

2 carbons

Finn's
Lieutenant ~~James~~ promotion.

Change of name
to Finn (1.
throughout)

I
Voyage ~~delicious~~
~~delicious~~ pénible.

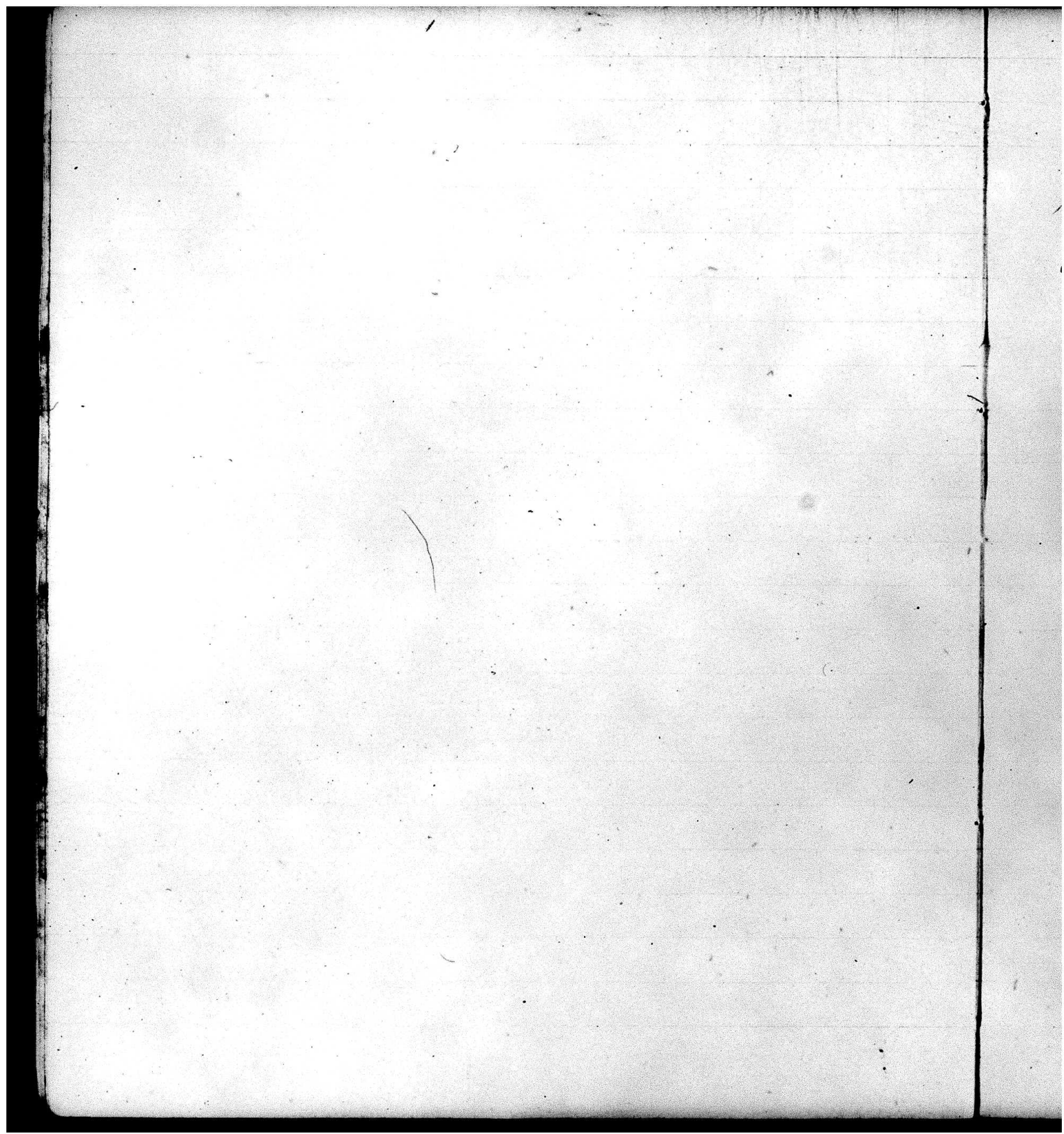
Though he had not brought blood-stained laurels
on the stricken field, Colonel Vonfets was
deservedly the pride of the Galician army.

He had begun as a lion-hunter in
Somaliland, and had a wound a foot long in his
thigh which had at least the advantage of
acting as a barometer. But on his return
gravel old Galpoty had hunted that such
talent as he had shown for dealing with strange
countries and peoples might be turned to better use
than sport.

Accordingly Vonfets had spent his next leave
among the lakes that feed the Red Elin River
and a third expedition brought him to Lake Jaktot
and Northern Melania, and so to the mouth
of the Ognoc.

His services to the Galician government, though
secret, were recognizable, and Vonfets had

* Exiaz on the Frank Map.



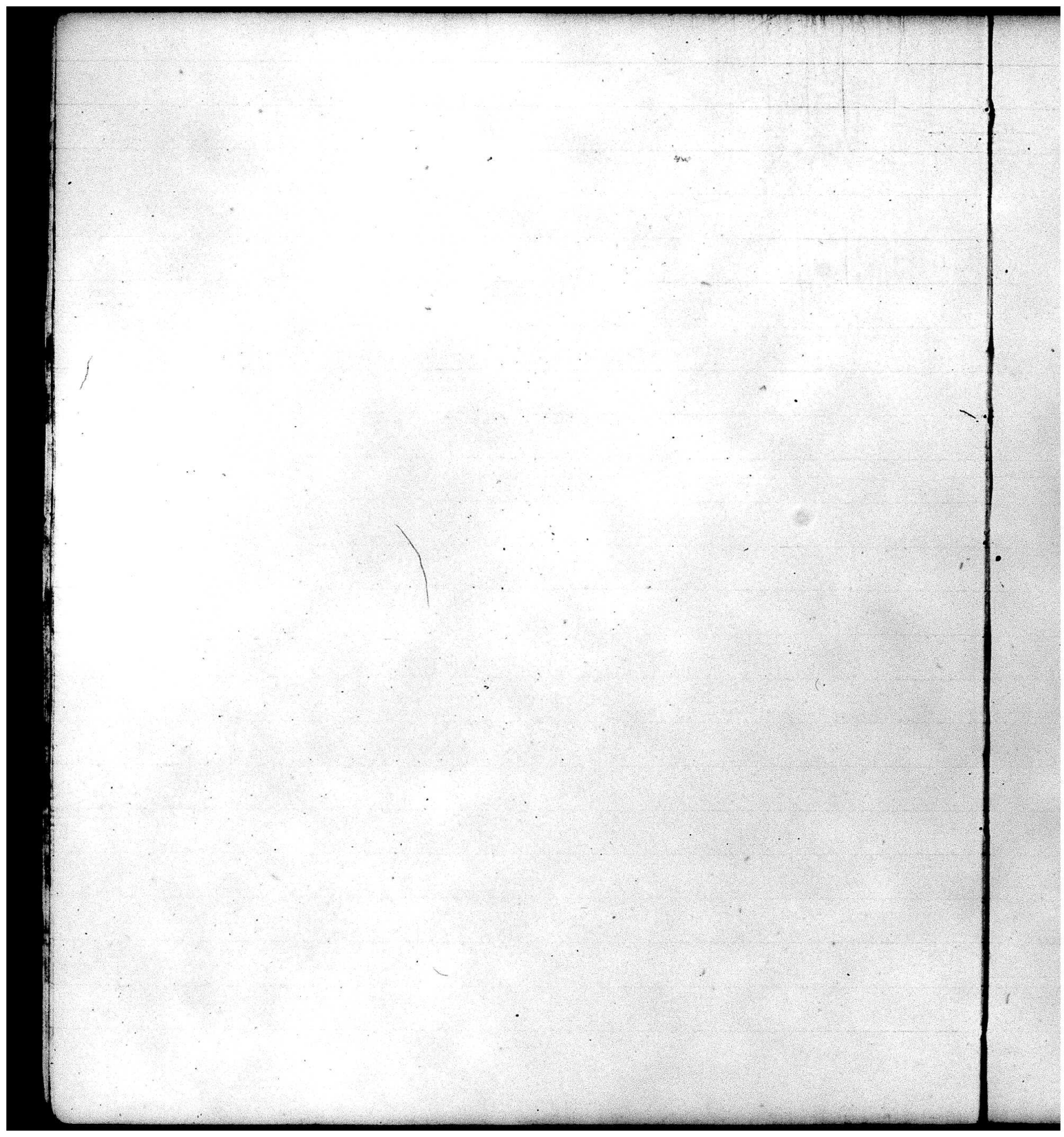
(2)

a free hand, and aid and glory from the
national geographical societies. His adventures
had been written up by indiscreet journalists
who spared no yellow. He was beginning to be
an anonymous hero in the bowdows of his native
Tetulia when he suddenly became the man
of mystery - greater, and yet forgotten.

For Kompets disappeared.

He had been last heard of at Lake Dabot.
Hence he had plunged into the jungles of
Central Kamogony, and the silence
swallowed him up.

People began to wonder where he was. Newspapers
invented reports, one at least with such claim to
authenticity as ^{to be} based on the gossip of a
sailor's bar. One paper saw an opportunity
and published the Terrible Tale of Kompets' Last
Stand with fake diaries, fake last messages,
and fake photographs complete. Nobody
cared much: the editor cut short his feuilleton
and began a gorie, while the glory of the



tropical jungle settled over the fate of Kompets. Five years after his disappearance, only one girl in all Galicia, weeping at the grave of her dead mother, still hoped for his return: hardly a hundred ever gave a thought to him.

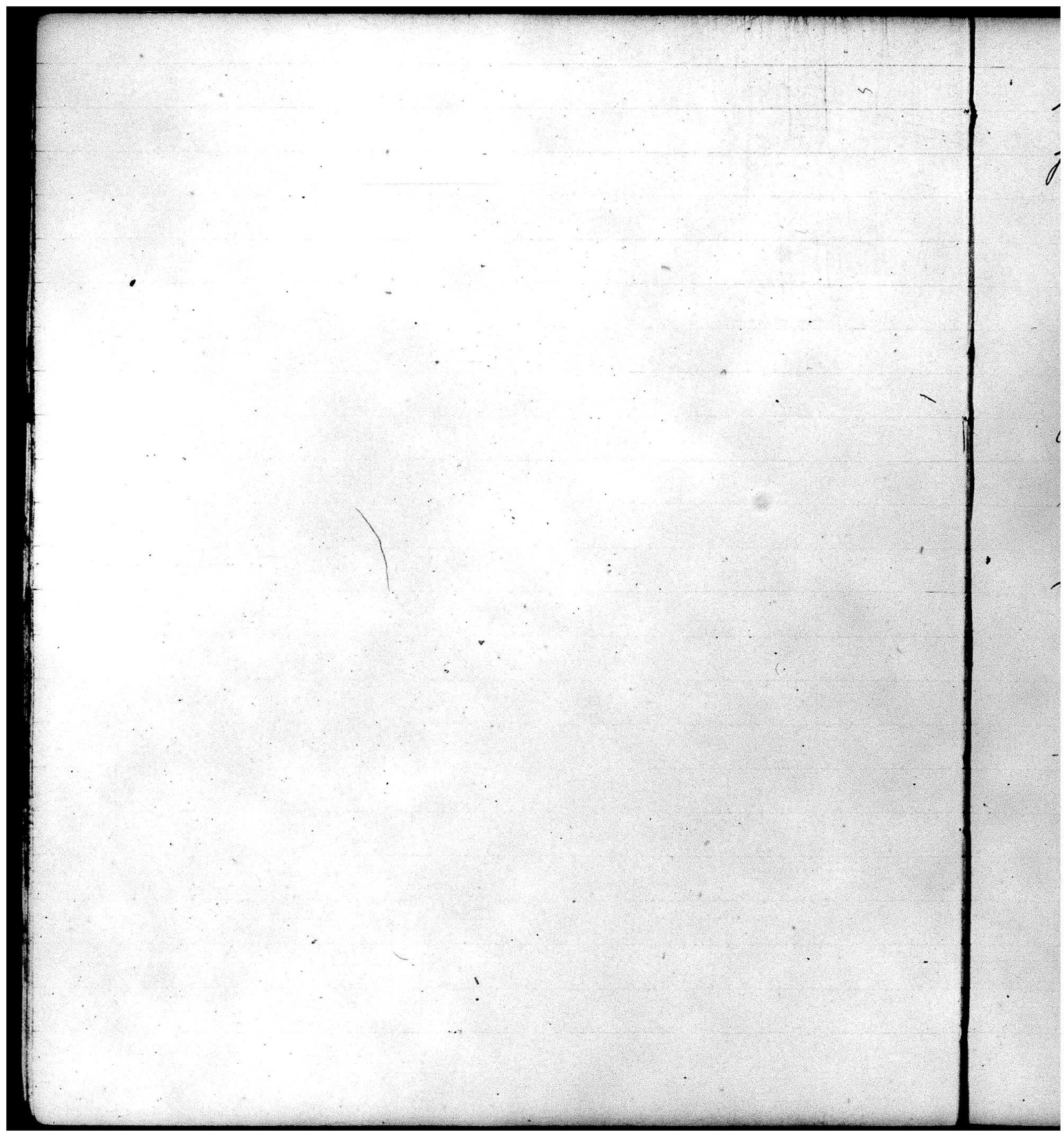
~~When the~~ But the gathered blackness was not night, but storm; it was to break with a flash and a roar to appal the planet.

II.

Colonel Kompets and his ~~chief~~ Galician brother officers and ~~sixty~~ ^{fifty} ~~sixteen~~ soldiers had no intention whatever of going to Adoshaf.

Adoshaf has few charms for anybody, and even if we allow a great deal for eccentricity of taste in a man of Kompets' type, we cannot suppose that he would deliberately go two thousand miles out of his way to get there.

But the traveller in Central Kainogeny has to reckon with three main matters; swamps, jungles, and rivers. He consequently provides



4
himself amply with guns, axes, and some
form of boat. Even so he may get unscathed.

