



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, GCB, GCSI, G.C.I.E, CMG, MC. (1946-1950).

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

The subscription is : Home Members, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, will be open on Wednesdays only of each week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Members will be welcomed on other days if they will notify the Hon. Secretary in advance. This particularly applies to Overseas Members.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street on **Wednesday, August 20th, 1958**, immediately after the Annual General Meeting, which starts at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

July 2nd, 1958, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. Subject: 'Two St. Paul Stories,' from *Limits and Renewals*—"The Church that was at Antioch" and "The Manner of Men."

September 10th, 1958, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. Subject: 'Two Stories with the Theme of "Back from the Dead"—"The Man Who Was" and "The Tree of Justice."

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 21st, 1958**.

The Guest of Honour will be T. S. ELIOT, Esq., O.M. Application forms will be sent out in September.

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Notes

AGAIN we owe a special debt of gratitude to Mrs. Bambridge, coupled with acknowledgments to Messrs. A. P. Watt and Sons and Messrs. Macmillan and Company, for permission to include another of Kipling's "Uncollected" stories. This time the story comes from near the end of his career—in contrast to the story included in the last number of the *Journal*—and needs no introduction. "Proofs of Holy Writ" is without question the most famous of Kipling's uncollected stories, and the most sought after.

The story was written between February and July, 1932, and revised and completed in August of the following year. It was published in *The Strand Magazine* for April, 1934, and reprinted in the same periodical in December, 1947. The only other appearances of the story seem to be in the Copyright issue produced as a twenty-two page pamphlet by Doubleday, Doran & Co. of New York in 1934, and in *The Sussex Edition* (Volume XXX, pp. 339-56) in 1938.

John Buchan considered "Proofs of Holy Writ" to be "the best that Kipling ever wrote," and it has become almost a legend at various Universities where members of the English Faculty circulate it in typescript among their pupils.

To make room for this rather long story, several items have been held over for the next number of the *Journal*, including a study of Kipling's works by Professor C. S. Lewis and an article by the Hon. Secretary on a book which Kipling held in particular esteem.

In *Mermaids and Mastodons*, an interesting "Book of Natural and Unnatural History" (Chatto and Windus, 1957), Mr. Richard Carrington devotes a chapter to "How the Elephant got its Trunk." After quoting from the celebrated *Just So Story*, he comments: "Although palaeontologists are unlikely ever to accept the second part of the story, Kipling was quite right in saying that the first elephant had a nose no bigger than a boot."

The book also contains much information about the Great Sea Serpent which is of particular interest in relation to "A Matter of Fact" in *Many Inventions*; and several pages on the Sea-Cow with long quotations from Geog Wilhelm Stellar's *Journal of the Sea Voyage, 1741-42* and *De Bestiis Marinis* (1751), which should be compared with relevant passages in "The White Seal."

An interesting recollection comes from Lady Bates, widow of Sir Percy Bates of the Cunard Line. They were staying at Bateman's in 1932, when Sir Percy took Kipling the necklace based on the drawing at the end of "How the Alphabet was Made" which he had had made for him by Messrs. Spinks the jewellers. Lady Bates had brought her violin with her, and Kipling flung himself on the sofa, exclaiming: "Play to me!" She played accordingly, while he scribbled on a piece of paper. When she finished, he said: "I've written a poem," and he read out "Four-Feet," which he added to *Limits and Renewals* (p. 71), of which he was then correcting the proofs.

R. L. G.

THOUGH I might fairly describe myself as a 'Scotophile' or pro-Scot, I am always glad when the Senior Partner in the British Isles (often neglected) gets a tribute. Kipling did this in the last verse of "The Puzzler"—you may recall

And while the Celt is talking from Valentia to Kirkwall,
The English—ah, the English! don't say anything at all.

In the recent discussion about putting portraits of our famous men on postage stamps, a Scots correspondent advocated beginning with Burns. To this the following reply was made: "Who was this Burns fellow, anyway? Have that lot over the Border never heard of Shakespeare or Tennyson or Kipling?" One day, perhaps, we shall be told that G. B. Shaw was a great English writer.

Just occasionally one comes across little verses about Kipling that are neither spiteful nor abusive. In *Premature Epitaphs*, by Kensal Green (1927), that for Kipling reads thus:

This stone to Kipling consecrate,
Who ought to have been laureate.
Instead the vaults of heaven ring
In honour of the Maffic-King.

A clever bit of rhyming appeared in the *Daily Herald* (March 4, 1920), commenting on the fact that Kipling and his friend Rider Haggard did not think very highly of the methods of the Russian revolutionary leaders:

"Every Bolsh is a blackguard,"
Said Kipling to Haggard.
"And given to tipping,"
Said Haggard to Kipling.

"And a blooming outsider,"
Said Rudyard to Rider.
—"Their domain is a blood-yard,"
Said Rider to Rudyard.

"That's just what I say,"
Said the author of "They."
—"I agree; I agree,"
Said the author of "She."

In *Prose, Poems and Parodies*, by Percy French (1925), there are three amusing contributions on the same subject, in a section headed *Several Versions of Nursery Rhymes*. Here is "Goosey Goosey Gander" as Kipling might have written it :

And this is the song that the white woman sings,
 When her baby begins to howl ;
 The song of the goose and its wanderings,
 The song of the fate-led fowl.
 The song of the chamber of her whom I loved,
 The song of the chamber where—
 I met an old reprobate, scented and gloved,
 And hurled him down the stair.
 And wherever the Saxon speech is heard,
 By the pig or the polar bear,
 We follow the feet of that wandering bird
 As they wobble from stair to stair.

Here is the gifted Irish entertainer's suggestion of "Baa Baa Black Sheep"—we give one verse out of the original five :

"Have I wool ?" said the Baa Baa Black Sheep.
 "Go forth to the frozen zone,
 And my wool they wear
 Where the polar bear
 And the walrus reign alone."

We end with "Roley Poley"—the first two of the six stanzas :

The tale is as old as a Simla hill,
 And yet it is always new,
 The tale of the tear-drops that lovers distil
 From the eyes of the woman they woo.
 He was round, was young Roland, and sturdy of limb,
 Roley Poley they called him in camp.
 And the Major's four daughters were nothing to him
 Though they loved him—the red-headed scamp.

In these days of unseemly and discordant wailings, erroneously labelled as 'music,' and oil fumes that kill the natural scents of the countryside, it is encouraging to note the continued interest shown by very many folk in the sights and sounds of our English rural scene. Evidence of this re-awakened love for the homeland is to be seen in the apparently unending stream of topographical books about Britain, where the human and historical aspects of the counties are chronicled. The Bodley Head has issued a series of short books entitled "Men of the Counties," one of which, "Great Men of Sussex," appeared in 1956 ; the individuals dealt with are Phoebe Hessel, St. Richard of Chichester, Edward John Trelawny, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Frederick William Lillywhite and Rudyard Kipling. It is to be presumed that considerations of space have excluded Belloc and Blake, to name only two. Though slightly dogmatic and not entirely accurate in places, the writer, Mr. Philip Rush, gives a short but fairly comprehensive sketch of Kipling's life and has no doubt that his place will be among the great, in Sussex, in the other counties of England, and all over the English-speaking world.

B. M. B.

Proofs of Holy Writ

by Rudyard Kipling

THEY seated themselves in the heavy chairs on the pebbled floor beneath the eaves of the summer-house by the orchard. A table between them carried the wine and glasses, and a packet of papers, with pen and ink. The larger man of the two, his doublet unbuttoned, his broad face blotched and scarred, puffed a little as he came to rest. The other picked an apple from the grass, bit it, and went on with the thread of the talk that they must have carried out of doors with them.

