



The
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Notes

THE HORATIAN NOTE

WHEN Goldsmith wrote that tender line of his,—“His heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee.”—did he conceive a case of divided duty like Kipling's, loving both England and India? With him it was a double emotion apart from his gratitude to the Romans for their bracing influence upon this island. Again the exquisite sympathy he felt for the poet Horace was not merely appreciation for those immortal tags of wisdom and geniality that were conceived amid the cool seclusion of a Sabine farm, and delivered to Maecenas or Augustus in the loftiest company of Rome. Virgil was all very well with his resounding periods; the real art and science of life came from the lips of the chubbier bard with the ringing laugh and the rare sagacity. These gifts, as I conceive, were what commended him to Kipling, and keyed R.K. up to composing those three Horatian odes in the fifteen that went to make up the fabulous “Fifth Book.” Mr. Harbord supplies a translation that a friend has made of the preface, and we hope to print it soon if space permits. It certainly shows that Kipling's relish for Horace vied in its degree with R.K.'s profound respect for the Roman handling of our ancestors nearly two thousand years ago.

THE ANTONINE WAY

We are indebted to Mr. Frank S. Stone, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and one or two other correspondents, for mentioning useful sources concerning late Victorian magazines in general; and “St. Paul's Magazine” in particular. That almost forgotten periodical which started in March 1867 and stopped publication in 1874,

has been suggested as a possible home for items of Kipling's, but alas, it died when he was only a child. It was a venture on the part of James Virtue, the successful publisher, who managed to secure as its editor Anthony Trollope, then at the height of his fame. He was just rejoicing over his release from 24 years of postal duties,—all “energetically” performed, as his autobiography boasts,—and marked by many reforms of his conception, some of them, adopted, but many of the best deferred. He accepted Virtue's terms at a thousand a year, acceptances and payments on his word alone, and a dictatorial control no editor of today would dream of demanding for a moment. Yet Anthony as editor served conscientiously, wrote freely, and only abandoned the ship when he found, like Thackeray on the “Cornhill,” that there were too many thorns in the skipper's cushion.

It would take too long to trace the comparative failure of “St. Paul's”, which its editor dismissed in a page or so. The Pauline title recalls Macaulay and his one immortal sentence, but fate seemed to resent an odd collocation like Virtue and Trollope. At any rate, Anthony boasted of having written more than twice as many words as Carlyle: Heaven forgive the shaggy miscreant! But let us rejoice that before the magazine vogue declined, it was adorned by the genius of Kipling,—so much so, that he has never had a superior in the cult of the short story, and nobody else has attained lasting fame on that cult alone, to say nothing of many a deathless verse.

KIPLING'S IMPROMPTU PARODY

A typical letter of Kipling's has been kindly sent in by Mr. J. C.

Burlison, one of the Society's Bloomsbury neighbours. It was written at the Cape in 1904 to the wife of the late Lt.-Col. J. H. H. Annesley, then captain in the 8th Hussars stationed at Cape Town. Finding that the Kiplings were leaving for Europe, Mrs. Annesley kindly offered the hospitality of her roof, to ensure them the comfort and amenity of a good night's sleep within easy reach of next day's embarkation. Judge of her intense amusement when this official-looking docket came in strict army form, to answer her invitation and afford a neat example of that ready and powerful mind :—

B/17 A 1609344

I am instructed by the A.G. that the land transfer and embarkation of the Infantry will be conducted on the lines laid down for such manoeuvres in the years 1901-2-3 and 4 inclusive, from which no deviation is possible. Owing to the youth and immaturity of both wings of the Infantry, the A.G. considers it inexpedient to expose them to the perils and temptations of a large city during their transit from their quarters to the ship.

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See also Army Reg. 2103 pars. d (Rev. Ed.)—

"All fatigues for young troops must be avoided wherever possible in order that they may receive their natural rest, which is taken when the normal routine of their duties is as little interfered with as the exigencies of the service permit."

I have the honour to be, etc.

Rudyard Kipling.

STRICTURES AND SPELLING

There are times when one feels tempted to quote Mark Twain's verdict that "Master Chaucer may have been a poet, but he was no speller." We have received from Lt.-Col. Barwick Browne of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, the loan of another brochure containing collected essays by the late Robert Bridges, chiefly contributed to the *Times* Literary Supplement. In the strait-jacket spelling our one-time

Laureate used to affect, he writes of Wordsworth and Kipling, and awards the Lake poet a poorish position among our authors as judged by their vocabularies. Clearly by his standard, words derive no potency of life at the touch of a poet's inspiration, and if Robert was content, who are we to complain? Then as regards Kipling, the critic upbraids him for allowing "the common country policeman" to "imperil the ideality of an emotional song" in the "Brushwood Boy." Such a proceeding, he adds "betrays a callosity somewhere on his artistic feelers,"—as if no poet dare name the plain word "feet!" Finally, he says, blank verse finished in this country with Milton; yet he condones the case of Wordsworth for having "loosen'd his copious and throttling neckcloth" and composed that majestic utterance of his on Newton's statue at Trinity, Cambridge. This touch of Pecksniffian forgiveness prompts him to declare that Kipling's "method seems to shoot him out of such lights," for he "does not remember anything of this quality in his poems." Such puffy pomposity recalls what was said of Bridges himself when he was jerked so unworthily by a brother Oxonian into the obsolescent office of the Laureateship.

"GLORIA" AT THE CAPE.

There has come to light a graceful octave of Kipling's, written half a century ago to voice the stately beauty of old manorial farms in South Africa's hinterland. Mrs. Gertrude Chamberlain sends us a slip from the "Cape Times" recording how Mr. C. H. Ferrandi had copied certain lines from the framed autograph which hangs on the dining-room wall of "Gloria" farmhouse, some six miles away from Villiersdorp. It seems that when Kipling was visiting the late Charles Leonard on his English estate, he listened to his host recounting how he introduced the Wanganella strain of sheep from Australia into South Africa. The story also included withering details of the coarse and greedy way this example of patience and far-sightedness had been thrown away on some of the rival farmers. This gem of

an epigram sets forth an everlasting moral for the farmer, and also the poet's enduring pride of fatherland :—

*Work with the hope that lures us on
Headlong to the game ;
This shall last when we are gone,
This shall bear our name.*

When the tombstone tilts awry.

*When the date is blurred.
This shall bear abundantly
Mower, flock, and herd.*

Has it ever appeared in print before ?

J. P. COLLINS.

The Bells of Burwash

THE full ring of eight bells now standing in the porch of Burwash parish church was dedicated on July 31st, 1949, by the Bishop of Chichester.

For some years before the war the six original bells, which then hung in the ancient Norman tower, were silent. To ring them endangered the tower, for they were hung in too light a frame. When they go back into place, it will be into a cast-iron and steel frame resting on a sub-frame of timber, itself bedded to the inside of the walls of the bell chamber in the tower. The whole will make so strong a belfry that it has been possible to add two new bells to the original six, thus bringing the number to eight.

