NO DISCHARGE
IN THIS WAR

GENERAL FREDERICK COUTTS

Originally published by
Hodder and Stoughton
Author’s Note

This short history of The Salvation Army is an attempt to describe its past growth and present work against the economic, social and religious background of the more than one hundred years of its existence.

Compression has been inevitable, but it is hoped that no significant event has been omitted.

The ranks given to Salvationists in these pages are those held at the time of the reference.

F.C.

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Introduction

‘BRETHREN in Christ Jesus,’ rang out the voice of the Dean of Westminster, Dr Eric Abbott, as he stood before the High Altar, ‘I bid you welcome to this House of God in the name of the Lord.’

The date was 2 July 1965. Salvationists from every continent and speaking many tongues thronged the Abbey, overflowing into the cloisters and filling the neighbouring parish church of St Margaret’s. The flag of The Salvation Army – seen at countless nondescript street corners – had been borne from the west door to the steps of the Sanctuary where it was received by the Sacrist and set up against a background of crimson and gold. The climax of the gathering was the unveiling of a bust of William Booth in the chapel of St George and then, as the congregation dispersed, the joyous music of the Abbey bells could be heard above the sound of London’s weekday traffic as the flag with the star in the centre flew from the Abbey tower.

One hundred years earlier, on the same date, William Booth held the first of nine Sunday evening meetings in an ancient tent lit by naphtha flares and pitched on a disused Quaker burial ground between Vallance Road and Fulbourne Street, in the East End of London. Such was the zeal of the missioner and his few helpers that, of the motley company gathered on the hard, backless benches, some professed conversion. But the days of the tent were already numbered. New patches on the old canvas had only made the existing rents worse. So after the last Sunday in August the unusable remnants thereof were removed to an undisclosed destination at an overall cost of ten shillings.

How come that a work with so hazardous a beginning in Whitechapel was so honoured a century later in Westminster?
1. In Time Past Were Not a People

WILLIAM Booth was no inexperienced stripling when he stood sometimes in front of The Vine public house on the Mile End Road in East London, and sometimes in front of the Blind Beggar on the other side of the toll gate. He was already 36 years of age, had been married to Catherine Mumford – three months his senior – for ten years, and possessed a family of three boys and three girls. Two more girls were yet to be born to him.

His own boyhood in Nottingham had provided a harsh training for his adult calling. His formal education had been cut short by domestic poverty and, at the age of 13, he was apprenticed for a few shillings a week to a pawnbroker in the Goosegate. Soon afterwards Feargus O’Connor, the Chartist orator, visited the city and young William became a fervent professor of a creed which, though now seen to be mildly reformist, was as feared in the mid-19th century as communism in the mid-20th. More than 40 years later the preface to In Darkest England and the Way Out read that ‘the helpless misery of the poor stockingers in my native town kindled in my heart yearnings to help the poor which have continued to this day and which have had a powerful influence upon my whole life’.

But a still more powerful influence upon the impressionable teenager was that of James Caughey, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, who visited Nottingham in 1846. Once again the lad was held spellbound by a master of words – but this time by one whose powers were dedicated to the service of the Christian gospel. This was a second and deeper revolution for William. Two years earlier a troubled conscience over a piece of boyish deceit had brought him to his knees in repentence, and then a timely invitation from another teenager introduced him to the ministry of street meetings and house gatherings. All this was ecclesiastically unauthorised, as was his action in shepherding a group of young folk from the slummy streets of Nottingham into the highly respectable pews of the Wesley chapel in Broad Street. This was going too
12 years old. In 1833 her parents moved to Boston, her father’s home town, and in 1844 moved yet again to Brixton. Despite – or, perhaps because of – a spinal complaint which troubled her in her early teens, Catherine’s enquiring mind ranged freely over the field of Christian doctrine and experience and, on 15 June 1846, in the words of Wesley she announced with joy:

My God, I am Thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine.

Thereupon she became a member of the Brixton Methodist church but, as she also sided with the Reformers, transferred her allegiance to the Binfield Road chapel where she became leader of the senior girls’ Bible class. One of her admirers was this same Edward Rabbits who, with admirable faith in her powers of discernment, asked her to let him know what she thought of William’s sermon. ‘One of the best I have heard in this chapel,’ was her verdict.

By Rabbits’ invitation William and Catherine met again in his house in Crosby Row at a tea party for a group of leading Reformers. Then, as the months passed and William seemed none nearer entering the regular ministry, Rabbits offered him 20 shillings a week for three months so that he could finish with pawnbroking and become a full-time evangelist. For William this was an opportunity not to be missed. He took two rooms at five shillings per week with a widow woman at 11 Princes Row, near Camberwell Gate, and on Good Friday morning, 9 April 1852, happened – or so it seemed – to walk into Rabbits on the street.

The Reformers (said the older man) were holding meetings in a schoolroom in Cowper Street, off the City Road. William must come. Rabbits would not be denied. He knew what William did not know – that Catherine would be there. In the event she did not feel well enough to stay to the close of the final meeting and William was asked to see her home. Their animated conversation in the cab continued after reaching Catherine’s home, so Mrs Mumford invited the unexpected visitor to stay the night. Next day, 10 April, was William’s 23rd birthday. He left the house in the morning but soon returned, and thereafter he and Catherine met almost every day until on 13 May of that year they knelt together in prayer and dedicated themselves to God and to one another.

Even now, the future was uncertain for William. He was free to
and Catherine met the wealthy coal merchants John and Richard Cory, as well as J. E. Billups and his wife, all of whom became lifelong friends and generous helpers. This was succeeded by campaigns (among other places) in Walsall, Sheffield and Leeds.

In the spring of 1865 Mrs Booth was invited to conduct a mission at Rotherhithe, and her success confirmed her husband and herself in the conviction that London, and not the provinces, should be the centre of their activities. William found a house for his wife and family at 31 Shaftesbury (now Ravenscourt) Road, Hammersmith – then separated from Knightsbridge by open fields and cattle grazing under the elms.

One June evening in that same year a gospel meeting was about to conclude outside The Blind Beggar – a public house which still stands on the north side of Whitechapel Road and a few yards west of the present Cambridge Heath Road. Some of the participants belonged to the Christian Community – an association first formed in the 17th century by Huguenot refugees. Others were attached to the East London Special Services Committee – a nondenominational group formed to lighten the darkness of that area. The leader of the open-air meeting inquired whether there was anyone else who would like to speak. William Booth, who was passing by and had stopped to listen, did not need a second invitation.

Within a matter of days John Stabb and Samuel Chase, two members of the Special Services Committee, called on him to ask if he would accept temporary oversight of the mission whose principal ‘building’ was the decrepit tent pitched on the disused Quaker burial ground. The missioner who had been engaged had fallen ill.

Temporary? William Booth, as he was to tell Catherine, had found his destiny!
2. Stony Soil

William Booth could not have found stonier soil for the good seed he was eager to sow than the East End of London – but for this cause he had forsworn the security of a regular ministry. This was where the despised and rejected of his day were – and continued to be – found. Nearly 40 years later Jack London was to describe this part of the metropolis as ‘one unending slum’ where ‘the streets were filled with a new and different kind of people, short of stature, and of wretched, beer-sodden appearance’. The Rev William Booth knew the facts of East End life as well as the next man, but he was not going to pass by on the other side on that account. His faith forbade him to dismiss as valueless any man for whom Christ died.

Those whom he was seeking to reach were at the bottom of the heap materially. This was not because Great Britain, and least of all London, was in a bad way at this time. In the mid-19th century three-fifths of the employed population in Britain lived and worked in the capital. The City was the centre of the country’s finances, nor could the trade of the world have been carried on without the City’s help. In Bagehot’s judgment the London money market represented the greatest combination of economic power the world had so far seen. But little, if any, of this material prosperity spilled over from the West End to the East. Too much of the elegance of Victorian living was based upon the discomfort and the disease, the poverty and the pain which had become an accepted – and, to some, an acceptable part of the life of the urban poor. Mayhew described the City as revolving around two poles – ‘the icy form and fashion of Belgravia’ and ‘the perpetual icy winter of poverty in Bethnal Green’.

In his Notes on England Taine judged the slums of Shadwell to be a greater offence to Heaven than those of Antwerp or Marseilles. Crossing London Bridge he noted the stone benches ‘where all night whole families huddled close, heads hanging, shaking with cold’. The current mortality rate for Whitechapel was 30 per 1,000 against the general average for London of 24.3. Remembering the cholera epidemic of 1866, the difference might well have been greater still. The first death was reported in Poplar on 18 July, and within ten days nearly a thousand people had died in Bethnal Green, Poplar, Stepney and Whitechapel. But the plague – caused by the supply of unfiltered drinking water contrary to the Metropolitan Water Act of 1852 – was not stayed until more than 4,000 people in these four areas had lost their lives, approximately 70 per cent of the total number of deaths.

The greatest ally of disease was the general standard (save the mark!) of living. When William Booth wrote of ‘the submerged tenth’ there were those who charged him with exaggeration. But when his studious namesake Charles Booth read a paper before the Statistical Society on ‘The condition and occupation of the people of East London and Hackney in 1887’, he admitted that in certain districts two thirds of the people lived in extreme poverty. To him ‘the poor’ earned 18 to 21 shillings a week; ‘the very poor’ less than that. The latter would doubtless have included the East End tailors who worked at home and who, with the help of wife and children, might earn 13 shillings a week, and the girls who would stitch a dozen pairs of trousers a week at sevenpence or eightpence apiece, out of which they paid for their light and thread.

Such were at the bottom of the heap morally as well. The children of the slums had no commandments to unlearn, for the streets and the alleyways were their day schools and Sunday schools alike. It was estimated that 100,000 of them roamed at large in mid-Victorian London. The considered opinion of William Acton, one of the most reliable judges of the social scene, was that hunger drove the boys to petty thieving and then to organised crime, and the girls to prostitution. ‘It’s my rent, mister,’ said a streetwalker who accosted Taine in the Haymarket. And while fashionable London had its Argyll Rooms and similar more or less discreet establishments, the centres of the trade were once again in East London and the older districts immediately south of the river.

If poverty led to crime, drink abetted its spread. In the years between the birth of William Booth and his appearance on Mile End Waste, beer houses had been allowed to open without a justice’s licence. He himself was speaking sober truth when he protested that the poor had only the public house. No other form of ‘recreation’ was available for those who were condescendingly described as the labouring classes, with the consequence that as many as 100,000 cases of drunkenness could appear before the London courts in any one year. It had well been said that gin, not religion, was the opiate of the people.

And sadly, at the bottom of the heap spiritually. In The Victorian
This arrangement lasted until February 1867, and so from the Waste the missioners would march singing along the footpath to New Road. Invariably they were joined by some of those who had been sitting at the drinking tables outside the public houses en route. Certain of the publicans protested about their loss of custom. The police warned the missioners that they would not be allowed to use the footpath. Undeterred, they took to the street – and the net result was the same.

But the going was heavy – financially for one thing. One discerning eye judged that no one who attended the meetings in the dance hall seemed to be worth sixpence, and William Booth could hardly look to his congregations to support himself and his family. His anxieties on this score were eased by the support of such friends as Samuel Morley, the Congregationalist manufacturer and philanthropist, as well as the Corys and the Billupses. Later still Henry Reed, a grazier who had prospered exceedingly in Tasmania and retired to Kent, set up a generous trust so that at no time did William Booth need to draw personally upon Mission funds. But for the actual work and its development expenses always exceeded income and, until the establishment of a responsible committee in March 1867, William Booth was left to plead the cause of the Mission by himself. The Evangelisation Society proved to be a friend in need, however, and the Mission leader responded to their confidence by a statement of accounts certified to a farthing. The Mission’s balance in hand on 30 September 1869, was £32 18s 31d!

Nor was Nonconformity idle. The number of Congregational churches in the capital rose by half as many again in the third and fourth quarters of the 19th century, and the Wesleyan Methodists opened 78 new places of worship in the London area in the third quarter alone. In 1887 Sunday night services were commenced in Exeter Hall, though these were attended largely by the faithful. In the year following both Westminster Abbey and St Paul’s opened their doors for Sunday evening worship. Spurgeon was in full cry south of the Thames, and north of the river Praed Street was bursting at the seams under John Clifford’s ministry and so Westbourne Park was on the drawing board. But none of this made any appreciable difference to the revelation arising out of the census of church attendance taken on 30 March 1851, that nearly two-thirds of the people of London attended neither church nor chapel. There was room enough and to spare for a dozen William Booths.

The one currently in action needed a suitable hall for his public meetings. The tent’s brief hour was over. The nights were drawing in. There was an autumnal chill in the air. Open-air meetings continued as usual. William Booth saw no reason for abandoning these when, as he said, ‘In nearly all kinds of weather, at any hour of the day and almost any hour of the night, we can obtain congregations.’ But a place for indoor gatherings was essential, and the use of a large dance hall at 23 New Road (the last street but one on the right when approaching the London Hospital from Aldgate) was secured for Sundays at a guinea per hiring. Seats for 350 people had to be carried in each Sunday morning and carried out again at night. William walked over from Hammersmith in the morning and home again at night. ‘The most acceptable place we can secure at the moment’ was his comment.

And heavy going as well so far as the actual progress of the work was concerned. The vision of what needed to be done and the wit to set about doing it were – humanly speaking – once again William Booth’s and his alone. Research has shown the story of how he began alone on Mile End Waste to be the outcome of pious – and perhaps understandable – veneration. What is much, much more to the point is that the work would never have got off the ground but for the single-handed resolution of William Booth, for at this juncture he had none of those stalwarts such as Corbridge, Dowdle, Pearson and Ridsdel who joined him during the second five years of the life of the Mission. The one and only Railton did not appear on the scene until March 1873 and Bramwell’s name did not feature on the list of mission workers until 1875 though William came to rely on him from the time the lad had just turned 16.

A number of the original helpers at the tent had left – some to return
to the churches to which they originally belonged – to which decision no exception could be taken. Others objected to the way in which seekers were directed to a ‘mercy seat’ instead of the more customary enquiry room. Others shrank from the physical hostility which this new work provoked. The Bethnal Green station reported that ‘nightly we meet with much persecution. Often during the services large stones and other missiles are thrown through the windows… sometimes rendering it impossible for the preacher to proceed.’ But William and his converts pressed on regardless, even though a decent place for the soles of their feet was hard to find. A room behind a bird fancier’s shop in Sclater Street became, says a contemporary record, ‘a little hotbed of salvation’.

Premises as varied as The Edinburgh Castle, the old Holywell Mount chapel in Scrutton Street, a one-time furniture store in Hare Street, a coffee shop in Worship Street, a former Unitarian chapel in Stratford, a covered skittle alley in Raven (now next to 133 Cavell) Street, each had a short hour of glory. For three years a wool store in Three Colts Lane became a regular meeting place. From 7 March 1867, the Oriental Hall in Poplar, with its backless benches and coconut matting, was occupied for five years, and the still more disreputable Limehouse Gaff with its low-roofed interior and earthen floor was in use from October 1868 to December 1877.

Three more promising advances were the renting of the Effingham Theatre (near to the then St Mary’s underground station, Whitechapel) and the purchase of The Eastern Star and the People’s Market. The first-named was occupied a fortnight before the Oriental Hall, though the run of Sunday evening meetings was interrupted when the proprietor pulled down the existing premises and rebuilt the property as the New East London Theatre.

*The East London Observer* for 6 April 1867 reported that ‘the boxes and stalls were filled with as idle and dissolute a set of characters as ever crossed a place of public resort’. *The Nonconformist*, writing from a more sympathetic angle, agreed that ‘nearly 2,000 persons belonging to the lowest order and the least educated classes’ were present. William Booth’s comment is not recorded. Most probably it was ‘Hallelujah!’ These were certainly from the bottom of the pile!

Negotiations had been on foot since the middle of 1867 for the acquisition of The Eastern Star, a public house at 188 (now 220) Whitechapel Road. The lease had 18 years to run, for which £120 had to be found. A £10 deposit was put down; another £40 was needed to furnish a room seating 300 for public worship, provide a depot for the sale of Bibles and religious literature, open a reading room with facilities for refreshments together with a further room for Bible classes and mothers’ meetings, plus living accommodation for a Bible woman and her husband and six other brethren engaged in the Lord’s work. Every pound had to yield its full 20 shillingsworth of value!

A People’s Market, ‘with a front not unlike a chapel, and an interior bearing a strong resemblance to a music hall minus ornament’, had been erected in the Whitechapel Road in 1867 – but within a year had to close its doors. William Booth saw its possibilities as a central hall for his Mission. By the late summer of 1869 the remaining 39 years’ lease could be purchased for £1,750. Subsequent repairs, alterations and furnishings brought the total cost of this latest acquisition to just under £3,600. William Booth made a special appeal for this sum and on Sunday 10 April 1870, his 41st birthday, the renamed People’s Mission Hall was opened.

The day commenced with a seven o’clock prayer meeting at which 250 were present, and this was followed by a public breakfast. Mrs Booth preached morning and evening, and at night the congregation numbered upwards of 2,000, when there were 150 seekers. Sadly William Booth was too unwell to appear at any but the afternoon meeting – and no wonder, for his concern for the spiritual welfare of the East Enders had not blinded him to their physical needs. ‘I am almost worn out,’ he wrote in one appeal. ‘People are starving in Poplar. It is impossible to visit them without the means of relieving them…. I had thought of giving up the soup kitchen, but the soup and bread are all that many poor creatures have to eat the day through.’

Meanwhile the number of mission stations in the East End had increased to 13, with branch missions at Croydon and Edinburgh. ‘We have gone out of our parish,’ announced the Mission magazine. The description ‘East London’ would disappear. Despite the stony soil ‘The Christian Mission’ had taken firm root.
3. Rule Thou Over Us!

THE illness which had disappointingly curtailed the attendance of William Booth at the opening of the People’s Mission Hall prevented him from sharing actively in the work of the Mission for much of the following summer. But this gave him time to prepare a constitution for the Mission which he presented in the following mid-November to the first conference of his principal helpers and evangelists.

This was a voluminous document. ‘Elaborate’ is the adjective employed by the Army’s official historian. The 34 octavo pages of closely printed type were divided under 38 headings, ranging from the work of the Exhorters’ Society to the use of unfermented wine at the monthly observance of the Lord’s Supper and the holding of quarterly fasts. Eighteen conditions of membership were also laid down which – among other things – called for regular attendance at class meetings but forbade the sale or perusal of such publications as the London Journal or the Family Herald.

William Booth was named as the General Superintendent of the Mission and, though he could not overrule Conference, he had power to confirm or set aside decisions reached on any lower level. The procedures adopted understandably reflected those of the Methodist New Connexion – save in one important respect. Of the 34 members of Conference, six were women – and the place of ‘Female Preachers’, as Section XII was headed, was set out in the complex language of a Victorian minute of 80 words, replete with numerous ‘ands’ but innocent of any full stop until the end of the paragraph. Nevertheless, the intent was clear and plain.

As is manifest from the Scriptures of the Old, and especially the New, Testament that God has recognised and sanctified the labours of godly women in His church, godly women possessing the necessary gifts and qualifications shall be employed as preachers – itinerant or otherwise – and as class leaders, and as such shall have appointments given to them on the preachers’ plan; and they shall be eligible for any office, and to speak and vote at all official meetings.

The principle, which holds good to this day, was thus established that women, equally with men, should share in the government as well as the work of the Mission.

The acceptance of this constitution gave rise to great expectations which, for a while, seemed justified. Not many Conference members knew much about the general rules of debate. Some were illiterate – which was not their fault but a reflection of the state of education in the country. Nevertheless, minutes and records were well kept and, in recognition of good work, the salary of the Conference secretary, James Rapson, was increased to two guineas a week. Rapson did not long enjoy the sweets of office. By the time the 1873 Conference met George Scott Railton was secretary to The Christian Mission and right-hand man to the Rev William Booth.

It was while recuperating at Matlock in the middle of 1870 that William Booth first heard of Railton, child of Methodist missionary parents and educated at Woodhouse Grove School, Leeds, then open only to sons of Wesleyan Methodist ministers. His elder brother, Lancelot, who met Booth at Matlock, spoke to him about his brother and then to his brother about the work of the Mission. Railton sent straightway for William Booth’s sixpenny pamphlet entitled How to Reach the Masses with the Gospel which, says his biographer, became to him a trumpet call. In October 1872 he came down to London and stayed for a while at the Booth home, now situated at 3 Gore Road, Hackney, and, though warned against rushing his fences, within months was addressing his future leader as ‘my dear General’ and describing himself as ‘Your ever-to-be faithful Lieutenant’.

In March 1873 the 24-year-old Railton – ascetic to a fault in his habits, scholarly in mind, single-eyed in the service of evangelism – joined The Christian Mission. William Booth he worshipped this side of idolatry and poured into his ear a ceaseless stream of new ideas and new ways of making the gospel known. There was no fresh tactic which he would not first try out himself. No duty was too menial – or too demanding – to undertake for the cause. As General Bramwell Booth wrote after Railton’s death: ‘Next to my father and mother, the leading personal force… from 1872 to 1882 was George Scott Railton. Coming in as he did just then, when my father could lean little, if at all, on his eldest son, he was an immense accession.’ It was a personal tragedy for Railton, and a loss to the Movement, that this decade registered the high-water mark of his influence.
Meanwhile the Mission’s programme of self-government was taken a stage further by the enrolment in Chancery of a deed poll dated 5 June 1875, signed by William Booth as ‘President or Chairman of Conference’ and George Scott Railton as ‘Secretary’, which gave the former power to override Conference decisions as he might think fit and to nominate his successor by deed. All property, bought, leased or erected by the Mission, was to be held on trust accordingly, though a further change three years later made William Booth the sole trustee.

Despite the attention given to a suitable constitution, however, all was not well with the Mission. ‘In looking over our numerous stations,’ wrote William Booth in The Christian Mission Magazine for August 1871, ‘we see with grief two or three at which the work appears to be at a standstill.’

At Bow Common there was little to be said that was encouraging. The Penny Gaff at Limehouse had been passing under a cloud. At Croydon there had been a division of feeling and opinion which had greatly retarded the work. At Tunbridge Wells the evangelist had emigrated to Australia and the station had been closed though many precious souls had been handed over to the care of a friendly church. At Brighton, where a station had been opened in December 1869 after a campaign by Mrs Booth, the evangelist in charge had defected and again a station had to be closed. Later on similar trouble threatened at Portsmouth, where the evangelist handed in his resignation on being appointed elsewhere. This time William Booth, supported by Conference, stood firm. The proffered resignation was accepted, and Railton travelled down to Portsmouth to present the new evangelist who was well received. Yet in 1872 as in 1871, no new stations were opened at all. William Booth was to use the horrid word ‘stagnation’.

There were breaks in the cloud, however. Spurgeon came over twice to lecture – once at Bethnal Green and then at Whitechapel – on behalf of Mission funds. A summary of the work in 1875 listed stations as far apart as Middlesbrough and Hastings, Stockton and Cardiff, and the 1876 Conference was told that the Mission membership was just under 2,500. At the following Conference, however, William Booth had to berate those responsible for this figure because some evangelists, on entering their new station, had been unable to trace some of the names on their roll.

The sad truth was that the Mission was in peril of being strangled by its own constitution. There was a growing danger that discussion would take the place of action. The endless round of proposing, seconding, debating, amending, carrying, rejecting, postponing, afflicted every aspect of the work of the Mission from the smallest elders’ meeting to the level of the annual Conference itself.

For example, the first rule for admittance into membership of the Mission placed before the 1875 Conference read ‘Anyone may become a member of the Mission who is converted, and who lived consistently.’ During the debate an amendment was proposed, seconded, discussed and carried to add the words: ‘that no person be received as a member until they have been in membership for six weeks, being of the age of fifteen years’. Forget the faulty sentence construction, for worse was to follow. After further debate it was moved, seconded and agreed that the word ‘converted’ be deleted and the words ‘turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God’ be substituted.

This was multiplying phrases to no profit, but this was not the most serious consequence. The petty woes and weaknesses of a station became matters for repetitious debate. The elders’ meeting of the Croydon station held on Saturday evening, 10 March 1871, provides an example – and this with William Booth himself in the chair for some of the time.

Present: Brother Tidman in the chair; subsequently Brother Booth…

Minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

Extracts of rules were read having reference to unbecoming conduct on the part of members. The case of Sister Asher was then gone into and the meeting was satisfied that trifling and laughing were very unbecoming in any member at a prayer meeting. Brother Holme was desired to reprove Sister Asher for this offence.

The Secretary was desired to acknowledge receipt of Brother Russen’s letter and to request him to reconsider the question of his resignation as we were desirous of retaining him among us…

Brother Brewin reported that he had not sufficient… to pay Brother Tidman’s salary tonight, and as the rent of £13 2s 6d would become due next Saturday, he wished to learn from the members before he went home how this was to be met. As no one present expressed any opinion or advice on
how to obtain fresh supplies of income, the matter was commended to the prayerful consideration of those present.

Brother Booth quite agreed that only two courses were open namely, either to raise the income to meet the expenditure – which would be far preferable, or failing that, to reduce the expense to the amount of income.

Prayer closed the proceedings.

What Brother Booth really thought about such an evening is not recorded in the minutes. He can only be commended on the mildness of his Micawberish observation. Railton was more forthright. Said he:

In connection with halls that would not hold a hundred people, you might find as many as half a dozen different official bodies meeting every week. The poor convert who had been brought to the penitent form two months since must appear trembling before an elders’ meeting. If he ventured to aspire to public speaking he must pass another examination before the exhorters’ meeting. Did he wish to distribute tracts, he must see the tract committee…

If the tract distributor came across cases of extreme need, then he must apply to another committee for the help to the extent of a shilling or two which he might be allowed to give. By-and-by would come round the solemn day for the local preachers’ and the quarterly meetings… O those elders’ meetings… prolonged till midnight many a time!

In short, active workers were degenerating into committee talkers, and newcomers were being deterred from enlisting wholeheartedly in the work of the Mission by the thought of the interviews and examinations, which they would be required to face.

The pot boiled over some time towards the end of 1876. Railton, Bramwell Booth (now much stronger in health), Dowdle, Ridsdel and other bolder spirits waited upon William Booth. ‘We gave up our lives to work under you and those whom you should appoint,’ was the substance of their plea, ‘rather than under one another.’

A meeting of the principal mission leaders was called for 23 and 24 January 1877, and this was addressed by the General Superintendent on ‘The constitution and future of the Mission’. It was agreed that government by committee had become so cumbersome as to defeat its own end; that decisions for the good of the Mission had to be taken which could not brook the delay caused by the ponderous deliberations of the appropriate committee; and that the annual conference would function better as a council of war than as a legislative assembly. When the regular annual conference met in the following June these recommendations were presented – and accepted.

One of the first fruits of this new and effective sense of urgency was the way in which a threatened secession at Leicester was averted. This was the Brighton story all over again – but with a different ending. The evangelist in charge, backed up by a wealthy treasurer, wound up the work of The Christian Mission in the city and thereafter set up his own independent mission on the assumption that he would gather to himself the greater part of his former flock. But Corbridge was sent up without delay to hold the fort. William Booth followed shortly after and opened a building larger than the one secured for Mission purposes in the first place. The secessionist cause dwindled and died.

Now the Mission began to break out of its swathing bands. Elijah Cadman, the one-time sweep and prize-fighter who had been converted at Rugby, took up his first station at Hackney. James Dowdle was ‘fiddling through the streets of Bradford’ (wrote Bramwell Booth) and John Lawley was one of his many converts. William Booth’s eldest daughter, Catherine, (later known as the Maréchale) entered the work of the Mission and Ballington was to follow a year later.

In March 1878 two women evangelists, Rachel and Louise Agar, were appointed to Felling on Tyne. The material prepared for local advertising described them as ‘two lady preachers’ – but even the printer dismissed this phrase as insipid and unattractive. What would he propose then? ‘Two Hallelujah Lasses,’ he replied – and ‘Two Hallelujah Lasses’ it was.

William Booth was taken aback. Speaking later at the annual Wesleyan Methodist Conference he said:

I did not invent the term ‘Hallelujah Lasses’. When first I heard of it I was somewhat shocked; but telegram after telegram brought me word that no buildings could contain the people who came to hear the Hallelujah Lasses… So my end was gained and I was satisfied.
Meanwhile the widowed Mrs Sarah Sayers was sent with evangelist Henry Edmonds (not yet 17 years of age) to commence the work in Salisbury. Railton took personal charge of the Poplar station vowing that he would put new life into it. The irrepressible Cadman, with the youthful Gipsy Smith, was moved to Whitby, where he announced himself as ‘Captain’ and billed William Booth as ‘the General of the Hallelujah Army’. When he heard that William Booth was himself coming to Whitby he hid the poster from sight, but truth would out – and he was commended.

The decisive change was nearer than perhaps was realised. Early in May 1878 the annual printed report of The Christian Mission was being prepared. Across the foot of the title page ran a quotation from A. C. Tait, then Archbishop of Canterbury.

I believe that the only way we shall ever be able, in the enormous population of this ever-growing country, to maintain the cause of our Lord and Master, is to welcome every volunteer who is willing to assist the regular forces; and to arm, so far as we can, the whole population in the cause of Jesus Christ.

The heading at the top of the page ran:

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION
under the superintendence of the
Rev William Booth
is a Volunteer army…

This was the document awaiting the attention of William Booth, to whose bedroom Railton and Bramwell Booth had been summoned early in the morning, as was customary, to consider the business of the day. William’s pen hovered over the word ‘volunteer’. He was not overfond of it, for the Volunteers – a part-time citizen army constituted in the reign of George III – had long been a stock music hall joke. So ‘volunteer’ was crossed out and above it was written ‘salvation’. The change from the indefinite to the definite article completed the new name which appeared for the first time in the text of the editorial page of The Christian Mission Magazine for September 1878. The same issue contained a full report of the final Mission conference at which William Booth and George Scott

Railton signed an annulment of the 1875 deed poll and also approved a new deed which placed the Mission under the sole control of some one person – this to be William Booth for the term of his natural life.

Now by eastern as well as western windows, by northern as well as southern, the land looked bright. The year had seen an increase of 21 stations, of 57 evangelists and of over 1,300 members. Still a Gideon’s army, maybe. A total of 50 stations, 88 evangelists and 4,400 members was not a multitude – but it was an army on the march.

One commentator was to describe the alteration in name as fortuitous. If it was, William Booth altered better than he knew. The Christian Mission was now in deed and truth an Army of Salvation. No word is more biblical than salvation, and no army richer in resources than a detachment of the army of the living God.
**4. The Noise of an Host**

The dozen years between the change of name and the promotion to Glory of Catherine Booth – thereafter to be remembered as ‘the Army Mother’ – were to be among the most eventful in the life of the movement. Eventful years because crowded years – so crowded that growth in Britain has to be considered apart from extensions overseas; internal developments separate from external hostility; the maintenance of the work of evangelism distinct from the social services initiated.

The bedrock fact upon which all else was built was the spread of the work in the home country. For every Christian Mission station in Britain in 1878, there were 20 Salvation Army corps in 1886. For every evangelist in 1878, there were 25 commissioned officers in 1886. For the year ended 30 September 1878, the Mission’s overall expenses came to £4,362. For the year ended 30 September 1885, the audited balance sheet recorded an expenditure of £75,999 12s 31/2d. [The statement ending 30 September 1886 was lost when International Headquarters was destroyed on the night of 11 May 1941.] Half-pennies were still scrupulously counted! In short, by 1886 there were just over a thousand corps in Great Britain and over twice that number of officers.

The country had to admit, almost against its will, that a new and effective army had appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, to fight the battles of the Lord. The scoffers might scoff – the *Punch* of that day among them – but more serious people looked for a serious explanation. *The Contemporary Review* for August 1882 invited a rising star in the Anglican firmament, Randall Davidson, then resident chaplain at Lambeth, to say what these things meant. His explanation was fourfold – (1) that nothing succeeds like success; (2) that this new movement put its converts to work without delay; (3) that the personal testimony of those converts was an effective method of evangelism; and (4) that preaching and teaching were given in the language of the people.

Randall Davidson was right with his last three observations; the first overlooks those years when *The Christian Mission* was fighting for its very life. At the same time, none of these factors, taken either singly or together, any more account for the growth of The Salvation Army than a study of the economic, political and religious state of the First-century Mediterranean world accounts for the growth of the Early Church. The only adequate explanation of the rise of Quakerism in the 17th century, and of Methodism in the 18th, is that there is no merely rational explanation. Of each it may be said: ‘This is the Lord’s doing, it is marvellous in our eyes.’

God was again at work in the 19th century. This uprising was not of man. This was a holy war, the only kind of holy war there can ever be, for which men and women were trained not on the playing fields of Eton, but transformed by the grace of God on the less green and pleasant lands of the Gorbals, the pithead villages of the Rhondda, the back-to-back houses of the West Riding. As Robert Roberts wrote in *The Classic Slum*: ‘The Salvation Army came often into the streets of Salford. One stood grateful for the burst of glory and hated the silence as it flowed back.’ Life in this, and many a similar, setting was poor, nasty, brutish and short. Into this unrelieved drabness came an Army whose flag was woven of primary colours – yellow, red and blue, and surmounted by the sacred symbol of their faith. Baring Gould’s refrain:

*Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,*
*With the Cross of Jesus going on before–*

came to life. These were no longer a couple of lines in a hymnbook. They expressed a present and powerful reality and scores of lives were thereby given a new meaning and found a new purpose. Before William James ever coined the phrase, here was the moral equivalent for war. This was the good fight of faith which injured none but could bring happiness to all.

The flower girl in *Pygmalion* behaved like a lady when she was treated like a lady. The converted though still semi-literate labourer, slowly spelling out in his recently acquired copy of the New Testament: ‘Unto Him that loved us… and hath made us kings and priests unto God…’ felt himself lifted to a station and clothed with a dignity he had never known before. A king and priest! Then he would behave like such, even though he still lived in a slum. The theological content of the phrase was doubtless not fully understood by him. But he sensed its practical implications. He was no longer a dogsbody – to be pushed around. He was dear to God. That fact was enough to set a man firmly on his feet. Nor was this truth to be dismissed as another variation of pie in the sky. A man’s common sense told him that a faith which could not come to terms with the reality of
death as well as life was not worthy of the name. This new calling invested
his present life with a sense of worthwhileness. This was no postponed
dividend, payable only when the mortal should have put on immortality.
‘Present pay I now receive,’ sang the convert – and in these new riches he
could invite others to share.

It was also true that this newly established Army gained a hearing
because, in the main, here were ordinary men and women speaking to
their peers. ‘How knoweth these men letters, having never learned?’ could
have been a question raised about these unordained exhorters to flee from
the wrath to come. The majority of Anglican clergy were still drawn from
upper-middle-class homes. On an average two out of every three had been
to Oxford or Cambridge – and the church mostly preferred it that way.
Samuel Wilberforce, by this time Bishop of Winchester, would have none
of the idea that the lower classes might furnish the best clergy to minister
to their own kind. It was well known that this new self-styled ‘General’
himself spoke with a provincial accent. Could anything better be expected
from his followers?

That many an early-day Salvation Army Captain lacked academic
polish is not disputed. They will not be blamed for this when it is
remembered that, before the passing of the Education Act in 1870, 40
children out of every 100 in Birmingham, and 50 out of every 100 in
Manchester, ran the streets. But not a few of these same officers possessed
native gifts, and were blessed with Christian graces, which made them the
natural leaders not only of their equals but of some of their intellectual
superiors as well. Take, for example, this extract from a report by Kate
Watts and Harriet Parkin at Merthyr Tydfil. The date is May 1878:

…The people… are so nice to talk to When we go out the
women make curtseys, and the men almost fall on their
face! If we stand still for one moment a crowd gets around
us to see if we are to talk. When we go to visit, we are no
sooner in a house than it is full of people. Men and women
who pass by and see us standing inside will ask if they may
come in to hear us pray. Nearly always before we get up off
our knees the room is full of people.

Again, the very nature of the buildings where Army meetings were
held told in the Army’s favour. Owen Chadwick summed up the existing
situation when he wrote: ‘Few could get the poor into church. But it was
discovered that the poor would listen in great numbers provided they were
not asked to enter a church.’ So the disadvantages which William Booth
suffered from the nature of the properties he was able to secure worked to
his advantage. It was a blessing in disguise that The Salvation Army’s
place of worship in Ancoats was a disused music hall, in Millwall a former
cowshed, in Blackburn the top floor of a warehouse, in Leeds the Boar
Lane circus, in Coventry a factory, in York a former skating rink and in St
Ives a sail loft. These truly Bunyanesque settings – ‘Have you forgot the
close, the milkhouse, the stable, the barn… where God did visit your
souls?’ – were so plainly unecclesiastical as to free the irreligious man
from his deep-seated inhibitions about entering a place of worship.

Nor did the meetings held within these secular walls consist merely
of raucous rantings. Far from decorous in the conventional sense some
may have been. Devoid, too, of any liturgical beauty. There were no richly
stained windows which excluded the light; no tracery in stone on which to
feast the eye when the service wearied the ear. Nevertheless in such
unadorned settings deep still spoke unto deep. Even the ranks of Tuscany
had to acknowledge that. In the year after the change of name The Secular
Review sent a reporter to the People’s Hall in the Whitechapel Road, and
his impressions deserve to be quoted at length:

Before the service begins, we follow the orthodox course
of looking around us. Not at the bonnets of the ladies, for
here there is nothing gaudy or ostentatious in dress. The
congregation is evidently drawn from the poorer classes,
with here and there a young man or woman who may be
slightly superior in point of what the world calls re-
spectability. In nearly every face there is a subdued and
chastened expression, which may partly, perhaps, be as-
cribed to religious emotion, but which we are confident is
mainly the creation of penury. We have seen this look too
often – in England, Ireland, Scotland and America – ever
to fail to recognise it…. We know it to be the mark which
the world and its trials seldom fail to set upon the counte-
nances of the poor….

