



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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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, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/- ; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/- ; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include 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 on Wednesday, 16th November, 1960, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, September 21st, at the Lansdowne Club. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m.

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

Wednesday, November 23rd, at the Lansdowne Club. 5.30 p.m. for 6 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.

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Notes

MRS. HAUKS BEE SITS OUT", Kipling's story in dialogue which, by the kindness of Mrs. Bambridge, appears in the present number of the *Journal*, is not as hard to find as some of those which she has allowed us to reprint. It made its first appearance in the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*, 1890, with illustrations by Amédée Forestier. It was included with *Under the Deodars* in the Outward Bound Edition Vol. VI (America) in 1897, and the same volume of Macmillan's Edition de Luxe the following year, but does not seem to have been printed again until the Sussex and Burwash Editions. Seven lines of verse from the story were quoted by "G. F. Monkshood" (W. J. Clarke) in *The Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingiana* (1917), not the whole story as is suggested in the second paragraph on page 313 of the new *Bibliographical Catalogue* by Stewart and Yeats.

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RUDYARD KIPLING / *A Bibliographical Catalogue* / BY / JAMES McG. STEWART / C.B.E., Q.C., B.A., LL.B., D.C.L. / EDITED BY / A. W. Yeats / DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY PRESS AND / UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS / — / TORONTO, 1959.

Roy 8vo [? No signatures] (9½ x 6½). Pp. [xviii] + 674.

This magnificent volume, which can be described in nothing less than bibliographical terms, was published in England by the Oxford University Press (London) on 2 June 1960, and may be purchased at the price of Eight Pounds. The work may well be termed monumental, and in scope and contents supersedes Livingston's *Bibliography*: but not in readability or ease of reference. The printing is good and clear, but the type arrangement makes quick reference difficult and confusing—which is not helped by the absence of dates and running titles at the tops of pages. Contents, with details of periodical publication, are massed together and need careful reading and disentanglement, while the column system used by Livingston gave easy and immediate reference. One misses also the lists as in her index, of contributions arranged under the title of each periodical. On the credit side, however, Stewart and Yeats usually name the illustrator and the number of illustrations for each story in its periodical form. A certain amount of confusion may be caused to English readers by what must be the American use of several words: thus the "Contents" of *Schoolboy Lyrics*, 1881, includes "The Dusky Crew" as "collected in *Rudyard Kipling's First Book*, 1899", where "also included" or "reprinted" is in fact what is meant. "Collected" to an English bibliographer would mean first in-

cluded in a volume by Kipling (if, for example, it had appeared previously in *The Scribbler*). Again, on page 313, the description of *The Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingiana* "Contents by Kipling" include "the following extracts from collected material : 'In Patribus [sic]' ; ... 'The Spies March' ; 'Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out' ; 'Some Notes on a Bill' ... " etc. This suggests that the pieces are complete, when in fact what is meant is "extracts from the following collected pieces", since Monks-hood quotes only six lines of "In Partibus", thirteen of "The Spies March", only a seven-line song from "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out", and eight lines from "Some Notes on a Bill".

From the point of view of accuracy Stewart and Yeats seem to attain a high standard, though a very detailed study would be needed for certainty. It may be pure chance that a first glance revealed two mistakes—the misprint and ambiguity quoted above from page 313 ; and on page 82 the remarkable statement that "In 1915 a play in three acts and a prologue [of *The Light that Failed*] was, with Mr. Kipling's permission, written by George Fleming"; as the play was first acted in 1903, we are left wondering how the actors learnt their parts.

The order of the entries appears to be eccentric, and a knowledge of dates is a positive hindrance in finding one's way about the volume. Why, for example, does *Stalky & Co.* (published 6 October 1899) appear on page 169, while *The School Budget* (published 14 May 1898) is described on page 189? Careful study suggests that it occupies this position because it was included in *A Ken of Kipling* which marks an arbitrary division in the book (indicated by no difference in type or heading, and discoverable only by reading straight through the book—which is *not* the normal way of using a Bibliography) ; but even then the authors state that *A Ken of Kipling* was copyrighted on 8 February and "deposited" on 1 April 1899—and therefore should surely precede *Stalky & Co.*

Such criticisms may seem carping: they are caused solely by the disappointment that so good a book should not be just that much better. One hoped that this would be the perfect Kipling Bibliography—but that, alas, has still to be written.

* * *

The appearance of a bibliography is usually followed by a sudden enthusiasm among book-collectors for the works of the author in question. Kipling has never ceased to be collected, though he has had his ups and downs, and perhaps a sign of reviving interest is the steady increase in price of the Sussex Edition : ten years ago it was possible to buy a set for £120; in their current catalogue (No. 716, item 229) Messrs. Blackwell of Oxford offer one for £220. Of more practical interest to members of the Kipling Society may be item 493 in List No. 16 from K. J. Bredon of 22 Prince Albert Street, Brighton, who offers a complete set of *The Kipling Journal* (Nos. 1-129, March 1927 to March 1959) for Ten Guineas.

* * *

How necessary—and timely—the *Readers Guide to Kipling* which is being prepared by Mr. Harbord and his assistants for private circulation and of which the first volume is now in the press, is shown by a

query which the Editor received recently, and which none of the staff could answer. To what does Kipling refer in "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" (*Wee Willie Winkie*, p. 186) when his hero, having threatened to kill Gunga Dass, largely for the sake of eating the two crows which he has caught, says : "The crew of the ill-fated *Mignonette* are the only men who would understand my frame of mind". When the story appeared in *Quartette* in 1885, and when it was reprinted in *The Phantom Rickshaw* in 1888 this was obviously an allusion so well known that Kipling could not imagine it ever causing a moment's thought. Yet no researches produced any reference to the crew of the *Mignonette*, until I came by chance on a competition set in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* of 15 November 1884 to write a poem in rhymed verse of not more than fifty lines on the subject of "The Loss of the Yacht 'Mignonette'." The prize poem (by Maria Dunn) appeared duly on 29 November and, though of no literary merit, revealed enough of the story—and the date of the events described—for a search in *The Historical Register* of 1884 to produce what was obviously the *cause célèbre* of the year.

The *Mignonette*, a yacht of 33 tons, set out from Southampton for Sydney on 19 May; on 5 July she sank in a storm, and the Captain (Thomas Dudley), Mate (Henry Stephens), Able Seaman (Brooks) and Ship's Boy (Dick Parker) were only just able to escape in a thirteen-foot launch. They had no water, and only two 1 lb. tins of turnips. They existed for five days on one tin and a turtle (the poem says turbot) which they caught, and the next nine days on the second tin. Shortly after this the boy Dick Parker drank sea-water and became unconscious. At the end of nineteen days the Captain suggested that they should cast lots for who should be killed as food for the rest. Brooks refused to have any share in this, and when it was decided to kill Parker, he went to the other end of the boat. Captain Dudley then offered up a prayer for forgiveness, and said to Parker, who was in the last stages of exhaustion : "Now Dick, your hour has come". Parker replied feebly : "What, me, sir? Oh don't !" But Dudley ran a penknife into his jugular vein and he died in a few seconds. The two men lived on Parker for five days, and Brooks was apparently not able to resist temptation towards the end. They were then picked up by the *Montezuma*, too exhausted to move, having drifted 1,050 miles without seeing a sail.

The three survivors were charged with murder at Falmouth on 8 September, and on 4 December Dudley and Stephens were found guilty. They were sentenced to death on 9 December but on 13 December their sentence was commuted to six months imprisonment with hard labour.

A pleasant article called "Puck Country" by Marcus Crouch appeared in *The Junior Bookshelf* for March of this year, dealing mainly with the identification of the places in the Puck stories. "More scholarly historians have re-created the past by the minute and painstaking assembly of innumerable tiny fragments of facts", Mr. Crouch concludes. "Kipling is an intuitive historian, but generations of children have come to see through his eyes the moving pageant of England's story . . . Kipling gave children the best of his English experience, as he gave in *Kim* a share of the best of his Indian thought. Some of the

literary mannerisms of the "Puck" stories wear badly, but they are fundamentally undated, for their roots lie deep "in a fair ground".'

