



The
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Notes.

THE FILMING OF "KIM"

THE staging of any famous story—whether by opera, cinema, or good red melodrama—must needs be a forfeiture of desired effects, if not a scuffle in compensations. But at least it stands a better chance than the "show" that makes realism out of drab everyday fact. The stauncher the lovers of a well-tryed yarn like *Kim*, the stolder they may prove on every quibble that can be inflated into a principle. Nevertheless, the cinema to-day has developed into an art medium on its own, and there is a reasonable majority among Kipling lovers, say what you will. They are relieved to find this favourite book has been screened at last, and "shot" high among the "stars." We forecast the performance as highly promising a year ago, and it is fitting to record its cordial reception at the Empire.

That being so, the Editor has taken a couple of items from the great dailies, a typical "light leader" from *The Times*, and an excellent critique by an old colleague of my own—wide traveller, well-read scholar, and as a critic just and original to the death. Having seen the film myself and revelled in it, I can testify what a vivid and excellent programme it makes out of a story which must have cost many heartburnings in the representation. I trust the Editor later may open his pages for a discussion of the subject from our readers far and wide—those who are awaiting the experience of seeing it and can tell us what they expect; and those who have seen it already, and tell us how far it came up to their expectations.

MANDALAY IN PROSE

This was the delightful theme of the recent BBC talk of Mr. Bernard Gutteridge, which (by courtesy of the speaker and of the Corporation) is printed on a later page. His charming lecturette embodies all the essentials—a sense of actual travel and landscape, of racial character, military service, and the thanklessness of civil drudgery when the glamour of victory is over. As if to sharpen this last contrast, the poet, by a happy chance, stressed that fiery humanity of the fighting man which carries him so gaily through peril and playtime, but so often leaves behind the pity and heartache of *Madame Butterfly*. Is it possible, perhaps, that the composer, Puccini, knew R.K.'s words, or shall we never know? At any rate, having won its way all the world over, alike in major and minor keys, *Mandalay* bids fair to last as long as any ballad, ancient or modern, that the human race has taken to its heart.

R.K. AND SAINTSBURY.

The appearance of *A Lost Vintage*—a round-up that three friends have compiled and prepared in memory of Dr. George Saintsbury—should redound to that great critic-scholar's fame, as also to his standing on a deeper level still. For one of his strong points was an enviable palate in the way of wine, together with a jovial disposition to use his private if limited cellar in the promotion of conviviality, invariably enlightened by his erudite wit and extensive reading. I recall meeting him once on the North Brig, of Edinburgh, in the company of a disciple who had been his leading pupil in English literature. It was in the full tide of his reputation as a Nestor at the University, and it made

my companion smile when I ventured to consult G.S. as a connoisseur where I could get a modicum of the best native spirits of the right distillation and maturity. He did not fail me, and perhaps he was tolerant over a chance question that showed the true relish for investigation in a precious cause. Therefore, it is a pleasure to mention (thanks to Mr. Harbord's discernment) a "G.S." dedication to R.K. as one of the most typical outbursts of gratitude to a brother-author that he ever uttered; and its lack of rhyme and metre will be excused for the grace of its cadence, betokening his fine ear as well as his unerring palate.

NO DANEGELD, BY REQUEST.

Mr. Churchill's son, Randolph, has clearly inherited from his already immortal sire the faculty of neatly turning away what our flannelled friends down-under would call a "twister," whether by misdirection or misquotation. Thus, after an *Observer* leader-writer had used an old Scandinavian tradition that was wont to irritate our ancestry and smarten our school-days, our second Randolph put the paper right at once. He remarked that the payment of Danegeld never achieves its purpose, but only excites the appetite of the aggressor. Then he quoted Kipling's stanza as follows :

So when you are requested, to pay
up or be molested,

You will find it better policy to say—

"We never pay anyone Danegeld
No matter how trifling the cost ;

For the end of that game is oppression
and shame,

And the nation that pays it is lost."
This is not the first time by any means that a resourceful controversialist has turned to Kipling's wealth of epigram to extricate himself from the toils of argument, or to improve his flourish of delivery. It used to be the same when so many a pre-Regency Parliamentarian drew upon the ample store of Burke's philosophy for the glowing period or the happy phrase.

"DR. JIM" AND WASHINGTON.

"Londoner" in the *Evening Standard* lately pointed out a false track which had beguiled a popular American writer. Kipling's *If*—which has so often served the useful purpose just

mentioned—was not written as "a moving tribute to George Washington," but to the author's friend, "Dr. Jim," or, in more formal terms, the late Sir Leander Starr Jameson, one-time hero of the Johannesburg Raid, and later a popular Premier of South Africa.

A PRESIDENT'S FANCY.

To restore the balance, let it be said that Mr. Robert S. Sherwood, who compiled *The White House Papers of (the late) Harry Hopkins*, is the victim of the wrong ascription just pointed out. But he is also one of the leading biographers in the United States, and prompts the *Evening Standard* with a memory of the late President Roosevelt. It seems that the latter received from Lord or Lady Beaverbrook a copy of a poem that R.K. addressed to her when she set up house some years ago at Cherkley Court, Surrey. The verses opened with the lines—

This is the prayer the Cave Man
prayed

When first his household fire he lit.

It struck Mr. Roosevelt as a first-class example of the half-Biblical, half-pagan, and wholly prehistoric vein in which our poet has had no superior, in the range of poetry or anthropology. In any case, the recipient wrote and thanked Lord Beaverbrook in the June of 1943, to show that the verses had been a breath of relief-in-advance at a time when the World War II was harrying F.D.R. sorely. He said in his letter :—

"After this show I have visions of a visit to Hollywood and Roosevelt, — joint producers of Mrs. Hawksby (*sic*), Mrs. Gadsby, and the Brushwood Boys. We might then catch a live Viceroy to take the part. Perhaps Winston will select one."

The notion raises crowds of pleasant and ingenuous thoughts, but they exclude such a liberty in spelling as "Hawksby" for "Hauksbee."

POLITE EVASION.

Kipling's muse also came in handy at a diplomatic reception the other evening, and the episode showed how the habit of quoting his works is being taken over by the Orient from

our notables of the West. Indonesia's Ambassador was giving a reception at Claridge's, and introduced her Foreign Minister, Dr. Mohamad Rum, as the leader of a delegation, who had to bear the brunt of interrogation, and had parried every questionnaire with unflinching skill. When it came to disclosing what Indonesia's action might be in an extremity, the wily doctor shrugged his shoulders and fell back politely on a bright similitude. "Like Kipling's elephant," he said with a smile, "I do not think until the time comes." And who for a moment doubts the volume of cranium-scratching the said contingency will entail, —and not to diplomats alone?