The new bells, a gift of Mr. C. W. Parish, the present custodian and occupier of Rudyard Kipling's home, Bateman's, will commemorate the men of Burwash who fell during the war. Each of the new bells is inscribed, and one carries the couplet:—

*Hearing me remember well,
Burwash men who fought and fell*

Then follow the names of 14 Burwash men.

The other bell commemorates Flight Lieutenant Charles Woodbine Parish, R.A.F., D.F.C., lost over Germany on his fifty-seventh bombing raid—a captain on a Stirling bomber, and a Pathfinder. This bell carries the couplet :—

*For memory I peal or toll
Of one beloved Christian soul.*

Both bells were made by the firm of John Taylor. One bell of the original six has been recast (No. 4) by the gift of Mrs. Martyn-Linnington, in memory of her son who died in 1926 from wounds received in the 1914-18 war.

A KIPLING SHRINE

The rehangng of the bells and much restoration work in the church is estimated to cost £2,200 ; a large sum for a small parish. But as the Church is in many ways a Kipling shrine—it is mentioned in "The Conversion of St. Wilfrid," in "Reveries and Fairies" and in "Hal o' the Draft," and on one of its walls is the plaque commemorating Kipling's only son, John, killed at the battle of Loos in September, 1915. Kipling readers the world over have subscribed. At their head was Mrs. Alice Fleming, Kipling's sister, who a year ago, a short time before her death, in a letter full of Kipling reminiscence gave £10. After her came subscribers from New Zealand, Australia, America, and, particularly, from Canada, many of whose sons were stationed in the Burwash area during the war. To-day, at the end of the first year of the appeal for funds, a bare £400 remains to be found.

At the close of the dedication service Kipling's Recessional was sung. The rector and vicar of Burwash, the Rev. Sir Henry L. L. Denny took part in the service.—"The Times."

TO KIPLING COLLECTORS. *Several scarce items of interest to Kipling Collectors for private disposal. Property late member of Society. Include first issue "Light that Failed" (Lippincott), "Absent Minded Beggar" clean complete copy etc. List all items, or inspection willingly by appointment. Apply Box 946, Kipling Society, 98, Gower Street, London. W.C.1 or telephone FRE 8986. (Advt.)*

" Quot Homines, Tot Sententiae "

By Lieut-Gen. Sir GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

QUOT Homines, tot sententiae." How wise is the quip of the late Terentius Afar. Kipling's stories and verses appeal to many and the Kaiser had "If" on his writing table; but if you ask each reader for twenty of their most treasured ones, how greatly the answers must vary. For Kipling in some form or other appeals to every mood, and to all the ages of man. Stories that you passed over when young, come to your recognition as you experience the problems, joys, or sorrows, with which they deal.

How would you evaluate in Kipling's work, those old school bug-bears—the G.C.M. and the L.C.M.—the Greatest Common Measure and the Least Common Multiple? For the modern busy-body's snooper what a problem to find their common measures or multiples!

THOSE 20 FAVOURITES.

A demand from members of the Society for their twenty favourites should keep the editor busy. It would not be amiss to even write to your member and quote say some verses from 'Bonfires on the Ice'—though too late to do so from 'The Galley-slave.' Many have given their favourites in the past from Lord Wavell backwards, but members' views are always stimulating, and I daresay the Kipling Journal would welcome a new batch and why.

I am an old soldier, with an accent on the old, for I read 'the turnovers' appearing in *the Civil and Military Gazette* and Kipling himself once wrote to me. "I was with the *Pioneer* when you first came into ink," and therefore I think I may essay my own favourite reasons for my predilection. Thirty years ago, I may have had a different list and I should like to know how many members' selections include mine.

PREDILECTIONS.

I will jumble prose and verse together but here are some of my predilections:—

Because I am a soldier and know

much of the North-West Frontier, *The Lost Legion* appeals to me so much for its colour, and the exploitation of the tragic end of a Bengal Army regiment that mutinied on the frontier, and marched into Swat calling on the tribes to help them destroy the English.

For the same reason *The Man Who Was* appeals to me, and the clever handling of the theme. I knew a good deal at one time of the constant attempts to penetrate India, when all the Punjab was flooded with Russian gold coin. I saw 2,000 of them at a wedding in Kashmir. Tsar or Stalin, the Russ does not change. "The Bear that walked like a man."

That other tragedy—*Love o' Women*, I admire, first for its story of the ending of the first phase of the Second Afghan war—but even more for the bitter tragedy of the once high-grade woman, as the educated man said—told in Mulvaney's brogue—"I'm dyin,' Agypt, dyin'"—and the golden voice, arms wide with forgiveness, says "Die here." I know no story that touches more deeply the *Lachrymæ rerum*, and I never read it without wet eyes.

The Brushwood Boy, I love for its presentation of the best type of English girl, and the young officer of the army that I knew.

The verses—*The Answer*, once again touches the same vein of pity, as the rose snaps in her heyday for no reason, save by 'Allah's Will'— "whereat the withered flower—all content, died as they die, whose days are innocent." It is said to have been prompted by that great monument to Rose Aylmer, a Calcutta beauty who died many generations ago; but Kipling had embodied *more suo*, a tear he had culled from some source "who gathered this flower?"—Epitaph in Bredeock churchyard "who gathered this flower?" the gardener answered "the master, and the fellow-servant held his peace."

They always thrills me, partly because of its realisation of the Downland and the least frequented part

of Sussex—but more especially for the understanding of the beautiful female heart, whose life has not been fulfilled, and also because I have always thought that the understanding by the author of the mystery of the children he never saw, came when the spirit-child kissed his relaxed hand that hung from the arm-chair. That was the little way of his lost daughter.

AMONG THE POETS.

The public think of Kipling as the writer of stirring stories and of great ballads; but there are not perhaps many who would put him among the poets, yet if poetry means portraying in beautiful words, the depth of human experience, in joy, in love in danger or in grief, does not he excel? *They* and *The Brushwood Boy* are poetry in prose. *The Answer* *The Love Song of Har Dyal*, *Blue Roses*, *The Widower*, are sheer poetry. I am particularly fond of Gow's *Watch* for its clever imitation of Elizabethan drama, and the line that should be graven in the hearts of parents, teachers, sergeant-majors, and magistrates:—"There's a bleak spirit in the young my Lord, God put it there, to save them from their elders." So Ferdinand to the King anent the venturesome prince.

