, so that by the beginning of February, 1902, they had lost at our hands: 93 killed, 117 wounded, 543 captured, 154 surrendered, 3578 horses, 248 mules, 910 trek oxen, 184 wagons, etc.

Our New Responsibilities

The end of our soldiering came on the 7th June, when peace was made with the Boers at Vereeniging.

The S.A.C. were at once released from their duties as soldiers, to take up those of civil police. Some ten days later, Lord Kitchener left South Africa for England, but before leaving he telegraphed his "warm appreciation of good conduct, endurance, and gallantry which has distinguished the S.A.C. Officers and men have endured their hardships, isolation and danger with cheerful alacrity and have earned the affection and respect of the rest of the Forces. The S.A.C. have now the great and noble task of acting as exponents to the inhabitants of the British character, and Lord Kitchener could not leave the good name of our nation in better hands."

The pacification of our late enemies was undoubtedly a more important task and no easy one.

Indeed, I went so far as to suggest to His Excellency that some of the Boer leaders, notably Botha, Smuts, Delarey and De Wet, might be offered commissions in the Police, the idea being that they would thereby feel that they were not losing caste among their people, and would be the more loyal to the new regime and less inclined to accept the tempting offers which were being made to them by unscrupulous sensation-mongers at home to come and deliver lectures in Europe.



From old acquaintance I had a liking and a great admiration for the average Boer. He was now intensely suspicious and cunning, and his women-folk doubly so; he was still full of very natural anxiety as to how far we might go in the matter of reprisals and vengeance, once we had him disarmed. He had a certain dignity about him which would resent any familiarity.

At the same time any sign on our part of humouring him would be taken as weakness, and he would presume upon it. So we had to be mighty tactful and exhibit a firm sense of justice and duty, coupled with human understanding.

Well, it was naturally obvious to everybody that such was the right line to take, but to put it into actual practice through our troopers, acting individually each on his own beat, was a bit of a problem.

In giving out my orders to the force for their new duties I quoted the well-known speech of Abe Lincoln at the conclusion of the Civil War in America, since his words aptly met the present situation:

“With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work that we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

The men rose nobly to the occasion and, carefully instructed by their officers, they shed their war hatred and assumed their rôle of good-humoured peacemakers with an adaptability which I venture to think is essentially British.

As Sir John Fortescue writes in *The Empire and the Army*: “It is not with lead and steel only that the British soldier has consolidated the Empire. He knows how to make war when bidden, but also he knows how to make peace He possesses that universal language that springs from simple good nature and kindness of heart.”

The Burghers had themselves become divided into bitter factions against each other, between those who had surrendered and those who had held out to the end.

The natives, as I have said, were eager to loot where they could. White adventurers and bad characters of various nationalities were taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, and land-grabbing and stock-thieving were being attempted on a large scale.

Illicit liquor dealing and smuggling of arms were going on, and locusts were ravaging the scanty crops.

Thus the demands on the Constabulary were many and various as well as urgent.

But both officers and men started their new duties with keenness and determination, and soon had these various evils well in hand.

A notable instance of this readiness and resource occurred early in our career as police, when there was a gold rush to the Lataba gold fields. Colonel Steele, commanding the B Division, had had experience of gold rushes in the Klondyke, therefore he forestalled this rush by establishing a Police post on the spot, with a registration office and rules drawn up for regulating the rush when it arrived a few days later.

Shortly afterwards came an urgent request from the High Commissioner that we should send Police to the spot; and when it was found that we had already made all arrangements in anticipation and on a businesslike footing, we received the very cordial thanks of the Mines Department.

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In our orders I put a notice to the effect that members of the Constabulary, wherever stationed in the districts, were to seek out and identify all graves of men killed in the war, and renovate them; and to make it part of their duty to keep them in good order.

They were to do this not only for the British dead but also “for our former enemies the Boers who fell fighting bravely for their cause and who equally deserve our respect.”

Colonel Steele, Commander of the B Division, was a Canadian and a great character. He had risen from the ranks to be Commandant of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. He had done arduous work with exciting experiences in the Yukon Territory.

After the Boer War I visited him in Canada and in showing me the remains of Fort Garry in Winnipeg he said that he was on sentry at the gate when Colonel Garnet Wolseley arrived to confer with Mr. Smith, the factor of the Hudson Bay Company in the fort.

Mr. Smith was later known as Lord Strathcona.

This was the time of the Riel Rebellion. The story ran that when Riel eventually came to the scaffold he addressed the crowd and told them that though he was to be hanged he would, like Christ, rise again three days after his burial and lead them to further revolution.

The Police officer in charge of the execution spoke after him and reminded his hearers that in the case alluded to they were Roman soldiers who kept watch but that on this occasion it was the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and that Riel would *not* rise again.

Nor did he.

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As regards the men of the S.A.C. on authority, well qualified to judge, said that they formed “the finest unit of such size that the world had ever seen,” and I could well believe him. All the men were picked men, and wasters were eliminated without mercy. (I dispensed with eleven officers and 300 men at one go and sent them home.)

Nearly two thousand of the men were public school men. With such a personnel it was possible to put them on their honour and to trust them to do their work in their scattered out-stations.

Promotion went as largely as possible by merit. We established a system whereby a good N.C.O. or trooper could rise to be an officer in the force. The candidate had to pass an examination in drill and field duties, interior economy, riding, and police law.

He then became a probationary officer, with the title of Cornet. He was attached to four different squadrons in succession for a period of three months each.

At the end of the year he had to pass a further test examination in Police duties, veterinary knowledge, and keeping registers, accounts, etc.

A report was made upon him by each of the four Squadron Commanders under whom he had served, and each had to say whether he would like him appointed to his Squadron permanently or not. If all was satisfactory the Cornet then became eligible for promotion to lieutenant.

King Edward and South Africa

After peace was made the question was asked, and has often been asked since, whether, in justice to all parties, the British were not a bit premature, in handing over the government of the country to untried hands.

King Edward, sympathetic but far-seeing, said, when in 1906 Winston Churchill explained Campbell-Bannerman's proposals for self-government in South Africa, that “he hoped that Churchill's sanguine hopes of success might be realised, but begged him to remember it was a newly-conquered country and not an old-established colony seeking self-government, and he thought it a bit of a risk to British supremacy to grant self-government prematurely.”

“What will be the eventual outcome?” His Majesty continued prophetically. “Will British or Boer have the majority?”

He urged Churchill to put country before party in deciding these matters.

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When Lord Gladstone was proposed by Mr. Asquith to succeed Lord Selborne as High Commissioner, King Edward wrote: "Is there nobody better? Have the leading people in South Africa been consulted?"

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On the 19th October, 1907, the Transvaal Government offered to King Edward the Cullinan Diamond "as a token of the loyalty and attachment of the people of the Transvaal to His Majesty's person and Throne.

What a difference it would have made in the history of South Africa had the King been able to pay the country a personal visit.

The Work of the Constabulary Appreciated

Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, spoke in high terms of the S.A.C. in the House of Commons in 1903. He said:

"I attach the utmost importance to the South African Constabulary as a great civilising and uniting influence. It may have been regarded in the past exclusively from its military capacity, and indeed during the war it distinguished itself under military command, and some of the most gallant little actions of the war conferred the greatest credit on this force."

He further explained how difficult it was to bring a new central government into personal touch with the peoples of the back veldt, but that through the agency of the S.A.C. sympathetic touch had already been brought about.

"Again and again," he said, "I found by entering into conversation with the men, and with the farmers also, that the former, learning the language of the country, were becoming the friends of the people, were welcomed at every farmhouse, were doing little jobs for the inhabitants, carrying their letters and parcels, giving information and settling disputes. So much was that the case that I have had a serious complaint from one Resident Magistrate that his duty was becoming almost sinecure in consequence of the action of a sergeant of the S.A.C. who was settling all the difficulties without bringing them to him." (Laughter.) "I can sympathise with the Resident Magistrate, but I am bound to say that I cannot help expressing my entire approval of the action of the sergeant of the Constabulary."

I Leave the S.A.C.

My own connection with the force came to a sudden end early in 1903.

I received the announcement that I had been appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry for Great Britain and Ireland.

Here was another bombshell! A promotion which I had never expected, especially as I was already employed on active work in South Africa.

I at once put myself in the hands of Lord Milner, since I was serving under him, as to whether I should accept the step or not.

He replied very generously showing that the appointment was, as he termed it, "the Blue Riband" of the Cavalry, and as the S.A.C. was now in good working order I might accept it with a clear conscience.

With mixed feelings of elation and regret I accepted accordingly. I made a farewell round of my Divisions and eventually handed over my Command of the Constabulary to Colonel Nicholson.

It was only then that I realised how hard it was to break away from one's own child, but my regret was tempered by the kindly greetings I got, not only from the Constabulary but from friends, civil and military, British and Boer as well.

As consolation I had a wonderful tribute from Lord Milner, written in his own hand, to the efficiency and value of the force, and also a very high appreciation from Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor of the Transvaal.

The End of the S.A.C.

The people at home knew little of what was done by the Constabulary for the Empire in South Africa, and, unfortunately, cared less. A few years later when the country was handed over unconditionally to be governed by local politicians the force was reduced and officers and men were thrown out to shift for themselves without any help or sympathy from home.

It was done some five years after I left the force that this happened, and I received from them the pathetic farewell cable "Mortituri te salutamus" — to which I replied: "Phœnix ex cineribus resurgat" (May the Phoenix arise again from its ashes), with the faint hope that in some way the force might be reorganised.

Very partially this came about but with a large accession of Dutch officer in place of those discharged.

Anyhow the South African Police, as it is now called, and as I saw it last year, is a fine body built up on the remains of the traditions of the S.A.C. So it has to some extent resurged.

In many parts of Africa, Canada, Australia, and Great Britain, there exist S.A.C. Associations of ex-members of the Force who still meet annually on the 22nd October to exchange reminiscences and to keep up their old spirit of loyalty and good comradeship.

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When the Great War came I offered to gather the ex-officers and men of the S.A.C. to form a regiment, complete with its reserves and bound together by spirit and tradition, and seasoned to service in the field.

Lord Kitchener considered the idea very sympathetically but eventually turned it down. He held that these men would be of greater value distributed as a leaven among the young soldiers in the different battalions then being raised.

CHAPTER IX

AS INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CAVALRY

It was with huge misgiving that I faced the ordeal of taking up this "Blue Riband" of the Cavalry service, implying as it did responsibility for the efficiency of the regular Cavalry and the Yeomanry in Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Cavalry in Egypt and South Africa.

A pretty large order!

My first step in taking over my duties was to educate *myself* as far as possible in up-to-date Cavalry methods.

With this intent I visited personally, first the Cavalry Schools of France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy and America; and secondly the Cavalry manoeuvres in France, Germany and Italy, in order to see the results of their training actually in the field in large measures.

CAVALRY SCHOOLS

When I visited the Cavalry School at Saumur in France, I was struck by the good all-round training there given to the Cavalry officers.

It was not merely restricted to the equitation, veterinary knowledge, and horse management usual in other Cavalry Schools but included reconnaissance, field engineering, military history, tactics, and strategy.

The training at Saumur was so practical that we eventually got leave to send one or two of our officers to be trained there.

In Germany I had a most interesting time at the Cavalry School at Hanover. Here, under the Kaiser's orders, they kept a pack of hounds as part of their equipment. Since there were no foxes in that part of the country I was told they hunted pigs.

THE KAISER

At Darmstadt as I was getting into my carriage in the special train to go to the manoeuvres a voice behind me called my name, without any prefix, and with a good English pronunciation, and I turned round to find myself face to face with the Kaiser. He was most genial and full of wise sayings, asking me many questions on Cavalry points and never failing to cap my answers with some superior criticism — and that not a bad one sometimes.