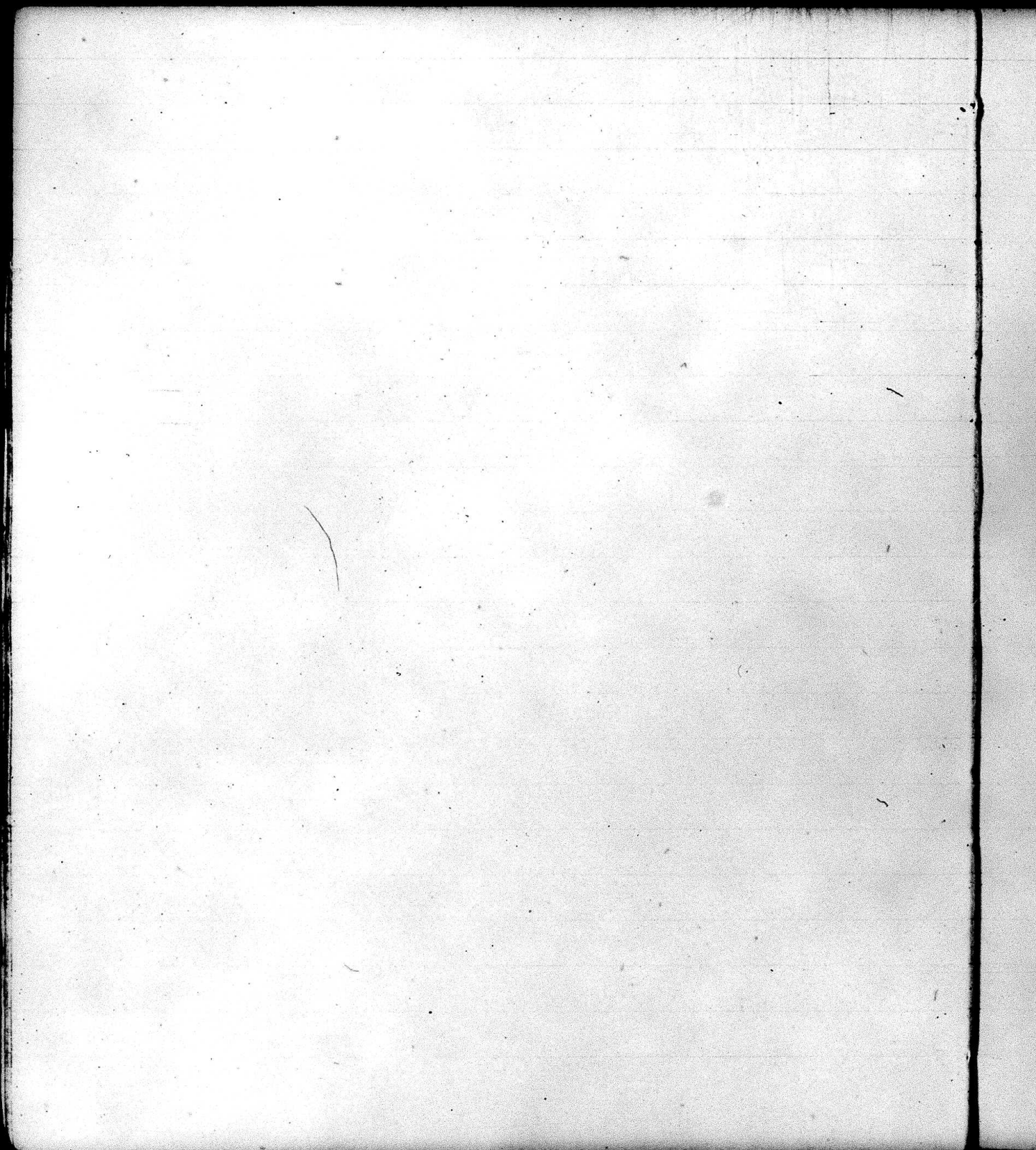
Koupets had been about three years on his
trail, heading ever south-west, when he
struck an uncharted river where he least
expected it. A lieutenant and four men set
out in a boat to cross it, and were swept
far down stream. Night fell, and they did not
return. In the morning Koupets turned northward
to try to pick them up. Towards evening a native
saw the wreck of the boat on a jutting rock in
mid-stream.

Koupets continued his northern detour on a
report of a big village with canoe three days
march down stream.

Rumour told truth, but had omitted to mention
that the villagers were warlike and bloodthirsty
cannibals.

The perceptible weakness of the traveller, who had
exhausted his supply of scarlet umbrellas six
months earlier, were scrupulously rejected.

Koupets moved down about 300 of the



defeat of protest with a Maxim, and stormed the village at dawn. Unfortunately the party which he had detached to capture the canoes found itself cut off by a creek full of soft mud! The natives consequently were able to retreat when they saw their huts on fire, and Korpets was no better off for canoes than before.

Prisoners told him of a village of wizards to the north which no man could reach, since (a) the jungle was haunted (b) there was an impassable river (c) the road was very bad (d) the inhabitants, far from being the simple and peaceable folk that informants' misty-eyed tales was composed of, were incarnate devils. From this Korpets deduced that he could reach it without difficulty in a few days, and meet with a very similar reception.

However, he was wrong. The natives, knowing by or not, failed to find the jungle paths. Korpets was forced more and more to the North and even to the West. He then struck a

Bk 4 Pt 3

Commitment - "Action speaks itself -
in a kind of (action) of things that have

little images in a kind of their own devotedly

happened or at least there

happened to have happened.

Bk 4 Pt 3

Commemoration. "History rebuts itself" -
Coolidge in 1925 in actual (L. H. (L. H.)) of King, that have
happened or at least there while within have devotedly
believed to have happened.

6

friendly village, where every white man went
down like a log with fever. ^a

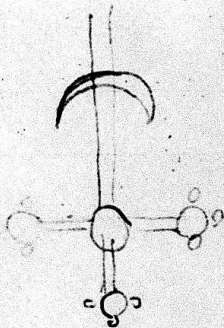
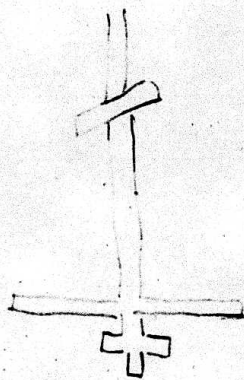
Two months later he made a fresh attempt
to reach the river. Succeeding in the end, he
found wood suitable for rafts, built them, and
cast off. One was overtaken, and the doctor
and all his medicines and all the scientific
instruments of the expedition were lost, as well
as a great deal of ammunition. Landing on the
opposite bank, the explorer struck a village
too big to attack except as a solemn hope,
and little inclined to amity.

The chief however proposed an alliance
as he was about to avenge a raid on his
northern territory. A year's campaign followed;
the enemy, beaten, pleaded that they had been

Killoonke Peninsular 7

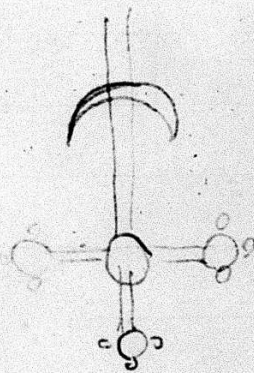
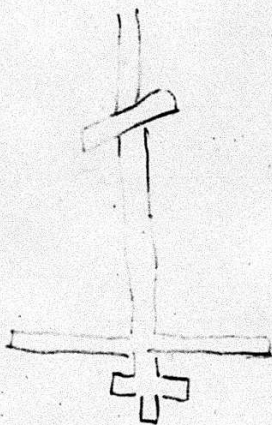
Monday Aug 11 L. came home & det 7X°

I dreamt Willend's secret was TT J



Kislovski Perynloh 7

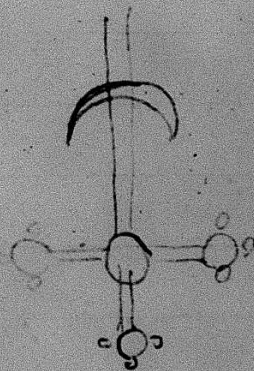
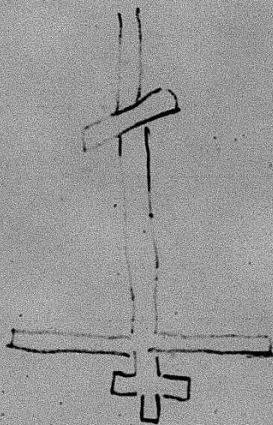
Monday Aug 11 L. came home & told TX°
I dreamt Willard's secret was TT J

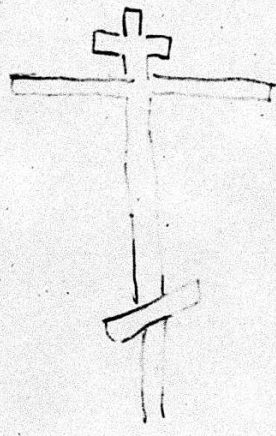
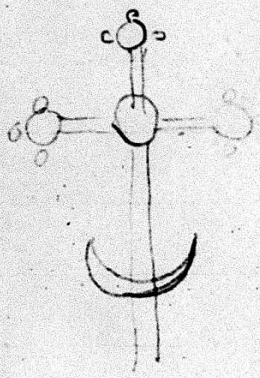


Kislovski Petersburg 7

Monday Aug 11 L. came home & told 78°

I dreamt Willard's secret was TT T



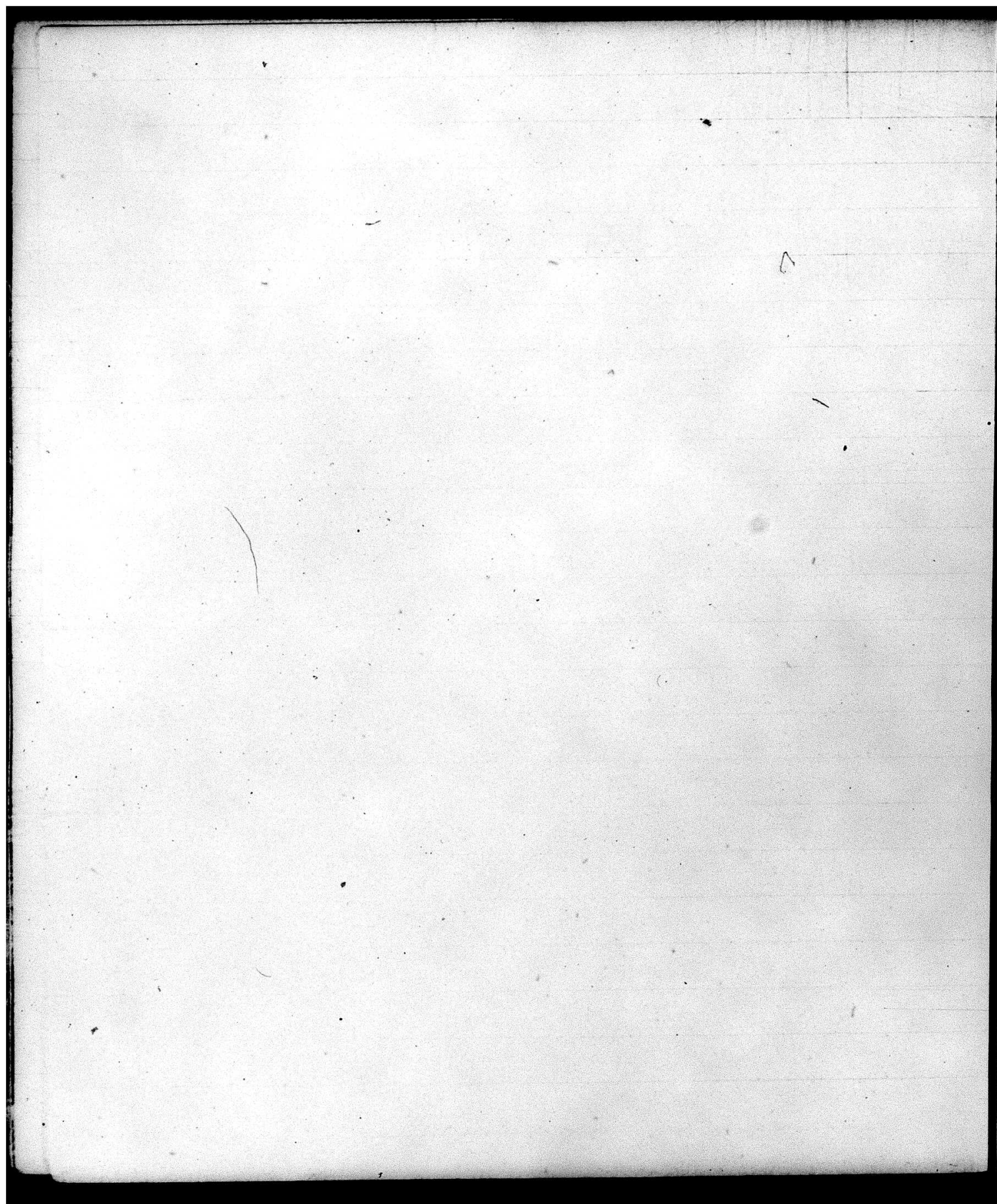


Monday Aug 11. I came home at 11:30.
 I heard Wilkins' secret was II J

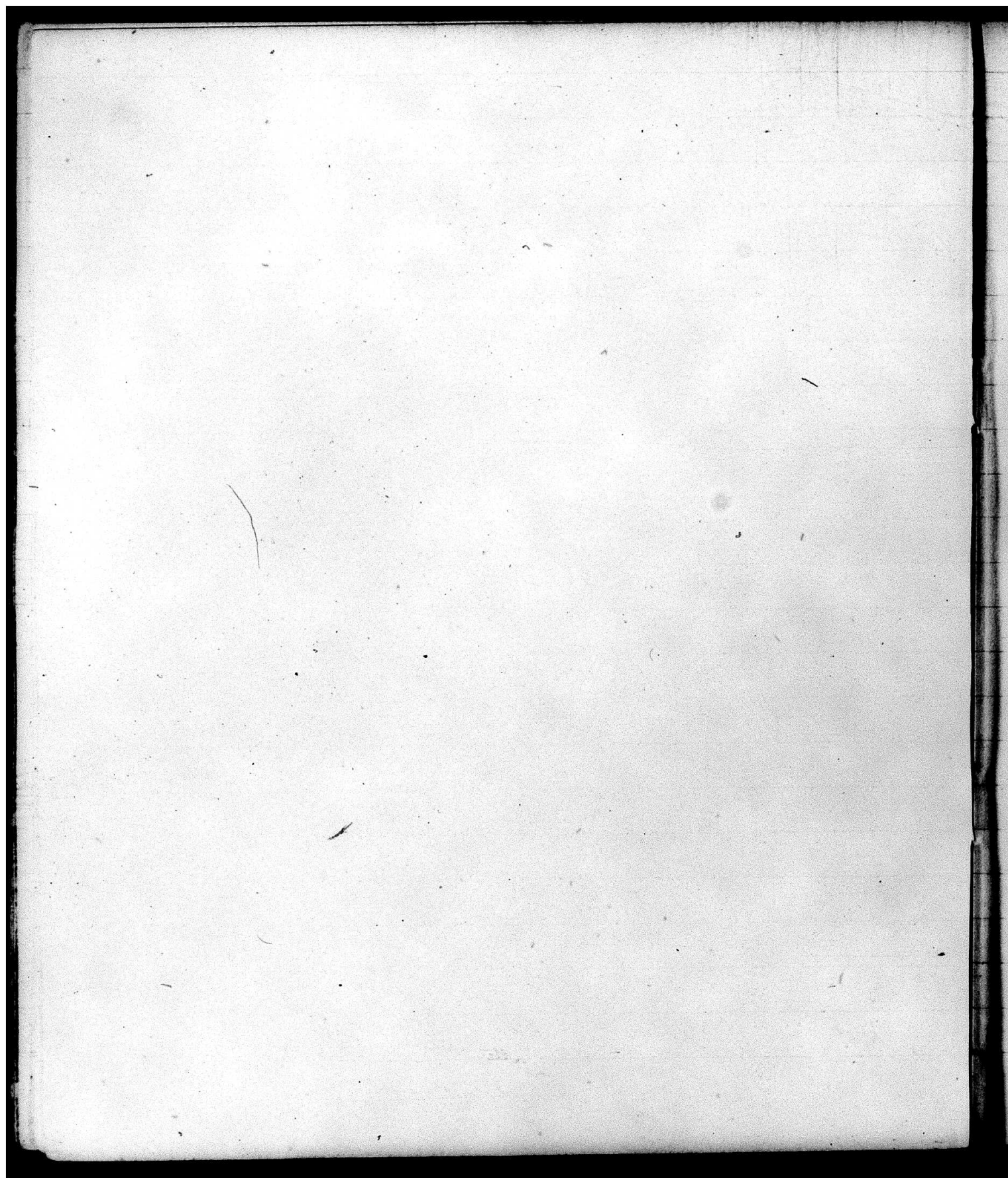
Killed the Pengoak 7

7
aged to the raid by a fanatical race
of strange complexion who had invaded them
from the North. Kaptis, who knew that
he was a thousand miles or so off his trail,
but had no real idea where he was on the
map, since the loss of his instruments, was
about ready to abandon his main object,
and get out anywhere he could. The river,
always with them, flowed Northward as persistently
as the Elia itself. ^{might have done} He accepted the new
alliance, and marched against the 'fanatics
of strange complexion' which he found due
to paint and an eyed madwoman.
After the pacification of this tribe, he again
fell dangerously ill. More of his men died;
his resources of every kind were nearly exhausted;
it seemed to him a duty to make for the sea
as best he could.

