



The
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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking. — Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, GCB, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

The subscription is : Home Members, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Afternoon Meetings

In order to save the ever-increasing expenses of printing and postage, afternoon Meetings will not in future be notified to members individually by circular but by notices in the *Kipling Journal* which will appear on the front page in a panel in the same way as the present announcement is being made. The fixtures for the 1956/57 season will appear as soon as they have been finally settled, which will be, we hope, in time for the autumn issue of the *Journal*. This does not apply to the Annual Luncheon, in respect of which the usual forms will be sent out to all members during September.

We request members to make a point of reading these announcements as soon as they receive their copies of the *Journal*.

C. H. LYNCH-ROBINSON,

Hon. Secretary.



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Notes

SINCE Kipling's day there have been many books on the Indian Peninsula and the nations included in its geographical boundaries. Many of these give a totally erroneous view, so it is cheerful to read in a recent book (*Bugles and a Tiger*, by John Masters : Michael Joseph and the Book Society, January 1956, 16s.) that the Kipling picture appeared accurate in this author's eyes. In spite of one or two remarks that are not in accord with most of his comments, Mr. Masters has a high opinion of Kipling's account of the Indian scene. He begins by pointing out the silliness of the suggestion that our Author was an Eurasian and that he was not "by birth or circumstances one of India's self-appointed élite." His ability to mix with the native Indians of all types, which gave him peculiarly thorough knowledge of their mentality, was often condemned by certain British residents in India, whether I.C.S., Army or Commercial ; we are a nation believing in the sanctity of social conventions, and the funny side of this was ruthlessly attacked by Kipling. Mr. Masters gets below the surface—he is no "Pagett, M.P." of hasty judgment : "But his descriptions—the turn of a phrase that caught exactly some intonation I had just heard, some sight and smell of the Indian road I had just travelled . . . what of these? These proved that he did love India. No one could write like that except from love . . ." In a mention of the *Jungle Books* we read that "Kipling's genius for transmuting

atmosphere had been here. . . . Later, when I first went into the Himalaya, I was to recognise that I had travelled in them too, with Kim." *Kim* is described as "the best book that has ever been written on India," with which verdict most people of intelligence would agree. *Bugles and a Tiger* is delightful reading and gives us a first-hand account of those brave and faithful soldiers, the Gurkhas.

Prophets

Prophets have honour all over the Earth,
Except in the village where they were
born,

wrote Kipling in 1906. Nearly thirty years later these lines became unpleasantly true, when his address to the Royal Society of St. George, giving a clear warning of the evil designs of the late Mr. Hitler, was attacked as sinfully bellicose or, what was far worse, ignored. Our older Members will recall how Kipling was termed a Jeremiah from 1900 on and—such is our national way—disregarded. In a letter printed in a Leicester paper in May, 1935, he was accused of "insidious incitement to war"; the writer, perhaps deeming these words too mild, ends thus : "How dare this poet and writer so prostitute his genius as to advocate that we prepare ourselves for, and glory in, any future orgy of mass-murder." This might be called an 'unilateral' point of view. More dangerous, as it proved, was the suppression of any report of this speech, probably at Government instigation and with the full approval of the Opposition. Except in *The Times*

of May 7th, 1935, no proper account was to be read, save in a leaflet issued by the St. George Society. These words may be taken to heart today : " It is now arranged that, in due time, we will take steps to remedy our more obvious deficiencies. So far, good ; but if that time be *not* given to us—if the attack of the future is to be on the same swift ' all-in ' lines as our opponents' domestic administrations—it is possible that, before we are aware, our country may have joined those submerged races of history who passed their children through fire to Moloch in order to win credit with their Gods." The citizens of London and other devastated cities might well have wondered, could they have known of it, why this warning was disregarded.

A Clever Parodist

Kipling was a clever parodist, as we know from *The Muse among the Motors*; his sole failure to get the spirit of the original—not one of this collection—was with Omar, who has proved a stumbling block to others, with the exception of Oliver Herford. Likewise, there have been many to whom Kipling's work has appealed as a subject for parody; some of these efforts are exceedingly clever—one recalls, among others, Anthony Deane's " Nursery Rhymes " in his *Various Verse*:

Now Jack looked up—it was time to sup
and the bucket was yet to fill—
And Jack looked round for a space and
frowned, then beckoned his sister Jill.

Charles Powell (*The Poets in the Nursery*) gives us a burlesque of " The Long Trail " in three pithy verses :

Theres' a whisper down the field where a
shepherdess has squealed,
For her sheep are on the run :
" Hi ! Rover, there, come over, for the
flock has quit the clover,
And we've lost them, every one."

It must be admitted that " If " has been rather overworked by the parodists ; there has been a spate of good,

bad and indifferent—mostly the last. However, there are exceptions ; Evoe (*Punch*, March 21st, 1956) has " Concessional," which is cleverly topical :

Sheiks of the Desert, loved of old,
Lords of the far-flung petrol line,
Inked in whose awful hand we hold
Agreements you were glad to sign :
Masters of Camels, aid us yet
And don't forget. And don't forget !

Contemporary Opinions

It is a little over twenty years since Kipling was taken from us, so it may be of interest to glance at a few of the opinions expressed at that period. While many of these come under the head of obituary notices, there is one—a letter by C. H. T. Paton in the *Daily Mirror*, September 29th, 1934—which is worth remembering : " After all the fuss over alleged ' masterpieces ' boomed by Book Societies, is there one living novelist (except Kipling) who will *last* as long as Charles Dickens?" Another prior opinion comes from the distinguished French dramatist, Henri Bernstein : " All over the Continent, among those with whom I come into contact, I get an immediate answer when I ask who is the greatest living English writer. It is Rudyard Kipling, and I cannot imagine how you yourselves do not know it." In view of the controversy about Kipling's religion, his cousin, Miss Florence Macdonald, in the *Methodist Recorder* a few days after his death, wrote : " There was a deep religious strain in him, which is evident in many of his writings, such as the ' Recessional,' ' The Children's Hymn,' and others. . . . It is not generally known, perhaps, that he was a grandson of the manse on both sides, his maternal grandfather being the Rev. George B. Macdonald, and his paternal grandfather being the Rev. Joseph Kipling, both Wesleyan ministers." In the same issue of this paper there is an editorial, in which we find this : " Rudyard Kipling is dead ; and

with him sinks into everlasting silence a voice that dared to extol the British Empire and to spur the Englishman to make himself worthy of it." There was, of course, a great deal of this same kind of thing written at that time, much of which escaped notice then. We hope to refer to some of the more striking in a future issue.