STEPS IN DEVELOPMENT

After visiting most of the Cavalries of Europe and America I called a Conference of Officers on the steps in development which I proposed for our Cavalry. I had favourable opinions from the Duke of Connaught, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord French and Lord Chesham (representing the Yeomanry). Also from Colonel Rimington, Inniskilling Dragoons, Colonel Lumley, 11th Hussars, and Colonel Fowle of the 21st Lancers, all approving generally the ideas put forward.

These ideas included such items as:

- One. Responsibility for junior officers, desirable under the new conditions of service.
- Two. Permanent small groups within the troop for devolution of responsibility and efficiency.
- Three. Single rank formation.
- Four. Triangle formation of a double echelon, as a usual principle but not a binding rule.
- Five. Cavalry College to train officers in equitation, reconnaissance, etc.
- Six. Hand signals in addition to trumpet calls and words of command for directing movement.
- Seven. Trained Scouts to be a regular establishment under Scout officer.

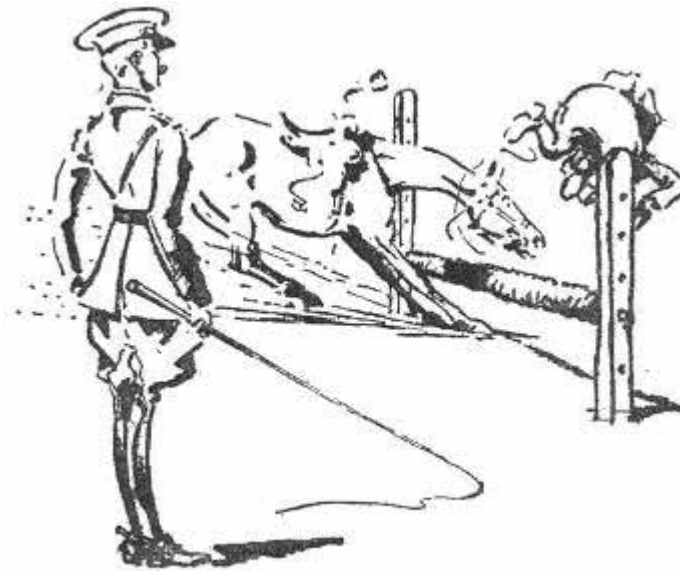
Horsemastership

The Boer War, with its appalling losses in horse flesh, might well have caused some of us to think whether we British were after all the best horsemasters in the world.

There had been some doubt about it even in Peninsular days when, while the British Cavalry horses were worn to rags, those of our Hanoverian auxiliaries managed to keep their condition.

It was a matter of faith or tradition that we British were, *par excellence*, a nation of horsemen, but tradition is not always reliable.

Long before I had reached field rank I had studied the Cavalry journals of other countries. I took in *La Revue de Cavalerie* and was an honorary member of the Fort Leavenworth Cavalry Association in America. We had no Cavalry journal for Great Britain.



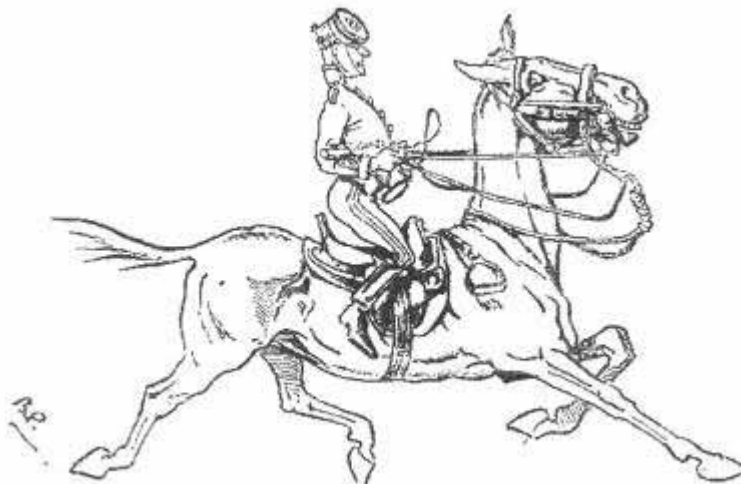
Breaking in a Horseman—Old Style.

Also, I attended the long-distance rides on the Continent. In spite of all our experience in South Africa we could not compete with the foreigners in this practice.

Horsemanship, as we knew it then, meant ability to stick on the back of a horse. It did not include, as it should have done, horsemastership.

The riding master of those days was usually more of a rough rider than a horseman, and he taught his men as well as his horses much on the same principle, namely, by *breaking* them in by what would now be considered fairly rough methods and rule of thumb.

It mattered not to him that a recruit officer was one of the most promising polo players in the Regiment, or a rider to hounds; his remark to him would invariably be: "Lengthen them stirrups three 'oles, sink yer 'eel and sit up like a soldier. I can't 'ave you a-setting like a broody hen."



Riding school with the backboard, as it used to be.



All this we altered. A result of the improvement then brought about in the training in horsemanship was to be seen in the Great War, when the work of the horse, in Palestine for instance, compared with that of which they were capable in South Africa years before, showed a wonderful advance.

In that waterless country the horses of the three mounted divisions went for seventy-two hours without water after the third battle of Gaza, and were still capable of work.

The Lincolnshire Yeomanry went for eighty-four hours without water; the Dorset Yeomanry covered sixty miles in fifty-five hours without water. In the final operations the 5th Cavalry Division covered 550 miles in thirty-eight days.

Manmastership

The Cavalryman is no good without his horse, hence horsemastership is an integral part of horsemanship. But equally the horse is no good without his man, hence manmastership is essential on the part of the officers, as described in Chapter VII.

Hitherto we had almost over-exaggerated the value of having horses in good condition to the neglect of having men equally so to ride them. Manmastership, however, is comparatively easy under the prevailing spirit of camaraderie which pervades the Cavalry.

The comradeship between officers and men is strong through their common sporting interest in the horse. Thus when at long last we started the Cavalry School it became not merely a school of equitation, not merely one of horsemanship, but also of that thrusting team energy which constitutes "the Cavalry Spirit."

This spirit is of value not solely to that branch alone but to the whole Army. This fact was borne in upon me in conversation with King Albert of Belgium after the Great War, when, in commenting on the reduction of Cavalry Regiments in our Army, he said that in the Belgium Army he maintained the Cavalry at full strength in spite of criticism as to its value in modern war, and in spite of its undoubted expense, for the sole reason that it was the breeding place of the fighting spirit for the whole Army.

Personally I feel that it has an additional value in supplying not merely the aggressive spirit but also that of loyalty and patriotism, and this is where I look on the Army as an invaluable school for the nation for inculcating the right spirit into the flower of our manhood.

War Office Amenities

In these notes I may appear to be having a dig at the War Office. I am sure that the War Office people of to-day will not bear me any ill-will for my gibes, for these are directed not at them but at their predecessors of long ago.

Things are very different now.

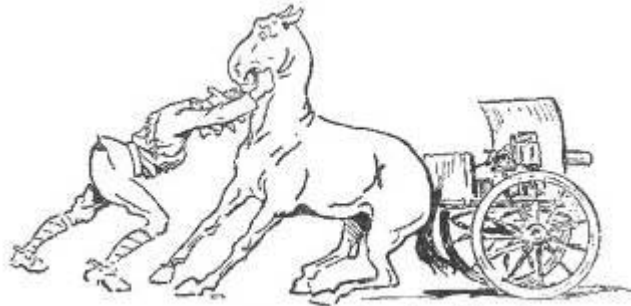
But even in those days the powers that then were took my sallies very good-naturedly — considering.

I found on more than one occasion that official correspondence did not pay so well as getting a smile on. For instance, when I commanded a Division of Territorials, an Army Order was issued that each Battalion was to be supplied with two machine guns and horses to pull them.

The guns were supplied, and beautiful horse with them. But the harness needed for connecting the two together was not forthcoming. So the guns stood dumb and idle for weeks, while the horses ate their heads off on tons of government forage in their stables. "But never the twain did meet."

I wrote to the War Office again and again praying for at least a little bit of harness. Acknowledgement but no action taken. Time went by with no result.

One day a bright thought struck me. I wrote asking them to cancel my previous requests, and saying that I had just realised what they meant by no harness being necessary. I was now having the horses trained to back against the guns and to push them into action, as per drawing annexed.



The new method of bringing guns into action without harness.

That did the trick. The cartoon afforded some little amusement in high quarters and was passed round the office, till it prompted someone to ask whether the idea was founded on fact and that we really had no harness.

Thus, before long, the harness department, which had hitherto been overlooked, received official invitation to co-operate and send us what we wanted.

Inspections

Until I came to be appointed to the post the Inspector-General of Cavalry had always carried out his duties in a gentlemanly way. He sent due warning months beforehand to each Regiment to tell it the date on which he would make his annual inspection of it, giving the full programme of what he would see each Squadron do, and directing that every officer must be present for the inspection.

In this way everybody knew what was expected of him, and each Squadron set to work to practise up the particular item of military duty in which it was to be examined. In fact the thing became a sort of game.



The dirty lantern trick.

The Squadron had to be perfect in its subject and the I.G. had to find a fault in it. If he succeeded he won — if he didn't the Regiment won.

Well, when I was a Captain I had realised this point and also found that it was tactful to let the I.G. win; so, having been warned that my stables would be inspected, I had everything spic and span, straw

plaits down, horses filled up with water a few minutes before the General came round (in order to fill up hollow flanks), etc., etc. Everything that spit and polish could do was done; the betting looked all in favour of the Squadron winning.

But I took care that it shouldn't. One stable lantern was left, hanging cobwebbed, dirty, and uncleaned.

The I.G. went round, nosing for faults but finding none, and getting more and more on edge as he saw his chances of winning were growing less, every officer and man on tip-toe with anxiety.

He had almost passed through the stable when his eye fell on the lantern. Then came the explosion. "Good God, what's that? Dammit, man" — and so on. Then under a good flood of acerbity his rage gradually gave way under the realisation that he had won, and his tone altered to that of the large-minded winner.

"It's a pity, my dear boy, that there should have been that blot on what I am bound to say was otherwise a most creditable stable; your horses were good, your men were good, your forage was good, and so on, but really that lantern — well — you'll see to it, won't you?"

And the great one strutted out fully satisfied with himself and his win, while a great surge of relief came over every jack man in the stable, for we felt that neither had we lost.

Yes — I am inclined to think that tact rather than merit won the day with some inspectors. It was much the same story as school exams. over again; a general's inspection was not a real test of the efficiency of a Regiment.

When it fell to me to be the Inspector-General I didn't bother about programmes and I didn't infect the wretched officers with the virus of "inspection fever," for my practice was rather to run down and stay with Regiments for a few days, and to see them in their ordinary daily work and play. One gets a far fairer and more practical insight into their efficiency, and I secured a far greater enthusiasm on the part of the officers for new fads that I wanted to get tried out.

It was the personal touch instead of the official memos. that brought the result.



The best we can do nowadays in the way of an equestrian statue of a General.

I did not press for all officers to be present at my inspections, as it was through the *results* of their work that I judged them. The state of their Squadrons gave me pretty exactly the measure of the officers' qualities.

As a consequence, although there was no order about it, precious few officers failed to be there. On the one hand, they did not care to be judged in their absence, and on the other, with the increased responsibility which had now been given to them, there was a corresponding keenness and desire to show off their Squadrons as effective for service.



ON BLACK PRINCE

In one of my memos. to the officers I had said:

“There is a grave danger hanging over our country, which is patent enough to anyone who travels and who is in touch with military thought abroad. Our business in the cavalry is to make our branch the most perfect fighting machine of its kind, in order to compensate for its excessive weakness in numbers. These numbers cannot be made up on the outbreak of war...Cavalry is the force of all others which has to be in being on the very first day of hostilities. We must do it by patient systematic work — and not too slowly lest we get left, for our neighbours are pressing forward on the same line also.”

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In the course of my inspections I found incidentally that in many cases the Cavalry Barracks were totally unfitted for occupation.