He therefore chose the best courses of his



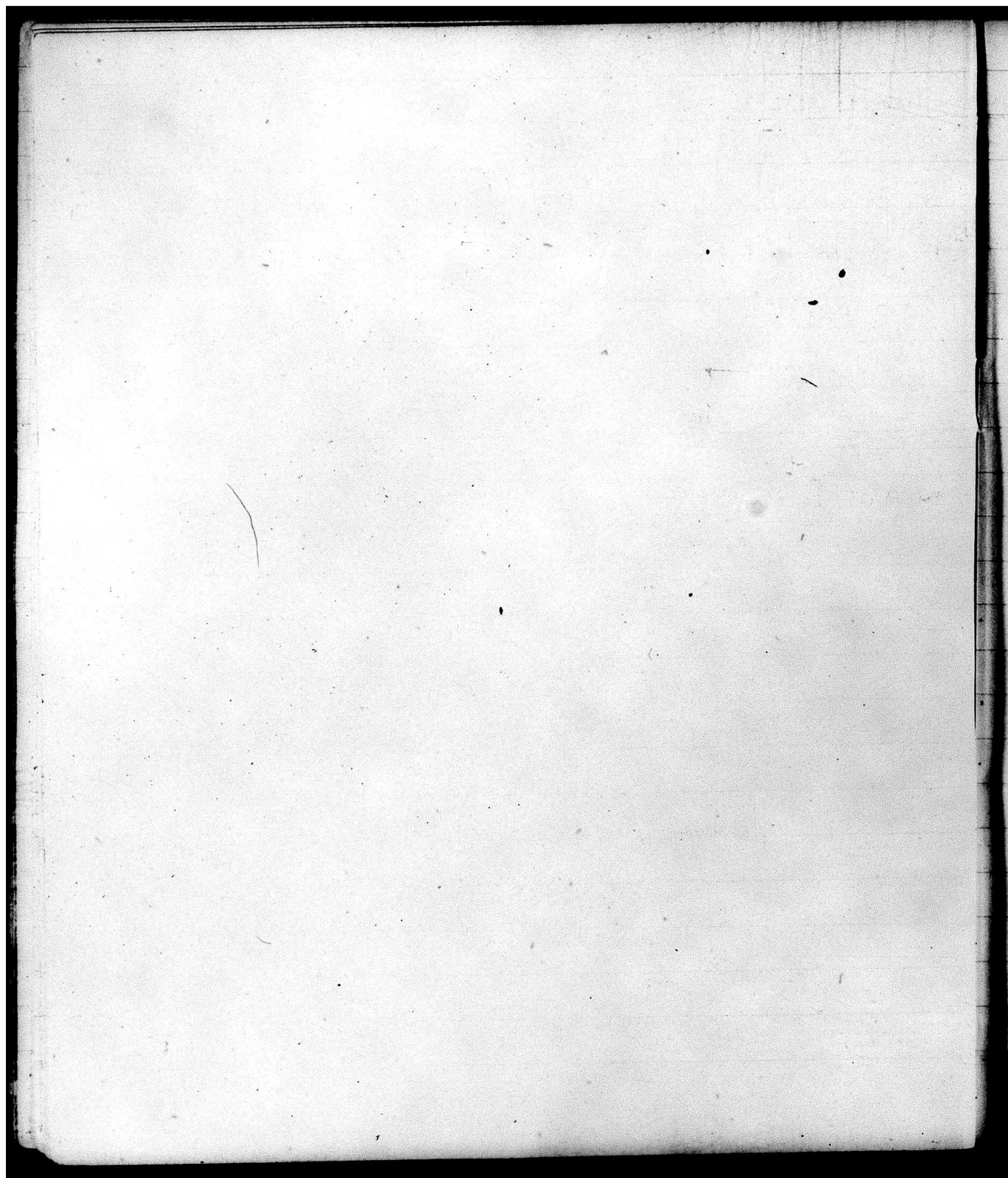
allies and plenty of provisions, which the grateful chief bestowed on him in abundance. A touching farewell was only marred by a gratuitous and perfectly treacherous attack on the part of the ^{apresent} grateful chief, who had suddenly awakened to the fact that the strangers were going off with valuable property, and that as soon as the farewell was said, they ~~again~~ ~~became~~ ~~the~~ lens of hospitality no longer applied. Korpets had been expecting this, and a shot from his revolver, striking the chief in the diaphragm, threw the allies into confusion, as the majority of the persons present were broked to be buried alive with the fallen chief. A disorderly rush was checked by a single volley, and Korpets and his party reached mid-stream without a



scratch.

The journey down-stream was as long as it was uneventful, and the party regained a good deal of its lost strength. It was interrupted by a cut-wast hedged in by so thick a jungle that it was impossible to cut a way for the canoes. The little ^{tribe} ~~army~~ ^{tribe} came out at last upon an open plain, and sighted a distant village that proved out (in the end) to be Adoshef.

A few miles from Adoshef Koupets found a number of mutilated corpses and a dying maniac, from whom he gleaned no information. A mile further a stowing woman ~~informed~~ told him that Adoshef had been exterminated by The folk of devils. Two miles from the village the foresaid devils, perceiving Koupets and his merry



men, came out on horseback, with long spears and shield cries, at the charge.

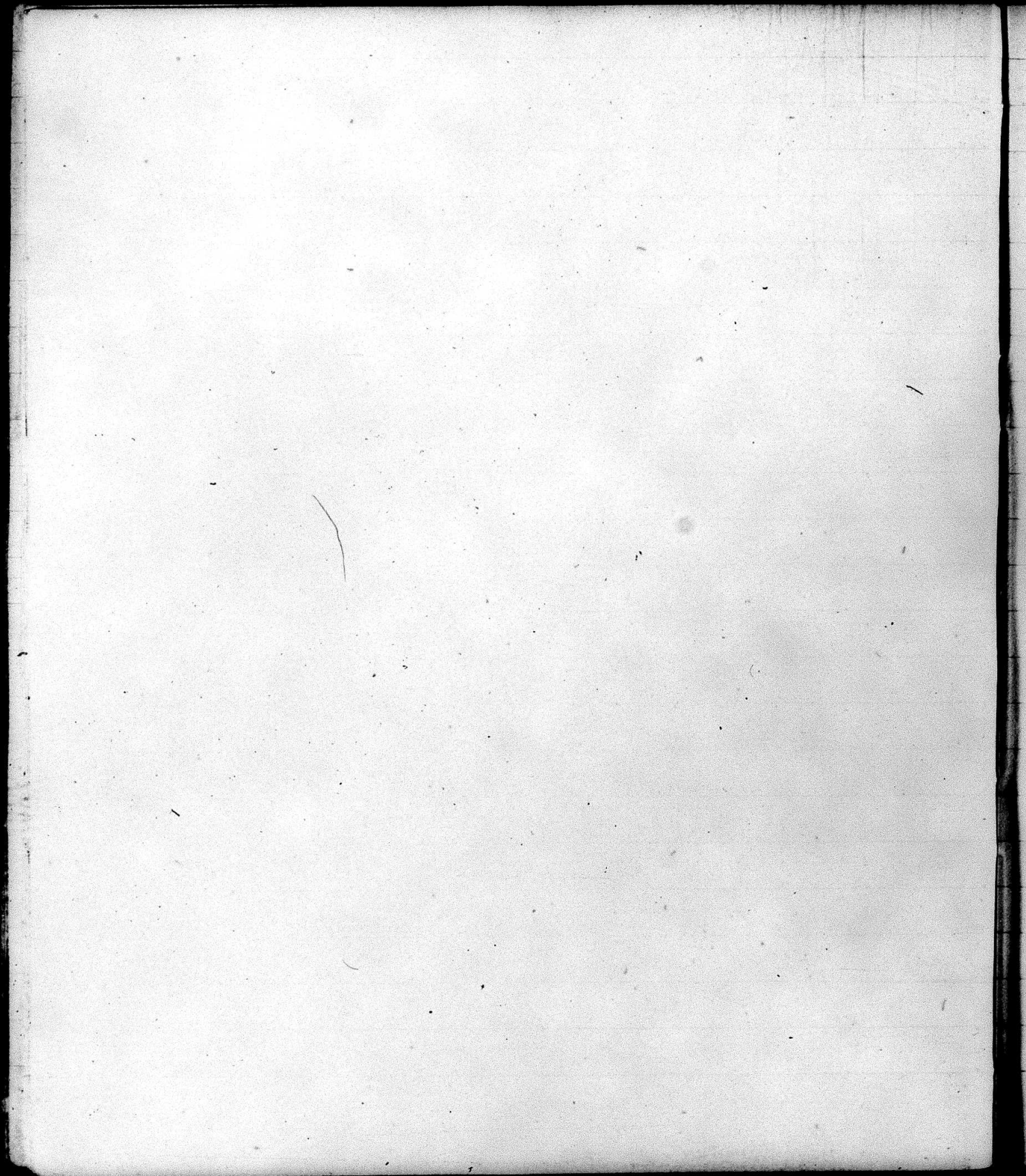
The wary and resourceful Korpets, who had extended his men in a long line, caused the way to fall back, and having thus broken the line of horsemen, unmasked the Maxim and swept them away. The battle was over in three minutes, and ^{an hour later} the conquerors were in the market place receiving the submission of the 'devils', who had been utterly demoralized by the annihilation of their fiercest fighting men by what appeared to them to be magic.

Korpets was highly elated at his victory, and dreamt of empire. Glory and Galicia, said he, have always been synonymous. And forthwith he set up the Galician flag in the market-place, unfurled it ceremonially.

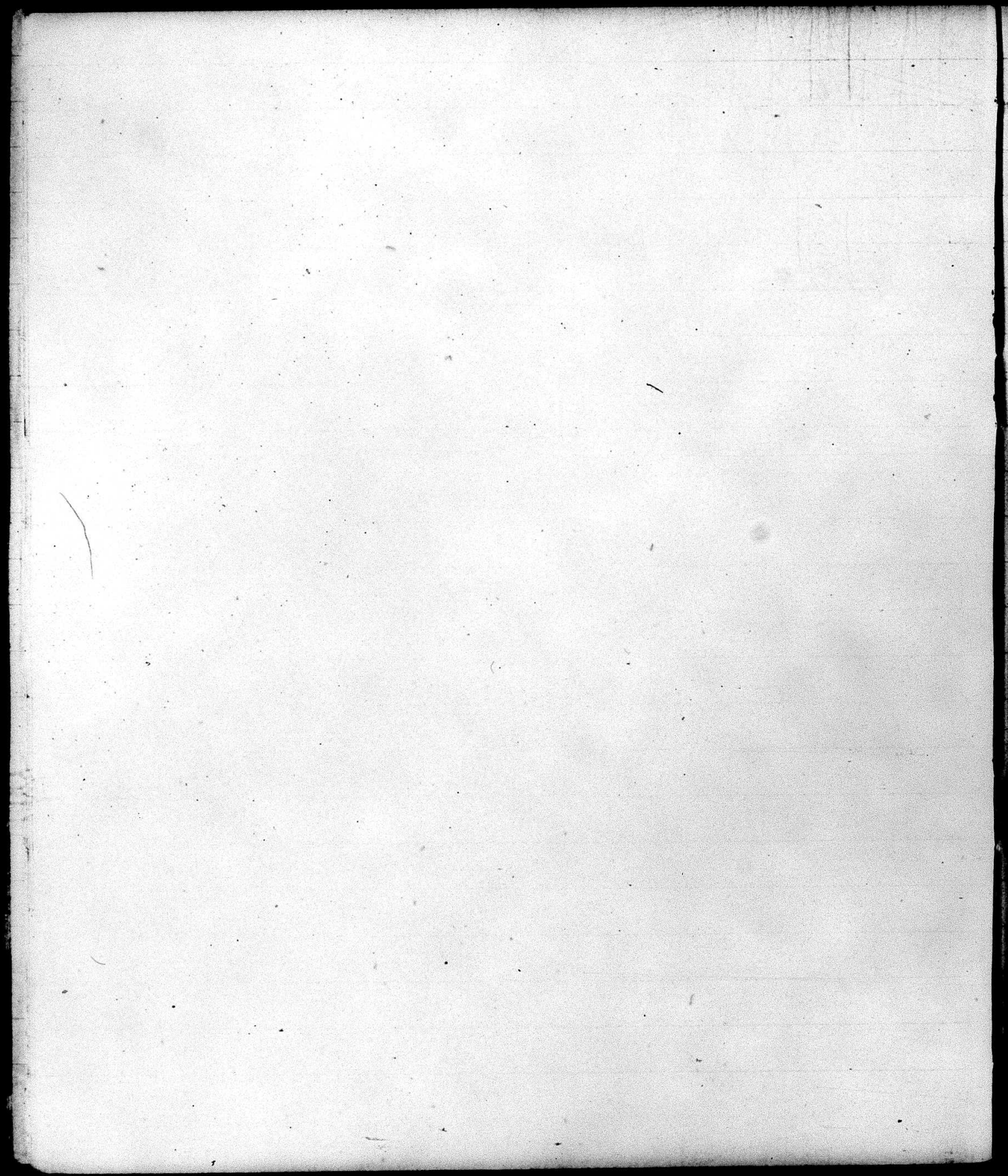
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and took possession of Adoshef in the name
of his ~~of~~ country and its government, though,
having been seven years lost to civilization, he
had no idea what the form of that
government might be, and even less of
what is ever the best thing a brave ~~old~~
man thinks of - the political situation.