"But why waste time fighting atomies who do not come up to your belly-button, Ben?" he asked.

"It breathes me—it breathes me, between bouts! *You'd* be better for a tussle or two."

"But not to spend mind and verse on 'em. What was Decker to you? Ye knew he'd strike back—and hard."

"He and Marston had been baiting me like dogs . . . about my trade as they called it, though it was only my cursed step-father's. 'Bricks and mortar,' Decker said, and 'hodman.' And he mocked my face. 'Twas clean as curds in my youth. This humour has come on me since."

"Ah! 'Every man *and* his humour'? But why did ye not have at Decker in peace—over the sack, as you do at me?"

"Because I'd have drawn on him—and he's no more worth a hanging than Gabriel. Setting aside what he wrote of me, too, the hiring dog has merit of a sort. His *Shoemaker's Holiday*. Hey? Though my *Bartlemy Fair*, when 'tis presented, will furnish out three of it and—"

"Ride all the easier. I have suffered two readings of it already. It creaks like an overloaded haywain," the other cut in. "You give too much."

Ben smiled loftily, and went on. "But I'm glad I lashed him in my *Poetaster* for all I've worked with him since. How comes it that I've never fought with thee, Will?"

"First, Behemoth," the other drawled, "it needs two to engender any sort of iniquity. Second, the betterment of this present age—and the next, maybe—lies, in chief, on our four shoulders. If the Pillars of the Temple fall out, Nature, Art, and Learning come to a stand. Last, I am not yet ass enough to hawk up my private spites before the groundlings. What do the Court, citizens or 'prentices give for thy fallings-out or fallings-in with Decker—or the Grand Devil?"

"They should be taught, then—taught."

"Always *that*? What's your commission to enlighten us?"

"My own learning which I have heaped up, lifelong, at my own pains. My assured knowledge, also, of my craft and art. I'll suffer no man's mock or malice on it."

"The one sure road to mockery."

"I deny nothing of my brain-store to my lines. I—I build up my own works throughout."

"Yet when Decker cries 'hodman' y'are not content."

Ben half-heaved in his chair. "I'll owe you a beating for that when

I'm thinner. Meantime, here's on account. I say, *I* build upon my own foundations ; devising and perfecting my own plots ; adorning 'em justly as fits time, place and action. In all of which you sin damnably. *I* set no landward principalities on sea-beaches."

" They pay their penny for pleasure—not learning," Will answered above the apple-core.

" Penny or tester, you owe 'em justice. In the fracture of plays—nay, listen, Will—at all points they must be dressed historically—*teres atque rotundus*—in ornament and temper. As my *Sejanus*, of which the mob was unworthy."

Here Will made a doleful face, and echoed, " Unworthy ! I was—what did I play, Ben, in that long weariness Some most grievous ass."

" The part of Caius Silius," said Ben, stiffly.

Will laughed aloud. " True. ' Indeed that place *was* not my sphere.' "

It must have been a quotation, for Ben winced a little, ere he recovered himself and went on : " Also my *Alchemist* which the world in part apprehends. The main of its learning is necessarily yet hid from 'em. To come to your works, Will—"

" I am a sinner on all sides. The drink's at your elbow."

" Confession shall not save ye—bribery." Ben filled his glass. " Sooner than labour the right cold heat to devise your own plots, you filch, botch, and clap 'em together out o' ballads, broadsheets, old wives' tales, chapbooks—"

Will nodded with complete satisfaction. " Say on," quoth he.

" 'Tis so with nigh all yours. I've known honest jackdaws. And whom among the learned do ye deceive ? Reckoning up those—forty is it ?—your plays you've misbegot, there's not six which have not plots common as Moorditch."

" Ye're out, Ben. There's not one. My *Love's Labour* (how I came to write it, I know not) is nearest to lawful issue. My *Tempest* (how I came to write *that*, I know) is, in some part, my own stuff. Of the rest, I stand guilty. Bastards all ! "

" And no shame ? "

" None ! Our business must be fitted with parts hot and hot—and the boys are more trouble than the men. Give me the bones of any stuff. I'll cover 'em as quickly as any. But to hatch new plots is to waste God's unreturning time like a—" He chuckled, " like a hen."

" Yet see what ye miss ! Invention next to Knowledge, whence it proceeds, being the chief glory of Art—"

" Miss, say you ? Dick Burbage—in my *Hamlet* that I botched for him when he had staled of our Kings ? (Nobly he played it !) Was *he* a miss ? "

Ere Ben could speak Will overbore him.

" And when poor Dick was at odds with the world in general and womenkind in special, I clapped him up my *Lear* for a vomit."

" An hotch-potch of passion, outrunning reason," was the verdict.

" Not altogether. Cast in a mould too large for any boards to bear. (My fault !) Yet Dick evened it. And when he'd come out of his whore-mongering aftermaths of repentance, I served him my *Macbeth* to

toughen him. Was that a miss ? "

" I grant you, your *Macbeth* as nearest in spirit to my *Sejanus* ; showing for example : ' How fortune plies her sports when she begins. To practise 'em.' We'll see which of the two lives longest."

" Amen ! I'll bear no malice among the worms."

A liveried serving-man, booted and spurred, led a saddlehorse through the gate into the orchard. At a sign from Will he tethered the beast to a tree, lurched aside and stretched on the grass. Ben, curious as a lizard, for all his bulk, wanted to know what it meant.

" There's a nosing Justice of the Peace lost in thee," Will returned. " Yon's a business I've neglected all this day for thy fat sake—and he by so much the drunker. . . . Patience ! It's all set out on the table. Have a care with the ink ! "

Ben reached unsteadily for the packet of papers and read the superscription : "' To William Shakespeare, Gentleman, at his house of New Place in the town of Stratford, these—with diligence from M.S.' Why does the fellow withhold his name ? Or is it one of your women I'll look."

Muzzy as he was, he opened and unfolded a mass of printed papers expertly enough.

" From the most learned divine, Miles Smith of Brazen Nose College," Will explained. " You know this business as well as I. The King has set all the scholars of England to make one Bible, which the Church shall be bound to, out of all the Bibles than men use."

" I knew." Ben could not lift his eyes from the printed page. " I'm more about the Court than you think. The learning of Oxford and Cambridge—' most noble and most equal,' as I have said—and Westminster, to sit upon a clutch of Bibles. Those 'ud be Geneva (my mother read to me out of it at her knee), Douai, Rheims, Coverdale, Matthews, the Bishops', the Great, and so forth."

" They are all set down on the page there—text against text. And you call me a botcher of old clothes ? "

" Justly. But what's your concern with this botchery ? To keep peace among the Divines ? There's fifty of 'em at it as I've heard."

" I deal with but one. He came to know me when we played at Oxford—when the plague was too hot in London."

" I remember this Miles Smith now. Son of a butcher ? Hey ? " Ben grunted.

" Is it so ? " was the quiet answer. " He was moved, he said, with some lines of mine in Dick's part. He said they were, to his godly apprehension, a parable, as it might be, of his reverend self, going down darkling to his tomb 'twixt cliffs of ice and iron."

" What lines ? I know none of thine of that power. But in my *Sejanus*—"

" These were in my *Macbeth*. They lost nothing at Dick's mouth :

' To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death—'

or something in that sort. Condell writes 'em out fair for him, and tells him I am Justice of the Peace (wherein he lied) and *armiger*, which brings me within the pale of God's creatures and the Church. Little and little, then, this very reverend Miles Smith opens his mind to me. He and a half score others, his cloth, are cast to furbish up the Prophets—Isaiah to Malachi. In his opinion by what he'd heard, I had some skill in words, and he'd condescend—

"How?" Ben barked. "Condescend?"