In one case, at Norwich, I reported them in a dilapidated condition. No notice was taken of this. In my report in the following year I stated: "Barracks in the same unsatisfactory condition as before, except that one kitchen has since fallen down."

While inspecting the Greys at Piers Hill Barracks, Edinburgh, I asked in the usual way: "Has any man any complaint to make?"

One trooper replied in a most aggrieved fashion, saying: "Yes, sir. I used to sleep in a bed at the far end of the Barrack-room and now I have been ordered to sleep 'ere. I don't want to move 'cos at that far end I was able to look down through a nice 'ole in the floor to see my 'orse in his stall below."

He conducted me to inspect the "nice 'ole," and there was no doubt that he had got a very fine view of his horse stabled beneath.

I reported this incident to the War Office and added the fact that when the upstairs barracks rooms were being scrubbed the horses, whatever the weather, had to be removed outside to avoid the shower baths of dirty water, which though perhaps of no very great consequence to some Regiments showed up rather conspicuously in the case of the Greys.

On the 5th of May, 1907, my term as Inspector-General of Cavalry came to an end. A number of my Cavalry comrades generously gave me a farewell dinner at which were present:

Sir Douglas Haig	I.G. Cavalry, India.
Sir John Maxwell	Chief Staff Officer to I.G., the Forces.
Colonel Fanshawe	Brigadier.
General Hon. Julian Byng	Brigadier.
Colonel Hon. O. Lumley	Brigadier.
Colonel Allenby	Brigadier.
General Rochfort	Royal Horse Artillery.
General Benson	Remounts.
General Rimington	Brigadier.
Colonel Hon. R. Lindley	Cavalry School.
General Scobell	Inspector of Cavalry.
Colonel Fenwick	Royal Horse Guards.
General Birkbeck	Remounts.

My A.A.G. was Lord Errol, of the R.H.G., and my A.D.Cs. were Harvey Kearsley, 5th D.G., Owain Greaves, R. Horse Guards, and Tom Marchant, 13th Hussars.

I was tremendously taken by this unexpected expression of their goodwill, accompanied as it was by numerous letters expressing approbation for the steps that we had been taking for bringing the Cavalry up-to-date. These were finally topped by a letter which the Duke of Connaught sent me in which he was kind enough to say things which made me blush with pride and pleasure.

The "steps" alluded to were briefly these:

Skeleton establishments had been abolished and Regiments put on a working footing.

Remounts brought up to establishment.

Permanent Brigades formed.

Officers' expenses reduced.

New Drill Book with improved system of training.

Responsibility given to Squadron and Troop Officers.

Scout training and establishment authorised.

New rifle issued with improved fire tactics.

Cavalry School established for Officers and N.C.Os.

Mobilisation practice instituted in all Regiments.

Horse training and Horsemastership put on a new footing.

N.C.O. training in tactics developed.

Manmastership and Cavalry Spirit developed.

These generous praises were really undeserved by me personally, since our success was due to the whole-hearted team work of the officers of the Cavalry.

Now that it is too late for me to be demobbed I don't mind confessing that personally I was entirely unfitted, both physically and intellectually, for the position of I.G. of Cavalry.

Physically because I had long had a loose leg as a result of a shooting accident in Afghanistan, and more recently I had broken the cartilage and ligaments of the other knee, so that both legs were like bits of string, and I could not supply, as I ought, an example of hard riding horsemanship.

Intellectually I was deficient because I had not been through the Staff College and my knowledge of strategy and military history was limited to common sense and admiration of Oliver Cromwell's methods.

Fortunately at this juncture I had the support of Douglas Haig, who was my opposite number as Inspector-General of Cavalry in India. We were personal friends, constantly in communication, and in complete accord in our ideas, and I was thus indebted to him for much far-seeking and practical advice.

Douglas Haig was unique. He was a first-rate horseman (not the Hindenburg on a swan-necked horse as threatened in the design proposed for his memorial in London); he was full of the Cavalry spirit with a quick and resolute mind, and at the same time he was a serious student of military science, a very rare combination then in a Cavalry officer, and one which was the saving of us in the Great War.

The fortunate coincidence that he should be in the position to become Commander-in-Chief in that crisis was the greatest bit of luck for the nation.

Perhaps one result of the Great War may tend to show that military service is an education in itself, for officers as well as men, and though certain branches are called the scientific side of the Army there is no doubt to my mind that the training given to the Cavalry officer by his practice in the field develops in a high degree those points in character such as quick appreciation and prompt and resolute action, and other such qualities as go to make a leader in war.

If proof were needed one has only to look at the names of those who led our armies in the field, the large majority of whom had gained their experience in the mounted branch, French, Haig, Allenby, Byng, Horne, Plumer, Gough, Rimington, and the rest.

TERRITORIALS

The completion of my term as Inspector-General of Cavalry was not the final act of my service, though it left me as a Lieutenant-General at the top of the Cavalry tree, a position which in my wildest dreams I had never visualised — nor indeed desired.

I was now placed on half-pay.

The custom was that one remained on half-pay for four years, and if by that time no further appointment was found for you you retired on the pension authorised for your rank.

At this time Lord Haldane was the Secretary of State for War, and he was considering the question of developing our military reserves by the organisation of Territorial Officers' Training Corps. He invited me to stay with him at Cloan to talk over these matters, and while I was there he asked me whether I would care to take command of a Territorial Division, and to try out any ideas I might have for the better training of this branch.

This would not count as regular employment for me since the command was only that of a Major-General and I was a Lieutenant-General. But since it offered work, and work of an interesting kind, I readily accepted the offer, and knowing something of the German plans I realised the urgent need for making our reserves efficient for service in the field and not merely on paper.

I was appointed to command the Northumbrian Division, which included Northumberland, Durham and North and East Yorkshire. Here I found splendid men to work with, more particularly those who came from the mining districts. They were pretty rough, but hearty sportsmen and brave fellows.

We had had as our adversaries in the Boer War men who had never had a day's drill in their lives and yet were effective in the field against our trained troops through their individual intelligence, pluck, and will to succeed.

So it was on this line that I tried to develop our training in my Division. I had a motor-car made to my own pattern which was at once a bedroom and an office, and I continually toured my division, getting into personal touch with every unit and studying the local conditions under which it had to work. I organised week-end "battles," at which attendance was voluntary, but which drew better attendance than the average ordered parades.

It is, of course, in the blood of men of those parts to bet. So they usually had wagers on the results of these fights. This necessitated the use of particularly good umpires: and this fact again raised the standard of the leading of the officers.

WARNING OF THE GREAT WAR

I got into hot water once over a talk to my Staff about the possibilities of a German invasion.

The Germans had agreed that the most suitable opportunity for the invasion of England would be afforded by the Bank Holiday in August of any year in which we were least prepared. I decreed the Bank Holiday as a suitable occasion for practising the mobilisation of our units, and in order to explain this and the German plan, gave an address to my officers.

This brought a demand for my dismissal from certain members in the House of Commons (one of them a Minister in the late Government to-day), but, what was far more important, it drew upon me some irate anonymous letters from Germany, and also news from private friends over there that my appointment to that particular district as Lieutenant-General (in place of the usual Major-General) had caused considerable comment in military circles.

So we had hit the spot.

When I was held up as a miscreant in Parliament in this way I took the night train to London and explained to Lord Haldane that my speech that had been reported was only a private one to my officers, and should never appear in the press, and that I wanted to apologise for the fuss that it had caused in the House.

To my surprise he replied that he was delighted and that it was a good thing that people's eyes should be opened to the fact that there was a danger from Germany.

It was a fact that people in England could not and would not believe that war in Europe could come again, and complacently looked on at Germany arming herself and building a fleet which could have no other objective than our own.

They looked on Lord Roberts and others who tried to open their eyes to this coming danger as fanatics.

It was fortunate for the country that the Army was not blind, and had its mobile force, small and "contemptible" if it was, ready for the emergency when the war was sprung upon us.

KING EDWARD AND MY RETIREMENT

But about this time another bombshell fell upon me. This was the outbreak of Boy-Scouting, on a suggestion which I had made, but which produced such a crop of Boy Scouts all over the country that the demands upon my time and energies grew to such an extent that I had to consider whether I was justified in continuing my soldiering or whether to take up this new growth and organise it.

King Edward had invited me to Balmoral, and there he talked over the question of the Boy Scouts with me at great length, and though it was all in embryo he showed a strong belief in its possibilities and urged me to go on with it. So later, when the question rose in my mind as to whether I could do both works adequately, it came to the ears of the King that I was contemplating retiring from the Army, and he at once sent word to ask whether this was the case, saying he considered that it would be unwise of me to leave the service when, as he expressed it, I had just got my footing on the ladder.

But the next day, having thought it over more fully, he agreed that seeing the possibilities that lay before the Scout movement, and the need for its organisation it would after all be right on my part to resign from the Army and devote myself to this work.

A SNAP INVESTITURE

Apropos my visit to Balmoral, I had gone there to receive from His Majesty the honour of knighthood as a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order. I had arrived in the late afternoon and was told that the investiture would take place the following day, but just as I was dressing for dinner Legge, the King's Equerry, came rushing into my room and said that His Majesty wanted to decorate me *at once*, and hurried me off to his dressing-room.

My diary records: While outside the door Colonel Legge took off my miniature medals and pinned on two safety-pins outside my coat, calling at the same time to a footman to bring a cushion and another a sword.

It was like preparation for an execution.

Then we walked in.

The King, in Highland dress, shook hands, smiling most genially and kept hold of my hand while he told me that for my many services in the past and especially for my present one of organising the Boy Scouts for the country he proposed to make me a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

He then sat down and I knelt on the cushion in front of him, the equerry handed him the sword and he tapped me on each shoulder and hung the cross round my neck and hooked the star of the Order on my coat, and gave me his hand to kiss. Then he laughingly told me that his valet would put the ribbon right for me, and out I went.

(Oddly enough, the other day when I went to hang up my hat for the first time in the House of Lords, the usher who received me reminded me that he was that same valet who had helped me, and he also told me that I had slept that night in the room next to the King.)

This operation delayed me for a few minutes and when I got down to the drawing-room I found all the party were awaiting me, and those who possessed the Victorian Order formed a sort of little Guard of Honour inside the door waiting to shake me by the hand. It was all very embarrassing — and very jolly.

Later I found that the reason for this undue haste was that the dinner cards were already printed beforehand, and the Staff Officer in charge of this job had supposed I would be knighted that day instead of the next, and had therefore put me down as "Sir Robert," and it was in order to make the card correct that the King had had to do the knighting without delay!

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King Edward's quickness for noticing mistakes in detail of dress was proverbial, and I experienced an instance of it that evening. He had in attendance upon him behind his chair an Egyptian servant who was an artist at making coffee. He was dressed in a gorgeous livery but the King, apparently having eyes at the back of his head, suddenly growled a reprimand to the man in French. The man darted out of the room — he had omitted to put on his medals. In a few minutes he was back again, only to meet with a more furious tirade; he had put them on the wrong side of his chest!

After dinner King Edward called me aside and sat me down on the sofa beside him and talked for half an hour about my Boy Scouts.

The movement was not two years old then, but it had spread rapidly. The previous day I had been at Glasgow for a rally at which 5640 boys were present, and the previous month 11,000 were present at the Crystal Palace gathering.

His Majesty asked me all about our aims and methods and expressed his great belief that the movement was just what the country needed. He said that it would grow into a big valuable institution,

and that he would like to review the Scouts the following year at Windsor Park. He agreed to my suggestion that boys who worked hard and passed special tests for efficiency should be ranked as "King's Scouts."

I went to bed a happy man that night.

THE END OF MY LIFE NUMBER ONE

On my sending in my request to retire from the Army there arose the question of my pension. To my horror I was told that the Royal Warrant did not allow of a pension for one of my age.

My promotion had been so rapid that I was a Lieutenant-General at fifty, whereas the Warrant did not allow for anybody holding that rank under sixty-two.