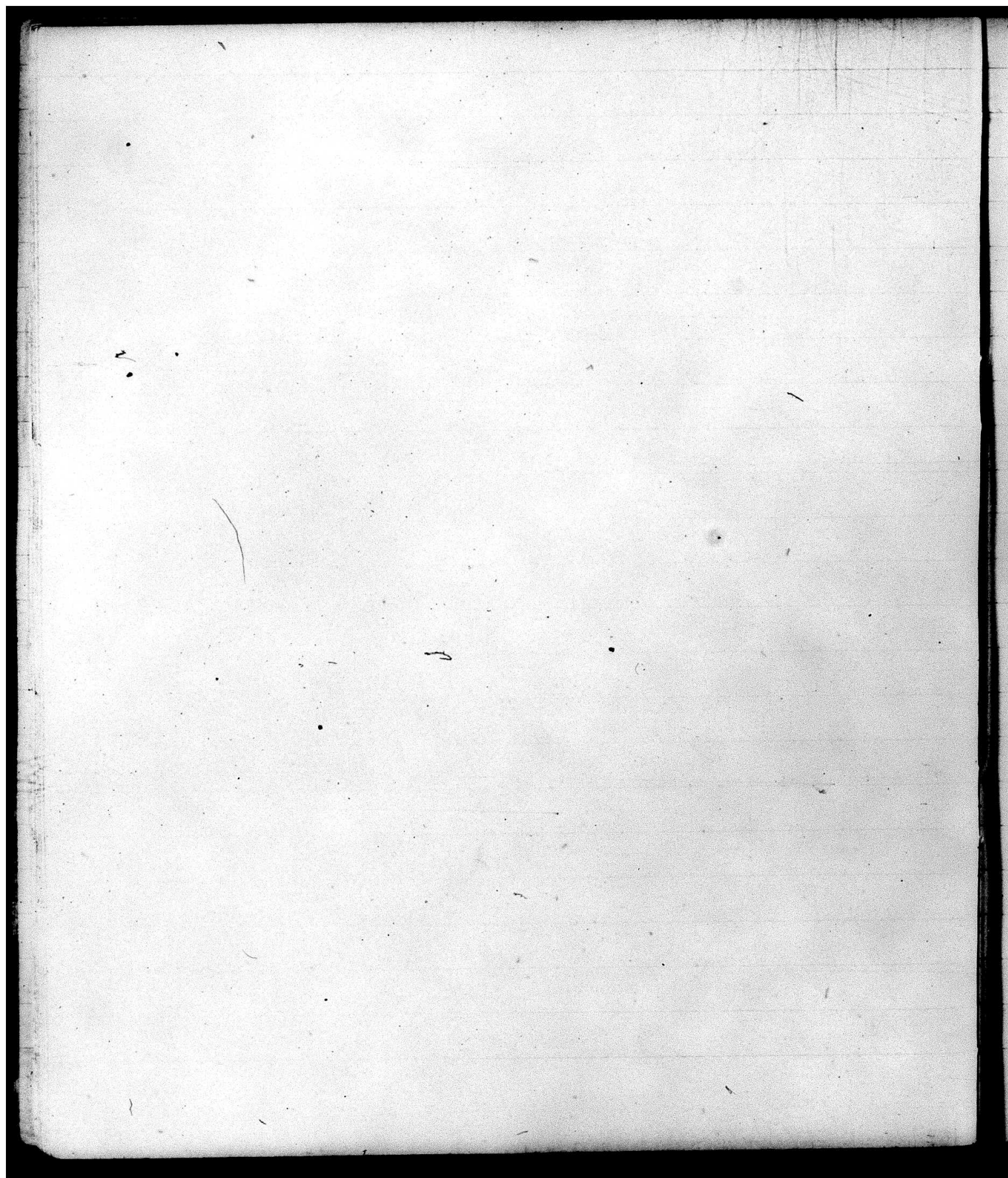


II

Crosiere joyeuse.

First Lieutenant Yksur was certainly the only man on his ship to be trusted with the navigation. Belustan does not produce born sailors. Yksur was of a crossed race of seafaring folk, and hated Belustan as Moses hated the Egyptians. The Khan of Belustan never suspected that the declaration of war would see ^{half} his ~~own~~ ships sunk by their own officers.

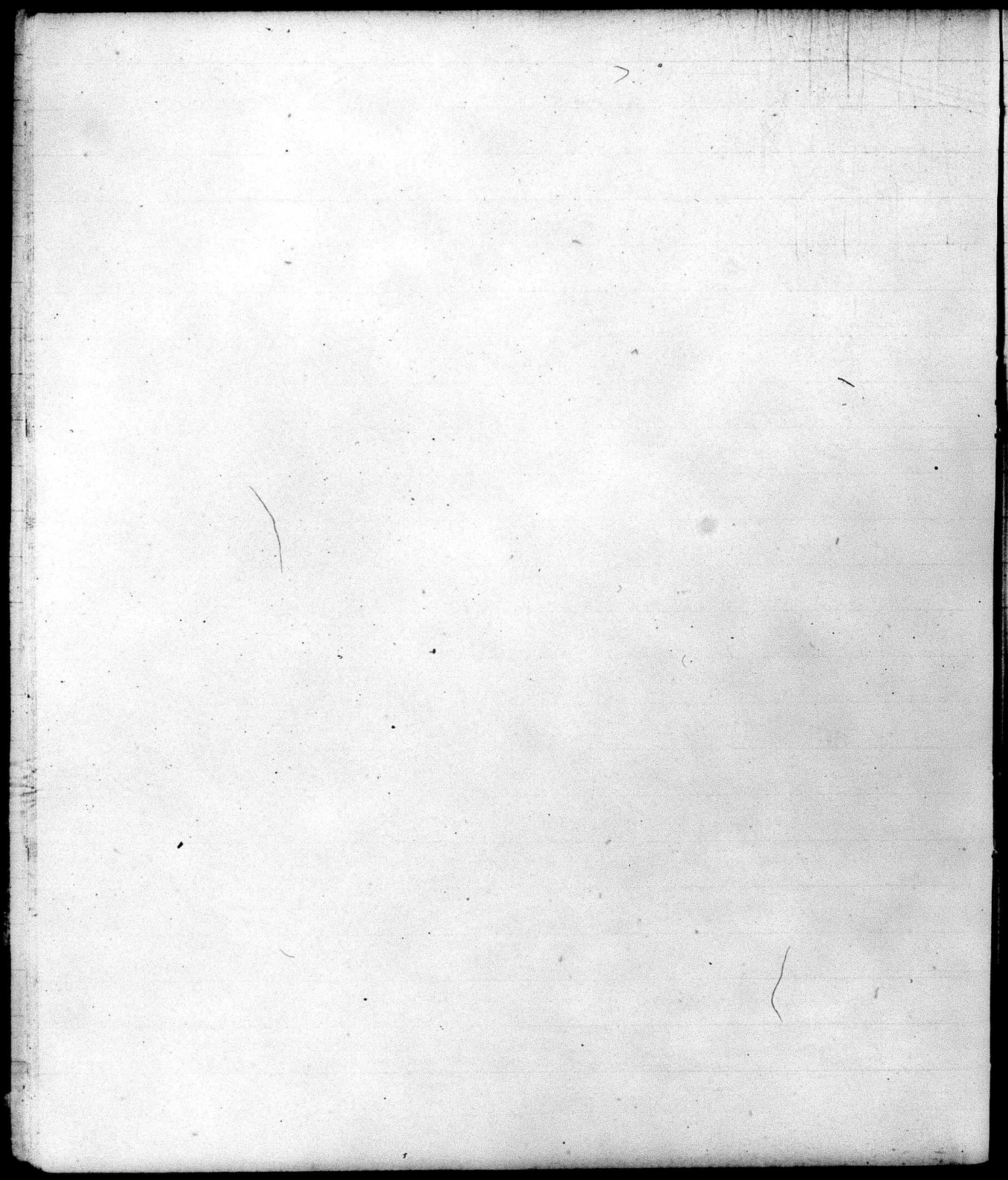
However, the world was at peace, and First Lieutenant Yksur saw a brave show of hunting ^{from} the bridge of the battleship Luschnoye as she steamed grandly out of the harbor of Sebastia, beneath the ^{muzzles of the} biggest fortress guns in the world.



It was a common belief that Sebastian was impregnable. Though indeed it had once fallen within the memory of living men, conditions of war had changed. It was now a days not even approachable. It was said that its arsenal held magazines of war sufficient for a ten years' siege.

The Luschbruge was a battleship-cruiser of the latest pattern, and her armament was superior to that of any other ship in the world. She had been in commission for not quite a year, and hosted the permanent of Rear-Admiral Tsoke. In her lumber were 3000 tons of the best English steam coal and her orders were to cruise in the Arctic until it was exhausted.

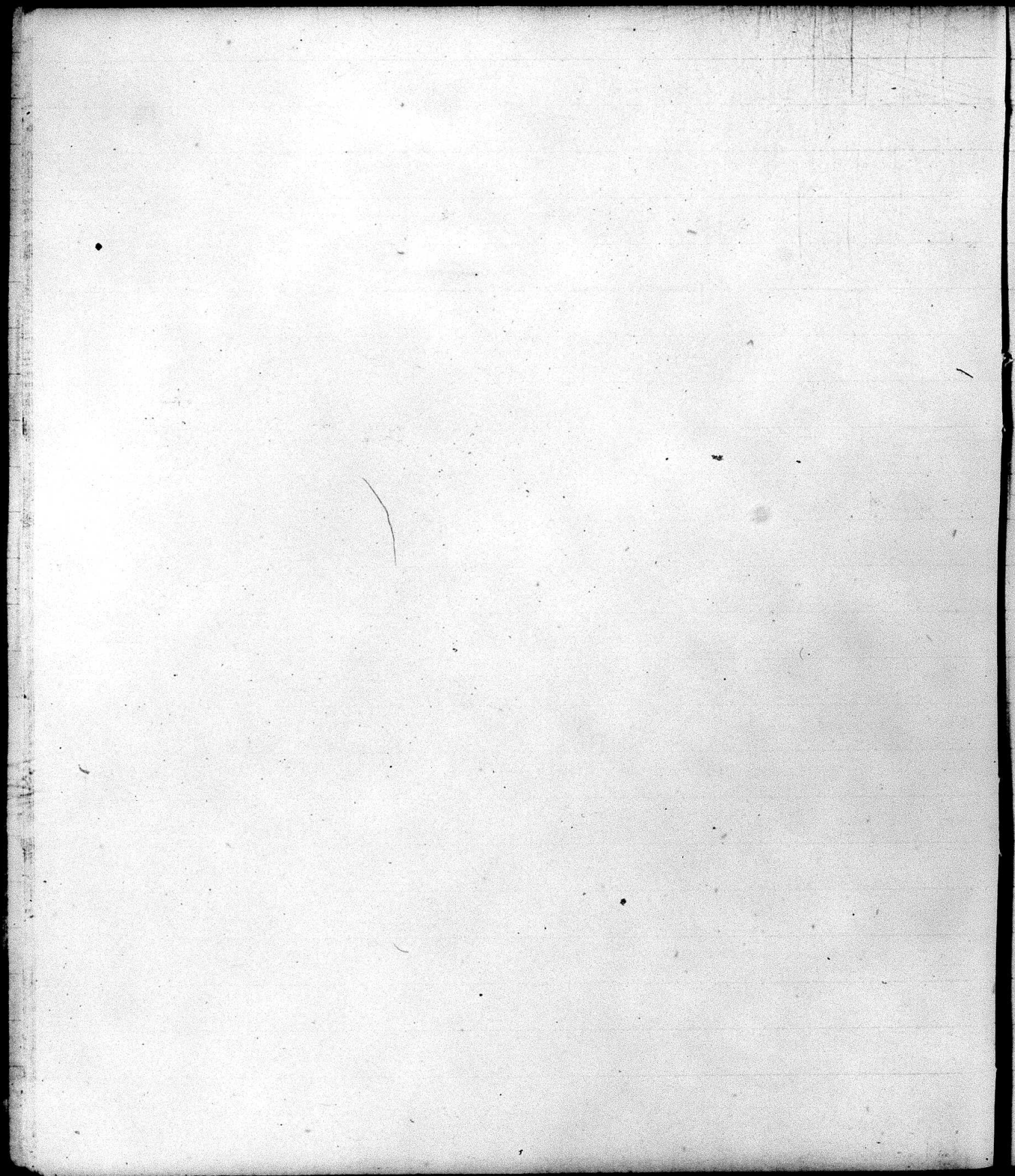
Landsmen have the fixed idea that cruising has something of dolce far niente.



in its construction. They think of the Norfolk
 Broads, or Dr Linn's pleasure parties - But
 the cruise of a battleship is hard work, the next
 best thing to action - and hard work formed no
 part of the programme of Rear Admiral
 Veske. That gallant seaman - the 'Nelson' of
 the North' of English newspapers - accordingly
 steamed out of sight of land, and out of the
 track of ~~vessels~~ ships, and there by night
 incontinently emptied two of his three
 thousand tons of coal into the stormy sea.*

This tedious but necessary labour ended, the
 ward-room returned to its ordinary round of
 luccant and strong drink, while the Cinderella
 of the ship, First Lieutenant Johnson, went ahead
 - dead slow - to ^{the} convenient harbour of an

* Improbable statements occurring in this story are facts for
 which I can give chapter and verse - etc.

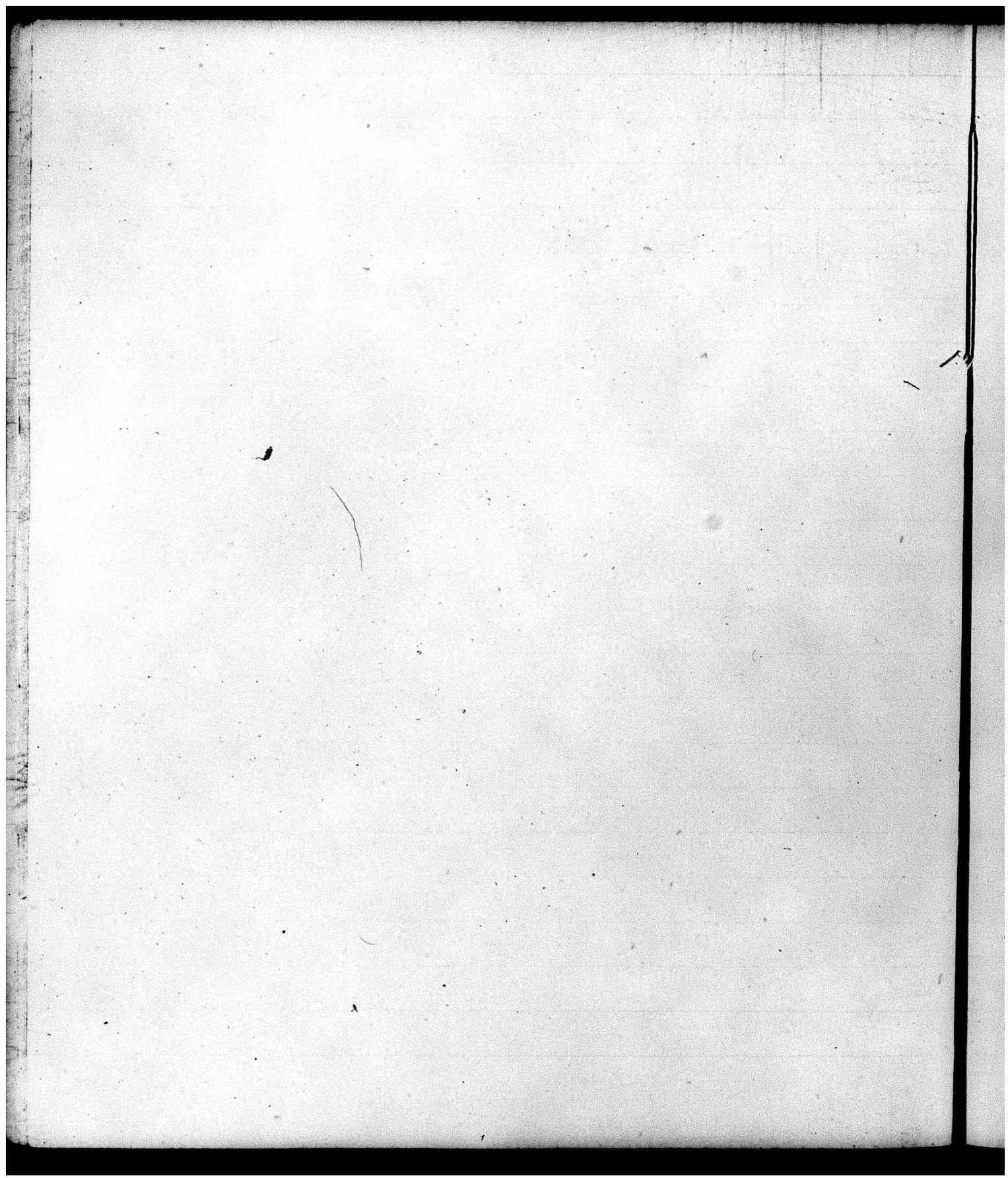


island most highly favoured by nature,
where the hardships of naval discipline might
be deservedly mitigated by the amenities
of social intercourse with a race whose ladies
were renowned throughout three continents for
their virtues rather than for their virtues.