These Salvationists are in earnest – plain, vulgar, down-
right, most unfashionably earnest….

The service begins with a hymn sung to the air of ‘Ye
banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon’. There is no instrumen-
tal accompaniment, nor is any needed. The eyes of the men
and women on the platform – of young and middle-aged alike – positively light up with enthusiasm, and as the hymn proceeds and the oft-repeated chorus gathers strength, arms and hands are raised to beat time with the singing….

And now comes a prayer… an address to God, and we are compelled to acknowledge that it is an able one. It moves the hearers’ sympathy. Its eucharistic cries arouse… cries of ‘Amen!’, ‘Glory!’ ‘Hallelujah!’ from all around.

After prayer we get another hymn and then Peter Keen, who is to do the chief portion of the business tonight, reads the 15th chapter of Luke’s Gospel…. The reader has a peculiar habit of pronouncing the letter ‘r’ in words where no such sound occurs. His grammar is altogether very loose, but the man does his work of reading, commenting and subsequently of preaching in a manner that Oxford and Cambridge theologians might profitably strive to emulate. He is not theatrical, affected, stilted or coarse. He is natural, and undoubtedly is firmly convinced of the truth of the gospel which he declares. With a rude, untutored, but withal moving eloquence, he preaches a sermon upon the inability of man to do aught for himself, and the consequent necessity of ‘throwing it all upon Jesus’….

This is simply an assembly of Christian enthusiasts who… have no swelling organ, no white-robed choristers, no gaudily bedizened priests. There is not a watch chain or a trinket visible upon the persons of the 30 or more of those who face us from the platform….

The newly formed Army was further helped because it soon began to look like an army. Mrs Booth presented the first Salvation Army flag to the 35th (Coventry) Corps on the last weekend of September 1878.

Uniform became the order of the day. At first one or two enthusiasts appeared clad in whatever seemed right in their own eyes. Herbert Booth turned out one day wearing a self-made helmet decorated with an Army crest, and Dowdle night have thought he had gone one better when his helmet was adorned with a plume of feathers. But these aberrations gave way to a red guernsey for the men – a garment within reach of the poorest recruit – and the now familiar Army bonnet (price six shillings) for the women.

Bands of varying sizes and degrees of musical skill began to make themselves heard. They were not always welcome. ‘Are you one of those who yesterday were turning Hull into hell?’ asked an irate resident of Captain Edward John Higgins, later to be the Army’s third General. The question was possibly justified for not all these musical pioneers possessed a zeal which was according to knowledge. Yet the legendary Fry family at Salisbury were expert musicians. The father, F. W. Fry, had played solo cornet in the band of the Rifle Brigade. The corps band at Consett was formed in the latter part of 1879; that at Northwich in 1880, and within three years there were 400 Salvation Army bands in the British Isles.

To provide material for these early-day musical enthusiasts, both vocal and instrumental, William Booth brought out in 1876 a selection of what he called Revival Music.

This was followed in 1880 and 1883 respectively by two volumes of Salvation Army Music, which included the original work of such pioneer songwriters as Herbert Booth, Richard Slater, the Frys of Salisbury and James C. Bateman. Instrumental music was first issued in July 1882 and the stream of original compositions – written mostly by Salvationists for the use of Salvationists – continues unabated to this day.

The outcry which arose concerning the setting of religious words to secular tunes (the law of copyright was only loosely enforced prior to the Copyright Act of 1911) and the horrified charge of blasphemy raised by some undoubtedly sincere people, overlooked the fact that in the Arian controversy in the fourth century rival theological views were discussed over shop counters and set to the popular tunes of the day. Luther unblushingly advocated the use of ‘the common songs of our own people for use in our churches’. Even Paul Gerhardt’s moving words ‘O sacred Head, sore wounded’ have been forever wedded to what was originally a 16th-century love song written by H. L. Hassler. And today an accepted hymnal like Songs of Praise discreetly hides the secular tune behind some such innocuous description as ‘Gaelic air’, ‘English traditional melody’ or ‘From a Dresden song book’.

In this matter William Booth may now feel himself vindicated as one born out of due time. What is called ‘the people’s musical vernacular’ is now cautiously welcomed rather than wholly condemned. Even the 25th
anniversary service of the World Council of Churches held in St Peter’s Cathedral, Geneva, included a psalm setting in contemporary idiom – guitars, drums and all! Shades of the once maligned Joystriangs!

The advance – or retreat – of any army made news. The War Cry first came off the press on Saturday 27 December 1879, and, at the time of writing, maintained a weekly circulation in Great Britain in excess of 200,000 without the help of a single inch of commercial advertising. Like many another original Salvation Army feature, this caught the imagination of some who might hardly have been expected to recognise its existence. But when Max Beerbohm held his first one-man exhibition at the Carfax Gallery, he portrayed George Bernard Shaw in Army uniform, with one finger pointing to Heaven and sticking out of one pocket The Shaw Cry.

Ranks were also essential to an Army.

Captains and Majors were the earliest titles. But this did not mean that the burden of the Army’s witness fell solely – or even mainly – upon its officers. Very early in the piece – by 1882 at the latest – every convert or recruit who wished to become a soldier (ie a fully accepted member) was required to sign the Articles of War – a short statement of Christian doctrine, a pledge to maintain Christian standards of daily conduct, and a promise to do all in his (or her) power to further the work of the Army. Every soldier was therefore an activist. No nominal membership for William Booth. This meant that every officer could require the active cooperation of every soldier of the corps, and every soldier expected to be called upon for duty according to his capacity and availability. This was the foundation of the evangelistic work and witness to be seen to this day. In most of the Salvation Army marches currently on the streets of the western world, there may be two officers – sometimes only one, and he (or she) will most probably be in charge of the local corps. Every other Salvationist will be – in church terms – a member of the laity, following his trade or profession every other day of the working week.

Finally, it was from these soldiers and recruits that William Booth drew his future leaders. ‘We shall grow our own stuff,’ he said. Even in Christian Mission days he prophesied that the time would not be far distant when he would accept no candidate for service who had not been converted in, or trained by, the Mission.

To the enrichment of the Army’s beginnings he did not keep to the letter of his self-imposed vow. There were kindred spirits not of the Army who offered themselves voluntarily to the Army. Frederick de Lautour Tucker was one. This Assistant Commissioner in the Indian Civil Service read a copy of the 1880 Christmas War Cry, whereupon he applied for leave of absence and presented himself to William Booth at an Exeter Hall meeting on Easter Monday, 18 April 1881. Mildred Duff, daughter of a Norfolk county family and one-time debutante, was another. John Carleton, Ulster business executive, was yet another. Elwin Oliphant, Kensington curate, exchanged his clerical garb for a red guernsey. Clara Case forsook her studies at the Bristol University College to become an officer, and William Stevens parted with his flourishing jeweller’s business in Worthing to do the same.

The list could be lengthened both in Britain and also in lands where the Army had yet to begin its work. Yet the greater proportion of those who became officers at this time, and subsequently rose to national and international leadership, were men and women who entered into a Christian experience through the ministry of the Army. The roll would some who became household names within The Salvation Army, such as Arthur Blowes from Holloway, Henry Bullard from Leamington, David Cuthbert from Perth, James Hay from Govan, Edward J. Higgins from Reading, Charles H. Jeffries from Whitechapel, John B. Laurie from Dumfries, Francis Pearce from Pontypool, Isaac Unsworth from Consett, Charles Sowton from Brighton, Hugh E. Whatmore from Whitechapel and Richard Wilson from Barnsley. These, and many more like them, who belonged to the people, gave themselves to the service of the people that, by the grace of God, the people might accept Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord.
5. The Least of All Seeds

‘The Army did not spread abroad by the determination of its leaders,’ wrote St John Ervine. ‘It spread by the force of its own energy and strength.’ The notion of William Booth as a religious Alexander sighing for fresh worlds to conquer is as wide of the mark as can be. New shoots began to grow in unexpected places seemingly of their own accord. The wind blew where it listed. Three of the earliest openings overseas – the United States, Australia and Canada – are examples of this.

A soldier of the Coventry Corps, Amos Shirley, migrated to the United States in 1879 and found work in a silk factory in Philadelphia. Soon he was arranging for his wife to join him and to bring with her their teenage daughter, Eliza. But the girl was already a Salvation Army officer, stationed at Bishop Auckland, and William Booth was unwilling to release her. But ‘If you must go,’ he wrote, ‘and if you should start a work, start it on the principles of The Salvation Army.’

The Shirleys rented an empty chair factory at ten dollars a month. Money was borrowed to buy a few benches and to cover with wooden planks the earthen floor where speakers would stand and seekers kneel. The first open-air meeting was held at the junction of Fourth and Oxford Streets – a plaque marks the spot – and the Salvation Factory, so named after the Army hall in Coventry, proved far too small to house the crowds who flocked to the meetings. Thereafter Eliza, with one of the new converts to act as ‘Lieutenant’, opened a second corps in West Philadelphia.

Reports of the successful start made by the Shirleys reached London. ‘We must go’ announced a banner headline in The War Cry for 31 January 1880 – nor did the pioneers stay upon the order of their going. Within less than a fortnight a public farewell was held. Mrs Booth presented two Army flags to the party – one for the existing corps in Philadelphia, the other in faith for the corps to be formed in New York. On both was discreetly quartered the United States national flag, and on 14 February Commissioner George Scott Railton, clad for the first time in full Salvation Army uniform, accompanied by Captain Emma Westbrook and six other women soldiers, left by the Anchor liner Australia.

On landing at the immigration station at Battery Point, the party held a brief open-air meeting at the request of the customs officials. But Sunday meetings were another matter. The better theatres would not allow themselves to be rented by these questionable arrivals. They feared disorder and damage. Many of the less desirable kind had shows on Sundays anyway, but one Bowery manager saw in the newcomers a possible new act for his Sunday night programme. It was a new act – but not of the kind he imagined. The clash between his thoughts and those of Railton is seen in the bill which announced the event:

The Salvation Army will attack the kingdom of the Devil at Harry Hill’s Variety Theatre on Sunday, March 14th, 1880, commencing at 6.30 p.m. sharp.

After which the panorama of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’. Admission 25 cents.

Railton led the meeting and spoke. Each of the seven sisters prayed in turn. The audience grew restless. Herbert Wisbey reports that the meeting closed without seekers, though the audience remained for Uncle Tom’s Cabin. But outside was an alcoholic who had often been in jail. He became converted, and news of his change of heart and life brought many people to subsequent meetings. Railton rented a hall on Seventh Avenue and appointed Captain Emma Westbrook in charge of the first New York corps.

One major obstacle to further progress was that the mayor of New York would not allow Railton to hold open-air meetings. The right to hold religious services out of doors was limited by law to ordained clergy and ministers of religion. Railton was neither, and when his fulminations against the mayor accomplished nothing, he betook himself to Philadelphia where, under the leadership of the Shirleys, there were already two corps and 200 Salvationists. By the month of May Railton cabled William Booth to say that the Army in the United States now totalled 16 officers, 40 cadets and over 400 soldiers.

In the following November he moved to St Louis, but once again the authorities forbade any open-air meetings so Railton took his stand on the
frozen Mississippi – in his judgment beyond the reach of the fiat of the city fathers. He published an American edition of The War Cry – but had to be his own distributor as well, peddling the paper in the saloons and on the sidewalks. In the midst of all this selfless activity Railton was ordered back to London. He was too loyal a spirit to refuse. It was left for later leaders to secede rather than obey. All he voiced was the hope that he might be allowed to return at some future date.

He was succeeded by Major Thomas Moore who, as events were to prove, was not cast in the Railton mould. Nevertheless, the work progressed. The West Coast was opened up by Major Alfred Wells and Captain Henry Stillwell. Corps were commenced in such widely separated areas as Manchester in Connecticut and Tampa in Florida. But growth brought its problems – particularly in the realm of property, and on this sensitive and admittedly difficult matter Moore did not wholly agree with his General. When in 1884, after representatives from International Headquarters had crossed the Atlantic to study the matter at first hand, Moore was farewelled and appointed to South Africa, he seceded – taking with him the greater part of the Army’s personnel and property and forming ‘The Salvation Army of America’. Commissioner Frank Smith was sent post haste from London to hold the line – which he did to such good effect that when William Booth visited the United States two years later, he found some 238 corps in operation.

Unbeknown, further trouble lay in wait. Frank Smith did not enjoy the best of health and in 1887 the General sent his second son, Ballington, with his wife, Maud, to be the country’s new Salvation Army leaders. At first all went well. Both newcomers became American citizens. Ballington was a commanding figure in any company. His wife was both attractive and energetic and won the Army many friends. To the work which Railton had commenced in the German-American community was added work among the Scandinavians in the East and the mid-West. On 8 September 1894, Staff-Captain John Milsaps commenced the work in Hawaii. In the same year, the golden jubilee year of his conversion, William Booth again visited the States – but he felt a certain pricking in his thumbs and confided his fears to Bramwell. Would Ballington want to remain in his present appointment indefinitely?

Late in 1887 a number of international changes were planned but Ballington and his wife, rather than move to another appointment, chose to remain in the United States and formed the Volunteers of America.
Booth married James Barker and Alice Sutton, and the next day they also sailed for Australia, Major Barker being charged ‘to represent headquarters in the whole of the colonies of the Southern seas’.

Meanwhile the Sutherlands had moved on to Sydney and held their first open-air meeting in the New South Wales capital on Saturday evening, 2 December 1882, in Paddy’s Market. At Newtown, the next opening, meetings were first held in a tent. At Waterloo, another inner belt suburb, there was also a ready response and a notable future benefactor of the Army, Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, was converted here at this time.

Meanwhile, the Barkers opened North Melbourne (Hotham Hill) on 24 December 1882, and a second Melbourne corps at Collingwood two weeks later. Brisbane did not see the Army until June 1885, and following the discovery of gold on the Murchison Fields, a pioneer party farewelled from Melbourne on 10 December 1891, to sail to West Australia.

There was, of course, the customary opposition from corner boys. Some shopkeepers kept eggs of ancient vintage for sale at reduced prices for the express purpose of assailing Salvation Army marches. Moreover, the police and courts took an inordinately long time to allow the Army the freedom of the streets. In 1884 the officer at Prahan, Melbourne’s third corps, was sentenced to 24 hours’ imprisonment for leading a procession. Headed by Major Barker, a large contingent of Salvationists marched him home on his release, but the police proceeded against Barker and he was sentenced, in lieu of paying a fine, to a month’s imprisonment. On appeal to a higher court the sentence was confirmed, and this served as an undesirable precedent up to 1907 when the last prosecution for obstruction took place at Sale in Victoria. From first to last over a hundred Salvationists were fined or imprisoned for holding street meetings or marching the streets.

The irony was that Barker was the first to open a home for discharged prisoners. This was at Carlton, a Melbourne suburb, on 3 December 1883. He also obtained permission to visit the Victorian prisons, including Pentridge. Similar work was commenced among women prisoners at the beginning of 1884, and a rescue home for women was opened at Geelong in April of the same year. Such was the value placed on Barker’s work that he was empowered by the government of Victoria to ‘apprehend, without warrant, any child apparently under the age of 16 years, found residing in conditions of moral danger’.

So the work progressed under T. Henry Howard (1886), T. B. Coombs (1889), Herbert Booth (1896), Thomas McKie (1901) and James Hay (1909). The one shadow on the story was the resignation of Herbert Booth and his wife. He had received much from the movement, for opportunities of leadership in three continents had been his. But he had also given much to the Salvation Army world for even today no Sunday passes without one of his songs – of which there are 30 in the current (1953) edition of The Song Book of The Salvation Army – being used in public worship. Verses such as –

From Thee I would not hide
My sin, because of fear
What men may think; I hate my pride,
And as I am appear.
Just as I am, O Lord,
Not what I’m thought to be,
Just as I am, a struggling soul
For life and liberty.

Or –

Let me love Thee, I am gladdest
When I’m loving Thee the best;
For in sunshine or in sadness
I can find in Thee my rest.
Love will soften every sorrow.
Love will lighten every care,
Love unquestioning will follow,
Love will triumph, love will dare –

will live on by reason of their devotional strength and delicacy of phrase.

Beginnings in Canada were not dissimilar from those in Australia. Among the new arrivals in the country in 1881 was the 18-year-old Jack Addie who had been converted in Newcastle-upon-Tyne under Captain Rodney (Gipsy) Smith and who had now settled with his parents in London (Ontario). One night a stranger entered the Askin Wesleyan Methodist Church which, in the absence of any Salvation Army corps, Addie had joined. The visitor gave his testimony and then sang an Army song. It was the first Addie had heard since he left the north of England.

‘Do you belong to The Salvation Army?’ Addie asked.

‘I was converted there,’ was the stranger’s reply.
To the complete surprise of the meeting the two young men embraced and, arraying themselves in a uniform similar to that of an English policeman in pre-war days, with a blue helmet carrying an Army crest with the line underneath: ‘Prepare to meet thy God’, they started in characteristic Army fashion to hold first open-air, and then indoor, meetings.

Addie and Ludgate wrote to International Headquarters for officers, but the reply was that no one was available. A further letter told them to write to Railton in New York which they did, but after three months their communication was returned from the dead letter office. They tried London once more – to learn that Railton had left New York and his place had been taken by Major Thomas Moore. After writing to Moore they received a telegram saying that he would be over in a fortnight; meanwhile they were to hold the fort. They did more than that! When Moore arrived there were 50 soldiers waiting to be enrolled. He made Addie and Ludgate Captains on the spot; and then took Ludgate with him back to New York, leaving Addie on his own!

To add to the youthful Captain’s difficulties, the city council passed an ordinance forbidding street marches or drum beatings. Here is Addie’s own description of what followed:

I threw myself upon God for guidance. Remembering His promise, I opened my Bible and read: ‘They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee’ (Jeremiah 1: 19);…. The news that the Army would march out that night spread like wildfire…. It seemed as if the whole town turned out to see us arrested. Six policemen were detailed to bring us in, but the crowd was so great and so definitely on our side, that the police deemed discretion to be the better part of valour…. I was taken quietly after the meeting was over, but was allowed to go on promising to appear in court next morning.

A friendly lawyer offered his services free of charge, but I said that I would plead my own cause. I told the crowded court that we were not lawbreakers, but were labouring to make lawbreakers into law-abiding citizens. ‘We have men here this morning,’ I said, ‘who have been before this court again and again, but when the law could not help them, God used the Army as the instrument of their conversion.’ At this point one of them called out: ‘Here’s one right here.’ ‘And here’s another,’ added another. ‘And another,’ and so on. ‘Order,’ called the judge, ‘this is not a camp meeting.’ And without looking up he added: ‘The ordinance has been broken. Five dollars or ten days.’

I asked that no one should pay the fine and chose the jail sentence. ‘Shall I put him down now?’ asked a court official. ‘We’ll give him five days to think it over,’ ruled the judge.

Addie heard no more of the five dollars or ten days until he received farewell orders – at which he presented himself at the police station. He had just enough time to serve the ten days before leaving for his next command in California. ‘California is a long way away,’ commented the police chief. Addie agreed.

‘When we want you, we’ll come to California and get you,’ was the response. And that was that!

Meantime an immigrant husband and wife, Mr and Mrs Freer, had begun Army meetings in Toronto – first in a building at the corner of Yonge and Gerrard Streets, and then in a small church in Richmond Street. Headway was slow at first though a few converts were made, one of whom was William McIntyre, the first Canadian born Salvationist to become a Commissioner. The first officer reinforcements reached the country in August 1882 when Captain Charles Wass and Captain Annie Shirley from New York arrived in Toronto and London respectively. Both appointments proved outstandingly successful. The work grew rapidly and on 1 June 1884, Canada was constituted a territory with the 24-year-old Major T. B. Coombs in charge. By the autumn of the year 62 corps had been opened.

On 1 November 1884, the first issue of the Canadian War Cry appeared. On the following 14 December work was begun in Montreal; on 2 March 1885, in Ottawa; on 19 April in Saint John, New Brunswick; by September in Halifax, Nova Scotia; by the following year in St John’s, Newfoundland and, by the middle of 1887, by way of Winnipeg and Edmonton, in the city of Victoria on Vancouver Island.
Even before this coast to coast development was complete William Booth paid his first visit to the dominion and was enraptured by what he saw. ‘Here,’ he said in 1886, ‘is a nation being made.’ But the Army within that nation in the making was not turned in upon itself. During this visit the General dedicated a group of Canadian officers for service in India – where the Army was as new as it was in Canada and a further party of 20 officers arrived in Bombay on 18 December 1889.

The Army in Canada was still to be sorely tried – in Ontario by fire – by arson, to be exact; in Quebec by brutal rioting; and in 1892 by a secession known as ‘the Split’. This occurred at a time of grave economic depression which imposed serious internal strains upon a fast growing movement. But though some officers resigned, no rival organisation was set up as happened on the other side of the 49th Parallel, and what has been described as ‘a golden decade’ began when another Booth – Evangeline this time – took command in 1896.

If not the most important, at least one of the more picturesque of her activities was her visit to the Klondyke in 1898. Gold had been discovered and in Skagway – a boom town where public order was not always maintained – a group of Salvationists held an open-air meeting on the corner between the Pack Train saloon and Soapy Sam’s Place. Soapy Sam – he answered to the unromantic surname of Smith – had been chased out of Denver, but now he and his gang, all of whom were quick on the draw, had been establishing themselves in their new home town. But Soapy had been listening to Evangeline, then little more than 30 years of age. All the same, Salvationists could not conceal their alarm when they saw Soapy and a small bodyguard approaching.

‘Leave him to me,’ said Evangeline. Supper was over, she told Soapy, but they could talk over a cup of cocoa. Believe it or not, cocoa it was! Soapy explained that if he surrendered to the authorities it would mean death for him, whereat he was told of a salvation which meant victory alike in life and in death. Then there was prayer together – but not long afterwards Skagway wearied of Soapy. In the shooting which followed he was badly wounded and, though a surgeon worked on him in the hope that he might live to be hanged, Soapy cheated the gallows.

Like father, like daughter. Like William, his cherished Evangeline believed in salvation for all.

6. By Honour and Dishonour

There were fields white unto harvest nearer than North America. France was one – and on Friday evening, 14 February 1881, the St James Hall in Regent Street was crowded for the farewell of the General’s third child and eldest daughter, the 22-year-old Catherine, for Paris. With her were Florence Soper (later Mrs Bramwell Booth), Adelaide Cox and Elizabeth Clarke. Catherine sang some verses and gave part of her farewell address in French. Her mother presented her with an Army flag and The War Cry reported that £500 were raised at the meeting towards the cost of this new venture.

‘Catherine unfurled the flag in a hall in the Rue d’Angoulême in Belleville on Sunday, 13 March. The odds would have daunted any but the most dedicated spirit. The language barrier was only a minor one – though Adelaide Cox confessed her mortification when she realised that the argot of Belleville seemed to bear little resemblance to the French for which she had gained a prize at the college for young ladies at which she had been educated. More seriously, a wave of anti-clericalism was sweeping the country and the rumour that the new arrivals were engaged in a conspiracy to bring the Jesuits back to power did not help the infant cause. For a time meetings ended without a single seeker – and the newcomers hardly knew what to think when their first convert did not even belong to the nation to which they had been sent.

In the autumn a move was made to better premises in the Quai Valmy. Two French-speaking officers from the Channel Islands proved a help. Herbert Booth came over for a while and Arthur Clibborn, who had been a member of the Society of Friends and who was to marry Catherine in 1887, was also accepted for service in France. The training of cadets was begun and corps were opened in the south of the country. But in Paris itself opposition increased rather than diminished. No street meetings were allowed though the En Avant could be sold. In her guilelessness Catherine proposed that the new paper should be called Amour. Her
biographer has suggested that she had not envisaged the effect of her girl cadets appearing on the boulevards with the cry: ‘Amour! Un sou!’ There was no lack of ribaldry as it was. Some men were not slow to accost the girl Salutistes – mostly in bawdy jest but sometimes in earnest. One man actually approached Catherine for a rendezvous and, supposing that her silence gave consent, asked ‘Where?’ ‘Devant le trône de Dieu’, was her shattering reply, at which he took to his heels.

Hostility reached a climax when yet another Army hall was opened in the Rue Oberkampf. Mrs Booth crossed the Channel for this event – but the congregation was no respecter of persons. The police closed the hall in the interest of public order.

Thoughts now turned to Switzerland – particularly to the French-speaking cantons. From these more Protestant areas greater sympathy might be expected and French-speaking officers might be raised. Late in 1882 a copy of Én Avant came into the hands of Pastor Dardier, who was so impressed by its contents that he ordered 500 copies forthwith. Impressed by such a shipping order Colonel Clibborn travelled with the papers to Geneva and spoke about the work of L’Armée du Salut in the smaller Reformation Hall on 10 December. Catherine followed post haste to Geneva and held meetings in the Casino on 22 and 23 December. Subsequent gatherings were held in the large Salle de la Reformation – the first tumultuous in the extreme, the second quiet and orderly when there were 50 seekers. ‘Nothing like this has been seen in Geneva since the days of Calvin’ was one verdict. True enough – though not wholly in the sense intended. Physical opposition broke out. Certain key figures in the cantonal administration were prejudiced in advance against the new movement. Sadly many in the Swiss Protestant community misunderstood the Army’s aims and methods, and the upshot was that Catherine was expelled. She appealed to the cantonal Grand Council against the order and, under a safe conduct, returned to the city to plead her cause. One of the council members charged her with scandalising the public by her behaviour. Catherine’s reply is worth quoting:

Listen, I beg of you…. If I and my comrades had come to act in one of your theatres… we could have sung and danced upon your stage, dressed in a manner much less modest…. We could have appeared before a miscellaneous audience of men and women, young and old, of every class…. Members of the Grand Council would have come to see us act…. You would have clapped your hands and cheered us. You would have brought your wives and daughters to see us. There would have been nothing to scandalise you, in immorality, in all that. But when we try… to tell you the glad tidings of salvation, then you cry out that this is unseemly and immodest…. You will not bring your wives and daughters to hear us speak of Jesus….

To no avail! Catherine then moved on to Neuchâtel where she and Captain Becquet were arrested and remanded in prison for trial. This time two able and sympathetic lawyers of the Neuchâtel bar were engaged for the defence and, after a two-day hearing, the jury found that though the accused had broken the law, it was not with ‘culpable intention’, and they were therefore discharged.

Catherine returned to France, and her continued desire to seek out those who were lost is well expressed by the painting of Baron Cederström entitled ‘The Maréchale in the Café’ and which now hangs in the art gallery at Gothenburg. Salvationists in Switzerland continued to be harassed by the forces of disorder and law and order alike. The authorities seemed to be in terror of what the Army might do. The Canton of Berne forbade all meetings even before a Salvationist had put in an appearance. At Orbe Charlotte Stirling was sentenced to 100 days’ imprisonment in the castle of Chillon for having held some children’s gatherings. Anna von Wattenwyl, though belonging to one of Switzerland’s most distinguished families, was arrested for having prolonged a meeting beyond nine o’clock at night. By 1886 the Canton of Zürich followed the example of Berne by prohibiting all meetings – this time on the ground of the Pedlars’ Law, putting Salvation Army gatherings on the level of gipsy entertainment. In June 1890 the legal position of the new movement was debated in the Swiss Parliament, and though the President of the Confederation decided in the Army’s favour, it was some years before the various cantonal by-laws were repealed. At last in 1896 a corps was opened in Berne, the Swiss federal capital.
Six days after Catherine Booth held her first public meeting in the Casino Hall in Geneva, Hanna Cordelia Ouchterlony commenced the work of the Army in Sweden with a similar public gathering in the Ladugårdslands Theatre in Stockholm.

Four years earlier she had met the 22-year-old Bramwell Booth at Värnamo where he was on holiday at the invitation of his family friends, Mr and Mrs Billups of Cardiff. Billups was engaged in the construction of a railway from Halmstad to Jönköping and was combining business with pleasure by staying at a neighbouring farmhouse. At his host’s suggestion Bramwell was asked first to conduct family prayers which the farmer and his household began to attend, and then to lead evening prayers at a time when other friends would be able to be present. As successively larger rooms proved inadequate to house the numbers that gathered, the meetings were transferred to a local mission hall. The life of the 40-year-old Hanna Ouchterlony, who had already commenced a religious bookshop on the ground floor of her house in Värnamo, took on a new spiritual depth and direction as she attended these meetings.

Early in 1881 she received an invitation from the Billupses to visit England, but the greater part of her time was spent in the home of William and Catherine Booth. Hanna returned to Sweden wearing a Salvation Army shield – and the following year spent another seven months in Britain, partly at the training college and partly with the Booths. On Tuesday 28 November 1882, at the Exeter Hall, she was appointed to commence the work of the Army in Sweden, and this time Bramwell presented her with an Army flag. A month from that date the first meeting was held in Stockholm at which the newly commissioned Major was assisted by Lieutenants Jenny Svenson and Emily Petterson, together with an English officer, Captain Garside.

As elsewhere, public disturbances became a feature of the day. The Major was asked to answer such questions as ‘Why do you wear so objectionable a dress?’ ‘Why must you sing your choruses over and over again? Can’t you do as in the church and sing each verse once only?’ ‘Why do you bring over riff-raff from England to kneel at your penitent form?’ It hardly needs to be said that the riff-raff – if that is what they were – were Swedish, not English.

The police then decided that admission to Salvation Army meetings should be by ticket only, price one kroner. But people came as before, to the benefit of Army funds. The next step was to forbid the holding of Army meetings after sunset. Obviously this varied with the season of the year and the latitude of the place. Hugh E. Whatmore, who was sent to replace Garside when he fell ill, has described the bland arguments which would arise as to whether dusk had really fallen. One supposition was that so long as a newspaper could be read out of doors without artificial light, then it was still day! But what officer was going to break off a meeting in which men and women were accepting Jesus as Saviour because darkness had fallen? The first instance of this new rule in operation was at Visby where the officers went to prison for eight days for continuing a meeting after eight o’clock at night. In the end, and as a result of an appeal to the Swedish king himself, the restrictions were removed.

Street meetings and marches were still forbidden, but outdoor meetings were held – by permission of the landlord – in many of the large courtyards to be found in the city. A yard would be cleared of snow and, with the help of empty herring barrels, a platform would be improvised on which Salvationists would take their stand. Despite the intense cold, a congregation would assemble and seekers would publicly commit themselves to Christ as Saviour.

Before long Hanna Ouchterlony had gathered about her men and women of integrity and intelligence. As with the roll in the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews of those who lived by faith, time would fail to tell of them all. But there was Johan Ögrim who, at the age of 35, with a wife and three children, gave up schoolmastering to become an Army Captain and, after service in Denmark, England, Finland and Norway, returned to his homeland in 1912 to become Territorial Commander. There was Emanuel Hellberg, student at Uppsala University when the Army began in Stockholm but who, after training in England, returned to Sweden with the rank of Cadet and later married the General’s youngest daughter, Lucy. There was Lisa Liljegren who, at 25 years of age, was given charge of the newly formed women’s social services and who, after 21 years’ duty in that field, had established 18 women’s homes and 25 goodwill centres free of all debt. There was Herman Martinsson who was accepted for officership at 50 years of age after having been an actor for a
In Norway as in Sweden, the Army attracted to its ranks some outstanding people. Carl Breien had already committed his life to Christ and, despite the warning of the minister who described the building of the first Army hall in Oslo as ‘the greatest error of our times’, went with his father to a meeting at Grønland. The teenager became Norway’s first man cadet and, at the age of 21, a divisional commander.

Othilie Tonning, who met the Army in Stavanger, would have served as a model for a character in an Ibsen play. In her late teens she rejected the Christian faith; she was ‘advanced’ in her views; she was fearless in the expression of her opinions. But after her conversion she served the cause of Christ with equal boldness. In the autumn of 1891 she offered herself for any form of service in The Salvation Army. In 1898 she was made head of the women’s social services. In 1910 she received the King’s Medal of Merit for her work and, when she set up her Christmas kettles, King Haakon always came out on the first day of the collection to add his own substantial contribution.

A third was Klaus Östby—mystic and musician, who was appointed leader of the Norwegian Travelling Staff band within months of becoming an officer, and who lived to hear his music played in all parts of the Army world. His delightful spirit is reflected in the title of one of his best known works, ‘The Jolly Salvationist’.

With such stalwarts no wonder there was no holding back the Army in Sweden, and no wonder that the work spread to Norway. William Booth had a very warm place in his heart for Norway. It was the only country in which he held a meeting before the work of the Army was officially commenced, and it was the last country which he visited five months before his promotion to Glory. That was his 17th visit to Norway in 25 years.

The Army was fortunate enough to begin work in Oslo (then Christiania) in its own hall, built by a comrade who became the first corps secretary in the country. Staff-Captain Albert Orsborn, with a baby in arms who later became the Army’s sixth General, arrived in a snowstorm to be greeted at the opening meeting on 22 January 1889— at which the ubiquitous Railton was also present—and to serve under Commissioner Ouchterlony. Ten weeks later a second corps was opened in Oslo, and within another three weeks a third, to which 250 of the existing 600 soldiers and recruits were transferred en bloc.

There was, of course, the customary opposition. The toughs we have always had with us. One gang in Oslo embroidered on their red jerseys the slogan ‘Battle against The Salvation Army’. The police were not always impartial. The church was not always friendly, but at the stone-laying of the training college for officers in the capital in 1932 the Bishop of Oslo made handsome amends when he said: ‘Accept the thanks of the church which opposed you at the beginning because we did not know better, but which today highly respects you.’
disturbance in the street after the meeting was over and the hall doors closed. Understandably the officer refused to pay, but one day when she was in her quarters counting out some money received for War Cry sales, a policeman entered her room and unceremoniously took the lot.

But there were other genuine blessings expressed in human terms – in the life, for instance, of Jens Polvsen, a university student who, with his friends on their way home on a Sunday afternoon after a game of football, would look in at the Army meeting in the Helgesensgade hall. They had come to scoff, but one day Jens remained to pray, and one of the last things Major Perry did before farewelling from Denmark was to accept this young Bachelor of Philosophy as a cadet. He cannot have known he was gaining as an officer one of the most brilliant translators who has ever graced any public platform, religious or secular. No less gifted was his wife, Agnes Hansen, who was so captivated by the Army’s teaching on holiness that she never finished the book she was studying. So Theodor Westergaard, on his way to the library further to satisfy his love of reading, heard the music of the Army and, forgetting his original intention, turned into the hall in the Kongensgade.

If last, by no means least, Vilhelm Andreas Wille when in his 40s left his well established medical practice in Køge for Semarang in Java where, with his wife and four children between five and eleven years of age, he lived on the frugal salary of a Salvation Army missionary doctor until his retirement in 1931. He opened the William Booth Memorial Eye Hospital in June 1915 and for his services was appointed by Queen Wilhelmina as Officer of the Order of Oranje-Nassau, by King Christian X a Knight of the Order of Dannebrog, and by General Bramwell Booth as one of the first admissions to the Order of the Founder. Such a life would, almost by itself, justify the word of Professor Cronfelt of Odense that ‘in its youth the Army was “the ugly duckling”, but it has become the beautiful white swan, the beating of whose wings can be heard over the whole world’.

Finland nourished spirits who were equally dedicated. The Baron Constantin Boije, a member of the Finnish aristocracy, had been sent by the government of the Grand Duchy (then an autonomous part of the Russian Empire) to study certain aspects of social service in other European countries. He was already running an evangelical mission in
would collapse. Hedwig was given a date by which all officers of alien origin were to leave the country. Yet in 1895 a more commodious property than ever was erected for the principal corps in Helsinki and in 1897, when William Booth visited the country, there were 38 corps in operation.

Hedwig did not long outlive her triumphs in Finland. She was appointed to the command of the Army in German Switzerland where she met the gifted Ensign von Tavel who, not surprisingly, found in her a kindred spirit. They married and, by mutual consent, postponed their honeymoon until they could travel together to Finland. Two years later they did so – but those had been years of unexpected physical weakness for this noble spirit. She saw her beloved Finland again. She spoke to her comrades once more. Her spirit was ever willing but her flesh was growing ever weaker. Furlough over, she and her husband were returning to Switzerland when she was promoted to Glory while passing through Hamburg. She left to her land the inspiration of the scriptural sentence by which she lived – and died: ‘O my soul, march on with strength.’

7. Valiant in Fight

THE Tucker family had long been in the service of India. Henry St George was Accountant General when Wellesley was Governor General. Five of his sons entered public service in the sub-continent, and Frederick St George was five years old when his father was stationed at Benares during the Indian Mutiny. At 13 years of age the lad went to Cheltenham College and at 21 qualified for the Indian Civil Service. His first appointment was at Amritsar, his second at Simla and his third at Dharmsala where he was Assistant Commissioner.

