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The Wolf that Never Slept: The Heroic Lives of Baden-Powell

In *The Educated Imagination,* Northrop Frye draws a simple distinction between two worlds: the real world, in which we necessarily live, and the world of the imagination , which we construct. This world we construct, or dream, is the realm of myth, and of literature; it is an improvement on the real world, for it is more ordered, more dramatic, more satisfying than life itself. But to what extent does history—and by history I mean the recording of the factual event—belong to the world of the imagination?

This paper is an explanation of the career of one man, Lord Robert Baden-Powell, which illustrates the extent to which history can be part of a collective dream, a public desire to believe in the superlative. Of all the archetypes of our dreaming, that of the hero is the most obvious and accessible.[1] My focus then is on the nature of the heroic, of the transformation of the real into the symbolic, and the process by which fact becomes legend. Baden-Powell, as his biographers hasten to point out, had two heroic lives: he was the hero of Mafeking, and he was the founder of the Boy Scouts.

The Boer War produced two heroes for the British public: Colonel Robert Baden-Powell and Field-Marshall Lord Roberts, "B-P" and "Bobs." Baden-Powell was the commander of the garrison of Mafeking, which withstood a siege of 217 days; Roberts the Commander-in-Chief sent to reorganize and lead the British army after the early disasters of the war. Both men were worshipped by press and public: they were the subjects of numerous popular biographies, their faces decorated china plates, matchboxes and a vast assortment of other mementoes, they were singled out as examples of all that was best in the British character. "Bobs" was the wise old leader, someone Mrs. Britannia could rely on to bring the Boers to their senses and set the Empire to rights, "B-P" was the gallant young commander, whose courage, skill and sense of humour typified the British officer.

As the *Glasgow Herald* noted, reporting the relief of Mafeking, Baden-Powell's career had been a "very romantic one."[2] The newspaper might have added that he had been his own publicist, and having, by the time of Mafeking, written three books of his adventures, he had done much towards creating an image of himself as an unconventional, extroverted and altogether exceptional soldier. He had also started to make known his theories on the value of scouting, and corrected, during the siege, the proofs on his latest pamphlet on the subject.

He began his soldiering in India, as an officer with the 13th Hussars, a "smart" cavalry regiment. He learned to play polo well, and he enjoyed, and later wrote the definitive book on pig-sticking.[3] Then followed a number of African expeditions—to Bechuanaland, Swaziland, Zululand—during which time he saw something of the Boer leaders and enjoyed fox-hunting with the "Dutchman" of the Cape.[4] Baden-Powell had already begun to write up his experiences: he had an easy, racy style, and illustrated his own work with competent sketches. He had no trouble selling his pieces to the sporting journals.

In 1895, at the age of thirty-eight, Baden-Powell was chosen by Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, to lead an expedition to the Gold Coast, where the Ashanti, who were considered to have broken trade agreements, and were rumored to be cannibals, were thought to need teaching a lesson. His orders were to raise a native contingent which could act as a scouting and pioneering force for the expedition. His rank was major. The journey through the jungle to the Ashanti capital was difficult and slow, and the confrontation with the Ashanti anti-climactic, for King Prempeh, when surrounded, meekly surrendered. Prempeh and his fellow chiefs were taken prisoner, and marched back to the coast. Baden-Powell was disappointed: he had expected a fight. He did however write a personal account of the expedition, in which he related some exciting adventures—his struggle with an Ashanti sentry, his futile search for the missing Ashanti gold, and his idea of taking a bath in an Ashanti brass bowl, an impulse that he quickly reversed when the bowl was discovered to have been the "fetish" vessel, used for collecting the blood of decapitated slaves.[5]

In terms of the history of the British Empire the Ashanti expedition of 1895 was of little importance, but for Baden-Powell it was the beginning of his legend. He had the talent of dramatizing his own actions in a modest yet quite obviously understated way, and he seemed to embody for his growing public all that was best about the imperial officer—he had pluck, dash, and a jolly sense of humour. On his next expedition, to Matabeleland the following year, he found his true self, afterwards describing his experiences as "the joyous adven-

ture of my life."[6] The Matabele, descended from a Zulu tribe, were a formidable enemy—unlike the Ashanti. The Rhodesian veldt was hot, dry and stony—but preferable to the steamy jungle of the Gold Coast. Baden-Powell and his men lived rough, travelled great distances, and successfully conducted what would now be called a guerilla operation against the native *impis* or warrior bands. Though it is not easy to separate fact from legend, it is clear that many of Baden-Powell's scouting techniques were developed and employed on the veldt. One reporter (who was afterwards besieged at Mafeking with Baden-Powell) wrote of Baden-Powell's skill at reconnaissance: "every time we went out he led us to where he had located the lurking impis of the Matabele. And, every time, we found the impi where we expected it."[7] According to his own very personal account of the campaign, the Matabele characterized their opponent as "the beast that does not sleep, but sneaks about at night."[8] This title, soon to be translated as "the Wolf," we shall see later, came to form a central and dramatic part of the image of the hero who was to emerge as the defender of Mafeking.

At the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 Baden-Powell, by now a colonel, was sent by Wolseley to Rhodesia, there to raise and command a force to defend the frontier with the Transvaal. To the south of Rhodesia lay the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and just south of Bechuanaland, in the Cape Colony and on the railroad that ran between the Cape and Bulawayo, was the small town of Mafeking. Having raised and trained a diverse force of volunteers, Baden-Powell arranged for his supplies to be stored at Mafeking. On the outbreak of war he divided his troops in two: one half under his subordinate Colonel R. Plumer to patrol the Transvaal and Rhodesia border, a distance of about 500 miles, and the other, under himself, to remain at Mafeking.

