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Notes

Praise Well Put

WE have had men of action to address us, men of books, and men of business, but rarely have we entertained a guest of honour so qualified in all three respects of experience. Mr. Collin Brooks, who gave us a stirring estimate of Kipling and his influence at the Society's Annual Luncheon, has had a strenuous career of this triple character and more. To begin with, he seasoned his schooling with business and press work before he joined the King's Liverpool Regiment for service in the first war. On reverting to civil life, he kept to the idea side of journalism and travel before attaining his present editorship and chairmanship of "Truth."

A bookman of wide gifts, it was avowedly his intention to confine himself to Kipling's work and influence as a writer, and an admirable study was the result.

Taking one aspect of Kipling's output after another—short stories, parodies and ballads, school life and animal lore, and, finally, a master of his craft at its best—he hailed R.K. as a champion of British patriotism throughout the earth. It was a deft example of utilising a crisis in world affairs without trench-

ing on politics, and we all know what a master Mr. Brooks can be in broadcasting and handling public opinion. Hence we were not surprised at his freedom in airing his critical sense, as, for instance, in touching on the sentimental side of passages we all know well. These and other "failings" he imputed are often discussed in our columns pro and con, and Mr. Brooks is nothing if not a stimulant in the region of debate. He and the chairman, Sir Brunel Cohen, led us up to a high level of judgment.

All in Good Time

Mr. Brooks's reference to the fascination of "Puck of Pook's Hill" to the young folk is more than borne out by Mr. Maurice Gorham in a recent radio page in the "Star." He speaks of witnessing it as televised at a friend's house, and mentions the lasting impression which the story made on him as a boy. Especially he recalls the mythological lore of salt and cold iron, and the new gods coming to England and fading away. He approves of Wee Georgie Wood being chosen to play the part of Puck, but had to groan at the incongruity of clever little actors having to perform in a natural way against a background of

painted backcloths and cardboard scenery. All one has to do here is to counsel patience, so as to give things time to ripen, like everything else—even the children in the play and the audience as well.

" Kim " and its Moral

The jubilee of " Kim " has prompted one of the most thoughtful of Western book commentators, Mr. Delancey Ferguson, to bestow his weekly column on it as something rather better than a mere spy yarn of Hollywood and its wizards. One of our members, Professor Delancey Ferguson is Professor of English at Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, and head of the English Department at that institution. He is also an author and critic of distinction, besides being a well-known authority on Kipling and Mark Twain, especially the latter. In his page sent us from the " New York Times " Book Review by Mr. Carl Naumburg, we are led through various interpretations until we arrive at the columnist's own view. He thinks R.K. may have borrowed his friend Mark Twain's pattern, Huck Finn, and suggests one or two parallels. It is when the Lama leaves Kim for the life of the spirit that Mahub Ali remarks, " Some men are strong in knowledge, Red Hat. Thy strength is stronger still." To this the fitting comment is given by way of moral that between the world and the spirit " The gulf is not impassable—its bridge is love." Authors of standing have been known to jib and snort at finding themselves subject to officious explanations, especially

where there happened to be nothing that called for explanation. But I verily believe that the comment here quoted is just as well as apt, and one that the author himself might not have disdained.

"Soldiers Three "

By the way, it is matter for rejoicing that some of these unwanted commentators have been going astray in yet another direction, for our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Harbord sends word that the last year's alleged version of " Soldiers Three " by Technicolor was not intended or issued as representing Kipling's three characters. There was a marked departure, we are assured, in that the setting was altered and, therefore, the three main characters were not given Kipling's titles. It' will be remembered that I noted this at the time, and it would do no harm to hear what our readers think of this half-measure. Was it the intention of M.G.M. from the first, or simply an after-thought? And, in any case, why the title, "Soldiers Three"?

R.B. and R.K.

Professor A. W. Yeats, of Texas University, was announced in a recent number as a new and welcome member of the Society, especially among those Kipling-lovers who are aware of the systematic research in the matter of Kipling's work and influence which that Institution and others are carrying on in the U.S.A. Of this the paper in the present number is an excellent example, particularly in the direction of literary analysis and origination.

For instance, of the more than five hundred poems left us by Kipling, the Professor classifies at least one-fifth as framed in the monologue vein—that is to say, with its message or burden cast in the first person singular. True, this form of authorship did not originate with Browning, and other critics might incline to attach it to the strain and spirit of the Victorian period. But the Professor points out Kipling's own acknowledgment as an early and continuous pupil of Browning, and where he gains upon our sympathies is in his frank admission that Kipling shows a marked preference for the subjective treatment, as against his Gamaliel's strong leaning towards objectivity. In addition we have to reckon with Kipling's inherent passion for experimentalism in form and metre. Was it consistency of family physique and stock that explains the abundance of mental vitality in Kipling as a creator of characters, and his giving them so high an average of vigorous and dynamic qualities? But if we develop these and other symptoms distinctive of our poet-romancer's output, we may be trenching on what the other western professors have to say. Therefore, in the meantime, let readers note well what comes from Professor Yeats, and they will find plenty of material for discussion.

Kipling and Gaul

The short series of articles by Mr. B. S. Townroe commencing in this number, follow a pattern that must be familiar to readers of the *Journal*. Mr. Townroe's angle is that of a man who has

made almost a life-mission of cultivating mutual understanding between ourselves and the French. Hence his position as Director of the Franco-British Society, and his contact with so many important schools on both sides of the Channel. Kipling's hold upon him began in school and university years, and was clinched when they met in France during the First World War. It was Kipling too who afforded inspiration for a school prize-winning essay on the German menace in Europe, and his poem on Lord Roberts—when we were fighting alongside the French in France—that confirmed a loyal conviction for life. Lecturing pupils on his school tours in France, Mr. Townroe makes an interesting note of the books by Kipling that have long been established in young French minds—notably the "Jungle Books"—and the "Puck" series that carry them back to the Roman invasion which proved the groundwork of our real development and civilisation. All of which lends interest to what he has to say in our connexion, and incidentally encourages one's belief in the future of the Society he has at heart.

