



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**NEW SERIES 24-PAGE ISSUE**

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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, CB, C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, GCB, G.C.S.I., GCIE, CMG, MC (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.

**Until further notice the Society's Office at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, will be open on Wednesdays only of each week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.**

**Members will be welcomed on other days if they will notify the Hon. Secretary in advance. This particularly applies to Overseas Members.**

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## Forthcoming Meetings

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Annual General Meeting of the Society will be held at 12 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.1, on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19th, 1959, at 2.30 p.m.

- AGENDA—1. Adoption of Report and Accounts for 1958.  
2. Re-election of President and Vice-Presidents, and election of Hon. Officers.  
3. Re-election of the Hon. Auditors.  
4. Any other business appropriate to an A.G.M.

### COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street, E.C.1, on Wednesday, August 19th, 1959, immediately after the Annual General Meeting. *No separate notice will be sent.*

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

**July 15th, 1959**, at The River Room, Lansdowne Club, Fitzmaurice Place (S.W. Corner of Berkeley Square), 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. The Rev. G. Shelford will introduce the subject of "Kipling—the Prophet of the Unorthodox."

**September 23rd**, time and place as above. Commander Merriman will talk about all the Pyecroft stories—"The Bonds of Discipline," "Their Lawful Occasions" and "Steam Tactics" (all from *Traffics and Discoveries*), and "The Horse Marines" (from *A Diversity of Creatures*).

**November 11th**, time and place as above. Miss Janice Farrelly will talk about "Kipling and South Africa—Then and Now."

### ANNUAL LUNCHEON : IMPORTANT

Please note these facts NOW :—

Date : Wednesday, October 14th, 1959.

Place : Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

Guest of Honour: Dr. A. L. Rowse, M.A., D.Litt., F.R.S.L.  
(Historian, of All Souls' College, Oxford).

Further details later.

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## Notes

THE present number contains the sixth of the Uncollected Stories which we have been allowed to reprint by the kindness of Mrs. Bambridge, Messrs. A. P. Watt and Sons and Messrs. Macmillan and Co. "The Benefactors" (*Sussex Edition*, Vol. XXX., pp. 269-284), a topical story, but "very relevant to these times" also, was written in April, 1912, and published simultaneously in *The National Review* and *The American Magazine* for July of that year. It was printed by itself, in an edition of ninety-one copies for private distribution, in New York in 1930. It was reprinted in *The National Review* in 1933, and (after its appearance in the *Sussex*, and its American equivalent, the *Burwash*, editions) in *The Evening Standard* on 15th March, 1948.

Members will be delighted to hear that, at the suggestion of Mrs. Bambridge, endorsed by that of Mr. Watt, six more items from the "Uncollected Prose" volumes in *The Sussex Edition* are to appear in *The Kipling Journal*. These will be "My First Book," "The Lamentable Comedy of Willow-Wood," "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out," "Folly Bridge," "The Outsider" and "A Tour of Inspection." R. L. G.

In our columns from time to time many instances have been given of the appeal Kipling makes to the ordinary individual, especially to the manual worker. On the 11th November, 1958, Wilfred Pickles was broadcasting his "Have a Go" from Ashington, Northumberland; one of those interviewed was an old miner who told his questioner of the effect produced on him by the poem containing "If blood be the price of admiralty" and asked if he might recite this particular section of "A Song of the English." On being reassured, the old miner repeated, without a fault or a stumble, the whole twenty-seven lines with expression and clarity that would have shamed many of our modern actors.

A somewhat longer Kipling broadcast was given—curiously enough, on the same date—when "They" was put 'on the air' in dramatic form. This rather ambitious item was extraordinarily well done; it was, in fact, one of the most successful renderings of a Kipling work that has ever been done. We must pay a tribute to the skill of the adapter and performers, for all the delicate charm of the tale was well brought out. It is interesting to note that two such widely differing aspects of Kipling's art should be bracketed together on the same day; it bears out Admiral Chandler's dictum that "Kipling, somewhere and somehow, has something that appeals to every man, woman or child, to every art, profession and occupation; to every mood, to every feeling, and to every experience."

When the Montgomery-Auchinleck controversy was in full blast,

the *Daily Telegraph* printed, as "The Auk's Response," the first, fifth and sixth stanzas of "The Vineyard"—the poem attached to that vigorous marine story, "Sea Constables" (Debits and Credits). Without entering into the merits of the argument, we must compliment the writer of that page on his wonderfully apposite selection.

Scientists, outside their own particular sphere of knowledge, often suffer from queer ideas on general subjects. I had a scientific friend who denounced "The Jungle Books" and "Just So Stories" on the ground that they were liable to give children false notions about the animal kingdom. This man would have been horrified by the vignette given by Douglas Woodruff ("More Talking at Random," 1942), where the child's impression is thus expressed: "The social-security minded six-year-old daughter of a friend of mine, coming away from the film of Kipling's *Jungle Book*, said it was a lovely film, 'but what a shame to keep all those nice animals in a jungle'." Sometimes our scientific devotees make the mistake of stuffing the young with uninteresting facts as being more elevating than our old-time fairy tales; but any child, on going more deeply into the subject, will soon discover the factual values and be none the worse for a few 'false impressions' gained from fables. Kipling knew this and, though not a schoolmaster, realised that the first and most important thing in teaching is to stir the imagination and arouse the interest of the pupil.

As might have been expected, Mr. T. S. Eliot's appreciation of "the unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling" at the Annual Luncheon, when he was the Chief Guest, put the cat among the pigeons. "Peterborough" (*Daily Telegraph*; 22nd Oct., 1958) remarked that "Mr. Eliot made his attitude even more uncompromising by adding that Kipling had influenced his own work in ways the scholarly sleuths had failed to discover." This statement aroused the ire of those critics who read bits of Kipling, after which they deliver *pronunciamentos*. A letter from one such followed the report just mentioned, from which we cull this excerpt: "He was loved by the unlettered. As a poet he was inferior to Yeats . . . As an artist he was inferior to Hardy, and as a prophet he was not comparable to H. G. Wells." These bald assertions should be noted. For the first, was not the same charge brought against Burns? And is it not the mark not of a great but of a supreme artist to get his art "over the footlights," as theatrical people say. Both poets succeeded in this; educated world opinion does not think the worse of them for it.

That, as a poet, he was inferior to Yeats is a matter of taste; majority opinion would not endorse this. The same may be said of the Hardy comment; here we must point out that the Wessex author was a long novel man—as a prose writer Kipling was one of the world's greatest begetters of short stories. It has often been said in these pages that Hardy would have made a three-volume novel of Kipling's "Friendly Brook" story. We do not disparage an eminent painter because he gives us small pictures instead of "ten-league" canvases.

Lastly, about the gift of prophecy. If those of our readers who own

or can get access to a copy of *K.J.* No. 27 (Sept., 1933) will turn to p. 94, they will find a short summary of what Wells in 1933 ("The Shape of Things to Come") took from Kipling's "With the Night Mail" (1906) and "As Easy as A.B.C." (1912).

Naturally, Mr. Eliot's appraisal and the objections to his judgment produced the old *cliché* that Kipling was a political poet—whatever that may infer. One correspondent aptly drew attention to the fact that the same accusation could be brought against Shakespeare, and that Byron and Wordsworth—to name only two—could also be included in the charge. Now, though Kipling attacked many policies and politicians, we must always bear in mind that, when he was screamed at for being an Imperialist, he was never given the credit for his idealism of the Empire.

To the excellent memory of Cdr. Merriman of the Council our members must be grateful for the recollection of the clever topical verse printed in the previous issue. It referred to the time when "The Islanders" had just been published in *The Times*, and the famous lines about cricket and the sacred 'Soccer' infuriated the addicts. As ever, those who wished to belittle Kipling—there was a similar instance in "The Ballad of East and West"—never read the other lines in this poem which rebuked those who devoted too much of their time and energy to *all* forms of sport, not to mention other futilities:—

Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily even the odds,  
 With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets and bats and rods?  
 Will the rabbit war with your foemen—the red deer horn them for hire?  
 Your kept cock-pheasant keep you?—he is master of many a shire.

Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them, or ballot them back from  
 your shore?

Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them strike no more?

This offending verse was sung as an encore to the song, "Peace! Peace!" in "A Country Girl," which great musical comedy (in the days when these entertainments had comedy and were musical) filled the now defunct Daly's Theatre for 729 performances, plus a revival with 173 at the same theatre in 1914. It was wonderfully 'put over' by that great artiste, the late Rutland Barrington, who did the same kind of thing with equal brilliance in "A Greek Slave," "San Toy" and "The Cingalee." There must be a flair for topicality if this sort of thing is to succeed, as a topical verse in Ada Reeve's song, "Tact," in "Flora-dora"—about the same time—did not *seem* to have quite the same kind of 'bite' which distinguished the Daly's production. These lines were written at a time when the first successes of the Boers had somewhat surprised our War Office; the general public, too, was "hurt, pained, grieved and disappointed" on finding that their rest was to be disturbed after nearly a century of freedom from wars that affected them:—

It was not made with the mountains, it is not one with the deep.  
 Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,  
 Life so long untroubled that ye who inherit forget  
 Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must keep.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

## The Benefactors

by Rudyard Kipling

**I**T was change of the morning watch in Hades—the hour when, despite all precaution, fires die down, pressures drop, and the merciless dynamos that have been torturing poor souls all night slack a few revolutions, ere they pick VD again for the long day's load. The stokers of Nos. 47-53 Auxiliary Furnaces stood easy over their bowls of raw cocoa. A lost soul, with workmanlike dog-teeth and the shadow of a rudimentary tail, complained loudly against his fate.

"I was the strongest of Our Primitive Community," he bellowed, "so, of course, I hit them and bit them till they did what I wanted. And just when I had brought them to their knees, some dog—yes, you, Haka!—found out that he could throw a stone farther than I could reach. He threw it and it killed me. Justice! Give me justice, Somebody!"

"I'm sorry," a long-armed, heavily-scarred shape replied. "But I should never have thought of stone-throwing if you hadn't torn me nearly to ribbons. Don't bear malice. I got nothing out of the trick in the long run. I battered my Tribe to their knees with boulders, and then, just when they ought to have stayed quiet, Fenir yonder, a coward who couldn't stand up to a friendly little tap on the head, invented some despicable weapons called bows and arrows and laid me out howling at eighty yards. Was *that* justice?"

A slim, keen-faced shadow laughed as it blew upon its drink. "Surely, Haka," it said, "you couldn't expect me to stand still and be stoned for ever. Besides—you killed my sister, two wives, and an uncle with your 'friendly little taps.' You were welcome to Uncle, but two perfectly good wives was rank oppression. You forced me to think how I could get even with you, and the Bow was the result. I hope you liked it. It gave me power, and all the power, for a day's march round about—brought the toughest Tribe to their knees whimpering. But they wouldn't leave well alone. Oisinn, you poltroon,"—he turned to a smiling companion seated on a barrow—"What in—in this place—led you to invent armour?"

"Pain, chum—just pain," Oisinn replied. "With one of your arrows in my thigh and another in my forearm, it was a case of protecting myself or bleeding to death. So I protected myself. There's nothing like armour! Does anyone remember how our knights in mail used to ride through the naked peasantry, sword in one hand, battle-axe in t'other, with the arrows hopping off their breast-plates like hail, while the poor wretches dropped on their knees and begged for mercy? Ah! *That* was the age of Chivalry! Here's confusion to the charcoal-peddling churl who stumbled on gunpowder and put an end to it!"

He flung the dregs of his cup sizzling against a furnace-door.

"That's me, I suppose," a fat Friar grunted. "Surely to Badness, Oisinn, you didn't think folk would line up twelve deep for the rest of their natural lives while your plated knights made hash of 'em!"

Chivalry indeed! People had to live! I remember the morning my powder put a cannon-ball through four armoured knights on end. You never saw such a mess! And when the news came to Milan, those Milanese armourers swore like—like that silversmith at Ephesus. Demetrius, wasn't it? I don't blame 'em. Their trade was gone. In less time than a generation we had all our iron-clad community clinking on its marrow-bones before a dirty little culverin. Here's to good old powder, Oisinn! It blew me through my own cell-window, but it's the greatest invention of my or any age."

"D'you really think so, Brother Roger?" said a pale, intellectual-looking Pope, as he wiped his face with a sweat-rag. "When I held the Keys of—er—in short, when I held the Keys I confided more in spiritual weapons—Interdicts, Inquisitions, and such-like. I've seen whole nations on their knees at the mere threat of an Interdict. No marrying, no burying, no christening, no Church or parish feasts, nothing but black spiritual darkness till they had made their peace with Me! But ours was a perverse world! At the very moment that I had it neatly shepherded on the road to Heaven, some villains—I regret the Ringleaders are not with us today—invented an irreligious printing engine called a printing-press, which they offered as a substitute for Me! For Me and my Interdicts! Now why, in Reason's name?"

A small, merry-faced compositor of Caxton's chapel sniggered where he sprawled among a pile of cooling clinkers.

"Your Holiness does not realise," he began, "how tired we grew of your Holiness's Interdicts. We noticed, too, that no suit could lie against any of your Holiness's priests for any torturous or tortuous act, because (your Holiness passed the law yourself, I think), because your priests could read and write. Naturally, we all wanted to read and write. It was purely a question of demand and supply. Your Holiness, if I may say so, created the demand with your Holiness's strong hand. My illustrious Master supplied it with its press."

"Then it would seem," the Pope said slowly, "as though I were in a measure responsible for the new invention."

"So it struck us at the time," said the compositor.

"I—I—I," the Tailed Man stammered, "was just going to say the same thing. By your argument, I am responsible for Haka's stone-throwing." He scowled furiously at the scarred man.

"Who else? You hit me and bit me into it. And so, it follows," Haka went on, "that I and not you, Fenir, invented the bow and arrow."

"I see," Fenir responded. "Then I with my little arrow drove Oisinn here to invent armour, which means—"

"That I," Oisinn interrupted, pointing at Friar Bacon, "am really the creator of gunpowder! Evidently we are all public benefactors without knowing it. I suppose that's why we're put in the same watch."

"Here's a new hand sent to join us. He doesn't look much like a benefactor." Friar Bacon pointed to a trim little figure in black broad-cloth and starched linen that painfully descended tier after tier of the platforms and gratings which rise in illimitable perspective above the

Auxiliary Furnaces. His neat boots slipped cruelly on the greasy floor-plate of the last descent.

"Hello!" said Oisinn, as he panted before them. "What's your trouble?"

"Me 'eart," was the answer. "Overstrain through overwork. I'm another victim to the cause of Labour. Sugden's my name. Better known as Honest Pete."

"Hooray, Honest Pete," Oisinn replied. "Honestly, now, what have you been up to?"

"I've been bringing the Community to its knees," was the proud reply, received with shouts of mirth.

"What! Again?" the Tailed Man cried. "You don't look as if you could bite much."

"What weight of bow do you draw?" Oisinn inquired.

"His weapons are probably spiritual," said the Pope kindly.

"Nonsense. Of course he blew up his Community with my gunpowder," the Friar put in, as Mr. Sugden turned smiling from one to the other.

"Powder?" he said scornfully. "Not at all! Power was our trick. We've starved the beggars! No cooking, no lighting, no heating, no travel, no traffic, no manufactures till they've made their peace with *Us!* That's what *We've* done—all over England. You've 'eard of England?"

"I clapped an Interdict on it once," said the Pope. "But, if you're speaking the truth, it strikes me I was an amateur at that job. And have you burned them much?"

"Contrariwise. We've put 'em in cold storage. Froze 'em out! Now, by the look of you, it's quite possible you've 'eard talk of coal."

The Pope's uplifted hand checked any ribald comment. Mr. Sugden, throwing back his frock-coat, took the hot floor. "Well, Comrades," he said, "you'll admit, I 'ope, that Coal is Power—and all the Power. There's no other way of getting Power, which means heat, light, and—and power—except through coal. Ther'fore, as you can readily understand, the men who produce the coal 'ave the power and all the power over the Community."

