



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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Notes

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

THE Society has always been fortunate in the choice of Presidents, and never more than now. For Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning has an enviable record as a soldier and a statesman in war and defence affairs, and has intellectual interests as well, for he has been a devotee of Kipling and his writings nearly all his life. Having had a Grenadier Guards command up to the outbreak of the last war, and having taken a leading part in building up our airborne forces, he was made Deputy Commander of the First Allied Airborne Army. As Chief of Staff of the South East Asia Command from 1944, he accompanied Lord Mountbatten to the Far East.

To show how valour and chivalry make their mark amid royal surroundings. Sir Frederick adds to his war and service decorations the honour of being Comptroller and Treasurer to the Household of Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh. It is a privilege to serve in a royal house now rejoicing over the birth of a Princess; and our new President may well reflect how few such centres of blessing and world-wide congratulation exist on earth today!

WAVELL AND THE WEST

Reverting to Lord Wavell, Sir Frederick's unforbidden predecessor, it is heartening to find the sentiments of our tribute in the last number confirmed in evidence culled from the press of the west, and sent by our honorary

secretary in the United States. For instance, the *Washington Star*, after discussing the great Field-Marshal's fortunes in the field, publishes an eloquent letter from Mr. S. R. Shaw, who illustrates that theme with enthusiasm as well as knowledge. In a striking epitome of Wavell's three African campaigns, he contends that the last as a victory was "hardly equalled on the Allied side," especially when we consider how the desert conditions emphasised the heavy odds of combatant numbers. The moral—and the explanation, too—lies in what this great Kipling-lover used to call "the fighting spirit," and as the Field-Marshal added himself, "No battle was ever lost until the leader thought it so."



LT.-GEN. SIR FREDERICK BROWNING
The Kipling Society's New President

Let us cultivate that spirit throughout the Commonwealth lands, and those other resolute virtues of the great captain who has gone forward, it is true, but has left us his ideas and axioms to help us keep the right flag flying.

LORD DAVID'S TRIBUTE

Lord David Cecil's recent broadcasts on Kipling as Poet (see page 8) have freshened a theme that at one time seemed to have been exhausted by tiresome iteration, but now proclaims itself as livelier than ever, particularly at a time when the average level of poetry is not poetry at all. With his well-known delicacy of touch, selection and felicity of terms, the lecturer made his choice of poems to be read, and assigned to each its representative place and character in the Kipling cosmogony. There was no falling back on the threadbare trick of making his second broadcast antithetic to the first; nor did the lecturer, as many often do, betray his own fatigue with his subject long before the end. Fortunately we are able to print the first of these talks in the present number. One point struck me as well worth noting, and this was Lord David's designation of the poem "Cold Iron" as a symbol of the poet's impersonal attitude towards history. But why on earth should the reciters suppose that variety in rendering could possibly be replaced by mere crescendo, especially after the poet had taken the trouble to find a line expressive of so many moods and phases?

THE UPLIFT OF "IF"

Major Jessor Coope, writing from the Junior Carlton Club, suggests that someone of competence should analyse the poem "If" in the light of the author's own admission that it was written admittedly as a cue and formula of life and its duties, as seen by that great Imperialist, Sir Leander Starr Jameson. Those who followed his career as a Cape Premier, a pioneer doctor, and a loyal friend of Rhodes, are well aware how slight a proportion in that useful and busy life was played by the luckless Jameson raid. Men now living will remember how Rhodes failed Jameson after that joint affair,

and neglected to visit him in the London prison from which Rhodes himself had so narrowly escaped. "Dr. Jim" wisely left a legacy for his life to be written by his friend, the late Ian Colvin, and a noble work it makes, for it holds the balance fairly between the Doctor and all his group. Best of all, it spreads in grand array those sterling virtues that Kipling has celebrated in this poem. Nor is it the least of the merits of "If" that unlike other votive verse, it achieved its purpose perfectly without using a single word of poetry or glamour. And who, we may fitly ask, could have succeeded in this difficult task as he has done here?

COMPETITION AT ITS BEST

That genial Nestor among Kipling collectors and bibliographers, Captain E. W. Martindell, gives occasion for rejoicing to his many friends by reason of a steady maintenance of his level of health; and without bating the real seriousness of his ominous and heart-felt malady, he may be credited with all the trouble and discipline he can wisely take in order to prolong a useful life and an invaluable character. His immediate interest is to send us the text of the winning essay in the annual competition he has established at his old school, Victoria College, Jersey; and this as it appears upon another page is a gospel of faith, youth and humanity. With regard to the Junior competition on similar lines, the Headmaster writes describing the judging of the eight chosen boys by a panel of three, as the eight in turn recited from memory "The Glory of the Garden," and then read some unprepared pieces of prose from "Rewards and Fairies." The general standard showed itself to be fully equal to former years; but the winning Junior, a twelve-year-old named Geoffrey le Vesconti Fiott, proved to be a candidate of quite outstanding merit. We congratulate Captain Martindell and all concerned on the pains they are taking to keep alive that fine art of recital which is the simplest and easiest way of cultivating taste, intelligence, right locution and the expression of variety in character and emotion. But beyond all this is the value of loyalty

and patriotism taught us from the Channel Islands.

S.O.S. FOR EXPERTS

There comes a Kipling item of interest from that exquisite garden city of George, in Cape Province, where the trees seem—certainly in the flowering of the jacaranda avenues—to be the owners permitting the humans to stay and live under them on sufferance. In his collection of Kipling covers, sketches and caricatures, Mr. McGregor, of 78 Meade Street, has a calendar where, strangely enough, the year of publication is not given. But he has located it as either 1925, 1931 or 1936, and asks if any reader can help him in his quest. To identify it, the January quotation is from "Brookland Road": "I was very well pleased with what I knowed." He also desires similar help in regard to another calendar (K 1924), where a slip pinned to the cover explains that "This is not the same issue as last year." Mr. McGregor wants that note explained, and it ought not to strain our faculty of research.

Of much more appeal is his list of fancy portraits—some sixty in all—dating from the days of Strang and "Spy" and from 1890 onwards.