Idealism

Going back a few more years, we have A. J. Edmonds (*Home and Country*: September, 1929) telling us of Kipling's idealism: "His work for the Empire will remain his abiding monument. . . . He has persistently proclaimed truths which his country may forget only at her peril." In this article there is a quotation from

R. W. Nicholl, who saw a little farther than most of the highbrow critics: "I think Kipling reaches the things which can hardly be put into words, but which, as the mystics teach us, nourish the soul." Mr. Edmonds follows this with an apt little summary: "Like most craftsmen of the pen, he has produced work that for all its cleverness will one day be forgotten; but he has also fashioned lamps in which burns that light golden flame which never goes out." Topical work inevitably becomes out-of-date, and Kipling, when he had an important object in view, ignored that fact; however, like the 'Head' in the *Stalky* tales, he could say *non omnis moriar*.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

Kipling's Early Reading

by Roger Lancelyn Green

COMMENTING in her *Journal* for July 20th, 1919, on a conversation with Kipling about reading in childhood, Lady Gregory noted: "He said one could not think too much of the influence of books read in early years, and quoted someone saying 'Give me the first six years of a child's life and you can have the rest' . . ."

In his biography of Kipling, Mr. Charles Carrington does not seem to agree with this, for he makes no mention whatsoever of Kipling's early reading, until he comes to quote from *Stalky & Co.* the list of authors discovered by Beetle during the last year of his schooldays at Westward Ho!

Searching for literary parallels is a dangerous pastime and can be followed too far; but Kipling himself never hesitated to acknowledge his

debts of gratitude for ideas derived from books—and it so happens that most of these were read by him in childhood. Sometimes he remained conscious of the spark which set off the explosion of his genius; but occasionally he forgot completely that a spark had ever been struck.

The Most Interesting Items

The most interesting items in his early reading are mentioned in *Something of Myself*; but when he came to write of them he could remember only the general impression, and in some cases neither the title nor the author of the stories or poems which had so impressed him.

"Somehow," he says, for example, "I came across a tale about a lion-hunter in South Africa who fell among lions who were all Freemasons, and with them entered into a confederacy against some wicked baboons.

I think that, too, lay dormant until the *Jungle Books* began to be born.

"There comes to my mind here a memory of two books of verse about child-life which I have tried in vain to identify. One—blue and fat—described 'nine white wolves' coming 'over the wold' and stirred me to the deeps; and also certain savages who 'thought the name of England was something that could not burn.'

"The other book—brown and fat—was full of lovely tales in strange metres. A girl was turned into a water-rat 'as a matter of course'; an urchin cured an old man of gout by means of a cool cabbage-leaf, and somehow 'forty wicked Goblins' were mixed up in the plot; and a 'Darling' got out on the house-leads with a broom and tried to sweep stars off the skies. It must have been an unusual book for that age, but I have never been able to recover it."

The story of the Masonic lions (later on Kipling adds that it appeared in a magazine) is *King Lion*, which was serialised in Beeton's *Boys' Own Magazine* throughout 1864, and included in the two bound volumes issued at Midsummer and Christmas of that year. The story is unsigned, but it is almost certainly by James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," who was a regular contributor to the magazine. In the previous year his adventure story, *Reuben Davidger*, had occupied the same position, also anonymously, but was afterwards published in book-form over his own name. *King Lion* was not reprinted—and was, indeed, not good enough as a whole to warrant an appearance in volume form; but a few years later Greenwood produced his best story for young readers, *The Bear King*, of a very similar type.

The first half of *King Lion* (appearing in *The Boys' Own Volume* for

Midsummer, 1864—which may have been all that Kipling knew of the story) is far superior to the rest, and raises expectations which are disappointed. It tells of the hunter Linton Maberly who meets a lion suddenly when out shooting, and, having no time to re-load his rifle, makes in a mad moment of terror "the ever potent sign known to all Freemasons," and, to his astonishment, the Hon "made the dread COUNTERSIGN known only to those who have passed through the Three Degrees of the mystic order." This Hon, Prince Zambinie, son of King Lion MMMMMMMC-XXXV, befriends Maberly, teaches him the Lion language, and conducts him to the leonine court at Liondens. On the way occurs the brush with the Baboons which culminates in the concerted attack by the Lions on the Baboon stronghold, and the defeat and chastisement of these rebellious subjects of King Lion.

There is undoubtedly some foreshadowing of Mowgli's Jungle in *King Lion*: the relationships of the animals; the ordering of the Lions, with their King, and the Parliament (on a hill-top suspiciously like the Council Rock); and the Baboons who are very little removed from the Bandarlog (though more capable of reform): "you will believe what the baboons say, next, when they assert that they ought to be kings of creation on account of their great beauty and wisdom"!

King Lion is of no literary importance, except as a Kipling "source," but the "blue and fat" and "brown and fat" volumes should not have been allowed to drop into oblivion as they have.

The Smedleys

These two charming little plump "32mo" volumes are *Poems written*

for a Child (1868) and *Child-Nature* (1869); the first is "By Two Friends," actually the poetess Menella Bute Smedley and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Anna Hart; the second is probably by Mrs. Hart alone (though the British Museum Catalogue credits it to Menella Smedley). Mrs. Hart is still remembered for her story *The Runaway*, published in 1872, and recently reprinted with illustrations by Gwen Raverat; Menella Bute Smedley survives now only as a name.

The Smedleys were a Yorkshire family, and may have been related by marriage to the Kiplings, though the early history of the Kipling family is too obscure to be certain of this.

Rudyard, however, knew many Smedley works, even if he did not know why, and he may have been given the two books in question during his visit to Yorkshire immediately before beginning his years in "the house of desolation" at Southsea.

