

**THE LOG OF H.M.A.R
34 JOURNEY TO
AMERICA AND BACK**

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The log of H.M.A.R 34 journey to America and back by E. M. Maitland

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E. M. MAITLAND

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H.M.A.
R 34



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R. 34

[Frontispiece.

THE LOG OF H.M.A.
R 34

JOURNEY TO AMERICA AND BACK



BY

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WITH A LETTER FROM RUDYARD KIPLING

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A LETTER FROM
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

*Bateman's, Burwash,
Sussex,
November 26, 1920.*

DEAR GENERAL MAITLAND,

Many thanks for your letter. I shall look out for R 34's log most keenly, and the more since, in my own mind, I always fancied the dirigible against the aeroplane for the overhead haulage of the years to come.

It's curious to think that R 34's work has been, relatively, no more than young James Watts' brooding over the kettle on his mother's hob. Watt, I expect, didn't realize the steam-loco (indeed, I believe he objected to it), but you, and every one aboard R 34, must have felt that you stood at the opening verse of an opening chapter of endless possibilities, and—I know what my own interest and pride were in seeing a dream shape itself and come true! There was not any one who was more earnestly and unbrokenly

interested while your voyage was under way; and if I had only known any saint who could have been trusted with the direction of our higher atmospheric interests at that time, I should have besieged him with offerings. So you see, in asking for my "blessing," as you put it, you have had it from the first.

Ever sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

INTRODUCTION

It is often thought necessary to preface a first literary effort with apologies from the author for its shortcomings. In this instance no one could be more aware of such a necessity than myself. But am I entitled to make apologies? R 34 is not a literary effort—neither, therefore, am I an author.

In writing a story such as this, the obvious and comparatively simple course would have been the adoption of the conventional narrative form, helped by notes and memories, ample time and thought and a comfortable arm-chair.

Apart, however, from its practical usefulness or official importance, R 34's journey was just one long, wonderful and delightful experience.

To look upon this journey coldly as part of yesterday, or to treat it with recognized convention, would be to lose both the essence and the spirit.

My only hope of convincing my reader of this