HEALTHY SYMPTOMS

Taking a hasty survey of this present number as it goes to press one cannot help congratulating the editor on several healthy symptoms. One is that in a distracted time like the present, the sway of Kipling is as much alive as ever among thinkers and patriots, especially in the fighting services on which we all depend. Next is the furious vitality of "Mrs. Bathurst," a dame of parts who seems to be as defiant of extinction as Dickens's Edwin Drood, and no less fertile in theories and interesting explanations. Another is the fine vitality of Sir George MacMunn in flashing off aspects of our poet which serve to answer some of the most anxious of our problems today, and prove, in spite of shallow denials, that in the main the spiritual was usually uppermost in Kipling's mind and soul.

J. P. COLLINS.

Some Apposite Words of Rudyard Kipling.

by Lt.-Gen. SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

IT is my habit when I read of anything obscure or pathetic to see what Kipling may have thought on the subject, and I dare say many others do likewise. So when I read that a noble earl in the Upper House had asked the Government what steps they propose to take to regenerate a decadent world, and another peer had remarked that there seemed to be some lack of a sense of humour in matters ecclesiastical, a chord echoed in my memory. I plucked from the book-case the book of "Verses." Sure enough was *The Legend of Mirth*. You will remember how the four Archangels had been dismissed from the Presence to their daily task, and went "Pinion to pinion, answering, sweep for sweep." In the emptied

presence chamber one small seraph remained with unallotted task, his wings folded. . . .

"To whom The Word ' Beloved,
what dost thou?
By the Permission' came the
answer soft,
' Little I do nor do that little oft.
As is the Will in Heaven so on
Earth
Where by the Will I strive to
make men mirth.'
He ceased and sped, hearing the
Word once more :
' Beloved, go thy way and greet
the Four.'"

And then you will remember how the imp went joyfully off to find the Four Archangels, grave and solemn at their

cares for the Universe. He stirred them good and true with ribald tales and memories. He did it so cunningly

"That soon the Four—so well the bait was thrown—
Came to his aid with memories of their own

Until—the Gates of Laughter opened wide—
The Four with that bland Seraph at their side

In utter mirth forgot both Zeal and Pride."

And so they came tumbling home through the ether of space and in trepidation told of the lapse and . . . "received the peace and pardon of the Lord!"

The Lord Chancellor from the Woolsack might well have read my Lords the Legend, and should certainly keep the "Verses" by his side as our lost President would have fondly urged.



VETERANS IN PARIS

Many will have read with sorrow and sympathy of the pitiful demonstration in Paris recently of the maimed veterans of the Kaiser's War, starving in the country they have saved. The writer of *Ecclesiasticus* has written with Nell Gwynne of pious memory, "There are three things that grieve me, and the fourth maketh my heart sad, and the first is a man-of-war that is in poverty." But there is a later writer who once struck the

same chord: nay, more than once. In the days when we neglected our old soldiers, as we are apt to do even now, some unpensioned men, old and feeble and hungry, tried to draw attention to their needs, and those of men in like case. They were survivors of The Light Brigade, and Kipling wrote *The Light Brigade*, and Kipling wrote *The*

"There were thirty million English, who talked of England's might; There were twenty broken troopers who lacked a bed for the night. They were only shiftless soldiers, the last of The Light Brigade."

And they went to the gate of the writer of *The Light Brigade* and begged him to write a sequel.

"We think that some one has blundered, and could not you tell them how?

You wrote that we were heroes once. Please write, we are starving now."

And he continued . . .

"Till the souls of the fatted English were scourged with the thing called shame."

Let us hope that it is the same with the French, and perhaps if the Ministry of Pensions read the ballad they will with profit have tears in their eyes and then make certain that it will be *jamais en Angleterre*. The French procession of pleaders was enough to "fill strong men's hearts with glory till they weep."

But indeed there are few things that can happen about which Kipling has not written winged and apposite words.

A Talk on Kipling

AT the Members' Meeting held at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, on April 8th, 1950, at which Lt.-Col J. K. Stanford presided, the guest speaker was the Earl of Birkenhead. After a review of Rudyard Kipling's childhood and early work, the speaker described the arrival in London "about the 1st October, 1889, of this young man of genius, to make good a reputation which had already preceded him." Lord

Birkenhead concluded his address by paying tribute "to one who is now recognised all over the world as a man of stainless honour, an international student of profound vision and a descriptive writer of God-sent genius." The address was highly appreciated by the audience, and we are glad to have had the privilege of adding Lord Birkenhead's name to the list of distinguished speakers who have addressed our meetings.

The Coming of Kipling.

by ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

[This is the concluding part of an article which appeared in the July, 1950 "Kipling Journal"]

KIPLING, by the time he came to London, had formed his own methods and beliefs in the practice of fiction, and was able to work clear-headedly and without lending over-much attention to the outcries of those who sought to guide literature into narrow and cramping divisions.

"REAL AND ROMANTIC"

As Lang wrote towards the end of 1890 in the first serious estimate of Kipling's work to appear in this country (see *Essays in Little*, published in January, 1891): "Mr. Kipling's work, like all good work, is both real and romantic. It is real because he sees and feels very swiftly and keenly; it is romantic, again, because he has a sharp eye for the reality of romance The seamy side of Anglo-Indian life, the intrigues, amorous or semi-political he has not neglected any of these. Probably the sketches are true enough, and pity 'tis 'tis true: for example the sketches in *Under the Deodars*, and in *The Gadsbys*. That worthy pair, with their friends, are to myself as unsympathetic, almost as the characters in *La Conquête de Plassans*. But Mr. Kipling is too much a true realist to make their selfishness and pettiness unbroken, unceasing."

Kipling's outlook on life and thus his practice in literature was essentially sane and virile. He did not ignore unpleasant truths, as the supersensitive Lang was inclined to do, but on the other hand he had naturally the liveliest contempt for the humourless inhumanity of those who would present the sordid and the unhappy as the only aspects of life deserving to be treated by a serious writer.