"By the way," said Fenir of the Bow and Arrow. "How long have you thrown this stone—I mean, used this coal—that gives you this power?"

"A matter of a hundred years or so," said Mr. Sugden. "But what's that got to do with it? . . . I'll just slip off my coat, if you don't mind. I'm more used to shirt-sleeves."

"I don't think you will." The Tailed Man bared his teeth once. Mr. Sugden winced.

"No offence. I ain't particular about my dress. But, as I was saying; that being realised, it only remained to organise the power. Which we did. We then issued a mandate that no more coal was to be produced by the producers till the Community 'ad satisfied our demands."

"And what were your demands?" the Pope inquired with interest.

"Only justice an' our rights. We weren't pleased with Society as it existed. We were—or rather, I should say, we *are*—goin' to reorganise Society from top to bottom; an' if the Community don't like it, it can lump it an' be damned."

"Excuse me a moment," said the Pope. "But this happens to be one of the few places in the universe where it is not necessary to allude to one's social conditions."

"Ho!" Mr. Sugden fetched up with a snort. "Well, I'm willin' for the present to make allowance for the superstitions of the less advanced brethren, but if I'm to explain our plan of campaign—"

"We are very rarely pressed for time here," said the Pope. "But please go on. You have, I understand, put a comprehensive Interdict on the Community."

"We've brought 'em to their knees, I tell you."

"Then they'll throw stones at you," said the Tailed Man, rubbing his skull. "I know 'em."

"Any stone-throwin' that's needed will be done by *us*," said Mr. Sugden grimly. "But they've no 'eart for stone-throwing. They can't make nothing, nor yet move it after it's made. Yes, when I laid down on my bed just now to get a bit o' sleep between telegrams, there was one million and a 'alf o' people not knowin' where their food and fuel was comin' from. In another few weeks there'll be five million in the same situation. The luckiest of 'em will 'ave drawn out all their savin's, so *they* won't be capitalists any more; an' the rest'll be starved. All of 'em will thus become 'ot stuff for the real revolution. Because, between friends, I may tell you, gents, that this little kick-up of ours is only a dress-parade for the Social Armageddon."

"But I don't see"—a Lancastrian Baron of the Wars of the Roses shouldered forward—"I don't see how *my* class could find themselves starved in a few weeks. *I* was besieged for six months once by the neighbourhood, and except for missing my daily ride and having to drink small beer instead of Burgundy the last ten days, *I* wasn't inconvenienced."

"And from what I remember of the clergy," the Pope began—

"If I know anything of drilled troops," said the Friar, "I wager *they* didn't suffer first."

Caxton's proof-puller grinned. "*Dies erit praegelida sinistra quum typographer*,"\* he quoted.

"Oh, these capitalists," Mr. Sugden replied, with large scorn, "was warned in time—worse luck—an' they got their coal early. But I'm talkin' of the entire Community taken in bulk. *That's* where we are bringin' pressure to bear. They can't stand it."

"They'll play you some dirty trick or other," the Tailed Man insisted. "Communities are like snakes. If you catch 'em by the head they sting; if you catch 'em by the tail they wriggle away; and if you step on 'em in the middle they coil round you and choke you."

\*It will be a cold day when the printer gets left.

" They can't, I tell you ! " Mr. Sugden almost shouted. " We've got 'em in a cleft stick. Coal's the sole source of power, ain't it? Take that away, and the Community, man, woman, an' child, is bound to come to its knees, or be starved."

" Then you've starved women and children," Friar Bacon said.

" War's war," Mr. Sugden replied. " We can't make exceptions. Besides, *we* ain't fools. We took good care to get ourselves protected under the Trades Disputes Act before we began. Are you aware that no action against any Trade Union for anything it sees fit to do in furtherance of a trade dispute, shall be considered in a Court of Law? "

" Infallibility ! O my Triple Hat ! " cried the Pope enviously. " That's beyond even my wildest dreams."

" Not bad for a first step," Mr. Sugden smiled. " So you can take it from me, Comrades, the Unions are the Gov'ment. Wait a little longer an' you'll see what we've done for our clarse. 'Ere ! " he cried, and spun round. " You leave go of my coat-tails."

An adhesive succubus in the shape of a starved week-old baby clung squalling at the skirts of the silk-faced frock-coat.

" Mind ! " cried Oisinn, " there's another between your feet ! Don't step back ! There are a couple behind you."

" Then take 'em away where they belong. What are they doin' here ? " Mr. Sugden hopped nervously among the squirming horrors on the floor.

" I expect they've followed you," said the Pope. " One's works very often do."

The others stared coolly, as the stokehold filled with shapes. It was long since their works had ceased to follow them in active shape, but they were always appreciative of another's discomfort. The shape of a grey-haired woman, her head coquettishly slewed to one side, her blackened tongue clacking outside her puffed lips, swung herself, rather than ran, into Mr. Sugden's arms, stuttering, " Kissme, Mr. Sugden. I only 'ung myself on Thursday."

" Ah ! " said the Pope, who in his appointed times had been visited by his own victims. " Then there were suicides, too ? "

" The papers said so," Mr. Sugden panted, as he fenced with the lurching terror. " But—don't 'ug me, you devil—the Cap'talist Press was always against us. We must alter all that." He stepped back on a babe, whose strained ribs cracked like a wine-glass.

" Do be careful, Pete," the woman croaked. " That's my little 'Erb."

" Well, I ain't legally responsible," Mr. Sugden retorted. Upon this the shape turned into a middle-aged man who by signs—for his lower jaw was shot away—implored Sugden to tie up his shattered skull, and so collapsed to the floor, rhythmically patting Mr. Sugden's boots.

" Get up ! " Mr. Sugden quavered. " You ain't really 'urt. I've never seen a suicide. Gov'ment oughtn't to let 'em happen. Lend me a 'andkerchief. No, don't ! I never could stand the sight o' blood. Oh, get up, chum, an' you and me'll go an' look for the *capitalist* that brought you to this. *I* ain't legally responsible—s'welp me Gawd, I ain't."

" So we see," said Friar Bacon, as the stokehold began to fill and

they smelt the heavy sour smell of extreme poverty. The shapes of girls that had been maids, and wives that had been faithful ere the strike overtook them, linked arms and danced merrily in what garments were unpawned, till angry men, blazing with their own secret shames, thrust them aside and asked Sugden questions not to be hinted at above the breath. Then came the elderly toothless dead, cut off before their time by a few days' cold and underfeeding, who wailed for the dear remnant of life out of which they said Sugden had defrauded them. Behind them were ranged the drawn and desperate faces of such as had spent all their savings in one month and now looked forward to certain pinch and woe—not for themselves, as they muttered, but for their families.

On the floor, in a lively dado, lay some few score coal-seeking men and boys with here and there a woman or two, who were being pressed to death by falls of dirt and rock. Between their outcries, which were of astonishing volume, they bit their own hands with their teeth.

"Ah!" said the Lancastrian Baron with a smile. "This *is* something like a class war. Nothing but villeins, serfs, vassals and wenches."

"An' all of 'em loyal to us," said Mr. Sugden proudly. "See 'ow they stand it! There's spirit for you—an' no legal liability attachin'. They do this because they like it."

"As a show," the Pope purred, "this is, of course, nothing compared with what some of us are responsible for; but we must look deeper than the mere shadows of things. What I am sure we all admire most is the purely logical chain of consequences which Mr. Sugden has called into action. They should fructify and ramify for generations. Mere killing—even by pressing to death—is so distressingly finite. The dead, when dead, cease to function towards any useful end. But to drag down, to debauch, to weaken, to starve—and—er—morally disorientate the living by the million is a stroke of genius. And to see the whole noble work confined entirely to your own class must be a source of peculiar gratification to you, is it not?"

"Look 'ere!" said Mr. Sugden furiously, as a dozen babies tried to climb up his back. "That tone o' voice may 'ave suited the Feudalistic Ages, but times advarnce, me good friend, and it's obsolete. Labour 'as come into its own at larst, and there ain't a court in the land which dare say I've done wrong. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Here a whistle rang through the stokehold, and Accusing Voices bade them prepare for inspection.

