



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



NEW SERIES 24-PAGE ISSUE

JUNE, 1960

VOL. XXVII

No. 134

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES	2
THE OUTSIDER— Rudyard Kipling	5
NOTES ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS.	16
LETTER BAG.	19
LIBRARY NOTES.	21
ANNUAL STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.	22
BOOK REVIEW : Kipling—the Distaff Side.—R. E. Harbord	24
HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES.	24

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE 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., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

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

The Subscription is : Home Members, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/- ; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/- ; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 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, E.C.1., on Wednesday, August 17th, 1960, at 2.30 p.m.

Agenda : 1. Adoption of Report and Accounts for 1959. 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 Annual General Meeting.

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street, immediately after the Annual General Meeting.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, July 20th, at the Lansdowne Club. 5.30 p.m.

Mr. Scott-Giles will talk about the historical background to some of the **Puck** stories, particularly those about Sir Richard Dalyngridge.

Wednesday, September 21st, at the Lansdowne Club. 5.30 p.m.

Professor C. E. Carrington will talk about **Why Critics Dislike Kipling**.

Wednesday, November 23rd, at the Lansdowne Club. 5.30 p.m.

Kipling Set to Music. Mr. Bazley will introduce some gramophone records of Kipling Songs for discussion.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at The Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on Tuesday, October 18th, 1960. The Guest of Honour will be Lord Birkett of Ulverston, P.C. Application forms will be sent out in September.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XXVII. No. 134.

JUNE, 1960

Notes

KIPLING'S stories and sketches of the South African War remain largely uncollected (except in the *Sussex* and *Burwash* Editions) and, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Bambridge, "The Outsider", the companion story to "Folly Bridge" and "The Way that he Took", appears in the present number. These are the three "tales of the war" which he promised Ernest Swinton to write, during the memorable "hold-up" at Norval's Point, alias Folly Bridge (see *Journal* No. 132, p. 2), "dealing with the war and with the Pioneer Regiment in particular." According to Swinton it appeared "in a Cape paper", so far untraced; its first identified publication was in the *Daily Express*, 19, 20, 21 June, 1900, followed by *The People's Friend* (Dundee) 25 June and *McClure's Magazine* for July. E. W. Martindell printed it privately in his *Fragmenta Condita* in 1922, and it was included in *The Sussex Edition*, Volume XXX in 1938.

*

*

*

The Boer War was bitterly unpopular with a number of what would now be called "intellectuals", and one of the bitterest was Max Beerbohm. S. N. Behrman, who has been contributing a series of personal articles about "the incomparable Max" to the *New Yorker*, wrote in the number for February 13: "Perhaps of all the big things in the world that Max could not abide, the one that he could abide least was the idea of a big England, and a big England meant British imperialism; perhaps that was what was behind the only virulent relationship in his life—his relationship with Rudyard Kipling. Max was as passionately English as he was passionately anti-chauvinist, but the Boer War revolted him . . . Max thought that Kipling, who was the minnesinger of the national orgy, had put his powers to the service of unholy ends."

Max's anti-Kipling complex seems to have become almost pathological. "At least nine caricatures, two critical articles and a ferociously malvolent parody of Kipling's style have been recorded as the work of Max Beerbohm," writes Carrington in his biography. "This incomparable master of the smirk and the titter was, as a rule, gentle, except when he touched upon one topic. He hated Rudyard Kipling. He set himself to destroy Kipling's reputation and, later, to assure the world that it had been destroyed, with no small degree of success among the literary coteries, but with no visible effect upon Kipling's ever-growing fame and influence in wider circles."

Mr. Behrman broached the subject of Kipling during one of his conversations with the aged Max, and his host's usual tranquillity disappeared and he became suddenly tense: "When first I met him, in

Baltimore, he received me so nicely," he said. "He was charming. And later, in Herbert's dressing-room, so sympathetic, so kind. And then, you know, his books kept coming out, and occasionally I was asked to review them. He was a genius, a very great genius, and I felt that he was debasing his genius by what he wrote. And I couldn't refrain from saying so. It went on and on. Friends of mine and his kept telling me that he was pained and shocked by what I wrote, but I couldn't stop. You know, I couldn't stop. As his publication increased, so did my derogation. He didn't stop; I *couldn't* stop. I meant to—I wanted to. But I couldn't. . . . He was a great genius who didn't live up to his genius, who misused his genius. . . ."

Max Beerbohm was not the only intellectual liberal of his generation to indulge in an utterly illiberal frenzy of hatred against Kipling: Bertrand Russell still seems to be moved by it. In his recollections of "A Fifty-six-Year Friendship" published with Gilbert Murray's *Unfinished Autobiography*, he admits that his friend was the truer liberal: "He remained reasonable and gentle even under great provocation. I admired this quality though I knew that I could not emulate it. I could not sympathize when he spoke in a kindly fashion even about Rudyard Kipling after a walk round Beachy Head with that, to me, detestable man. I felt as the orthodox did when Origen declared that even Satan would be saved at the last."

*

*

*

Gilbert Murray, who was born three days after Kipling, came to England from Australia in 1877 and lived for a few years with his mother and aunts in London. He records, probably of April, 1882, that "Once a Mrs. Hooper told us that her nephew Ruddy was rather lonely in the holidays and would like to meet another boy. Ruddy came round once or twice, and we walked in Kensington Gardens and talked about books. His surname, I should mention, was Kipling. I thought him extraordinarily clever and exciting, though there was something in him that repelled me. He threw his stick at a cat and he thought 'Do not be ashamed to marry the housemaid' was a correct Sapphic and a fine translation of *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori*. He reminded me a little of the poet at Malvern who could not spell. However, he was devising an epic poem, which took place partly in this world and partly in the next. The hero and the heroine had already passed over and their real adventures were just before them. It was essential that she should be in Hell, and he wanted to find a reason for that misfortune which would not alienate sympathy. That seemed to me an easy one; and he invited me to co-operate. However, before next holidays he went off to join his father in India, and, when we met again twenty years later, he had forgotten all about it."

Is anything known of the epic poem? And who was Mrs. Hooper?

*

*

*

One of Max Beerbohm's most virulent attacks on Kipling was hidden away in his review of "George Fleming's" dramatisation of *The Light that Failed* (*Saturday Review*, 14 February, 1903) in which he

suggested that "Rudyard Kipling" ought also to be a pseudonym hiding a female writer. The same odd dislike of the virile, or even the boyish, made him attack J. M. Barrie when reviewing *Peter Pan* (7 January, 1905): "Some fairy once waved a wand over him, and changed him from a dear little boy into a dear little girl."

J. M. Barrie, the centenary of whose birth falls on 9 May, is hardly mentioned in any books about Kipling. They were, however, friends though they seldom met, and Barrie, who reached London and achieved fame a little in advance of his junior, wrote generously of his work in *The British Weekly* (2 May 1890); and at greater length in *The Contemporary Review* (March, 1891): "He owes nothing to any other writer. He began by being original: if his work suggests that of any other novelists, it is by accident—be would have written thus though they had never existed." For "The Man Who would be King," "our author's masterpiece, there is no word but magnificent. . . . He may rise to be a great novelist, for the like of him at his age has seldom been known in fiction."

It is not recorded when they first met, but they were visiting each other shortly after Kipling's return to England from Vermont; he was lunching with Barrie on 26 May, 1897, for example, and Barrie seems to have been staying with him at Rottingdean on 17th October of the same year when the two of them went for a great walk over the Downs with Burne-Jones and Cormell Price.

They did not meet very often in later life: on official occasions such as their enrolment as Honorary Freemen of the Stationers' Company on 3 July, 1925, or when they were both pall-bearers at Thomas Hardy's funeral. Also, they met sometimes at one club or another: "About a month ago," wrote Barrie to Charles Turley on 5 February, 1936, "I was at a little dining club where Kipling and Owen Seaman were. Owen I only waved to as he was at the other end of a long table but Kipling was beside me and we had a good talk."

He would have been a pall-bearer at Kipling's funeral, but at the last moment a substitute had to be found as he was too ill to attend.

* * *

To end once and for all the controversy over the meaning attached by Kipling to "Rewards and Fairies," Mrs. Bambridge writes: "My father meant *quite definitely* that the meaning was rewards in the sense of recompense, as in the song by William Corbet."

