



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

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

The Subscription is : Home Members, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/- ; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/- ; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

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

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street on Wednesday, 15th February, 1961, at 2.30 p.m..

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, January 18th, at the Lansdowne Club. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m.

Colonel Bagwell Purefoy will introduce a discussion of "The Vortex" and "The Puzzler".

Wednesday, March 22nd, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.I. 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m.

A discussion on "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as ABC".

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Notes

A recent centenary, which seems to have escaped much notice, is that of Ernest Thompson Seton, who was born at South Shields on August 14, 1860, his family emigrating to Canada shortly afterwards.

Whether Seton and Kipling ever met does not seem to be recorded, but they certainly corresponded, and Kipling acknowledged a certain debt to Seton when he came to write the stories in *The Jungle Books*.

Seton's popularity has waned, but from the publication of his first volume of stories, *Wild Animals I Have Known*, in 1898, for nearly half a century, his books ranked among classics of their kind, far outshining even such enduring stories of wild life as *Jock of the Bushveldt*, Charles G. D. Roberts's *Kings in Exile* and *Red Fox*, and Jack London's more sensational *White Fang* and *The Call of the Wild*.

Of his first book Seton wrote in his autobiography : " There can be no doubt that this book founded the modern school of animal stories — that is, giving in fiction form the actual facts of an animal's life and modes of thought."

Seton's stories and sketches began appearing in periodicals from 1880 onwards, and he continues : " Kipling wrote in a letter, now before me, that he had read ' Silverspot ' and ' Molly Cottontail ' (1890) in *St. Nicholas*, and had been greatly influenced by them before writing his *Jungle Tales*, 1895. Since Kipling had no knowledge of natural history, and makes no effort to present it, and since furthermore his animals talk and live like men, his stories are not animal stories in the realistic sense ; they are wonderful, beautiful fairy tales.'

The most interesting ' overlap ' between Seton and Kipling is that both were writing wolf stories, independently, at the same time. Seton's ' Lobo, King of Currumpaw ' appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1894 while ' Mowgli's Brothers ' and ' Tiger, Tiger ' first saw print in *St. Nicholas's* for January and February of the same year. But Kipling was in fact first, since his two stories were written early in 1893, while Seton only went to Currumpaw to trap the great king wolf in January 1894.

The literary interest in wolves at the time seems to have been started by Rider Haggard whose *Nada the Lily*, which he finished writing in January 1890 was serialized between January and May 1892 in *The Illustrated London News* before appearing in book form on May 9th. It was not until October 1895 that Kipling wrote to Haggard : " it was a chance sentence of yours in *Nada the Lily* that started me off on a track that ended in my writing a lot of wolf stories ". Kipling was already writing ' In the Rukh ' by November of the year 1892 and apparently beginning ' Mowgli's Brothers ' at much the same time.

Kipling's friendship with Haggard has been the subject of more than one article in the *Journal*. Much new information may now be found in *Rider Haggard ; His Life and Works*, written by Dr. Morton Cohen, a member of the Kipling Society, and published in August by Messrs. Hutchinson at 30s. This is certainly a Kipling "must", as it contains many extracts from hitherto unpublished letters — and Kipling letters are a rare treasure : not so much literary, as personal — giving a vivid impression of what it must have been like to hear Kipling talking with a congenial friend.

That Rider Haggard was such a friend Dr. Cohen's biography amply proves — and proves also how worthy of friendship Haggard was. The book is a fascinating evocation of the man, and for the first time presents in true perspective his importance as a writer on Agriculture and Land Reform as well as of the romances for which he is best known.

Kipling was equally impressed by both, and wrote enthusiastically in praise of *The Farmer's Year* and *Rural England* as well as of the adventures of Allan Quatermain and the various incarnations of Ayesha. But for those of us to whom Haggard still seems, in spite of obvious imperfections, to be one of the greatest of imaginative writers, some of the most interesting pages in Dr. Cohen's book are those which tell how Haggard would discuss his plots with Kipling, and how in several cases the two friends sat down together to plot out the scheme of a romance.

Kipling's influence on Haggard is most obvious in *Allan and The Ice Gods* which has in it echoes of " The Knife and the Naked Chalk " and " Quiquern ". But a more interesting instance is that of the conception of Murgh, the personification of Death in the greatest of Haggard's historical romances, *Red Eve*, for whom there is written evidence, given by Dr. Cohen on page 205, that Kipling was in part responsible. This was in October 1908 ; and it was published at the end of August 1911 : it may be significant that Kipling was working the following month on a story called " The Archangel of the English " which was probably an early version of " On the Gate " (being written as " The Department of Death " in 1920) — the story of his own in which Death appears as a character.

There seem to be only three direct references to Haggard's books in any of Kipling's stories : one to *She* in "Among the Railway Folk " (1888) ; a mention of *Cleopatra* in " Her Little Responsibility " in 1889 (collected in *Abaft the Funnel*) and a longer one to *King Solomon's Mines* in "A Flight of Fact " (*Nash's Magazine*, June 1918, collected in *Land and Sea Tales*).

Kipling's references to books by his contemporaries are very few, but would repay collection. As a start one may add to the three Haggard titles *The Giant's Robe* by F. Anstey (" To Be Filed for Reference " in *Plain Tales*) and *The Cuckoo Clock* by Mrs. Molesworth in *From Sea to Sea*, Letter XI : both of these authors became his friends when he reached London. There are also references in *From Sea to Sea* to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* and to

Huckleberry Finn, while at the end of his life he harked back to an early love and quoted Mrs. Ewing's *Mary's Meadow* in "Fairy Kist".

But who was the author of *Phillipa's Queen*, which forms the background to Manallace's forgery in "Dayspring Mishandled"? Or was there never such a book outside Kipling's imagination?

Another uncollected story by Kipling has just made its first appearance in an easily accessible volume — the missing *Just So Story* written in 1903 (too late for the volume) called "The Tabu Tale". This has been included in a collection called *Tales of Make-Believe* in Dents' well-known series of Children's Illustrated Classics (published November 1960, price 12s. 6d.) in another volume of which, *Modern Fairy Stories*, "The Potted Princess" was included a few years ago.

The series, which has a very high reputation, normally includes full-length books, and includes the works of nearly all the great writers for children. It is a pity that Kipling, one of the very greatest, cannot yet be represented otherwise than by short stories in anthologies. Even more serious, from the point of view of his reputation as one of the greatest of British authors, is his absence from series such as *The World's Classics* and *Everyman's Library* which — however erroneously — is taken by many people to be a tacit endorsement of the anti-Kipling complex under which so many critics still seem to be labouring.

One critic who has not been deterred is Miss Rosemary Sutcliff, the writer of several admirable children's books for which she was recently awarded the Carnegie Medal. Her short study, *Rudyard Kipling*, in the Bodley Head Monographs series on great writers for children, will be reviewed in the next number of the *Journal*. R.L.G.

Meeting Kipling

by Roger Burlingame

The substance of remarks made by Roger Burlingame at the Kipling Dinner at the Century Club in 1947

I WAS eight. All day I had been scrubbed in honour of the great man who was coming to dinner. A terrifically spotless sailor suit had been ironed out for me. All day I was allowed to touch nothing that might contaminate me. The great man would be coming at eight o'clock.

It was not customary for eight-year-old boys to meet distinguished authors from England, and my father and mother had only decided on me as a bait at the last moment. The fact was that a few nights before Rudyard Kipling had been given a dinner in New York which had greatly distressed him. The house at which the dinner was given had been decorated at vast expense so that it looked like a jungle, even to the point, I believe, of monkeys jumping from limb to limb of the exotic trees. As he arrived an orchestra played "Gunga Din." I think it was also sung by a hired baritone. The report was that Kipling had left before the dinner was over with the briefest of words to his host and hostess.

My father, hearing of this, was determined that Kipling should not be embarrassed at our house. My father was his great friend and well

knew of the author's shyness and his general dislike of social occasions. The inspiration my mother had was to put me in my sailor suit at a point which Kipling could not pass without seeing me. Everyone knew his fondness for children and it was thought that when he entered in trepidation if he saw nothing but a child he would immediately be put at his ease.

