



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), Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

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 323 High Holborn, W.C.1, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling — HOLborn 7597 — as the day is not always the same.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, August 21st, 1963, at 3 p.m.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will precede the next Council Meeting, starting at 2.30 p.m., on August 21st.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, July 24th, 1963, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6.0 p.m.

Colonel Purefoy will introduce a discussion on 'The Tender Achilles' and 'Unprofessional'.

Wednesday, September 18th, same time and place.

Mr. J. H. McGivering will introduce a discussion on Kipling and Trains.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will take place on Friday, 25th October, 1963, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

The Guest of Honour will be Professor Bonamy Dobrée, O.B.E., Emeritus Professor of English Literature at Leeds University; Lecturer, Writer and Broadcaster on Rudyard Kipling.

Application forms will go out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

' TAX DODGER '

Under this heading *The New Yorker* of 9 Feb. 1963 reports as follows in its 'The Talk of the Town' column :—

' Doubleday & Co., which publishes not only Sir Harold but a seemingly limitless host of other authors, living and dead, is in receipt of a government form letter that has caused more than one employee to shake his head in dismay. It reads, in part, as follows : "U.S. Treasury Department / Internal Revenue Service / District Director / 484 Lexington Avenue / New York 17, N.Y. / :—

R. Kipling / Doubleday & Co. / 575 Madison Ave. / New York 22 / N.Y. :—

There is on file in my office information showing that you received certain income in the year 1961 . . . An examination of our records, however, fails to disclose receipt of a Federal income tax return from you for that year . . . '

KIPLING COLLECTION AT DALHOUSIE

In another sense Kipling is very much alive beyond the Atlantic, and the Kipling Librarian's Report for 1961-62 tells us that: 'The reviving interest in Kipling has brought us many requests for information. Possibly the most interesting correspondence this year was that carried on with Professor Morton N. Cohen, a Kipling expert, who is presently at work on a book on H. Rider Haggard, a close literary friend of Kipling. Another request was from a student at Exeter College, Oxford, at work on a thesis on Kipling, asking for a list of Kipling's stories in *The Week's News*. One circumscribing aspect of the rising interest in Kipling, however, is the number of wealthy organisations presently collecting Kipling and competing with us at book and manuscript auctions.

'The outstanding acquisition of the year was a gift from Mrs. J. McGregor Stewart of three volumes containing Kipling and Rider Haggard holographs on *The Ghost Kings*, *The Way of the Spirit*, and *Allan and the Ice Gods*. Also a gift from Mrs. Stewart was a copy of *Red Eve* by Rider Haggard, in which was laid a drawing of Murgh and a sheet in both Kipling's and Rider Haggard's handwriting. The Kipling Room was also fortunate in acquiring Professor Israel Kaplan's collection of Kiplingiana, which added several important items to our collection.'

COLLECTING KIPLING

Has anyone ever studied the fluctuation of Kipling's reputation as reflected in the prices of his books and manuscripts? At the moment he is on the upgrade again: 'The Frank Hollings Bookshop', 45 Cloth Fair, E.C.1, for example, offers a First of the American edition of *Stalky & Co.*, spine dull, with eight illustrations by L. Raven-Hill, and an autograph inscription by Kipling on the title-page: 'S. Anderson, from the author. Nov. 29, '99' — for £60.

If we go back as far as 1902 we find that there had already been a Kipling 'boom' and then a Kipling 'slump'. Andrew Lang records in his article 'Bibliomania' in *The Cornhill Magazine*, July 1902, that "Quite juvenile authors relatively, like Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling were next fixed upon by collectors who wanted to 'get in on the ground floor'. The plan was to buy an early, perhaps a boyish trifle that no mortal had thought of wanting, and then to make people want it. It is not likely that the owners of the Huth or Holford Libraries or that the Duke of Devonshire 'plunged' upon early Kiplings; but somebody paid £155 for that author's *Schoolboy Lyrics*, which, when common-sense returned and more copies came into the market, 'realised' only £3/5/0. *The United Services College Chronicle* (to which I presume that Mr. Kipling must have been a contributor) sank from £135 to £3/5/0 ..."

' THE COLL.'

A member, Mrs. C. A. Key, writes: 'I spent part of my summer holiday near Westward Ho!, and visited the old school. The Manager of the Holiday Flats was away, but I called on the proprietor of the Kipling Guest House, the end house of the block. He showed me a marble fire-place, in what is now the dining room, all scratched with names of the pupils, though it would have taken several hours work, with a magnifying glass, to identify them. I found it very easy to visualize the school, having seen the setting, with the high furze-covered hill behind it. Also, if one can ignore the ghastly shacks and caravans in front, one can imagine the boys running down to bathe from the pebble ridge.'

A VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

From the other end of Kipling's life comes the charming recollections of a visit to Burwash which Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke has kindly allowed us to publish in this number of the *Journal*. It forms a section of his autobiographical volume *The Glittering Pastures* (Putnam's, 21s.) which has just appeared. Most members will remember Mr. Croft-Cooke's excellent little volume on Kipling included in Home and Van Thai's series 'The English Novelists' in 1948, which they probably have on their shelves.

A section of Mr. Elliot L. Gilbert's interesting and provocative study 'What happens in Mrs. Bathurst' also appears in this number, by kind permission of the author, and of the Modern Language Association of America in whose *Proceedings* (PMLA, LXXVII, pp. 450-458) it was published in September 1962.

KIPLING IN THREE MEDIA

Those of us who lived in London doubtless hastened to University College on February 25 and 28, and March 4 and 7 to hear Professor Bonamy Dobrée deliver his Lord Northcliffe Lectures on 'Rudyard Kipling : Realist and Visionary'. Those of us who live too far away are comforting ourselves with the hope that the lectures will form a part of Professor Dobrée's forthcoming book on Kiplings.

Without stirring from home, many of us heard excellent readings over the B.B.C. Home Service by experts ranging from Sir John Gielgud to Mr. Frank Muir of short stories by Kipling including 'On the Great Wall', 'Brugglesmith', 'Without Benefit of Clergy', 'The End of the Passage', 'They', 'Wireless', and a selection from *Just So Stories*.

A tantalising fragment in *The Stage* of 21 March runs : 'John Huston plans to film Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King* for Seven Arts'.

A KIPLING ILLUSTRATOR

The death was announced in February of Chevalier Fortunino Matania (1881-1963), the artist who continued the tradition of Alma Tadema in the form of popular illustration. He was a considerable illustrator of Kipling in periodicals, notably in *Nash's Magazine* : 'Egypt of the Magicians', 'Regulus', 'Sea Constables' come most readily to mind out of many examples.

LETTERS TO GUY PAGET

The extraordinary statement made in the *English Fiction in Transition* Kipling list, p. 157, that these letters are forgeries turns out to be completely untrue, and an insult to the memory of Guy Paget. His son, the Right Honourable R. T. Paget, Q.C., M.P., writes : 'The suggestion that these letters are forgeries is absurd. My father was a distinguished man, being a J.P., D.L., M.P., a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and author of some eighteen books. Why in the world should he wish to forge a relatively trivial correspondence between himself and his fellow-member of the Carlton Club, Rudyard Kipling? R.K. used to come to my father's house, Sulby Hall, Rugby, and I remember him there on two occasions with his wife and daughter. The letters, themselves, as you will see if you care to look at them, are a very simple correspondence extending over some twenty years, and certainly contain no efforts to create literature.'

We are most grateful to Mr. Paget for confirming the authenticity of the letters : if only all Kipling mysteries could be solved as easily and as definitely !

R.L.G.

BATEMAN'S

by Rupert Croft-Cooke

WHEN I was eighteen years old, Victor Neuberg the eccentric owner of a hand printing press, published some verses of mine about Sussex and I sent a copy of the book to Rudyard Kipling. His was the Greatest Name in English letters and I was still a slave to superlatives.

It is not easy to explain now what he meant to my generation. We were born too late to watch his first comet flights across the skies or to hear the jealous forebodings of eclipse when the Boer War was held to have demonstrated his archaism.

We had learned his poetry and read his stories in childhood and although we had heard 'jingoism' and 'outworn imperialism' attributed to him, as we had heard 'Fabianism' and 'vegetarianism' shouted after Shaw, we whose boyhood was passed during the first world war were not generally a politically-minded breed and failed to see the relevance of these catcalls. We were mesmerised by his fame and his extraordinary public standing.

His name rarely came into our discussions or lists of 'favourite authors' as the names of Compton Mackenzie, John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, and Joseph Conrad came, for he was beyond such discussion; his temples were already built, and his harshest critics had exhausted themselves.

It was not fashionable or audacious to decry him, still less to praise.

Except for Thomas Hardy, his senior by twenty-five years, he was the only living writer considered already 'a part of English literature'. He was moreover "a part of English life" and the name of no writer since his has permeated the whole of it, has been as familiar to the near-illiterate as to the learned.

With all the media of publicity which are ours today — television, radio, the cinema and newspapers which count their circulation in millions — we cannot produce a writer with a name one half as familiar as was that of Kipling in his lifetime, though his books were never printed in cheap editions. It may not be important, it may be irrelevant to a consideration of his merits (though I do not think it is), but it is a historical fact of some interest.

We have no literary legends, no pilgrims like those who once searched Putney Common for a sight of Swinburne or looked up at the window in Ebury Street behind which George Moore might be standing on his Aubusson carpet, or took the train to Rye to see the home of Henry James. But Bateman's, Burwash, was something of a shrine in the 1920's.

Perhaps my own hero-worship was simply that of a young man for the head of the profession he wanted to follow. It was certainly not based on any very intelligent understanding of what Kipling represented or what he had achieved. It may have had elements of snobbery, of personal ambition, of curiosity. I do not know now, but I remember the morning on which I received his acknowledgement of my book for it seemed to me the most momentous of my life.

It was a conventional letter, though there were things to be noticed about it during my countless re-examinations of it. A very small representation of a telegraph pole and another of a railway engine indicated telephone and station, a device common enough today but then seeming vastly original. The famous address was dye-stamped in discreetly pretty type. The letter was typewritten, but signed. It was headed *Private*, a precaution which I did not understand but vaguely appreciated.