A cleverly written prose "Parable" in the *Scots Observer* of 29 March, 1890, which has been identified as by Kipling, presents at least one view of the question. After pointing out the nature of cruel and stark reality as it may be found in the wild places of

India, and in the less happy corners of civilized London, the God of Things as they Are is made to say to the critic: "You talk of 'brutal truths' for these and the likes of these, who are harried and desperate with truths already. Why, given a ready-made imagination, price three-and-six in boards, there might be consequences in that house of a superior kind Those people may not read the book, but the business of the writer is to assume that they will. What they want is something not truthful as they understand truth—something that takes them out of themselves and makes them forget the wretched fact. If ever they have felt happy let them have that emotion writ large and often. What is the use of returning them the horror of their own lives in print?"

W. E. HENLEY

It was to Henley, the most important and influential editor of the day, that Kipling turned, and under his banner most of the *Barrack-room Ballads* and a few other poems and verses were given to the world from February, 1890, onwards. Henley was no lover of the "aesthetes," and he grew crusty and prejudiced towards the end of his sad and stormy career. But in 1890 he was still a man of unbiased and outspoken taste and judgment, though subject to sudden and irascible outbursts. He might sling ink and ridicule at Oscar Wilde, the pompously naughty perpetrator of *Dorian Gray*, but he would turn round and scatter as devastating a shower over those two pillars of romance, Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard, for their brilliant but unappreciated attempt at romantic allegory, *The World's Desire*. He wrote contemptuously of the *Yellow Book* as a whole, but one of the greatest of those who contributed to that journal, Kenneth Grahame, was a staunch and honoured supporter of the *Scots* (later *National*) *Observer*; and besides Barrie and Kipling, Henley's

Observer "young men" included W. B. Yeats and Wilfred Gibson. Looking at the controversy with the unbiased perspective of the present distance of time, it seems impossible to set up "Henley's young men" as the fundamental opposites of the "Greenery Yallery" *Esthetes*, the *National Observer* and the antithesis of the *Yellow Book*, as Mr. Hilton Brown seems anxious to do in his recent book on Kipling. Henley indeed, in spite of some intolerant lapses (and excluding the irascible *Pall Mall Magazine* essay of his embittered last years), was far too great a man and too clear-sighted a critic to be absolutely upon one side or the other. Like Lang, he recognised the merits of the Realists as well as of the Romantics, and he followed his own beliefs unflinchingly, never swerving through fear or favour: wherefore, perhaps, not one of his editorial ventures lasted more than a few years, though their memory is still with us.

Kipling followed Henley in much, and indeed the nature of his own stories clamoured inevitably for a central course. But he saw very soon the folly of the petty factions into which the younger critics strove to divide the world of letters, and he left them serenely alone—as a man well might who had become suddenly the most popular writer of the day. Yet, at the Savile Club, his chosen seat of a Saturday was at the table where sat Walter Besant, George Saintsbury and Walter Herries Pollock, Rider Haggard, Andrew Lang, sometimes Edmund Gosse, and occasionally Thomas Hardy; and these remained through life his especial friends among men of letters.

FRANK HARRIS

With the cruder forms of journalism that were beginning to find a place, Kipling showed little sympathy. Frank Harris, the violent and incendiary editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, he found "The one human being that I could on no terms get on with," and only two stories appeared in his journal. Of these the earliest was "One view of the Question" (February, 1890) which gives Kipling's views on the Indian National Congress (which he dealt with further in "The

Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P." in the *Contemporary* for September of the same year, and which he rightly considered too ephemeral for any place in a collection of stories). The earlier political essay, however, won the applause of Henley in the *Scots Observer*: "Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been moved to speak of the Indian National Congress, and he treats it with a gusto, an insight into essentials, above all a daring that go far to make his contribution to the current *Fortnightly* the mark of a new departure in journalism."

Kipling, however, did not follow up this new method: the obscurity in which "Pagett" was left, and with it the few early pieces of rude political verse which, after the unlovely fashion of the times, he had written for Henley (whose attitude to Gladstone resembled that of Mr. Dick to old Noll the regicide) show how soon he was able to draw temperately away from participation in the ignoble cat-calls of paltry political journalists. Never again did he sacrifice the integrity of his story for the sake of forcing an opinion: with a healthy disregard for petty factions of the moment, he no longer wrote for or belonged to any specific party in the political sense, and joined only in such controversies as seemed to affect those profounder beliefs—more of an ethical than of a political nature—which went to form his philosophy of life.

Kipling's inherent sanity and common sense did not leave him long a bewildered and uncomfortable wanderer among the minor literary circles and coteries, fashions and persuasions, where trivial squabble—artistic, social or political—comes so easily to assume the most undue and fanatical proportions.

"Keep out of the dog-fight," was Walter Besant's wise advice; and the good fortune which brought him such speedy recognition made it doubly needless for Kipling to ingratiate himself with petty-minded critics and editors. The early London days were very few in number: scarcely three months divided his arrival in England as a virtually unknown colonial journalist from his emergence among the leading writers of his own or any day.

**FIRST STORY IN
"MACMILLAN'S"**

His first story in *Macmillan's Magazine* was followed a couple of months later by one of the finest he ever wrote, "The Courting of Dinah Shadd"—and there and then he took his place among the immortals both in the eyes of the ordinary reader and to the more reasoned and fastidious taste of those critics not wholly in bondage to an alien creed. Within the next eighteen months appeared two authorised collections of his latest stories, one with an introduction by Andrew Lang, champion of romance and good story-telling, and the other by Henry James whose conscious place was at the opposite pole.

And it is surely one of the miracles of literary fame that already in May, 1890. Henley could write in the *Scots Observer* that in reading the stories of Rudyard Kipling "you are made to feel with all your strength that here is such a promise as has not been perceived in English letters since young Mr. Dickens broke suddenly upon the precincts of immortality as the creator of *Pickwick* and the *Wellers* . . ."

Annual Luncheon

THE Annual Luncheon will be held at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, on Tuesday, October 10th, 1950, when it is hoped that our President, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, will preside. Mr. and Mrs. John Clements will be the guests of honour.

Members are reminded to make an early application for tickets (price 12/6).

New Members

THE following new members of the Kipling Society have recently been enrolled:—

- LONDON. Miss M. Martyn.
Mr. P. Lloyd Tanner.
Dr. P. F. Wilson.
Mrs. F. Day.
- U.S.A. Dr. Charles W. Cole, LL.D.
Miss A. Knudsen.
- FRANCE. M. Raymond Luce.