R. L. G.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are: —

U.K. Mmes. F. E. Craddock, D. Fowle, A. Leigh Fermor, R. Miller-Hall; Misses C. A. Fulford, J. C. Fulford; Messrs. A. W. Ballard, H. Clark, W. E. Dutton, C. E. Fulford, A. J. Green, W. H. Greenwood, G. D. Livingstone, E. C. Matthews, G. B. Nicholls, E. P. Pollard, N. P. Pollard, J. P. Williams; Haileybury & I.S. College. *Singapore.* Mrs M. Short. *Melbourne.* Miss J. Blackburn; H. F. Berwick. *U.S.A.* Mmes. P. Butler, G. G. Dowling, S. Harris, E. G. Lee; Prof. W. J. Luyten; Messrs. J. M. Allen, B. J. Baker, T. C. Brown, P. Butler III, G. G. Carr, B. A. Copp, F. Hagan, R. C. Jones, G. Litt, A. A. Ware; Grolier Club (New York).

We are delighted to welcome you all.

The Outsider

by Rudyard Kipling

From Stormberg's midnight mountain,
 From Sanna's captured Post,
 Where Afric's Magersfontein
 Rails down her wounded host.
 Three days and nights to s'uth'ard
 'Twixt Durban Road and Paarl—
 In dust and horse-dung smothered—
 There lies a cursed kraal.

Stellenbosch Hymn.

ABOUT the time that Gentleman Cadet Walter Setton was posted to the 2nd Battalion of Her Majesty's Royal Rutlandshire Regiment, the Vicar, his father, read a telegram that the Pretoria Government was searching the mines of the Rand for hidden arms. The Vicar and his wife were on their way to the Army and Navy Stores to buy Walter's many uniforms; and the Vicar doubted that he would escape for less than two hundred pounds.

'But we cannot repine,' said his wife. 'Walter's position demands—' She ceased for a breath. 'And as an officer—you see, William? We have much to be thankful for.'

The Vicar lowered the paper, remembering how the accident of a legacy had saved Walter from other fates. He and his wife had agreed to forget a terrible afternoon when Walter, aged sixteen, had been examined *viva voce* by a person, sent down by a friend, with a view to getting him a 'position in the City' at something under eighteen shillings a week. He had forgotten, too, how he and his wife were grateful for this chance. A week later, when the Vicar's aunt was gathered to her mothers and the money was sure, they wrote a stately letter declining that post for Walter, which letter remains for a curiosity in a business man's desk to this day.

'Yes,' said the Vicar, 'we have much to be thankful for. As an officer—' He turned down the paper.

Had he read ten lines further he would have learned that 'much amusement has been caused in mining circles owing to the activity of the police, who are searching Thumper's Deep, on information supplied by Mr. J. Thrupp, who asserts that two thousand stand of arms are buried at the bottom of the shaft.'

At the hour the Vicar was speculating in 'tunics, richly laced, lined silk £6 14s. 6d.'; 'undress trousers, blue doe or twill, £1 16s. 0d.'; 'forage caps (badge extra), £1 0s. 6d.', and all the other grim realities of war, Jerry Thrupp, in charge of the thirty-odd thousand pounds of modern machinery on Thumper's Deep, was cheering a batch of perspiring Johannesburg police to break out the bottom of South Africa. Business was slack in Johannesburg by reason of a Raid, and Jerry's **ten** years

on the Rand taught him that the police were least dangerous when most busy. Two thousand rifles in a concrete vault, ten feet below the solid foot of the shaft, would be a great haul for the Government. That they worked in the living rock was to them a detail. The Devil had given these Uitlanders powers denied to sons of the soil; and no community in their senses would start a revolution on less than twenty thousand rifles. A scant fifteen hundred only had, so far, come to light anywhere.

'Where you think we shall find them?' a panting Hollander asked.

'About the Marquesas Islands if you hold your line straight', said Jerry, and shot up in the cage. Three minutes later he telephoned that the winding-gear was out of order and would take half a day to repair.

'They had a very nice time,' he explained to his professional friends. 'They dug four feet into the bottom of the shaft before they sickened, and Patsy Gee burned a hundredweight of his precious Revolutionary Committee's papers in my boiler fires while they were doing it. But as a revolution, if you ask me, it's bumble-puppy. After this we shall have war.'

'Not a bit of it,' said Hagan of the Consolidated Ophir and Bonanza. 'We shall be passed over to Oom Paul to play with.'

'Never mind,' said Jerry. 'It's war. Soon or late, it's war.'

Time, Circumstance, and Necessity continued in charge of this world, of Jerry Thrupp, and Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton. To the former they brought from eight to twelve hours' work a day—shifting, varying, but insistent. Sometimes a batch of the three hundred and twenty-four stamps in the Thumper's Deep crushing-mills would go wrong; and Jerry must doctor them ere the output suffered. Sometimes a sick friend in charge of the cyanide process would call Jerry in to watch the health of the big vats that win the last of the gold; or a furlong or two of tram-lines would need re-laying. His winding-engines, his boilers, his crushing-tables, his dynamos, and the hundred things that men needed below the surface were always with him. For recreation Jerry consorted with fellow-engineers of the Rand, their wives, and their children; and, being energetic, found opportunities for what he called 'overtime'. When Hagan's ankle was crushed, thanks to a Kaffir's carelessness, Jerry carried him home; and, because Hagan's ten-year-old son was in hospital with typhoid, Jerry, as a matter of course, visited and reported on the boy daily. He lent the Vincents the money that took them home in the terrible year '98, when Johannesburg lost heart and business shut down, and Vincent was turned out into Commissioner Street with Mrs. Vincent seven months gone. It is even said that by bribes and threats he kept the conservancy people up to their work in his street when the typhoid that comes from neglected filth struck down three heads of families in two hundred yards of the Street.

'After the war,' Jerry would say as excusing himself, * it will be all right. We've got to do what we can till after the war.'

The life of Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton followed its appointed channel. His battalion, nominally efficient, was actually a training school for recruits; and to this lie, written, acted, and spoken many times a day,

he adjusted himself. When he could by any means escape from the limited amount of toil expected by the Government, he did so; employing the same shameless excuses that he had used at school or Sandhurst. He knew his drills: he honestly believed that they covered the whole art of war. He knew the 'internal economy of his regiment'. That is to say, he could answer leading questions about coal and wood allowances, cubic-footage of barrack accommodation, canteen-routine, and the men's messing arrangements. For the rest, he devoted himself with no thought of wrong to getting as much as possible out of the richest and easiest life the world has yet made; and to despising the 'outside'—the man beyond his circle. His training to this end was as complete as that of his brethren. He did it blindly, politely, unconsciously, with perfect sincerity. As a child he had learned early to despise his nurse, for she was a servant and a woman; his sisters he had looked down upon, and his governess, for much the same reasons. His home atmosphere had taught him to despise the terrible thing called 'Dissent'. At his private school his seniors showed him how to despise the junior master who was poor, and here his home training served again. At his public school he despised the new boy—the boy who boated when Setton played cricket, or who wore a coloured tie when the order of the day was for black. They were all avatars of the outsider. If you got mixed up with an outsider, you ended by being 'compromised'. He had no clear idea what that meant, but suspected the worst. His religion he took from his parents, and it had some very sound dogmas about outsiders behaving decently. Science to him was a name connected with examination papers. He could not work up any interest in foreign armies, because, after all, a foreigner was a foreigner, and the rankest form of outsider. Meals came when you rang for them. You were carried over the world, which is the Home Counties, in vehicles for which you paid. You were moved about London by the same means, and if you crossed the Channel you took a steamer. But how, or why, or when, these things were made, or worked, or begotten, or what they felt, or thought, or said, who belonged to them, he had not, nor ever wished to have, the shadow of an idea. It was sufficient for him and for high Heaven (this in his heart of hearts, well learned at his mother's knee) that he was an officer and a gentleman incapable of a lie or a mean action. For the rest his code was simple. Money brought you half the things in this world; and your position secured you the others. If you had money, you took care to get your money's worth. If you had a position, you did not compromise yourself by mixing with outsiders.

And, in the fullness of time, one old gentleman who knew his own mind knocked the bottom out of Lieutenant Setton's and Jerry Thrupp's world. Jerry came first, unwillingly, with a few thousand others, by way of Komati Poort. He helped the women and children out of Johannesburg, the few that remained; and left his house barricaded in charge of a Hollander official.

'Remember,' said Jerry, 'I advise you to look after this house. If anything happens to it you won't be happy when I come back.'

'We shall chase you into the sea!' said the Hollander.

' Shouldn't wonder—seeing how behind-hand we are, but then we'll chase you back again. I hope you won't blow yourselves up before you're shot. S'long, you four-coloured impostor.'