It is not possible here to go into much detail about the cause or the need for the siege of Mafeking, and indeed, when the siege got under way, and the conduct of the defenders had caught a hold of the public imagination, there seems to have been little attention paid to why Baden-Powell and his men found themselves there in the first place. Mafeking was besieged by the Boers, it held out for 217 days, and by the time the siege was over, as the New York *World* said, "Colonel Baden-Powell and his men" [had] "written a new page in the annals of human heroism."[9] Yet the controversy still continues. Some historians have characterized Baden-Powell's decision to go to Mafeking—and, in effect, invite the Boers to besiege him—as overcautious or stupid. And even some of Baden-Powell's contemporaries thought the same.[10] But Baden-Powell was apparently acting on secret War Office

instructions—Thomas Pakenham in his recent study *The Boer War* reveals this for the first time—and in inviting the investment Baden-Powell did what he always claimed he did: he kept about a fifth of the Boer armies occupied for most of the war, and at little cost to himself. Mafeking, too, had symbolic importance to the Boers, for it was from Mafeking that the notorious Jameson raid had set out for four years before. The War Office strategy worked because Baden-Powell was energetic, and General Cronje and later General Snyman were both indecisive and lethargic.[11]

The siege itself was a curious business. Baden-Powell had neither the men nor the arms to resist a serious assault, but he had sufficient food: the defenders of Mafeking, apart from the captive Boers and the seven thousand blacks, who more or less starved, were possibly the best-fed besieged in history. The attackers shelled the town; the defenders went down to their dugouts and suffered little injury. Boredom was the chief problem. The Boers, apart from a few untypical younger officers, were unwilling to risk an assault on the town; their investment was casual, ineffective and incomplete. Messengers could come and go through their lines; the postal service operated to and from Mafeking with efficiency.

For the first five months of the siege Mafeking took up very little space in the daily newspaper account of the war. But what news there was to print was always positive, in contrast to the dreary succession of disasters that was the story of the rest of the campaign, which had dealt such an unexpected blow to British pride. The Boers had proved to be better armed. They were more mobile. They fought intelligently, keeping their heads down. The British went in for frontal attacks on well-defended positions, and were slaughtered. The news of these disgraces was an assault, almost of traumatic proportions, on the national psyche. What had happened to the Imperial Army?

In this context the cheerful dispatches from Mafeking took on a crucial importance, and by the spring of 1900 Baden-Powell and his defenders began to attract attention and praise. In February Lord Roberts had telegraphed his congratulations; by April Queen Victoria had added her personal message, which spoke of her confidence and admiration of the defence under Baden-Powell's "ever resourceful command." The press fed the public interest, and luckily there was a fairly steady source of copy, for five war correspondents were amongst the besieged, who at an early stage realizing that reports stating "nothing much new" were not what was wanted, soon concentrated their efforts on the sterling characters of the defenders. These correspondents also alerted the public to the social importance of some of Baden-Powell's fellow prisoners: Lord Edward Cecil, the Prime Min-

ister's son, and Lady Sarah Churchill, a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

Even while the siege was under way, and before the extraordinary scenes of public joy that greeted the relief, the defence of Mafeking began to take on a legendary quality. Since the details of the legend are so intimately connected with the character of Baden-Powell, or what we might call his image, it is necessary to examine them with some care. What matters, of course, is not historical fact, but the way that fact was chosen and moulded, so that in its presentation to the public there seems to have been an almost spontaneous growth towards the mythical.

First, there was the attitude of the defenders. There were indomitable, and they conducted themselves with dash and a kind of light-hearted humour which contrasted most favorably with the stodgy psalm-singing habits of their opponents. Baden-Powell himself typified this kind of espirit, when, after a particularly ineffectual shelling of the town, he sent off a message to G.H.Q.—a message, which given the conditions and custom of the time, was inevitably made public: "All well. Four hours' bombardment. One dog killed. BADEN-POWELL."[12] In time, the public were shown other examples of Baden-Powell's wit and impudence, as he conducted a steady exchange of messages with his Boer opponents. They learned too of the routines of life in Mafeking, activities which indicated that morale was kept up, and which seemed in themselves to be almost an insult to the enemy. Polo, pony-racing, football and cricket matches, numerous concert parties and entertainments supported the spirits of the besieged. From the military point of view, nothing much happened, though the few skirmishes with the enemy were reported as showing British courage and "coolness."

Next, there was the business of British ingenuity and inventiveness, qualities which were also kept before the public during the siege, and verified by many exciting details after the relief. Baden-Powell invented imaginary minefields and imaginary barbed wire; he used a megaphone to broadcast orders which would confuse the Boers. Grenades were made from tin cans, an old naval gun, which fired cannon balls, was discovered and put to use, and another gun fabricated in the railway workshop. A searchlight was invented and used to illuminate the Boer lines.

Baden-Powell himself seemed to embody all that was best in the character of the defenders. He was resourceful, and ever cheerful. He whistled constantly. His behaviour was exemplary: his uniform was always immaculate, no detail was below his notice. He gave orders, which, in their directness, said all that was needed: "sit tight," he told

his men, "and shoot straight."[13] *The Times* summed it up after the siege was lifted:

> Perhaps no person whose name had become prominent in this war is more admired and trusted than Colonel Baden-Powell. No man has done so much with such slender means. None has shown a more unquenchable cheerfulness in the presence of crushing dangers and cruel trials. None has displayed a greater fertility of resource in devising expedients and in turning to the best account the gradually dwindling powers of a half-starved population.[14]

At the concerts and gymkhanas Baden-Powell was the life and soul of the party, frequently performing the chief sketch, or dressing up as the ringmaster. In India the young Winston Churchill had been pleasantly surprised by the "sprightly song and dance by an officer of the garrison, attired in the brilliant uniform of an Austrian Hussar." He was told it was Baden-Powell—" fancy a senior officer kicking his legs up like that before a lot of subalterns!"[15] The Colonel had always been quite a card.

For the correspondents stuck in Mafeking there was little real news, but only one man stolidly reported that fact again and again.[16] Baden-Powell's messages to G.H.Q. usually began with the words "All well here"—but to the public that was quite obviously the "stiff upper lip" attitude, typical of the Colonel's cheerfulness in the face of cruel trials. He himself was the centre of everyone's attention. Here was an unusual cavalry officer, the author of racy adventures, an extremely competent artist, the originator of a number of new military ideas—his army pamphlet on scouting went to the press while he was at Mafeking[17]—a gentleman, a defender of the Empire. His modesty was much admired, but at the same time, his estimate of his own unimportance was quite disbelieved. When asked for a message to send to the British people, the Colonel "looked embarrassed," one reporter wrote in *The Times,* and said that there was an exaggerated idea of the significance of his personality. He saw himself only as the figurehead of the good ship Mafeking. A not unimportant part of Baden-Powell's success was his way with words. Never afraid of a cliché, he had told his men just to "Play the game!"[18]

At this point, before looking at some of the more curious parts of the story, it might be useful to attempt to set forth the principles which govern the creation of a popular hero.[19] The following seem central to that symbiotic relationship which exists between the hero and his public:

1. The hero does not exist *in vacuo*. He has a public life, and is a creation, not so much of himself, as of his public.
2. The hero hence serves to embody virtue, as perceived by the

public. He demonstrates in his actions the most admired behaviour of the culture.
3. Certain of his actions are emblematic of this behaviour.
4. These actions have a tendency to become legendary: that is, they improve with the telling, becoming less factual, simpler, more emblematic—in a word, mythic.
5. In the most mythic form, the hero's actions are those of a superman, and he may even have supernatural powers.

