



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

**T**HE Society was founded in 1927. 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, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., 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

### COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street, E.C.1, on Wednesday, November 18th, 1959, at 2.30 p.m. **No separate notice will be sent.**

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

**September 23rd, 1959**, at The River Room, Lansdowne Club, Fitzmaurice Place (S.W. Corner of Berkeley Square), 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Commander Merriman will talk about All the Pycroft Stories (see page 3 of this number of the "Journal.")

**November 11th, 1959**, time and place as above. Miss Janice Farrelly will talk about "Kipling and South Africa—Then and Now."

### ANNUAL LUNCHEON

This will take place on **Wednesday, October 14th, 1959**, at The Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2. The Guest of Honour will be **Dr. A. L. Rowse**, M.A., D.Litt., F.R.S.L., Fellow of All Souls'.

Applications for seats will be sent out in September.

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## Notes

IN view of the Meeting on September 23rd, when Commander Merriman will introduce a Discussion on "All the Pycroft Stories", the present number of *The Kipling Journal* will be found to be, as much as possible, a "Pycroft" number. By the very great kindness of Mrs. Bambridge we are able to begin it by reprinting the one "uncollected" Pycroft story, "A Tour of Inspection". This appeared in *The Metropolitan Magazine* (U.S.A.) in October, 1904, and in *The Windsor Magazine* in December, 1904; and there was a privately printed edition of ninety-three copies in New York in 1928. Its next appearance was in the *Sussex Edition* in 1937, where it occupies pages 243-270 of volume IX, *A Diversity of Creatures* (replacing "Regulus", which was moved to volume XVII, *Stalky & Co.*).

"A Tour of Inspection" was probably written too late in 1904 to be included in *Traffics and Discoveries* (passed for press in June) with the four other Pycroft stories. It is uncertain why Kipling did not collect it in *Actions and Reactions* (1909) or *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917): the first contains no Pycroft stories, but "The Horse Marines" (written May, 1910) appeared in the second. By this time Kipling may have been writing, or at least planning his one-act play about Pycroft, *The Harbour Watch* (first acted at The Royalty on April 22nd, 1913, and revived on September 15th, 1913, as curtain-raiser to St. John Hankin's posthumous play *Thompson*), and may have intended to use some of the story in his play. Or he may not have considered the story good enough to reprint though he included it in the *Sussex Edition*. He may, of course, have intended originally to publish the play, but as this was never even printed he felt that the story could at last appear in book form.

The opportunity so generously given us of reprinting this rare story offers the chance not only to see how good even the lesser stories can be, but also to admire a great writer's strict self-criticism in omitting stories which, when seen in print in magazine form, did not come quite up to his highest standards.

Mr. R. E. Harbord sends the following "General Notes for the Readers' Guide" on Pycroft:

"I would have liked to send the Editor a chronological record of 2nd Class Petty Officer Emanuel Pycroft's service in the Royal Navy on the same lines as my "Mulvaney" in *Journal No. 130* of June, 1959, but Kipling has not given us enough of his life history for this.

"I do realise however that something should be attempted, for obviously Pycroft will be jealous now that he is down there in the

shades with the other Kipling characters. Our author was in too great a hurry to record "The Last of the Stories" (1888) as collected in *Abaft the Funnel* for him to include anyone from the Navy whose close acquaintance he did not make until the turn of the century. By the way, Kipling used the name Pycroft once before: in one of the Croft Collection Stories, "That District Log-Book" of 1888, which can hardly be called an "uncollected" story as it appeared in *The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Sketches* in 1890 in India—the book that was immediately suppressed. In that story one Tom Pycroft wrote a 'complaint' in the Log-Book about the quality of one of his friends' whisky.

[Kipling may have got his hero's name from the two brothers Charles and Harold Cotesworth Pycroft who were his contemporaries at the United Services College at Westward Ho!—*Editor*].

"But to return to Emanuel. Perhaps it is best to read the verses "Poseidon's Law," which accompanied the story "The Bonds of Discipline," first of all for they will help us to understand the motive underlying Mr. Pycroft's many tales, and we there learn why he loves to test the credulity of his landsmen listeners.

"The late Admiral Chandler, U.S. Navy, wrote of him: "Pycroft is very real to me even though he be almost too perfect in his role, as all good characters in fiction must be, because I knew his double in our Navy, a man who served under me for several years in the destroyer service."

"Here are the seven "stories" in which Pycroft appears, arranged in the order of happening, with their first appearances in (English) periodicals:

- |     |                            |  |
|-----|----------------------------|--|
| I   | The Bonds of Discipline    | <i>Windsor Magazine</i> , August 1903    |
| II  | Their Lawful Occasions ... | <i>Windsor Magazine</i> , December 1903  |
| III | Steam Tactics. . . . .     | <i>Windsor Magazine</i> , December 1902  |
| IV  | Mrs. Bathurst. . . . .     | <i>Windsor Magazine</i> , September 1904 |
| V   | A Tour of Inspection ...   | <i>Windsor Magazine</i> , December 1904  |
| VI  | The Horse Marines ...      | <i>Pearson's Magazine</i> , October 1910 |
| VII | The Harbour Watch ...      | Never published                          |

"'Steam Tactics,' the third in the series, was the first to be published, but it is preceded in *The Windsor Magazine* (December 1902) by a letter to "Dear Pycroft," signed "Yours as before, Rudyard Kipling," explaining why this story appeared first although two other "incidents" were of earlier date. In *Traffics and Discoveries* the stories appear in the right order, and so the letter is not reprinted."

The letter to Pycroft which Mr. Harbord mentions is worth looking for. Besides the references to the first three stories, it contains a characteristic paragraph about the stories which were *not* included: "I put it all in, and it made six Number One tales," wrote Kipling. "I put in about the reply-telegram at Wool—when you and Cordery tried to help the dumb girl with the pig; I put in about the Plymouth baby—the night after the *Belligerent* paid off—and I put in about Portland Station and the Captain, and the penny-piece we saw. Nevertheless, when it was all done, a man I can trust in the literary line said that, to go down at all, those three last numbers would have to be translated into French—and

he recommended me to hand them over to a captain in the French Navy called Loti. I did not care to accede to this, so I took them out and laid them by till happier times, and now people will never know what they have lost . . ."

Pierre Loti (1850-1923), author of *The Iceland Fisherman* (1886), did not become a captain until 1906— so Kipling's reference to him is prophetic ! \_\_\_\_\_

Another member, Mr. J. W. Hill, sends a reference to a more important prophecy of Kipling's, communicated to W. T. Stead, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, where it appeared in July, 1899, in an article on a Peace Conference held that year. Kipling wrote to Stead : " War will go on until some inventive genius discovers some machine which will kill fifty per cent. of the combatants as soon as ever they come within range—and then war will cease of itself."

As in the case of the Atlantic Flight described in " With the Night Mail," sixty years seems to be about the length of time required for the fulfilment of a Kipling prophecy of this kind . . .

From prophecy to inspiration is a natural step, and *The Sunday Times* in May and June contained a number of interesting letters on the actual events which inspired the poem " Belts " and the story " The Man Who Was." Both seem to have been drawn from Kipling's acquaintance with the 9th Lancers—his " White Hussars "—and Mr. A. Hazel wrote (May 24th) that "As a child nearly fifty years ago I heard many Indian Army stories from an old 9th Lancer. When, a little older, what I had read induced me to accuse him of passing off Kipling's fiction as his own experiences, he retorted that he had never read a word of Kipling's work—as was likely enough—but had known him, naturally. " Pretty nearly lived in our officers' mess for months on end " . . ."

Several other correspondents dealt with Lord Fitzgibbon of the 8th Hussars who was the only officer not accounted for after the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. His great-great niece, Constantine Fitzgibbon, wrote (June 21st) : "I have always heard that the Kipling story is based upon the legend . . . of Lord Fitzgibbon's disappearance at Balaclava and subsequent reappearance many years later on the North-West Frontier . . . But was there, in fact, ever such an incident ? Neither in the official history of the 8th Hussars nor elsewhere have I been able to find the slightest confirmation . . ."

Finally Mr. Charles Sparrow (June 28th) scents a cryptogram : " The officer in this story has the odd name of Limmason. Now Kipling was an adept at coining surnames ; and I suggest that this one could have been made up from Fitzgibbon. If one translates " Fitz " literally as " son," substitutes for " Gibbon " the name of a similar animal, the lemur, and then transposes the component words, one gets a combination which could be written phonetically as Limmason."