In that house he found (if he did not bring it with him) the first volume of *Sharpe's Magazine* (1845-6), which Punch stumbles across in "Baa, Baa Black Sheep," and read in it Frank Smedley's famous story *Frank Fairlegh*. There also he found the poem about the Griffin which so intrigued Punch; this turns out to be a translation from the German of De la Motte Fouqué, by Menella Bute Smedley, called "The Shepherd of the Giant Mountains," which Lewis Carroll (also a cousin of the Smedleys) parodied in "Jabberwocky."

Perhaps the best poem in *Poems written for a Child* is "A North Pole Story," which is by Menella Smedley, and which contains the verse which Kipling remembered so vividly:

"And as one strode so bold,
He saw a sight of fear,—
Nine white wolves came over the wold,
And they were watching a deer."

Of particular interest is the denoue-

ment of this poem, where the "wanderer" sees the "nine white wolves come over the snow, And they were watching—him." He walks up to them and stares them out of countenance:

"There is never a beast so strong
As to bear a brave man's eye!
They crouch'd; they looked as if nothing
was wrong,
And then they turned to fly."

This doubtful fact in natural history is repeated in the *Jungle Books* where none of the animals are able to return Mowgli's gaze when he looks them full in the eyes.

Kipling's other recollection of this book is not quite so accurate; for in the poem "Heroes" (also by Menella Smedley), when the Englishmen command the savages to set free their slave-troop,

"You should have seen the black men,
How grey their faces turn;
They think the name of England
Is something that will burn."

The other book, *Child-Nature*, certainly "an unusual book for that age," contains all the "lovely tales in strange metres" which Kipling remembered. In the very first one, "Darling is sweeping the skies":

"Sweet little figure in white
Perch'd on the roof all alone,
Sweeping the skies with a scream of
Begging a star for her own." [delight,

In "The Water Rat" we read:

"Of course a fairy pond was that,
And she was saved by fairy force,
And changed into a water-rat;

All these are matters quite of course."
And in the long poem, "Miss Pip," the "umble Urchin" most certainly cured old Baron Pip of gout with a cabbage-leaf, but only after he had described how

"Forty wicked demons
Made a wicked plan—"

The Goblins seem to have replaced the demons in Kipling's memory, probably on account of another childhood joy, George MacDonald's *The Princess and the Goblin*, which is so

graphically described in "Wee Willie Winkie."

More important as a "source" than any of these, however, is the poem in *Child-Nature* called "Wolfie," which begins :

"A wolf took a child in her mouth,
And carried him off to her cave ;
And so he grew up among little young
wolves,
Who taught him how to behave.

And so as time went on and on,
Impressions left his tender brain ;
He thought he was a wolf anon,
Nor felt the shame and pain.

He learn'd to crouch,
(He liked crouching) ;
And to slouch,
(He was fond of slouching) ;
And to howl,
(He delighted in howling) ;
And to prowl,
(He adored prowling)."

And Wolfie continues untamed through a variety of whimsical adventures, until found by his mother, who manages to turn him back into an ordinary child once more.

It is quite likely that this poem combined with the recollection of *King Lion* and the more recent suggestion from Rider Haggard's *Nada the Lily* when the idea of the Mowgli stories came suddenly to Kipling in the winter of 1892.

These three books, *King Lion*, *Poems written for a Child*, and *Child-Nature*, are a fair example of Kipling's reading as a child and how it influenced him. To follow further is beyond the scope of this article, but doubtless a careful study of the other books mentioned in *Something of Myself* and elsewhere would produce similar results.

There is Mrs. Ewing's *Six to Sixteen*, for example, which he read in the 1872 volume of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*; there are the *Tales at Tea-Time* (also of 1872) by E. A. Knatchbull-Hugesson; the sporting volumes such as *Hunting Adventures* and *Sport in Many Lands* by Major H. A. Leveson (who wrote under the pseudonym of

"The Old Shekarry"); the "little purple book," *The Hope of the Katze-kopfs* (1844), by Francis Edward Paget, with Bishop Corbet's poem "Farewell Rewards and Fairies" (1648) printed in it; W. J. Mickle's poem "Cumnor Hall" (1784), and the poems by Tennyson and Wordsworth in the old volume of *Sharpe's Magazine*.

Or we may wonder what traces there may be besides the obvious quotations from *Alice in Wonderland* and its sequel, or from *The Cuckoo Clock* by Mrs. Molesworth; and if there are any at all from such unexpected stories as *Queechy* and *The Wide, Wide World*, or the works of Louisa Alcott, even without looking forward to the early schooldays for *Uncle Remus*, the Waverley Novels and Bret Harte.

Punch (and doubtless Kipling at the same age) read Rhoda Broughton's novel *Cometh Up as a Flower* (1867) "with deep and uncomprehending interest"; did it (in spite of its "sinfulness") have any subconscious effect? Kipling was inclined to believe "that the brain holds everything that passes within reach of the senses, and it is only ourselves who do not know this."

If this is so, the scope of Kipling's "daemon" must have been wide indeed. And even the "daemon" may have made its presence felt at the recollection of Bessy's admission in *Child-Nature*:

"... I really can't help it,
The words seem to come of themselves ;
I think they are little live creatures,
A species of mischievous elves.
They jump out before I can think them,
They run through my lips ere I know ;
Oh, whence do they come from, I wonder,
And where in the world do they go ?"

Members changing their address are asked to notify the Records Dept. at the Society's Office, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Thoughts on "Carrington"

by A. E. Bagwell Purefoy

WELL, Gigadibs," draws the lanky, sarcastic-eyed figure on the rostrum, "what's *your* opinion?"

"Me, sir?" A round-faced boy peering through glasses smiles vacantly, while the rest of the class prick their ears.

"Yes, you—Gigadibs the literary man. Know what I'm talking about?"

"No, sir." The vacant grin broadens.

"Then FIND OUT!" A book hurtles through the air and crashes to the floor, to be snatched up by an inky hand and thrust under a desk-flap. A lightning glance shows the title—"Men and Women."

That's just one of the pictures in the gallery Mr. Carrington has given us, if we'll only take the trouble to go in and look. Move on a few steps, and we stand before a large and dingy room on an upper floor, dimly lit by a London February and smellingly faintly of fried sausage. A girl bursts in; she's twenty-one and just married—hasn't seen her brother for a year and is tumbling over herself to exchange news. But the young man who is the talk of London lies slumped in a chair, and all the eager bride gets is a stammered account of a love-affair gone wrong. Happily, there's a brighter picture alongside. The same room, lit by May sunshine; two figures at a big table, the young man enthusiastically declaiming, the stocky, bearded one, brown from the Indian sun, twirling a pencil and nodding slowly, as if to say: "Yes, it isn't *all* bad."