To these principles it may be added that the hero is created in the media of the culture: in the newspapers, the periodicals, in advertising, in the music halls, in children's books and in Madame Tussaud's.

It is easy to establish that Baden-Powell was a popular hero; it is less easy to determine the precise reasons for his success. When Mafeking was finally relieved, and word was telegraphed to Britain, large crowds in London and several provincial cities treated themselves to a five-day orgy of rejoicing. Their "uproarious behaviour" (O.E.D.) suggested to the press the verb "to maffick." Baden-Powell's portrait was carried throught the streets; his name was cheered repeatedly. The Lord Mayor of London told the crowds that "British pluck and valour" had triumphed, and Queen Victoria telegraphed her hearty congratulations. Medals and mementoes carrying Baden-Powell's picture were best sellers. Press and public had had time to prepare themselves for the celebration, for the relief had been expected for weeks, even months. Though nothing much had happened during the siege, the journalists in Mafeking had supplied enough stories to keep and increase public interest, and Baden-Powell's own contribution, through his "witty" telegrams and his public reputation, accessible in his published work, was far from negligible. Given the strategic unimportance of Mafeking itself, and its distance from the main centres of the war, the hysteria which greeted its relief is a mark of the success of the press campaign; in a war notably lacking in heroes the press had discovered in Baden-Powell an example of all that should be admired.

Baden-Powell was a popular hero, but he was essentially a middle-class hero, that is, to the press and public his middle-class credentials were impeccable: he had been born to a suitable middle-class family, he had gone to a fine "public" school, he had excelled himself in the service of the Empire, and in his character and behaviour, in so many little ways, he exemplified middle-class virtues. To use a modern phrase, he had "the right stuff." His father had been an Oxford professor, and was now dead (suitably enough, since a little of the intellectual went a long way in the late Victorian middle-class ethos). His mother was the daughter of a senior naval officer. He had been to Charterhouse, a public school that then stood only just below Eton

and Harrow in rank,[20] ruled by an Arnoldian headmaster, a Dr. Haig-Brown. After the relief of Mafeking, the *Illustrated London News,* in a lengthy background article on the hero, showed pictures of the Baden-Powell residence in London, of its various interiors, including B-P's bedroom, and his sister's indoor apiary. Dr. Haig-Brown and several of his Carthusian masters gave interviews, and reported Baden-Powell's thoroughly normal schoolboy career.[21]

To a large extent, the middle-class virtues of Baden-Powell's time were the public school virtues, whose ethos has been described, by one scholar, as "manly strength, physical courage, corporate spirit, patriotism and imperialism," an ethos in which "physical activity was combined with jingoism."[22] Games were put ahead of brains; "swots" were hated and sportsmen adored. The cultural attitudes embodied in the celebration of sport, in the importance of friendship, in having a code of honour, in being part of a group—the right house, the right school, the right regiment, the right nation—in being, in fact, the right sort, all these speak of a complex set of values, whose governing factor is the need to distinguish between "us" and "them." Thus in Horace Vachell's contemporary novel of Harrow, *The Hill,* the villain, an outsider called Scaife, is calculating and ambitious for self, rather than for the side, and in the climactic Eton and Harrow match shows his bad form by exhibiting his temper. But what can you expect from the grandson of a navvy? As in many of the public school novels, the theme of good form is at the centre: "too many beasts," says Vachell, "wreck a house, as they wreck a regiment or a nation."[23] And good form is all-important: we might remember Barrie's Captain Hook, the product of "a famous public school," who went to his crocodile-death murmuring "Floreat Etona." Hook, said Barrie, had a passion for good form, for however much he had degenerated, "he still knew that this is all that really matters."[24] To quote Barrie in this context may seem odd, but there is something in the figure of Peter Pan, and in the mock-serious attitudes of that play, so less ironical than they at first seem to be, that makes the connection apposite. War was a game, played by boys of all ages, whether the enemy were pirates or Zulu warriors. The boyish virutes were the real virtues, uncomplicated and simple. The *Manchester Guardian* reported that Baden-Powell at Charterhouse was "the pattern of the clean, active, spirited and generous schoolboy,"[25] and one of his early biographers called him "the ideal English schoolboy, and the ideal British officer."[26] To Conan Doyle, Baden-Powell was "a soldier of a type which is exceedingly popular with the British public. A skilled hunter and an expert at many games, there was always something of the sportsman in his keen appreciation of war."[27] War was just the game played in a larger arena: in his sketches *Sport in War,*

reprinted during the South African campaign, Baden-Powell himself echoed this note, telling his readers that scouting was rather like big game hunting, only against "wild beasts of the human kind." "Man-hunting," he said about one of his native campaigns, "afforded us plenty of excitement."[28]

The phrase which summed up this attitude to life, and which as we shall see, became an important part of the Boy Scout ideology in Baden-Powell's second career, was "Play the game!" This was more than just regarding life itself as a game, for it meant besides, doing one's duty, being patriotic, obedient, loyal, and having good form. Newbolt's poem "Vitae Lampada," with its twinned scenes of the school cricket match and the regiment's last stand in the desert, each moment vitalized and inspired by the schoolboy cry of "Play up! play up! and play the game!" is perhaps the most well-known usage, but throughout the late Victorian and Edwardian years the phrase took on what amounts to a symbolic meaning. It appears again and again throughout Baden-Powell's own writing as a synonym for the height of good conduct, and it was as frequently applied to Baden-Powell himself. "The goodly precepts of the game remain as the best guides," he said in *The Matabele Campaign,* adding that officers do not follow their leaders because of any reward, but simply, "*because it is the game.*"[29] Winston Churchill summed up the public school ethos, when, writing much later of Baden-Powell's *Scouting for Boys,* he said that it "appealed to all the sense of adventure and love of open-air life which is so strong in youth. But beyond this it stirred those sentiments of knightly chivalry, of playing the game—any game—earnest for fun—hard and fairly, which constitute the most important part of the British system of education."[30]

Pluck was a second word of power. Not exactly a synonym for courage, it carried the connotation of spirited behaviour in adverse circumstances, and of the refusal to give in. Baden-Powell, considering it the first of military virtues, devoted his first chapter of *Aims of Scouting* to a definition of pluck. arguing that it included a degree of intelligence and independent thinking. It was not blind devotion to duty, but rather calculated daring, and thus was one of the first qualities of the scout. To his admirers Baden-Powell was the personification of pluck: with a happy use of his initials, one of the songs that celebrated the hero of Mafeking was titled "Major-General British Pluck."[31]