This was its wording :

Dear Mr. Croft-Cooke,

Let me thank you heartily for your 'Songs of a Sussex Tramp', specially for the Sonnet on 'Old Hastings' which I love. I envy you the beautiful printing of the volume, always excepting the linked double O's which seem to me to make the eye stumble.

With every good wish,

Sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling.

I was not long in following this up with a request for an interview, since another note is dated 5th October.

I find I have a free afternoon Tuesday next (10th) and should be glad to see you if you care to come over.

An exchange of telegrams followed, in which I explained that I was teaching in a preparatory school at Sevenoaks and could not reach Burwash till five, and was told by a secretary that this would be all right.

There remained four days of anticipation, and I remember them well. First I took the astonishing news to an old friend and counsellor named Douglas Blackburn, a ripe-witted novelist who after a long and adventurous life, chiefly in South Africa, had found a pleasant back-water in Tonbridge, where he lived by writing for the local paper. He had known me since my childhood and listened to my news with all the interest and seriousness I could ask.

'You keep these letters', were his first words. 'They'll be worth a fortune, my boy. Kipling never signs his name if he can help it. His autograph alone is rare'.

Blackburn retained his habit of exaggeration to the end of his life.

'And make a note of everything he says', he went on. 'Keep it in your mind, and write it down when you get home. Don't forget, now. It's a big privilege you've got. A big privilege. Kipling's almost a recluse. Never sees anyone. Press can't get near him'.

'Yes, I will', I promised.

'It's Sussex that's done it', he said truthfully but unflatteringly.

The word Sussex in your title. That must have got him. He loves Sussex. You stick to Sussex when you're talking to him. Never mind Kent'.

He looked at the letters again.

'Yes, Sussex. Old Hastings. Make the most of your chance, my boy. Not many of your generation ever see him. Legendary figure. One day you'll tell your grandchildren'.

Douglas Blackburn's view of literature and men of letters was of his time. 'There were giants in the earth in those days'. A writer

himself, with a dozen books behind him, one or two of them successful and well written, he saw Kipling as Tennyson's contemporaries or Thackeray's saw their laureates. He did not discuss Kipling as a critic might have done, did not mention his political bias or analyse that curious trick of 'getting his own back' on somebody or something which can be found in so much of his work. He was concerned chiefly with Kipling's place in the oligarchy — a vulgar way of looking at it, I suppose, but not an unusual one at the time, and very much my own.

I must have told everyone I knew about my appointment for the following Tuesday, particularly the customers in the private bar of the Crown Hotel.

'So you're going to see Rudyard Kipling', said Robinson, the landlord. 'He comes through Sevenoaks sometimes in his Rolls-Royce. He once stopped here for lunch.'

'You tell him', said a quiet, podgy man of forty, "that Captain Smithers" — I forget the name — 'sends his kind regards'.

'Do you *know* him?

The man smiled.

'He'll remember me. Remind him I once gave him a cup of tea. He'll remember.

Everyone discussed it.

'You going on that old motorbike of yours?'

'Yes'.

'Make sure it gets you there. You keep down the main Hastings Road as far as Hurst Green, then turn right. You can't miss it'.

I did not ask myself what I should do if I lost the way, if the motor-cycle broke down (more than a possibility), if I had a puncture, if the weather was stormy. It seemed to me the most important thing in life that I should reach Bateman's by five o'clock, yet I planned this hazardous journey without a fear, without a doubt. I still had a child's faith that nothing dire could ever happen to me.

The distance was twenty-five miles, but to cover this in one hour, on a motor-cycle made before the first world war, would not be easy. Signposts were 'finger-posts' and chancy things at that, while main roads were not easily distinguishable from minor ones. The main Hastings road which I had been told to follow was not then like a railway track from which it was impossible to stray, and I took at least one wrong turning. But it was just five when I reached Burwash and breathlessly asked for Bateman's. The way to it was still 'an enlarged rabbit-hole of a lane' as Kipling recalled it when, fourteen years later, he described in *Something of Myself* his first finding of 'The Very Own House'.

Bateman's is now a Kipling museum, the last shrine to be accorded to a writer after his death (unless one counts the attempt to make one of Shaw's ugly little villa), and perhaps the last that will be accorded, at least in the foreseeable future.

It seemed very large, old and noble as I approached it on my stuttering motor-cycle, a massive Elizabethan house built in grey stone with mullioned windows and warmly brick-red tiles. There were stacks of fine brick-built chimney pots and the front was broken by an obtruding

porch with two storeys over it culminating in a weather-beaten stone ball at the apex. There was a flagged path leading from the wrought-iron gate to this porch while to left and right was unbroken lawn. It was growing dusk as I marched up this pathway with false audacity.

What should I say? To ring a bell and ask for Mr. Rudyard Kipling would be like asking for Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer or Dr. Samuel Johnson. Or, in view of the house's architecture, for Sir Philip Sydney. The aura around the name was such that I really did hesitate. I felt I couldn't say 'Mr. Kipling' as I might say 'Mr. Watkinson' or 'Mr. Rogers'. But of course I did, asking for the man who had written and invited me, not RUDYARD KIPLING.

In the moment I met him the two fused. Other conflicting ikons fused. At fifty-seven, with his vast bushy eyebrows greying, his thick glasses and his bald pate, he attracted all my adolescent reverence towards a father-figure, yet the little legs in plus fours, the shortness, and something impish which instantly appeared, wiped out my awe and shyness, and I began to gabble of my journey, of the old motor cycle, of the mistaken route.

'Yes,' he said, 'the Sussex man does not tell you the way. He doesn't like being asked questions, for one thing. He doesn't like admitting that he doesn't know, for another.'

I did not, as Douglas Blackburn had bidden me, make notes when I reached home. What need could there be? As if I should *ever* forget one word! A great deal I have remembered but more is forgotten, perhaps because it was small talk.

Sitting in a room near the front door Kipling spoke fondly of motoring in the early days and the hazards of the first cars, for he had motored since the turn of the century.

'I hear you have a Rolls-Royce now,' I said.

'It's the only car I can afford.' Those words I swear to, and he probably used them to others. Cars were still bought as carriages had been, to last as many years as possible, and undeniably a Rolls-Royce lasted longest.

Then Mrs. Kipling appeared and we went to a room on the right of the front door to sit round a refectory table for tea, a concession, I imagine, to a hungry boy who had come so far.

Several biographers of Kipling have pawkily suggested that he was dominated by his wife and seen him striding across the Sussex downs in search of solitude and independence. Clearly my one afternoon in his home as a boy gives me no opinion about this, but when I came, a quarter of a century later, to read everything then written about Kipling before writing a critical study of his prose for the *English Novelists* series, I could find nothing to substantiate the suggestion. Mrs. Kipling seemed to me that day a gentle motherly person, with dignity but with out condescension, who put me — too much, I fear — at my ease and encouraged me to chatter.

She sat at the head of the table, Kipling was on her right and I on her left, and when their daughter arrived, cheerful, hungry and in tweeds, she sat beside me. The table was very tall and I have an impression of Kipling sitting up to it like a small boy, only his head and

shoulders showing, and of Mrs. Kipling talking to us or making me talk as though we had both just come in from school.

I brought out my message. Captain Smithers asked to be remembered to them. They would recall a cup of tea he had given them.

Miraculously they both knew at once.

'He was so kind', said Mrs. Kipling. 'Do thank him for his message. You see, he was in charge of the cemetery where our son was buried. When we went to find the grave he was very helpful and how thankful we were for that cup of tea'.

It was Mrs. Kipling who turned the conversation to my book and asked about the Vine Press. To which, loyal to Victor Neuberg, I answered with great enthusiasm that it was a remarkable Sussex venture, that great books would come from it, that Neuberg himself was a fine poet.

'He says you're a minor poet, sir, who has written one major poem', I piped across the table.

It was Mrs. Kipling who asked, smiling, which poem that was.

'*The Mary Gloster*' I said triumphantly, but no one was to be drawn.

There was home-made blackberry jam for tea, and piles of home-made cakes. From politeness or not, my three hosts ate nearly as much as I. When it was over there came the great hour — Kipling took me up to his study.

This was on the first floor, a large room, as it seems in retrospect, book-lined to the ceiling. I remember Kipling, all energy and smiles, climbing a set of library steps to reach books from upper shelves. The grey bushes of eyebrow, the domed head, the thick lenses of his spectacles and the Great Name should have made him an awesome person, but with supreme tact he talked like a fellow adolescent, was enthusiastic or condemnatory of writers of the past, as though after a study tea at school we were smoking illicit cigarettes over a discussion of 'favourite authors'. Few men of fifty-seven could have done it; fewer would have bothered.

"Now read me something you've written", he said, and using the particular manner then popular for poetry (before the BBC let actors and skilled elocutionists change the trick) I intoned some verses.

In return he read me something which I have never since been able to find, so that I have come to doubt its existence — a purple patch from Chaucer. It was not from the *Canterbury Tales*, I think; it had the cadences and catch-in-the-throat of *Tintern Abbey* or a Keats ode, an authentically purple, almost Tennysonian stanza — and from Chaucer. Oh yes, the years, and the circumstances, the man who read and the wondering boy who listened may have combined to create that sighing and ecstatic music, but I am determined not to think so.

More concrete was a page of Chaucer's own manuscript, a little of the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, framed between two pieces of glass and having a handle like a large hand-mirror which I was allowed to pick up, to hold, to examine.

A bright fire burned and we sat beside it to talk of schools. Passionate friendships among boys were dismissed as evanescent and of no ugly significance.

' Watch young bullocks in a field ', said Kipling.

Wilde — ' No, I've never cared for his work. Too scented '.

Bunyan — ' Go home and read him. Read the *Pilgrim's Progress* half a dozen times before you try to write prose '.

He said nothing, he could be persuaded to say nothing, about his own work, and small wonder, for apart from a natural disinclination for everything autobiographical he could not trust me, as he had shown by the word *Private* on his letter. He was, I think, a suspicious man in matters of personal publicity, of the press and general gossip. Starting as a journalist himself, he distrusted anything which he thought prying. He had been caught badly on several occasions, as he later revealed in *Something of Myself*. It was, as Douglas Blackburn had said, surprising that he should have let me come to see him at all.