Frederick St George de Lautour Tucker was already a committed Christian who believed in his faith to the extent of holding religious services in the open air at Simla – to the dismay of officialdom. A paper war had broken out between his superiors and himself when he read in a religious journal of a movement called The Salvation Army which had begun work in London. Tucker was so intrigued that he sent a donation to this new cause and, with the receipt, received a copy of the Christmas issue of The War Cry. He virtually resolved there and then that these people should be his people and, obtaining leave of absence, travelled to London to present himself to William Booth. ‘I want to join you,’ said Tucker. The older man told the younger to take his time. ‘First of all discover everything you can about us for yourself,’ he answered – though privately he wrote to his wife: ‘Thank God for sending us some brains as well as hearts.’

Six months later Tucker renewed his offer and in August 1881 became an officer. On 17 July 1882 in the St James Hall Mrs Booth presented the inevitable flag to the missionary party and, a month later, Major and Mrs Tucker, Captain Henry Bullard, Lieutenants Norman and Mary Thompson, together with Sister Jennings, sailed by the P & O liner Ancona for Bombay. On the way out Sister Jennings was taken ill and Mrs Tucker accompanied her back to England. The other four landed at Bombay on 19 September.
Writing many years later about their arrival in India, Bullard said: ‘The magnitude of the task we were undertaking staggered us’ – as well it might for, apart from Tucker, their knowledge of the country was scanty indeed. The news of their coming provoked mixed feelings even in missionary circles, though one clergyman, Gladwin by name, met them at the dockside for he had resolved to join them. Authority was also uneasy, even hostile. All very well for William Booth on the far side of Europe to say: ‘Go to the Indian as a brother, which indeed you are… Eat and drink and dress and live by his side. Speak his language, share his sorrows… after the fashion of that Christ whom you call Saviour and Lord.’ To the official mind it was asking for trouble for an English woman to beat the tambourine in the street, or an English man to play a cornet as if he was in a circus, or for a member of an English family who had belonged to the ruling class ever since the days of the East India Company to be seen heading a street procession. This would only bring ridicule upon the British Raj and could even provoke religious riots.

So when Norman played his cornet he was promptly clapped in a cell along with a European arrested for being drunk and disorderly. In the morning the Salvationist was fined 20 rupees; his overnight companion one. On the following Sunday Tucker led another street march, whereupon he and two of his companions were fined 100 rupees. When the Salvationists refused to pay the fine an order was made distraining their goods. It says much for the attitude of the police in Bombay that their superintendent bought the goods for the required sum and then handed them back to the Salvationists.

Tucker and his tiny band now had no need to advertise their arrival. These prosecutions had done it for them. What might have passed without overmuch comment was now discussed in the bazaars. The Christian reported that their meetings were attended as no previous evangelistic gatherings had been. The vernacular press espoused their cause. Said the leader of the Brahma Somaj: ‘You have been most unkindly and unjustly persecuted because your love for God and Christ exceeds the limits of conventionalism.’ But the Governor of Bombay seemed to be determined to make an end of Tucker before he could establish a bridgehead in the country. On 20 October 1882, he and five other officers were again arrested, but the magistrate discharged them with the advice that they would best serve their cause by co-operating with the police. Tucker was willing to come to some working arrangement, but in the following February, with three officers and 18 soldiers, he was arrested once more. He himself was sentenced to a month’s imprisonment, and three of the others to a fine of 25 rupees or a week’s imprisonment. As none would pay all went to gaol – which was where Tucker spent his 30th birthday.

More was to follow. While Tucker was in prison, Bullard and two women officers were arrested for singing in the streets, but no evidence was offered in court against them. Three days after Tucker was released ten more Salvationists were arrested, but by now the authorities were anxious to reach agreement and accepted his proposal that, as the police considered it dangerous, the Army would not march and sing through the Muslim areas of the city, provided such processions were allowed elsewhere. Though wearing the appearance of a compromise, this was indeed a famous victory which gained for all Christian believers in India the right to witness in the streets without let or hindrance.
Gujarat in March 1884. Tucker slept under the trees; begged his food; bathed at the village well; cleaned his teeth with the twigs of a tree. This was his answer to the challenge of a Calcutta newspaper that

…if The Salvation Army can prove that Christianity is really the religion of the poor; that it can doff lavender coloured breeches and Christy’s patent helmets to put on the mendicant’s ochre garb; that it can dance, shout and march with ordinary proletarian human nature from the mill and the mine… it will have done service enough for the future evangelisation of India.

Fakirism had its successes. At many points converts were made, first in singles and then in scores. By 1886 the Army in India was strong enough to send Tucker, Weerasooriya and a group of national officers to attend the first international congress in London and to bring back with them 40 British officers dedicated – 35 of them for the first time – to service in India.

But fakirism had its price as well. Mrs Tucker died and was buried before Tucker could get to Bombay from Ceylon where he was campaigning. Other European officers broke under the sheer wear and tear of Indian living, though the foot problem was solved by the provision of sandals. Money was in short supply. The total annual income of the Bombay headquarters at this time was less than £3,000, of which roughly one-third came as a grant from International Headquarters. Yet such was Tucker’s unswerving loyalty that he sent in full to London the £100 which had been raised in India for the Self-Denial Appeal. He had his reward. Within days he received a draft of £5,000 from C. T. Studd, then a lay missionary in China. Studd was the famous Cambridge University and test match cricketer who, in his day, had hit Spofforth for six. Tucker described his gift as the foundation – humanly speaking – of The Salvation Army in India.

William Booth wanted to send out further reinforcements and recalled Tucker to London to help him choose 50 from the 150 who had volunteered. Here he saw much of the General’s second daughter, Emma, who at the age of 19 had been placed in charge of the training of women cadets in London. They were mutually attracted, but Tucker had first to return to India with his 50 officers. On 10 April 1888, they were married in the Clapton Congress Hall – the bride in Salvation Army uniform and white sash, Tucker barefoot, dressed as for service in India. Five thousand pounds were raised as a wedding gift for the work there and another reinforcement of 50 officers was secured. But within the month the dedicated Weerasooriya, who had been made Tucker’s second-in-command and left to supervise the Indian field, died of cholera. There was nothing for Booth-Tucker (as he was now called) to do but to return with all speed, leaving his wife to follow him in the autumn.

The name of Booth-Tucker occurs so frequently in this chapter because he was undoubtedly not only the proponent of the policy of ‘fakirism’ but its chief exponent. He practised what he preached. He, a one-time ahib, went to the Indians as an Indian. Socially he was half-a-century ahead of his time. But Emma laboured under a special strain. By this time it was clear that her mother was dying and she went home to nurse her. After the funeral she left again for India but, when she reached Bombay, doctors insisted that she would live only if she returned to England. So early in 1891 Booth-Tucker left India as well, and served for four years on International Headquarters before taking charge of the Army in the United States after Ballington’s secession.

But India went forward under other leaders. To name a few is to omit many. There were devoted women such as Nurani (Clara Case) and her comrade Ambai (Lottie McIlwraith), Yuddha Bai (Catherine Bannister), Ruhani (Lucy Booth, the General’s youngest daughter), Dayali (van de Werken) and her comrade Sundri (Gugelmann), Devamone (Sarah Bryne), Mithri (who became Mrs Blowers.) and Purami (who became Mrs Stevens). In the ranks of dedicated men – to mention only a handful – were to be found Jai Singh (Henry Bullard), Sukh Singh (Arthur Blowers), Yesu Ratnam (William Stevens), Yesu Das (Alfred Hipsey), Dayasagar (Henry Burfoot), Jang Badahur (Karl Winge), Yesu Patham (Walter Keil), Hira Singh (Edgar Hoe) and Yuddha Prakasam (H. G. Millner). And nowadays (1965), when out of the 3,000 officers who serve in the former Dominion of India there are but 100 expatriates, the pioneer nationals must not be forgotten for, in a very literal sense, they were forsaken by their kindred when they embraced Christianity. If Weerasooriya heads this list, then Narayana Mutbiah, Samaraveera, Yesu Chundra, Yesu Dasen,
Manickavasagar, Gnanaseelan and Solomon Perera are – among many others – fathers of the faithful today.

Against incredible odds these pioneers carried their holy war into the almost innumerable villages of India. The first of a number of concerted movements – known as ‘boom marches’ – was headed by Sukh Singh, Yesu Ratnam, Yesu Patham and Deva Sundrum. Starting from Nagercoil a band of between 30 and 40 officers, carrying their provisions and bedding, travelled by springless bullock carts in a wide circuit of the countryside. They would make for the centre of a village and there hold a gospel meeting with personal testimonies, happy singing and a salvation appeal. An officer would be left behind to instruct the converts while the rest, as in the gospel story, moved on to the next village. In that opening march hundreds of converts were recorded and nine new corps were established.

The same method was followed in the Mahrathi country and ten new corps were opened. These efforts were multiplied elsewhere until it had become clear that the Army had kindled a flame in India that would not be put out – and similar fires were being lit at the same time in South Africa and New Zealand.

On 24 February 1883 the newly married Major and Mrs Simmonds disembarked from the Warwick Castle at Cape Town. ‘Where are your soldiers, your drums and your flags?’ enquired a reporter. ‘We are going to raise our soldiers here,’ was the reply.

On Sunday 4 March the first public meeting was held in the drill hall in Loop Street, and soon it became clear that the congregation, in the main, consisted of those very people whom the newcomers were seeking to reach. Few of those present were in the habit of attending public worship, and such confusion reigned that the meeting concluded without a single seeker, though one man approached the officers as they were leaving the hall. They took him to their lodgings and he became their first convert. This was a promise of better things. Further meetings were held in an old store in the same street and, within three weeks, congregations were listening with respect to the testimonies of those who had found a new way of life. As elsewhere, there were instances of arbitrary police action, but happily the magistrates were not to be persuaded that Salvationists should be held responsible for the disorder of which they themselves were the principal victims.

Soon Railton appeared on the African scene. Because of illness he had been sent on a long sea voyage, planned to provide him with a complete break from all Salvation Army activity. But he had hardly landed in Durban before wiring Simmonds in Cape Town: ‘Beautiful opening here. Come at once.’ So it was not long before the work was established in Durban, Port Elizabeth, Pietermaritzburg and Simonstown as well, and when the Simmonds were farewelled in 1886 20 corps had been opened.

About the middle of 1882 William Booth received a letter which ran:

Can you see your way clear to send to the rescue of perishing souls in this respectable and highly favoured city? Herewith find enclosed draft for £200. The Lord reward you and yours. – A Wellwisher.

The ‘highly favoured city’ was Dunedin, on the eastern coast of the South Island of New Zealand. The ‘wellwisher’ was Miss A Valpy, a Presbyterian lady of retiring disposition but generous nature. John Brome, an Auckland printer, had written to the General about the same time asking that work should be started in the colony and offering his personal co-operation. In response to these appeals two young men, Captain George Pollard (aged 20) and Lieutenant George Wright (aged 19) sailed from Gravesend on 11 January 1883. Their ship called at Melbourne where Pollard met three people whom he felt could help him in New Zealand – a Brother and Sister Burfoot and a Brother Bowerman. The three were commissioned as officers forthwith and the plan of campaign was simplicity itself. ‘You go to Auckland,’ said Pollard to Wright, ‘and I’ll go to Dunedin. We’ll work towards Wellington and shake hands when we get there.’

Pollard arrived in Dunedin with 30 shillings in his pocket which he placed as a deposit on the hire of the local temperance hall for three years at £300 per annum. This looked an act of madness, but the hall could not contain the crowd who wanted to attend the first Sunday evening meeting, and this encouraging state of affairs continued. Even the opposing corner boys had but a brief success for their principal leader was himself converted, and on 8 July 1883 a second corps was opened in the city.
News of what was happening in the South Island reached Auckland even before the arrival of Wright and Bowerman. Here physical opposition was even more violent. Wright was seriously assaulted several times, but the number of converts made was more than sufficient compensation. Before the year was out corps were operating in Christchurch, Wellington, Timaru, Sydenham, Oamaru, Invercargill, Port Chalmers and Waimate – the last-named being the first corps in the country to be led by woman officers.

The informal approach of the newcomers to matters of religion provoked some members of the public to amusement and others to a sense of outrage. One columnist besought the mothers of Dunedin 'to keep your daughters from the barracks'. Another charge was that William Booth was investing 'the immense properties of the Army in his own and his sons' names'. But the work which was actually being done proved the best answer to all such criticisms. By the time Pollard was appointed to take charge of the Army's work in New South Wales, there were 33 corps in New Zealand – though the battle for the open air had yet to be won.

The first skirmish occurred at Waimate in January 1885 when the officer, a man soldier and two women soldiers were convicted of 'obstructing the public thoroughfare' and of 'maliciously disturbing the peace of the inhabitants of Waimate by beating tambourines on a Sunday'. In the following year there was a prolonged struggle in Napier against a by-law which forbade any street procession without the permission of the local council. A number of Salvationists were arrested, but the magistrate ruled that the by-law was ultra vires. The members of the council then appealed to the Supreme Court who ruled in their favour. But open-air work continued – with the result that more arrests were made and prison sentences passed. It was the custom of the police in Napier to march convicted persons from the courthouse to the gaol, but they were nonplussed when they were asked if they had secured permission so to march their Salvationist prisoners. In the event a two-horse brake had to be secured for this purpose! Though the local council refused to rescind the offending by-law, Salvationists continued to march the streets without being arrested, so it may be fairly said that they made their point.

A similar conflict arose in Gisborne, then in Hastings and then in Milton. The latter became something of a cause célèbre, for a bill to regularise the Army's freedom of processioning as against the ruling of the Milton council was passed in the House of Representatives but then rejected by the Legislative Assembly. The final outcome was as at Napier; the Army continued to march and the council refrained from prosecuting. This was virtually the end of this particular conflict, though Salvationists were imprisoned at Patea in 1897 and in Ashburton during the following year.

Almost from the beginning the Army's social services in New Zealand had developed alongside its evangelistic work. A home for discharged men prisoners was established in Auckland in 1884. In Dunedin in 1885 the Brownie sisters opened at their own expense a home for prostitutes who wished to change their way of life, and a similar home was opened in Wellington by Mrs Rudman and Mrs Hawker, with additional facilities for unmarried mothers. Before long the Army took over this work officially, and by 1890 homes in Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin were staffed by selected single women officers. The result of all this was that when William Booth paid his first visit to New Zealand in 1891 he was received with acclaim at all levels of public life. His soldiers had proved themselves valiant in fight.
8. Many Adversaries

If William Booth did not consciously set out to build a world movement, neither did he construct a deliberate plan of expansion. As often as not the Army seeded itself, and three illustrations of this – in Germany, the Netherlands and Italy – can be noted before returning to the Army’s progress in the land of its birth.

Fritz Schaaff, a German businessman who had been converted in New York, crossed from Zürich to Stuttgart and commenced to hold meetings on 14 November 1886 in a one-time Methodist hall in the Eugenstrasse. So bitterly had the new movement been ridiculed on the Continent that it was thought prudent not to use the title ‘The Salvation Army’ for the time being. But to no avail! An article by a reporter who was present at a meeting was reprinted in a number of newspapers. The public started to attend in large numbers and, with the public, came the forces of law and order who forbade all meetings after five o’clock on weekdays and twelve o’clock on Sundays. Policemen were posted at the hall door to make sure that the order was obeyed, and only those possessing a ticket of admission, bearing their name and signed on the day of the meeting by the responsible officer, were allowed in. Despite these vexations, a second corps was opened at Esslingen and a third at Worms. Later on Railton was to take charge of the work in Germany, but when he first came to Stuttgart as a visitor, his congregation consisted of the director of police, an officer of the Ministry of the Interior, a detective, two men, two women and two lads.

A German who lived in London, Carl Treite by name, had become a Salvationist and was secretary of the Lewisham Corps. Schaaff invited him over to Stuttgart and Treite, when he reported back, was asked if he would be willing to become an officer and serve in Germany. With his English-born wife and three children, he was appointed to Kiel.

An elderly Methodist, Gottlieb Strohmeier, who had seen something of the work of the Army in Switzerland and in Denmark, was so delighted about this that he built the Army a hall, though unhappily he himself met with a fatal accident before the work was completed. Nevertheless Treite opened the hall on 4 May 1888 – to a hostile reception. Students from the university regarded an Army meeting as furnishing a suitable background to their cruder forms of exhibitionism. Labourers from neighbouring building sites answered Treite’s invitation to attend the meetings by arriving in a state of intoxication. In due course the hall was posted – along with certain other licensed premises and brothels – as out of bounds to naval and military personnel, though this order was withdrawn when a protest was made. Naval ratings, when they did attend the meetings, were not always among the most devout of worshippers, but there were some pleasant surprises.

Serving as an under-steward on board the Kaiser’s yacht Hohenzollern was a young man named Heinrich Tebbe. He had already made a profession of faith – which was one reason why he was glad of the company of Brozat, the ship’s tailor, who had been converted in an Army meeting, and of Gustav Schade, another crew member who was also a Salvationist. Heinrich was taken to his first Army meeting when the Hohenzollern put in at Bergen and, on returning to Kiel, joined the corps in the Schauenburgstrasse. Nor did these three hide their light on the imperial yacht. On one occasion, when lying at Brunsbüttel, the personal physician to the Kaiser ordered that a tot of rum be served to every man as a precaution against the cholera epidemic which was raging in Hamburg. Like the three Hebrew boys, this trio refused – and their action was reported not only to the ship’s doctor but came to the ears of the Kaiser himself. ‘I only wish I had 50 such men on board,’ was his comment. Small wonder that when Heinrich was placed on the reserve he became a Salvation Army officer, as did his friend Schade.

Railton had been in and out of the country before he was officially appointed as Territorial Commander in March 1890. At Kiel he had been served with an expulsion order, so for a while he had to walk delicately. Even when the headquarters was transferred to Berlin, he had to live first in Hamburg and then in Friedenau, a Berlin suburb. Ultimately he secured the right of Salvation Army officers of any nationality to move freely about the country, and none campaigned more assiduously than himself. Franz Stankuweit, who lived to be placed in charge of the Army in his
own country, attended a meeting led by Railton in Tilsit. Though Railton’s German was not flawless – ‘Kommen Sie in Buss ans Brett vom Kne’ (roughly: ‘Come and repent to the board of the knee’) was the conclusion of his appeal as remembered by the youthful listener – Franz was converted that night, and the Army gained another valuable recruit.

Most valuable recruit of all was Jakob Junker, the Rhineland industrialist, to whom some unknown person had sent a copy of *Der Kriegsruf – The War Cry* – published in German-speaking Switzerland. Next time Junker was in Basel on business he made a point of attending the Army and, when he learned that there was a corps in Stuttgart, went to the meetings there as well. He himself was comparatively well-to-do and noted that the allowances received by Salvation Army officers were minimal. Like a revelation from on high it dawned on him that a man could gain the whole world and still lose his own soul. On 7 October 1889 he entered the training college in London and insisted on defraying the cost of his own training – in case he proved unsuitable officer material. In March 1890, at the age of 40, he was commissioned as an officer and appointed back to Germany. In less than six years he became second-in-command of the Army in his fatherland but alas! lived for only another five years.

In his day the Army in Germany was despised and rejected by many. In some towns no hall could be hired for love or money, and the Army had no spare cash wherewith to buy a building. Then it was that Junker, with a touch of his old ‘Herr Direktor’ manner, would purchase a suitable property himself and observe the vendor’s mixed feelings when it was handed over to *Die Heilsarmee*. The imposing buildings in Tilsit, Memel and Insterburg, which stood until the partition of Germany in 1945, were examples of this. The money which Junker left to the Army when he was promoted to Glory on 10 March 1901 helped to purchase the territorial headquarters in the Dresdenerstrasse, Berlin, which was partly destroyed during the Second World War and afterwards lay in East Berlin.

When William Booth visited the country in 1891 he could not escape the mixed reception which his Army was receiving. At Kiel his congregation numbered 40, of whom 19 were policemen. In Berlin he fared better. His congregation was variously estimated between 600 and 1,000, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* gave a lengthy and friendly report. It seemed as if the ice might be breaking. In Stuttgart the Army was allowed to serve cheap meals to the poor. In Berlin the police sent a girl who was a moral derelict to the Army ‘to be rescued’, and the Army marched the streets of the capital for the first time when the two-year-old daughter of Karl Treite and his wife was laid to rest. When William Booth returned to Germany again in 1893 most of his gatherings were still small but, said Railton before he ended his term of leadership that year, ‘we have a General who is still able to appreciate beginnings’.

The origin of the Army’s work in the Netherlands centres on three men – Gerrit Govaars, C. F. Schoch and Joseph Tyler.

Govaars was a young schoolteacher who belonged to the Immanuel Mission of the Evangelical Free Church in Amsterdam which was run by Mr and Mrs Schoch. One of his friends who belonged to the same mission was studying in Paris where he met the *Armée du Salut* and forwarded some copies of *En Avant* to Gerrit. He in turn was so impressed by an article on uniform-wearing that he asked for a couple of brass ‘S’s’ to be sent him, which he had forthwith sewn on to the lapels of his jacket. This meant that Amsterdam possessed a Salvationist who had never signed the Articles of War, had not been enrolled under the flag and whose name was therefore not on any roll. But when it became known that Gerrit had even a remote connection with the Army – which had not yet begun its work in Holland – he was dismissed from his employment.

About this time Railton – whose name will keep cropping up – wanted to have the English Salvation Army song book translated into Dutch for use in South Africa. So he crossed to Amsterdam where he met Gerrit, but as the one knew no Dutch and the other no English, they conversed in French. Gerrit, now out of work, returned to England with Railton where, after assisting in a number of Army meetings, he was made a Lieutenant and sent to Newtown (Montgomeryshire, now Gwent) to serve with Captain Tyler who, earlier in life, had been on the Harwich-Rotterdam service and had picked up a smattering of Dutch. Having gained in this way some knowledge of Dutch life as seen from the dockside, he felt led to offer himself for service in the Netherlands. But before this could take place Gerrit was appointed to Germany and, at
Roman Catholic church, plus a number of free churches available for any dissidents. One minister denounced the Army as ‘a troupe of amusement seekers who whistle, sing and dance in a scandalous way’. But the work spread, and before the General’s first visit to the country there were two corps in Amsterdam with a third in Haarlem and a fourth in Nunspeet. The next building to be acquired in Amsterdam possessed a hall which could seat over 1,000 people, together with sufficient accommodation for a training college for cadets and offices for a territorial headquarters.

The winter of 1890–1 was as severe as the country had known for many years. People died of cold in the streets of Amsterdam, and so the Army halls in the city were opened as night shelters. Food and second-hand clothing were also provided and before long premises were secured in the Haarlem-Hout to take in 100 homeless. This was the inception of the Army’s many-sided social services in the country which now covers human need from the cradle to the grave.

The General paid a second visit to Holland in 1892 and led the first of the Field Days which have since become an established feature of Salvation Army life in the Netherlands. This was held at Vogelenzang and, for good measure, the newly-formed International Staff Band was present on its first overseas engagement.

It was thus the most natural thing in the world for the Army to cross over into Belgium. A beginning was made at Malines on Sunday 5 May 1889, and Adjutant and Mrs Rankin, who had been serving in Holland, were placed in charge. As might be expected, Railton was soon on the scene and he went on to Brussels where a headquarters was set up in the Boulevard Badouin 32 at the beginning of 1891 – albeit under a sad and mysterious shadow.

Major Vint (of whom more below), who had earlier arrived in Brussels to complete negotiations for the purchase of number 32, was assassinated on leaving his hotel. It was surmised that a member of some secret society who had knelt at the mercy seat in Rome (where the Major had previously served) had divulged, in course of confession, some secret information to him, as a result of which Vint had become a marked man. This may be supposition – but there was none about the loss suffered by the Army because of the death of this gifted officer.
There were the expected difficulties – officers imprisoned for marching the streets. One young man in Marchienne was jailed by his own father for becoming a Salvationist. Hooliganism ruined more than one meeting and, from the Salvation Army point of view, the cause cannot have been furthered by the administrative changes which took place. The work was first controlled from Holland, then the territory was made independent, but at the turn of the century was attached to France. The small but hardy Army survived!

The work in Italy had two sources – one was the offer of an English couple in Rome, Mr and Mrs Gordon, of their mission hall in the Via Roberti. The other was the opening of a corps among the Italian community in Clerkenwell by Giacomo Vint (see above). William Booth asked Vint to report on the prospects in the Italian capital and, promoted to the rank of Major, he headed what The War Cry of that day called grandiloquently ‘the march on Rome’. The roving Railton followed hard on his heels and reported that ‘it seems almost too good to be true that in this city The Salvation Army has more liberty, a better congregation and a better prospect than in many a place in England’. But Railton’s optimistic prophecy was not upheld by events. Toughs attacked the few Salvationists with calculated brutality. Major Vint was frequently in trouble for selling the Grido di Guerra. Tradespeople were reluctant even to serve Salvationists. Two girls confessed to accepting a bribe to poison their food. The Gordons helped in every way they could but, when their resources were exhausted, the work in Rome had to close down.

However, in the north a young Protestant, Fritz Malan (who himself rose to the rank of Lieut-Colonel), was pleading for officers to work in the Waldensian valleys. Major Oliphant was sent to report and, in January 1891, two French women officers were appointed to take over the work which Malan had begun in San Giovanni. The Grido di Guerra reappeared on 3 September 1891, and a year later the Italian High Court granted the Army legal status for its meetings – a firm and welcome foundation on which to build.

Meanwhile, on his way home from an overseas tour, William Booth arrived at Brindisi on 11 February 1892 and, on the following Monday, held two well-attended meetings in Rome – in the afternoon in the Hassler Hotel and in the evening in the Sala Dante. The General was to return to northern Italy in 1896, but in the meantime the work had spread – among other places – to Turin where a headquarters was opened in what had been a fencing school in the Via Principe Amadeo. Again there was widespread interest and among the students who attended the meetings was Luigi Einaudi, President of the Italian Republic from 1948 to 1955. After the corps had been opened five months, the first enrolment of new soldiers took place, and among their number was Virginiopaglieri who became leader of the Army in his native land from 1913 to 1920. At the turn of the century the oversight of the Army in Italy, together with the work in France and Belgium, was entrusted to the gifted Swiss officer, Commissioner Ulysse Cosandey.
9. In Stripes More Abundant

The Salvation Army in Britain had to face the same kind of handling by the roughs and toughs, and were treated in some courts in the same cavalier manner, as many of their comrades in other lands. The hostility of the unrighteous could be brutal but the hostility of the righteous was at times vindictive.

In his autobiography Lord Wigg, as a lad, remembers his mother calling him indoors for his own safety when the news went round his home town that ‘crowds of louts, fortified by the religious fervour of local publicans, were attacking The Salvation Army’. These were the heirs and successors of the famous, or infamous, Massaganians who were after the blood of the men and women of the Basingstoke Corps which had been opened in September 1880. Despite the assurances of the Home Secretary, little effort was made at the local level to control the rioters, with the result that on Sunday 6 February 1881 the Massaganians ran amok, the Riot Act had to be read, and a detachment of the Horse Artillery was ordered to clear the streets. Sporadic violence continued for more than a year and ceased only when the Lord Chief Justice ruled that every Englishman had an absolute right to go about his lawful business with the protection of the law, and that processioning through the streets – even when accompanied by music and the singing of hymns – was perfectly lawful.

Basingstoke might quieten down, but for the next ten years other towns erupted in turn. During September 1882 the wife of the corps officer at Guildford was kicked into insensibility not ten yards from the police station and a woman soldier so injured that she died within a week.

In the spring of 1884 trouble broke out at Worthing because the local corps had begun to hold street meetings. The authorities refused protection to the Salvationists and certain magistrates even went so far as to say that attacks on them were justified. The resident hooligans needed no further encouragement. Salvation Army processions were mobbed. The Army hall was stormed and wrecked, and the private property of the owner of the hall was also attacked. Once again the Riot Act had to be read. A detachment of Horse Dragoons arrived from Brighton and for ten days police and soldiers patrolled the streets. An uneasy peace prevailed – only to be broken when, one Sunday afternoon, the Salvationists decided to hold a prayer meeting instead of a street procession. Furious at being baulked of their prey the mob marched on Shoreham and, in the ensuing affray, the woman Captain died through being hit by a flying stone.

These are but examples of many such incidents. During 1882 alone 669 Salvation Army soldiers – 251 of them women and 23 under 15 years of age – were assaulted.

More prolonged struggles for the right to march the streets occurred at Torquay (1886-8) and Eastbourne (1890-2).

Over this two-year period at Torquay 40 Salvationists were imprisoned, and the household goods of one were distrainted under a magistrate’s warrant, before the House of Commons gave a third reading to a Bill which repealed Section 38 of the Torquay Harbour and District Act of 1886 under which these arrests had been made. The attitude of the local authorities can be judged by the fact that not only did they petition the House against the repeal of the Bill but continued their prosecutions up to the day of the second reading.

At Eastbourne a mayor took office whose declared intention was to put down ‘this Salvation Army business’, adding that, if necessary, the town council would call on the Skeleton Army to help them. This was to mount the tiger, with a vengeance.

Sighting shots were fired in the autumn of 1890 when the first Salvationist to be arrested for processioning was given seven days’ imprisonment. In the following June the corps officer and four soldiers were sentenced to a month’s imprisonment. A week later a batch of 30 – including four women and a blind man – were brought before the magistrates. Meanwhile the mob had not forgotten the town council’s invitation and wreaked their brutal will upon the men and women who were denied the protection of the law and who would not protect themselves.

One weekend a group of nine bandsmen travelled down from
Camberwell to help their Eastbourne comrades but, by personal order of the mayor, they were arrested and charged with conspiracy and unlawful assembly. At the Lewes Assizes Mr H. H. Asquith QC, MP was briefed for the defence. The prosecution was in the hands of Mr Marshall Hall whose opinion of the Army was well known. ‘General Booth,’ he had said, ‘stood out in this country as a perfect example of the folly of the day.’

The trial was subsequently transferred to the Central Criminal Court though, in the meantime, the authorities in Eastbourne firmly ignored the continued attacks of the mob on the Army. Finally, in January 1892, the proceedings were reviewed by the High Court of the Queen’s Bench Division, and the unanimous verdict of the five judges was that there was no evidence on which a reasonable jury could have acted in finding the defendants guilty of unlawful assembly…. There was not one aggressive act done or word uttered which proved that the bandsmen had gone to Eastbourne with intent to break the peace tumultuously.

It was high time that so firm a ruling was given in the Army’s favour for up and down the country were magistrates who, ‘drest in a little brief authority’, did not scruple to harass simple-hearted, single-minded Salvationists whom they regarded as their social inferiors.

The first instance of actual imprisonment took place in September 1879 at Penre, where the woman officer and three soldiers were jailed for three days for kneeling to pray in the street – in reality a large open space. In January 1880 the officer at Boston (Lincs) was sentenced to a month’s imprisonment for ‘obstruction’, though the charge was not supported by the evidence. In the summer of 1882 two officers and two soldiers at Whitchurch (Hants) were given a month’s imprisonment for attempting to march, and were sent to Winchester Gaol in handcuffs. Again the offence was ‘obstruction’ – and the charge stuck, because it was not necessary to prove actual obstruction; the technical possibility was enough – that is to say, if anyone had desired to pass a street meeting and could have been obstructed. Men were jailed on a supposition.

In 1884 the Exeter magistrates tried their hand and, on trumped-up evidence, sent to prison for a month a lad of 16 as well as a man who, in

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TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY OF SALISBURY

FELLOW CITIZENS:

We have endured for a considerable time the noise and nuisance caused and created by the proceedings of The Salvation Army, through their perambulating the streets of our City, notwithstanding which we have patiently kept from resorting to any measures of opposition in the earnest hope that the governing body of this City would, in accord with public desire, PUT A STOP TO THE NUISANCE thus created. That patience has been exercised in vain. The governing body of this City have failed to move in the matter, and will not put into force the power which they possess FOR THE STOPPING OF THIS NUISANCE.

We therefore wish it to be known that a Society has been formed for the purpose of doing what the executive have failed to do. The sole object will be to STOP THE PARADING OF THE STREETS BY THE SALVATION ARMY.

They will employ various ways and means with which to accomplish this end. They will cause to be forcibly broken the ranks of The Salvation Army when in procession through the streets, and they will use every means in their power TO STOP AND RESIST THOSE PROCESSIONS FROM DOING SO.

At the same time they will give such advice and instructions to those whom they may employ, or whose sympathy and help they enlist, to have due respect for their persons, especially those of the weaker sex. But although they will advise them, they will not be responsible for what may arise should they be assaulted first.

This Society will also assist any one or more (should they become involved in any difficulty through their exertions) both pecuniarily and by other means, so as that they be not wrongfully used.

This Society will not in any way countenance any difficulty which anyone or more may bring to himself or themselves INSIDE OF THE SALVATION ARMY PLACE OF WORSHIP, which this Society thinks both a FIT AND PROPER PLACE FOR THEM TO KEEP TO. This Society therefore calls upon all those citizens who are able to assist them in any way to do so, and by combining together and FORCING THE SALVATIONISTS to do what the Executive are so loath to do – to bring back that peaceable AND QUIET STATE OF THIS CITY WHICH, PREVIOUS TO THE EXISTENCE OF THIS NUISANCE WAS A PATTERN TO THE NATION.

Given under our hands this eighteenth day of February, 1881

FREDERICK RODWAY
(Chairman)

SAMUEL HOWE
(Secretary)

(The original notice is to be seen in The Salvation Army hall, Salt Lane, Salisbury.)
During these turbulent years William Booth received a friendly enquiry from the Archbishop of York, Dr William Thomson. In March 1882 400 Salvationists had attended by invitation a service at St Paul’s, Holgate, and on 18 April the Archbishop wrote:

Some of my clergy have written to me to beg that I would ascertain how far it was possible for the Church to recognise the work of The Salvation Army as helping forward the cause of Christ consistently with our discipline. For this purpose they asked me to put myself into communication with your leaders. I now, in compliance with their request, address you with this friendly object…

The church moved quickly. On 12 May of the same year the bishops of the Convocation of Canterbury appointed a committee with the bishop of Truro (Dr E. W. Benson) as chairman, to consider how far The Salvation Army could be attached to the Church of England. Certain conversations then took place between William Booth and the Bishop of Truro, Brooke Foss Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Durham), J. B. Lightfoot (then Bishop of Durham), Canon S. H. Wilkinson (subsequently Bishop of Truro) and Randall Davidson (then Dean of Windsor).

It would be too much to describe these as negotiations; they were soundings; in current jargon – talks about talks. Differences were too wide easily to be bridged. There was, for example, the position of women officers as ministers of the gospel, though Canon Wilkinson did suggest that such should be accepted as deaconesses – with future recruits sitting an examination in addition to their Salvation Army training. There was the position of William Booth himself. Would he be willing to serve as… or under… or retain…? The point was never raised as bluntly as that, but these good Christian men knew a hawk from a handsaw. From a doctrinal point of view there was also the matter of the sacraments. A William Booth would not live for ever, but the necessity for, and the validity of, the sacraments was virtually a timeless question.

The Army’s second General, Bramwell Booth, has recalled that when first he came into a responsible position in The Christian Mission in 1874, ‘the Lord’s Supper was administered monthly at every station to all members of the Mission and to such other Christian friends as were in
good standing and desired to join us’. But hesitations arose within the Mission itself. Catherine Booth had a genuine concern lest any who had known the converting power of the Christian gospel should come to rely on any ritual, however time-honoured, for their spiritual wellbeing, rather than solely upon the grace of God personally received by faith. The practical mind of William Booth was troubled by the divisiveness of sacramental practice. In any case, it was unthinkable that he should sanction the use of fermented wine. The thought of ‘diluted jellies’ was no sooner entertained than dismissed. Some of the Mission members preferred plain water. Again, who of his company would be accepted as qualified to administer the sacraments? A man not episcopally ordained? Or, more doubtful still, a woman? This remains a stumbling block at the time of writing (1974).

Nevertheless, William Booth made it clear that neither he nor his soldiers were hostile to the sacraments. As he said to Sir Henry Lunn in an interview which appeared in The Review of the Churches for April 1895, ‘We never declaim against the sacraments.’ Without the least doubt there are rites and ceremonies which are a means of grace, not so much in themselves as by virtue of the faith of the participant. The witness of the Salvationist is simply that the presence of the risen Christ may be fully realised, and divine grace freely received, without the use of any material element. The Salvationist believes most ardently in the Real Presence. How else could he continue with his regular activities – for example, a street corner meeting in some urban slum, or a gathering of moral derelicts in a social institution – without the strongest faith that Christ was truly present for the salvation of his lost sheep? As William Temple wrote in Christus Veritas:

No doubt Christ is always and everywhere accessible; and He is always the same. Therefore it is possible to make a ‘spiritual communion’ which is in every way as real as a sacramental communion…. Everywhere and always we can have communion with Him.

This is not to play with words. It is what the former Dean of Johannesburg (Gonville French-Beytagh) said about his own devotions when in prison:

I can say with complete certainty that the communion that I received then was as real as any communion that I have ever received sacramentally…. I believe wholly in the real presence of Our Lord, His Body and His Blood, by means of the bread and wine, and I was not making any attempt to use bread and wine in prison. It was a purely spiritual communion, but I believe it to have been an absolutely valid one.

So far as his own personal religion is concerned, the Salvationist would agree with Emil Brunner that the decisive test of belonging to Christ is not reception of baptism nor partaking of the Lord’s Supper, but solely and exclusively a union with Christ through faith which shows itself active in love.

William Booth described his association with the Anglican leaders as ‘forever a pleasant memory’ and declared that, for his part, ‘nothing was asked beyond an open recognition of our connection with the Church, and the regular attendance by each corps at the parish church… or other consecrated building, say at regular intervals, weekly or once a month’, yet these soundings were not administratively fruitful. Mutual regard between those who met was undoubtedly deepened, but the talks were not so much abruptly ended as faded out. Owen Chadwick has written that ‘the committee was overtaken by events’, and that ‘opinion swung so unfavourably to the Army that the old talk of “attachment” to the Church looked wild’.

