



*The*  
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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



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## 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, 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, February 17th, 1960, at 2.30 p.m.  
**No separate notice will be sent.**

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

#### **January 20th, 1960 (Wednesday)**

At the River Room, Lansdowne Club, Fitzmaurice Place (S.W. corner of Berkeley Square), at 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. Colonel Bagwell Purefoy will introduce two stories dealing with strange influence on the mind : "Wireless" (*Traffics and Discoveries*) and "The Finest Story in the World" (*Many Inventions*).

#### **March 16th, 1960 (Wednesday)**

Time and place as above. Colonel Bagwell Purefoy will introduce two "Puck" stories of a craftsman : "Hal o' the Draft" (*Puck of Pook's Hill*) and "The Wrong Thing" (*Rewards and Fairies*).

### ANNUAL LUNCHEON — Stop Press

Date : Tuesday, 18th October, 1960.

Place : Connaught Rooms, W.C.2.

Guest of Honour : Lord Birkett of Ulverston, P.C.

**Book the date NOW !**

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## Notes

**S**OUTH AFRICA did not inspire Kipling to write any stories of note (apart from one or two in *Just So Stories*), and of those written several remain uncollected—except in *The Sussex Edition*. We may therefore consider "Folly Bridge," reprinted now by kind permission of Mrs. Bambridge, with special interest. It is the best known of the uncollected South African stories, though "The Outsider" (which we hope to print in a future number of *The Kipling Journal*) is probably a better story. "Folly Bridge" appeared first in *The Daily Express* on June 15 and 16, 1900, being reprinted the same year in *The People's Friend* (Dundee) on July 2 and *Colliers Weekly* (U.S.A.) on July 7; its next appearance was in Volume XXX of *The Sussex Edition* in 1938.

Folly Bridge itself appears to be Kipling's name for Norval's Pont, one of the bridges over the Orange River destroyed by the Boers early in 1900. Photographs and descriptions of this and Bethulie Bridge may be found in General Sir Ernest Swinton's autobiography *Over My Shoulder* (1951). "One night," writes Swinton of the time when he was in command of the re-building of Norval's Pont, "a northward-bound train stuck on the up-grade of the deviation, and word came to the camp that Rudyard Kipling was a passenger. The excitement was surprising, and here on the lonely veld was enacted a scene comparable with that which now-a-days greets the arrival in London of a film star. Practically the whole camp rushed down to the deviation to see the man whose songs were on everybody's lips, the author of *Recessional*, the poet who had put Mr. Thomas Atkins on the map. We found him—a small bald-headed man, with big horn-rimmed spectacles, trying to read by the light of a guttering candle. Asked if there was anything we could do for him, he answered "Candles." And within five minutes he was snowed under with ration candles. Touched by the spontaneous warmth of his reception, he promised to write some tales of the war.

"Then with two candles on his window ledge, and cheers and the chorus of *Mandalay* ringing in his ears, the Bard of Empire was carried northwards towards the army in Bloemfontein. He kept his promise and wrote two yarns in a Cape paper, dealing with the war and with the Pioneer Regiment in particular . . . Looking back after a long period, during which his genius has been rather under a cloud and his uncompromising patriotism derided by some of our critics and intelligentsia, it is salutary to recall what Kipling did for the Empire and what he meant to Britons the world over at the end of the century. To hear the *Recessional* sung by the troops, with genuine fervour, in the square in Pretoria a few weeks later must have been something unforgettable."

Swinton was wrong in saying that only two stories appeared : " The Way that he Took " (collected in *Land and Sea Tales*) preceded " Folly Bridge " and " The Outsider."

Norval's Pont figured again in fiction, in at least two of Swinton's own brilliant war-stories collected in *The Green Curve* in 1909, under the pseudonym of Hans Andersen's story-teller 'Ole Luk-Oie " : " The Joint in the Harness," a forecast of what might have happened if aircraft had been used in the Boer War ; and " Cuvée Reservée " based on the incident of the young subaltern with the cases of champagne described on page 105 of *Over My Shoulder*.

The Kipling Room at Dalhousie University Library, Halifax, N.S., has just added to its collection Kipling's own file copy of *The Friend*, 1900, the fourteen issues from March 15 to April 16 of the paper which he helped to edit on his arrival at Bloemfontein, with his name added in his own hand to each of his contributions.

Another interesting item recently added is a copy of the type-written message and map drafted by Colonel James Alexander Macphail, C.M.G., D.S.O., which were scattered over enemy territory east of the Loos Salient in November 1916 asking for news of John Kipling. It was presented by Group Captain H. R. Stewart of Ottawa who was one of the Flying Corps officers who flew over to drop the mimeographed sheets. " Von JOHN KIPLING, dem Sohne des weltberühmton Schriftstellers Rudyard Kipling, ist seit dem 25ten September 1915 keine Nachricht erhalten werden," begins this pathetic relic.

Other new additions to Dalhousie's enterprising collection include letters from Kipling to Lord Dunsany, Lord Northcliffe and Charles Allen, son of the founder of *The Allahabad Pioneer*. Last year even more interesting letters were added, such as three long ones written from Lahore in 1882-3 to the Rev. George Willes, "Best Beloved Padre " of Westward Ho ! and a long series to Frederick Norton Finney, the American " railroad magnate " whom Kipling mentions in *Something of Myself* in connection with *Captains Courageous*.

When reviewing F. W. Wadsworth's recent book *The Poacher from Stratford* which deals amusingly with " this rancid Baconian rot " and other anti-Stratfordian heresies, Mr. W. A. Darlington (in *The Daily Telegraph*, 12 October, 1959) makes an excellent and telling comparison between Shakespeare and Kipling. He points out that while " there are writers, no doubt, who are limited to their own experiences, there are others who have the gift of " vicarious experience " in a very high degree. For a fairly recent and very striking example, consider Rudyard Kipling . . . Even from the first, when he was too young and too obscure to have had much experience, he showed an astonishing power of writing from the outside as if he had complete inside knowledge. He disliked games and was no horseman—but " The Maltese Cat " is one of the best sporting stories ever written. He was no fighting man, but his soldier stories were read all over the world, and " Their Lawful Occasions " shows a remarkable understanding of sailors. He was not only an avid collector of vicarious experience, but actually wrote a story ("A Conference of the Powers ") in which he shows another writer in the act of acquiring it . . . . Kipling had this faculty in excelsis, so why not

Shakespeare ? Of one thing I feel very well assured, that if Kipling had been an actor in Shakespeare's company he would have had all the material for the plays at his fingers' ends . . ."

In only one point might we disagree with Mr. Darlington. To make the parallel with Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek," he describes Kipling as "an undistinguished member of an undistinguished school." With Cornell Price among the great Victorian headmasters and the United Services College boasting such an imposing array of Old Boys from the twenty years of his rule, one can hardly call Westward Ho ! undistinguished : and it was, of course, distinguished by Kipling himself who, even in his schooldays which ended at the age of sixteen and a half reached the Upper Fifth, edited the school magazine—and would probably have become a prefect had he remained for another year. That he did not proceed to the University was due to financial rather than to scholastic reasons.

Mr. Edward Cornell Price sends some interesting notes from his father's U.S.C. papers, dealing with Kipling at Westward Ho ! While Dunsterville began in the Lower First in 1876, Kipling, who was older when he came to the College, went straight into the Lower Third, Easter Term 1878 but remained there until the end of the Easter Term of the following year. He was in the Upper Third in the Summer and Autumn Terms of 1879, Lower Fourth Easter-Summer 1880, Upper Fourth Autumn 1880-Easter 1881, Lower Fifth in Summer-Autumn 1881 and Upper Fifth Easter-Summer 1882. In April 1878 "Black Marks" were awarded, Dunsterville receiving 15 to Kipling's 4 and Beresford's 3 ; the most given were to C. H. U. Price (afterwards the distinguished Colonel of the 129th Baluchis) who received 22. Dunsterville, who remained at the College a year longer than Kipling and Beresford, was a Prefect for the whole of his last year. The fictional Stalky never attained to that rank "which went by merit."

