



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

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

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

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

IMPORTANT NOTE. You will find, below, two notices of events both closing on **29th April**. Please note carefully to whom your applications should be sent, as they are not both the same.

JOINT MEETING WITH SHERLOCK HOLMES SOCIETY

On Wednesday, 6th May, 1964, there will be a joint meeting with the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. It will be held in the Great Hall of the Royal Commonwealth Society (Craven Street entrance), Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2, at 6.45 for 7.15 p.m.

A buffet supper will be served at 7.15 p.m., after which there will be a debate on the theme: "That Stalky & Co. exercised more influence upon the Youth of England than Sherlock Holmes." Col. Bagwell Purefoy will speak on behalf of Stalky, and Mr. Colin Prestige will speak on behalf of Mr. Holmes. The discussion will then be open to members of both Societies. The Leader of the Kipling Society will be Mr. R. L. Green, and the Chair will be taken by Mr. C. O. Merriman, Chairman of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London.

Members are invited to bring up to two guests each to this meeting.

The charge for the evening will be 11/- per head. This includes the cost of the buffet supper and of hiring the hall. It excludes the cost of drinks, which may be ordered from the bar (open from 6.30 till the discussion starts).

Members who wish to attend are asked to notify Mr. P. W. Inwood, 13 Cumberland Close, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, Middlesex, enclosing crossed cheques or postal orders (11/- per head including guests) made payable to The Kipling Society. **The closing date for applications will be Wednesday, 29th April.** It will not be possible to acknowledge applications, but no tickets will be required for entry.

Please come — we want to appear in strength!

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

The new tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, have kindly suggested that we visit Bateman's on Tuesday, May 12th. They will be the guests of the Society at lunch at 1 p.m. at The Bear, Burwash.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on May 12th, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. **At least 12 seats must be taken to make the hiring worthwhile.**

The charge, including lunch, will be 25/- for those going by the coach, and 15/- for those going by private car (including guests).

If you wish to come, be sure to notify the Hon. Sec., Beckett Lodge, Beckett Avenue, Kenley, Surrey, enclosing the appropriate fee, **not later than first post Wednesday, 29th April.** This will be the ONLY notice.

N.B. You MUST book early, as lunch-room is limited.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of The Kipling Society will take place on Friday, 23rd October, 1964, at The Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

The Guest of Honour will be Dr. J. I. M. Stewart, of Christ Church, Oxford, author of "Eight Modern Writers" (pubd. 1963), which includes a major essay on Kipling.

Application forms will go out in September.

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn, on Wednesday, May 20th, 1964, at 2.30 p.m.

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NEWS AND NOTES

KIPLING AND THE BIBLE

An interesting new addition to the series 'Writers and their Work' (it is No. 154) published for the British Council and the National Book League by Longman & Co. at two shillings and sixpence, is *The English Bible* by Donald Coggan, Archbishop of York. He gives several pages to the Authorised Version (King James Bible) of 1611, and its tremendous effect on the life and literature of the English-speaking world, and quotes Trevelyan: 'The effect of the continual domestic study of the book upon the national character, imagination and intelligence for nearly three centuries to come, was greater than that of any literary movement in our annals, or any religious movement since the coming of St. Augustine.'

With reference to the influence shown in literature, Dr. Coggan writes: 'Throughout the centuries we find the reader's acquaintance with the Bible being taken for granted. For example, we find that a knowledge of II Samuel at once gives us the clue to what Dryden meant in his *Absalom and Achitophel*. The whole sense of Ecclesiastes serves as a comment on Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, when he cries out at the end "*Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum*", implying that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. To come to recent times, when Henry James entitled a book *The Golden Bowl*, he expected everyone to hear echoing in his mind the verse from Ecclesiastes (12, v. 6) "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken". Kipling took the title of his book *Many Inventions* from that work: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." (7, v. 29).

'But in Kipling — to take one example among many writers — Biblical phrases and allusions continually recur, as in the famous poem "Recessional", when he speaks of "an humble and a contrite heart", expecting his readers to remember "a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" in Psalm 51, v. 17. When he wrote a bitter poem on a political scandal he named it "Gehazi", confident that all would have read the story of Naaman the Syrian in II Kings 5. He ended the story "The Gardener" with these words: "When Helen left the cemetery she turned for a last look. In the distance she saw the man bending over his young plants; and she went away supposing him to be the gardener." The reference to the Gospel according to St. John (20, v. 15) enables the reader to feel the deep implications of the tale. Many of Kipling's later stories cannot be fully understood without a knowledge of the Bible.'

A pity that 'Proofs of Holy Writ' is so little known and hard to find: one feels sure that Dr. Coggan would have mentioned it had he been familiar with it.

'MITHRAS, GOD OF THE MORNING'

Mr. A. J. C. Tingey's fascinating article on 'Kipling's Allusions to the Mithraic Cult' will be well remembered (it appeared in *Journal* 142, June 1962): Mr. H. L. Butterworth forwards an interesting note from him. "The Church that was at Antioch" contains an allusion to the Mithraic cult, but I could not have used it in my article. To say that the early Christians borrowed all their rites and ceremonies from Mithraism is a sweeping statement at any time, and could not have been correct at the period referred to, A.D. 45. In addition it might give offence to orthodox Christians, and probably did when the story was first published. A commentator on St. Paul says there is ample evidence in the Epistles that he (Paul) had been initiated into one of the Mediterranean mystery cults, but, even if he had been, it was not Mithraism.'

Kipling's reference is on page 101 of *Limits and Renewals*: 'But one day the Light and the Voice of God broke over him [Paulus] and he experienced a rending change of heart — precisely as in the Mithras creed. Then he met, and had been initiated by, some men who had walked and talked and, more particularly, had eaten with the new God before He was killed, and who had seen Him after, like Mithras, He had risen from His grave.'

It appears that Kipling made one of his few mistakes here — or used some authority who was not trustworthy. The latest book on the subject, *Mithras, the Secret God*, by M. J. Vermaseren (Chatto and Windus, 1963), contains no suggestion that Mithras was held to have risen from the dead. The closest foreshadowing of Christianity is in the sacred feast on the flesh of the substitute for the Cosmic Bull of the Mithraic mythology in memory of what Mithras had done for mankind. Mithras finally rode to heaven in the Chariot of the Sun — but this is also true of many pagan gods.

The myth of the Dying God, who is reborn each year (as in the cases of Adonis and Tammuz in Assyria, and with variations in Egyptian, Babylonian and Greek mythology), which Sir James Frazer dealt with in many volumes, forms a closer foreshadowing of the Resurrection than anything in the Mithras story.

C. S. LEWIS

That all such myths were indeed glimpses and foreshadowings of the Divine Truth was held by the late C. S. Lewis, and finds a place in many of his books — both his scholarly writings on Theology, and his own 'myths': the romances *Out of the Silent Planet* and *Perelandra*, and the stories for children set in the wonderful world of Narnia.

His sudden death on 22nd November 1963 robs both literature and scholarship of a great man whose work is likely to last. The romances are not likely to be forgotten, and already his seven *Chronicles of Narnia* have a secure place among children's classics; his books on Theology, sometimes dismissed scornfully as 'popular Christianity' have, in fact, proved his best-sellers, and *The Screwtape Letters* holds a secure

place in the great tradition of religious allegory, with the works of John Bunyan and George MacDonald: probably *The Great Divorce* and *Mere Christianity* will survive in its shadow.

As a scholar Lewis will be remembered by *The Allegory of Love* which won him the Hawthornden Prize in 1936, by his *Preface to 'Paradise Lost'*, and by his volume in the Oxford History of English Literature covering *The Sixteenth Century, Excluding Drama*. Some of his shorter critical articles are also likely to survive — and prominent among them 'Kipling's World' which was first published in a volume of lectures by different authors called *Literature and Life* (1948). Lewis allowed it to be reprinted in *The Kipling Journal* (Nos. 127, 128, September and December 1958) and it was subsequently collected in his volume *They Asked For a Paper* (Geoffrey Bles, 1962). Had not growing ill-health forced him to decline all such invitations, Lewis would have been our Guest of Honour at an Annual Luncheon.

'AARON AND MOSES'

The easy transition from grave to gay was one in which Lewis delighted ('It is the heart that is not yet sure of its God that is afraid to laugh in His presence,' he would quote from his favourite George MacDonald), and it carries us naturally to the song mentioned in the last *Journal* as 'untraced'. Near the end of 'A Little Prep.' (*Stalky & Cos* p. 186) the Head says: "Besides, the men at the golf club heard them singing "Aaron and Moses". I shall have complaints about that from the parents of day-boys. Decency must be preserved."'

It may very well be that other, less reputable, versions of this song were known and sung 'to top off the ribald hour' at Westward Ho! Perhaps some ancient Old Boy of 'The Coll.' will enlighten us? Meanwhile, Mrs. Bambridge has very kindly supplied the version which Kipling taught to his own children: —

Said Aaron to Moses:
 "I hear you went one day
 Unto the Hall of Exeter
 To help the saints to pray.
 "I've noticed, since, you're flush of funds,
 Which everybody knows is
 Rather strange, old boy, for you —"
 "I held the plate!" said Moses.'

As I have been on the look out for this song for many years, it may be of interest to record here the other versions which I have come across — two of them quoted without reference as traditional rhymes, still current orally.

In *The Field of Nonsense* (Chatto & Windus, 1952, p. 71) Elizabeth Sewell gives: —

Said Aaron to Moses,
 "Let's cut off our noses."
 Said Moses to Aaron,
 " 'Tis the fashion to wear 'em."