News from Westward Ho !

It is gratifying to learn that the old United Services College buildings at Westward Ho ! have been scheduled under the Town and Country Planning Act as premises of historic interest. The twelve houses are now known as Kingsley Terrace, and it is recognised that they were occupied by the old school from September, 1874, to March, 1904—thirty years in all.

J. P. COLLINS.

Some Browning Echoes at Bateman's

by A. W. Yeats

(University of Texas)

ALLAH, the dispenser of all good gifts, wisely foreordains our kinsmen for us, and, as planned, the artist and sculptor, John Lockwood Kipling, sent his young son "Ruddy" to school in England during the lad's fifth year. In due time, "the Uncle" (Sir Edward Burne-Jones) and "Uncle Topsy" (William Morris) became conscious of the boy's wanderings through their studios and work-rooms. Here the lad became increasingly conscious of the use of colour, of an artistic atmosphere out of which grew "things created" and of the smile of a genial uncle and friend who looked into the heart of a boy and made the soul all glad. In such a manner did Ruddy, aged eight or nine, explore the Burne-Jones' home and traverse the fascinating hallways where stood "the Uncle's" unfinished portraits and cartoons with the eyes painted complete and the rest of the compositions left largely for the mind to supply. It was perhaps here that one stood aside or made way for the many callers who came to see the beloved Aunt and Uncle, one of whom happened to be "an elderly person called 'Browning' who took no proper interest in the skirmishes [of the children] which happened to be raging at his entry."

"Seven Years Hard"

But Allah, who had foreordained that Ruddy was irretrievably committed to the inkpot, was shaping the boy's life better than the lad knew. At Westward Ho! young Kipling had Browning's *Men and Women* "thrown at his head" by his English and

Classics master, and of the experience he remarked, "Here I found 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb,' 'Love among the Ruins,' and 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' a not too remote—I dare to think—ancestor of mine." Moreover, before Kipling was twenty he was busy in India doing his "seven years-hard" of literary apprenticeship as sub-editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* where, in the course of his duties, he reported, edited, and wrote reviews of current publications. The mature Kipling of seventy comments on his youthful literary sins with the frank admission that "Any other fool could review; (I myself on urgent call have reviewed the later works of a writer called Browning and what my Father said about *that* was unpublishable.)"

Kipling's debt to his contemporaries and literary predecessors has been slightly indicated by Lloyd H. Chandler and more specifically treated by Ann Matlack Weygandt in a doctoral essay devoted to that subject. The import of their works indicates clearly that Kipling was widely read in Victorian authors and that his affinity for Browning was unique. Dr. Weygandt remarks:

Kipling's early work swarms with quotations from, and imitations of, Browning. The imitations disappear with the close of the nineteenth century, but *Something of Myself* makes it evident that this was not because admiration was on the wane. Browning was a lasting enthusiasm.

In support of this statement, Kipling's specific borrowing from his predecessor are summarized as follows: There are nine Kipling poems which are admitted imitations or parodies of

Browning's works; the young Kipling appropriated three Browning poem titles for his own works, only to re-name them later with original titles. Needless to say, the contents of these poems and stories echo Browningsque themes and techniques, for Kipling's titles, both as a youth and as a mature writer, are scrupulously literal and exact. Ten of the Kipling short stories have poetic headings from Browning's verse, varying from one to eight lines in length. Nine Kipling works contain Browning quotations within the body of the various pieces, and twelve specific allusions are made in Kipling's prose to Browning's verses other than the specific borrowings already mentioned.

Browningsque in Nature

Dr. Weygandt reminds us that Kipling's tremendous interest in people is Browningsque in nature, and from Browning Kipling borrows: (1) the methodology of revealing character and incident in monologue, (2) a tendency to employ widely separated rhymewords, and (3) a decided leaning toward the introduction of foreign phrases. We are further informed that "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," and "Fra Lippo Lippi" were Kipling favourites, the last-named poem his prime favourite of all.

Valuable as Dr. Weygandt's work may be, Browning's influence upon Kipling's prose has not been explored, and many striking parallels in the verse of these contemporaries need yet to be considered. It is to this task that we now turn our attention.

II

Perhaps the most obvious impact of Browning upon Kipling is the latter's use of the first-person speaker, both in his Browningsque dramatic monologues and in his aberrations from the

Browning pattern. Omitting the early uncollected verse, which was far more consciously imitative of Browning than his later works, Kipling's definitive volume of verse contains 544 poems, of which 110 have first-person speakers. Perhaps a score of these Kipling poems are dramatic monologues and dramatic soliloquies in the best Browning tradition, but a greater majority of them tend to show Kipling experimentation with the first-person speaker technique. The majority of these speakers become declamatory and self-interpretive, losing all contact with a participating audience. The soliloquies, some few of which are both objective and dramatic, tend to become reflective introspections suggestive of "confessional" literature; most of them make no pretence of objectivity. Both Kipling's monologues and soliloquies abandon the Browningsque couplet and blank-verse forms in favour of lyric patterns with stanza divisions. Kipling's art in verse never wandered too far from the ballad and the sea chanty forms, so that even in his monologues we note a blending of narrative content with lyric form. The poem, "Mary, Pity Women," serves as a good example of the dramatic monologue expressed in lyric style; here we note the use of stanza form, a refrain following each stanza, and the use of incremental repetition within stanzas. Another aberration which Kipling employs can be noted in such poems as "If," "The Explorer," and "The Ladies," where the poem seemingly is a dramatic soliloquy and the active audience is not revealed until the last stanza, or sometimes withheld until the last "word of the poem. Browning's speakers have much more obvious and vital audiences. Also, the Kipling audiences are frequently the victims of their speakers; they serve as the targets of taunts and jibes

rather than serving as psychological interpreters.