One may add that a certain military manœuvre known as a " Limaçon " is also pronounced in the same way and gives a suitable name for a soldier who had made his devious course (" Limace "= snail-like, winding) from the Crimea to Peshawur.

R.L.G.

## A Tour of Inspection

by Rudyard Kipling

Pure vanity took me over to Agg's cottage with my new 18-h.p. Decapod in search of Henry Salt Hinchcliff, E.R.A., who appreciates good machinery.

"He's down the coast with Agg and the cart," said Pycroft, sitting in the doorway nursing Agg's baby, who in turn nursed the cat. "What's come to your steam-pinnace that we marooned the bobby with? *Mafeesh*? Sold? Well, I pity the buyer, whoever he is; but it don't seem to me, in a manner o' speaking, that this navy-coloured beef-boat with the turtle-back represents what you might technically call lugshury."

"That's only a body that the makers have sent down. The real one's at home: we shall put it on tomorrow. It is all varnish and paint, like a captain's galley."

"Much more my style," said Pycroft, putting down the baby. "Where are you bound?"

"Just about and about. We're running trials," I replied.

He looked at the dust-covered, lead-painted road-body, with the single tool-box seat where the tonneau should have been; at Leggatt, my engineer, attired like a ratcatcher turned groom, and rested his grave eyes on my disreputable dust-coat, gaiters, and cap. Then he went indoors, to return in a short time clad in blue civilian serge and a black bowler.

"Aren't there regulations?" I said. "You look like a pilot."

"Or a police inspector," murmured Leggatt.

"Decency forbids," said he, climbing into the back seat, "or I might say somethin' about coalin'-rig an' lighters."

Leggatt turned down a lever, and she flung half a mile of road behind her with a silky purr.

"No—not lighters," said Pycroft. "She's a destroyer. She licked up that last stretch like an Italian eatin' macaroni."

He stood up and steadied himself by a pole in the middle of the front seat which carried the big acetylene lamp.

"Why, this is like the periscope gadget on the Portsmouth submarines. Does she dive?" said he.

"No, fly!" I said, and we proved it over a bare upland road (this was in the days before the numbering of the cars) that brought us within sight of the summer sea.

Pycroft pointed automatically to the far line of silver. "The beach is always a good place," he said. "An' it's goin' to be a warm day."

So we took the fairest of counties to our bosom for an easy hour; rocking through deep-hedged hollows where the morning's coolth still lingered; electrifying the fine dust of a league of untempered main road; bathing in the shadows of overarching park timber; slowing through half-built, liver-coloured suburbs that defiled some exploited hamlet; speculating in front of wonderful houses all fresh from the **middle parts of Country Life**; or shooting a half-vertical hill from mere

delight in the Decapod's power, but always edging away towards the good southerly blue.

Among other things, I remember, we discussed the new naval reforms. Pycroft's criticisms would have been worth votes to any Government. He desired what he called "a free gangway from the lower deck to the admiral's stern walk"—the career open to the talents.

"An' they'd better begin now," he concluded, "for to this complexion will it come at last, 'Oratio. Three weeks after war breaks out, the painstakin' and meritorious admirals will have collapsed, owin' to night work and reflecting on their responsibilities to the taxpayer, takin' with them seventy-five per cent. of the ambitious but aged captains. The junior ranks, not carin' two straws for the taxpayer, an' sleepin' where they can, will survive, in conjunction with the gunner, the boatswain, an' similar petty an' warrant officers, 'oo will thus be seen commandin' first, second, an' third-class cruisers *seriatim*."

"That's rather a bold prophecy."

"Prophecy be blowed!" said Pycroft, leaning on the light-pole and sweeping the landscape with my binoculars, which had slung themselves round his neck five minutes after our departure. "It's what's goin' to happen."

"Meaning you'd take the Channel Fleet into action?" I suggested.

"*Setteris paribus*—the others being out of action, I'd 'ave a try. Hinchcliff, or the engine-room staff, would be where poor Tom Bowling's body was, an' one man's orders down the speakin'-tube is very like another's. Besides, think o' the taxpayer's feelin's. What 'ud you say to me if I came flyin' back to the beach signallin' for a commissioned officer to continue the battle—there bein' two warrants an' one carpenter still survivin'? 'Tain't common-sense—in the Navy. Hullo! Here's the Channel! Bright and beautiful, an' bloomin' 'ard to live with—as usual."

We had swung over a steep, oak-crowned ridge, and overlooked a map-like stretch of marsh ruled with roads, ditches, and canals that ran off into the still noonday haze on either hand. At our feet lay Wapshare, that was once a port, and even now commanded a few dingy keels. Southerly, five or six miles across the levels, the sea whitened faintly on grey-blue shingle spaced with martello-towers. As the car halted for orders, the decent breathing of the Channel was broken by a far-away hiccough out of the heat haze.

"Big guns at Lydd," said Pycroft. "They'll have some triflin' errors due to mirage this forenoon. Well, I handle such things for a livin'. We needn't go there. What's yonder—three points on the port bow. between those towers?"

He pointed to a batch of tall-chimneyed buildings at the very edge of the wavering beach.

"I believe it has something to do with making concrete blocks for some big Admiralty works down the coast," I answered.

"A thirsty job with the lime flyin' an' the heat strikin' off the shingle. What a lot of 'ard work one misses on leaf! It looks cooler below here," he said, and waved a hand.

We slid into Wapshare, which, where the jerry builder has left

it alone, precisely resembles an illustration in a mediaeval missal. Skirting the shade of its grey flint walls, we found ourselves on a wharf above a doubtful-minded tidal river and a Poole schooner—she was called the *Esther Grant*—surrounded by barges of fireclay for the local potteries.

"All asleep," said Pycroft, "like a West India port. Let's go down the river. There's a sort of road on one side—out where that barge is lyin'."

We trundled along a line of wooden offices, crackling in the heat, seeing here and there a shirt-sleeved clerk. Then a policeman stopped us.

"Can't come any further," he said. "This is Admiralty ground, and that's an explosives-barge yonder." He glanced curiously at Pycroft and the severe outlines of my car.

"That nothin'. I know all about the Admiralty—at least, they know all about me."

"Perhaps if you told me—" the policeman began.

"But I don't think I'll inspect stores today." Pycroft leaned back and folded his arms royally. "What are your instructions? Repeat 'em in a smart and lifelike manner."

"To allow nobody beyond this barrier," the policeman began obediently, "unless certain that he is a duly authorised agent of the Admiralty."

"That's me. I've been one for eighteen years."

"To allow no communication of any kind, wines, spirits, or tobacco, from any quarter to the barge, and to see that the watchman does not come ashore till properly relieved, after searchin' the relief for wine, tobacco, spirits, dears, or matches."

Pycroft nodded with slow approval.

"I've heard it come quicker off the tongue in—in other quarters, but that will do. I'm not a martinet, thank 'Eaven. Now let us inspect 'im from a safe distance."

He turned the binoculars on the lonely barge a quarter of a mile away, where a man sat under a coachman's umbrella holding his head in his hands.

"If I was any judge," he said, "I'd say that our friend yonder was recoverin' from the effects of what I've heard called a bosky beano."

"Oh, no, sir," said the policeman hurriedly—"at least, nothing to signify. 'E 'asn't got a drop now. He's only the watchman."

"He's taken two large laps out o' that bucket beside 'im since I've had 'im under observation. It is now," he unshackled a huge watch, "eleven twenty-seven. The *prima facie* evidence is that 'e got that grievous mouth last night about two a.m. What's in the barge? Shells?" he said, turning to the half-petrified policeman.

"No. No ammunition comes here, sir. It's only the Admiralty dynamite for the works down the coast. Sixteen tons with fuses—waitin' for the Government tug to tow 'em round when the tide makes. He isn't the regular crew. He's one of the watchmen. He's relieved at four."

"But where's his red flags?" said Pycroft suddenly. "A powder-

barge ought to 'ave two."

"Why, they aren't there!" said the policeman, as though he observed the deficiency for the first time.

"H'm," said Pycroft. "They must 'ave been the banner he fought under last night, or else he pawned 'em for drink." He passed me the binoculars. "There he dives again! One imperial quart o' warmish water an' sixteen ton o' dynamite to sober up on—in this 'eat. Give me cells any day."