Iona and Peter Opie in *The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren* (Clarendon Press, 1959, p. 346) supply a version picked up from a contemporary child:

Said Aaron to Moses,
 "All Jews have long noses";
 Said Moses to Aaron,
 "Not all, you've a square 'un."

And they give as the probable origin of the rhyme a tavern drinking song printed in 1688 in *Vinculum Societas, or the Tie of Good Company*: —

Aron thus propos'd to Moses,
 "Come let us fuddle, fuddle our Noses":
 Moses reply'd again to Aron,
 "'Twill do us more harm than you are aware on."

LETTERS TO CORMELL PRICE

All members of the Kipling Society will join in congratulating Mr. C. E. W. Price on the record made by the sale of Kipling's letters to 'The Head' which were sold by auction at Sotheby's on 3rd December 1963 to an unknown bidder (they were bought on commission by Messrs. Francis Edwards) for £3,600.

They consisted of 36 autograph letters, covering about 84 pages, varying in date and provenance from Lahore, 30 December 1882 to Bateman's, 27 April 1910: 'an intimate and revealing series containing VIVID ACCOUNTS OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN INDIA', says the entry in the Sale Catalogue, 'including his experiences as a reporter with the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* and the beginning of his literary career . . . and many references to his own school-days, his views on education, and in particular TO THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF "STALKY & CO."

Several interesting extracts are given in the Catalogue, including: —
'Lahore, 19 September, 1885 . . . it stops all chance of the firm publishing a novel of Anglo-Indian life that I have — three quarters finished — in hand. Moral: make friends with the Mammon of Pater-noster Row even in India. The Calcutta Review that most sober and dignified quarterly has let me onto its staff and I appear next month in some peculiarly blank verse. They don't pay on that estimable old rag bag but a certain amount of dignity is supposed to attach to writing for it and I am sadly deficient in dignity. Also I have been supplying a contemporary with a set of poems entitled the "Bungalow Ballads". I didn't sign 'em for which I'm sorry as they took; and a purblind world has set them down as Sir Auckland Colvin's work. I chuckle but as yet have made no sign . . .'

One may add that the novel was probably *Mother Maturin*, the MS. of which Kipling destroyed, unpublished, many years later; that the poem in *The Calcutta Review* would have been 'The Vision of Hamid Ali' (October 1885), and that of the six 'Bungalow Ballads' which appeared in *The Pioneer* in August and September 1885, only two were reprinted by Kipling (in *Departmental Ditties*) — though, according to Livingston (*Supplement*, p. 102): 'The six "Bungalow Ballads" were printed in book form in London, 1922, without permission.'

R.L.G.

A NEW YORK DINNER

A Dinner Meeting of the United States membership of The Kipling Society residing in the vicinity of New York City was held at The Williams Club on December 5th. A record attendance of 45 members and guests were present and members came from as far as Delaware and Connecticut.

Colonel R. E. Harbord, President of the Kipling Society, was the Guest of Honour and the principal speaker. His address was delightfully informal, highly interesting and very well received, and the 'Question and Answer' period was especially stimulating.

The three Vice Presidents resident in the United States, Messrs. Ames, Dunlap and Naumburg, were present; the latter presided and the well known Kipling authorities, Miss Ann Weygandt, Professor Morton Cohen and Dr. Howard C. Rice, Jr., were in attendance.

CARL T. NAUMBURG
(*Hon. Sec., U.S.A.*)

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Scarce Journals. If any member can spare us a copy of one or more of the following Journals, we shall be extremely grateful:—

No. 5 (Apr. 1928), No. 93 (Apr. 1950), No. 126 (Jun. 1958).

We have fewer than five of each of these left, and it is important to be able to make up a few complete sets should any prospective buyers appear.

Centenary Suggestions. 1965 is the Centenary of Kipling's birth, and we have already set up a sub-committee to consider ways of commemorating it. They would be glad to consider suggestions from members, which should be forwarded through the Hon. Sec.

Talk on "Kipling and Soldiers". This talk was given, late last year, by Brig. T. F. V. Foster to Hampstead Literary Circle. It was a great success. According to the local paper, the Brigadier "Swept away any criticisms that have been made about Kipling's delineation of soldiers in his stories", and "fully established the authenticity of Kipling's portraits, and of his graphic writing of battles".

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS : We are delighted to welcome the following, recently enrolled. U.K.: Lady Leggatt; Mmes. D. Broughton, E. Finer, B. Sutherland ; Misses Lettice Cooper, S. M. J. Wade ; Rev. S. Eardley, Col. D. M. Eley, Col. A. Woods, Maj. R. Bowen ; Messrs. A. V. Crowther, O. H. Durham, C. H. V. Elliott, P. H. Gummer, S. A. Lee, A. E. Neales, D. Pugsley, A. K. Smith, J. Wallace, G. H. Webb, G. B. White. ADEN: Mrs. Hutchinson-Brooks, Miss R. A. Hutchinson-Brooks. AUSTRALIA : Nat. Library of Australia, Canberra. BELGIUM : V. Coeckx. HOLLAND: J. Adlard. NIGERIA: Col. W. H. Adcock. U.S.A.: H. C. Bauer, Brooklyn Public Library, Purdue Serials Library. VICTORIA, B.C.: Mrs. J. Alexander, Mrs. D. A. Copeland.

THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

by Bonamy Dobrée

Address delivered at THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 25th October, 1963

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I need hardly say how much I feel honoured at being asked to propose this year's toast to the memory of Rudyard Kipling, and to speak of some aspect of that great man's work and, so far as possible, of his mind. I always feel it an honour to be allowed to speak of Kipling, but on this occasion it is also a particular pleasure, because, for once, I am going to talk to people who have actually read Kipling, really read him, who will take up references, and be aware of implications.

So today I am not going to read a lecture, for to lecture, as Dr. Johnson said, is 'to instruct ignorantly and dogmatically'. I am not even going to deliver an address, since I haven't got to explain, persuade, or try to make converts. I propose, rather, to talk about Kipling, to muse about him with you, to put you some questions I put to myself. Or, rather, one question, since, naturally, in a field so wide and so complex one has to choose some one point to muse about, some theme which runs through all his work. There are a great many of these — such as that of the Great Darkness that sometimes descends upon a man or woman; or that of healing; or whether action is preferable to inaction; or the mysterious goings-on of the universe. But the theme I propose to muse about today is that of the relation of the individual to society; and I have chosen this partly because an American critic has tried to belittle Kipling (which as Mr. Eliot has told us is impossible) by saying that he cannot be of the first order of writers since there is no conflict in him. But here is a clear case of at least a contradiction, if not a conflict, one of which Kipling was well aware.

For in October 1923 he gave the Rectorial Address at St. Andrew's University, his subject being Independence, personal independence, a man's possession of himself, a sense which antedates, he said, even the social instinct. And then, a day or two later, speaking at University College, Dundee, he said: 'My Rectorial Address dealt entirely with the advantage of independence as a possession necessary and desirable in itself. Today I come before you, equally convinced of the necessity and desirability of interdependence combined with association and union. As usual in such a dilemma, I defend myself by the time-honoured formula: "I have nothing to add, and nothing to retract". Circumstances, as the doctor, the pure scientist, and the pure politician tell us, alter cases.'

Here is an example. In one of his admirable wireless talks on Kipling some ten years ago, Mr. Noel Annan, Provost of King's College,

Cambridge, remarked that it was in a *rare* mood of Hegelianism that Kipling wrote: 'The game is more than the player of the game, and the ship is more than the crew.' There, the circumstance that altered the case was the first World War. For the moment the ship *was* more than any member of the crew, for if the ship perished, the whole crew would perish with it.

The conflict, of course, is common to us all, though with most of us not very intense. We are all of us separate persons, trying to live our lives with the greatest satisfaction to ourselves; but we cannot exist without society. The problem always is, 'How much do we exist for society, how much of ourselves must we give to society that we may live?' We are each of us 'an individual', with that sense of the possession of oneself that antedates even the social instinct, yet we know that society is needful to it. But how? We can see that from the start the theme of this contradiction was at play in Kipling's mind. As early as the moving, compassionate story, 'Thrown Away', collected in *Plain Tales*, and which must have been written before 1888, this markedly individualistic man tells us that 'we are all linked together and made responsible for one another'.

But then to be responsible one has to be an individual; and what is it makes the individual, a person unlike any other person? There is no one characteristic — only that infinite diversity of God's creatures for which Kipling praised Allah. We get the down-and-outs such as McIntosh Jellaludin in the story 'To be Filed for Reference' (P.T.), that sometime Fellow of an Oxford college and a Civil Servant, who had gone native, attaching himself to the lowest caste, but yet remained himself with almost arrogant pride. There are other down-and-outs — even verses about them. There are adventurers such as Peachey Carnehan and Daniel Dravot. As a contrast we get William the Conqueror, an important pivot in dealing with a famine (I shall refer later to others of that brotherhood) — there are a hundred variants. **All** have a sense of themselves, but in varying degrees, none more strongly, perhaps than Ortheris, who could exclaim: 'My right! My right! I ain't a recruity to go whinin' about my rights to this and my rights to that, just as if I couldn't look after myself. My rights! 'Strewth A'mighty! I'm a man.' ('His Private Honour'. M.I.). Then there are different sorts of men, such as the surgeons in the later stories who exist by the overpowering interest they take in their discoveries.