"It's the Old Man himself," Something cried from an upper grating, as the shapes trailed away, and Friar Bacon dragged Mr. Sugden to his feet.

It had pleased His Majesty's ever kindly heart to clothe himself that morning in coolest white ducks with white-covered yachting cap and creamy-white pipe-clayed shoes, so that he looked not unlike Captain Kettle and spoke with that officer's directness when his silk handkerchief picked up smear or grime from any bright-work.

"You gentlemen," he began as he entered the stokehold, "seem to think you're running a refrigerator." He pointed with a palm-leaf fan

to the dropping gauges and thermometers. "What's your excuse? A new hand has been sent down and he's been seeing things, has he? And that has interfered with your stoking, has it? Are you aware, my sons, that you're talking to the Father of Lies? You are, eh? Then let me warn you——"

At this moment somebody put the watch-bill into his hands.

"You're right—I'm wrong—as usual," he went on after scanning it. "Good morning, Mr. Sugden, or, if you will pardon the liberty, Honest Pete." He bowed elaborately. "Inexcusable of me to forget you. Any man with "Honest" before his name is always sure of a warm place in my regard. You were mixed UD in the coal strike, weren't you? Well, you've come to the right shop. We've got coal to burn, and you're going to help burn it. Your heart troubling you? Beating one hundred and twenty-six to the minute, is it? Never mind! We've done with minutes down here. I give you my word you aren't in any danger of dying. We can't afford to lose a man like you."

He turned to the other cheerily.

"Boys, I want you to appreciate our Pete. He's not much to look at, but between you and me and the Pit, he's one of the world's greatest benefactors—just like yourselves. That's why I've put him in your watch. Pete has achieved what Kings and Armies and Emperors couldn't. Don't blush, my son. It's the Devil's own truth. You've starved and frozen and ruined a few thousand and, what's better, you've worried and inconvenienced forty million people in England alone, plus three or four hundred million white men elsewhere, thinking hard how to avoid cold, darkness, and starvation. You've concentrated the master-minds of the age just on one problem—how to do without coal—and they've solved it!"

The Tailed Man laughed aloud. "I warned you," he cried to Sugden, "I know what a Community is like if you bite it too hard. It never changes." Haka, Fenir, and Oisinn nodded assent.

"Yes," said the Old Man relishingly. "You're all in the procession, but Pete's the latest and greatest Lord High Makee-do, up to date. Who killed King Coal? Pete! Three cheers for——"

"I don't believe it," Mr. Sugden interrupted. "Coal is one of the vital services of the Community."

"It would have been, my son, if you'd left it alone, but, thanks to you, it's dead as——" The Old Man checked himself, because it must be left to the Dead to realise their first and second death. "Your Community, that you are so fond of, carried on with oil and patent fuels for a while just to ease off the pressure, and then they harnessed the tides—the greatest step since fire-making."

"How much? It can't be done," Mr. Sugden shouted. He was still enjoying, so to speak, the privileges of the new boy.

"Harnessed up the tide—the cool, big, wet, deep, blue sparkling sea. It was purely a question of demand and supply. I believe they did it on the pneumatic principle, not on the hydraulic, if you're interested in those things."

" I ain't," Mr. Sugden retorted. " I'm only concerned with outstanding social facts. We leave machinery to the intellectuals."

" The inventor of this particular gadget wasn't in the least intellectual. He was the son of a woman who committed suicide somewhere in the Potteries, I'm told."

" Well, war's war," said Mr. Sugden, glancing uneasily over his shoulder for the shades of more non-combatants.

" Just what *he* said when all the coal-mines were closed inside of two years. Anyway, Power's a little cheaper up topside, nowadays, than water. I haven't got the figures with me, but that's the outstanding social fact, Pete."

Mr. Sugden shook his head. " 'Tain't possible. 'Tain't in reason," he said. " An' for another thing, the Boilermakers' Union wouldn't stand it."

" Oh, Demetrius ! " Friar Bacon exploded and came to attention again.

" They had to ! You didn't leave the Community a loophole of escape."

" 'Course we didn't. I've told you we weren't fools ! "

" I see you weren't. But it was a case of ' root, hog, or die ' for the Community. And they didn't like dying ; so they rooted ; and Coal and Steam went pungo, Pete."

" You expect me to believe that Steam's gone too ? " Mr. Sugden was very scornful.

" Yes. There used to be an old prophecy in the Pit—one of Napoleon's, I think—that Democracy came in with Steam and will go out with it. And *that's* fulfilled."

Mr. Sugden smashed his fat right hand into his still plumper left.

" Look 'ere ! You *can't* run the world without Democracy, any more than you can run it without coal. You're mad. You've got no comprehension of the simplest facts o' life."

There was a hush of awed delight and expectation among his mates, as he drew breath and went on :—

" I don't know 'oo in 'ell you may be, but let me tell you"—down came the hand again—" that you're either crazy or an 'opeless, 'elpless, malignant and unscrupulous Har, *Because*, standin' where I do to-day, I answer you to your face an' say to you that—that I don't believe one bloomin' word of it ! "

" I thought you wouldn't," the Old Man replied, with that bland smile before which the instructed cringe. " But if you'll oblige me by hustling into that starboard bunker (you needn't take your collar off) and trimming it until further orders you may get some sense of the weight of your present responsibilities. Jump, my son ! There are at present two hundred and eighty-seven million tons per annum of coal in Great Britain alone, for which no one except ourselves has any use. You'll find every ounce of it there ! "

In due time Mr. Sugden realised that the Old Man spoke the truth.

## A Set of Kipling Letters

by W. P. C. Chambers

ONE evening in March, 1959, I went to a flat in the rue Bonaparte, Paris, to enjoy the privilege of dining with Mme. Gillet and some of her family. Madame is the widow of Professor Louis Gillet, Art Critic, Historian and translator of books in other languages.

I was allowed to see the letters the Professor received from Rudyard Kipling, some 50 in all, carefully mounted in a book. The correspondence starts with a formal letter but later ripens progressively and continues until the end of 1935.

Some of the letters were rather badly typed, presumably by R.K. himself, with now and then apologies for the shortcomings of the typewriter. The majority were written in his own hand in a slightly varying script, changing with his moods, or, more likely, with the rise and fall of his health.

The main subjects covered were politics, interchange of ideas on their books, and of course family matters. The field also covered a visit to Batemans and arrangements for the projected visit of the Professor to King George V's Silver Jubilee. R.K. was apparently asked his opinion on the benefits to young adolescents of a bicycling holiday. To which he replied, excellent, provided they keep to the byways and avoid large towns. In this way they will learn to know people.

Alas, without abusing the hospitality shown me, I was not able to do more than glance through the several letters.

I give three short extracts which may be of interest :—

Dated 30.5.32.

" . . . for the Bosche propaganda here is merciless and sustained. Even their artistic bankruptcies do not seem to make any difference."

4.8.32.

" I find it curious and interesting to realise how pale and ineffective are imaginary stories of the Jungle in comparison with modern politics."

27.12.33.

" I am better in my health than I was—thanks to Roux—and I hope to get better still."

M. Gillet translated " Souvenirs of France " for some good cause. The book begins with that lovely expressive verse—

" Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,  
Terrible with strength that draws from her tireless soil ;  
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's mind,  
First to follow Truth and last to leave old Truths behind—  
France, beloved of every soul that loves its fellow-kind ! "

# Mulvaney

by R. £. Harbord

## General Notes for the Reader's Guide

THE following is a list of the 18 stories connected with the three Privates of "B" Company of the 'Ould' Regiment—Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd.