I had had phenomenal luck, of course, in getting brevet promotion at every step in rank, thus:

I had got a direct commission instead of two years at Sandhurst.

Two years ante-date was granted to me as Sub-Lieutenant on passing Exam. with honours for Lieutenant.

As Lieutenant and Adjutant I had promotion to super-numerary Captain.

As Captain I acted as Military Secretary in the field and so was promoted to Brevet-Major.

As Major in Ashanti awarded Brevet-Colonel.

As Lieutenant-Colonel in Matabeleland awarded Brevet full Colonel.

As full Colonel in the Boer War special promotion to Major-General at the comparatively early age of forty-three.

Thus becoming Lieutenant-General before I was fifty.

Arrangements, however, were eventually made for my pension.

I was appointed Colonel-in-Chief to my old Regiment, the 13th Hussars, and the King then conferred on me the K.C.B.

Ian Hamilton, in congratulating me, wrote: "It never rains but it pours, and on you it has poured to the extent of giving you a Bath."

It was a big wrench to take this last step out of the Service that I had loved so well, though at the same time I did not mind taking my foot off the ladder, for I had no wish to do any further climbing up it. I was not built for a General. I liked being a regimental officer in personal touch with my men.

It was no small consolation to receive from the Secretary of State for War the letter which he sent me, expressing his kindly regret in losing me from the Army, in which he added: "...But I feel that the organisation of your Boy Scouts has so important a bearing on the future that probably the greatest service you can render to the country is to devote yourself to it."

And so ended my Life Number One.

CHAPTER X

LIFE NUMBER TWO — THE BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES

I NOW started on my second life in this world.

I had definitely left the Army in 1910. I was now settling down to be a good citizen as a Warden of the Mercers' Company (N.B. — A Mercer, like a poet, is born such, he is not made); and the Boy Scout movement had started itself and was finding its feet far and wide.

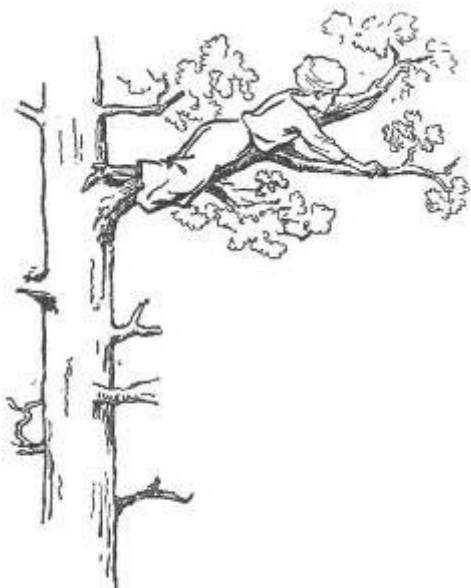
This, though it promised to be the biggest job of my life, was at the same time the easiest since everybody connected with it met me more than half-way with their keenness.

In 1912 all was going smoothly and well when out of the blue an entirely new kind of bomb suddenly caught me in the midriff!

DOUBLE HARNESS

It was in this way. During my first life I had had my time fairly full occupied, with little leisure for thinking of such extraneous matters as marriage; indeed, I had been railed by my best friend, "Ginger" Gordon, 15th Hussars, on being a confirmed old bachelor; and when I said that I had no desire to get married and I felt sure that nobody would desire to marry me, he looked at me quizzically for a space and then remarked, with the laugh of one who knew: "You'll get it in the neck one day when you least expect it, old boy!"

And I did.



The Governess up a tree.

In the course of following up the science of tracking I had practised the art of deducing people's character from their footprints and gait. Native trackers the world over read the character as well as the actions or intentions of the footprinter, e.g. toes turned out imply a liar, outside heel depression means adventurous, and so on.

In this research I came to the conclusion, for instance, that about forty-six per cent of women were very adventurous with one leg and hesitant on the other, i.e. liable to act on impulse.

So when I came to an exception it caught my attention.

One such I noted where a girl — a total stranger to me and whose face I had not seen — trod in a way that showed her to be possessed of honesty of purpose and common sense as well as of the spirit of adventure.

I happened to notice that she had a spaniel with her.

This was while I was still in the Army and I was going into Knightsbridge Barracks at the time. I thought no more

of it.

Two years later, on board my ship for the West Indies, I recognised the same gait in a fellow-passenger. When introduced I charged her with living in London. Wrong. My sleuthing was at fault; she lived in Dorsetshire!

"But have you not a brown and white spaniel?"

"Yes." (Surprise registered.)

"Were you never in London? Near Knightsbridge Barracks?"

"Yes, two years ago."

So we were married — and lived happily ever after.

Thus began my second life, and with it the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides.

ORIGIN OF BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES

The amount of notoriety thrust upon me by the want of perspective in the reviews of the Boer War gave me some anxious thought. It was all so unexpected, unearned, and unsought.

Could there be some higher purpose underlying it? Was it a call to me? Could it be utilised to some good end? If so in what way could I act up to it?

Such were the questions which thrust themselves upon me.

They began to answer themselves for me by letters which poured in to me while I was still in South Africa in 1901-03, from boys and girls in different parts of the Empire. I had somehow personally caught their interest and was, without seeking it, in touch with them.

Lord Allenby was astonished one day on finding that his small son, together with his governess, had climbed to the top of a tree in order to ambush him.

The lady explained that she came from Miss Mason's House of Education, where she had been trained on my book of *Aids to Scouting* for soldiers, which was used there as a text-book for teaching observation and deduction.

This was the first authoritative indication I had had that Scouting was educative.

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

So to the many enquiries and to the appeals from boys' societies for "messages" I answered with such advice and suggestions as I could give in my busy time out there, and these were generally founded on the doings of Scouts and backwoodsmen, as being heroes to the boys.

On smoking, for instance, I wrote:

"A Scout, or any many whose life depends on his steadiness of nerve, good wind, and his keenness of sight or sense of smell, will, as a rule, not trust himself to smoke because he knows that it is injurious to these. On that account the American Scout, Major Burnham, does not smoke, and the great African hunter, F.C. Selous, does not smoke.

Smoking does more harm to you when you are young than when you are old. Therefore a boy, if he is not a FOOL, will avoid smoking in case some day he may be wanted to work as a Scout or in other duties where he will want a clear head and steady nerves."

I wrote dozens of letters of this kind, on this and other points on which the boys wanted suggestions, and this gave me the feeling that boys were anxious for a lead and were willing to take it.

So they gave *me* the lead which put an end to my life as a soldier and started me on my second life in 1910.

NATIONAL NEED FOR CHARACTER TRAINING

As an adjutant and as a Commanding Officer I had had hundreds of young men through my hands as recruits. They were typical results of the average education in our schools.

It is only by its results and not by its methods, however good they may be, that education can be judged.

This is a point which is very often lost sight of.

Those results showed estimable young men, able to read and write, well-behaved and amenable to discipline, and easily made into smart-looking parade soldiers — but without individuality or strength of character, utterly without resourcefulness, initiative or the guts for adventure.

Modern conditions of life with its artificiality were making them members of the herd with everything done for them and with the fetish of "safety first" every before their eyes.

I am speaking, of course, of over twenty years ago. We may hope that since then education has improved — and I believe it has — in preparing our boys and girls less for passing standards of examinations and more for making the best use of their lives as citizens of the State.

But education has fresh difficulties to content with to-day, in the shape of increased herd-instinct, undesirable teachings of a sensational Sunday press, immoral cinemas, and easy access to cheap, unhealthy pleasure, and gambling.

With the modern extension of towns and villages and factories, of great tarred motor roads and telegraph, telephone and power lines over the face of the country, civilisation is driving Nature farther and farther out of reach of the majority, until realisation of its beauties and wonders and our own affinity with

God's creations, is becoming lost in the materialistic life of the crowd, with its depressing conditions of work and hectic search for pleasure among man-made squalid surroundings of bricks and mortar.

The artificial is swamping out the natural in our life; thanks to motor-cars, bikes and elevators, our limbs, like our minds, will atrophy from want of exercise and our sons will grow brains instead of brawn.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF SCOUT TRAINING IN THE ARMY

Well — in training our lads in the Army to be soldiers we had to remedy some of the shortcomings in their character and to fill in the omissions left in their education by developing in them the various attributes needed for making them reliable MEN. We had to inculcate a good many qualities not enunciated in school text-books, such as individual pluck, intelligence, initiative, and spirit of adventure. This we did, not through drill nor imposed instruction, but by going back to nature and backwoodsmanship, by taking the men back as nearly as possible to the primitive, to learn tracking, eye for a country, observation by night as well as by day, to learn to stalk and to hide, to improvise shelter, and to feed and fend for themselves.

This programme proved so attractive to these young men that there was no lack of volunteers for the training.

A notable sign of its popularity was that where we used to lose many a young fellow through desertion, owing to the boredom of barrack life and continued drill, we now found such cases very rare indeed.

The results of the training upon the men showed us very soon that something more than actual ability and value as Army Scouts had incidentally been brought about. One found that they gained a measure of pride in their work, confidence in themselves, and a sense of responsibility and trust and other qualities as put them on to a higher standard of manliness, self-respect and loyalty.

THE APPLICATION OF SCOUT TRAINING TO CITIZEN TRAINING

During the Defence of Mafeking, Lord Edward Cecil, my Chief Staff Officer, had hit on the idea of utilising the boys of the town to take the place of men employed as orderlies and messengers, etc., and so release them for duty in the trenches.

The boys were accordingly organised as a corps under command of one of their own number, Corporal Goodyear, and they carried out their duties in every way satisfactorily and with the greatest pluck, even under fire.

The conscientious way in which they did their work opened my eyes to the fact that boys, if given responsibility and if trusted to do their job, could be relied upon as if they were men.

This had an important lesson for me.



In 1904, as a result of these straws, I sketched out some ideas for training boys somewhat on the lines of the Scouts in the Army.

In 1905 I was invited by Sir William Smith to inspect his Corps of "Boys' Brigade" at Glasgow on the twenty-first anniversary of their existence.

When I saw this splendid gathering of some six thousand boys, and heard how widespread was the movement, it opened my eyes to yet another trait among boys, namely, that they would come eagerly in their thousands of their own accord to be trained where the training had its attraction for them.

Also that hundreds of adults were willing to sacrifice time and energy in the service of training these boys.

This development no theory could have foretold.

When Sir William told me that he had no less than fifty-four thousand lads in the Brigade, I congratulated him on the magnificent result of his work; but as second thoughts occurred to me I could not help adding that considering the number of boys available in the country there ought, in the space of twenty years, to be ten times that number in the ranks, if the programme offered them were sufficiently varied and tempting.

He asked how I would add to its attraction, and I told him how Scouting had proved its popularity with young men in the Cavalry, and that something of the kind might prove equally attractive to these younger boys, while its aim might easily be diverted from war to peace, since the inculcation of character, health and manliness was its basis, and these qualities were as much needed in a citizen as in a soldier.

He cordially agreed with my idea and suggested that I should write a book for boys on the lines of *Aids to Scouting*.

So in the few spare moments from my work as I.G. of Cavalry, I set to work to formulate my idea, for here seemed to be the work waiting to my hand for which that damnable notoriety I had incurred could now be usefully employed.



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Chance or Fate or what you will took me just at that time to stay with Sir Arthur Pearson, and there I discovered his unobtrusive kindness of heart and sympathy with afflicted children and young people, to which was added a devoted patriotism to his own country.

Here was the man I was looking for and I confided to him my ideas about this new training for boys. He at once gave me every encouragement personally and the help of his staff; and from him came one who has been my right hand from that day to this, in Sir Percy Everett.

Before bringing out the proposed book I made full experiment of the scheme by holding a camp for trial of its programme.

Mrs. Van Raalte invited me to use her island, Brownsea, in Poole Harbour, for this purpose, as I was anxious to get a camping ground away from outsiders, press, reporters, and other "vermin," where I could try out the experiment without interruption.