It is not possible here to do more than summarize the popular virtues at the turn of the century, and to the qualities of good breeding and good behaviour it is worth adding that the military man must have the necessary military abilities—keenness, leadership, a sense of disci-

pline and so on. There was some difference of opinion about which quality came first, but to his many admirers Baden-Powell had a full hand. He had, besides, two special talents which distinguished him from his fellow officers, which made him attractive and romantic, and which contributed substantially to his legend: he had a splendid sense of humour and he was a scout. His witty responses to the Boer enemy have been mentioned before; to the press they typified the English spirit of cheerful defiance. One contemporary opinion will suffice to illustrate: Harold Begbie, whose biography was published the month Mafeking was relieved, struck a typical note when he described B-P a "hero—and a humourist." He was "the funniest beggar on earth," full of pranks, but "straight," a loyal friend and an enthusiastic soldier. "But it is ever his fun first." One is reminded again of Peter Pan—but a Pan without the complications of Wendy. "Happy is the man," said the same biographer, "who carries with him into middle-age the zest and aims of a clean boyhood."[32]

Baden-Powell was aware of the popular appeal of military scouting. "The very name 'scout,' he wrote, 'carries with it, even among civilians, a romantic idea of a man of exceptional courage and resource."[33] The scout was a man who often worked alone or as the leader of a small group, he went behind enemy lines, he picked up information, he used his wits against the enemy. He was a mixture of Natty Bumppo and Sherlock Holmes, and thus joined a touch of the primitive to the image of modern inductive reasoning. Scouting was "the best of all arts, sciences or sports,"[34] and clearly combined elements of all three. Baden-Powell in Matabeleland had been compared to Sherlock Holmes by Burnham, the famous American scout, who at the time of Mafeking told the British press that the brave Colonel, whom he said was nicknamed "Old Rubber Shoes," was both reckless and cautious at one and the same time.[35] In all these things, then, in his identification with scouting, in his character, in his ability to provide journalistic copy, Baden-Powell attracted public attention.

The stage is set for us to consider the mythic aspect of the hero. We have in Baden-Powell at Mafeking the example of a man who seemed to represent in a dramatic and attractive fashion many of the most admired virtues of his culture; I will now argue that, given the favourable circumstances of the seige of Mafeking, and given the patriotic fervour of the war, Baden-Powell's progress from the real to the legendary was inevitable, a necessary response to a natural public appetite. Baden-Powell, it was discovered, was superhuman, and was recognized as such by those who knew, he was lucky, and luck surrounded him, he had magic weapons, he had mana.

The mythic hero is singled out from birth, as a young man he performs heroic deeds, conquering giants, dragons or monsters, he is acclaimed by his people, and he comes into his kingdom. Almost any real life hero fits this pattern in a general sense, and a military man more than most: looking backwards from Mafeking, Baden-Powell's early exploits set him apart from others, he defeated the monster Boers, and he was acclaimed by the British public. One could go further, and see his second career in the Scouts as his coming into his kingdom, his ruling, passing laws (I am thinking of Raglan's list here) and eventual apotheosis as Founder and benevolent saint of the Scout movement.

I do not however, wish to strain for too close a comparison, but rather to be less ambitious and yet more precise, and point to the detail of B-P's legend, particularly as it developed in the press, where over the months of the Mafeking siege and the months after, Baden-Powell's heroic persona was built up until it did indeed have a mythic resonance. This was at first journalistic "hype", but became at last, largely because of Baden-Powell's use of his own image, a legend of substance, and for the Scouts a legend which validated their existence.

Quite early in the course of the Mafeking siege one of the reporters noticed that there was something different, even extraordinary about him, something above the cut of the everyday mortal. "Outwardly," wrote the same journalist who had earlier claimed there was no news, "he maintains an impenetrable screen of self-control, observing with a cynical smile the foibles and caprices of those around him. He seems ever bracing himself to be on guard against a moment ... in which by a word, by an expression of face, by a movement, or in turn of phrase, he should betray the rigours of the self-control under which he lives. Every passing townsman regards him with curiosity not unmixed with awe. Every servant in the hotel watches him, and he, as a consequence, seldom speaks without a preternatural deliberation and an air of decisive finality ...."[36] His vigilance was unceasing. He had taken to prowling around his defences at night, scouting out Boer dispositions, surprising his own sentries. It seemed that he never slept.[37] The reporters discovered his old nickname: had not the Matabele called him *Impeesa,* the "Wolf that Never Sleeps?"

This nickname is at the centre of the Baden-Powell legend. It characterized him during the siege of Mafeking; it was adopted with enthusiasm by the reporters of the war, by the public, and by Baden-Powell's biographers. It was, as we shall see, his title among his Boy Scouts; to them he was the "Old Wolf." The name denoted a number of things: courage, strength, vigilance, and later (among the Scouts), wisdom. It had been awarded in romantic circumstances by a warrior tribe to their

worthy conqueror. However, if we go back to the first mention of the tale, the details become a little confusing. In his own account of the Matabele campaign, Baden-Powell said the following: "my boy, who was with my horse, told me they were calling to each other that 'Impeesa' was there—i.e. 'the Wolf,' or, as he translated it, 'the beast that does not sleep, but sneaks about at night.' "[38] In his autobiography, Baden-Powell amended this to "the beast that creeps about at night,"[39] but the popular version remained "the Wolf that Never Sleeps." One difficulty with the original version is that in whichever way *Impeesa*—a Zulu word—is translated into English, "wolf" can only be an approximation of "the beast that ... sneaks about at night," for there are no wolves in Matabele, nor, for that matter, in the whole of Africa.[40] Yet the nickname "hyaena" would hardly have the same ring to it.