* * *

As "Gatti's-under-the-Arches" echoes again to "knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" and "Pretty Lips, sweeter than cherry or plum", since the Players Theatre Club has made it the home of Victorian Music-Hall songs and sketches once more, one wishes that Kipling's own contribution (see "My Great and Only" in *Abaft the Funnel*) had survived complete and could be revived there—by Archie Harradine for choice. But is the story fact or fiction? The story, or sketch, appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 11 and 15 January 1890; so presumably the date at which the song might have taken the audience at Gatti's by storm would be late November 1889. References to new Music Hall songs in *The Stage* are tantalisingly brief and incomplete, and usually mention one only of the numerous Halls at which the "comic vocalist" would have performed on a single night. Thus we learn (*Stage* 22 November 1889) that at the Cambridge "Mr. James Fawn has three new songs; his latest, "A Soldier", is very funny and finds great favour". Was Mr. Fawn the "Great and Only", and "The Soldier" Kipling's song? The Halls took it in turns to have notes about their doings included in *The Stage*, and Gatti's does not appear on 22 November, but Mr. Fawn was apparently singing there late in December 1889, together with Miss Nellie Gannan, Geo. Ellis and Allan Malvern "character comic vocalist". Perhaps they are all "originals" for Kipling characters. But who, alas, can answer these questions now?

* * *

Although the *Readers Guide* notes on "Mrs. Bathurst" are continued in this number of the *Journal*, no further "solutions" have appeared. But once again mild protests have arrived on the over-ingenuity of readers, and one member, who read the story on its first appearance without feeling that it contained any hidden mysteries, writes: "Why do people think that Mrs. Bathurst was killed in the forest by lightning? Is there any evidence that one of the parties was a woman?" What evidence indeed? Have we all been barking up the wrong—lightning-conductor?

* * *

Has any biographer of Kipling identified "the terrible little day school" to which he was sent by Mrs. Holloway? Judging from contemporary advertisements in the local papers there were several "for boys under nine" such as Gloucester House School in Victoria Road South (Mrs. T. Smith), with a senior school for older boys. Miss Williams kept "A Preparatory Establishment for Young Gentlemen" at 5 Netley Terrace, while Mrs. Prossor ran "Balmoral House Collegiate School" in Nelson Road, and there was the Diocesan Grammar School in Castle Road South under Mr. G. H. de Fraine. A map of Southsea in the Eighteen-Seventies would show which of these was a likely candidate: but perhaps it did not even rise to an advertisement.

Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out

An Unhistorical Extravaganza
by Rudyard Kipling

Part One

PERSONS CHIEFLY INTERESTED

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

CHARLES HILTON HAWLEY (lieutenant at large).

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. SCRIFFSHAW (not so much at large).

MAJOR DECKER (a persuasive Irishman).

PEROO (an Aryan butler).

MRS. HAUKSBEE (a lady with a will of her own).

MRS. SCRIFFSHAW (a lady who believes she has a will of her own).

MAY HOLT (niece of the above).

ASSUNTA (an Aryan lady's-maid).

Aides-de-Camp, Dancers, Horses, and Devils as Required.

SCENE—*The imperial city of Simla, on a pine-clad mountain seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Gray roofs of houses peering through green; white clouds going to bed in the valley below, purple clouds of sunset sitting on the peaks above. Smell of wood-smoke and pine-cones. A curtained verandah-room in MRS. HAUKSBEE'S house, overlooking Simla, shows MRS. HAUKSBEE, in black cachemire tea-gown opening over cream front, seated in a red-cushioned chair, her foot on a Khokand rug, Russian china tea-things on red lacquered table beneath red-shaded lamps. On a cushion at her feet, Miss HOLT—gray riding-habit, soft gray felt terai hat, blue and gold puggree, buff gauntlets in lap, and glimpse of spurred riding-boot. They have been talking as the twilight gathers. MRS. HAUKSBEE crosses over to the piano in a natural pause of the conversation and begins to play.*

MAY. (*Without changing her position.*) Yes. That's nice. Play something.

MRS. H. What?

MAY. Oh! Anything. Only I don't want to hear about sighing over tombs, and saying Nevermore.

MRS. H. Have you ever known me do that? May, you're in one of your little tempers this afternoon.

MAY. SO would a Saint be. I've told you why. Horrid old *thing*!—isn't she?

MRS. H. (*Without prelude*)—

Fair Eve knelt close to the guarded gate in the hush of an Eastern spring,

She saw the flash of the Angel's sword, the gleam of the Angel's wing—

MAY. (*Impetuously.*) And now you're laughing at me!

MRS. H. (*Shaking her head, continues the song for a verse; then crescendo*)—

And because she was so beautiful, and because she could not see

How fair were the pure white cyclamens crushed dying at **her** knee.

(That's the society of your aunt, my dear.)

He plucked a Rose from the Eden Tree where the four great rivers met.

MAY. Yes. I know you're laughing at me. Now somebody's going to die, of course. They always do.

MRS. H. NO. Wait and see what is going to happen. (*The puckers pass out of MAY'S face as she listens*) —

And though for many a Cycle past that Rose in the dust hath lain

With her who bore it upon her breast when she passed from grief to pain,

(*Retard*)—

There was never a daughter of Eve but once, ere the tale of years be done,

Shall know the scent of the Eden Rose, but once beneath the sun !

Though the years may bring her joy or pain, fame, sorrow, or sacrifice,

The hour that brought her the scent of the Rose she lived it in Paradise !

(*Concludes with arpeggio chords.*)

MAY. (*Shuddering.*) Ah! don't. How good that is! What is it?

MRS. H. Something called 'The Eden Rose'. An old song to a new setting.

MAY. Play it again !

MRS. H. (I thought it would tell.) No, dear. (*Returning to her place by the tea-things.*) And so that amiable aunt of yours won't let you go to the dance ?

MAY. She says dancing's wicked and sinful ; and it's only a Volunteer ball, after all.

MRS. H. Then why are you so anxious to go?

MAY. Because she says I mustn't ! Isn't that sufficient reason ? And because —

MRS. H. Ah, it's that 'because' I want to hear about, dear.

MAY. Because I choose. Mrs. Hauksbee — *dear* Mrs. Hauksbee — you will help me, won't you ?

MRS. H. (*Slowly.*) Ye - es. Because *I* choose. Well?

MAY. In the first place, you'll take me under your wing, won't you ? And, in the second, you'll keep me there, won't you ?

MRS. H. That will depend a great deal on the Hawley Boy's pleasure, won't it?

MAY. (*Flushing.*) Char — Mr. Hawley has nothing whatever to do with it.

MRS. H. Of course not. But what will your aunt say?

MAY. She will be angry with *me*, but not with you. She is pious — oh !

so pious ! — and she would give anything to be put on that lady's committee for—what is it? — giving pretty dresses to half-caste girls. Lady Bieldar is the secretary, and she won't speak to Aunt on the Mall. You're Lady Bieldar's friend. Aunt daren't quarrel with you, and, besides, if I come here after dinner tonight, how are you to know that everything isn't correct?

MRS. H. On your own pretty head be the talking to ! I'm willing to chaperon to an unlimited extent.

MAY. Bless you ! and I'll love you *always* for it !

MRS. H. There, again, the Hawley Boy might have something to say. You've been a well-conducted little maiden so far, May. Whence this sudden passion for Volunteer balls? (*Turning down lamp and lowering voice as she takes the girl's hand.*) Won't you tell me? I'm not very young, but I'm not a grim griffin, and I think I'd understand, dear.

MAY. (*After a pause, and swiftly.*) His leave is nearly ended. He goes down to the plains to his regiment the day after tomorrow, and—

MRS. H. Has he said anything?

MAY. I don't know. I don't think so. Don't laugh at me, please ! But I believe me it would nearly break my heart if he didn't.

MRS. H. (*Smiling to herself.*) Poor child ! And how long has this been going on ?

MAY. Ever so long ! Since the beginning of the world — or the beginning of the season. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to help it. And last time we met I was just as rude as I could be — and — and he thought I meant it.

MRS. H. HOW strange ! Seeing that he is a man too (*half aloud*)—and probably with experiences of his own !

MAY. (*Dropping MRS. H.'S hand.*) I don't believe that, and — I won't. He couldn't !