So there I sat trembling on the tiny love-seat in the little room which in New York houses for some inexplicable reason was called the foyer. Suddenly the bell rang, the door opened, and the maid ushered Mr. Kipling directly into the room where I sat. As soon as he saw me he shouted, "Oh, there's the young 'un!" and sat beside me on the little couch.

I can't remember anything but his eyes. Those are as vivid before me now as if I were still looking at them there in the foyer. They were hypnotic. They seemed to see right into my innermost thoughts—whatever those might have been. I had rehearsed things that I was to say about the *Jungle Books* and the *Just-So Stories*, both of which I knew almost by heart. But when he began to talk I said nothing. I think he talked about the British Navy. I think he talked about how boys of fourteen in England went into training to be naval officers. Suddenly he asked me what I wanted to grow up to be. I wanted to say "a writer," but I could not bring myself to say it. I think I must already have been smart enough to look at myself, a little prig of a boy in a sailor suit pretending that he wanted to be like the great man. I probably said something about a policeman or a locomotive engineer or a sailor—some conventional answer. It did not really matter to me then. I was hypnotised as I have never been since. All I knew was that I was in the presence of a kind of super-man, and I do not think that I have ever been deeply moved by his stories or his poems that some memory of this scene did not bring back to me.

I think it was only a day or so later that Kipling came down with the siege of pneumonia that almost killed him. I remember my concern during that time as I read the daily bulletins given out by his doctor.

There is only one more thing that happened between Kipling and me. As a child I had the usual fancy of an imaginary country of which I was the president or king or something of the sort. This country had an unusual economic system. The money grew on trees—but it wasn't as simple as that. The seeds of the money trees had to be processed by a factory which got a percentage and then turned the finished money over to the tree owner. The factory was called "The National and Four Buildings Money Seeds Association." Evidently my father told Mr. Kipling about this because a year after I had met him he wrote my father a criticism of the U.S. Government's handling of the Philippine situation in these words: "' Seems to *me* your national moneysseeds and Four building corporation is rather puzzled in its mind. If it doesn't annex the Philipines, it ought to be hung. I hate to see a job left half-finished."

The letter hangs framed with Kipling's portrait in my study.

Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out

An Unhistorical Extravaganza

by Rudyard Kipling

Part Two

PERSONS CHIEFLY INTERESTED

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

CHARLES HILTON HAWLEY (lieutenant at large).

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

MAJOR DECKER (a persuasive Irishman).

PEROO (an Aryan butler).

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

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

MAY HOLT (niece of the above).

ASSUNTA (an Aryan lady's-maid).

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

SCENE—Main ball-room of the Simla Town-hall; dancing-floor grooved and tongued teak, vaulted roof, and gallery round the walls. Four hundred people dispersed in couples. Banners, bayonet-stars on walls; red and gold, blue and gold, chocolate, buff, rifle-green, black and other uniforms under glare of a few hundred lamps. Cloak-] and supper-rooms at the sides, with alleys leading to Chinese-lanterned verandahs. HAWLEY, at entrance, receives MAY as she drops from her horse and passes towards cloak-rooms.

HAWLEY. (AS he pretends to rearrange shawl.) Oh, my love, my love, my love!

MAY. (Her eyes on the ground.) Let me go and get these things off. I'm trying to control my eyes, but it is written on my face. (Dashes into cloak-room.)

NEWLY MARRIED WIFE OF CAPTAIN OF ENGINEERS TO HUSBAND. NO need to ask what has happened there, Dick.

HUSBAND. NO, bless 'em both, whoever they are!

HAWLEY. (Under his breath.) Damn his impertinence!

MAY comes from cloak-room, having completely forgotten to do more than look at her face and hair in the glass.

HAWLEY. Here's the programme, dear!

MAY. (Returning it with pretty gesture of surrender.) Here's the programme — dear!

HAWLEY draws line from top to bottom, initials, and returns card.

MAY. YOU can't! It's perfectly awful! But — I should have been angry if you hadn't. (Taking his arm.) Is it wrong to say that?

HAWLEY. It sounds delicious. We can sit out all the squares and dance all the round dances. There are heaps of square dances at Volunteer balls. Come along!

MAY. One minute! I want to tell my chaperon something.

HAWLEY. Come along! You belong to me now.

MAY. (Her eyes seeking MRS. HAUKSBBE, who is seated on an easy-chair by an alcove.) But it was so awfully sudden!

HAWLEY. My dear infant ! When a girl throws herself literally into a man's arms —

MAY. I didn't ! Dandy shied.

HAWLEY. Don't shy to conclusions. That man is never going to let her go. Come !

MAY catches MRS. H.'S eye. *Telegraphs a volume, and receives by return two. Turns to go with HAWLEY.*

MRS. H. (*AS she catches sight of back of MAY'S dress.*) Oh, horror ! Assunta shall die tomorrow ! (*Sees SCRIFFSHAW fluctuating uneasily among the chaperons, and following his niece's departure with the eye of an artist.*)

MRS. H. (*Furiously.*) Colonel Scriffshaw, you — you did that ?

SCRIFFSHAW. (*Imbecilely.*) The lacing ? Yes. I think it will hold.

MRS. H. YOU monster ! Go and tell her. No don't ! (*Falling back in chair.*) I have lived to see every proverb I believed in a lie. The maid has forgotten her attire ! (What a handsome couple they make ! Anyhow, he doesn't care, and she doesn't know.) How did you come here, Colonel Scriffshaw ?

SCRIFFSHAW. Strictly against orders. (*Uneasily.*) I'm afraid I shall have my wife looking for me.

MRS. H. I fancy you will. (*Sees reflection of herself in the mirrors — black-lace dinner dress, blood-red poinsettia at shoulder and girdle to secure single brace of black lace. Silver shoes, silver-handled black fan.*) (You're looking pretty tonight, dear. I wish your husband were here.) (*Aloud, to drift of expectant men.*) No, no, no ! For the hundredth time, Mrs. Hauksbee is not dancing this evening. (Her hands are full, or she is in error. Now, the chances are that I shan't see May again till it is time to go, and I may see Mrs. Scriffshaw at any moment.) Colonel, will you take me to the supper-room ? The hall's chilly without perpetual soups. (*Goes out on COLONEL'S arm. Passing the cloak-room, sees portion of MRS. SCRIFFSHAW'S figure.*) (Before me the Deluge !) If I were you, Colonel Scriffshaw, I'd go to the whist-room, and — stay there. (*S. follows the line of her eye, and blanches as he flies.*) She has come — to — take them home, and she is quite capable of it. What shall I do ? (*Looks across the supper-tables. Sees MAJOR DECKER, a big black-haired Irishman, and attacks him among the meringues.*) Major Decker ! Dear Major Decker ! If ever I was a friend of yours, help me now !

MAJOR D. I will indeed. What is it ?

MRS. H. (*Walking him back deftly in the direction of the cloak-room door.*) I want you to be very kind to a very dear friend of mine — a Mrs. Scriffshaw. She doesn't come to dances much, and, being very sensitive, she feels neglected if no one asks her to dance. She really waltzes divinely, though you might not think it. There she is, walking out of the cloak-room now, in the high dress. *Please* come and be introduced. (*Under her eyelashes.*) You're an Irishman, Major, and you've got a way with you. (*Planting herself in front of MRS. S.*) Mrs. Scriffshaw, may I wah-wah-wah Decker ? — wah-wah-wah Decker ? Mrs. Scuffles. (*Flies hastily.*) Saved for a moment ! And

now, if I can enlist the Viceroy on my side, I may do something.
 MAJOR D. (*TO MRS. S.*) The pleasure of a dance with you, Mrs. Scuffun ?

MRS. SCRIFFSHAW. (*Backing, and filling in the doorway.*) Sirr !

MAJOR D. (*Smiling persuasively.*) You've forgotten me, I see ! I had the pleasure o' meeting you — (there's missionary in every line o' that head)—at — at — the last Presbyterian Conference.

MRS. S. (*Strict Wesleyan Methodist.*) I was never there.