He climbed into a cattle-truck, where his valise was stolen, and arrived at Delagoa Bay, his shirt torn to the waist in a scuffle to get water for a sick man. His home, his business, and all his belongings were gone, but the war that men had doubted was upon them at last, and Jerry was happy. He went round to Cape Town on the deck of a crowded steamer, and disappeared into panic-stricken Adderley Street. Here he met Phil Tenbroek, ex-mine-manager, also ruined for the time being, and conferred with him about raising a corps of Railway Volunteers in event of future trouble.

Lieutenant Setton, seven thousand miles away, was scornful when he heard that some General would not undertake the war with less than seventy thousand troops. Thirty thousand, he held, was more than enough; for the Rutlandshires' Mess would remember that the Army was not what it had been in '81. He wished very much to see how the Boers would look after a Cavalry Brigade had boxed their ears across ten miles of open country. Except twice, near Salisbury, he had never seen anything that remotely resembled ten miles of open country in all his life. He had never seen a Cavalry Brigade, nor, indeed, a target at any greater distance than 900 yards. Having spoken, he went up to Town to see a play, pending the absorption of the Transvaal.

The Rutlandshires landed at Cape Town fairly late in the war, and, serene as hundreds before him, Lieutenant Setton, dining at the Mount Nelson, gave, in the fine clear voice he had inherited from his mother, his opinion that 'those Colonials looked a most awful set of outsiders'. He hoped, aloud, that it would not be his fate 'to have to work with the bounders'.

In another place, at another time, an informal after-dinner court of inquiry, with unlimited powers, sat on his irreproachable Regiment after this fashion:—

' Are those Rutlandshires any use?' The questioner had good right to ask.

' Mark Two, I think. It's the same old brand—Badajos, Talavera, Inkerman, Toulouse, Tel-el-Kebir—.'

' Same tactics as those which were so brilliantly successful at Tel-el-Kebir,' a bearded officer whispered as though he were quoting Scripture.

' Ye-es. Same old catchwords—same old training. "Shoulder to shoulder"—"up, boys, and at 'em!" Southsea, Chichester, Canterbury; with the Long Valley for a campaign. Colonel past his work; second-in-command devoutly hoping never to see a soldier again when he's got his pension; a jewel of an Adjutant, who's smothered his men till they can't button their own breeches; Sergeant-Major great on eyewash, and a bit of a lawyer. The rest, the regular type—all in a blue funk of funking. They want a chance to "get in with the bayonet", of course.'

' That's the last refuge of the lazy man,' said a quiet-faced civilian, who had not yet spoken.

' Oh, they'll learn in time,' the spade-bearded officer grunted.

'When half the men are in Pretoria and half the rest are wounded—if that's what you mean! I'm *so* sick of that "in time". The Colonel will die—I wish he was dead now—"fighting heroically" in some dam'-fool trap he's walked into with his eyes open!'

"Well, I'm going to split 'em up. They were promised they should go in—ah—shoulder to shoulder, but the hospitals are quite full enough."

To their immense rage the Rutlandshires were rent into four or five pieces, and distributed where they could not do much harm. The Colonel, as was prophesied, died heroically, shot through the stomach in sight of four companies to whom he was explaining the cowardice of advancing in open order when the enemy were yet a mile distant. This fixed in the Second's mind the fact that a Mauser can carry two thousand yards—wisdom which he did not live long to profit by. He went down at eleven hundred before an insignificant crack in the veldt, which happened to be lined with Boers. Thus his successor discovered that a donga is better flanked than fronted. Truly they learned.

To Lieutenant Setton, through the death of a Captain, fell the charge of two companies, which operated with an Australian contingent on a disturbed and dusty border. The men clung to him for a week expecting miracles; but he could not smite water from rocks, nor vary the daily beef-tin and dry biscuit. They learned a little rude well-sinking from their allies, and a little stealing on their own account. After this, to his relief, they abandoned him as nurse and midwife. Had he played the game with an eye to the rules, he might have profited as much as his more open-minded fellows, but his demon tempted him one clear twilight to capture a solitary horseman in difficulties with a spent horse. It was not 'sporting' to pot him at eight hundred yards, so Setton took horse and rode a somewhat uncertain wallop directly at the man, who naturally retreated between two steep hills, where, for just this end, he had posted four confederates. They, being children of nature and buck-hunters to boot, allowed their quarry to pass, and after twenty rounds at four hundred yards—the Boer in a hurry is not a good shot—dropped him with a broken arm. Setton was not pleased; but the five Australians who, without orders, so soon as they saw what he would be at, had galloped parallel with him behind the kopjes, were immensely gratified. They dismounted, lay down, and slew the Boer on the tired horse as he returned to join his fellow-plunderers, of whom they shot two and wounded one. They reached camp with Setton and—much more valuable—three efficient Boer ponies.

'If you'd only told us you were goin' to commit suicide this way,' said a Queensland trooper, 'we'd have rounded up the whole mob—usin' you for bait.'

The shattered arm ended Setton's career as a combatant officer, but in the great scarcity of sounder material they made him Station Commandant of the entirely desolate siding of Pipkameelepompfontein, which, as everyone knows,

Is on the road to Blomfontein:

And there the Mausers

Tear your trousers

And make your horses jompfontein.

But the tide of war had rolled on, leaving only a mass of worrying work for the Railway Pioneer Corps which Phil Tenbroek had organised from the wreck of the mine personnel months before. Three short low bridges, little larger than culverts, but two of them built on a curve, crossed three dry shallow water-courses, and, of course, the Boers blew them up on departure. Phil, Commandant of the Railway Pioneers, busy on a bridge elsewhere, could only spare thirty men on the job, but he gave Lieutenant Hagan, late in charge of the machinery of the Consolidated Ophir and Bonanza, his choice, and Hagan took the cream. They lumbered into Pipkameelepompfontein in open trucks—thirty men—each anxious to return to the Rand; each holding more or less of property there; most of them skilled mechanics in their own department, and all exalted, body, soul, and spirit, by a rancorous, razor-edged, personal hatred of the State that had shamed, tricked, and ruined them. They found there a Station Commandant, moved by none of their springs—a being from another planet, fenced about with neatly piled boxes of rivets and a mass of crated ironwork that was pouring up from the South, who proposed to camp them a mile from the broken bridges.

'What, no good water?' said Hagan.

'Oh, no. But I expect a detachment of Regulars shortly. They must have the nearest camp.'

'Good Lord, man! Your blessed Regulars can't get forward till we've mended the bridges. We must be close to our work.'

'I'm afraid your knowledge of the British Army is a little limited,' said the Station Commandant.

'I was fool enough to cross a ridge after some Regulars had reported it cleared,' said Hagan sweetly. 'Twasn't any fault of theirs my knowledge didn't last till the Day of Judgment. But, look here, this isn't a question of precedence. We don't want to *live* here. We want to mend the bridges and get up to the Rand again.'

After a while, but ungraciously, Setton gave way, and the Railway Pioneers went to work like beavers. The Regulars arrived * to protect the bridge-head', two companies of them, fresh from home, and Setton, with unspeakable delight, found himself once more among men who talked his chosen tongue, and thought his lofty thoughts. As he wrote to his mother: 'You can get as good hunting-talk here as you can at home.' The Pioneers were not a seemly corps. They unstacked the accurately piled rivet-boxes, and dumped them where they could be easily handled; they dismantled an abandoned farmhouse to get at the roof-beams, because they were short of poles; they stuck a home-made furnace at the far end of the platform where it made itself a black, unlovely bed of cinders; they worked at all hours of the day and night, ate when they had leisure, and called their officers by their lesser names. Hagan asked Setton—once only—what arrangements he had made for Kaffir labour. Setton had made none, for he had no instructions. Whereupon Hagan, talking unknown tongues, made his own arrangements, and strange niggers crept out of the Marroo by scores. Setton wished to know something about them. 'It's all right,' said Hagan, over his shoulder. 'I'm responsible. It's cheaper for us' (he meant the Con-

solidated Ophir and Bonanza) 'to pay out of our pocket than to wait for the Government to fiddle through it. *I want to get back to the Rand.*'

The last sentence always annoyed Setton. These voluble Johannesburg gipsies made it their dawn-song, their noon chorus, and their midnight chant. It swung girders into place, sent home rivets, and spiked nails. It echoed among the hills at twilight, when the startlingly visible night-picket of the Regulars went out to relieve its fellows, cut in black paper against the green sky-line, on the tallest kopje. It greeted every truck of new material, this drawling, nasal '*I want to get back to the Rand.*'

It helped to build the bridges, though that Setton did not notice. He did not know a spike from a chair, a girder from an artesian well, a thirty-foot rail from a tie-rod. The things lumbered up the siding which he wished to keep neat. Men took them out of the trucks and did things to or with them, and the things, somehow or other, spanned the watercourses. But Lieutenant Setton would no more have dreamed of taking an interest in the manner of their fitment than at school he would have read five lines beyond the day's appointed construe.