"THE ENGLISH I KNEW"

If we come right away from these earlier masterpieces to some of the latest, indeed in the last collected volume—"Limits and Renewals"—what can exceed "A Naval Mutiny" and the heart-searching "Uncovenanted Mercies" with its tragedy of the broken and its satire at some of the foibles of our people—foibles that led us into the second World War—and of some of our ecclesiastical figures? You will remember how the Archangel of the English says "after clearing his throat ominously—"Rightly or wrongly I'm an optimist. I do believe in the general upward trend of life. It connotes of course a certain trend of recklessness—the English." "The English I know" said Satan, and he explained how the English came to him reeking—positively caxtonized—with words, and many convinced that they had invented new sins.

We should remember that in this story Satan has a definite role in the world—vide the first chapter of the Book of Job—that of reforming the souls of the departed.

Anyway "there are a hundred different ways of reciting tribal lays" in this connection of selecting the stories and verse you like best. I should like to have space to give some more of my own and why.

"If"-Two Mistakes

THE July number of the *Kipling Journal* writes a correspondent "is notable for two mistakes by well known Kipling scholars. Major-General Ian Hay Beith on page G says 'the poem ("If") describes George Washington.' Maybe: but it was not intended to do so. It is describing the character of "Dr. Jim," Sir Leander Starr Jameson, Bart. (1853-1917), Administrator of Rhodesia 1891, and Premier of the Union of South Africa 1904-8. Authority: vide Journal No. 2 page 22; No. 48 page 116; No. 63 page 15, but best

of all, of course, Kipling himself who in Chapter VII of *Something of Myself* wrote "they (these verses) were drawn from Jameson's character."

On page 12 the Founder of our Society (Mr. J. H. C. Brooking) is quoted as writing that "If" was included in *Barrack Room Ballads*, but I do not think this is correct. "If" was first published in 1910 in *The American Magazine* and in *Current Literature*, also in the volume *Rewards and Fairies* in that year. *Barrack Room Ballads* was published in 1892."

The United Services College

AND ITS OLD BOYS

By Colonel H. A. TAPP, O.B.E., M.C.

THE autumn of 1949 marks the 75th anniversary of the founding of the United Services College at Westward Ho!, and in December of this year it will be 50 years since 'Stalky & Co.' was first published. Readers of earlier *Kipling Journals* will have learned much of this rather special school immortalised by one of her own pupils, Rudyard Kipling. The writings and anecdotes of the Society's first President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville have given us further information about the U.S.C.

"TWELVE BLEAK HOUSES"

Rudyard Kipling has described his old school building⁵ as "the twelve bleak houses by the shore." Built as a terrace and satisfactory for use as boarding houses, much alteration to the interior was necessary before the school could open on 10th September 1874. The nucleus of the United Services Staff came from Haileybury, in as much as the first Headmaster, Mr. Cornell Price and a few boys joined from that school in Hertfordshire. There was no official link between the two schools, but they were not dissimilar in character and purpose. Mr. Cornell Price had been for 11 years Head of the Modern Side at Haileybury, and he was well qualified to begin a new school with the idea of providing an inexpensive but sound education for the sons of officers of the two Services. The Governing Council comprised for the most part distinguished Admirals and Generals. There was, however, no intention of confining the entrance to sons of officers or to limit the choice of a career to one or other of the Services. No doubt the College had a Service bias and this might be expected when it is realised that 68 fathers of the boys who joined the U.S.C. in its earlier days served in the Crimea and 82 in the Indian Mutiny, including 17 fathers who had seen service in both campaigns. In passing it may be of interest to mention that Wellington College, at the time

the U.S.C. was founded, had just 'come of age.'

What is it that makes a successful school? It is, I believe, not only the influence of the Headmaster and his staff, but also, more than anything else, the loyalty and achievements of its Old Boys. A school like a ship or regiment must be well tended if the results are to bear good fruit. The education and character-training provided at Westward Ho! during Mr. Cornell Price's regime of 20 years was sound and practical. Small from the point of view of numbers, it is probable that no other Public School of comparable size has surpassed the achievements of Westward Ho! in the service of the Empire and mankind. Kipling when speaking on the occasion of his Headmaster's farewell at the end of the summer term of 1894, referred to the fact that the U.S.C. up till then had not produced a Prime Minister or eminent divine. The same holds good to-day, and it is unlikely that this defect can now be remedied. Instead, the Old Boys' Register includes the names of a very large number of distinguished staff and regimental officers, medical men, civil engineers and others who have made notable contributions at home and overseas. Before going on to read about the achievements of O.U.S.Cs, it may be of general interest to refresh our minds on some of the difficulties the school had to encounter.

CHANGES

After 5 years as Headmaster, the Rev. P. C. Harris resigned to return to clerical duties.

The close of the century brought financial and accommodation problems. To enhance the chance of survival, the U.S.C., at that time, under the Headmastership of the Rev. F. W. Tracy was moved during the Easter holidays of 1904 to the then empty buildings of St. George's, Harpenden in Hertfordshire. Numbers had dwindled and Westward Ho! was considered too remote from London.

This move resulted in the U.S.C. losing a very fine Junior School as its Headmaster, Mr. R. J. Leakey, decided to remain at Westward Ho ! It was a great wrench for the U.S.C. leaving its old home in North Devon. However, the buildings and grounds at Harpenden with a chapel and swimming baths, although small were attractive. After 30 years all but one term at Westward Ho !, Mr. Tracy had a difficult task to re-settle the U.S.C. in its new home. He was loyally supported by four masters from Westward Ho ! and the Bursar, Lieut.-Col. C. Russell. Very fortunately four faithful servants accompanied the U.S.C., and these were Sergt.-Major George Schofield, Sergt. Chinner (with his dog 'Punch'), J. W. Vickery and J. W. Smith, the cricket pro. Boys from Westward Ho ! numbered about 40, reinforced by a few new boys. With the expansion envisaged by the Imperial Service College Trust, Harpenden did not prove to be the ideal home for the U.S.C., and after two years in Hertfordshire and one term at Onslow Hall, The Green, Richmond, the remnants of the Coll : moved to Windsor and amalgamated with St. Marks School, whose Headmaster was the Rev. C. N. Nagel.

Once again Mr. Tracy had to re-form, but this time he was accompanied by fewer staff and boys from Devon. Mr. C. E. Thompson was the sole member of the staff from Westward Ho !, but again Schofield, Vickery and Smith decided to move with the school. Of the boys, five had been in the Senior and three at the Junior School at Westward Ho ! and these eight arrived at Windsor together with a few who had joined at Harpenden. Although small in number, the spirit of Westward Ho ! still lived on. Mr. Nagel became Headmaster of the combined schools, the duties of Warden being taken up by Mr. Tracy. The Staff and boys of St. Mark's very loyally co-operated with the contingent from Westward Ho ! and the re-juvenated United Services College grew in strength slowly but surely. It was not difficult to foresee that in the near future considerable expenditure on new buildings would be necessary if the accommodation was to be brought up to date. Would

these improvements be possible ?