MAJOR D. (*Retiring en échelon towards two easy-chairs.*) Were ye not, now? That's queer. Let's sit down here and talk over it, and perhaps we will strike a chord of mutual reminiscence. (*Sits down exhaustedly.*) And if it was not at the Conference, where was it?

MRS. S. (*Icily, looking for her husband.*) I apprehend that our paths in the world are widely different.

MAJOR D. (My faith ! they are !) Not the least in the world. (MRS. S. *shudders.*) Are you sitting in a draught? Shall we try a turn at the waltz now?

MRS. S. (*Rising to the expression of her abhorrence.*) My husband is Colonel Scriffshaw. I should be much obliged if you would find him for me.

MAJOR D. (*Throwing up his chin.*) Scriffshaw, begad ! I saw him just now at the other end of the room. (I'll get a dance out of the old woman, or I'll die for it.) We'll just waltz up there an' inquire. (*Hurls MRS. S. into the waltz. Revolves ponderously.*) (Mrs. Hauksbee has perjured herself — but not on my behalf. She's ruining my instep.) No, he's not at this end. (*Circling slowly.*) We'll just go back to our chairs again. If he won't dance with so magnificent a dancer as his wife, he doesn't deserve to be here, or anywhere else. (That's my one sound knee-cap she's kicking now.) (*Halts at point of departure.*) And now we'll watch for him here.

MRS. S. (*Panting.*) Abominable ! Infamous !

MAJOR D. Oh no ! He's not so bad as that ! Prob'ly playin' whist in the kyard-rooms. Will I look for him? (*Departs, leaving MRS. S. purple in the face among the chaperons, and passes MRS. H. in close conversation with a partner.*)

MAJOR D. (*TO MRS. H., not noticing her partner.*) She's kicked me to pieces. She can dance no more than a Windsor chair, an' now she's sent me to look for her husband. You owe me something for this . . . (The Viceroy, by Jove !)

MRS. H. (*Turning to her partner and concluding story.*) A base betrayal of confidence, of course; but the woman's absolutely without tact, and capable of making a scene at a minute's notice, besides doing her best to wreck the happiness of two lives, after her treatment at Major Decker's hands. But on the Dress Reform Committee, and under proper supervision, she would be most valuable.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA. (*Diplomatic uniform, stars, etc.*) But surely the work of keeping order among the waltzers is entrusted to abler hands. I cannot, cannot fight ! I — I only direct armies.

MRS. H. NO. But your Excellency has not quite grasped the situation. (*Explains it with desperate speed, one eye on MRS. S. panting on*

her chair.) So you see ! Husband fled to the whist-room for refuge; girl with lover, who goes down the day after tomorrow ; and *she* is loose. She will be neither to hold nor to bind after the Major's onslaught, save by you. And on a committee — she really would —

HIS EXCELLENCY. I see. I am penetrated with an interest in Eurasian dress reform. I never felt so alive to the importance of committees before. (*Screwing up his eyes to see across the room.*) But pardon me — my sight is not so good as it has been — which of that line of Mothers in Israel do I attack ! The wearied one who is protesting with a fan against this scene of riot and dissipation?

MRS. H. Can you doubt for a moment? I'm afraid your task is a heavy one, but the happiness of two —

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Wearily.*) Hundred and fifty million souls ? Ah, yes ! And yet they say a Viceroy is overpaid. Let us advance, It will not talk to me about its husband's unrecognised merits, will it? You have no idea how inevitably the conversation drifts in that direction when I am left alone with a lady. They tell me of Poor Tom, or Dear Dick, or Persecuted Paul, before I have time to explain that these things are really regulated by my Secretaries. On my honour, I sometimes think that the ladies of India are polyandrous !

MRS. H. Would it be so difficult to credit that they love their husbands ?

HIS EXCELLENCY. That also is possible. One of your many claims to my regard is that you have never mentioned your husband.

MRS. H. (*Sweetly.*) No ; and as long as he is where he is, I have not the least intention of doing so.

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*AS they approach the row of eminently self-conscious chaperons.*) And, by the way, where is he?

MRS. H. *lays her fan lightly over her heart, bows her head, and moves on.*

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*AS the chaperons become more self-conscious, drifting to vacant chair at MRS. S.'S side.*) That also is possible. I do not recall having seen him elsewhere, at any rate. (*Watching MRS. S.*) HOW very like twenty thousand people that I could remember if I had time ! (*Glides into vacant chair. MRS. S. colours to the temples; chaperons exchange glances. In a voice of strained honey.*) May I be pardoned for attacking you so brusquely on matters of public importance, Mrs. Scriffshaw ? But my times are not my own, and I have heard so much about the good work you carry on so successfully. (When she has quite recovered I may learn what that work was.)

MRS. S., *in tones meant for the benefit of all the chaperons, discourses volubly, with little gasps, of her charitable mission work.*

HIS EXCELLENCY. HOW interesting ! Of course, quite natural ! What we want most on our dress reform committee is a firm hand and enormous local knowledge. Men are *so* tactless. You have been too proud, Mrs. Scriffshaw, to offer us your help in that direction. So, you see, I come to ask it as a favour. (*Gives MRS. S. to understand that the Eurasian dress reform committee cannot live another hour without her help and comfort.*)

- FIRST AIDE. (*By doorway within eye-reach of His EXCELLENCY.*)
What in the world is His Excellency tackling now?
- SECOND AIDE. (*In attitude of fascination.*) Looks as if it had been a woman once. Anyhow, it isn't amusing him. I know that smile when he is in acute torment.
- MRS. H. (*Coming up behind him.*) 'Now the Serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field!'
- SECOND AIDE. (*Turning.*) Ah! Your programme full, of course, Mrs. Hauksbee?
- MRS. H. I'm not dancing, and you should have asked me before. You Aides have no manners.
- FIRST AIDE. YOU must excuse him. Hugh's a blighted being. He's watching somebody dance with somebody else, and somebody's wanting to dance with him.
- MRS. H. (*Keenly, under her eyebrows.*) You're too young for that rubbish.
- SECOND AIDE. It's his imagination. *He's* all right, but Government House duty is killing me. My heart's in the plains with a dear little, fat little, lively little nine-foot tiger. I want to sit out over that kill instead of watching over His Excellency.
- MRS. H. Don't they let the Aides out to play, then?
- SECOND AIDE. Not me. I've got to do most of Duggy's work while he runs after —
- MRS. H. Never mind! A discontented Aide is a perpetual beast. One of you boys will take me to a chair, and then leave me. No, I don't want the delights of your conversation.
- SECOND AIDE. (*AS first goes off.*) When Mrs. Hauksbee is attired in holy simplicity it generally means — larks!
- HIS EXCELLENCY. (*TO MRS. SCRIFFSHAW.*) . . . And so we all wanted to see more of you. I felt I was taking no liberty when I dashed into affairs of State at so short a notice. It was with the greatest difficulty I could find you. Indeed, I hardly believed my eyes when I saw you waltzing so divinely just now. (She will first protest, and next perjure herself.)
- MRS. S. (*Weakly.*) But I assure you —
- HIS EXCELLENCY. My eyes are not so old that they cannot recognise a good dancer when they see one.
- MRS. S. (*With a simper.*) But only once in a way, Your Excellency.
- HIS EXCELLENCY. (Of course.) That is too seldom—much too seldom. You should set our younger folk an example. These slow swirling waltzes are tiring. I prefer — as I see you do — swifter measures.
- MAJOR D. (*Entering main door in strict charge of SCRIFFSHAW, who fears the judgement.*) Yes! she sent me to look for you, after giving me *the* dance of the evening. I'll never forget it!
- SCRIFFSHAW. (*His jaw drooping.*) My — wife — danced — with — you! I mean — anybody!
- MAJOR D. Anybody! Aren't I somebody enough? (*Looking across room.*) Faith! you're right, though! There she is in a corner flirting with the Viceroy! I was not good enough for her. Well, it's no use to interrupt 'em.
- SCRIFFSHAW. Certainly not! We'll — we'll get a drink and go back to

the whist-rooms. (Alice must be mad ! At any rate, I'm safe, I suppose.)