(Printed for private circulation only).

SCHOOLBOY LYRICS,

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Lahore.

Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press.

1881.

Rudyard Kipling

*This is the writer's autograph.
Rarer than any ever writ,
Therefore he bids you cherish it,*

SCHOOLBOY LYRICS

This is from Kipling's first book, printed by his parents in India in 1881. It contains 23 poems written when he was still at school. It is very scarce. The writer has inscribed his autograph with the lines above.

The Verse of Rudyard Kipling

TWO B.B.C. PROGRAMMES

Selected by LORD DAVID CECIL

THE B.B.C. Third Programme recently broadcast two programmes, selected by Lord David Cecil, on The Verse of Rudyard Kipling. For the benefit of those readers of *The Kipling Journal* at home and abroad who had no opportunity of listening, we publish the following extract from the script* of the first broadcast, by courtesy of the B.B.C. and by permission of Lord David Cecil. An extract from the second broadcast will appear in our next issue.

Narrator :

Kipling wrote a great deal of verse. Yet he is generally not thought of as a poet, for most of his verse is not what most people mean when they talk about poetry. As a matter of fact he could write very well in a more orthodox manner. On another evening you shall hear him. Today's programme, however, will be drawn from Kipling's more peculiarly characteristic verse. What kind of verse is this? I suppose it is best described as an attempt to write modern folk songs. The folk song differs from most other sorts of poetry in that it is by definition impersonal and anonymous. It expresses in colloquial language and easy catchy strong rhythm the feelings not of an individual but of a group of people—or if the feeling is individual, it is of so elementary a kind as to be typical of a large number of people.

Folk songs have generally sprung up in early and unsophisticated societies : and when the writers of later ages have written them they have in consequence tried, as it were, to put themselves back in time, to write about past ages and in archaic modes. Kipling's originality lay in the fact that he tried to recreate the folk song in terms of his own age. He seeks to express in popular feeling in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries ; and more especially of those groups of people who were concerned with what to him was the most important thing in life, the development and maintenance of the British

Empire. He speaks for the common soldier and seaman and civil servant abroad in India, Africa and elsewhere. His language is often dialect—Cockney, Irish, Scotch of his time; and his rhythms are drawn from the only form of popular music current in his time, that is to say the music hall song.

All this gives in his folk songs certain characteristics. The people whose emotions and thoughts he is seeking to voice were not subtle or refined. Nor are his poems. On the contrary they are deliberately crude, high-coloured, noisy. But they give a fascinating picture of their age; they are brilliantly written; and at their best they have an extraordinary racy vigour and intense dramatic power. Nor is there anything else in our literature which is the least like them. Sometimes the subject matter is not particularly of Kipling's time, but rather that of ballad and folk song in every age, only translated into modern terms. Here is one of the very best, a masterpiece of eerie terror.

Reader:

Danny Deever

Narrator:

The next example expresses pity rather than terror; it deals with the old subject of a soldier killed in the wars and the girl left at home to sorrow for his loss.

Reader:

Soldier, Soldier

Narrator:

Here is another one also about death in battle; this time a lament by a soldier for his comrade killed at the battle of Kabul River in the Afghan war.

Reader:

Ford o' Kabul River

Narrator:

These poems, as I have said, treat of the permanent stuff of folk song. Kipling has written others more specifically related to his time; in which he gives voice to the feelings of the simple British soldier wafted away

on service to the exotic East, and his reaction to the wonder and strangeness of the new world in which he finds himself. My first example deals simply and only with this bewildered wonder.

Reader:

For To Admire

Narrator:

The next has a more special human interest and sets out to express the soldier's attitude to one of the passing love episodes with which he solaces his lonely heart in eastern countries.

Reader:

Mandalay

Narrator:

So much for Kipling and the British ranker soldier. In the following poem he speaks more for the ordinary officer out on some military expedition in the savage jungle. You will notice Kipling still makes use of music-hall rhythms and modern colloquial language. But since he is expressing the feelings of a more educated group, he allows himself to be more

conventionally poetical both in his phrasing and his imagery.

Reader:

The Song of the Banjo

Narrator:

Last of all, listen to Kipling speaking for a yet larger mass of Englishmen, for all those led by the spirit of adventure to explore the great strange world outside the little island of their birth. It wonderfully expresses the mixture of masculine energy and romantic daydream which possessed them; and in it Kipling uses the strong, catchy music-hall metre to achieve an extraordinary varied boldness and subtlety of rhythm.

Reader:

The Long Trail



The readers were James Langham, Felix Felton, Eric Phillips, John Sharp, Richard George, and Philip Wade and the programme was produced by Francis Dillon.

A Schoolboy's Prize Essay.

by "INCOGNITO"

[The Kipling Essay prize presented each year by Captain E. W. Martindell in the Competition for boys at his old school, Victoria College, Jersey, has this year been won by D. P. Hayden, aged 18. He is in the Upper VIth, is a Modern Languages expert, and is destined for the Colonial Service]

THE mouthpiece of Empire, the prophet of the Imperial ideal, the banjo bard of Empire—all these titles and more have been showered on Kipling. Yet Kipling was not so much a poet and novelist with a plan for imperial development as rather a lover of real men—men of action. Kipling had the heroic conception of life, and his genius was devoid of political taint. For example, although the British figure largely in Kipling's imperial ideals, the heroes of his novels and poems are more often than not native chieftains, Gurkhas' officers, Roman officials. They have nothing in common in the way of class, creed or colour, but they all possess courage,

skill, energy, all necessary attributes for a Kipling hero. Kipling loved the pioneers, bridge-builders, and even the cotton-planters who formed part of the heroic framework of society. He pays tribute to them when he says, "God be thanked, whatever comes after. I have lived and toiled with men." Further tribute is unnecessary.

THE POLITICIANS

Kipling did not have much respect for politicians, whom he disliked for their garrulousness, and sometimes for their ignorance. Mr. Pagett, a Member of Parliament who rejected the Indian heat-waves as a myth, is made by Kipling to suffer liver attacks and

tolerate sandstorms, on his arrival in India. Kipling's main general criticism of them is that they failed in their duty to the country. Work had to be accomplished, jobs tackled, but the politicians only talked and discussed and argued. Kipling's political ideals are extremely ascetic. A virtual non-democrat, he believed in plenty of hard work, on the principle in Nature that the hive prospers if the bees toil. The parasites of society cannot be tolerated.