MRS. H. NO, dear. Of course he hasn't had experiences. Why should he? I was only teasing! But when do I pick you up tonight, and how?

MAY. Aunt's dining out somewhere — with goody-goody people. I dine alone with Uncle John — and he sleeps after dinner. I shall dress then. I simply daren't order my 'rickshaw. The trampling of four coolies in the verandah would wake the dead. I shall have Dandy brought round quietly, and slip away.

MRS. H. But won't riding crumple your frock horribly?

MAY. (*Rising.*) Not in the least, if you know how. I've ridden ten miles to a dance, and come in as fresh as though I had just left my brougham. A plain head hunting-saddle — swing up carefully — throw a waterproof over the skirt and an old shawl over the body, and there you are ! Nobody notices in the dark, and Dandy knows when he feels a high heel that he must behave.

MRS. H. And what are you wearing?

MAY. My very, very bestest — slate body, smoke-coloured tulle skirt, and the loveliest steel-worked little shoes that ever were. Mother sent them. She doesn't know Aunt's views. That, and awfully pretty yellow roses — teeny-weeny ones. And you'll wait for me here,

won't you — you Angel!—at half-past nine? (*Shortens habit and whirls MRS. H. down the verandah. Winds up with a kiss.*) There !

MRS. H. (*Holding her at arm's length and looking into her eyes.*) And the next one will be given to—

MAY. (*Blushing furiously.*) Uncle John—when I get home.

MRS. H. Hypocrite! Go along, and be happy! (*As MAY mounts her horse in the garden.*) At half-past nine, then? And can you curl your own wig? But I shall be here to put the last touches to you.

MRS. H. (*In the verandah alone, as the stars come out.*) Poor child ! Dear child ! And Charley Hawley too ! God gie us a guid conceit of oorselves ! But I think they are made for each other ! I wonder whether that Eurasian dress-reform committee is susceptible of improvements. I wonder whether — O youth, youth !

Enter PEROO, the butler, with a note on a tray.

MRS. H. (*Reading.*) 'Help ! Help ! Help ! The decorations are vile—the Volunteers are fighting over them. The roses are just beginning to come in. Mrs. Mallowe has a headache. I am on a step-ladder and the verge of tears ! Come and restore order, if you have any regard for me ! Bring things and dress ; and dine with us.—CONSTANCE! How vexatious ! But I must go, I suppose. I hate dressing in other people's rooms — and Lady Bieldar takes all the chairs. But I'll tell Assunta to wait for May. (*Passes into house, gives orders, and departs. The clock-hands in the dining-room mark half-past seven.*)

Enter ASSUNTA, the lady's-maid, to PEROO, squatting on the hearth-run.

ASSUNTA. Peroo, there is an order that I am to remain on hand till the arrival of a young lady. (*Squats at his side.*)

PEROO. Hah !

ASSUNTA. I do not desire to wait so long. I wish to go to my house.

PEROO. Hah !

ASSUNTA. My house is in the bazar. There is an urgency that I should go there.

PEROO. TO meet a lover?

ASSUNTA. NO — black beast ! To tend my children, who be honest born. Canst thou say that of thine?

PEROO. (*Without emotion.*) That is a lie, and thou art a woman of notoriously immoral carriage.

ASSUNTA. For this, my husband, who is a man, shall break thy lizard's back with a bamboo.

PEROO. For that, I, who am much honoured and trusted in this house, can, by a single word, secure his dismissal, and, owing to my influence among the servants of this town, can raise the bad name against ye both. Then ye will starve for lack of employ.

ASSUNTA. (*Fawning.*) That is true. Thy honour is as great as thy influence, and thou art an esteemed man. Moreover, thou art beautiful ; especially as to thy moustachios.

PEROO. SO other women, and of higher caste than thou, sweeper's wife, have told me.

ASSUNTA. The moustachios of a fighting-man — of a very swash-buckler ! Ahi ! Peroo, how many hearts hast thou broken with thy fine face and those so huge moustachios?

PEROO. (*Twirling moustache.*) One or two—two or three. It is a matter of common talk in the bazars. I speak not of the matter myself. (*Hands her betel-nut and lime wrapped in the leaf. They chew in silence.*)

ASSUNTA. Peroo !

PEROO. Hah !

ASSUNTA. I greatly desire to go away, and not to wait.

PEROO. GO, then !

ASSUNTA. But what wilt thou say to the mistress?

PEROO. That thou hast gone.

ASSUNTA. Nay, but thou must say that one came crying with news that my littlest babe was smitten with fever, and that I fled weeping. Else it were not wise to go.

PEROO. Be it so ! But I shall need a little tobacco to solace me while I wait for the return of the mistress alone.

ASSUNTA. It shall come ; and it shall be of the best. (A snake is a snake, and a bearer is a thieving ape till he dies !) I go. It was the fever of the child — the littlest babe of all — remember. (And now, if my lover finds I am late, he will beat me, judging that I have been unfaithful.) (*Exit.*)

At half-past nine enter tumultuously MAY, a heavy shawl over her shoulders, skirt of smoke-coloured tulle showing beneath.)

MAY. Mrs. Hauksbee ! Oh ! she isn't here. And I dared not get Aunt's *ayah* to help. She would have told Uncle John — and I can't lace it myself. (PEROO *hands note.* MAY *reads.*) 'So sorry. Dragged off to put the last touches to the draperies. Assunta will look after you'. Sorry ! You may well be sorry, wicked woman ! Draperies, indeed ! You never thought of mine, and — all up the back, too. (*To PEROO*) Where's Assunta?

PEROO. (*Bowing to the earth.*) By your honoured favour, there came a man but a short time ago crying that the *ayah's* baby was smitten with fever, and she fled, weeping, to tend it. Her house is a mile hence. Is there any order?

MAY. HOW desperately annoying ! (*Looking into fire, her eyes softening.*) Her baby !)*With a little shiver, passing right hand before eyes.*) Poor woman ! (*A pause.*) But what am I to do? I can't even creep into the cloak-room as I am, and trust to someone to put me to rights ; and the shawl's a horrid old plaid ! Who invented dresses to lace up the back? It must have been a man ! I'd like to put him into one ! What *am* I to do ? Perhaps the Colley-Haughton girls haven't left yet. They're sure to be dining at home. I might run up to their rooms and wait till they came. Eva wouldn't tell, I know. (*Remounts DANDY, and rides up the hill to house immediately above,, enters glazed hall cautiously, and calls up staircase in an agonised whisper, huddling her shawl about her.*) Jenny ! Eva ! Eva ! Jenny ! They're out too, and, of course, their *ayah's* gone !

SIR HENRY COLLEY-HAUGHTON. (*Opening door of dining-room, where he has been finishing an after-dinner cigar, and stepping into hall.*) I thought I heard a — Miss Holt ! I didn't know you were going with my girls. They've just left.

MAY. (*Confusedly.*) I wasn't. I didn't — that is, it was partly my

fault. (*With desperate earnestness.*) Is Lady Haughton in?

SIR HENRY. She's with the girls. Is there anything that I can do? I'm going to the dance in a minute. Perhaps I might ride with you!

MAY. Not for worlds! Not for anything! It was a mistake. I hope the girls are quite well.

SIR HENRY. (*With bland wonder.*) Perfectly, thanks. (*Moves through hall towards horse.*)

MAY. (*Mounting in haste.*) No; Please don't hold my stirrup! I can manage perfectly, thanks! (*Cantering out of the garden to side road shadowed by pines. Sees beneath her the lights of Simla town in orderly constellations, and on a bare ridge the illuminated bulk of the Simla Town-hall, shining like a cut-paper transparency. The main road is firefly-lighted with the moving 'rickshaw lamps all climbing towards the Town-hall. The wind brings up a few bars of a waltz. A monkey in the darkness of the wood wakes and croons dolefully.*) And now, where in the world am I to go? May, you bad girl! This all comes of disobeying aunts and wearing dresses that lace up the back, and—trusting Mrs. Hauksbee. Everybody is going. I must wait a little till that crowd has thinned. Perhaps—perhaps Mrs. Lefevre might help me. It's a horrid road to her poky little house, but she's very kind, even if she is pious. (*Thrusts DANDY along an almost inaccessible path; halts in the shadow of a clump of rhododendron, and watches the lighted windows of MRS. LEFEVRE'S small cottage.*) Oh! horror! so that's where Aunt is dining! Back, Dandy, back! Dandy, dearest, step softly! (*Regains road, panting.*) I'll never forgive Mrs. Hauksbee!—never. And there's the band beginning 'God save the Queen', and that means the Viceroy has come; and Charley will think I've disappointed him on purpose, because I was so rude last time. And I'm all but ready. Oh! it's cruel, cruel! I'll go home, and I'll go straight to bed, and Charley may dance with any other horrid girl he likes! (*The last of the 'rickshaw lights pass her as she reaches the main road. Clatter of stones overhead and squeak of a saddle as a big horse picks his way down a steep path above, and a robust baritone chants*)—

Our King went forth to Normandie
With power of might and chivalry;
The Lord for him wrought wondrously,
Therefore now may England cry,

Deo Gratias!