HIS EXCELLENCY *rises and fades away from MRS. SCRIFFSHAW'S side after a long and particular pressure of the hand.* MRS. S. *throws herself back in her chair with the air of one surfeited with similar attentions, and the chaperons begin to talk.*

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Leaning over MRS. H.'S chair with an absolutely expressionless countenance.*) She is a truly estimable lady — one that I shall count it an honour to number among my friends. No ! she will not move from her place, because I have expressed a hope that, a little later on in the dance, we may renew our very interesting conversation. And now, if I could only get my boys together, I think I would go home. Have you seen any Aide who looked as though a Viceroy belonged to him?

MRS. H. The feet of the young men are at the door without. You leave early.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Have I not done enough?

MRS. H. (*Half rising from her chair.*) Too much, alas ! Too much ! Look !

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Regarding MRS. SCRIFFSHAW, who has risen and is moving towards a side door.*) How interesting ! By every law known to me she should have waited in that chair—such a comfortable chair — for my too tardy return. But now she is loose ! How has this happened ?

MRS. H. (*Half to herself, shutting and opening fan.*) She is looking for May ! I know it ! Oh ! why wasn't she isolated ? One of those women has taken revenge on Mrs. Scriffshaw's new glory — *you* — by telling her that May has been sitting out too much with Mr. Hawley.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Blame me ! Always blame a Viceroy ! (MRS. H. *moves away.*) What are you meditating ?

MRS. H. Following — watching — administering — anything ! I fly ! I know where they are !

HIS EXCELLENCY. The plot thickens ! May I come to administer ?

MRS. H. (*Over her shoulder.*) If you can !

MRS. H. *flies down a darkened corridor speckled with occasional Chinese lanterns, and establishes herself behind a pillar as MRS. S. sweeps by to the darkest end, where MAY and HAWLEY are sitting very close together.* HIS EXCELLENCY *follows MRS. H.*

MRS. S. (*TO both the invisibles.*) Well !

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*TO MRS. H. in a whisper.*) Now, I should be afraid. I should run away.

MRS. S. (*In a high pitched voice of the matron.*) May, go to the cloak-room at once, and wait till I come. I wonder you expect any one to speak to you after this ! (*MAY hurries down corridor very considerably agitated.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*AS MAY passes, slightly raising his voice, and with all the deference due to half a dozen Duchesses.*) May an old man be permitted to offer you his arm, my dear ? (*TO MRS. H.*) I entreat — • I *command* you to delay the catastrophe till I return !

MRS. H. (*Plunging into the darkness, and halting before a dead wall.*)

Oh ! I thought there was a way round ! (*Pretends to discover the two.*) Mrs. Scriffshaw and Mr. Hawley ! (*With exaggerated emphasis.*) Mrs. Scriffshaw — Oh ! Mrs. Scriffshaw ! — how truly shocking ! What will that dear, good husband of yours say ? (*Smothered chuckle from HAWLEY, who otherwise preserves silence. Snorts of indignation from MRS. S.*)

MRS. H (*Hidden by pillar of observation.*) Now, in any other woman that would have been possibly weak — certainly vulgar. But I think it has answered the purpose.

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Returning, and taking up his post at her side.*) Poor little girl ! She was shaking all over. What an enormous amount of facile emotion exists in the young ! What is about to —

MRS. S. (*In a rattling whisper to HAWLEY.*) Take me to some quieter place.

HAWLEY. On my word, you seem to be accustomed to *very* quiet places. I'm sorry I don't know any more secluded nook; but if you have anything to say —

MRS. S. Say, indeed ! I wish you to understand that I consider your conduct abominable, sir !

HAWLEY. (*In level, expressionless voice.*) Yes? Explain yourself.

MRS. S. In the first place, you meet my niece at an entertainment of which I utterly disapprove —

HAWLEY. TO the extent of dancing with Major Decker, the most notorious loose fish in the whole room ? Yes.

MRS. S. (*Hotly.*) That was not my fault. It was entirely against my inclination.

HAWLEY. It takes two to make a waltz. Presumably, you are capable of expressing your wishes — are you not?

MRS. S. I did. It was — only — and I couldn't —

HAWLEY. (*Relentlessly.*) Well, it's a most serious business. I've been talking it over with May.

MRS. S. May!

HAWLEY. Yes, May ; and she has assured me that you do not do — er — this sort of thing often. She *assured* me of that.

MRS. S. But by what right —

HAWLEY. YOU see, May has promised to marry me, and one can't be too careful about one's connections.

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*TO MRS. H.*) That young man will go far ! This is invention indeed.

MRS. H. He seems to have marched some paces already. (Blessed be the chance that led me to the Major ! I can always say that I meant

MRS. S. May has promised . . . this is worse than ever ! And *I* was not consulted !

HAWLEY. If I had known the precise hour, you know, I might possibly have chosen to take you into my confidence.

MRS. S. May should have told *me*.

HAWLEY. YOU mustn't worry May about it. Is that perfectly clear to you?

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*TO MRS. H.*) What a singularly flat, hopeless tone

he has chosen to talk in — as if he were speaking to a coolie from a distance.

MRS. H. Yes. It's the one note that will rasp through her over-strained nerves.

HIS EXCELLENCY. YOU know him well ?

MRS. H. I trained him.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Then *she* collapses.

MRS. H. If she does not, all my little faith in man is gone for ever.

MRS. S. (TO HAWLEY.) This is perfectly monstrous! It's conduct utterly unworthy of a *man*, much less a gentleman. What do I know of you, or your connections, or your means ?

HAWLEY. Nothing. How could you ?

MRS. S. HOW could I ? . . . Because — because I insist on knowing ?

HAWLEY. Then am I to understand that you are anxious to marry me ? Suppose we talk to the Colonel about that ?

HIS EXCELLENCY. (TO MRS. H.) Very far, indeed, will that young man go.

MRS. S. (Almost weeping with anger.) Will you let me pass ? I — I want to go away. I've no language at my command that could convey to you —

HAWLEY. Then surely it would be better to wait here till the inspiration comes ?

MRS. S. But this is insolence !

HAWLEY. YOU must remember that you drove May, who, by the way, is a woman, out of this place like a hen. That was insolence, Mrs. Scriffshaw — to her.

MRS. S. TO her ? She's my husband's sister's child.

HAWLEY. And she is going to do me the honour of carrying my name. I am accountable to your husband's sister in Calcutta. Sit down, please.

HIS EXCELLENCY. She will positively assault him in a minute. I can hear her preparing for a spring.

MRS. H. He will be able to deal with that too, if it happens. (I trained him. Bear witness, heaven and earth, I trained him, that his tongue should guard his head with my sex.)

MRS. S. (Feebly.) What shall I do ? What *can* I do ? (Through her teeth.) I hate you !

HIS EXCELLENCY. (Critically.) Weak. The end approaches.

MRS. S. *You're* not the sort of man I should have chosen for anybody's husband.

HAWLEY. I can't say your choice seems particularly select — Major Decker, for instance. And believe me, you are not required to choose husbands for anybody.

MRS. SCRIFSHAW *looses all the double-thonged lightnings of her tongue, condemns HAWLEY as no gentleman, an imposter, possibly a bigamist, a defaulter, and every other unpleasant character she has ever read of; announces her unalterable intention of refusing to recognise the engagement, and of harring MAY tooth and talon; and renews her request to be allowed to pass. No answer.*

HIS EXCELLENCY. What a merciful escape ! She might have attacked me on the chairs in this fashion. What will he do now ?

MRS. H. I have faith — illimitable faith.

MRS. S. (*At the end of her resources.*) Well, what have you to say?

HAWLEY. (*In a placid and most insinuating drawl.*) Aunt Alice — give — me — a — kiss.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Beautiful ! Oh ! thrice beautiful ! And my Secretaries never told me there were men like this in the Empire.

MRS. S. (*Bewilderedly, beginning to sob.*) Why — why *should* I ?

HAWLEY. Because you will make — you really will — a delightful aunt-in-law, and it will save such a lot of trouble when May and I are married, and you have to accept me as a relation.

MRS. S. (*Weeping gently.*) But—but you're taking the management of affairs into your own hands.