There I tried it out with boys of every class and kind mixed up together.

It met my anticipations, and I published *Scouting for Boys*.

THE FRAMEWORK

To build a scheme, whether for a speech, a book, or a movement, you have:

1. To set up its AIM clearly before you.
2. In a movement for boys the next essential is to make it *attractive* for them.
3. Then to devise a definite *code* for their guidance.
4. Then to form a suitable *organisation* under competent leaders.

Aim. Our aim was to improve the standard of our future citizenship, especially in CHARACTER and HEALTH. One had to think out the main weak points in our national character and make some effort to eradicate these by substituting equivalent virtues, where the ordinary school curriculum was not in a position to supply them. Outdoor activities, handicrafts, and service for others therefore came into the forefront of our programme.

Attraction. The whole scheme was then planned on the principle of being an educative GAME; a recreation in which the boy would be insensibly led to educate himself. What to call it? There's a lot in a name. Had we called it what it was, viz. a "Society for the Propagation of Moral Attributes," the boy

would not exactly have rushed for it. But to call it SCOUTING and give him the chance of becoming an embryo Scout, was quite another pair of shoes. His inherent "gang" instinct would be met by making him a member of a "Troop" and a "Patrol." Give him a uniform to wear, with Badges to be won and worn on it for proficiency in Scouting — and you got him.



Frontiersmen. Buffalo Bill with Boy Scout and Red Indian Scout, from a photo.

Under the term "Scout" one could hold up for his hero-worship such men as backwoodsmen, explorers, hunters, seamen, airmen, pioneers and frontiersmen.

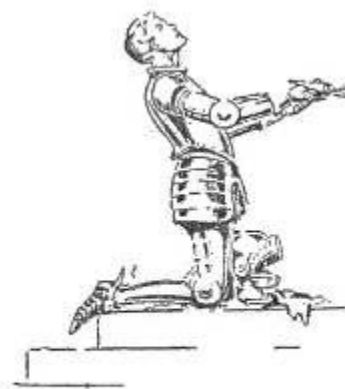
Backwoodsmanship could be brought within the grasp of even the town boy through stalking, tracking, camping, pioneering, camp cooking, tree-felling, and other outdoor activities.

These practices all would have their attention for him, and would at the same time develop in him health, resourcefulness, intelligence, handiness and energy.

Code. Then the Romance of the knights of the Middle Ages has its attraction for all boys and has its appeal to their moral sense. Their Code of Chivalry included Honour, Self-discipline, Courtesy, Courage, Selfless sense of Duty and Service, and the guidance of Religion. These and other good attributes would be readily accepted if embodied in a Law for Scouts.

The Scout Law. So the Scout Law was not framed as a list of DON'T'S. Prohibition generally invites evasion since it challenges the spirit in every red-blooded boy (or man). The boy is not governed by DON'T, but is led on by DO. The Scout Law, therefore, was devised as a guide to his actions rather than as repressive of his faults. It merely states what is good form and expected of a Scout.

1. A SCOUT'S HONOUR IS TO BE TRUSTED.
2. A SCOUT IS LOYAL.
3. A SCOUT'S DUTY IS TO BE USEFUL.
4. A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ALL.
5. A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS.
6. A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS.
7. A SCOUT OBEYS ORDERS.
8. A SCOUT SMILES AND WHISTLES UNDER ALL DIFFICULTIES.



"He was a verray parfit gentil knight"—Chaucer.

9. A SCOUT IS THRIFTY.

10. A SCOUT IS CLEAN IN THOUGHT, WORD AND DEED.

The Promise. Through a letter which I received in 1902 from a small boy I was lead to realise that a boy sets some store by his promise if he makes one. (I wonder it that unknown correspondent is alive to-day?)

This is what he wrote: "I will PROMISE to you with all my heart [*sic*] never to touch strong drink or to smoke. And you be a brave soldier and so will I. Yours affectionately, H...V Halifax, N.S..."

So I inflicted on the Scout a solemn little Promise, easier to keep than an Oath, in which he engaged to DO HIS BEST to:

1. Do his Duty to God and to the King (N.B. — Not merely to be loyal, which implies a state of mind, but to DO something).
2. Do a good turn to somebody every day (i.e. Duty to his Neighbour).
3. Obey the Scout Law.

Sea Scouts. Having in my own boyhood been brought up by my brothers with a good deal of sea-going work on board various small yachts we owned from time to time I realised the extraordinary value of this training.

It brought out various qualities which no amount of land-training could produce to the same extent.

Apart from the bodily health developed, it familiarised the lad with risks and hardships incident to seafaring in all weathers, and demanded of him the exercise of courage and caution, coupled with discipline, self-reliance and resource, all of which tended to make a man of him.

So we instituted a Sea Scout Branch of the movement, which by chance proved its worth five years later when the country was involved in the Great War. The movement was able to meet the call of the Government and take over guarding the coasts, thereby releasing the Coastguards for duty afloat.

Organisation. At first starting the Boy Scouts were organised in Troops of about thirty-two, and sub-divided into Patrols of eight.

After some years they were graded, approximately according to age, for psychological reasons, into three classes, as:

Wolf Cubs — 8 to 11 — in Packs composed of sections of six under boy leaders.

Scouts — 12 to 17 — in Troops composed of Patrols of six to eight under boy leaders.

Rovers — 17 ½ — in Crews composed of Patrols under leaders.

The three grades form a Group under a Group Scoutmaster.

The number in a Pack or Troop should preferably not exceed thirty-two. I suggest this number because in training boys myself I found that sixteen was about as many as I could deal with — in getting at and bringing out the individual character in each. I allow for other people being twice as capable as myself and hence the total of thirty-two.



Sea Scout.

ANALYSIS OF THE SCOUT SCHEME OF TRAINING

1. CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE.		2. HEALTH AND STRENGTH.	
QUALITIES AIMED FOR	THROUGH PRACITCE OF	QUALITIES AIMED FOR	THROUGH PRACITCE OF
INTELLECTUAL		HEALTH	
Observation.	Scouting.		Responsibility for personal health
Deduction.	Woodcraft, etc.		Hygiene. Continenence.
	Tracking.		Temperance, etc.
			Camping
CIVIC		STRENGTH	
Fair Play.	Team games.		Physical development.
Discipline.	Team game.		Games.
Leadership.	Patrol works.		Swimming.
Responsibility.	Patrol work.		Hiking.
Respect for the rights of others.	Court of Honour.		Climbing.
			And Natural activities.
MORAL			
Honour.	Scout Law.		
Chivalry.	Scout work and		
Self-reliance.	Activities.		
Courage.	Appreciation of Nature.		
Capacity for enjoyment.	Nature-lore and Study.		
Self-expression in art.	Astronomy, etc.		
Higher tone of thought.	Kindness to animals.		
Religion.	Service to others (q.v.).		

The INDIVIDUAL qualities having thus been formed are then harnessed for the good of the community.

3. HANDCRAFT AND SKILL.		4. SERVICE AND CITIZENHOOD.	
QUALITIES AIMED FOR	THROUGH PRACITCE OF	QUALITIES AIMED FOR	THROUGH PRACITCE OF
	Hobbies.	Unselfishness.	Good Turns.
	Tests in technical proficiency.	Civic Duty.	First Aid.
	Rewards by badges, etc., in over 60 forms of handicraft/	Patriotism.	Life Saving.
Technical Skill.		Service for Country.	Fire Brigade.
Inventiveness.		Service for Humanity.	Accident Corps.
			Hospital assistance.
			"Missioner" work.
N.B. — Apart from promoting efficiency and occupation for idle hours this department leads to fitting the square peg in the square hole for his career.		Service for God.	

The Scoutmaster

The idea of Scouting thus seemed all right so far as the boy was concerned, but eager though he might be to carry it out there was the all-important question of getting adult leadership to organise its administration in practice.

To a very considerable extent this question was settled by the boys themselves. They had the sense to recognise that grown-up officers were necessary, and they went around among the men of their respective neighbourhoods until they found those willing to become their leaders.

Personally I had seen the splendid devoted voluntary work of the officers of the Boys' Brigade, and so I realised that there was in our population a considerable number of patriotic men who would be willing to make sacrifice of time and pleasures to come and take charge of the boys.



The Scoutmaster's conjuring trick.

But I never foresaw the amazing response which has been given by such men to the call of the Scout Movement.

To them is due the remarkable growth and results achieved to date.

I had stipulated that the position of Scoutmasters was to be neither that of a schoolmaster nor of a Commanding Officer, but rather that of an elder brother *among* his boys, not detached or above them, but himself joining in their activities and sharing their enthusiasm, and thus, being in the position to know them individually, able to inspire their efforts and to suggest new diversions when his finger on their pulse told him the attraction of any present craze was wearing off.

The term Scoutmaster was no new one. It was an old English title used by Cromwell, who has "Scoutmasters" in his Army, and his Intelligence branch was under the direction of a "Scoutmaster-General."

Uniform



S.A.C. Trooper, copy of my original design for the uniform, and Boy Scout as he appears to-day.

For the boy a uniform is a big attraction, and when it is a dress such as backwoodsmen wear it takes him in imagination to be directly linked up with those frontiersmen who are heroes to him.

The uniform also makes for Brotherhood, since when universally adopted it covers up all differences of class and country.

The Scout uniform, moreover, is simple and hygienic (a step now much in fashion) approximating that of our ancestors. Of this we are reminded when we sing round the camp-fire, to the tune of the "Men of Harlech."

What's the good of wearing braces,
Vests and pants and boots with laces,
Spats, or hats you buy in places
Down in Brompton Road?

What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
These affairs are simply rotten,
Better far is woad.

Garters

Another insignificant and yet important item of the Scout uniform is the *Honi Soit* part of it — the Garters. These are intended not only to do the useful job of keeping the stockings from slipping down but being actually skeins of the same wool they supply the mending material for repairing holes as these occur. The tabs at the end are coloured to distinguish the grade of the wearer, Red for Rover Scouts and Green for Scouts.

The Scout's Badge

Years ago, soon after the Boy Scouts were first started, certain critics accused the movement of being a military one.

Whenever anything new is started there are bound to be people who get up on their hind legs to find fault with it, often before they know what it is all about.

In this case they said that the Scout movement was designed to teach the boys to be soldiers, and they quoted in proof that the crest of the movement was, as they described it: "A spear-head, the emblem of battle and bloodshed."



Scouting is not Soldiering.

I was asked by cable what I had to say about it. I telegraphed back: "The crest is the *fleur-de-lys*, a lily, the emblem of peace and purity."

But it wasn't for that reason that Scouts took it. In the Middle Ages Charles, King of Naples, owing to his French descent had the *fleur-de-lys* as his crest.

It was in his reign that Flavio Gioja, the navigator, made the mariners' compass into a practical and reliable instrument. The compass card had the initial letters of North, South, East and West upon it. In Italian the North was "Tramontana."

So he put a capital T to mark the North point. But in compliment to the King he made a combination of the letter T with the King's *fleur-de-lys* crest. From that time the North point has been universally shown on the maps, charts, and compass cards by that sign.

The actual meaning to be read from the *fleur-de-lys* badge is that it points in the right direction (and upwards) turning neither to the right nor left, since these lead backward again. The stars on the two sides arms stand for the two eyes of the Wolf Cub having been opened before he became a Scout, when he gained his First-Class Badge of two Stars. The three points of the *fleur-de-lys* remind the Scout of the three points of the Scout's Promise — Duty to God and the King, Helpfulness to other people, and Obedience to the Scout Law.

The Motto

The slogan of the Scout is "Be Prepared." This was adopted, with much of the uniform, from the South African Constabulary. The men of the Force chose that motto for themselves partly because it spoke to their readiness to take on any kind of duty at any time, and also because it brought to mind my initials.

The *fleur-de-lys* has come to be the sign of the Scouts in almost every country in the world.