Full of Surprises

The Biography's full of surprises, and against the background of Villiers

Street it brings off one of its biggest: the year of R.K.'s greatest triumph was also that of his deepest depression. It also reveals, here, what must have been one of his greatest qualities, for the triumph, we realise, was brought about by an access of power which surged up on his arrival in London, at the supreme crisis of his career. Four years later this returned. Why? What can have caused this new upsurge of genius? Surely, once again, the challenge of new surroundings. His American in-laws and neighbours thought none too highly of Miss Carrie's Englishman. Once more he was up against it, and once more did his nature make its tremendous reply. Some of the book's reviewers complained that it failed to show the real man. It is anecdotes like these that give them the lie.

Many of us will have been delighted to hear the story of "All in a Garden Fair," the minor novel to which R.K. pays such tribute. Mr. Carrington points out two of its lessons: that Anglo-Indian life was commonplace and its ideas backward, and that an ambitious young man in India had best get back to London. But did not, also, the clearer light the book shed on India show up our debt to those who *couldn't* get away? Many young men were giving their lives to this backward land, with small chance of ever seeing London again. Kipling *had* such a chance. Moreover, he had the gift of words. Might he not, having taken his chance, use his gift to serve and honour those left behind? This, perhaps, is the third and most important influence Walter Besant's book had on Kipling. If so, it is an effective answer to the reviewer who

said: "If Kipling had written a history of the Indian Civil Service he would have been repaying a very great debt." He did repay the debt; "William the Conqueror" alone repaid a good deal of it.

"De Mortuis . . .", but few of us can have read the story of Wolcott Balestier without whispering "What an escape!" How could Kipling ever have held us as he does now if he had remained so much—and so incredibly—under another man's influence? It is hard to repel the shocking thought that, instead of the "Jungle Books" and "The Day's Work," there might have issued from Vermont nothing but a sequence of "Naulahkas."

Versification

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting sections of the book is Part Two of Chapter 14 ("Versification"), which explains Kipling's methods. It is, however, disappointing, in that Mr. Carrington asks the question: "Why is Kipling not commonly ranked as a major poet?" but does not answer it. He puts before us a sample of the views of Yeats and Eliot, and adds much interesting comment of his own, but having done this he stands aside and leaves us to devil out the answer for ourselves. What he gives us may be summarised as follows:

In the late 'nineties Kipling was outside the stream of English Literature, though well in that of English' Life. The critics knew nothing of this Life, so they wrote him off as a poet.

His effects are obtained by words rather than sounds.

His usual method was to select a tune, study its flow and timing, and allow the words to arrange themselves accordingly.

The *matter* of his poems is more interesting than the *form*; his poems are meant to *act*.

In searching for the answer to Mr. Carrington's question (and we all want to know it) we may omit the second and third of these, since few of us know how any of the recognised great poets set about their job. As for the first—that Kipling was no poet because he wrote about things the critics knew nothing of—in 1895 this was probably an excellent answer. But it won't do for now. We're no longer in the age of the "particularly pure young man" who dodges Life in the Raw. True, we had another bout of it in the 'twenties, when greenery-yallery Oxford Bags were the vogue—and, incidentally, when Kipling's stock was at its lowest ever—but now, with life all jets and TV, gangsters and divorce, the argument doesn't apply. People do *live*—even some of the critics; it's impossible not to. And when Kipling's detractors fall back on saying his real life stuff is out of date, they are again off the mark. Men still die and have to face St. Peter; men still—and more than ever—have to tend and love machines. If "Tomlinson" and "M'Andrew" are not poetry today, it is for a different reason than Mr. Carrington has suggested.

No one will quarrel with the final item in the summary—that Kipling's poems are meant to *act*—but if this is intended to imply that they are therefore not the work of a poet, it is surely nonsense. Admittedly, poems like the "Grecian Urn" or "Kubla Khan" affect us passively. We sit back and absorb their beauty. But we also sit back and absorb the beauty of "The Recall" or "The Roman Centurion's Song," while at the same time these poems *act* by giving us a keener appreciation of the beauties of England—"Scent of smoke in the evening," skies "pearled with August haze." Because they have this extra quality of action, are they not poetry?

We should very much like to know Mr. Carrington's own answer to his question.

Anyone's opinion on which parts of the Biography are the best will depend on which phases of Kipling are his or her favourites. Those of us who specially love his later stories will be delighted with the commentaries in Chapter 19 ("The last phase of his work"), though it is a pity the author shied at "A Madonna of the Trenches." Surely, however, few will agree that "Limits and Renewals" shows "some falling away in the author's skill." Can this be said with justice about the best dog story he ever wrote, about "Dayspring Mismatched," and the two St. Paul stories? Conceivably he attempted one greater height than his skill could master ("Uncovenanted Mercies"), but a general falling away is hardly admissible.

Finally, we may pleasantly link these afterthoughts with two of R.K.'s nearest relatives. The full-length portrait of Mrs. Kipling, till now the dimmest of figures, is one of

the best things in the book, and, despite her detractors, we cannot help feeling how blest our Author was domestically, compared with some other famous writers. It is a pity that we never hear what interest, if any, she took in his actual writings, beyond her tantalising remark to a correspondent that "'We' have set 'ourselves' a more serious standard."

As for Mrs. Bambridge's contributions, why do we never see more of her lively writing? R.K. diving for exciting-looking letters, lashing unscientifically at nettles with a 'swop-hook' (a Sussex weapon?), rocking with laughter as a Cabinet Minister rolls over into the Pond. And, running through it all, his "deftness and certainty of movement"—how fascinated he would have been with Time and Motion Study.

What an addition these flashes make to Mr. Carrington's picture-gallery—and for many of us, when we lay this splendid Biography aside, it is the pictures of the Boy and Man in Action that remain most clearly in our minds

R.K.'s Use of Historical Material

by Ann M. Weygandt

[We are privileged to print below the second of a series of extracts from a paper delivered at the University of Delaware, being a study of Kipling's use of historical material in "Brother Squaretoes" and "A Priest in Spite of Himself." Reproduced from "Delaware Notes" by courtesy of and with acknowledgments to the University Committee on Publications and the Author.]