As regards liberty, Kipling was not opposed to it at all, but thought that it existed only when authority is obeyed, when laws are respected. The pack, for instance, ask Mowgli to lead them back into lawfulness so that they can be free people again. Without doubt, law, obedience and discipline are all Kipling's gods. He takes delight in describing the scene where a mass of unruly soldiers are so well disciplined that an Asian chief ventures the remark, "How is this done?" To which the Kipling answer is, "An order is given and they obey."

THEORY OF EMPIRE

Here, perhaps, we have the theory of Empire. Orders must be given or else taken. Some nations must give orders (the strong nations) and others must receive them. The former give justice (laws) and service in return for obedience and gratitude. It is not difficult to see why the British **were** chosen to give the orders. Undefeated in war for centuries, they approximated most to Kipling's ideal in human nature. Because of this, Kipling wanted them to shoulder the burden of Empire—a gigantic task, for loyalty and bravery were needed and in return little gratitude was to be received. A resident and journalist for many years in India, Kipling saw life in its most realistic aspect, as a struggle between Man and Nature, whether in the Indian jungle or on the snow-capped hills, on

the plains or in the cities. He paid a compliment to Britain when he asked strong, courageous, loyal, energetic men to go out into the colonies and fulfil a job of work for the benefit of less fortunate nations than Britain.

TYPICALLY ENGLISH

There is something typically English about Kipling. Perhaps it is his enduring hold on reality, his honesty, or his propagation of hard work. Maybe it is his habit of calling a spade a spade and not an agricultural implement. There is no pedantry, no pettiness, about Kipling. When he delivers a message, it pulsates with simplicity and honesty; it is not laced with elaborate and fanciful ideals. Go to your work and be men, men of action, is his password:

"Go to your work and be strong,
halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an
instant dole of praise;
Stand to your work and be wise—
certain of sword and pen—
Who are neither children nor
gods, but men in a world of
men."

In these lines the quintessence of Kipling (if a word may be coined) is contained. Kipling is an artist, rather than an Imperialist. He sees drama in life. That drama is a fight against Nature, and the verdict on Kipling's ideals must be that, although the artist in him has been wrongly overshadowed by the Imperialist, he was primarily a lover of a certain type of humanity—men of action. His imperial policy was only a passing remedy for the low standards of life that he knew to exist overseas in the Empire. Whether his policy of imperial development should be continued or not is entirely a modern problem. What is certain is that, long after Imperialism has been forgotten, Kipling will be remembered for his world of heroes, men in a world of men.

*Members are particularly requested NOT to make out cheques for their subscriptions, etc., to individuals. They should always be made payable to
"The Kipling Society."*

Kipling to Me

by CAPTAIN P. W. BROCK, R.N.

MY borrowing a form of title invented by Miss Emily Hahn is deliberate. These thoughts were first suggested by her book *Raffles of Singapore: A Biography*, and in particular by the following remarkable passage (*) :—

(*) Page 245 of the American edition published by Doubleday.

"The Netherlanders who had a share in the government of the Eastern colonies never pretended that they had any other intention, when they formulated their policies, than to profit as much as possible and as directly as they could from these possessions. It is an interesting difference and one which we should not forget, for it is the keynote of all international disputes over imperialism, now as well as in the nineteenth century. The British take their cue somewhat from Minto's school of thought, and never forget to mention their duty to subject peoples, even when, like Churchill, they speak bluntly of what they want out of their empire. Kipling merely expressed the attitude of imperialism's harsher exponents; he did not originate it, as some people evidently believe, when he spoke in *Recessional* of 'the lesser breeds without the Law.' The Kiplingites are not one with the followers of Minto; they are less altruistic, and claim to be more realistic, than the humanitarians of England. But even these British Junkers have never hit bottom, never stood firm on the bed-rock opportunist philosophy of Holland in the East."

FAINT PRAISE

This is indeed "praising with faint damns" and, after close study, I must admit that Miss Hahn's notions are by no means crystal-clear to me. But members of the Kipling Society will probably agree that they support the theory, fully based on experience, that most of Kipling's detractors are imperfectly acquainted with what he

really wrote and thought, and are unaware of the development and broadening of his views during his life.

That Miss Hahn is unfamiliar with Kipling is evident, not only from this paragraph, but almost throughout the book. Undoubtedly the most valuable and enduring lesson that I learned, painlessly and unconsciously, from Kipling is the satisfaction—and indeed the necessity—of doing a job to the best of one's ability and of mastering one's trade, whether it be that of an administrator or artisan. This theme recurs again and again throughout his books and speeches, though he does not labour the point unduly. To him it was axiomatic. A good man brought up to work, does his duty with all his might. A great man naturally has a wider conception of his duty, probably more imagination and a wider range of skills, and he simply fulfils his manifest destiny. Miss Hahn's biography, which can be acknowledged to be "zealous and hard-working"—to use the cliché which has appeared in so many officers' confidential reports when other comment is difficult—would have been shorter and better had she recognized this. Sir Stamford Raffles seems to me a classic example of Kipling's conceptions, an embodiment of the characteristics described in "If." Once and once only does Miss Hahn appear to be getting warm; elsewhere I feel that she is not merely "out of the picture" but often barely "clambering round the frame" in a vain and unnecessary search for obscure motives which probably did not exist.

So much for *Raffles of Singapore*.

COURAGE

Second only to his emphasis on work and duty I should—if pure entertainment value is disregarded—put Kipling's recognition that courage is the foundation of most of the human virtues. I wonder how many others, during the darkest days of the last war, drew inspiration from the *Centurion of the Thirtieth*? Although no happy issue out of our afflictions was then in sight, with his example to

back up Mr. Churchill's valiant words, there was no choice; you could only go on, day by day, as if there was bound to be a future. I for one was immensely heartened by *Puck of Pook's Hill*. (After Kipling and Mr. Churchill, I went to Stonewall Jackson, particularly his historic reply to the staff officer who told him, at the first battle of Bull Run, who said "General, the day is going against us." "If you think so, sir, you had better not say anything about it.") Like the Battle of Waterloo, World War II was, at times "a damned near-run thing," but like the Centurion we won through somehow, by keeping on keeping on.