In order to distinguish one nationality from the other the country's own emblem is "superimposed," that is, placed in front of the *fleur-de-lys*.

You see this in the United States where the eagle and the national arms of America stand in front, backed by the *fleur-de-lys* of the world-wide Scout Brotherhood. And long may it so stand!

The Knot

Beneath the *fleur-de-lys* and Motto a little cord depends with a knot tied in it. This knot, like the knot you tie in your handkerchief on occasion, is to remind the boy daily that he has to do a good turn to someone.

The Scout Staff

Talking of pointing the way, there is another pointer in use in most Scout Troops in the shape of the Scout Staff.

This is an invaluable implement — in fact almost a necessity for finding your way in bad ground at night.

A number of staves lashed together can make a very serviceable bridge over a river, or can be built up as a look-out or signalling tower, or as a flagstaff. Staves can also be used as a railing for holding back crowds or for making stretchers for carrying injured persons or the camp kit of two Scouts.

Proficiency Badges

Boys are not alone in their love of badges to wear. I have heard of grown-up men who would risk, and have risked, their lives to get a medal.

So, although it may be counted immoral to appeal to this touch of vanity in the boy, we have instituted badges of proficiency which any Boy Scout can earn by taking the trouble to qualify and pass tests for them. These badges are awarded for proficiency in such things as carpentry, swimming, ambulance work, etc., etc. There are nearly sixty different subjects, among which every boy should be able to find one or more suited to him.

Thus he is encouraged to take up a hobby and a lad with hobbies will as a rule not waste his life.

Moreover, there is only one standard by which a boy is judged as qualified for a badge, and that is the amount of *effort* he puts into his work. This gives direct encouragement to the dull or backward boy — the boy in whom the inferiority complex has been born through many failures. If he is a trier, no matter how clumsy, his examiner can accord him his badge, and this generally inspires the boy to go on trying till he wins further badges and becomes normally capable.

The prime Badge is the Cornwell Badge for Courage, instituted in memory of ex-Scout Jack Cornwell, V.C., killed on board the *Chester* at the Battle of Jutland in the Great War.

KING EDWARD AND THE BOY SCOUTS

After writing my book, *Scouting for Boys*, I naturally thought that boys' organisations would use it for their work and there would be little more for me to do in the matter. But before very long, in the spring of 1909, I realised that quite outside such organisations, hundreds of boys were forming Scout Troops on their own.

It was in 1909 that King Edward had had his talk with me regarding the movement. Although it was then only in its embryo stage His Majesty saw such promise and possibilities in it as encouraged me to try to push on with it — even if it did cost me my nest-egg of hard-earned savings (which it did).

So I made up my mind — and pushed.

An invitation was sent out to all Scouts to meet me on a certain day at the Crystal Palace, and this resulted in a parade at which over 11,000 Scouts made their appearance; the biggest muster of boys that had ever taken place so far — and the movement was not two years old!

This was a bit of a bombshell for me.

I saw that I could not do both soldiering and Scouting. I must drop one or the other. But which?

From the personal point of view, I was fifty-two and a lieutenant-general, and therefore high up in the professional ladder for my age: at the same time it would be a pity to let this new growth falter and fade, and yet I could see no one who could or would take it in hand just then.

As I have said, the King questioned me on this point and knowing that he had fully grasped the idea I put myself in his hands to say which course I should take. Eventually he agreed that the Scout experiment was the more important.

So I resigned from the Army.

His Majesty continued to show his interest in our progress. On the 5th May, 1910, I was directed to be at Buckingham Palace between three and four in the afternoon as the King wished to see me about having a Scout Rally at Windsor.

The Marquis de Soveral was with him when I arrived and I waited in an adjoining room. When Soveral went out an Equerry came to me and said that the King was not feeling well and merely wanted to tell me that he would have a Rally of the Boy Scouts in Windsor Great Park in June.

Just previous to my visit that afternoon Lord Islington had kissed hands on this appointment as Governor of New Zealand, and Sir Thomas Robinson, the Agent-General for Queensland, had presented a gold inkstand from the government of that State. He was the last official visitor to *see* the King as I only *heard* him through the open door.

The following day the King, though very unwell, insisted on getting up and dressing. He sent for Sir Ernest Cassel and had a talk with him. His Majesty's horse, "Witch of the Air," won at Kempton Park that day. He received the news gaily at about five o'clock, but in the evening he fainted and was put to bed. At 11.45 he died.

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The encouragement that King Edward gave me was fully seconded by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who, seeing its possibilities, even in those early days, accepted the Presidency of the movement and has wholeheartedly supported it ever since.

From prominent men like Lord Roberts, Lord Rosebery, Lord Grey, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and others, I received most encouraging letters, but most encouraging of all was the experienced approval and advice I had from my Mother. An educationist herself, she saw greater possibilities in Scouting than even in my dreams I had foreseen.

King George carried out the review of the Scouts in Windsor Park as had been planned by King Edward, and has given frequent expression of his close interest in the movement.



KING GEORGE AT THE SCOUT RALLY IN WINDSOR PARK, 1911

DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOVEMENT

Such was the origin of the Scout Movement. Its subsequent history and growth have been fully related in the book by E. K. Wade, entitled *Twenty-one Years of Scouting*.

The War

The movement was still very young, only six years old, when War broke out. But it was sound. The boys had developed the right spirit and were all keen to do service for the country. Men and ladies came forward to take the places of Scoutmasters who had gone to the front, and, where these were not forthcoming, the senior boys themselves took command and carried on the Troops.

Rovers

After the War, in 1919, we made a start with the senior branch of the Movement for Scouts over 17½, whom we called Rovers. This branch gradually took shape under the direction of Colonel Ulick de Burgh, and promised to meet a great need. I therefore wrote a book called *Rovering to Success*, in which I said, much as I have done at the beginning of this book: "It always seems to me so odd that when a man dies he takes out with him all the knowledge that he has acquired in his lifetime while sowing his wild

oats or winning his successes. He leaves his sons or younger brothers to go through all the work of learning it over again from their own experience.

“Why can't he pass it on so that they start with his amount of knowledge to the good to begin with, and so get on to a higher stage of efficiency and sense right away?”

In the book I warn the young men of the various rocks against which they are likely to come up in their voyage through life, and these rocks may be summed up generally as Horses, Wine, Women, Humbugs and Irreligion.

The book then goes on to describe the organisation of the Rovers, as Brotherhood of Cheerful Service for others.

That book *Rovering to Success* has brought me as great a return, if not a greater than *Scouting for Boys*, seeing that it has induced a very large number of young men to write to me personally and privately seeking further advice.

These letters I have treated entirely in confidence and have answered them myself to the best of my ability. It has been an eye-opener to realise how great is the need for some such advice for the adolescent lad, when so very many of them explained that they had been left in ignorance and were shy of asking their parents or pastors, but having read the book had come to me for sympathy.

These many human documents appealed directly to one's heart, for it is so astounding to find that they will adopt me as a father confessor when in person I was a total stranger to them. But I accepted their trust.

Gilwell

In 1919, Mr. de Bois Maclaren presented to our Association the estate of Gilwell Park, adjoining Epping Forest. His idea was to provide camping ground within easy reach of London for the poorer class of boy, but, seeing that there were suitable buildings on the estate he consented to my suggestion that we should make it also the Training School for Scoutmasters, which I looked upon as an all-important step in the development of the Movement.

Captain Frank Gidney was appointed Camp Chief in charge of the training, and no better selection could have been made.

It is mainly thanks to this school and its curriculum that our methods have become thoroughly understood and practised not only throughout the United Kingdom but in all the countries of the world, since foreign nations have sent their representatives to be trained at Gilwell and to go back to their own countries as organisers of the same system there.

Administration

In 1920 most of the civilised countries of the world had taken up Scouting and had modelled their organisations on our lines generally. With this widespread development it became necessary to decentralise our administration as much as possible.

Imperial Headquarters was divided into Departments dealing respectively with such branches as:

British Overseas Dominions	Training of Officers
Foreign Countries	Publications
Equipment	Finance
Kindred Associations	Rovers
Wolf Cubs	Sea Scouts

These departments were each managed by a selected Head, a man specially qualified for the work, acting in a voluntary capacity.

International Growth

After the War a great meeting of Scouts from all countries was organised in London to bring the nations together through Scouting and to signalize the peace.

It was something bigger than a Rally so we called it a Jamboree. I have often been asked: "Why call it by that name?" And my reply has been: "What else could you call it?"

This took place in Olympia and lasted for ten days. Some twelve thousand boys were present, representative groups coming from a large number of foreign countries for the occasion.

The show proved popular beyond our expectations. Not having foreseen this our accommodation for the public was too limited and we lost money, but at the same time gained a reputation.

On the final day representatives of all the foreign countries met and elected me to be Chief Scout of the World, and this was enunciated by a wonderful procession of the nations in their national dress and bearing the colours of their countries. It was a very marvellous parade, to which dramatic effect was given by two majestic ladies, representing Britannia and Columbia. I was told to march along behind these.

In the midst of the procession round the arena an American boy came forward bringing me a carved chair. I asked him what it was for, and he said it was to sit down on, so I sat down then and there.

The Master of Ceremonies and Marshals rushed at me from various sides and ejected the boy with his chair, as I was upsetting the whole show. It turned out to be an unauthorised presentation by the boy himself, who had carved this chair for me and thought this an opportune moment for presenting it!



Honours. Travelling up in the train one morning from my home in the country I brought my mail with me to read on the journey, when a bombshell struck me.

One letter marked "O.H.M.S." looked uncommonly like an Income-Tax Return, and so I left it till the very last before opening it. When I did so it was to announce that the King had conferred a Baronetcy upon me.

It was a bombshell because it was so absolutely unexpected and, so far as I was personally concerned, so undeserved, for all this Scout organisation had been a mere joy to me.

Some people like golf and others like horse-racing, and I took up Boy Scouting. But that I should be rewarded and honoured for having a hobby was beyond all that I had ever imagined. Nor could I reconcile myself to it till I realised that it meant a mark of the King's appreciation of the voluntary work of this vast army of men who were devoting their time and energy, and, in many cases, money, to training boys to be better citizens for the country.

INDIA

In the same year we received a cablegram from Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India, inviting my wife, who was Chief of the Girl Guides, and myself to visit that country, and to help to establish the Scouts and Guides on a proper footing.

We stayed not upon the order of our going but went, and had a wonderfully interesting and successful time. We found about six different organisations calling themselves Scouts, working on very sketchy lines, and many of them strongly impregnated with politics, and all agreeing to differ from one another.

We visited most parts of the country and saw great promise if only they could be brought together and consolidated into one general body.

Many of the leaders had totally mistaken notions as to the aims of the Movement, and when one came to talk matters over with them they proved amenable to reason.

Eventually Mrs. Annie Besant, who headed a very considerable contingent, agreed to join up with the parent Movement, and as she commanded the respect of the Indians generally, there was little doubt that her action in doing so would prove a very persuasive example to the remainder.

So it was arranged that we should have a great Rally of all the sections of the Movement, and Mrs. Besant would come out into the centre and take from me the Scout Promise.

With all the dramatic force at my command I called upon her in my most impressive manner to repeat after me the words of the Scout Promise.

At that moment my mind wandered. I thought of other things, and for the life of me I could not myself remember the words of the Scout Promise! There was an awkward pause. I felt a perfect fool; I swallowed once or twice and tried to begin; but the actual words had vanished.

However, Mrs. Besant recognised my dilemma and rose nobly to the occasion. With all the ability of a trained theatrical prompter she gave me the cue, whispered my words to me, which I then roared out in ringing tones, with as much confidence as if I had never faltered.

Thanks to this initiation by Mrs. Besant, the diverse sections joined in amalgamating into one movement for All India, and from that day it has gone on and prospered even under the abnormally difficult times through which that country has been passing.

We further visited Burma and Ceylon, and on our homeward voyage called in at Egypt and Palestine, inspecting the Scouts and Guides in each country.