But having done so, he was generous. He gave me that full hour without stint — having made it clear that he would turn me out at seven o'clock. He gave me, moreover, two pieces of advice, cunningly introduced as light conversation, which I conscientiously treasured.

' Never look over your shoulder at the other man. Paddle your own canoe and don't worry about anyone passing you. Keep going in your own time. If you're going to do anything you'll do it; if not, watching others succeed only embitters failure. And failure in writing shouldn't be bitter '.

I realised soberly that *Something* was being said. None of the more advanced advice to writers which came later in his autobiography was given to me. Mine were beginners' admonitions.

' You'll get a lot of criticism, written and spoken, some of it honest, some not, some careful, a good deal thoughtless. But remember this. You and only you who are being criticised will know what is valuable, what is helpful, whether it is praise or blame. Every now and then someone will say a thing which stops you in your tracks. ' He's right! ' you'll say, and be the better for it!'

Elementary, perhaps, but how incalculably valuable. I may have slightly blurred the wording, but since before sleeping I committed the two little exhortations to memory any variation is slight and unimportant.

Kipling came down to the front door and switched on the light in the porch, the Drunkard's Relief, he called it, and I saw him standing in its light as I waved from the gate.

The motor-cycle would not start, and I nearly killed myself in pushing it up the hill to the village, where a blacksmith-motor-mechanic (a common calling then) attended to it, and I rode away.

Welcome NEW MEMBERS, enrolled since the last Journal was published, are — U.K. : Miss E. Donaldson, Prof. G. L. Montgomery, F. C. M. Richards. AUSTRALIA : Mrs. D. Ekman. MELBOURNE : J. Wilson. MEXICO : J. W. Austin. NYASALAND : S. G. B. Williams. U.S.A. : Rochester University Library.

KIPLING MEMORIES

by J. A. de Courcy Hamilton

I WAS brought up by my mother on Kipling's stories. Some of my earliest memories are of being read to from the *Just So* stories and the *Jungle* books, and as I grew older I was introduced to *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. The Boer War was just coming to an end and I can remember the words and music of the Absent Minded Beggar. Kipling was at his most popular at that time, but he himself seems to have had his doubts about the flag-wagging, and expressed them in *Recessional*. That poem was prophetic, though I do not think we ever became 'drunk with sight of power', and anyhow we have been forced by circumstance to surrender much of what we had.

By the time I was eighteen I had read nearly all that Kipling had published up to that date, and so, when I was sent to India in 1914, I felt almost at home both in Anglo-India and amongst the peoples of the continent. India was also in the blood, as many members of my family had served there before me.

My battalion was stationed at Quetta, which immediately recalled to mind Jack Barrett. But by then Quetta was a healthy station and typhoid no longer took a heavy toll of the troops. One of the local figures was Beatty of the Indian Police, and it was often, and wrongly, alleged that he had been the original Strickland. The true prototype, I have always understood, was another famous policeman, Warburton of the North-west frontier province. There was also at that time in the station a lady who was rumoured to be the original Mrs. Hauksbee's daughter; but again I believe this was entirely untrue. Later I was to go north and see something of the country described in the, to my mind, greatest (after *Kim*) of all Kipling stories. 'The Man who would be King.' I never went through Mach on the Bolan Pass where Billy Fish of the story used to drive the tank engine without thinking of that wonderful tale. On a visit to Lahore I saw the Zam-Zama gun on which the little Kim used to sit and play.

A few years later I found myself with my battalion in Kurdistan, building a road up through the Pai Tak Pass into Persia. We had heard rumours of a hush-hush expedition under the name of Dunster-force being formed in Mesopotamia to go through to the Caucasus and parties of officers and N.C.O.s passed in due course through us on their way to the Caspian. One day General Dunsterville and his staff arrived and spent the night in our camp. I knew enough of my Kipling to know that the General had already achieved immortality as the original of *Stalky*.

Some seven months later, after fighting in the Jangli country around Resht, I was about to embark with a company of my regiment for Krasnovodsk in Central Asia, when I received a summons to replace General Dunsterville's A.D.C., who had gone sick, and to go with him to Baku, where a small British force with Russian and Armenian allies was holding the town against a mixed force of Turks and Germans. The story of those operations has been told elsewhere. After our evacuation back to Enzelli (Pahlevi) the General was recalled and, although he pretended to take it all in good part, he was visibly moved. "I do not know," he muttered rather sadly, "whether it is the port or senile decay."

Funnily enough, I found this phrase of his embodied in a later Stalky story. Before departing he gave me a large tin of tobacco, a most welcome gift in those parts. I did see him once again at some lecture in London, after the war.

After a spell at Cambridge I joined the Sudan Political Service and there again I found myself among scenes made familiar by Kipling. 'Little Foxes,' the story of the Gihon hunt, is well-known and there were still people serving the Sudan Government who had known Hickman, the Governor of Dongola, the original of the Mudir who imported the hounds from England. Fate also made me for four years District Commissioner of the Fuzzy Wuzzies, who had caused so much trouble on the Red Sea coast in the early eighties and who feature in the *Light that Failed*. They also, according to the poem, 'broke a British square'.

Kipling himself later visited Egypt and the Sudan and painted some brilliant prose pictures of the two countries in *Letters of Travel*. He incidentally paid my service a somewhat ambiguous compliment by saying that its death-rate was only a little higher than its own reputation.

But my big moment came years later when I was on leave cub-hunting in Sussex. I had been invited over to lunch by a local landowner who told me to come just as I was in my rat-catcher clothes. I drove up to the stately home in my disreputable car and was ushered in by a dignified butler. I greeted my host, who was a bachelor, and he immediately presented me to two of the other guests, who, to my astonishment and delight were Mr. and Mrs. Kipling. I sat next to Kipling at lunch and, as I had just come from the Sudan, I was, or so he made it appear, just his 'cup of tea.' He talked of nothing else and pumped me all through luncheon about my life out there. He said he was contemplating writing a story about a young district official who, being all alone, had trained his two servants and some of the police to play polo, and so made up enough players to make some sort of a game. He had also been invited to suggest names for the desert railway stations between Wadi Haifa and Abu Hamed, which up to then had only been known by numbers. He thought they might be called after some of Kitchener's generals.

After lunch we were taken out to see the stables, but Kipling gradually drew me off into a walk about the gardens. He could not have been more agreeable, and talking to him one saw how he had managed to pick up other people's 'shop', which he had later himself distilled into his stories. The secret was, I am sure, that he himself was so sincerely interested, and therefore was able to draw out the best from the people he was talking to.

In Kipling's stories the expert will find some mistakes of fact — there is a bad one in 'Little Foxes,' though I did not dare to tell him so. But this does not detract in any way from his genius. He was a great story-teller; and I fancy that in the latter part of his life when the drum-beating phase was over, and he himself had realised that some of his early idols had had feet of clay, he developed a depth of compassion and an understanding of all sides of human nature which have rarely been surpassed. He himself had experienced personal sorrows and knew how greatly common humanity is in need of pity and forgiveness.

WHAT HAPPENS IN 'MRS. BATHURST'

by Elliot L. Gilbert

I

MRS. BATHURST' may not be the most puzzling of Rudyard Kipling's 'obscure' stories, but it has surely become the one most puzzled over by admirers and critics alike. A number of articles have been printed about it in the pages of the *Kipling Journal*, and many of the important Kipling critics have alluded, a bit tentatively perhaps, to this fine story — Edmund Wilson calls it a 'remarkable story'¹ and then hurries on — but so far no one has ever really accounted for what happens in 'Mrs. Bathurst' or has suggested fully what the story is about. There has been much interest in characters and incidents, of course, but almost no consideration of theme. A good deal has been made of Kipling's fondness for cryptic utterance, the implication being that 'Mrs. Bathurst' is an elaborate puzzle game in which the reader must try to determine, from artfully concealed clues, what the characters in the story are really up to. Other commentators have dealt with Kipling's method of composition, his habit of repeatedly and drastically cutting his manuscripts in general, and the manuscript of this story in particular. C. S. Lewis, among others, has suggested² that the momentum of cutting 'Mrs. Bathurst' may have carried Kipling, all unaware, past the point of intelligibility and that the obscurity of the story may therefore be accidental. What no critic has reasoned, however, is that Kipling's struggle for compression and his pruning away of representational elements in 'Mrs. Bathurst', to permit concentration on other values, justifies the closest possible reading of the text and makes the critic responsible not only for clarifying the surface action of the story but also for discovering the significance of that action. Such a detailed study of 'Mrs. Bathurst' reveals a powerful tale embodying one of Kipling's profoundest visions of life and composed in a style far enough ahead of its time to account for the story's reputation as a perennial puzzler.

The first great stumbling block for readers of 'Mrs. Bathurst' is the story's peculiar structure. Accustomed, in conventional tales, to a series of scenes all dealing more or less with the same people and all developing more or less logically from one another — as scenes do, for example, in the usual motion picture — readers are confused by a story which is constructed instead along the lines of a newsreel. For on a first reading, the scenes in this story, like those in a newsreel, appear to have only the most casual connection with one another. They begin and end abruptly and, as it seems arbitrarily, and they deal with a number of different people and situations without at first seeming to coalesce into a

1 Edmund Wilson, *The Wound and the Bow* (New York, 1947), p. 166.

2 C. S. Lewis, 'Kipling's World,' *Kipling Journal* (September 1958), p. 8.

single story. It is this random and accidental quality of 'Mrs. Bathurst' which led critics to suggest that Kipling had cut too much. But given Kipling's intense awareness of what he was doing, it might be more profitable to follow one of J. M. S. Tompkins's suggestions and accept the apparently confused structure of 'Mrs. Bathurst' as a deliberate part of the author's plan and as the first important fact we have about the story.³ If it is not immediately plain how this fact contributes to the expression of the story's theme, we can turn to one of the narrative's central incidents for clarification.