IN "A Priest in Spite of Himself," Pharaoh meets Talleyrand selling buttons in the Philadelphia streets, and brings him home to Toby to be fed. From the French émigrés at whose parties he fiddles, Pharaoh learns of Talleyrand's earlier political career, and his reputation for always

wanting to be on the winning side. Red Jacket seeing Talleyrand (in historical fact a famous gambler)⁵ throwing right hand against left, decides that Talleyrand is a foeman worthy of his steel, gambles with him, is beaten, and says he is a bad man but a great chief. Talleyrand, who somehow learns of the chief's visit to Washington, tries to find out from Pharaoh Washington's reasons for refusing to fight, but neither Pharaoh nor Red

⁵*Whitelaw Reid, "Introduction" Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand, edited by the Duc de Broglie, The Grolier Society, London (1891), I, x; G. Lacour-Gayet, Talleyrand, Paris, 1947, 109-110.*

Jacket will tell him. Presumably Talleyrand wants to buy his welcome back to France by bringing with him dependable information. He attempts to bribe Pharaoh, and when he finds the boy unbribable, sends him five hundred dollars with no strings attached. The money arrives after Talleyrand's own departure from Philadelphia. With this windfall, Pharaoh sets up in the tobacco business and, some years later, takes a cargo to England, intending to smuggle it in. He gets into a fight with a French lugger, loses his tobacco and his ship by confiscation, and follows the confiscated tobacco to Paris, hoping for help from the American ambassador. In Paris he sees Talleyrand with Napoleon, appeals to him, is given back his ship and twice the cost of his cargo, and still refuses to betray to Talleyrand Washington's reasons for desiring peace. Incidentally, he finds that Talleyrand can boss Napoleon, then only—and newly—first consul. The interview occurs a few days after Napoleon's *coup d'état* on November 9, 1799.

Locating the Sources

The problem of locating the sources of two such wide-ranging stories as these is formidable. Indeed, to hunt out the sources of any piece of historical fiction may seem at the outset a discouraging, perhaps an overwhelming, task. A researcher who does not regard his historical investigation as an end in itself, can, however, cheer his labors with the memory of two things: because his aim is to study along the creative process, he need not trail every historical fact to its lair in the archives, much as he might like to do so; and, for the same reason, he need not read everything that has been written on the subject he is pursuing. He is, in fact, obligated to judge his author by the material available to Him at the date of composition. It may be of some interest to know whether a story is or is not accurate by present-day standards, but if the main concern is with an author's purpose and method, it is only relevant to know whether he has taken the pains to look up the best source at his

disposal. Bibliographies and footnotes in recent publications may lead back to the volumes the author referred to, but it is only through such hints that the latest authorities are useful. Sometimes internal evidence will prove to the seeker that he has hit upon the source his author employed, but if evidence for the exact source is lacking, investigation can at least determine whether the writer carefully consulted the best level of information he could, the accepted authorities of his day. The researcher need not be afraid to look first in obvious places, however. A quotation from Lafayette in the article on Washington in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1900) appears the likeliest source for the nickname Kipling makes the Indians bestow on Washington: "Big Hand." Lafayette said that Washington had the largest hands he ever saw. (Washington did have an Indian name, *Conotocarious*, but it meant "Deyourer of Villages," not "Big Hand.")⁶

Though Kipling may sometimes have begun with the *Britannica*, there can be no question that he usually went much farther. Those following his footsteps must refer to biographies, county histories, archaeologies, guide books, and ordnance maps, as well as national histories, Traill's *Social England*, and works concentrating on certain periods.

It is necessary to consult authorities on Sussex at the very beginning of "Brother Square-Toes." The children are at the seaside—at their father's old haunt of Rottingdean, the map-reader can tell by the description of the "little wrinkled waves grieving along the sands up the coast to Newhaven and down the coast to long, grey Brighton. . . ." The two youngsters have walked down to the Gap and observed the revenue officer start off on his patrol of the shore. This presumably is happening in about

⁶Journal of Colonel George Washington, ed. J. M. Toner, M.D., Albany, 1893, 51; The Diaries of George Washington, ed. John C. Fitzpatrick, Boston and New York, 1925, I, 79; Samuel G. Drake, The Book of the Indians of North America, Boston, 1837, Book V, 113.

1910, the date of the story's copyright. Immediately they hear a man singing about smuggling and Telscombe Tye. Sussex newspapers and guide-books tell us that the Gap east of Rottingdean was a famous place for smuggling in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Telscombe, a few miles away, was equally well-known.⁷ So far, so good. But the singer who appears is oddly dressed for a Sussex smuggler, even of the late eighteenth century: "straight, plain, snuffy-brown coat, brown knee-breeches,"—broad-brimmed hat and broad-toed shoes—all very neat.⁸ Pharaoh Lee, the French-English gipsy, is wearing the costume of the Moravian Brethren as described by Abraham Ritter in his *History of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia*.⁹ (I cannot help thinking that Kipling much enjoyed the incongruities in this tale.)

His Shipboard Atmosphere

It is not long, then, before we leave our Sussex shoreline traditions to run after other sources. After locating the mine from which Pharaoh's costume was digged, we find that our next need is a little information about the French navy in the eighteenth century, in its relation with Genet. Where did Kipling turn for this? The shipboard atmosphere is only very

briefly sketched; it may well owe more to Marryat, roughly a contemporary of Genet, and a great favorite of Kipling's, than to any records of the French admiralty. Kipling does, however, supply correctly the name of the ship that conveyed Genet and that of her first officer—*L'Embuscade* and Bompard. There are various places where he might have located these; I shall go into them in more detail when I discuss his sources on Genet. Here it will suffice to say that he must have gone further than the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to unearth his facts.