Multiple Speakers

Six Kipling poems are built upon the Browningsque plan of multiple speakers expressing their views upon a central theme or central body of material, sometimes referred to as the "panel" method of presentation. Two of these six poems, "Song of the Cities" and "Parade Song of the Camp Animals," indicate a Kipling-esque fondness for personification, which tendency has become a characteristic quality of his prose. As a youthful writer he had formed such a consistent habit of speaking through the mouths of Thomas Atkins and Mulvaney that he soon began to speak through the mouths of the jungle folk; later, he personified bridges, ships, sea cables, locomotives, cities, and the camp mules—all speaking first-person conversation and all trying desperately hard to "interpret" their little worlds to the greater world. This concept of "interpretation" and character revelation along with the device of various speakers treating the same material can in a measure be traced to Browning influence, but the subjective rather than the objective method employed is Kipling's, not Browning's.

To prove that several of the Kipling characters have counterparts in Browning's works is relatively easy:

the speaker of the tale, "Dray Wara Yow Dee," is patterned after Guido in *The Ring and the Book*, Sir Anthony Gloster is lifted largely from "The Bishop Orders His Tomb," and even Dick Helder is strangely reminiscent of Kipling's favourite character, Fra Lippo Lippi. But a more important fact is that Kipling takes overmuch of his *concept* of character from Browning. Under the handling of both of these writers their fictitious personages are characteristically similar; invariably these authors write of vigorous, dynamic, positive people, both benign and evil, but characters always robust and vital. Even the exceptions are notable: the one fault of Andrea del Sarto is that he is not positive enough to command Lucrezia's love (a character flaw which explains his artistic flaw); Kipling's "Tomlinson" states in bitterest irony his concept of a vapid existence—heaven will not tolerate an insipid spirit nor hell endure it. Kipling's animals, his soldiers, his sailors, and even his engines are all dynamic. In an earlier study made of Kipling's verse some years ago, I classified, perhaps rightly or wrongly, forty-two per cent. of his output under the elastic heading of "songs of energy." Indeed, Kipling echoes Browning in the type of people who frequent the pages of his verse and prose.

(To be concluded)

Our Hundredth Number

IN introducing the guest speaker at the Annual Luncheon of the Society (reported on another page), the Chairman mentioned that the next issue of the *Kipling Journal* would have the distinction of being the hundredth number—a reminder which was received with much applause. This issue of the *Journal* is, in fact,

No. 100, and a correspondent who has kept a record from No. 1 informs us that the first two numbers were edited by Mr. Brooking, the founder of the Society, followed by 17 issues conducted by Mr. Young, then 31 issues by Mr. Basil M. Bazley, and the next fifty (including this number) by the present editor.

How Kipling Influenced My Life

I. " The Years Between "

by B. S. Townroe

(This is the first of a series of three articles to appear in the Journal under the above title.)

MY friend, Stephen Dakeyne, has been staying with me for a week end. He is a Kipling enthusiast, and while examining some first editions in my study, took down a copy of *The Years Between*, signed by the author. He remarked that when he looked back on his own past, he remembered how constantly he read Kipling's writings, and their influence upon his own life. He then sat down, and turned over the leaves of the book of poems, saying how they brought back many memories. I urged him to give me some examples of what he meant and jotted down some notes of some of his more striking comments. Stephen began :

"Of course, I was twenty years younger, for Kipling was born in 1865 and I in 1885. *Plain Tales from the Hills* was first published in India in 1888 when I was just beginning to read, and I only met him personally early in the first World War."

"It would be interesting," I said, "if you would suggest what kind of memories those poems recall."

"Well, if you don't mind me being egotistical, let us start with *The Rowers*. That reminds me of taking part at the age of 17 in school debates. It was published in 1902, when Germany proposed that England should help her in a naval demonstration to collect debts from Venezuela. Even at that time Kipling was deeply suspicious of German militarism and protested at any proposal to join "with the Goth and the shameless Hun." Up to then I had not realised

Prussian militarism. It was on Kipling's inspiration that I wrote about that in an essay on the German menace, which won the School Essay Prize. First round to Mr. Kipling!" laughed Stephen.

"Then came the poem 'The Veterans,' written for the gathering of survivors of the Indian Mutiny held in the Albert Hall in 1907. I took my degree at Oxford in that year, when the youth of my generation were being pressed on all sides to forget the past and to disarm. Reconciliation, appeasement, perpetual peace, those were some of the catchwords used by the Macdonalds, Lansburys and Snowdens of those days. Kipling-gave this reply in his appeal to the Indian Mutiny veterans, already with a note of warning in his voice.

'One service more we dare to ask—
Pray for us, heroes, pray,
That when Fate lays on us our task
We do not shame the Day.'

"The War-Wise Face"

Next Stephen came across the poem "Ulster," published in 1912, and, reminiscent, that started him off again.

"Ah, that makes me think of Lord Carson, whom I heard speaking like a prophet of old. How well Kipling expressed the views of Northern Ireland in the lines :

'What answer from the North?
One Law, one Land, one Throne.
If England drive us forth,
We shall not fall alone.'