Baden-Powell's "wolf-like" nature was soon made known in the press. Like a wolf, he prowled about the camp at night; like a wolf, he was able to appear and disappear suddenly; like a wolf he was always alert. He became more than just "wolf-like:" he was The Wolf, and his sleepless vigil kept the defences of Mafeking safe from the enemy. In their dispatches from Mafeking, the besieged journalists noticed that Baden-Powell was not merely vigilant, but seemed to go without sleep altogether. "I verily believe," J. E. Neilly wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "he seldom if ever slept. I often saw him lying on his stoep in a reclining chair with his eyes closed, but his alertness and wakefulness were there all the same."[41] And the same reporter described the scene when B-P's brother, Major Baden Baden-Powell, a member of the relief force, going to B-P's headquarters, "saw what few, if any had seen since the commencement of the siege: *Impeesa* was asleep."[42]

Under the hands of his first biographers Baden-Powell's extraordinary ability to go without sleep was elaborated, and the Wolf became all-powerful, frightening and supernatural. These stories were attributed to the credulous, the Boers and the natives, but with a hint that though naive, they saw the truth. *The Times* had reported that Baden-Powell struck unnatural fear into the hearts of his enemy, carrying a story that the Boer leader, General Snyman, had a "superstitious belief" that General Baden-Powell visited his laager every night and had some supernatural power of making himself invisible."[43] Like Macavity, B-P was never there. The natives, being so much closer to the secret sources of magic, had divined his true nature:

> Silent in his movements, with eyes that can detect and distinguish suspicious objects where the ordinary man sees nothing at all, with ears as quick as a hare's to catch the swish of grass or the crackling of a twig, he goes alone in and out of the mountains where the savages who have

> marked his down are asleep by the side of their assegais, or repeating stories of the dreadful Wolf over their bivouac fires.[44]

And a later biographer reported a dialogue between some Boer agents and a passing native, a portentious scene set before Mafeking:

> Baas, he has come to the Place of Stones.
> Who has?
> Impeesa, baas—the Wolf that never sleeps.[45]

But Baden-Powell, as a hero, touched the ledengary in other ways. It was remarked frequently that he was favoured by the gods. This was just a journalistic cliché, but it could also be attributed to the perspicacious natives. He was, at any rate, the "darling of the nation," and the *Melbourne Punch* claimed humourously that one hundred girls had declared an intention of marrying him—and this was the "worst siege of all." He had this odd talent, he was ambidextrous, and could draw with either hand, simultaneously, and the *Irish Daily Independent,* under a cartoon titled "Baden-Powell's Diversions," showed him sketching Kruger with one hand and writing "All Well" with the other. There was something special about him, whatever it was: the *Morning Post* published a poem before the siege was half way over addressed to Colonel Plumer, the commander of the Rhodesian force and Baden-Powell's subordinate, telling him to hurry up and rescue B-P, who was fighting with his back to the wall:

> 'There's something in his spirit which is different from the rest,
> And it's no use my explainin', but we likes old Baden best.
> So hustle Mister Plumer, etc.,' wrote 'the Man in the Street.'[46]

It is worth pausing at this point to consider for a moment the part played in the growth of a legend by a nickname or title. Many leaders are given nicknames by their men; some are affectionate, such as Lord Roberts' "Bobs"; some express less fond emotions; some are mere puns on names (Major-General Sir William Gatacre was known as "General Backacher," which matched both his name and obsession with physical fitness.) Baden-Powell had begun life as "Bathing Towel" and "the Bloater." These were not dignified names for a hero, and, perhaps conscious of that fact, he had in his early accounts of his military adventures taken care to note the names he had been given by the natives, both friendly and hostile. In East Africa while big game hunting he had been called *M'hlala panzi*—"the man who lies down to shoot." B-P himself reminded the Reuters correspondent after the relief of Mafeking of this name,[48] commenting that it implied he was a man who does not rush things, a man who "sits tight." But one can sense why the nickname never caught on: it was difficult to pronounce,

and it implied caution, rather than heroic action. Much the same might be said about the name he acquired on the Ashanti expedition, where his fondness for large Stetson-type hats gave birth to *Kantankye*—"he of the big hat."

During the siege of Mafeking the ilustrated papers showed B-P in a variety of heroic poses. He was pictured by the *Illustrated London News* as "the Defender," and more dramatically, shown again with his dog, "his wish realized," in "a warm corner." (Dr. Haig-Brown, the headmaster of Charterhouse, had told the press that B-P had said to him before embarking for South Africa, "I hope they'll give me a warm corner.") *The Daily Graphic* tried him as "the intrepid Goalkeeper" standing guard over the veldt (again from a Charterhouse source—he had played in goal at school). The *Illustrated London News* had him standing tall against the sky (Baden-Powell was on the short side), binoculars in hand, his dog Beetle faithful at his feet, and behind him the old naval gun, carefully labelled "B.P.s Baby." Of all his names, the familiar and catchy "B-P" was the favorite; his most striking image "the Wolf that Never Sleeps" on one of his nocturnal prowls around the Boer laagers. *The Morning Post* pictured the "Wolf" in his lonely vigil, surveying the camps of the enemy.

It is difficult to estimate the impact of an image on the public, but one can see in the Mafeking series an evolution towards the heroic. The first newspaper cartoons of Baden-Powell tended to be humorous—B-P as batsman, so many days not out—but after the relief the images change to more dignified poses. It is as though the artists were searching for the one right scene—and this came when *The Morning Post* produced The Wolf That Never Sleeps.

One note of caution about the role of the press in this process of image-making: a recent fashion among historians has been to criticise the journalists of the Boer War for not telling the right story. It is relatively easy to explode the myths of the past, once they have lost social validity, but here we see a modern myth about newspapermen being used to "correct" history. A modern image of the war correspondent is that he is the servant of a higher cause—he is a Truthteller. He is objective, and above mere patriotic loyalties. Thus he should be telling the "real" story—that is, the story that modern eyes see. Baden-Powell starved the blacks at Mafeking. Here is Phillip Knightley, in *The First Casualty,* looking at things with the wisdom of the 1970's, damning the journalists at Mafeking for not writing the "real" story: "what a story" he says, "they could have written if they had had the courage."[47] But it was not that they did not have the courage; they did not have the inclination. The journalist, too, is a man of his time.

Starving the blacks may be horrifying to modern sensibility—and it did give some qualms to at least one of the Mafeking correspondents—but story at Mafeking was not the exposure of sham, falsehood and wrongdoing, but the verification of the social myth of British pluck, and the celebration of a British Hero. Of the five journalists in the siege, one, Hamilton of *The Times*, began by reporting that there was nothing to report, and that Mafeking was of little strategic importance. Another, Emerson Neilly of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, criticised Baden-Powell for his treatment of the blacks, though his remarks were not published until after the relief. But both Hamilton and Neilly wrote elaborate and colourful dispatches during the siege which fed the public appetite, and together with a third reporter, Major F.D. Baillie of *The Morning Post*, they both cashed in on and solidified the heroic legend by writing their booklength accounts immediately after the relief. (There were at least seven books about Baden-Powell and Mafeking published in 1900). The evidence suggests that while the journalists may at times have been at odds with the story the public wanted to hear, they too were swept up in the emotion of the moment. Here is a case of a modern image—Journalist as Truthteller—producing its own peculiar false expectations. Baden-Powell Playing the Game was the "real" story.