If 'I'm a man!' is a glorious declaration, we have to muse, 'What is a man?' First of all, he's a lonely creature. 'The human soul is a very lonely thing,' Kipling tells us in 'Without Benefit of Clergy' (L.H.). We read also of Mulvaney being 'lonely as Prometheus on his rock' ('The Courting of Dinah Shadd.' L.H.), and the men in 'At the End of the Passage' (L.H.) 'were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness'. All those phrases come from *Life's Handicap*, out of stories written in about 1890. This loneliness seemed to Kipling, at any rate at that time, to be a terrible thing. It drove mad the lighthouse keeper in 'The Disturber of Traffic' (M.I.), written in 1891. One would gather from all this that it is society, though society of a special sort, that acts as an antidote to loneliness.

But before I go on to that as a gloss on loneliness, and as an

example of how Kipling was always feeling his way, never putting things into neat categories or compartments — he was far too complex for that — I would put forward the need man sometimes has to be alone. Dick Helder in *The Light that Failed*, which belongs to this early period, at times felt the need to be alone to face his blindness; he had the capacity for this, since, we are told earlier in the book, the treatment he was subjected to as a boy 'taught him at least the power of living alone'. Again Oules in 'His Private Honour' had to face his problem by himself. Nobody can help. Kipling, unlike the more fashionable of his contemporaries, Virginia Woolf and Mr. E. M. Forster, did not believe in the personal relation as a universal salve. 'We are all islands,' he quotes (L.F.), 'shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding.' Comforters are worse than useless:

Chase not with undesired largesse
Of sympathy the heart
Which, knowing her own bitterness
Presumes to dwell apart . . .

the poem ending, you remember:

'I never worried you at all,
For God's sake go away!'

That was written in 1912. (Here I feel inclined to muse a little about the rather different sensibility which in the next decade was to make 'invasion of privacy' an offence against society ('As Easy as ABC!' (D.C.); but I resist the temptation).

But if society was an antidote to loneliness, then what was Kipling's conception of society? As Mr. Annan pointed out, his was the philosophy of the in-group, society being composed of in-groups. This idea was intuitive with Kipling. He found it first, it would seem, in Study No. 5 in *Stalky & Co.*, a small society, each member having his own particular function, a self-existing society, which yet conformed to the rules of the larger society. It established a pattern for Kipling which became clearer still when he went back to India. There, basically, was 'the Family Square'—the square being the perfect figure — of which each member had, by virtue of parenthood and sex, his or her particular rôle to fulfil. Beyond that was the in-group of the Anglo-Indians, to use the term in its old signification, existing, as Mr. Annan describes it, on a precipice. There too each member from Viceroy to railway clerk, had his function, and all were to a greater or less degree motivated by the same idea. The notion of a crowd, a formless mob, was a matter of abhorrence to Kipling; 'making crowds' was also to become, as you know, an indictable offence. It was these groups, then, which countered man's loneliness, groups with a purpose, as existed in India; or among Freemasons, whose purpose was reinforced by ritual — an element absent from crowds.

But the question yet remains: what of the individual? the sense of 'I am Kim'. How could he realise himself? Self-expression was important, not in the present-day sense of giving way to every impulse, but in forming something. A man must get to know himself. 'First a man must suffer, then he must learn his work, and the self-respect that that knowledge brings' ('His Private Honour' M.I.). 'He must learn his work.' But what work? Religion? Art? Literature? Government?

Teaching? It does not matter, so long as it is done devotedly. 'One instant's toil to Thee denied/ Stands all Eternity's offence.' In 'The Judgment of Dungara', as early as 1888, Kipling's admiration goes to the missionaries to whom 'heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared with the saving of one human half-soul'. Again and again we meet men giving themselves entirely to their jobs, without hope of recognition or reward. Is it there, we wonder, in that way, that man realises himself?

Yes, perhaps; if he has faith, faith in what he is doing. He is obeying some law, the law, it may be, of the in-group. It is all much more complex than may appear. One thing merges into another, and is changed in the process. What, to begin with, is 'the Law'? It is, obviously, something that must be obeyed. Kipling would agree with Nietzsche, who in *Beyond Good and Evil* ends a long passage on the subject by saying: 'Thou must obey someone, and for a long time. *Otherwise* thou wilt come to grief, and lose all respect for thyself. This seems to me the moral imperative of nature.' And we remember what St. Paul said to Sulinor in 'The Manner of Men' (L & R), written in 1930: 'Serve Caesar. You are not canvas I can cut out at present. But if you serve Caesar you will be obeying some sort of law. . . What concerns you *now* is that, by taking service you will be free of the fear that has ridden you all your life.' Fear of what? Of not being a member of an in-group — so that you are isolated, alone? But the phrase that stands out there is: '*obeying* some sort of law.'

Even in the jungle, obedience is the key:

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is
— Obey.

But the laws are framed so that society may exist:

For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is
the Pack.

Hegelianism again, if you like. But the laws are framed also that other packs, other in-groups, may exist; and in time of drought the tiger must not kill the beasts that go to water.

And yet, the individual exists for himself. You will remember in the last *Jungle Book* story, when Purun Bhagat was giving up the world, and obstructed the traffic on the bridge at Simla, and the policeman — of another religion — told him to move on, he 'salaamed reverently to the Law, because he knew the value of it, and was seeking for a Law of his own.'

'Of his own.' Is it possible, then, that there is a law of self that finally dominates all other laws? In his Rectorial Address at St. Andrew's, Kipling quoted to his young hearers: 'And make the counsel of thy heart to stand; for there is none more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's soul is sometime wont to bring him tidings; more than seven watchmen that sit on high on a watch-tower.' He did not tell his audience that the quotation is from *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxvii, 13, 14. The idea was one that had haunted him, as it had when he wrote the last *Jungle Book* story as a kind of warning against the law of obedience.

For his Rectorial Address was delivered in October 1923, but already in 1918 he had written the poem 'Seven Watchmen sitting in a Tower'. You will be familiar with the poem as it is printed in the definitive edition of his poems, so in its stead I will read a slightly different version that exists in MS. in the British Museum:

Seven watchmen sitting in a tower,
 Seeing what had come of strength and skill,
 Showed the man the glory and the power
 And bade him shape the kingdom at his will.
 Life, and to the hilt, your law shall win you
 (Twas so their counsel ran)
 But the Kingdom, the Kingdom is within you
 Said the man's own mind to the man.
 As it was in the middle nights of yore,
 So it shall be when the lonely days remove,
 That a man's own mind is sure to tell him more
 Than seven watchmen sitting high above.

So all the time, throughout Kipling's work, we find this constant inter-play of various conflicting emotions, intuitions, impulses: self, and the realisation of self as against society; the loneliness of self finding relief in the community of the in-group. And even the realisation of self may be an escape from self. 'Let's find things to do, and forget things,' Maisie says to Dick Helder. And in 'The Supports', published in 1919, we read that

Even the everyday affair of business, meals and clothing
 Builds a bulkhead 'twixt Despair, and the Edge of Nothing.
 And there is purposeful work. The Abbot in 'The Eye of Allah'— 1926 — says: 'For the pain of the soul there is, outside God's grace, but one drug; and that is a man's craft, learning, or other helpful notion of his own mind.' Of his *own* mind, you will notice, which is wont to tell him more than seven watchmen sitting on a tower. And, to repeat, there is always devotion to the job, to the idea of the job, as we find in 'The Bridge Builders', in 'At the End of the Passage', and a number of other stories. And much later Kipling told an audience of doctors, 'There is no anaesthesia so complete as a man's absorption in his own job.'

But yet again, somewhere inside all this there *is* the self. Think of what St. Paul had to say 'At his Execution' at the end of 'The Manner of Men':

I am made all things to all men —
 Hebrew, Roman, and Greek —
 In each one's tongue I speak,
 Suiting to each my word,
 That some may be drawn to the Lord!
 I am made all things to all men —
 In City or Wilderness
 Praising the crafts they profess
 That some may be drawn to the Lord —
 By any means to my Lord!
 Since I was overcome
 By that great Light and Word,

I have forgot or foregone
 The self men call their own
 (Being made all things to all men)
 So that I might save some,
 At such small price, to the Lord,
 As being all things to all men.
 I was made all things to all men,
 But now my course is done —
 And now is my reward —
 Ah, Christ, when I stand at Thy Throne
 With those I have drawn to the Lord,
 Restore me my self again!

There is no one beautifully simple conclusion to be drawn from all this. You work that you may lose yourself; you lose yourself that you may find yourself. You hold by the in-group to defeat loneliness; you rebel against the Laws of that group that you may find yourself. And on the top of all that, circumstances alter cases.

Kipling was not muddle-headed: no one would accuse him of that. But, a complex man, he was only too aware of the complexity of things, of the eternal conflict which we create for ourselves and of which we are the victims. There is no solution; it is part of the mystery to which only, perhaps, the Archangels and Powers in 'Uncovenanted Mercies' have the clue. Nor would Kipling have much hankered after single vision:

Much I owe to the Lands that grew —
 More to the Lives that fed —
 But most to Allah Who gave me two
 Separate sides to my head. . . .
 I would go without shirt or shoe,
 Friend, tobacco or bread,
 Sooner than loose for a minute the two
 Separate sides of my head! (From *Kim*, revised)

However, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, we shall not have separate sides to our heads, nor to our hearts, when I ask you to rise and lift your glasses to 'The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling'.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. (TED) HILL

Professor S. A. Hill, meteorologist, of Muir College, Allahabad, and his wife Edmonia, were Kipling's closest friends during his last two years in India. They accompanied him back to England in 1889 on the trip described in *From Sea to Sea*.