When the last of the three bridges was nearly finished, Hagan dashed into his office with a wire from Phil, who wanted him back at once. The big centre girder of Folly Bridge was going up, and only Hagan could take charge of that end of it which was not under Phil's comprehending eye.

'But the men here know exactly what's to be done. If anything goes wrong, ask Jerry—I mean Private Thrupp. He ought to begin riveting up to-morrow, and after that they've only to lay the track. It's as easy as falling off a log.'

Setton did not approve of this unbuttoned man with the rampant voice—had, indeed, withdrawn markedly from his society. Nor did Setton comprehend how a private could be in charge of anything—least of all when a Regular officer—not to mention a Station Commandant—was on the horizon. He assumed that Hagan would have told the senior non-com, of the Pioneers to come to him for orders for the day; but Hagan, eating, sleeping, and thinking bridges only, had not communicated with Sergeant Rayne—late accountant of Thumper's Deep, and promoted because Government had insisted that the Corps must keep books. Hagan had spent his last hours at an informal committee-meeting with Jerry and another private—Fulsom, ex-head of the Little North Bear's machinery—and, under the lee of a karroo-bush, drawing diagrams in the dirt, had settled every last detail of the bridge that was to help the Corps back to their own Rand.

Brightly and briskly, then, in the diamond-clear dawn, up rose Lieutenant Walter Setton to command the station of Pipkameelepompfontein. But early as it was, the Pioneers were before him. The situation when he arrived at the bank of the third watercourse was briefly this. They were lowering, with hand-made derricks, two fourteen-foot girders, one from either bank, to meet in the middle, where Jerry and

Fulsom stood ready to join them. The twenty-eight-foot girder, which should have covered the span had been sent round by Naauwport by mistake, and Jerry believed devoutly that the Cape Minister of Railways, whom he habitually alluded to as 'the worst rebel but one of the lot', had caused the delay on purpose. The mischief of it was that, expecting the twenty-eight foot iron, they had used the last of their wood sleepers to lay a sharp curve just before the bridge, where iron sleepers were difficult to bend and adjust. Consequently, they had no temporary cribs of sleepers in the middle of the watercourse to take the weight of the two fourteen-foot irons when these were lowered. So Jerry had extemporised a stage of rivet-boxes and lath sufficient to bear his weight and Fulsom's, and knowing his men, trusted to rivet up the butt-strap, temporarily, at any rate, while the men on the derricks held the girders, lowering them or raising them fractionally at his signal. It was unorthodox engineering, but it would carry the line. By four in the morning the heels of the girders were neatly butted against their permanent resting-places, and their noses began to dip towards the meeting in the centre.

'North girder!' Jerry raised his hand and lowered it slowly.

The obedient gang at the derrick slacked away with immense care. They were not watching Private Thrupp, but Jerry of Thumper's Deep, and Fulsom of the Little North Bear—both mighty men.

'Ready with the rivets, now! Here she comes! Hold her! Hold her! As you are! Not another hairsbreadth. South girder—lift a shade. A fraction of a hair!' He laid a spirit level across the half-inch gap between the two girders, and cocked his head on one side. Nobody breathed except Lieutenant Setton, who had walked some distance in a hurry. He observed that a bucket of blazing coals—stolen, of course—was slung under the belly of either 'iron thing'. He always thought of concrete objects beyond his experience as 'things'. Four men passed up two flat iron things—the specially designed butt-straps—one to Jerry and one to Fulsom, who faced Jerry on the other side of the girder. So close was the adjustment that the weight of the straps as they were slid between the flanges of the girder made the south girder—held by ropes, not chains—dip a fraction, and Jerry swore as only a Rand mechanic on twelve hundred a year and a bonus has a right to swear—*emphatically and authoritatively*.

'What are you doing there, men?' The voice passed Jerry like the summer wind. One hand was on the spirit-level, the other held a riveting hammer; one eye squinted at the bubble in the glass, the other, red with emotion, glared through the holes in the butt-strap, waiting till the expansion of the heated girders should bring the rivet-holes in line. Astronomers watching for an eclipse gaze not so earnestly as did Jerry and Fulsom.

'I say, what are you men doing there without orders?' cried Lieutenant Setton for the second time.

'Hah!' said Jerry, wagging the hammer to command silence. He was half aware now of some disturbing presence. The rivet-holes covered each other absolutely.

' Rivets to me! Quick, McGinnies. Meet me, Fulsom.' A man passed up the pincers with the red-hot rivet, and Jerry hammered like an artist. 'That'll make old—' (he mentioned the Cape Minister of Railways by name) 'pretty sick! Thought he'd hang us up by sending our stuff round by Naauwport, did he? Hold on! Rivet, rivet, McGinnies! What's the use of you? Derricks, there! Hold on! What are you men doing? Oh, good Lord!'

If Jerry on the rivet-boxes was losing his temper, Lieutenant Setton by the south girder had lost his altogether.

'You thought!' he shouted to the amazed gang at the derrick. You thought! Who in the world told you to think? D'you suppose you're here to do what you please? *I* gave no orders for the work to go on. Your orders, if you'd thought to come to my office to get them, are to clean up some of the filthy mess you've made round the Station.'

Then to Sergeant Rayner 'Fall in your men at once, and march them up to the station. You'll get your orders there.'

'But half a mo', sir. Half a minute, sir. We can't let go—.'

'Do you refuse duty, then? I warn you it'll be the worse for you. You can't do this—you can't do that? Let go that rope-thing at once. It's mutiny, by God!'

They let go at the south end. They fell back, not knowing the limits of Imperial power. The unsupported girder bit heavily on the single rivet that Jerry and Fulsom had put in—bit and shore through. The north gang let go an instant later. A howl of rage came out of the ravine as both girders dropped into a dolorous, open-sided V, knocked over the light staging, and twisting as they fell, scattered the fire in the coal-bucket among the dry scrub and fragments of timbering in the bed of the watercourse. They lit at once and blazed merrily. A man with a hammer erupted.

'Who slacked away without orders?' he demanded in a voice no private should use. One or two men had heard it before—at the time of the big dynamite explosion in Johannesburg—and straightened up.

'Fall in your your company there, and don't talk,' said Lieutenant Setton. He was willing to concede much to a mere Volunteer—even in time of war.

'It was him, Jerry,' whispered Sergeant Rayne.

Jerry turned a full mulberry-colour as he strove to control himself—he was quivering all over. Then he grew pale and rigid.

'Ha-half a minute, please. I want to explain to you exactly how the work stands. The girders were just in position and I was riveting them up—my name is Thrupp.'

It carried some weight on the Rand, but Lieutenant Setton almost laughed aloud.

'If you wouldn't mind listening to me, please. It was an absolutely vital matter—absolutely vital. We were actually riveting the butt-strap

when you meddled with the derrick. Let me show you! '—he laid one shaking hand on the Lieutenant's cuff—to lead him to the wreck.

'Meddle with the derrick! What the devil do you mean by your insolence? Do you know who I am?'

'In half an hour—in five minutes—we could have put in enough rivets to hold her. We shall have to go to work again. It means half a day's delay, though, even if the girders aren't twisted by the fall. . . . You can see it hung on only one rivet.'

'Fall in with your company—for the last time.'

'But you don't understand—you don't understand. Let me explain a minute, and come here'—again the hand on the cuff. 'Of course, you don't realise what you've done. It was only a question of minutes—minutes—do you see?—before we should have had those two girders—those short irons down there—riveted up. Good Lord! That scrub's burning like tinder! We must shovel earth on it, or it will twist the girders out of shape; and '—the voice rose almost to a shriek—' we shall have to send down the line for duplicates. I—you—tell the men to chuck earth on that blaze, for God's sake. The girders will buckle! They'll be ruined.'

'March this man to the guard-tent,' said Lieutenant Setton, who had endured enough. It was the insolence and insubordination of the man that galled him. 'Another time, perhaps, you'll take the trouble to obey orders.'