"Up to then I had never visited Ulster, and Kipling was the first man to make me understand more fully the intense loyalty of the men in Northern Ireland. Similarly, his poem 'France,'

written in 1913, opened my eyes to appreciate better why our old enemy France, 'we who swept each other's coast, sacked each * other's home,' ought to be friends. Up to then I had not been enthusiastically pro-French, and was the more impressed by this poem which told of the 'undying sin' we shared in Rouen, and how France was

'Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,
Terrible with strength that draws
from her tireless soil.'

French recovery after two World Wars has amply proved the truth of that poem. A few months later we British were fighting side by side with the French in France and Kipling published his poem on Lord Roberts, describing the 'war-wise face that pleaded in the Market Place—pleaded and was not heard.' "

Stephen stopped to re-light his pipe and I took the opportunity of breaking in with the words, "You certainly do not support the view often expressed today by the so-called intelligentsia that Kipling was an out-of-date Jingo."

Stephen nearly exploded, and burst out, "Of course, that is just one of the stupid things that those ignor-amuses, who think themselves so clever, would say. How many of them have made any real effort to read Kipling's writings? After all, he was a man who spent his life putting his thoughts and convictions into words. To me his books are rich mines of wisdom which have not yet been fully worked. For pleasure and entertainment, I find his short stories and novels remain unsurpassed, although, of course, I realise that some of his post-war narratives are so highly polished as to be at times cryptic. His poems reveal more and more secrets, the more they are studied with care. His non-fictional writings, like 'Letters of Travel' and 'The

Irish Guards in the Great War' are brilliant examples of literature and history."

No Adequate Biography

"To my mind the tragedy of Kipling today is that so far no adequate biography has yet been published. We can glean hints about his mind from his incomplete autobiography, *Something of Myself*, and from his 'Collective Speeches' in *A Book of Words*, but he is a man of such humble heart that he often concealed his real meaning. The commentaries so far published, by Francis Adams, Edmund Gosse, Le Gallienne, Edward Shanks and Hilton Brown, are sometimes prejudiced and are in the main slight and impressionist. We badly need a good biography of Kipling, written by such a historian as Arthur Bryant."

"I know that there are many critics today who suggest that Kipling is a back number and that his day has gone by. I certainly do not agree. Indeed, when I go abroad I am impressed by the numbers of young people who now delight to read and study Kipling, especially in France. For the future I hope to see parts of the Kipling saga more thoroughly explored, for as Kipling often deliberately wrapped up his meaning, they need pondering over in order to be sure of their message."

"As a family man myself," I said, "don't you find, Stephen, that Kipling's love of children and the courage with which he faced the loss, first of his daughter Josephine and then of his only son, impressive?" Stephen answered.

Beyond the Vale

"I divide up in my own mind Kipling's writings in 'The Years Between' when he was a family man, obviously loving his children very

dearly, and those written after the death of his daughter Josephine from pneumonia in New York in 1899, and after his son was wounded and missing in the early morning of September 27th, 1915. One of the most touching passages in modern literature is the reference in 'They' to a little brushing kiss which fell in the centre of the palm, the kiss given by a lost daughter to her grieving father. This is an example of Kipling's obvious belief in the unseen and his keen interest in the world beyond the veil. Another reference to Josephine in the *Just So* stories touches all of us who have lost dear ones.

'For far—oh very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to
him!'"

Stephen stopped, evidently feeling deep emotion, and then went on.

"I must confess that his poem 'En-dor' has helped to keep me from dabbling in séances. You will remember how that poem is based on the

verse, 'Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor,' in the first book of Samuel, and is obviously directed against mediums and spiritualists. These lines ought to be better remembered today when another generation of fathers and mothers and wives is grieving for those who fell in the Second World War.

'Oh, the road to En-dor is the
oldest road
And the craziest road of all!
Straight it runs to the Witch's
abode
As it did in the days of Saul!'"

Stephen Dakeyne put the book of poems, *The Years Between*, back into its place on the shelf and then said, somewhat abruptly, "It's quite time to go to bed, but another time, if you wish, I'll try to express some of the other ways in which the writings of Kipling have influenced my life."

(The next two articles of this series will deal with "The pre-1914 Kipling" in the April issue of the Journal and "The post-1914 Kipling in the July number.)

Library Notes

WHO remembers Graspan, Belmont and Modder River may also remember the genius who invented The Ringer, The Squeaker and Sanders of the River was also the author of a collection of poems reminiscent of Barrack-Room Ballads, and who, whilst serving with the R.A.M.C. in South Africa during the Boer War, welcomed Kipling's arrival in Cape Town with "Tommy to his Laureate."* Edgar Wallace's barrack-room appreciation of the private soldiers' greatest protagonist has been too long forgotten.

Browsing through these old verses of fights and skirmishes on the veldt

which are now but a distant memory to those Empire Builders of whom Kipling sang so loudly fifty years ago, it is easy to see how Edgar Wallace was influenced by the man whom he so aptly described as his Laureate.

It is, therefore, a very pleasant task to record my warm appreciation to General Sir Julius Bruche in Melbourne for his gift to the Library of a First Edition of "Writ in Barracks"—now a scarce item and quite a collector's piece.

W.G.B.M.

*See *K.J.* Nos. 21 and 22.

R.K. and Rottingdean

"The Elms " Exhibition

by Owen Tweedy

[The writer of this article is the brother of Mrs. Ernest Beard who now lives at The Elms. She was the chairman of the committee which organised the Festival Exhibition at Rottingdean with its special Kipling section.]