We are indebted to our President for securing this photograph of them, taken in India in 1888.



PROFESSOR AND MRS. (TED) HILL

REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING

18th September, 1963, in the Ulster Room, Overseas House.

Once again we had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. J. H. McGivering to open the discussion. For this occasion he forsook the sea and discoursed on Kipling and Trains, quite exhaustively, for it seemed that not one reference to railways in the whole of the author's published works had escaped his notice. Because of the diversity and scope of his remarks their abridgement would not be easy or satisfactory and so they are given below as he delivered them.

* * *

KIPLING AND TRAINS

by J. H. McGivering

My subject tonight is Kipling and Trains—what an irresistible combination, Steam and Kipling, the engine coughing in the desert! Romance brings up the 9-15 for me every time. We have a personal glimpse or two of the author—a Mr. Vincent once sold him a rug at Euston and there is an extraordinary yarn concerning J. M. Barrie and some magazines which Kipling snatched off him on a railway-station, threw him some money—not enough—and jumped into his train just as it was on the point of departure.

Perhaps the first story that comes to mind is .007 : there is good authority, anyway, for considering this one first, and I would draw your attention to Carrington—the first entry in his index of the Works, in italics at the top 'Readers who despair of finding the story .007 in an alphabetical index are hereby informed that there are references to it on pages 210 and 247.' Martindell puts it between Oonts and Opinions of Gunner Barnabas, The; although I cannot understand how he can mix up zero and letter 'O' in such a fashion any more than I can understand why an engine should have such a number anyway. Be that as it may, I like the story, although I do not usually incline towards talking engines any more than talking ships or talking dogs, and assume it to be a faithful outline of American railway practice of the day, observed at first hand. Now we know that the author did not look with great favour on all things American (but it was in rather poor taste to make so much of it) and some of their customs came under his severe displeasure—for instance wooden trestle-bridges and watch-chain couplings to name only two—but this is, by and large, a sympathetic story that rattles along at a tremendous rate, full of highly technical remarks that seem to ring true and certainly make sense. Engines and men are at work and young engine makes good; all in the accepted tradition and very entertaining too. There are two references in the text that require explanation—Peter Cooper, 1781-1883: inventor, manufacturer and philanthropist. He owned the Canton Iron Works at Baltimore and built

the first steam locomotive in America. It was so small it was known as Tom Thumb or the Teakettle. Eustis is presumably Henry Lawrence Eustis, 1819-1885, soldier and professor of Engineering at Harvard.

That railway terminus at Oakland where the traveller skips across the tracks with locomotive-bells tolling in his ears, the former driver who told him how a hog wrecked a train and killed sixty people and the street tramcar in Tacoma which left the track the only time he used it are all in Volume II of FROM SEA TO SEA, together with a glimpse of the Canadian Pacific Railway—so handy to throw troops into the East if our hold on Suez is weakened—are all germs of this story and the next, CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, for Kipling met a pastor who had lost his family, his congregation and his mind in the Johnstown flood: the poor fellow knew that something was wrong, but just sat and smiled weakly. I have already touched briefly on CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS as a sea story in a previous paper that some of you were good enough to sit through, and now return to it in its proper setting—

" Send 'Constance', private car, here, and arrange for special to leave here Sunday in time to connect with New York Limited at Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Tuesday next. Also arrange . . . to take 'Constance' on New York Central and Hudson River Buffalo to Albany . . . indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents . . . "

what insolent magnificence! Fancy a private citizen being able to do that! Again . . .

" Stamped leather, silver door-handles and rails, cut velvet, plate-glass, nickel, bronze, hammered iron and the rare woods of the continent inlaid " and " frail glass-ware and dainty silver." That is the way to travel. No doubt there was plenty of glass-ware available if some of the outfit proved to be too frail.

The route was, according to SOMETHING OF MYSELF, worked out by a railway magnate who provided a timetable, but after reading the book another is reported to have tried himself and beaten the time. The well-known illustration shews Constance to be a long vehicle rather like a Pullman-car, with platform and steps at each end, on a pair of six-wheeled bogies: ahead of the van and crew-car is a funny little high-stacked engine, looking, so far as one can tell, like one of those 2-4-0's with headlight, cowcatcher and bell seen in 'Western' films and television. Pullman-cars parked at Clapham Junction glimpsed out of the window on the way to work still retain a hint of their Western origin, especially those with names in gold letters on their sides.

As a link between the United States and India I find THE NAULAHKA of interest—up to a point—but cannot raise any enthusiasm for any of the characters, as with the possible exception of Tarvin, they seem a little unreal. It is, here and there, a highly technical railway book, the last few pages of Chapter Three and most of Chapter Four giving us Tarvin on Topaz and its suitability as the end of a division; just the place to get a good run at the mountains with the advantage of sites for round-house and workshops (Tarvin owns the sites) and a thriving hinterland.

Poor old Golightly, that unfortunate Lieutenant who was arrested on the station at Pathancote, had a four-hour trip on a train, where he travelled Intermediate—very awful indeed—as explained in *THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING*, widely-known as the best of all the stories. Those who disagree will at least admit that it has a certain merit in spite of some confusion as to the whereabouts of some of the stations and which way some of the trains are going. That does not, I submit, detract from a magnificent yarn that goes with a rush from beginning to end and is, incidentally, as old as the Tower of Babel. It always strikes me as one of those stories that could be true.

One of the few railway pictures appears in *SOLDIER TALES*—the scowling Afghan prisoners in *THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT*, guarded by a bored sentry with fixed bayonet, standing in that curiously nonchalant attitude of 'At Ease' with his hands clasped in front of him and the piling-swivel of his long rifle up by his elbow. A strange sight to one like myself, brought up on the S.M.L.E.! In the background, the high-spot of the picture, a long-funnelled tank-engine with high steam-dome, cow-catcher and that verandah round the driver usually found in hot countries.

I am tempted to go off on another tack here, and talk about John Masters and his books—*BHOWANI JUNCTION* in particular. He has been called a 'latter-day Kipling' and I am inclined to agree. Perhaps we might have a word on that when the meeting is thrown open for discussion.

Still on Indian Railways is *WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR*. I have remarked elsewhere that I prefer Miss Kinzey the typewriter, but the former is a good and gallant girl—perhaps a little spoilt—who gives us tea in the train and has sound ideas on housekeeping and duty. The *Famine* is not amusing, but it is an essential ingredient in a well-worked-out story.

Waiting for an up-train in the Refreshment-Room at Umballa Station, *THE THREE MUSKETEERS* tell the story of the noble globe-trotter who intended to have the Regiment paraded for his inspection on a Thursday. This used to be a sort of Naval* half-holiday, and may well have been one in the Army as well. Anyway, as you know, Mulvaney and his friends manage to put a spoke in his wheel at some profit to themselves, and in the last few lines Mulvaney finishes his beer and inverts his glass on the counter. Now in some circles that signifies that the inverter is prepared to fight the best man in the bar, but that is the end of the story.

KIM is another good train-story which incidentally gives wonderful pictures of travel in India, with loving descriptions of the sayings and doings of all sorts of people but not much about the rolling-stock. It is not until we get *AMONG THE RAILWAY FOLK* with *THE BOLD 'PRENTICE*—the lad who absorbed knowledge unwillingly but who rose to the occasion in time of crisis and thus earned the reward that Kipling sometimes has for those who do their duty. It cannot have been easy to grasp the atmosphere of the headquarters of the

* 'Make and mend' usually occurred on a Wednesday, I think.

East India Railway but it is excellent reporting and shews a good appreciation of a town run by and for a railway in spite of his own confession that 'he who has nothing to do with the E.I. Railway in some shape or other feels a stranger and an interloper.' That is strange from the man who tells us that he got his 'shop' from all manner of men 'even to boredom.'

There are metre-gauge engines which whistle and pant along switchback lines in the coalfields, and a few more whistle and groan in *THE BRIDGE BUILDERS* to provide a little background music for the hard-working and dedicated engineers who nevertheless give the impression that they enjoy their work and would not willingly do anything else.

I would like more information on the railways our author used in Canada and the States, together with that fascinating one in Japan that looked like an E.I.R., but had no conveniences of any sort, whereby a politician lost his life! There was also, you will recall, a horse-tramway that took twelve hours to go thirty miles and the Jodhpur Line which was the personal property of the Maharaja. It paid ten per cent, was built of second-hand materials and manned by such a skeletal staff that if one man was away from his post the whole system came to a standstill!

Some rather unpleasant Railway People appear in the dream-world of *THE BRUSHWOOD BOY*, whose real life takes place in India and that beautiful pre-1914 England of country houses and county families . . . 'I don't remember the name about here' says Georgie, but is, nevertheless, anxious to meet them, even if they have only been seven years in the county. His reference to the Tenth — 'I don't dance' — brings to mind the story of a regiment — it may well have been the Tenth — at a dance, where their hostess remonstrated with the Colonel because they were not dancing and there were several young women languishing round the walls of the ballroom. 'Madam, the Tenth don't dance' said the Colonel: 'In which case' snapped their hostess, 'the Tenth don't eat!' and sent them all away there and then. Georgie is, though, a little bit too good to be true — not to put too fine a point upon it he appears in the light of a poisonous prig, but does turn human at the end, especially in that tender and charming scene on the way home. Fancy, Ladies and Gentlemen, that was written by the author of *THE TIE!*

Still among the gracious country houses is *AN ERROR IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION* with a cynical Kipling prodding the wretched Sargent and then standing back and watching him squirm, so unlike his sympathetic treatment of Chapin in *AN HABITATION ENFORCED*. Mind you, the latter has a delightful wife whose people came from that very part of the country. She would naturally keep him on the right lines. This is, incidentally, one of the several stories that refer to Charing Cross, a place where you meet everyone you know, if only you wait long enough.