"You—you won't report it, sir, will you? He's only the watchman—not a regular 'and," the policeman urged.

I saw Leggatt's shoulders shake. Pycroft wrapped himself up in his virtue.

"I have not yet been officially informed there's anything to report," he answered ponderously. "The man's present and correct. You've searched 'im?"

"That I assure you I 'ave," said the policeman.

"Then there's no evidence he ain't drinkin' for a cure—or a bet. I don't believe in seein' too much; an' speakin' as one man to another, from the soles o' my feet upwards I pity the beggar!"

The policeman expanded like one blue lotus of the Nile.

"Yes," he said. "You've seen the miserablest man in Wapshare. 'E can't drink nor smoke. I'm the next, because I can't either—on my beat. I was 'opin' when I saw you, you'd exceed the legal limit—"

"That isn't necessary, is it?" I said.

"Yes with me. I 'ave a conscience. Then I'd 'ave to stop you, and then—so I thought till I saw who you was—you'd 'ave to bribe me."

"What's it like at the 'Fuggle Hop'?" I demanded. We were very hot where we stood. The policeman looked irresolutely at Pycroft, who naturally echoed the sentiments.

"Not so good as at the 'Astings Smack', if I might be allowed," and alluring to brighter realms, the policeman himself led the way back.

"He takes you for some sort of inspector," I said.

"Haven't I answered 'is expectations?" Pycroft retorted. "Where'd you find another Johnty 'ud let 'im drink on 'is beat?"

"It's the boots," said Leggatt. "The boots and those tight blue clothes."

It was very good at the "Hastings Smack." The policeman took his standing, but we withdrew with ours and some lunch (summer pubs are full of flies) to the shade of a deserted coal-wharf by the Poole schooner.

"This is what I call a happy ship an' a good commission," said Pycroft, brushing away the crumbs. "Last time we motored together, we 'ad zebras an' kangaroos, if I remember right. 'Ere we 'ave, as the poet so truly sings—

'Beef when you are hungry,  
Beer when you are dry,  
Bed when you are sleepy,  
An' 'eaven when you die.'

Three more mugs will just do it."

The potboy brought four, and a mariner with them—a vast and voluminous man all covered with china-clay, whose voice was as the rolling of hogsheads over planking.

"Have you seen my mate?" he thundered.

"No," said Pycroft above the half-raised mug. "What might your Number One have been doin' recently?"

"Drink—desertion—refusal o' lawful orders, an' committin' barratry with a public barge. Put that in your pipe an' smoke it. I see you're a man o' principles. I may as well tell you here an' now—or now an' 'ere, as I should rather say—that I'm a Baptist; but if you was to tell me that God ever made a human man in Cardiff, I'd—I'd—I'd dissent from your principles. Attend to me! The Welsh 'appened at the change of watch when the Devil took charge 'o the West coast. *That* was when the Welsh 'appened. I hope none o' you gentlemen are Welsh, because I can't dissent from my principles."

None of us were Welsh at that hour.

"He seems a gay bird, your mate," said Pycroft.

"If I wasn't a Baptist, an' he wasn't my cousin, besides bein' part owner of the *Esther Grant* (it comes to 'im with a legacy), I'd say he was a red-eared, skim-milk-eyed, freckle-jawed, stern-first-talkin', Cardiff booze-hound. That's just what I'd say o' Llewellyn. Attend to me! I paid five pounds for him at Falmouth only last winter for compound assault or fracture or whatever it was; an' all 'e can do to show 'is gratitude is to go an' commit barratry with a public barge."

"He would," said Pycroft, but this crime was new to me, and I asked eagerly for particulars.

"I gave him 'is orders last night when 'e couldn't 'ave been more than moist. Last night I told 'im to take a barge o' clay to the potteries 'ere. Potteries—one barge. 'E might 'ave got drunk afterwards. I'd 'ave said nothing—it's against my principles—but 'e couldn't lay 'is course even *that* far. They come to me this mornin' from the potteries—look—he pulled out papers, a dozen, from several pockets and waved them—" they wrote me an' they telephoned me at the wharf askin' where that barge was, because she was missin'. Now, I ask you gentlemen, *do* I look as if I kept barges up my back? 'E'd committed barratry clear enough, 'adn't 'e?"

"Plain as a pikestaff," said Pycroft.

"That bein' so, I want to know where my legal liability for the missin' barge comes in?"

"Just what I'd ha' thought," said Pycroft.

"Besides, 't isn't as if I used their pottery, either."

There are times when I despair of training Leggatt to my needs. At this point he got up and fled choking.

"When I catch Master Llewellyn, I've my own bill to settle, too. He's broken the 'eart of a baker's dozen of my whisky. You'd never be drinkin' cold beer 'ere if 'e 'adn't. You'd be on the *Esther Grant* quite 'appy by now. Four bottles 'e went off with! Four bottles for a hymn-singin', 'arp-strummin', passive-resistin' Nonconformist who talks a non-commercial language to 'is wife! But I ain't goin' to pander to

'is family any more. If you run across 'im, tell 'im that I'll knock 'is red 'ead flush with 'is shoulders. Tell 'im I'll pay fifteen pounds for 'im this time. 'E'll know what I mean. A red-'eaded, goat-shanked, saucer-eared, fig-nosed, banana-skinned, Cardiff booze-hound answerin' to the name o' Llewellyn. You can't miss 'im. 'Ave you got it all down ? "

" Every word," I said.

The policeman entered the shed, followed by Leggatt, and I closed the notebook I was using so shamelessly.

" Excuse me," said the policeman, addressing the audience at large, " but a gentleman outside wants to speak to the owner of the car."

" I can testify in their behalf," said the mariner. " Blow 'igh, blow low or sugared by his mate, Captain Arthur Dudeney'll testify in your be'alf unless it 'appens to be a Welshman. The Welsh 'appened at the change o' watch when the Devil—"

" Drop it, you fool ! It's young Mr. Voss," the policeman murmured.

" Be it so. So be it. But remember barratry's the offence, which must be brought 'ome to Master Llewellyn." Captain Dudeney sat down, and we went out to face a tall young man in grey trousers, frock-coat with gardenia in buttonhole, and a new top-hat, furiously biting his nails.

" I beg your pardon, but I'm Mr. Voss, of Norden and Voss—the cement-works. They've telephoned me that the works have stopped. I can't make out why. I sent for a cab, but it would take me nearly an hour—and I'm in a particular hurry—so, seein' your motor—I thought perhaps—"

" Certainly," i said. " Won't you get in and tell us where you want to go ? "

" Those big works on the beach have stopped since nine o'clock. It's only five miles away—but it's very inconvenient for me," He pointed across the shimmering levels of the marsh as Leggatt wound her up.

" It's no good," said Pyecroft, climbing in beside me on the narrow back seat. " We two go out 'and in 'and, like the Babes in the Wood, both funnels smoking gently, for a coastwise cruise of inspection, an' sooner or later we find ourselves manœvrin' with strange an' 'ostile fleets, till our bearin's are red 'ot an' our superstructure's shot away. There's a ju-ju on us somewhere. Well, it won't be zebras this time ! "

We jumped out on a dead-level, dead-straight road, flanked by a canal on one side and a deep marsh ditch on the other, whose perspective ended in the cement-works and the shingle ridge behind.

" Oh, be quick ! I want to get back," said Mr. Voss, and that was an unfortunate remark to make to Leggatt, who has records.

Conversation was blown out of our mouths ; Mr. Voss had just time to save his hat. Pyecroft stood up (he was used to destroyers) by the lamp-pole and raked the landscape with my binoculars. The marsh cattle fled from us with stiff tails. The canal streaked past like blue tape, the inshore landmarks—coast-house and church-spire—opened, closed, and stepped aside on the low hills, and the cement works enlarged themselves as under a nearing lens. Leggatt slowed at last, for the latter end of the road was badly loosed by traffic.

" The steam-mixer has stopped ! " panted Mr. Voss. " We ought to

hear it from here." There was certainly no sound of working machinery.

"And where are all the men ? " he cried.

A few hundred yards further on, the canal broadened into a little basin immediately on the front of the machinery-shed. The road, worse at each revolution, ran on between two tin sheds, and ended, so far as we could see, in the shingle of the beach.