It was here that the first ray of the
star of First Lieutenant Gibson's destiny
shit his horizon. ~~was~~ "I shall have to go and
blow those poor devils out of the water."
"I see" said Rear-Admiral Tooke in an
expansive moment to his lieutenant.

"Yes, sir?" interrogatively.

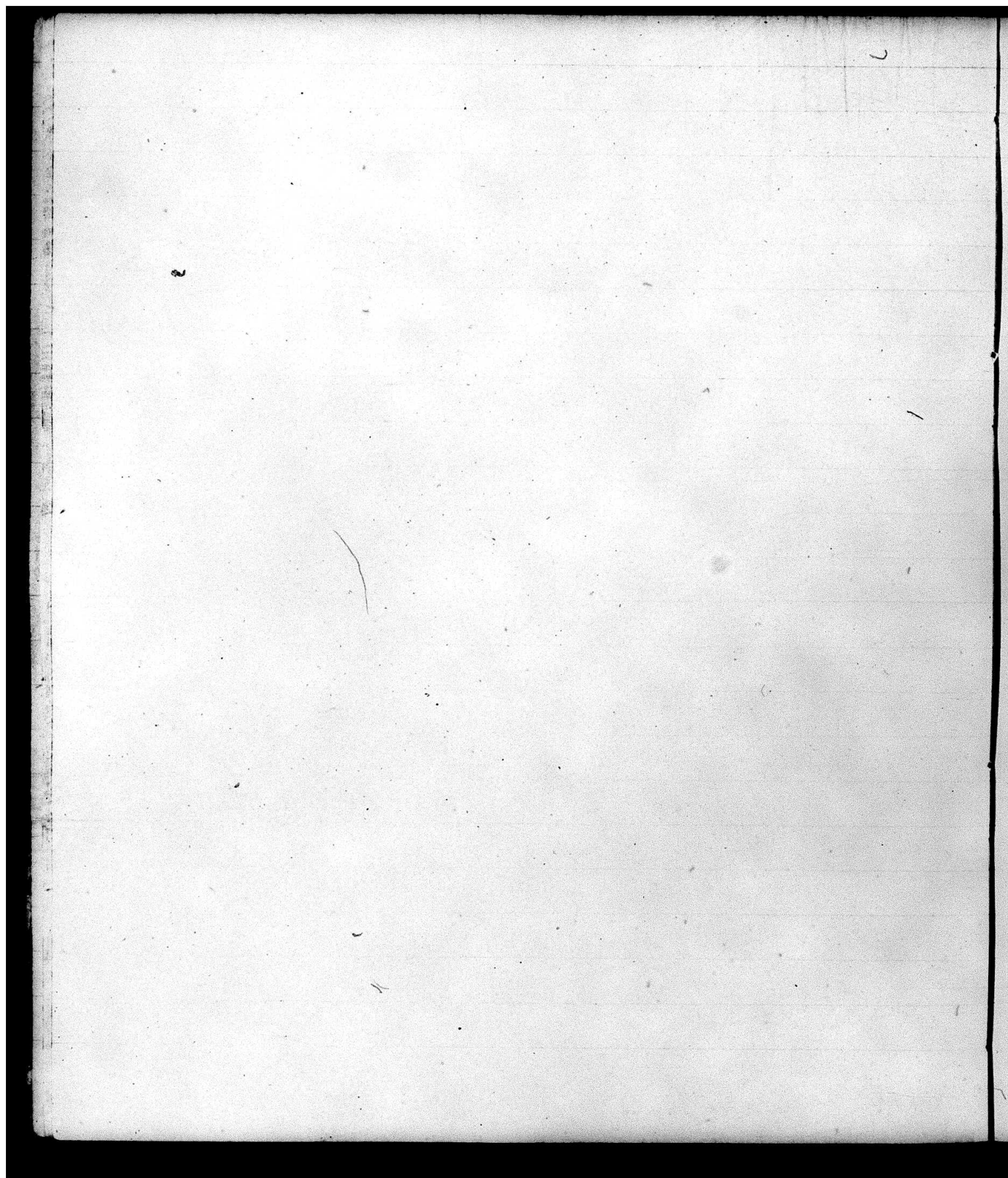
"The brave Kompets has come out at Adoshef
and raised the banner of Galicia. See there!"



and he handed across a copy of the Baluchistan
'New Times'.

They drank to Kompets the brave, and to Galicia
the glorious their ally, and heartily wished to
God they were in Tetalia, where the girls are
gladdest. They also drank the deepest of
damnations to teachers Noibla, the
country that had made forcible diplomatic
protest against the seizure of Adoshef, and
raised with a jabber-unnarratable, thank
God, to bluff hardy honest seamen! - about
'spheres of influence' and the like, raised
a little hell in the chancelleries.

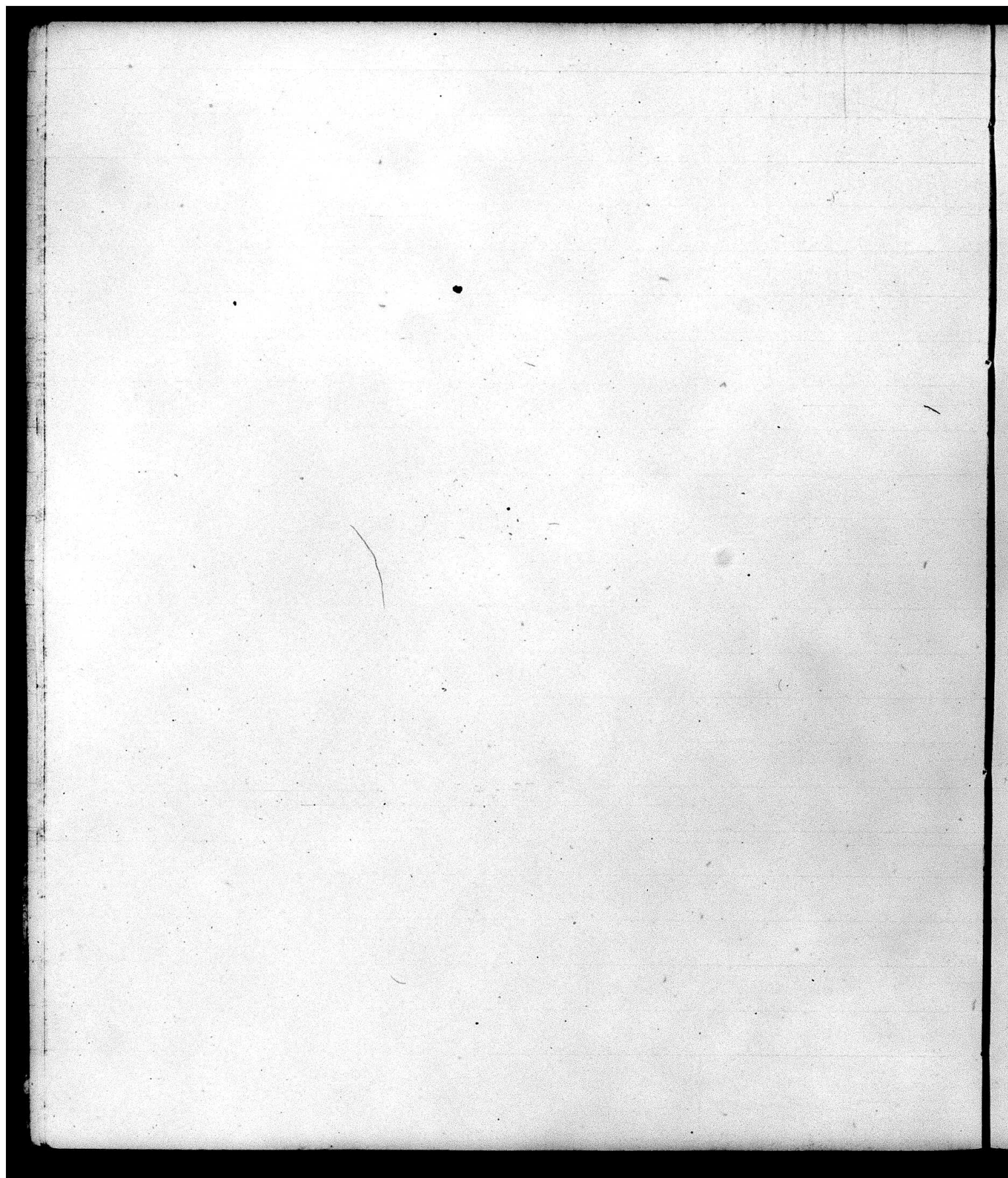
There was however not anxiety in the
simple mind of First Lieutenant Ghour.
He never expected promotion, having no



17

noble relatives, or even a wealthy lady to
interest herself in his career. He knew that
war would not come, on the general principle
that 'nothing ever happens.' If it did, he
conceived ^{it} his first duty to God and man
to run the Luschbruge upon such a rock
and in such weather that so much as a
splinter of her would never be seen again.

~~The~~ It was the last day of their stay
in the island. Tooke, thinking that the
fleet might be mobilized and sent
somewhere in such a way that he would
have to do something, resolved to lose
himself in the game until the crisis
was over. He hastily got to sea, and



18
cruised about for a fortnight in a ~~bad~~ ^{droopy}
trumper which increased upon him daily,
the weather becoming and remaining exceedingly
~~droopy~~
~~bad~~, and his luck at beccant worse.
bad

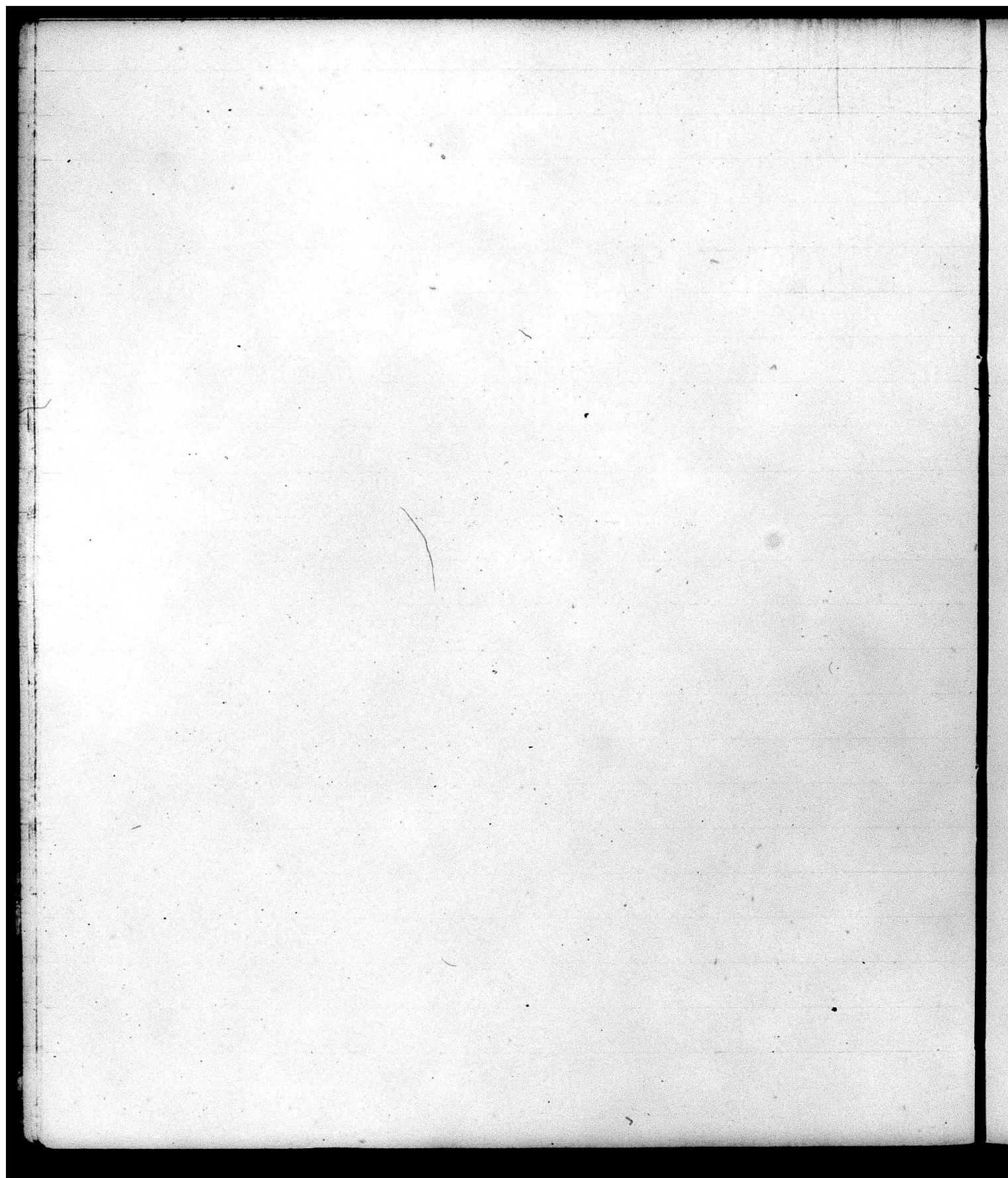
At the end of that period he spoke a British
ship, ~~learned~~ two days out from Sebastian,

learned that the crisis was ~~over~~ ended peacefully,
and, hungering for the flesh pots of the

arsenal, got rid of another 500 tons of
coal in the night, and ordered Ghaur to

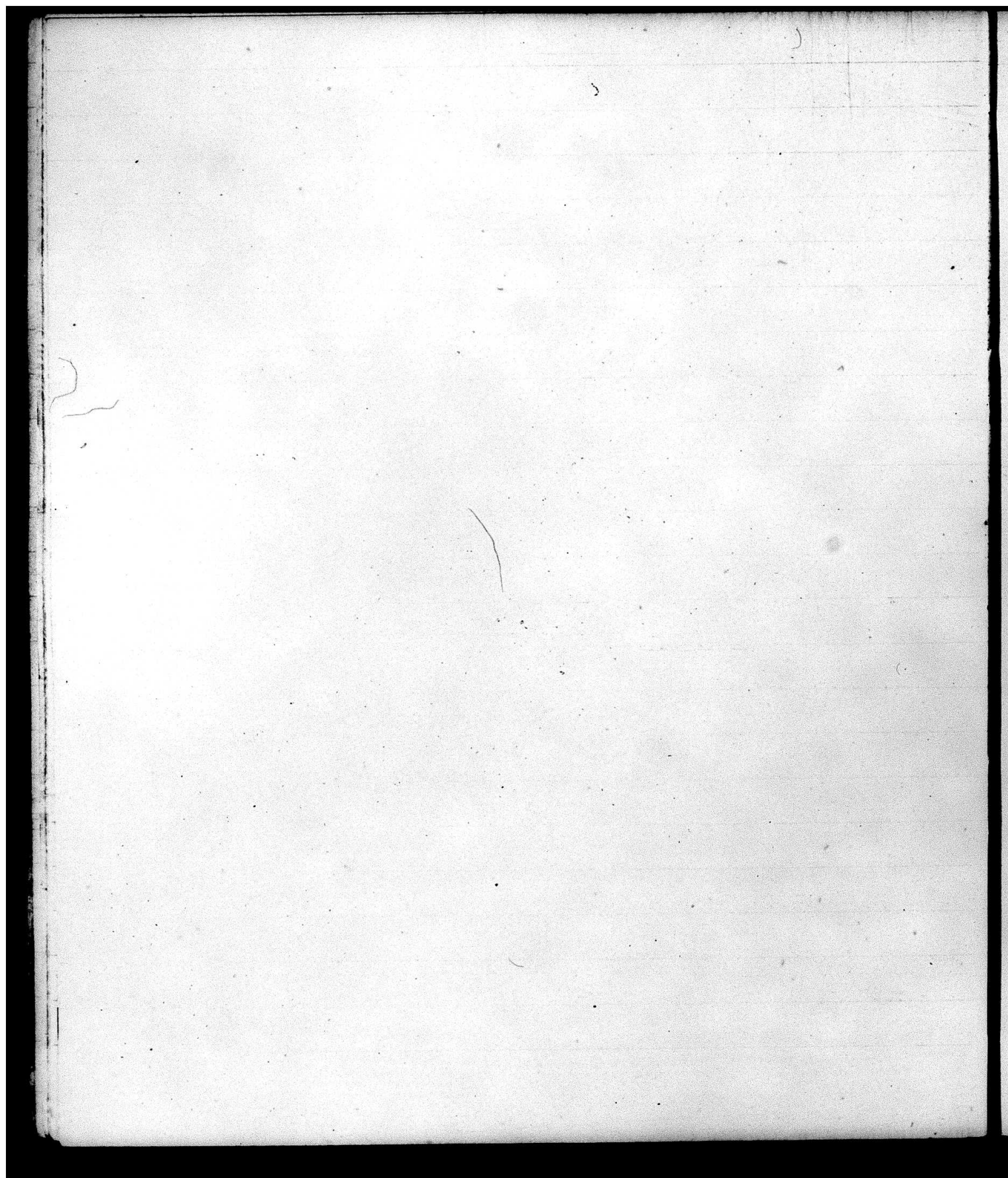
lay a straight course for Sebastian, where
he arrived without further adventure.