Long before that, I personally was deeply indebted to Kipling, for I am sure that it was *A Fleet in Being* and the Pycroft stories—often inaccurate in detail but always so vivid and essentially right in spirit—which made me, born and brought up 1500 miles from the sea, decide that the Royal Navy was the most enviable life there is.

"BOX ON!"

It is sometimes said that naval officers, having been (until recently)

caught very young and put through the same mill, emerge all of a type. Armed with the volumes of the Navy Records Society, Captain Marrayat, later authorities and my own experience, I am prepared to dispute this hotly. Study of the books on my friends' shelves shows an astonishingly wide range of subjects and authors. Amongst my own generation, though, some of Kipling's books are the least uncommon. I am sure that, consciously or unconsciously, they have helped to build men whom I have been happy and proud to have worked and fought with. If not exactly *Le Père la Victoire*, Kipling deserves at least a share of credit for ultimate triumph in two world wars.

Amongst younger people under present conditions, Kipling is perhaps less well known and appreciated. This is a pity, for now, if ever, is a time which calls for the hard work, the endurance, the indomitable spirit and the ideals which he inculcated. The greater the difficulties and the more gloomy the prospect, the greater the need for obeying the cry which the amateur ring has adapted from the Centurion of the Thirtieth—"Box on!"

Branch Reports.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

WE thank Miss Strom, President of the Melbourne Branch, for recent news of the Society's activities. A successful Empire Day Dinner was held, with an attendance of thirty-five members. Mr. Norman McCance gave the toast, "Kipling and the Empire," and Mr. Archie Michaelis, a Vice-President, spoke on "The Immortal Genius of Rudyard Kipling."

Mr. Michaelis, a member of the Legislative Assembly, has recently been elected as Speaker of the Victorian Parliament. During the evening members had the pleasure of hearing two songs composed specially for the occasion by Miss S. Tierney, who had set "Seal's Lullaby" and "You Mustn't Swim" to delightful melodies.

VICTORIA, B.C.

Mrs. Maud Barclay, Hon. Secretary of the Victoria Branch, reports that the Annual Dinner was held on Rudyard Kipling's birthday, and was much enjoyed by all members. The guest speaker was Captain Massy, who is in charge of the well equipped Library at the Veterans' Hospital. (Since its opening, the Branch has had the honour of presenting a number of Kipling's works to the Library, including a copy of the Definitive Edition of his poetry.) Colonel H. T. Goodland, who had served on the War Graves Commission, also spoke. Mrs. Barclay adds, "It will interest the Parent Society to know that our local papers quote frequently from Kipling.

More About Mrs. Bathurst.

by A. J. C. TINGEY

[The relentless pursuit of "Mrs. Bathurst" in these pages of late may have become wearisome to many readers. There is, however, evidence that the subject continues to be full of interest to others, and the writer of the following note reminds us that there are still a number of points in the story of "Mrs. Bathurst" that have not been fully explained. He supplies some annotations of his own]

I READ Colonel Barwick Browne's original article and subsequent letter in the April number of the *Kipling Journal* with much interest, as I had long been hoping that some member of the Kipling Society would undertake a critical analysis of the story of Mrs. Bathurst. I certainly have no intention of disputing Colonel Browne's conclusions, but there are other curious features of the story that he was unable to deal with, because they had no very obvious bearing on his main argument.

For example, what is the point of the Boy Niven incident, except that it turns the conversation of the characters to the subject of desertions from the Navy?

How are we to account for the absurdity of the episode related by Sergeant Pritchard when he wished to illustrate Mrs. Bathurst's kindness of heart?

"In those days she kept a beer that agreed with me . . . Slits it was called."

This is, I feel sure, an allusion to *Schlitz*, "the beer that made Milwaukee famous." It was a delicious brand of lager beer which was, and I believe still is, brewed at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In the days before Prohibition, the brewers controlled a large export trade, and the beer was sent to many parts of the world.

Sgt. P. (loq.): "Chaffin' across the bar like, once when we were alone, 'Mrs. B.', I said, 'when next I call I want you to remember that this is my particular—just as you're my particular.'"

Mrs. B. (in reply): "Thank you, Sergeant Pritchard, the least I can do is to mark it for you in case you change your mind.

There's no great demand for it in the Fleet, but to make sure I'll put it at the back of the shelf."

She then snipped off a piece of her hair ribbon and tied a bow round what was left, just four bottles.

This was in 1896; returning to Auckland Bay in 1901 Sergeant Pritchard called at Mrs. Bathurst's bar.

"I was comin' up to the bar, when 'Ada,' she says to her niece, 'get me Sergeant Pritchard's particular,' and, before I could shake 'ands with the lady, there were those four bottles of Slits, with 'er 'air ribbon in a bow round each o' their necks, set down in front o' me."

But alas, five years had gone by, and the beer would have been sour.

A QUICK TURNOVER

People who manage bars, or retail bottled beer, naturally wish to secure a quick turnover before the next consignment arrives. It would never occur to them to keep bottles of beer on the shelf for a customer who might never return; nor would it be to their advantage to do so owing to the poor keeping qualities of bottled beer. Kipling must have been as well aware of this as anyone else, so why did he not suggest something more plausible? No wonder Colonel Browne asks "Did Kipling write the story with his tongue in his cheek?" Not literally, perhaps, but we all know the meaning of the metaphor.

The ordinary reader may not know much about railway engineering, but even he might wonder why a train should be derailed 23 times in 40 miles on a perfectly straight stretch of line. If interested in arithmetical problems he might amuse himself working out

how many more times the train was derailed before it covered 72 miles without a curve.

GONE SOUR

To return to the main theme, Kipling appears to have intended to write an intriguing story with a macabre ending. The storyteller's gifts hold the attention of the reader, but the climax is a complete failure. Like the beer, the story has gone sour.