" Slow ! Dead slow ! " said Pycroft to Leggatt, " we don't yet know the accommodation of the port nor the disposition of the natives."

The machine-shed doors were wide open. We could see a vista of boiler-furnaces, each with a pile of fuming ashes in front of it, and the outlines of arrested wheels and belting. A man on a barge in the middle of the basin waved a friendly hand.

I felt Pycroft start and recover himself.

" Come on," said the man, taking the pipe out of his teeth. " Don't you be shy."

" What's the matter ? " said Mr. Voss, standing up. " Where are my men ? "

" Playing. I've ordered a general strike in Europe, Asia, Africa and America."

He relit his pipe composedly with a fusee.

" Who the deuce are you ? " Mr. Voss was angry.

" Johannes Stephanus Paulus Kruger," was the answer. Pycroft chuckled.

" Man's mad." Mr. Voss bit his lip.

A breath of hot wind off the corrugated iron rippled the face of the basin and lifted out two very dingy but perfectly distinct red flags, one at each end of the barge.

" Go on ! It's a powder-barge," said Mr. Voss, sitting down heavily.

Leggatt asserts that he acted automatically. All I know is that he must have whirled the car forward between the two sheds and up the shingle ridge behind ; for when I had cleared my dry throat, we had topped the bank, hung for a fraction on the crest, and amid a roar of pebbles (the seaward side was steep) slid down on to hard sand in the face of the untroubled Channel and a mob of acutely interested men. They looked like a bathing-party. Most of them were barefoot and wore dripping shirts tied round their necks. All were very, very red over as much of them as I could see.

" What's the matter ? " cried Mr. Voss, while they surged round the car.

This was a general invitation, accepted as such, and Mr. Voss waved his white hands.

" Why were you so unusual bloomin' precipitate ? " said Pycroft to Leggatt under cover of the riot. " You very nearly threw us out."

" I'm not fond o' powder. Besides, it's a new car," Leggatt replied.

" Didn't you see 'oo the joker was, then ? " Pycroft asked.

" Friend o' yours ? " Leggatt asked. The clamour round us grew.

" No—but a friend of Captain Dudeney's, if I'm not mistook. 'E 'ad all the marks of it. But, to please you, we'll take soundings. Mr. Voss seems to be sufferin' from 'is mutinous crew, so to put it."

At that moment Mr. Voss turned an anxious glance on the tight-buttoned blue coat and the hard, squarish hat.

"Stop!" said Pycroft. The voice was new to me and to the others. It checked the tumult as the bottom checks the roaring anchor-chain.

"You with the stiff neck, two paces to the front and begin!"

"It's an Inspector," someone whispered. "Mr. Voss 'as brought the Police." And the mob came to hand like cooing doves.

"Look at my blisters!" said Pycroft's chosen. He stood up in coaly trousers, the towel that should have supported them waving wet round his peeled shoulders. "You'd 'ave a neck, too, if you'd been lying out on the shingle since nine like a bloomin' dotterel. An' I'm a fair man by nature."

"Stow your nature!" said Pycroft. "Make your report, or I'll disrate you!"

The man rubbed his neck uneasily. "We found 'im 'ere when we come. We 'eard what 'e 'ad: we saw 'ow 'e was: an' we bloomin' well 'ooked it," he said.

Now, I consider that almost perfect art; but the crowd growled at the baldness thereof, and the blistered man went on.

"So'd you, if a beggar called 'imself Mabon an' lit *all* 'is pipes with fuses settin' on top o' sixteen tons of Admiralty dynamite. Ain't that what he done ever since nine? It's all very well for you, but why didn't you come sooner an' 'elp us?"

"Stop!" said Pycroft. "We don't want any of your antitheseses. Where's the chief petty—where's the fireman?"

A black-bearded giant stood forth. He, too, was stripped to the waist, and it had done him little good.

"Now, what about the dynamite?" Pycroft's throne was the back seat of my car. Mr. Voss, the gardenia already wilted in the heat, made no attempt to interfere: we could see that his soul leaned heavily on the stranger. The giant lifted shy eyes.

"We found him here when we came to work. He said he had sixteen tons of dynamite *with* fuses; and when he wasn't drinkin', he was lightin' his pipe with fuses and throwin' 'em about."

"Continuous?" said Pycroft.

"*All* the time." This with the indescribable rising inflection of the county.

Leggatt and I exchanged glances with Pycroft.

"That sort o' stuff ain't issued in duplicate," he said to me.

"Any more than petrol. You have to have a receipt," Leggatt assented. "An' I do think 'is hair was red, but I didn't look long."

"Which only bears out my original argument when you slung us over the ridge, Mr. Leggatt. You've been too precipitous," said Pycroft.

"What's the good o' talkin'?" said the blistered man. "We saw 'om 'e was: we 'eard what 'e 'ad; an' we 'ooked it. I've told you once."

"Go on," said Pycroft to the giant. "Sixteen tons *with* fuses. Most upsettin', you might say."

"When he said he was going to blow a corner off England, I ordered the men out of the works while we drew fires. Jernigan drew the fires, Mr. Voss."

" Yes, I did," the blistered man cried. " We 'ad ninety pounds steam, an' I know Number Four boiler ; but Duncan 'ere 'e got me the time to draw 'em." The crowd clapped.

" 'E 'asn't told you 'arf. 'E put 'is 'ands behind 'is back an' 'e sung 'ymns to that beggar in the barge all through breakfast-time. It's as true as I'm standing 'ere. 'E sung 'A Few More Years Shall Roll' right on the edge of the basin, with the beggar throwin' live fuses about regardless all the time. Else I couldn't 'ave drawn the fires, Mr. Voss."

" 'Ighly commendable, Mr. Duncan," said Pyecroft, as though it were his right to praise or blame, and the crowd clapped again.

" How did you get to the telephone to send me the message ? " said Mr. Voss.

" On 'is 'ands an' knees over the shingle." There was no suppressing the blistered man. " While Mr. Mabon was 'oldin 'an I'Stifford by 'imself."

" I—what ? " said Pyecroft.

" 'Stifford. They 'ave 'em in Bethesda. I've worked there. A Welsh concert like."

" Oh, 'e's Welsh, then ? "

Pyecroft fixed Leggatt with an accusing left eyeball.

" You've only to listen to 'im. 'E's seldom quiet. 'Ark now." The blistered man held up his hand.

The tide crept lazily in little flashes over the sand. A becalmed fishing-boat's crew stood up to look at our assembly, and certain gulls wheeled and made mock of us. East and west the ridge shook in the heat ; the martello-towers flattening into buns or shooting into spires as the oily streaks of air shifted. We stood about the car as shipwrecked, mariners in the illustration gather round the long-boat, and seldom were any sailors more peeled and puffed and salt-scurfed.

A thin voice floated over the ridge in high falsetto quavers. It was certainly not English.

" That's 'ow they sing at Bethesda on a Sunday," said the blistered man. " I wish 'e was there now. This'll all come off in frills-like, to-morrow," he pulled at his whitening nose.

" And the more you go into the water, the more it seems to sting you coming out," said another drearily. " You'd better 'ave a wet 'andkerchief round your 'ead, Mr. Voss."

" Hark the tramp of Saxon foemen,  
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen—  
Be they knight or be they yeomen—"

the unseen voice went on, in clipped English.

" If I had a cousin like that, I'd have drowned 'im long ago," said Pyecroft half to himself.

" Drownin's too good for 'im. We've been 'ere since nine cookin' like ostrich eggs. Baines, run an' wet a 'andkerchief for Mr. Voss." It was the blistered man again. Duncan stood moodily apart chewing his beard.

" Thank you. Oh, thank you ! " said Mr. Voss. " The machinery cost thirty thousand, and it's a quarter of a million contract." He turned to Pyecroft as he knotted the dripping handkerchief round his brows

under the radiant hat.

" Tactically, Mr. Mabon Kruger's position is irreproachable," Pycroft replied. " Or, to put it coarsely, there's no getting at the beggar with a brick for instance ? "

" I ain't goin' to 'eave bricks at a dynamite barge, for one," said the blistered man, and this seemed the general opinion.

" Nonsense ! " I began. " Why, there's no earthly chance—"

" Not if you want it to go off," said Pycroft hurriedly. " You can fair chew dynamite then ; but if it's any object with you to delay ignition, a friendly nod will fetch her smilin'. I ought to know somethin' about it."