*Stalky & Co.* may be mere fiction, but Mr. Gwyn Thomas in *Punch* (August 12) seemed very far from *Stalky & Co.* in his disappointing contribution to the "Once Again Assembled Here" series of articles "in which notable schools in fiction are revisited and reconsidered." A pity, since *Stalky & Co.* lends itself well to the approach which was so deliciously successful in earlier articles on *Tom Brown* and *Eric*. Mr. Thomas describes how, by bitter experience, he "had a glimpse of what would have happened to Master Beetle-Kipling if he had projected his tribal antics into a tough, unlovely, egalitarian South Welsh gulch" instead of "the school mansion on the Cornish coast in its cliff top paradise of golden furze falling sheer down to the Pebbleridge and the sea." Many of us have tried to emulate the exploits of Stalky and his friends, often with painful results to "a—h'm—safe and certain part," but surely none set about it in quite so moronic a manner as Mr. Thomas. But perhaps this reader misses the joke, which obviously turns on the insistence that Bideford is in Cornwall : another proof that *Punch's* literary critic was right when he described him recently as "a square."

R.L.G.

## Folly Bridge

by Rudyard Kipling

THE Boers had wrecked the three centre spans and blown huge pieces out of the stone piers. The wreckage lay adrift in the dirty water, and a section of the British Army was now picking up the pieces. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river. You reached it by way of a steep sandy track through the scrub ; and on the north bank met a steeper, sandier scarp that climbed out past the haunches of the bridge under the edge of a rocky embankment. Till the temporary railway-trestle was finished, this plunge and that scramble were the only path into the Orange Free State. Hither came McManus, head of the Corporate Equatorial Bank of South Africa, on urgent business. He had been summoned to Bloemfontein by the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, who, with the High Commissioner, was then striving to disentangle some finances which President Steyn had dropped. In his inner pocket lay a pass calling on all officers, civil and military, to assist and expedite R. L. McManus, Esq., by every means in their power ; for the State had need of him. And his time—which meant other people's money as well as his own—was valuable. McManus was not used to passes. As a rule of thirty years, few people interfered with his uprisings or downittings. He was known to remotest Dutch farmers as an institution representing an institution, from the edge of the Kalahari desert to the outskirts of Portuguese territory—from Salisbury, where they lend money on mortgage, to the Cape Flats, where they foreclose on villa property. His grizzled head held most intimate knowledge of South Africa's finances for the last quarter of a century ; and his word, when they importuned him to speak, was law alike to speculative Bond or Progressive Ministries. Cape Town knew that he had been called up to Bloemfontein and flashed the news to Natal and Kimberley ; nor need we for an instant doubt that Pretoria knew it within twelve hours of his departure from the coast. The Corporate Equatorial had been chased out of Bloemfontein with bad words early in the war. Its return signified more than an army corps victorious.

McManus, his Secretary, and half-a-dozen fellow-travellers came in a desolate evening to the southern end of Folly Bridge. A simple race of God-fearing herdsmen had been there before them. The platform, after three days' vehement cleansing, still reeked of putrid onions, stable litter, and the remnants of bloody sheepskins. They had defiled the corners of every room they had lived in, as dirty little boys defile abandoned houses. They had removed everything save the door-locks, and had left in exchange a portrait in crayon on the wall of one 'Chamerlain at Modder,' which represented an eye-glassed person dangling at a rope's end.

'My word ! ' said a New Zealand doctor, hoping to join his countrymen in the big camps to the North, ' this is a lovely land to fight over ! When do you suppose we go on to Bloemfontein ? '

' I'd give something to know why McManus is going up,' said the Captain of a troop of Colonial Horse, returning from a Karoo hospital.

'Who's McManus?' said the New Zealander.

'Good Lord!' the South African replied, aghast at his ignorance. 'He's McManus. He's in the carriage now. You'll see he won't get out. He's got all his *skoff* with him. He'll have a decent dinner—soda-water too.'

The Colonial had been picked up out of the tangled Colesberg kopjes, where soda-water was scarce.

'I'm going up with the Little Man's private letters.' This was an officer late of the Bengal Army. 'That ought to be good for a reserved compartment in a cattle-truck. Wonder how long we'll have to wait.' He stumbled forth, grasping the Commander-in-Chief's private mail-bag. The noises of a full camp filled their ears, but the station was void and black.

'There must be a Railway Staff Officer somewhere,' a young and brisk Gunner murmured. 'Let's find him. Isn't that a light at the end of the platform? Phew! How the place stinks!'

They formed an untidy little procession, and, falling over sleeping men and stray baggage, found at last a bare room, lighted with three candles in beer-bottles, and somewhat over-furnished with two men, both in khaki—one of them very angry.

'But—but—confound it all,' said the latter. 'How did it *come* to be broached, Guard?'

'I don't know, sir. My business is to report it to you. One case of whisky with the top smashed in, and a bottle gone between here an' Arundel. They're always doin' it along the line, sir. I think it's those dam' Irregular Corps.'

Yes, that's all very fine, but *how* did it come to be broached? Well, never mind—never mind. I shall report it, of course.'

'Report it!' whispered a Sapper, with documents for the Intelligence Department. 'They've been looting the Staff's Reserve baggage down the line. A lot they'll care for one bottle o' whisky missing.'

'What can I do for *you*, gentlemen,' said the Railway Staff Officer, when the train Guard had withdrawn.

'We want to know how we can get on to Bloemfontein.'

'Not another train till to-morrow night. You'll have to wait till then.' The R.S.O. drummed merrily on the table.

It meant a check of twenty-four hours, and someone said so.

'It isn't *my* fault,' said the R.S.O. 'I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure personally to shoot rubbish up the line, but I have my orders; and I've nothing more to do with it. I've noticed that every man who comes up thinks his business is the one thing I've got to attend to, and that the whole Army will go to pieces if he isn't sent to the Front at once, but—Hullo! What do these Kaffirs want? Been out of the camp without a pass?'

Four Kaffirs were thrust into the room, and the company departed, leaving the R.S.O. to execute justice according to his own lights and those in the beer-bottles.

'My word' said the New Zealander. 'But we didn't make a fuss about not going up, did we? Why was he so stuffy? Who *is* that man?'



'He has been here precisely nine days,' said a dry voice in the darkness. 'Nine whole days in Africa. He has his orders. *We'll hear* a lot about those orders before we leave. Now let's see if we can whack up something to eat.'

'Get a light first,' said the Gunner. 'If we could find some oil, we'd light the lamps in our carriage. Morgan, go an' unscrew the lamps an' bring 'em out here. I'll look for oil. Hi.' (This to a shadow that passed). 'Where do you keep your lamp-oil?'

'In the lamp-room, of course. I'm the Station-master,' was the fretful reply.

'I beg your pardon. You must be awfully hard-worked. Don't bother. We'll get it.'

'Thank you, sir. Yes, we're working twenty hours a day. There's the oil. I'll strike a match, and you can get the cork out of —'

'No, you won't! Chuck that match away. I'd sooner waste your oil than set myself alight, Morgan. Bring the lamps here. I'll fill 'em.'

'One of the lamps ain't empty at all.' Morgan's voice came across the siding with a rising snarl. 'It's full. It's trickling all down my cuff.'

'Never mind. Bring what's left. We must see to eat.'

The lamps were filled and lit rough-handedly; and plate by plate, and tin by tin, with jack-knives for tin-openers, a meal was dragged together.

The Railway Staff Officer suggested that it should be eaten in his room, and there enlarged on the duties and responsibilities of his office. But the company were tired. Moreover, R.S.O.'s were old birds to them. They knew not fewer than eighty of the breed, and some had been R.S.O.s themselves.

'I think,' said the New Zealand doctor, skewering cold tinned herring on a pocket-knife, 'before I talked about shooting rubbish up the line, I'd try to burn a little of the muck that's lying about the station. Sweeping isn't any earthly good.'

'Oh, that department is probably in charge of the Officer Commanding the Royal Engine-eahs,' said the Colonial Captain, with a short dry laugh. He had served since the outbreak of the war, and counted thirteen engagements to his credit.

'A little of the lamp-oil we wasted and a match would do wonders,' the New Zealander insisted.

'Don't presume to dictate to the Army,' an Imperial Officer said, proudly. 'I'll back an R.S.O. against anyone except —he looked across the table—' a Sapper.'

'We're learning. I swear we are learning.' The young Engineer flushed. 'We aren't such fools as we were. The Colonials have taught us a lot. Take that Railway Pioneer Corps that's laying down the new line on the north bank, for instance.'

'Yes,' the Colonial Captain grunted. 'They're the pick of the Rand—all mine-managers and machinists and engineers and boiler-makers. They're working double shifts to finish the track, because they want to get home to Johannesburg. Yes, I know about them.' Again he laughed unpleasantly.