During these first years at Windsor the visits by H.R.H. Prince Christian and the Earl of Athlone accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Alice gave much encouragement. Mr. Tracy was obliged to retire at the end of 1910 on account of ill health, and Mr. Nagel died in 1911, no doubt from over-work in the interest of the U.S.C. When Mr. E. G. A. Beckwith became Headmaster in January 1912, the name of the school was changed to Imperial Service College, a title not altogether unfamiliar because the Trust of that name had been the administering body of the U.S.C. since 1903. It may be of interest to mention that the first President of the I.S.C. Trust was Field Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge, and the first Chairman was General Lord Chelmsford. Under Mr. Beckwith's very able Headmastership, the I.S.C. quickly developed and expanded out of all recognition. The achievements of the next 22 years were little short of miraculous. In January 1935, Mr. Beckwith died suddenly while in Chapel. He was succeeded by Mr. L. de O. Tollemache. On the outbreak of the Second World War, in spite of 30 years prosperity, the I.S.C. in common with several other Public Schools found itself in war time difficulties, and together with financial problems, this made another change of location a necessity. In 1942, the I.S.C. moved to and amalgamated with Haileybury, and so once more there was connection with the County of Hertfordshire. Hard though changes may be and inevitable, such changes sometimes bring advantages. Kipling's old school has forged another link. Haileybury and Imperial Service College, will in future, as it has already begun to do, produce the same quality of Old Boy as emanated from Haileybury, Westward Ho ! and Windsor in former times.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF O.U.S.C.s.

The earlier history of the United Services College and her Old Boys in course of time may be forgotten and this fact prompts me to confine the rest of my available space to describing the more striking achievements of O.U.S.C.s. In reviewing

the School's 37 years existence as the U.S.C., it should be realised that just under 30 years were spent at Westward Ho! This is a comparatively short period in the life of a Public School. It may be helpful to watch the progress of the Old Boys in three phases. Alas! each is linked with a serious crisis in the life of our Nation. The first phase covers the years up to and inclusive of the South African War of 1899-1902, the other two phases terminate with the conclusion of the First and Second World Wars.

Very soon after leaving Westward Ho! probably 60% of the O.U.S.Cs who had been at Woolwich and Sandhurst found themselves serving in India in British or Indian Army units. The N.W.F. in the days about which we are thinking was the best training ground for young officers. Frequently not many months elapsed before O.U.S.Cs found themselves on active service, quickly gaining experience for more serious fighting to come. Studying the records of Old Boys discloses how much of their service was involved in tribal scuffles or with an expeditionary force in India, China or West Africa. Evidence is available that O.U.S.Cs devoted much of their time studying native languages and dialects, and many Old Boys gained distinction in this direction, often qualifying for important appointments in the Political Department. It is also clear that when opportunity permitted, O.U.S.Cs did not lag behind in the sphere of sport. Lord Roberts testified to the excellent qualities of old Westward Ho! boys and the reputation they were building up for themselves as sound regimental officers.

Let us leave the soldiers awhile and think of others. Many Old Boys from Westward Ho!, went overseas, and took up careers as doctors, missionaries, farmers, planters or civil engineers. At home H. G. Hutchinson carried off the Golf Amateur Championship two years in succession—1886 and 1887, and he was also an authoritative writer on Golf and other subjects. Over a period of 20 years, with ups and downs, one O.U.S.C. had acquired a large measure of success with his pen.

In recent years Kipling had given us stories which are destined to remain for all time, such as 'Soldiers Three' with the immortal Mulvaney, 'Barrack Room Ballads' just to mention two widely read books. "The Recessional" was first published in *The Times* to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and the Poet of Empire was recognised as one of our foremost authors. A little later on we find *Punch* calling Kipling 'The Singer of Empire.' Towards the end of 1899, Victorian parentage was shocked by 'Stalky & Co.' Was the publication of this collection of fictional-based-on-fact stories judiciously timed? If the close-up judgment of this book was severely critical as exposing alleged unusual happenings at Westward Ho!, surely the long-term and truer view will popularise the author and re-value the excellent spirit which existed at the U.S.C. Cornell Price, one of the chief characters in 'Stalky & Co.', a close friend of Kipling was in fact a successful Headmaster and a greatly beloved man. At the time of publication, 'Stalky' was a senior major in the Indian Army, and there is little doubt that the powers of leadership which he exhibited during his service did show themselves when he was at the U.S.C. in companionship and in command of the mischievous trio. Remembering that 'Stalky' had as yet half his course to run we must bear in mind the further advancement in his career. 'M'Turk' had left the Public Works Department for health reasons, and he was now back in London prospering in the realm of photographic art. 'Beetle,' established as an author, was needed in South Africa to report and at the same time to give cheer to the Queen's troops. He did, and before long, England was thanking her much travelled writer and poet for "The Absent-minded Beggar." No doubt the beggars themselves were to prove grateful to him in the years ahead! Although the war in South Africa was still on in 1901, Kipling produced 'Kim,' considered by many to be his masterpiece. Following 'Kim' came the 'Just So Stories.' What a variety in a few years!

A YOUNG FOUNDATION

The century closed darkly, and by then the majority who had left Westward Ho! were fast becoming Empire builders, and action counted for more than words. What is the record of O.U.S.Cs in South Africa? First, let us remember that the U.S.C. was still a young foundation of only 25 years standing. It may not be without interest to answer our question by giving extracts from A. H. H. Maclean's account of 'Public Schools and the War in South Africa, 1899-1902.' He divides the schools into three groups i.e., 10 great, 22 middle-group and 30 minor public schools. The U.S.C. was placed fifth in the middle group as regards the total number of officers who served in South Africa. Haileybury, be it noted, earned place eight in the list of great public schools, there being only six places between Haileybury and Westward Ho! The U.S.C. was one of the schools mentioned as taking a higher place than might have been expected for a school of its size. According to Maclean, a total of 2,500 boys left Haileybury and a similar number left Wellington during the 20 years 1880-1899, while the figure given for Westward Ho! was 750, from which the relative size of the three schools can be deduced. The percentage of boys who served as officers in South Africa was Wellington 21, the U.S.C. 15¼ and Haileybury 11¼.