The Sussex atmosphere, as we have seen, was set partly by tradition and more by Kipling's own knowledge of the coast from Rottingdean to Newhaven. The shipboard days may owe something to Kipling's first-hand acquaintance with the British navy of his day, as well as to Marryat, and to any further researches Kipling made. Just so, the atmosphere Kipling gives to the Philadelphia of 1793 and the country back of it is partly distilled from Ritter's book and partly from Kipling's memories of Pennsylvania—apparently the first countryside in America in which he stayed with friends, so that he thoroughly absorbed the feel of the neighbourhood. We know that he visited Philadelphia on his first trip to America, in 1889, and he was probably there again during his four-year stay in the United States, 1892-96.¹⁰ Most of his associations with Pennsylvania seem to have been of quiet and countrified atmosphere, and he selected from Ritter's

⁷R. Thurston Hopkins, *The Kipling Country*, New York, 1925, 146-149. For a general discussion of smuggling in Sussex, see E. V. Lucas, *Highways and Byways in Sussex*, London, 1904, 273-279.

⁸Ritter, 145.

⁹Anice Page Cooper, "Rudyard Kipling, a Biographical Sketch," *Around the World with Kipling*, New York, 1926, 32; Irving E. Mansback, "Some Kipling Backgrounds," *Kipling Journal* LXXI, LXXII, LXXIII, October and December, 1944; April, 1945. Miss Cooper refers to this source; Mr. Mansback names it. The bibliography occurs in *Kipling Journal* LXXIII, 14. Mr. Mansback gives information about historical characters, some of whom are mentioned in "Brother Square-Toes" and "A Priest in Spite of Himself," but does not attempt to show how Kipling put this material to use.

¹⁰"How I Found Peace at Musquash on the Monongahela," *From Sea to Sea II*, Chapter XXXVI. Lowell Thomas, in "The Boy Who Wrote Like a Man," *the life of Kipling which forms a preface to Great Kipling Stories*, Philadelphia, 1936, says (p. 41) that Kipling took several trips from Vermont to Philadelphia to look up material for this tale. I have nowhere else seen it suggested that the story was being worked on so early. It is copyrighted 1910. For the identification of "Musquash" with Beaver, see Mrs. W. M. Carpenter, "Kipling Origins," *Kipling Journal* LV, October, 1940, 16.

book bits of description that reinforced his impressions. The book is a quaint one—an amateur's job, not that of a professional historian. Ritter has drawn on the church records for the history of the church before his time, but he uses the book largely as a repository for his memories of his childhood haunts and doings—in which, of course, the church, near which all its members seem to have lived, played a large part. He describes the "plain" costume of the Moravians, the appearance of the church at various stages in its career, and Pastor Meder's garden. This garden boasted a peach tree from which he, as a child pumping the organ, and sitting by the window in the intervals of the chore, used to filch fruit. He explains that the sermons are delivered alternately in English and German. He tells who lived in every house on the streets near the church, and provides character sketches of many of the people. He mentions the French on Race Street between Second and Fourth near Drinker's and Elfrith's Alleys. He refers to Talleyrand's selling buttons at Second and Driker's Alley. He tells of Red Jacket's hymn-singing with Toby Hirte, and describes the musico-medical confusion in Toby's room.¹¹ In all, Ritter's book is a lovingly meticulous attempt to recapture the past. It is written in a rather high-flown, semi-eighteenth century style, despite its date of 1857—and with a sense of humor. Kipling might well have liked it for its own sake. He has drawn on it very heavily in the Pennsylvania portions of Pharaoh Lee's two tales. He himself says, "A little history of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia at the beginning of the last century supplied most of the characters that were needed in the tales, and when one got Red Jacket, Toby Hirte, the Moravian connection and the legend that Talleyrand once sold buttons for a living in Philadelphia all mixed up together, you can see that the rest of the tale marched by itself."¹² Citation from the texts will show how much Kipling owes to Ritter's description of Toby Hirte. I have italicized the relevant phrases

and sentences. The passages from Ritter come first.

But here, too, we have a relish for social epicureanism in the person and character of a certain Tobias Hirte.

This specimen of the olden time was resident in the second story of the back building of No. 118, just named.

He was a bachelor, an itinerant apothecary, a hermit, or a cit, as fancy or convenience might suggest.

His itineracy was not limited to the mere disposing of curatives, nor to the single eye to gain. He was fond of travel. "*Liberty and independence*" was his motto; and when mounted on his sorrel mare, with saddle-bags at each side, and a large umbrella, with a handle of unusual length, on the pommel of his saddle, he bestrode the pinnacle of his glory; and the summer season, from early spring, opened the highway to this enjoyment.

Although vending his compounds as he passed the route of his search, his principal object, for many years, was a visit to the Indians—Seneca, and several other tribes—with whom he was on the most sociable terms and whose chiefs always called on him, at his hermitage in Philadelphia, when they came.

Amongst these were Cornplanter, the Seneca Chief, and his associate, Red Jacket, both of whom I have seen in his room in Second Street.

*Cornplanter was a noble specimen of our race, in person and purpose, and known to history as a very efficient aid to General Washington. . . .*¹³

Thus associated, my subject was facilitated in his gatherings of

¹²Cooper, 32. Substantially the same passage is quoted by Thomas, 41, and Mansback, Kipling Journal LXXI, 4, and footnote (for which see p. 6). Mansback says the quotation is from a newspaper clipping of about 1917 and adds that the letter cannot be proved authentic. The style sounds like Kipling's, and Cooper's article appears in a handbook, *Around the World with Kipling*, issued by Kipling's American publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

¹¹Ritter, 49-66; 60, 68; 169; 245, 259, 265, 276, 280; 278; 247; 248-249.

social, as well as pecuniary wealth, and *his sale of Seneca oil made him as popular as his details of Indian customs, manners and peculiarities; the special purpose of his annual visit being to gather or purchase this oil from the Senecas.*

Although an itinerant, he was not without homes, seeing that the interim of his travel found him at —what he called—*his country seat, in Lebanon, Pa., where he cultivated and enjoyed fruits of all kinds, and the most choice . . .* (Ritter, 247-248).

Ritter winds up his account of Hirte's country activities with a picture of Toby at the back door of his cabin reading the Democratic daily *Aurora*, and goes on to give a descrip-

tion of his winter quarters in Philadelphia.