KANDERSTEG

In 1923 our International Bureau obtained possession of a large chalet at Kandersteg in Switzerland, which was made into a hostel for Scouts of all nations. Here they could lodge in large or small numbers for hiking and mountaineering in the district. It is in lovely surroundings and a convenient centre for Europe. It has never ceased to attract Scouts from all countries at all times of the year, and the boys of the different nations come together there in the friendliest spirit of comradeship.

Mortimer Schiff, one of the leading lights of the Boy Scouts of America, shortly before his death added to the amenities of the place by presenting a neighbouring piece of ground capable of camping about two thousand boys.

This has given tremendous encouragement to the development of international Scouting.

EMPIRE SCOUTS

In the same year the Chief Guide and I were invited to Canada by the National Council of Education. We visited nine centres, delivering addresses and visiting the Scouts and Guides.

In 1924 we organised an Empire Rally of Scouts at the Empire Exhibition at Wembley, for which a camp was arranged for the lodgement of 12,500 boys. These came from all parts of the Empire, while 28,000 came by train from different parts of the country, apart from local and London Scouts.

Some idea of their number on parade may be grasped by the fact that it took two and a quarter hours for them to enter the arena, marching in fours.

The occasion was of sufficient importance for the Archbishop of York to talk to the boys at the special Thanksgiving Service on Sunday. It was the more important also because the Prince of Wales, when asked if he would visit the camp, not only accepted the invitation but volunteered to stay in the camp itself.

After seeing the Rally he dined with the Scouters in their tent and attended the boys' camp-fire in the evening. When he saw the Scottish boys dancing a reel he could not resist the impulse and springing down from his "throne" joined in the dancing with great zest.

On retiring to this tent after a heavy day's work, when he might have taken his well-earned rest, he called me in to have a long talk about pig-sticking and sport in India and elsewhere.

His Royal Highness had, unknown to him, a voluntary guard of Rover Scouts keeping watch over his tent. After I had left him and turned in, one of these Rovers came to my tent and asked what they should

do. The Prince had gone for a walk; should they follow him as his escort? They did so unobtrusively and afterwards reported that he went and called on the farmer whose land we were occupying, and had half an hour's genial talk with him before going to bed himself.

When I turned out the next morning I found the Prince already up and, to my horror, that he was surrounded by Scouts, every one of whom carried a camera and was snap-shotting him.

He had told me that he did not want any more photographers after his first day's experience, but apparently he was talking of press photographers, since, with the boys, he was quite at home and seemed almost to be enjoying it, posing for them, and advising them where to stand to get the best light — and so on.

In this way he made himself beloved by these lads and, coming as they did from far corners of the Empire, he established a personal touch of far-reaching value.

SOUTH AFRICA

In 1925, my wife and I again visited the United States of America to attend the Girl Guide World Conference, at which was inaugurated the World Bureau.

In the autumn we sailed for South Africa for a tour of inspection of Scouts and Guides. This took us seven months and was in itself a pilgrimage of intense interest, both in reviving memories, in noting the progress, and in realising future possibilities.

G.C.M.G.

On our return home in 1927 I was surprised by the King conferring upon me the high honour of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

As I have shown elsewhere I had more than once — in fact three times I believe — been recommended for the C.M.G. (Companion of St. Michael and St. George, or nicknamed "Colonial Made Gentleman") for services in Ashanti, Swaziland, and Matabeleland respectively. These having been denied naturally provoked the desire for this Order, though as a rule I have no liking for Orders (and consequently find myself plastered with them). But the C.M.G. I did covet. And here I found myself suddenly invested with the Grand Cross.

I wrote very baldly to the King's Private Secretary, who was a personal friend, telling my delight and my reason for it — and I believe he went and showed my letter to His Majesty. This was scarcely fair on me but at any rate it told truthfully my appreciation.

THE JAMBOREE

1929 saw the biggest even in our Scout History since the inauguration of the Movement, when we opened a camp for 50,000 Scouts of all nations at Arrowe Park, near Birkenhead.

This was to mark the coming-of-age of the Movement.

The summer of 1929 had been an exceptionally long period of sunshine and drought till the actual day of the opening of the camp, when the rain came down in sheets and continued to do so for the three following days.

But, though it should have ruined the occasion, it didn't. The boys rose superior to it and seemed to enjoy the misadventure and the mud. It certainly put them to the highest test of camp-craft and one soon realised that they had all been trained on the right lines, viz., of open air camp-life.

There was no sickness, no grouching, and international friendships were developed on every side to a remarkable degree among the thousands represented there.

The Duke of Connaught opened the camp. The Prince of Wales attended it as the representative of His Majesty the King. Numerous men of distinction, foreign as well as British, also visited the camp.

Again the Prince elected to live under canvas with the boys in spite of the wet, and once more added to his popularity among them.

His Royal Highness hurled a bombshell at me when he announced that the King had been pleased to raise me to the Peerage as a mark of His Majesty's approval of the Movement and its aims.

This fresh honour was overwhelming and for a time I could not make up my mind to accept it. I vainly pleaded that it was not I but the thousands of Scouters who had by their devoted work made the movement what it is.

The bombshell was immediately followed by another from the boys themselves in the shape of the presentation of a motor-car and camping caravan, and a portrait of myself by Jagger — and last, but not least, a pair of braces.

The reason for this last was that these presents were the result of a general subscription throughout the Movement of one penny per boy. It was got up quite secretly by Denmark. In order to find out what sort of present I would like they approached my wife and asked her to find out, without letting me into it, what I most wanted.

She accordingly asked me one day what I would like most if a present were offered to me. I thanked her blandly, but replied that I was not in want of anything.

"But," she said, "think again — you surely would like something."

I reflected for a moment and remarked: "yes, my braces are getting past work — if you like to give me a new pair I should be thankful."

So the braces were presented in due course — as also a motor-car and etceteras.

What a wonderful gift, coming from a million and a half youngsters of all countries! And given, as one had reason to know, with wholehearted enthusiasm and loyalty to an Idea. It made one feel very humble, very inadequate to the vast possibility revealed of bringing about peace and goodwill among men of the oncoming generation in the world.

Here lies an opening for somebody who had the power and the vision to do it. We Scouts at any rate are putting in our little bit towards the great end.

At the last parade on the conclusion of that wonderful fortnight the boys of the different nationalities were all mixed up together and formed into an immense wheel — a great circle with files of Scouts in lines radiating from centre to rim like so many spokes. My part, at the hub of the wheel was to bury an axe — the axe of war and illwill — and then to hand out to the leading boy of each spoke a golden arrow — the sign of peace and goodwill — to be passed from one to another till it reached the head of each national contingent, to be taken by him back to his own country so that the message of the Jamboree should be conveyed to all nations and there developed.

I gave a short exhortation in which I urged them to carry this symbol of Peace and Fellowship into all the world, each individual Scout being an ambassador of love and friendship to those around him.

Of course, when one is trying to be sublime the ridiculous is sure to arise. I gave my address to the whole circle, but the boy standing directly opposite me and who got therefore the main force of my remarks, looked preternaturally unmoved by them. I assumed that he must be a foreigner ignorant of English. I found that he was the one boy out of the 50,000 who was deaf and dumb! Just my luck!

AUSTRALASIA

The following year my wife and I visited the Scouts and Guides in New Zealand and Australasia and, on our way home, in South Africa again. This was a most interesting if somewhat strenuous tour but at the same time well worth the effort.

The journey took us some seven months, and, within a week of our return to England, we were off again abroad. First to an International Scout Conference at Vienna, then to an International Moot of some 2000 Rovers at our camp ground at Kandersteg in Switzerland. This last, the first of its kind, proved a palpable step forward in the promotion of international goodwill through mutual personal acquaintance and comradeship among the young men of different countries. To this end we have now (1933) in the

movement 2,159,984 Scouts distributed in 45 different countries, and several millions more of young men in the populations who have been through the training.

THE GIRL GUIDES

Rapid as has been the rise of the Scout Movement, and surprising as has been the measure of its adoption by foreign countries, the Girl Guide movement has surpassed it in both these particulars.

“We are the Girl Scouts,” was the announcement made with a certain air of confident self-assertion by a pert little person of some eleven years at the first Rally of the Boy Scouts. This was at the Crystal Palace in 1909.

She was the spokeswoman of a small group of girls dressed as nearly as possible in imitation of their brothers, the Scouts.

The presence and the quite evident keenness of these girls opened one's eyes to the fact that here lay an opening for a further application of the Scout method of character-training and self-development.

At this time, over twenty years ago, women were only just coming into their own in the work of the world. Character development was actually more needed by them than by their brothers since they had had less opportunity of forming it in their comparatively more secluded life.

They needed it for their growing responsibilities in social life, they needed it also in their capacity as mothers for imparting it to their offspring.

The school education of girls had been put on a higher and steadily improving footing, but the problem of their character training was as yet unsolved.

Character cannot be taught in a class. It has, necessarily, to be expanded in the individual, and largely by effort on the part of the pupil herself.

With the Boy Scouts we aimed to help them to develop their character by sporting and outdoor adventures with which a moral code of chivalry was carefully linked. One had long realised that girls generally preferred to read boys' literature, that stories of the Wild West dramas appealed to them far more than those about heroines in academies for young ladies.

Now the girls were coming forward of their own volition to get the same adventure as their brothers.

This has since become the usual thing — in 1933 — but it was a big innovation in 1909.

With such spirit, however, meeting one half-way, it was not a difficult task to devise a scheme similar in principle to that of the Scouts while differing in detail to meet the requirements of the girl's life.

Miss Charlotte Mason, the founder of the House of Education for training women teachers, had to some extent foreseen this when she adopted as a text-book for their instruction a little book called *Aids to Scouting*, which I had written for young soldiers. She found it something educative, so after my encounter with these self-assertive “Girl Scouts” I was not without hope in suggesting a sister movement to that of the Boy Scouts. To this we gave the name “Girl Guides.”

The term “Guides” was intended to give an idea of romance and adventure while it indicated also their future responsibilities for directing their menfolk and bringing up their children on right lines.

The general aim of its training was similar to that of sense of service to others, while in particular it would give girls practical instruction in home-making, mother-craft, etc.

This aim was to be pursued largely by self-education through outdoor recreation in good companionship. The training would be under the direction of a “Guider,” that is, one who in relationship was neither a schoolmistress nor a martinet, but, rather, and elder sister.

The Guides, like the Scouts, were organised in small Companies not exceeding thirty-two in number so that each individual temperament could be studied and educated.

Then the girls are grouped progressively according to age, as Brownies, Guides, and Rangers.

In the first two or three years little could be done in the way of organising the Guides since one was fairly snowed under by the phenomenal growth of the Scout movement; but in the hands of a committee

of energetic ladies things then began to take shape and before long the movement had its own headquarters, its uniform, and its handbook and rules as a chartered association.

The uniform was an important item, not merely as an attraction, as it undoubtedly was, to the girls but because under it all differences of social standing were hidden and forgotten.

One of our tenets is to extend our goodwill and toleration so that we pay no regard to differences of class or country or creed. All are accepted in the sisterhood who can subscribe to our religious policy, which is on the simple basic foundation of most of the beliefs in the world, namely, Love of God and Love for one's neighbour. The actual form in which these are expressed is left to their pastors and parents; it is immaterial to us so long as they *are* expressed.

Thus, starting upon the initiative of a few enthusiastic girls, the movement has, like Topsy, automatically "grewed."

To-day it has been adopted in practically every British State overseas and in most of the Colonies and Dependencies. Further than this it has also been keenly taken up in most foreign countries. So that to-day our family numbers some 1,094,000 in forty different countries. Of these girls 885,000 are British.

Looking back on what has thus been accomplished in twenty-one years, after starting from nothing, one can to a certain extent visualise what possibilities may lie before the movement in the next twenty-one years. It is continually growing (147,990 increase in 1931) and sending out in to the stream of life tens of thousands annually, trained in the service of God and their neighbour and developed in health and body and mind and in comradeship.