With a sense of duty done, the Nelson of
the North lay to, and went off in a boat
with his captain to dinner. ~~The No~~



19

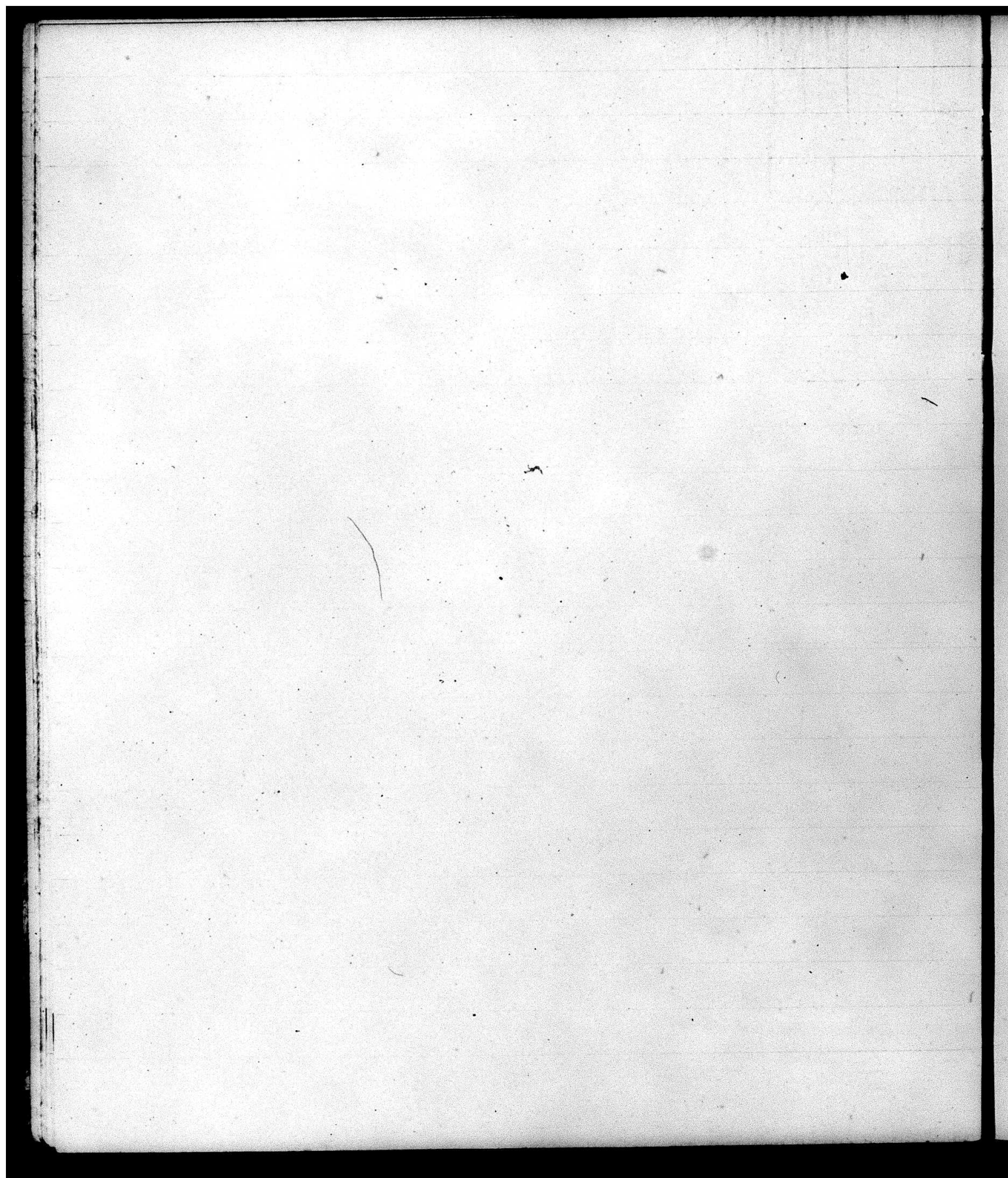
corner were they landed; however, there the
naval police quietly arrested them, and
lodged them in separate cells furnished with
ample stationery and such other adjuncts to
the art of writing as a paternal government
deemed fitting for their rank.



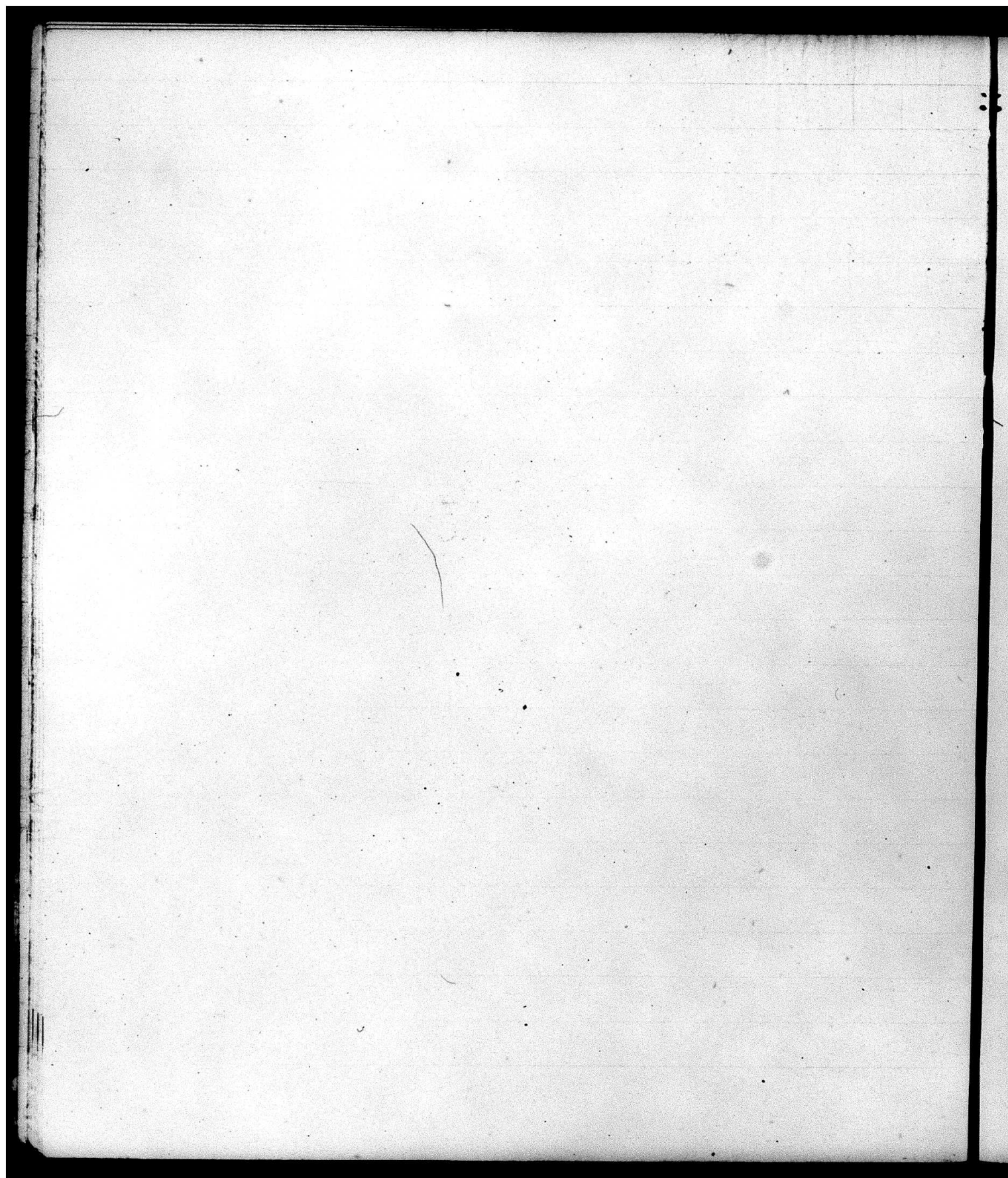
III

Alarms and Excursions.

It was a serious annoyance to the government of Galicia that the contents of Colonel Koupets' dispatches - forwarded from Adoshauf by special runners - could not ^{have been} ~~be~~ suppressed. A fortnight before their receipt, the facts, reiterated ^{with} constantly accelerated wealth of detail, were in every newspaper, and the official démentis grew weaker and weaker. The embassies alone remained officially ignorant of the most startling development of the century. Koupets had blundered into a peaceful powder factory with a Roman candle in full blast.

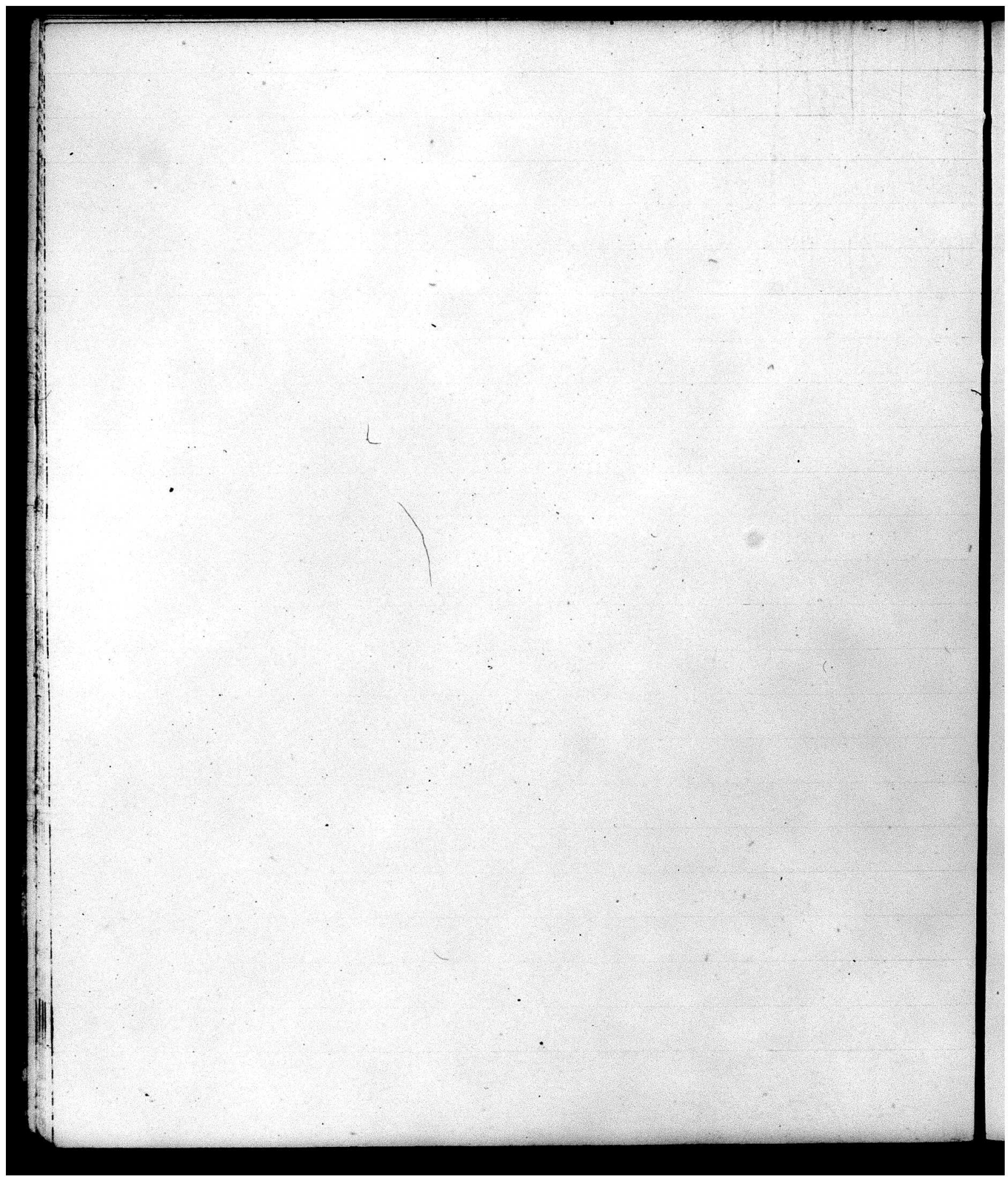


When he last left Galicia, the republican government had been extremely popular, and Adostaf had barely been discovered. During his enforced retirement from ~~the~~ clubs and tape telegraphs, the said government had been found ~~to~~ out. Singly and collectively, nearly every member of the parliament had robbed the nation wholesale in a way quite apart from the ordinary methods of political graft. It was plain swindling, and its apologists themselves could find not other word for it, but contented themselves with trying to find scapegoats. Several governments fell in quick succession, each being as tainted as its predecessors, the fact becoming more conspicuous as its members entered the limelight.