(To be continued)

¹³Ritter appears to have been on the wrong track here, at least as far as Cornplanter's earlier years are concerned. Both Cornplanter and Red Jacket fought against the United States in the Revolution. See Drake, *Book V*, 104, 114; Thomas L. McKenney and James Hall, *The Indian Tribes of North America*, ed. Frederick Webb Hodge, Edinburgh, 1933 (originally published 1836; see preface, iv), I, 11, 181. Later Cornplanter acted as a kind of mediator between the United States Government and the western Indians. American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Washington, 1832, 145-147.

Branch News

Victoria, B.C., Canada

WE thank Mrs. Maud Barclay, the Hon. Secretary of the Victoria Branch, for her recent correspondence enclosing a copy of the address given at the Branch's Annual Dinner commemorating the birthday of Rudyard Kipling, by Vice Admiral Hugh Pullen, C.M.G., O.B.E., of which the following is an extract :

Lest We Forget

"I would like to suggest to you that one of our besetting sins as Canadians is that we are too apt to forget our history and our background, all the toil and effort that has made this wonderful country of ours, and, speaking as a sailor, the vital part that the sea, ships and seamen have played, and are still playing, in making Canada a Nation within the Commonwealth.

I wonder what Kipling would write today, if he could see the changes that have taken place since the Diamond Jubilee! He would find many. Some would fill him with dismay, but other changes would fill him with pride. He would find "imperialism" decried by some unthinking persons. British Imperialism has nothing to be ashamed of; in fact the world should be eternally grateful that twice in 25 years it stood in the face of militarism

and was not overcome. R.K. would be pleased and proud to know that the sons and grandsons of the sailors and soldiers he knew and wrote about were worthy of their forebears and fought a good fight in defence of the Empire and Commonwealth.

As a sailor I have always admired Kipling's ability to write in some detail of matters concerning ships and the sea. This is well displayed in 'The Ship that Found Herself.' Just listen to this: 'If you lay your ear to the side of the cabin the next time you are in a steamer, you will hear hundreds of little voices in every direction, thrilling and buzzing, and whispering and popping, and gurgling and sobbing and squeaking exactly like a telephone in a thunderstorm. Wooden ships shriek and growl and grunt, but iron vessels throb and quiver through all their hundreds of ribs and thousands of rivets. The *Dimbula* was very strongly built, and every piece of her had a letter or number or both to describe it; and every piece had been hammered or forged or rolled or punched by man, and had lived in the roar and rattle of the shipyard for months. Therefore, every piece had its own separate voice in exact proportion to the amount of trouble spent upon it. Cast-iron, as a rule, says very little; but milled steel plates and wrought-iron, and rib and

beams that have been much bent and welded and riveted, talk continuously.'

He could not have written this without a good knowledge of ship-building and the way a ship behaves at sea. The same is true of 'The Devil and the Deep Sea'—such writing is based on knowledge, and while it is not claimed that he was always technically perfect, his work is that of a keen and interested observer. Nor do I think that anyone could write 'Captains Courageous' or 'The Anchor Song' entirely on imagination—you must know your subject to be able to write as Kipling did.

He went to sea in the Channel Fleet in 1897-98 and described his experiences in 'A Fleet in Being.' It is well worth reading even in this day and age, troubled as we are with many problems. The ships have changed, but the sea, the men and the task are still the same. . . . His account of the engineers and stokers is first-class. I like his description—'an amazing breed, these quiet, rather pale men in whose hands lie the strength and power of the ship.'

And finally, I wonder how many have read 'Letters to the Family,' which are notes on a trip to Canada in 1907. They are well worth reading in 1956, to give one some idea of the changes that have taken place. Kipling's visit to Esquimalt is of interest—'We went to look at a marine junk store which had once been Esquimalt, a station of the British Navy. It was reached through winding roads, lovelier than English lanes, along waterways and pathways any one of which would have made the fortune of a town.' What would he think now? The marine junk store has been replaced by a harbour full of ships and an efficient dockyard. As for Esquimalt Road, it is certainly not beautiful, but does serve a useful purpose.

Kipling was one of the Empire's finest story-tellers, as well as being a

vigorous and imaginative poet. His writings have a permanent place in English literature, and I hope will be read with enjoyment for many years to come."

Auckland, New Zealand

It was with great regret that we heard of the retirement of Mrs. Edith Buchanan, who for so many years has successfully conducted the affairs of the Auckland (N.Z.) Branch as Hon. Secretary. She is also a Vice-President of the Society. We at Headquarters take this opportunity of recording our thanks to her for all her excellent services in the past, which have been so highly appreciated.

Her successor as Hon. Secretary at Auckland, Miss Phyllis Johnson, sends us the following note in connection with the Annual Report of the Branch for the year 1955-56 :

"The number of members of this Branch is fifty, eight less than last year. Three members of many years' standing have died last year; we shall feel this loss very much. Mrs. Rickerby, President of the Victoria League, was most helpful in every way; she took a great interest in the Kipling Society and her place cannot be filled. Mr. Leonard also was our Treasurer for some years; no one was better versed in all Kipling's work. Mr. Nutter was a member for some years; we deeply regret to hear of his death in London on December 23rd.

"Five members resigned when they left New Zealand. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Anderson and Mr. Jagger, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Williams. Five members gave an address at our monthly meetings through the year—Sir Stephen Allen, President, 'The Wrong Thing'; Dr. Phillipps, 'Kim'; Mr. Hankins, 'Kipling's Life and Works'; Dr. Horton, 'Life and Times of Dr. Culpeper'; Mrs. Key-Jones, 'The Joyous Venture.'"

MEMBERS who wish to support our efforts to keep the memory of Rudyard Kipling green, and to bring his great ideals before the coming generations of young people, may do so by remembering the Kipling Society in their wills. Such legacies afford proof of a desire that our work should go on beyond the span of the donor's life-time, and afford great encouragement to those who believe that the creed of Kipling is everlasting. The following simple form of bequest should be used:—

"I bequeath to The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I. the sum of (£) free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Society. And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official for the time being of the Society shall be of a good and sufficient discharge to my Executors."

KIPLING SOCIETY DISCUSSIONS

SIXTEEN of us were present at the afternoon meeting at the Lansdowne Club on March 21st, for which the stories chosen were the three dealing with the English scene: "An Habitation Enforced," "My Son's Wife" and "Friendly Brook." We were particularly glad to welcome Mr. Bazley, happily recovered from his recent illness. With three such favourite stories, little adverse criticism could be expected, but a great deal of information was exchanged (much of it from the draft Readers' Guides produced by our indefatigable Hon. Treasurer), and different parts of each story in turn were thrown into high relief.