KIPLING'S STORIES.

Our Transatlantic friend, Mr. Naumburg, draws attention to the literary section of *The New Yorker*, where it recounts a talk between one of its roving correspondents and our

playwright, Mr. Somerset Maugham. Of the late G.B.S., there came the remark as from a privileged old friend: "I hardly like to discuss his demise, his will, and all that, seeing that he was only ninety-four"; and with this gesture of indulgence for comparative youth, the subject dropped. Presently, however, the playwright went on to declare his intention of compiling a selection of Kipling stories, not so much for the sake of writing any eulogy, which he thought would be redundant and absurd, but because he considered Kipling "nowadays was being unduly neglected." Indiscriminate praise, he added, would be ridiculous; he preferred to undertake a line of "sober criticism, if I can." Even between the lines here revealed, there seems plenty of room for treatment *ad lib*, so we may fairly restrain our impatience while awaiting the welcome result.

J. P. COLLINS.



"The *Brushwood Boy*"

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

By B. W. ALLEN

QUITE a lot is wrong with *The Brushwood Boy* when one comes to think of it, and yet few people seem to realise this. In fact, a lot of nonsense is written about it. The story is sometimes described as the best short story, and certainly the best love-story, that Kipling ever wrote. It has become something like a classic. This in my humble judgment is quite wrong. George Cottar is a prig and Miriam Lacey is as *papier mâché* a heroine as ever came out of a Dickens novel. When one remembers the real flesh and blood characters that Kipling created—Mulvaney, Mrs. Hauksbee, Dinah Shadd and "William the Conqueror" are only a few—it is certainly a tribute to Kipling's genius that he should have written such a story, created such characters and "got away with it." For this reason one feels that a respectfully critical analysis of

The Brushwood Boy may not be entirely without interest to members of the Kipling Society.

The story has some undoubted merits. As a phantasy the dream sequence of the tale is good. Not perhaps so good as *They*, but still good. One feels that the author has brought to bear on Dreamland the same eye for detail and minutiae that he did to marine engineering in *The Ship that Found Itself*, to polo in *The Maltese Cat* and to the technique of deep-sea fishing in *Captains Courageous*,

HEADMASTER AND HEAD BOY.

Then again, Kipling is at his very best in the perfect little glimpse he gives of one of the best features of public school life—the happy, almost comradely relationship between the best type of Headmaster and the best type of Head Boy. "Behind him (our hero), but not too near, was the wise

and temperate Head, now suggesting the wisdom of the serpent, now counselling the mildness of the dove; leading him on to see how boys and men are all of a piece, and that he who can handle the one will assuredly control the other." This is magnificent writing, and must have come as a surprise to a generation used to *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and Talbot Baines Reed. Later, however, one has to admit that the writer betrays certain ignorance of schoolboy psychology. The really conscientious head prefect who works hand in glove with the Head is a recognised type in a British public school, and a fine type too; but, in real life, generally rather unpopular. He would be unlikely to be the idol of the school. Furthermore, if there is one thing the public schoolboy worships, it is natural brilliance, whether at work or at games. The plodder is suspected. And George Cottar is not brilliant. He started his school career as a "rumple collared dusty hatted fag of the lower third." A more brilliant boy would have started in the Lower Remove. All we are told of his athletic prowess is that he once at cricket made a hundred and three runs in "a slow but eminently safe game." Such a player does not get the ovations. They go to the lusty young animal who is not the Head's pet, and who takes risks and knocks the cover off the opposition bowling with a series of boundary hits and is *not* head prefect.

When one comes to George Cottar's military career, the temptation to bring in the Curate's Egg is almost irresistible. Some of the descriptive passages are good, but by no means all. The impression one gets is that so obsessed is the author with his hero's perfections, that he expects the reader to take too much for granted. For example, our George, we are told, covers himself with glory during a frontier campaign, on the strength of which, at the age of about twenty-six, he gets a D.S.O. and a brevet-majority apparently for rescuing a wounded man under fire. Here the reader feels inclined to say, "Details, please, Mr. Kipling"! Nobody could have told, in a few pithy sentences, the details of such an incident better than Kipling. Witness the incident

of Toffee Crandall and Fat Sow Duncan in *Stalky and Co.* Surely he missed an opportunity here?

"A TERRIBLE PRIG."

Worse faults appear when it comes to characterization. There is no getting away from the fact that the Brushwood Boy is a terrible prig. Coming from Kipling this is rather surprising, because no one knew better than he did that the prig (military and civil) existed in India. Examples of these are many. But here Kipling seems to have subconsciously created a prig and made a hero of him. George Cottar is depicted as a Galahad *par excellence*. He keeps himself severely aloof from anything approaching frivolities and junketings which, after all, were the things which made life in an Indian Station really worth living, and plays kriegspiel with the Adjutant whilst his fellow-subalterns go to the Gunners' Ball. All very creditable, but would such an officer be the idol of the Regiment? One rather doubts it. Would he not run a risk of being "roasted"? It will be remembered that the Adjutant compares George Cottar with a fellow-officer named Davies. "Look at young Davies," snorts the Adjutant, "makin' an ass of himself with mutton - dressed - as - lamb old enough to be his mother." After that it is rather a shock to find that it is precisely the way George behaves on board ship with Mrs. Zuleika.

Eventually George Cottar returns to the bosom of his adoring family. To keep him amused, his parents invite to the house a number of healthy and happy young people of both sexes who behave as one would expect them to do, but "George found that he was not in the least necessary to their entertainment," which simply means he went off by himself and sulked. Or alternatively he talks of speaking at a meeting of the United Service Institution and putting another officer (probably much older and more experienced than himself) firmly in his place.

Finally, there is an incident on board ship which is very difficult to swallow. For once it looks as though Kipling's sense of humour forsook him. We read

that one morning whilst the ship is pitching and tossing in the Bay, the estimable Mrs. Zuleika tiptoes into our hero's cabin before breakfast and bestows on him a chaste kiss. Now if this had happened on a secluded part of the deck under the influence of a Mediterranean moon, it would have been understandable. But would any woman in her senses have behaved in this way before breakfast, on an empty stomach and when the Bay of Biscay is in one of its choppy moods? Moreover, Rudyard Kipling ought to have known that on a P. & O. liner during the pre-breakfast period, traffic on cabin flats is invariably congested with bath-going passengers and

stewards with cups of tea. Surely a marauding grass-widow entering or emerging from the cabin of a good-looking young bachelor would have been seen and her action would have taken a lot of explaining away?