HAWLEY. Quite so. They are my own affairs. And do you think that my aunt is competent to manage other people's affairs when she doesn't know whether she means to dance or sit out, and when she chooses the very worst —

MRS. S. (*Appealingly.*) Oh, don't — don't! Please, don't! (*Bursts into tears.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. (TO MRS. H.) Unnecessarily brutal, surely? She's crying.

MRS. H. NO ! It's nothing. We all cry — even the worst of us.

HAWLEY. Well ?

MRS. S. (*Sniffing, with a rustle.*) There !

HAWLEY. NO, no, no ! I said give it to me ! (*It is given.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Carried away.*) And I ? What am I doing here, pretending to govern India, while that man languishes in a lieutenant's uniform?

MRS. H. (*Speaking very swiftly and distinctly.*) It rests with Your Excellency to raise him to honour. He should go down the day after tomorrow. A month at Simla, now, would mean Paradise to him, and one of your Aides is dying for a little tiger-shooting.

HIS EXCELLENCY. But would such an Archangel of Insolence condescend to run errands for me?

MRS. H. YOU can but try.

HIS EXCELLENCY. I shall be afraid of him; but we'll see if we can get the Commander-in-Chief to lend him to me.

HAWLEY. (TO MRS. S.) There, there, there! It's nothing to make a fuss about, is it? Come along, Aunt Alice, and I'll tuck you into your rickshaw, and you shall go home quite comfy, and the Colonel and I will bring May home later. I go down to my regiment the day after tomorrow, worse luck ! So you won't have me long to trouble you. But we quite understand each other, don't we? (*Emerges from the darkness, very tenderly escorting the very much shaken MRS. SCRIFFSHAW.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. (TO MRS. H. *as the captive passes.*) I feel as if I ought to salute that young man; but I must go to the ball-room. Send him to me as soon as you can. (*Drifts in direction of music.*)
HAWLEY *returns to MRS. H.*)

HAWLEY. (*Mopping his forehead.*) Phew ! I have had easier duties.

MRS. H. HOW could you? How dared you? I builded better than I knew. It was cruel, but it was superb.

HAWLEY. Who taught me? Where's May?

MRS. H. In the cloak-room — being put to rights — I fervently trust.

HAWLEY. (*Guiltily.*) They wear their fringes so low on their foreheads that one can't —

MRS. H. (*Laughing.*) Oh, you goose! That wasn't it. His Excellency wants to speak to you! (HAWLEY turns to ball-room as MRS. H. flings herself down in a chair.)

MRS. H. (*Alone.*) For two seasons, at intervals, I formed the infant mind. Heavens, how raw he was in the beginning! And never once throughout his schooling did he disappoint you, dear. Never once, by word or look or sign, did he have the unspeakable audacity to fall in love with you. No, he chose his maiden, then he stopped his confidences, and conducted his own wooing, and in open fight slew his aunt-in-law. But he never, being a wholesome, dear, delightful boy, fell in love with you, Mrs. Hauksbee; and I wonder whether you liked it or whether you didn't. Which? . . . You certainly never gave him a chance . . . but that was the very reason why . . . (*Half aloud.*) Mrs. Hauksbee, you are an idiot!

Enters main ball-room just in time to see HIS EXCELLENCY conferring with HAWLEY, AIDES in background.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Have you any very pressing employments in the plains, Mr. Hawley?

HAWLEY. Regimental duty. Native Cavalry, sir.

HIS EXCELLENCY. And, of course, you are anxious to return at once?

HAWLEY. Not in the least, sir.

HIS EXCELLENCY. DO you think you could relieve one of my boys here for a month?

HAWLEY. Most certainly, sir

SECOND AIDE. (*Behind VICEROY'S shoulders, shouting in dumb show.*) My tiger! My tiger! My tigerling!

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Lowering his voice and regarding HAWLEY between his eyes.*) But could we trust you — ahem! — not to insist on ordering kisses at inopportune moments from — people?

HAWLEY. (*Dropping eyes.*) Not when I'm on duty, sir.

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Turning.*) Then I'll speak to the Commander-in-Chief about it.

MRS. H. (*AS she sees gratified expression of the VICEROY'S and HAWLEY'S lowered eyes.*) I am sometimes sorry that I am a woman, but I'm very glad that I'm not a man, and — I shouldn't care to be an angel. (MRS. SCRIFSHAW and MAY pass — the latter properly laced, the former regarding the lacing.) So that's settled at last. (*To MRS. S.*) Your husband, Mrs. Scriffshaw? Yes, I know. But don't be too hard on him. Perhaps he never did it, after all.

MRS. S. (*With a grunt of infinite contempt.*) Mrs. Hauksbee, that man has tried to lace me!

MRS. H. (Then he's bolder than I thought. She will avenge all her outrages on the Colonel.) May, come and talk to me a moment, dear.

FIRST AIDE. (*TO HAWLEY, as the VICEROY drifts away.*) Knighted on the field of battle, by Jove! What the deuce have you been doing to His Excellency?

SECOND AIDE. I'll bet on it that Mrs. Hauksbee is at the bottom of this, somehow. I told her what I wanted, and —

HAWLEY. Never look a gift tiger in the mouth. It's apt to bite.
(*Departs in search of MAY.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*TO MRS. H. as he passes her sitting out with MAY.*) NO, I am not so afraid of your young friend. Have I done well?

MRS. H. Exceedingly. (*In a whisper, including MAY.*) She is a pretty girl, isn't she?

HIS EXCELLENCY. (*Regarding mournfully, his chin on his breast.*) O youth, youth, youth! *Si la jeunesse savait — si la vieillesse pouvait.*

MRS. H. (*Incautiously.*) Yes, but in this case we have seen that youth did know quite as much as was good for it, and — (*Stops.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. And age had power, and used it. Sufficient reward, perhaps; but I hardly expected the reminder from you.

MRS. H. NO. I won't try to excuse it. Perhaps the slip is as well, for it reminds me that I am but mortal, and in watching you controlling the destinies of the universe I thought I was as the gods!

HIS EXCELLENCY. Thank you! I go to be taken away. But it has been an interesting evening.

SCRIFFSHAW. (*Very much disturbed after the VICEROY has passed on, to MRS. H.*) NOW, what in the world was wrong with my lacing? My wife didn't appear angry about my bringing May here. I'm informed she danced several dances herself. But she — she gave it me awfully in the supper-room for my — ahem! — lady's-maid's work. Fearfully she gave it me! What was wrong? It held, didn't it?

MAY. (*From her chair.*) It was beautiful, Uncle John. It was the best thing in the world you could have done. Never mind. I forgive you. (*To HAWLEY, behind her.*) No, Charley. No more dances for just a little while. Ask Mrs. Hauksbee now.

Alarums and Excursions. The ball-room is rent in twain as the VICEROY, AIDES, etc., file out between Lines of Volunteers and Uniforms.

BAND IN THE GALLERY—

God save our gracious Queen,
Heaven bless our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

HAWLEY. (*Behind MRS. H.'S chair.*) Amen, your Imperial Majesty!

MRS. H. (*Looking up, head thrown back on left shoulder.*) Thank you! Yes, you can have the next if you want it. Mrs. Hauksbee isn't sitting out any more.

Notes on "The Gardener"

THE "Gardener" needs to be read with great care and attention if it is to be fully appreciated for in it Kipling uses to the full the position of an author of a work of fiction in that, though he is omnipresent in his story and omniscient and knows the thoughts of the hearts of all his characters, he cannot lie about character or fact: on the other hand his characters can lie or be deceived while he, as the final judge, should make all clear in the end.

This story was wrung out of Kipling, firstly, by the fact that his only son was posted missing after the battle of Loos in World War I and his body never recovered: it is this experience that he reproduces on pp. 405 and 406. Secondly it arose out of the fact that he was appointed a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission and so was enabled to describe intimately the conditions under which our war cemeteries were erected and then visited by the relatives of "the Fallen" after the war, as is described on pp. 407 to the end. The writer of this note had to do with the organization of large parties of relatives to the War Cemeteries in the early twenties, the time of this story, and can testify to Kipling's unfailing accuracy in all his details and to the great comfort brought to the mourners, as testified by their faces, after they had visited "their grave". He would also like to tell a younger generation about the wonder of those cemeteries, by far the greatest war memorial that any nation has ever set up, far surpassing all the cenotaphs, groups of statuary, church halls or obelisks put together. But we did not mean it that way when we decided to do it: we simply felt that it was more decent and reverent to bury our dead where they fell, rather than to cart them about in railway trucks and holds of steamers till they reached a burial ground where they could be deposited. And further, all were made equal by one pattern of grave stone and spared the horrible vulgarity of monument that disfigures civilian cemeteries.