'What for? What have I done? My dear chap, this isn't the time to fiddle about with guard-tents. The whole donga's alight, and we shall have those girders buckling in ten minutes. You can't be going to leave the mess as it is—you *can't!*'

'Oh, I've stood enough of this. Silence. Understand you're a prisoner.'

'Me? Oh, yes, I'm anything you please if you'll only let me put out that fire. Where the deuce d'you think I'd want to run to? I'll come up to the guard-tent the minute it's out. I give you my word of honour!'

By this time the Railway Pioneer Corps was in two minds—some laughing and others looking very black. Only Sergeant Rayne, busy with a pocket-book, seemed to take no interest in the affair.

'March me off? With that fire burning? We'll be delayed a week at least. Why—why—why—' again Jerry turned plum-colour. Fulsom and McGinnies, who knew his habits, closed in on him at once.

'Come on, Jerry,' whispered Fulsom. 'You've done all you can. Come on.'

'All that I can? What do *I* matter? I'm thinking about the bridge.' He walked in a sort of stupor, looking back from time to time to watch the smoke in the donga. The Railway Pioneer Corps followed slowly to sweep up the platform of Pipkameelepompfontein.

'Rayne has got down every word you said in shorthand,' said Fulsom, when the prisoner reached the guard-tent. 'And he's going to wire Hagan now. For God's sake, don't open your mouth, Jerry, and we'll get that young ass Stellenbosched in a day or two.'

'Hung up for a week—hung up for a week!' moaned Jerry. 'Am

I mad or is he? Tell Rayne to wire for spare girders. God knows where they are to come from! Perhaps Phil may have a couple at Folly Bridge. Better wire there as well. Those two will have buckled by now.'

'And you say he refused your orders?' This was Hagan, dirty and drawn after a journey in a draughty cattle-truck, standing at the foot of Setton's cot by dawnlight.

'He was extremely insolent, if that's what you mean. He deliberately questioned my authority before all the men several times. He kept pawing me all over, too. I don't suppose he really meant half he said.'

'Didn't he?' Hagan gulped, but curbed himself.

'The trouble with you Volunteers,' said Setton, rising on one arm, 'is that you've absolutely no notion of military discipline; and on active service one can't allow that sort of thing. However, I think forty-eight hours in the guard-tent will teach him a little sense. I've no intention of carrying the matter any further, so we needn't discuss it.'

Hagan stared at him with a horror that carried something of admiration, and a little—not much—pity. He had come up with Colonel Palling, R.E., and had shown him the third bridge.

'Is this his tent?' one cried without, and there entered a Colonel of Her Majesty's Royal Engineers, not in a common regimental rage, but such cold fury as an overworked man responsible for a few miles of track in war-time may justly wear. He chewed his three-months' beard, and looked at Lieutenant Setton, who stood to attention.

'You will go,' he whispered at last. 'You will go back to the base by the train this morning. You will give this note to the General there.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you know why you go?'

'No, sir.'

The Colonel's neck-veins swelled. 'I—I wish to speak to this officer,' he said.

It is the first maxim of internal economy that one should never reprimand a superior in the presence of his equal or his subordinate. Hagan withdrew. A sentry a few yards away stood fast. He was a Reservist of some experience.

'Gawd 'as been 'eavenly good to me,' he said later to fifteen comrades. 'I've heard quite a few things in my time. I've 'eard the Dook 'imself pass the time o' day with an 'Orse battery that turned up on the wrong flank in the Long Valley. I 'eard "Smuttery" Chambers lyin' be'ind an ant-'ill at Modder getting sunstroke. I 'eard wot General Mike said when the cavalry was too late at Stinkersdrift. But all that was "Let me kiss 'im for 'is mother" to wot I 'eard this mornin'. There wasn't any common damn-your-eyes routine to it. Palling, 'e just felt about with 'is fingers till 'e'd found that little beggar's immortal soul—'e did. An' then 'e pulled it fair out of 'im like a bloomin' pull-through, an' then 'e blew 'is nose on it like a bloomin' 'andkerchief, an' then 'e threw it way. Swore at 'im? No. You chaps don't take me. It was chronic. That's what it was—just chronic'

In the peaceful and loyal district of Stellenbosch—there was a subaltern, temporarily attached as supernumerary on the Accounts side of the Numdah and Boot-lace Issue Department, who knew exactly how the Army ought to be reorganised. And he said: 'It's all very well to talk about makin' the Army a business, like those newspaper chaps do, but they don't understand the spirit of the Service. How can they? Well, don't you see, if they bring in all those so-called reforms that they're always talkin' about, they simply fill up the Service with a lot of bounders and outsiders. They simply won't get the class of men to join that the Army really wants. No one will take up the Service as a profession then. I know / shan't for one'

Notes on Discussion Meetings

THAT on November 11th, 1959, was almost an emergency meeting. Miss Janice Farrelly was to have given us a talk on **Kipling and South Africa—Then and Now**, but was prevented by illness from doing so. Knowing that our members would have prepared themselves, with their usual conscientiousness, to discuss this particular aspect of Kipling's work, we had to get together, literally in a very few days, a little group of speakers who divided up the subject between them. Col. Purefoy, Mr. Harbord and Mr. Lancelyn Green took the prose and Mrs. Scott-Giles dealt with some of the verse. The star-turn was provided by Mrs. Brett, who held us spellbound with her reminiscences of the South Africa of the years 1901-3 when she spent three Christmases with the Kipling family there. We could most willingly have listened to her for the rest of the evening, and so absorbed were we all in what she had to tell us that we almost made her miss her train and left ourselves practically no time for discussion.

There are two later discussion meetings to be reported in this issue of the **Journal** and it is going to be difficult to do them justice in the amount of space available. The first was held on January 20th, when Col. Purefoy introduced **The Finest Story in** (he **World** and Wireless, two stories about the sub-conscious mind. In the first the subject's sub-conscious mind takes over and produces memories of earlier incarnations; it deals with things it has known. In the second the sub-conscious is taken over by some unexplained external influence aided by a similarity in physical conditions and struggles to reproduce the work of another mind which it has never known.

Colonel Purefoy dealt first with *The Finest Story*. He found that, for all its fascination, this story is open to a great deal of criticism. It is very long and rambling, he said, and broken up by a lot of dissertation. The writer lets his pen run on and on and indulges in his early habit of making statements quite outside the story. Col. Purefoy instanced the assertion, "The troubles of a young man are almost as holy as those of a maiden", and "There are few things sweeter in this world than the open admiration of a junior", and so on. The Kipling lover is used to this and takes it in his stride, but it infuriates some readers, and this seems to be one of the very few Kipling stories that could, with advantage, be cut. Col. Purefoy found the story overweighted and top-heavy with the crowding in of memories of a life as a Greek galley-slave who had also, in another life, crossed the Atlantic in a Norse Dragon-ship. The cross-recollections are confusing, and Grish Chunder provides another diversion and takes up too much time. But the tale is full of vivid word pictures, particularly that of the shifting light through the oar-holes of the galley, and that of the sea topping the bulwarks and seeming to hang there indefinitely.

Wireless, Col. Purefoy thought, contrasted favourably with the other story in that not a word appears to be wasted, but all play their part in creating the atmosphere or telling the story. The description of the stuffy little shop with its warmth and queer lights and queerer smells catches at the imagination and provides a wonderful contrast with that of the bleak, wintry street outside, swept by a bitter wind. Col. Purefoy found the very names Shaynor and Cashell strongly evocative of the personality and appearance of the two men to whom they belong. Apart from the general charm of the story, said Col. Purefoy, it contains one of the most horrifying little sentences Kipling ever wrote. Mr. Shaynor has a paroxysm of coughing, and on his handkerchief are two bright red patches: "He pocketed the handkerchief after a furtive peep."

A very good discussion followed. There was a good deal of speculation as to the identity of the town in *Wireless*, but Kipling seems to have wrapped it up very well, except that it must be somewhere at one end or the other of the Channel coast. There was the usual little battle between some of our older members, who take the charm of Kipling so much for granted that criticism seems out of place, and some of the younger ones who have not yet been ensnared by his magic, and probably now never will be, and whose keen, inquiring minds and critical observations are such a stimulating challenge at these meetings. One of these latter was quite unimpressed by the lighting and atmosphere of *Wireless*. She thought it mere deliberate stage-setting for a drama of which she could deduce the plot from the very beginning. One of our older members admitted reluctantly that in both stories she found the personality of the narrator not at all likable, showing a sort of easy patronage and a tendency to belittle the less well-educated man. Mr. Green said that he thought Kipling had mentally identified Charlie Mears in *The Finest Story* with the author of *Phra the Phoenician* who had got in first with a notion which Kipling felt he could have handled far better himself.