The story comes to its inevitable happy ending with the rather unconvincing meeting of Prince Charming and the Fairy Princess, who live happily ever after and one wishes them luck. But it is with rather a sigh of relief that one turns back the pages of *A Day's Work* to the drama of *Bread Upon the Waters* and to the rollicking farce of *My Sunday at Home*.

* * *

Captain E. W. Martindell

WE deeply regret to record the death of Captain E. W. Martindell, a Vice-President and Member of the Council of the Kipling Society, who passed away on February 5th, 1951.* Mr. Basil M. Bazley writes:—

"By the passing of Captain Edward Martindell, the distinguished bibliographer of Kipling, the Society loses one of its brightest ornaments: an early member, he devoted much time and trouble to the advancement of its fortunes. He had been an invalid for many years, but this did not prevent him from helping, or diminish his

interest in, our affairs. For reasons of health in the last two decades he was seldom able to attend Council Meetings; but we of that body, and indirectly all Members of the Society, must feel a deep sense of gratitude for his sage counsel, always ready in any matter of research or emergency. Martindell's work will live after him—to ascertain, amid an immense collection of matter, what might with certainty be attributed to Kipling was a formidable task which he carried out most successfully—and has earned him the gratitude of all those who love our Author's work. We can say of him: the body dies, but the spirit lives on."

New Members.

THE following new members of The Kipling Society have recently been enrolled:—

U.S.A.:

Mr D. M. Black.
Miss Barbara Foster.

London:

Mr. J. G. Hannay

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RUDYARD LAKE, NEAR LEEK, STAFFS.

Postcard reproductions of the above illustration may be obtained from the office of The Kipling Society, price 3d. each.

Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

A Kipling Shrine.

SITUATED a few miles from the town of Leek in Staffordshire, lies a small village known to thousands of people in the county and in the Midlands as an enchanting beauty spot. As a young girl, I spent many holidays by the shores of a lake of the same name where my parents used to take a bungalow, and I have vivid recollections of our walks through the woods which run down to one shore of the lake from which we could enjoy the view of the green fields and grazing lands on the opposite side.

This charming spot is called Rudyard and the lake is named Rudyard Lake.

This lovely district is ideal for those seeking solitude, beauty and the peace and quiet of the countryside. Years ago, the few inhabitants of the village used to do their shopping by boat to the one, and only village shop, whilst those with more time at their disposal preferred to make the journey

through the woods on foot. It was a common and picturesque sight to see in the darkening hours after sunset, the flickering lights in the woods from the lanterns of belated shoppers wending their way home.

Here it was, so Miss Macdonald tells me, that her father's eldest sister Alice was staying with him when he arranged a picnic in her honour on the shores of Rudyard Lake and there introduced her to John Kipling, a young artist and designer employed by a firm called Pinder-Bourne. Under the romantic influence of Rudyard Lake the two young people returned from the picnic almost engaged.

Later on they married and when their son was born in India they asked Mrs. Baldwin to be his god-mother, and at her suggestion he was christened Rudyard.

FRANCES A. WOOD

A Mixed Bag.

By Lt.-Col. W. N. PETTIGREW

THE ORIGIN OF GUNGA DIN.

IN his book, *The Story of the Guides*,

Colonel G. J. Younghusband, referring to the bravery of Bhisti Jurna, states: "Whether Rudyard Kipling got that incident from the Guides, or not, his poem does not show, but there it actually occurred."

In an article in *The Telegraph* of 18th May of 1949, on the occasion of the centenary of the Frontier Force, the author (I believe a distinguished member of the Society) makes a more specific claim by stating "It was during the fierce fighting at Delhi, too, that the Guides' water carrier or *bhisti*, Jurna, won immortal fame as the prototype of Kipling's *Gunga Din*."

I cannot say whether there is any proof to support this claim, but, if it be lacking, there is at least one other possible origin which merits consideration. In his book, *Forty-One Years in India*, Lord Roberts gives the following anecdote: "When the troopers of the 9th Lancers were called upon to name the men they considered most worthy of the Victoria Cross — an honour which Sir Colin Campbell proposed to confer upon the Regiment, to mark his appreciation of the gallantry displayed by all ranks during the campaign — they unanimously chose the head *bhisti* (water carrier)."

This possible origin has the stronger circumstantial support in that Kipling's *Gunga Din* appears in the setting of a British Regiment, and not an Indian one. Perhaps some member may find a history of the 9th Lancers which would possibly shed more light on an incident on which Lord Roberts merely touches.

BONFIRES ON THE ICE.

The context of the poem makes abundantly clear the significance of the title. I was, however, curious to discover whether the phrase was an established one, and searched all the dictionaries of phrases to which I had access: this with no success. Then, by sheer chance I stumbled across what I now firmly believe to be the origin of this obscure title.

In the *Review of Reviews* for July, 1900, the Editor (W. T. Stead) wrote: "Among the comic writers of the day, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Dooley distinguished themselves last month." This was written at a time when R.K., through the support he gave to the prosecution of the Boer War, had got himself very deeply in Stead's black books. In the commentary quoted, Stead went on to say more uncomplimentary things about Kipling, who would surely have had his attention drawn to them. The commentary ended with a long quotation from *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*, by F. P. Dunne, which had been published by Grant Richards. This related to the contrast between the exuberance of American enthusiasm for the cause of the South African Republic, and the studied cold shoulder with which the Boer delegates were treated by Mr. McKinley and official Americans. The quotation reads:—

"Th'amount iv sympathy that goes out fr a sthru gglin' people is reg'lated, Hinnessy, be th'amount iv sthru gglin' th' people can do. Th'wurruld, me la-ad, is with th'undher dog on'y as long as he has a good hold an' a chanst to turrn over.

"Ivrywhere th' dillygates tur-rns they see the sign: 'This is me busy day.' An' when they get back home they can tell the people they found th' United States exudin' sympathy at ivry pore—marked private'."

"Don't you think th'United States is enthusyastic fr th' Boers?" asked the innocent Hennessy.

"It was" said Mr. Dooley, "but in the last few weeks it's a-had so many things to think iv. Th' enthusyasm iv this country, Hinnessy, always makes me think of A BONFIRE ON AN ICEFLOE. It burns bright so long as ye feed it an' it looks good, but it don't take hold, somehow on th' ice." (The capitals are mine.)