And there are two other points which apply to all Kipling's work and very specially here:—

- (1) He revised all his work many times and at long intervals, and his revision mostly consisted in blotting out and cutting down, so that every word is there because it cannot be omitted.
- (2) He was what might be called a pin-point artist and continually makes his important effects by quiet phrases and delicate touches.

From these two points it follows that it is no use skimming Kipling and turning over the pages till you come to the conversions and see what is going to happen next. Also remember that he is always very particular about the titles of his stories, which are given to express the chief point or object of them. So note that this story is not called "Rachel Weeping for her Children" or "The Last Good-bye" or something of that sort, but it is called "The Gardener" and yet a gardener is only introduced in the last twenty lines of it.

Report on Discussion

September 21st, 1960

Close on forty members and guests were present at the Lansdowne Club to hear Mr. C. E. Carrington speak on "Why Critics Dislike Kipling". He began by saying that Kipling was, and still is, loved or hated with a violence shared by very few other writers, and most of those who shared it are now forgotten. As for present-day critics, those hostile to Kipling seem unable to review any modern book about him without venting their personal hate, and largely ignoring the work they are reviewing. By way of example, Mr. Carrington cited Sir Harold Nicolson's "review" of Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins's recent book. "He's never read Kipling", said Mr. Carrington; "what's more, he's never read Dr. Tompkins's book!"

Why this hatred? Is it Kipling's own fault? Partly, yes (thought the speaker). In 1890 Kipling, very young and injudicious, flooded the market with work of very varied quality. The public were sated with Kipling, some of which was undoubtedly bad, and no wonder many critics handled him severely. But his really bad period was earlier, after he had left Lahore for Allahabad, and thereby escaped the supervision of his parents and his exacting Editor. The "Pioneer" (and Mrs. Hill also) encouraged him to write, with far too little self-discipline, stories he would have mercilessly cut later on.

But literary critics have never *read* the later, far improved, Kipling. They can't see beyond the faults of his 1886-1891 period. Why did they so lose touch with him? Chiefly because of his refusal to associate with any literary *coterie*; he ignored all such, and thereby placed himself outside the stream of literary history.

A lively discussion followed, during which Mr. Brock pointed out that not *all* critics are hostile. With Hilton Brown, C. S. Lewis, Noel Annan and certain others strongly favourable, this member felt that Kipling "had not done too badly".

A.E.B.P.

Library Notes

The wonderful "serial" continues: more books from Dr. P. F. Wilson and, as always, filling gaps in our shelves. The newly arrived ones are a complete set of the works of Mrs. Juliana Horatia EWING (1841-1885), the author of children's stories—18 volumes including her best known book *The Land of Lost Toys*. Kipling referred to her and her works more than once: in the first chapter of *Something of Myself* and in "An English School".

Also included in this gift are the following five volumes, all with references to KIPLING:—

Colonel H. C. Lowther — *From Pillar to Post* (1912).

Commander A. B. Campbell — *When I was in Patagonia* (1953)

Cecil Roberts — *And So To America* (1946).

Lady Troubridge and Archibald Marshall — *John Lord Montagu of Beaulieu* (1930).

ESSAYS BY DIVERS HANDS (1955)—including "The Young Rudyard Kipling" by the Earl of Birkenhead. R.E.H.

Readers Guide to "Mrs. Bathurst"

by R. E. Harbord

III

- 356/10. reticule : the predecessor of the lady's handbag.
- .,/11. "comes out Mrs. Bathurst.": It must have been quite a thrill in those days to see someone whom one knew on the screen : for Vickery an awful shock when, the night before, he first saw her " in London " and realised she had left New Zealand. It was obvious that it must have been many weeks ago that the picture was taken, and he guessed she must be well on her way to South Africa.
- 356/23. enteric : This refers to a patient in the last gasp from typhoid fever. It was this disease which killed such large numbers of our soldiers in the war of 1899-1902.
- .,/13, 14. at anchor not at . . . speed of 18 knots : This is not the place to explain " knots " for here it is only a suggestion of moving quickly from one bar to another (see page 358).
- .,/24. Salt River) : There is a fairly well known river of this name about 250 miles E.N.E. of Cape Town but that can hardly be the one referred to here.
- .,/30. gipsy manoeuvre : always on the move from one temporary resting place to another.
- 358/3. " Thus the mornin' an' the evenin' were the first day " : see Genesis, chap. 1, 5.
- .,/5. I went into Cape Town : I was a little confused at first by the movements of H.M.S. Hierophant. She was in dock at Simonstown for overhaul (342) when the meeting in the brake-van took place and she had also been at Simonstown when Vickery went up country but meanwhile she had been 4,000 miles to Tristan d'Acuna and back (341). So it must have been some months since Vickery went on his " pub-crawls." Each evening he and Pyecroft had to take train to Cape Town, 20 miles away, to see the film (358).
- 358/23. Number One : A sort of pet name for the Second-in-Command of a ship, usually a Commander.
- .,/28. rammers : the wooden poles with which the gun charges were pushed home into the breech of the gun.
winch-handles : iron handles used to turn the winches ; these are removable to economise space when the winches are not in use.
" I crept up a little into the wind towards . . ." : a picturesque phrase meaning " he gave me a little of his confidence."
- 359/5. Marconi ticker : Later the Marquis Guglielmo Marconi (1874-1937), the inventor of wireless telegraphy. The ticker was the instrument for sending the Morse signals.
- 360/12. the " owner." : A friendly name used by the crew for the Captain of the ship, or for the Commanding Officer whatever his rank.
- .,/16. "knocked me out of the boat." i.e., gave me a great surprise.
- .,/19. condenser : usually an apparatus for condensing steam into water but here presumably meant to suggest the uselessness of such a plant trying to reduce the awful heat of hell-fire.
- .,/21. Cox, abbreviation for coxwain, coxswain and cockswain: The helmsman, a Petty Officer in full charge of the Captain's cutter and its crew. Also sometimes, as in this case, the Captain's personal assistant or clerk.
- .,/25. " shipped 'is court-martial face " : He was greatly worried and this had given him a distressed and angry look.
- .,/27. 'ung : i.e., Hung. Kipling knew that so many of the less educated always use 'hung' for 'hanged'—hung is not the word for human beings.