Swings into main road, and the young moon shows a glimpse of the cream, and silver of the Deccan Irregular Horse uniform under rider's opened cloak.

MAY. (*Leaning forward and taking reins short.*) That's Charley! What a splendid voice! Just like a big, strong angel's! I wonder what he is so happy about? How he sits his horse! And he hasn't anything round his neck, and he'll catch his death of cold! If he sees me riding in this direction, he may stop and ask me why, and I can't explain. Fate's against me tonight. I'll canter past quickly. Bless you, Charley! (*Cantering up the main road, under the shadow of the pines, as HAWLEY canters down. DANDY'S hoofs keep the*

tune 'There was never a daughter of Eve' etc. ALL EARTH wakes, and tells the STARS. The OCCUPANTS of the Little Simla Cemetery stir in their sleep.)

PINES OF THE CEMETERY (to the OCCUPANTS)

Lie still, lie still ! O earth to earth returning !

Brothers beneath, what wakes you to your pain?

The OCCUPANTS (underground)

Earth's call to earth — the old unstifled yearning,

To clutch our lives again.

By summer shrivelled and by winter frozen,

Ye cannot thrust us wholly from the light,

Do we not know, who were of old his chosen,

Love rides abroad tonight?

By all that was our own of joy or sorrow,

By Pain foredone, Desire snatched away !

By hopeless weight of that unsought Tomorrow,

Which is our lot today,

By vigil in our chambers ringing hollow,

With Love's foot overhead to mock our dearth,

We who have come would speak for those who follow—

Be pitiful, O Earth !

The DEVIL OF CHANCE, in the similitude of a gray ape, runs out on the branch of an overhanging tree, singing—

On a road that is pied as a panther's hide

The shadows flicker and dance.

And the leaves that make them, my hand shall shake them—

The hand of the Devil of Chance.

Echo from the SNOWS on the Thibet road —

The little blind Devil of Chance.

The DEVIL (swinging the branch furiously)—

Yea, chance and confusion and error

The chain of their destiny wove ;

And the horse shall be smitten with terror,

And the maiden made sure of her love !

DANDY shies at the waving shadows, and cannons into HAWLEY'S horse, off shoulder to off shoulder. HAWLEY catches the reins.

The DEVIL, above (letting the branch swing back)—

On a road that is pied as a panther's hide

The souls of the twain shall dance !

And the passions that shake them, my hand shall wake them—

The hand of the Devil of Chance.

Echo—

The little blind Devil of Chance.

HAWLEY. (Recovering himself.) Confou — er — hm ! Oh, Miss Holt ! And to what am I indebted for this honour ?

MAY. Dandy shied. I hope you aren't hurt ?

ALL EARTH, THE FLOWERS, THE TREES, and THE MOONLIGHT (together to HAWLEY). Speak now, or for ever hold your peace !

HAWLEY (Drawing reins tighter, keeping his horse's off shoulder to DANDY'S side.) My fault entirely. (It comes easily now.) Not much hurt, are you (leaning off side, and putting his arm round

her), my May ? It's awfully mean, I know, but I meant to speak weeks ago, only you never gave a fellow the chance— 'specially last time. (*Moistens his lips.*) I'm not fit — I'm utterly— (*in a gruff whisper*) — I'm utterly unworthy, and — and you aren't angry, May, are you ? I thought you might have cared a little bit. *Do you care, darl — ?*

MAY (*Her head falling on his right shoulder. The arm tightens.*) Oh ! don't — don't !

HAWLEY. (*Nearly tumbling off his horse.*) Only one, darling. We can talk at the dance !

MAY. But I can't go to the dance.

HAWLEY. (*Taking another promptly as head is raised.*) Nonsense! You *must*, dear, now. Remember I go down to my Regiment the day after to-morrow, and I shan't see you again. (*Catches glimpse of steel-gray slipper in stirrup.*) Why, you're dressed for it !

MAY. Yes, but I can't go ! I've — torn my dress.

HAWLEY. Run along and put on a new one; only be quick. Shall I wait here ?

MAY. NO ! Go away ! Go at once !

HAWLEY. You'll find me opposite the cloakroom.

MAY. Yes, yes ! Anything ! Good-night !

HAWLEY *canters up the road, and the song breaks out again fortissimo.*
MAY. (*Absently, picking up reins.*) Yes, indeed. My king went forth to Normandie; and — I shall never get there. Let me think, though ! Let me think ! It's all over now — all over ! I wonder what I ought to have said ! I wonder what I did say ! Hold up, Dandy ; you need some one to order you about. It's nice to have some one nice to order you about. (*Flicks horse, who capers.*) Oh, don't jiggit, Dandy ! I feel so trembly and faint. But I shan't see him for ever so long . . . But we understand now. (*DANDY turns down path to MRS. SCRIFFSHAW'S house.*) And I wanted to go to the dance so much before, and now I want to go worse than ever ! (*Dismounts, runs into house, and weeps with her head on the drawing-room table.*)

Enter SCRIFFSHAW, grizzled Lieutenant-Colonel.

SCRIFFSHAW. May ! Bless my soul, what's all this ? What's all this ? (*Shawl slips.*) And, bless my soul, what's all *this* ?

MAY. N-nothing. Only I'm miserable and wretched.

SCRIFFSHAW. But where have you been ? I thought you were in your own room.

MAY. (*With icy desperation.*) I was, till you had fallen asleep. Then I dressed myself for a dance — this dance that Aunt has forbidden me to go to. Then I took Dandy out, and then — (*collapsing and wriggling her shoulders*) — doesn't it show enough ?

SCRIFFSHAW. (*Critically.*) It does, dear, I thought those things — er — laced up the front.

MAY. This one doesn't. That's all. (*Weeps afresh.*)

SCRIFFSHAW. Then what are you going to do ? Bless my soul, May don't cry !

MAY. I *will* cry, and I'll sit here till Aunt comes home, and then she'll see what I've been trying to do, and I'll tell her that I hate her,

and ask her to send me back to Calcutta !

SCRIFFSHAW. But — but if she finds you in this dress she'll be furiously angry with *me* !

MAY. For allowing me to put it on ? So much the better. Then you'll know what it is to be scolded by Aunt.

SCRIFFSHAW. I knew that before you were born. (*Standing by MAY'S bowed head.*) (She's my sister's child, and I don't think Alice has the very gentlest way with girls. I'm sure her mother wouldn't object if we took her to twenty dances. She can't find us amusing company — and Alice will be simply beside herself under any circumstances. I know her tempers after those 'refreshing evenings' at the Lefevres'.) May, dear, don't cry like that !

MAY. I will ! I will ! I *will* ! You-you don't know why !

SCRIFFSHAW. (*Revolving many matters*) We may just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

MAY. (*Raising head swiftly.*) Uncle John !

SCRIFFSHAW. YOU see, my dear, your aunt can't be a scrap more angry than she will be if you don't take off that frock. She looks at the intention of things.

MAY. Yes ; disobedience, of course. (And I'll only obey one person in the wide living world.) Well ?

SCRIFFSHAW. Your aunt may be back at any moment. *I* can't face her.

MAY. Well ?

SCRIFFSHAW. Let's go to the dance. I'll jump into my uniform, and then see if I can't put those things straight. We may *just* as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. (And there's the chance of a rubber.) Give me five minutes, and we'll fly. (*Dives into his room, leaving MAY astounded.*)

SCRIFFSHAW. (*From the room.*) Tell them to bring round Dolly Bobs We can get away quicker on horseback.