This is to deal in imponderables. It is not unfair to say that all churchmen were not longing to see red guernseys in their pews and – was it even thinkable? – the sound of tambourines to the music of the organ. Both parties had to wait till 1965 for that. Some personal qualms now raise a wry smile; others were much more serious.

For example, when R. W. Church was Dean of St Paul’s, Bramwell Booth approached him on the possibility of arranging a service in the cathedral for Salvationists. No Army personality would take part. Sufficient for them to be in the congregation, but perhaps the service could be conducted by Lightfoot who, in his diocesan charge of 14 December
1882, had commended the literature of The Salvation Army to the
attention of his clergy, and maybe the sermon could be preached by
Liddon who had already attended two or three Army gatherings. Dean
Church was cordial – but uncertain. Were not Salvationists mostly
working people? Bramwell Booth agreed. And would not most of them be
wearing hobnailed boots? Again Bramwell Booth agreed that some,
perhaps many, might be so doing. In that case the Dean felt that as St
Paul’s had recently been repaved at no small expense, he could not risk
any scratches to the marble.

But a graver charge was hatching. A year (less eight days) after the
Archbishop of York’s initial letter to William Booth, the Bishop of Oxford
(J. F. Mackarness) said in the Upper House of the Convocation of the
Province of Canterbury that ‘This Salvation Army professes to be an
agency for promoting holiness, upon which it is said by persons whom I
have reason to trust that it promotes not holiness, but distinct immorality
to a great degree…. It is to see what really is the ratio of illegitimate
births, and the relation of The Salvation Army to that we would wish to
know.’ He was supported by the Bishop of Hereford (James Atlay) who
stated that two of his clergy had told him ‘that from their own knowledge
very distressing consequences – I need not explain further what I mean –
had followed the teaching of the Army’.

William Booth must have wondered what was the Christian
procedure to follow when, with the right hand of fellowship so recently
grasped, he was smitten on both cheeks at the same time. He might not
have denied being a Puritan in matters of morality. But for a Puritan to be
charged with promoting promiscuity…!

He wrote a civil letter to the Bishop of Hereford asking for
supporting facts, but on 6 April in 50 words the Bishop felt himself
‘compelled to abide by the language which I used in Convocation last
week’. That was all. Railton fared better in a conversation with the Bishop
of Oxford who explained that he had no intention of making any
accusations against the Army. All he had meant to convey in Convocation
was

that he strongly disapproved of the gathering together of
young people at late and exciting meetings, inasmuch as

there was a great danger that, however excellent might be
the intentions of those who held such meetings, young men
and women on leaving them without proper control might
fall into immorality, as had doubtless been the case some-
times already.

Doubtless? But where were the supporting facts? Rightly or wrongly,
William Booth let it go at that. If he spent his time and energy rebutting
every ill-founded charge against his people, he would have the less
strength for the work which God had given him to do. The more excellent
way was for him and his people to live that, when men spoke ill of
them, the report would not be believed. Beside, he was soon to be involved
– maybe against his own will and judgment – in another controversy
which aroused the fiercest of public passions, put his eldest son in the
dock at the Old Bailey and, according to some prophets of woe, would
break The Salvation Army.
10. The Fast that I Have Chosen

The germ of the welfare services of The Salvation Army may be seen in the action of the teenage William Booth who, with his friend Will Sansom, provided for a Nottingham beggar woman who shuffled about the streets in rags and slept in doorways. The two lads collected money from their friends, found a little cabin which they furnished, and made a simple home for her. But an awareness of the emptiness of faith without works goes back to the Hebrew prophets who reserved their sternest denunciations for personal piety which lacked a public conscience.

The first effort by the Army to meet the physical and spiritual needs of men – and the more closely the whole man is studied, the more difficult it becomes to separate these two – was in Melbourne where a small home for discharged prisoners was opened on 8 December 1883 in Carlton, a suburb of the Victorian state capital. Increasing demand brought swift moves to successively larger premises until within twelve months the former headquarters of the detective force in Melbourne was handed over to the Army at a nominal rental for this redemptive work. That Salvationists in Australia should give a lead in social service is no more than might be expected when the first Army meeting to be held in that continent coincided with an invitation by John Gore to his own house and table to any listener who lacked a square meal. The Army’s social services were not born out of any doctrinaire theory but out of the involvement of the Salvationist himself in situations of human need.

The first home for women was opened in May 1883 at 125 Hill Street, Glasgow, though this had later to close for lack of funds. On 22 May 1884 a house was rented in Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, at £1 a week as a ‘refuge’ for women – and behind this lies a story which illustrates the conclusion of the previous paragraph.

The Whitechapel Corps had as its converts’ sergeant – that is, the one whose special duty it was to care for those who had made a profession of faith in Jesus as Saviour and Lord – a Mrs Cottrill who lived at 1 Christian Street, Whitechapel. One February evening in 1881 a young woman knelt at the Mercy Seat. She was counselled and prayed with – but what then? Where could she go? Not back to where she had been, if she genuinely wanted to lead a Christian life. So Mrs Cottrill took her home. ‘The name of Mrs Cottrill,’ wrote Bramwell Booth, ‘is one to be handed down in honour, not only for what she herself did, but for the work to which it led.’ This merciful action was repeated again and again. Mrs Cottrill set aside her two basement rooms for the reception of young women in need and, when the number to be cared for grew beyond her strength and means, found the house in Hanbury Street where, in midsummer 1884, the youthful Mrs Bramwell Booth took over where she left off. But ‘left off’ is hardly the right phrase, for what this large-hearted woman now did was to patrol the Ratcliffe Highway of an evening, past The Half Moon and The Seven Stars, calling out from the pavement: ‘Any girl in need of a home go to Hanbury Street!’ In one sense she could have saved herself the trouble, for Hanbury Street was overfull as it was. Before 1884 was out an announcement appeared in The War Cry which read:

Captains must not send any cases to The Salvation Army Refuge for women in Whitechapel without first ascertaining whether there will be room to receive them.

Whatever be the viewpoint taken by current students of the Victorian scene – approving or disapproving, lightly satirical or deadly serious – most are agreed that prostitution was widespread at all levels of society. By the Offences against the Person Act 1861, the age of consent was 12, for that was then the age at which, by common law, a woman could marry. But even this tender age was not respected. It was notorious that girls of 11 were employed in bawdy houses. Ronald Pearsall, who has little patience with those whom he castigates as ‘Puritans fascinated by sex’, has to admit that ‘the exploitation of young girls was the most repellent aspect of Victorian sex’ and that ‘there were child brothels in all parts of London, particularly the East End’. He quotes as authoritative the report of a correspondent of Figaro that every evening towards midnight more than 500 girls in ages between 12 and 15 years parade between Piccadilly Circus and Waterloo Place, that is on a stretch of ground no more than 300 yards long.
This then was no flight of imagination on the part of impressionable do-gooders, but one of the facts of life in London. How then was the age of consent to be raised? And how was the supply of young children to be cut off at source?

A group of public-spirited men and women had been at work for some time to secure the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts of 1864 and 1866 which, briefly, were designed to protect members of the armed forces from the risk of venereal disease and required all prostitutes suspected of disease to be examined and medically treated. Linked with this fight against licensed prostitution was the desire to protect young children, and in the late summer of 1875 an Act which raised the age of consent to 13 years received the royal assent. This was a compromise between what the promoters of a private member’s Bill desired and what a Royal Commission had already recommended, and what the House of Commons was willing to allow.

At this point there came together three people – Mrs Josephine Butler, William Thomas Stead and William Bramwell Booth.

Mrs Butler was the beautiful, gifted and courageous wife of the Anglican George Butler, who became a canon of Winchester. She had already incurred no small public odium because of her campaign against the Contagious Diseases Acts, but this did not quench her concern for the welfare of young girls. She travelled the countries of western Europe to gain first-hand information about the traffic in children and wrote an account of her discoveries in *The New Abolitionists*, a review copy of which in due course reached a Darlington paper called the *Northern Echo*, of which Stead was the editor. Mrs Butler had already written to Mrs William Booth expressing her support for the Army amid the persecution which Salvationists were then enduring. When later she was on holiday in Neuchâtel, she heard of the ordeal of the Maréchale, accompanied her to her cell when she was remanded in prison, and then wrote up the story in *The Salvation Army in Switzerland*.

Stead had joined the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1880 as associate editor to John Morley and, when Morley left three years later, virtually became editor under the proprietor, Yates Thompson. Stead had met the Army in Darlington, and his first approach to William Booth was to complain that it was cruel to subject the two young women in charge of the work there – one not yet out of her teens – to the exacting demands of Salvation Army officership.

This Congregational minister’s son was a born crusader. In his hand the pen was always mightier than the sword. He campaigned to send Gordon to Khartoum. He raised a hue and cry about inefficiency in the British Navy. He opened his columns to Mrs Butler to write about the need to pass forthwith an Act to raise the age of consent, for three times the necessary measure had been agreed by the House of Lords – the last occasion was on 22 May 1885 – only for the Bill to be dropped, or blocked, or counted out in the Commons. Benjamin Scott, the Chamberlain of the City of London, who had long campaigned in this righteous cause, was present in the Strangers’ Gallery when the debate on the Bill was adjourned. The measure was as good as dead for no date had been fixed for the resumption of the debate. In despair Scott called next morning at the offices of the *Pall Mail Gazette*.

Meanwhile life at Hanbury Street had proved a sorry eye-opener for Mrs Bramwell Booth. Much of what she heard seemed almost too tragic to be true, and yet the cumulative evidence could not be denied. Especially was she moved by the story of Rebecca Jarrett, a former procuress, now in her late 30s, who had been seduced at the age of 12. ‘The Cremorne Gardens was my undoing,’ she said. When Mrs Bramwell Booth spoke to her husband, his first reaction was that these tales were to be discounted. Girls of that type were notoriously fanciful. But further enquiries convinced him that he should talk to Mrs Butler and Benjamin Scott and, along with Stead, the four of them determined to make their own private investigation into the presence of young children in brothels. Between them they guaranteed the sum of £200 for expenses and their eventual plan – first mooted by Mrs Butler on the parallel of the Abolitionists in the United States who went to the southern slave markets to buy young negro girls in order to set them free – was that a girl of obvious innocence and under the legal age should be procured for an agreed sum in order to demonstrate with what ease those who were no more than children could be secured to stock the country’s brothels. Only by some such drastic action could public opinion be aroused and an unwilling House of Commons be compelled to act.
Bramwell Booth agreed to ask a trusted young woman officer to pose as a person who wished to enter a brothel, remaining inside for possibly ten days. With great personal courage this anonymous officer agreed to do so, happily without harm to herself, and reported upon her experiences.

Mrs Butler suggested that Rebecca Jarrett, whom she and her husband had taken under their wing, would be the one to find a suitable young girl. This was not so imprudent as it might sound for, with the help of Mrs Butler, Rebecca had set up a tiny home in Winchester where she cared for girls in moral need. But though Rebecca did not hide from Stead the kind of woman she had been, she begged to be excused from returning, even for a day and for an innocent purpose, to her old role. In carrying out his wishes she would not be able to avoid a measure of deceit and lying. But Stead would not be denied. He would expose the evil trade in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. None would escape the day of his anger. In his attitude to Rebecca he was – to use his own word – ‘inexorable’. With tears Rebecca finally consented. Stead could hardly have imagined that his carefully planned precautions to advise in advance such public figures as (among others) the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Manning of his plans would be of no avail in the day of his trial. How much less poor Rebecca who knew only too well, from her own hard life, of the hazards of such an experiment. But after several false starts she found and paid for a child named Eliza Armstrong whose mother was far too casual and drunken. Perhaps the fatal mistake was that though Rebecca could testify that Mrs Armstrong had agreed to part with the child Eliza, she had not secured similar word from the child’s reputed father.

Eliza was then taken to an agreed address which Stead himself visited while she was there, after which a trusted woman officer, Major Mrs Reynolds, took the girl to a specialist who certified that she was *virgo intacta*. Stead then changed his mind about the girl being sent down to Winchester with Rebecca, and said that she had better leave the country in order to be out of reach of her mother. But by now Eliza would not go with anyone save Rebecca, so Bramwell Booth arranged for both of them to cross to France in the care of Madame Combe, a soldier of the Geneva Corps. On Monday 6 July 1885, the first of Stead’s articles appeared under the title of ‘The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon’, and these continued daily until the tenth.

The run on the *Pall Mall Gazette* defied description. Police had to be sent to clear Northumberland Avenue. Newsboys hawked single copies at Ludgate Circus for half-a-crown apiece. Finding that station bookstalls were refusing to handle the *Gazette*, William Booth opened headquarters as a distribution centre. George Bernard Shaw offered to take as many copies as he could carry and peddle them in the streets. When the City of London solicitor had a score or more newsboys arrested for selling obscene matter, a group of unemployed costermongers besieged the *Gazette* offices eager to defeat any attempt to suppress the paper by selling it themselves.

With much that Stead wrote the Army was not directly involved, for he did not limit himself to the simple story of Eliza Armstrong. He gave the entire trade the full treatment – the padded rooms in the West End establishments, the decoying of country girls to town, the bribes paid out by the organisers of the traffic, and the corruption of those who, for their own gain, turned a blind eye to its iniquities. If much of this Victorian dirt had been swept under the carpet, Stead swept it out into the face of the public. Opinion was either hotly for him or violently against him. The *Times* described his campaign as an ‘intemperate and discreditable agitation’ which ‘blackened the name of England before the world’. With these sentiments Edmund Gosse and W. E. Henley publicly agreed. The *St James Gazette* declared Stead’s disclosures to be ‘the vilest parcel of obscenity that has ever yet issued from the London press’. But a Saturday afternoon rally gathered a quarter of a million supporters around a banner inscribed ‘Honour to the *Pall Mall Gazette*’.

Catherine Booth delivered her soul in a crowded meeting in the Prince’s Hall, Piccadilly:

*I read some paragraphs from the report of a debate in the House of Commons which made me doubt my eyesight…. I did not think we were so low as this – that one member should suggest that the age of these innocents should be heightened to 14 but another that it should not be so high. Yet another that it should be reduced to ten and, O my God!, pleaded that it was hard for a man – hard, for a man – having a charge brought against him, not to be able to plead the consent of a child like that.*
Well may the higher classes take care of their little girls! Well may they be so careful never to let them go out without efficient protectors. But what is to become of the little girls of the poor? Of the little girls of the working classes? I could not have believed that in this country such a discussion among so-called gentlemen could have taken place.

Within 17 days a petition carrying 393,000 signatures was carried by eight Salvation Army cadets into the House of Commons and laid on the floor beside the mace because there was no table large enough to hold it, praying that:

the age of consent be raised to eighteen;
the procuring of young people for immoral purposes be made a criminal offence;
a magistrate be given power to issue an order for entry into any house where it is believed that girls are being detained against their will; and
as it is now a criminal act for a woman to solicit a man, it be made equally criminal for a man to solicit a woman.

On 14 August the Criminal Law Amendment Act, reckoned before Whitsuntide to be stone dead, was revived and carried by 179 votes to 71 with the age of consent raised to 16. A thanksgiving meeting was held in the Exeter Hall.

But the sting was in the tail of the story. Mrs Armstrong began to worry about Eliza. Where was she? When would she be back? She tried to get in touch with Rebecca Jarrett. Her supposed concern was noted by a reporter from Lloyd’s Newspaper, a rival of the Pall Mall Gazette. Mrs Armstrong, casting herself in the role of a distraught mother, asked a magistrate at the Marylebone police court what she ought to do. The police were told to make some enquiries. The reporter kept his nose to the scent. Lloyd’s splashed the story of the missing Eliza, the efforts of her mother to find her, the crowded street that hailed the girl’s return. A question was asked in the House. The Home Secretary replied that he was consulting the Attorney General. On 8 September Stead, Bramwell Booth, Rebecca Jarrett and three others were charged with unlawfully taking away Eliza Armstrong from the custody of her parents and of indecently assaulting the aforesaid Eliza. Passions now boiled over. The defendants were attacked outside the Bow Street police court and hissed inside it. The police begged Bramwell Booth not to appear in his Salvation Army uniform because of the hostility it provoked. The Black Maria proved a haven of refuge from the rough handling of the crowd. In committing the accused for trial at the Old Bailey the Bow Street magistrate said that their action ‘had greatly lowered the English people in the estimation of foreign lands’.

At the Old Bailey hearing which opened on 23 October a single major ruling by Mr Justice Lopes virtually determined the course of events. He supported the judgment of the lower court that any evidence as to the motives which had governed Stead’s actions was inadmissible. So the Archbishop of Canterbury waited in vain to speak, nor were either Lord Dalhousie or Samuel Morley called to testify. It was enough for the judge that Eliza Armstrong had been taken away without her father’s consent, and consent gained by fraud was no consent at all. When the jury, in considering their verdict, wished to distinguish between abduction for criminal purposes and the technical offence which Stead and Rebecca Jarrett had committed, Mr Lopes repeated that no motive, however high-minded, justified the taking away of a child from her parents without their consent. With the case narrowed down to this one point, the acquittal of Bramwell Booth was virtually assured but the fate of Stead and the others was sealed. The truth was that neither Stead nor Rebecca Jarrett need have been convicted, for the records at Somerset House later revealed that Charles Armstrong was not Eliza’s father; she was an illegitimate child.

So a verdict of guilty was returned and sentences were passed under the Act of 1861 under which many a procurer in London could have been charged – but never was! Stead was given three months which he served in the first division. Rebecca was given six months but without hard labour. In court she was torn between her loyalties to her old companions – to whom she had turned in order to help Stead to secure Eliza – and her new friends. Her evidence was confused, and at times contradictory, lest her former confederates should scorn her – who now claimed to be leading a new and better life – for breaking her word to them. But when she came
out of prison she was met by Mrs Bramwell Booth and, under another name, lived for 40 years as a faithful Salvationist. Eliza was cared for as well, and later married happily.

Eventually the storm died away, greatly to William Booth’s relief, and one major result was the establishment of ‘a new national scheme for the deliverance of unprotected girls’. This included the setting up of a ‘central office of help and enquiry’ in London, the opening of additional homes in the provinces for girls in need, the establishment of similar centres in other lands where the Army was at work, and the commencement of a maternity service where the most friendless girl could have her confinement in a setting that was clinically adequate and morally helpful.

A free night shelter was opened for homeless women, both single and married, with supper and breakfast obtainable at threepence; for children under ten at twopence; for infants in arms at one penny. A crèche was provided next door where women who went out to work could leave their children, but the reaction of the police was to charge William Booth with keeping an unregistered common lodging house and, when a lower court dismissed the charge, to file an appeal which included the shelters that had been opened for men. However, the Queen’s Bench finally ruled that the Common Lodging House Act of 1851 did not apply to such charitable enterprises. The work of grace was not to be frustrated by law.

11. Who is My Neighbour?

With the title ‘Asleep under the stars’, Gustave Doré had sketched more than once one of the many pitiful groups of adults and children sleeping in a stone alcove on a Thames bridge. William Booth saw them for himself as he crossed (probably) London Bridge late on a winter’s night towards the close of 1887. The immediate result was that on 18 February 1888, the first food and shelter depot of The Salvation Army in Great Britain was opened in the West India Dock Road with accommodation for between 70 and 80 men. Soup kitchens and food shops had been opened – and closed – in Christian Mission days, but now a second depot was opened in Clerkenwell, then another in Lisson Street, after which 272 Whitechapel Road was refitted as a shelter for 100 men and as headquarters for this newly organised activity.

These and various other hitherto unrelated efforts took shape and coherence in the Victorian best-seller *In Darkest England and the Way Out*, first published on 20 October 1890. An edition of 10,000 was taken up on the day of publication, followed by a second edition of 40,000 inside a month, and within twelve months *The War Cry* was advertising a fifth edition, bringing the overall printing to 200,000 copies. (The book was reprinted by Charles Knight and Co in 1970.) Like all revolutionary ideas, the basis of *In Darkest England* was so simple as to provoke wonder that it had not been thought of before. Every cab horse on London’s streets was given food, shelter and work. The animal needed these basic necessities in order to serve his owner. How much more was a man better than a horse? This New Testament logic was irresistible even in an age when poverty was regarded more as a byproduct of personal failure than an undeserved misfortune.

William Booth, aided and abetted by W. T. Stead, spelled out the details of his scheme in close on 300 pages, which must be read against the prevailing economics of the day and the general horror of what was called ‘indiscriminate charity’. First of all, ‘the City Colony’ would
provide a nucleus of institutions designed to meet the immediate need for food and shelter and would provide temporary employment. To ‘the Farm Colony’ in the country would then be transferred – if they so desired – those who could profit by training in one or other of the many branches of agriculture. This would be what might now be called a therapeutic community. Finally, ‘the Oversea Colony’ would be a twice-blessed provision in which the new world would redress the inequities of the old by providing employment and, at the same time, populate and develop its own empty spaces. It is only fair to say that this third stage never materialised in the way in which William Booth had hoped. The colonies were wary about welcoming what they feared might be Britain’s rejects. Nevertheless sponsored emigration, which began as early as 1882 and continued till the outbreak of the Second World War, enabled nearly a quarter of a million people to start a new life in one or other of the countries of the new world. To get the overall scheme off the ground William Booth asked for £100,000.

Had a government in power put forward so all-embracing a scheme there would have been no small debate. How much more when The Salvation Army, about which there were more opinions than one, offered to heal the abject poverty which Taine described as a festering sore on the English body politic?

There were the ayes and the noes. The Review of Reviews carried a cartoon of William Booth bearing an outsize umbrella under which had gathered many leading figures in the country, headed by the Queen herself, while the General firmly pointed along a road signposted: ‘A short cut to the promised land’. Cardinal Manning wrote to say how fully the book had commanded his sympathy. ‘I hold,’ he added, ‘that every man has the right to bread or work.’ A public call that ‘the proposals made by General Booth should have a fair and adequate trial’ was signed (among other church leaders) by Charles Berry, John Clifford, Marcus Dods, Dean Farrar, Donald Fraser, Grattan Guinness, Jonathan Grubb, John McNeill, W.F. Moulton, Joseph Parker and Alexander Whyte. Squire Bancroft offered to donate £1,000 to the scheme if 99 others would do the same and, though his challenge was not taken up, sent his cheque. In Wilfrid Meynell’s Merrie England, Francis Thompson wrote that:

I have a knowledge more intimate than most men’s of this life which is not a life… in which men rob and women vend themselves. Because I have such knowledge I have read with painful sympathy the book In Darkest England just put forward by a singular personality… In God’s name, give him the contract.

The unacknowledged leader of the opposition was undoubtedly T. H. Huxley, who damned the scheme as ‘socialism in disguise’ and then pronounced it doubly damned because its motivation was religious. Huxley conducted a paper war in The Times for over a year and, what is equally significant, The Times went on giving him space. The Charity Organisation Society questioned whether there was ‘a submerged tenth’ and argued that the ‘Darkest England’ proposals were unnecessary and unworkable. But William’s estimate was conservative compared with his namesake Charles, who reckoned that at this date 30 per cent of the population of the capital – 1,800,000 souls – lived in direst poverty. The Lord Mayor of London, on the authority of the City police, declared that no one was sleeping out on the Thames bridges, whereupon William Booth conducted an on-the-spot investigation on his own. The Commissioner of Police sought to counter this with a letter repeating that ‘there was not a word of truth in “General” Booth’s allegations’, whereupon the columns of the national newspapers were filled with letters from Londoners writing from first-hand observation.

In an all-out attempt to discredit the ‘Darkest England’ scheme the hoary untruth was revived that The Salvation Army did not keep accounts nor publish balance sheets, as was the ugly slander that William Booth was lining his pockets at the public expense. The truth was that certified financial statements had been printed annually since 1867. Matters came to a head when a correspondent in The Times asked whether William Booth would consent to an independent enquiry into the finances of the ‘Darkest England’ scheme – and to this, with remarkable meekness of spirit, he agreed. He knew in advance, of course, that he had nothing to hide but everything to gain from the most stringent investigation. The Earl of Onslow, who had been Governor of New Zealand, was charged with the task of convening a committee, and Sir Henry James QC MP was appointed chairman. The Times agreed that the members were ‘persons
overcrowded. The cubic space where 800 men slept nightly was sufficient only for 400. The case went to the courts and a ceiling figure of 550 was laid down by the magistrate. The net result was that 250 men were left on the street in the depth of winter. The Vestry made no effort to lodge them – with the result that a number of these men now waited outside the institution every night in the hope of getting a quick ‘kip’ when the early risers left for work.

In addition to what some critics of the Victorian social scene might have described as palliatives – for example, the feeding of a thousand men every night on the Thames Embankment during the winter of 1904, and again in the winter of 1909 – the ‘Darkest England’ scheme made a genuine attempt to provide employment for men who were unable to find a place in the existing labour market. Such institutions, first known as elevators, were set up not only to provide work in rag and paper sorting, wood chopping and general salvage enterprises, but also to furnish employment in carpentry, joinery, cabinet making, signwriting, basket weaving and similar trades. Enough to say that, at the outbreak of the First World War, 800 men were working in these elevators.

For some unknown reason – except possibly that it was one of the earliest of such enterprises – the Hanbury Street elevator became the object of a virulent attack which reached a climax in 1900 when, in a Trafalgar Square demonstration, a self-appointed committee charged the Army with employing sweated labour and provoking unfair competition. The ordinary processes of reasoning were unavailing against such irrational prejudice. Finally the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress was persuaded to make its own investigation of Hanbury Street, and the report cleared the Army on all counts. The fact was that Hanbury Street – and any other similar establishment – was the unrecognised forerunner of what are now known as sheltered workshops. The men thus cared for would never have found employment on the open market.

The charge of sweated labour must have been particularly vexatious to William Booth for the factory which he had opened for the manufacture of matches under hygienic conditions at a fair wage was still in business. One tragic by-product of commercial match-making at this date was
necrosis or ‘phossy jaw’. An operative would begin to suffer from acute toothache, which would be followed by the loss of one or more teeth. A hard swelling would form in the area of the jaw which would then start to rot. The customary treatment was the extraction of all the affected teeth, followed by surgery for the removal of the diseased portion of the jaw. Frequently the disease went unchecked, and as the work force in a match factory consisted mostly of untrained labour, the employees were less well paid and less capable of standing up for themselves than most.

On 11 May 1891, William Booth opened his match factory at Old Ford where the dangerous yellow phosphorus was not used. ‘Phossy jaw’ was banished. Wage rates were increased by from 10 to 15 per cent. At the height of production 100 workers were employed.

‘Lights in Darkest England’ matchbox labels are now a collector’s piece, declared The Listener for 7 November 1957. With their printed slogans: ‘Bear one another’s burdens’, or ‘Love thy neighbour as thyself’, they are now a treasured possession of philumenists. The Lamprell Street factory did not finally close down until 26 November 1901, by which time public opinion had compelled manufacturers to cease using the harmful variety of phosphorus.

However, the Act to make it illegal to make or sell matches containing yellow phosphorus did not become law in the United Kingdom until 31 December 1910.

All this may sound a far cry from marching to the melody of gospel songs from the Blind Beggar to the Dancing Academy in New Road, Whitechapel. Yet salvation for William Booth had always meant salvation for the whole man. His boyish sympathy with the economic plight of the Nottingham stockingers has already been mentioned. His cry that the poor had nothing but the public house was a protest against their social as well as their spiritual deprivation and differed but little in essence from the dictum of G.R. Sims in How the Poor Live that it was drink that gave them the Dutch courage to go on. In the mind of William Booth ‘the sacrament of the Good Samaritan’ was an integral part of the sacrifice offered for the redemption of mankind, only this was a sacrament in which God’s people could – and should – actively share.

So it was not surprising that there was hardly a community need for which the ‘Darkest England’ scheme did not seek to provide. In pre-labour exchange days, labour bureaux were opened where employers could list their vacancies and men apply for work. A farm colony of some 3,000 acres was set up at Hadleigh in Essex which, at its peak, bred pedigree shire horses, grew grain and root crops, maintained several herds of red Lincoln shorthorns, more than 300 white Yorkshire pigs and some 800 sheep, as well as about 200 acres given over to market gardening and fruit orchards. A smallholdings experiment was established at Boxted to demonstrate what could be done in this field. A series of Samaritan posts – later known as goodwill centres – were set up in the poorest and most densely populated urban areas. Residential boys’ and girls’ homes were opened to care both for those brought in off the streets or referred to the Army by the courts. Homes for inebriates (the 19th-century word for alcoholics) were established and, to the services for women already mentioned, were added mothers’ and children’s homes as well as residential hostels for young women.

Efforts of this nature, varying according to local need, were commenced in many of the countries where the Army was already at work. At Göteborg in Sweden a night shelter was opened in the autumn of 1890. In the severe winter which followed hundreds of homeless people were housed in temporary night shelters in Paris. A first experimental – in American phraseology – ‘low cost men’s lodging house’ was opened in Greenwich Village in 1891 and, at the same time, a similar shelter was opened for women. In Montreal the notorious Joe Beef’s canteen was purchased, renamed ‘The Lighthouse’, and opened as a men’s hostel. Similar work was begun in 1896 in Buenos Aires, Cape Town, Melbourne and Sydney.

All this was surely a heavy enough burden to be carried by one man, even when aided by an adequate staff and fortified by a happy home life. There was never any doubt as to the nature of the relationship between William and Catherine Booth. They belonged to one another – body, mind and soul. But since her mid-50s Catherine’s health had slowly but surely worsened, and by 1888 the truth could no longer be hid. She was dying of cancer. Her own religious convictions forbade the use of pain-killing drugs – such as morphia – which were then available and her husband, who begged her to relent, was compelled to be an unwilling witness of the
12. The Word of God Multiplied

The furore over the ‘Darkest England’ scheme was the last widespread expression of hostility towards The Salvation Army in Great Britain. Widespread differences of opinion as to whether the public should be asked to underwrite what Owen Chadwick has gently described as ‘utopian schemes organised by an uncontrolled authority’ were only to be expected.

Jack London had little good to say when, in the guise of a penniless man looking for food and work, he came to the Blackfriars Shelter on a Sunday morning in 1902. In the New York Independent Justin McCarthy had already observed that such centres were ‘nightly besieged by hosts of the unemployed and hungry for whom neither shelter nor the means of sustenance can be provided’. ‘Nearly 700 of us,’ wrote Jack London – and he had walked the London streets of his own choice the previous night – ‘had to wait till 11 in the morning for a free meal of bread and cheese, cake and tea.’ But then perhaps he had never had to clear up after a full house of overnight guests, let alone provide even so simple a meal for so large a multitude. After breakfast he fell foul of ‘the adjutant’ whom he told he now wanted to leave, but happily ‘the major was a different stamp of man. I liked him as soon as I saw him.’ Jack London duly left – and then slept between clean sheets for 15 hours without a break.

Beatrice Webb did at least give the Army the benefit of a weekend’s enquiry when she went down to Hadleigh in February 1908. She did not hide her questionings over what she called ‘the religious pressure’ of the compulsory Sunday evening meeting. But of the officers who cared for the ‘ex-convicts, ex-tramps, workhouse able-bodied and men picked up from the shelters’, her perceptive analysis is worth quoting:

They are men and women selected for their power of subordinating themselves to their cause, most assuredly a remarkable type of ecclesiastic: remarkable because there is no inequality between man and woman, because home life
and married life are combined with a complete dedication of the individual to spiritual service. A beautiful spirit of love and personal service, of content and joy, permeates the service; there is a persistent note of courtesy to others and of open-mindedness to the world.

Snide comments did not cease, however, from those who saw themselves as socially and intellectually superior to the despised Salvationists. But if the beginnings of the Army were so unashamedly plebeian, so were those of the Church of the New Testament. ‘Not many wise, not many learned,’ wrote the Apostle Paul. One of the charges against William Booth was that he vulgarised the Christian faith. The charge need not be rejected – so long as it is remembered that the *Oxford English Dictionary* equates the vulgar tongue with the vernacular. In his *Churches and the Working Classes In Victorian England*, Kenneth Inglis agrees that ‘with minor exceptions they (the Salvationists) were the only group of Christian evangelists of their own time who approached working-class non-worshippers on their own cultural level’. If William Booth used the idiom of Whitechapel to speak to the people of Whitechapel, what other idiom should he have used? Nowadays this approach is highly praised as showing mastery of the art of communication. As events were to show, the Army leader could walk with kings nor lose the common touch, and the snobbery of certain society cliques was mightily o’erfaced when the Court Circular announced that an audience had been granted to ‘the Rev Wm Booth, Commander-in-Chief of The Salvation Army’ by His Majesty King Edward VII on 22 June 1904. As the *St James Gazette* – with a sly dig at The Times – remarked: ‘No inverted commas around the General now’. But The Times went on using them just the same.

It was on this occasion that the King asked William Booth how he got on with the churches. ‘What is their attitude to you now?’

‘Sir, they imitate me,’ he replied – whereat the King gave an understanding chuckle.

This was but the truth for, after some initial hesitation, the Anglican Communion encouraged Wilson Carlile to unite the Church Militant Mission – which he had formed in his North Kensington parish – with similar groups in other areas, and the Church Army came into being with a mission to Walworth in December 1882. But whether criticised or copied, William Booth went on his own independent way. What did distress him were his family troubles – the defection of Ballington, his second son, in 1896; of his third son, Herbert – whom he regarded as his successor should any mishance befal Bramwell – in 1902; of his eldest daughter, Catherine, doubtless against her own better judgment, in the same year; and the death in a train crash in the United States of his second daughter, Emma, in 1903. Nevertheless, the work went on for, in practice, the Army had many founders – some better known than others, some more successful than others.

For example, towards the end of 1889 Colonel and Mrs Henry Thurman left England for the Argentine – to find within a few weeks that they had misread the local situation. They had thought that the full strength of the English colony was to be found in Buenos Aires, whereas it was scattered over an area ten times the size of Britain. Major and Mrs Barritt took their place and the most notable member of their company was the youthful A. J. Benwell who was to serve without a break in the Argentine until 1905 and later, in 1932 to be exact, to become the territorial leader of the Army in China.

The newcomers were sorely handicapped by their lack of Spanish. Their hundreds of penny English song books were so much lumber. In a desperate attempt to make clear the object of their coming, one of the officers would muster a few of his best-known Spanish phrases and, sitting in the congregation, would say: ‘I, a sinner!’ Moving forward to the bench placed in front of the platform he would kneel and say: ‘I seek the Saviour!’ This ritual evoked the greatest hilarity among the onlookers until, after about a week, a man rose and copied the officer’s words and movements. A convert was made! So against all odds four corps were opened by the end of 1891 and, in addition, three centres were established in Montevideo in the neighbouring republic of Uruguay.

In order of time the next extensions were in Rhodesia and Zululand. A pioneer party, led by Major and Mrs John Pascoe, left Kimberley in the Cape Province on 5 May 1891 for Mashonaland, reaching Fort Salisbury on the following 18 November. They were met by Dr Jameson who carried out the promise of Cecil Rhodes to make the Army a grant of land
in the Mazoe Valley, though the inter-tribal raids, followed by the united rising of the Mashona and the Matebele against the white newcomers, led to the death of Captain Cass and the suspension of the work until after the close of the Boer War. Operations were then restarted under the leadership of Adjutant Bradley and Lieutenant Mtainbo Matunjwa, the first Zulu convert. On these seemingly frail foundations was erected the present evangelical, educational and medical work which is almost wholly African in its extent and is largely staffed by Africans.

Earliest efforts in Zululand were as chequered as those in Rhodesia but in October 1891 a small party set out from Pietermaritzburg to take possession of the ten acres of land which had been granted by the government of the day on the banks of the Amatikulu. The leader was Adjutant J. Allister Smith, a Scot from Elgin, and on Sunday 22 November a meeting was held in the shade of a mimosa tree. Two young men responded to this first appeal; one was the above-mentioned Mbambo Matunjwa.

But there were no easy results. Those first years were tough. The main crop was maize, and maize porridge twice a day – varied by pumpkin, sweet potatoes and rice – was the staple diet of the pioneer Salvationists. The loneliness was as hard to bear as the food was monotonous. For two and a half years Mrs Smith did not see another woman of her own colour. Yet she occupied herself with teaching African mothers the use of the needle while her husband introduced the men to the plough, and in due course word of the gospel reached the Amazosa of Cape Colony as well as the Amabaca, the Amapondisi, the Matebele and the Mashona of Southern Rhodesia.

Three advances in Asia should now be mentioned.

In November 1894 two officers disembarked at Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, then the capital of the Dutch East Indies; one was Jacob Brouwer, the other A.T.J. van Emmerik. The latter had been a civil servant in Java and had spent part of his homeland furlough in Paris before going on to Holland. Not long after he received a telegram from his friend which read: ‘Return. Have found something interesting.’ What was ‘interesting’ was the Armée du Salut at whose penitent-form this agnostic had knelt and prayed, ‘O God, if Thou art, save my soul, if I have one.’ Soon both young men were sharing the same joyous experience and van Emmerik, on becoming a Salvation Army officer, appealed to William Booth to commence work in the Dutch East Indies. Meanwhile Jacob Brouwer, who had already become an officer in 1889, was attending the 1894 International Congress in London where he was asked if he would be willing to go to Java.