The comparison of 'Mrs. Bathurst' to a newsreel is not an arbitrary one. In the early nineteen-hundreds, when pictures that actually moved were still a novelty, Kipling cleverly designed his tale to turn on the showing of a film and included a detailed description of a newsreel, or rather of a collection of random movie scenes, in his story. Barwick Browne has written that Kipling allowed himself to become overly absorbed by the cinematograph in 'Mrs. Bathurst' and so lose control of the rest of his narrative.⁴ But Kipling's reaction to the phenomenon of the motion picture was not the delight of a child with a new toy; it was rather the fascination of an artist with a new metaphor. The moving picture show carefully described in 'Mrs. Bathurst' is, the reader is meant to see, a metaphor for life. It is an accidental grouping of scenes — 'London Bridge with the omnibuses — a troopship goin' to the war — marines on parade at Portsmouth, an' the Plymouth Express arrivin' at Paddin'ton'; scenes which are, according to Pyecroft, 'the real thing — alive an' movin',' and which, together with the apparently random structure of the story, serve to express what is the central theme of 'Mrs. Bathurst' — the fortuitousness of life.

This theme runs through all of Kipling's work and accounts, in part, for his pragmatism and for his refusal, so annoying at times, to take the 'long view.' The world, Kipling would say, is, as far as any man can tell, a chaotic place, ruled by blind chance. Sooner or later everyone comes to trial and must struggle to extract some order from the chaos, to impose on the universe some law, useful at least to himself. At the crucial moment, Hooper says, a man 'goes crazy — or just saves himself'; that is, he either echoes the disorder of the universe with the disorder of his own mind, or else, through his own efforts, he somehow manages to organise at least one corner of the chaos so that he can go on living. 'Mrs. Bathurst' is the story of 'Click' Vickery's trial in life and of his failure.

There is a good deal more in 'Mrs. Bathurst', however, beyond the newsreel itself and the newsreel-like structure of the story, to support Kipling's theme of the accidentalness of life. The narrative opens with an error. 'The day that I chose to visit H.M.S. *Peridot* in Simon's Bay,' we are told at the outset, 'was the day that the Admiral had chosen to send her up the coast. She was just steaming out to sea as my train came in.' Having thus made a long trip out of his way for nothing, the

3 J. M. S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London, 1959), p. 89. I am indebted to Professor Tompkins for her many illuminating comments about 'Mrs. Bathurst.'

4 Barwick Browne, "What Happened in 'Mrs. Bathurst?'," *Kipling Journal* (July 1949), p. 10.

narrator is next involved in a more pleasant accident. He has 'the luck to come across' his friend Inspector Hooper, and the two men go off to Hooper's railroad car office at the mouth of False Bay where they are shortly joined by Pyecroft and Pritchard who are themselves in the neighbourhood only by chance, their ship having unexpectedly put into drydock for overhaul. At this point Kipling has spent three pages getting his four conversationalists together by a series of mistakes and coincidences when he might just as easily have opened the story with the four already gathered. The emphasis upon accident is inescapable.

This emphasis continues. We are told in passing, for example, that the Bass beer which Sergeant Pritchard contributes to the refreshment has been thrown over a wall to him by a woman who mistook him for someone else. A few moments later we find Pritchard himself mistakenly assuming that Hooper is a police officer. Still later we learn that Vickery's improperly fitted dental plate was made to replace the teeth he had lost in an accident with an ammunition hoist. And perhaps most suggestive of all, the fateful appearance of Mrs. Bathurst on the movie screen is immediately preceded and, so to speak, introduced by the otherwise meaningless image of 'an old man with a rug 'oo'd dropped a book an' was tryin' to pick it up.'

In addition to all these incidents, however, there remain two passages in 'Mrs. Bathurst' which state even more directly the central theme. One is the strange episode of Boy Niven and the other is a short dramatic scene which serves the story as an epigraph. It is surprising how few critics have investigated the Boy Niven scene, in spite of the fact that it is presented in great detail, delays the entrance of the central character until the story is nearly a third over, and at first glance seems to have no connection at all with the rest of the action. This last fact has inspired at least one commentator, Mr. B. S. Browne, to suggest quite seriously that in 'Mrs. Bathurst' Kipling had deliberately set out to write the worst story he could in order to hoax his readers, and that the episode of Boy Niven was inserted as a metaphorical warning to those who might otherwise be led astray.⁵ The theory is, of course, based on the assumption that the tale of Boy Niven has nothing to do with the rest of 'Mrs. Bathurst.' In fact, it has everything to do with it.

It is Pyecroft who tells the story. Boy Niven, who 'said he was born at the back o' Vancouver Island, and *all* the time the beggar was a balmy Barnardo Orphan,' lures eight sailors, among them Pyecroft and Pritchard, away from their duties one day with a wholly fictitious tale about a generous uncle and free land. For twenty-four hours he leads the sailors on a meaningless, random trek over an uninhabited and uninhabitable island in the Vancouver Archipelago. Finally a search party sent out for the eight catches up with them and returns them, in disgrace, to their ship where, as a last indignity, *they* are accused of having led the *boy* astray.

This episode, compounded of mistaken identity, misinformation, random wandering, and errors in judgment, is, like the cinema, a metaphor for the story's general theme. In addition, however, it strikingly

5 B. S. Browne, "The Unsolved Problem of 'Mrs. Bathurst'," *Kipling Journal* (December 1959), p. 18.

illuminates specific details of the action to follow. The desertion of the eight sailors, for example, foreshadows Vickery's own behaviour. Desertion of duty may be considered the first act in the abandonment of order and Vickery is presented to us throughout the story as a deserter, one who buckles under the pressure of accident. A family man who displays photographs of his daughter, he deserts his duty to his family when he becomes infatuated with Mrs. Bathurst. Soon, however, he deserts her too, and when we meet him he is guilt-ridden and on the point of deserting his naval duties to begin the rootless life of a tramp. The consequence of such a life of desertion, the Boy Niven story suggests, is a kind of madness, an aimless wandering of the sort that Vickery indulges in each night after the picture show, and will continue to indulge in as a tramp up-country until he achieves, during an electrical storm, the ultimate disorganisation of death. And it is no doubt more than coincidence that when Hooper asks Pycroft what punishment the eight sailors had received for deserting and following Boy Niven, Pycroft replies picturesquely, 'Heavy thunder with continuous lightning . . .'

The epigraph of 'Mrs. Bathurst' establishes this same theme in a brief, highly compressed dramatic scene composed in Kipling's best Jacobean style. The scene takes place in what just the day before had been a great city, but what is now only a sacked ruin, so gratuitously has fortune bestowed and withdrawn its favour. Three men are discussing together an unfortunate groom who, in the face of totally disinterested gods, has just been hanged, leaving his soul to pluck 'the left sleeve of Destiny in Hell to overtake why she clapped him up like a fly on a sunny wall.' The indifference of the universe does not even offer the man the poor consolation of knowing who is to blame for his destruction. 'She that damned him to death knew not that she did it, or she would have died ere she had done it. For she loved him. He that hangs him does so in obedience to the Duke, and asks no more than "Where is the rope?" The Duke, very exactly he hath told us, works God's will, in which holy employ he's not to be questioned.'

This inability to apportion blame correctly follows necessarily from the fortuitousness of life. The problem appears in the Boy Niven episode as well as in the epigraph and has its counterpart in the rest of the story. Pycroft is extremely indignant when he tells of how he and his seven colleagues were held responsible for what Boy Niven had done to them. But when he comes to discuss Vickery, his values seem strangely reversed. Vickery's obvious helplessness in the face of his infatuation makes him at least as much a victim of Mrs. Bathurst as the eight sailors ever were of the 'Boy', but Pycroft, and especially Pritchard, are almost vehement in their exoneration of the woman. Their confusion, like that of the groom, 'baited on all sides by Fortune', is understandable, for men who believe that the principle of cause and effect operates the world instinctively try to fix responsibility somewhere. But in a world whose guiding principle is accident, responsibility loses all meaning, and coincidence, no longer just the crude expedient of a lazy artist, becomes the mechanism that blindly runs the world. The last we see of the condemned groom, the gods, in their infinite arbitrariness

ness, are destroying him with the same 'long-stored lightnings loosed yesterday 'gainst some King'.

The theme of the lawlessness of the universe is established beyond any doubt in 'Mrs. Bathurst'. But in the story Vickery does not come up against some vague and generalised aspect of that lawlessness; he confronts, in the widow from Auckland, a particular manifestation of it. In the epigraph, we leave the miserable groom 'railing at fortune and woman's love', and it is woman's love that is the special aspect of chaos that destroys Vickery. Kipling's attitude toward women is idiosyncratic. Women as individuals may be charming and wholly innocent and yet at the same time may be acting, unconsciously, as the agents of a terrible power totally beyond their understanding or control. And though this power may originally have been generated by some overwhelming creative urge, its random, mindless application can just as easily be deadly and destructive.

This blind application of power by women is illustrated in 'Mrs. Bathurst' in a number of ways. 'She that damned him to death knew not that she did it' says the epigraph in a phrase that might well stand alone as the motto of the story. Pritchard's bottle of beer is tossed to him by a woman whose charms begin to work automatically the moment she sees a man, even though he happens to be the wrong one. In fact, so automatic is female attractiveness that Pyecroft, concluding his terrible, cautionary story of Vickery's degradation, does not hesitate to break off the narrative for a moment to glance idly out the door and remark, 'Pretty girl under that kapje'.

Mrs. Bathurst herself is the most important of these symbols of woman's blind power. She is, in person, a charming woman and innocent of any destructive designs on any man. Yet so great is her attractive power, of which she is only the unconscious vessel, that men who meet her once can never forget her. She has, in a word that Kipling used before Hollywood did, 'It'. 'Tisn't beauty, so to speak,' says Pyecroft, 'nor good talk necessarily. It's just It.' Pritchard reverently tells of his encounters with the lady, of her fascination for him — she enormously flattered men by remembering them over long intervals — and he mentions in passing how she would glance up flirtatiously at him from under her eyebrows 'in that blindish way she had o' lookin' . . .'. Later Mrs. Bathurst is again described as looking 'blindish' as she comes forward out of the movie screen toward the audience in the cinema. The word is not repeated idly. Mrs. Bathurst, at the moment of her greatest influence, is acting most blindly, most devotedly as an agent of a blind universe. 'She that damned him to death knew not that she did it.' It is in her capacity as an indifferent Fortune that her name gives the title to the story.