" Presently," said Duncan, the foreman, with great simplicity, " he'll have to sleep, an' I'll go out to him. I'll wait till then."

" No, you don't ! " cried many voices. " Not till you've 'ad a drink an' a feed an' a sleep . . . Don't talk fulish, Duncan. Go an' wet yer 'ead."

" He made me sing hymns," Duncan went on in the same flat voice.

" That won't 'elp you when you're bein' 'ung at Lewes. . . Don't be fulish, Duncan," the voices replied, and a man behind me muttered : " I've seen 'im take an' throw a fireman from the furnace door to the canal—eight yards. We measured it. No, no, Duncan.

I thanked fortune that my little plan of dramatically revealing all to the crowd had been dismissed on a nod from Pycroft, the reader of souls, who had seen it in my silly eye.

" No," he said aloud, answering me and none other. " I ain't slept with a few thousand men in hammocks for twenty years without knowin' their nature. Mr. Mabon Kruger is in the fairway and has to be shifted ; but whatever 'e's done, let us remember that 'e's given us a day off."

" Off be sugared ! " said the blistered man. " On—on a bloomin' gridiron ! If you'd come to the beach when we did, you wouldn't be so nasty just to the beggar. You talk a lot, but what we want to know is what you're going to do ? "

" 'Ear ! 'ear ! " said the crowd, " that's what we want to know. Go and shift 'im yourself."

Pycroft bit back a weighty reproof.

" Wind her up, Mr. Leggatt," he said, " and ram 'er at the first lowest place in the ridge. You men fall in an' push behind if she checks."

" What's that for ? You ain't never—"

" We're goin' to shift 'im. All you've got to do is to 'elp the car over the ridge an' then take cover. You talk too much." He swung out of the car, and Leggatt mounted. The churn of the machinery drowned Mr. Voss's protests, but as the car drew away along the sands westerly, followed by the men, he said to Pycroft : " But—but suppose you annoy him ? He may blow up the works. Ha—hadn't we better wait ? "

" With him chuckin' fusees about every minute ? Certainly not. Come along ! " He started at a trot towards the shingle ridge which Leggatt was already charging.

" Would you mind," Mr. Voss panted, " telling me who you are ? " Pycroft looked at him reproachfully and he continued : " I can see that

you're in a responsible position, but . . . I'd like to know."

"You're right. I hold a position of some responsibility under the Admiralty. That's Admiralty dynamite, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I don't understand how it came here."

"Nor I. But someone will be hung for it. You can make your mind quite easy about that. That explains everything, don't it? The plain facts of the case is that someone has blundered, an' 'ence there's not a minute to be lost. *Don't* you see?" He edged towards the car on the top of the ridge, Mr. Voss clinging to his manly hand.

"But, suppose—" said Mr. Voss. "The risks are frightful."

"They are. *You* know 'ow it is with the horrors. If he catches sight o' one o' your men, 'e's as like as not to touch off all the fireworks, under the impression that 'e's bein' bombarded. Keep 'em down on the beach well under cover while we try to coax 'im. *You* know 'ow it is with the horrors."

"No, I don't," said Mr. Voss with a sudden fury. "Confound it all, I'm going to be married to-day!"

"I'd postpone it if I was you," Pycroft returned. "But that explains much, as you might say."

"We want to say—" the blistered man clutched Pycroft's leg as he mounted. I took the back seat, none regarding.

"I'll 'ear all the evidence *pro* and *con* to-morrow. Go back to the beach! Don't you move for an hour! We may 'ave to coax 'im!" he shouted. "Get back and wait! Let 'er go, Leggatt!"

We plunged down the shingle to the pebble-speckled turf at the back of the sheds. Leggatt doubled with mirth, steering most vilely. The crowd retired behind the ridge.

"Whew!" said Pycroft, unbuttoning his jacket. "Another minute and that bridegroom in the four-point-seven hat would have made me almost a liar."

"Stop!" I said, as Leggatt leaned forward helpless on the tiller; but Pycroft continued: "Ere's three solitary unknown strangers committin' a piece of blindin' heroism besides which Casablanca is obsolete; an' all the cement-mixer can think o' saying is: 'Oo are you?' Or words to that effect. He must 'ave wanted me to give 'im my card."

"I wonder what he thinks," I said, as we ran between the sheds to the basin.

"The machinery cost thirty thousand pounds, 'e says. 'E's sweatin' blood to that amount every minute. He ain't thinkin' of his bride."

An empty whisky-bottle broke like a shell before our wheels. We had come between the sheds within effective range of the man on the barge.

"Good hand at description, Captain Dudeney is," said Pycroft critically, never moving a muscle. "Fig-nose—saucer-ear, freckle-jaw—all present an' correct. What a cousin! Perishin' 'Eavens Above! What a cousin! Good afternoon, Mr. Llewellyn! So here's where you've 'id after stealing Captain Dudeney's whisky, is it?"

"What? What?" The man capered the full length of the barge, a bottle in either hand. 'The old ram! Me hide? Me? No. indeed—what

for ? What have I done to be ashamed of ? " He rubbed his broken nose furiously.

" If that's what the Captain paid five pounds for, he got the value of his money, so to speak," said Pycroft, and raising his voice : "All right. Good-bye. I'll tell your cousin I've seen you, but you're afraid to come back."

The answer I take it was in Welsh.

" He told me to tell you that next time he'll pay fifteen pounds for you, besides knocking your red head flush with your shoulders. Good-bye, Llewellyn."

I had barely time to avoid a hissing coil of rope hurled at my feet.

" He said thatt ! " the man screamed. " Catch ! Pull ! Haul ! The old ram ! No. indeed. You shall not go away. I will have him preached of in chapel. I will bring the bottles. I will show him how ! My hair red ! Fetch me away ! My cousin ! "

" Unmoor, then, and we'll tow you ! " Pycroft hauled on the rope. " It's easier than I thought," he said to me. " I remember a Welsh fireman in the *Sycophant* 'oo got drunk on Boaz Island, an' the only way we could coax 'im off the reef, where numerous sharks were anticipatin' 'im, was by urgin' 'im to fight the captain."

The barge bumped at our feet, and Pycroft leaped aboard.

I seemed to see some sort of demonstrative greeting between the two—a hug or a pat on the back, perhaps. And then Llewellyn sat in the stern, lacking only the label for despatch as a neatly corded mummy.

" Quacks like a duck. All that's pure Welsh," said Pycroft. " But I don't think it 'ud do you an' me any good in a manner o' Speakin' even if translated."

" Ere ! Look out ! " said Leggatt. " You'll pull the rear-axle out o' her."

" You don't know anythin' about movin' bodies. I don't know much—yet. We can but essay." Pycroft was on his knees tying expert knots round the rear-axle. I had never seen motor-cars applied to canal traffic before, and so stood deaf to Leggatt's highly technical appeals.

" Go ahead slow and take care the tow don't foul the port tyre. A towin' piece an' bollards is what we really need. One never knows what one'll pick up on inspection tours like ours."

" Why, she goes ! " said Leggatt over his shoulder, as the barge drew after the car.

" Like a roseleaf on a stream," said Pycroft at the tiller. "Jump in ! Kindly increase speed to fifty-seven revolutions, an' the barge an' its lethal cargo will show you what she can do. Look 'ere, Mr. Llewellyn, you ain't with your wife now, an' your non-commercial language don't appeal. If you've anything on your mind, sing it in a low voice. We're runnin' trials. Sixty-seven revolutions, *if you please*, Mr. Leggatt."

I have the honour to report here that an 18-h.p. Decapod petrol motor can haul a barge of *x* tons capacity down a straight canal at the rate of knots ; but that the wash and consequent erosion of the banks is somewhat marked. The Welshman lay still. Pycroft was at the tiller, the delighted Leggatt was stealing extra knots out of her. Our wash

roared behind us—a foot high from bank to bank. I sat in the bows crying "Port !" or "Starboard !" as guileless fancy led, and rejoiced in this my one life.

The cement works grew small behind us—small and very still.

"They have not yet resumed," said Pycroft. "I take it they hardly anticipated such prompt action on the part o' the relievin' column. A little more, Mr. Leggatt, *if* you please."