"Why not? He'd condescend to inquire o' me privily, when direct illumination lacked, for a tricking out of his words or the turn of some figure. For example—"Will pointed to the papers—"here be the first three verses of the Sixtieth of Isaiah, and the nineteenth and twentieth of that same. Miles has been at a stand over 'em a week or more."

"They never called on *me*." Ben caressed lovingly the hand-pressed proofs on their lavish linen paper. "Here's the Latin atop and"—his thick forefinger ran down the slip—"some three—four—Englishings out of the other Bibles. They spare 'emselves nothing. Let's to it together. Will you have the Latin first?"

"Could I choke ye from that, Holofernes?"

Ben rolled forth, richly: "'*Surge, illumare, Jerusalem, quia venit lumen tuum, et gloria Domini super te orta est. Quia ecce tenebrae operient terram et caligo populos. Super te autem orietur Dominus, et gloria ejus in te videbitur. Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine tuo, et reges in splendore ortus tui.*' Er-hum? Think you to better that?"

"How have Smith's crew gone about it?"

"Thus." Ben read from the paper. "'Get thee up, O Jerusalem, and be bright, for thy light is at hand, and the glory of God has risen up upon thee.'"

"Up-pup-up!" Will stuttered, profanely.

Ben held on. "'See how darkness is upon the earth and the peoples thereof.'"

"That's no great stuff to put into Isaiah's mouth. And further, Ben?"

"'But on thee God shall shew light and on—'... or 'in' is it?" (Ben held the proof closer to the deep furrow at the bridge of his nose) "'On thee shall His glory be manifest. So that all peoples shall walk in thy light and the Kings in the glory of thy morning.'"

"It may be mended. Read me the Coverdale of it now. 'Tis on the same sheet—to the right, Ben."

"Umm-umm. Coverdale saith, 'And therefore get thee up betimes for thy light cometh and the glory of the Lord shall rise upon thee. For lo! while the darkness and cloud covereth the earth and the people, the Lord shall show thee light and His glory shall be seen in thee. The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness that springs forth on thee.' But 'gentes' is, for the most part, 'peoples'."

"Eh?" said Will, indifferently. "Art sure?"

This loosed an avalanche of instances from Ovid, Quintilian, Terence, Columella, Seneca and others. Will took no heed till the rush ceased, but stared into the orchard, through the September haze. "Now give me

the Douai and Geneva for this 'Get thee up, O Jerusalem'," said he at last. "They'll be all there."

Ben referred to the proofs. "'Tis 'arise' in both," said he. "'Arise and be bright' in Geneva. In the Douai 'tis 'Arise and be illuminated'."

"So? Give me the paper now." Will took it from his companion, rose, and paced towards a tree in the orchard, turning again, when he had reached it, by a well-worn track through the grass. Ben leaned forward in his chair. The other's free hand went up warningly.

"Quiet, man!" said he. "I wait on my Demon!" He fell into the stage-stride of his art at that time, speaking to the air.

"How shall this open? 'Arise'? No 'Rise.' Yes. And we'll have no weak coupling. 'Tis a call to a City 'Rise—shine' . . . Nor yet any schoolmaster's 'because'—because Isaiah is not Holofernes. 'Rise—shine; for thy light is come, and—!' " He refreshed himself from the apple and the proofs as he strode. "'And—and the glory of God!—No! 'God's' over-short. We need the long roll here. 'And the glory of the Lord is risen on thee.' (Isaiah speaks the part. We'll have it from his own lips.) What's next in Smith's stuff? . . . 'See now'? Oh, vile—vile! . . . And Geneva hath 'Lo'? (Still, Ben! Still!) 'Lo' is better by all odds: but to match the long roll of 'the Lord' we'll have it 'Behold.' How goes it now? 'For, behold, darkness clokes the earth and—and—' What's the colour and use of this cursed *caligo*, Ben?—*Et caligo populos.*"

"'Mistiness' or, as in Pliny, 'blindness.' And further—"

"No-o . . . May be, though, *caligo* will piece out *tenebrae*. 'Quia ecce tenebrae operient terram et caligo populos.' Nay! 'Shadow' and 'mist' are not men enough for this work. . . . Blindness, did ye say, Ben? . . . The blackness of blindness atop of mere darkness? . . . By God, I've used it in my own stuff many times! 'Gross' searches it to the hilts! 'Darkness covers'—no, 'clokes' (short always). 'Darkness clokes the earth and gross—gross darkness the people!' (But Isaiah's prophesying, with the storm behind him. Can ye not feel it, Ben? It must be 'shall')—'Shall cloke the earth' . . . The rest comes clearer. . . . 'But on thee God shall arise' . . . (Nay, that's sacrificing the Creator to the Creature!) 'But the Lord shall arise on thee,' and—yes, we'll sound that 'thee' again—and on thee shall—No! . . . 'And His glory shall be seen on thee.' Good!" He walked his beat a little in silence, mumbling the two verses before he mouthed them.

"I have it! Hark, Ben! 'Rise—shine; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen on thee. For, behold, darkness shall cloke the earth and gross darkness the people. But the Lord shall arise on thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee'."

"There's something not all amiss there," Ben conceded.

"My Demon never betrayed me yet, while I trusted him. Now for the verse that runs to the blast of ramshorns. 'Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine tuo, et reges in splendore ortus tui.' How goes that in the Smithy? 'The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness that springs forth upon thee'? The same in Coverdale, and the Bishops—eh? We'll keep 'Gentiles,' Ben, for the sake of the indraught

of the last syllable. But it might be 'And the Gentiles shall draw.' No ! The plainer the better ! 'The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the splendour of—' (Smith's out here ! We'll need something that shall lift the trumpet anew.) 'Kings shall—shall—Kings to—' (Listen, Ben, but on your life speak not !) 'Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to thy brightness'—No ! 'Kings to the brightness that springeth—' Serves not ! . . . One trumpet must answer another. And the blast of a trumpet is always *ai-ai*. 'The brightness of—' *Ortus* ' signifies ' rising, Ben—or what ? "

"Ay, or 'birth,' or the East in general."

"Ass ! 'Tis the one word that answers to 'light.' 'Kings to the brightness of thy rising.' Look ! The thing shines now within and without. God ! That so much should lie on a word ! " He repeated the verse—"*And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising*."

He walked to the table and wrote rapidly on the proof margin all three verses as he had spoken them. "If they hold by this," said he, raising his head, "they'll not go far astray. Now for the nineteenth and twentieth verses. On the other sheet, Ben. What ? What ? Smith says he has held back his rendering till he hath seen mine ? Then we'll botch 'em as they stand. Read me first the Latin ; next the Coverdale, and last the Bishops'. There's a contagion of sleep in the air." He handed back the proofs, yawned, and took up his walk.

Obedient, Ben began : "' *Non erit tibi amplius Sol ad lucendum per diem, nec splendor Lunae illuminabit te.*' Which Coverdale rendereth. 'Thy sun shall never go down and thy moon shall have been taken away.' The Bishops' read : 'Thy sun shall never be thy daylight and the light of the moon shall never shine on thee'."

"Coverdale is better," said Will, and, wrinkling his nose a little, "The Bishops put out their lights clumsily. Have at it, Ben."

Ben pursed his lips and knit his brow. "The two verses are in the same mode, changing a hand's breadth in the second. By so much, therefore, the more difficult."