Nos.	Titles	First Printed	Collected Volume
1.	Three Musketeers (The)	March 1887	
2.	Taking of Lungtungpen (The)	April "	<i>Plain Tales</i>
3.	Daughter of the Regiment (The)	May "	<i>from the Hills</i>
4.	Madness of Private Ortheris (The)	1888	(1888)
5.	God from the Machine (The)	Jan. 1888	
6.	Big Drunk Draf' (The)	March "	
7.	In the Matter of a Private	April "	
8.	Solid Muldoon (The)	June "	<i>Soldiers Three</i>
9.	Private Learoyd's Story	July "	(1888)
10.	With the Main Guard	Aug. "	
11.	Black Jack	(in the volume)	
12.	Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney (The)	Dec. 1889	
13.	Courting of Dinah Shadd	March 1890	<i>Life's Handicap</i>
14.	On Greenhow Hill	Aug. "	(1891)
15.	His Private Honour	Oct. 1891	<i>Many</i>
16.	My Lord the Elephant	Dec. 1892	<i>Inventions</i>
17.	"Love-o'-Women"	(in the volume) 1893	(1893)
18.	Garm—A Hostage	Dec. 1899	<i>Actions and Reactions</i> (1909)

The first three of these stories came out in *The Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore in 1887.

Nos. 5 to 10 (inclusive) were in *The Week's News* in 1888; this paper was a Supplement to *The Pioneer* of Allahabad.

Nos. 12, 13 and 14 first appeared in *Macmillans Magazine* in England in 1889 and 1890.

No. 15 in *Macmillans Magazine* of October, 1891.

No. 16 was in *The Civil and Military Gazette* on December 27th and 28th, 1892, and it was in *Macmillans Magazine* of January, 1893.

No. 18 in *The Saturday Evening Post* of December 23rd, 1899 (U.S.A.), and it was in *Pearson's Magazine* in January, 1900.

No. 4 was first in the volume *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888).

No. 11 " " " " " *Soldiers Three* (1888).

No. 17 " " " " " *Many Inventions* (in 1893).

### Mulvaney's Regiments

We know he served in at least two "line" regiments, The Tyrone and The 'Ould' Regiment, and that the transfer took place at about the time the Martini-Henry rifle was issued to British units to replace the Snider; between 1870 and 1874.

Another name for the first of these regiments was Her Majesty's Black Tyrone which could have been the 1st Battn. The (Royal) Inniskilling Fusiliers—the 27th Foot or the 2nd Battalion of that Regiment—108th Foot. If it was not that regiment the many references may have been to the old 18th Foot, The Royal Irish Regiment. (Disbanded in 1922.)

There is no need to be too precise about this for we must assume that, as usual, Kipling in these eighteen stories made composite units as naturally as he combined details of two or more people to make one character. The 27th seems most likely from a territorial point of view, for although Enniskillen is in Fermanagh, not County Tyrone, that is the next county and there was no regiment definitely associated, by name, with Tyrone. They did recruit in Tyrone as well as many other parts of Ireland and in such places as Portsmouth (see 'Black Jack,' where it is also said that drafts came from Kerry and Connemara). From the poem, *The Ballad of Both da Thone* we know there were recruits from Counties Galway in Connaught and Louth and Neath in Leinster.

They were not however engaged in the 2nd Afghan War of 1878-80, whilst the 18th served during that series of campaigns and received the medal—without a bar (or clasp), this indicating that they were not at Ahmed Khel, nor at the Kandahar battle. This is particularly noted for it has been suggested that the 'Silver's Theatre' scrap detailed in "With the Main Guard" must refer to the Ahmed Khel fight on April, 19th 1880, or that at Kandahar on September 1st, 1880, for both of which bars to the campaign medal were given. I think the author meant to indicate a smaller affair not long after the big battle of April 19th, but hope to return to that point after trying to identify Mulvaney's second regiment where he foregathered with Ortheris and Learoyd and with which unit all three fought at Ahmed Khel. We must accept this as a central point for it is mentioned more than once in the stories.

Let us see the reasons given for moving Mulvaney for they vary in the stories in which reasons are given in detail.

(a) "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney, *Life's Handicap*, page 23 :  
 ". . . trying to sell his Colonel's charger, on the banks of the Liffey . . .  
 as a perfect lady's hack."

(b) "Love-O'-Women" in *Many Inventions*, page 271 :  
 ". . . something to do with a belt and a man's head."

Four units are suggested as possibilities for The 'Ould' Regiment :

- (à) 2nd Battn. The (Royal) Northumberland Fusiliers, 5th- Foot—Kipling's Tyneside Tailtwisters, who were at Lahore from 1882 to 1885.
- (b) 1st Battn. The East Surrey Regiment, 31st Foot—who succeeded the 5th at Lahore in 1885.
- (c) 1st Battn. The East Lancashire Regiment, 30th Foot. They were at Lahore from about 1886 to 1888, or at least Kipling said they were, but really it was the 2nd Battn. of The East Lancashires who were there then, *i.e.*, the 59th Foot.

This little slip of Kipling's is easy enough to understand for whilst the numbering of both battalions of a regiment may be the same in others it varies, as in this case. Again we need not think that Kipling kept his description to any one unit, indeed he did not always make it clear which of Mulvaney's two regiments he was in at the time of the story. See *Something of Myself*, page 55.

Of the four battalions only one was engaged at Ahmed Khel on April 19th, 1880, that was the 59th, but the 2nd/5th and the 31st both served in the Second Afghan War and all three were awarded the medal for that campaign. There were six bars (or clasps) given for the battles. Of these three units only the 59th received bars : they fought at Ahmed Khel and at Kandahar on September 21st, 1880. [N.B.—This last does not mean that they were on the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar of August 9th to 31st, 1880, for which a special 'star' was awarded.]

So it seems we must decide that the 'Ould' Regiment was meant for The East Surreys—the 31st Foot— remembering this description : "a London recruited

confederacy of skilful dog-stealers," although the details given us are 'composite,' and we have decided we cannot be too exact.

The obvious thing to remember is that these eighteen stories are separate ones and it therefore does not matter if there are contradictions between them.

The author gives no undertaking to make an accurate biography of his three soldiers, nor does he try to keep a correct calendar of the years and follow accurate historical facts. This may be a pity from the point of view of some readers but it cannot be considered a vital objection to the stories.

It will however be interesting to prepare a list of the important dates in Mulvaney's life, allowing a fairly wide margin where possible.

	<i>Between</i>	<i>Age</i>
Born in Portarlington, Queens County, Leinster, Ireland (now Offaly, Eire) ...	1844-1850	-
Recruit in British Army : joined up in The Tyrones probably in Dublin)	1863-1868	19-24
Corporal—with The Tyrone	1866-1872	22-28
Reduced to the ranks	1867-1873	23-29
Served in Bermuda	1865-1866	21-22
Served in Halifax	1866-1867	22-23
Transferred to India, possibly from one Battn. of The Tyrones to the other	1865-1870	20-26
Transferred to The 'Ould' Regiment from The Tyrone in India	1868-1875	23-31
Snider Rifle exchanged for Martini-Henry in British units in India	*1870-1874	-
Corporal with The 'Ould' Regiment	1874-1877	24-33
Reduced to the ranks	1875-1879	25-35
Married to Dinah Shadd ...	1865-1878	21-34
Little Shadd died	1866-1879	-
Fought at Ahmed Khel in the Second Afghan War of 1878-1880	*1880	30-36
Served in Upper Burma against the mad King Thebaw and his brother. No doubt he and the others received the Indian General Service Medal (1854-1895) with the bar—' Burma 1885-1887'.	*1885-1886	35-42
Stories told to Kipling, when he had '17 years' Service or Overseas Service ... ..	*1885-1887	35-43
Left the Army on pension ... ..	1888	38-44

*\*These are the only dates we are sure about*

Some of these dates do not fit in quite comfortably together particularly the marriage, perhaps.

In *The God from the Machine* we are told about the play *Sweethearts*. This was no doubt meant to be Sir William Gilbert's play, published and performed in 1874. It was known to amateur performers by 1878 when Mulvaney had at least ten years' service but in about 1886 or 1887 he told our author that the incident took place 15 years previously, when he could not have served so long and that play was not published in 1872. It may not have been that play at all, of course, but another of the same name.