MAY. But really, Uncle, hadn't you better go in a 'rickshaw ? Aunt says —

SCRIFFSHAW. We're in open mutiny now. We'll ride. (*Emerges in full uniform.*) There !

MAY. Oh, Uncle John ! you look perfectly delightful — and so martial, too !

SCRIFFSHAW. I was martial once. Suppose your aunt came in ? Let me see if I can lace those things of yours. That's too tight — eh ?

MAY. NO ! Much, much tighter. You must bring the edges together. Indeed you must. And lace it *quick* ! Oh ! what if Aunt should come ? Tie it in a knot ! Any sort of knot.

SCRIFFSHAW. (*Lacing bodice after a fashion of his own devising.*) Yes — yes ! I see ! Confound ! That's all right ! (*They pass into the garden and mount their horses.*) Let go her head ! By Jove, May, how well you ride !

MAY. (*AS they race through the shadows neck and neck.*) (Small blame to me. I'm riding to my love.) Go along, Dandy Boy ! Wasn't that Aunt's 'rickshaw that passed just now ? She'll come to the dance and fetch us back.

SCRIFFSHAW. (*After the gallop.*) Who cares ?
(*To be concluded in December*)

A Note on Mrs. Hooper

(*Journal, June 1960, at p. 3*)

GILBERT Murray's reference to a Mrs. Hooper and her "nephew" Ruddy raises an intriguing question—what is known of Mrs. Hooper? During fifty years of study and collection of "Kiplingiana" I gleaned certain information concerning the lady.

C. E. Carrington's Biography, at p. 40, mentions three *sisters* who lived at Warwick Gardens, South Kensington, namely: *Mrs. Winnard* and the two Misses Craik—whose names were Mary and Georgina. All three lived at 46 Warwick Gardens. Ruddy and his sister, Trix, were confided to their care by the Mother on returning to India following one of her visits to England. See "Something of Myself" at pp. 21-22.

My information does not quite accord with Carrington; it is that the two Craik ladies were sisters, but that a *friend*, Miss Wynnard (note the spelling) resided with them; also that there was within their circle a Mrs. George Hooper (néé Wynnard), the wife (or widow) of one "Waterloo" Hooper—I do not know who he was or why he was so called. I understand that Mr. & Mrs. George Hooper had a son named Wynnard who was an official of the Bank of England.

I possess certain supporting evidence. Some 20-25 years ago I bought a number of Kipling's books from Mr. Holleyman, the Brighton antique bookseller. My purchase included "Barrack Room Ballads", "Life's Handicap" and "The Seven Seas". Holleyman told me the volumes "had some connection with the three dear ladies of Warwick Gardens".

"Barrack Room Ballads" (4th Edn. 1892) bears the signature of the owner: "M. L. HOOPER" and is also dated in his/her hand: "Jan. 1st 1893". The writing might be that of a person of either sex.

"Life's Handicap" and "The Seven Seas" are editions published in 1897. Both bear the signature of the owner: "WYNNARD HOOPER". In addition "Life's Handicap" carries the owner's very interesting bookplate. It is a pen and ink design in the decorative style of the period, but without name or initials of the artist. Bearing in mind the literary and artistic circle in which the "three dear ladies" moved I think there is little doubt the bookplate was designed by an artist of the Walter Crane, William Morris or Edward Burne-Jones School; in fact, it is very like original work of the first-named.

In a panel at the top are the words: "Ex libris Wynnard Hooper" and in the centre, surrounded by the design—two female figures and much decorative foliage—are the initials: "W. H." in monogram.

My opinion is that, Ruddy and Trix having been left very much "on their own" in England since they were small children, probably had acquired a number of "adopted" uncles and aunts of whom we know Cornell Price ("Uncle Crom") was one. Mrs. Hooper, also of

the Warwick Gardens "set", could well have been such an "Aunt"; hence her reference to her "nephew" Ruddy mentioned by Gilbert Murray.

My evidence clearly proves the existence of a "Wynnard Hooper" who might well have been given his Mother's maiden name. Thus I think we prove that Mrs. Hooper was no myth! She might have been the "M. L. Hooper" of my "Barrack Room Ballads".

W. L. MURRAY BROOKS (NO. 1521)

Recent Publications

Periodicals

"Lettres de Guerre à André Chevrillon". Translated by B. Hovelaque. *Revue de Deux Mondes*, No. 18, pp. 195-211. 15 September 1959.

Kaplan, Israel. "Kipling's First Visit to America". *Dalhousie Review*, XXXIX, pp. 153-64. 1959.

Léaud, Francis. *La Poétique de Rudyard Kipling*. Didier (Paris) XII, pp. 315-23. 1959.

Bodelsen, C.A. "Den gaadefulde Kipling". *Berlingske Tidendes Kronik*. 6 February 1960.

Annan, Noel. "Kipling's Place in the History of Ideas". *Victorian Studies*. [Indiana]. III. 4. pp. 323-48. June 1960.

Books

Léaud, Francis. *La Poétique de Rudyard Kipling*. Didier (Paris) [1959]. Pp. 563. [Reviewed in *Kipling Journal* No. 133].

Tompkins, J. M. S. *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*. Methuen (London) 1959. Pp. xiv + 277. [Reviewed in *Kipling Journal* No. 133].

Baldwin, A. W. *The Macdonald Sisters*. Peter Davies (London) 1960. Pp. x + 234. [Reviewed in *Kipling Journal* No. 134].

Stewart, James McG., and Yeats, A. W. *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue*. (Toronto University Press, 1959). Oxford University Press (London) 1960. Pp. xviii + 674. [Reviewed in *Kipling Journal* No. 135].

Tapp, H. A. *United Services College 1874-1911: A Supplement*. Caxton Press (Cheshunt). [1960]. Pp. vi + 56. [To be reviewed in *Kipling Journal* No. 136].

N.B.—Additions to this list will be welcomed.

Library Notes

More books have come from Doctor P. F. Wilson in addition to those which were acknowledged in the June Journal; one, in particular, is HEATHFIELD MEMORIALS, by Percival Lucas—1910, with an Introduction by E. V. Lucas.

The book is the story of a parish adjoining Burwash. There are references to that place and to Kipling who wrote the poem "Cuckoo Song" about Heathfield or *Heffle* as it is known locally.

Also received—a set of Jane Austen's Works—all Six of them. A delightful set and most useful to enable readers to look up "Jane" herself when coming across quotations from his favourite author in Kipling's Stories and poems.

In Retrospect

by W. G. B. Maitland

THIRTY-THREE years ago the Kipling Society came into being and soon after its inception I was invited to take over our small Library—a task I gladly undertook. At that time (Dec. 1930) our possessions were not many, consisting mainly of the Macmillan prose, Methuen verse plus a few other odds and ends.

Gradually further items came in, mainly as gifts from generous members. At that time we had no premises of our own and the Honorary Secretary, the late Colonel Charles Bailey, conducted the Society's business from his private address in Cecil Court, Bayswater. Our modest Library was housed in the Reubens Hotel in Buckingham Palace Road where we held our afternoon meetings. Once a week the Library was thrown open for inspection by members but attendance was frequently sparse.

In those far-off days our finances were limited but gradually I began to build up our collection of Kiplingiana. Members, too, were kind and gifts came in. There was so much we wanted for, as the only Society devoted to Rudyard Kipling, it devolved upon us to construct a properly representative collection of Kipling material. It was necessarily a slow business for the field was wide so that the task was not too easy.

I spent many pleasant hours searching in second-hand book-shops until it became necessary to ask council to sanction the purchase of another bookcase.

Scarcely a week passed without some mention of Kipling in the Press and an eagle eye had to be kept on the newspapers, for all was grist to the Honorary Librarian's mill. Kipling was still writing and the bookstalls had to be watched for magazines with new material.

As membership grew so did the Library and the formation of an American Branch brought in both dollars and an occasional addition to our bookshelves.

Since Kipling's work is published in the United States as well as in England it was necessary to acquire as many American Editions as possible and an eye had to be kept on that market.