Both men were willing – but Java was not willing to receive them. ‘With our idyllic conditions,’ said one colonial official, ‘there is no need for The Salvation Army.’ A leading missionary petitioned the Dutch Governor General not to allow het Leger des Heils to commence working in Java. Even before Brouwer and van Emmerik had left Holland, the Javanese authorities had asked that their departure be forbidden. Thus there was general relief when the new arrivals turned their back on white society and made Poerworejo in central Java their first station. Later they trekked barefoot some 30 miles into hilly country and at Sapoeran rented a house at the 1965 English equivalent of 25 pence a month. Here they lived as Javanese, giving themselves to language study, and here was built their first hall, measuring 30 feet by 18 and costing in 1965 currency less than nine pounds all told – raised entirely by local effort. A scattering of reinforcements arrived. A headquarters was set up in Semarang in 1898. The Kabar Slamat (The War Cry) with three pages in Dutch and one in Malay made its appearance in 1900. By 1903 there were five corps in operation, each with a simple form of schooling for Javanese children. Some rudimentary forms of social service were also begun, though it was not until 1907 that Captain (Dr) Vilhelm Wille – with his wife and family – arrived from Denmark to commence the work for the blind which made his name a household word throughout the country and earned him the commendation of both the Queen of Holland and the King of Denmark.

Meantime on 4 September 1895, the Hohenzollern had berthed at Yokohama with Colonel and Mrs Edward Wright, charged to commence the work of the Army in Japan. The opening meeting was held on the following Sunday in the YMCA hall in Tokyo. The expected interpreter failed to appear but another gentleman volunteered his services. All went well until the prayer meeting when the Colonel began to appeal for decisions. ‘I cannot urge people like that,’ protested the interpreter. Etiquette would allow him to make one such invitation – but to go on
repeating it would be impolite. He would therefore pronounce the benediction – and the benediction was pronounced.

But converts were made and soldiers enrolled – the most outstanding of whom was Gunpei Yamamuro who had come to Tokyo in search of employment. The lad was seeking knowledge rather than money and finally gained an entrance to the Christian University of Doshisha in Kyoto. The day he matriculated he had not a coin left so, making a virtue of necessity, he prayed and fasted. The following day a fellow student offered to meet his first year’s fees. Yamamuro financed himself through his second year by acting as gatekeeper at the college.

Then a social worker, a Mr Ishii, fell ill and, while in hospital, received a new English book which he wanted to read. Because of his ignorance of English he asked a friend of Yamamuro’s to come and read to him, and in turn the friend brought Yamamuro with him. The book was *In Darkest England and the Way Out*, which had reached Japan even before the pioneer Salvationists had arrived. Mr. Ishii asked Yamamuro to meet the newcomers on his behalf – and so the first links with the Army were forged. Yamamuro eagerly studied the faith and practice of the new arrivals, translated their addresses when asked to do so, acted as doorkeeper – actually as shoe-minder, for Japanese custom required all attenders to leave their shoes outside the hall – and after two months, for as yet there was no training college in Japan, was commissioned Lieutenant in The Salvation Army. He became the territorial leader of the Army in his own land in 1926.

One of his first tasks was to edit the *Toki no Koe (The War Cry)* in colloquial Japanese. Hitherto all religious literature had been written in the classical style. Yamamuro’s work proved a significant breakthrough, reaching a public hitherto untouched by the Christian message. But his major written work was his *Common People’s Gospel*, which Toyohiko Kagawa called his favourite book, ‘a masterpiece of religious literature of the Meiji era… an inspired message’. The word ‘gospel’ does not mean that this was a translation of any of the New Testament gospels. Yamamuro used the word in the primary sense of good news and drew upon Japanese history and Buddhist teaching as well as Confucian ethics to illustrate the truths of the Christian faith in a way that would appeal to his countrymen. It would be almost impossible to make a western translation of this for it is a commendation by a Japanese to the Japanese, in terms of the culture of Japan, of the power and worth of the Christian faith. [Nonetheless an English translation appeared in 1988 and a revised edition in 2008.] The book first appeared on 20 October 1899. It is still in print, and those who know best estimate that by 1965 three-quarters of a million copies had been sold.

Within five years of the Army’s arrival in Japan there was another significant breakthrough – this time the attack upon the licensed quarters.

For nearly three centuries a system of licensed prostitution had prevailed in Japan. Girls could openly be purchased for an agreed term of years, though in 1872 an imperial ordinance forbade this traffic and ordered the release of all who had been so bought. Unfortunately, the law was evaded by those who made a commercial profit out of the trade. No public disgrace was attached to the professional behaviour of the girls thus employed, though many of them were weary of such a life and longed for their freedom. An American missionary in Nagoya – U. G. Murphy – set himself to study the law governing their employment and, in a test case, secured the release of two of them.

Colonel Henry Bullard, who had taken charge of the Army in Japan in 1900, determined to stage a national crusade against this evil. Yamamuro prepared a special edition of the *Toki no Koe*, the front page of which carried in colloquial Japanese the relevant clauses of the imperial ordinance. Mrs Yamamuro (daughter of a Samurai family and possessed of a good education) took charge of the first women’s rescue home in Japan and, with Charles Duce, the Chief Secretary, the entire officer strength of the Army in the country – all 50 of them – was called together. After a night of prayer this apostolic company marched on the Yoshiwara, distributing the special issue of the *Toki no Koe* as they halted at street corners.

As soon as what was happening dawned on the brothel keepers, they set their strong-arm men on the invaders. The flag was torn to shreds, the drum ripped, the Salvationists beaten up. But the very violence employed against them turned to their advantage for it gave their crusade unexpected publicity. The press joined in the demand that any girl who wished to
return to a normal life should be allowed to do so. ‘Free cessation’ became a national cry. What was little short of a reign of terror prevailed in many licensed quarters as the proprietors used every means in their power to prevent their girls leaving them. But on 2 October 1900, a further imperial edict declared that

i. any prostitute who wished to go free had only to attend the nearest police station and make this known, and

ii. no girl under 16 could henceforth be registered as a licensed prostitute.

Within a year of this announcement 12,000 young women had secured their freedom under the new law. Twenty years later, when a roll of honour was being compiled in Tokyo of ‘the benefactors of Japan’, the five Europeans listed included Henry Bullard and Charles Duce.

One other form of social service dates back to the turn of the century – though more properly it should be described as medical service.

A motherless child, Henry John Andrews, was taken care of by Emma Booth, second daughter of William. By the time she married Frederick Tucker, Harry was 15 and begged to be allowed to go with them to India. At 17 years of age he became a Salvation Army officer and early showed a strong desire to care for the sick. When cholera broke out in what is now the Kerala State, the lad gathered a few simple remedies together and went from village to village helping such sufferers as he could. He was brought back to England to take a dressers’ course in a London hospital and, returning to India in 1896, set to work in a simple dispensary in Nagercoil which had cost £50 to erect.

Meanwhile he had read in The War Cry that a Dr Percy Turner had been commissioned a Captain. Turner had astounded his fellow students at Bart’s by turning up to classes in Salvation Army uniform. But he carried off the senior medical scholarship, took his MB, BS at the University of Durham, was awarded the Luke Armstrong Scholarship in surgery and took the DPH(Oxon). Turner had given up thoughts of medicine when he became an officer, but Andrews persuaded him that he could be an officer and a doctor if he came to India. He arrived in Nagercoil in 1900 where he served until 1923, becoming the father figure of the Army’s widespread medical work.

Andrews learned his profession the hard way and finally qualified in 1912. During the troubles on the North-West Frontier he lost his life in 1919 when going to the help of the wounded under heavy attack, showing the utmost disregard of danger. An account of how this now elderly man gained the Victoria Cross is to be found in The Story of the Victoria Cross by Sir John Smyth, who was present when a painting of the scene was unveiled in 1965 in the VC’s room in the Headquarters Mess of the RAMC, Millbank, London.
13. A Good Warfare

WITH the turn of the century The Salvation Army entered calmer waters. Not that every difficulty was everywhere overcome. Even while William Booth lay stricken and sightless in his home at Hadley Wood in the summer of 1912, one of his officers was sent to prison for seven days for allegedly causing an obstruction in Cole Street, Scunthorpe, and served his sentence in the third division – which meant that he spent his time picking oakum!

When the Boer War broke out, the possibility of Salvationist killing Salvationist was a present grief to William Booth, who could not understand how a nation could be so aroused by a conflict in a distant land and yet be so apathetic toward evils at home. The only holy war for him was the salvation war, though it has to be agreed that the South African conflict became a proving ground for those services to the troops which evoked the lasting gratitude of thousands of men from opposing countries during the First and Second World Wars.

At this time, however, his Christian soldiers were pushing their front forward in the Caribbean where the Army flag had earlier been unfurled in 1887 in Kingston, Jamaica, by Colonel Abram Davey. First successes seemed to assure a prosperous future. By the end of March 1888 a central property had been secured to serve as headquarters and meeting hall. Two thousand people attended the opening gathering. But an article entitled ‘Jamaica, past and present’ appeared over Colonel Davey’s name in the July 1888 issue of All the World. The Colonel’s unflattering comments upon certain aspects of the Jamaican way of life were reproduced in the Kingston press, whereupon the local toughs revenged themselves upon the local Salvationists. Meetings were interrupted. The headquarters building was besieged. The Colonel and his family had to shelter there for three days and three nights. The sale of The War Cry fell to a fifth of his earlier circulation. Income sank to near zero. Colonel Davey was recalled and Staff-Captain William Darracott sent as replacement. But he soon withdrew as well, and the island was left without European leadership until, four years later, Major James Cooke was appointed – by which time tempers had cooled. Within the next ten years the work was extended to Guyana (1898), Barbados (1899), Trinidad (1901), Panama (1904) and Costa Rica (1907).

The next advance was to be in Asia where Colonel and Mrs Robert Hoggard arrived in Seoul, the Korean capital, in August 1908. The first seekers accepted Jesus as Saviour and Lord in the Hoggards’ own home even before any hall had been opened. Within six weeks 100 converts had been registered. Within nine months the first Korean officer was commissioned. The stone-laying of the first Army hall in Seoul was held in March 1910. By the following autumn the first cadet had completed his training course. An eight-page monthly War Cry made its appearance in July 1909 and when Commissioner E. J. Higgins visited the country in the autumn he could report that the Army was at work in 50 villages.

This might sound like a success without tears story – but the truth was very different. The message of the pioneer officers was not always accurately translated. Some interpreters invented where they did not understand. The title of ‘Save-the-world-Army’ was understood politically by many. The miracle is that so many who were thus misled found the true answer to their real needs. The newcomers realised that they would have to master the language themselves if the message of the gospel was to be made clear and plain. Two of them – Captains Sylvester and Lord – became particularly proficient in Korean, as was to be demonstrated when the latter shared in the Death March to the Yalu River in 1950. As often as not the only mode of travel was by pack pony. The alternative was to walk – which is what Mrs Colonel Hoggard often did as when, for example, she and her woman officer companion tramped to a village 20 miles out of Seoul and 20 miles back again to encourage one of their Korean woman converts.

In August 1910 Korea was absorbed into the Japanese empire and renamed Chosen, but despite these changes some 2,500 salvation soldiers had been enrolled by the outbreak of the First World War.

Further advances were made at this time on the other side of the
The winter of 1905 was a sorry one for Britain. In London 8,000 starving men demonstrated their plight by marching from the City to the West End. Every night between 2 and 3am a thousand homeless men were given a hot supper at the Army’s food kitchen in Wych Street. The last hope of a job for an unemployed man was at the dock gates around which hundreds would gather before dawn broke, and each weekday morning Salvation Army officers would distribute upwards of 600 breakfasts. Queen Alexandra inaugurated a National Fund for the unemployed with a personal gift of £2,000, her one stipulation being that £1,000 of this should be placed at the disposal of The Salvation Army. The Mayor of Northampton made a personal gift of £900 for the needy of his town, and the local Salvation Army officer was one of the two agents commissioned to undertake the distribution of this charity. Speaking that winter in Penzance, Lord Rosebery, the Liberal leader, said that if he were dictator he would take General Booth into his counsel, for he had the knowledge and the machinery to deal with the residual problem of the unemployed and the unemployable which seemed to be beyond the resources of the state. It is hardly credible that barely a dozen years had passed since William Booth had agreed to an independent enquiry into the financing of his social schemes in order to demonstrate to the sceptical that he had not been privately profiting from his public appeals. But now hardly any questions were asked and some gifts were made without any solicitation.

The principal cities of the country vied with one another to do him honour. On 26 October 1905, accompanied by 700 of his officers and supported by the bands of the Highgate, Penge, Clapton Congress Hall and Chalk Farm Corps, William Booth marched from 101 Queen Victoria Street to the Guildhall to receive the Freedom of the City of London from the Lord Mayor, Sir John Pound. In deference to the General’s wishes a wooden casket – carved out of one of the beams of the old Guildhall which had been built by Wren after the Fire of London in 1666 – was substituted for the customary gold casket, and a cheque for £100 was given by the Corporation for the work of The Salvation Army. Nottingham followed suit on 6 November of the same year, and the royal borough of Kirkcaldy on 16 April 1906.

Then it was the turn of the University of Oxford. Lord Curzon had been made Chancellor on relinquishing the Viceroyalty of India, and thus
enjoyed the privilege of selecting the first list of names to be honoured by the University after taking up his appointment. ‘I should like’, he wrote, ‘for the famous and ancient university of which I am now the Head… to have the privilege of setting its seal upon the noble work which you have done… a work excelled in range and beneficence by no living man.’ So on 26 June 1907, William Booth took his place with (among others) the Prime Minister (Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman), Prince Arthur of Connaught, Auguste Rodin, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreburn), Sir Edward Grey, the American ambassador (the Hon Whitelaw Reid), and heard Dr Goudy (Regius Professor of Civil Law) say:

It was the singular merit of this man that he had achieved renown, alike in this country and in foreign lands, not by any great actions performed either in war or statesmanship or in the art of science. By a new and different path he made his way. His work had been to create an institution for enabling the lowest of his fellow creatures – *clausi tenebris et carcere caeco* (hedged in by dark and blind environment) – to raise themselves to a better mode of life. For a long period of years he had had this one principal object before his mind – to assist the poor, to succour the wretched, to cheer the afflicted, to draw the vicious and the criminal away from vice and crime, ‘to lure to brighter worlds and lead the way’.

But no honours could divert Booth from his primary task of evangelism, and in the autumn of 1904 he commenced a series of motor campaigns, during the first of which he covered 1,250 miles and conducted over 100 meetings. He undertook six of these before his sight began to fail, and in between he campaigned in Canada, Japan, the United States and several European countries. He experienced the sorrow of a schism in the Army in Sweden. He laboured hard, but unsuccessfully, to get his scheme for the settlement of young men colonists in Rhodesia off the ground. He was forever urging a cautious Whitehall to give the Christian gospel a larger place in government schemes for social amelioration. On his way home from Finland he stopped at St Petersburg, called upon a number of Russian notables and held a well-attended drawing-room meeting in the capital – all with the hope of commencing the work of the Army in that country.

National boundaries meant less and less to him. ‘I thought,’ he once wrote to Bramwell, ‘that the word “foreign” had been banished from Salvation Army language.’ ‘In our attempts to save the lost,’ he declared, ‘there must be no limitations of human brotherhood.’ To his last breath he continued to think ‘of all the nations and peoples of the earth as one family’. To have a million people – so he wrote in *The War Cry* about the Army – ‘who have forgotten the jealousies and rivalries arising out of differences of country and politics and trade and station, all occupying one common platform of equality in spirit and purpose and affection must… present the very best evidence that we are what we represent ourselves to be – sons and daughters of Him whose name and whose nature is love.’

Beyond all denying his spirit was still willing, even eager – eager beyond all imagining for a man of whose strength time was taking its toll. ‘Worn out’ was one of the entries in his journal at this time. ‘I am very poorly,’ he wrote to Eva in New York. He had already endured one operation for the removal of a cataract in his right eye, and later the eye itself had to be removed. Then early in 1912 he was coming downstairs at Hadley Wood in what he himself described as ‘a somewhat sprightly manner’ when he slipped and fell heavily on the floor. Severely shaken, he nevertheless rallied sufficiently to conduct the farewell of Commissioner and Mrs Booth-Tucker for India at the Regent Hall on Monday 5 February.

From 25 February to 7 March he campaigned in Holland. Within a fortnight he was leading staff councils in Norway. On Wednesday 10 April he celebrated his 83rd birthday in company with 800 officers at the Clapton Congress Hall, and on the 12th led three Good Friday meetings in the same building. He was at Torquay on the 14th, Bath on the 15th, Glasgow on the 21st, Dumbarton on the 22nd and Warrington on the 28th. The meetings in the local Hippodrome were the last he was to undertake on a Sunday – though no one realised it at the time. His text at night was ‘What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?’ (Matthew 27:22). And all this was done without any public address equipment to ease the burden on the human voice and by an old man whose sight was so uncertain that he had to be guided to the platform rail.

The public celebration of his 83rd birthday was held in the Royal Albert Hall on Thursday 9 May. His peroration would never be forgotten.
14. So I Will Be with Thee

WHAT manner of man was the Army’s second General and what kind of estate did he inherit?

William Bramwell Booth had been the Army’s principal executive officer since 1880 and by his middle 50s was at the height of his powers. He knew the Movement, and the leading men and women in the Movement, better than anyone else – possibly even better than his father in his old age. Yet he had never held a rank as such and unless referred to as the Chief of the Staff – ‘the Chief’ for short – was known as Mr Bramwell. ‘On August 21st, 1912’, so read the Year Book for 1913, ‘Mr Bramwell Booth was proclaimed General.’

At his side stood Florence E. Booth, daughter of a Blaina doctor, whom he married in 1882. For many years she was associated with the Army’s work for mothers – married and unmarried alike – and children, and herself brought up a family of seven, ‘all of whom’ (to quote the Year Book again) ‘are destined for service in the Army’. No Movement could have had leaders more totally devoted to the cause, nor more insistent that those about them should share their total devotion.

Then what of those commentators who did not expect the Army to outlast its Founders, William and Catherine? The short answer is that they wrote and spoke in ignorance. They did not know the Army. They failed to recognise the strength of those loyalties which bound together officers and soldiers from every continent and which, as events were to prove, were to withstand the test of two world wars. Salvationists have never been mere members of a movement, content with a nominal allegiance. They are as their name suggests – soldiers. They are personally involved in what the New Testament describes as ‘the furtherance of the gospel’. ‘What would I do without my soldiers?’ cried William Booth on one occasion. What indeed? As the New Statesman later commented: ‘In The Salvation Army every man or woman who joins becomes a missionary; that is why they go about their business of living so cheerfully.’
The Army itself was but 47 years old when its second General entered on this goodly heritage. There were still around him older men and women who had suffered the calculated cruelty of mob violence, the bitterness of ecclesiastical and social prejudice, and the poverty of shoestring financing. Whatever the intellectual limitations of some, they all possessed warm hearts as well as a generous amount of native sense, and the devotion they had given to William Booth was transferred without question to his eldest son. Apart from Commissioner Booth-Tucker who was 61 years of age, many of the new General’s key officers were younger than he was and shared his forward-looking vision. ‘We haven’t done our best thing yet’ was a line from a popular salvation chorus of that day.

Here then was a movement whose boundaries stretched from sea to sea – certainly from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the United States where the General’s younger sister – in whose veins ran much of her father’s imperious spirit – had been in charge since 1904. Progress in the Republic had called for the addition of a Deputy Commander – Commissioner George Kilbey – in Chicago, and so the Army rode out the attacks on the probity of its social services in Philadelphia (1906), Boston (1909) and Los Angeles (1913). After President Taft attended a Salvation Army meeting in Washington DC addressed by the Commander herself, any virulent opposition died away.

To the north the Army in Canada grew as the Dominion grew. In 1909 the Army’s legal position was greatly strengthened when royal assent was given to the Act incorporating the Governing Council of The Salvation Army in Canada. Henceforward the Army’s assets were vested in this body instead of in the name of the Territorial Commander. Earlier still – from 1904 – dates the incorporation of the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, which enactment prepared the way for the training of nurses in Salvation Army institutions. A chain of Grace Hospitals now (1965) extends from Labrador City to Vancouver.

Mention must also be made of the part played in populating the growing Dominion. In one year alone – 1908 – 25,000 migrants crossed the Atlantic under the Army’s auspices to start life anew in Canada. Between 1900 and 1914 an estimated 200,000 men, women and children were helped in this way to make a new home in the new world.

Prospects might not be so rosy south of the Panama Isthmus, but there were just over 100 officers serving under the leadership of Colonel H. W. Mapp in the South American continent, and in the half-circle from Jamaica to Trinidad there was a third as many again under the direction of Colonel Charles Rothwell.

Westwards the land was undeniably bright. The defection of Herbert Booth in 1902 had left much less mark upon the Army in Australia than that of Ballington in the United States. Herbert never attempted to set up a rival organisation and had been succeeded by two exceptional leaders – Thomas McKie and James Hay. The last named was really the father of 20th-century Salvationism in the Commonwealth. When he arrived in Melbourne in 1909 his office was grandiloquently known as ‘the headquarters for Australasia, Melanesia and the Eastern Archipelago’. Before he left, New Zealand had been made a territory on its own, and by 1921 the Australian work had grown to such an extent that separate headquarters were set up in Melbourne and Sydney respectively. This arrangement holds good today.

In the Dutch East Indies Colonel Gerrit Govaars had succeeded Lieut-Colonel van Rossum, and was in turn succeeded by Lieut-Colonel de Groot. The William Booth Memorial Eye Hospital in Semarang, with the Danish officer-doctor Vilhelm Wille, was opened in 1915. Some objection had been raised in Java to the Governor-General’s action in recognising Salvationists as Christians because they had never been baptised, whereupon the Colonial Secretary read out the Articles of War [The Articles of War consist of a short statement of Christian doctrine together with a brief recapitulation of the obligations of Christian behaviour, and must be accepted by all who wish to become Salvation Army soldiers] to the Dutch Parliament sitting at the Hague. ‘Would anyone,’ he enquired when he had finished, ‘be bold enough to say that those who had accepted these Articles were not entitled to be recognised as Christian?’

Farther to the north the Army at this time possessed a small but compact force in Japan and a courageous growing group in Korea. Even amid the miseries of the Russo-Japanese war the Army had been able to minister to men of both nations in hospitals and prisoner-of-war camps.
Commissioner Booth-Tucker had returned to India in 1907. A quarter of a century earlier he had been arrested for commencing the Army’s work in Bombay. Now government representatives waited upon him and the witness of the four marchers from the Apollo Bandar to the Tenth Lane, Khetwady, had grown into a network of evangelical and social activities centred on Nagercoil (with Colonel Clara Case in charge), Madras (Lieut-Colonel Stevens), Poona (Brigadier van de Werken), Ahmedabad (Colonel Blowers), Lahore (Lieut-Colonel Duce), Bareilly (Brigadier Melling) and Colombo (Lieut-Colonel Measures), assisted by 1,700 officers and cadets.

South Africa possessed more than 400 officers under Commissioner William Eadie, and the importance of the work among the indigenous peoples had been recognised by the appointment in 1909 of Brigadier Allister Smith to this responsibility.

So far as Europe was concerned, Sweden took pride of place with nearly 900 officers under the control of the Grand Old Man of Scandinavia – Commissioner Johan Ögrim. At this time the leading corps in Stockholm had upwards of 1,000 soldiers, and the work for alcoholics on Korun had already aroused such public interest that a deputation of 50 members of Parliament, headed by Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, father of the future United Nations Secretary-General, made a personal inspection of the colony.

Nor were Salvationists in Norway, where the brilliant Jens Polvsen was in charge, any less zealous. When one of the intelligentsia assailed a woman officer, the Norwegian poet – Bjørnsterne Bjørnson – spoke up. ‘Madam, she does not fight for her own ideas, but for what she has found to be the most beautiful in life, which she is now seeking to bring to others.’ The work of Brigadier Othilie Tønning, leader of the women’s social services, to bring beauty into the lives of others was recognised by her presence in uniform at a reception given in the Palace in Christiania on the occasion of a state visit by King Edward VII in 1908.

The two other members of the north-west European quartette – Finland and Denmark – did not drag on behind. Each had more than 250 officers. Colonel Karl Larsson could point to 80 corps in Finland, and Commissioner Mrs Booth-Hellberg gained the King of Denmark’s approval for a National Day of Celebration to mark the 25th anniversary of the commencement of the Army’s work in the country. As a result 50,000 kroner were raised for the erection of a training college for officers in Copenhagen.

During this period Holland was supporting nearly 100 corps and outposts, encouraged by the ever-increasing interest of the royal house of Orange. The remarkable developments of the Army’s social services in France were still to come but, together with Belgium, there were some 140 officers actively serving in both countries – and this at a time when it was not uncommon for mourners to attend a funeral wearing a red rosette which meant ‘No religion!’

Across the Alps the work in Switzerland and Italy was similarly joined for administrative purposes under Commissioner Elwin Oliphant, the Anglican curate turned Salvation Army officer. Between the two countries there were more than 300 officers, though in some Italian towns the cry of ‘Down with these Salvationists!’ could still be heard. At this time the Italian headquarters was in Milan, not Rome, and William Booth had considered ‘dropping this preaching altogether in Italy and going in for rescue homes, shelters and the like’. But there was wide appreciation of the relief work, which was undertaken when, on the night of 28 December 1908, an earthquake devastated Messina and the surrounding countryside. For its services during this disaster the Army was personally thanked by King Victor Emmanuel.

In Germany as well there was a more favourable climate of opinion. In 1905 the police willingly co-operated in a march of 1,000 Salvationists in the German capital. An exhibition in Berlin during the following year of the Army’s world services drew an estimated attendance of 20,000, including members of the imperial household. Wrote Adolf Harnick:

This Militia Christi – uniformed, tactically trained, ready for battle, but entirely peaceful – is the most remarkable manifestation of the organisation of Christians in recent times…. Through its work the Army has disarmed the mockers and turned enemies into friends. Not every Christian can be a soldier of The Salvation Army, but every Christian ought to be grateful to it and can learn from it.

Finally, in the land of the Army’s birth the new General had a force which he himself had supervised until the appointment in 1911 of
Commissioner Edward J. Higgins as leader of the evangelical work in the United Kingdom. This had not been so unusual an arrangement as some present-day Salvationists might think. From the last decade of the 19th century Bramwell Booth had taken a personal interest in the country’s young people, and the annual conference days (or residential weekends) which are now an established feature of Army youth work in Great Britain were started by him. On the domestic front Mrs Bramwell Booth was the inspirer of the Home League which was launched in 1907 with the aim of raising the standards of domestic life. If not quite realising Railton’s dream of ‘a thousand bands and a thousand drums’, there were more than 1,000 corps in the United Kingdom at this time, not to mention the continually expanding social services for men, women and children. The age of administrative improvisation had passed, and the Army’s internal affairs were now supervised by a body of Salvationist ‘civil servants’, some with small previous experience, others with the highest professional qualifications, but all of whom were more, much more, than backroom boys. As The Times observed:

One of the most popular speakers in the Army today was, before he donned the uniform, a chimney sweep; one leading organiser is the son of a public school master. One prominent officer glories that he was ‘called from the bar’ – the public house bar; another was a judge in the Indian civil service. One continental leader was formerly an Anglican clergyman; another a clerk in a biscuit factory.

So from August 21st the word was ‘go’. It had always been ‘go’, but now the word had a different intonation. The Daily News discerningly remarked that:

what was compulsion with the father is persuasion with the son. Bramwell is an organiser where his father was an adventurer. Yet it is probable that his father’s dreams would never have come true but for the calm laborious engineering work of Bramwell.

But the son had his dreams as well. He had promised his father he would raise the Army flag in China and was determined to keep his promise. He had also given his word that more should be done for the homeless of the world, and that one pledge alone was the equivalent of hard labour for the rest of his life. He also had an eye for the spiritual and material needs of the people of India. Army pioneers in that country had dedicated themselves to the problems of village life but there were twice as many villages again – and more – still to be entered. As if that were not enough, much of Africa was still ‘darkest Africa’, not to mention – wrote the General – ‘the opportunity for work in the southern states of the USA, or the question – soon to be a very urgent question – of a general recognition of the coloured peoples. The non-Christian world teems with problems… but they will never be solved without the Cross of Christ. That, and all that it represents, is the great need.’

So vision and action were embodied in a single person. The 28th anniversary of the women’s social services in the United Kingdom was celebrated in the London Guildhall on 13 November. A new hospital for mothers was opened in Berlin on 21 November. A hundred officers were dedicated in the Royal Albert Hall on 13 May 1913, for service overseas. The manner of the promotion to Glory of Commissioner George Scott Railton was typical of the spirit of the day. He was returning to Amsterdam from Switzerland, travelling third class because there was no fourth. He had to change trains at Cologne and used the break to pay an unannounced visit to the officers in the city, but spent more time with them than he had intended. He hurried back to the station, retrieved his bag from the cloakroom, rushed up the stairs into the waiting connection – and was with his Lord. The date was 19 July. But though God had buried yet another of his workmen, he continued his work. On the following 18 October, the Mothers’ Hospital in Lower Clapton Road, London, was opened by Princess Louise, and the next year – from 11 to 26 June 1914 – saw an event which would have delighted Railton’s heart: the Congress of Nations.

Wrote The Nation:

Right in the heart of the London season, during the week dedicated to Ascot… this great cosmopolitan array of soldiers have penetrated our metropolis with the spirit of kindly jubilation. So many agreeable and happy faces, such varied gaiety of garb, have hardly been witnessed before.
ON 3 August 1914, the British Foreign Secretary sadly watched ‘the lamps going out all over Europe. We shall not see them lit again in our lifetime,’ he added. Leaders of church and state had now to grope their way through the encircling gloom. None of them had ever taken this particular road before. What was new about this war was that the civilian was as involved as the soldier. The home front was as important as the battlefront. Business could not continue as usual. In this total conflict there were no non-combatants – and this was the situation which faced Bramwell Booth within two years of taking command of the world’s youngest international religious movement. Heads of national churches could care for their flock behind the defensive moat of their own national boundaries. But what if the flock were scattered at large over many lands, its members hidden from one another by the thickening smoke of war? Yet through the gathering darkness shone certain eternal stars which gave enough light to see by. The Christian gospel must still be preached. The internationalism of the Army must not be breached. Men and women in need must still be reached.

More than half a century later (1974) these three principles may sound the most obvious of platitudes. They were not at the time. In her full-length biography of her father, the General’s eldest daughter rightly asked: ‘Could the Army march on its way unhatting? Not without risking being hated for doing it.’ The two-handed engine of popular propaganda worked overtime to paint ‘the Huns’ as scarcely human and all who recognised them as such as traitors. The war undoubtedly started as an idealist crusade with some, but the anxieties and agonies of a struggle in which few holds were barred hardened the hearts and darkened the minds of decent men on both sides. Harold Nicolson has pointed out how the credulity and suspiciousness of the civilian population during the First World War far exceeded the emotions provoked by the much greater perils of the Second. Public clamour compelled the resignation of Prince Louis, grandfather of Prince Philip Duke of Edinburgh, from his office as First
Lord of the Admiralty. It needed the intervention of King George V to
scotch a suggestion of Lord Fisher that batches of German prisoners-of-
war should be shot for every air raid on England. The egregious Horatio
Bottomley took it upon himself to propose that the St George’s Chapel at
Windsor should be raided and the Garter banners of those royal houses at
war with Britain forcibly removed. Even church leaders were not immune
from the prevailing fever. The life of Nathan Söderblöm reveals that the
Swedish Archbishop’s ‘Appeal for Peace’ in November 1914 was
unwelcome to those to whom it was addressed in Berlin, Paris and
Canterbury. Premature! Inopportune! Untimely! were the several
responses.

It was in this atmosphere of hysteria from which no country was
exempt that the Army’s General sought to remain true to the declaration he
had made on his accession to that office: ‘The Salvation Army belongs to
the whole world. It knows no nationality as such. All men are the proper
objects of its loving service.’ His public utterances as well as his private
 correspondence testify to this. He was asked by The Times to contribute a
New Year message for 1 January 1915, and this is part of what he wrote:

The future is with the nations who know how to cultivate
character, which involves discernment between the things
which are seen and temporal, and those which are not seen
and eternal. As to the future... I hope that the sifting of these
searching days will bring to the front men who realise that
Jesus Christ spoke as a statesman, as well as a Saviour when
he said that the law of society was to be: do unto others as
you would that they should do unto you.

To one of the most influential of his territorial Commissioners the
General wrote:

It will ever be one of the outstanding facts of our history
that amidst the most awful conflagration of modern times
The Salvation Army has been found everywhere going
steadily forward with its own great work of reconciling men
to God... I feel I can congratulate all my leading men and
women upon this, and call them to praise God with me for
the marked evidences we have had... of his approval of our
resolution to keep his salvation first in everything... The
spread of that salvation is the first great business to which
God has raised us up. All we do must work in that direc-
tion, and nothing we do must retard or hinder us. Here we
are strong, unassailable, invincible.

Next came the preservation of the international fabric of that part of
the universal Church of Christ known as The Salvation Army. This was
not so difficult in 1914 as in 1939 for the main theatre of the war was in
Europe, with Britain, Germany, France – and later, the United States – as
the main protagonists.

Since 1886 the Army had fought hard to gain a footing in Germany,
and on account of the Founder’s frequent meetings in the Circus Busch
in Berlin on Repentance Day, Busstag had become familiarly known – even
outside Salvation Army circles – as Booth’s Day. A worthy delegation
from the Fatherland had just shared in the Congress of Nations. German
Salvationists had marched the streets of London as comrades of a world
fellowship in which all were one in Christ. It was inconceivable that they
should be abruptly cast off. There were a number of British officers
serving in Germany at the outbreak of the war as there were those of
German origin away from home. Indeed, the General thought at one time
that Salvationists in Germany might be of particular service to British
prisoners-of-war and internees. But such signs of goodwill were taboo.
Undeterred, Salvationists in Britain began to visit the camps where
German nationals were interned, and during the war years there was an
estimated attendance of 50,000 at such meetings. At one of these Captain
Carrosso Gauntlett – a British officer who had served in Germany and
spoke fluent German – was concluding the service with Luther’s ‘A safe
stronghold our God is still’ when an interned German pastor moved to his
side as the last line was being sung: ‘Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben’
(‘the city of God remaineth’). ‘I am glad to stand by the side of my brother
of The Salvation Army,’ said the Lutheran. ‘He belongs to one empire; I to
another; but together we are citizens of a greater empire. Das Reich (the
Kingdom) remaineth.’

In the spirit of this eternal truth the General instructed a trusted Dutch
woman officer, Lieut-Colonel Barbara Luppens, to visit Hamburg and
Berlin and report on how the Army was faring. Some eighteen months
later he himself saw Lieut-Colonel Carl Treite, then the senior Salvation Army officer in Germany, in Stockholm. ‘A remarkable story of loyal devotion… to the cause of Christ’ was the General’s verdict on the Colonel’s report. Six of the 20 corps in Berlin had been closed, and others in East Prussia and the Rhineland had declined, but the majority of Salvationists were enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

In the same spirit no difference of race or language prevented the needs of any in distress from being met. Refugees from Belgium were housed in Army hostels in Britain. By the same token, members of the British Naval Brigade who escaped into Holland after the fall of Antwerp were visited by Dutch Salvationists, as were members of the Belgian army interned at Leeuwarden. For the same reason Russian civilians fleeing from central Europe to their homeland were fed and sheltered at Swedish ports, as were German refugees escaping from Russia by way of the Finnish and Swedish border towns of Torneå and Haparanda.

In some respects human need was almost as acute in Britain. Pits were closed because of the loss of export orders. Short-time working became the rule in many north country mills. The allowances paid to the wives and families of serving men were pitifully small. Not without cause did the Prince of Wales launch a national fund for the relief of hardship, and on most of the local distress committees the Salvation Army officer had his place.

The enlisted man was not forgotten. The steaming fragrance of the Army’s cup of tea behind the front line, at a buffet at some draughty railway junction, on some isolated camp site, or in a city hostel lived on in the memory of innumerable ex-serviceman. The ‘Old Contemporaries’ remembered this ‘cuppa’ for three Salvation Army officers crossed the English Channel in August 1914 to see what help could be given to the men of the British Expeditionary Force. To those conscripted in the later stages of the war, the hut with the Red Shield sign became a place of fellowship where a man ceased to be a number and became a person in his own right once more. ‘There is more in our men,’ said Field-Marshal Lord French when opening one such centre of rest and refreshment, ‘than that which military training and teaching can impart.’ And he went on to emphasise the work of Salvationist personnel in steadying and strengthening the enlisted man when facing hazards which could be more dangerous to the spirit than to the body.

The need to remember the sick and wounded was recognised by successive gifts of motor ambulances for service with the Red Cross. In one or two quarters there was a perceptible hesitancy to allow so ‘religious’ a movement as The Salvation Army to enter into what was regarded as an official relationship with the Forces. But it soon became clear that a faith which worked by love was the kind of faith that appealed even to the man of no faith. He knew the 20th-century equivalent of the New Testament cup of cold water when he saw it.