'What?' the New Zealander asked.

'Oh, the usual thing. They worked day and night, and, of course, they wanted more than Service rations, so their commandant, Phil Tenbroek—he's a big mine-manager when he's at home—bought a lot of Bovril and pea-meal, and made soup of it, and served it out to 'em at night. You can see their flare-lamps across the river now, if you look. Day and night they work. Well, the authorities found he'd spent live whole pounds Government money, and they told him he wasn't to do it. Mind you, that's now—now—*now*—when every day—what am I talking of?—every hour's work means several thousands of pounds saved. Yes, they told him the expenditure was unauthorised.'

'And then?' said the young Sapper uneasily.

'Oh, then. You know Phil Tenbroek. At least *I* do. Phil sent a wire to Port Elizabeth on his own hook for fifty pounds' worth of Bovril and pea-meal. He paid out of his pocket, of course; but Philly wants to get back to the Rand as soon as possible, and, it seemed to him the sooner the new line was laid the better. And they'd have crippled the whole Corps—the best engineers in the world—for a fiver! Nice tale, isn't it? True, too. Look at their flare-lamps! They work.'

Far away across the dark to the northward of the formless country ran a line of fire-dots. The Railway Pioneer Corps were at work on the new track that was to connect with the temporary trestle-bridge. A dull boom came up the gorge between the kopjes.

'Blasting away the wreckage,' the Colonial explained. 'Risky work at night, but Phil told 'em he was in a hurry. Oh, Philly Tenbroek is a man. I bet he hasn't taken off his clothes for a week.'

Morning, hot and sultry, put out the flare-lamps on the north of the river, and brought in a train-load of troops from the South to be added to the acres of dusty tentage around Folly Bridge. The travellers, including McManus, had seen men and guns and buck-wagons, doctors, dust and wounded—stony hills and scrub-strewn downs—a few hundred times before. It pleased them better to observe the R.S.O. as he faced the tenth day of his official life. The four Caffirs had been disposed of, but he was still troubled about the broached whisky, and much annoyed by the eccentricities of lunatic civilians, who, solely for the jest of it, wished to know when they could get goods up to Bloemfontein. The big railway junction thirty miles behind him was also a nuisance. It complained of a congested goods-yard, and desired him to take trucks. Now, his desire was to keep his end of the line neat and open, and, so far, he had succeeded. He drew attention with pride to the long empty sidings, which he had 'saved,' though he did not exactly specify the purpose of his economies. There were far too many people, he said, anxious to go to Bloemfontein. Officers, of course, if their passes were in perfect order, might be allowed; but these idle civilians, he was free to say, annoyed him. They simply had no conception of military matters, and they never seemed to think a man had orders. However, he had his orders, and he meant to carry them out. What otherwise was the sense of orders? He paused very often for a reply. The station in the warm, close air stank to heaven.

'Well, that's all right,' said the New Zealander, 'but when I was quite finished with my orders, it seems to me I'd have another shot

at the rubbish about here. My word ! Look at all that unemployed labour in the camp !'

There were not fewer than two thousand men under the dusty hills. Some of them were being drilled.

McManus went for a walk through the mimosa bushes to look at the late bridge. It had cost a hundred thousand pounds, and somebody would have to account for the breakage. That, indirectly, was McManus's department.

'Have you seen McManus ?' cried a private of the Railway Pioneer Corps, as he rode up to the Colonial Captain sitting in the window of what had been Folly Bridge refreshment-room. 'I've seen him. He looks as if he'd just come out of Adderley Street.'

'Did you speak to him ?'

'No, but I wanted to ask him who he expects is going to pay for the bridge.'

'You will—on the Rand—after the war,' the Captain drawled.

'That's what I supposed, but I wish to goodness McManus could work out some scheme of compensation that 'ud hit the Transvaal hard.'

'So do I—but the war expenses will have to be paid by the Rand just the same.'

'That's rather hard on us—working as volunteers to mend what the Boers have broken, and then to have the bill sent in to us at the end. McManus lent me two thousand once on stands I had in Johannesburg. I paid him before the war. Wish I hadn't now. Well, I must go on. S'long.'

At four in the afternoon, a train was made up at Folly Bridge. Into this marched the passengers and their baggage, and at that hour appeared the R.S.O. to satisfy himself that all passes were in order and to issue a ukase.

'You will be turned back at the other side of the river by the R.S.O. there if your passes are not countersigned by the Station Commandant here,' he said, smiling.

'The deuce ! When was that order issued ?' the Colonial Captain demanded.

'It isn't my fault. I've only got my orders, and—'

'Yes, yes, we know all that, but where *is* the Station Commandant ?'

'I don't know. He was about here this morning, but he left after lunch.'

'No, you wouldn't,' reflectively from a corner of the carriage.

'Well, I hope you'll get across all right, but I tell you now that unless your passes are countersigned by Smith, Station Commandant, you won't be able to get across even if you were Kitchener himself.'

'I'd give a month—I'd give three months' pay to have K. on this platform now—and we'd see,' said the officer with the Little Man's letters.

'I'm only giving you my orders—'

'And you don't know where Smith is ?'

'No.'

'And you expect us to hunt him all around the camp, do you? We've been seventeen—twenty-two—hours on this blasted onion-heap, and you and Smith between you have only just discovered—'

'Well, it isn't my fault, I'm only—'

'You ought to keep Smith on the premises then.'

'That has nothing to do with *me*. I should recommend you to go out and look for him.'

'Oh, I've no interest in the matter. I'm only going up with the Little Man's private mail. Here's the bag. I don't care. If I'm stopped on the other side, it's your look-out. I'm sure the Little Man would be quite pleased.'

'Oh, there's McManus,' said the Colonial Captain, looking out of the window. 'I suppose he's hunting Smith. D'you think they'll stop McManus if his pass isn't countersigned by Smith?'

'Who's McManus?' A giggle of deep delight interrupted the R.S.O. 'Oh, *that* civilian! 'Pon my word, you'd think Bloemfontein was Piccadilly. They're all wanting to go up there.'

'Thank you,' said the Colonial. 'I'm afraid we'll have to be turned back on the other side. Perhaps if we say we couldn't find Smith they'll forgive us.'

'Well, I'm only giving you my ord—'

The train rolled out nearly half a mile and halted in a deep cutting. The passengers stepped out over-ankles into the sand that slid under their feet, and their baggage followed them. A gaggle of Kaffirs marched away with bags and bedding-rolls, and the company followed depressedly. They expected to be met on the other side by a train from the North, which in God's good time would go back to Bloemfontein.

'But—but what do they want to stop in the middle of a cutting for?' said the New Zealander. 'I wouldn't have minded walking a hundred yards on the level back there. They might have made a decent platform. I believe I've twisted my ankle climbing up the bank.'

'Oh, this isn't a patch to what it is on t'other side,' said an officer on the bridge works. And they walked and they walked till they reached the pontoon, a hundred feet below. McManus's face seemed a little set as it were—set, but in no wise greatly troubled.

'Did McManus find Smith?' said the Colonial, as they climbed the desperate north bank down which buck-wagons were sliding in billows of dust. Here again fifty men's labour for two days would have greatly smoothed the road.

'He said he didn't,' his companion replied.

'Glory!' said the Colonial, and, hopping over a boulder, fell into a bush. A hundred feet of river-bank through deep sand at the end of a mile walk is not easy to cover; and it was a dewy-browed detachment that broke through the scrub and landed, panting, among the rocks at the gangers' hut on the north side of the bridge. But the R.S.O. who received them there was cool and utterly calm. He wished to know whether their passes were in order, and a delicious awe fell on the company.

McManus climbed the slope into the Orange Free State easily and dispassionately, his lower jaw protruding, perhaps, one-sixteenth of an

inch beyond its normal clinch. The travellers made a little semicircle about the R.S.O.—the R.S.O. of the North Bank of Folly Bridge—about him and about McManus, of the Corporate Equatorial Bank. It was heavenly weather. There was no accommodation of any sort of description, for the gangers' hut was occupied by military telegraphers.

'May I trouble you for your pass, please?'

McManus produced it clumsily. He was more accustomed to demand than to supply documents of identification.

'Yes—yes—this seems all right'—the company winked as with one eyelid—'but I don't see that it has been countersigned by Smith.'

'Captain Smith was in his bath, when I went to him at Folly Bridge at three forty-five. He sent a verbal message that it would be all right—so far as I understood through the door at the time.'