- „/32. Western Mornin(g) News : This is a real morning paper still published in Plymouth (1960). In the magazine edition of the story it was given as the Western Morning Mail.
- 361/7. "corpse at the yard-arm." : In boys' stories this was the pirates' punishment for those who would not join them—to be hanged at the yard-arm.
- „/8. " 'E lunched on the beach." : The Captain had luncheon on shore. No doubt this was when he arranged with the Admiral for Vickery to go to Bloemfontein and deal with naval stores.
- „/12. epicycloidal : is a true dictionary word and refers to a circle having its centre on the circumference of another circle—but that does not explain the sort of gears referred to nor how it fits this sentence but it is clear that Pycroft is claiming to be the only one who guessed correctly why the Captain was sending Vickery to take over the ammunition in Bloemfontein Fort for the Navy.
- „/21. cutter : a ship's boat, shorter and, in proportion, broader than the barge or pinnace ; used for carrying light stores or passengers.
- „/26. Worcester : this is a town and railway junction about 65 miles from Cape Town, 85 from Simonstown , on the line to Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, etc.
- 362/7. " I am not a murderer." : His conscience was tormenting him because he had desired his wife's death at one time so that he could be free to marry again ; also he was glad he could clearly repudiate any idea that he had anything directly to do with her death.
" That much at least I am clear of " : This also shows he had been thinking on the above lines.
- 363/14, 365/6. *The Honeysuckle and the Bee* : This was a music-hall song of about the turn of the century : the words are by Albert H. Fitz. The song was very well known then and for many years afterwards.
- 363/15. kapje (kopje) : A small hill in South Africa. This refers to a conical hat the girl was wearing, a Sun Bonnet, in fact.
- „/20. The Zambesi : The main stream of this great river is in Mozambique but it is fed by rivers from the Rhodesias.
- 363/25. teak forest : mahogany really ; The tree known in South Africa as teak is quite different from the Indian one of that name. Presumably the wood of this tree is one of those resembling mahogany which are called by this famous name.
From the September 1937 Journal: "That line runs through the Teak Forest ('Egusi' means—in the Teak) and the river running through it is called the Umgusa River.
'I' and 'Um' are articles and 'E' is the locative case of the article.
- 364/2. M'Bindwe : No doubt this was M'Benji siding at Wankie.
- „/3. some grub and quinine : Because they were given food and medicine they were not necessarily without resources although they may well have spent all the cash they had on them when they started on their long journeys.
- „/13 and 19. " as black as charcoal " ; " burned to charcoal." : It has been written that such a result from lightning and/or fire was unlikely but discussions on such subjects as this and the following one :
- „/28. tattoo marks showing white : about Vickery's tattoo marks as shown in the magazine illustrations not showing after burning are not very profitable.
- More Distances : We know from other sources that Teddy Layton (Hooper) actually found two bodies at M'Benji siding—
184 miles from Bulawayo
1,546 miles from Cape Town
- 364/33. So Hooper never had to produce Vickery's four artificial teeth : it was quite unnecessary.

I wonder what their two first names were : Vickery's initial was " M. "

Letter Bag

'A Deal in Cotton'

IT is well known that most of Kipling's stories are founded upon some incident in real life, and the sources of many such stories have been investigated in your pages. Another line to follow is the origin of stories written upon subjects on which he had no personal knowledge, but worked from historical records or, more typically, from conversations with experts. It is curious to reflect that Kipling never took a voyage in a tramp steamer but wrote of the *Bolivar* and the *Dimbula* by hearsay ; he was, of course, a frequent traveller in ocean liners. Again, he wrote several powerful pieces on events in tropical Africa though he never penetrated farther into it than Aswan from the North and Bulawayo from the South. He was never on the East or the West Coast.

I have always supposed that the battle scenes in the *Light that Failed* owe much to 'Stalky', who had served at Suakin and could tell 'Beetle' about it when they met at Lahore in 1886. *Little Foxes* must be founded upon fact and cannot derive from Kipling's personal knowledge. Perhaps a clue may come to light.

One such clue has just been revealed in Miss Perham's admirable life of Lugard. In 1901 Lugard was engaged in subduing the slave-raiding emirs of what is now Northern Nigeria. The most formidable and the most dreaded among them was Ibrahim the "Destroyer", Emir of Kontagora. ("Can you stop a cat from mousing ? When I die you will find a slave in my mouth"). He was deposed by Lugard, but no new emir was appointed by his suzerain and Ibrahim's name was still a name of dread. "No successor dared to take his place".

In May 1903 Lugard came on leave to join his wife ("Flora Shaw") at Abinger in Surrey. The Kiplings visited them in September and were delighted with their conversation. In November Lugard returned to Africa and, in February 1904 made a tour of the emirates. At Kontagora he met the deposed emir and was impressed "by his quiet dignity in defeat, his dissolute command over his own people and the singular intelligence of his face, with its keen eyes and aquiline nose ... A man may spend a lifetime of bloodshed and yet retain something that seems not ignoble". Ibrahim was restored to his emirate under British protection and control. [Margery Perham, *Lugard, the Years of Authority* (Collins, 1960) pp. 211-212.] Experiments in cotton-growing were made in Northern Nigeria from the beginnings of British rule.

Kipling wrote *A Deal in Cotton* in September 1904 ; it is not specifically placed anywhere in Africa but it is in a territory with an open frontier beyond which French empire-builders are at work and it is dominated by just such a character as the Emir of Kontagora.

C. E. CARRINGTON

The Farce Theory of "Mrs. Bathurst"

Just a few remarks on the comments on my theory that Kipling meant to see how bad a story he could write and get away with when he passed "Mrs. Bathurst" for the Press :—

I. The theoretical story put forth by Mr. Harbord is far more improbable than anything that I could have imagined. For one thing, the idea that Mrs. B. and Vickery could be such devout Christians that the sin of adultery should become so intolerable a burden on their consciences as to drive them to do the extraordinary things that they did, is just ludicrous.

II. I challenge Mr. Harbord, or anyone else, to produce another instance in Kipling's stories of a piece of irrelevance of equal length and importance to the story of "Boy Niven". Of course it is well and attractively written : it takes care and skill to carry out a deception.

III. Brigadier Foster's theory of Vickery being struck down with V.D. was held

by the late Mr. Elwell, but I cannot agree. I can imagine few more contrasted men in character and circumstance than Vickery and Larry Tighe in "Love-O-Women", and in that tale the M.O. has to explain carefully to Mulvaney what was the matter with Larry, so that syphilis cannot have been so immediately in the minds of their counterparts here as Brigadier Foster suggests.

IV. The member mentioned in your September notes who found no mysteries in "Mrs. Bathurst" and wants to know why the second corpse is assumed to be hers, reminds me of the dictum of a Cambridge Professor who said that he could always tell which of his undergraduates had brains because they always had lots of difficulties to be cleared up!

I still feel that my solution to this story is the best one.

BARWICK BROWNE

"Mrs. Bathurst" and "Their Lawful Occasions"

As a lover of accuracy, like the Rector of Huckly, I am impelled to offer a few alterations and additions to Mr. Harbord's and Commander Merriman's notes in the September number.

I. Mr. Harbord on "Mrs. Bathurst"

p. 339. 1. 2.

The "British South Atlantic Fleet" is a mythical force. In the first place, although "the Fleet" is quite common for either the whole Navy or, as Kipling uses it here, for those of H.M.'s ships locally present, "a Fleet" implies a large balanced force, including (until recently) battleships as the major element of strength, plus attendant cruisers and torpedo craft. Since the main duties in African waters were keeping down slavery and gun-running, protection of traders and missionaries, "showing the flag" and guard police and consular work, and there was never a strong foreign naval concentration in these parts, H.M. ships and vessels on that station never amounted to "a Fleet". In the second place, although the name of the Station varied from time to time since it was established c. 1810—for a couple of years after 1840 it was "The Brazils and Cape of Good Hope"—from 1867 up to the Kaiser's War it was officially "The Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa Station". Between the Wars it was "The Africa Station". The "South Atlantic Station" was an innovation of Hitler's War that has continued.

p. 344/26. "steering-flat"

The steering flat or tiller flat is the compartment in the after end of the ship housing the equipment working the rudder, infrequently visited when the ship is in harbour. Here the reference might be either to the place where Niven's informal punishment took place or, just possibly, an indication that it was applied to his after end.

p. 345/33.

Kipling was undoubtedly very vague on the status of the naval Warrant Officer. So were a great many others before and since; he had no opposite number in the army or later in the R.A.F.

There were other branches besides those mentioned by Mr. Harbord, e.g. Communications (Signal Boatswain and Warrant Telegraphist), Warrant Electrician, Gunner (T) etc.

The W.O.'s were also divided by seniority into two grades. The senior grade, originally "Chief Gunner" etc., later became "Commissioned Gunner", "Commissioned Boatswain", etc., known collectively as "Commissioned Officers from Warrant Rank" or "Commissioned Warrant Officers" (just to make it more confusing).

One of the objects of the Branch List was to clarify the status of the Warrant Officer. Under this scheme, the Warrant Officer became a Commissioned Officer (e.g. Commissioned Gunner) and the higher grade became a Senior Commissioned Officer (e.g. Senior Commissioned Gunner). At the same time, they ceased to have their own mess and became members of the Wardroom Mess.

In the 1956 revision of the officer structure of the Navy, Branch Officers of the former Executive, Engineering, Electrical and Supply and Secretarial Branches became sub-lieutenants, lieutenants, etc., on the Special Duties list.

p. 349/21.