Another country story is *THE VORTEX*, which I mentioned in a previous paper purely because I like it and 'The Wrong Box'. The goings-on in and around that country station are perhaps too funny and too varied to have happened on one afternoon but it is a bona-fide railway

story that I will mention again if and when I have an opportunity of addressing you on *Kipling and Motors*. That curious yarn MY SUNDAY AT HOME seems at first sight to be just another opportunity of poking fun at Americans : apart from that, and the rather sordid details of the case under treatment, the description of the old London and South Western, the delightful countryside and people are well done. That being said, we are left with several questions that I would very much like to have answered.

Where, and why, is Framlynghame Admiral? We know country stations are often in odd places and a long way from anywhere, but this one seems too far and too odd.

Of course there would have been no story if he had stayed aboard, but why did he elect to remain on the platform instead of resuming his journey like a sensible man? and what happened to his luggage, if there was any?

Why did he make no attempt to let people the other end know he would be late ?

Who were they, anyway ?

If anybody can answer any of that, they will have my sincere thanks, because I have wondered about it for years. I can only assume that being in THE DAY'S WORK it shews the rapidity with which doctors will rise to an emergency, but there must be more to it than that.

A more comprehensible story, IN THE SAME BOAT is, of course, not a sea story, in spite of a nasty glimpse of an accident in the steamer's engine-room in 1885, but gives good account of travel by train with a happy, if somewhat unexpected, ending.

In *The Fortnightly Review* for February, 1901, appeared the delightful **RAILWAY REFORM IN GREAT BRITAIN** : there was an American copyright issue the same year, collected in Vol. 30 of the Sussex Edition. This superb satire, purporting to be a Tale of the Arabian Nights, sets forth the iniquities of railway travel between such places as Baghdad, Lawaz, Raidhill and Harundill, with the following legend on the first-class tickets :

' By the merit of this white bond it is permitted to such an one, the son of such an one, to enter into such and such a one of my engines, and to sit in the place appointed for such as hold the white bonds, and to proceed to such and such a place.

But it is forbidden to such an one to linger more than a day after that he has purchased the bond : nor may he give away the bond even to his maternal uncle, but must strictly seat himself at the hour appointed.

Moreover, I take Allah to witness that I wash my hands thrice of all that may befall this person, either by the sloth and negligence of my Afrits, or by the sloth and negligence of any other Afrits, or by the errors of any of the creatures of Allah! '

The travellers were much upset by the behaviour of the second and third-class passengers who invaded their compartment, but eventually arrived at Lawaz, where, it seems, there are some eight alleyways for the entry and departure of the engines, but no man, not even the servants of the Afrit, know by which alleyways any one engine will enter or depart, and lest men should by study attain enlightenment, the place

is without lamps, and the alleyways are joined by magic bridges and corridors, and mazes that are the work of Afrits. Also, 'through the length and breadth of the Kaliph's dominions there was not one brazen engine which arrived upon the hour appointed, nor within an hour of that hour; nor was there any shame or penitence among the servants of the Afrit . . . !'

The Kaliph, who had disguised himself as a traveller, has many adventures and finally concocts a scheme which makes the trains run on time and all ends happily amid universal rejoicing. What a pity somebody cannot do this today. While he is at it perhaps he might have a try at reducing the fares as well!

To return to real life for a moment, the BRAZILIAN SKETCHES are worth attention, in particular THE ROMANCE OF RAILWAY BUILDING which appeared in *The Morning Post* for Friday, December 16th, 1927. Kipling has a trip in an observation-car on a line that falls two thousand feet in eleven kilometres with the trucks lowered on wire ropes: so, as he remarks, are the coaches with the passengers reading their newspapers! On this trip he met some of the men who had built the line, and would build others; all British, all jolly good fellows.

I have referred elsewhere to the Duke of Montrose — Commodore R.N.V.R. and sometime Lieutenant in the then Army Service Corps. Now, he saw service in the South African War and once called at a farm where the woman asked if he would like coffee: all seemed quiet, so he accepted but a Boer suddenly popped over a wall and took a shot at him which missed. Montrose lit out on his pony and escaped. Now if you think this sounds familiar, add a stray Indian servant who once brought Kipling a cup of morning tea — probably made with hot water from the engine — his own experience under fire near another farm where the war-correspondent explained that the Boers obviously thought that they were the Something Light Horse and what have you got? A SAHIB'S WAR!

FOLLY BRIDGE is a story I would commend to the student of railways and red tape: it has nothing to do with Oxford — far from it, but concerns a wrecked railway-bridge, and if you have not got the *Daily Express* for June, 1900, beside you, you can read it in our *Journal* for December, 1959. It is well worth reading, but you must have a service background as an ordinary civilian would just not believe it!

Still in Kipling's beloved South Africa, Hospital Trains. He had, as we know, plenty of experience while serving out the sweating sticks of Hignett's 'True Affection', writing letters and organising pyjamas. What a multitude of stories he must have heard! For instance, THE WAY THAT HE TOOK, another story from the 'Daily Express' and now in LAND AND SEA TALES. You will appreciate, then, that his tender admiration for the Nursing Sisters is no mere journalistic turn of phrase but the very real expression of an opinion shared by everybody who has had the honour of meeting them.

Another hospital-train and another war gives us one of the most delightful of all the stories — THE JANEITES — it is interesting to consider who else would have had the skill to introduce such an unlikely touch of gentle old-world charm into the horrors of the trenches: the

delightful Jane goes down well with both Gunners and Nurses, leading on to more secret society work — Arabic, Freemasonry, the law and divorce. As C. S. Lewis so rightly remarked in his Address to the English Association : ' We who are of one trade (whether journalists, soldiers, galley-slaves, Indian civilians or what you will) know so many things that the outsiders will never, never understand.' That is, as we know, part of the secret of Kipling's success : he gets so into the skin of the engineer, sailor, etc. that he talks his language — I will not go into the Deliberate Mistake Theory here — and so often gives one the feeling that one would have dealt with a situation in the very manner that the hero of a given story did. It is a typical touch that the stolid and slightly crazy Humberstall should still have the habit of duty so strongly engrained in him that he finds his way back to his old unit and remains with it until there is nothing left after the terrible bombardment. It is also typical that the only survivor of such a disaster should relate his experiences in such a matter-of-fact way in the sharply contrasted peace of the Lodge and a nice touch that ' Miss Bates ' — the terrible chatterer — should be the password to the hospital-train and Home. As a final Austenesque touch we learn, at the end, that his sister is to marry Anthony who has acted as a Chorus throughout the story.

Going back a few wars for a moment, we find a train or two in that savage and tragic book *THE LIGHT THAT FAILED*, whichever of the two endings one reads, including an armoured one reminiscent of Churchill's one war later. The passage in *EGYPT OF THE MAGICIANS* that gives such a wonderful picture is well worth quoting here :

' . . . the railway at Haifa . . . every bit of it quivers with the remembered life of armies and river-fleets, as the finger-bowl rings when the rubbing finger is lifted. The most unlikely men have done time there; stores by the thousand ton have been rolled and pushed and hauled up the banks by tens of thousands of scattered hands; hospitals have pitched themselves there, expanded enormously, shrivelled up and drifted away with the drifting regiments; railway sidings by the mile have been laid down and ripped up again as the need changed, and utterly wiped out by the sands.'

Young Churchill was there too, and so was young Beatty, but this is no time to tell you about the gunboats or to explore the fascinating ideas of moving troops and supplies by train and sending orders and reports by telegraph that were so well exploited in the War between the States and the Franco-Prussian War. It is a strange thought, is it not, that when *THE LIGHT THAT FAILED* first appeared in *Lippincotts* these wars of so long ago were as recent to its readers as the 1939 War is to us today.

On a lighter note, compare Kipling's cavalier treatment of the nameless red-haired girl with Daphne du Maurier's narrator of *Rebecca* whose Christian name is never revealed.

The former is dismissed as being so unimportant that Dick apparently never even knows it, the latter is done so well and naturally that it will probably be some time before one realises that one has been reading a book about someone whose name is never revealed.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Verse: I have not been able to find much on Trains — one or two go well to the rattle of the wheels, but the *piece de resistance* is PUBLIC WASTE, ' . . . only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the railways of state . . .' Wonderful stuff!

Mention of a review called *London, Chatham & Dover* in AS EASY AS A B C (surely a very early use of initials for a public body) with real steam locomotives built from the old designs brings us right up to date. We now have steam-engines in museums, and may well, one of these days, see a horse-opera called *The Great Western*! There is still, however, a crumb of comfort left: on a certain bridge at Blackfriars, cast enduringly.— I hope — in the ironwork, are the mystic letters L.B. & S.C.R.

* * *

At the conclusion of Mr. McGivering's address, observations from his audience were not lacking, starting with a denial (perhaps ill-judged) that Kipling ever perpetrated a deliberate mistake; but this may be expected to give rise to some correspondence in the *Journal*, and can be left without further comment here. The mythical Colonel from Chatham then needed to be explained as being of the Royal Engineers, whose responsibilities included the management of the strategic railways of India — the State Railways as distinct from the Company lines, whose shareholders were content to have them managed and manned by civilians. It was observed that there is still a (Royal Engineer) School of Railway Engineering at Longmoor, Hampshire, and more than one Inspecting Officer of Railways, whose duty it is to hold enquiries into accidents on British Railways, has been a graduate of this school. Attempts to identify Framlynghame Admiral were abortive, but there is a railway station with the peculiar name of Hinton Admiral on the Southern Railway, between New Milton and Christchurch, on the Bournemouth line. Nor were any other of the questions arising from 'My Sunday at Home' answered by the assembly.