'I am afraid I can't help that.' The R.S.O. paused uneasily. McManus in grey tweeds, black bowler, and immaculate white collar, gave him not the slightest help.

'This pass is no good.' The sentence came out in a rush.

'Indeed?' There was a meekness about McManus and a silence on the little knot of bystanders that would have warned any other than an imported Imperial alien that that kopje was occupied in force.

'No. You'll have to go back across the river to get Smith's signature. I can't let you up on that pass.' This very cheerfully.

Whole hierarchies had signed it. Lions and unicorns ramped on the top of it. It appealed, as has been said, to earth, fire, and water—to horseflesh, steam, and steel, and all in command thereof, to forward with speed and courtesy R. L. McManus to Bloemfontein; but it lacked the signature of Smith—that Smith who was then towelling himself two miles away.

'I must go back?' McManus's clear eye travelled down the rocky slope behind him to the far pontoon and the further south bank, where a few soldiery, pink as prawns, and at that distance not much larger, were bathing; climbed the wooded bank beyond, and rested with disfavour on the domino-small houses of Folly Bridge.

'Yes—go back, of course, and get Smith to sign it.'

A lesser man would have said: 'I'll see you damned first,' but McManus was in no sense small. His face did not even flush. He turned away slowly, as though the matter had no further interest, and the R.S.O. dealt with the other passes. To be precise, not one carried the magic signature of Smith. The officer in charge of the Little Man's private mail almost implored the R.S.O. to stop him for twenty-four hours because he wished to learn whether there was any truth in the current Army legend that under no circumstances would the Little Man swear. The officer in charge of the Staff's mail followed suit. He had two bags of official correspondence for the Staff, and there were Generals among them who could swear. He, too, prayed to be turned back. The officer with the new maps for the Intelligence Department joined in his entreaties.

'After all,' said one cheerily, as they sat down on their bedding-rolls in the gathering dusk, 'what does it matter, old man? You're bound to be Stellenbosched in three days.'

Now Stellenbosch is not a name to use lightly, for there go the men who—have not done quite so well ; and the R.S.O.'s face clouded as he asked for an explanation.

'Haven't you stopped McManus ? ' said an officer, who knew his man.

'Who's McManus ? '

'Oh, I'm sorry—never mind—you'll find out before Tuesday.'

'The only person I've stopped was that civilian who hadn't had his pass signed by Smith. I can't accept a verbal message across the Orange River.'

'Quite right. You'll be getting all your message on the wire from Bloemfontein in a little while. I wouldn't be in *your* shoes for a trifle.'

'I don't think McManus minds much, though,' the Colonial Captain struck in soothingly. 'I spoke to him just now. He says he is going on.'

'I'll take dashed good care he doesn't,' said the R.S.O., exploding. This was something he could understand.

'Yes—he's going on in the train when she comes in—so you'll have another chance, you see. If you stop him, I suppose he will go back to Cape Town, and he'll tell the Little Man why. He's rather busy, and he won't be able to come up again.'

'But—confound it all—does he expect the whole blessed Orange Free State to wait on his business ? '

'It would be a bad job if it didn't—just now. He's the head of the Corporate Equatorial Banking Corporation, and he has been called up to Bloemfontein rather urgently to put the finances of the place straight. He isn't going up to start a hotel there, you know.'

Somebody lit a pipe ; and in the hush you could hear the great river running through the dry hills. A far-away voice on the construction-engine backed close up to the bridge called to someone under a staging.

'McManus going up to Bloemfontein to-night ? '

'Ye—es.'

'That means business—thank God.'

'Why—y ? '

'Why ? 'Cause they don't care one scarlet weir for the whole Army—the Boers don't. They reckon they can get them withdrawn if they win the game in London, but reopenin' the Bank at Bloemfontein means business. That's why. It teaches the Dutch more than twenty battles. Wonder they don't try to cut the line and nab him to-night.'

The silence by the gangers' hut continued unbroken for twenty puffs.

'And he *did* wait outside Smith's door, while Smith was washing—because I saw him. I wouldn't have done it,' said an Imperial Officer slowly, 'but I suppose he wished to see what sort of fools we can be when we go in for war.'

'And you've told him to walk two miles back and two miles here again,' said the New Zealander, 'to get Smith's signature.'

'And there's no guarantee Smith won't be having a hair-cut and shampoo when he reaches there,' the Colonial Captain added. We knew in Cape Town a week ago that McManus had been called up. But, of course, if he hasn't got Smith's signature, that settles it.'

'What does it matter? Let the brute frolic round the kopjes till Smith's dry. He's only the boss of the biggest Bank in the country. Who cares how much they want him at Bloemfontein? I'd put a guard on him, and march him back in irons, by Jove,' said a Cavalry Officer. 'I say, old man, didn't it ever occur to you to knock off some of the points of these rocks that we're supposed to sit on? They're infernally nubbly.'

One by one the stars came out over the hills, and the flare-lamps of the never-sleeping Pioneer Corps puffed and blazed afresh in the river-bed.

Last of all came the train from the North, and when McManus and his Secretary went up to their labelled compartments reserved for them at Bloemfontein, the R.S.O. took no notice.

No more, for that matter, did McManus.

## Kipling and the Army in India

by Charles Carrington

WE are obliged to Mr. Harbord for his article in the *Kipling Journal*, June 1959, especially for elucidating two problems: he lists and dates the Mulvaney Stories and he produces an ingenious sketch for a life-history of 'Mulvaney.' This is a great help, and the next step is to look at the problem from the other side. What did Kipling know about the Army in 1888, the crucial year when the typical stories were written, and what were his sources of information?

No a scrap of direct or indirect evidence has come to light leading us to suppose that his association with the Three Musketeers for a long period was actual, like his association with 'McTurk' and 'Stalky' at Westward Ho! It is indeed extremely unlikely. The first 'Mulvaney' story (*Three Musketeers*, March 1887) was written shortly before he left Lahore and it presents the three as comparative strangers to him. The stories are located in or near Lahore and are told of a regiment stationed at the great Lahore cantonment of Mian Mir. There is a detachment at 'Fort Amara' which sometimes seems to be the historic citadel of Lahore (as in *With the Main Guard*) and sometimes a remote place somewhere else (*His Private Honour*). If Kipling had really been on friendly terms with the three for several years they must have served in the East Lancashires who were at Mian Mir from 1880 to 1885; if he met them for the first time in 1887 they must have been in the Northumberland Fusiliers, the 'Tyneside Tail-Twisters,' who succeeded the East Lancashires at Mian Mir; but the Northumberland Fusiliers were not at the battle of Ahmed Khel which the Three Musketeers refer to more than once.

My belief is that 'Mulvaney' and 'Ortheris' were composite characters, perhaps owing something to Sergeant Kearney and Sergeant-major Schofield at Westward Ho! 'Learoyd' is a much less firmly realised character. A later story (*Krishna Mulvaney*, 1889) declares that

the three had served together in Afghanistan, in Burma, and on the Northwest Frontier, presumably in the Black Mountain Campaign of 1888, but no British line regiment served in all three of these campaigns. *On Greenhow Hill* may be intended as a scene from the Black Mountain, which Kipling himself never visited ; and as for Burma, which he knew only as a globe-trotting visitor by steamer in 1889, it is only at the *Taking of Lung-tung-pen*, April 1887, that the three musketeers are recorded. Now that episode is clearly derived from a news-item which Kipling had inserted in the *Civil and Military Gazette* for 1 January, 1887, describing the occupation of a Burmese village by a bugler and five soldiers of the Queens (Royal West Surrey) Regiment who had swum a river naked to reach it. All his information about fighting in Burma is at second-hand and doesn't amount to much. *The Ballad of Boh Da Thone* (1888) and the taking of 'Bon Na Ghee' in *Conference of the Powers* (1891) read rather like two versions of the same incident. What was it, and who was 'Crook O'Neil'? He might be a real and identifiable person. Sir George MacMunn would have known the answer to that question. And this brings us to the regiment called the 'Black Tyrone.' There is a strong presumption in favour of their being the 18th Royal Irish, because we know that Kipling knew that regiment. When he was at Simla a detachment of the Royal Irish was at Jutogh, the local cantonment.