With all this analysis as background, it should now be possible for us to say with some certainty what it is that happens in 'Mrs. Bathurst'. A warrant officer named Vickery, within eighteen months of his pension, has deserted his duty under peculiar circumstances in the back country of South Africa. Four men gather by chance in a railroad car and after some rambling discussion undertake to piece together Vickery's story from the fragments that each of them has. It seems that

Vickery was a devoted family man until the day he met and fell in love with the fascinating Mrs. Bathurst, a widow who ran a small hotel for sailors in New Zealand. Many sailors, among them married ones, have casual affairs with women — Pycroft and Pritchard have had more than they can remember — but Vickery, described somewhat ironically as a superior man, has apparently fallen deeply under Mrs. Bathurst's irresistible spell. And if the epigraph is to be taken as shedding any light on the story, the phrase 'for she loved him' suggests that Mrs. Bathurst was equally serious. At any rate, Pycroft says, 'There must 'ave been a good deal between 'em, to my way o' thinkin'.' The epigraph also suggests, in astrological terms, the passionate nature of the relationship, speaking as it does of 'Venus, when Vulcan caught her with Mars in the house of stinking Capricorn'. (Vulcan was, of course, the classical artificer of lightning bolts.)

What the exact nature of that 'good deal between 'em' was we are never certain, and there are those who feel that Kipling was wrong to apply his technique of calculated obscurity, which we shall see is quite valid elsewhere, to the story's central relationship. Information about Vickery and Mrs. Bathurst, the argument runs, is no substitute for a picture of the two of them together, for a confrontation that might have drawn the reader more personally into the story, engaged his sympathy, illuminated Vickery's fate, and made it more poignant. It is difficult to defend Kipling and his reticence on this point, but mistaken or not he chose to keep the germinal experience of his story on the very edges of the narrative and to make us struggle to discover even the few facts he thought it necessary for us to have: that Vickery met Mrs. Bathurst, that his life became deeply entangled with hers so that to put his affairs in order would have taken more courage and strength than he had in the world, and that in the end he deserted her.

From that time, apparently, from that failure, dates the beginning of the madness which Pycroft says must have been going on for years and which characterises Vickery's last months. But the madness does not reach a crisis until Vickery attends a moving picture show one night in Cape Town and sees Mrs. Bathurst walking out of the screen toward him. We can imagine how he must have felt at the sight. The pictures, we are told, were extremely life-like — 'just like life' — and so realistic that when an engine headed straight at the audience, the ladies in the first row of the theatre jumped. To Vickery, burdened with his guilt, that enormous figure of Mrs. Bathurst bearing 'blindishly' down on him must have been terrifying. Perhaps it made him think of a grim and now far-off domestic scene, the long-feared confrontation of husband, wife and lover to which that detrainng had led. Perhaps, on the other hand, there had been no confrontation at all. Kipling does not offer enough information for us to be certain about what happened in London, and we can only conclude that he did not think it important for his readers to know the details; the merest suggestion of disaster was enough. The details he did want his readers to have, however, he made extraordinarily graphic: the looming figures on the cinema screen, Vickery's guilty terror, and the chance but irrevocable fact that Mrs. Bathurst, hurrying one day from a railroad car, blundered blindly and

unwittingly into the range of a camera and thus was made the accidental tool of Fortune, damning Vickery to death from thousands of miles away and never knowing she had done it. Hence the irony of Pritchard's repeated, almost panicky requests for assurance, 'Say what you please, Pye, but you don't make me believe it was any of 'er fault'.

The effect of the motion picture — ironically titled 'Home and Friends' — on Vickery is overwhelming and complex. On the one hand it awakens again all of his passionate infatuation for Mrs. Bathurst, drawing him back to the show night after night and leaving him, at the end of each performance, desperately counting the minutes until the next. On the other hand it enormously intensifies his sense of guilt and inadequacy, and contributes further to the disorder that will in the end destroy him. This effect manifests itself physically in Vickery's mad wandering over Cape Town and in his suicidal urge, once the movie has completed its run and is about to move on, to abandon his duty and follow the film up-country.

What he says to his captain to win release from duty we are not told. All we know is that the two men speak for an hour, that Vickery comes away from the meeting in good spirits, and that the captain emerges a moment later shipping his courtmartial face, a face he'd last worn on the day some of his men had dumped the ship's gunsights overboard. It is significant that gunsights, like the gyroscopes mentioned earlier in the story as having been deliberately damaged, are instruments designed to keep men on target and on course, and as such are absolutely indispensable aboard a war ship. The captain thus reacts to indications of instability in one of his officers as he had done once before to the deliberate destruction of essential guidance equipment. It also is significant that in the description of the ship during Vickery's interview with the captain, there appear in the space of seven lines the words 'execution of 'is duty', 'my lawful occasions', 'as a general rule', and 'my duties', all emphasising that ordered aspect of navy life which Vickery's madness is forcing him to flee. In the end, he is ordered off by himself on special assignment to Bloemfontein, an assignment from which he will never return.

Just before he leaves he encounters Pyecroft for the last time and tries to unburden himself a little of his guilt. 'I've one thing to say before shakin' 'ands,' Pyecroft recalls his words. 'Remember that I am *not* a murderer, because my lawful wife died in childbed six weeks after I came out. That much at least I am clear of.' This is a cryptic speech but it comes a little more into focus when we realise that Kipling added the word 'childbed' to the passage to sharpen it when he was editing the magazine version of the story for book publication⁶. Vickery clearly feels responsible for his wife's death; elsewhere he speaks of himself as capable of murder. Physically, of course, he *is* responsible, but his real guilt has to do with his sense of having killed her by betraying her with Mrs. Bathurst. Furthermore, there is the sense of having, in his weakness, betrayed Mrs. Bathurst with his wife⁷. This compound treachery

6 Professor C. A. Bodelsen has collated the two texts and accounts for the differences between them by suggesting that the magazine version was rigorously censored 'to eliminate all references to human reproduction.'

leads to such self-loathing that, like the groom in the epigraph, Vickery 'must e'en die now to live with myself one day longer'. Certainly he desires nothing more, in his weariness with the burden of his own thoughts, than 'to throw life from him . . . for a little sleep'.

It is in this desperate state of mind that Vickery, having fulfilled his commission at Bloemfontein, drops from sight, embarking on an aimless life as just another one of the many wandering tramps who people the back country. For Vickery is not unique in his inability to confront the world. 'Takes 'em at all ages,' says Pycroft of another man who'd left his duty, and 'We get heaps of tramps up there since the war', Hooper explains, suggesting that men trained in destruction or shaped by it, must use their talents somehow, if only on themselves. Death is what Vickery is seeking, then, as he drifts from place to place, and he is not long in finding it. One day he and another tramp take refuge beside a railroad track during an electrical storm and there, beneath the teak trees, the two are struck by lightning and burned to charcoal. It is easily established that one of the two is Vickery, for Hooper happens coincidentally to be there, in his capacity as railroad inspector, to see the tattooed initials M. V. etched in white on the blackened corpse and to take from the crumbling jaws an undamaged dental plate identifiable as Vickery's. In fact he has the plate in his waistcoat pocket but delicately refrains from showing it out of consideration for Pritchard's obvious distress. Vickery's death is bizarre, certainly, based as it is on a real incident that Kipling had some acquaintance with. But what is really most striking about it is its appropriateness. The man who had been unable to cope with life's disorder achieves, at a stroke, by the accident of lightning, the final disorder of death. When Hooper tries to move the scorched body from its position beside the track, it literally crumbles to dust.

Some critics have taken issue with the manner of Vickery's death. Robert Gorham Davis suggests that it is too accidental to be meaningful and aesthetically satisfying. An author, he says, cannot express the idea of accidentalness by writing accidentally. Even an artist whose theme is chaos must portray it in terms of form. This criticism calls attention not only to Kipling's problem in this story but to the problem of all modern art. Samuel Beckett is recorded as having spoken, a short while ago "about the tension in art between the mess and form. Until recently . . . art has withstood the pressure of chaotic things. It realised that to admit them was to jeopardise form. 'How could the mess be admitted [when] it appears to be the very opposite of form and therefore destructive of the very thing that art holds itself to be?' But now we can keep it out no longer, because we have come into a time when 'it invades our experience at every moment. It is there and it must be allowed in."⁸ In 'Mrs. Bathurst', Kipling is dealing with what Beckett

7 Indeed, Prof. Bodelsen, in his essay on 'Mrs. Bathurst' in *Orbis Litterarum*, goes so far as to suggest that the lady has died for love of Vickery. The idea is an audacious one — if not really substantiated by the text — but has the disadvantage of leading its author to the even more conjectural notion that the second tramp in the teak forest is *the ghost of Mrs. Bathurst*.

8 Quoted by Tom F. Driver, 'Beckett by the Madeleine,' *Columbia University Forum* (Summer 1961), p. 22.

calls 'the mess', and while we have a right to expect that he will give some kind of shape to his particular vision of life, we are wrong to require that shape to appear necessarily on the narrative level of the story. It is precisely on this level that we should expect, instead, to find all the craziness of life, all its meaninglessness. And a meaningless death may, after all, be thematically significant. Nor is it begging the question to say that 'Mrs. Bathurst' has a form imposed upon it by its theme, the persistence of accident, the multiplication of what an existentialist might call the absurd. It is, in fact, just this reiteration of absurdity that is meant to satisfy our craving for form.

[To be Concluded]

OBITUARIES

WILSON, Philip Frederick, M.B., B.CH., died early in February.

Here is an extract from the Letchworth, Hertfordshire, paper :

'A pioneer of the garden city who devoted 45 years of service to the sick of Letchworth, Dr. Wilson died at his home at 22 St. George's Road, Bedford, on Sunday after an illness of several months. He would have been 79 on February 14.

Born at Perth, and the son of a surgeon, Dr. Wilson was one of Letchworth's best-loved though quietest and most unassuming gentlemen and his medical and surgical skill was known far afield.

Appreciation of his service to the townspeople was shown in March 1958 shortly after his retirement, when he was presented with a volume of goatskin parchment bound in red morocco leather, containing over 500 signatures of his friends. The accompanying subscription list was so well supported that it was possible to defray most of the cost of a much-needed bus shelter which stands at 'Wilson's Corner', Norton Way North.