The initial fleet of five ambulances was dedicated at the London Guildhall on 1 December 1914. A second unit (named after Queen Alexandra) was put into service on 15 February 1915, and a total of 30 ambulances in all served at home and abroad. The Ambulance Band, formed from the Salvationist personnel, provided welcome music and song for troops out of the line. The fact that such men were committed Christians did not make them any less competent in the discharge of their duty. ‘I may say,’ wrote Lord Baden-Powell to the General, ‘that when I was at the front… the officer in charge of Red Cross arrangements told me that the… Salvation Army men could be trusted, better than any others, to carry out their orders conscientiously and well.’ To further this humane work Salvationists in Australia themselves furnished a fleet of eight ambulances to serve with the AIF, and those in Canada provided a unit of five cars to work on the Russian front.

When the United States joined the war in 1917, seven men Salvationists and four women crossed to France, and in the autumn the first doughnuts were made by the doughnut girls for the doughboys. As Sallie Chesham has written in Born to Battle, ‘they also sewed buttons, mended uniforms, talked and listened, sang, preached and prayed. The Army lasses in France were safe unchaperoned.’

In addition to such decorations and awards as were given to Salvation Army officers in the course of their war-time service, three Salvationist servicemen gained the Victoria Cross; nine the Military Cross; one the Distinguished Service Order; 23 the Distinguished Conduct Medal – one with bar; over 70 the Military Medal and a further three with bar; two the
On 25 April 1915, the Anzacs landed on the Gallipoli beaches, McKenzie with them. In eight weeks there were 600 casualties in his battalion; little more than 400 were left. His saddest duty was to identify the dead from some fragment of clothing or blood-stained pay book, and then write to the loved ones. ‘War is nothing short of insensate folly,’ he commented at this time. ‘It is inconclusive in its results and devastating in its ultimate consequences.’

After the peninsula was evacuated came service in France, and in the vastly different conditions of trench warfare he was as ready as ever (said one observer) to go not just the second, but the twenty-second mile. In him charity and humour were compounded in equal parts though, as with any great spirit, smut he abhorred. During one rest period he was required to adjudicate a brass band contest. It would have been a hazardous proceeding to award the palm to either of the rival contestants: the peace of the rest period might have been imperilled. With due solemnity McKenzie pronounced the result a draw!

His charity was equally wise and generous. Moving across the shell-pocked slopes of Gallipoli he heard a young digger, wounded to death, faintly calling: ‘padre, do you know a Catholic prayer?’ ‘I think I do, my boy,’ came the answer without the least hesitation. ‘Say after me: God – be merciful – to me – a sinner. I lay – my sins – on Jesus.’ That was McKenzie’s message to men in life as in death.

With the armistice signed, the immediate task was to try to bind up some of the wounds inflicted by the war. The Serbian Government appealed to the Army for clothing which (it was urged) was as greatly needed as food. By October 1919 a consignment of clothing valued at £80,000 had been shipped to Belgrade, together with a group of officers to supervise the distribution. Some of these later crossed to Germany, on whose behalf the General had asked the British Government to give credit with the Scandinavian countries for food. While phrases were being coined about squeezing Germany until the pips squeaked, the Army added £5,000 out of its own funds to a similar sum from the Save-the-Children Fund, and quietly got on with its task of succouring human need.
16. Who Hazarded Their Lives

THE conclusion of the First World War meant that Salvationists could again give their undivided attention to that holy war from which there is no discharge. The return of servicemen from the Forces produced in the United Kingdom a new crop of candidates for officership as well as greatly strengthening the Army’s manpower at corps level. Simultaneously work among the young was given new goals and a campaign was set on foot to secure a ratio of two to one between the number of children and the number of adults on Salvation Army rolls. Following the appointment of Commissioner Edward J. Higgins to the office of the Chief of the Staff upon the retirement of Commissioner T. Henry Howard, Mrs Bramwell Booth took over the leadership of the Army’s evangelical work in Great Britain.

In the autumn of 1919 Commissioner Johan Ögrim, who had been in charge of the Swedish territory for seven years, nobly accepted the leadership of the Army in stricken Germany, and Colonel Albin Peyron – who had been leader in France since the autumn of 1917 – set in motion long-cherished plans for the extension of both the social and evangelical work in that country. For administrative purposes Canada had been divided into two territories with headquarters in Toronto and Winnipeg respectively since 1915, and Australia was similarly partitioned in 1921. From the fall of 1920 the work in the United States was shared between an Eastern Territory (New York), a Central (Chicago) and a Western (San Francisco).

The farewell of Commissioner Booth-Tucker from India owing to ill-health meant that the work was thereafter divided into territories controlled directly from Bombay, Calcutta, Lahore, Madras and Colombo. Advances in the East were furthered by the dispatch of nearly 130 officers (drawn from Europe, North America and Australasia) on the Calypso, specially chartered for that purpose. The financing on this increased missionary effort was aided by the record 1920 Self-Denial total of £268,010. In addition to this, General Bramwell’s term of office saw the work of the Army extended to Russia and the Celebes (1913), China (1916), Czecho-Slovakia (1919), Assam and Nigeria (1920), Kenya (1921), Brazil and Ghana (1922), Latvia (1923), Hungary (1924), Surinam (1926), and Austria (1927). Not all of this work survived. Some of it succumbed to social and ideological changes. Jesus warned His disciples that there would be soils where the good seed would not fruit. In some places the seed still sleeps beneath the snow, but in others the harvest has been sixty-fold, even a hundredfold. But whatever the long-term results, more often than not the immediate sowing was the work of small groups of Salvationists who counted no sacrifice too dear for the cause. Each advance was an epic; some more spectacular than others; each meriting a place in the record. [This period of the Army’s expansion is told in fuller detail in The History of The Salvation Army, Vol 4, p29ff.] As that is impossible here are three examples

Early in 1922 Lieut-Colonel David Miche was asked whether he would be willing to pioneer the work of the Army in Brazil. The Colonel was 54 years of age, his wife 48, and they had two teenage sons. Hitherto their service had been in France, Belgium and Switzerland, and there were those who wondered whether they should be asked to face a new life in a new country with a new language. But the Colonel had his answer. ‘More than 30 years ago I placed the reins of my life in the hands of God, and I am not going to take them from Him now.’

This was no ‘in darkest Africa’ type of operation but an attempt to introduce a strongly evangelical faith into a long-established culture where religion was widely – if at times only nominally – accepted. Opposition might be expected from those who loved the church; indifference from those who were hostile. But there were a few welcoming friends in Rio de Janeiro to greet the new arrivals. Mlle Huber, whose fluency in Portuguese, English, French and German was of untold help, was one of them and became in due course a uniformed Envoy. There was also the Rev Carl Cooper and his wife – better known as Daddy and Mother Cooper – who subsequently gave ‘Lar das Flores’ (Blossom Home) to the Army. Today this is the largest of such children’s homes in the country,
housing 170 boys. A talented young German Swiss, Christian Balmer, resolved to forego his professional career and became the first officer to be recruited in Brazil itself, and on 5 November 1922, Brigadier Robert H. Steven arrived as the Colonel’s chief assistant. This was an immensely valuable reinforcement in a situation in which knowledgeable people were in short supply, for the Brigadier had already served for more than a quarter of a century in South America and was to become territorial leader in Brazil from 1927 to 1930 and again from 1942 to 1945.

Meetings were held in a rented hall in the Avenue Mem de Sa, and later a second corps was opened in Niteroi. When an international exhibition was staged in Rio de Janeiro to mark the century of Brazilian independence, the Army occupied a stand in the National Pavilion of Fine Arts, thus introducing the work to a still wider public.

Nor was the traditional approach through the open air neglected. With due permission the Campo de Santana heard the sounds of salvation on Sunday afternoons and such novel religious services attracted a good deal of attention. But any comprehension of the evangelical faith was limited. Confession of sin was understood and so both men and women would frequently kneel in seeming penitence. But that this initial act should thereupon lead to a total change of heart and life was largely an unknown and – in many instances – an unwelcome consequence. So officers would spend many hours vainly seeking to renew contact with those whom they had counselled and for whose salvation they had prayed. Yet despite every disappointment there were those who were truly converted unto God, and when serious illness in August 1927 compelled Lieut-Colonel Miche to relinquish his post, nine corps had been opened.

Today (1974) there are over 100 active officers in Brazil, with 26 corps and 15 social service centres. Some 450 children in eight different homes are in the Army’s care, beside which the mother and baby home in Sao Paulo houses 50 mothers and 45 babies. A modern training college now prepares young Brazilian Salvationists for officership, and in 1972 the territory provided the pioneer leaders for the opening of Salvation Army work in Portugal. Like the corn of wheat of which our Lord spoke, the life of David Miche had fallen into the ground but, in dying, had borne much fruit.

The story of The Salvation Army in Russia demands a larger canvas and harsher colours.

In 1909 William Booth spent some days in St Petersburg (see chapter 13), and in addition to calling upon several government ministers, held a house meeting which was attended – among others – by members of the imperial family. Not long afterwards W. T. Stead visited the Russian capital and, after an audience with the Czar and his Minister of State, Peer Stolypin, came away believing that all the Army had to do was to make a formal application to be allowed to enter the country and this would be granted. A written request was lodged at once, but on 14 September 1911, Stolypin was assassinated in Kiev, and the application was subsequently refused.

In the spring of 1913 Colonel Karl Larsson – at the time in charge of the work in Finland – was invited to provide an exhibit in the Finnish section of an all-Russian Hygiene Exhibition to be held in the Russian capital. The display attracted considerable attention and Lieutenant Elsa Olsoni, the young Finnish woman officer on duty, was kept busy answering questions about the nature and work of the Army. (In passing, the Lieutenant was to serve in Russia for the next ten years.) Permission was then secured for the publication of a monthly eight-page paper entitled Vyestnik Spasseniya (The Salvation Messenger) which sold between six and eight thousand copies per issue. House meetings were held, though without government sanction, and soldiers were made from those converts who wished to become Salvationists though their names were placed on the Heisingfors corps roll for, officially, the Army did not exist in Russia.

Then came the war – and the assistance given at the Finnish and Swedish border towns to returning Russian refugees made the Movement still more widely known. Another Finnish officer, Ensign Helmy Boije, arrived in the Russian capital during October of that year to take charge of a work which was growing but whose existence was still not yet acknowledged. On 20 December 1914, in Petrograd (as the capital had been renamed) Colonel Larsson enrolled another eight converts as soldiers. The first Salvation Army corps had been established in Russia, and a further five soldiers were enrolled on 25 March 1915. The Petrograd
city authorities agreed to a monthly grant of 200 roubles, to continue for six months, for relief work among families of reservists. Colonel Larsson was received by the President of the Town Council, Count Tolstoy, nephew of the writer. A hostel for refugees from the war zone was opened on 27 September, and when the American colony in the capital provided a similar home the Army was asked to run it.

But towards the end of October the police appeared at one of these house meetings. The officers were questioned and the names and addresses were taken of all who were present. A few weeks later the police returned, this time not to question but to sentence. All attenders were to pay a fine of 75 roubles within three days or else suffer three weeks’ imprisonment. Adjutant Boije and Brother Piesheffsky (in whose name the flat was rented) were fined 200 roubles or two months’ imprisonment. It seemed as if the future of the work hung in the balance – but fortunately the Adjutant had a friend who gave her a letter of introduction to a member of the imperial family. There was a telegram to the Minister for Home Affairs and the Commissioner of Police dropped the charges.

The incident showed how uncertain was the Army’s life in Russia, and it was thought right to inform all who came to the meetings that they did so at their own risk. This deterred all but committed Salvationists and staunch friends, but then came the revolution of March 1917, and on Sunday 22 April, 30 Salvationists, headed by the Army flag and Colonel Larsson playing his concertina, marched from the Gavanskaja Ulitsa along the Bolshoy Prospekt and formed a ring in a side turning. Instantly a great crowd gathered, but when some onlooker declared that this was a parade of the Black Hundred (a reactionary faction) there was nearly a riot. It was then thought wise not to hold any more open-air meetings for the time being, but a month later the government declared that:

All Russian citizens have the right to hold meetings indoors without any restrictions, and open-air meetings except in streets with tram lines.

All Russians have the right without separate permits to form associations and societies not of a criminal character, and are also permitted to keep up correspondence with similar associations abroad.

Soon there were seven corps, two children’s homes, two goodwill centres and one eventide home in Petrograd, but by the autumn the sky was darkening again. With the November change of government the ultimate fate of the Army was sealed, though a steadily diminishing amount of activity continued until 19 June 1923, when Elsa Olsoni, first Finnish Salvationist to enter the country, was the last to leave. The Christian heroism which had willingly shared the plight of the people of Russia, suffered hunger, made light of loneliness, endured imprisonment, accepted disease, not fearing even death for Christ’s sake and the gospel’s, could do no more. Nor were those brave spirits allowed to do more. They did not quit the country; in the end they were told to go.

Meanwhile hope was rekindled when the Moscow administration said that they knew of no reason why the work of the Army should not continue. But it was not long before there was another police visitation. Some officers were arrested and the doors of the headquarters in Petrograd were sealed. As the Swedish Legation thought it prudent to depart, Colonel Larsson – himself a Swedish citizen – was advised to do the same and take his family with him. Staff-Captain Boije volunteered to remain behind and, as a consequence, received the belated reply to the Colonel’s plea that the Army’s work might be permitted to continue:

Owing to the dangerous influence spread by… The Salvation Army, and in view of the fact that it is supported by citizens of America, England and Sweden… its activities are prohibited in the district of Petrograd, including the holding of meetings, the work of the children’s home, and the publishing of The War Cry. The premises are being confiscated and sold.

Yet in the following March the headquarters was re-opened but the Staff-Captain’s joy was short-lived. She fell very seriously ill herself but, thanks to the combined efforts of Arthur Copping (the first British journalist to enter Russia after Lenin’s accession to power) and the principal representative of the Danish Red Cross, Boije – more dead than alive – was brought back to Finland.

This left the dedicated Elsa Olsoni as the senior officer and she, with unconquerable faith, was still cherishing plans for future developments.
when a foolish remark by a young woman Salvationist led to the arrest of almost every one of remaining officers and some of the soldiers. In the spring of 1922, in the prevailing bureaucratic confusion, the corps in Petrograd was told either to apply officially for recognition or to close down. Bewildered, but clutching at any straw, the Salvationists submitted an application on 3 April 1922 and, within a week, to the utter amazement of the few remaining Salvationists, the registration was granted! This seemed inexplicable, but there was the permit in black and white, and so for yet another short while meetings were held, converts were made, relief work was undertaken and a limited edition of The War Cry was sold.

This was too good to last. Although Major Olsoni presented a letter from Fridtjof Nansen commending the work which the Army was doing throughout the world, final sentence was passed. The OGPU closed the remaining properties; the Minister of the Interior ordered that all work should cease; the Central Executive Committee endorsed the decree. But the Founder’s song – ‘O boundless salvation’ – continues to be heard in some of the evangelical churches in Russia. [Salvation Army work in Russia officially recommenced in July 1991, and has since spread into the other former Soviet states including Ukraine, Georgia and Moldova.]

On the other side of the world, in a much more constricted setting, a very different kind of pioneering was being undertaken by a young married officer – Leonard Havergal Woodward. At 19 years of age he entered the Army’s training college in Clapton, E5, but not until turned 30 did he marry and then, within months, was asked whether he and his wife would be willing to serve in the Dutch East Indies (now Indonesia). ‘Reply within seven days,’ the letter concluded.

The First World War was in its second year. A long sea voyage was not without risk. The SS Mooltan on which the Woodwards sailed on their outward journey was torpedoed on her return journey to England. But so resourceful did these newly-marrieds show themselves in their first appointment that their territorial leader, Lieut-Colonel de Groot, asked them to serve in Celebes.

They were not the first officers to work among the people of Tanah Toradja. Captain and Mrs Hendrik Loois and Captain and Mrs Charles Jensen pioneered this work in 1913, but Woodward was to penetrate more deeply into the mountainous interior. There were seven days’ sailing to Donggala on the western coast, then six hours by a much smaller craft to Palu, then further inland by road to Kalawara and then by horseback along the mountain track to Kulawi. Leaving Mrs Woodward there for the time being, Woodward himself pressed on for another three days – the first still on horseback, the second and third on foot – by bridle paths, through tropical jungle, across swaying rattan bridges, until in the valley below he saw his destination – Kantewu.

The Toradjas had a long-standing head-hunting tradition. Believing that a man’s soul was located in his head, to raid some neighbouring village, behead an unfortunate captive and then to bury that head beneath the lobo or village temple was an effective way of appeasing the evil spirits who inhabited the precipitous mountain slopes and deep lakes which surrounded them. Divination by spear throwing was another ancient practice which the Dutch Government had been unable to eradicate, and as these isolated communities possessed no written language and lived in what were virtually separate fortified villages, communication was difficult indeed.

Woodward found himself facing a thick fence of interwoven bamboo and bushes with mud plastered over every crack or crevice. The only entrance was a narrow tunnel at ground level hacked out of the twisted roots of a giant tree. Commending himself to his Lord, Woodward crawled through but, as he emerged on the other side, everyone fled for his life. A white man had not been seen in the village before.

That evening the elders listened to a plea that the newcomer should be allowed to build a school for the village children and a house where he and his wife could stay. There were those who asked whether he should even be allowed to live. The village headman was particularly hostile, but in one matter Woodward acted better than he knew. Away from the amenities of western life he had allowed his beard to grow. He was not aware that to the Toradjas a beard was a sign of wisdom – and Woodward’s luxuriant growth exceeded anything they had seen before. He became known as Tua Djanku (the man with a beard), and as his presence became more and more accepted by the villagers, they found his quiet counsel – born of his Christian discernment – more acceptable still.
Not that difficulties vanished as by magic. Rice was the staple food — boiled, baked or curried, but still rice. Vegetables, as the Woodwards had known them at home, were unobtainable. As there was no written language Woodward began to learn Oema by making a phonetic outline of the native words for such familiar things as grass, stone, leaf, tree. Four years of learning the hard way followed before Woodward attempted a short Bible address in the local tongue. But actions spoke louder than words. Mrs Woodward won the hearts of the women by showing them how to use a needle — a vast improvement on sewing with the hollow bone of a bat wing which had to be rethreaded after every stitch. Woodward was able to treat minor bodily ailments with his own simple remedies. The school brought the brighter lads to his side and when he translated some of the writings of William Booth into Malay, one of the cleverer boys produced a retranslation into Oema.

Woodward never forgot the main object of his mission — the proclamation of the Christian gospel. But most of the folk in this remote area were animists — the natural prey of the grossest superstitions. The one-time boy from Brecon knew that many of the jungle folk still held the white man in awe and if he asked them to kneel at the Mercy Seat at the close of a gospel meeting, they would do so because it was he who asked them. Four years passed before he felt that he should give the familiar Salvation Army invitation — and then one Easter two lads stepped forward, the son of the formerly hostile headman and his friend. They were the first fruits of Woodward’s labours.

Another Christian festival proved an equally significant landmark. The Toradjas had no calendar, and therefore any annual event such as Christmas had to be the subject of a special announcement. The coming to earth of Jesus as Saviour was to be marked by a meeting which would commence before sunrise. In the congregation was the headman’s 18-year-old son together with a group of strangers of similar age. This in itself was unusual, for strangers were not seen in the village save for sacrifice or slavery. But when the opportunity was given for personal testimony the lad described how he had been on a trading expedition to Seka Pada, seven days’ journey distant. His father had travelled that way many times in previous years, but mostly on slave raiding or head-hunting prowls. ‘I have told the Pada people,’ the 18-year-old continued, ‘that no longer are there knives in our hands and cruelty in our hearts. Jesus, whose day this is, has made this change and these young men (pointing to his companions) have come with me from Pada to see this change for themselves.’

Twenty-five years after the first Salvationists had landed in Celebes a flourishing work was staffed by 60 officers and included 19 schools and five clinics, with the Woodwards in happy charge. Then came the unhappy Second World War and Whit Sunday 1942 began for them the rigours of an internment which lasted until September 1945. With freedom came the word that British subjects would be sent back to Great Britain. Woodward protested. He wanted nothing more than to return to his beloved Toradjas. He had almost to be forced to board the plane for Singapore, but there pleaded his cause so eloquently before the repatriation officer that he was posted to Australia and, by 12 August 1946, was back in Makassar, promoted to the rank of Lieut-Colonel and awarded the honour of Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau.

The Woodwards retired in 1949 but the results of their selfless service still live on. The 60th anniversary of the work in the Celebes was held at Kulawi in September 1973 and one of the eight Toraja cadets in the first training session — Brigadier Musa Rungka, now retired — came down from the mountains to join in the celebration. Today (1974) one-third of the active officers in the territory are Toradjas.
17. Perplexed, but not in Despair

On 8 March 1926, Bramwell Booth celebrated his 70th birthday. There was then no retiring age for a General and his forward-looking spirit still sighed for fresh worlds to conquer for his Lord and Master. He had cause for great content that much had been attempted – and much done. Emergencies, large as well as small, had not found his soldiers wanting. When a series of earthquakes devastated Tokyo and Yokohama in September 1923 with the loss of 74,000 lives in the former city and the destruction of four out of every five houses in the latter, between them both the Army cared for over a 100,000 people.

Governments increasingly recognised that the Army was both willing and able to deliver the goods – as, for example, when the General entered into an agreement with the British Secretary of State for the Dominions to implement the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 in respect of single young women, widows with families, youths between 14 and 18 years of age, orphans and unwanted children, and under-privileged families generally. Seventieth birthday plans included the annual commissioning of 2,000 officers (this a world figure) for each of the next seven years; the dispatch of a further 1,000 officers to serve in non-Christian lands; the building of 100 new shelters for the homeless in the principal European cities, and the raising of half a million pounds for the extension of the Army’s work in the Greater London area. The topstone was the signing in 1927 of a contract to build the International (William Booth Memorial) Training College in South London with Sir Giles Scott as architect. There was only one shadow over this. No leader could live for ever. Who was to be the General’s successor and how was he (or she) to be appointed?

Such a question never arose when, on 21 August 1912, the sealed envelope was opened which contained William Booth’s nomination of his successor. The mantle of William fell automatically on Bramwell. But on whom was it now to fall? As far back as 1886 the Orders and Regulations for Field Officers had laid down that ‘the General must and will appoint his successor’ but ‘the succession to the position of General is not in any shape or form hereditary, nor is it intended ever to be so’. It was on this last point that concern – justified or unjustified – had begun to be felt, and this had increased as illness overtook the General so that he did not return to his office at International Headquarters after 12 April 1928.

In the previous October Commander Evangeline Booth, the General’s younger sister, had presented him with a reasoned memorandum urging that ‘it would be wise statesmanship for the General to abolish the present system of appointing his successor and establish a method for his election’. This, for reasons that seemed good to him, the General was unwilling to do. He could not waive the right, he declared, of nominating his successor. The tension heightened as by mid-November it was known that ‘his condition was serious’. A national newspaper even announced that he was dying. So it was that under the provisions of the supplementary deed of 26 July 1904, seven Commissioners – Robert Hoggard, Samuel Hurten, Charles Jeffries, David Lamb, Henry Mapp, Wilfred Simpson and Richard Wilson – addressed a requisition to the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Edward Higgins, asking that a High Council be summoned. Whether their action be judged wise or unwise, right or wrong, they felt this step to be necessary lest the General’s nomination of his successor should extend the hereditary character of that office.

The High Council met at Sunbury Court on 8 January 1929. Some days of discussion ensued. A proposal was made that the General ‘should retire from office, retaining his title, and continuing to enjoy the honours and dignities of the same’. When he declined this suggestion the High Council then decided by a secret ballot of 55 votes to 8 that his term of office as General should now end. These proceedings were arrested however when, on an application to the High Court of Justice, Mr Justice Eve ruled that the High Council resolution was out of order because the General (or his accredited representative) had not been given the opportunity of stating his case. Obedient to this ruling, the High Council met again on 13 February when the General was represented by Mr William Jowitt KC. Medical evidence was heard, as was the testimony of two ex-officers who spoke in his favour. Again by secret ballot the High Council confirmed its earlier decision by 52 votes to 5. The five
dissentients were Mrs Bramwell Booth, Commissioner Catherine Booth, Colonel Mary Booth, Mrs Commissioner Booth-Hellberg and Commissioner J. Allister Smith. Immediately thereafter two names were submitted for the vacant office of General, and Commissioner Higgins was elected by 42 votes to the 17 cast for Commander Evangeline Booth.

Despite the signed medical assurances that General Bramwell was ‘recovering steadily from a very severe illness’, he was promoted to Glory on the evening of Sunday 16 June 1929. As for his father, the traffic of London was halted as the funeral procession moved from Queen Victoria Street to Abney Park with the coffin bearing the motto of the Order of the Companions of Honour: ‘In action faithful, in honour clear’. Fears that the introduction of the method of election as a means of appointing future Generals ‘must bring the decay of a General’s independence of action, unhealthy rivalry and intrigue, and the eventual disruption of the Army as an international body’ have so far proved unjustified. What the New Testament calls ‘differences of administration’ cannot injure a movement which unites men and women of differing races, colours and cultures in their love for Christ as the world’s true Redeemer.

It fell to General Higgins to keep the Army on course in the following years. He was the man for such an hour for he had been appointed to the United States in 1896 to serve as principal executive officer to Commissioner and Mrs Booth Tucker after the defection of William Booth’s second son, Ballington. Returning to International Headquarters in 1905, he served for six years in what was then known as the Foreign Office, subsequently taking charge of the Army’s evangelical work in Great Britain until becoming Chief of the Staff, an appointment which he held for ten years. Arising out of the recommendations of a conference of Commissioners, it fell to him to promote The Salvation Army Act 1931, which provided (i) that future Generals should be elected by a High Council and (ii) that such Salvation Army assets as had been held in the name of a General should now be vested in The Salvation Army Trustee Company. After debate in the Commons and discussion in the Select Committees appointed by the House of Commons and the House of Lords respectively, the Bill became law and, with the exception of minor amendments in 1965 and 1968, stands unchanged. [The Salvation Army Act 1980 is ‘a new and simplified constitutional document’ redefining the role of the General and the procedure for the election of a General.] The age for the retirement of a General was held to be a domestic matter and was then fixed at 70, though this may be amended as desired without recourse to law. The new General had also to appeal to the Chancery Court to secure the transfer of all Salvation Army assets which had been vested by General Bramwell Booth in the three executors to his will, but this was happily facilitated by the decision of Mr Justice Clauson on 21 January 1930.

The encouraging fact was that amid all these legal and parliamentary involvements, the Army went on with its work, to which the appearance in September 1930 of God in the Slums by Hugh Redwood, with its Hogarthian jacket by Frank Brangwyn, bore witness. This was a by-product of the Westminster floods of early Saturday morning, 7 January 1928. The Thames overflowed, ten people were drowned in the Grosvenor Road district and scores made homeless. In the afternoon Redwood went himself to the scene of the disaster – and met ‘the Slums’, the colloquial description then given in Salvation Army circles to the officers who served in the depressed inner-belt areas of the cities and large towns in Britain. A first edition of the book which followed was sold out on publication.

In the following November in the Royal Albert Hall General Higgins announced the inauguration of the Goodwill League. Today there are more than 40 centres of Goodwill activity in the United Kingdom and many corps, while providing for public worship, undertake regular community service. Further examples of world social service are described in the next chapter. For the moment enough to say that after six years of dedicated and discerning leadership General Higgins retired in 1934 and Commander Evangeline Booth was elected, gaining 32 out of a total of 47 votes.

The first woman General was within six weeks of her 69th birthday when she assumed office, and had spent the previous 30 years of her service in the United States, of which country she had become a citizen. This was a late transplant indeed. But she possessed not only the magic of her father’s name but, in her prime, the mettle of his spirit. She had seen the Army in the Republic grow to four fully fledged territories with headquarters in New York, Chicago, Atlanta and San Francisco respectively, with more than 4,000 officers (active and retired) serving
from Hawaii to Maine, and in addition she commanded the support of many leading public figures in commerce and the professions. But the term of her new office was set in a context of world insecurity. The Italian attack on Abyssinia took place in 1935. The Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936. Germany marched into Austria in March 1938. Munich followed in September. The occupation of the rump of Czecho-Slovakia came in March 1939. Italy seized Albania a month later. War was not officially declared between China and Japan until December 1941 but the results of ‘the China incident’ had been steadily and horrifyingly escalating for ten years. What was a Christian movement to do in a world capable of such self-inflicted wounds?

First of all there was a greater need than ever for Good Samaritans – to care, for example, for the Basque children, refugees from the Spanish Civil War, who arrived in Britain in the spring of 1937. Many had lost one or both of their parents. Few, if any, had even a rudimentary knowledge of English. There was but one mother in the company, and she had four small children of her own plus a baby in arms.

The Army housed the children allocated by the Spanish Central Relief Committee first at Clapton and later at the Hadleigh Land Colony. Others were placed either at Mildmay or in a South London orphanage loaned for that purpose. Food and clothing cost about £1,000 per week but Salvationists and sympathisers – among whom was George Bernard Shaw – contributed generously to this expense.

Dame Leah Manning provided an interesting footnote to this work of love and mercy in her autobiography, A Life for Education:

On the Saturday after the children arrived I went rather diffidently to ask if I might make arrangements for them to go to the nearby Catholic church to attend Mass on Sunday.

The officer in charge smiled as he replied, ‘That’s all arranged for. The priest will be here at eight o’clock on Sunday morning to celebrate in our own hall.’

I was not astounded. A display of such ecumenical understanding is what I would have expected from so compassionate and kindly a movement.

In the second place, there were appeals for peace in the name of the Prince of Peace. Amid the demands of the massive relief work which cared literally for thousands of destitute Chinese in Peking, Tientsin, Nanking, Shanghai and lesser cities and towns, Commissioner Alfred Benwell – the Army’s territorial leader in China – made time in December 1937 to write to several of the principal papers in North China suggesting a Christmas truce, and to cable General Count Terauchi:

Leader Salvation Army in North China respectfully begs Your Excellency to consider peace truce on all fronts from midnight Christmas Eve to midnight Christmas Day in honour of Prince of Peace. Am sending similar message General Matsui, Admiral Hasegawa, General Chiang Kai Shek, China Military Affairs Commission.

Most important of all, the gospel had still to be preached. In August 1935 Brigadier and Mrs James Sansom left England to commence the Army’s work in South China, with Canton as their centre. To the Army’s immense loss, this gifted officer was promoted to Glory within less than seven months.

A year earlier Brigadier and Mrs Herbert Lord had been appointed to unfurl the flag in Singapore. The first meeting was attended by ten persons; the first young people’s meeting by three Chinese children. But a home for boys was opened, then another for girls, and then the Army was charged with the administration of the main relief fund in the colony. Within two years a training session was in progress and in April 1939 four men and three women Cadets were commissioned as officers.

Similar advances were made in the Philippines where Colonel and Mrs Lindvall were appointed in May 1937. Though it is estimated that four out of every five Filipinos belong to the Roman Catholic church, there was ample scope for the Army’s witness. By the following year there were ten Cadets in training, and a four-page War Cry printed in English, Spanish, Tagalog and Vizayan was published twice a month. When the war broke out in 1941 there were 18 corps and 27 officers. All organised Salvation Army activity in the Philippines came to an end until the Second World War was over. Nevertheless at the time of writing (1974) there are 29 corps (with ancillary social services) with 74 officers and six cadets in
training. [This had increased threefold by 2007.]

A further development took place in Mexico in October 1937 when General Evangeline – campaigning in Atlanta – presented an Army flag to Captain Guzman for the corps in Mexico City. Guzman was originally a Methodist convert who held open-air and indoor services in the capital. Somehow a copy of God in the Slums came into his hands, and this brought him in touch with the Army. The upshot was that, at his request, his own work became part of the international Salvation Army. Since then, despite changes in local personnel, this arrangement has held good, and now there are 29 corps in Mexico with indigenous leadership to match. [By 2007, this had increased to 47 corps.]

General Evangeline Booth reached the age of 73 on 25 December 1938, but continued in office for another twelve months. Had she foreseen what 1939 held for the world she might not have done so. As it was, the day of her planned public farewell from London came 24 hours after the German invasion of Poland and 48 hours before the British declaration of war on Germany. Her term of office concluded with a visit to the house where her father was born in Notintone Place, Nottingham, followed by a visit to the Broad Street Methodist church where she unveiled a tablet which read: ‘Here William Booth gave his heart and life to God in his fifteenth year, 1844.’

On a date in November which was unannounced and from a port the name of which was not disclosed, the retiring General sailed for the United States, leaving the Australian George Lyndon Carpenter – who had been elected to that office by the third High Council on 24 August by 35 out of the 49 votes cast – to be welcomed on 1 November at the sand-bagged entrance to the training college at Denmark Hill, to which building International Headquarters had been transferred earlier in September.

18. The Grievousness of War (1)

The Salvation Army’s fifth General was no stranger to Great Britain for his Salvation Army service had brought him to London from 1911 to 1928. But contrary to the experience of his predecessors he was to be confined to his home base for the larger part of his term of office – save for one brief scurry into Europe before the fall of France and a series of meetings in North and South America in the latter part of 1942, though even then the return journey had to be made in an adapted bomber plane. The war over, he was able to lead a campaign in Australia and New Zealand – thanks to a series of long distance hops by air and, before retirement in 1946, to visit Finland, Germany, Sweden and Holland. Apart from these contacts, however, the General was cut off from his officers and soldiers overseas and, what was of equal concern, his officers and soldiers were cut off from one another.

Consider the world situation. Britain was the land of the Army’s birth and was still the largest single constituent element in the Army’s life. The administrative centre of her global activities was in London. The web of her world communications met in 101 Queen Victoria Street, EC4. Well to wax lyrical about Britain as an island fortress, but it had become a fortress whose exits and entrances were narrow and perilous. So for the duration of the war Salvationists in all five continents had to take one another’s loyalty on trust believing that, when again they could meet face to face, even those from opposing nations would greet one another as brothers beloved.

Beginning then with Britain, no form of community life in the United Kingdom was more sadly disrupted by the Second World War than the organised life of the churches. Conscription brought roughly one third of the Army’s adult manpower into the Forces, and many older men undertook voluntarily some form or other of national defence. Evacuation disorganised all children’s work overnight. A seven-day working week affected attendances at Sunday worship. The blackout reduced all evening congregations and the blitz hastened their virtual disappearance in the
densely populated urban areas, as well as making outdoor activities next to impossible. This was to deprive the Army of the air essential to its continued life and growth.

Destruction increased as various forms of air attack multiplied and, by the end of the war, more than 500 Salvation Army properties in Britain had been damaged or destroyed. Men and women officers lost their lives in the course of their regular duties. Others were decorated for their bravery. Local officers and soldiers were numbered among the civilian casualties. On the night of 10/11 May 1941, the International Headquarters in London was almost totally destroyed. An oddly shaped section which was partially damaged was patched up for temporary use, but not until November 1963 was a new headquarters completed and opened.

Despite these losses the Army continued its community services. Mobile canteens were nearly always present where there had been an ‘incident’. ‘Blimey, did you come down with the bomb?’ asked a Cockney workman at the prompt arrival of a ‘Sally Ann’ team. This can be accepted as truth spoken in jest for, during the latter part of the war, Army canteens in the Greater London area attended over 500 V1 and 120 V2 incidents, supplying on-the-spot refreshments to over half a million people. Train canteens were also provided on the long distance overnight runs between England and Scotland. Basic refreshments were also taken to London’s deep shelters, as they were to the thousands who slept night after night on the hard unyielding platforms of the city’s Underground stations.

A strong corporate spirit sustained the people of Britain. They felt that they were all in the same boat together. Though for 57 consecutive nights an average of 200 German aircraft assailed the capital, Londoners were happy that at least they were at home. They would lend a hand to any unfortunate refugee who reached their shores, but they themselves were not refugees. Not so in Europe. Within twelve weeks of the German attack on Poland, Russia invaded Finland. Helsinki was bombed. The Army’s headquarters in the capital was moved to Vaasa on the Gulf of Bothnia – but that was soon raided as well, with casualties among the Finnish officers. Thousands of families were separated by planned evacuation or unplanned flight. The snows of winter sharpened the sorrows of homelessness. Such Army halls as were undamaged became improvised rest centres. There was a brief interval of peace from March 1940 to June 1941 and, with the help of German troops, the tide of war seemed to favour Finland. But in June 1944 the Karelian defences gave way and the last state of Finland was sadly worse than the first. The Army leaders there, Colonel and Mrs Hugh Sladen, remained at their post of duty even when Britain declared war on Finland in December 1941. But two months later the Finnish government advised them to leave. They could serve the country better from without than from within. They had to bow to the inevitable, though Mrs Sladen was able to return to Finland at the end of 1945 on a post-war relief mission.

In quick succession other west European countries were compelled to taste the bitterness of alien occupation. On 9 April 1940, German troops entered both Copenhagen and Oslo. In Denmark the work of the Army was not forbidden – just hampered as when, for example, in Jutland (one of the larger divisions) nearly two thirds of the Army’s buildings were requisitioned for military purposes – a phrase which covered a multitude of uses, some none too savoury. Public worship was subject to blackout and curfew and all children’s work was seriously disorganised, though fortunately only one corps hall was destroyed.

Norway did not escape so lightly. Several Army properties on the western coast were destroyed in the invasion and withdrawal of allied forces. Krigsropet (The War Cry) was suppressed for six months for mentioning the birthday of King Haakon VII, and the Salvationist officer-editor sentenced to a month’s imprisonment. Various other officers – men and women alike – were imprisoned and not released until the conclusion of the war without any charge having been preferred against them. The Army’s scout movement was dissolved and an attempt made to impound its membership rolls and funds – but without success. The autumn of 1942 saw an intensification of the campaign against the Jews in Norway, but the Army joined with the churches in declaring such racial discrimination to be a contradiction both of the Christian gospel and the historic practice of the Norwegian people.