IN the October issue of the *Kipling Journal* a short notice appeared describing "The Elms" exhibition at Rottingdean. It was opened officially on July 17th and from then until August 31st, when it closed, it welcomed a total of 2,430 visitors—making an average attendance on each of the nineteen visiting days of nearly 130 persons. Bare statistics can be dull, but the analysis of these Rottingdean pilgrims is anything but dull. For apart from the hundreds who came from all over England, Scotland and Wales, visitors also arrived from all over the world. The Commonwealth figures speak for themselves. From Canada came men and women of Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal and British Columbia; from New Zealand, of Wellington and Christchurch; from Australia, of Sydney, Melbourne and Perth; and from South Africa, of Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Kroonstad and Mafeking. Others came from India (Delhi and Calcutta), Pakistan, Ceylon and, within the Colonial Empire, from Southern Rhodesia, Malaya and the Falkland Islands. There were, too, Americans from New York, Washington, Wisconsin and San Francisco; and European visitors from France (over twenty), Germany, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Belgium; while North Africa was represented from Morocco; and Egypt and Iran from Cairo and Teheran.

From Far Countries

These were far calls from far countries, and the magnet was R.K.; and those who made the pilgrimage had their reward in full. *Mirabile dictu*, every single one of those visiting days of last July and August was fine and often sunny; and The Elms garden with its ancient trees and its gay petunia beds was England and Sussex at its best. And beyond the garden walls there were the ilex trees and the village green, and the old windmill breaking the skyline to the south; and to the north past Rottingdean Church with its Sussex-flint walls and its squat square tower and the Lych Gate which opens on to the green by the village pond, there were the glimpses of the billowing downs. "Sussex by the Sea."

Our guests could enjoy all that; and in the house itself was the full exhibition of the history of Rottingdean down the centuries with its special section devoted to the story of R.K.'s life when from 1897 to 1902, before "the spreading of the hideous town," he lived in a Rottingdean which could still think "of the packhorse on the down" and dream of the village, "small and white and clean." That was R.K.'s village and at The Elms last summer our guests could almost feel themselves transported fifty years back to R.K.'s days in Rottingdean.

Kipling's Room

In the house the same atmosphere of intimacy with the past persisted. The Kipling section of the exhibition was concentrated in the two front rooms on the ground floor; and although no attempt had been made to arrange

R.K.'s old study as it had been during his tenancy of The Elms, it was still very much his room. There was an artist's proof of his picture by his cousin, Philip Burne-Jones, painted in the room itself and showing him at work at his long trestle table facing the bow-window. There' were first editions of many of his books—the two *Jungle Books*, *The Five Nations*, *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *The Story of the Gadsbys* among others. More interesting still were other first editions of *Kim*, *Stalky & Co.*, *A Fleet in Being* and the *Just-So Stories*—all of which R.K. had written in that very room. And most interesting of all, there were copies of his *Recessional* and of his *Absent-Minded Beggar* (the latter printed on satin for sale to collect money for the Boer War Comforts Fund sponsored by the *Daily Mail*), both of which, also, he had written sitting at his trestle table.

Nearby were four other intensely interesting exhibits. The first was a letter from R.K. to Mrs. Burton (1) addressed to her in 1887 at Peshawar where her husband, Major Burton of the Bengal Lancers, was then serving. It concerned R.K.'s dedication of *Plain Tales from the Hills* to "the wittiest woman in India," who by this letter was for the first time definitely identified as Mrs. Burton and not, as had always been thought previously, as R.K.'s mother. The second was a hitherto unpublished and never previously exhibited unfinished poem (2) which opens with the grand lilting couplet :

" In the microscopical hinterland of
a cramped sub-continent,
On a farm no larger than Rut-
landshire his limited youth was
spent."

The third was another poem written by R.K. in Simla in June, 1885 (3) which also had never been published

or exhibited before. It, too, opens in characteristic R.K. vein :

" As one who throw's earth's gold
away in scorn,
Holding tomorrow shall refill his
purse."

And lastly there was the intriguing—and somewhat eerie *Max Desmarets*—*His Valentine* (4) written by R.K. on February 14th, 1884 in tiny handwriting on a small folded gilt-edged card illustrated by him in red ink and opening with the couplet :

" How shall a ghost from Père la
Chaise
Greeting send to a vanquished
love?"

It was written while R.K. was in India ; but who Max Desmarets was and how he drifted into R.K.'s ken—or imagination—no one knows. This exhibit also had previously never been published or shown.

And all around likenesses of the great man himself all through his long life (1865-1935). Pictures of him at 15, at 17 (with side-whiskers), at 18 and at 21 ; a school-group at the United Services College, Westward Ho ! (later the setting for *Stalky & Co.*) with R.K. in heavy spectacles at the age of 16 ; a studio portrait with his mother in 1890 ; Spy's cartoon of him in *Vanity Fair* in 1894 ; his portrait by the Hon. John Collier in 1901 ; a ship's snapshot with him surrounded by children on the deck of the "Walmer Castle" bound for South Africa in 1904 ; a photograph with His Majesty King George V taken when visiting the cemeteries of war graves in France after World War I ; and finally *Punch's* cartoon of 1935 by L. Raven Hill showing him as " The Singer of Empire."