Thus in our own country if the girls respond to the training (as they certainly appear to be doing) we shall have a considerable leaven in the population of women trained in thrift, housekeeping, mother-craft, as well as in character and efficiency for work in the world, and in friendship with their sisters in other countries.



The question has often been asked: "Why did God send the Great War?"

Was it possibly to bring home to us that neither education nor religion are being conducted on the right lines for raising man to the higher plane designed for him — that in spite of our boasted civilisation and in spite of two thousand years of Christianity we have gained as yet but a veneer of civilisation and that the Christianity which we profess is not that which we really practise in our lives and actions; that self-interest and mistrust rule the world instead of love and goodwill.

The War showed that the most civilised nations were ready to fly at each other's throats with all the vigour of primitive savages.

The League of Nations is doing what it can, by mutual consultation and legislation, to bring about the rule of peace. But it is rather through fear of consequences of war that it had to press its aim.

Whereas the only sound basis on which to build is the spirit of love and goodwill among people in the place of mutual jealousies and mistrust. This can only be secured by bringing up the next generation in a changed outlook.

This sounds like an Utopian dream and might reasonably be laughed out of court were it not that the experiment we are making with the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement has already shown — if only on a small scale — that it should not be impossible.

If we have been able in twenty years, under all the handicap of first initiation and of the set-back of the greatest war in history, to train approximately some nine millions of young people distributed in forty-two different countries in the spirit of mutual toleration and friendship, it needs but the patriotic co-operation of patriotic men and women (and there are lots of them) in all countries so to extend the movement that it influences the greater proportion of the youth of the world.



The modern St. George.

The meaning of these pictures is that the young modern knight could tackle his dragon of evil more effectively if he were better mounted and better equipped by his fellow countrymen.



Is he to be St. George or merely Don Quixote?

I don't pretend that the Scout and Guide movement alone can bring it about — but they can help.

If the Churches and Schools do their work we may ere long see a truer type of civilisation and a real step to the establishment of God's Kingdom of Peace and Goodwill upon earth.



Wake up England and help your young people.

CHAPTER XI

THE WAR

I MUST now go back to 1914, and tell something of the work of the Scouts and Guides of those days.

When War was declared I went and saw Lord Kitchener and offered my services in any capacity whatsoever.

However, he expressed his firm belief in the potentiality of the Boy Scouts behind the scenes in replacing men required at the front; and as the doctors would not pass me fit for service he urged me to organise them for the many purposes for which they could be employed.

The moment fortunately was just ripe for such adventure. Six years old, the Scout movement had now got on to a firm foundation of decentralised administration all over the Empire and was strong in numbers with a capable lot of officers. On the other hand most of these, and of the senior boys, joined up in the forces directly War was declared (ten thousand of them never came back).

But we carried on with the next best, and these, with responsibility thrust upon them, played up well.

Knowing something of the German plans from my previous Intelligence investigations, my first step was to get all bridges, railway culverts, telegraph and cable lines, waterworks, etc., guarded by posses of Scouts, thereby to counter any attempts by nearly 100,000 domiciled Germans from interfering with our communications. You may remember that I had fathomed that they meant to break in on us, if possible, on a Bank Holiday, and to cause confusion by cutting telegraph and telephone lines.

The boys mobilized at once in their respective localities and took up their guarding duties with the greatest keenness and continued them till they could be released some days later by Territorial troops.

The Sea Scouts made their memorable mobilisation when the Admiralty recalled the Coastguards to service afloat.

We were asked to replace them with Sea Scouts. This was done effectively within a very few hours, and the coastguard service was thus taken over by Boy Scouts, under a few Naval P.Os., from John O'Groat's to the Lands End.

We got great kudos for our remarkably prompt mobilisation — but there was a reason for it.

For weeks previously we had been planning to hold a big Sea Scout camp and regatta in the Isle of Wight on August Bank Holiday. The holiday came; the Scouts were assembled in their hundreds organised in units of six, with camp equipment, etc. At that moment there came the call to service.

It was almost on a par with Admiral Sir Harry Rawson's celebrated mobilisation of the Indian Ocean Fleet when the Sultan of Zanzibar broke out into war against Britain and his fleet (one ship) fired a shot or two at a British man-of-war — and was promptly sunk. Within forty-eight hours a whole British fleet was assembled on the scene, the ships coming in from various directions. This being before the days of wireless such rapid mobilisation caused considerable comment, not to say anxiety, on the part of other nations. The Admiral told me he was eagerly questioned as to the secret of his concentration. He declined to give it away at the time, but he confessed to me that some months previously the various ships scattered about the India area had agreed to meet on a certain date at Zanzibar to play off a cricket tournament — it was bad luck for the Sultan that he had chosen that same date for his outbreak.

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So the Boy Scouts took up their position in the early days of the War along the whole of the East and South coasts, and carried out their watching duties by day and night till long after the Armistice, when the Naval Ratings returned to their shore duties.

Thus, although our training is entirely non-military and aimed at peace, our Motto "Be Prepared" found the Scouts and Guides able to adapt themselves at once to the national needs of the time. They provided messengers and orderlies in uniform for the many Government Offices and the War Office, as well as, locally, for hospitals, municipal and police headquarters, etc.

They also provided and manned several Recreation Clubs and Ambulances at the front in France.

This they did with a spirit of loyal enthusiasm which was not merely the enthusiasm of a moment, but one which kept their work up to a high standard all through to the very end of that terrible and wearing period of the Great War.

CHAPTER XII

LOOKING BACK

WHEN one has passed the 75th milestone and has got to that stage of life when you think twice before deciding whether it is now worth while to order a new evening coat, it is allowable for one to look back along the road one has travelled.



Passing 75 milestones.

Your natural inclination is to preach and to warn other travellers of snags in the path, but isn't it better to signal to them some of the joys by the way which they might otherwise miss?

The great thing that strikes you on looking back is how quickly you have come — how very brief is the span of life on this earth. The warning that one would give, therefore, is that it is well not to fritter it away on things that don't count in the end; nor on the other hand is it good to take life too seriously as some seem to do. Make it a *happy* life while you have it. *That is where success is possible to every man.*

Varied are the ideas of what constitutes "success," e.g. money, position, power, achievement, honours, and the like. But these are not open to every man — nor do they bring what is real success, namely, happiness.

Happiness is open to all, since, when you boil it down, it merely consists of contentment with what you have got and doing what you can for other people.

As Sir Henry Newbolt sums it up: "The real test of success is whether a life had been a happy one and a *happy giving one*."

SELFULNESS

I believe that the Devil Worshipers of the East hold the belief that for 6000 years the Devil will rule the world and that Christ will rule for a similar period. Just now the Devil is having his reign, and the Devil is best described by the term "Selffulness," or lack of wide and sympathetic outlook.

This can be seen in every individual, class, sect, or nation, to-day.

Individually we all of us stick in our respective ruts, be they the Army, or Club life, or sport, or other line.

Similarly we see only our own social class.

Education has no wider outlook than making scholars.

Religion has no wider outlook than making churchmen.

Nationalism has no wider outlook than the self-determination of its own country.

Christianity or broad-minded love-practice does not as yet prevail in this world.

In the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement we are making the attempt to oust selffulness by inculcating in the young a wider vision and mutual goodwill and service.

We don't pretend that Scouting will do the trick, but since it has caught on with such an extraordinary rapidity as a brotherhood in so many different countries, irrespective of class, creed or race, one may hope that at any rate it is a definite step in the desired direction.

TIPS

Looking back on my own life, I have in my time bumped up against a stupendous lot of good luck. I have, for instance, had the luck to live in the most interesting evolutionary epoch in the world's history, with its rapid development of motor-cars, aeroplanes, wireless, Tutenkhamen, the Great War and World convulsion, and so on.

Then, too, I have met with a remarkable amount of kindness everywhere, not only from friends but from strangers as well. Also, I have had the luck to live two distinct lives — one as a soldier and a bachelor, the second as a pacifist and paterfamilias; both having the common attribute of Scouting, and both intensely happy.

That doesn't mean that I have not had difficulties and trials to face, but these have been the salt that savoured the feast.

For these I have found that a smile and a stick will carry you through all right, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is the smile that does the trick.

(When next you are worried or angry, force yourself to turn up the corners of your mouth and smile — and you will find the value of this tip).

"Softly, softly, catchee monkey," is the West African rendering of a very valuable precept. An awful lot of men fail through lack of patient persistence.

I have been master of no attainment but I have been Jack of many, and have thus enjoyed every variety of the good things that the world has to offer.

Have you ever thought of it, that the duration of the grown-up life of a man of seventy amounts to 291,000 waking hours?

Most men sleep for eight hours when seven are sufficient.

The man who sleeps for seven hours gains an additional *three years* and over, of waking life.

I have found it a good plan to give oneself, in imagination, three years still to live. You then feel that you have got to get things done within that time, whether they are making big dreams come true, or winning happiness. Time must not be frittered away.



Stick to it in spite of difficulties.

Young men, of course, don't want to be guided by old back numbers, but at the same time I know that in my own case I gained a lot by studying the characters of the chiefs under whom I served from time to time.

Lord Wolseley, for instance, said: "Use your common sense rather than book instructions."

Sir Baker Russell gave responsibility and trusted his officers. Also gifted with quick intuition he made quick decisions and, whether right or wrong, carried them through with a bang; while Sir Henry Smyth, exactly the opposite, took meticulous care to think things out on the right line, even to using the exact word, so he never made a mistake.

Cecil Rhodes, on the other hand, had very wide vision but was apt to overlook details.

Lord Roberts was one who used that powerful lever, the human touch, and Lord Plumer ever played the game for his side without regard to any personal thought.

Sir Bindon Blood, with all his experience, was always ready to learn.

Sir Frederick Carrington wheezed an infectious laugh to shatter every difficulty when it cropped up.

Such study of living characters helped me and will be found helpful by those who like to carry it out.

I have often urged my young friends, when faced with an adversary, to "play polo" with him; i.e., not to go at him bald-headed but to ride side by side with him and gradually edge him off your track. Never lose your temper with him. If you are in the right there is no need to, if you are in the wrong you can't afford to.

In a difficult situation one never-failing guide is to ask yourself: "What would Christ have done?" Then do it — as nearly as you can.

Possibly the best suggestion in condensed form, as to how to live, was given by my old Headmaster, Dr. Haig-Brown, in 1904, when he wrote his *Recipe for Old Age*.

A diet moderate and spare,
Freedom from base financial care,
Abundant work and little leisure,
A love of duty more than pleasure,
An even and contented mind
In charity with all mankind,
Some thoughts too sacred for display
In the broad light of common day,
A peaceful home, a loving wife,
Children, who are a crown of life;
These lengthen out the years of man
Beyond the Psalmist's narrow span.

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Looking back over my own "narrow span," two bright spots among many which at once instinctively spring to mind are:

In Life Number 1 the rough time among good companions on the sun-baked veldt in the Matabele campaign; and in Life Number 2, a little warm hand dragging me down till her two arms can reach round my neck, when with a soft moist kiss she whispers: "Just one more good-night story, Daddy."

Vesperascit

I write this sitting in my garden at the close of a perfect day in late September, with the ruddy afterglow of sunset giving a new tone to the lights and shadows across the woodlands stretched below, and a violet haze upon the distant heights where I have wandered.

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

She sits by me, in the silence of comradeship, who had shared some of the toil of the afternoon — and the joy of it. It is good to laze, honestly half-tired, and to look back and feel that though one has had one's day it has, in spite of one's limitations, not been an idle one, that one has enjoyed it to the full and that one is lucky in being rich through having few wants and fewer regrets.

Through an upper window comes the laughing chatter of the young folk going to bed.

To-morrow *their* day will come.

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

As for me — it will be my bed-time soon. And so —

“GOOD NIGHT!”

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



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