Among 'mentions in despatches,' the U.S.C. heads the list in its own group, and it takes 3rd place on the list of all schools combined when consideration is given to the proportion of 'mentions' to the total number who served. Maclean gives many more interesting statistics but I feel we must leave him and consult our own records. Major E. D. Brown (afterwards—E. D. Brown-Syngge-Hutchinson) and Capt. F. A. Maxwell, both cavalrymen, won the Victoria Cross. These two O.U.S.Cs belonged to the 14th Hussars and to the 18th K.G.O. Lancers respectively, but Maxwell at the time of winning his decoration was attached to Roberts' Light Horse. Frank Maxwell two years earlier had won the D.S.O. in India, which achievement he repeated fifteen years later in France. He was thus

decorated for gallantry on three occasions in three different continents, surely a magnificent record! D. L. Campbell, while serving with the 1st Bn. The Welch Regiment, won the D.S.O. for gallant conduct in defending a train with four men against a party of some 50 Boers. This award was granted to Campbell a few weeks before his twentieth birthday, and at the time he was the youngest D.S.O. in the Army. M. S. McQueen, while a subaltern in the Indian Army, and attached to the 16th Mounted Infantry showed great gallantry in helping a trooper to mount his horse, which had become unmanageable. The Boers called on him to surrender but this McQueen refused to do, and he fought nobly until shot dead. His body when recovered had been pierced by five bullets, while a heap of cartridge cases beside him disclosed a fight to the last. This brave deed, like many others, went unrewarded.

Major A. J. Godley, was Baden-Powell's chief Staff Officer throughout the Siege of Mafeking. Several O.U.S.Cs joined the ranks in order to get out to South Africa. J. A. Graham while serving as a trooper in Lumsden's Horse won the D.G.M. and bar for conspicuous bravery on several occasions. He was subsequently killed in action during the First World War. Not every boy can pass examinations and such was the case of N. B. Fellowes whose only accomplishment at the U.S.C. was 'rigger' specialising in 'place-kicking.' He enlisted in the 2nd Life Guards, was promoted corporal and won the D.C.M. in South Africa. Commissioned on the field, he was shortly afterwards killed in action when gallantly charging a party of Boers with five men. Many more instances of the part played by Old Boys from Westward Ho! could be recorded but space forbids a longer account of these services. Twenty-nine O.U.S.Cs are included in the Roll of Honour as killed during the South African War of 1899-1902 and earlier campaigns. With Queen Victoria's death and the close of the War in South Africa a very definite era was passing. The Governing Body of the U.S.C. could look back with pride on the achievements of Old

Westward Ho! boys since 1874. The work of Cornell Price and his Staff was bearing good fruit. The Head affectionately known as 'Bates' had given over his charge some few years previously, but there was still one who 'called the roll' and by his prowess in the gym was carrying on with instruction in free gymnastics and fencing in all its varied forms. Headmasters might seem to come and go but 'The Weasel' was regarded as a permanent fixture. Sergt.-Major

George Schofield, described by Kipling in 'Stalky & Co.' as the 'little red-haired sergeant' was never known at the College as 'Foxy.' Nearly 1,000 boys passed through his hands in the gym, many of whom he also taught to swim. As a gym instructor he was first class. It is due to Schofield's instruction that several boys did well in the Public School Gym VIII Competitions and later at Woolwich and Sandhurst.

(To be concluded)

"Son of Empire"*

Reviewed by W. G. B. MAITLAND.

FEW, if any, of the many books which have been written about Rudyard Kipling have an appeal for the younger generation. This serious omission in the literature for the young has been made good by Miss Nella Braddy's *Son of Empire* which it is my pleasure to bring to the notice of readers of the *Kipling Journal*. I have called the omission serious because, in these days of socialism where the word "Imperialism" is fast disappearing from the English language and is never heard in schools, the young reader learns nothing of one of the greatest Imperialists this country has ever known. Kipling did more, perhaps, than any other author or poet towards building the British Empire and in describing those men and women who went out to far and distant lands to create that same Empire.

To deprive the young of some of the finest stories and verses—not only of how the British Empire was made—but of people, places, things animate and inanimate and of the World in general seems to me an everlasting shame.

THE YOUNG READER

To obtain a first-class picture of what the author was like and of the things he wrote about is just what is needed to guide the young reader to Rudyard Kipling. The young need help and advice—and encouragement too. In *Son of Empire* Nella Braddy has fulfilled this object. Here is a

book which should be on every boy's or girl's book-shelf.

Nella Braddy has written a simple but faithful story of the life of Rudyard Kipling. No highfalutin phrases—nothing over the heads of the youthful reader. She makes no attempt to criticise, no advancement of personal views or ideas, just a simple plain straightforward story of Kipling as a child, as a schoolboy, and of his life, work, and of what he saw and tried to do.

If any young person after reading *Son of Empire* does not immediately demand all the works of Rudyard Kipling then he or she must be abnormal in the extreme. There can be few boys or girls who have never read the *Jungle Books*, so what greater fun could there be than to learn how, when and where those wonderful stories were written. Miss Braddy tells us all this—and much more besides.

Only here and there can one detect a false quantity where imagination rather than factual knowledge has been allowed to creep in. One might, perhaps, have preferred the authoress to omit the details of the unfortunate Brattleboro' incident, but the great point in her favour is that she has obviously read Kipling, which so many biographers and nearly all critics fail to do before launching out on a thesis on Kipling.

(**Son of Empire*, by Nella Braddy. Collins, 6s.)

The Church that was at Antioch

{ "LIMITS AND RENEWALS " }

BY SIR STEPHEN ALLEN, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

[The first part of an address to the Members of the Auckland, N.Z., Branch of the Kipling Society.]

ON the death of Alexander the Great, in B.C. 322, the vast dominions he had recently conquered fell into the hands of his generals. At first the fiction was maintained that they governed their respective territories in the interests of Alexander's young sons, but in due course the sons were murdered, and even before that time some of the generals had set up independent kingdoms. Ptolemy ruled in Egypt, Seleucus in Babylon, but the lion's share fell to Antigonus whose domains included Syria and the more desirable portions of Asia Minor, and were extended to include Macedonia itself, where the dynasty founded by his son Demetrius lasted until the Roman conquest. Antigonus built a new capital for his kingdom, on the Orontes river, and called it Antigona.

THE CAPITAL CITY

It was not long before jealousies and intrigues among the new rulers gave rise to fresh wars. Seleucus assembled an army, ostensibly for a new invasion of India, but turning to the West he attacked Antigonus, and a decisive battle was fought in which Antigonus then over 80 years old, was defeated and slain, while his son Demetrius escaped to Macedonia. The dominions of Antigonus in Asia fell into the hands of Seleucus, and he and his descendants ruled in Syria and adjacent territories for more than two hundred years, until the kingdom became a Roman province in B.C. 65. Not far from the capital founded by Antigonus, and likewise on the Orontes river, Seleucus founded a new capital, which became one of the great cities of the Eastern world. The father of Seleucus was named Antiochus, as were also most of his descendants on the throne of Syria, and to commemorate his father Seleucus gave to the new city the name of

Antioch. He gave the same name, however, to fifteen other cities which he founded, and naturally this is a cause of some confusion; but the capital city was by far the most important, and needs only to be distinguished carefully from Antioch in Pisidia, which like the capital city is mentioned in Scripture, and was the town wherein was preached the sermon of the apostle Paul recorded in the XIIIth. chapter of Acts. In the time of Kipling's story, Antioch ranked as a provincial town only after Byzantium and Alexandria, and it had become the capital of the Roman province of Syria. It was in Antioch that the followers of the Saviour were first called "Christians"—see Acts XI 26; and Paul and Barnabas were specially recommended to the Church at Antioch, by letters from the Church at Jerusalem, and they lived there for some time.