And so the reporters told the British public their hero was lucky, for luck is a sign of divine favour. In hindsight, Baden-Powell's luck might seem to consist of being in the right place at the right time, and of having the publicity he needed to place him in the public's eye; to his contemporaries, his luck was in his happy escapes from death in his earlier adventures, or in a number of little details connected with his name that seemed to be stretching coincidence. The old naval gun discovered and used at Mafeking was found to have his initials stamped on it—B.P. had been the mark of the makers. The hat he wore, and which he later made part of the uniform of the South African Constabulary, was also labelled B.P.—an American make, the letters stood for "Boss of the Plains."

All these details—the stories, the names, the little coincidences, the portraits in the newspapers—may be explained, each in its way, as the usual examples of journalistic invention, exaggeration, image making. Yet taken as a whole they demonstrate the principles, mentioned earlier, which govern the creation of the popular hero, showing his actions as emblematic, producing a legend around him, transforming him from the real into the mythic. And in this process every detail counts.

After Mafeking, Baden-Powell had a brief, anti-climatic and nearly disastrous campaign in the west Transvaal, during which he again

invited investment, this time at a town called Rustenburg. He was rescued, sent on leave, and then ordered to form and command a police force for the Boer territories. He made a great success of this duty, organizing a disciplined body, giving them sensible and humane directions towards their treatment of the Boers. He invented a uniform for the South African Constabulary after his own preferences—soft, informal khaki shirts, shorts, and the B.P. Stetson hat. His initials were again used in the S.A.C.'s motto, which was "Be Prepared." It is at this point, looking back, that one can see Baden-Powell ready for the next major development in his career—the Boy Scouts. He had lived his adventures, he had beome a hero, and now he had formed his own corps. Practically everything that he had done would be needed, and used, in the work of his second heroic life.

The origins and history of the scouting movement have been examined before; my aim here is to look at the way in which Baden-Powell, as leader of the scouts, moved from the status of a hero to that of a cult figure. A cult figure is the centre of a cultus, is venerated or worshipped, accorded special stature, and perhaps regarded as in some way superhuman. This status is not necessarily the result of the actions of the cult figure, who may indeed be merely a passive agent—the example of the Emperor Haile Selassie and the Rastafarians comes to mind. What matters is the aggrandizement of the cult figure, the mythologizing of his life, and his transformation into a potent and meaningful symbol. For this to happen successfully it is probably necessary for there to be an auxiliary organization ready to give form and structure to the cultus. Baden-Powell, *within the scouting movement,* meets these condtions, as a visit to any of the major scout headquarters will verify, for there will be the relics of Mafeking, there the photographs of the Mafeking cadets, those proto-scouts, who braved the Boer shells to run messages and generally make themselves useful, there the pictures of B-P's experimental camp (Brownsea Island, 1907), there the books written by B-P (more than thirty of them). Scout Headquarters will have the air of a shrine, dominated by the noble face of the Founder, old, wise, and yet, under the peaked hat, eternally young, casting his benign blessing on all. And if one look further, into, for instance, one of the many lives of the Founder that the scout library will contain, one will find not history but hagiography. Here the adventures of The Founder will be celebrated again and again as inspirational legend; here will be *The Wolf that Never Sleeps; The Piper of Pax; Baden-Powell, the Two Lives of a Hero.*

The reasons for Baden-Powell's translation from popular hero to revered and saintly leader are implicit in much of what has already been said. Baden-Powell both represented and preached public

virtues, particularly middle-class virtues. The values he held were shared by many of his class and station; what he said was enthusiastically received not for its novelty but for its familiarity. Thus his relationship with his particular public—a public with imperialist, conservative sympathies, who found the twin calls of duty and patriotism timely and necessary—was symbiotic: Baden-Powell reflected rather than led opinion. His military fame, as we shall see, was essential to his success, and age itself allowed him to shift gracefully into a new role. By the time he formed the Scouts, he was over fifty, quite old enough to become the "Old Wolf" who knew best. His great discovery for his scouts was himself, the Hero. Unconsciously, with great simplicity and supreme self-confidence, he tapped one of most powerful psychic forces of society: inventing nothing, he created himself; he was both mythmaker and myth. My intention now is to enter into the world Baden-Powell constructed, and to notice some of the scenery.

Scouting for boys did not begin in 1908 with Baden-Powell (although he himself later gave the impression that it did), for several successful youth organizations, from the Woodcraft Movement of Ernest Thompson Seton in America to the Boys Brigade in Britain were already in existence by that date. The Boy Scouts however quickly overtook all rivals; appealing essentially to the middle classes, their ideas were simple and patriotic, their uniform attractive, and their leader a popular hero. The ideology of the movement, a blend of imperialism, public school ethics and social Darwinism—survival of the fittest—was in tune with the spirit of the age.[49]

Baden-Powell's approach to Scouting was highly personal, and to a large extent this was the chief reason for the early success of the movement. He was a Hero, and he knew how to use a hero's mana. He provided the boys who joined him the ready-made forms and rituals, the initiation, clothes, ranks, laws and even prehistory of a special society, all tested by his own experience. His first impulse seems to have been to give the youth of Britain something to do; in South Africa he had sent home scores of "wasters," young men who had neither the self-discipline nor the moral integrity to do any good;[50] now, eight years later, he saw that scouting could save boys from the decadence that had destroyed Rome.[51] They had only to dress up in his uniform, learn to "sit tight and shoot straight," "play the game" and "keep smiling." The ideas were simple and the associations romantic. The "Hero of Mafeking" was the Chief Scout!

At the Brownsea experimental camp, held a year before the Boy Scouts were founded in 1908, Baden-Powell had led the boys in making knots, in tracking, and in competitive games. He had shown them how to cook, and he had set sentries around the camp at night.