"Ye see *that*, then ? " said the other, staring past him, and muttering as he paced, concerning suns and moons. Presently he took back the proof, chose him another apple, and grunted. "Umm-umm ! 'Thy Sua shall never go down.' No ! Flat as a split viol. '*Non erit tibi amplius Sol*—' That *amplius* must give tongue. Ah ! . . . 'Thy Sun shall not—shall not—shall no more be thy light by day' . . . A fair entry. 'Nor' ? —No ! Not on the heels of 'day.' 'Neither' it must be—'Neither the Moon'—but here's *splendor* and the ramshorns again. (Therefore—*ai-ai* !) 'Neither for brightness shall the Moon.' (Pest ! It is the Lord who is taking the Moon's place over Israel. It must be 'thy Moon.') 'Neither for brightness shall thy Moon light—give—make—give light unto thee.' Ah ! . . . Listen here ! . . . '*The Sun shall no more be thy light by day: neither for brightness shall thy Moon give light unto thee.*' That serves, and more, for the first entry. What next, Ben ? "

Ben nodded magisterially as Will neared him, reached out his hand for the proofs, and read : "' *Sed erit tibi Dominus in lucem sempiternam*

et Deus tuus in gloriam tuam.' Here is a jewel of Coverdale's that the Bishops have wisely stolen whole. Hear ! 'But the Lord Himself shall be thy everlasting light and thy God shall be thy glory.'" Ben paused. "There's a handsbreadth of splendour for a simple man to gather !"

"Both hands rather. He's swept the strings as divinely as David before Saul," Will assented. "We'll convey it. whole, too. . . . What's amiss now, Holofernes ?"

For Ben was regarding him with a scholar's cold pity. "Both hands ! Will, hast thou *ever* troubled to master *any* shape or sort of prosody—the mere names of the measures and pulses of strung words ?"

"I beget some such stuff and send it to you to christen. What's your Wisdomhood in labour of ?"

"Naught. Naught. But not to know the names of the tools of his trade !" Ben half muttered and pronounced some Greek word or other which conveyed nothing to the listener, who replied : "Pardon then for whatever sin it was. I do but know words for my need of 'em, Ben. Hold still awhile !"

He went back to his pacings and mutterings. "'For the Lord Himself shall be thy—or thine ?—everlasting light.' Yes. We'll convey that." He repeated it twice. "Nay ! Can be bettered. Hark ye, Ben. Here is the Sun going up to over-run and possess all Heaven for evermore. *Therefore* (Still, man !) we'll harness the horses of the dawn. Hear their hooves ? 'The Lord Himself shall be unto thee thy everlasting light and—' Hold again ! After that climbing thunder must be some smooth check—like great wings gliding. *Therefore* we'll not have ' shall be thy glory, but 'And thy God thy glory !' Ay—even as an eagle alighteth ! Good—good ! Now again, the sun and moon of that twentieth verse, Ben."

Ben read : "'*Non occidet ultra Sol tuus et Luna tua non minuetur: quia erit tibi Dominus in lucem sempiternam, et complebuntur dies luctus tui* !'"

Will snatched the paper and read aloud from the Coverdale version. "'Thy Sun shall never go down and thy Moon shall never be taken away . . . ' What a plague's Coverdale doing with his blocking *uts* and *urs*, Ben ? What's *minuetur* ? . . . I'll have it all anon."

"Minish—make less—appease—abate, as i n —"

"So ?" . . . Will threw the proofs back. "Then 'wane' should serve. 'Neither shall thy moon wane' . . . 'Wane' is good, but over-weak for place next to 'moon' . . . He swore softly. "Isaiah hath abolished both earthly sun and moon. *Exeunt ambo*. Aha ! I begin to see ! . . . Sol, the man, goes down—downstairs or trap—as needs be. Therefore 'Go down' shall stand. 'Set' would have been better—as a sword sent home in the scabbard—but it jars—it jars. Now Luna must retire herself in some simple fashion . . . Which ? Ass that I be ! 'Tis common talk in all the plays . . . 'Withdrawn' . . . 'Favour withdrawn' . . . 'Countenance withdrawn.' 'The Queen withdraws herself' . . . 'Withdraw,' it shall be ! 'Neither shall thy moon withdraw herself.' (Hear her silver train rasp the boards, Ben ?) 'Thy Sun shall no more go down—neither shall thy Moon withdraw herself. For the Lord '—ay.

' the Lord,' simple of Himself,' shall be thine '—yes, ' thine ' here—' everlasting light and ' . . . How goes the ending, Ben ? "

" ' *Et complebuntur dies luctus tui,*" Ben read. " 'And thy sorrowful days shall be rewarded thee,' says Coverdale."

"And the Bishops' ? "

" 'And thy sorrowful days shall be ended.' "

" By no means. And Douai ? "

" ' Thy sorrow shall be ended.' "

"And Geneva ? "

" 'And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.' "

" The Switzers have it ! Lay the tail of Geneva to the head of Coverdale and the last is without flaw." He began to thump Ben on the shoulder. " We have it ! I have it all, Boanerges ! Blessed be my Demon ! Hear ! ' *The sun shall no more be thy light by day, neither for brightness the moon by night. But the Lord Himself shall be unto thee thy everlasting light and thy God thy glory.*' " He drew a deep breath and went on. " ' *Thy sun shall no more go down neither shall thy moon withdraw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*' " The rain of triumphant blows began again. " If those other seven devils in London let it stand on this sort, it serves. But God knows what they can *not* turn upsee-dejee ! "

Ben wriggled. " Let be ! " he protested. " Ye are more moved by this jugglery than if the Globe were burned."

" Thatch—old thatch ! And full of fleas ! . . . But, Ben, ye should have heard my Ezekiel making mock of fallen Tyrus in his twenty-seventh chapter. Miles sent me the whole, for, he said, some small touches. I took it to the Bank—four o'clock of a summer morn ; stretched out in one of our wherries—and watched London, Port and Town, up and down the river, waking all arrayed to heap more upon evident excess. Ay ! 'A merchant for the peoples of many isles' . . . ' The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy markets ? ' Yes ! I saw all Tyre before me neighing her pride against lifted heaven. . . . But what will they let stand of all mine at long last ? Which ? I'll never know."

He had set himself neatly and quickly to refolding and cording the packet while he talked. " That's secret enough," he said at the finish.

" He'll lose it by the way." Ben pointed to the sleeper beneath the tree. " He's owl-drunk."

" But not his horse," said Will. He crossed the orchard, roused the man ; slid the packet into an holster which he carefully rebuckled ; saw him out of the gate, and returned to his chair.

" Who will know we had part in it ? " Ben asked.

" God, may be—if He ever lay ear to earth. I've gained and lost enough—lost enough." He lay back and sighed. There was long silence till he spoke half aloud. "And Kit that was my master in the beginning, he died when all the world was young."

" Knifed on a tavern reckoning—not even for a wench ! " Ben nodded.

" Ay. But if he'd lived he'd have breathed me ! 'Fore God, he'd have breathed me ! "

" Was Marlowe, or any man, *ever* thy master, Will ? "

" He alone. Very he. I envied Kit. Ye do not know that envy, Ben ? "

" Not as touching my own works. When the mob is led to prefer a baser Muse, I have felt the hurt, and paid home. Ye know that—as ye know my doctrine of playwriting."

" Nay—not wholly—tell it at large," said Will, relaxing in his seat, for virtue had gone out of him. He put a few drowsy questions. In three minutes Ben had launched full-flood on the decayed state of the drama, which he was born to correct ; on cabals and intrigues against him which he had fought without cease ; and on the inveterate muddle-headedness of the mob unless duly scourged into approbation by his magisterial hand.

It was very still in the orchard now that the horse had gone. The heat of the day held though the sun sloped, and the wine had done its work. Presently, Ben's discourse was broken by a snort from the other chair.

" I was listening, Ben ! Missed not a word—missed not a word. ' Will sat up and rubbed his eyes. " Ye held me throughout." His head dropped again before he had done speaking.