Antioch is now little more than a village. The skill of the builder could not prevail against the forces of nature, and the great city was devastated by earthquakes in the early years of the Christian era—in one of which alone a quarter of a million people are said to have lost their lives—and even allowing for the exaggeration of early writers, the effects were disastrous. At the time of our story it was a place of great consequence, one of the chief markets of the East, and full of a mixed crowd of many races, Jews Greeks, Syrians, and all other peoples of the Levant. To control the mingled nationalities, there was a strong Roman garrison, as was usual in most of the provincial capitals.

" A NON-REGULATION PROVINCE "

Provinces of the Roman Empire fell into two classes, those whose governors were appointed by the Senate, and those which were ruled by a governor appointed by the Emperor. Syria was in the latter class, and this is noticed by Kipling,

who, in the opening portion of the story makes Serga say "Syria is a Non-Regulation Province—under the Emperor,—not the Senate." The government of the former class of Province was in the hands of a Proconsul (sometimes of Praetorian rank only) appointed by the Senate. In such a Province the Proconsul had a civil power only, and no military command. The latter class of Province was governed by a Legate, who was appointed by the Emperor, and sent to his Province with a military command, as well as civil authority. Egypt only was governed by a Prefect, but in all other provinces this title was held by subordinate officers. There were other differences between the Proconsuls and Legates, such as their terms of appointment, the Proconsul usually holding office for one year only; and while the Proconsul was attended by lictors, the Legate was attended by soldiers. In all provinces, besides the actual governor, there was a Procurator, whose responsibility mainly was the management of the revenue, but who exercised certain judicial functions, and in some small provinces the Procurator was the governor also, as was Pontius Pilate in Judaea.

In the republican days of Rome, when Roman territory began to expand, Prefects were appointed to exercise the judicial functions of the Praetors in Rome (*Prefecti juri dicundo*). Their duty was to maintain the laws of Rome, and to administer the same justice abroad as did the Praetors in the City. As time passed, and the Empire developed, the authority of Rome extended throughout the civilised world. Prefects were established more widely, but instead of holding office for one year only, as in republican days, their period of office was frequently extended. So it is quite likely that at the time of our story, there may have been Prefects in some provinces, who, like Serga, had held office for many years. I think, however, that the Office held by Serga was different from that held by the Prefects I have mentioned. In Rome, Augustus instituted the office of *Prefectus Urbi*, or governor of the City, and I believe the same practice was conformed to in larger provincial

towns. The powers of this officer were very great. In Rome he was the deputy of the Emperor, and in a provincial town the deputy of the Legate. He administered justice, checked frauds, and took care to preserve order and public quiet. He seems to have had the same insignia as the Praetors.

As a man he was tall, soldierly, good-looking and full of kindly humour. He kept his friends and his interest in life up to the very end of his 88 years, the only sign of failing years being an increasing deafness. His memory, his wonderful versatility and his methodical turn of mind were the envy and despair of his friends. Truly, whatever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might. Salute the memory of a good fellow!

THE AEDILE

The duty of the Aedile was to take care of the City, its public buildings, aqueducts, sewers, public roads, and so forth; also of private buildings lest they should become ruinous. Aediles likewise took care of provisions, markets and taverns; and they inspected goods exposed for sale in public places. They also had the power of punishment for delinquencies in regard to such matters, because in Rome and the provinces the executive power was never separated entirely from the judicial. They therefore exercised an authority analogous to that of a public health officer, public works engineer, police officer and Justice of the Peace combined.

The functions of the lictors in our story have given cause for much research and consideration. Kipling represents them as a sort of police force, attached to Serga and acting when required as attendants on Valens who somewhat in the capacity of a police officer was working under his uncle the Prefect and executing his orders. This seems to me wrong, and I hope someone more versed in Roman antiquities will supply us with the right solution of my difficulty. Lictors were the official attendants on the principal officers of state in the Roman world. In Rome, each Consul was attended by twelve lictors, bearing the fasces and secures, who,

preceded or followed (according to their monthly turns) the two Consuls, marching in single file, and ensuring that way was made and that all stood up while the Consul passed. They also executed the summary orders of their respective Consuls, and inflicted the punishments he awarded. Outside the city, the number of lictors was increased. Within the city of Rome, the Praetor had two lictors, and at Antioch I suppose the Prefect might be entitled to four to accompany him, bearing the emblems of office—the fasces. Even this may be doubtful, because Syria was an Imperial province, as already mentioned, and the Legate himself would have no lictors. Order would normally be maintained by the Prefect by means of soldiers, and by public slaves who would carry out his commands. At any rate, Valens would have no right to be attended by lictors, as such, and if any were with him while he performed his duties, it would be in their capacity of public servants attached to the Prefect, and not as lictors. They would not carry the fasces. The privilege of being attended by lictors with the fasces was one that was jealously guarded by the senior magistrates. In Jerusalem, as we learn repeatedly in the Scriptures, soldiers were responsible for the preservation of good order, and there is no mention of lictors, or of any form of civil police, but possibly Jerusalem was too turbulent for any other method of keeping the peace.

MITHRAS

In our story, Valens is said to be a follower of Mithras, and several allusions are made to that ancient religion. Regarding Christianity, Valens says, in the story, "There isn't a ceremony or symbol they haven't taken from the Mithras ritual." Mithras was a Persian god, whose worship spread over the Roman world during the 2nd. and 3rd. centuries after Christ. By origin he is the god of bright heaven and of day, closely related in connection with the sun, but not to be confused with him. I quote from the Enc. Brit. "He becomes the god of light, and by a ready transition the god of purity, of moral

goodness, and of knowledge. There goes on in the world as a whole, and in the life of each man, a continual struggle between the power of good and the power of evil; Mithras is always engaged in this contest, and his religion teaches all . . . to aid in the battle. Victory in this battle can be gained only by sacrifice and probation, and Mithras is conceived as always performing the mystic sacrifice through which the good will triumph." From the foregoing quotation we see a certain resemblance between the teachings of Mithraism and Christian doctrines. Such a religion was of a higher nature than the worship of the old Roman gods, and indeed it is probable that at this period of history few Romans, certainly few educated ones, retained any belief in the latter; and it is clear that the cult of Mithras would have a strong appeal, as it undoubtedly did to a large number. The worship of Mithras became known in Rome about 70 B.C., and was prohibited in 378 A.D.