RUDYARD KIPLING AND PROUT.

In the July number of the *Journal* Colonel Tapp, in his article on *Stalky and Co.*, wrote:—"Prout (Mr. M. H. Pugh) . . . was . . . greatly liked by his boys."

I am in no position to qualify this as a general remark, but I have ample proof that Kipling cannot be numbered amongst Pugh's admirers. This proof is contained in a letter written by Kipling to Crofts (King), dated at Lahore, Feb. 18th, 1886. (The letter was written shortly after an unexpected visit from Stalky): "That youth turned up from Suakin on his way to Rawalpindi and his Regiment . . . Stumbled out of the train with the cheerful announcement that he had only the clothes he stood up in, having lost his luggage somewhere within the limits of the Indian Empire."

During the next few days reminiscences flowed fast and, in the course of them, Stalky reminded Kipling of an almost forgotten row he, R.K., had had at school with Pugh. Stalky's interpretation of the events that led up to it presented the affair to Kipling in an entirely new light, and so angered him that in the letter to which I have referred, he gave way to a host of diatribes from which it is inexpedient to quote in full. To get our record straight in this matter of the relationship between Kipling and Pugh, the following two short excerpts will suffice:—

"But 'tis an unsavoury subject and a *most* unsavoury man. Let us drop him off the penpoint and burn incense to cleanse the room."

"I pray you tell the Man of Morals—whom I shall assuredly put into my novel—that while there is health in this poor body I shall never forgive him."

We are not really interested in knowing whether Pugh was "greatly liked by his boys," but whether Kipling greatly liked him.

With my motive declared, I hope Colonel Tapp will exonerate me from any suspicion of destructive "debunking"—a modern tendency I detest.

A COINCIDENCE.

Most Kiplingites know that a collection which originally appeared in *The Idler* as a series, was later edited by Jerome K. Jerome, and published in book form, under the title of *My First Book*. Rudyard Kipling contributed an account of *Departmental Ditties*. Grant Allen was another contributor of a rather more embittered nature. On page 51 of the book is a

drawing representing Grant Allen, the writer, more profitably employed as a crossing sweeper, and eagerly accepting a tip from a well-to-do member leaving the Athenaeum Club. The resemblance of this "successful" member to Rudyard Kipling is sufficiently pronounced to arouse suspicions that the drawing is indeed a caricature of him. The drawing, be it noted, is by George Hutchinson, who also provided the sketch of Kipling which faces page 92 of the same book.

On comparing these two drawings it will be seen that the collar, cravat and lapels of the coat are identical in both.

Suspicion becomes almost an established fact.

A POINT OF BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR COLLECTORS.

There is a variation in the first edition of *The Seven Seas* which has not before been recorded and is of first-rate importance to collectors. Some copies bear on the spine the title "The Seven Seas and *other verse*." From the fact that the last three words do not appear in any subsequent edition, it is a fair presumption that those books bearing this longer title are first issues of the first edition. Messrs. Methuen, when approached by me on the matter, were unable to throw any light on it. The variation, I should add, is far less common than the more usual volume merely entitled *The Seven Seas*.

In the internal contents both issues are identical.

MRS. BATHURST.

Judged by a glance through old numbers of the *Journal*, it would appear to be unfashionable to conclude without some reference to Mrs. Bathurst. The point is not covered in W. A. Young's *Kipling Dictionary*, though it may be well known to some members. However, the discovery was new to me and may interest other equally ignorant readers. On page 342 of the uniform first edition appear the words: "It's the uniform that fetches 'em." "Now Pritch in 'is Number One rig is always "purr Mary, on the terrace."

Now "Pritch" was a Marine and the motto on the Royal Marines' crest is "Per mare, per terram." The pun is obvious.

The Road to Mandalay.

By BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

(This is the first part of a broadcast talk by Mr. Bernard Gutteridge, reproduced here by permission of the B.B.C. and of the author. The second part will appear in the next issue of The Kipling Journal.)

"Come you back to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay."

YOU know this poem, don't you? The poem of the soldier back in a frusty, musty Victorian England, who remembers the warm exciting land called Burma he knew a few years back. Remembers the trim brown girl he loved there. I suppose it's the best-known poem Kipling ever wrote—even better known than *Gunga Din*. It's an extraordinary poem. It has been mocked for years by high-brows. Irritating Burma experts home in Cheltenham keep on pointing out things they find factually wrong about it. Baritones sing it all the time, everywhere they go.

But how much it does contain, this poem, this song, of the very essence of Kipling—the essence of Burma.

"PLAIN LUCKY."

When I went out East first I noticed how soon (some soldiers it was in my case, because I was in the Army) a few people fell in love with, and came under the spell of, the East. And of course, of all the writers who have loved and understood the East, Kipling is *our* writer about India and Burma. And if you are lucky enough to be thrilled, excited, about a country—some part of a country—and that experience has Kipling's writing to remind you of it: Well—you *are* lucky, plain lucky. And here is Kipling writing in that way. He had made a name for himself as a young journalist writing about India at a time when there were campaigns on the North-West frontier of India and scuffles with dacoits in Burma. Here's a poem about the Burma Campaign of the 1880's, seen through the memories of an old soldier.

The old soldier bored by the damp housemaids and turn-of-the-century London fogs. Kipling remembers him as of the Hampshire or the Royal Welch Fusiliers, in their scarlet jackets, in the sweaty heat of

Mandalay during the campaign of '85. Knowing that the Queen who ruled in Mandalay was indeed called Supai-yawlet, do you remember the lines about the girl?—

'Er petticoat was yell'er an' 'er little cap
was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the
same as Theebaw's Queen.

Remembering that girl, remembering looking up to the cool green hills of Maymyo. Oh, yes, he (Kipling not so much as the soldiers) forgets the filth, the mosquitoes, the killing typhus. They are still there today, with banditry, murder, Communism, intolerance. But there's still the frame to life of which Kipling is one of the very few writers who can remind you—The East, that wonderful green and gold and white splendour which, when you've once been inside it, really inside it, you can't ever forget.

VISUAL IMAGES.

And it is not Mandalay. It is the road to Mandalay. It is well worth while to go over this poem and see why it is so wonderfully evocative of this Burmese life and jungle. It is a cunning build-up of well-chosen visual images, given colour, credibility, by a sustaining narrative and occasional dialect. Yes, simply, you could explain the poem like that. You can agree with George Orwell that "even with his best passages one has the same sense of being seduced by something specious, and yet unquestionably seduced." But Orwell, who himself was in the Burmese Police, and in *Burmese Days* wrote an excellent novel about Burma—Orwell goes on to say: "Unless one is merely a snob and a Har it is impossible to say that no one who cares for poetry could get any pleasure out of such lines as—

For the wind is in the palm trees, and
the temple bells they say,
Come you back, you British soldier, come
you back to Mandalay!