Display of Letters

And the sense of intimacy created

"by all these pictures was heightened by the nearby display of some of R.K.'s own letters. "When my boy (John Kipling) was born, I wheeled the pram up and down across Rottingdean Green—and was rather proud of it"; and (after John's death at Loos in France in 1915 shortly after his eighteenth birthday) "He did his work very decently and quietly and after all that is the great thing that matters." Then (about to appear as a godfather at a christening) "I'll come but, mark you, I will not hold her at the font. I saw a godfather try to do that once and—it wasn't pretty." Another letter is to the "School Budget" of Horsmonden School in Kent, sending the schoolboy editor a remarkable contribution on "Schoolboy Etiquette" (5) and suggesting a fee of sixpence for his labours—which was not paid! And others too—to the late Lord Baden Powell; to the Secretary of a Brighton Masonic Lodge; to a railway porter at Bath ("from one writer to another") who during World War I wrote contributions in verse for the *Daily Express*; and to the late Sir Frederick Lugard (6) (afterwards Lord Lugard) in flowery oriental language and signed with his sign-manual in Arabic which he reinforced with his thumbograph!

" Kipling's Year "

The exhibition has now passed into history: for in its own modest way it did make history. Not only did it give an opportunity to those many kind persons who possessed souvenirs of R.K., to loan them for public exhibition, but later they and the

hundreds of other visitors could and did come to see them assembled in perfect intimacy giving a new picture of a great man—in the house where for five fruitful years he had lived and worked. And for members of the Kipling Society the outstanding fact is that so much was forthcoming on loan and that so many did come to see the exhibition, not* only from these islands of ours but also from across the seven seas. All this did not happen by itself. Behind the organisation of this most successful venture is a story of long and arduous and unselfish work. The display within the house was well planned, well-looked and well documented. The attractive catalogue—well printed and arranged—was compiled as a story and, unlike many catalogues, was good, arresting reading—without tears. Above all there was a welcoming atmosphere everywhere. In the house a faithful reception committee piloted the visitors and answered their many questions. In the garden friends met friends whom they hadn't seen for ages, and strangers talked to strangers as pilgrims will when they reach their objective. It was all very much worth-while.

1951 was Festival Year in Britain. In Rottingdean it was Kipling's year.

- (1) *Lent by Mrs. Low, granddaughter of Mrs. Burton.*
- (2)] *Formerly the property of R.K.'s*
- (3)] *sister, Mrs. Fleming, and lent*
- (4)] *by Miss Betty Macdonald.*
- (5) *Lent by Mr. E. H. Lambert, formerly a boy at Horsmonden School.*
- (6) *Lent by Major E. J. Lugard, Lord Lugard's brother.*

THE KIPLING SOCIETY SALES DEPARTMENT is able to supply the following to Members interested: POSTCARDS of Batemans, Rudyard Lake, or Kipling's Grave, 9d. per doz.; BOOKPLATES, 1d. each; Members' List, 6d.; and extra copies of *The Kipling Journal* at 1/- per copy—except for certain rare numbers. Enquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, Kipling Society, c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11/13 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

The Annual Luncheon—1951

THE Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon was held on October 12th at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington. Sir Brunel Cohen was in the chair, in the absence abroad of the President, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning.

Mr. Collin Brooks, the Guest Speaker, proposing "The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling," said that he felt that this Toast, like the Loyal Toast, should be given without words, for it *was* itself a Loyal Toast. "Our King was with us yesterday!" To propose such a toast to such a Society was one of the three most difficult tasks of post-prandial oratory. The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns to the Burns Club! The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens to the Dickens Fellowship! The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling to the Kipling Society! What fresh could there be to say, and what hope of saying the old, dear, familiar things in a new way?

Mr. Brooks recalled the effect which Rudyard Kipling had had upon the thought of the generations which were in adolescence between the Queen's first Jubilee and the Boer War. Kipling's moral effect remained unchanged through all the years. It was not only the dignity of discipline observed and duty fulfilled, but of the joy of a job well done. His was a philosophy of work. He taught it both in prose and in verse, from "Send us the men who do the work, For which they draw the wage," to that remarkable later poem called "The Nurses," when, after describing the adequate nurse with the restless child, the locomotive engineer roaring through the night, the helmsman guid-

ing his ship through storm and danger, Kipling summed up their shared quality:

These have so utterly mastered their work that they work without thinking;

Holding three-fifths of their brain in reserve for whatever betide.

So, when catastrophe threatens, of colic, collision or sinking,

They shunt the full gear into train and take that small thing in their stride.

H. G. Wells, temperamentally antipathic to Rudyard Kipling, had vividly described in a passage in "The New Machiavelli"—which Mr. Brooks read—the national adulation of Kipling until the time of the Boer War. It was one of Kipling's greatest merits, one of the signs of his mental integrity, that when he discovered that the British Army, which he had admired in Asia, was not the perfect instrument it had seemed—when he discovered that glorious subalterns and Company officers had a habit in action of falling into "regrettable incidents," *he* was the first to drive home "the Imperial lesson." It would not be too much to say that one of the debts owed to him by Britain was her better equipment for the First World War.

But, said Mr. Brooks, it was rather, that day, with the literary artist, than the political prophet, that they wished to concern themselves. He then spoke of Kipling's extraordinary versatility; the parodist; the poet; the writer of short stories and the journalist. If Kipling never wrote a play, he had at least written duologues and dialogues, to say nothing of parodies, which proved that there was a playwright in him. Kipling's love and mastery of words emerged in every phase of him. In-

cidentally, by the new use of the colon, Kipling had for a generation or more altered the current mode of English prose writing.

For what Kipling would" be most and longest remembered was always to be debated. Mr. Brooks said that he was sure that some of the most permanent contributions of Kipling to English letters were the very tender love lyrics of which so many of Kipling's detractors seemed to be totally unaware, and of which his, the speaker's, favourite was the poem that seemed more like Bridges than Kipling: "These were never your true love's eyes . . ."

The great apostle of Imperialism, the great teacher of patriotism, the great artist in words—here was a fame which could only grow through the ages.