The story itself can be summarised in few words, but as told by Kipling it presents a vivid picture of life in Antioch at the time, of the rising force of Christianity, of the troubles—almost schisms of the early Church, particularly with regard to the relations of Jew with Gentile. The Jews were bound by the law of Moses to avoid ceremonial uncleanness, but the idea was dawning that there was nothing common or unclean under heaven, and that now all were free from the restrictions of the old Covenant, and that the covenant of the Gospel alone was now binding.

[As there are many allusions to Scripture in the story, Sir Stephen Allen has provided a table of its more obvious references, and of phrases which are quotations or which seem to have a parallel in the New Testament. This table will appear with the concluding part of the address in our next issue—Ed.]

THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON will take place at 12.30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 4th at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, W.8., when Sir Malcolm Sargent will be the Guest of Honour.

Another Prize Essay

On the Question: "What are the Chief Characteristics of the Prose and Verse of Kipling that Appeal to You?"

(In our last issue we published the winning essay in this year's Martindell Prize Essay Competition at Victoria College, Jersey. The following is the essay of the "runner up," D. P. HAYDEN, aged 17 years and 4 months).

"ALL good poetry," said Wordsworth, "is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." Rudyard Kipling is appealing because he manifests, both in his verse and in his prose, powerful feelings which overflow spontaneously, and noble thoughts which, dressed in vivid poetry, are sent lilting in the heads of Englishmen throughout the earth.

He made a religion of patriotism, and in ringing strains that echo for miles beyond the banner of ordinary readers of poetry, he expressed his imaginative appreciation of Britain's glorious past, his sincere belief in her Imperial destiny, and his intense love of all that is courageous and active. The dramatic side of the Empire appealed to him, and he continued to write of courage, energy, and action—qualities which he found in the English—until his name had resounded through the world and he had gained a place among the Immortals.

In prose, his best work is in the realm of the short story, for setting and incident seem to interest him more than character, although his touch on character can be devastatingly sure. He is more vivid and mobile in his depiction of action than any other English writer. His touch is sure and his expression is vivid, so much so that the sight, touch and smell is felt in all that he describes. He is exceedingly realistic, and his stark realism is one of his many appealing qualities. To many English people, unable or unaccustomed to travel, he has created India, and to those people he has made intimate that dark mysterious continent over the broad seas. He delights frequently in the horrific, of which he possesses a real English-Gothic com-

mand. His province is, generally, the Empire, Anglo-Indian life, the British Army, and animal tales. He has written some ruthless love-stories, many classic tales of the First World War, and tales of the past and of animals, all of which he treats in an appealing fashion.

THE IMPERIALIST FEELING

Rudyard Kipling belongs to the mind of a people. Because he admired courage, energy, and action—qualities which he discovered to be so manifest in the English—he has done more to give permanence to the Imperialist feeling. In his prose and verse he did this by means of moving words, charged with rhythm, which painted stirring images to remain for ever in the eyes of the reader.

Just before the South African War the nature of Empire, a vast commonwealth of lands and societies linked to one centre by ties of origin, interest, and instinct, was diffused throughout Great Britain. While statesmen grasped its possibilities and were anxious to develop and strengthen it, while scientists explored it, studied its resources and told its progress, it was the stupendous task of Rudyard Kipling to make the Empire loved and familiar, supreme and actual, by implanting it among the familiar and intimate ideas of all men. Rudyard Kipling was given the task of imparting to the numerous and scattered nations the active realisation of their relationship to her (the Empire) and to one another.

Before the South African War, Kipling had discovered his patriotic vocation; he had become the bard, the prophet of the Imperial ideal. This theme of Empire appears in his prose and verse from the outset, and gradually becomes more definite. The simple heroism of the officer on the Afghan frontier, of the civil servant in famine time, of the engineer facing a flood, turns into a privileged motive. The love of adventure glorifies all the pioneers and reckless sons of the race, over lands and oceans,

from the torrid to the frigid zone, the brotherhood of silent, stubborn effort, so engagingly appears.

KIPLING'S SOLDIERS

The characters of soldiers whom Kipling creates and fills with picturesque vitality, contribute to break down the barrier of ignorance which divided the professional army from the civilian population. In the "Seven Seas" the destination and destiny of the chosen people, called by the oracle of Providence to explore, to exploit and keep watch over the seas, is the main inspiration. The "Five Nations," written after the war and its trials, proclaims the gospel of unity.

Upon a background of ideas, of the doctrine of Imperialism and of a soldier-like code of ethics, the temperament of Kipling, an exceptionally gifted writer, stands out in strong relief. For there was an actual doctrine of Imperialism, which Kipling believed in, solely in the interests of good governments of course. There are strong and weak, and, as in the pack, the strong emerge triumphant. The conquering people is under a moral obligation towards the conquered, for mastery is justice. Thus the worth of a man is measured by his ability to command himself and others. Then the soldier-like code of ethics is clarified. The mysterious restlessness which urges and drives honest sons of the race beyond the boundaries of the known into those of the unknown, is the call of a holy mission. The Empire is the "White Man's Burden." Thus the religion of Christ is associated with the triumphs of force.

To refer back to the appealing in his poetry, it must be remarked that the general impression of his ideas, his doctrine and the qualities he loved, is apparent. It is his expression that is striking. He had an immense gift for using words, a powerful observation with his mind and senses, and a gift of transmitting messages that disturbed the mind and moved the heart. The starting-point in his verse is the motive of the ballad-maker. For Kipling the poem is something which is intended to act, to move, stir, and teach. Some poets, especially contemporary poets,

are obscure. Kipling is lucid, very lucid, even excessively lucid, but his poetry penetrates beyond the barrier of the ordinary readers of poetry and proves that he belongs to the mind of a people, a bard speaking to a people.

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

In 1899 he wrote the "White Man's Burden," a poem which deals with the subject of Empire, which, with Cecil Rhodes, he loved so dearly.

"Take up the White Man's burden—

Send forth the best ye breed—

Go bid your sons to exile

To serve your captives' need;

On wait in heavy harness

On fluttered folk and wild—

Your new-caught, sullen peoples,

Half-devil and half-child"

And later

"Take up the White Man's Burden

The savage wars of peace—

Fill full the mouth of Famine

And bid the sickness cease;

And when your goal is nearest

The end for others sought,

Watch Sloth and heathen Folly

Bring all your hope to naught."

That, he believed religiously, fanatically, was the chosen work and appointed mission of the English, and the British Empire. He expounded his beliefs whenever, and as best as he was able. For Kipling possessed the faculty of concrete perception, unhampered by any mist of mental culture. He had sensations of extraordinary intensity and variety, expressed vividly because he had an eminent gift of words, with his special domain of Germanic words, loaded with primitive, realistic, and direct meanings. To these he adds stocks of technical words, military and naval slang, and terms borrowed from the dialects of the Empire. He delights in sonorous, suggestive syllables to bend his energy towards the material universe, its sights, its crises, its struggles, and human beings in their contact with, and adaptation against nature, whether in co-operation or in conflict. In his short stories he combines the realism of Maupassant, the romanticism of Mérimée, and the touch of Dickens, but all the rest is his own—the conciseness, selection, unfolding, and movement of a story and above all, the Kipling touch.