The invasion of the Low Countries followed hard after the occupation of Norway. Colonel Mary Booth, second daughter of General Bramwell Booth, who had been in charge of the work in Belgium since February 1939, was arrested though she was able eventually to return to England.
early in 1943. All open-air meetings were forbidden but indoor gatherings and uniform wearing were allowed. For some unknown reason the uniform of the Life-Saving Guards (a movement later affiliated to the British Girl Guides, in 1959) was banned and some Salvationists were deported.

Holland suffered more severely. Seyss-Inquart issued an order sequestrating all Salvation Army property in the country on the ground that there was an enemy organisation controlled by the British. A liquidator was appointed who began by forbidding all meetings and closing all halls. The territorial headquarters and the training college, together with a number of other institutions, were seized. The publication of Strijdkreet was forbidden, though a quarto sheet mimeographed news bulletin was eventually allowed. The Army’s printing works was dismantled and the best of the machinery and typefaces carried off into Germany – as were most of the equipment and livestock from the farm colony at Lunteren. After no small parleying a ‘Netherlands Faith Association’ was permitted, and an attenuated programme of indoor meetings was allowed under this title. Many men Salvationists – officers and soldiers alike – were deported to Germany for forced labour, and towards the end supplies of food for those left behind became scarce and uncertain.

The capitulation at Compiégne on 22 June 1940 divided The Salvation Army in France in two, for any communication between the occupied and unoccupied parts of the country was forbidden. In the surrender of the French army serving Salvation Army officers were made prisoners of war. One officer, Major Georges Flandre, was shot, betrayed by a man whom he had befriended. When at the time of the North African landings the occupying power took control of the whole country, comrades in the south shared the plight of those in the north. En Avant was forbidden; meetings were forbidden; uniform was forbidden. Laval signed a decree proscribing the Army, whose properties were to be sold and funds surrendered to the state. In this extremity much was owed to the courage and generosity of Monsieur Marc Boegner, President of the Federation of Reformed Churches in France, who allowed Salvation Army meetings to be held in the presence of one of their pastors in their own church halls and who, as a temporary arrangement, incorporated the Army’s social services into the framework of his own church. A friend in need indeed!

Much the same fate attended the groups of Salvationists in the smaller European countries. Those in Latvia and Estonia first endured a Russian occupation when their monthly Kara Sauciens was banned and their activities driven underground. In 1941 came the German occupation and, believing that the Army was still functioning in the Reich, a small but enthusiastic band of Salvationists put on their uniform, brought out the flag and started to hold open-air meetings. Easy to say that they should have known better. Their zeal only hastened their forcible suppression.

The Anschluss of 1938 which had joined Austria to Germany at least gave Salvationists in Vienna the consolation of fellowship with their German comrades. Those in the truncated Czecho-Slovakia, like those in Hungary, could only encourage themselves in the Lord though, as will be noted below, they were not forgotten by their European comrades. But the occupation of Yugo-Slavia brought house arrest and then imprisonment to the dedicated but isolated Captain Mary Lichtenberger in Belgrade.

Without detracting from the Christian heroism of these scattered companies of Salvationists in various parts of the European continent, it can be said that the travail of officers and soldiers in Italy and Germany equalled, if not exceeded, them all. When Salvationists suffered for their faith in the occupied countries the popular verdict was that it was in a righteous cause, but those in Italy and Germany had to endure the obloquy of belonging to a movement whose international centre was in Britain – the country which obstinately refused to recognise the righteousness of the cause of the Central Powers. The handful of the faithful in Italy were, in the New Testament phrase, as lambs among wolves, an easy prey for the state police. Their leader, Brigadier Carmelo Lombardo, was given four years’ imprisonment on the island of Ventotene but, after two years, was transferred to Venafro. Others received varying sentences but secured their liberty as allied troops moved up from the south. ‘We are,’ said a group of survivors, ‘like a log which was once a sturdy tree, ruthlessly cut down. But a little leaf is emerging....’

The Army was not so strong in Germany at the outbreak of the Second World War as at the First – which had reduced her strength by roughly a third, and by that measure was less able to withstand the pressures which the Third Reich began to exert on Lieut-Commissioner Franz Stankuwit...
shelter were lost in a single afternoon and the officers brought dead out of the ruins. The maternity home in North Berlin was destroyed. At Cologne the men’s home, corps hall and quarters were all demolished. Thirty-three of the 80 corps properties in Germany were totally destroyed and another six seriously damaged. Thirteen of the social service institutions were completely demolished and another five seriously damaged. More than 200 Salvationists lost their lives either in the fighting or by air raids. By the subsequent political division of the country the Army lost all its corps and properties in what had been East and West Prussia, Silesia and Pomerania. It is doubtful if more than a handful of Salvationists were still living in those areas by 1974.

Amid this senseless havoc the officers and soldiers in the two neutral countries of Switzerland (led by Commissioner David Wickberg) and Sweden (led by Commissioner Karl Larsson) were Good Samaritans to one and all. The Army in Switzerland was able to assist the deported and the interned, the escaping prisoner of war and the refugees seeking asylum. In company with Sweden, both headquarters acted as agents in financing the Army’s work in countries cut off from International Headquarters. General Carpenter transferred Adjutant Erik Wickberg (who himself became General in 1969) to act as Commissioner Larsson’s personal assistant in such matters. Singly and together they visited Central Europe, holding Congress meetings in Prague, Repentance Day in a darkened Berlin, and public gatherings in Copenhagen.

In the summer of 1941 the Commissioner was faced with what must have been one of the most difficult decisions in his long Salvation Army career. In order to continue to be able freely to help the Army in occupied countries, and also in the interests of the Army in his own land, he deemed it wise to cease all communication with International Headquarters and to let that fact be known. With faith equaling Commissioner Larsson’s judgment, General Carpenter accepted the situation and so, by arrangement with the Swedish Foreign Office, the Army in North China received remittances via Tokyo; in South China by the hands of a German firm. In similar ways financial aid reached Salvationists in Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, France, Hong Kong, Hungary and the Philippines. Even the German Reichsbank allowed Stockholm to send remittances at stipulated intervals to various social service institutions in...
Germany, which monies could then be transferred to territorial funds as required. The Ostermalmsgatan headquarters also arranged for the housing of refugees from Poland and Finland, served as a *poste restante* for Norwegian sailors on the high seas enquiring about their families, and organised assistance for escapees – Jew and Gentile alike – who, under cover of darkness, crossed the Sound between Denmark and southern Sweden. This was one of their finest hours.

19. The Grievousness of War (2)

As in the West, so in the East – only more so. Every country along the Asian seaboard of the Pacific in which the Army was at work saw that work either seriously hindered or totally suppressed – beginning with Japan herself.

Christianity might be the faith of less than one per cent of the Japanese people, but the name of Yamamuro – territorial head of the Army in his own land – was listed as one of the five Protestant leaders in the country, exercising an influence far beyond the limits of the Movement in which he had served since 1895. His *Common People’s Gospel* – described by Kagawa as ‘my favourite book’ – had reached its 300th edition, and a presentation copy had been accepted by the Emperor by whom the Commissioner had twice been decorated. Nevertheless, such was the inflamed condition of a powerful section of Japanese society that, within three days of Yamamuro’s passing on 13 March 1940, his book was violently attacked in the Diet. The matrices were seized by the police and destroyed, and this despite the fact that the Emperor and Empress, together with the Dowager Empress, had made – according to Japanese custom – their own funeral gift or recognition of his life and work.

Within months the new Territorial Commander (Lieut-Commissioner Masuzo Uyemura) and his principal assistant (Colonel Yasowo Segawa) had been arrested, interrogated and then ordered to sever all links with International Headquarters. The name ‘The Salvation Army’ was changed to ‘The Japan World Saving Organisation’. Ranks were abolished. All trimmings and badges were reduced to a single sign meaning ‘salvation’. Almost at once the new ‘World Saving Organisation’ was required to join the newly formed United Church of Japan, thus forfeiting its separate identity. But this was only the beginning of a still longer ordeal as the horrid realities of war came home to the Japanese people. No city of any consequence but suffered destruction from the air. Thirty-five Salvation Army halls and institutions were bombed to the ground. Deprived of legal
status, any Salvation Army property could be seized by covetous hands – and not a few were. Stripped of name and with their beloved practices forbidden, the faithful must have wondered how long their martyrdom was to last. Yet as soon as could be after the cessation of hostilities, a small group of Salvationists symbolically renewed their mission by holding an open-air meeting in the Kanda district of Tokyo. These, and others like them, had come out of great tribulation.

The pattern of events in Japan was repeated in other countries in the new co-prosperity sphere. Manila was taken on 2 January 1942. Most of the expatriate officers in the Philippines belonged to neutral nations, but none could go out of doors without an identity label in Japanese. For three and a half years Lieut-Colonel and Mrs Lindvall had no contact either with International Headquarters or with their Filipino officers but, when the war ended, it was discovered with joy that no Salvation Army officer in the Command had lost his life.

The defences of Singapore collapsed with equal suddenness for the city fell within nine weeks of the Japanese landing at Kota Bahru. At the time of the attack the Officer Commanding, Lieut-Colonel Herbert Lord, was on furlough with his wife in Australia, but he returned with all speed to the help of the General Secretary, Major Charles Davidson. Both were subsequently interned, but not before the Colonel had provided the national officers with wise counsel for the testing days ahead. ‘In practice,’ ran the concluding paragraph:

‘...it may be necessary to discard ranks, titles, uniform and organisation – in fact all those helpful accessories and contrivances which have come to have a value and inspiration of their own. It may also be necessary to take service under other direction, but there is no need or excuse for compromise in the cardinal principles of spiritual experience and consecrated service. Maintain these, and all other things will fall into their proper place.’

The return of peace showed how well these words of guidance had been taken to heart.

Within less than a month Rangoon had shared the fate of Singapore, and during one of the first air raids on the capital the Officer Commanding was so severely shocked that his place had to be taken by his assistant, Major Clayson Thomas. But any hope of maintaining Salvation Army work for any length of time was shattered by the swiftness of the Japanese approach and the consequent decision of the allied command that all overseas personnel must leave the country by February 1942. Some got away by plane and then by steamer; others had to take the hard way by road and then across the Chindwin. Major Thomas returned to Rangoon in 1947 to find a derelict headquarters with no chairs on which to sit, no water fit to drink and no light to dispel the darkness. But the best news was that Burmese Salvationists, though denied their uniform, had remained true to their faith.

The ordeal of Salvationists in the Dutch Indies was more prolonged. Here there were 87 corps and twice as many outposts and societies. The social services included four general hospitals and an eye hospital, leper colonies caring for 1,200 patients, girls’ homes, boys’ homes, beggars’ homes – all ran with characteristic Dutch thoroughness, representing at the lowest level a considerable financial investment, and of still greater worth to the Indonesian people themselves for whose benefit they had been built and maintained. These considerations did not weigh with the Kempei Tai, however. Early in April 1942 Major Harding Young (a British officer) was arrested, imprisoned for 23 months and then interned. Before the year was out 23 other overseas officers had been arrested, though only those of allied nationality were finally interned. Twelve of these – five Dutch, five Norwegian, one Hungarian and one British – died in internment.

The Army was formally dissolved though a few Indonesian officers soldiered on for a while. One obtained Japanese recognition for a separatist Salvation Army, but when he died, his movement perished with him. Expatriate officers of neutral nationality did what they could to maintain the Army’s social services in working order, and the scattered nature of the territory mitigated the strictness of control in the remoter islands. But the ordeal of Salvationists in Indonesia did not end with the surrender of the occupying forces. Two days after the Japanese flag was lowered, the red and white flag of Indonesian independence was raised, and the days which followed were even more hazardous still for western missionaries. Having survived the harshness of internment, were they now to be caught in the crossfire of conflicting political groupings? Near chaos...
reigned until a national government was officially recognised at the end of 1949. Salvation Army institutions – even its hospitals – were regarded as fair game by some extremist factions, but gradually order prevailed and the Army, overwhelmingly Indonesian in substance, was once again able to serve the Indonesian people without let or hindrance.

In the context of these war years it would be invidious to judge between the faithfulness of Salvationists in various countries. Possibly none had ever anticipated, much less imagined, the fiery trial through which they would have to pass, but those in Korea and China certainly endured great tribulation.

Western missionaries had already begun to leave Korea in 1939 and, discerning the signs of the times, Commissioner Thomas Wilson (who had been territorial leader since 1936) arranged for Brigadier Whang Chang Yul to become General Secretary as from May 1940. The Commissioner was then appointed to North China – and if this be regarded as out of the frying pan into the fire, let it be noted that though he was able to quit the one he could not (mercifully) get into the other! But before he left Seoul all connection with International Headquarters had been severed. All grants in aid from overseas were banned. All ranks and titles were abolished. All military terminology was to be discontinued. As in Japan, the Army’s name was changed, and the significance of the new title can be judged by the first paragraph of the explanatory statement that went with it: ‘The purpose of the Kyu Sei Dan in Chosen is the prosperity of the great Japanese Empire and the blessing of the people of the nation.’

The end result was heart-rending. Numbers of officers resigned from this new organisation. Corps were left without leadership. Some properties were sold and others taken over compulsorily. In 1944 all the remaining officers were required to join the united church which had been set up by the government. When Lieut-Commissioner Herbert Lord arrived in Seoul in 1947 he found that the number of officers and corps was roughly one-third of pre-war strength. Well might he describe the faithful who had endured as a ‘robust, determined remnant’, but the melancholy postscript to these reviving hopes was the invasion of South Korea from the north on 25 June 1950. Thousands of Koreans – Salvation Army officers included – understandably fled for safety to the southern provinces. The youth band attached to the Boys’ Home in Seoul was marched northwards and just disappeared. The Territorial Commander remained in the capital and, with other church leaders and diplomatic representatives, endured ‘three winters cold’ by the Yalu River. The Army’s headquarters was moved to Pusan, to which centre Lieut-Colonel Charles Davidson paid two visits on behalf of International Headquarters. Finally, Colonel Chris Widdowson arrived early in January 1953 to take charge of the territory and in due course the headquarters returned to Seoul.

Meanwhile on 22 April 1953, Lieut-Commissioner Lord – with Bishop Cooper, Monsignor Quinlan, Captain Vyvyan Holt, Norman Owen, Philip Deane and George Blake – arrived at the Abingdon RAF station. Readers of this chapter may begin to think that the doxology was fast becoming the Army’s ‘national anthem’. On that spring morning the ‘Old Hundredth’ was heard yet again as the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner John J. Allan, bade the internees welcome home.

In China the Army was on the rack longest of all and any compression of the story inevitably does less than justice both to the quiet heroism of the expatriate officers and the resolute faithfulness of the Chinese Salvationists. At the risk of some over-simplification the story can be divided into three parts.

In 1935 the work in Manchukuo was made a separate command with headquarters in Mukden and, by the spring of 1940, 14 corps had been opened, a monthly War Cry was on sale and some simple forms of social service established. Slowly but surely, however, the pressures which had been felt by Salvationists in Japan and Korea began to be felt in Manchukuo also. Towards the end of 1940 a group of national officers asked the Officer Commanding, Major O. G. Welbourn, what was being done to bring the Army’s administration in their country into line with that in neighbouring lands. Next morning the local press carried an inspired announcement that the Major, with all other overseas personnel, would soon be leaving. There followed the customary parleying and temporising during which the small group of western officers quietly left. Major Welbourn was confined to Mukden but asked permission to visit Peking where, a month earlier, his wife had given birth to a son. This was granted, but on the morning of the date agreed for his return, the border was closed. Pearl Harbour soon followed. More than four years, spent mostly in internment, elapsed before the Major was able to go back, but though an
encouragingly large number of Salvationists greeted him in Mukden, the intensification of the civil war made it impossible to recommence any organised work.

At the time of ‘the China incident’ there were some 250 officers in the country, most of them nationals, but changes in the battle front necessitated changes in the disposition of those officers. Some from the south were transferred to the west and Chungking became a new Army centre. Hong Kong had already fallen on Christmas Day 1941, but miraculously the girls’ home where Major Dorothy Brazier and Major Doris Lemmon, with their Chinese assistant Captain Sung, were in charge of 80 Chinese girls and 13 destitute boys, came to no harm.

For the Army in North China 1941 began promisingly enough with the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the work, but before the year was out the rear exits of the Peking headquarters had been sealed and an armed sentry posted at the front entrance. This tight surveillance was gradually eased, though any public meeting still required official consent and any public address official approval. Was this to be taken as a tacit agreement to live and let live? But it soon became clear to Lieut-Colonel Arthur Ludbrook (who had been placed in charge when Commissioner Wilson’s appointment did not materialise) that the Army’s days were numbered. This became clearer still when the controlled Chinese press credited the Army with an anti-Japanese youth group larger than the total number of Salvationists in the country. ‘North China Salvation Army reformed’ ran a headline in the Peking Chronicle, ‘Ludbrook resigns’. This was the official gloss upon the fact that Major Su Chien-Chi had been announced as his successor. Then, having arranged the finances so that the work could be maintained for at least another twelve months, the Colonel with his wife and son left for Shanghai. Arrest and internment inevitably followed – as it did for all ‘enemy’ officers, though in fact they were China’s truest friends. Yet when eventually the Colonel was released and returned to Peking the Army flag was waving over the territorial headquarters and once again the doxology was heard.

Communication with International Headquarters was restored. A training session of cadets was commenced, the first since 1941. A revised song book was published. Youth councils were held. Public rallies drew encouraging congregations in Shanghai and Tientsin as well as in Peking where the territorial headquarters resumed its old appearance as, on a gable end and in black characters on a yellow background, the words of John 3:16 reappeared. These had been erased by the Japanese military authorities when the building was occupied. Now they shone once again in the sunlight and were floodlit at night.

But events outside the Army’s control were dictating the future of the Army. The People’s Army entered Peking in February 1949 and the People’s Republic was proclaimed in the following October. The new national leaders initiated a movement for ‘church reform’ which aimed at uniting all believers in a single church which would be ‘self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating’. In the general exodus of western missionaries which followed, all overseas officers had to leave as well. The work which they had done for the Chinese people – the care of tens of thousands of destitute men, women and children in refugee camps, the distribution of food to the hungry in Chinese cities, the provision of night shelters for the homeless, the care of lads reduced to beggary – was not allowed to stay their going. Before 1951 was out, the Army’s work and assets – including enough ready money to meet the Chinese officers’ allowances for twelve months, as well as to maintain the Peking children’s home for the same period – had been handed over to a council of national officers, but of this group nothing of a reliable nature is now known.

There remains but briefly to refer to the part played by those territories which, though outside the actual fighting areas, gave generously in men and money to the international needs of the Army.

For example, not only did the Army in the United States take its due place in the work of the United Service Organisations (which at its peak period employed a paid staff of 10,000, plus a voluntary staff of some 600,000) but in addition, through such societies as the American War Relief Committee, provided numbers of ambulances, mobile canteens and all manner of first-aid equipment. Salvation Army officers also served as chaplains to the United States forces.

When the Army’s International Headquarters was destroyed in May 1941 the Canadian Red Shield Services in London offered immediate hospitality to the General and the Chief of the Staff at their hostel in
20. Seek Peace and Pursue It

GENERAL CARPENTER reached the age of 73 on 20 June 1945, but his term of active service was extended by twelve months in the hope that this would allow a full High Council to be summoned in the summer of the following year. In the event this is what happened; apart from Lieut-Commissioner Harewood of the Australia Eastern Territory who was seriously ill, and Lieut-Commissioner Masuzo Uyemura whose appointment as Territorial Commander for Japan was not confirmed until September 1946, 47 High Council members assembled in London and on 9 May elected Commissioner Albert Orsborn as the sixth General by the requisite two-thirds majority.

So far as The Salvation Army was concerned, it was as if a pinned giant had been released when the fighting ceased in Europe on 7 May 1945, and in Asia on 14 August. The post-war relief teams had commenced their beneficent invasion of Europe in the previous March, and now they penetrated Germany as far east as Friedland and as far north as Flensburg. ‘You have shown that love and kindness are better than fear,’ declared the Lord Mayor of Hamburg. ‘Long after you have returned home you will be remembered.’ Simultaneously Swedish relief teams brought basic supplies of food, clothing and bedding materials to northern Norway where a scorched earth policy had been practised so thoroughly that there was hardly a nail for sale.

Within seven days of taking office General Orsborn was in Oslo where, as a child of two years old, he had been taken 58 years earlier by his parents who were then helping to pioneer the work of the Army in Norway. He had been dedicated in the Army, reared in the Army, was commissioned as an officer of the Army in 1905 and thereafter had served in the Army at corps, divisional and training college levels. In 1933 he was appointed to New Zealand as Chief Secretary, returned to the UK in 1936 as Territorial Commander for Scotland and Ireland, and in 1940 was appointed the British Commissioner in charge of the Army’s evangelical work in the British Isles.
As General he could not travel fast enough to greet those Salvation Army comrades who had been forcibly separated from one another by the hazards of war. Before 1946 was out he had visited Denmark, Holland, Germany and Sweden. Campaigns followed in North and South America, in Africa – west, east and south – in Australia and New Zealand, in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaysia, Indonesia and Japan. One of his well-remembered sayings was that he desired to give the Army wings and wheels, and he certainly made use of the rapidly developing trans-world air routes to rebind the Army’s world fellowship.

There was a sense in which the soldierly of The Salvation Army did not need to be instructed to reaffirm their unity with their comrades in other lands. They could do no other.

PROGRAMM
zum Geistlichen Konzert am Sonnabend, 22 Sept. 1945, um 16 uhr
ausgeführt von einer englischen Heilsarmee-Kapelle, dem Gesangchor
und der Gitarrenbrigade vom Schöneberger Korps unter Vorsitz des
Leiters der Heilsarmee in Deutschland
Kommandeurlt. J. Büsing.

So ran the announcement of a musical programme given by the Songster and Guitar Brigades of the Schöneberg (Berlin) corps and a composite band of Salvationist servicemen quartered in the German capital. The date is significant. To unity of holy praise was added the sign of godly works. Thanks to the generosity of Salvationists in the United States and Sweden, 20 wooden halls were erected in Germany to make good some of those which had been destroyed. Corps cadets in Britain donated Salvation Army flags to replace those which had been lost in the war. Officers serving in the relief teams offered to be transferred to the German strength and share the post-war poverty of the stricken country. The Territorial Commander of Germany at the time gave his opinion that there was hardly a single Salvationist who had not benefited in some way or other from the practical kindness of his comrades in other lands.

By a stroke of inspired imagination it was arranged for the band of the Coventry City corps to visit the country. ‘Coventry,’ declared a leading Berlin paper, ‘was the hate-filled, victory-assured symbol of the absolute destruction of an enemy city.’ But in the German capital the brass of the Philharmonic Orchestra welcomed the band at the railway station at seven o’clock in the morning. A Cologne paper spoke of ‘this musical revenge’.

A Bielefeld report concluded:

The militarism of The Salvation Army is the only form of soldiering we could heartily accept. For its activity is humane; it brings love to all men and results in blessing.

But not in Germany alone was a ministry of reconciliation so actively pursued. In the United Kingdom there was a first international youth leaders’ conference in August 1948 followed by a first international youth congress from 10 to 23 August 1950, to which Josef Rungka (whose father is mentioned at the end of chapter 16) was one of 1,200 delegates. A first international Salvation Army scout camp was held at Lunteren in the Netherlands in August 1952. A property in south London was adopted in 1950 to house an international college for officers and by 1965 had welcomed its 72nd session. A Salvation Army students’ fellowship was officially constituted in April 1950 and soon had branches in all five continents.

Everywhere the Army took on a new lease of life. In years past traffic had been mostly one way – from Britain outwards. But as darkened streets and blacked-out windows became a fast-receding memory, so groups of Salvationists – larger in numbers and more varied in character than ever before – went at their own charge about their Master’s business, not only travelling from, but also coming to, Britain and imparting their own welcome flavour to Salvation Army life in the land of its birth. Bliss was it to be alive.

General Orsborn gave notice of his intention to retire somewhat sooner than had been anticipated. He was not yet 70 years of age but, in his autobiography, The House of My Pilgrimage, described himself as ‘a tired man, surrendering his office for the sake of the cause he loved’. There may have been some truth in this physically, for the office of General – with its demand for world travel more unrelenting than is made on most church or political leaders – is a very taxing one, but the observation was less true intellectually or spiritually. Nevertheless on 11 May 1954, by 32 votes out of 46 the High Council elected Commissioner Wilfred Kitching as the seventh General.
March, land was secured at Kainantu both for the establishment of a permanent clinic and as a centre for a mobile clinic which would serve the neighbouring highland villages. Within the year two qualified officer nurses had commenced this work.

In September 1958, thanks to generous government assistance, a multi-purpose hostel for young Papuans was opened at Koki. Adult education classes were started and later a primary school was established on an adjacent site. In September 1961 another multi-purpose hostel was opened at Lae, and in February 1962 the first training session for indigenous cadets began. From this point onwards the continuity of the work was assured. At the time of writing (1965) there were 17 corps in Papua New Guinea, 11 institutions – including a training camp for boys, a young women’s hostel, a maternal and child welfare clinic, 11 recognised day schools and a school for officers’ training. Most important of all, already about half of the existing officers and staff were Papua New Guineans, and it is interesting to note that at the time of writing the first convert had become a Captain and was in charge of the primary school at Oiyana.

While this new work was progressing in the South Pacific, the Army’s international ties were being strengthened still further by the first international Salvation Army guard camp in Norway in 1954, the first international corps cadet congress in London in 1956, and the international Home League jubilee celebrations which were also held in London in May 1957.

Undoubtedly the climax of the nine strenuous years of the seventh General’s term of office was the opening by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on 13 November 1963 of the new International Headquarters – to all intents and purposes on the site of the old. More than 20 years had elapsed since the original building, which the Army had occupied since 8 September 1881, was destroyed by fire in a night air raid on London. At times it almost seemed as if Queen Victoria Street would never see the Army again but, thanks to the determined efforts of General Kitching and the very considerable generosity of Salvation Army territories and commands in all parts of the world, the needful £1.25 million required for rebuilding was at last secured. Canada, whose current territorial commander was Commissioner W. Wycliffe Booth, made a special gift of

His career had been strikingly similar to that of his distinguished predecessor – the son of officer parents (his father, Commissioner Theodore Kitching, had been the confidant both of William and Bramwell Booth), who himself became an officer in 1914, with wide experience in Britain of Army service in corps, divisional and territorial life. A term in Australia, followed by the leadership of the Army in Sweden in 1951, had but served to confirm him in the ideals and traditions of the Movement. Again, in a sense which even the Apostle Paul could hardly have known, he at once took upon himself the care of all the (Army) churches and, with the exception of Burma, visited during his term of office every territory and command where Salvationists were to be found. During his leadership the work was extended to Puerto Rico, Labrador and Papua New Guinea, and the last-named may be taken as an example of the Army’s development in the second half of the 20th century.

It was argued – and rightly – that the island with its population of less than two million was already heavily missionised by numerous bodies ranging from the Roman Catholic Church to the Seventh Day Adventists. Furthermore, by now any extension work had become many times more expensive than William Booth had ever contemplated. No longer was it possible to despatch an officer to raise the flag in Ruritania on the basis of a cheque for £100 in his pocket. As the request for this development came from the Australia Eastern Territory, that territory was bidden finance the venture without imperilling any of its other commitments to the international Army. Salvationists in that part of the world responded to the challenge, raising an initial £10,000 to cover capital expenditure, and on 31 August 1956 Senior-Major Keith Baker and Major George Carpenter arrived in Port Moresby. Following a preliminary survey of the island the latter returned to the mainland; Lieutenant Ian Cutmore arrived on 11 November and Mrs Baker joined her husband on 20 January 1957.

The first Salvation Army meeting had already been held at Kila Kila on Sunday 21 October, and here Major Baker met a Papuan lad who was destined to become the first indigenous recruit and soldier. The first open-air meeting was held in Port Moresby on 2 February 1957, and the first meeting at Kaugere on 31 March under the shade of a tree around which some 18 adults and 50 children assembled.

In October 1957 a hall was opened at Boroko and, in the following
It is impossible to provide in a single chapter a neatly tabulated account of the Army’s manifold social services throughout the world. Apart from the fact that, if so itemised, they would read as dully as a laundry list, such services have changed – and still change – with changing human needs. For example, in pre-First World War days farthing breakfasts were provided in many industrial centres in Great Britain, and old photographs can still be seen of ragged barefoot urchins, each carrying some kind of bowl, waiting for it to be filled with a substantial helping of porridge, topped off with a head of milk. School meals and children’s allowances have made such sights memories of the past.

Again, human need varies not only from decade to decade but also from country to country. A society with a national health service has no need of village clinics, nor does the western world with its free, compulsory and universal education need the mission school. There are countries, however, which still need both.

Yet again, human need changes with changes in the climate of public opinion as well as changes in social legislation. Nowadays the one-parent family is largely accepted in the western world. The position of the unmarried mother carries little, if any, social stigma. The care of the young delinquent under 17 years of age in Great Britain is currently the responsibility of the children’s department of the local authority, and this alteration is reflected in those Salvation Army homes which receive such young people.

For these and other reasons voluntary social services have to be extremely flexible. Any doctrinaire approach to community needs will be found wanting. It could therefore be justly said that the Army’s approach to social problems is empirical, based on observation and experiment. Yet it is an empiricism born of the Christian truth that every human being is of value in the sight of God, and has as its end aim the redemption of the whole man – of himself, body, mind and soul, as well as his setting.
Let four examples of this be taken from the second half-century of the Army’s life. Three of these attacks upon social evils can be dated – 1908, 1928, and 1948 – and concern three different continents. The fourth, alas, respects neither time nor place.

The Army’s concern for the economic problems of India goes back to the days of the British Raj, and to a conversation between Commissioner Booth-Tucker and a member of the Government of the United Provinces concerning certain communities who were known as criminal tribespeople. Like many another minority group, past and present, they were unwilling to be integrated into the ordered life of their day, but numbered among those who proved to be their disinterested helpers was an Ulsterman named Frank Maxwell. While still a teenager an attack of pneumonia had left him with a weak high-pitched voice which could hardly be heard a few yards away, yet he possessed great mechanical skill and longed to be of service to his fellows – particularly through the ministry of The Salvation Army. He was 36 years old before he was finally accepted for training and, even after commissioning as an officer, was without an appointment until Booth-Tucker heard of him. ‘Are you willing to go to India?’ he was asked. ‘Willing to go anywhere,’’ he replied.

So Maxwell began to learn of the needs of the impoverished villagers of the sub-continent; of the necessity to revive those home industries which were being ruined by the advent of mechanisation; of the plight of the handloom weavers whose slow and laborious methods could not compete with the swiftness of the power loom. Maxwell saw that what was needed was a light but sturdy loom, cheap to make, easy to operate, constructed of wood which could resist the powerful mandibles of the white ant. Out of rough packing-case material he built a prototype and entered it at a provincial exhibition at Ahmedabad. To the surprise of the doubters but to Maxwell’s infinite pleasure, his model gained first prize.

Encouraged by this unexpected success he built with proper materials the handloom which was to make his name blessed in the villages of India. At the Calcutta exhibition in 1907 his loom was awarded a first prize of 200 rupees and the silver medal. In Madras in the following year he gained a bronze medal; at Mysore and Nagpur in 1909 the silver and gold medals respectively; at Lahore in 1910 the silver medal; at Allahabad in 1911 the first prize and silver medal. The loom went into production in a big way – big, that is to say, for so uncommercial a movement as The Salvation Army and so unmercenary a man as Frank Maxwell. Eight hundred were built in five years. During the summer of 1908 an exhibition in Simla of these handlooms attracted the attention of the Government of the Punjab and the idea of a weaving school was mooted. The Army was invited to open one such school in a disused fort in Ludhiana; the Government offered a loan to meet initial costs and thereafter a monthly grant to cover running expenses; the Army would supply the looms. The experiment was so successful that similar schools were commenced in the United Provinces, in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies and in the state of Mysore.

Word of this reached Mahatma Gandhi who returned to India in 1915 and was currently immersed in his swadeshi movement. He had a warm place in his heart for the Army for he had not forgotten the kindness shown to him by Salvationists in his earlier days in South Africa. He sent for Maxwell and the two men talked together in the ashram in Ahmedabad of the hundreds of looms which might be required – when suddenly the flow of conversation halted. ‘But I can’t do it after all,’ said the Indian leader. ‘Ours is an all-India movement, and I couldn’t use a loom invented by an Englishman.’

‘But Gandhiji,’ replied Maxwell, ‘the looms are made entirely by Indians in our factories in India of wood grown in India. I only supervise the work.’

‘All the same, my movement could not adopt your loom. You see this cotton is grown by us, spun by us, woven by us…’

Though Maxwell was slow of speech he was quick of eye and remembered what he had seen in a corner of the ashram. ‘And then,’ he interjected, ‘sewn – on a Singer sewing machine.’

Before long scores of Gandhi’s followers were using the handloom which was Maxwell’s outstanding contribution to their economic wellbeing. Perhaps what gave him even greater satisfaction was the fact that his skills opened a way for some of those who had been written off as ‘criminal tribesmen’ to achieve a measure of personal independence. This particular work began in 1908. Fifteen years later there were 17 of these settlements caring for some 7,500 people. Another 15 years later the
number had been reduced to six with 4,351 people. By 1948 the last one had been closed. The Army had worked itself out of this job.

Across the South Atlantic lies Devil’s Island – internationally infamous through l'Affaire Dreyfus which ran its tortuous course from 1894 to 1906, since when fact and fiction have become inextricably mingled in the public mind. Devil’s Island itself is the smallest of a group of three situated some eight miles off the coast of Guyana where France had established a penal settlement to make good the labour lost by the abolition of slavery in 1848.

Many concerned Frenchmen felt that the continued existence of this settlement was a reproach to their country. Pastor Richard, who had been a chaplain on Devil’s Island in 1904-5, published a disturbing report. The anarchist, Liard-Courtois, who had lived in the colony for five years, added his first-hand evidence. Journalists – Jacques Dur for example – were responsible for further revelations, culminating in the publication of Au Bagne by Albert Londres.

In 1928 Commissioner Albin Peyron, territorial leader in France, instructed Ensign Charles Péan to make his own report on conditions in the colony and to enquire into the possibility of establishing Salvation Army work there. The largest group among the bagnards were the transportés – men found guilty of crimes of violence and sentenced to hard labour. About half that number were relégués – recidivists would be our nearest word – who were held at the detention centre at Saint Jean du Maroni for life. A somewhat larger group were the libérés who had completed their sentence but who were detained in the colony under the rule that any man given a sentence of seven years or less had to remain in the colony for an additional term equal to his original sentence. The plight of the libérés was perhaps the worst of all for they had to fend for themselves once their initial sentence had been served. Compared with their condition the lot of the small group of political prisoners was mild – only by comparison, of course.

On his return to France Péan presented his proposals for the establishment of Salvation Army work and published his TerredeBagne. No punches were pulled. The state of the colonists was lamentable. The reform of the colony was beyond the resources of the local administration. Any attempt to help the colonists must take into account their social as well as their spiritual needs. Not until February 1933, however, did the Government give permission for the Army’s work to commence, but on Founders’ Day, the following 2 July, an initial group of seven officers was publicly dedicated to this enterprise. Pierre Hamp declared that as St Vincent de Paul had gone to the galleys in the 17th century, so l'Armée du Salut was going to the Bagne in the 20th. The France that had so savagely derided the Army 50 years earlier now applauded the erection of a hostel and workshop for the libérés in Cayenne and St Laurent, the acquisition of a farm at Montjoly, and the promulgation of a scheme whereby the libérés could be helped to meet the cost of their passage home to France.

These plans were not immune from the mishaps which befell any noble experiment. With some of the libérés the spirit was willing but the flesh was woefully weak. At times the Franciscan officers were cruelly deceived by the very men whom they were trying to help. Yet by February 1936 677 repatriates had arrived at St Nazaire. In the summer of 1938 the French Parliament decreed that the Bagne should be closed – but the Second World War broke out, though even before hostilities began 800 men had returned home under the Army’s auspices.

The internal conflicts which ravaged metropolitan France during the occupation disrupted Guyana also. At one time it seemed as if blind prejudice would ruin the work of years. One officer was served with an expulsion order as being a danger to the state. But as soon as fighting ended in Europe Charles Péan – who had been responsible for the work in Guyana from the start – paid a fifth visit, encouraged by the assurance that the Government would finance the return of the 2,000 remaining libérés. The story of his return is best told in his own words:

Eleven days after leaving Paris I was once more leaning on the rail of the boat going up the Maroni.

On the evening of this Good Friday… it was dark when… I made my way through the deserted streets to the hostel which… I reached at the hour for the evening meeting. No one knew I had arrived so I stayed for some moments in the shadows. Some men, sitting in a half-circle, were listening to the Captain bringing them the message of Good Friday.
None of the world’s great cities can count itself more righteous than another in respect of red-light areas. If London has its Soho and Hamburg its Reeperbahn, Amsterdam has its Zeedijk. Here Bosshardt has lived for more than a quarter of a century until the very stones must know her footstep. The women and girls certainly do – for she has befriended many, buried some and married others. This is the non-judgmental attitude beloved of some of our social theorists. But Bosshardt no more condones the morals of the Zeedijk than did our Lord the behaviour of the woman who was ‘a sinner’ (Luke 7:37ff) or she who was taken in adultery (John 8:3ff). The women whose confidante she has become have no illusions about their lifestyle. Some are married – and follow it until the family finances are out of the red. The single girls – many of whom have unhappy home backgrounds – accept it as the best-paid job they can find while still in the bloom of their youth. But that bloom wears off. It is estimated that between 50 and 100 of them quit the district every year, though these gaps are filled by newcomers who, like those whom they follow, have to learn the hard way. But because Bosshardt is a compassionate evangelist as well as a trained social worker, those whom she serves benefit from her personal counselling as well as from the group therapy available. Some of the girls are converted; a few become Salvationists. If Bosshardt accepts the men and women of the district – yes, men as well, for prostitution would not exist without the male demand – they also accept her. They know that she is ‘for’ them; that is why she seeks to redeem them from their present ways.