He graduated at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and trained at St. Bartholomew's Hospital and St. George's Hospital, London, for his M.B. and B.Ch. This was done despite an attack of polio in his youth which left him with a limp.

An ardent churchman (he received Communion throughout his illness), it will be recalled that he returned to Norton to lay the foundation stone of St. Nicholas's School in 1960.'

He was a Life-Member of the Society but regularly made generous donations. He was a Vice-President for three years from 1955.

The Society is mentioned in his will.

GRIFFIN, John George, M.I.E.E., one of our very early members, died on his birthday, 3rd November 1962. He was 88.

He was one of the earlier engineers to specialise in electricity : one important post held by him for many years was General Manager of the Delhi Electric Supply and Traction Company from 1907.

Older members will remember him as a keen member of Council for some years during the World War II period, and for his special and excellent interpretation of Kipling's story *Teem — A Treasure Hunter*. See *Kipling Journal* No. 43 (page 75 ff) for September 1937.

We send our sympathy to his daughter, Miss Norah L. Griffin.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1962

1961	£	s	d	£	s	d	1961	£	s	d	£	s	d
INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT													
801	Balance at 31st December 1961	..	830	16	11		4	CASH IN HAND	10	0	11
30	Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	..	62	5	5		717	CASH AT BANK	748	1	5
831	—		893	2	4			INVESTMENT					
SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS FOR ENLARGING JOURNAL													
190	Balance at 31st December, 1961	..	165	0	0		513	£500 3½% War Stock at Cost	..	513	2	3	
25	Allocated to 1962 Journal	..	25	0	0		253	LESS: Provision for depreciation	..	253	2	3	
165	—		140	0	0		260	(The Market Value at 31st Dec., 1962 was £330)	—	260	0	0	
							15	STOCK OF JOURNALS AND STATIONERY (say)	..	15	0	0	
								BOOKS, FURNITURE, ETC.					
							-	Not valued (see notes 1 and 4)		-	-	-	
								Signed: M. R. LAWRENCE, Hon. Treasurer					
								A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary					
£996			£1,033	2	4		£996			£1,033	2	4	

NOTE (1) The realisable value of Library books, etc., cannot be estimated, but should be considerable. There is also a small amount of furniture not valued.

(2) A Bust of Kipling held by the Society and donated by Lord Bathurst is at the Society's Office.

(3) The Society holds the Wolff Collection and may retain it so long as the Society is in existence.

(4) Library books, the Bust of Kipling and the Wolff Collection are insured with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co. for £3,000 against loss by fire.

THE REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

We have examined the above Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1962, and the accompanying Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1962, with the Books and Vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith.

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

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Chartered Accountants

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1962

INCOME				EXPENDITURE					
1961		£	s	d	1961		£	s	d
	Subscriptions — Ordinary Members :								
391	Renewals	450	9	3	125	Office Rent	130		0
52	New Members	24	5	0	23	Printing and Stationery	23	15	1
443	—	474	14	3	31	Postages and Telephone	52	19	9
3	Life Members				88	Office and Sundry Expenses	228	8	8
	Subscriptions from Branches :					Journal Expenses :			
20	Victoria, B.C.	23	19	0	366	Cost of printing and despatch of Kipling Journal	361	5	0
16	Melbourne				25	DEDUCT : Current Sales	33	18	5
25	Auckland — New Zealand }				25	Donations—per Contra	25	0	0
101	New York	84	12	4		58	18	5	
162	—	108	11	4	316	—	302	6	7
	Sales :				19	Publicity Expenses	14	7	0
96	Back Numbers of Journals	50	8	8		Entertaining Visitors	109	0	0
7	Books	41	6	6	14	LESS : Paid by Staff	69	0	0
103	—	91	15	2		40	0	0	
	Donations :				79	Office Removal Expenses			
120	General	124	17	0	140	Depreciation of 3½% War Stock			
4	From Life Members for Journal				30	Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	62	5	5
124	—	124	17	0		—	—	—	—
18	Interest on Investments			17		£865	£854	2	6
	Functions : Profit on —					£865	£854	2	6
9	Members' Meetings	9	11	9					
4	Visit to Batemans		12	3					
1	— Annual Luncheon	26	10	9					
12	—	36	14	9					
	—	£865							
		£854	2	6					

June 1963

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

9th January, 1963, in the Ulster Room, Overseas House

Defying the inclement weather prevailing about this time, some thirty members assembled in the Ulster Room to take part in a 'Do YOU, Know?' contest which for this occasion took the place of a discussion. The company having been divided into two teams, East and West, under the captaincy respectively of Mr. R. L. Green and Mr. J. H. McGivering, 48 questions were put to them, the odd-numbered to the East and the even-numbered to the West team. Three points were awarded for a correct and complete answer, two points for a correct but incomplete answer and one point for a good attempt. If a team were completely unable to answer the question put, that question was passed to the opposing team, any points they scored for it being counted as a bonus for them.

In the event the teams were surprisingly well matched, since East scored three points in 19 of the questions originally put to them, while West was similarly successful in 18 questions. East scored eight bonus points against West's three, and the total scores were East 70½, West 63½. East gained some advantage, I fancy, from good staff-work and the presence of Professor Carrington was clearly a strong influence towards their success.

As to the enthusiasm of the competitors there could be no doubt. It was frequently manifested by a full-throated chorus of the wrong answer before the question had been enunciated in its entirety, as for instance number 41. To judge from the continuous outbursts of mirth, the entertainment value of the occasion was considerable.

For the benefit of those who were unable to attend, the questions are given below, and the answers will be found on page 31.

1. Who said to whom in what circumstances, 'You buy an 'am and see life'?
2. Who said on what occasion, 'You never 'eard the Dead March played on a bugle?'?
3. Who said 'Polly, don't be Rabelaisian' and why?
4. '... being kissed by a man who *didn't* wax his moustache
Give the last words in the sentence and say from what story it comes.
5. Complete the following line of verse : Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road ...
6. Name the source of the phrase : ... It's time to wet her paw ...
7. Where do you suppose 50 North and 40 West to be?
8. In the poem beginning 'China-going P and Os . . .', what must you eat to guess the riddle?
9. Name the source of : 'My gentlemen that are so proud would spurn me to my face'.
10. Name the source of : 'Ha' ye ever thought what your good leddy costs in coal?'
11. 'But sat in clink without my boots'. Doing what?
12. Quote the two lines that come right at the end of 'The Ladies'.
13. 'Op bounds in like a startled antelope . . .' Who was 'Op, in what story?

14. " The corpse was with them '. Who is speaking; whose corpse; in what story?
15. 'As either hand may rightly clutch.' Clutch what?
16. ' 'Ow quick we'd drop 'er, but she ain't.' Ain't what?
17. 'If you do as you've been told, likely there's a chance
You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way from France.'
What had she been told?
18. Alder for shoes do wise men choose . . . Complete the couplet.
19. To what military formation did ' the Fourth (Railway) Battalion
in charge of the station ' belong?
20. ' It's night or Blucher, mister.' In what story does this occur and
what is the allusion?
21. Who ' talked to butterflies as a man would talk to a man '?
22. Who ' knifed me one night, 'cos I wished she was white, '?
23. 'A million surplus women are willing to bear the yoke
And a woman is only a woman, but . . ." What?
24. ' Don't dance or ride with General Bangs — a most immoral man.'
By what means was this advice transmitted?
25. ' Talkin' o' wakes . . . ' ' We weren't.' ' Talkin' o' wakes, there's some
wakes as 'ud break a snake's back, but this here o' yourn, so to
speak, 'ud fair turn a tapeworm giddy.' What is the subject of this
dialogue?
26. What could Henry Salt Hinchcliffe do if you handed him a drum
of oil and left him alone?
27. What was the motto of the Lashmars?
28. Who found old Iggulden dead, in what posture?
29. ' Some pride of the West Country had sugared-up a gyroscope.'
Who said this in what story?
30. ' The leather-necks was layin' aft at the double, an' a more in-
sanitary set of accidents I never wish to be'old.' What were they,
in what ship, and what was the matter with them?
31. ' He was a vicious man . . . ' Complete the Johnsonian quotation.
32. Wheeling, eternally wheeling: Where to?
33. ' I am the captive of your bow and spear, Sir.' Who said this and
in what circumstances?
34. ' Pyjama stuns'les with a touch of Sarah's shimmy.' What were
they in fact?
35. Who was Lord Lundie? What story is connected with an araucaria?
36. On what occasion did an Archangels' band play 'Ooh Kafoozalum '
reproachfully? Who or what was brought up pulling a vegetable
cart?
37. Who was the incumbent of the chapel at Manhood End? Who or
what stared at the guttering flame?
38. Where, would you suggest, is Hamull on the Hoke?
39. 'I've lost Rome , and worst of all I've lost...' Lost whom?
' the Legions road to . . . ' Where?
40. See you the little mill that clacks
So busy beside the brook? Complete the verse.
41. If blood be the price of admiralty . . . There are three alternative
endings to this couplet. Quote them.

42. What did Mang the bat set free ? How many times did the Sambhur bell?
43. 'The captain 'ad 'is jacket and the jacket it was new.' What jacket? 'Screw Guns': to what famous tune are these verses sung on specific occasions?
44. 'I used to be in the Yorkshires once (Sussex, Lincolns and Rifles once), Hampshires, Glosters and Scottish once, but now I am . . .' What? And what does it mean?
45. 'The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.' Give the title of the poem from which this line comes.
46. In 'A Friend's Friend' (Plain Tales), where an unpleasant fellow is roughly handled, the following statement is made : A man in the Ordnance Department, who understood the work, luted a big blue paper cap from a cracker ... Is this a misprint for 'looted' ? If not, what does it mean ?
47. What was the significance of a red bull on a green field?
48. What part of the instruction given by Lurgan Sahib to Kim survives as an exercise for Boy Scouts (and others) ?

Wednesday, March 13th

Another Naval Occasion, presented without apology, brought Lieutenant J. H. McGivering, R.N.V.R., with a well-filled ditty-box on Kipling and the Sea. We also welcomed the presence of Rear-Admiral Brock as an authoritative point of reference for doubtful or abstruse questions of seamanship and naval history.