The speaker's agreement to the description of John Masters as a latter-day Kipling was not acceptable to Mr. Winnill, nor, it seemed, to others among those present, and it would be fair to say that this opinion preponderated. Clearly Mr. Masters has some distance to go before he attains to the versatile genius of Kipling, but he may perhaps be said to be on the way.

The famous .007 came in for considerable discussion, and someone suggested that the promotion of a yard engine to hauling an express train was hardly feasible, but this misconception was quickly corrected from all sides. 'Captains Courageous' as both story and film gave plenty to talk about, notably that one film version included the surprising anachronism that Harvey Cheyne, Sr. crossed the continent by aeroplane to welcome his son.

The meeting closed with a well-pleased audience giving its cordial thanks to Mr. McGivering for his entertaining discourse.

P.W.I.

THE 'PIONEER' OF KIPLING'S DAY

by Noel F. Cooke, E.D.

' A NEWSPAPER office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person . . . and every dissolute ruffian that ever tramped the Grand Trunk Road makes it his business to ask for employment as a proof-reader. And all the time the telephone is ringing madly . . . and the little black copy boys are whining "*kaa-pi chayha-yah*" (copy wanted) like tired bees and most of the paper is as blank as Modred's shield . . . Immediately after the paper was put to bed, the dawn would lower the thermometer from 96° to almost 84° for half an hour, and in that chill — you have no idea how cold is 84° on the grass until you begin to pray for it — a very tired man could get off to sleep ere the heat roused him.'

Thus R. K. records his experiences of a Lahore hot weather night at the office of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in his story 'The man who would be king.' I myself can vouch that little had changed thirty-five years later. We still had the same visitors, anxious to see their names in print, or interested in some obscure cause, while, 'Good gracious, why can't the paper be more sparkling,' was still the breakfast comment of our readers!

It is said that Kipling and his editor, Stephen Wheeler, produced the whole paper but when I joined the *C. and M. Gazette* in 1921, we were more fortunate. The journal had considerably expanded. As a European staff we had Eric Hardy, who was to edit the paper for many years; an assistant editor and four sub-editors, of which I was one. This enabled us to have a night and day staff — the latter to cope with our visitors! To protect ourselves against their verbosity we hung in the newsroom in a prominent place, a notice in gilt letters. It was a handsome printing job and read: "If you have an hour to spare, don't spend it with those who haven't." We got a lot of fun watching the reactions of our callers. But as R. K. would say: that is another story.

A SHABBY GREY BUNGALOW

On the outside verandah there was a copper tablet with the bald announcement: 'Rudyard Kipling Worked Here 1882-1887.' Only a few people knew he didn't. By 1921, the *C. and M. Gazette* had been housed in a new building. Gone was the garden in front, and upon it had risen an imposing two-storied building with deep verandahs on both floors. Next door stood a shabby old grey bungalow which had been the editorial office and it was in this old building that R. K., I liked to think, sat on that hot June night to listen to Peachy Carnehan and Daniel Dravot explain their plan of how they proposed to become Kings of Kafiristan. And again, when the wheel of the world had swung through the same phases again and again, there was another hot summer night when the wreck that was Peachy, undid the horsehair bag, embroidered with silver, and rolled out upon Kipling's table the dried withered head of Daniel Dravot.

Little of the press room would have been recognised by R. K. for there stood a battery of Linotypes and, later still, a rotary press capable of turning out 30,000 copies an hour of our sometimes thirty-two page paper. We did not want such a vast piece of machinery for our modest circulation, but the management of the day was ambitious and the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms — and for that matter the Simon Commission Report — had not given any hint of abdication!

No. R. K. lived and wrote in a slower world: an India of *tongas*, bullock carts and *beesties*: not cars, lorries and modern plumbing. But his press had not entirely vanished. Lahore, in the 'twenties, was a go-ahead city of shops with shop windows, tarred roads and pavements. Not so Allahabad from where the *Pioneer* was published — the big sister paper of the *C. and M. Gazette*; the severe and dominating spinster of the Indian press family, who had the confidence of the bureaucratic Government of India, but held on to Victorian fashion!

TOWN OF GUNGA DINS

Allahabad was still the capital of the United Provinces — later the capital moved to Lucknow. It had no shop windows, no tarred roads or pavements. The shops were housed in bungalows standing back in large gardens. The roads were little more than the plain soil of mother India. The paths were what you made them in the sun-baked grass at the side, and there were no motor cars. Allahabad, it is true, had a High Court, a University and a large railway workshops, but only pull *punkahs* and tin tubs with Gunga Dins to fill these baths from goatskin water bags.

Certainly little seemed to have changed in Allahabad since 1887 — when Kipling left the *C. and M. Gazette* to join the staff of the *Pioneer* — and the night I arrived there in 1920.

I, with some experience as a cub reporter on the *Surrey Advertiser*, a lot of fun with the reserve battery of the H.A.C., and two years flying with the R.F.C. and R.A.F., was prepared for most things but not to arrive in Allahabad at three in the morning with no one to meet me. And to be conducted by a tout — the most villainous cut-throat I had ever seen — to the Central Hotel, through pitch black streets and serenaded by the howls of jackals on their nightly scavenging rounds of the refuse dumps. The hotel looked like a reformatory. I was ushered in by a bleary-eyed *babu* in a dirty *dhoti*. I was shown to a room with an iron bed, but no bedding. There was a chest of drawers and a cracked mirror and through a door a bathroom with a tin tub from which a lizard was struggling to get out. I woke next morning with surprise: my throat had not been cut!

THE MAIDEN LADY OF THE PRESS

At a respectable hour, after a breakfast of bony river fish tasting of mud, a minute egg and toast smeared with buffalo butter, I took a *tonga* to the *Pioneer*. The *tonga wallah* drove me along bumpy roads, the morning air polluted by him and his ungroomed pony, until we stopped under the portico of a large bungalow in spacious grounds. 'Pioneer?' I queried. 'Hah, Sahib, Pioneer.' It did not look like a newspaper office. It was, however, the *Pioneer*, as a very genteel brass plate upon the verandah showed me. No neon signs in Allahabad! This

was the maiden lady of the press of India. Everyone who was anyone, should know where this distinguished lady lived. Did she not have *entree* to every respectable bungalow from Cape Comorin to Gilgit: from Dacca to Peshawar? I got out, pushed aside a bamboo *chick* and the familiar smell of printer's ink entered my nostrils. I was taken to the editor. I was taken to the manager. I was taken to the chief sub-editor. All, in their turn, said: 'Yes, we heard someone was coming out.' It was the junior sub. who asked me where I was staying and when I told him the Central Hotel his only comment was 'Gawd.'

'An' man an man got talkin'.' Within a week I was invited to Lodge Independence with Philanthropy No. 391, and I found myself accepted in Allahabad European society. Later, the manager of the *Pioneer* was a little mystified by my social activities. In my first interview he had told me firmly that junior members of the staff must not ask to join the Allahabad Club until they had been in the station for at least six months. I could see his point. It was obvious. He feared that I should be seen sucking mangoes at a dinner party! Worse still, I became a member of the Club within a month and a High Court Judge proposed me. Then one morning I was upon the managerial mat. 'I hear you have had dinner with the Commissioner. Is that true? Why were you asked?' 'I do not know,' I said, humbly. 'I was just invited and it would have looked discourteous had I refused.' I have always had a feeling that my rapid social elevation in Allahabad was not unconnected with my transfer to the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore a year later. The junior sub. and I felt rather out of our depth in this near Kipling India. We had both seen service during the 1914-18 war, and grey Curzon topees and morning coats, formal dinner parties and invitations to tea with fussy ladies, were not really in our line. There had been no war as far as civilian India was concerned. Every soldier was a Mulvaney and there were still notices on railway refreshment rooms doors, 'Dogs and British Soldiers not admitted,' in that order. But that, again, is another story, hardly to be believed.

METHODS OF KIPLING'S DAY

The mechanical side of the *Pioneer* was certainly as Kipling knew it. I was amazed. Starting my newspaper life on an English county paper as a journalistic apprentice on half a crown a week, I was, nevertheless, accustomed to Linotypes and a rotary press. Not so the *Pioneer*. This newspaper, sometimes running to thirty-six pages daily, was hand-set letter by letter, para. by para., column by column from cases of type. The compositors were dressed in *dhoties* and shirts, had close cropped hair and the short pigtail of the caste Hindu. They could not talk English- They could not read English, but with the keen eyes of years of practice they could recognise the formation of the written word. The galley proofs were awful and were sorted out by Indian and Anglo-Indian readers. The proofs were read as many as six times before they were handed to the European editorial staff, and from them back to the best comps. for final corrections; then back they came to us as page proofs. This happened six days a week to the cables from home, the inland telegraphic services, the London letter, the Paris letter, 'specials'

from the London Office in Essex Street, Strand, and, of course, from 'Our Special Correspondent' at Delhi or Simla, who sat constantly upon the Viceregal doorstep. To look back, I am still amazed when I think of the mechanical aids and the daily hullabaloo of the modern newspaper—or perhaps I should say, views-papers.