"It's all very, very beautiful," I cooed, for the heat of the day was past and Llewellyn had fallen asleep ; "but aren't we making rather a wash ? There's a lump as big as Beachy Head just fallen in behind us."

"We 'ave, so to speak, dragged the bowels out of three miles of 'er," Pycroft admitted. "Let's hope it's Mr. Voss's canal. That bakin' bridegroom owes us a lot. A little more, Mr. Hinchcliff—or Leggatt, I should say. We're creepin' up to twelve."

"People—comin' from Wapshare—four of 'em !" cried Leggatt who from the high car-seat could see along the road.

Pycroft passed me the tiller as he unslung the binoculars to look. None but Pycrofts should steer barges at P. and O. speeds. In that brief second, just as he said "Captain Dudeney !" the barge's nose ran with ferocity feet deep into the mud ; and as I hopefully waggled the tiller, her stern flourished across the water and stuck even deeper on the opposite bank. Our wash bottled up by this sudden barricade leaped aboard in a low, muddy wave that broke all over our Mr. Llewellyn.

"Who's that dish-washer at the wheel ? " he gurgled.

"You may well ask," said Pycroft, with professional sympathy.

"Relieve him at once. I'll show him how." He sat up in his bonds rolling blinded eyes.

Pycroft lifted him, laid his two hands, freed as far as the elbows, on the tiller, to which he clung fervently, and bellowed in his ear : "Down ! Hard down for your life. You'll be ashore in a minute. Don't abandon the ship !"

We withdrew over the bows to dry land. I felt I need not apologise to Leggatt, for, after all, it was my own car that I had brought up with so round a turn. The barge seemed well at rest.

"They'll 'ave to dig 'er out—unless they care to blow 'er UD," said Pycroft, climbing into the seat. "But all the same, that Man of 'Arlech 'as the feelin's of a sailor. Meet 'er ! Meet 'er as she scends ! You'll roll the sticks out of her if you don't ! " he shouted in farewell.

We left Mr. Llewellyn clawing off a verdant lee shore, and this the more readily because Captain Dudeney and three friends were running towards us. But they passed us, with eyes only for the barge, as though we had been ghosts. Captain Dudeney roared like all the bulls of the marshes. I will never allow Leggatt to drive for any distance with his chin over his shoulder, so we stopped anew.

The Welshman still steered, but when his cousin's challenge came down the wind, he forsook all and, with fettered feet, crawled like a parrot on a perch to meet him. Like a parrot, too, he screamed and pointed at us.

We saw the five faces all pink in the westering sun ; the Welshman

was urging them to the chase.

"Ungrateful blighter! After we've saved 'im from being killed at the cement works," said Pycroft. "Home's the port for me. There's too much intricate explanation necessary on this coast. Let's navigate." . . .

Ten minutes later we were three miles from Wapshare and two hundred feet above it, commanding the map-like stretch of marsh ruled with roads, ditches, and canals that, etc.

One canal seemed to be blocked by a barge drawn across it, and here five dots clustered, separated, rejoined, and gyrated for a full twenty minutes ere they seemed satisfied to go home. Anon (we were all fighting for the binoculars) a stream of dots poured from the cement works and moved—oh, so slowly!—along the white road till they reached the barge. Here they scattered and did not rejoin for a great space upon the other side; resembling in this respect a column of ants whose march has been broken by a drop of spilt kerosene.

"Amen! Amen!" said Emanuel Pycroft, bareheaded in the gloom of an oak hangar. "This day hasn't been one of the worst of 'em, either, in a manner o' speakin'. I'll come to-morrow *incognito* an' 'elp pick up the pieces. Because there will be lots of 'em, as one might anticipate."

\* \* \* \*

The morrow sent me visitors—young, fair, and infernally curious. They had heard much of the beauties of Wapshare, which, where the suburban builder has left it alone, precisely resembles, etc. And though I praised half the rest of England, Wapshare they would see. The car's new, mirror-like body—scarlet and claret with gold lines—looked as spruce as Leggatt in his French smock, and I flatter myself that my own costume, also Parisian, which included nickel-plated goggles with flesh-coloured flaps on the cheek-bones and a severely classic leather hat, was completely of the road.

My guests were delighted with their trip.

"We had such a perfect day," they explained at tea. "There was a delightful wedding coming out of that old church up that cobbled street—don't you remember? And just below it by that place where the ships anchored there was quite a riot. We saw it all from that upper road by that old tower—hundreds and hundreds of men throwing coal at a little ship that was trying to go to sea. Oh, yes, and a most fascinating man with the wonderful eyes who touched his hat so respectfully (all sailors are dears)—he told us all about it."

"What did he say?" someone asked.

"He said it wasn't anything to what it had been. He said we ought to have been there at noon when he came—before the poor little ship got away from the wharf. He said they nearly called out the Militia. I should like to have seen that. Oh, and *do* you remember that big, black-bearded man at the very edge of the wharf who kept on throwing coal at the ship and shouting all the time we watched?"

"What had the little ship done?"

"The coastguard said that he was a stranger in these parts and didn't quite know. Oh, yes, and then the *chauffeur* swallowed a fly and choked. But it was a simply perfect day."

## Dr. C. S. Lewis on Kipling

by Lt Col. B. S. Browne

I am probably the only member of the Kipling Society who had the luck to be present at Dr. Lewis's lecture to the English Association, which lecture, not without long agitation on my part, we have at last been able to read in the Journal. I may say that I have an admiration for Dr. Lewis as great as I have for Kipling, and have the further advantage of having met him, while, alas, I never met Rudyard Kipling ; also I am a person of no literary pretensions so that it must seem an impertinence on my part to express disagreement with so great a writer as Dr. Lewis, and I can only plead a long and affectionate study of both authors as a justification for my temerity in answering some of his strictures, for I feel that he emphasises unduly one side of Rudyard Kipling's work, his glorification of ordinary professional occupations, to the exclusion of his absolute refusal to be a moral judge, a role which most of his readers, including Dr. Lewis, are always trying to force on him.

To begin with the charge of his obsession about belonging to an "Inner Ring," first I would deny that the term is applicable to the directors of a company, to the members of a sporting team, or to the Council of a Society. The term, with its objectionable associations, should be applied only to an unknown and unacknowledged group within one of these, a group who intend to guide policy secretly, such as Dr. Lewis himself has described with all its sinister power as existing in the governing body of N.I.C.E. in his terribly prophetic novel "That Hideous Strength." Yet, in his lecture, he includes all co-operative work, and even comradeship in misfortune, under the term of "a ring." And even if the inner ring was a literary obsession of Kipling's, he kept it to his books alone, for no man in his ordinary life stood more clear from cabals and coteries than he did : he could have had politicians and authors buzzing round him like flies had he so wished, but all such associations he completely avoided.

Dr. Lewis next complains that the power of "the Inner Ring," of Team Spirit as I suggest that his conception of it should be called, is morally neutral because it can be used for bad ends. But, as Dr. Lewis knows better than most people, all good gifts can be perverted, including the sense of comradeship, and there is no reason to suppose that Kipling was not aware of this fact. But, and this is the great point that I wish to make in this article, he is always morally neutral in his writings, except for a few early verses in "Departmental Ditties" and two political poems. He chooses a subject that he thinks will make a good story and tells it without any moral comment, expressed or implied, but he never lets the less honest or less resourceful side within the framework of the story get the best of it.

Let us take some of the stories that Dr. Lewis selects for criticism and test them under this heading. Let us begin with "Without Benefit of Clergy." It is not true to say that Holden's inefficiency in his job as a result of his liaison "is made light of" in a general sense : on the contrary, it is stated crudely and emphatically by his fellow members

in the club. It is Holden himself who makes light of it in his then mood, which is very carefully brought out and is one of the finer touches in that great story of fine touches—but the story would never have made a young man new to India, think that keeping an Indian mistress was a bit of fun that didn't matter. Why do so many people think that the opinions uttered by the principal character in a story must be the author's own opinions ?

In " The Devil and the Deep Sea " no one can suppose that Kipling approved the doings of the crew of the *Haliotis*, but he admired their ingenuity and hard work, and after all the Colonial Power that dealt with them was a far greater sinner than they, since it sinned through sloth and meanness, it being its duty, having caught a company of white men committing an offence, to put them in touch with their consul, to try them in a proper court, and, if they were sentenced to imprisonment, to put them in a prison fit for Europeans and to provide them with proper food.