As for the 'Ould Regiment' we must look at Gladstone's two re-organisations of the Army in 1871 and 1881. The first abolished the old Jong-service soldiers and the second introduced the county regiments with two linked battalions, one at home and one abroad. The Mulvaney stories reiterate the contempt of the old long-service men for the new short-service men, and the reference to 'old' and 'new' regiments expresses emotions as strong as any today when regiments again are being amalgamated. The mythical or real 'Mulvaney' first served in the 18th Royal Irish (the 'Black Tyrone'), then transferred to the 59th (the 'Ould Regiment') in which he served at Ahmed Khel in the Second Afghan War. 'Ortheris' joined the 59th as a short-service recruit and was knocked into shape by 'Mulvaney.' I can't place Learoyd. After the Afghan War the regiments were reorganised ; the old 30th and the old 59th were amalgamated to form the East Lancashire Regiment, of which a Battalion was stationed at Mian Mir from 1880 to 1885.

Other regiments that Kipling knew well were the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers (*Only a Subaltern* and *Big Drunk Draft*) but their history will not fit any part of the 'Mulvaney' story, and the 31st East Surreys which he met at Allahabad in 1888. They cannot be the regiment we are looking for because several stories had appeared before Kipling met them. Perhaps they provided some cockney local colour for the 'Ortheris' of the later stories. I shall allude presently to the Royal Berkshires whom he met in Bermuda in 1894.

When we turn to battles it may first be noted that the Army stories and ballads deal mostly with other incidents of military life. The frontier was quiet during the seven years Kipling spent in India and he never saw troops under fire until the action of Karee Siding in South Africa, 28 March, 1900. Curiously, when the moment came :



' And now the ugly bullets come pecking through the dust,  
 And no one wants to face them but every beggar must.'  
 it was the 'Ould regiment,' the East Lancashires, with whom he advanced.' In India he had paid one visit to the mouth of the Khyber Pass in March 1885 and no more. It is even doubtful whether he attended the Grand Manoeuvres at Rawal Pindi in 1887 which are described in *Dinah Shadd*. But when he arrived in India in 1882 all the talk was of the recent Afghan War and the consequent reorganisation of the Army. Two episodes of the Afghan War are accurately described in his work: the disaster to the 10th Hussars, on 31 March 1879, when an officer and forty-six troopers were drowned while attempting to cross the Kabul River in high flood (*Ford of Kabul River*); and the return of the northern column to Peshawur at the conclusion of the war, August 1880 (*Love o' Women*). The column included the Carabineers, the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 59th (afterwards East Lancashire).

His two explicit battle pieces are to be found in *Drums of the Fore and Aft*, which is a coherent intelligible account of a minor operation in war, and in *With the Main Guard* where 'Mulvaney,' talking for effect, produces a story of anecdotes giving a powerful flavour of the nightmare quality of a battlefield but no impression at all of the tactical situation. The fight at Silver's Theatre is fantastically unreal as military history. The battle in *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* is composed of several elements. The story of the two drummer boys who saved the army is boldly lifted from an episode in Clive's wars of the eighteenth century and it may be noted that the original boy-heroes were Indian not British (see Orme's *Military Transactions*, 1763, vol. iii, p. 486). But the regiment that flinched under fire, not having been in action for thirty years, and that then made a good recovery was the 59th, the 'Ould Regiment' (see *Kipling Journal*, June 1959, p. 17) which behaved in that way at Ahmed Khel, 19 April 1880. Otherwise, the action rather resembles the smart little affair of the *Chardeh Valley*, 11 December 1879, which Roberts changed from defeat to victory by committing the 9th Lancers to a hazardous mounted charge. Kipling had a friend in the 9th Lancers, 'Dick' Cunliffe, who is mentioned by name in *Soldiers of the Queen*. He was a Westward Ho! boy who enlisted in the ranks, won a commission, and finished as a general in the First World War.

Now what are we to make of the fight at Silver's Theatre which was like no battle recorded in history. The most shocking event of the Second Afghan War was the defeat of a British column at Maiwand near Kandahar, 27 July 1880.

'The papers hid it—handsome—but we know the army knows.' A sortie of British troops from Kandahar encountered a strong force of Afghan regulars and irregulars with artillery superior to their own. Two companies of Indian infantry were broken by charges of Ghazis (religious fanatics) and were thrown back upon another Indian regiment which in turn was driven back upon the only British battalion, the 66th Royal Berkshires. Then occurred an event which is exceedingly rare in modern war: close hand-to-hand fighting with whole companies jammed so tightly together that men could not use their weapons. This is the *melée*

that Kipling tried to describe as the fight at Silver's Theatre. It is described in Hanna's History of the Second Afghan War, and nothing like it occurred anywhere else. At Maiwand, the mass of British and Indian troops broke and scattered. The Royal Berkshires were disposed in two wings of which one fought to the last round and the last man, a procedure more often recommended than adopted in warfare. The other wing of the regiment made a scrambling retreat to Kandahar, not very well pleased with themselves. *With the Main Guard* contains some reminiscences of Maiwand as Kipling picked them up in India in 1887, perhaps from his colleague Hensman who had reported the campaign for the *Pioneer*. Seven years later he dined in the Sergeants' mess of the Royal Berkshires in Bermuda and almost at once wrote the ballad, *That Day*, which shows the obverse of the medal.

*Drums of the Fore and Aft* is by no means the only story for which he drew on earlier history. *Gunga Din* is an episode of the Mutiny; *Ballad of East and West* of the guides at Peshawur in the 1850s; *Snarleyow* of the Sikh Wars. On the other hand, *Slaves of the Lamp* Part II was suggested by conversations with Sir G. Robertson, the Defender of Chitral.

## The Unsolved Problem of ' Mrs Bathurst '

by B. S. Browne

*A crucial point in the Literary Appreciation of Kipling*

I WILL begin by justifying my sub-title. The story came out in the *Windsor Magazine* of March 1904 and was published in *Traffics & Discoveries* in the same year after being carefully, not to say minutely, revised, so that Kipling must have been satisfied with it in its present form. And he did not pass all his stories for appearance in book form, leaving out, among others, "A Tour of Inspection," a Pycroft story; so that he must have considered "Mrs. Bathurst" as quite up to his standard.

Dr. C. S. Lewis, in a lecture on Kipling, said that he did not know what happened in "Mrs. Bathurst" so I will now make an attempt to unravel the happenings from the meagre hints and suggestions given in the conversation between the four in the railway van.

The narrative proper begins with Warrant-Officer Vickery, R.N., watching a cinematograph film—in the very early days of films—in Cape Town, which showed him that Mrs. Bathurst was in London, from which he concluded that she was in pursuit of him, a possibility that he evidently anticipated and dreaded excessively. Mrs. Bathurst, we already know, was a widow who kept a little hotel near Auckland, New Zealand, where she made the Navy very welcome, while the men of the Navy held her in great respect and esteem. From her acquaintance with naval life Vickery deduces that she will have no difficulty in England in finding out what ship he is in and where it is stationed and so will follow him

to the Cape. He therefore goes to his captain and makes a full confession to him. This disturbs the captain very much and he finally decides to connive at Vickery's desertion from the Navy, as is definitely implied in Pycroft's account of the matter. Then Mr. Hooper comes in with an account of two down-and-outs reported to be making their way up country along the railway line. He finds them dead from having been struck by lightning and buries them. There was no doubt that one corpse was that of Vickery as he was identified by his much mentioned false teeth, which Hooper had taken from the corpse before burial and kept in his waistcoat pocket for purposes of identification in case he should have to give evidence in an enquiry into the matter. He does not produce them in the end because it was obvious whose they were and that no enquiry would be held. Of the identity of the other body, seated on the ground and looking up at Vickery, no mention is made ; no one had any doubt on the subject and all kept reverent silence. Pritchard's last words state his conviction and Kipling hammers it home by allowing us to overhear the chorus being sung by the distant picnic party.

I claim now to have made out what happened in 'Mrs. Bathurst,' so let us look at the result, always remembering that the story is about her and not about Vickery, for Kipling was always very careful that the titles should express the real theme of the story. Then, to start with, I suggest that the only conceivable reason that would send a sane and balanced woman, as Mrs. Bathurst is described to be, travelling half round the world in pursuit of a man, is that she believed herself to be his legal wife and that he was trying to abandon her. No abortive love affair could have induced her to do such a thing. This then implies that Vickery must have persuaded her to marry him clandestinely in New Zealand, a marriage which would have been bigamous on his part. It must have been clandestine, for otherwise the Fleet would have known about it and would have warned her that he was married already.