He asked them to drink to the

Unfading Genius.

* * *

The following members and their friends were present at the Luncheon :

Guest of Honour : Mr. Collin Brooks. '

Mr. B. W. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mrs. J. Baylis, Mr. Basil M. Bazley and three guests, Mrs. Lake Barnett, Mrs. Beard and two guests, Mr. Victor Bonney, Mrs. N. Brett and two guests, Captain B. W. Brock, R.N., Lieut.-Commander and Mr. Alan Brock, Mrs. Collin Brooks, Colonel Barwick Browne and guest, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. W. Chaplin, Sir Brunel and Lady Cohen, Mrs. Harold Cohen, Mr. J. P. Collins, Mrs. Carlisle Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Frost, Mr. R. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Harbord, Mr. G. Wyndham Haslett, Brigadier G. W. Hickie, Major S. F. Hopwood, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Hyne, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Jones and five guests, Miss E. Cooke-Lake, Mr. F. L. Leonard, Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, Commander R. D. Merriman, R.I.N., Mr. M. R. Neville and two guests, Colonel W. N. Pettigrew, Mrs. W. Phillips, Major John Pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Price, Colonel and Mrs. Bagwell-Purefoy, Mrs. M. R. Richardson, Sir Christopher and Lady Lynch-Robinson, Mrs. A. B. Shepherd and guest, Brigadier P. L. Spafford, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. K. Stanford, Mrs. A. M. Thorp and guest, Miss C. W. Thorpe and two guests, Dr. A. P. Thurston and guest, the Rev. H. K. Trevaskis, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. Colin M. Turnbull, the Countess Wavell, Dr. P. F. Wilson and guest, Miss Frances Wood.

Kipling and Shaw and "Jane"

Kipling and Shaw

MR. J. H. C. Brooking writes :—
"The following extract from Alexander Woolcott's book of reminiscences, 'Long, Long Ago,' may indicate the strong feeling of disgust evinced by the patriot Kipling regarding the peculiar ideas of Shaw, when they met, as pall-bearers, at Hardy's funeral :

" 'Shaw and Kipling had never met until that day when Gosse (another pall-bearer) introduced them. Or rather tried to. For Kipling, so runs the legend, still had so much of war-time bitterness left in his heart that he would not acknowledge the introduction.'

"Jane"

"It will be remembered that the

poem, 'Jane's Marriage,' in 'Debits and Credits,' which started :

'Jane went to Paradise :

That was only fair.

Good Sir Walter met her first,

And led her up the stair'

was slightly altered in 'The Definitive Edition' to :

'Good Sir Walter followed her,

And armed her up the stair.'

This alteration was clearly due to Kipling's later appreciation that Jane died (1817) before Sir Walter (1832); one of the very few errors in his writings on a much greater variety of subjects than any other author.

"It may not be so generally known, however that Kipling's reason for giving Sir Walter such a prominent part in the Heavenly proceedings must have been influenced by his knowledge

of Sir Walter's high admiration for Jane, as is evidenced by the following entry in his diary for March 14, 1826 :

" 'Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and

characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which makes ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me.' "

The Society's Annual Conference

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society was held on Thursday, October 11th, 1951. The business was almost entirely of the routine nature prescribed in our Rules—that is, the re-election of the President, Vice-Presidents and Honorary Officers of the Society.

The Annual Report and Accounts for the year were unanimously adopted. It was suggested that in future a considerable saving would be effected by publishing these in the *Kipling Journal* instead of printing and despatching them separately. This matter was left over to be dealt with by the Council.

A unanimous desire was expressed at the meeting to invite Sir Brunel Cohen to become one of our Vice-Presidents. This was done subsequently at the Annual Luncheon, over which Sir Brunel presided with a grace and humour which was the

delight of everybody. We are very happy to be able to inform members that Sir Brunel has accepted our invitation.

Under Rule VII of our Constitution, the following members of the Council retired: General Ian Hay Beith, Mr. T. C.. Angus, Colonel H. A. Tapp, Lt.-Colonel J. K. Stanford; whilst Miss Florence Macdonald, Sir Charles Wingfield and Mrs. Thorp resigned owing to pressure of other business which prevented them from a regular attendance at Council meetings. The co-option to the Council of Commander R. D. Merriman, R.N., was also confirmed.

Our Honorary Auditors, Messrs. Milne, Gregg and Turnbull, were re-elected for the ensuing year, with the meeting's most grateful thanks for all their valuable advice and assistance in the past, which has always been most highly prized by the Council.

New Members

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

New Zealand: Mrs. Tracey.

U.S.A. : Miss E. M. Bennett.

" Mr. James F. Drake.

Australia : Mr. R. Walker.

London : Mrs. E. Beard

Miss Tierney.

Mr. H. E. Blyth.

Miss E. L. Baines.

•• Major F. R. Barry.

Mr. C. T. Hucker.

Letter Bag

Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication as short as possible.

" Trot Out Persimmon "

As a reader of R.K. for at least fifty years, recently I was very much surprised to find an allusion that had completely been unrecognized.

While nibbling at a recently published book, I found that in 1896 the winner of the "English" Derby was Persimmon, owned by the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. In the "Male Line of Descent" I found him immediately in the "Eclipse" line. Then I found him in the pedigrees of some of our distinguished "Transatlantic" Thoroughbreds. Then I went to the "Kipling" shelf, and in "The Horse Marines" found it: "Trot out Persimmon."