TEMPLE BELLS.

And one could add to that and say that no one who has been to Burma can hear this poem sung or read it without some moment of longing for just the shortest look at it again. Those temple bells! All over the country the white spires of the temples gleam among the trees and on the hills. The thousands of tiny bells with their thin leaves are so made as to catch the smallest breeze. And each whisper of a tingle is a prayer to Buddha. To acquire merit in the eyes of God you build a pagoda; and not so many questions will be asked of you in the hereafter if you do this as to how you got the money in the first place. When a warm still day in Burma becomes night with that tropical suddenness there is often a breeze springing up at that moment; so that you get an active feeling of *movement into* the dark. That is when the temple bells ring, ring their carillon of prayer between day and night—between light and dark.

He, the Great God, "the Great God Budd," sits immobile and immense within the pagoda, flanked by his guardians, the dog-faced lions, the Chinthes. They sit outside in the hot sun. White-washed Hon bodies with blue and gold dogs' faces. I remember two great impersonal statues north- of Mandalay, on the river, staring from their hill eastwards towards China. The river like slate below, and miles to the south the thick concussion of bombs exploding near Mandalay. General Wingate's soldiers wore a blue Chinthe on their arms as a Divisional sign.

When you remember what the Chelsea housemaids looked like to the soldier as he lounged in the King's Road — elastic-booted, black-serged, immoderately over-clothed—you can

imagine the excitement of seeing those beautiful, trim Burmese girls. What he called her petticoat is her *longyi*, a tube of silk twisted and tightened at the waist. As they carry water from a well, or walk with a basket of greeny gold mangoes they have a supple way of walking, an easy grace that is as natural as the curl of a Siamese cat. And centred as his memory is on the girl with her damp-leaved cheroot, her grace, her compact little golden body, he remembers how he got there, how we would get there again—the road itself, the way. The blue ocean and the silver darts of the flying fishes; dawn coming up across the Bay of Bengal with a red glow that is first over the enormous mass of China.

Then at Rangoon he would get in one of the paddle steamers and come up the Irrawaddy, that slow river with its enormous mahseer fish, its strings of white egrets on the silvery sandbanks; its riverside washing places and temples; its green jungle lapping the water's edge with shadow and silver. And the rice going down to be milled; the enormous teak logs in a stage of the journey that will end with them planed and polished as decks in His Majesty's ships.

And around this great river, its tributaries and their tributaries, the elephants hauling down these great logs from the inland forests. Piling them at the river's edge, in this sludgy creek, with the roof of the jungle above, and indeed silence and the green shade hanging about the unhurried elephants like a cave. Silence, until that moment dusk brought when the soft feathery bamboos would rustle like a skirt, like the *longyi* round the brown thighs of little Supi-yaw-lat, as she sang her quiet song about the pipul trees and the little green parakeets.

(To be concluded.)

Members are particularly requested NOT to make out cheques for their subscriptions, etc., to individuals. They should always be made payable to "The Kipling Society."

On the Great Wall

The second part of an address to members of the Auckland (N.Z.) Branch of the Kipling Society. The first part appeared in the December, 1950 issue of this Journal.

By SIR STEPHEN ALLEN

I HAVE been a long time coming to Parnesius, but I needed this preliminary introduction in order to show certain errors in the story, some of which you will have noted. Mr. Birley says: "One has to bear in mind" that Kipling "had not made a study of the changes in the Roman world's organisation in the third and fourth centuries, so that his detail is almost always at fault (even though his general picture is living and in the main convincing)". I think we can all agree with the last remark, and now for the history of Parnesius.

The three stories are a lively series, told by Parnesius, a Centurion who had served with the Roman forces on the Wall. They relate something of his youth, and of his entrance into the army, then the life on the Wall with its soldiers, and finally the sustained attack on its defences by the "Winged Hats" aided by the Picts, and the final relief of the garrison by a new force. Maximus, the general and would-be Emperor, was a real character, and so the story can be accurately dated.

UNA'S CATAPULT.

The story opens with the narrow escape of a Roman soldier from a bullet from Una's catapult—a weapon with which he ought to have been familiar, though his own trial of the catapult was painful. Then the soldier introduces himself as Parnesius, Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion—the *Ulpia Victrix*. Here Kipling begins a series of errors. In the older Legions, a Centurion commanded a century, of which there were sixty in the Legion; and though he might (in the absence of his senior officers) command a cohort, this would be temporary. But, by the late fourth century, the post of Centurion no longer existed in the army. Also, the Thirtieth Legion was never in Britain, but was stationed in Lower Germany. Mr. Birley says: "A few years after Kipling published the

story, an inscribed stone was dug up at Corbridge" with an inscription of the 7th cohort of the 20th Legion, "but in Roman times someone had added another X to the numeral, making it read" 7th cohort 30th Legion "as if someone with prior service in the 30th Legion had adopted it" to "commemorate his old unit." Mr. Birley also says "Lady Rayleigh, with whom Kipling used to stay when he visited Northumberland, never succeeded in getting him to explain how he came to select that unit for his hero."

Parnesius relates his family history to the children—the kind of history that might apply to any well brought up family at any time—with little intimate details such as Kipling excelled in introducing in his narrative, and which readers must have found so appealing. How the nurse was a Numidian—"a dear fat brown thing, with a tongue like a cow bell"—and how the governess was a Greek, as was long the fashion among the Romans, and we get a picture of her as a kind-hearted, fussy spinster, with her pupils not entirely under control. Then there is the family circle and their games together in the evening, until they went from the Isle of Wight for a change to Bath, and came back almost grown up. Meanwhile the other sons had each chosen his future, and Parnesius was left to follow his own ambition, and become a soldier. The Roman names of places mentioned in this part of the story are all explained, except Clausentum, which is Southampton.

NO CHRISTIAN EMBLEMS.