Can anyone suggest what kind of arguments he could have used to make her acquiesce in this secrecy and to continue to call herself Mrs. Bathurst when she believed herself to be Mrs. Vickery ? I can think of none. This then is the first great improbability.

But, given this, her pursuit become understandable. He, of course, kept none of his parting promises, probably gave her a wrong address to write to, and hoped that he had gone away too far to be followed. His alarm, when he found that she was on his track, is at first sight understandable, for, when she came up with him, he would be liable to a prosecution for bigamy, no light offence, and the ruin of his family life. But even then his demented condition, as described by Pycroft, exceeds all reason or understanding. And yet, in reality, he had nothing to be afraid of, his wife being dead. Here is a curious alteration made by Kipling when revising the story for inclusion in the book. In the magazine Vickery says that his wife died in bed and it is altered to "child-bed" in the book. Of course a woman with a fifteen-year-old daughter can die in child-bed, but it is not what one would expect, so why the alteration ? Anyhow, he had nothing to be afraid of, for a

woman who obviously loved him so dearly would have been ready to forgive his first deception and to go through a second, and now legal, marriage ceremony, and they could have 'lived happily ever afterwards.'

So Vickery's extreme agitation is the second great improbability

Next, what did Vickery tell the Captain that caused him to go about for some days "with a court-martial face" and finally connive at his deserting the Service, a most extraordinary and unprecedented thing for a commanding officer to do. Did Vickery spin him some wild and lying yarn of which we are told nothing? And, if so, what could have been the general gist of it? He certainly could not have told him the truth as we have reconstructed it.

This, then, is the third, and most outrageous, improbability.

Lastly, why are Mrs. Bathurst and Vickery found as complete down-and-outs? Are we to believe that she spent her last penny in coming to South Africa? That would have been a wild imprudence on her part, for, even if she expected to be acknowledged as Vickery's wife without difficulty, still she might find his ship out on a cruise on her arrival and would have to support herself in Cape Town till his return; also he would be sent home in a year or two and there would be no passage for her to be got out of the Navy. On the other side, Vickery, as a warrant-officer, would not be entirely penniless and as a trained manager of men and machinery, ought to have had no difficulty in finding a good job in South Africa.

The final destitution of the couple is, therefore, the fourth great improbability.

If then my reconstruction of the story is right, what are we to think of it? Why did Kipling publish such a farrago of absurdities? In "Something of Myself" he says that one of his imitators was reported to have said that he wanted to find out how bad a book he could write and get away with it, and Kipling calls this a legitimate ambition. Is he himself doing it here? If so he certainly has got away with it! Is it possible that the ghastly accounts of Pycroft's walks with Vickery were meant to be a warning not to take the story too seriously? And does not that strange and entirely irrelevant story of a certain Boy Niven leading a lot of simple-minded sailors walking in circles round an uninhabited island, point in the same direction? Many readers have wondered why Kipling takes so long in introducing the characters of the main story, for, regarded as a preamble, the Boy Niven incident sheds no light on what is to follow—unless it be a warning to the innocent reader that he too is to be kept wandering in circles by an innocent-seeming writer! Can anyone give a better reason for Boy Niven's existence than this?

Well, there is my effort submitted with humble diffidence. I only hope that I shall not be expelled from the Kipling Society for having made it!

## Report on Two Discussion Meetings

As there are two discussion meetings to report in this single issue of the Journal it will not be possible to deal with either of them very fully owing to lack of space.

### Wednesday, 15th July, 1959

This was an excellent meeting with a very large attendance. Mr. Gordon Shelford had prepared a paper entitled *Kipling—The Prophet of the Unorthodox* which we all found of absorbing interest, closely reasoned and presented with a most moving sincerity. Mr. Shelford said he had chosen this title because it was the unorthodoxy in Kipling's thought which had struck a chord in his own somewhat rebellious mind—Kipling's fearless approach in an age when thought was so greatly hedged in, boxed up, even, by convention. So many of his beliefs—moral, ethical, social, political, and even theological—which were considered almost, if not certainly, heretical in his youth and middle age, have come now to be at least tolerated by society.

Mr. Shelford went on to quote instances of Kipling's approach to social differences—

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady  
Are sisters under their skin."

and the delightful teasing

"Father, Mother and Me,  
Sister and Auntie say  
All the people like us are we  
And everyone else is They."

Even in the twentieth century this was a firmly-held belief among the Respectable, while Kipling was writing the bitterly ironic *Jobson's Amen*. What could be more unorthodox than The Recessional in 1897? Mr. Shelford also quoted "The Islanders" as an example of Kipling's fearless and unorthodox denunciation of the smug so-called "anti-militarism" of the majority of country gentlemen in his day. Kipling's approach to romantic love was also unorthodox for a poet—"He travels the fastest. . ." and "A Fool there was . . ." are instance of this.

Mr. Shelford went on to consider the unorthodoxy of Kipling's theology. It has been stated that he was not a Christian by many critics, Professor C. S. Lewis included, because he never publicly stated a belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, but he came mighty near it in the two most moving poems attached to the two St. Paul stories. Mr. Shelford said he did not care to base his own definition of a Christian only on an outward affirmation of Faith. The really important thing was Kipling's feeling for the universality of all Creeds which reflect the best in man's nature, and his understanding of the unimportance of the terminology. Kipling certainly had a God, even if he never worshipped in the orthodox way—a God who reflected supremely the Christian virtues of infinite compassion and infinite forgiveness; a God who is never overwhelmed by man's sin, and who feels Himself honoured and not insulted by Man's work, and Mr. Shelford, as an instance of this, quoted the lovely Dedication, "My New-cut Ashlar."

The audience seemed to be mainly interested in that portion of Mr. Shelford's talk which concerned Kipling's theology. It was a very lively, interesting and intelligent discussion, and only lack of space prevents a full report on it.

### Wednesday, 23rd September, 1959

This was the biggest meeting we have had for many months. There were thirty-six of us present to hear Commander Merriman on all the Pycroft stories. He read us a most delightful paper, which readers will be able to enjoy, in a condensed form, in the Journal.

After putting in the historical background to the stories (and it is this

background which our Editor is wishful for our readers to study) Comdr. Merriman dealt with each of the stories in turn. *The Bonds of Discipline* was a hilarious "rag," built up around a story current when it was written though little publicity was given to it at the time. *Their Lawful Occasions* Comdr. Merriman thought the best of all the Pyecroft stories, particularly for its superb descriptive writing, and the magnificent picture of the silent closing down of the fog at sea, and the feeling of blind helplessness engendered by it. *Steam Tactics* again is chiefly remarkable for the wonderful description of the English countryside in those far-off days when a motor-car was a novelty, and the main roads, as Kipling remarks in the story, were "used for every purpose except vehicular traffic." Against this peaceful background the hilarious happenings in the steam car whose gadgets were a source of professional delight to Hinchcliffe stands out in joyous contrast. *Mrs. Bathurst* is a story in quite another key, in which a strange picture is given of a woman, by no means a "glamour-girl," yet with a personality so attractive that it obsesses the mind of a superior type of naval warrant-officer to the extent of inducing him to throw up his career and pension and to desert and disappear, though not in pursuit of the woman. And this is implied, rather than explicit, in the story as told by Pyecroft and the sergeant of Marines. *A Tour of Inspection*, uncollected, but included in the last number of the Journal through Mrs. Bambridge's kindness, ranks at least with *Steam Tactics* in Comdr. Merriman's opinion. Here is all the old charm of description of the English countryside basking peacefully in the summer sun and providing the setting to a scene of immense activity in a purely burlesque situation. *The Horse Marines* again is something of a "rag" arising out of the *Entente Cordiale*. The story seems highly improbable and extravagant, but Comdr. Merriman gave us an excerpt from the reminiscences of a retired Admiral concerning the visit of the French Fleet to Portsmouth which produced happenings almost as incredible.

A fascinating discussion followed. Mr. Harbord produced photographs of Kipling in the Locomobile with his engineer, and also of the wooden rocking-horses referred to in *The Horse Marines*. Mr. Angus had a modern ash-tray carrying a picture of the Lanchester which was the "Octopod" owned by Kysh in *Steam Tactics*. Several members produced personal reminiscences of the joys (or otherwise) of driving a steam-car, which held us spellbound. There was comparison of the characters of Pyecroft and Mulvaney, each of these delightful men being hotly defended by his admirers. Quotations flew about and were capped. A most interesting contribution, though a sobering one to those of us who have grown up with Kipling and remember something of his world, was provided by two of our young members who bravely admitted to being out of touch with the Pyecroft brand of humour and unable to enjoy these stories very much.