If asked why Mrs. Bathurst was walking along the railway line from Buluwayo to the Zambesi instead of travelling by train, I might hazard a guess that she had spent all her money in her search for Vickery. The real

reason, from the author's point of view, is that if she had gone by train her body would not have been found in a teak forest. Could not Kipling have brought off another derailment?

Finally, I must insist, at the risk of being thought macabre myself, that the bodies of persons killed by lightning-stroke are not carbonised; and the bodies of persons burned in a forest fire would not retain the attitudes they assumed at the moment of death. In the latter case the only means of identification might be an artificial denture. This is, no doubt, the reason why Hooper kept Vickery's false teeth in his pocket.

Library Notes

By W. G. B. MAITLAND

AN admirer of Rudyard Kipling, "Snaffles" in *A Half Century of Memories* has stirred the memories of his many friends all over the world amongst whom there must be many members of the Kipling Society.

With the characteristic humour for which he is well known "Snaffles" captures a whole incident in a single drawing in such a manner that the floodgates of memory are moved to send the thoughts racing back over the years to some half-forgotten incident in the hunting-field, a steeplechase or, to a sailor his days at sea.

Quoting freely from Kipling throughout the book, the author in his tale of wild boar hunting in Muttra reminds us vividly of Kipling's own

description of the sport.

The sketches of ships at sea bring to mind *Dawn off the Foreland* and *Destroyers at Jutland*—and so we pass on to where "The Wheat is My Care" and to a sketch of the ploughman following his team along the newly-turned furrow, quite unconcerned by the aerial dog-fight taking place overhead.

A Half Century of Memories concludes most aptly with a quotation from *Fox-Hunting* from which it seems obvious that "Snaffles" shares Kipling's view—

"Till some dam' sutler pupped a car
And decent sport was over."

[*A Half Century of Memories*, by "Snaffles." Collins, 1949. 21/-]

"Andorra"

"ANDORRA"

RECENTLY a London bookseller who knows my interest in Kipling, sent me a copy of *Andorra* by Isabelle Sandy, translated from the French, published 1925, reprinted 1946. On the dust wrapper is a publisher's "blurb" stating: "I have read *Andorra* not once but many times. Rudyard Kipling"

and on the inside of the wrapper: "it richly deserves the praise bestowed upon it by Mr. Rudyard Kipling."—St. John Ervine in the *Daily Express*.

I wonder if any of our readers know where this praise of the book by Mr. Kipling can be found?

J. S. I. MCGREGOR, 78 Meade Street, George, Cape Province, S. Africa.

Letter Bag.

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

PARALLEL STRAIGHT LINES

THERE is one comment I have to make with regard to Mr. Bazley's statement in his letter headed 'Hasty Judgments Again,' published in the Letter Bag, July 1950, as follows: "The idea that, according to him, East and West are parallel lines that will never meet, seems at last to have been discredited."

On November 14, 1885, in *The Civil and Military Gazette*, there appeared an article entitled 'East and West,' by Kipling, which was reprinted later in the *United Services College Chronicle*, March 31, 1888. This article tells of a conversation between the writer (R.K.) and an Afghan travelling companion on an Indian railway journey, in which are set forth the essential differences in character between the peoples of the East and of the West. This is what Kipling says:—"My friend Sinbad and I agreed cordially on this point. God made us—East and West—'widely different. We could not adopt each other's clothes or customs. Why insist upon uniformity in morals?' Then later on Sinbad says, "Shall I say as a compliment that you are almost worthy to be an Afghan?" "And you, Sinbad, to be an Englishman but—" "Ah yes, my friend, it is true. But God has made us different for always. Is it not so?" And as I dug up the sleepy khansamah for a cup of abominations called tea, methought that Sinbad had stumbled upon a great truth. Literally and metaphorically we were standing upon different platforms: and parallel straight lines, as every one does *not* know, are lines in the same plane which being continued to all eternity will never meet."

(CAPT.) E. W. MARTINDELL, Oaklea,
Hook, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS

WITH reference to "Who Were 'The Bridge-builders'?" in the *Kipling Journal*, December, 1949; Vol. XVI, No. 92, page 15, there can be no doubt about the identification of "J.R.B." with James Richard Bell,

He was an intimate friend of my father's, W. H. Cole., M.I.C.E., late R.I.E.C. Coopers Hill and Indian State Railways, and they were in constant touch for many years when both were in retirement in London. J.R.B. himself was a great character as well as a notable railway engineer and bridge-builder, and there are some good stories about him—especially about a certain acid wit which did not endear him to some people in High Places.

As to "The Bridge-builders" however, I recall that my father told me (with some amusement) of a chat he had with J. R. Bell on the subject, soon after the story first appeared. It clearly connects with details in Mr. Hilton Brown's letter.

Thus: "J.R." dropped in casually to see my father, one day in town, and after chatting of this and that for a while he asked if my father had seen "that new story of Kipling's—you know—The Bridge-Builders." "W.H." had seen it. "And what do you think of it?" enquired J.R.B. Speaking professionally and unsuspectingly my father replied that he thought it a lot of rot—or words to that effect. (Yet he was a warm Kipling fan himself!) "Oh!" said "J.R.", "I'm sorry for that." "Why?" asked my father, warily. "Because, you see—I'm 'Findlayson.'"

It was a bit awkward for "W.H." to extricate himself from this one, so he had to attack: "Well," he challenged, "You must admit, Bell, that you would not sit down making a lot of calculations when the flood was coming down."

Here, I think that my father's story must have sent my imagination rioting with a vision of J. R. Bell as I had last seen him—his moustache straight on one side, drooping on the other, nicotine-stained fingers holding the wreck of a hand-rolled cigarette, and an utterly misleading look of benevolent innocence on his face as he sped some verbal arrow to an unsuspecting mark.

Thereby my memory failed to record Bell's actual reply to my father's

challenge. However, it boiled down to this, that J. R. Bell had fed a good story into Kipling's receptive ear, and R.K., using a well-known and perfectly legitimate recipe (mentioned, I think, by Weston Martyr with reference to his own methods)—had made it better still.