We must not suppose that Kipling considered that Stalky & Co. were ideal schoolboys, but he was not writing to preach morals, like Dean Farrer or even the author of " Tom Brown." He calls the book a tract on education, and it is almost a moral tale for schoolmasters, for the Three only score off two masters who do not understand boys, but they never score off the Head or the Chaplain, who do.

Dr. Lewis finds it hard to forgive Kipling for writing " The Janeites," and I, in my turn, find it hard to forgive Dr. Lewis for what he says about that great story. Jane Austen's novels are not turned into a pretext for a secret society in it, except as a joke. We are introduced into the officers' mess of an Artillery Battery whose members are all keen on Jane and are constantly quoting her. I am sure that our Honorary Secretary will agree with me that this is just the sort of cultural milieu where such a thing would be likely to happen ! But the drunken Mess Waiter, an obviously highly educated man fallen low, deludes a very simple-minded and shell-shocked assistant into believing that it all represents a kind of Free Masonry that it will pay him to join : and how this works out, and how the simple-minded man scores by being able to quote Jane Austen, provides some delicious bits of humour in a tale that ends tragically.

And now, to complete my thesis that Kipling tells his stories quite factually and leaves us to draw morals from them if we wish to do so, I will deal with that much-attacked story "Mary Postgate," which the late George Orwell characterised as very horrible instance of Kipling's sadism since he approved of Mary's treatment of the dying German airman. Now that statement I quite deny. The whole story is entirely objective, and no moral opinions are suggested to the reader. Mary Postgate refuses to succour, and is ready to kill, a dying German airman whom she considers guilty of an extreme act of brutality. This admittedly is not an act of true Christianity, where the ideal is to hate the sin but love the sinner ; but it may well be better to let the hate overcome the love, than to feel neither. One distinguished author and Parliamentarian, with whom I had correspondence on the subject, thought Mary's deed quite horrible and the more so because it was

committed by a woman. Now here, I think, that he was profoundly wrong and would suggest that Kipling wrote the story largely to illustrate his old dictum that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male" and that a mild, repressed and subservient little woman like Mary Postgate was just the kind of person to be stirred to a pitiless fury by the events that led up to her action. The only rational objection to the story on critical grounds is to say that a woman like Mary Postgate could never have behaved in such a way.

I also feel that Dr. Lewis is hardly justified in classing Kipling as a pagan. Again I refuse to admit as evidence the words that he puts into the mouths of his pagan or agnostic characters. He came of a line of Scottish ministers on his mother's side, and his mind was steeped in the Bible: on the other hand his childhood had been darkened by the brutality that can be manifested in the name of religion by perverted Puritans and this might well have turned him into a bitter opponent of Christianity. That however did not happen, and I think that we must admit that the man who wrote "The Gardener" and the poem "Cold Iron" held the essential doctrine of Christianity.

## Report on the Discussion Meeting, 13th May, 1959

THIS was a first-class Meeting, the first in our new home in the River Room of the Lansdowne Club. We cannot be too grateful to Mr. Harbord for procuring for us the use of this room, now that we are no longer able to meet in Eccleston Square.

We met, twenty-five of us, to discuss Dr. C. S. Lewis's lecture on Kipling which was printed in two instalments in the Journals of September and December last year. Our opening speaker was Lt.-Col. B. S. Browne who had come from Gloucestershire to talk to us. His eloquent and moving defence of Kipling is printed on pages 19-21 of this number of the Journal, so that members who were unable to be present at the Discussion Meeting may read it in full, placing it alongside Dr. Lewis's lecture.

Col. Purefoy followed with his own observations. He said that Dr. Lewis's was the most satisfying critique on Kipling which he had read for some time. Whether you agree with the writer or not, you are at least sure that he has really read his Kipling before sitting down to criticize him—and that is something pretty unusual. But it is a very concentrated and closely-reasoned affair, and Col. Purefoy proposed to pick out a few solid "pebbles" and put them in a row for comment.

PEBBLE NO. 1. Kipling has cut his stories too much. The result is non-stop brilliance, giving the reader no rest. With this dictum Col. Purefoy utterly disagreed. He believed that the sustained brilliance explains why you can read a Kipling story again and again, and always find something new—or, as Hilton Brown puts it, become "immersed in the 20th reading of a story we know almost by heart." Col. Purefoy thought "My Sunday at Home" is a bad example to support the charge because the beautiful quiet country scene makes the shocking events at the station stand out in even more shattering contrast.

PEBBLE NO. 2. Kipling's top-men, who teach and discipline the juniors, are always right and always honest. He doesn't seem to realise that they could be "wrong 'uns" and abuse their position. Col. Purefoy said that might be a sounder

point than the last one, but Dr. Lewis seems to forget that Kipling had to make a *story*. Of course he could have written some the other way round, but so, after all, could Dickens. Scrooge could have had a heart of gold and been cheated by rascally subordinates. But Dr. Lewis complains that there is virtually *no* story where sound underlings overthrow rotten seniors, and that *is* a point worth considering.

PEBBLE NO. 3. Kipling's great love is the Inner Professional Ring—of those who Know and Belong. And his great merit is to have shown readers the Magic of the Ring—the magic of their own business lives. Col. Purefoy said nobody could deny that, but it leads straight on to

PEBBLE NO. 4. The constant presence of the Select Circle renders Kipling's work "suffocating and unendurable." Col. Purefoy said this was certainly a red rag. He could see what Dr. Lewis means but, by putting it the way he does, he implies that *all* the stories are about the select Circle and that you can never get away from it. Col. Purefoy thought there were plenty of stories which do get away from that theme, among them *The Man Who Would be King*, *The Finest Story in the World*, *The Gardener*, and *The Wish House*. In fact it seems that Dr. Lewis is trying to force out evidence which isn't really there.

Finally PEBBLE NO. 5. Dr. Lewis says that although he has criticized Kipling that is no reason for *rejecting* him. It would be utterly wrong to deny what Kipling says, but one must realise that he hasn't said it *all*. Of course a lot of adverse critics assume that Kipling-lovers think he *has* said it all, and Col. Purefoy thought this pebble a sound one—a corrective to blind adulation and an aid to level-headed appraisal.

Professor Carrington said that what most irritated him about many critics of Kipling is that they apply the same standard of criticism to Kipling's early stories which were written hastily against time to fill an empty space in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, as they apply to the late ones which were produced with blood and sweat.

Another member said she could never understand why some critics got so hot under the collar about Kipling. They seem to set up some sort of yard-stick of pre-conceived notions as to what they think Kipling *ought* to have been thinking about when he wrote his stories and are angry when the yard-stick falls down. One cannot apply any sort of yard-stick to all Kipling's stories. He was perfectly capable of getting completely into the skin of his characters, and, if he was writing about scallywags—such as the crew of the *Haliotis*—he could fairly sweat conviction of the Scallywags' point of view, just as, when writing of salt-of-the-earth young men, such as George Cottar or Bobby Wicks or Parnesius, he could be utterly heartwhole about the "things no fellow can do."

Miss Twomey said she had had great fun sorting out the "Inner Ring" stories, and it seemed to her that whereas Dr. Lewis appeared to think Kipling had a sort of feeling that the Ring was an enclosed affair against all the world, she had found that in most cases Kipling obligingly opens it to the outsider. You may not be a wolf or a Freemason, or you may be a White Seal, but Kipling enchantingly makes you free of the Ring in each case.

Encouraged perhaps by certain whole-hearted though affectionate expressions of condemnation which some members made, during the discussion, of certain characters and stories of Kipling's, Professor Carrington suggested that at some future meeting, we, the Inner Circle of Kipling-lovers, might discuss *The Worst of Kipling*. A glorious idea and one that must materialise.

## Notes on *Stalky & Co.*

by Roger Lancelyn Green

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

The danger of having a real school as the background of *Stalky & Co.* is that we find it almost impossible not to assume that the characters were real people also—and their behaviour and adventures more or less true to life.

In dealing with a work of fiction—and it must be stressed that *Stalky & Co.* is not, nor was ever intended to be, more than that—it is only safe to talk about "originals" if we distinctly understand how the writer of fiction uses them. Usually some salient feature is taken and developed to suit the situation, often regardless of other features which the real "original" may have possessed. Frequently characteristics are borrowed from a second "original" and grafted on to the first.