With the acquisition of a second building in April 1962 – ‘De Ruytenburgh’, famous because of its association with Rembrandt’s The Night Watch, the Centre now offers a full community programme with a hall for public worship, two smaller halls for youth activities, a weekly home league (women’s) meeting, a home help whose services are available to any family in need, rooms for the temporary accommodation of any woman who wishes to change her way of life, as well as a store for the reception and distribution of used furniture and clothing. The nightly open-air meetings fill the district with Salvation Army music and song, and 3,000 copies of Strijdkreet are sold fortnightly in the area.

Two events have made Lieut-Colonel Alida Bosshardt one of the best-known Salvationists in the Netherlands – her appearance on the Bert
but patients themselves fix the period before entering. Inclusive terms: 20/- weekly. Thirty hours (minimum) weekly labour required...

When the New Zealand Government passed an Inebriates Act in 1906, the Army secured an island in the Hauraki Gulf where, with the help of a capitation grant, the first inebriates were received within the year. Two years later another island about twelve miles distant — Rota Roa — was purchased, and the work transferred to this roomier site. Despite a recent disastrous fire, this sanatorium for alcoholics still yields encouraging results.

On the island of Kurön, about two hours' journey by steamer from Stockholm, an alcoholics' centre was opened in 1912. Sixty-five patients can currently be accommodated, and once again the Christian faith is not tacked on as an optional extra but is the basis of a work which adds thereto every human technique which can further its redemptive task.

These pioneer efforts, commendable as they were in their time, are wholly inadequate to cope with today's needs when so many countries have the problem of the alcoholic on their hands. The health minister for France recently declared that 40 percent of his country's hospital beds were occupied by alcoholics. It is estimated that West Germany has nearly 600,000 alcoholics, ten percent of whom are under 25. In the United States alcohol plays some part in half the annual total of road deaths.

A planned programme slanted to meet the needs — physical, mental and spiritual — of the alcoholic was commenced in Detroit in 1939, and now across the USA there is a chain of ‘Harbor Light’ centres where his rehabilitation is the principal aim. In different physical settings, but for the same cause, South Africa has its Mulders Vlei; Australia its ‘Bridge Houses’ and ‘Open Door’ centres; Finland its remedial centres in Helsinki, Hämeenlinna, Kajaani, Oulu and Pietarsaari. Most picturesque of all is the superbly situated ‘Miracle Valley’ 12 miles north-east of Mission City in British Columbia.

In 1960 160 acres of virgin land were purchased and since then, stage by stage, a rehabilitation centre has been developed which can house upwards of 250 men, yet give to each the individual attention which every alcoholic requires. There are five resident lodges, a six-bed hospital and garthoff television programme on Station VARA, and the unsought publicity which centred on the visit of the Princess Beatrix incognito to the Centre. Suitably attired the royal visitor accompanied the Colonel around some of the taverns selling Strijkkreet, and not until they reached the Hoppe were they spotted by a newspaper photographer who was sharing an evening drink with a colleague. In the morning there was the inevitable picture in De Telegraaf. Some cynics wrote this off as the publicity gimmick to end all such gimmicks. But Bosshardt was untroubled for, ever since she became a Salvationist — and at the time of writing she had turned 60 — she has been seeking not publicity but people.

The fourth evil respects neither age nor class.

Early in the present decade a British Secretary of State for Social Services branded alcoholism as one of the three intractable problems which confronted his department and affected every level of society. He could well have added every affluent country in every century. In his In Darkest Englandand the Way Out William Booth estimated that in 1890 there were half a million alcoholics in Great Britain, and he described their malady both as a habit and a disease. Any treatment which was to be successful required that a man should be removed from the sphere of temptation and that he should receive such medical and moral care as would help to effect a cure.

These were discerning guidelines, but even before In Darkest England was published a home for women alcoholics was opened in Toronto in 1886. Ten years later a similar home was opened in north-east London, and the All the World for February 1903 carried an announcement which read:

We desire to call special attention to
Victoria House, Thundersley, Essex
recently opened as a
RETREAT FOR INEBRIATE GENTLEMEN.
The House is under the direction of Colonel and Mrs Lamb, whose watchword for the management is ‘sanctified commonsense’. No drugs, nostrums or secret remedies are used. Term of residence advised is twelve months,
dispensary, recreation and television rooms, a canteen, a heated swimming pool, several workshops equipped so as to enable the guests to carry out the necessary maintenance of the buildings and plant – all set in landscaped grounds and, in the centre, the chapel where the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ may be worshipped, his forgiveness sought and his grace received. For scores of men this has been a miracle valley in deed as well as name.

In Great Britain the need is just as great. Wrote Benedict Nightingale in his recent study entitled Charities, alcoholism remains a major industrial disease in the United Kingdom, costing the country an estimated £75 million per year in lost production. But, as elsewhere in the west, drinking has so long been socially acceptable that the more than 90,000 convictions for drunkenness in 1971 are taken for granted, as is the fact that the hospital admission rate for alcoholics trebled in 1972. That ‘the drunkard may come’ has always been a foundation article in the Army’s credo. In our middle period Harold Begbie’s Broken Earthenware gave examples of how he came to the Mercy Seat. Nowadays to the grace of God is added the knowledge which medicine and psychology can provide so that at Booth House, Whitechapel, opened by the Queen in 1968, there is an eleven-bed referral assessment centre upon which the Report of the Home Office Working Party on habitual drunken offenders commented:

The Centre is not restricted to men with a drink problem, but in practice most of the patients are usually in this category… The Salvation Army has agreed to cooperate with the Tower Hamlets Borough Council in an attempt to rehabilitate alcoholics by use of the Booth House Centre in association with one of its hostels which specialises in the long-term care of men with a drink problem… The aim is to provide a two- to three-week recovery period which gives time for referral to specialist alcoholic units run either by The Salvation Army or by other bodies. The centre represents a most encouraging attempt to deal with the problem of the vagrant alcoholic in London’s East End.

The residential centre at Highworth (Wiltshire) which offers 14 men at a time the opportunity to learn how to face life without alcohol, has been open for 11 years. The three months’ course – though many patients stay longer – includes medical treatment, personal counselling, group therapy and employment in the rehabilitation workshop. When a man has sufficiently recovered to be discharged, enquiries are first made to ensure that suitable accommodation, employment and companionship are available for him, and he is encouraged always to keep in touch with Highworth.

A still more recent development has taken place at Greenock, (a town reputed to be afflicted with the highest incidence of alcoholism in the country) where a treatment centre has been opened for men who are aged or inadequate as well as for younger men released from Borstal. Twenty beds have been set aside for those with alcoholic problems, and assistance is provided by a committee which has been formed of interested friends from the professions as well as from the local department of social service.

Of no aspect of Christian evangelism is it more true to say that

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel-load.

Step by step each alcoholic has to climb ‘the steep ascent of Heaven’. Some take one step forward only to fall two steps backward – but by the grace of God many keep on climbing.
22. Such As Had Ability

The Salvation Army may not normally be associated with the arts, but no account of its work would be complete without reference to what has been accomplished in the field of education, of medicine, of music and of literature.

Newfoundland provides an example of the first-named. Here, as elsewhere, the Christian church was the pioneer in education. When the province was first colonised, denominational schools were the order of the day, and in 1892 the Army was recognised as eligible for educational grants. By 1964 there were 90 Salvation Army schools with an enrolment of some 10,000 pupils and a staff of more than 300 – all of whom were either soldiers or adherents. In 1969, however, the entire educational system in the province was reorganised on functional rather than denominational lines, though the churches continue to carry responsibility for ensuring that Christian principles are adequately expressed in the curriculum. A qualified Salvationist on the staff of the Provincial Department of Education oversees the Army’s interests in the schools, working closely in this respect with other denominational representatives.

Allowing for differences in background and culture, a parallel story can be told of India. By 1905 there were more than 400 Salvation Army day schools with over 10,000 pupils, in addition to boarding and industrial schools. Once again the pioneer work of the churches and missionary societies prepared the way for state action. So that whereas in 1944 there were 142 Salvation Army primary schools in Southern India, within ten years this number had been reduced to 37. Nevertheless the Army is still responsible for secondary schools at Bapatla – where the headmaster at the time of writing is Major Jillapegu Israeil, BA, BE at Batala (Punjab) with nearly 800 pupils, at Fariabagh (Maharashtra), and at Trivandrum with an enrolment of 1,500.

In Rhodesia (former name of Zimbabwe) the Army has played, and continues to play, a significant part in the work of education. Once more control has moved to some extent from the churches to the state but in 1971 when this shift took place, the Army retained the management of such schools where this was the wish of the local population. In the field of secondary education, first undertaken in 1958, the Army has four schools, three of which – Mazoe, Usher and Howard – provide an academic course up to Cambridge certificate. In neighbouring Zambia the secondary school at Chikankata has an enrolment of 400 who pursue their studies to O level.

In Zaïre the teaching work begun in 1936 still continues with 2,500 primary pupils, more than 600 secondary school pupils, and a slightly larger number in the teacher training schools. In Central Celebes there are 69 primary schools, six lower standard secondary schools, two higher standard secondary schools and a teacher training college. In Hong Kong 8,000 children are given their primary education in eleven Salvation Army schools, and the latest development is a secondary school with an enrolment of 1,000 – a godsend in a crowded area where only a small percentage of young people have any opportunity for further education. In Papua New Guinea, where Army work began towards the end of 1956, adult education classes were commenced in 1958 and the first primary school was opened in 1960. Now there are ten such, plus the Onamuga Centre which offers vocational training in farming. Even so compressed a summary as the above should not omit examples of specialised schooling – such as the school for the blind at Kalimpong (West Bengal) or the primary and secondary schools for the blind at Thika (Kenya) where the officer-headmasters are an Oxford MA and a Canadian BA respectively.

The healing of the body has been part of the work of the Christian faith since Jesus went about doing good. In England our older foundations – St Thomas’s and St Bartholomew’s – were first religious foundations. The Westminster Public Infirmary – the first voluntary hospital in England – was founded by Samuel Wesley and Henry Hoare in 1720, and from this Christian action came the St George’s Hospital. In similar fashion from the smallest of beginnings – an amateur dispensary set up in a domestic bathroom in Nagercoil in South India – the Army’s medical services are now to be found in every continent.

Canada has her coast-to-coast chain of Grace hospitals; the United States its more than 30 homes and hospitals ranging from Anchorage in
There is a continuous and fruitful interaction between composers and players, for as works of increasing technical difficulty make sterner demands upon bandsmen, their increasing skills allow a still wider freedom to the composer. At the same time, the Army band is often at its best when marching down a crowded thoroughfare to the strains of a hymn tune which for scores of years has been an integral part of the life of its hearers. Of this kind of public music-making Beverley Shea, of the Dr Graham team, when asked on what occasion music had been of the greatest help to him, replied that it was on a Sunday morning when, exhausted after a lengthy campaign, the team arrived in London after travelling all night and went wearily to their hotel. Then from a distance came the sound of the hymn tune ‘Diademata’. The music grew louder as the players drew nearer, and then an Army band formed a circle for a meeting outside the hotel. ‘As they played,’ wrote Mr Shea, ‘my soul came alive again. The wonder of Christ was in every note. Fatigue gave place to faith. I thanked God for the ministry of the Army band.’

Years before this George Bernard Shaw had followed an Army band down the street in the hope that from its martial music he might gain some inspiration for a martial song with which to enthuse his Fabian colleagues. But then he had long been partial to Salvation Army bands. The first of several festivals which he attended was at the Clapton Congress Hall in 1905. Writing in 1941 in *The Times* concerning the *Messiah* he observed that ‘had the Albert Hall, the BBC Orchestra and the International Staff Band of The Salvation Army been within Handel’s reach… the instrumentation would have been much richer and more effective.’

The standards of choral work are also steadily rising. Here again the songsters, like the bandsmen, are all pledged Salvationists – and of course unpaid. Perhaps they both are among the elect company of genuine amateurs still left in the field of leisure pursuits. For bandsmen there are issued in any twelve months not less than 30 brass band items of varying length and complexity, and over the same period the songsters will also have at their disposal an equal number of new pieces differing in their

Alaska to Tampa in Florida; India has its leprosaria as well as its general hospitals in Ahmednagar, Anand, Dharwai, Nagercoil, Nibubrolu and Pathencruz; Africa at Amatikulu, Chikankata, Howard, Mountain View, Tshelanyema and Tshidirtibi; Japan its twin hospitals in Greater Tokyo – not to mention the maternity hospitals serving a number of European countries, as well as the clinics and dispensaries to be found in every territory. Many of these hospitals provide staff for other government and private establishments through their nurses’ training schools. Particularly in the emerging nations do the dedicated few minister to the needs of the many. Said a qualified surgeon, who is also deeply interested in community service, of his work in Asia:

> When I say that… in our district there are something like a million and a quarter people and only 350 beds available for them – 110 of these in our hospital – you will have some idea of our task… For this million and a quarter there are only two surgeons, of whom I am one.

Qualified Salvationist pharmacists, hospital secretaries, nurses, radiographers, physiotherapists and laboratory technicians also work against similar overwhelming odds.

Turning from the demands of medicine to the pleasures of music-making, this is another Army activity which – like Topsy – just grewed. In the summer of 1878 a father and three sons, armed with two cornets, a valve trombone and euphonium, stood in the market place at Salisbury primarily to help to protect the handful of Salvationists from the rude attentions of rough corner boys, but also to provide an accompaniment for the singing. Their enterprise was quickly copied at Consett and Northwich, and within five years there were 400 Salvation Army bands in the British Isles alone. Nowadays the Army band can be heard from Port Moresby to Hollywood, via Kinshasa, and the music played is no longer of the *oompah-oompah* variety. For today’s band repertoire contains not only such works as Vaughan Williams’s ‘Prelude on three Welsh hymn tunes’, but also an ever-growing number of original contributions by such Salvationist composers as Major Norman Bearcroft FTCL, Major Ray Bowes FTCL, Major Leslie Condon FTCL, LMusTCL, Lieut-Colonel Dean Goffin MusBac, Colonel Charles Skinner FTCL, LGSM, Major Ray
technical demands. In this way there is a ceaseless flow of new music, all of it expressing some aspect of the Christian faith – gay as well as serious, exuberant as well as restrained – so that the service of Army musicians never palls for want of fresh material.

Here it can be added that, in more recent days, the needs of rhythm groups are not overlooked, for the now internationally famous – but continually modest – Major Joy Webb has shown how 20th-century idioms can be used to commend the timeless gospel to 20th-century youth.

Linked with all this is the place of congregational singing, to which the church’s hymn – or song – book can be a help or a hindrance. The latest song book of The Salvation Army in English was published in 1953 and bears the authentic marks of Christian hymnody. Most non-English-speaking territories have their own song book in their own language. *A more recent song book in English was produced in 1986.* For one thing it is truly catholic. Beginning with number 11 the next half-dozen songs are by Henry Francis Lyte, John Henry Newman, Johann Neander, James Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Tate and Brady and Fanny Crosby respectively. But there is enough ‘yellow, red and blue’ running in the veins of this song book, to stamp it unmistakeably ‘Salvation Army’. One has only to turn from number 553 through (as our American friends would say) 556, all from the pen of William Pearson, to be convinced of this. And there is also within its covers sufficient original work of a quality which allows this song book due place among the classic hymnals of the Christian church.

Number 462 [numbers refer to the 1953 song book] which begins 
My life must be Christ’s broken bread, 
My love His outpoured wine, 
A cup o’erfilled, a table spread 
Beneath His name and sign, 
That other souls, refreshed and fed, 
May share His life through mine -
has convinced more than one Anglican that the spiritual life of the Salvationist is truly sacramental.

Charles Wesley would not have been ashamed to have written number 725, for here is one of his own favourite metres and measures – the iambic in eights and sixes.

Thee will we serve, and Thee alone, 
No other ruler will we own, 
But with a godly fear 
Redeem the time at Thy command, 
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand, 
Triumphantly appear.

These two verses from number 517 could grace the section entitled ‘The Holy Scriptures’ in any book of congregational praise.

Set forth within the sacred word 
The path of life is plainly shown; 
The ways of God its lines record, 
For every soul of man made known. 
The truth, of all our hopes the ground, 
Is here within its pages found....

But how shall we that truth declare, 
Thy grace, Thy love, Thy beauty show? 
Only as we Thy nature wear 
Shall men that nature truly know; 
And as we walk with Thee abroad 
They shall perceive the mind of God.

For those concerned about ‘the gospel song’ – as the Army was and is – there is more than one of these to testify to the truth that such a song need not be marred by inferior verse. Here are the opening – and closing – lines of one which dates from 1923:

To God be the glory, a Saviour is mine, 
Whose power is almighty, whose grace is divine; 
My heart He hath cleansed, He is dwelling within, 
So wondrously saving from sinning and sin....

The world overcoming by limitless grace, 
I worship the Lord in the light of His face; 
So with Him communing, like Him I shall grow, 
And life everlasting enjoy here below.
Not a superfluous word, not a false rhyme, anywhere!

From this it is but a short step to letters – though any titles and brief quotations must be limited to the English language, thus by omission doing serious injustice to all European work. Limited as well to the last 20 years, which prevents reference to the written work of William and Catherine Booth as well as that of their children.

But of recent date Commissioner Catherine Bramwell Booth’s Catherine Booth will hold its own in the field of serious biography, as will Lieut-Colonel Bernard Watson’s Soldier Saint – a study of the man who stood next to William Booth in the Army’s earliest years. The author has painted his subject, as well as some of those associated with him, warts and all – and such healthy realism has added a welcome tang to the narrative. In the realm of autobiography General Albert Orsborn’s House of my Pilgrimage portrays in liveliest fashion the Army in which he grew up and to which he made his own contribution in later years. One book which none but a Salvationist could have written is Missing by Lieut-Colonel Richard Williams. Any hard-pressed scriptwriter looking for fresh material for the all-devouring ‘box’ could here find stories for a dozen scripts, and all would be true to life for all would be taken from life.

Superior wits have often had a field day over ‘vicarage verse’ but they might not find so much of it as they anticipate in Salvationist poetry – which can be both genuinely comic (‘Not ‘art!’ ’Oo said we can’t larf at ourselves?’) and movingly serious. Here is a fragment from a Japanese woman officer writing in English:

‘A New Year Bride’
We helped to save her from the life
To which her father sold her.
And today,
This New Year’s Day,
She is a bride.
A lovely piece of cloth,
All plum-strewn,
Was her parting gift to me…
I cannot gaze upon those flowers enough!

And this is from an Australian source:

‘That which has life will heal’
From the crushed buttercup
Rises the new pale shootlet;
From the sad heart springs up
Hope, out of love’s last rootlet.
But when the bowl is smashed,
Lacking a hand to mend it,
Lies it just where it crashed,
That smashing once will end it.
This is of life the seal,
This is of death the token,
That which has life will heal;
Only dead things stay broken.

And this for the space age from an English writer:

What profit should we win the race
To solve the mysteries of space,
And send new suns and satellites
To signal through ten thousand nights,
If we neglect to read the star
Shining for ever from afar
On Jesus, cradled from His birth
On the dark bosom of the earth.
And what are victories of skill
Unless, exploring in God’s will,
We prove the law we there have found
In this our world – our holy ground?
For God is now and God is here,
Not hidden in some shadowy sphere.
Who stoops to heed another’s cry
Shall touch His hand and reach the sky.

And here are the closing verses of a children’s song from one whose work has appeared in The Poetry Review:
23. The High Praise of God

The centenary of The Salvation Army took place eighteen months after the public welcome, in London on 28 November 1963, to the eighth General (the author) who, at that date, was two months past his 64th birthday and in his 44th year of officerhip. Changes of scenery as his officer-parents had travelled from corps appointment to corps appointment had robbed him of any distinctive regional accent, but the royal burgh of Kirkcaldy rightly laid claim to be his birthplace by making him a guild brother, burgess and freeman.

No two events could have been in greater contrast than the inauspicious beginning – unheralded and unsung – outside the Blind Beggar in 1865, and the general acclaim which greeted the 100th anniversary of that occurrence in 1965. The scope and character of the Centenary surprised even those Salvationists who belonged to the land of the Army’s birth. The 1,800 official delegates were drawn from the Argentine, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, the Caribbean, Chile, the Congo, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Ghana, Hong Kong, India, Italy, Japan, Kenya, Korea, Malaysia, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Nigeria, Norway, Pakistan, the Philippines, Rhodesia, South Africa, Sri Lanka, Sweden, Switzerland, the United States and the United Kingdom. Hundreds more came from the four corners at their own cost.

One of David Lloyd George’s aphorisms was that no movement was to be accepted as significant until it could fill the Royal Albert Hall for a public meeting. The Army had done that 70 years previously – on 11 March 1895, to be exact – when William Booth had been welcomed back from a campaign in North America. For the Centenary the Royal Albert Hall was booked for seven successive evenings out of eight – the exception being the occasion of the field day at the Crystal Palace, an event which The War Cry reported under the banner headline ‘The largest Salvation Army gathering of all time’. For good measure two other public meetings were held simultaneously on most weeknights in the

Lord, as we seek for vaster truth,
And as our space-ships soar,
Help us to recognise Your might
And praise Your mercy more.
For You, who set the ordinance
Of worlds beyond our sight,
Have given us minds desiring truth
And hearts that know delight.
Lord, teach us in Your only Son
To reach the Way we dream,
To follow Truth as He knew truth
And find the Life supreme.
Westminster Central Hall and the Clapton Congress Hall respectively, plus a devotional gathering held nightly in the Regent Hall.

The character of the Centenary was also a cause for thanksgiving. The Army’s internationalism had long been an article of faith with its officers and soldiers, but here was a flesh and blood demonstration of the fact that, in a divided world and in face of a section of opinion that would wish those divisions deepened, there was in Christ ‘no such thing as Jew and Greek, slave and freeman’. This was epitomised by the flag party which on 2 July, the day long celebrated by the Army as Founders’ Day, accompanied the colours in Westminster Abbey to the steps of the sanctuary. Their number was divided equally between men and women and included an Australian, American, Argentinian, Brazilian, Canadian, Chinese, Congolese, a Dane, Dutchman, Finn, Frenchman, German, Ghanaian, Indian, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, a Maori, a Swiss and a West Indian.

In world terms, of every 20 Salvationists living in centenary year eight were not white; the native language of 12 was other than English; the nationality of 16 was not British. Yet though four-fifths of the Army’s world strength is now to be found outside Great Britain, the largest single aggregation of Salvation Army activity [at the time of writing] is still to be found in the United Kingdom, and half the number of officers serving in lands other than their own are British.

Further, for those with eyes to see, here was the classless society in being – that is to say, a society not drawn from one class only but from every class. Salvation Army musicians provide the best evidence of this. Band after band was to be heard in the streets and parks of London during those ten days, and perhaps the anonymity of the uniform hid from sight the varied character of the men who wore it. Here in one north Midlands band were an agricultural student, a baker, bank, clerk, butcher, civil engineer, civil servant, company director, draughtsman, electrical fitter, electroplater, litho printer, locomotive fitter, manager (hosiery), manager (textiles), music student, railway signalman, head teacher (BSc maths), head teacher (BSc physics) and wages clerk. In one of the many London bands sharing in the Centenary marched an accountant, bank clerk, chartered accountant, chartered secretary, clerk of works, clerk (justice’s assistant), college students (three), company director, computer operator, computer programmer, education welfare officer, electrical engineer, insurance officials (two), music students (three), printer, salesmen (two), solicitor’s clerks (two) and school teachers (two). In a provincial city band were to be found an accounts clerk, brass instrument repairers (two), caretaker, caterer, commercial artist, draughtsman, driving instructor, engineers (four), export clerk, electrician, fireman, GPO executive, insurance officer, joiner, labourer, local government officers (two), postman, prison officer, salesman, school teachers (two), students (four) and tax officer.

Time was when any man in Salvation Army uniform was taken to be a reformed profligate – William Booth himself suffered this compliment – and every girl in a bonnet had been rescued from the Victorian fate deemed to be worse than death. Of course, the New Testament declaration that where sin abounds grace can much more abound can always benefit from documentary corroboration, and two of the evening meetings – one in the Royal Albert Hall and the other in the Clapton Congress Hall – were devoted entirely to such personal testimony. But divine grace can match all forms of human need, and during the ten days of the Centenary those who gave Christian witness included a wartime glider pilot, the assistant director of religious broadcasting in Sweden, a Bantu business man from Rhodesia, a departmental head in the provincial office of education in Newfoundland, a former Antarctic explorer turned Salvation Army officer, a Norwegian nursing sister, a holder of the Duke of Edinburgh’s gold award and a Canadian member of parliament.

Public interest was equally varied and widespread. The Earlscourt (Toronto) Band and the International Staff Band were commanded to play in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in Alberta announced that an unnamed peak in the Rockies should henceforward be known as Mount William Booth. A block of flats in Southsea was named the William Booth House. The Hammersmith Council placed a seat in Furnivall Gardens to commemorate the fact that William Booth once lived in the borough. The practice of the Motherwell Burgh Council (at that time the largest burgh in Scotland) had been to make an annual award to the individual or organisation considered to have been of most service to the community – and this was bestowed on the
Army during centenary year. The Académie Française was also in the habit of awarding a Prix de Vertu to the person or movement rendering outstanding service to France and, on the recommendation of Academician Marc Boegner, this was presented to The Salvation Army in the Pleyel Concert Hall in the presence of the Minister of Justice, M Jean Foyer.

The much-visited floral clock in the Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, displayed the centenary design. It is stated to take three weeks to reset the plot in which the clock stands, but Edmonton stole a march on Edinburgh with a centenary design in Pymmes Park composed of 9,600 plants. In all some 150 floral displays were on view in Great Britain during the year. And if to be near to nature is to be near to God, then this may be the place to mention that cathedral services of thanksgiving ranged from St Machar’s, Aberdeen – taking in on the way St John the Divine in New York, St George’s in Jerusalem and St James in St. Helena – to St Paul’s in Melbourne.

The Postmaster General in the United Kingdom issued two centenary stamps, each featuring a coloured Salvationist, the first time any coloured man had appeared in British stamp design. The Jamaican Government also issued two stamps of different denominations, entrusting the design to Captain Ian Begley, an Australian officer serving in Jamaica. The United States post office carried off the statistical prize by printing 184 million stamps of their Salvation Army issue.

True to historic pattern, on Saturday 12 June the centenary celebrations were preceded by a meeting held beside the memorial to William Booth on the Mile End Waste. They ended on 3 July with a march which drew off from the Horse Guards Parade into Parliament Square and then along Whitehall to Trafalgar Square – though perhaps not even William dreamed of a day when such an outdoor rally would be followed by a presentation of Handel’s Messiah in St Paul’s Cathedral with Salvation Army soloists and a Salvation Army chorus under a Salvation Army conductor, assisted by the orchestra of the Royal Academy of Music.

From the many meetings held during these international celebrations two stand out as public occasions and one (held in two parts) as a domestic sacrament with public consequences.

The inaugural gathering on Thursday afternoon 24 June filled every seat in the Royal Albert Hall and was graced by the presence of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Diplomatic representatives of some 40 countries occupied the platform as did the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Michael Ramsey, the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal John Heenan, the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, the Rev Peter McCall, and the Home Secretary, Sir Frank Soskice. Said the Queen…

…Here in the Royal Albert Hall are men and women of many races from nearly every country in the world gathered together with one accord, in one place, to celebrate the completion of one hundred years of work…

In all its work for the souls and the bodies of its fellow men and women the Army has shown Christianity in action. It has found its inspiration for its devoted, fearless work in the love of God. I and the members of my family have first-hand experience of the Army at work, during our visits throughout the world. Both at home and overseas we have seen the Red Shield clubs as well, where officers of The Salvation Army are doing social, philanthropic and religious work among members of my Defence Forces.…

In the past century The Salvation Army has grown from a small mission in a London side street, with no permanent base, into a religious and humanitarian organisation which encircles the world. Throughout those years, successive generations of dedicated men and women have followed the high aims and the rigid discipline of William Booth and his family, and have given an inspiring example of service to others without regard to self. The soldiers of the Army come from all classes of society and from all parts of the world and tolerate no barrier of colour or of race.

Today, we all thank God for what He has accomplished through you in the cause of man’s salvation.…

If the opening music provided by the 500 songsters for this particular
more firmly than ever those two New Testament necessities – faith and works – so dear to his own heart, for within 20 months the Queen again appeared at an Army function – this time to open Booth House in the Whitechapel Road, a multipurpose social service centre and the ninth of the Centenary social projects to be completed. Said the General at the service of dedication:

Booth House... is designed to meet the widest possible range of human need. Here in the immediate future will be found a cross-section of society – the transient, the aged, the student from up country seeking congenial accommodation while he pursues his studies, the tradesman genuinely in search of work, the ex-prisoner endeavouring to make good, the drug addict, the alcoholic in search of rehabilitation, the social misfit. Within this complex... we shall be able to meet a variety of human needs without the demands of one man encroaching upon the treatment of another....

I would describe the overall cost of slightly more than half a million as a calculated investment in the service of the needy, and prophesy that it will yield a dividend in an un-devaluable currency which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.

The years between have already paid such dividends and the future will yield still greater rewards.

This was the penitent’s plea, beloved of the Founder, and heard by the crowded Royal Albert Hall in a silence which could be felt.

Eight days later Westminster Abbey was filled – with an overspill into St Margaret’s church and the Abbey cloisters – for the unveiling of a memorial to William Booth in the chapel of St George. Again there were fervent praise and earnest prayer. Again the Founder’s song was heard. The sonorous tones of the International Staff Band, seated in the organ loft, rolled around the Abbey arches. The grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of William and Catherine were present. A brief dialogue between Dr Eric Abbott and Commissioner W. Wycliffe Booth – and the unveiled memorial was committed to the care of the Dean and Chapter.

That same evening there were two simultaneous meetings of dedication – one in the Royal Albert Hall and the other in the Westminster Central Hall. Both were reflective occasions though each was lightened by that happy yet reverent freedom which is the hallmark of Salvation Army worship at its best. At both there were many personal renewals to the service of God and the Army. At the Royal Albert Hall the response was so immediate that within minutes there were queues in the three aisles leading to the Mercy Seat. This caused no embarrassment. The entire congregation realised that they were in the presence of the Lord. There was time enough and to spare for old and young alike to renew their vows and to join yet again in singing:

And now, Hallelujah! the rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise
Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me.

William Booth would have been well pleased to see that sight and to hear his song so resolutely sung. Pleased most of all that the centenary of the Movement which, under God, he had founded, was binding together...
24. Conclusion

The only truthful conclusion is that there is no conclusion. There is no discharge in this war. One generation of Salvationists may succeed another, but the work of the Army does not cease because human need does not cease. Whatever government may be in power and whatever economic theory may be the current fashion, some homes will still break up; some marriages will come apart; some children will need care and protection; some men will find themselves cursed with an inner inadequacy; some youthful spirits will hurt themselves in their revolt against society; some social misfits must be accepted instead of being rejected; some soul in search of a faith has to be pointed to the shining light which leads to the wicket-gate. A quarter of a century ago there were those who supposed that the welfare state would be a mother bountiful, the universal provider of every need. All voluntary, religious and social enterprise would wither away because there would be no place for it. The very opposite has proved to be true. There are now more such agencies than ever. So long as man remains man he will need a faith and a Friend.

So when Commissioner Erik Wickberg was elected the ninth General on 23 July 1969, and assumed office on the following 21 September, he knew in advance that he was appointed to no sinecure. His had never been that kind of life anyway. His parents became officers when, as his biographer – Lieut-Colonel Bernard Watson – records, the Army was sweeping through Sweden like a forest fire. Required, as is every other Salvation Army officer, to sit lightly to the ties of kith and kin, his father and mother served in Germany, then returned to Sweden and, after the First World War, were posted to Switzerland, from which country the youthful Erik Wickberg entered the International Training College in London. His own service took him to Scotland, across to Germany, back to England, then to Sweden, then to Switzerland, back again to Sweden, and finally as Territorial Commander for Germany, from which country he was called to become Chief of the Staff in 1961. It would be wrong to say that his election in 1969 was a foregone conclusion. Nothing in Salvation Army life is as cut and dried as that. Enough to say that he secured the necessary two-thirds majority at the High Council at the first ballot.

Two features of the General’s term of office can be singled out – the first, the four principal extensions of Salvation Army activity; the second, the significant shift in world leaderships.

New ventures were undertaken in Spain and Portugal (both in 1971), in Venezuela (1972) and Fiji (1973). In 1964 a young Spanish husband and wife of Protestant stock were living in Geneva when a Swiss girl cadet, engaged in house-to-house-collecting, knocked at the door of their fourth-floor flat. This was the first link in the chain of events which led Enrique and Mrs Rey to become Salvation Army soldiers, then to offer for service in Spain and, in mid-1971, to be commissioned as Captains and appointed to their home town, Corunna. Thanks to the Captain’s persuasive enterprise and the legal expertise of Dr Don José Gregori – a Baptist pastor who is also a lawyer – the Spanish Government gave the Army legal recognition before the year was out. This means that the newly opened corps in Corunna owns the property which includes a ground-floor hall for meeting purposes, the flat on the first floor which serves as officers’ quarters, plus the remaining accommodation which can be used for various forms of social service. The Army is now free to commence its work in any other part of the country, and meetings are already being held in the nearby villages of Cayon and Arteijo.

The purchase of a life of William Booth in Portuguese in a Christian bookshop in Oporto led to the arrival in that town of Brigadier and Mrs Hofer, two retired officers who had served for many years in Brazil. Six months later Major and Mrs Carl Eliasen were appointed to take overall charge of the work, and set up their headquarters in Lisbon. A Swiss pastor, Daniel Mathez, was being transferred to France and regarded the coming of the new arrivals as most opportune, for to them he could entrust the work which he had begun some ten months earlier in the district of Picheleira in the Portuguese capital. Said he: ‘By handing over this mission to Salvationists I am only returning to them a little of their spiritual influence on my life, as it was in a Salvation Army meeting many years ago in Switzerland that my mother gave her heart to the Lord, the starting point of her lifelong service as a missionary, mostly in Portugal.’
Official recognition of the Army has now been granted by the government of the day, and five officers are at work in the country. Community service has commenced. The first Portuguese woman cadet is being trained in Brazil. Future prospects are promising.

The opening in Caracas, Venezuela, was undertaken by Captain and Mrs Enrique Lalut. ‘Growing attendances’ have been reported, and the work has now been transferred from the care of the USA Eastern Territory, by whom it was sponsored in the first instance, to the Caribbean and Central America Territory with headquarters in Kingston, Jamaica.

The work in Suva began in 1973, following an exploratory trek by a party of New Zealand Salvationists in Fiji during the previous year. A married officer couple from New Zealand are now responsible for the development of this further venture.

What may not have been so noticeable under General Wickberg’s leadership, but which has been just as significant, have been the changes in world leadership. Time was when British officers were in command north, south, east and west – if only for the reason that British officers were all that were available. Nationally born officers of sufficient stature and experience had not yet been raised. In recent years, however, there has been a quiet but far-reaching shift of emphasis.

For example, a Japanese Commissioner is now in charge of the work in Japan; a Korean in Korea; an Indian in Calcutta and in Trivandrum. In Accra a Ghanaian is second in command; in Bandung an Indonesian; in Brazzaville a Congolese; in Kinshasa an officer from Bas-Zaire; in Jamaica a West Indian woman officer; in Lagos an Ibibio; in Lahore a Pakistani; in Lusaka a Zambian; in Madras an Indian; in Manila a Filipino; in Nagercoil an Indian and in Sri Lanka a Sinhalese. This reflects the Army’s firmly multiracial character. The work itself may take the shape of the vessel into which it is poured – European, Asiatic, African, as may be – but the nature and quality of that work remains the same throughout.

The ongoing activity of the Army can safely be committed to the Lord who first called the Movement into being. Discussing in his Principles of Christian Theology the need for the Christian Church to make a more effective impact upon the contemporary scene, John Macquarrie, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, has said that:

we shall have to be more prepared to recognise the Spirit’s working outside the usual ecclesiastical channels and… be willing to give to the laity more initiative and responsibility than they have usually enjoyed. Both these points can be illustrated by another mention of The Salvation Army…. Although it has no sacraments, we could not for a moment deny that it receives and transmits divine grace. Its Founder, William Booth, could be regarded as a pioneer of ‘secular’ Christianity in the best sense.

Macquarrie then defined ‘the ministry of reconciliation as the ministry of responding to those in need and, without this, any other kind of ministry is empty’.

As this page is being typed on 13 May 1974, the announcement has just been made that, by 29 votes out of 40, Commissioner Clarence Wiseman has been elected the Army’s tenth General. Pray that, under God and his leadership, this ministry of reconciliation may abound yet more and more.