Comdr. Merriman cleared up a point which has puzzled at least one member of the audience for years. Jules' "cassowary cruiser" was a "Croiseur cuirassé" or armoured cruiser.

## The Annual Luncheon 1959

NINETY-EIGHT members and guests were present at our Annual Luncheon on October 14th, at the Connaught Rooms. The Guest of Honour was Dr. A. L. Rowse of All Souls, and we were glad also to welcome Mr. William Foster of *The Sunday Times* and Col. E. B. Holmes (our "Landlord" at 12 Newgate Street). Regrettably, our President was absent through ill-health, his place being ably taken by Mr. Harbord. "The Kipling Society and its President" was proposed by Mrs. Scott-Giles, and "The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling" by Dr. Rowse, in a splendid speech which he is kindly letting us have in full for publication.

## Letter Bag

### Proofs of Holy Writ

Concerning "Proofs of Holy Writ" which, through the kindness of Mrs. Bambridge, was republished in the June 1958 issue, and is now available to members who do not possess the rare "Sussex" or "Burwash" editions, I venture to raise two points.

Why was this extraordinary story not included in any late volume of Kipling's work until the Sussex and Burwash? Was it that to appreciate the first three pages in which he set his canvas rather requires of the reader a degree of familiarity with the work and character of the principal Elizabethan dramatists which many of his admirers lack?

Secondly, when, in the story, Shakespeare has completed his revision of verses 19 and 20 of Chapter 60 of ISAIAH, R. K. makes him say: "If those other seven devils in London let it stand on this sort, it serves. But God knows what they can *not* turn upsee-dejee!"

It was a characteristic stroke of genius that he was careful not to imply that in the King James Bible the final form of the five verses was Shakespeare's work. Let us see how the draft which he puts into Shakespeare's mouth compares with the published translation. In each case the difference in word or phrase is italicised.

#### ISAIAH—Chapter 60

##### King James Bible

1 *ARISE*, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen *upon* thee.

2 For, behold, *the* darkness shall *cover* the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise *upon* thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee.

3 And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

19 The sun shall *be no More* thy light by day; neither for brightness *shall the moon give light unto thee*: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

20 Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw *itself*: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

##### R.K.

*Rise*—shine; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen *on* thee.

For, behold, darkness shall *cloke* the earth and gross darkness the people. But the Lord shall arise *on* thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

The sun shall *no more be* thy light by day, neither for brightness *the moon by night*. But the Lord *Himself* shall be unto thee *thy* everlasting light and thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down neither shall thy moon withdraw *herself*, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

CHARLES LESLEY AMES

### Kipling Names

On page 4 of the *Kipling Journal*, December 1958, a note by Mr. Bazley refers to Kipling's choice of names for his characters.

In connexion with the misadventures of W. B. Hockley of H.E.I.C.S., I had occasion not long ago to refer to "The East India Register and Directory" for 1821.

The Advocate General who prosecuted Hockley in the Court of the Recorder of Bombay, was Mr. OLLYETT WOODHOUSE, p. 332 in the Register. By fission this gentleman appears in *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*

as the newspaper proprietor "my friend Woodhouse" and "young Ollyett a distant connection of his." On p. xxxii of the Register John James MASQUERIER is shown as a Proprietor of East India Stock and in the story the flamboyant theatrical impresario is Bat Masquerier.

The copy of "The East India Register" at Batemans is that of 1810 and gives Ollyett Woodhouse as a barrister in Bombay, but on a cursory search I did not find in it the name Masquerier.

In the 1821 Register a casual look gave two more Kipling names to me : John ZIGLER was a midshipman on the ship *Ternate*, p. 330, (*The Captive*) and James Denis DE VITRE was Senior Merchant and Collector of Bombay, p. 282, (*Captains Courageous*). [Also *Letters on Leave, With the Night Mail and Stalky*; J. D. De Vitre was at Westward Ho ! with Kipling.—Ed.].

Other less unusual surnames among the Proprietors were James AGG, p. xiii. (*Steam Tactics*), John P. BOILEAU, p. xiv, (*A Conference of the Powers*), Lewis CORKRAN, p. xx, (*Stalky & Co.*), Wm. MAIR, p. xxxii, (*The Tomb of his Ancestors*) and Admiral Sir John ORDE, p. xxxvi, (*The Head of the District*).

Among others are Wm. MELLISH, managing owner of the ship *Minerva* of the season 1820-21, (*A Gem Destroyer*), James CALDER, Bombay Literary Society, p. 332 (*Bread upon the Waters*), and A. H. GLASS, 1st Assistant to the Collector in the Southern Concan, p. 283, (*The Bonds of Discipline*).

Some names resembling those of characters are Wm. IGGLESDEN, midshipman on the 'Antelope', p. 330, (? 'Iggulden' *An Habitation Enforced*), Stephen GROOMBRIDGE, Proprietor, p. xxvi, (? 'Groombride' *Little Foxes*) and Jno. IMLAY, Bootmaker, p. 160, (? 'Imray' *The Return of Imray*).

H. F. KNIGHT.

### The Ship that Found Herself

I think I can answer my friend McGregor's query in the June Journal, but first let us note that the dead weight stowed into 'Dimbula' was also reduced in the later editions of the story—to 2,000 tons.

Originally a steamer of 2,500 tons, 240 feet long and 32 feet wide—"they stowed some 4,000 tons dead weight into her and took her out of Liverpool."

I have no professional knowledge on such matters but I gather that though a ship of 2,500 tons net register *could* have carried 4,000 tons dead weight she would have had to be much larger : more like 420 ft. by 45 ft., but I hope some expert will give us the exact details.

So Kipling, no doubt advised by one of his friends in the shipping world, altered the 'net register' tonnage and the "dead weight" cargo to 'fit' a ship of 240 ft. by 32 ft., i.e., 1,200 and 2,000 tons respectively.

R. E. HARBORD.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are : U.K. : Hon. Mrs.

L. Tennyson ; Mmes. J. Brooks, D. Dorling, E. Esterak, B. M. Kipling, M. Robertson, B. Rowe, M. Sands, A Vincent ; Misses L A Church, L. Guthrie ; Maj.-Gen. F. J. Alfieri ; Comdr. A. E. Thomson ; Messrs M. G Brock, A. J. Burton, J. W. Bygott-Webb , F. D. Currie, T. L. Daintith, J. A. Davenport, K. T. Dockray, A. J. Fitzgerald, E K. Gardner, R. N. Harrison, L. Henfrey, C. J. Martin, D. Purcell, M. Raison, J. L. Whitaker. *Auckland* : R. Miller. *Australia* : H. Dowsett *Canada* : D. B. Vale. *Kenya* : V. G. Matthews. *South Africa* : H. Shacklock *Sweden* : V. Winback. *U.S.A.* : Mmes. J. Cowles, J. M. Peyton; Miss M. Tyler; Messrs. H. I. Brock, T. L. Daniels, L. G. Harriman, T. Patrick, V. M. Tyler, C. P. Williamson, T. R. Ybarra. *Venezuela* :G. C. Dunsterville.

We heartily welcome you all.



## Notes on Stalky & Co.

by Roger Lancelyn Green

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

The third House-master in *Stalky & Co.*, HARTOPP, has a very small part, and scarcely emerges from its pages as a real person in the way that King and Prout do. His original was Herbert Arthur Evans, only son of Thomas Evans of Tiddenham, Mon., who matriculated at Balliol in 1866, aged nineteen, took his B.A. four years later and his M.A. in 1872. "Evans," recorded Dunsterville, "nicknamed 'Punch' because of a rather large and curved nose, I best remember as the founder and organiser of the 'Bug-and-tick' or 'Natural History Society.' His enthusiasm for this society led him sometimes astray, but he understood us and I do not think any of us could have anything but pleasant recollections of his dealings with us."

The fourth House-master, MACREA, is even more nebulous than Hartopp, and we can only suggest that his "original" was the other House-master at Westward Ho! in Kipling's time, irrespective of character. This was H. C. Stevens, whom Dunsterville describes as "a parson, a good, sensible fellow, popular with the boys and, I should think, equally so with the masters." Neither Kipling nor Beresford mention him in their reminiscences of Westward Ho!