But the *Pioneer* had the status of the London *Times*, and people were prepared to wait four days for the *Pioneer* to arrive in Madras, and when it did arrive, it took an hour or more to read: real solid stuff, including the London and Calcutta Stock Market reports, with their five-sixteenths and three-eighths, all set by hand every twenty-four hours. Nothing, I am convinced, had changed since Kipling's day, except, perhaps, the introduction of the fountain pen! The presses were the same: old flat bed Wharfedales which printed the pages sheet by sheet, after which the sheets were turned over and printed on the other side; collated by small Indian boys and folded by hand. After all that thousands of single letter type had to be distributed back into their correct cases, ready for the next edition.

FLAGGING THE MAIL

The situation of Allahabad, practically in the centre of the Indian railway system, was such that one edition alone was necessary. The Calcutta Mail stopped at Allahabad about breakfast-time and there was always the last minute rush to load the papers on to the horse drawn cart to get them to the railway station in time. The Frontier Mail left later. But there was no real need for panic, for the press superintendent always had a trump card. He had only to go to the bottom of the garden, in which the offices stood, and 'flag' the Calcutta Mail. With apologies proffered and accepted and a chat with the driver—usually on old soldier—while the papers were loaded into the guards van, the Mail would chug off again, carrying the *Pioneer* to Patna, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, while we slept fitfully through the heat of the day under a *pull-punkah*. Kipling's India still reigned in Allahabad in the 'twenties. No one hurried, but the *Pioneer* came out all the same.

I liked to think it was in this atmosphere Kipling wrote "Plain Tales from the Hills." The heat was there. The little black *kaa-pi* boys were there and the hardly perceptible click, click of hand set type was a pleasant and soothing sound in comparison to the harsh clatter of Linotypes and the deafening roar of a rotary press belching out folded and trimmed newspapers, counted in batches of a dozen each.

That was the racket I became accustomed to in the long hot nights in Lahore with the grey bungalow in darkness next door. We had three editions to cope with and the same Calcutta and Frontier Mails to catch. But we had no friendly engine driver!

(To be continued)

THE CORBRIDGE EXCAVATIONS

by A. J. C. Tingey

I WAS in England in November 1962 and Mr. H. L. Butterworth sent me a copy of his article on "The Corbridge Stone" in case I wished to make any comments. The article was printed in the "Kipling Journal" in September 1963. After reading it I realised that the idea that Kipling was correct in saying that the XXX Roman Legion had served in Britain would have to be discarded. I wished to find out who had originated the mistake. As Mr. Butterworth had not been able to consult the report on the excavations at Corbridge I spent a day in Oxford where I was able to read the report in the Bodleian Library. The title is:—

'The Romano-British site of Corstopitum. An account of the excavations during 1906-1912. By W. H. Knowles and R. H. Forster'.

I quote the following extracts.

'During 1912 the principal remains discovered were those of a large structure, 36 ft. E to W, 45 ft. N to S. It had evidently been of an official character, and was probably the chief administrative building in the town.'

(Here follows a description of the building which may be omitted).

'On the staircase was found a large altar dedicated to the discipline of the Emperors by the II Augustan Legion, and at the foot of the stairs was part of an inscribed tablet originally erected by a detachment of the VI Legion. Both these relics, with the building itself, may probably be ascribed to the time of Septimius Severus, A.D. 193-211.

'Just outside the building on the west was found a stone which purports to bear an inscription by the 7th cohort of the XXX Legion, but which is possibly a memorial of the XX which was usually stationed at Deva (Chester).

'This stone, which may be seen in the Museum, is an interesting example of "the long arm of coincidence," since it is to the same cohort of the same Legion (apparently selected at random) that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's hero in "Puck of Pook's Hill" belonged, and the scene of his service was less than three miles distant from Corstopitum.

'An extensive conflagration occurred between A.D. 350 and 360. A partial restoration was made after 360, when Count Theodosius came to Britain, drove back the Picts and reorganised the Roman Province.'

Count Theodosius was a Roman general who served under Valentinian I, Emperor of the West. He was in Britain 368-369, and was accompanied by his son, who became the Emperor Theodosius I in Constantinople in 379. Theodosius overthrew Maximus at the battle of Aquileia in July 388, and afterwards reinforced the depleted Legions in Britain.

It is evident from the extracts quoted that there must have been some Kipling enthusiasts among the excavators at Corbridge. Mr. Forster interviewed by the 'Times' reporter mentioned the stone erected by the XXX Legion. 'Thirteenth' as printed in the 'Times' must be a typesetter's error. The XIII Legion never served in Britain, and is not mentioned in the Corbridge report. If the reporter had used Roman numerals for the Legions this mistake might have been avoided. Miss Allen reading about the Seventh Cohort thought the XXX Legion must be meant and wrote to Kipling to tell him he had been right about the unit in which Parnesius served.

It is remarkable that the illusion that Kipling was correct in his references to the XXX Legion should have persisted for fifty years before anyone challenged it. Who inserted the third X on the stone is an enigma which may never be solved. According to the Corbridge report it was on the stone when it was unearthed in 1912.

Historians of the Roman period believe that the XX Legion remained in Britain until the end of the occupation.

I must express my acknowledgements and thanks to Mr. G. S. I. McGregor, a member of the Kipling Society who also lives in George. When I told him in July 1962 that I wished to verify the references to the XXX Legion he wrote to the University of Cape Town and asked the Librarian to send the folder with the relevant press cuttings. I was thus able to make copies which I forwarded to Mr. Butterworth, and he subsequently included them in his article. Kipling's letter to Miss Allen was also in the folder. It is in his own handwriting so it is quite authentic.

LETTER BAG

OUR PRESIDENT IN NEW YORK

Thursday, 5th December, 1963

I promised to write you about my trip to America and mean to make a sort of diary for you to pick out what you want from it for the Kipling Journal. It is now nearly a fortnight since I left the Club in London and it is the very day on which I am to address the American Branch of the Society. This is the first chance I have had to write — not from any disability; even on board the 'Queen Mary' I was perfectly well even on the one very rough day we had. Nor have I lacked things to write about — just too much to do.

Sara and her husband (my daughter and Mr. Maxwell Vos) met me at the dock in New York after a delightful voyage.

Of course Thanksgiving Day — Thursday, 28th November, was more subdued than usual, but I gather it is a 'home' day in any case.

I came to New York with three or four ideas in my mind and the 30th November celebrations of my elder grandson's fourth birthday was the first of these.

The second object, to attend a Dinner of the American Branch of our Society at the Williams Club this evening when I am to address a party of nearly 50 members—but I will not write about that for I believe there will be a report for the *Journal* by our splendid American Honorary Secretary, Carl Naumberg, who entertained me in his home — a joyous evening with him and Peggy, his wife.

Our senior American Vice-President, Lesley Ames and Linda, his wife, gave a party for Sara and Maxwell and me. Their daughter and her husband made up the party.

Lesley also took me to lunch one day at the Century Association, a venerable institution originally formed over 100 years ago by 100 artists and writers — it maintains wonderful traditions — the premises at No. 7 West 43rd Street being very beautiful, making a delightful club. We also went a few doors away to see the even more imposing and lovely premises of the Harvard Club of New York City.

Twenty four hours later —

The Dinner Party, and my talk seem to have gone all right. My daughter and her husband, who must of course be the harshest critics, say it was O.K., so I must be content. The 44 others were very kind indeed. If this was a fair specimen of the American audiences you will have a fine time in May if you are to address some gatherings. Lovely people indeed.

It is now Midnight of Sunday-Monday, 8-9th December. I have just got back from a dinner given by Doctors Morton Cohen and Swift — six of us in all — I must have been encouraged to talk for I seem to have done so without stopping. I apologise to my hosts but I did enjoy it. The others in the party included two delightful ladies, Miss Harriet Lyon and Miss Katherine Pazanmuller and an Englishman, Anthony Martin. (I hope all these spellings are correct — If not I apologise but I have not seen them in writing, only heard them).

Monday, 9th December — Went to tea (stayed 2½ hours) with Mr. and Mrs. H. Dunscombe Colt, who have a delightful apartment near 5th Avenue. He showed me some of the gems of his wonderful collection of very special Kipling collectors' pieces. One group consists of pages of the visitors book kept by a Mr. B. H. Walton for his steam yacht 'Bantam,' home port Cawsand, near Plymouth in Devonshire. Also snapshots of Kipling and his son John on board. They seem to have visited Mr. Walton on the 'Bantam' several times during the years 1909-1911. I now see the article in *Kipling Journal*, No. 148, page. 3.

Thursday, 12th December — Carl Naumberg and I paid a visit to the Pierpont Morgan Library on East 36th Street, New York City, and were shown about twenty very special Kipling items in this magnificent building, by Mr. Herbert Cahoon. Amongst the items were:—*Recessional* in Kipling's own handwriting (not likely to be the actual one sent to the *Times* for publication in July, 1897, but one in Kipling's small neat writing).

Captains Courageous. The amended typescript from which the book was printed.

The Overland Mail. The original MS. which Kipling had named Her Majesty's Mail, but he himself altered it to the Overland Mail.

Quartette. A very good copy.

Brushwood Boy. MS.

The Female of the Species. The page from the *Ladies Home Journal* of 11th November, 1911, with these verses, also a broadsheet of earlier date probably printed for copyright purposes. In this earlier edition the word wriggle (verse two) appears as 'wiggle.'

But I won't continue the list but only hope you will yourself be able to visit the Library and see the treasures for yourself in 1964.