Ben looked at him with a chuckle and quoted from one of his own plays :

" ' Mine earnest vehement botcher

And deacon also, Will, I cannot dispute with you.' "

He drew out flint, steel and tinder, pipe and tobacco-bag from somewhere round his waist, lit and puffed against the midges till he, too, dozed.

Obituary : Mrs. Edith Buchanan

MRS. Edith M. Buchanan, M.A., of Auckland, New Zealand, a Vice-President of the Kipling Society, died in her 90th year on March 17th. The Society has lost one of its great personalities.

She joined us in the early part of 1935 and it was not long before she became the Founder and the Hon. Secretary of the New Zealand Branch at Auckland. She retained the Secretaryship for over 20 years. Miss Phyllis Johnson, the present Branch Hon. Secretary, writes : " She died quite peacefully and suddenly, and one cannot repine at the beautiful ending to such a full, useful and happy life, but we shall miss her sadly."

I knew well her quality from her letters and articles, and would refer readers to page 17 of *Journal* No. 85 of April, 1948. Her generosity was not restricted to her own branch, for she sent several donations to the London Headquarters as well.

So impressed with her kindness was Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson when he was Hon. Secretary that he and the other members of the Newgate Street office subscribed for a special token for her. This was designed by Carringtons, the West End jewellers, under Sir Christopher's supervision—a quite unique Kipling Society brooch.

Quite recently another donation with a wonderful message of encouragement was received from her.

Her beloved spirit will rest in peace.

R.E.H.

Mrs. Hauksbee

MANY of Kipling's characters in *Plain Tales from the Hills* and the other Indian volumes were based on real people—altered and adapted for use after the manner of authors. Though few were anything like direct portraits, it is natural that many Anglo-Indians of the period should profess to recognise them among real people well known in Simla or Allahabad, or wherever it might be, in the eighteen-eighties. "Everyone in the Punjab knew who Mrs. Hauksbee was," wrote Kay Robinson, without giving her away—and many other writers down to General MacMunn have professed to know : but no one has so far identified her in print, and the "secret" was thought to be lost. It is not even given by Mr. Carrington in his biography, though the key is there for anyone to use.

But no one seems to have noticed the key, nor to have used it—and even Mr. Carrington does not appear to have been aware of it.

Mrs. Betty Miller, however, during her researches for the critical study of Kipling's works on which she is at present engaged, has at last made the identification which has for so long seemed tantalisingly lost.

"The evidence," she writes, "is as follows :—

"*The Times* of August 17, 1951, contains an article on the Kipling Exhibition held at 'The Elms,' Rottingdean, in that year. Here 'visitors can see a letter written by Kipling in October, 1887, to Mrs. Burton, the wife of Major F. C. Burton (as he then was) in Peshawar, which puts an end to half a century of speculation about the identity of 'the wittiest woman in India' . . .

"Mrs. Burton seems to have made a profound impression on Kipling, who writes : 'If I put on the title-page, *sans* initials or anything, just this much, "To the wittiest woman in India I dedicate this book," will "you, as they say in the offices, "initial and pass as correct"? . . . However, if you have the faintest doubt about mixing yourself up even indirectly with "a new man's" bid for public favour you can always, with that convincing candour which is one of your most startling attributes, promptly deny the dedication and turn your nose up at it.'

"Now in Carrington (p. 96) Kipling is quoted as writing to Mrs. Hill on May 1, 1888 : 'Mrs. Hauksbee's departure to other and better climes was postponed from the 13th to the 27th and now that I have read the passenger list of the steamer of that date I see why.'

"*The Pioneer*, May 2, 1888, in its Passenger List of travellers sailing from Bombay by the P. and O.'s *SS. Sutlej* on April 27, 1888, has a 'Mrs. Burton'—sailing without her husband. If the reason which Kipling spotted was a counter attraction, readers may search the list and take their choice."

Mrs. Miller's case seems to be proved beyond doubt by the above. But if further proof is needed, a study of the long passage from "Mrs. Hauksbee's" letter which Kipling quotes in his own letter to Mrs. Hill,

with Kipling's letters to Mrs. F. C. Burton, may one day clinch the matter.

It may be added that Mrs. Burton had the reputation of being an exceedingly brilliant and stimulating companion, and, like Mrs. Hill and Mrs. W. K. Clifford after her, was one of the outstanding women older than himself to whom he seems to have turned for literary criticism and encouragement in the absence of his mother.

His friendship with Mrs. Burton seems to have begun in 1886, and lasted throughout 1887, and they acted together in amateur theatricals at Simla that summer. He consulted her over the stories he was writing, and she gave him several ideas for *Plain Tales*. (The letter about the dedication was written in October, 1887, and the book was published in January, 1888.)

The first story about Mrs. Hauksbee, "Three—and an Extra," was published in *The Civil and Military Gazette* on November 17, 1886. The description made her quite unlike her original, but Mr. Carrington says that the episode described in the story was based on fact and the original of "Mrs. Bremmil" was a Mrs. Straight, whom Kipling knew well.

The delightful character of Mrs. Hauksbee was developed by Kipling throughout the eight stories in which she figures, ending with the best of them all and that in which his heroine is shown to the best advantage—"Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out."

The stories in chronological order are as follows :—

"Three—and an Extra," "The Rescue of Pluffles," "Consequences" and "Kidnapped," all of which appeared in *The Civil and Military Gazette* (Nov. 17, 20, Dec. 9, 1886 ; March 21, 1887), and were collected in *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

"The Education of Otis Yeere," "A Supplementary Chapter" and "A Second-rate Woman," which appeared in *The Week's News* (March 10, 17, May 19, Sept. 8, 1888), the first and third being collected in *Under the Deodars*, the second in *Abaft the Funnel*.

"Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out" was published in *The Illustrated London News*, Christmas Number, in December, 1890, and has only been reprinted in "The Outward Bound Edition," "The Edition de Luxe" and "The Sussex Edition."

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are :—U.K. : Mmes. H. Arkless, E. Ashworth, D. K. Gibson, A. D. Parry, E. N. Parry-Richards, U. Spencer ; Misses H. Helmore, R. Scott-Giles, A. Thornton, P. M. Toomey ; Rev. G. Shelford ; Sir W. Crocker ; Brig. A. Mason ; Lt.-Cols. A. M. Arnott, E. R. C. Warrens ; Maj. C. H. Gordon-Roberts, D. C. Stokes ; Messrs. R. H. Ballard, R. T. Clark, L. G. Gordon-Roberts, G. Scott-Giles ; 1st and 2nd Beaverbrook Foundations. Sweden : C. A. Larson. U.S.A. : Mrs. P. W. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. W. J. Kuesel, Rev. L. W. Pearson, Mr. M. W. Griggs.

We heartily welcome these ladies and gentlemen.

Discussion Meeting on 12th March at 84 Eccleston Square

THIS was a delightful meeting, attended by 18 members, a very encouraging number in view of the weather, which was bitterly cold with driving sleet.

Colonel Purefoy introduced the three Parnesius stories from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, which, he said, were really one story and so well known as to need little introduction. But he pointed out the significance of Kipling having chosen, at the time when the book was written, to write of a period when an Empire was beginning to crumble. Kipling had said that the Wall was garrisoned by "the last sweepings of the Empire," "the men without hope." All the soldiers had unfortunate or bad or even criminal records, and the officers were like the men. What was it, then, asked Col. Purefoy, which had bound them together and enabled them to hold out against the Winged Hats? It could only have been some deep, though half-comprehended, sense of pride in their Roman citizenship, though by blood they were of many races. Col. Purefoy further invited us to compare the personal loyalty of Parnesius and Pertinax to Maximus with that of the two young knights to de Aquila in the Norman Conquest stories.