"An Habitation Enforced," held by some to be Kipling's best story, was praised for the natural and inevitable way in which its events roll on, to their perfect ending. Sophie Chapin was agreed to be the most attractive girl in any of the Author's works—and, incidentally, the officially approved pronunciation is "Tchaypin." There was argument, left undecided, as to whether Friar's Pardon was in Sussex or the West Country. Finally, the delightful poem at the end ("The Recall") was compared, for its short, simple expressions and unerring choice of the right word, with some of Housman's best work. Someone pointed out that the theme of these verses—and indeed of the whole story—strongly resembles that of "The Roman Centurion's Song" ("Legate, I had the news last night . . . Command me not to go!").

"My Son's Wife" did arouse some criticism, chiefly on account of its chancy beginning (the coincidence of Midmore's 'soul-mate' jilting him at that exact moment). Unlike the Chapins, Midmore is not conquered by a growing sense of responsibility,

but for more selfish reasons: pride in his new possessions, and attraction for the green-eyed girl. Here we discussed Connie Sperrit, and admitted our own attraction for her—an attraction achieved by keeping her a mystery, since we hear so very little of her yet constantly feel her influence. Sidney was acclaimed as the real hero, with Rhoda not far behind, nor did we forget the Pig. Other excellent passages, we felt, were the loving catalogue of odds-and-ends in the house (no fewer than 17 are mentioned), the perfect picture of the rising water, and the proposal scene with the shy, halting conversation that brings the story to an end.

We took note that "Friendly Brook" employs the 'frame-and-picture' technique as opposed to the straight narrative of the other two, though the frame makes little contrast with the picture, and, indeed, keeps on merging with it. This very difficult method of telling the story, without, however, detracting in any way from its interest, marked it, we felt, as the most skilful piece of work of all three. We argued whether Jim Wickenden deliberately planned the mishap by "gulling out" the earth under the plank-bridge (most of us acquitted him), also whether Jabez's and Jesse's moderately thick skulls ever really took in what the old lady had engineered. Some of us thought it a pity Mary should appear as so unpleasant, but the majority considered this important to the story. The concluding poem ("The Land"), though actually more suited to "An Habitation," was acclaimed as one of Kipling's very finest; perhaps someone will raise it for discussion at our next meeting, when the subject is "Your Favourite Poem."

A.E.B.P. '

Letter Bag

(Correspondents are asked to keep their letters as short as possible)

Adam-Zad

Mrs. Maud Barclay's letter referred to in No. 116, the December 1955 issue of the *Journal*. Query about Adam-Zad ("The Truce of the Bear").

Does the following quotation from "The Debt" (*Limits and Renewals*, Dominions Edition, page 211) help to explain her query?

' 'Be merciful,' said Mahmud. 'No

wonder thou art afflicted, O Zuhan Khan. Thy letter is Zad, which carries for its name the Punisher. Its attribute is Terrible and its quality Hate."

According to this, Zad is a letter and here, apparently, has something to do with astrology or a horoscope.

I must confess that this (?) explanation leaves me in the dark unless we connect the words Punisher, Terrible and Hate with the character and nature of the bear. 'Hate' is actually used in line 4 of the twelfth verse.—

E. C. KALSHOVEN, P.O. Box 1401, Bulawayo, S.R.

Fiction and Fact

I am glad to find that Mr. Green in his article on the "Brushwood Boy" was referring to Beetle and not to Kipling, and apologise if I was stupid in misunderstanding him.

I would, however, maintain my point about the map. Of course, many writers of fiction, and especially writers of detective stories, have made plans of the houses and maps of the countryside in which they imagined their stories to have taken place, and Jane Austen kept a calendar of the dates in her novels. But fiction must bear some relation to ordinary fact, and to imagine a series of dreams taking place in a mappable dream country transcends the limits of good fiction unless such a thing has actually happened to the writer's knowledge.—BARWICK BROWNE, Bournemouth, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

[Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green writes: "I cannot altogether agree with Colonel Barwick Browne. Kipling may have had dream experiences which he used when mapping Cottar's dream-country, but he need not. There are enough imagined lands with carefully prepared maps in fiction to disprove any such assumption. Kipling had the minutely detailed maps of Treasure Island and King Solomon's Mines before him: we ourselves may turn to J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* for a new land more completely and convincingly supplied with geography, history, mythology, flora and fauna than many a country in the real world."—Ed., K.J.]

"The Old 54th"

The Note about the sinking of H.M.S. 'Birkenhead' in the Reader's Guide article in the December 1955 *Journal* prompted me to look up *The Burning of the 'Sarah Sands'* (Land and Sea Tales), in which the old 54th is named as the Second Battalion of the Dorset Regiment, and it was so named in the original version in *Black and White*, Christmas Number, 1894. I have in my possession a story, one of a series of *Survivors' Tales of Famous Shipwrecks*, describing the loss of the 'Sarah Sands' wherein the old 54th is named as the West Norfolk Regiment.

At that time, 1857, British crews were scarce, and Commander Castle was compelled to take on a crew composed mostly of foreigners—and a mutinous lot they were.

According to the story referred to above, the first warning of fire in the ship's hold was given by Private George Diggins, the doctor's batman, who, on going below for a drink, smelt smoke: it was he who gave the first alarm. The crew panicked and rushed the boats, but, as Kipling's story tells us, the troops did not make any fuss, calmly obeying their officers' orders.

The Regimental Colours, which were cased and locked in a frame in the saloon, were saved by one of the ship's quartermasters, Richard Richmond, and a Private named William Wiles. The Colours are—or were—preserved in Norwich Cathedral.—W. G. B. MAITLAND, 39 Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8.

[We understand that the 54th Foot, formed in 1755 as the West Norfolk Regiment, became the 2nd Battalion of the Dorsetshire Regiment about 1804. According to the Army List, the 2nd Battalion, Dorsetshire Regiment was the 54th and the 1st Battalion the 39th. The Norfolks were the 9th.—Ed., K.J.]

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