H. L. COLE, "Woodfield," 17c, Brook Street, Nelson, New Zealand.

LEFT INDIA FOUR TIMES

When reading in Mr. Edward Shanks' "Rudyard Kipling," p. 69, "that the young man of twenty-four left India for the second and last time" I was reminded that probably few members were aware that Kipling left India *four* times—(1) in 1868, when he was three, being brought to England by his mother, where his sister was born; (2) when in 1871, aged six, he was left at Southsea; (3) in 1889, when he was twenty-four; and (4) in 1891 when he was twenty-six, and visited his parents at Lahore, on his way home from Australia.

T. E. ELWELL.

Regent House,
Ramsey, Isle of Man.

From Sir Vere Mockett.

O. HENRY & R.K.

I happen to have some knowledge of the works of "O. Henry," the American author.

It is clear from his writings that he was an admirer of Kipling's works and was influenced by them. Throughout "O. Henry's" stories are gleams of Kipling. *E.g.* "O. Henry" refers to Kipling in "Helping the other fellow (the Rolling Stone)." As usual, I became aware that The Man from Bombay had already written the (this) story "At the head of the story is "But can thim that help others help themselves!" (Mulvaney). Again, in "John Tom Little Bear" (the Rolling Stone) the last paragraph, ". . . and then he'll take up the Redman's burden."

If required I could give many more examples.

Now, Sir, is there any evidence that Kipling and "O. Henry" met or corresponded? They were contemporaries. Kipling was born in 1865, "O. Henry" (William Sydney Porter) in 1867.

A meeting of these two masters of the short story would have been an event worth attending.

VERE MOCKETT.

Dingle Dell, Blue Gum Lane,
Ootacamund.

TONGUE IN CHEEK

SURELY Lt.-Col. Barwick Browne is justified in thinking Kipling wrote the story of Mrs. Bathurst with his tongue in his cheek.

Besides the very good reasons he gives there are one or two other straws blowing around. For instance, Hooper is made to hint in the early part of the story, that he knows all about Vickery and gives some evidence of it, but he tells us nothing except the discovery of the bodies at the end of the story. And then, there are four references to Hooper putting his hand to his waistcoat pocket, by which the author intends the reader to expect some dramatic development, but again nothing happens. It all sounds like Pooh Bah's "air of verisimilitude."

Finally there is the matter of Vickery's companion at the railway siding. This appears to be a deliberate attempt to confuse the reader. In discussing the end of the two tramps, first Pycroft is made to say "I don't envy that other *man*," and nobody contradicts or corrects him, so that the reader's first conclusion is that Vickery's companion was a man. And then Pritchard has his outburst and the reader concludes the second corpse was Mrs. B.

But look at the illustration by Victor Prout, most probably done to the author's instruction. The clothing of the seated figure is that of a man; if the clothing is not conclusive, I think the hands and feet are.

Surely it is all a little *jeu d'esprit* of our author which, after all, I should not consider discreditable, since we know his love of a little fun.

N. P. HOLLINGS, 57 Little Paddocks,
Ferring, Worthing, Sussex.

A REPLY

I expect you will have many answers to Mr. Elwell's letter on page 16 of Journal No. 93, about

(a) A Madonna of the Trenches
and

(b) In the Interests of the Brethren,

(a) was first published in Canada, August, 1924, U.S.A. and England in the following month; (b) was first published in December, 1918. Both are in the volume *Debits and Credits* and Vol. 10 of *The Sussex Edition*. Both stories have a masonic setting and refer to Lodge "Faith and Works," E.C. 5837.

R. E. HARBORD, Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

SIMLA PLAYERS

THE article *Simla Players* by Capt.

Martindell in No. 90 for July, 1949, does not state that R.K. wrote this prologue, but a sequence of events is recorded in *Simla Past and Present* by the late Sir Edward Buck, 1904.

On page 140, "On the 30th May, 1887, at the opening of the new Gaiety Theatre, Mrs. "Joey" Deane spoke the following prologue which was specially written by Colonel Deane."

"Ere yet we bid the dear old boards
adieu,

And raise the curtain which con-
ceals the new,"

84 lines in all, ending :

"Shall we succeed or not? Why—
'Time will tell.'"

Time will Tell being the opening play of the new theatre.

This prologue called forth on 9th June, 1887, some amusing verses in the *Civil and Military Gazette* which were at once declared to be the work of Rudyard Kipling.

"In the matter of a Prologue" 48
lines quoted ending,

"Nor think the lady critic over bold
who said . . . 'Time hath
told.'"

On page 143—"It was in this year that the little stage at Snowdon, the official residence of Lord Roberts, was opened in the new ballroom and a performance was given in aid of Lady Roberts' 'Homes in the Hills.'" The

prologue, which was composed by Rudyard Kipling, was spoken by Miss Kipling (later Mrs. Fleming) and the opening lines contained the following : "The others who portray poor Lucia's griefs, are all in their respective lines the chiefs." "Miss Kipling was dressed as a nurse, and it may be mentioned as an instance of Lord Roberts' wonderful memory that in 1902 he sent a charming message concerning the prologue and her costume, to the lady who had delivered it with such delightful effect fifteen years before." "About this time *A Scrap of Paper* was played . . . the cast included Rudyard Kipling as 'Brisemouche.'" There were other references to R.K. in the book on pages 90, 126, 168, 172, 175, and 191.

H. E. WHITE, 12 Vine Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

MRS. BATHURST

MR. HARBORD suggests that Vickery's mind became unhinged by the death of his wife and the thought of his unfaithfulness to her with Mrs. Bathurst, with whom he is madly in love. But this is to make Vickery into a combination of Launcelot and Galahad, and, had he been that, he would not have drowned his sorrows by pub-crawling. Mr. Harbord seems to find it quite natural that a man should run away from the woman with whom he is madly in love as soon as his wife's death makes him free to take her. I don't.

I cannot see that Pyecroft and Pritchard have different opinions on Mrs. Bathurst's character, as Mr. Harbord maintains. At any rate on p. 349 Pyecroft agrees that "it wasn't her fault."

Mr. Hooper too is quite impossible. All that silly misunderstanding on p. 347 was entirely his fault, and he, not Pritchard, should have apologized. Any normal man would have said ". . . because I found the corpse of a man struck by lightning who might well have been he, the other day."

BARWICK BROWNE (LT.-COL.),
Bournstream, Wotton-under-Edge,
Glos.

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