Referring to the discovery of a slab incised XXX during some excavation on the Wall, Col. Purefoy read to us portions of an article, by one of the two brothers who discovered the slab, which appeared in an Australian paper. The brothers said they had told Kipling of the discovery and he was immensely delighted, since there is no other historical record of the Thirtieth Legion as part of the garrison on the Wall. Could this slab, asked Col. Purefoy, have been the work of a legionary of the Thirtieth who had been sent to the Wall as punishment for some misdoing? The Roman soldiers were addicted to *graffiti* and this slab could perhaps have been a specimen.

The discussion which followed showed how keenly members had studied the stories. One member, who had taken pains to look up Kipling's possible sources, read to us a passage from Gibbon which was without doubt the authority for Parnesius's statement that the Emperor Gratian was "so crazy" about his body-guard of fur-cloaked Scythians that he even dressed like them, to the disgust of all right-thinking Romans; and a further quotation from the same source gave authority to the incident about the trouble Parnesius had with his men when, on entering the forest after leaving Anderida, they had demanded pack-horses to carry their armour.

The same member pointed out that, in spite of Kipling's assertion, in *Something of Myself*, that he had verified references until his old Chief might almost have been pleased with him, certain historical inaccuracies had crept in. There is no more tedious approach to Kipling's work, said this member, than looking for errors and discrepancies for their own sake, and he only drew attention to these inaccuracies because they are interesting as showing what sources of information Kipling may possibly have drawn upon. For instance, Parnesius, describing his march from Anderida to the first Forge in the Forest, says "It is all in the Road Book." But it is not in any Road Book which has come down to us. The Itinerary of Antonine does not include any road out of Anderida, though there is mention of such a road in the Itinerary included in the eighteenth-century forgery fathered on Richard of Cirencester.

Another discrepancy, our member said, is Parnesius's estimate of the age of

his home in Vectis. He says that the cow-stables, where his first ancestor lived, must have been quite four hundred years old, because the founder of the family had his land given him by Agricola at the Settlement. Our member pointed out that Agricola did not become Governor of Britain until 19 A.D. and Parnesius's story is laid somewhere about 381 A.D., so that no part of the villa could have been more than 300 years old. But perhaps the inaccuracy was due to the fact that Parnesius was a self-confessed thick-head at lessons, and moreover his governess, Aglaia, never taught him the history of his own country—"she was so full of her Ancient Greeks." This member confessed to the same curiosity as to what happened afterwards as that expressed by Dan and Una at the end of the stories. What became of Parnesius and Pertinax after they left the Army? Parnesius, being British born and bred, probably remained in Britain. Pertinax may have done so also for friendship's sake. Did they live to see the Roman Legions gradually withdrawn? With their qualities and military experience they could have taken a leading part in the quite strong, and for a time successful, resistance which the Britons put up against the barbarian invaders. "I like to think," concluded our member, "that they brought up sons and grandsons in the Roman tradition of service to Britain, and that their great-grandsons were among the warriors who rallied round the leader whom we call King Arthur."

There is not space enough to report all the discussion, which was eager and interesting, but a word must be said of the thoughtful and moving comment by Mrs. Smee on the verses which accompany the stories, and particularly her appraisal of the lovely "Cities and Thrones and Powers." The last verse, she said, might be read as a cynical comment on the futility of all human endeavour, but she preferred to consider it with the closing line of another poem—"After me cometh a Builder—tell him I, too, have known," from which she drew the comforting thought that it does not matter whether our works endure or not so long as we lay foundations upon which later generations may build.

Hon. Secretary's Notes

The Annual Report

For the first time ever (we believe) we have put the Annual Report in the *Journal* instead of having it printed separately, thereby saving a good deal of expense. To caustic remarks about using up *Journal* space we reply that one of our reasons for doing so is that there is now a better chance of your reading it than if it slid under the sofa when you opened your Magazine. Please read it: it's almost the only chance we have of telling you how the Society's doing. And do please, some of you, come to the AGM; at least we can show you the Office and Library!

Newspaper Cuttings

The Library contains an imposing number of scrap-books filled with cuttings mentioning Kipling, but none of these are at all recent. We think it would be interesting to start an up-to-date one, as an indication, firstly, of the extent to which he is still mentioned, and, secondly, of whether the present-day trend of opinion is favourable to him or otherwise.

We shall, therefore, be very grateful if Members in any part of the world will cut out and send to 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, all mentions of Kipling which they come across, either in newspapers or magazines, stating origin and date. Anything specially interesting will be reported in the *Journal*.

Speakers from the Society—III

Mrs. Scott-Giles (well known to those of us who attend the Discussions) gave a delightful talk last February at the Indian Institute of World Culture, W.2, and in the same month (on Blizzard Night) your Hon. Secretary spoke to St. Columba's (Pont Street) Literary Society. Mr. Murray-Brooks is booked to speak at Newcastle in April, when we have also been asked to find a speaker to Harrow Young Conservatives.

We should be most grateful for the names of any Members willing to speak, no matter where they live. In the past, by no means all requests have come from the London area.

A Reviewer cites Kipling

A novel about war-time India, "The Mark of the Warrior," by Paul Scott, was reviewed in the *Daily Telegraph* last March. In the four-inch column the reviewer mentions Kipling's name five times, and refers to him as the Master He does, however, suggest that Kipling shied from following a plot through to its logical conclusion, if this would be unpleasant He can hardly have read "A Wayside Comedy."

Near Rudyard Lake

Mr. T. Stone, of Kingswood, Rudyard, Leek, Staffs, was one of those who answered an advertisement of ours last November. Owing to infirmity he cannot join the Society, but would be glad if any Members in that neighbourhood would call on him and see his Kipling collection. This includes a signed photo of R.K. and also—which may be rare—one of R.K. and his wife. If any Member takes advantage of this nice offer, will he or she please tell us about the collection ?

Tailpiece

A few months ago we were very puzzled in the Office by the question, sent in from several parts of England : "What connection has Kipling with ELTHAM ?" Feeling that the Society's prestige was at stake, our experts researched in all directions, but finally had to confess defeat. They could find no evidence that R.K. had ever been to Eltham or had anything to do with it. Suspecting that the question came from a Quiz Competition, we sent a self-addressed postcard to one of the enquirers, begging its return when the correct answer was known. In due course, back came the reply :—

"The Telephone Exchange."

A.E.B.P.

The Council's Annual Report for 1957

1. General

1957 has been an encouraging year for the Society. Membership increased and the state of our funds improved. Society Meetings were firmly established on a two-monthly basis. It was also possible to make the important policy-decision to expand the Kipling Journal in 1958.

We must never forget, however, that a steady supply of new Members is essential to our existence, and the efforts of *all* of us to obtain recruits must never be relaxed.

2. Membership

The number of Members on January 1st, 1957, was 560. It is true that the Report for 1956 shows 577, but during the past year a detailed check has been carried out with our Dominion Branches, proving that our Records showed 17 too many.

New Members gained during the year	57
Members lost during the year (14 deaths).	28
Net Gain	29
Total number of Members on December 31st, 1957.	589

(N.B. A detailed check with U.S.A. Branch is still in progress, which may slightly affect this total.)

Fifty-seven new Members during the year is encouraging. They were obtained approximately as follows :—

By Advertising in U.K.	17
By Introduction in U.K.	12
By Introduction in Canada and U.S.A.	17
Miscellaneous	11

These figures show that efforts by individual Members to introduce recruits are well worth while. We thank all who have done so. Canadian and U.S.A. Members are to be specially congratulated on their performance.

3. Office Reorganization

The previous Hon. Secretary, Sir C. Lynch-Robinson, resigned in March, and in April Miss Wood, the paid Assistant Secretary, also left us. The Hon. Editor, Mr. E. D. W. Chaplin, gave up office in July, after producing his 72nd consecutive Journal. He has been succeeded by Mr. R. L. Green, B.Litt., M.A. The present Staff, now entirely honorary, is as shown on the back of the current Journal.