There is one point that caught my attention throughout the three stories, that the Christian religion is mentioned nowhere. Parnesius's father is a follower of the old gods of Roman mythology, Parnesius is of the cult of Mithras, which was prevalent in the early Empire, but later was officially suppressed; but the period of this

story is between A.D. 380 and 390—fifty years after Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. Moreover, Gibbon supposes that little later England was at least mainly Christian, and was divided into thirty or forty Bishoprics. It might have been expected that in the south, at any rate, there would at this period have been many Christians, but possibly this was the case with the Britons only. So far as I am aware, excavations on the Wall have disclosed no Christian emblems, but many proofs of a mixture of Pagan worship.

So Parnesius became a soldier, and went to Clausentum for his Officers Training Course. While there, when trying to save a burning building, he attracted the attention of Maximus, the Roman general, who, on the spot, appointed him Centurion of the 7th Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion. Then, with a handful of reinforcements, in a style with which many of us are familiar, he marches off from Pevensy, through the great forest of the Weald, where he meets Maximus accompanied by his own father. Maximus is not well pleased by his failure to render prompt obedience in a matter of discipline, and tells him he will always be stationed on the Wall.

Parnesius refers to the unvarying Roman marching pace—24 miles in eight hours, or three miles an hour. This is a fast pace for marching. The Roman soldier was heavily equipped, and so could not move at the same rate as light armed auxiliaries. Three Roman miles in an hour of fifty minutes marching, with a ten minutes rest, according to our custom, with a pace of thirty inches, would mean 116 paces to the minute, which is possible but requires good training. With any well trained and disciplined body of men, the time of a march can be calculated with great accuracy.

Reference is also made to the "Road Book." There is extant a fourth century edition of an early third century road book, describing post-roads all over the Empire, with names of places and distances. The Wall is mentioned in it, because two roads cross it—one at Postgate, near Corbridge, and one near Carlisle.

We now come to the Wall itself. Parnesius and his men move northward on the great Roman road, with

houses and people becoming sparser as they go, and the country doubtless showing signs still of the ravages of fifteen years ago. At last they reach Hunno, near which place the road passes through the Wall into the province of Valentia, spoken of so contemptuously by the soldiers. Hunno is one of the line of forts on the Wall. The correct name was probably Onnum; it is now Halton. The road passes Corticetum, a mile or two south of the Wall, but not mentioned in the narrative, an important base, formerly containing repair shops and granaries for the Wall, and which is now largely excavated. The present town of Corbridge is close by. The road passes through the Wall at Postgate, about half a mile west of Hunno.

A picture is now given us of indiscipline and riot among the soldiers of the garrison, which is quite possible. Parnesius says "the Wall was manned by every breed and race in the Empire. No two towers spoke the same tongue, or worshipped the same gods." Actually, as we now know, the garrison of Hunno consisted of the Sabinian "ala," a detachment of horsemen raised by one Sabinus in Pannonia. In the two neighbouring forts there were, to the east at Vindobala (now Rudchester) the first cohort of Frisovonians, and to the west at Ciburnum (now Chester) the second ala of Asturians. So in a short distance there were troops from three widely separated parts of Europe.

Fortunately for Parnesius, he soon made a friend in Pertinax, his next-door neighbour on the Wall.

At Rudchester, there are many signs of the cult of Mithras, and it was perhaps there that Parnesius and Pertinax together attended those rites in "the Cave," and witnessed the "Bull killing," and were "raised to the degree of Gryphons," which had important consequences for them later.

From the soldier's point of view, life was quiet. There were few Picts near, and the two friends, easily getting leave, spent much time hunting and exploring with old Allo, a Pictish prince, for their guide and friend. Then, while far away on one of their expeditions, they saw a fleet of 47 ships from the north—an ominous sign for those who had heard the tale of the last great invasion. As fast as

possible, they returned to the Wall with the news, but had a surprise meeting on the way with Maximus, who having made himself Emperor of Britain and Gaul was now designing to rule Italy also. Impressed by the sage advice of Parnesius and Pertinax, regarding policy towards the Picts, Maximus appoints them Captains of the Wall, hoping to obtain three years respite on the frontier, while he pursued his designs in Europe.

In actual fact, the new policy towards the Picts was one that had long been followed on the border. The Picts really do not belong to that region at all. There was probably no heather burning or other devastation practised, and for long now the Lowland tribes had been subjects, friends or allies of the Romans. It was from further off that danger really threatened.

"THE WINGED HATS."

We come now to the last story, "The Winged Hats." Maximus arrived at Wallsend, and celebrated the occasion with games. He broke the news of his supersession to Rutilianus, the fat old general with the five cooks, who, like most good soldiers, was satisfied so long as his pay, rations and substantial perquisites were secured. He denuded the garrison of half its strength, and left Parnesius and Pertinax to their fate, promising to give them 20,000 men, if he could have three years time. He wanted to take many of the catapults from the Wall also, but here Pertinax was obstinate, and the Emperor gave way. I doubt if catapults or other machines were used on the Wall to the extent which is suggested. They may have been used against shipping, as the story relates, but the tactics of the Wall appear to have been counter attack, rather than passive defence. The remark of Parnesius that the defenders of the Wall all became archers, is also inaccurate.

"The Winged Hats" soon came to test the defences. First they came to the Tyne, where their ships were destroyed. One man, named Amal, was washed ashore, but he proved himself a follower of Mithras, and was allowed to return to the one ship still afloat. Kipling possibly copied this incident from a similar one that

is said to have occurred in the Peninsular War, when a French soldier saved his life by giving a Masonic sign to one who recognised it on the English side.

After this, there was a lull on the Wall, and meanwhile Maximus completed his mastery of Gaul, defeated and killed the Emperor Gratian, and prepared to attack Italy, in defiance of the advice given by the father of Parnesius—not to drive three mules together. The menace of the Winged Hats loomed nearer, and now a calamity befalls, and they learn of the defeat and death of Maximus at the hands of the Emperor Theodosius. This seemed an opportunity to the Winged Hats, and they sent to Parnesius and Pertinax to ask them to join forces, and to march south to plunder England. First they sent a message through Allo, and then an embassy which included Amal, who handed to them a letter which had been seized on the person of the last messenger from Maximus, setting them free from all obligations. It is such a letter as might well be written by a brave man under sentence of death; but the Captains of the Wall realise that there are other obligations, and that the Wall must be fought for. So the embassy departs.

THE FIGHT FOR THE WALL.

The fight for the Wall follows—a losing battle, fought by men without hope of relief or reinforcement, holding out by strength of will, and continuing to instil some of that strength into the men under their command. Among the bravest of them fought the old General Rutilianus, and one can see the fat old man in the forefront of the battle, becoming I dare say a sort of mascot to the troops. Then at last the Winged Hats suddenly left the Wall in peace for a night and a day. On the following morning, the sleeping garrison woke, to find that the legions of Theodosius had come in the night, and the danger was past.