He had entertained them with yarns from his adventurous past. Before his own tent was the Union Jack that had flown at Mafeking, attached to one of his pigsticking lances from the Indian days. He taught the boys the *Eengonyama* Zulu war chant, and he roused them in the morning with a blast on the koodoo horn.[52]

When the handbook of the new movement, *Scouting for Boys,* was published in 1908, the heroic past was placed within the reach of every boy:

> Item - the *scout uniform.* Consisting of shirt, shorts, kerchief, it was a copy of the uniform Baden-Powell had designed for the South African Constabulary.
> Item - the *hat.* A copy of the S.A.C. hat, which itself was modelled on the Stetsons long favoured by Baden-Powell.
> Item - the bootlace around the hat. A reminder of a thong of good fortune given to B-P by an old native at Mafeking, to make B-P smile and whistle again when he was sad.
> Item - the *staff.* Adapted from one used in the Ashanti campaign.[53]
> Item - the *badge.* Described as an arrowhead in *Scouting for Boys* (p.37; later, in response to criticisms of militarism, described as a fleur-de-lis), the badge was inspired by the badge Baden-Powell awarded to his military scouts in India.[54]
> Item - the *motto.* The motto was "Be Prepared," which as Baden-Powell explained, were "my initials" (SFB., p. 37).
> Item - The *Eengonyama* or *Scout's chorus.* "He is a lion," etc. Heard by Baden-Powell on his visit to Zululand in 1888, this warriors' chant was now to be sung at Scout gatherings (SFB., pp. 43-4).
> Item - *Dinizulu's beads.* Spoils of the same Zulu war, supposed to have belonged to the rebel chief, Dinizulu. Used by Baden-Powell (after 1918) to reward scoutmasters.
> Item - the *special badge and title of "Wolf."* Awarded as a mark of the highest merit to outstanding scouts.
> Item - the *koodoo horn.* Spoils of the Matabele campaign. Blown by Baden-Powell at Scout gatherings such as the Jamborees.

In addition, the new scout would soon become familiar with the adventures of Baden-Powell's life, with incidents from his Indian, African and Mafeking days. These "yarns" were repeated again and again throughout the scout literature. They were usually illustrated with Baden-Powell's own sketches. Almost always they pointed some moral: the importance of doing one's duty, the need for discipline, the importance of being observant. In his weekly column in *The Scout* the General retold his adventures repeatedly, giving details that had escaped some earlier version. He offered his readers a weekly motto: "Keep Smiling," "Try Whistling," "Be a Brick," "Stick to it! Stick to it!" "When the Cat's away the Mice will Play—the little Rotters (Just what one would expect the miserable little funks to do)." He ran competitions—first prize, a camping holiday with himself—and, as the

Great War approached, he gave his views of the military situation.[55] In the early days of scouting, the aura of General Baden-Powell spread over all. Nowhere was this more evident than in his handbook for the movement: the message was clear; the scouts were B-P, and B-P was the scouts.

In *Scouting for Boys,* as in the rest of Baden-Powell's scouting books, the imprint of his own personality is dominant. He wrote ceaselessly and repetitively, drawing on his own adventures again and again, illustrating his conventional ideas from his heroic life. The publications of the movement, from magainzes to handbooks, came out bearing his name: the Boy Scouts were always Major-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts. He was always ready to write a preface to any piece of scout literature.

There are several reasons for this activity, so important in the establishment of his cultus. First, his own character: he had always been his own publicist, and though he wrote depreciating about his own role in sport or war, there was a large streak of egotism in his character which only occasionally became offensive, as when he placed his own face on the special issue stamps at Mafeking. Second, he almost certainly used his own cultus as a weapon within the scout organization. He was not without opponents, especially during the early years, and there were two serious schisms just after the Great War (Sir Francis Vane left to form the British Boy Scouts, John Hargrave to form Kibbo Kift Kindred, both objecting to Baden-Powell's militarism and jingoism).[56] By ensuring that the Boy Scouts were B-P's scouts, and that his story was the scouts' story, he made it increasingly difficult for the opposition to organize. Here, too, the extremely bureaucratic, hierarchical structure of the scouting organization itself was insurance against opposition—officers were promoted and dismissed by fiat—but at the same time that structure, monarchical in nature, itself contributed to the cultus of the leader. There was only one Founder, only one B-P, only one Old Wolf to blow the koodoo horn at the Jamboree, to inspect the massed troops with the king himself, to make royal progresses to the colonies. And after his marriage his wife joined him on the throne: he was Chief Scout of the World, she was World Chief Guide.

The subsequent history of the Boy Scouts saw the movement become the most popular of all youth organizations. Scouting was quickly accepted by the establishment; the royal princes themselves became scouts, and sang the *Eengonyama* chorus with evident enthusiasm. Baden-Powell was made a peer of the realm, and accepted the honor, not for himself, but for scouting. The movement changed with the times; the patriotism of the Great War gave way to a league of

nations. The persistent criticism of militarism—and Baden-Powell had had his scouts guarding railways, bridges and telegraph lines the week war was declared in 1914—was replaced by celebrations of World Brotherhood.

Throughout the changes Baden-Powell remained the same heroic, even saintly figure. Like one of his model scoutmasters, he was the eternal "boy-man," joining in the scout games and scout chorus, blowing the koodoo horn at the scout jamborees. He told his yarns over and over as the need for new handbooks multiplied: what had served for the scouts would serve just as well for the Wolf Cubs, the Rovers, the Guides and the Brownies. And the advice he gave stayed the same. To his Cubs he said "The Old Wolf knows best." He told the Brownies to "play the game," and "buck up as the King directs," and the Guides to "T.I.B. (Tuck in Your Back)" and "Be Jolly." As the Second World War approached, so the cultus took ever more solid form. The Founder reached old age; his wife Olave, a quiet and gentle woman of Madonna-like grace, protected him from his public, to whom he had formally said his farewells at the Fifth Jamboree in 1937. His biographers repeated the old yarns of his youth, and added an apocrypha of their own: from his home at Pax Hill he became the Piper of Pax (and in 1939 was nominated for the unawarded Nobel Peace Prize). In Kenya, where he died in 1941, he called his last home Paxtu (Pax 2), and it was from there he sent his Last Messages to his Scouts and his Guides. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey offered the family a place in the Abbey, between the graves of the Unknown Warrior and David Livingston, but he was buried in Kenya marked by a stone bearing the Boy Scout sign for "I have gone home." His apotheosis was marked by a statue erected outside Baden-Powell House, the London Headquarters of the Scout Movement, a statue of monolithic proportions and Pickwickian countenance, which at once captures the paradox of the Hero-Saint, larger than life, but still warm, friendly and approachable. He had the common touch, and as Winston Churchill hinted, making the connection between Baden-Powell and the British Public, the two great B.P.s, he was in a real sense created by popular demand.[57] Scouting was a celebration of the ethos that had produced its leader. Baden-Powell had had the simplicity to present his life to his country and to his scouts. His country had told him he was a Hero; after that the "Old Wolf" was never in doubt.