In *With the Main Guard* there is a curious anomaly. On page 60, line 8, Captain O'Neil is given as an officer of The 'Ould' Regiment but the footnote tells us he was an officer of the 'Black Tyrone.'

### **Action at Ahmed Khel, April 19th, 1880**

An encounter battle on Sir Donald Stewarts' march from Kandahar to Kabul. The column deployed hastily and awkwardly when suddenly attacked by 3,000 *Ghazis* (religious fanatics) and an Afghan regular force. The attack which, for a moment seemed serious, was brushed aside and the column pressed on. The brunt was taken by the 59th Regiment which had not been in action since the China War,

1857. The first printed account (*Macmillans Magazine*, May, 1881) says, "They had hardly finished deploying, many of them had omitted to fix bayonets and there was for a few seconds among some of them a tendency to waver and form into small groups. This however passed away as instantaneously as it arose, and during the rest of the action the men's steadiness left nothing to be desired." There were only a dozen casualties to the 59th, but these included the Colonel and Adjutant, both wounded. There is much evidence to suggest that 'Mulvaney's' regiment, The 'Ould' Regiment, was the 59th. They were amalgamated with the 30th Regiment and re-named the East Lancashires in 1881. The battalion formerly known as the 30th, reinforced with men from the old (Cambridgeshire) 59th, was at Mian Mir, 1880-5.

It may be well to try to show the position at Lahore during much of Kipling's time there, from the point of view of the British Infantry.

One battalion, sometimes two, were stationed at Mian Mir (later known as Lahore Cantonment), the great fort about four miles outside the city which was described in the stories under the name Fort Amara. I am not sure of this as the illustration in *Journal* No. 39 says it is Fort Lahore.

From Mian Mir the duty battalion provided a detachment in Lahore itself and apparently this detachment provided a guard which marched past the office window of the *Civil and Military Gazette* daily.

## Notes on Stalky & Co.

by Roger Lancelyn Green

(By special request some sections of a paper on Stalky & Co. read at the Discussion Meeting on 14th January, 1959, follow here, and in the next number.)

. . . KIPLING's interest in the United Services College, Westward Ho! was first shown in the article, "An English School," published in *The Youth's Companion* for October, 1893. Since leaving in July, 1882, he had paid one visit, to stay with Cornell Price for a week in the summer of 1890.

His interest was fostered by writing this article, but seems to have been stirred in particular by his visit, with his father, in July, 1894, when he made a speech at the retirement of Cornell Price (U.S.C. Chronicle 58, 17th Dec, 1894) and was hailed with enthusiasm as the Coll.'s most famous Old Boy.

Exactly a year later he began writing "The Brushwood Boy," which was published in *The Century Magazine* in December, 1895. When collected in book form in 1898, most of the references which definitely identify Cottar's school were cut out—since *Stalky & Co.* was largely written by then.

But this is looking ahead. The basic idea of the Stalky stories proper seems to have come suddenly to Kipling at the end of 1896: "While we were at Torquay," he says in *Something of Myself* (pp. 134-5), "there came to me the idea of beginning some tracts or parables on the education of the young. These, for reasons honestly beyond my control, turned themselves into a series of tales called *Stalky & Co.* My very dear Headmaster, Cornell Price . . . paid a visit at the time and we discussed school things generally. He said, with the chuckle that I had reason to know, that my tracts would be some time before they came to their own . . ."

Charles Carrington has very kindly supplied such dates connected with the writing of the Stalky stories as he had gleaned from Mrs. Kipling's *Diary*, so we are now able to say with certainty that Cornell Price's visit was during the last week of 1896, and that *Slaves of the Lamp* was begun on January 14th, 1897, and that on February 28th he was writing "more of a second schoolboy yarn."

*Slaves of the Lamp*, Pt. I, was published in *Cosmopolis* in April of that year, and Part II in May—and it seems possible that at the time this was all he intended to write about Stalky & Co. Although not exactly a tract or parable, Part II does at least serve as a "moral" to Part I—the ingenious mischief of the schoolboy pranks being turned to good account by Stalky in the hard business of Border Warfare on the N.W. Frontier. "I see," said Dick Four, when M'Turk had told how "Rabbits-Eggs" came to "rock" King's rooms that other night. "Practically he duplicated that trick over again. There's nobody like Stalky."

The immortal trio could not, however, be kept down—and suddenly in July Kipling is 'working at a Stalky story.' In August he is revising "In Ambush," and in October reading the stories to Lockwood Kipling, the latest being "A Little Prep." This should be the weekend referred to by Sir Sydney Cockerell in a letter to *The Times* (7th March, 1938) in which he speaks of "a weekend visit to Rottingdean in October, 1897, when my fellow-guest under Burne-Jones's hospitable roof was his old friend Cornell Price, who had been R.K.'s beloved Headmaster at Westward Ho! On the evening of our arrival, Kipling, with whom we had all enjoyed a walk over the downs in the afternoon, brought from his house across the way some chapters of his then unfinished *Stalky & Co.*, and read them out with gusto, turning again and again to Cornell Price with the question, 'Do you remember that, sir?' When we were alone I asked Price how many of the schoolboy pranks about which he had been appealed to he actually remembered. His answer was, 'Kipling remembers many things that I have forgotten, and I remember some things that he would like me to forget!' Long afterwards I repeated these words to Kipling, whose smiling comment was: 'Yes, the dear fellow never gave me away.' . . ."

There seems to have been a gap in the writing after this, coinciding with Kipling's winter visit to South Africa. On April 11th, 1898, however, he wrote from Cape Town the letter to the *Horsmonden School Budget* containing six "Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette" which parallel incidents in *Stalky & Co.*

By May 24th he was "working on Stalky," and was visited by "Mr. Green, a schoolmaster"—probably the house-master with the black beard who, according to Dunsterville, was nicknamed "Barky"—though he does not seem to be represented in *Stalky & Co.*, unless he can be equated with Macrae.

On June 28th he "began to work at Stalky again," and on July 22nd comes the intriguing entry, "Rudyard starts to write the *last* of the Stalky stories, which, after the *Jungle* fashion, is the first." On August 3rd, however, he "finishes the Stalky story but rejects it." Unless the story was scrapped altogether, this one would assume to be "Stalky"—published, however, that same December, 1898, in *The Windsor* and *McClure's* magazines, though not included in *Stalky & Co.*

Why it was omitted from the book (but included in *Land and Sea Tales* in 1923 and *The Complete Stalky & Co.* in 1929) has never been explained, so far as I know. Perhaps someone here knows the answer? At the back of my mind is a recollection of hearing (but I don't know where) that it was omitted on account of an outcry against cruelty to dumb cows raised in the press after the magazine publication.

Meanwhile, "In Ambush" appeared in *McClure's Magazine* in August, 1898, and on August 13th it is recorded "The schoolboy stories sent to Watt"—who arranged for their appearance monthly from January to May, 1899, in *McClure's* and *The Windsor*. "The Flag of Their Country" was, however, only being written on November 3rd, 1898, and "The Last Term" on November 14th.

Proofs of the book arrived in August, 1899, and coincided with a visit from Cornell Price, the Dedication Verses were written August 21st-24th, and the book was published on October 6th.

After this *Stalky* was in abeyance for a dozen years, though he played a small part (as an adult) in "A Deal in Cotton," which appeared in *Cassell's Magazine* January, 1908, and a larger part in "The Honours of War" (*Windsor Magazine*, August, 1911)—the second of these may be the story he was writing in August and December, 1910 (called simply "a *Stalky* story" by Mrs. Kipling).

On May 6th, 1911, comes the brief entry, "A *Stalky* story—'Regulus'" (which was not published until 1917). But Kipling gives the date of writing as 1908—in which year he perhaps sketched out the story, writing or re-writing it in its final form in 1911. Then on February 2rd, 1923, having recently met an old U.S. Colleger called Carstairs, he is again "working at a *Stalky* story, 'The United Idolators'," which is "ready for Watt" on November 13th. And after meeting one Griffiths, also old U.S.C., is writing a "*Stalky* story" on August 13th, 1925, which he is "very busy with" in September. This must be "The Propagation of Knowledge," published in *The Strand*, January, 1926. Perhaps Col. Tapp can tell us who Carstairs and Griffiths were, and whether their careers at Westward Ho! had any bearing on these two stories?