The story soon ends. Ambrosius, secretary of the Emperor, offers Parnesius and Pertinax employment, but they decline. They had been loyal and devoted to Maximus, and would not serve another. "One gives one's best once, to one only. That given, there

remains no second worth giving or taking," said Pertinax.

They were given a triumph. Here again I think Kipling fell into an error. Triumphs were celebrated in Rome and not, so far as I am aware, in the provinces; though the last triumph recorded was Riven to Belisarius in Constantinople. From the time of Augustus, however, the honour of a triumph was actually confined to the Emperors themselves, and the last celebrated in Rome was by Diocletian and Maximian in A.D. 303.

Apart from all questions of historical accuracy of detail, the story gives a vivid account of life in Britain in Roman times. The life of a Roman

family, the training of a Roman soldier, the defence of the border, and the fighting with the Barbarians, are depicted so clearly that we almost believe we are reading of real people. All is written with that economy of words which is so characteristic of Kipling, who in a few short sentences describes a scene, or portrays a character, in a way no other can imitate. The result is that the reader is never wearied, and always would like to ask for more. Like Una, I want to know what happened to the fat general, and many other things. Finally, I hope that Parnesius and Pertinax returned safely to their homes, and lived happily ever after.

"Kim" and Hollywood.

Press Comments on the Film Recently Shown in London.

EARLY in the year a film version of Rudyard Kipling's *Kim* was shown in London. Many critics noted a few changes and omissions from this famous story, and we give below, for the benefit of members of the Kipling Society who have not had an opportunity to see the film itself, extracts from *The Times* leader headed "Kim and the Movies," and from *The Daily Telegraph* Film Critic's notes.

The Times comments as follows:—Once upon a time the thought of a famous book falling into the clutches of the cinema filled lovers of the original with alarm and despondency. Some of the changes brought about by the blackly magical wand of the producer had to be seen to be believed. What might have happened to *Kim* in those old days can only timidly be conjectured. . . . But, as Kim's creator said about the admirable Colonel Creighton, "men are as chancy as children in their choice of playthings" and, nowadays, the film men, when they choose a novel to play with, no longer naughtily break it. Instead, they are given to putting themselves on their best behaviour, almost as though they were in school. . . . On balance, the fear is less of travesty than of dull and uninspired faithfulness to an alien medium. It is as if a translator, tired of wantonly free ren-

derings, took to turning out pedestrian cribs. The letter is followed in films, more closely at least than before; the spirit often eludes the screen.

Kim himself would have mocked at such misgivings. Kipling had cut him out to have the time of his life among the excitements, the intrigues, the gadgets, and the polyglot company of a studio. After a spell on the set he would have found return to the bazaars almost as tame as a few weeks of private tuition from his despised Mr. Bennett. Harsh critics of this most memorable of dead-end kids might argue that he was a natural-born actor for the films. . . . Having made a present of the hero to the cinema, wider and more interesting speculations remain to be tackled. Here is a masterpiece of descriptive prose which makes India, from the huddled mountains with the high snows on the horizon to the hot and crowded cities, alive for readers who have never been east of Suez. Kipling has few equals in English—Hardy on Egdon Heath is one—in achieving perfection in this branch of writing.

DISMAL POSSIBILITIES.

His triumph may at first sight appear to have given the cinema a walk-over, but may it not in fact have set up an obstacle? The mind's eye builds

its own castles on so sure a foundation of the written word as Kipling has laid down for it. Unless the film camera is in the hands of an artist who, in his own line, is a peer of Kipling, the translation may suffer by contrast and shrink into just another series of travel shots. Other dismal possibilities occur to the nervous Kiplingite. Will those Russians—with their "it is we who can deal with Orientals"—tempt the director to distort for sake of topicality? How can the charm of the old Buddhist fail to evaporate, leaving no more than an Oriental Father Christmas? . . . Is the most to be hoped for from any turning of a book into a film that it shall send a new generation to the public libraries? An unqualified "Yes" would be harsh on the cinema, which must depend on a supply of good stories and cannot hope that they will easily meet demand. Ideally, every novel should be filmed under the control of its author. That cannot happen with Kipling and too many others. There is nothing for it but, in each case, to wish the director well and to give him a fair seeing.

* * *

The Daily Telegraph Film Critic found the film of *Kim* a pleasant surprise, after noting deviations from the text of the book. He suggests that for those who are more concerned with entertainment than with defence of the Kipling or any other canon, there is a slashing adventure story, full of colour and excitement, humour mercifully free from the master's *Soldiers Three* heartiness, and sentiment that he for one found unexpectedly touching. He continues:—

"Few young people read Kipling now—they seem to prefer Dick Barton and "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," which may or may not be Progress—so perhaps I should explain what their fathers would have taken for granted,

that *Kim* is a tale of India in the 1880's. When Russia was not an Ally, and Britons looked anxiously to the Khyber Pass.

"Across this fascinating background of bazaar and Residency, the thronged alleys of Benares and Simla, and the deceptive emptiness of the Frontier, moves the urchin *Kim*, dressed when it suits him in Indian clothes and living on his wits—more bluntly, by begging and thieving.

He runs amorous errands for Mahbub Ali, that picturesque swash-buckler who combines horse-trading with espionage, shows such resource that he is entrusted with a message for Colonel Creighton, the British secret service chief, and covers the long, dusty road in company with an aged lama he has chosen to serve—at first out of self-interest, then out of admiration, and in the end, out of love.

"A story for boys, some are calling it rather patronisingly, as if it were just another *Stalky & Co.*, brassy and a little cruel. How one wishes all stories for adults were as good! Colour and bustle and pageantry, the flow of exciting incident, and above all, the company of *Kim* and his holy man, searching a parched and sordid world for the Cleansing River—anyone who cannot find something to enjoy in this must indeed be old; for he has forgotten his youth.

"On the acting side the film is a triumph for Dean Stockwell. He brings to *Kim* a sensitive, appealing face, a quick gamin's intelligence and an endearing blend of gravity and humour, never allowed to lapse into the "cute" or roguery-poguey. Though Paul Lukas lacks the golden voice one expects, a little unreasonably, of holy men, he makes *Kim's* devotion credible; and Errol Flynn (*Mahbub Ali*), Robert Douglas (*Colonel Creighton*), Cecil Kellaway (*Hurree Chunder*) and Arnold Moss (*Lurgan Sahib*) all have effective moments."