4. Meetings, etc., 1957

- Annual Luncheon—Oct. 23rd ; see Journals 124/5.
- Visit to Bateman's—May 21st.
- Lecture at Nat. Book League by Prof. B. Dobrée—Jan. 10th ; see Journal 121.
- One Afternoon Meeting at Lansdowne Club.
- Four Evening Meetings at 84 Eccleston Square.

5. Outside Talks by Members

The only Talk in 1957 was delivered to Colchester Literary Society in November. Title : " Rudyard Kipling and Some of his Work." At least three others have been given or booked in the first half of 1958.

Speaking on Kipling is a valuable way of getting the Society known, and we shall be grateful to any Member who can further this side of our activities.

6. Finance

It is encouraging to record that Ordinary Income exceeded Expenditure by approximately £60. This was largely achieved by the sale of back numbers and sets of the Kipling Journal—not by any means necessarily a 'wasting asset.' On Special Account, an appeal to Life Members for special donations for advertising and for expanding the Kipling Journal realised £191, an extremely generous donation coming from one of our senior American Members.

ION S. MUNRO, Chairman.
A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Annual General Meeting of the Society will be held at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, E.C.I, on Wednesday, 20th August, 1958, at 2.30 p.m.

- AGENDA.
1. Adoption of Report and Accounts for 1957.
 2. Re-election of President and Vice-Presidents, and election of Hon. Officers.
 3. Re-election of the Hon. Auditors.
 4. Any other business appropriate to an A.G.M.

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year ended the 31st December, 1957

INCOME				EXPENDITURE			
1956	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1956	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
				100	Office Rent		100 0 0
207	Subscriptions (Ordinary Members) :			29	Printing and Stationery		18 9 3
	Renewals (171 Members)		189 7 10	11	Postages, Telephone and Telegrams		14 17 4
12	New Members (38 Members)		41 10 0		General Office Expenses, including Miss Wood		
	Life Members' Subscriptions :			161	£49 (3 months)		70 3 11
	In Advance at 31st December, 1956	50 10 10			Miscellaneous Expenses :		
	Amount in Advance at 31st December, 1957	28 15 0			Insurances	9 2 8	
31			21 15 10		Bank Charges	5 15 0	
	Victoria B.C. Branch :				Repairs and Renewals	- - -	
15	Unallocated Subscriptions and Donations ..		16 4 0		Sundries	8 15 1	23 12 9
	New Zealand Branch :			25	Journal Expenses :		
25	Unallocated Subscriptions and Donations ..		36 5 0		Printing and Despatch of Kipling Journal ..		191 8 3
	Melbourne Branch :			184	Publicity Expenses		43 5 6
9	Unallocated Subscriptions and Donations ..		8 19 2		Entertaining Overseas Members	12 16 0	
	U.S.A. Branch :				Less : Donations from Staff Life Members ..	12 16 0	
46	Unallocated Subscriptions and Donations ..		40 0 0		Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure	60 11 10	
32	Sale of Journals		76 4 3		being unexpired balance of special		
	Sundry Sales		4 17 4		donations for Journals	191 12 2	252 4 0
	Members' Meeting and Annual Luncheon		2 8 4				
17	Interest on Investments		17 10 0				
	Post Office Savings Bank Interest		1 7				
	Donations :						
12	General	67 5 6					
	Life Members for Enlarged						
	Journal	194 18 3					
	Less : Appeal Expenses	3 6 1					
			191 12 2				
			258 17 8				
104	Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income		- - -				
£510			£714 1 0	£510			£714 1 0

We have compared the above Balance Sheet dated 31st December, 1957, and the accompanying Income and Expenditure Account, with Books and Vouchers of THE KIPLING SOCIETY, and certify that they agree therewith.

5 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London W.1.
Date : 24th February, 1958.

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Honorary Auditors.

Letter Bag

Kipling's Mistakes

Half seriously, I recently told you that I believed that Kipling had made at least one deliberate mistake in every story he wrote during a certain period. You, I believe, received my remark as if it were a "Tupperism"—this being a Kipling word for a generality. However, the more I think of the possibility and the more stories I analyse for the Readers' Guide, the more likely my theory seems.

This is what Kipling wrote in 1935 :—

"I have had miraculous escapes in technical matters, which make me blush still. Luckily, the men of the seas and the engine-room do not write to the Press, and my worst slip is still underided."
(*Something of Myself*, p. 212.)

And I realise that this does not support my theory. Obviously I cannot send lists of mistakes, so perhaps members and other readers of the *Journal*, to prove me wrong, will give the names of stories in which they find no mistakes at all, particularly stories written from about the turn of the century.

I do not want to prove my idea correct, but would prefer to go back to my old belief that he did not check references and so the 'slips' just happened.

R. E. HARBORD.

"Sorting the Night Mail"

I have a word to say on Mr. T. E. Elwell's Notes on "With the Night Mail."

I gather that he has the *Windsor Magazine* for December, 1905, which contained the first publication of this story in England, but not *McClure's* for November, 1905, which was the first printing, in America.

He may be interested to know that *McClure's* had only three illustrations, those by Reuterdahl—the extra two by Seppings Wright which appeared in the *Windsor* not being included. The two Reuterdahl's on pages 52 and 56 of the *Windsor* are in the text, but the third, on page 65, is in colour and is the frontispiece to *McClure*.

The captions differ slightly. For example, the illustration facing page 52 of the *Windsor* reads, "The mate emerges, his arm strapped to his side," whereas the equivalent *McClure* picture reads, "A man with a ghastly scarlet head follows, shouting that he must go back and build up his ray"; and that facing page 56 in the *Windsor* reads, "She falls stern first; and slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light," whereas the *McClure* version is "Slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light, and the Atlantic takes her."

There are minor variations in the two texts, made presumably for the American and the English readers. For example, the *Windsor* version begins, "At 9.30 p.m. of a windy, winter's night . . .," whereas *McClure* begins, "At 21 o'clock of a gusty winter's night . . ." And it is rather interesting to note that immediately under the title of the story in *McClure's* is " (*McClure's Magazine*, Adv. Dept., June, 2025 A.D.) " and the *Windsor* reading is "From the '*Windsor Magazine*,' October, A.D. 2147." One wonders whether R.K. had any—and if so, what?—reason for the alteration in dates.

These are, of course, *minutiae* of no conceivable importance, but they might perhaps amuse Mr. Elwell.

NORMAN CROOM-JOHNSON.

10 Berkeley Court, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.

Gibbon and Kipling

I was very interested to read in Matthews' *Sugar Pill* (Gollancz, 1957, p. 132) that Fry insists that his staff all have University degrees in Economics "and that

they must also relax their pens and clear their vocabularies of economic cant by reading Gibbon's Autobiography and Kipling's 'Kim'." A surprising combination, it may be thought, but Fry swears by it.

This quote pleased me and I hope other readers may share my enjoyment.

GEORGE WILKINS.

70 N.E.M. House, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia.

M'Andrew or McAndrew's Hymn

In the last issue is an example of two different spellings of this engineer's name, on pp. 23 and 24 ; and Kipling himself has also spelt the name differently in the 1918 and 1940 editions. This is quite a usual duplication, but I think that our Society should give a lead to the more correct spelling.

My opinion is that the latest spelling should be taken, and as the 1940 edition of Kipling's Verse spells it McAndrew, let us take it as that.