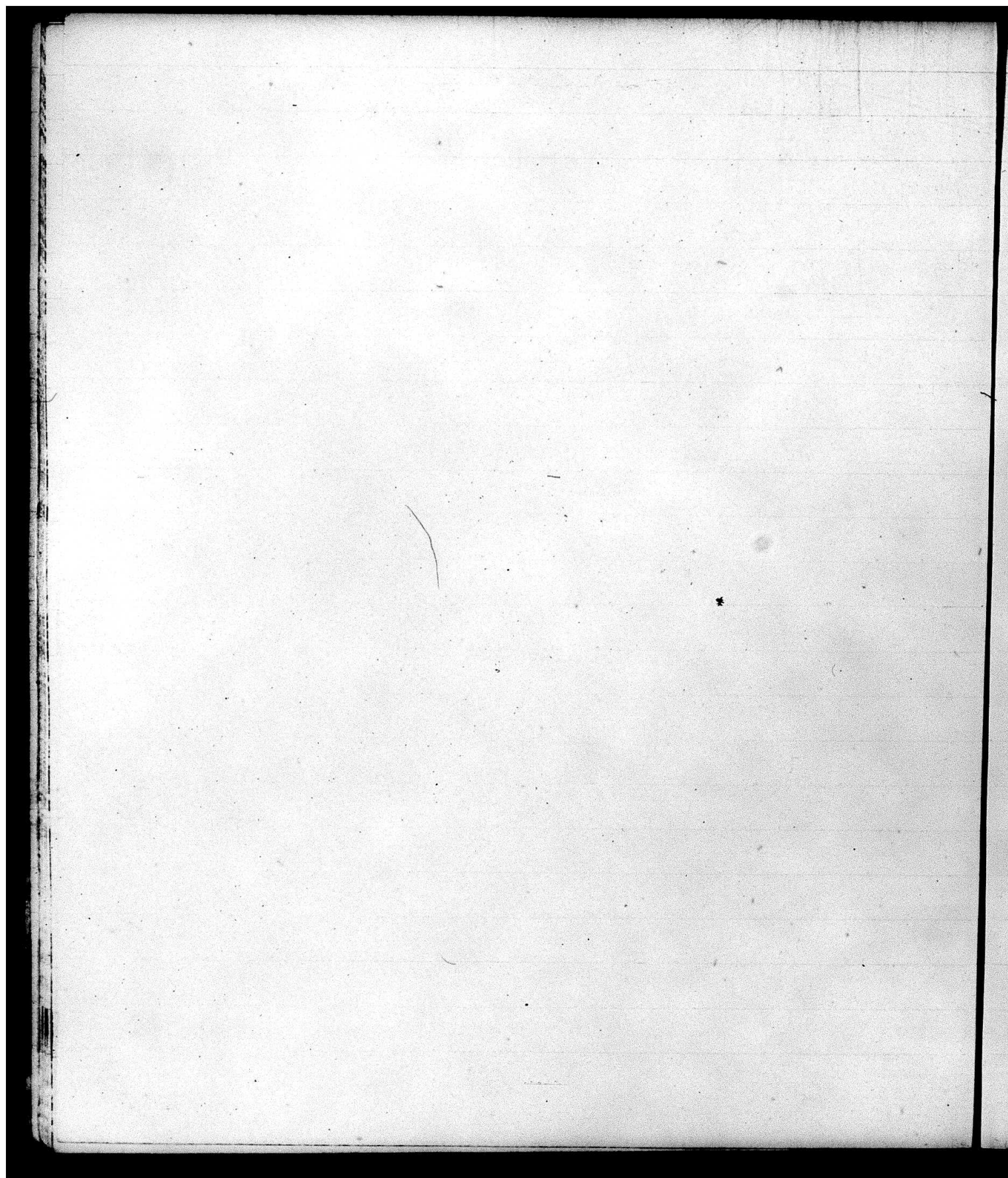
of office. A great genius - the prince of the Princes - had luckily managed to turn the tables for a moment by mounting at prodigious cost a most unavailing scandal against the enemies of the republicans for of government, who became daily more numerous & powerful. Most fortunately some six dynasties claimed the crown of Galicia, and their intestine struggles kept ~~the~~ the republic afloat though staggering.

A further complication had arisen with regard to Adosha. A great diplomatic victory had been won and a great war averted; and one of the conditions of peace was the recognition of the Elia valley, ~~and~~ Adosha is in the Elia though Konpets had no idea of the fact for months afterwards! - as within the 'sphere



of influence of Noibla, the treacherous and hereditary enemy of Galicia.

And here ~~was~~ the Government bobbing up of its governmental windows and seeing the streets ablaze with enthusiasm and singing with the cry of "Krets Kompets" (Long live Kompets!) while ~~they~~^{it} had not even received the explorer's dispatches and could only wish that he had been led by eye in Central Kamienyegg. It could not even do own Kompets to the Ambassador of Noibla. or It could only deny that anything had occurred. And at any moment one of the Tisc pretenders might take it into his head to telegraph "Krets Kompets!" to a royalist newspaper, sneake in disguise into Tetulia, and upset



24
The republican appeal - for a generation.

When the dispatches at last arrived, the situation touched boiling-point. Royalist deputies insisted on their being read in parliament, and with a mob of about a million people surrounding the parliament square, chanting "Kretz Kompets!" here by law a formidable mob, the government could not refuse.

The house went mad with excitement. Kompets in his clat in had been singularly positive and eloquent. "Light of civility et in in darkest Kainogroggy" "Slavery abolished" "Fanaticism disarmed" and above all "The fleg of Galicia and glory set up in the metropolis of barbarism"

The Government tried to proceed to the Order

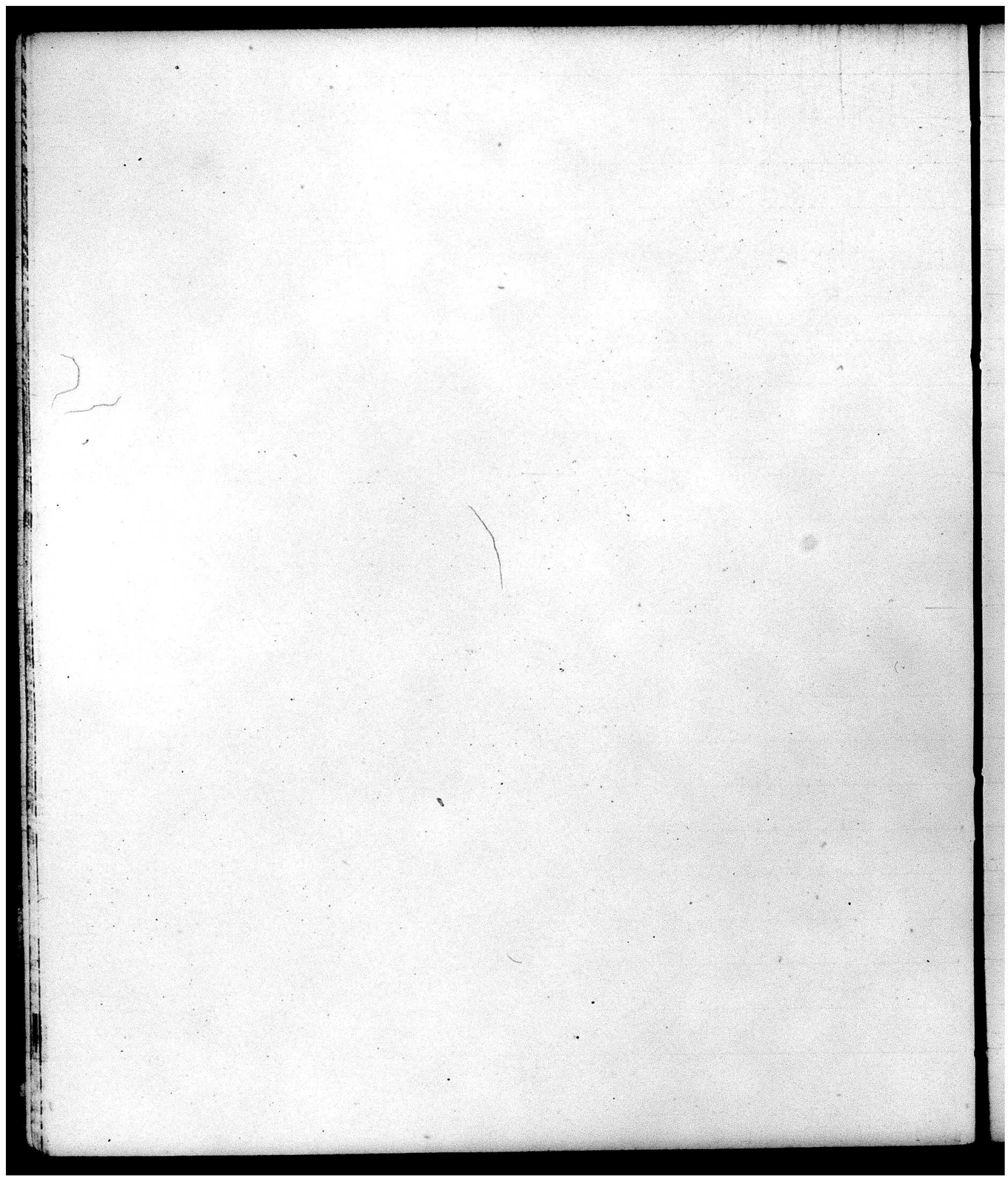
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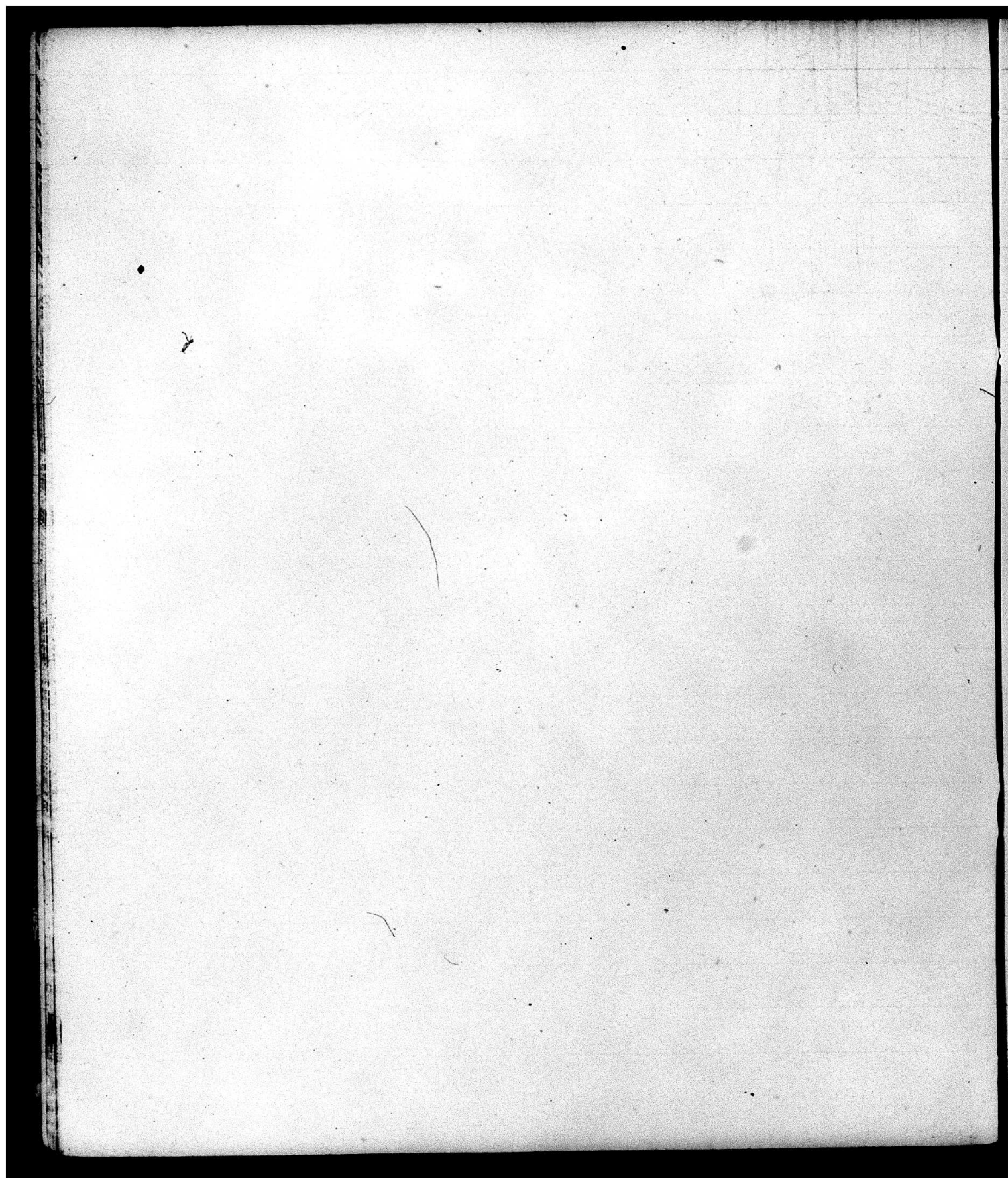
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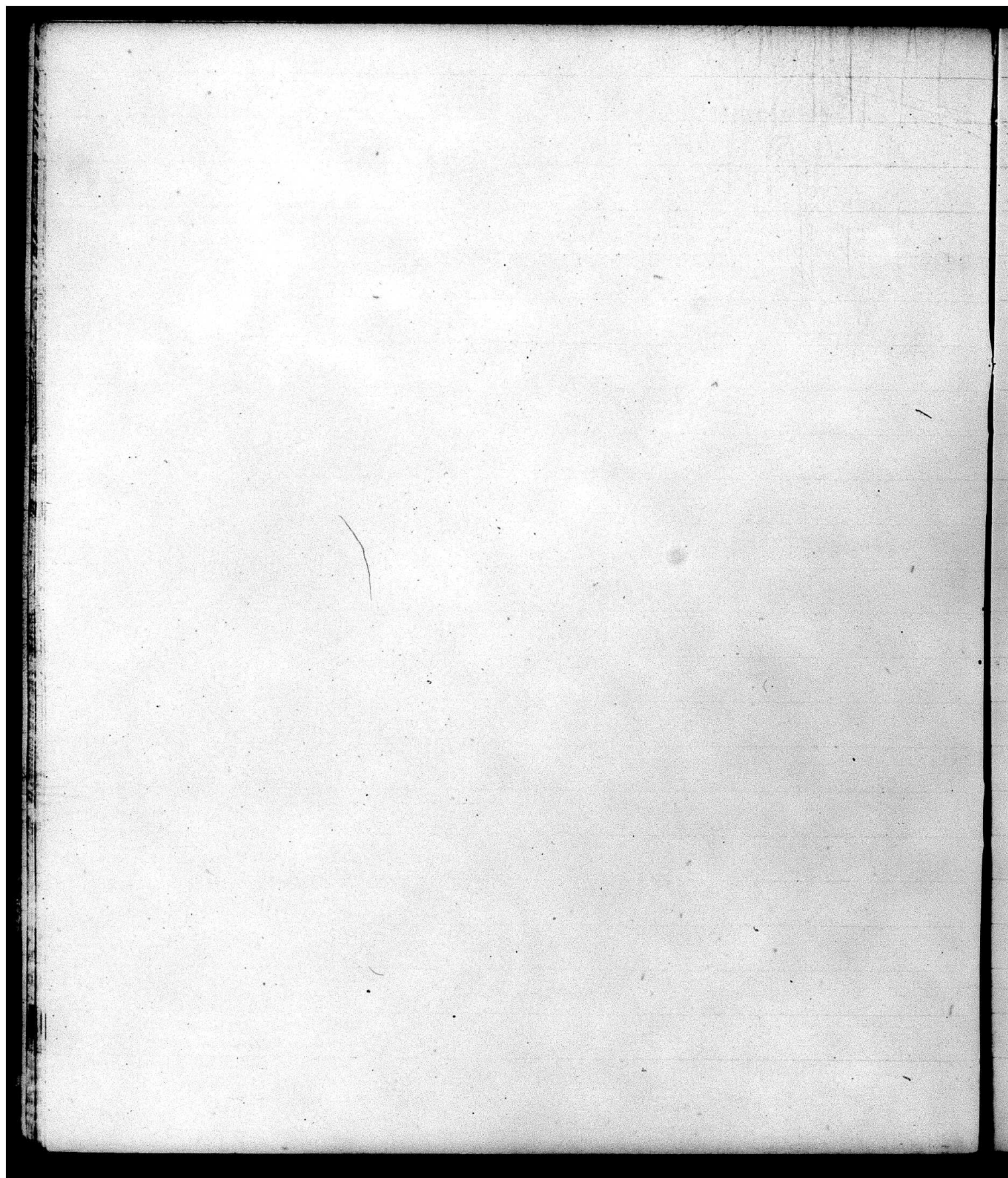
of the day. It was in vain. "Krets Korjets!" resounded inside the house as well as outside. The premier of the government that had fallen only a month earlier mounted the tribune, his vengeance irresistibly in his hand. He compelled the house to silence. He was very sorry, he said, he was above all a man of moderation. He would be the last to injure a friendly nation such as Noibla. But the flag of Galicia had been set up in the market-place of Adoshef, and where that flag had once floated, who dared pull it down? Not while he lived, or any Galician worthy of the fatherland.