Members of the Kipling Society who possess press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the Journal, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, *The Kipling Journal*, Park Cottage, London Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill. In the case of cuttings from overseas publications, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the Editors of the journals concerned, for which due acknowledgment will be made in "The Kipling Journal."

Letter Bag.

A DEDICATION.

I AM indeed glad that the outcome of our correspondence in the autumn of 1949 was the publication in the April, 1950, *Journal* of Mr. S. A. Courtauld's translation of the Preface to the little book :—

Q. HORATII FLACCI
CARMINUM LIBRUM
QUINTUM

*A Rudyard Kipling et Carolo Graves
Anglice Redditus*

In the hope that you will be able to publish the Dedication also, I am enclosing a translation by Mr. Maxwell R. D. Vos. You will see that, by mistake, the Dedication credits Kipling with only two (of the fifteen) odes and a "fragment" on the last page, whereas he was responsible for Odes Nos. 1, 6 and 13.

Ode No. 1 is given in the Collected Verse as *A Translation*—"There are whose study is of smells."

Ode No. 6 is given in the Collected Verse as *The Pro-Consuls*—It will be noticed that the "fragment" mentioned above is a "schoolboy" translation of this Ode No. 6.

Ode No. 13 is not given in the Collected Verse, but is in the Sussex Edition as *Lollius*.

In the Appendix the little book gives one extra Latin version of Ode No. 1 and three extra versions of Ode No. 13.

R. E. HARBORD.
Spring Grange, Wood End,
Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

The Dedication runs :—

Those learned men, John Powell and Ronald Knox (who took upon himself the chief work of our apparatus criticus), both of Oxford, and Allan Ramsay of Cambridge, have earned our warmest thanks, in that without their constant help, we could never have offered this Fifth Book to the reader in its present form.

We acknowledge our debt to others as well, especially to the kindness of the Publisher, who allowed us to reprint two translations, made by that ingenious writer and distinguished Horatian scholar, Rudyard Kipling.

These were of two of the odes in this book (the First and the Sixth) which he disinterred in the course of his studies, and of which his translations, published elsewhere, met with general approval.

It is also to the diligence, or good fortune, of Mr. Kipling that we owe the discovery of that fragment of unknown origin which he has allowed us to publish on the last page of this volume.

MRS. BATHURST

At the risk of hammering a well-worn theme I submit my ideas on this story :

1. Vickery had erected in his inner consciousness the image of a Dream Woman, the Dante-Beatrice idea, which Kipling has often used before ; e.g. "In Error" and other tales. Vickery's heavy drinking is a likely accompaniment of such a state of mind.
2. Mrs. B. was quite unconscious of Vickery's intense passion.
3. Vickery had not been unfaithful to his wife, so he could not have been guilty of harming her enough to cause her death.
4. The Boy Niven incident is introduced with great artistry to lead up to the subject of Vickery's apparently motiveless desertion—"It takes 'em at all ages."
5. Mrs. B.'s fascination, as Kipling says, was "It."
6. She was not in love with Vickery : "I'll swear Mrs. B. 'ad no 'and in it."
7. Trains are derailed on any track, curved or straight, if the ballast is badly packed or washed away—both quite likely in the wilds.
8. It is almost certain that two tramps, perhaps both deserters—would go on together ; Vickery, for one, hated being alone. Wells or one of our modern detective story writers would have made one of the tramps a woman, but Kipling did not like that type of female whose cry is, "I want to be where the men are." He has

often been rebuked by ill-informed critics for not having women everywhere, even in the most unsuitable or unlikely situations.

Let us beware of reading into a story more than the author intended. I am reminded of the learned philologists who set out to find the origin of the place name of Hammersmith and came to some interesting and entirely fallacious conclusions; then it was discovered that there was a forge there in the coaching days—the obvious proved true.

B.M.B.,

London.

There are certainly some parallels between "Mrs. Bathurst" and "Love o' Women" as Mr. Elwell points out, but he overlooks the fact that Larry Tighe has the title part in "Love o' Women" and that he is a perfectly straightforward character, easily understood, which Vickery is not. But I do not intend to discuss the latter's character, because his is not the title rôle: that is given to a woman, and a woman whom Kipling admired, so that, if her character fails to convince, the story fails too. I wish that one of our lady members would intervene and give her views. We men are interested in the man and have only discussed him; but I want to know if the women agree with me that the only thing that would have induced a woman to pursue a man round the world, as Mrs. B. did, was the belief that she was his lawful wife. But that involves her having consented to a secret marriage, since Pyecroft says that she was never re-spliced, which seems incredible to a woman of her experience and balance. I can see no mystery or inconsistencies in "Love o' Women" such as abound in "Mrs. Bathurst," and it is surely unthinkable that Kipling of all people would doom a woman of whom he had such happy recollections to sexual disease. And anyhow, if it were true, that would be no reason to induce Vickery's Captain to connive at his desertion.

(COL.) BARWICK BROWNE,

Bournstream,
Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

ESSENTIALS IN RELIGION.

At the Annual Luncheon of the Society last autumn, Dean Matthews

commented on the extent of Kipling's belief in Christianity. I have, therefore, collated from "The Children's Prayer" what I think may have been his views as to those essentials which any religion should agree to as foundation qualities, upon which to build their various doctrines. Their sequence is in line with that of the verses, 1 to 8. And, perhaps Kipling even considered that the twelve points enumerated herewith were an excellent religion in themselves.

1. To love and work for one's country.
2. To help to make it still more worthy.
3. To be obedient to the Law.
4. To be truthful.
5. To be clean living.
6. To be uninfluenced by fear or favour.
7. To help and to comfort the weak and afflicted.
8. To be cheerful.
9. To enjoy harmless pleasures.
10. To be forgiving.
11. To love one's fellow-creatures.
12. To remember with reverence those who have given their lives for their Country.

J. H. C. BROOKING.

Hartsfield, Betchworth,
Surrey.

KIPLING'S ORIGINS.

Sir George MacMunn writes:—

In the "Letter Bag," December, 1950, there was a mistake in the printing of the old epitaph which I suggested was the original of Kipling's ballad of *The Answer*. The epitaph seen in Buddock Churchyard should run thus:—

"Who gathered this flower, and the gardener answered 'The Master,' and his fellow servant held his peace."

(LT.-GEN.) SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.

Sackville College,
East Grinstead, Surrey.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Will members who are changing their address please notify the Secretary Kipling Society,
c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund,
Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street,
London, E.C.1.

The Kipling Society

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