Finally, on April 13th, 1928, he is "writing a *Stalky* story," which would be "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman"—published in *The London Magazine* in September of the following year before inclusion in *The Complete Stalky & Co.*

And now, having got the stories into chronological sequence, some notes on the characters may be of interest.

[To be continued]

## OBITUARY

It is with great regret that we record the death on February 7th of Maj.-Gen. Sir John Taylor, C.I.E., D.S.O., who was Chairman of the Kipling Society from October, 1956, to September, 1957. Illness prevented his serving as Chairman for a second year, as desired by the Council, but he remained a Council Member until September, 1958. His distinguished career was spent in the Indian Medical Service, of which he became the head.

We also record with regret the death last November of Mr. T. E. Elwell, one of our earliest members. His name will be much missed from the "letter-bag" page of the Journal, for he used constantly to write about maritime matters connected with R.K.'s work. He held a Master's Certificate, and had been round the Horn in a windjammer.

**NEW MEMBERS** of the Society recently enrolled are:—*U.K.* : The Lady Clementine Waring; Mmes. C. Cock, E. E. Cockram, K. Fallon, R. Hancock, E. James, N. E. Parry; Misses M. M. Baird, G. Manisier, M. C. Smith; Sir G. Duveen; Cdr. E. W. E. Lane; Maj.-Gen. J. S. Lethbridge; Col. N. de P. MacRoberts; Dr. T. H. Whittington; Messrs. J. I. Colquhoun, F. Edwards, J. L. C. Evans, J. L. Hadock, A. T. Jeffery, W. D. Wood. *U.S.A.*: Mmes. M. A. Cohn, B. R. Robinson; Messrs. H. D. Colt, W. N. Seymour, Florida State University Library. *U.S.S.R.* : Biblioteka Akademii Nauk.

We heartily welcome these new members.

## Report of Discussion Meeting

11th March, 1959

A N audience of twenty attended this, the last meeting to be held at 84 Eccleston Square, though Mrs. Scott-Giles herself was most regrettably unable to be present. The stories under review were "In the Same Boat," "The Wish House" and "Fairy Kist," and in justifying this grouping the opener contended that each contained something spooky: horrors, a haunted empty house, a terrified near-lunatic cowering beneath the floor. He pointed out that "In the Same Boat" was one of the few Kipling stories with, first, a *real* happy ending, and, second, a young and pretty heroine, and he was struck by the way Miss Henschil is shown through Conroy's eyes, so that the reader, too, is not attracted (Connie Sperrit, less pretty and much less well-defined, would have been a far more desirable companion on that train). The wonderful "Wish House," he thought, owes much to Mrs. Fettle's skilful extraction of the story from Mrs. Ashcroft. Her tiny remarks, "like spoonfuls of Eno's," keep the other one fizzing. "Fairy Kist" he thought chiefly remarkable for its vivid pictures, especially of the actual incident which had caused the killing.

In the long discussion that followed, "In the Same Boat" received most attention. Is it medically possible? Is coincidence overdone? What is the meaning of "Nurse's" cryptic remark at the end ("She knows she'll never have a love-affair of her own"—Mr. Bazley). Several speakers commented on Kipling's acquaintance with 'second sight,' and Mr. Maitland likened "Fairy Kist" to "Silver Blaze," since in that story Holmes, like P.C. Nicol in this one, discovered that apparent murder was really accident. Written comments on the stories, which were read out, came from Col. B. S. Browne ("Witches can help your friends, but only by transferring their troubles to you"), and on the poems from Mrs. Scott-Giles, who regards "The Mother's Son" as one of the most tragic pieces Kipling ever wrote.

## The Council's Annual Report for 1958

### General

THE year 1958 was an excellent one for the Society. Membership increased beyond the highest forecasts, the *Kipling Journal* was successfully expanded by 50 per cent., and all our projected functions took place according to plan. The presence of a celebrated Guest of Honour at our Annual Luncheon did much to enhance the Society's prestige. In addition, our Victoria (B.C.) and Melbourne Branches completed respectively 25 and 21 years of existence.

Although it would be rash to rate our prospects for the future permanently at the 1958 standard, there seems no reason for pessimism. Our finances are sounder than for years, our two-monthly meetings have caught on firmly, and we have the goodwill of certain important newspaper representatives. All should be well, provided that *everyone who reads this* works constantly to get us new Members.

### Membership

The Membership on January 1st, 1958, was 581. This is eight fewer than shown in the Report for 1957 (*Journal* 126), but it was there stated that the U.S.A. strength could not then be guaranteed correct. When the figure was finally agreed we found, as feared, that it was smaller than imagined.

Total Members on January 1st, 1958. . . . .	581
New Members gained during the year. . . . .	114
Members lost during the year (15 deaths). . . . .	34
Net gain. . . . .	80
Total Members on December 31st, 1958. . . . .	661

114 new Members during the year is splendid, and exactly double the 1957 intake. Their distribution is as follows :—

U.K., 85; U.S.A., 12; Canada, 4; Auckland Branch and S. America, 2 each; and one each—Melbourne Branch, Aden, Arabia, Australia, Cyprus, Italy, Singapore, S. Africa and Sweden.

They were obtained approximately as follows :—

Advertising . . . . .	27
"Free" notices by 'Peterborough' and 'Atticus' . . . . .	25
Introduction in U.K. . . . .	40
Introduction in U.S.A. . . . .	7
Miscellaneous . . . . .	15

The outstanding figure here is 40 new Members by "Home Recruiting." This shows how rewarding efforts in this direction can be, and we thank all who have made them. The "free" notices played a valuable part, and, although we worked hard to get them, they must be regarded as rather lucky windfalls, unlikely soon to be repeated.

### The Kipling Journal

The appearance of the March number (125), with 24 pages after 18 years' reduction to 16, was a great event in our history. The quality of the *Journal's* contents, too, has been raised by Mrs. Bambridge's kind permission to print certain uncollected items by Kipling himself.

### Meetings, etc., 1958

Visit to Bateman's — May 15th.

Annual Luncheon—October 21st (see *Journals* 128/9).

Six Evening Meetings at 84 Eccleston Square.

### Outside Talks by Members

This rather new activity by the Society met with great success in 1958. Twelve talks were given, shared among six different Members. An encouraging feature was that three of the talks were to Young Conservative Associations, given at their own request.

### Finance

Thanks again largely to the sale of back-numbers of the *Kipling Journal*, we were once more able to finish the year with a credit balance. This is a very necessary build-up against possible lean years ahead, and we must also bear in mind (a) that the high extra cost of the larger *Journal* has so far been met, not entirely from income, but partially from donations received in 1957; and (b) that the real test of our solvency lies in the sum received in subscriptions, and not in the more chancy proceeds of *Journal* sales. To be able to live on our assured income we need a constant Membership of at least 700.