An assiduous collector who had lived in the United States was Mr. John Sanderson. A very keen member and regular attendant at our meetings, he most generously bequeathed his considerable collection to the Society's Library, where it can be seen as "The John Sanderson Collection". It contains many interesting American publications now, alas ! impossible to find.

When Rudyard Kipling was taken from us in January 1936 practically every newspaper in our English-speaking world carried an appreciation of him and his work. The task of collecting this huge mass of news-cuttings was stupendous and were it not for the generous help of certain members much of this interesting material would have been lost.

When Macmillan & Co. began to publish the *Sussex Edition* in 1937 I was fortunate enough to secure a set for the Library. The Edition appeared at the rate of two volumes a month and, as they were delivered to me, a most pleasant task presented itself of examining each volume for fresh and hitherto uncollected material. As there are 35 volumes in the Edition this took some time, all of it most interesting and instructive. The result of these labours can be seen in Nos. 48 and 49 of the *Kipling Journal*.

By this time the Library had grown considerably in size and value but with the outbreak of war in 1939 it was deemed advisable to evacuate it to regions of safety in the country. During those black years little chance presented itself for adding to our treasures, but with the termination of hostilities we were once again able to establish ourselves in London.

In 1954 an unique collection of rare Kiplingiana came to us from the Library of the late Colonel C. A. Wolff. This valuable addition to our possessions calls for special attention since it contains many scarce and rare items. It was with great pleasure and no little pride I set myself the task of describing in the pages of the *Journal*, some of the wonderful treasures it holds.

It is not possible within the narrow confines of this Retrospect of my years as Honorary Librarian to cover the whole field of our activities in building up our Library but the pages of the *Journal* contain a number of articles from my pen which I hope give some idea of what we possess.

It has been a great disappointment to me that for the past few years my work as a Civil Servant has prevented me from putting in the amount of time on the Library as I would have wished. I am, therefore, indebted to my friend R. E. Harbord for the noble work he has done in this direction — and now I feel it is time to retire and hand over to my successor, to whom I wish as many happy hours of Kipling Hunting as I ever had. My interest remains undiminished.

FLOREAT LIBRARIUM !

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are :—*U.K.*: Mmes. A. E. H. Banister, D. Cowland, N. Fennelle, R. Lukin, E. Munro, P. E. Newman, M. Newsom, N. M. Pratt; Misses R. A. McDavitt, K. A. Middleton, W. A. Myers; Rev. D. B. Haseler; Lt.-Cols. J. W. Strickland, B. Woods Ballard; Capt. J. C. S. Mills; Messrs. J. G. Flynn, D. Levett, A. J. H. Smith, C. N. Wright; Sheffield, University Library. *Auckland*: S. T. Spencer. *Singapore*: A. G. Mackenzie. *U.S.A.*: Mrs. J. C. Spillsbury ; Lt.-Col. C. R. Smith; Messrs. C. F. Denny, R. D. Gamble, H. C. Taylor; Emory University Library. *Victoria B.C.*: J. Boyes.

We are delighted to welcome you all.

Readers Guide to Mrs. "Bathurst"

by R. E. Harbord

II

- Page 339, line 2. Simon's Bay with the great naval base at Simonstown on False Bay : then the Headquarters of the British South Atlantic Fleet, about 20 miles from Cape Town. In about 1957 it was handed over to the Union of South Africa.
- ./4. No doubt this was the train from Cape Town where Kipling had a house for many years.
- ./10. Inspector Hooper is said to have been a man named Teddy Layton who was Locomotive Inspector on the Victoria Falls Line then under construction. He belonged to the Rhodesian and Cape Government Railways and was well known to Kipling who gave him several autographed copies of his works.
- ./14. Glengarif. We can assume this was Glencairn, the next station (then a siding) to Simonstown. Earlier it had been known as Elsie's Halt after Elsie's Peak which, presumably, is a local hill (340/11).
- 340/33. The first hint at the false teeth (see also pages 358, 363, 364, etc.).
- 341/1. Wankies or Wankie. Buluwayo i.e. Bulawayo. These places are in Southern Rhodesia.
- ./5. "Here's your Belmont." Belmont is in the Orange Free State, about 120 miles west of Bloemfontein. There was a battle there in the South African War of 1899-1902, still frequently known as the "Boer" War. It was fought on November 23rd, 1899, and the Naval Brigade was engaged.
- ./14. 'down the coast' : Somewhere between Simonstown and Port Elizabeth which is about 400 miles to the East.
- 341/15. Tristan d'Acunha is about 2,000 miles west of Cape Town.
- ./33. Bass : Then and now one of the best known bottled beers.
- 342/4. Verbatim : " word for word"—here perhaps " in so many words."
- ./16, 17. Muizenburg, St. James's, Kalk Bay—All places on False Bay to the north of Simonstown.
- ./25. " purr Mary, on the terrace " : not a bad pun on the motto of The Royal Marines—" Per mare, per terram " (By sea and land).
- ./33. The first reference to desertion.
- 343/5. gig : a light narrow clinker-built ship's boat.
- ./16. Vancouver Island : The great island to the west of Vancouver City in British Columbia, Canada.
- ./18. Barnardo Orphan. This refers to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, founded in 1867. A great national charity for orphan children.
- ./21. cocoanut woman : Does this refer to a woman who ran a cocoanut-shy stall on fairgrounds or to one who sold cocoanuts ?
- 344/26. steering-flat :
- ./29. Niven had in fact risen to be Warrant Officer. Later in these notes we will give some particulars of the rank.
- ./3. Buncrana : This may have been the small port on Lough Swilly in Donegal, Eire (Ireland), but there may be such a place in South Africa
- 345/4. run ; 345/6 : ran : Two more references to desertion.
- ./6. Mormonastic : The Mormons were a religious community founded in 1830 in the U.S.A., which styles itself The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Its headquarters is in Utah at Salt Lake City. There were polygamists until 1896 when polygamy was prohibited by the Constitution of Utah.
- ./16. "Aunt Maria's washing on the line—"

./33. V, The first reference to the "second" character of the story.

Vickery : A Warrant Officer. W.Os. formed one of the important sections of the Naval structure of ranks. As they no longer exist, having been superseded by "Branch" officers holding the Queen's Commission instead of the Admiralty Warrant, it may be well to give a few details about their standing.

At the time of the story they were the Boatswains, the Gunner and the Carpenter. Later the Engineer and the Paymaster. They were dressed as officers and addressed by commissioned officers as "Mr.", by ratings (all the rest) as "Sir."

The picture in the Windsor Magazine shows Vickery correctly dressed but generally speaking Kipling is vague as to their standing.

Vickery went ashore with the Carpenter, "Crocus" Rigdon, another W.O., but later he forgot himself and consorted with a lower-deck rating, i.e., 2nd Class Petty Officer Pycroft, himself equal to a sergeant in the Army and the Royal Marines.

It is Vickery's possible desertion we have been working up to and the end of the story shows he was doing just that when he was killed. Nothing was proved but Pycroft may well be thought to have been a bit too charitable again (see top of page 346).

346/9. ". . . like columns in the war. They don't move away from the line." The reference is to the Boer War. Troops could not live on the country and there was no motor transport then so they had to operate within reach of the railway line.

./11. Salisbury: The capital of Southern Rhodesia, only 400 miles from Lake Nyassa but more than twice that distance from Bloemfontein.

./12. Nyassa : There does not seem to be a town of that name but a part of Portuguese East Africa is so named and, of course, there is the Lake.

./14. Nyassa Lake Flotilla : Hardly a "Flotilla" perhaps but there were quite a number of steam-boats operating on this long narrow piece of water, about 300 miles from north to south.

./15. A P. & O. Quartermaster. A Mercantile Marine sailor trained in his duties by The Peninsula and Oriental Steam Ship Company, who was so capable he was able to act as Captain of one of the small trading steamboats. The P. & O. was and still is one of the best known of all the great shipping companies.

346/17. Click : the nickname of W.O. Vickery. It is suggested that he may have had such a job on Lake Nyassa in mind and that no awkward questions would be asked up there but, as we shall see, he and his lady had decided to seek work not quite so far away. Probably he would have gone to Nyassa had she not found him, or he may even have thought about work on Lake Victoria Nyanza, the great stretch of water a further 700 or 800 miles north of Nyassa.