The government were thunderstruck at this diabolical moderation. Chauvinism they could sweep at; this was unanswerable. They resorted to obstruction. Speeches after



Speakers mounted the tribune; each exhausted himself in the effort to glorify Koupets and say nothing compromising. These tactics triumphed; the debate stood adjourned. The premier returned to the Foreign Office with the minister of External Affairs and to find what was in fact Bay's not in name an ultimatum from Noibla.

They stood on a crazy pinnacle. Down Koupets, and they would be lucky if the people did not tear them limb from limb; acknowledge him, and war would follow within ~~the~~ forty-eight hours. Dared they fight? They drove to the house of the Minister for the Navy, and pulled him out of bed. The first point of attack would be their great arsenal at Kolout, and the fleet of Noibla lay stripped at Atlam, not ~~was~~ ~~enough~~ a day and a half away.



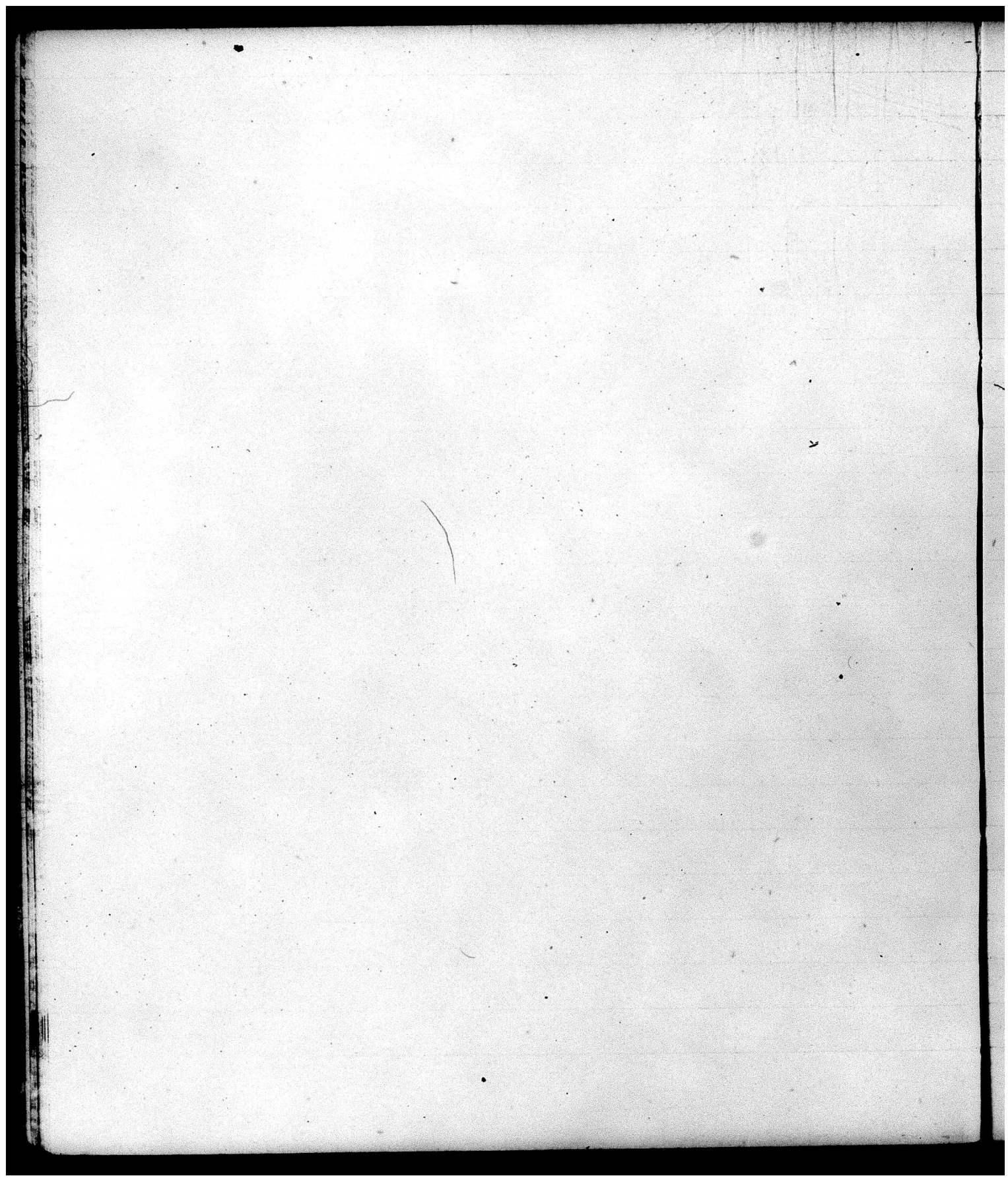
Was everything ready down to the last garter button?

The Minister dared not give an official reply.

Instead, he had the line cleared and went to Nolot as a light-eyes.

An hour's inspection told him everything. There was no shortage of garter-buttons, but of the more serious necessities of war there was a most surprising dearth. There was no ammunition for the heavy guns. There were no mines. There was not 10% of the shell that should have been. There were insufficient torpedoes to put half the fleet in the harbor on a war footing. Miracles apart, Nolot ~~could~~ must fall within three days of a declaration of war. The Minister's telegram to his colleague was terse Galician for 'Peace at any price'.

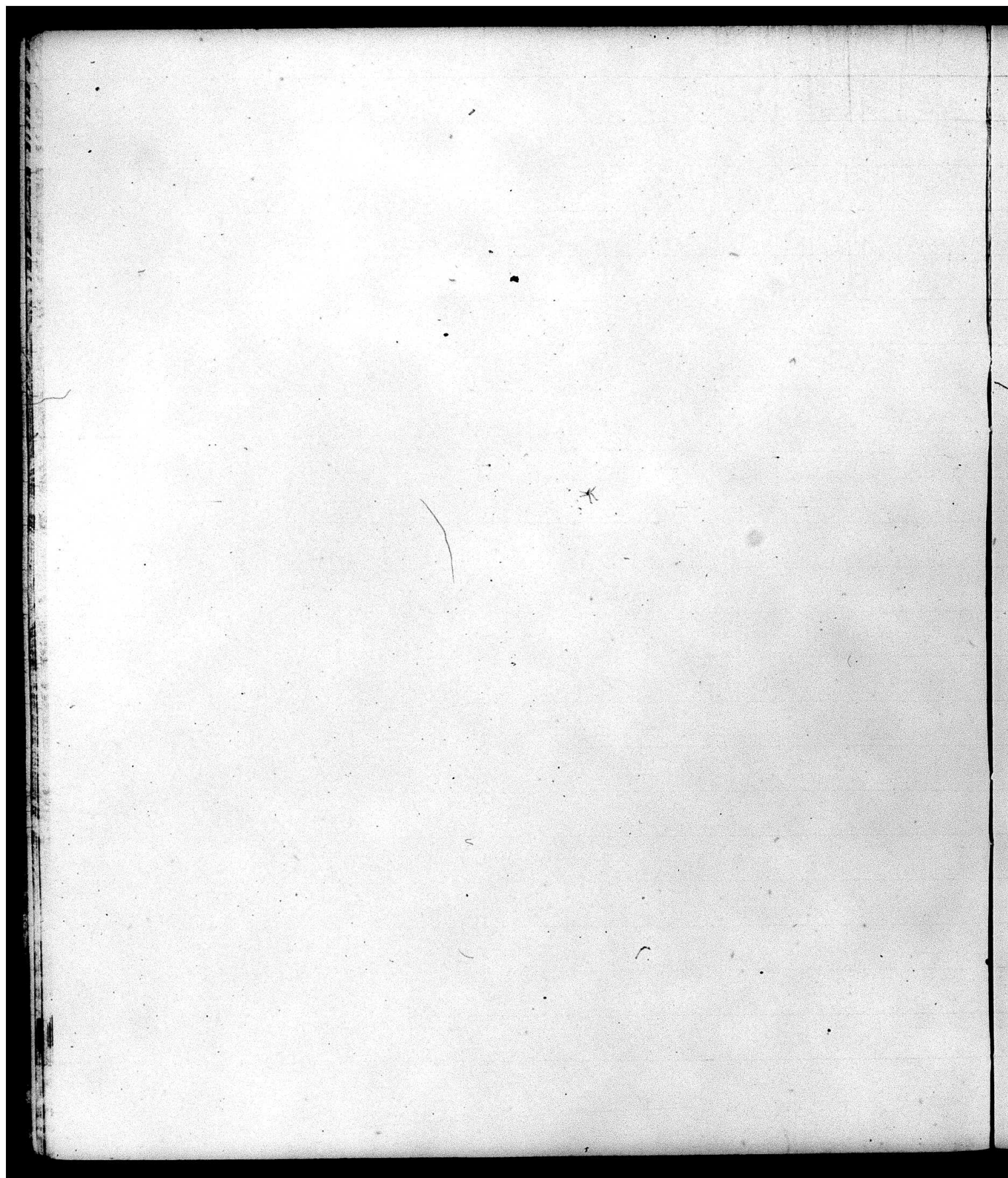
He remained in Nolot to organize court-martial on an unprecedented scale, and



to escape the fury of the Tetrilian mob.

With the fate of the Government we have no concern; with the attitude of Belustan we have. The ambassador of that country represented to the Foreign Minister that a club-down so gnomious on the part of an ally was a blow to the prestige of his own country. "My dear Ambassador," said the Minister in a temper unrestrained by any fear of consequences, since in any case he must fall that day, and for ever, "we can't fight Wable without ships. And from all I learn the only wonder is that our chaps didn't try to sell the Navy as a going concern."

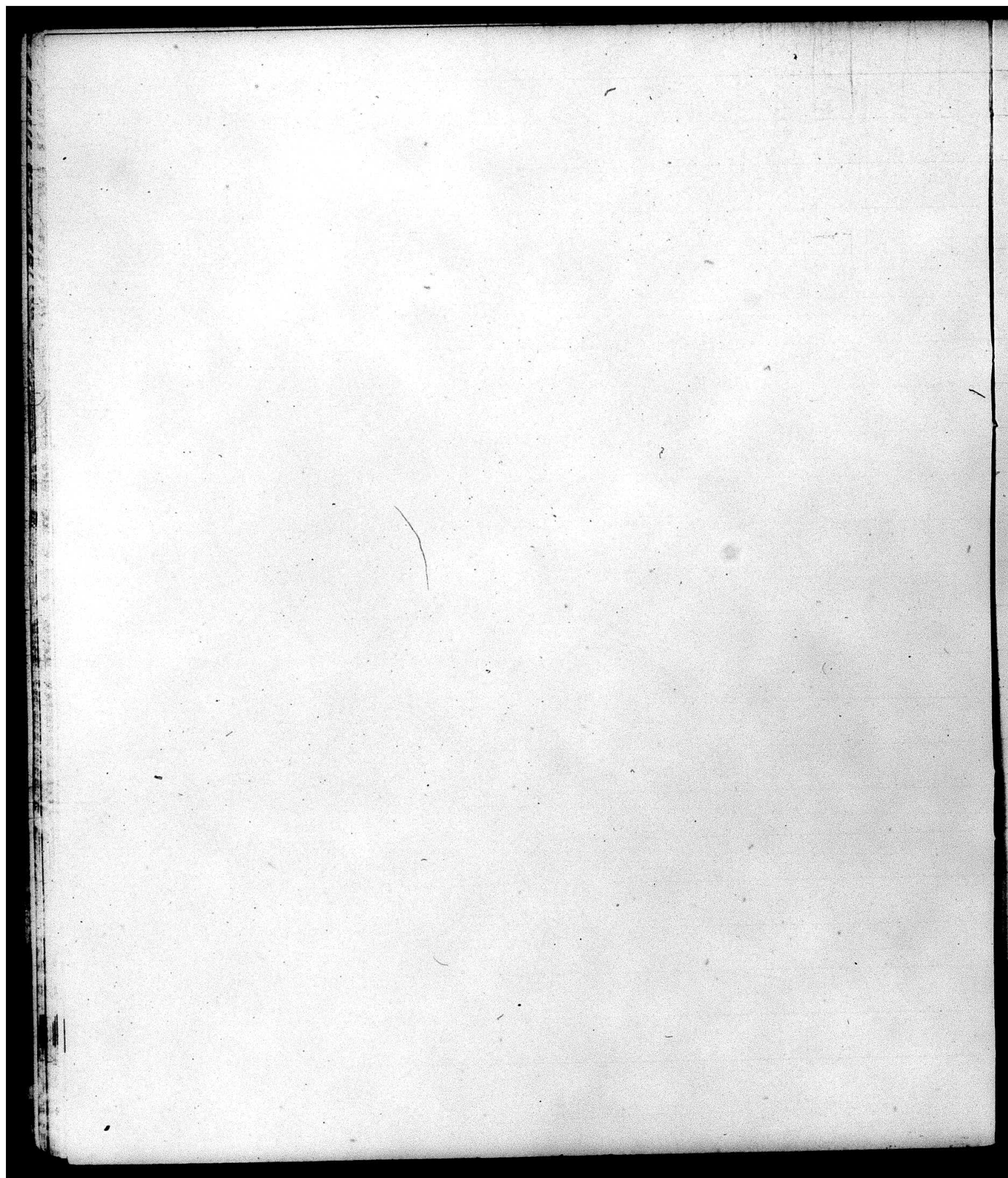
The ambassador, ^{expressing a few apt words of} with polite sympathy, retired; and sent his most confidential attaché with dispatches to the Khan. It might be as well,



he opened with deference, to take stock at the arsenal of Sebastian.

The Khan acted on his advice, and found the words of one of the minor prophets about the locust and the grasshopper and the fulbre worm and the cankerworm to be strictly applicable to the situation at Sebastian. The place was a husk; there were not a week's ministrations in it.

The Khan ordered the arrest of every officer above the rank of Captain. They were put in cells under sentries, furnished with writing materials, and informed that doubtless they could furnish a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the disappearance of some millions of pounds' worth of war stores; but



if not (by any chance) they could find ^a loaded
revolvers in the room opposite.

at this moment the Luscombe entered the
harbour, and two more were added to the
bag.

That night every one of the culprits shot
himself; during the next six months they
were officially killed off - "Admiral A,
promoted, died of heart-disease while travelling
to take over his new command" "Captain B,
transferred, was thrown from his automobile and
killed" - Rear Admiral C died of an operation
following appendicitis" "Captain D, drowned at
sea while attempting to save the life of a sailor
who had fallen overboard" and so on - and
First Lieutenant Gibson commanded the Luscombe.

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