## Income and Expenditure Account for the Year ended 31st December, 1958

1957 INCOME				1957 EXPENDITURE			
£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	<b>Subscriptions (Ordinary Members) :</b>			100	<b>Office Rent and Cleaning</b> .. .. .		103 18 0
189	Renewals (201) .. .. .		224 7 4	18	Printing and Stationery .. .. .		21 18 11
42	New Members (98) .. .. .		111 19 7	15	Postages, Telephones and Telegrams .. .. .		26 4 4
	<b>Life Members' Subscriptions :</b>			70	General Office Expenses .. .. .		30 7 6
	In Advance at 31st December, 1957 .. .. .	28 15 0			<b>Miscellaneous Expenses :</b>		
	Amount in Advance 31st December, 1958 .. .. .	12 18 6			Insurances .. .. .	5 10 0	
22			15 16 6		Bank Charges .. .. .	1 11 0	
	<b>Unallocated Subscriptions and Donations from Branches :</b>				Repairs and Renewals .. .. .	— — —	
	<b>Victoria B.C. Branch—</b>			24	Sundries .. .. .	4 14 6	11 15 6
16	Subscriptions and Donations .. .. .		13 16 0		<b>Journal Expenses :</b>		
	<b>New Zealand Branch—</b>				Printing and Despatch of Kipling Journal .. .. .	262 15 11	
36	Subscriptions and Donations .. .. .		31 0 0		Less : Current Sales .. .. .	11 2 0	
	<b>Melbourne Branch—</b>				Proportion of Life Mem- bers' Fund .. .. .	37 12 2	
	Subscriptions and Donations .. .. .	24 4 0		191		48 14 2	214 1 9
	Less : Already Credited .. .. .	15 0 0	9 4 0	43	<b>Publicity Expenses</b> .. .. .		33 19 0
9					<b>Entertaining Overseas Members</b> .. .. .	28 10 0	
	<b>U.S.A. Branch—</b>				Less : Donations from Staff Members .. .. .	28 10 0	
	Subscriptions and Donations .. .. .	57 3 9			<b>Office Furniture</b>		25 0 7
	Less : Already Credited .. .. .	40 0 0	17 3 9		Amount written off .. .. .		
40					<b>Transfers to Funds :</b>		
	<b>Sale of "Journals" :</b>			192	Journal Enlargement .. .. .	6 0 0	
76	Proceeds from Sales of Back Numbers .. .. .		62 19 4		Readers' Guide .. .. .	64 15 6	70 15 6
5	<b>Sundry Sales and Receipts</b> .. .. .		11 4 3	60	<b>Balance, being the excess of Income over Expenditure</b>		72 19 9
	<b>Members' Meetings—Profit thereon</b> .. .. .	11 5 7					
	Less : Loss on Annual Luncheon .. .. .	2 12 8	8 12 11				
2							
	<b>Donations :</b>						
	(1) General .. .. .	16 11 6					
	(2) Life Members for Enlarged Journal .. .. .	6 0 0					
	(3) Readers' Guide .. .. .	63 18 0					
	Interest thereon .. .. .	17 6	87 7 0				
258							
	<b>Interest Received :</b>						
	Investments .. .. .	17 10 0					
	Post Office—Final Interest .. .. .	2	17 10 2				
18							
£713			£611 0 10	£713			£611 0 10

We have compared the above Balance Sheet dated 31st December, 1958, and the accompanying Income and Expenditure Account, with the Books and Vouchers of THE KIPLING SOCIETY and certify that they agree therewith.

5 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Date :

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,  
Honorary Auditors.



## Letter Bag

### A Query

The opening of "The Ship that Found Herself" mentions a "steamer of 2,400 tons," and was only changed to "1,200 tons" in the Uniform Edition of 1916, after at least twenty-three editions with the original figure. Why? I do not suppose that anyone will ever now be able to answer this question!

—J. S. I. MCGREGOR, George, South Africa.

### Judic : An Annotation

The French actress Judic is mentioned in the same paragraph as Nellie Farren in Kipling's story, "Steam Tactics." I have failed to find any reference to her in English books about the theatre, so the following extract, translated from Larousse du XXe Siècle, may be of interest.

JUDIC. Anna Marie Louise DAMIENS. French actress, born at Saumur 1850, died at Golfe Juan 1911. After leaving the Conservatoire in 1867, she made her debut at the Gymnase Theatre. She married Israel, known as JUDIC, whom she followed at the Eldorado (Music-hall), and obtained vivid success in *la chansonnette*. She subsequently played at the Gaieté, Folies Bergères, and Bouffes Parisiennes, where she created with brilliant success "La Timbale d'Argent" (1872). Engaged at the Variétés in 1876, she created there "Niniche," "Lili," and "Mamzelle Nitouche," and was excellent in the rôles of *ingenues* who were not as simple as they looked. After this she played at the Menus Plaisirs, Eldorado, and Alcazar d'Été, as well as abroad. In later life she undertook maternal parts in comedies, notably in "L'Age difficile" (1895), "L'Arlesienne," and "Le Secret de Polichinelle."

Judic is also mentioned in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes autobiographical volume, "Where Love and Friendship Dwelt" (p. 232). Marie Belloc, as she then was, was living in Paris in the early 'nineties, and knew the actress quite well. She had already embarked on the serious part of her stage career. One of her most finished performances was that of the wife of a celebrated painter in "La Massière," the best play written by Lemaître.

—A. J. C. TINGEY, 55 Church Street, Epsom.

### "Mr. Bivvens, I presume!"

Just because you may find it amusing:

I happened to re-read the part of your notes in *Journal* issue No. 119 on pages 3-4 about "How the Whale Got His Throat"—and there came to the surface of memory (from at least 62 years) an item in some boys' book of adventure. A mariner, New Bedford whaler, described being swallowed by a whale which had smashed up the whale boat. By the phosphorescent light he discovered a small signboard tacked to the inside of the whale's stomach which read in English "Jonah, 327 B.C."

But I cannot recall anything else about that tall story.

—CHARLES LESLEY AMES, West St. Paul 18, Minn., U.S.A.

### Guy Paget: "Letters from Rudyard Kipling."

I would be grateful if any reader could help me to locate a copy of this rare privately printed item, in a public or private collection.

—ROGER LANCELYN GREEN, C/O *The Kipling Journal*.

## Hon. Secretary's Notes

**Another Kipling Plaque.** It is pleasing to announce that, at the request of Allahabad University, and with the great help of The British Council, a Plaque is to be erected on the bungalow where R.K. lived for about a year during his time on the staff of *The Pioneer* (see Carrington, p. 111). The Plaque, now being made, will be the same shape and colour as the one in Villiers Street, and below the main inscription it will bear the words : " Erected by The Kipling Society, London."

**Russian interest in R.K.** In January we enrolled a new Library-Member, the Biblioteka Akademii Nauk U.S.S.R., and more recently the Lenin State Library-asked us to start a regular exchange of *The Kipling Journal* for a Russian periodical (in English). The most tempting exchange-item offered was " Russian books about Kipling," but unfortunately this description was followed by the words " in Russian." Both Libraries are in Moscow.

**Kipling 'mentions' in the Press.** Last June, in Journal No. 126, we said we were starting a modern Kipling scrap-book, and asked for contributions—the purpose being to see how much Kipling is mentioned in the contemporary Press, and whether the general tone is friendly or hostile. By the end of 1958 the bag was 74 cuttings, by no means all from the U.K. Now (early in April) it is 93, and we still want contributions. So please send along any mentions of his name, or quotations from his work, that you come across. One of the best recent ones is a cheerful article from *Punch* of March 18th, entitled " The Glory of the Garden, 1959." The author shows a refreshing knowledge and love of Kipling, and we are trying to trace him or her.

**Addition to the Library.** We acknowledge with many thanks the gift, by the author, of " Sir Charles G. D. Roberts," a biography by E. M. Pomeroy, of Toronto. Miss Pomeroy joined the Kipling Society in September, 1957, and is a distinguished member of the teaching profession in Canada. Sir Charles Roberts was a well-known Canadian poet and prose writer, and the book contains several references to Kipling, and extracts from some of his letters.

A. E. B. P.

### REVIEW

## Burwash and the Sussex Weald

by James Goodwin

*To be obtained from the Courier Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.,  
Tunbridge Wells. 12s. 6d.*

WE have a right to be proud of our English villages, and this history of one of the most beautiful should be our justification. The author has dealt with his subject in a learned—and eminently readable—manner; the value of his work is enhanced by the numerous illustrations from his own camera. The last chapter is devoted to a revealing, though amiable, study, "Rudyard and Mrs. Kipling"; there is also a brief and amusing mention of our Founder. Kipling's vivid accuracy of description is praised; in " My Son's Wife " (*A Diversity of Creatures*) it will be seen that the very lively account of the flood is founded on an uncomfortable experience : " During the time of Rudyard Kipling's occupation of Batemans, on the opposite bank from Park Farm, it is on record that the poet was roused from his slumbers to find his carpets awash with water and slurry, the debris of his lawns." Mr. Goodwin's book can be recommended to all who love Kipling and rural England.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

# The Kipling Society

Founded in 1927 by J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.

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