./24. *casus belli* (cause of war) : a mis-use by Pycroft of course but meaning here "the present position as far as we know it."

347/7 , 10. The false teeth (dentures) did not fit perfectly and made a clicking sound when he spoke or was agitated. Pycroft refers to them as if they were a quick-firing gun not properly fixed on its base.

./13. the lower deck : The ship's company all except the commissioned officers and the warrant officers : i.e., all ratings.

./23. occupying the foc'sle (forecastle) : A short raised deck forward in a ship. Here meaning that Sergeant Pritchard was pushing himself forward a bit too much.

./24. *status quo* : "as things were before," but here : "to behave as agreed to a little earlier."

348/13. Hooper said : "I'd like to hear a little more o' your Mr. Vickery." This may be a slip of Kipling's, possibly caused by his method of cutting down the text. As the story stands no one had given Vickery his name and Hooper

- could not have known it unless we are intended to guess that he found unburned evidence on the body (page 364) which is unlikely.
- ./18. Hauraki : see earlier notes on Christchurch, etc.
- 349/3. *that* : a woman of easy virtue.
- ./15. re-spliced: married a second time.
- ./21. Marrequin's commission : Warships were commissioned in England for duty in one of the Great Fleets, such as the Far East, the South Atlantic or the Home Fleet, etc. These commissions were for periods of from to years.
- 349/22. ". . . as I'd been promoted . . ." : We were told, six lines earlier, that Mrs. Bathurst kept a little hotel for "warrants and non-coms.", but I do just wonder if W.Os. did actually use the same inns as Petty Officers. However, the point here is that Pritchard was visiting her "Pub" for the first time : he could not go there until he was a non-commissioned officer.
- 350/5. Slitz : Kipling probably only knew this beer by hearing it named. No doubt it is Schlitz, a co-product of Pabst, that he means. Both are famous beers made in the U.S.A. at Milwaukee in Wisconsin.
- 350/23. A piece of her hair ribbon; 351/9, "there were those four bottles . . . with 'er 'air ribbon in a bow round each ; 351/15, of their necks." : This is perhaps the only part of the story the present writer questions. It would want an awful lot of ribbon to do that—but worse—after five years the beer would surely be dreadfully sour.
- 352/12. IT. Some years later Eleanor Glyn used the word in the same way and many years later still Hollywood imagined it was first used there in films for feminine charm and sex appeal. This is apparently the first recorded use : now it is quite outmoded (1960).
- ./24. "He goes crazy." This is a clue as we have already suggested.
- 353/1. H.M.S. Hierophant had not been long in the South Atlantic Fleet, "just now" here meaning "not long ago."
- 353/18. Phyllis's Circus : This was no doubt FILLIS'S. He was a well-known circus proprietor in his day and had a permanent base in Johannesburg. He is said to have been the greatest master of *haute école* in the last century. The circus showing animals and cinematograph films as described in the next dozen lines seems to have been well known in other places as well as South Africa. In 1903 I well remember seeing films just like those described in the Public Baths in Andover, Hampshire. In that case the firm exhibiting was *West's Pictures*.
- ./23. A tickey : the South African name for a threepenny piece.
- 354/3, Cape Town; 354/28, Cape Town; 362/13, Simonstown; 362/33, Cape Town : Our author does not seem to know where they were or treats the two places as one, but actually they are 20 miles apart.
- 354/5. Durban : is about 900 miles away in Natal.
- ./7. "a devotee of Indian perris." : In Persian mythology one of a super-human race, later developed into a woman of beauty and grace—a *peri* in India. Probably the "women" or Durban were Indians.
- ./8. the Pusser : the purser is the officer on board ship who keeps the accounts and usually has charge of the provisions too.
- ./10. Mozambique : this is a port in, but not the capital of, Mozambique, better known as Portuguese East Africa.
- ./13. pride of the West Country: some member of the crew from Cornwall, Devonshire or Somerset.
- ./14. sugared up : this probably means the gyroscope was made sticky and not free to rotate.
gyroscope : usually a rotating wheel mounted in a ring, having its axis free to turn in any direction, a stabiliser.

(To be continued)

"Their Lawful Occasions"

An Ungrateful examination of some technical bloomers

by Commander R. D. Merriman

P. 105. *Pedantic* 'Leader of the second line.' A meaningless phrase but sounds fine. K. has vaguely recollected two terms : 'The lee line' and another referring to fleet organisation. The first is used in connection with a fleet formed into two parallel lines *under sail* : the 'Weather' line and the 'Lee' line. Oddly enough, the phrase remained in use until the 90s. The *Victoria* was leading the lee line when she was rammed by the *Camperdown*. The other phrase refers to the subdivision of a fleet or squadron into 'Divisions' and 'Subdivisions,' each of which has its senior ship or leader. (The technical term is 'admiral,' whether the ship carries a flag officer or not).

T.B.267 She represents a class intermediate between the old 80-100 ft. long craft, operated from a ship or off a seaport, and the Destroyer. Her type was already obsolete at the time I suppose the story to have been written ; but she might have been laid up in Reserve, only to be mobilised annually for a fortnight during manoeuvres.

The rank and/or rating of Morshead and Pyecroft respectively are delightfully vague. Taking the former first : 'matoro age 19' (p. 107) would make him a sub-lieutenant.

Pyecroft, a year before, was only a P.O.2 (a rating which disappeared before the First World War). The corresponding Army rank was corporal. Yet on p. 121 he successfully poses as a Torpedo-Gunner, a warrant *rank* (not *rating*) dressed as an officer. Normally the highest a lower-deck entry could expect to get. K. was probably thinking of a T.G.'s *Mate*, a P.O. rating, though this would be very unlikely to carry a substantive rate of less than P.O. and would probably be a C.P.O. if he were "2nd in command."

Hinchcliffe's status is equally ill-defined. He is an E.R.A.1 and, as such, might well have been 'chief engineer' of 267 ; but Pyecroft's description of him as such can only have been flippant. E.R.As. are (or were) *ratings* and, as such, would *not* have been referred to as 'chief engineer' in any circumstances, even if in charge of the E.R. Nor would he ever have been addressed as 'Mr.' (pp. 113-117) by an officer.

p. 123. Allowing that 267 had only been dragged out of Reserve for manoeuvres and that, with the exception of a nucleus for maintenance (of whom Hinchcliffe would have been one, and that her complement was made up by drafts from other ships and that Moorshed had been pitched into her at a moment's notice from the gunroom of some ship in commission : It is a bit odd that the CO. should have to ask an E.R.A., while at sea, what his ship's radius and speed is !

Worse still, Hinchcliffe replies in terms of *knots* ! A knot is a *rate*, the rate in *nautical miles per hour*, not a *distance*. The distance between Southampton and Capel own, for example, is NOT 3,000 *knots*.

As for 'have her revolutions any bearing on her speed'—'none that I can make out yet, Sir.' (same page). This is appalling nonsense. The speed of your ship is entirely dependent on the number of revolutions of your propellers) per minute. These are carefully worked out for each ship and clearly tabulated as follows, e.g. :

5 knots 100 revs.	In smooth water and at normal
6 knots 120 revs.	draft
7 knots 135 revs., etc., etc.	

It is the business of the CO. to set the speed, which is passed to the E.R. in terms of 'revs.' It is the E.R.'s business to see that the 'revs' are accurately maintained. It might well be that, after lying up in Reserve, 267' hull was in such a state that her revs as tabulated would no longer give the relevant speed •

but that was no business of Hinchcliffe's. If there were any doubt, the sooner Moorshed have the log (or streamed the patent log) and found out, the better!

p. 106. "Man and Arm Watertight Doors." Does he mean 'Man and Arm Boats' or 'Close Watertight Doors'? But perhaps Pycroft is only being funny.

p. 125. *Signalman* not 'signaller,' please.

p. 111. "Pye, you are without exception, the biggest Har in the Service." No! commissioned officers did NOT address ratings (even one who had served under them for years and between whom there was mutual trust and liking) by nicknames.

p. 120. 'Day and Night Private Signals.' 'Private signals' is the fruit of R.K.'s reading in naval history. It is a further proof that the volumes of the Navy Records Society in his study were not there for nothing. The term was used up to and after the time of the Napoleonic Wars, but by the 1860s the phrase was 'Secret Signals' or 'Secret Code.'