Lieutenant McGivering opened his highly diverting discourse with a reference to the 'splendaciously mendacious', 'robust and brassbound man' debarred from lying, by Poseidon's fiat, except upon the land, and suggested that most of Kipling's tales of the Navy had a basis of fact, were probably first recounted 'round the tavern fire,' and then transformed by the author's genius into the masterpieces we know so well. He then dealt in some detail with 'Judson and the Empire', and suggested that on page 333 'steamship' is a misprint for 'seamanship', which may very well be so.

The evil antics of torpedo boats in a seaway and Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon's remarks on the ubiquity of ham as a staple of diet in those craft, with the delights of a semi-flooded cabin seething with the contents of a drawer and other flotsam including the contents of the cruet caused some amusement, and led up to a justification of the relations between Moorshed and Pyecroft as described by Kipling.

Having dealt briefly with most of the remaining naval stories, the speaker dwelt at some length on 'The Burning of the *Sarah Sands*', mentioning by the way his regret that the present embodiment (unknown to him) of the 54th Regiment, later to become the 2nd Battalion of the Dorset Regiment, could not be awarded 'Sarah Sands' as a battle honour, after which 'Nobby' Clarke in 'The First Sailor' (*A Book of Words*) received a favourable mention.

The speaker then challenged any opposition by affirming that of the stories of ships (excluding the Royal Navy) 'Brugglesmith' is the funniest (but it only *starts* in a ship), 'Bread upon the Waters' the finest with 'The Devil and the Deep Sea' a close second, and the poorest (being really a young person's guide to naval architecture) 'The Ship that Found Herself'. The opposition, if any, did not make itself heard.

A very brief mention of Kipling's verse of the sea followed, with a warning against this dangerous — very heady — stuff. Hum it to whatever tune and you will be singing it in the bath. 'Mandalay', 'The Rhyme of the Three Sealers', 'The Ballad of the Bolivar', 'The Last Chantey' and 'The Coastwise Lights' were all approved as mouth-filling songs to be sung or declaimed, but surprisingly the speaker did not mention 'Anchor Song' (Heh! Walk her round) with its stamp, stamp, stamp rhythm at the end of each verse, which at least one reader thinks is as fine a sea-piece as Masefield himself has written.

'Captains Courageous', with Miss Kinsey the typist, next received attention, with a side glance at William the Conqueror, the speaker's next favourite among the Kipling women, the two being 'the most natural, with no axes to grind.'

After the Sussex stories had been lightly touched upon, his warmest approval was given to 'The Manner of Men', that brilliant description, through the mouth of a seaman, of St. Paul's shipwreck on Malta. A few words on 'The Finest Story in the World' ('a pity it is strained through that fool clerk'), 'The Knights of the Joyous Venture', 'Wireless' and 'The Dog Hervey'; and a reference to Kipling's election to the Master Mariners' Company (with the Duke of Montrose, a pioneer of the R.N.V.R.) concluded the speaker's remarks.

The succeeding discussion, once again shewing the Englishman's very proper interest in the lives and customs of seafaring folk, ranged widely over such diverse subjects as the idiosyncratic behaviour of small ships in a seaway; the function of the Blue Peter; the hoisting and lowering of lifeboats; the appropriate places and times of hoisting the Union Flag in H.M. Ships (to which may be added its hoisting at the starboard yardarm at 0800 of the day on which a court martial is to be held in the ship, accompanied by the firing of one gun, commonly known as 'a one-gun salute', which the lower deck refers to as 'the only salute a sailor ever gets'); the evolution of the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, officially and by custom; the helm order to 'bear up' in sailing ships, vide Acts XXVII, 14 and 'The Manner of Men'; the disguising of H.M.S. *Manxman* and the German *Emden*, following the example of TB. 267 in 'Their Lawful Occasions'; whether 'The Bonds of Discipline' had a possible foundation in fact and whether 'The Ballad of the Clampherdown' had any, even remote, reference to H.M.S. *Camperdown*, which collided with and sank H.M.S. *Victoria*, or was just a piece of 'hokum' for smoking concert audiences. The fount of enquiry maintained its flow for well over half an hour, until the discussion was closed by time and Lieutenant McGivering received the congratulations of the audience on his most entertaining discourse.

LETTER BAG

READERS' GUIDE TO ' FAIRY-KIST '

Re *Kipling Journal*, No. 143, p. 16, may I suggest an alternative meaning for ' CARNEYING ' ?

CARNEY : To wheedle, to caress, to coax.

An old dialect word of unknown origin.

(Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*).

It seems to me that Keede used the word ' carneying ' in its ' wheedling ' sense to convey Wollin's tone of voice when he, Lemming and McKnight called on Wollin under the pretext of buying some prints. Wollin tried to ingratiate himself with his visitors because he imagined they suspected him of being responsible for Ellen's death. Further on in the story Lemming remarks :

' You've forgotten that he stopped fawning as soon as he found out we were on the square.'

' FAWNING ' is allied to ' CARNEYING ', i.e. ' WHEEDLING '.

W. G. B. MAITLAND.

P.S. *Correction*:

Kipling Journal, No. 143, p. 13, 1.30 : For ' WE ' read ' HE '.

W.G.B.M.

A SCARCITY OF WOMEN

I was much interested in the article by Jorian Jenks in the September number of the *Journal* and wish one of our women members would give us a criticism of Kipling's female characters from a woman's point of view. I believe that General MacMunn treated the question, but much as I respected the General as a soldier and admired him as a man, I cannot think his views on women were of much value.

Both MacMunn and Stalky were of the school which disapproved of ' Poodle-Faking '. Possibly Kipling also in his youth in India did not mix with the womenfolk at the Club etc. Anyway it has always seemed to me that he knew little about women of his own age and in his own walk of life. Cooks, governesses, artist models and the like are much more clearly drawn. As Jorian Jenks says, even people like William the Conqueror and Sophie Chapin are dim.

Was this one of the reasons Kipling so admired Jane Austen? He might have drawn a Miss Bates, but he could never have drawn an Elizabeth Bennet. But then who but Jane could — except Shakespeare of course.

F.V.F.

A SCARCITY OF WOMEN ?

I much enjoyed Mr. Jorian Jenk's article in your September number, and noted that in his final paragraph he modestly invited ' correction or even rebuke, by those better-informed ' than himself. This contribution is certainly not intended as either correction or rebuke, and it comes from one probably much less well-informed than Mr. Jenks. It consists only of further discussion of a subject — Kipling's women — which has

always deeply interested me. Before proceeding, I must apologize for any inaccuracies of quotation, or other mistakes, that may creep in. Like many other Kenya settlers, I am perforce about to leave Kenya, and my books are now packed; so I am unable to 'verify my references.'

I agree with Mr. Jenks that Kipling's three most masterly female creations are Helen Turrell, Mary Postgate and Grace Ashcroft. Kipling very definitely 'got inside' these three women, and depicted them from within. To do this, in each case in the course of one short story, was indeed an achievement of genius.

I also share Mr. Jenks's appreciation of Badalia Herodsfoot and <— even more so — of Rhoda Dolbie. Rhoda vibrates with life from the moment when she makes her first appearance as 'a coffin-shaped person with a long nose' weeping 'at' *the* heir to the estate across her late employer's grave. Further, Mr. Jenks is most right in saying that many of Kipling's less important female characters are etched with considerable skill. They are indeed. In two or three lines we are told all we need to know about them.

All the same, I feel that there are still some women in Kipling's work to whom Mr. Jenks does not do full justice. To my way of thinking, he dismisses the Indian period rather too briefly. Lispeth, Georgiana and Lalun may not be Grace Ashcroft, but within their limitations they are very real people. And what about that jewel of a creation — the Sahiba in *Kim*? She is one of my Favourite Characters In Literature, and I bracket her with Falstaff and Sary Gamp.

There are many other Kipling women whom I think deserve mention, even when their appearances are brief. The portrait of Philadelphia in *Marklake Witches* is both charming and moving, as well as being a chef-d'oeuvre of period pastiche. *Simple Simon's* Aunt, though I don't think she was ever given a name, was emphatically 'a notable woman.' Mary Yeo of *Stalky & Co.* only plays a tiny part, but she makes her mark ('Half a crown was much to Mary Yeo, but a jest was more.') Miss Jhansi McKenna of *A Daughter of the Regiment* also gleams (or should one say 'glares'?) only for a moment on the stage, but she is not easily forgotten. Taffymai and her Neolithic Mummy are not persons to be lightly ignored. Even some of the heroines of Kipling's earliest and most frivolous verse — Delilah, for instance, and Jane Austen Beecher-Stowe de Rousse — have distinct personalities. And his analyses, in *Gloriana*, of the character and mental processes of Queen Elizabeth I strike me as being at least as good as those in the best serious biographies of that great Tudor monarch.

One other Kipling woman—and a very early one — deserves recognition. I allude to Mrs. Hawksbee, to whom I am devoted. It is true that in many of the stories she is not much more than an amusing lay-figure on whom the plot is hung, but she comes suddenly and startlingly to life in *A Second-Rate Woman*. At the risk of being accused of blasphemy, I suggest that this sudden humanising of Mrs. Hawksbee might almost be comparable with the lightning-flash vision, in *Aeneid II*, of the hitherto un-earthly Helen hiding, as any other terrified woman might have done, on Priam's throne, from the final and frightful results of the siege of Troy.

However — to return to the original question : is there really a scarcity of women in Kipling's work? Mr. Jenks is probably right in opining that there is, and all the theories he advances to explain that scarcity are worthy of consideration. I should like to add one more. In *The Flag of their Country* (Stalky & Co.) Kipling says something to the effect that the female is built by nature for one purpose only, while the male is built for many. In other words, women are usually much less *interesting* than men. It may well be the case that they are also less interesting than ships, railway engines, wars, bees, jungles, horses, hawks, herbs, motor-cars, children and all the other innumerable subjects that Kipling wrote about.

If that is what Kipling believed, I am inclined to think that he was right!

ELIZABETH A. COXON

KIPLING AND THE SEA

On Wednesday evening, November 14th, Rear Admiral P. W. Brock, C.B., D.S.O., held the attention of the Society to such good purpose on the theme of 'A Fleet in Being' and 'Sea Warfare' that time allowed no reference to the magnetic appeal of his subject to the writer — one member did query Kipling's motivity — which resulted in grand descriptive writing from a man, past-master at this art; and which, in truth, the tyro (in naval matters) may read with delight — so splendid is the language, so well-defined the message.