A lively few minutes at the end of the meeting was taken up by suggestions from the audience of other lines of poetry, written since *Wireless* appeared, which might challenge Kipling's choice of Coleridge's "A savage place, as holy and enchanted . . ." as fit to stand with Keats' "magic casements" lines.

The second meeting took place on March 16th and was the largest we have ever had, 40 members and guests being present. We were delighted to have Professor Carrington with us and to welcome Mrs. Carrington and their two guests from America.

The stories for discussion, again introduced by Colonel Purefoy, were the two Tudor stories from the *Puck* books, *Hal o' the Draft* and *The Wrong Thing*. Col. Purefoy pointed out that though *Hal o' the Draft* was published before the other story, the latter must have been at least conceived if not written first, since *Puck* introduces Hal as Sir Harry Dawe, though he was actually knighted as a result of the work referred to in *The Wrong Thing*.

Col. Purefoy thought *Hal* must have given Kipling special pleasure to write because he did so love writing about expert Craftsmen; and he must have been particularly pleased with the neat plot of this story, since his Mother had once told him that he couldn't make a plot to save his life. A good Plot, said Col. Purefoy, must contain a Problem (in this case the re-building of the Church), a Conflict (here we have the mysterious baulking of Hal's work at every turn) and a Solution, not too obvious but reasonable in the light of what has gone before. In this story, the Church is being used to hide Contraband, namely guns which are being illegally supplied to Sir Andrew Barton, a Scottish pirate; those not in the know are kept away by a rumour that the Church is haunted. But gun-running was a hanging matter and Kipling had to find some way out of that problem without allowing vice to triumph (though it is inconceivable that Kipling, let alone Sir John Pelham, could allow "half Sussex to be hanged for a little

gun-running"). How better than by introducing someone who is waiting for perfectly legal guns, the loss of which would be a severe loss to the local rascals? And though historians may quibble at the introduction of Sebastian Cabot, at that time and in that place, at any rate it rounds off the plot very satisfactorily.

Col. Purefoy dwelt affectionately on the charming country atmosphere of this story with its setting among places which those of us who know Burwash can more or less accurately identify. He showed how the children's interest is caught and held throughout by this very familiarity. The story all took place in and around their own village and none of it is above their understanding.

The Wrong Thing on the other hand, said Col. Purefoy, seems to pass right over Dan's head, though it is, as it were, Dan's own story, just as *Marklake Witches* is Una's though, for her also, much of that tale is beyond her understanding. Another point about *The Wrong Thing* is that it is the only story in the *Puck* books in which Puck himself does not appear. In fact, said Colonel Purefoy, it does not seem to be a story for children at all. The plot is much less clearly defined than that of *Hal o' the Draft* though the "nub" of it — receiving recognition for some quite trivial work and not for a more worthy achievement—is a not uncommon happening, and Col. Purefoy instanced Sir Arthur Sullivan, Lewis Carroll and Dean Swift who are all remembered to-day for works quite other than those for which they would have liked to be remembered.

This point was taken up in the discussion by a member who thought that the story was to some extent autobiographical. Kipling had been offered a knighthood soon after he had written *The Absent-Minded Beggar*, and he had refused the honour because, whatever our opinion about those verses to-day, Kipling thought but poorly of them in comparison with some of his other work. Our member thought Kipling had written *The Wrong Thing* to explain to his fellow-craftsmen that he did not wish to be remembered by a title bestowed apparently in honour of a piece of work which he himself considered unworthy of it.

There was some speculation, voiced by Col. Monro, about the lady called Catherine of Castile in this story. Catherine of Aragon was also of Castile, but she would be a very young woman at this time and in no position to "tongue-lash" the King of England because he would not give her one of his ships for a pleasure-ship.

Professor Carrington thought *Hal o' the Draft* far better and more comprehensible as a story than *The Wrong Thing*. Most of our members agreed with him, but one of us qualified this opinion by saying how much pleasure she always got from the picture given in *The Wrong Thing* of mediaeval craftsmen working together on some great project and, for the sake of their craft, sinking their private quarrels, however bitter.

One of our young members from overseas said that though, as a qualified Colonial, most of these very English stories left her cold, there was one small paragraph in *The Wrong Thine* which flashed upon her mind as complete truth—the sentence in which Hal, at the point of death as he thinks, says how his spirit was caught up in a solemn exaltation from which he sees, as from the top of some high place, all his life laid out little and fore-shortened. Any other writer, she said, would take pages of purple prose over this, but Kipling does it in one sentence.

NOTE.—Owing to shortage of space the "Reader's Guide" notes on "Mrs. Bathurst," begun in the last number of the **Journal**, will not be continued until September.

Letter Bag

Kipling and Haggard

Messrs. Hutchinson and Company have commissioned me to write a book to be entitled **Rudyard Kipling and Rider Haggard : The Story of a Friendship**. I should appreciate hearing from persons who have any material or recollections bearing upon the friendship. I should also be grateful for information leading to periodical reports of public meetings at which both men appeared.

Morton Cohen, c/o Chase Manhattan Bank, 46 Berkeley Square, W.I.

Pycroft and Kim

PYECROFT. My generation found Pycroft enchanting. Clearly though the humour of a period does not survive indefinitely. Carrington, I saw with sorrow, does not rate Pycroft highly. My own young people of today are polite, but clearly are not carried away as I should wish by Kipling in general.

KIM. First read in, I think, 1902, in an Australian railway-bookstall edition. Since then I have practically never been without it. Has it been dealt with in the *Journal*? Am I right in thinking that Kim came into this world on May 1st, 1885 ? . . . The date of the "great earthquake in Srinagar in Kashmir" If so, the story seems to open in 1898 when Kim was thirteen . . .

ALYSON F. MINCHIN (Indian Forest Service, Retired)

Mrs. Bathurst

Mrs. Bathurst is prefaced by an extract from IRENIUS: "Had it been your Prince instead of a groom caught in this noose there's not an astrologer of the city . . . but would ha' sworn he'd foreseen it at the last versary of Venus, when Vulcan caught her with Mars in the house of stinking Capricorn."

In other words this story is about the results of illicit love in a filthy place. Too often these results were syphilis which, at that period, was incurable. The victim would only face an unpleasant and lingering death, unless he took steps to end things quickly, as Love o' Women tried to do.

If Vickery had syphilis he could never face Mrs. Bathurst again. His reference to not having murdered his wife is clear. He had not infected her. The conversation in the brake-van is full of undertones. The two Service men would not talk freely to a b——civilian whom they had apparently not much taken to. *Vide* Pritchard's rather offensive attitude (page 346 Pocket Edition). Hooper was singularly reticent. He neither produced the false teeth nor mentioned that one of the corpses he had seen was that of a woman. The two Service men did not mention what must, at that period, have been in their minds, i.e. venereal disease. Pycroft lied unblushingly when he said he had never considered the captain's attitude.

It is essentially in the captain's attitude that the whole story must be explained. *Pace* Mr. Harbord, there is every reason to think that the captain connived at Vickery's desertion; indeed he abetted it. He would not have done so on such flimsy grounds as Vickery's unwillingness to face up to a great love or anything of that sort. But if Vickery were incurably ill and only too likely to commit suicide, this was another matter. The possible suicide of one of his petty officers is not something a captain can treat lightly. Why not let the poor devil creep quietly away and die without scandal?

Two further minor points. It is unlikely that Vickery and Mrs. Bathurst had

been physically lovers. People of that sort, at that period, would probably not have been. It seems likely that Vickery wrote and told Mrs. Bathurst of his tragic plight and that he would not see her again: her reply being to drop everything and rush back to look after him. The story has a kinship with "A Madonna of the Trenches" as well as "Love o' Women"; more distantly "The Wish House" links up.

T. F. V. FOSTER.

A Tour of Inspection

Heaven defend that I should get entangled in a nautical argument with Commander Merriman: he knows more of the sea, practically, than I can even imagine, but I was brought up in a seaport—Cardiff—and may perhaps be able to supply the local colour for "A Tour of Inspection."