* * *

I have done, at least as regards destructive criticism. As I said before, I still like this story better than any of the other Pycroft stories. The spirit in which it is written is magnificent: it is a high-spirited rag and an impressionistic picture of the Navy which R.K. knew would appeal to the public.

There *may* be better descriptions of the way of a small craft in a choppy sea, but I have not read them. Nor can I think of a more striking picture than that of the swift, stealthy approach of a Channel fog, nor of the aspect of Channel traffic in those prosperous days. Nor have I come across a better account of what it feels like to be helpless in a fog, in the track of shipping, in a crowded seaway.

Letter Bag

" In Flood Time "

This wonderful story of 1888 is in *Soldiers Three*. It is one of my favourites but it has long puzzled me. The Reader's Guide wants help with the mechanics of the story. The relationship between the river itself and the ford, the village of Pateera, the railway-bridge and the shoal is not clear.

Will some draftsman member draw us a plan. I have tried and failed but I have my notes and some from other readers which can be studied.

May we assume that the Barhwi (not in the Gazetteer) is Kipling's name for a river between the Ganges and the Jumna ?

The Date of Kim's Birth

May I reply to Mr. A. F. Minchin's letter in the June *Journal* and ask him if there are any records of earthquakes in Srinagar other than the one of 1st May, 1885 for I do not think we can possibly imagine KIM was born on that day.

Let us agree that he was 13 when the story opens and that he must have been about 17, possibly 18 (see page 380) when he was saying good-bye to the woman of Shamlegh. If he had been born in 1885, that would have been in 1902 or 1903, but the story first appeared in December 1900.

But we can date the start of the story quite accurately. Turn to page 41, line 29 and we find that the engagement at Pirzai Kotal took place "not three months gone". The official name of that campaign was Jowaki and a bar was granted to the Indian General Service Medal of 1854-1895. The expedition lasted from 9th November, 1877 until 19th January 1878.

So we can say the meeting of the Lama and Kim must have taken place early in 1878 and that means he was born in 1865 or perhaps 1866.

Was there another Srinagar earthquake in those years ?

R. E. HARBORD

Hon. Secretary's Notes

Our Day in the Country. The Society's visit to Bateman's, held this year on May 26th, was the most successful yet. When it became clear that we would be too many for The Bear — and our good friends Mr. & Mrs. Peachey — for lunch we sent an SOS to The Bell, where Mr. & Mrs. Nicholls rescued us by staging a charming little party for the overflow. It must be rare to find two such delightful Inns in one small village, and it's a pity R.K. never threw off a story connected with the "locals". (Undoubtedly the Straight Mile between Burwash and Etchingham is the scene of the police trap in "The Village that Voted", but when the victims went to lunch they "crossed the Market Square to the Red Lion", which no amount of twisting will force into a semblance of either Burwash or Bell or Bear.)

The day kept fine, and after lunch the delightful lazy saunterings began—into the Church and down the lanes, till the lovely House ("That's her! The Only She! Make an honest woman of her—quick!") came into view. Experienced visitors hurried to their own pet places — the Forge, the old Well, the Pear Tree Avenue—whilst new ones, we hope, vowed never to miss another outing. Mr. and Mrs. Lees, the tenants, full as always of cheer and hospitality, coped with an enormous crowd for tea, and the only sad feature of this perfect day was the absence through illness of our Founder, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, and of Mrs. Brooking, without whom the party, however large, could never seem quite complete. We are glad to report that Mr. Brooking is again fit.

As most members know, we can only announce this visit in the Journal for March each year. Its popularity this time shows that future notices must carry the warning: "Apply early to avoid disappointment".

A.E.B.P.

Report on Discussion Meeting of 25th May 1960

THIS was the meeting which had to be postponed from last November, owing to Miss Farrelly's absence due to illness. It was well worth waiting for and Miss Farrelly gave us a splendid talk on her chosen subject, *Kipling and South Africa—Then and Now*. As a South African, it was naturally the Tales and Poems about South Africa that chiefly held her interest, just as it is the English stories and poems which thrill the home-bred English.

Miss Farrelly, speaking without notes, dealt with her subject with a precision, scholarship and clear-sighted criticism which won our wholehearted admiration. She was deeply impressed with Kipling's aptitude for getting inside the mind of a subject people, his deep sympathy with their passionate love of their own country and their hopes for its future. She showed how he had even caught and held the very tricks of speech of the Afrikaans-speaking characters though she didn't know how much Afrikaans he actually knew. Many critics had said that Kipling was not good at reproducing dialects, that his Americans and Irish spoke a highly-coloured jargon which was not true to life; but any South African would have no difficulty in putting into Afrikaans the talk of his South African characters.

Miss Farrelly went on to deal with the poems and said how wonderfully Kipling could paint word-pictures that caught at the hearts of all who knew and loved South Africa, quoting especially from *Bridge-Guard in the Karroo* and *The Flowers*. She dwelt, too, on the visionary and prophetic aspect of Kipling, showing how he had shared the dream of those who had seen South Africa as a truly great nation among the nations when the Englishman and the South African

should have settled down together to work as brothers for the good of the country, and here she quoted *The Settler*. But he had also prophesied that if certain other elements, who did not want brotherhood between the conquerors and the conquered, should get the upper hand then they would rule with the gun instead of the ballot-box.

Miss Farrelly had copies of unpublished letters by Kipling which she had obtained from libraries in her country, and some of these we were allowed the privilege of reading for ourselves. She told us that today the average South African regards Kipling as out of date and unworthy of study, but she had noticed that whenever she read or quoted him to students in South Africa without naming Kipling as the author, many of them had been profoundly impressed and excited.

In the discussion which followed, Miss Toomey asked why, if Kipling had so much affection for South Africans, he had written *A Sahibs' War*, which seemed full of a virulent hatred. Professor Carrington pointed out that Kipling was a vengeful person and was furiously angry when, as he retails in *Something of Myself*, he and his party had been shot at when they were in a Boer farmhouse "white-flagged all over" and the incident was later most slanderously reported in the foreign Press.

I.S.G.

OBITUARIES

VALE : — Mrs. Grace Broughton (from the President, Melbourne Branch ;
Commander R. D. Merriman, D.S.C, R.I.N.

It was with deep regret that the members of the Melbourne Branch learned of the death on June 2nd of Mrs. Grace Broughton, in her 85th year.

Mrs. Broughton had been a member of the Branch since its foundation in 1938, and took over the duties of Hon. Secretary at its first annual meeting. It was due to her zeal and active interest, based on her great love for the works of Rudyard Kipling, that the Branch became firmly established. She filled the office of Hon. Secretary till 1946, when physical infirmities made it impossible for her to continue to attend meetings. In 1959 Mrs. Broughton received the richly deserved honour of election as a Vice-President of the Society, on the retirement of Lieut.-General Sir Julius Bruche.

Although no longer able to be present at meetings, Mrs. Broughton maintained to the end an active interest in the Society, keeping up a voluminous correspondence with members and always being ready with suggestions for promoting and furthering the Society's objects.

In her long life, Mrs. Broughton had much sorrow and suffering, but her wonderful spirit enabled her to rise unbowed above her troubles. Her husband died on active service whilst serving with the Australian Imperial Forces in the First World War. Her only son was stricken by and died of meningitis at the early age of fourteen. For many years she herself was badly crippled as a result of a fall from a horse; then a few years before her death she met with another accident which rendered her incapable of walking at all.

Of her it can truly be said that she met with Triumph and Disaster, and treated those two impostors just the same.

It is with deep regret that we report the death, on July 10th, of Commander Merriman — news which will come as a shock to the many members who were his friends. He was a great supporter of the Society, always on the look-out for new members, serving two terms on the Council, and more than once coming up with a generous donation when times were hard. Only last September he presided at the Pycroft Discussion — one of our most joyous meetings — and we shall sadly miss his expert help over Kipling's nautical writings. We shall especially feel his loss at the Annual Luncheon where his end of the table — always allotted to shy new members — used regularly to become the cheeriest in the room.

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