'All Marryat's immortals are there, better fed, better tended, but at heart unchanged' — 'then night fell, and our Fleet blazed like a lot of chemists' shops adrift' — 'men on their 'igh and lofty bridge persecuting their vocation' — 'a boat in charge of a Midshipman, aged perhaps 17, taking her home in the dark and dismal welter' — 'the Cruiser flinging carelessly abroad great grey and slate-coloured scoops of the tormented sea' — 'a desolate naked shore, turning purplish-grey in the sunset' — 'the marvellous transparent dusk' — 'no lawful night, but a wine-coloured twilight cut in half by the moon-track on the still water'.

Then, descriptions of 'affable young gentlemen, prepared, even sinfully delighted, to take chances not set down in books'. Of 'a galley and a fascinating world—the general democracy' — of 'coaling', when, from time to time (no tea-breaks here !) a red-eyed black demon shot into the ward room for a bite and drink . . . and tore back where the donkey-engines wheezed, the bags crashed, the shovels rasped and scraped, the boom whined and creaked, and the First Lieutenant, carved in pure jet, said exactly what occurred to him'.

Through many memorable pages to a summing-up — 'So it comes that next time you see, even far off, one of Her Majesty's Cruisers, all your heart goes out to her. Men live there'.

And this in gratefulness to the man we meet to honour.

A. M. PUNCH

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1962

We had an uneventful year, but all our activities went according to plan, viz. : six Discussion Meetings, the Burwash Visit, and the Annual Lunch, where Eric Linklater was Guest of Honour.

On Membership, as last year, we stood still, though this must be accounted a relief, since the dissolution of the Auckland Branch cost us 15 members at one stroke.

Members on 1st January 1962	801
Joined in 1962	.	.	68
Lost in 1962	.	.	64
Members on 31st December 1962	805

A disappointing feature is that well over half these losses were due to members letting their subscriptions lapse, after allowing three reminders to be sent to them. A number of others wrote resignations; less than one third were due to death. Yet the Journal has improved vastly, and our 1962 meetings were well attended and lively. Why have they given us up, sometimes after only one year?

Please continue to do your best to recruit new members yourselves.

A.E.B.P.

DID YOU KNOW?

The following are the answers to the questions on pages 24—26 :

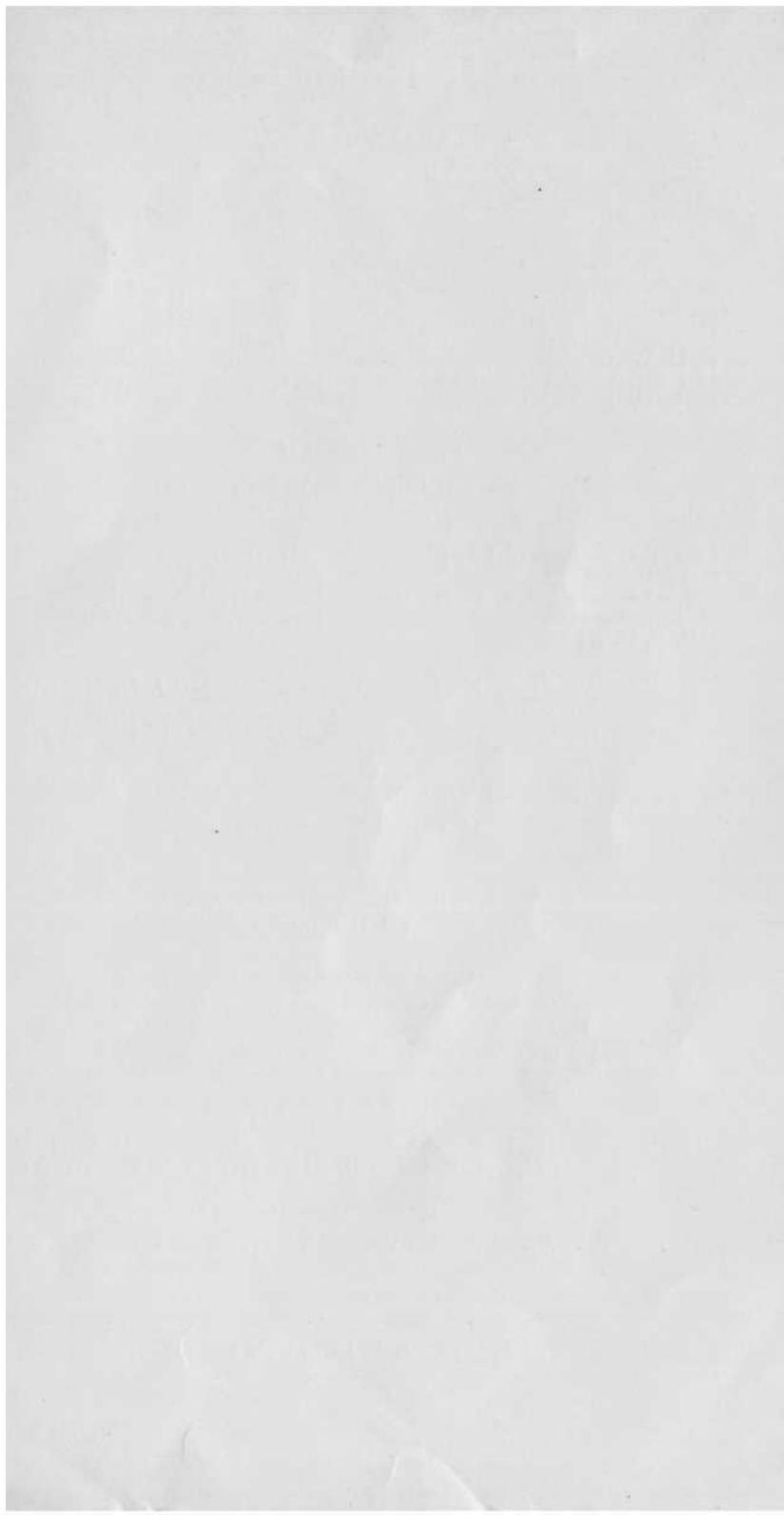
1. Pycroft to the narrator of 'Their Lawful Occasions', inviting him on board T.B. 267 for the manoeuvres.
2. Pycroft telling about the mock execution on board H.M.S. Archimandrite.
3. Mrs. Hauksbee to Mrs. Mallowe, because of a remark about 'A Second-rate Woman' suggesting that her clothes were about to fall off amid an audience of expectant men.
4. 'was — like eating an egg without salt.' 'Poor Dear Mamma.'
5. Drunk and raising Cain.
6. 'The First Friend' (Just So).
7. In the Atlantic, in the same latitude as Lands End and the Scilly Isles, about threequarters of the way to Newfoundland.
8. Mangosteens. 9. 'Tomlinson.' 10. 'M'Andrew's Hymn.'
11. Admirin' 'ow the world was made.
12. The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins.
13. 'Our Yeoman of Signals, and a fastidious joker.' The Bonds of Discipline.
14. Mulvaney. The Colonel of 'The Fly-by-Nights.' Love o' Women.
15. 'Of English earth as much
16. 'Only putty, brass and paint.'
17. To 'watch the wall, my darling, while the gentlemen go by.'
18. 'And beech for cups also.'
19. An escaped swarm of bees — The Vortex.
20. To the Battle of Waterloo, and two of the factors which ensured the defeat and final rout of the French army : the meeting of Wellington and Blücher and the coming of night.
21. Solomon and Balkis.

22. The wife of a nigger at Mhow.
23. 'a good cigar is a Smoke.'
24. Heliograph.
25. Hinchcliffe's steering of the narrator's steam car in 'Steam Tactics.'
26. Coax a stolen bicycle to do typewriting.
27. 'Wayte awwhyte — wayte awwhyte.'
28. Sophie Chapin. In his chair by the fire, a thistle-spud between his knees.
29. Pyecroft, in 'Mrs. Bathurst'.
30. Royal Marines (then R.M.L.I.), H.M.S. Archimandrite. 'Most of them were in their shirts. They had their trousers on, of course — rolled up nearly to the knee, but what I mean is belts over shirts. Three or four 'ad *our* caps, an' them that had drawn helmets wore their chin-straps like Portugee earrings. Oh, yes; and three of 'em 'ad only one boot.'
31. 'but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him.'
32. Brook Green, Hammersmith.
33. Laughton O. Zigler, inventor of a 2 in. field gun, taken prisoner by the English in the Boer War. He was an American national.
34. Sails extemporized from awnings, etc.
35. A Law Lord. 'The Puzzler.'
36. When the Skidars' polo team beat the Archangels' team, owing to the Maltese Cat's masterly play. The Maltese Cat.
37. Eddi, priest of St. Wilfred. An old marsh donkey.
38. 'in the County of Southampton.'
39. Lalage. Rimini.
40. She has ground her corn and paid her tax ever since Domesday Book.
41. Lord God we ha' paid in full. Lord God we ha' paid it in. Lord God we ha' bought it fair.
42. The night. Three — 'once, twice and again'.
43. The jacket of the Royal Horse Artillery. The Eton Boating Song.
44. M.I., Mounted Infantry of the Line.
45. Sestina of the Tramp Royal.
46. No. Lute is clay or cement used to make a joint airtight, stop a hole, etc. As a verb it means to apply lute to. (Latin : *lutum*, mud.)
47. The flag of Kim's father's regiment.
48. A quick sight of a number of small objects on a tray : naming them after the tray has been withdrawn. Now known as Kim's Game.

CORRECTIONS IN THE MARCH ' JOURNAL '

Admiral Brock notes three errors in the printing of the report of his talk on the Naval Occasion report in *Journal* No. 145, for which we apologise. He sends the following corrections :—

- P. 26., line 25. For 'Sir Harry Stevenson' read 'Sir Harry Stephenson'.
- P. 26., line 33. For 'Battenburg' read 'Battenberg'.
- P. 27., line 4. For 'in his inability' read 'is his inability'.



The Kipling Society

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

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