Thus Mr. King in *Stalky & Co.* is generally held to be based on W. C. Crofts—and with good reason. King in "Regulus" must have been very like Crofts—or rather, like the essence of Crofts distilled through the limbec of genius with the perspective of more than thirty years to colour even Kipling's recollection of the real man. The first written of the stories, "Slaves of the Lamp," suggests that to begin with Kipling's "mixture" for King contained a large percentage of Crofts, but with a certain tincture of Mr. F. W. Haslam (not otherwise represented in *Stalky & Co.*). Note that, according to Kipling himself (*Something of Myself*, p. 36), it was Haslam who "told me off before my delighted companions in his best style, which was acid and contumelious. He wound up by a few general remarks about dying as a 'scurrilous journalist'." Compare "Slaves of the Lamp" (p. 75): "His wild flowers of speech—King had an unpleasant tongue—restored him to good humour at the last. He drew a lurid picture of Beetle's latter end as a scurrilous pamphleteer dying in an attic," and so on.

King once compounded out of these two "originals"—and out of Kipling's imagination—developed, but could not be changed, in the later stories. Kipling seems to have thought very kindly of Crofts, and went out of his way to keep up some sort of friendship with him after leaving Westward Ho! : his biographers ask why Kipling then turned round and vilified him in the character of King. "This, I think, covers the situation."

After which cautionary preamble, we may proceed to the "originals" of the main *Stalky & Co.* characters, beginning, as in duty bound, with "THE HEAD," alias "The Prooshian Bates."

"Mr. Cornell Price," wrote Colonel Tapp, "was appointed the first Headmaster. He came from Haileybury College in September, 1874, with a nucleus of less than twelve boys."

Cornell Price, born in 1835, was the eldest son of Samuel Cornell Price of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and afterwards at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he matriculated on July 5th, 1854, aged eighteen, was a scholar from 1854 to 1858, took his B.A. in 1859, his M.A. in 1865, and became a Bachelor of Civil Law in 1867. At King Edward's he met Edward Burne Jones, who was ever afterwards among his closest friends; they were together at Oxford, forming, with William Morris, R. W. Dixon and several others, the group who produced the famous *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of 1856—to which Price contributed three essays. There is a direct reference to this in "The Last Term." After taking his degree, he decided to become a doctor, and with this intention in mind moved to London in 1860, where he continued to be a cherished member of the Morris-Tones circle,

adding Rossetti and Swinburne to his friends. It was at this time that Rossetti produced one of his famous limericks :

" There is a young Doctor named Crom,  
Whom you get very little good from.  
If his pockets you jog,  
The inside of a dog  
Is certain to trickle from Crom."

Price was utterly unfitted to be a doctor, and temperamentally unsuited for the dissecting room (hence Rossetti's limerick), and he very soon gave it up, having been offered a private tutorship in Russia. This new venture was not altogether successful, and Price seems to have disliked it intensely : the appointment had been for seven years when he took it in 1860, but in 1864 he was back in England, where he was fortunate enough to obtain a post at Haileybury. It was owing to the Russian episode that the first part of his nickname materialised—"Rooshian" merging into "Prooshian" at an early date : the origin of "Bates" has never been explained : but I believe that it was a School nickname, and not Kipling's invention.

By the time he left Haileybury in 1874, Price was Senior Master of the Modern Side : that he had definitely found his vocation is surely proved by the fact that he was asked then virtually to found the United Services College. Of his conspicuous success during his twenty years as Head at Westward Ho ! we need only to read what Kipling, Dunsterville and Colonel Tapp have written to be left without a shadow of doubt. Beresford's attempt to "debunk" him gives us no impression of the truth, and is generally on a par with his character : "Turkey," recorded Kipling, "lived and loved to destroy illusions—whether true or false did not seem to matter.

Cornell Price retired in July, 1894, being then sixty, and died on May 4th, 1910.

Among Cornell Price's friends at Birmingham and Oxford, and an important member of the Burne Jones circle, was Harry Macdonald brother of the four famous sisters who married Edward Burne Jones, Edward Poynter, Alfred Baldwin and Lockwood Kipling. It is obvious why Rudyard Kipling was sent to Westward Ho !, even though there was no chance of him being able to enter the Army, owing to his defective sight brought on and not attended to during his years in the "House of Desolation" at Southsea described in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

After "The Head," and given far more space in *Stalky & Co.*, comes MR. KING. As already shown, he owes something to another Master, F. W. Haslam. But his chief "original" was the House Master, Crofts.

William Carr Crofts, eldest son of William Crofts, of Hampstead, matriculated at Merton College, Oxford, on October 15th, 1864, aged eighteen. The following year he won a scholarship at Brasenose, where he took his B.A. in 1868; his M.A. was conferred upon him in 1873. He was twice winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley, "a rowing-man of splendid physique, and a scholar who lived in secret hope of translating Theocritus worthily," wrote Kipling. "He had a violent temper, no disadvantage in handling boys used to direct speech, and a gift of schoolmaster's 'sarcasm' which must have been a great relief to him and was certainly a treasure-trove to me. Also he was a good and House-proud House-master." He was drowned at sea, off the coast of Sark, in 1912. Why Kipling so stressed the fact that Mr. King was a "Balliol man" is a mystery : it is true of neither Crofts nor Haslam : perhaps a drop of Hartopp got into the limbec !

MR. PROUT, the next House-master, was drawn from M. H. Pugh. He was, according to Dunsterville, "a great, strong, 'hefty' fellow with very large feet and a very kind heart. He would have been a very good house-master if he had not made the mistake of prowling and prying, which all boys resent and which

made it extremely easy for us to entrap him." His school nickname was "The Hefter": Beresford gives a whole chapter to him, making a completely unbelievable caricature. "My House-master," wrote Kipling, "was deeply conscientious and cumbered about with many cares for his charges. What he accomplished thereby I know not. His errors sprang from pure and excessive goodness. Me and my companions he always darkly and deeply suspected. Realising this, we little beasts made him sweat, which he did on slight provocation." Pugh later became a very successful House-master at Cranleigh.

(To be concluded)

## Hon. Secretary's Notes

### Melbourne Branch comes of age

Our Melbourne Branch held their 21st Birthday Party earlier this year, and have sent us a full report. This is too long to print here, but the party was clearly terrific and was honoured by the presence of members of various other distinguished societies such as The Dickens Fellowship, The Australian Literary Society, The Henry Lawson Society and (delightfully) The Bread and Cheese Club. A supper provided by the ladies appears to have been far from bread-and-cheesey, and included a monstrous birthday cake whose candles were demolished by a well-aimed blast from the Branch President, Sir Archie Michaelis. Festive messages were received from Auckland and Victoria (B.C.); we, too, sent a greeting but decided against presenting a latch-key, in view of our friends' ability to get into and out of tight places without any such aid.

We congratulate the Branch on being so very much alive.

### Welcome visitors from the U.S.A.

We were delighted earlier in the year to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ames, from St. Paul, Minnesota, who stopped in London at the finish of a world tour. Mr. Ames is one of our Vice-Presidents and the Society owes a great deal to his energy and generosity. During his visit a small tea-party was given for him and Mrs. Ames by Mr. R. E. Harbord at the Lansdowne Club. Mr. Ames gave an interesting talk about the fondness of Americans for R.K., and he presented the Society with a handsome model of Zam-Zammah, which he had picked up in Lahore on his way from the Far East.

A.E.B.P.

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NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are: *U.K.*—Mmes. J. H. Clayton, P. Hardy, J. M. Hordern, T. Reynolds; Miss M. Commons; Capt. O. M. F. Stokes, R.N., Wing-Cdr. R. F. Pemberton, Capt. F. H. Shaw; Messrs H. A. Clodd, C. S. Garland, C. H. Hill, P. Slessor, D. B. Woodfield. *Antigua*—MF. Ollerenshaw. *Eire*—Miss H. Punch. *Auckland*—Lady Scott. *Trinidad*—A. I. McKenzie. *U.S.A.*—Mmes. G. A. Mason, M. R. D. Vos; Rev J. Cadigan; Elder H. M. S. Richards; Dr. H. Neumann; Messrs. R. Burlingame, J. Farrar, D. W. King; Colorado University Library.

We are delighted to welcome these new members.

# The Kipling Society

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