Far more important, and a living character in his own right, is "the Padre," the Rev. JOHN GILLETT (called "CLAY" in "Slaves of the Lamp" on its first appearance in *Cosmopolis* in April, 1897). He seems to be a fairly accurate portrait of the Reverend George Willes, of Brighton, who matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in December, 1863, at the age of nineteen, was a "servitor" until he took his B.A. in 1867; took his M.A. in 1872, and in 1879 became Chaplain and Assistant-master at Westward Ho! Dunsterville describes him as "a genial, robust type, popular with both masters and boys, and possessed of uncommon common sense that enabled him to settle many feuds by friendly arbitration or by kindly hints."

All these masters (they had, by the way, left Westward Ho! well before *Stalky & Co.* was published) may be seen in the photograph which faces page 22 of Dunsterville's *Stalky Reminiscences*. It may also include the prototype of MASON, the only other master mentioned in *Stalky & Co.*—but no "original" has been suggested for him: possibly C. W. L. Bode, who came direct from Oxford at the age of twenty-four in 1879 and a little later took holy orders, would fit the part. But it is possible that in "Slaves of the Lamp" Kipling was thinking of Hartopp—who was not always a House-master, and did teach him mathematics.

More important than many a master is the School Sergeant, FOXY—in this case definitely modelled on the Sergeant of Kipling's day, George Schofield. He was born in 1839 (he died in 1907), joined the Army in 1858, the year after the Mutiny, and served for a few years in India in the early '70s, spending most of his time as a gymnastic instructor. He retired in 1879 and straightway came to the United Services College, where he continued until his death. His real school nickname was "The Weasel," and Kipling's description seems to be perfectly accurate. He appears under his own name in the magazine version of "The Brushwood Boy."

The College servants all appear in *Stalky & Co.* under their own names—John Short the bell-ringer, Richards and Gumbley the house-servants, Oke the common-room butler, and Lena the laundry-maid. To these must be added Sergeant Keyte, who kept the tuckshop, and Gregory (alias "Rabbit's-Eggs"), a local farmer from whom Dunsterville and his companions rented a room for at least one period. Whether Towey or Vidley equalled Westaway of Monkey Farm is uncertain. Mary Yeo has been equated with Polly Westaway, the farmer's daughter.

And so to the boys themselves—ARTHUR LIONEL CORKRAN, WILLIAM M'TURK; and "BÉETLE," who has no surname (even Foxy refers to him as "Muster Beetle"—rather a lapse on Kipling's part), and whose Christian name seems, surprisingly enough, to be Reginald (unless "Reggie" can be accepted as an abbreviation for Rudyard).

From the very beginning Kipling asked the reader to identify him with Beetle: "Slaves of the Lamp," Part II, is written in the first person, with the other characters calling the narrator "Beetle"—and this occurs again later in "A Deal in Cotton" and "The Honours of War." In *Something of Myself* he makes it plain that he was the "original" of Beetle and Dunsterville of *Stalky*; he does not name Beresford, but makes it abundantly clear that the third occupant of the Study at Westward Ho! was indeed M'Turk's "original."

Lionel Charles Dunsterville was born on November 9th, 1865, and was at Westward Ho! from 1875 till 1883, passing into Sandhurst in July of that year. In August, 1884, he was gazetted to a commission in the Royal Sussex Regiment, transferred to the Indian Army in 1887, and only retired in 1920, with the rank of Major-General. He died on March 18th, 1946.

George Charles Beresford was born in 1865 and went to Westward Ho! in 1877. When he left in 1882 he joined the Cooper's Hill Engineering College, whence he went to India in the Public Works Department. Owing to ill-health, he returned to England after about four years. He became an artist and exhibited in the Royal Academy, is remembered as a photographer (e.g., the portrait of Barrie which forms the frontispiece of Denis Mackail's *The Story of J.M.B.* is by him), and was also a very successful antique dealer. He died on February 21st, 1938.

Identifications of other boys in the stories have been suggested from time to time, but it only seems safe to say that, judging from the actual cast of *Aladdin*, "Dick Four" may be equated with Brigadier-General S. M. Edwardes, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., "Pussy" with Major-General J. C. Rimington, C.B., C.S.I., and Tertius with S. H. Powell. As Rimington's actual nickname was "Potiphar," and he was Captain of Football, it is only reasonable to suppose that in *Stalky & Co.* he "doubles" the parts of "Pussy Abanazar" and "Potiphar Mullins."

Finally, a certain J. E. Hewett, according to Colonel Tapp (p. 53), identified himself with Clewer; and "That same Infant" is usually held to be General Sir George Ross-Keppel, J.P.—in "The Honours of War," besides being a J.P., he is actually called "Sir George." Hogan, killed in the Burma Campaign, must be R. A. T. Dury (mentioned in *From Sea to Sea*, II)—and Stettson, whose life the Head saved (a real incident), was probably a day boy named Docker: but the incident occurred *after* Kipling had left the College.

## OBITUARY - Mrs. Maud Barclay

OUR Victoria (B.C.) Branch have suffered a severe loss by the death, on August 16 last, of Mrs. Maud Barclay, who had been their Hon. Secretary and Treasurer since 1946, and was last year elected a Vice-President of the Society. She was born in India 73 years ago, and her early life was typical of the times: Home at the age of 8 for schooling, a return to India when nearly grown up, followed by marriage to an Indian Army officer—who died tragically soon afterwards. Later she re-married, and soon settled in Canada, where she and her husband became chicken-farmers.

Mrs. Barclay, who had met R.K. personally, became the cornerstone of our Victoria Branch, organising meetings—eight per year—with great energy despite increasing infirmity, and keeping up a lively correspondence with us at Home.

Her duties in the Branch have been gallantly taken over by Mrs. D. B. Dunbar (Hon. Sec.) and Mrs. W. G. Fairhead (Hon. Treas.), to whom we offer our thanks and best wishes.

## Hon. Secretary's Notes

Paying Subscriptions. For many years this important matter (to the Society) seems to have been left delightfully vague. We have recently tightened it up, and feel it would help Members if we explained the method now in force. If the new rules seem rather strict please forgive us ; with our small, all voluntary staff (and our happily rising Membership) a simple, clear-cut system is essential.

- 1 Subscriptions are due every 12 months—not by Date, only by Month.
- 2 Early in each month a printed reminder-card is sent to each Member affected (except for those paying by Banker's Order).
- 3 Early the following month a card marked " 2nd Reminder " is sent to all under 2 who have not yet paid.
- 4 Those who have not paid by the start of the third month receive a card marked " Final Reminder." Defaulters a month after that (for Overseas Members, two months) are regarded as having left the Society and their records are removed.

Paying by Banker's Order saves a lot of trouble both to you and us. If you would like to change to this method, please send a line to 12 Newgate Street and we will send you a form. Failing this, you will save us enormous trouble (and postage) by paying on receipt of the first reminder.

Thank you.

A New York Dinner. We are delighted to hear that our U.S.A. Branch have arranged a Kipling Dinner at The Williams Club, New York, for Monday, November 2. By the time these words appear we hope the party will have gone off with a Bang, and will have left behind it the determination to repeat the same ere long. We sent the company a festive greeting, in which we hoped their Wine would be :

" Composed of the whispers of angels' wings,  
the breath of Eden, and the foam and pulse of  
Youth renewed."

A.E.B.P.

## Annual General Meeting

MINUTES of the Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society, held at 12 Newgate Street on Wednesday, 19th August, 1959.

Present : E. D. W. Chaplin (Vice-President, Chairman) and five other Members of the Council. Also Brig. T. F. V. Foster and Mr. F. E. Winmill.

- 1 The Annual Report and Accounts for 1958 were adopted.
- 2 The President, Hon. Officers and Hon. Auditors were re-elected, and a vote of thanks to the latter was carried unanimously.
- 3 Mr. N. Croom-Johnson retires from the Council, his three-year term having expired.

Brig. T. F. V. Foster and Mr. F. E. Winmill were elected to the Council.

- 4 The following Resolution (shown here in abbreviated form) was carried. It was proposed by Miss A. Dalby, who was unable herself to be present at the Meeting.

The Society should encourage publication of a new Selected Edition of Kipling's Verse, with a special view to encouraging coming generations to read him. The Poems selected should be dated, arranged according to Subject, and certain of them should carry a very short introductory note.

Procedure in the matter should be left to the Council to decide.

(Signed) E. D. W. CHAPLIN (Chairman)

# The Kipling Society

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

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