NOTES

1. I have in mind here those (mainly Jungian) studies of the mythic hero: Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1949); Erich Neumann, *The Origins and History of Consciousness*, trans. R.F.C. Hull (New York: Bollingen Foundation, 1954). These, together with Jung's own analyses of the hero archetype, form the theortical background to this article.
2. *Glasgow Herald*, May 19,1900, p. 7.
3. *Pigsticking or Hoghunting* (London: Harrison, 1889).
4. "A run with the Cape Foxhounds," *Badminton Magazine*, reprinted in *Sport in War*.
5. *The Downfall of Prempeh* (London: Methuen, 1896).
6. *Lessons from the Varsity of Life* (London: Pearson, 1933), p. 175.
7. William Hillcourt, *Baden-Powell: The Two Lives of a Hero* (New York: Putnam, 1964), p. 134. Of the many biographies and hagiographies, all written for (and often by) scouts, this is the most detailed.
8. *The Matabele Campaign* (London: 1897; rpt. London: Methuen, 1900), p.42
9. See Brian Gardner, *Mafeking: A Victorian Legend* (London: Cassell, 1966), p. 11.
10. One officer on the relieving force wrote: "To me the whole affair of the siege was at the time, and always has been, an enigma: what in the world was the use of defending this wretched railway-siding and these tin shanties? To burrow underground on the very first shot being fired in a campaign, and to commence eating his horses, seemed to me the strangest role ever played by a cavalry officer with his regiment of mounted men ...." Quoted by Gardner, *Ibid.* p. 198.
11. Thomas Pakenham, *The Boer War* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1979), pp. 398-9.
12. Gardner, *Mafeking*, p. 67.
13. *The Times*, May 28 1900, p. 7.
14. *The Times*, May 19, 1900, p. 11.
15. Winston S. Churchill, *Great Contemporaries* (London, 1937; rpt. London: Collins, 1962), p. 296.
16. Gardner, *Mafeking*, p. 67.
17. *Aids to Scouting for N.C.O.s and Men* (Aldershot: Gale and Polden, 1899).
18. *The Times*, May 24, 1900. p. 7.
19. There are, of course, many connections here with the hero of myth. The archetype is described by Campbell, *Hero with a Thousand Faces*. See also Lord Raglan, *The Hero* (London: Methuen, 1936).
20. Brian Gardner, *The Public Schools: A Historical Survey* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1973), p. 203.
21. *Illustrated London News*, June 9, 1900.
22. Zara S. Steiner, *Britain and the Origins of the First World War* (London: Macmillan, 1977), p. 158. See also Rupert Wilkinson, *The Prefects* (London: OUP, 1964) and Brian Simon and Ian Bradley, eds., *The Victorian Public School* (Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 1975).
23. *The Hill: a Romance of Friendship* (London: Murray, 1905), p. 120.
24. *Peter and Wendy* (1911; repr. as *Peter Pan*, New York: Scribner, n.d.), p. 186. In this, the story of the play, Barrie is much more explicit.
25. *Manchester Guardian*, May 19, 1900, p. 9.
26. Harold Begbie, *The Story of Baden-Powell: "The Wolf that never Sleeps"* (London: Richards, 1900), p. 2.
27. Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Great Boer War* (London: Nelson, 1903), p. 304.
28. *Sport in War* (London: 1900; repr. Toronto: Morang, 1900), pp. 18-19
29. *The Matabele Campaign*, p. 464. Newbolt's poem is used as a tableau for scouts in *Scouting for Boys*.
30. *Great Contemporaries* (1937; repr. London: Collins, 1962), p. 299.
31. Byron Farwell, *The Great Anglo-Boer War* (New York: Harper & Row, 1976), p. 271.
32. Begbie, *Baden-Powell*, pp. 2-4, 156.
33. *Aids to Scouting*, p. 14.
34. *The Matabele Campaign*, p. x.
35. *Manchester Guardian*, May 19, 1900, p. 10. This interview, originating in *The Daily Telegraph*, was widely circulated.
36. Quoted by Hillcourt, *Baden-Powell*, p. 187.

37. These stories became part of the legend of Mafeking. See, for example, the early biography by Francis Aitken, London, 1900; repr. as *The Chief Scout: Sir Robert Baden-Powell* (London: Partridge, n.d.), pp. 91-92.
38. *The Matabele Campaign*, p. 42.
39. *Lessons*, p. 139.
40. See *The Wild Canids: Their Systematics, Behavioural Ecology and Evolution*, ed. M. W. Fox (New York: Van Nostrand Reignhold, 1975). The Africaans however call the striped hyaenas wolves: see Laurens van der Post, *The Lost World of the Kalahari* (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1962), p. 11.
41. Quoted by E. E. Reynolds, *Baden-Powell* (New York: OUP, 1943), p. 103.
42. Grinnell-Milne, p. 205.
43. *The Times*, May 26, 1900 p. 7.
44. Begbie, pp. 114-115
45. Duncan Grinnell-Milne, *Baden-Powell at Mafeking* (London: Bodley Head, 1957), p. 33. Later in the story more natives are reported as saying "Impessa. His eyes see all things"; p. 73.
46. January 29, 1900. This, and the two previous details come fron one of Baden-Powell's scrapbooks, now in the archives of Baden-Powell House, London, England.
47. Phillip Knightley, *The First Casualty* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), pp. 69-70. Thomas Pakenham allowed his thorough and judicious study of the Boer war to be "dramatized" by *The Observer*, when his Mafeking chapter was printed uder the headline "Baden-Powell's secret."
48. *Manchester Guardian*, May 24, 1900, p. 8.
49. John Springhall, *Youth, Empire and Society: British Youth Movements, 1883-1940* (London: Crook Helm, 1977), pp. 53 *et seq.*. "Despite subsequent directions, the ideological roots of Scouting remain buried in the public school ethos of Charterhouse in the 1870's the methods of colonial warfare in the 1880's and 1890's, and the intellectual climate of the 1900s"; *Ibid.*, p. 64.
50. *Lessons*, p. 243.
51. *Scouting for Boys* (London: Pearson, 1908), p. 314. Subsequent references to this edition will be given in the text.
52. Hillcourt, *Baden-Powell*, pp. 264-74.
53. E. E. Reynolds, *Baden-Powell* (London: Oxford, 1957), p. 44.
54. *Lessons*, pp. 285-87.
55. See the early numbers of *The Scout*, a weekly scout publication, first issue April, 1908.
56. John Springhall, "The Boy Scouts, Class and Militarism in relation to British Youth Movements 1908-1930, "*International Review of Social History*, XVI (1971), 125-58.
57. *Great Contemporaries*, p. 297.