This yarn bears the date, 1910; it seems improbable that a young British Naval Officer at that date would be familiar with a Derby winner of 1896. Two possibilities presented themselves: by 1910, Persimmon had become so famous a sire that he was as familiar to everyone as Man O' War was to us. The alternative is that the fictional occurrences of this yarn occurred many years before 1910. Even as far away from the English scene as I am, a bit of internal evidence can be dug up. In the tale the name of General (Dicky) Bridoon is mentioned. If this is the British Cavalry Officer from whom the double (Bridoon) bit is named, I knew of this bit long before 1910. If the backbone of the plot of this yarn—training cavalry recruits on rocking-horses—is authentic, some British Cavalry Officer, presumably now retired, would be able to place the fictional events within a very few years.

What a universal type of mentation R.K. was a master of! With vision so defective that he had to raise his spectacles to read (see: "School Days with Kipling") his interest, and knowledge of all sorts of sports, including cod-fishing, is astounding. Here is a beautiful example of how good for others can come out of an individual handicap. If R.K. had normal vision

we probably would never have had:

"With the flanneled fools at the wicket

Or the muddied oafs at the goals."

As a psychiatrist, I think this was *not* an objection to sports in war-time (we know how useful they are). It might have been an expression of his own wish to participate in sports, and still more fundamentally, of his disappointment that his defective vision barred him from an Army career.

Still, one wonders, after reading his later Navy stories, if he wouldn't have been happier in the "Senior Service."

For the entertainment and edification of British members of the Society who have never met the American C.P.O.s during the late imbroglio, except for the uniform and slight differences between the English and American languages, almost any of our old-time C.P.O.s could have readily understudied the R.K. version of his British opposite number.

J. DAVIS REICHARD (M.D.),

Medical Director, U.S.P.H.S.
New York, U.S.A.

Bridge Building

A copy of *The Day's Work* of the second 1899 reprinting, in the possession of Lt.-Col. Barwick Browne, contains the following note at the head of "The Bridge Builders":—

"My dear Stoney,

Sorry I can't find a better edition of the following yarn. The Ganges is the Sutlej and Kashi is Ferozepur: the bridge is now called the Kaisarin-i-Hind and Amyas Morse has just put a paper before the Inst. C. E. about its protective works. The tale is a farrago of bridge building stories told to R.K. at various times. Hitchcock was an assistant engineer called L. G. Beckett who died of cholera in Calcutta and Findlayson is your old friend

J.R.B., 23.4.03."

The initials of the signature are not clearly readable, except in the light of the identification of Findlayson with

J. R. Bell. The date is eight months before I joined in India, and I only got to the Punjab a year later, and was not on Railways, so cannot confirm the identification from personal local knowledge. I observe with interest that Bell had learnt in the P.W.D. to date his signatures and initials, a habit that has become ingrained in me.

Morse I have not heard of. Bell probably has a permanent fame. What he is known for is the devising of a system of guide-banks for containing the alluvial rivers of Northern India in a channel narrower than the bed they wander about in, with protection that will avoid attack on the work for whose sake they are thus contained, and also provides against the attack of the river on their critical points. It would seem that his nature was to invent or devise, but that he lacked the tact necessary to overcome the conservatism of his seniors and to convince his colleagues: "Bell Bunds" had to be taken up by (Sir) Francis Spring to be adopted, though it would seem that they were used to some degree on the bridge described in the story.

Bell's contentions were gradually tested and proved by experience and applied with diminishing factors of safety: thus, the Chenab Bridge at Wazirabad was several times remodelled and reduced in length, till at last it was of only a quarter (writing from memory) of the original length. The Bunds were also used widely for canal works, though these did not call for so much reduction of width.

E. S. LINDLEY.

Wortley House,
Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

Q. Horati Flacci, Book V

In Journal No. 97 you printed a letter from me. Since April I have had some most interesting correspondence with Mr. L. E. Eyres of Ampleforth College, York. He has obtained permission for us to publish this list of the contributors to the Latin versions of the poems and appendices:—

A. D. Godley was author of Nos. 9, 12, Appendices 13 alpha, 13 beta.

Mgr. R. A. Knox was author of Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 14, 15, also

Appendices 1, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 gamma.

J. U. Powell was author of Nos. 2, 8, 10, 11 and Appendix 5.

A. B. Ramsay was author of Nos. 1, 6, 13.

R. E. HARBORD.

Ardeley,
Stevenage, Herts.

Advocatus Diaboli

Acting as *advocatus diaboli*, I would ask Dr. Dick Phillipps to remember that Kipling was a "two-sided man." His philosophic side produced the lines beginning:

Gods of all-reaching power,
Gods of all-searching eyes,
But each to be wooed by worship
And won by sacrifice.

This extract from "The Threshold" is far from the "tangled trinities" of Christianity, but astonishingly near to Einstein's latest pronouncement. The doctor's first quotation from "Departmental Ditties" is also a philosophic dictum, showing that remorse, as "the worm that dieth not," continues despite Allah's pardon, a true estimate of effect following cause, which overrides supernatural interference—if any.

The last verse of "The Disciples" runs:

He that hath a Gospel
Whereby Heaven is won
(Carpenter or cameleer,
Or Maya's dreaming son).

Here Christ, Mahomet, and Buddha are figured as of equal status and suffering, also Heaven is shown to be possible to the followers of all three. This is broad, and enlightened, and humanitarian but it is *not* Christian, or why missionaries?

"Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains

And go to your Gawd like a soldier" doesn't mean that Kipling considered suicide a passport to instant Heaven.

If the philosophical and theological ideas expressed in Kipling's works were tabulated, it would be found that the two sides of his head were about evenly balanced, with some leaning towards Theism, natural to his childhood in India. But what his beliefs were apart from his writings, must remain unknown.

T. E. ELWELL.

Regent House,
Ramsey, Isle of Man.

The Kipling Society

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