8 a.m., *Sunday, 15th December* — Am just off to catch a coach to Princeton, New Jersey, to spend the day in the house of one of the ladies who were with me at the Purser's table on the 'Queen Mary'. Also to be at Princeton today is Dr. L. Quincy Mumford of the Library of Congress in Washington, another of that 'Table', but I don't think this is to be a 'Kipling' party in particular nor shall I be able to see much of the great University.

Monday (16th) — Back at midnight — that was quite a little reunion, if that word can be used by three people who had not met until 22nd November. A wonderful day. Others there included Dr. Adams and Mrs. Adams. He is the Director of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York (*see above*).

Tuesday, 17th December — I am writing you a special memorandum about my visit this morning to the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library.

Wednesday — Last evening Sara, my daughter, and her husband Maxwell Vos, gave a cocktail party for me. I wanted not only to see our important Kipling Society friends again but one or two more of the 'Queen Mary' table also. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Carl Naumberg, Mr. J. R. Dunlap, Dr. Morton Cohen, Dr. Dick Swift and a friend, Kipling Society; Mr. Edward T. Riley and a friend, Mrs. Barbara Seward Johnson, 'Queen Mary.'

Mr. and Mrs. Lesley Ames had to go back to St. Paul, Minnesota (1,400 miles) the day after the dinner (5th December), but not before they had entertained me twice, also Sara and Maxwell. I had hoped they would have been able to attend the little cocktail party. However, he has written me a letter about my talk and other matters. I will quote from the letter. He mentions one or two aspects of Kipling's work which I did not touch on in my talk — there was so much to talk about I could have given another hour or more without in any way going over what I said on 5th December.

'As you may remember I am one of R. K.'s admirers who thinks he did much of his best work in his last 25 years, and that it is more important to get this point across to the 40 and 50 year olders and even the youngsters than the early Indian tales (always barring 'Kim') . . . perhaps more important in this country than in the U.K. because of all the silly anti-imperialism propaganda twaddle.'

End of Ames' quotations — remember he is our Senior Vice-President in the U.S.A. and, I am very glad to say, he is in better health than he was when he was in London last year. We hope he will be able to visit us in 1965, our Centenary Year, accompanied by Mrs. Ames and by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Naumberg. My stay in New York has been

a most happy one: all the special visits made by me were arranged by Carl and I cannot thank him and Peggy too much.

Christmas Eve—Have not done a quarter that I intended to do in America — such as visit Washington, Baltimore and Boston: in fact I have only once been off Manhattan, indeed I haven't been north of Central Park. I haven't had any time at all to spare but I have seen all the important buildings from the outside at least and I have been up the Empire State skyscraper, seen Grand Central Station and had meals in most of the famous Restaurants. Now I have a series of parties to attend which promise to be exciting.

29th December, Sunday — East Side Airport, 7.30 a.m. Idlewild (John F. Kennedy Airport) at 9 a.m. Took off on Flight 510 at 10 a.m. New York time. 'Boeing 707' — arrived London Airport (before time) 8.45 p.m. London Time (N.Y. time 3.45). Under six hours flying time. Stayed one night at Skyport Hotel.

REGINALD HARBORD.

RE VICKERY AND ANOTHER, DECEASED

I enclose a copy of some notes I made on the Report on the Corbridge excavations in 1912. If you can find room for them in a future issue of the *Kipling Journal* they might be acceptable as addenda to Mr. Butterworth's article on 'The Corbridge Stone.'

I have read Mr. Elliot Gilbert's article on 'Mrs. Bathurst' with mixed feelings. On page 16 of the September issue one reads 'his central point was, of course, the untidiness of the universe.' But why should Kipling have thought the universe untidy? It would not be difficult to produce evidence to the contrary.

As regards the conclusion of the story Kipling had to persuade his readers that Vickery's body was carbonised and fragile, so that the only evidence of his identity was his artificial denture which Hooper had in his pocket. One wonders what Kipling thought the reaction of the reader to this statement would be; a shudder of horror, or a sardonic smile?

As a matter of fact the bodies of persons struck by lightning are not carbonised, so some other agency must be invoked; in this case, probably, a forest fire. A number of Coroners' inquests are held in England every year on persons killed by lightning, but I never heard of a case where the body could not be identified owing to the nature of the injuries, and I think it unlikely that Kipling had heard of one either.

The characteristic change in the human body produced by lightning stroke is fernlike patterns on the skin. In May this year the *British Medical Journal* published a report on a young man who was struck by lightning, but was lucky enough to recover. A photograph was taken showing the patterns. I enclose these in support of my statements.

To return to Kipling's story: why did Mrs. Bathurst leave New Zealand and travel to England unless she was looking for Vickery? Having discovered he was in South Africa she could have followed him there and, presumably, did so.

It was, of course, pure chance that she was photographed in a news-reel showing passengers arriving at Paddington station, and that

the film was shown on the bioscope at Simonstown. Vickery's obsession in seeing the film as often as it was shown was due to the knowledge that Mrs. Bathurst was on his tracks.

We may say, therefore, that the central theme of the story is the force of destiny. Vickery's affair with Mrs. Bathurst ultimately led to his desertion from the Navy when he was nearly due for his pension, and his ineluctable death in an African forest.

You will probably receive a number of letters from members about Mrs. Bathurst, so I will not ask you to publish these remarks in the *Kipling Journal*. Naturally there can be no objection to your quoting from them if they help to clarify comments by others readers.

There is no need to return the excerpts from the 'Medical Journal' to me. They could be passed on to someone else if you have any correspondents who are interested.

A. J. C. TINGEY.

' SUGARED UP A GYROSCOPE '

As an old torpedoman, I must lodge an objection to one clause in Mr. Elliot L. Gilbert's interesting analysis of 'Mrs. Bathurst' in the June number of the Journal. On page 19, lines 22 and 23, he refers to:

'the gyroscopes mentioned in the story as having been deliberately damaged.'

What Pycroft said in fact (vide 'Mrs. Bathurst,' page 354, lines 12-14) was:

'an imbroglgio with our Torpedo Lieutenant in the submerged flat where some pride of the West country had sugared up a gyroscope.'

It will be seen that, unlike the gunsights, this was not a wholesale operation; only one gyroscope was affected, and 'sugared' is a euphemism for a word that does not necessarily imply a deliberate act of sabotage, in the seaman's vernacular. Evidence on the colloquial use of this word was once given at a much-publicised court martial.

In the hard school of experience, one of the first lessons learnt by most torpedomen was that, despite earnest attention to detail, 'Errors WILL creep in.' There are two factors that suggest this is what happened here:

(a) Gyroscopic steering in torpedoes was first adopted by the Royal Navy in 1898. It would be considerably later before all torpedoes were so fitted, and later still before all torpedomen were trained and practised in the maintenance of this delicate system.

(b) Justly or unjustly, the mechanical skill of the average West country rating was supposed to be less than that of his opposite number from Portsmouth or Chatham. The latter sometimes used 'West country' as an adjectival phrase describing an arrangement or device of a 'lash-up,' 'Heath Robinson' or a makeshift, slovenly nature.

It seems to me, therefore, that the offence of that 'pride of the West country' would have been more suitably dealt with by mulcting his pay as a torpedoman than by stern disciplinary action for insubordination.

P. W. BROCK.

HOWLIEGLASS

The name Eilenspiegel and its translations, Owlglass and Howieglass, are all found in Ben Johnson works. It would appear that Tyll Eilenspiegel was well enough known in Elizabethan days for passing references to him to mean something to the audience.

Whatever the reason for Kipling's choosing the name it cannot have anything to do with any resemblance of character; Sir James was a most superior gentleman whereas Tyll was a bucolic oaf of the first water.

Perhaps R. K. came across the name when he was browsing through the headmasters study during the last terms at school.

T. L. A. DAINTITH.

OBITUARY

Lt.-Col. Barwick Sharp Browne, born 1881, Shrewsbury School and Woolwich, commissioned into Royal Garrison Artillery. Served until after First World War during which he commanded a battery. On retirement he married and went to live in London. Married Enid Marjorie Moore who was a doctor and practised as an anaesthetist. Two sons, one daughter; eldest son died in 1947. Wife died in 1961. Main interests archeology (made F.S.A.), local government and philanthropy. Moved to Gloucestershire in 1938. Served in R.A.F. and then Royal Navy in Second World War. After war resumed life in Gloucestershire and continued his interests in archeology; was a founder member of the Wotton-under-Edge Historical Society; also devoted interest in the Church of England, served on the Church Assembly and was a Lay Reader of the diocese of Gloucester. He moved to Gloucester after the death of his wife, where he took a great interest in the life of the Cathedral. His daughter, Mrs. Barbara Saxton, is married to a doctor and has four children; his son, Dr. Martin Browne, is unmarried and is about to leave for Christian medical work in South Africa.

He joined the Kipling Society in 1934, member of Council 1951. His stimulating writing on 'Mrs. Bathurst', etc., will be well remembered.

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- COOK, Theodore A. (Ed). *An Anthology of Humorous Verse*, p. 155 a parody on 'Jack and Jill' and on p. 343 the 'When the Rudyards cease from Kipling' poem. 5/6

- CROSLAND, T. W. H. The Five Notions — verse after R.K. 4/6
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323 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Tel. Holborn 7597

Melbourne Branch :

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E. J. Batten,
16 Albert Street, East Malvern,
S.E.5, Victoria.

Hon. Secretary:

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33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

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Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. :

Carl T. Naumburg, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24, N.Y.