Sixty years ago Cardiff was a very busy port with many coastal ketches, English and Welsh, constantly calling, or lying off "in the mud"! It also had a canal—the Glamorgan Canal—which linked the port of Pontypridd and Merthyr Tydfil and carried a variety of cargoes—patent fuel, chain cable forged at Pontypridd, tin plate of all kinds and many other things. As a small boy I was always hanging over bridges over the canal, or peering into the depths of locks as the barges went down, or slowly rose. They fascinated me, as did all things which floated. One of the things I learned, from watching it done, was that one man, by attaching the tow-rope at the appropriate point along a barge's length can slowly tow it and make it move in a course parallel to that along which he was walking.

Even when towed by a horse the tow-line was never attached to the bows, but at a point some distance back. Attached to the bows and towed from a tow-path, even with a helmsman, it is doubtful if even the barge's big rudder would suffice to keep it in the centre of the canal. Many times in my youth I have seen one man tow a barge in such a manner for a mile or so. It was not quick, but it was possible and practical, and used about the docks where the canal terminated.

As to what the crew of a small coaster would or would not do, I am not greatly worried. As a small boy I played about many of those little ships, sat in the tiny cabins and heard the crew and captain yarn; ran about the decks and got to know the sound and the feel of a wooden deck under one's feet and loved it. The fact that a drunken, psalm-singing Cardiff-Welsh deck-hand is supposed to have towed an ammunition barge a mile or so along a peaceful country canal is quite in order and the sort of irresponsible escapade they would have rejoiced in. The Welsh miners to whom the seamen of the port, in as far as they were Welsh, were related, took great delight, and still do, in just that sort of wild prank.

"A Tour of Inspection" brought great joy to my soul for all the reasons for pleasure which Commander Merriman mentions, plus the fact that it recalled vividly the little coastal ketches and their hard living and very hard working crews whom I knew in the days of my youth.

W. C. Fox.

The Offer of Knighthood, etc.

At a recent meeting of the Society, Mr. Scott-Giles suggested that the episode of "Sir Harry Dawe's" knighthood might have been prompted by the knighthood offered to Kipling after the publication of *The Absent-minded Beggar*; this too was a recognition of inferior work while better work had been overlooked. (It was an impertinence to offer a knighthood at any time after the appearance of *The Rhyme of True Thomas* (1893)). The suggestion is ingenious and, though it is no more than conjecture, it may be worth putting against a chronological background. The following schedule is from various sources in the Kipling Papers:

R. K. had turned his mind to a series of historical stories before the death of Burne-Jones in 1898.

October 1899.	<i>The Absent-Minded Beggar</i> composed.
December 1899.	First offer of a knighthood, by Lord Salisbury.
September 1902.	The Kiplings removed to "Bateman's."
August 1903.	<i>Below the Mill Dam</i> written soon after the removal.
November 1903.	An electric cable run from the Mill.
December 1903.	Second offer of a knighthood, by Mr. Balfour.
September 1904.	R.K. reading history and heraldry.
October 1904.	The scheme of the "Puck" stories formulated.
October 1904.	The children reading E. Nesbit's <i>Phoenix and the Carpet</i> .
November 1904.	The children's play from <i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i>
January 1905.	R.K. reading in the <i>Sussex Archaeological Journal</i> .
July 1905.	Two "Puck" stories sent to A. P. Watt.
November 1905.	A "Roman Centurion Story" written.
April 1906.	<i>Hal o' the Draft</i> written.
May 1906.	<i>Puck of Pook's Hill</i> (the stories) finished.
November 1906.	R.K. working at the "Puck" verses.
April 1910.	<i>Rewards and Fairies</i> begun.
	The "R. & F." verses finished (after the stories).

I have no particular note of the date of *The Wrong Thing*.
Two other trifles.

Mrs. Bathurst. For the report that the original was a barmaid in Christchurch, New Zealand, see Kipling Journal, No. 85, p. 14. Kipling's short visit to New Zealand in November 1891 is very obscure. It would be helpful if some New Zealand contributor would track his course from files of local newspapers. Why did he not go on to Samoa? There was no bad news of Wolcott Balestier's illness at that date.

"*Hey, then, Up go we!*" June 1904. The reference is surely to the report of the Esher Commission on the reform of the War Office after the South African war. It was debated in Parliament in February 1904, and was regarded by its critics as a "white-washing" report. One consequence was the resignation of Kipling's friend, Lord Roberts, on the abolition of the post of Commander-in-Chief.

C. E. CARRINGTON

Library Notes

During the early days of April the Society received the following additional books from Dr. P. F. WILSON.

TWICE-THIRTY by Edward W. Bok (1925).

with four references to Kipling and his works.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK (1923)

with ten or twelve references. Bok was the famous editor of *The Ladies Home Journal*.

WAR GRAVES OF THE EMPIRE

Reprinted from the Special Number of 'The Times' of November 10th, 1928. This has somehow become a scarce item. It is in excellent condition. These gifts bring Dr. Wilson's score up to 70 for the Society.

Very few of these books have been referred to in detail in the Journals, but we must arrange for a member to report fully on them.

R.E.H.

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year ended 31st December, 1959

INCOME				EXPENDITURE			
1958		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1958		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	Subscriptions (Ordinary Members):			104	Office Rent and Cleaning		103 12 0
224	Renewals (255)		303 8 0	22	Printing and Stationery		26 4 3
112	New Members (101)		103 0 0	26	Postages, Telephone and Telegrams		29 8 3
	Life Members' Subscriptions:			30	General Office Expenses		36 4 7
	In advance at 31st December, 1958	12 18 6			Miscellaneous:		
	In advance at 31st December, 1959	4 16 10			Insurances	5 10 0	
16			8 1 8		Bank Charges	3 3 0	
	Unallocated Subscriptions and Donations from Branches:				Cheque Book Stamps	10 0	9 3 0
14	Victoria, B.C.	10 4 0		12	Journal Expenses:		
9	Melbourne	*Nil			Printing and Despatch of Kipling Journal	270 2 4	
31	New Zealand	30 0 0			Less: Current Sales	14 19 9	
17	New York, U.S.A.	99 2 8				255 2 7	
			139 6 8		Less: Proportion of Life Members' Donations	26 11 0	228 11 7
63	Journals—Sale of back numbers		6 7 11	214	Publicity Expenses		44 12 6
11	Sales—Other Sundries		7 0	34	Entertaining Overseas Members	36 1 3	
9	Members' Meetings—Profits—Nil (see contra)		— — —	—	Less: Donations from Members of Staff	28 19 3	7 2 0
	Donations:			25	Books and Furniture: Amount written off		26 10 0
17	General	36 5 6			Transfer to:		
6	Life Members for Journal	6 11 0			Journal Enlargement	6 11 0	
64	Readers' Guide	Nil			Readers' Guide Account	19 5	7 10 5
1	Readers' Guide Interest	19 5		71	Plaque at Allahabad: Half cost borne by Kipling Society		13 15 0
17	Interest on Investments		43 15 11	—	Meetings:		
	* £20 since received		17 10 0		Luncheon Expenses	115 5 4	
					98 Paid	103 2 0	12 3 4
				4	"Lansdowne" Meetings	47 5 6	
					5/- Paid by Members	26 2 0	
						21 3 6	
					Donations	12 15 6	8 8 0
							20 11 4
					Profit on "Bateman's" Trip	3 10 6	17 0 10
							549 14 5
				73	Balance, being Excess of Income over Expenditure for year		72 2 9
£611		£621 17 2	£611				£621 17 2

Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1959

1958		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	1958		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
	LIFE MEMBERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS:							8	CASH IN HAND						
	Balance at 31st December, 1958	12	18	6				413	BANK BALANCE—Current Account...				410	0	0
	Amount written off to Income Account during 1959	8	1	8				65	DEPOSIT ACCOUNT						
13	INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT:				4	16	10		INVESTMENTS AT COST:						
	Balance at 31st December, 1958	676	4	3				513	£500 3½% War Stock (Market Value at 31st December, 1959, say £325)				513	2	3
	Add: Excess of Income over Expenditure for the Year	72	2	9				15	STOCK OF JOURNALS, STATIONERY, ETC., say						
676	SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS for enlarging the Journal	160	0	0					BOOKS AND FURNITURE:						
	Additions in 1959	6	11	0					Additions at Cost	26	10	0			
		166	11	0					Less: Written Off	26	10	0			
	Less: Allocated to 1959 Journals	26	11	0	140	0	0								
160	READERS' GUIDE FUND				47	8	5								
65	CREDITORS														
100															
<u>£1014</u>					<u>£940</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>£1014</u>					<u>£940</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>3</u>

(Sgd.) R. E. HARBORD, Hon. Treasurer.
A. E. BAGWELL-PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary.