Letter Bag

Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication as short as possible.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.

ON re-reading some of the material published in the *Journal* from Kipling's sister, it seems strange that the role played by his extreme near-sightedness has not been more heavily stressed. For example, his sister said that she learned to read before her older brother did. Unless she also had a high degree of the myopia that her brother had, this myopia could very easily explain the difference.

In her article in the April, 1948 number she gives as proof of his love of all nature that he never owned a gun. This must have been because he would have not been able to aim with open sights; I doubt that a telescopic sight to correct his defective vision could have been constructed.

He certainly was interested in fire-arms, particularly rifles, and *what they did*. There are so many examples of an almost obsessive interest in them that I cannot do more than cite one: On Greenhow Hill, in "Life's Handicap." I refer to the killing, at about six hundred yards, by Ortheris, of the native deserter, and as to an absence of cruelty, what about "The Mark of the Beast?"

This must not be interpreted as in any way a belittling of Kipling, or of his sister. When one really likes someone, he takes him without "white-wash," and likes him all the better for seeing and understanding all aspects of his personality.

There can be no doubt as to the extremely high degree of short-sightedness. "School Days With Kipling" has plenty of evidence. R.K. himself, in "Something of Myself . . .," refers to his bad vision, attributing it, probably wrongly, to intensive reading. This would hardly change the shape of the eye-ball and so produce this particular defect. As in many other instances, this "blindness" is discovered after the child starts to school, when difficulty in learning is noticed, and the cause of it is looked for. Too often the difficulty in learning is attributed to laziness, or stubbornness, or what-

ever the pet theory of the teacher happens to be. In Kipling's case, it was only when his mother came to take him out of the House of Desolation that his myopia was recognized and corrected. Even a specialist from London who reported that he was half-blind did not suffice to get the condition recognized and treated.

Sorry that this communication is so far behind. I have been just ill enough to keep me from writing about this. Naturally, as a neurologist, and a reader of R.K. since childhood, I saw the flaw in his sister's conclusions as soon as I read the articles.

—J. DAVIS REICHARD, M.D., 33, Central Avenue, Staten Island 1, New York.

A PROVOCATIVE WORD.

I rose to Colonel Bagwell Purefoy's word all right and wrote a letter that would have rejoiced his heart. Unfortunately my Better Half saw and repressed it as being altogether too provocative on my side. I am very sorry: readers of the *Journal* have been deprived of the amusement of seeing two old colonels going for each other bald-headed, and the Editor has been saved some anxious censorship! But, now that we have reduced the term to "stories I don't like" I should like to ask why he so dislikes "Steam Tactics" and "The Honours of War." The first is a wonderful instance of conveying spirit and atmosphere by a few touches: it brings us into the navy of the early noughts. Also the account of the motor drive thro' Sussex in the Octopod is, I would suggest, one of the finest bits of descriptive prose in the language. I should have thought that "The Captive" was a very good representation of the feel of things during the South African War, and when we find a high place given to "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" one rather suspects that Colonel Purefoy doesn't like Americans! To go to his "B" list, I quite enjoy "The Puzzler" and "The Vortex" but cannot see how either of them can be numbered among great stories. My own abomination is "The Church

that was at Antioch," for that debases a vital and profound difficulty of the Early Church to the level of a Hindu-Moslem riot in India, and puts Saints Peter and Paul, men who literally turned the world upside down, in the position of a couple of fakirs in the presence of a Roman officer. Also, I cannot understand anyone not counting "The Man who would be King" (so greatly admired by H. G. Wells), "They" and "Wireless," as being among the world's greatest short stories.—BARWICK BROWNE (Lt.-Col) Bournestream, Wotton-under-Edge Glos.

A JOB LOT.

These verses were published in the *Pioneer*—Sept. 1st 1888, *Pioneer Mail*—Sept. 4th 1888, and *Civil and Military Gazette*—Sept. 4th 1888. They have not been collected, but they are one of twelve uncollected poems in the Garth Album now in the United States. The album also has twenty-three uncollected prose items. It was made up of Kipling clippings by Sir William Garth when they first appeared.

The poem is a comment on contemporary criticism of Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, (later Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C.), for the character of some of his appointments to office. There was a prose heading quoting some criticisms from the *Pioneer*, followed by—"She was blonde, passionate and deeply religious, painted in water colours, was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—HERON.

MRS. BATHURST AGAIN.

In common with most readers of Kipling's works I have always been interested in Mrs. Bathurst and I hope Colonel Barwick Browne will forgive me if I differ entirely from his view of the case.

There is no evidence that Mrs. Bathurst ever came to S. Africa nor that hers was one of the incinerated corpses. That Vickery should have gone on the tramp through Africa with a woman to whom he was devoted seems quite improbable. Why should he make her suffer the inevitable hardships of such a journey? The

only possible feminine touch is that one body was found looking up at the other. Which does not amount to much. The most interesting sidelight on the subject is in Mr. Mackenzie-Skues' letter to Captain L. H. Chandler in No 43 of the Journal, September 1937. He says that in his recollection both the bodies were men. To me it seems that after having seen Mrs. Bathurst in the films, arriving at Paddington station, Vickery decided to desert and worked his way up to Wamkies with a chance companion though why he should have chosen that long route home defeats me. Pritchard's remark that Mrs. B had nothing to do with it refers to Vickery's desertion, of course.

I am much more puzzled by Vickery's interview—at his own request—with the captain. I cannot believe that any officer would connive at the desertion; and Vickery could just as well have "run his ship" at Capetown without any previous interview if he were so minded. And why should he have told Pycroft that he was no murderer? No one had accused him of murder. Mr. Mackenzie-Skues' account of the finding of the bodies by Layton is another instance of Kipling's marvellous gift of creating a fine story from one small chance incident. Incidentally I was interested as a horse lover to learn that "Phyllis's circus" was run by Phillis, perhaps the greatest master of *haute école* in the last century. He was at one time in the service of the Czar of Russia but I never knew he found his way to S. Africa.—F. S. KENNEDY SHAW, (Colonel).

A CORRECTION.

Is there not an error in the address by Major General Beith, repeated in the Journal for July? *An Habitation Enforced* is not collected in *A Diversity of Creatures* but is the first story in *Action and Reaction*. Like the Rector of Huckleby I am a "lover of accuracy!"—P. H. ALDER-BARRET, Humberstone, Westfaling St., Hereford.

(Yes, our correspondent is quite right.
Ed.)

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