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Sussex and Burwash Editions

Some time ago I asked you if you knew what differences there were in the texts of these two famous sets of Kipling's works. I have received a letter from Professor Yeats, dated January 27th, 1958, from Texas, part of which deals with this very point. He tells me he took a day off from all his other work to compare the two editions page by page. I quote :—

" My set of the Sussex did not arrive until a fortnight ago and you can imagine my pleasure at receiving it. I am personally acquainted with most of the Kipling collections of importance in this country, and I know of only three other sets of the Sussex on this side of the Atlantic. I have owned a Burwash set for about three years. For your information the texts are the same. The arrangement of material differs, naturally, since one is composed of 35 vols. and the other of only 28. . . . I have seen booksellers' catalogues in England advertising that so-and-so is to be found in the UNCOLLECTED prose volume of the Burwash, not to be found in the Sussex. That claim is true for Vol. I of the Sussex, but Vol. II does contain such stories. . . . It is only a matter of arrangement. . . . At the end of my day's search I found the two collections to be identical in text."

Professor Yeats goes on to say :—

"The Sussex is such an exceptionally fine example of good bookmaking that you would be disappointed with the Burwash. The Sussex sells for \$600-\$700 : the Burwash for about \$175."

R. E. HARBORD.

E.P. Tents

Kipling refers to "E.P." Tents in four of his stories (" My Lord the Elephant," " Love-o'-Women," " The Drums of the Fore and Aft " and " The Tender Achilles ")—not always quite accurately (as I pointed out in *Journal* No. 117, page 13), but near enough for the usual reader of the stories.

But for old soldiers and others who like meticulous accuracy of detail, the following particulars will be of interest :

Tents : E.P., known also as G.S. (General Service) Tents, India

G.S. Tent, India (1601b.)	Pitching space 22' X 16'
	Accommodated 16 British or 20
	Native Soldiers.

This was the E.P., I.P. tent—'European Private, Indian Pattern.' It had three

upright bamboo poles and a ridge-pole, was triangular in shape, and could be entered from front or back through flaps which laced up.

G.S. Tent, India (80 lb.) Pitching space 16' X 10'.

Accommodated 8 British or 10
Native Soldiers.

Similar to the above but with only two upright poles and a ridge-pole.

There were other somewhat similar tents of various sizes for Officers and Warrant Officers, some with an arrangement for a bathroom attached.

There was another E.P. tent, for use in peace-time only, but which was much used during the South African War in Standing Hospitals. It must have been very familiar to Kipling and may have been the tent he was thinking of when, much later, he wrote "The Tender Achilles." It was a double fly tent, supported by two upright bamboo poles and a ridge-pole. It had detachable side-walls called 'Kanats' (corrupted into 'Connaughts')—these walls were in four parts about 6 ft. high and stretched by bamboo poles about 2½ inches in diameter. These could be arranged so as to form four entrances, front, back and two sides. The weight was 900 lbs., pitching space 40' X 36'. Normally it accommodated 16 British soldiers.

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Stalky's Reminiscences

The reading of Charles Carrington's article in the *Journal* for last March, and his remarks at the bottom of page 10, sent me to a re-reading of "Stalky's Reminiscences," and here, I am sure, may be found the germ of the two stories, "The Tomb of His Ancestors" and "On Greenhow Hill." Young Chinn was the descendant of a line of Indian Army officers. So was "Stalky"—his father and grandfather were Major-Generals in India. Young Chinn had the Satphura Bhils vaccinated, after showing the marks of his own early punctures; "Stalky" lured his Indian soldiers to be inoculated against cholera by having the first injection.

"On Greenhow Hill" commences with a native soldier deserting to the enemy, who were his own people, and calling to those in the regiment to desert also. "Stalky," in Chap. IX, "The Wano Night Attack," tells of Nek Awaz, a havildar commanding the Quarter Guard, doing the same thing, and inciting his friends the enemy to attack, which they did.

The parallel of Kipling's fiction and "Stalky's" fact is too close to be fortuitous.

T. E. ELWELL.

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McAndrew's Hymn

I have a few comments:—

Boiler Whelp: It was the practice to employ boys to chip scale from the internal surfaces of ships' boilers. Boys were necessary because the available space was so small.

Loco Boiler: McAndrew, or possibly Kipling, is here indulging in prophecy, always a dangerous thing to do. Boilers of this type were never used in ships except for an unsuccessful trial in a torpedo boat.

30 Knots: The "definite edition" has "miles." This is more prophecy. Ten years later C. A. Parsons in 1897 astonished the maritime world with the S.Y. "Turbinia," first vessel to be propelled by steam turbine and the fastest craft afloat.

Weld your shaft: I have always read this as ironical, welding at that date being as impossible as eating Oiler. An example of the use by Kipling of American

colloquial terms. They began to appear in his writings after his visit to U.S.A. in 1889, and caused a certain amount of comment.

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I can contribute just one trifle to Mr. Elwell's note on *McAndrew's Hymn*. I think one should never press the autobiographical factors in Kipling's work too hard. All the stories are based on experience and in all of them he combines and varies and embroiders his observations from life to suit his artistic purpose.

The run described in *McAndrew* is the voyage he made in the old "Doric" of the White Star Line from Durban to Hobart and Melbourne in October, 1891. He did not go on in her to New Zealand. I remember the ship very well, as she was still on the same run twenty years later when I was a boy in New Zealand. The White Star and Shaw Savill ships in those days went round the world as much as they could in the 'forties to take advantage of the westerlies that blow all round the world in that latitude, a tradition from the old sailing-ship days. The clipper-ships could still compete in the 1890's. The ships went out to New Zealand carrying emigrants by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and home by Cape Horn with a cargo of wool, calling at Rio or Mt. Video (the 'Rio run'). All this came to an end when the Panama Canal was opened in '16.

Who were McAndrew, M'Phee, Antony Gloster? Perhaps characters of the composite order, perhaps variants of one observed person. There's a slight mystery about the date of Kipling's departure from England in August, 1891. He sailed in S.S. "Moor." which left London Docks for Cape Town on August 7th. But Edmund Gosse's visitors' book shows that Kipling called to say goodbye on August 8th. I guess, from some other hints, that he visited the ship in London River before August 7th (the *Brugglesmith* episode), but finally occupied his berth only when it called at Southampton on August 9th. He must have made acquaintance with some ships' engineers in his London period.

Bessie and the Melancholia

In the 1860's, when Edward Poynter was the industrious apprentice at Gleyre's studio (Carrel's studio in *Trilby*; Kami's studio in *L.F.*), Whistler was the idle apprentice, always in and out of mischief. When Whistler did work, which wasn't often, his favourite model was a girl called Eloise, who appears in some of his works under the name of 'Fumette.' Some said she was the original of 'Trilby.' She was madly in love with Whistler and wildly jealous. In a fit of fury she tore up and destroyed a whole set of his drawings, whereupon Whistler burst into tears. The tale is told in the *Life of Whistler* by E. R. and J. Pennell (1908). vol. I. p. 56; and in other books on 19th century painters. Surely the origin of R.K.'s story of Bessie destroying Dick Heldar's picture. So far as I know, the Whistler-Eloise story had not appeared in print when R.K. wrote *The Light that Tailed*. I cannot find any direct link between Kipling and Whistler, though Carrie Kipling, much later, wrote as if she was acquainted with him (Carrington, p. 396). But R.K. made so much use of the reminiscences of his painter-friends on studio life in the 1860's that we may fairly assume he had heard the story, probably from Poynter.

The Ballad of East and West

Just back from Pakistan. The scene of *The Ballad of Last and West* is quite clearly the plain between Jumrood ('Fort Bukloh') and the mouth of the Khyber Pass ('tongue of Jagai'), Every verbal image in the ballad corresponds with what you can see, hear and smell on the spot. The first village up the pass is actually called 'Shagai'

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