- Notes: (i) The estimated value of Library Books at 31st December, 1959, cannot be assessed but must be considerable.
- (ii) The Kipling Bust held by the Society was donated by Lord Bathurst to replace a previous bust subscribed for by Members at a cost of £52 10s. 0d. presented to the National Gallery.
- (iii) The Society has possession of the Wolff Collection which may be retained so long as the Society is in existence.

We have compared the above Balance Sheet dated 31st December, 1959, 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.
31st March, 1960.

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Honorary Auditors.

BOOK REVIEW: KIPLING: THE DISTAFF SIDE.

A. W. Baldwin (Earl Baldwin of Bewdley). *The Macdonald Sisters*. Peter Davies Ltd. x + 234 pp. March 1960. Price 30/-.

Of the eleven children of The Revd. George Macdonald and Hannah Jones born between 1834 and 1850 three died in infancy, two sons survived and one girl died as a teenager. Here we are told delightfully about the other five girls—one of whom did not marry—the remaining four may all be said to have married well and that in spite of three of the husbands being artists.

Alice became Rudyard Kipling's mother.

Georgina became Lady Burne-Jones.

Agnes became Lady Poynter.

Louisa became the mother of the first Earl Baldwin, four times Prime Minister of the United Kingdom.

Kipling readers have been told little about the author although they know something of his elder brother Oliver, who died two years ago, from Carrington, who says he was often at "Batemens" during and after the First World War.

Lord Baldwin's book is charmingly and very cleverly put together from a diary, notes and many letters. We are most grateful to him for the detailed and detached view of the allied families for there is much of Kipling interest throughout and not only in the special chapter No. VII—"The Kiplings. 1865-1910."

An explanation is given why the Kiplings in India were satisfied that Rudyard was properly looked after in Southsea, which is perhaps not quite convincing. It does however make one wonder more than ever why neither he nor his sister complained of his treatment. However "hideous fate" is a bit strong for the 'House of Desolation', for Trix at any rate.

Here are some items of importance gleaned:—

We have long known that Kipling adored small children and that he could draw. These things are vividly brought out in one sentence:—

"In a letter to his parents from Westward Ho! [in 1879 when he was 13] he surprised them by his description of a baby, and he made a life-sized drawing of its hand, adding that he thought babies the most beautiful things in the world."

His father said the drawing was quite accurate.

Some helpful dates are given and we can add amongst other things to what Carrington wrote about John Lockwood and his marriage to Alice Macdonald on 18th March 1865 at St. Mary Abbots Church in Kensington. It was not followed by immediate departure on the same day for India. The bride and bridegroom went to Skipton to visit his family and did not sail until 12th April—25 days later.

The writer appreciates Rudyard's father's book, *Beast and Man in India* and gives a clear picture of this charming quiet gentleman: no one would have said in his day that he was "agnostic and eclectic" perhaps because he did not draw attention to himself. The description might well apply to his son rather than to him, but so many writers to the *Kipling Journal* during the past 33 years have given reasons for thinking he was a staunch Christian that this is too much open to argument to pursue here.

All the five ladies were "delicate" but three lived to be 80 and the other two were 73 and 63.

In April 1870 a second son was born to Rudyard's parents: what a pity this child only survived a short time.

R. E. HARBORD.

Hon. Secretary's Notes

New Members' Names. Please don't be disappointed if your name does not appear in the next Journal after you have joined. We have to send copy to the printers very early, and some names always miss the next number. You may be sure you won't be forgotten altogether.

Another American Party. The successful U.S.A. Branch Dinner reported in

Journal 133 was followed up soon afterwards by a splendid meeting at St. Paul, Minnesota, in the house of Mr. Charles Lesley Ames. Twenty-two Members and guests assembled, and after an extremely good dinner put through a crowded programme of films, readings and discussions—yet another example of the fine enthusiasm being shown by this Branch.

A Notable New Member. Last quarter we were pleased to report that a new School, called after Rudyard Kipling, had joined the Society. This time, as a fitting complement, we are delighted to tell you that two schools, far from new and also famous in name, which for some years have worked as one, have now joined us. None other, in fact, than Haileybury and Imperial Service College, the second of which is, of course, R.K.'s own old school. We wish them long and happy membership.

A. E. B. P.

Annual Report for 1959

General. The Society had another very good year in 1959. Membership again improved beyond our best hopes, and the various events planned all took place successfully, with good attendances. The most auspicious event for the future was the start of a surge forward by our U.S.A. Branch. Thirty-seven new Members joined them in the year (against 12 in 1958), and in November the Branch held its first Members' Meeting and Dinner for many years. We are glad to report that this trend is continuing into 1960.

Our Victoria Branch suffered the grievous loss of Mrs. Maud Barclay, their Hon. Secretary for many years, whilst 16 deaths in the U.K., included Sir John Taylor (past Chairman), Sir Sidney Clive (Vice-President), and Col. H. A. Tapp, a notable Old Boy from Kipling's School.

Membership.

Total Members on January 1st, 1959	661
New Members joined during the year	133
Members lost during the year (19 deaths)	43
		<i>Net Gain</i>	90

Total Members on December 31st, 1959 ... 751

One hundred and thirty-three new Members during the year is a record, at least for many years. Besides 37 in U.S.A., Auckland Branch obtained two, and others joined from Antigua, Canada, Eire, Kenya, Malaya, Moscow (Library), New South Wales, Nigeria, Northern Ireland, South Africa, Sweden, Trinidad and Venezuela.

We regret, however, that apart from the U.S.A., only some 16 new Members were obtained by private recruiting (against 40 in 1958). *Please* do not relax your efforts here—it is by far the most satisfactory way of increasing our numbers, and only by increased numbers can we be certain of paying our way.

Meetings, etc., 1959.

Tea Party to Mr. & Mrs. Lesley Ames (U.S.A.)	April 22nd.
Visit to Bateman's	May 5th.
Annual Luncheon (Guest of Honour, Dr. A. L. Rowse)	October 14th.
Six Evening Meetings:	Two at Eccleston Square,	four at the	Lansdowne Club.

N.B.—Thanks to the courtesy and industry of Mr. R. E. Harbord, the Lansdowne Club proved a highly suitable and delightful place for our Evening Meetings.

Finance. We have nearly reached the point where our income from subscriptions balances our expenses. Our increased membership has brought us very near to it, without having to count in the more chancy proceeds of sales of back-numbers of the *Journal*. Before we can feel really secure, however, we must continue to *work* to increase our membership, bearing in mind that we are still losing one Member to every three gained.

The Kipling Society

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

President:

Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

Vice-Presidents:

C. L. Ames, U.S.A.
Mrs. George Bambridge.
Countess Bathurst.
Mrs. Grace Broughton, Australia.
Mrs. W. M. Carpenter, U.S.A.
E. D. W. Chaplin.

Maj. Sir Brunel Cohen, K.B.E.
Professor Bonamy Dobrée, O.B.E.
Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E.
Sir Archie Michaelis, Australia.
Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Woolton.

COUNCIL:

Chairman: Mrs. C. W. Scott-Giles

Deputy-Chairman: R. E. Harbord.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.
B. M. Bazley.
J. H. C. Brooking, M.I.E.E.
E. D. W. Chaplin.
Brig. T. F. V. Foster, C.B.E., M.C.
Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.

W. G. B. Maitland.
Lt.-Col. Ion S Munro, O.B.E.
Philip Randall.
J. R. Turnbull, M.C.
F. E. Winmill.

Hon. Treasurer: R. E. Harbord

Hon. Editor:

Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.

Hon. Auditors:

Milne, Gregg and Turnbull.

Hon. Solicitor: Philip Randall.

Hon. Librarian: W. G. B. Maitland.

Hon. Secretary:

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.

Asst. Hon. Secretary:

Miss A. M. Punch.

Offices:

Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
Tel. City 8295.

Auckland (N.Z.) Branch:

President: Col. Sir Stephen Allen, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Hon. Secretary: Miss Phyllis Johnson,

6 Corilla Road, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand.

Melbourne Branch:

President:

Sir Archie Michaelis,
441 Lonsdale Street,
Melbourne, C.1.

Hon. Secretary:

J. V. Carlson,
33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):

President: Arthur A. Fryer.

Vice-President: Mrs. D. Dunbar.

Hon. Sec.: Mrs. D. B. Dunbar, 6 Sylvan Lane, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.:

Carl T. Naumburg, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24, N.Y.