"Far East" is again a comparatively recent innovation. From 1805 to 1865 there was a combined "East Indies and China Station". In 1865 they were separated. The "China Station" became the "Far East" after Hitler's War; the "East Indies" has very recently been abolished, amongst many other sad economies.

The length of a ship's commission has always been liable to be affected by a number of factors — the political situation, the Station concerned, the age and state of the ship, the general manning situation and so on. Generally speaking, however, the length of a foreign service commission has gradually contracted. In the third quarter of last century, we hear of commissions of five years or more on distant stations. At the time of the story the average full commission was probably nearer three years than four, though four was not uncommon (e.g. Jellicoe's command of the *Centurion* in China at the end of the XIXth century and Captain Cherry's, of Cherry Medal fame, at the beginning of the XXth). Before 1914, three years was usual; between the wars 2½ years was supposed to be the upper limit; nowadays, for the few ships concerned, foreign service is 18 months.

Incidentally, I haven't verified my reference here but I believe that, unlike the Cape Station, there was once a China Fleet, owing to large foreign concentrations before the Japanese Alliance and the Russian defeat allowed Fisher to bring home most of the battleships.

II. Commander Merriman — "Their Lawful Occasions"

T.B. 267, from her length, age, account and general description, could only have been a first-class torpedo boat. There was no intermediate type of that period.

I do not understand Commander Merriman's reference to "the old 80-100 ft. long craft, operated from a ship or off a seaport".

The second-class torpedo boat of 55-56 ft. length was designed for local operations in fine weather and to be carried in a ship. The *Vulcan*, torpedo depot ship, carried six; battleships in the '80's carried one or two. Limitations on their use due to weather and the need to stop to hoist them out soon ruled them out as a useful weapon except for harbour defence, but they are said to have been sometimes of great value for officers' shooting parties and similar ploys in fine Mediterranean weather.

The first-class torpedo boat was meant to be a properly seagoing craft. Nos. 1-20, launched between 1877-80, were 80-90 ft. long, with displacements of 27-39 tons — too big to be carried in a ship.

Nos. 21-80, 1885-1887, rose from 113 to 135 ft., and from 63 to 100 tons.

No. 81 was a freak of 150 ft. and 125 tons.

Thereafter we have Nos. 82-97, 1889-95, mostly 140 ft. No. 267 must have been one of these. Since she was not Thornycroft or Yarrow's (p. 114), she must have been Laird's or Sar. White's.

Pycroft refers to her (p. 115) as a first-class torpedo boat, and also stated (p. 107) she had been in reserve for four years.

After this group, only about four T.B.'s were laid down; the destroyer was the thing.

Officially, "Chief Engineer" in the Navy was an intermediate rank of engineer officer (and also a Dockyard post) until Lord Selbourne brought the engineer officers into line with the Executive Branch in 1903. Unofficially, "the Chief Engineer", or more commonly "The Chief", has been the Officer in charge of a ship's machinery. In the absence of any engineer officer, Pycroft needn't have been terribly flippant in referring to Hinchcliffe as "chief engineer".

p. 123.

Memories of some of my own technical *lacunae* at a much more mature age than 19, would prevent my being surprised at Moorshed asking the ship's radius, in those particular circumstances.

I am, however, surprised that anyone should suppose that a man fully employed in the engine-room could form a useful estimate of a ship's speed through the water or over the ground. This can only be done by observations taken on deck when the ship is actually under way.

While naval officers educated (or trained, if you like) since some time before the Kaiser's War would agree that the knot is a unit of distance and not of speed, there is ample evidence that at a rather earlier date this was not dogma. Naval reminiscences, some by eminent officers, of the second half of the last century frequently mention 'knots an hour', and a comparatively recent correspondence in the *Mariner's Mirror*, the journal of the Society for Nautical Research, showed that there are still officers living (or were the other day) who are prepared to argue the toss. So when Kipling wrote, it would not be the solecism it seems today.

In abnormal conditions, e.g. shallow water, a narrow channel like the Corinth Canal, or at very high propeller speeds, any relation between revolutions and speed may break down. Generally speaking, however, we can agree with Commander Merriman that the revs. govern the speed. I still think the major error is in supposing that Hinchcliffe could say what the relationship was, in a ship that had only just been brought out of reserve.

'Man and Air Watertight Doors' — of course Pycroft was being funny.

Equally of course, officers do not make a practice of addressing ratings by nickname. But a young officer, alone with a P.O. who had been coxswain of his boat when he was a midshipman, and was now his 1st Lieutenant, 'torpedocoxswain, L.T.O., T.I., M.D. etc' — I wonder?

Harking back to 'knots an hour' — as Commander Merriman rightly insists, Hinchcliffe was a rating. Ratings do not, or did not, always talk the same language as officers. As one instance, British naval officers invariably serve *in* a ship; the lower deck (in common with the U.S.N.) mostly serve *on* her.

To sum up, there are technical errors but perhaps not all as serious as Commander Merriman thought. Be that as it may, I endorse his view that even if the chords are not always right, the tune is splendid.

A query of my own on another subject — 'The Comprehension of Private Copper' — the song on p. 173.

"E sent us 'is blessing from London town,
(The beggar that kep' the cordite down)"

Presumably Kipling's own composition? But in any case, who was the beggar that kep' the cordite down? Stories of malingerers eating cordite to produce headache and a temperature crossed my mind but it is doubtful whether this use had been discovered at the time, it probably wouldn't enable anyone to 'dodge the column' indefinitely anyhow, and there isn't much point to it. Fisher as C-in-C. Med. in 1901 was fulminating about delay in supplying cordite ('smokeless powder') to his Fleet. If this also applied to the Army and some politician was held responsible, that seems a more likely answer.

P. W. BROCK, (Rear Admiral).

Hon. Secretary's Notes

Good-bye and many thanks. It is with much regret that we part with Mr. W. G. B. Maitland as our Hon Librarian. As all our veteran Members are aware, he has been actively connected with the Library ever since the Society's foundation, and his frequent Library Notes were an important feature of the Journal. The Society owes him a considerable debt, and the Council are glad to have been able to recognise his services by appointing him a Vice-President.

Welcome ! We are much relieved to have been able somewhat to offset the loss of Mr. Maitland by persuading Miss Philippa Toomey to accept the Hon. Librarian's post. She is a fully-trained Secretary, worked for some time at the English Speaking Union, and now has a good job with the Readers' Digest. More important still, she is keen on books and regularly attends our meetings. We welcome her heartily.

A still larger Journal. We announce with great pleasure that from March 1961 the Kipling Journal will have 32 pages — 8 more than at present, and doubling its pre-1958 size. This second expansion in 3¼ years will, we hope, be particularly welcome to Overseas Members, and to those at Home who live too far away to attend meetings.

But please note : if we have 32 pages we must fill them. New contributors are wanted, and the Editor will be delighted to receive and consider their material. This means YOU.

Discussion Meetings — change of place. It is highly probable that, after the meeting fixed for January 18th, 1961, we shall have — at least for a time — to cease meeting at the Lansdowne Club. The new room will almost certainly be at Overseas House, St. James's St., S.W.I., but **be sure to look carefully in the March Journal to verify this.** *Later: Look on Page 1 of this one !*

Once again, we express our deep gratitude to Mr. R. E. Harbord for his delightful hospitality at the Lansdowne Club.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are :

U.K.: Mmes M. B. Burns, E. Longman, E. Marshall, M. Winter, Dr. I. D. Paterson, Messrs. N. T. Bennett, R. E. Brownrigg, P. Geach, S. Lees, S. B. Lodrick. **Barbados :** J. A. K. Inniss. **Finland :** R. G. P. Hill. **Norway :** Torleif Berg. **U.S.A.:** Mrs. J. S. Dalrymple ; O. O. Touchstone.

You are all very welcome.

Annual Luncheon

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society was held with great success at the Connaught Rooms on Tuesday, 18th October, 1960. Well over a hundred bookings had been made. The Toast — to 'The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling' — was proposed by Lord Birkett, the Guest of Honour, in a fine address, which will be published in the *Journal* for March, 1961.

The Kipling Society

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