



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



NEW SERIES 24-PAGE ISSUE

DECEMBER, 1958

VOL. XXV

No. 128

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES.	2
HAM AND THE PORCUPINE—Rudyard Kipling	5
KIPLING'S WORLD—C. S. Lewis.	7
TWO NOTES ON 'THE JUNGLE BOOK' —Roger Lancelyn Green	12
RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI'S GARDEN.	15
COLONEL CREIGHTON—Alexander Mason.	16
TWO DISCUSSION MEETINGS.	20
SOME GEMS ON MY SHELVES—W. G. B. Maitland	22
ANSWERS TO THE KIPLING QUIZ.	23
HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES.	24

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, GCB, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., CMG, MC. (1946-1950).

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

The subscription is : Home Members, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, will be open on Wednesdays only of each week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Members will be welcomed on other days if they will notify the Hon. Secretary in advance. This particularly applies to Overseas Members.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street, E.C.I, at 2.30 p.m. on **Wednesday, February 18th, 1959.** *No separate notice will be sent.*

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

January 14th, 1959, at 84 Eccleston Square, 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green will speak on *Stalky & Co.*, and discussion will follow.

March 11th, 1959, at 84 Eccleston Square, 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Colonel Bagwell Purefoy will introduce three stories, all different yet with something queer in them. They are "In the same Boat" (*A Diversity of Creatures*), "The Wish House" (*Debits and Credits*) and "Fairy-kist" (*Limits and Renewals*).

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by the
THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XXV. No. 128

December, 1958

Notes

ON 27 April, 1935, Rudyard Kipling began to write his last completed story, "Ham and The Porcupine," which was published before Christmas of that year in *The Princess Elizabeth Gift Book*, issued "In Aid of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children." By the kindness of Mrs. Bambridge and Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, we are able to reprint the story in this Christmas Number of *The Kipling Journal*. It does not seem to have been reprinted before, except as a "Copyright" pamphlet by Doubleday, Doran & Co., of New York, in 1935.

It is uncertain whether even this "Just-So Story" would pass the scrupulously scientific demands of the Rev. Marcus Morris, editor of "Eagle" and other papers for young readers. In a recent lecture he declared that "Kipling's *Just-So Stories* might be charming but they could do damage to the child's outlook in the scientific age." *The Times* printed a report of this speech with the headline "Warning Against Kipling," and a correspondence followed, beginning with a letter from the Editor of *The Kipling Journal* on 4 September and ending with one by the Rev. Mr. Morris on the 12th in which he pointed out that his "objection to the *Just-So Stories* was not that they are fantasies, but that they are fantasy parading as fact."

Meanwhile *The Church Times* cashed in on Mr. Morris's original "warning" and asked its readers for new *Just-So Stories* specially composed for the modern scientific child. One prize went to the writer of "How the Technocrat got his Brains," which begins: "In the almost ultimate approximativity (and that, Best Beloved, means more millions of centuries ago that the Brains Trust Gentleman can reckon with an electronic computer) there was a squashy blob looking like the bit of cornflour shape you wouldn't eat for dinner . . . And the blob's descendants evolved and evolved and adapted themselves to their environment, and suffered lots of Natural Selection (which is *not* like having measles) . . ."

May we not be thankful that the season has not yet come

"When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more!"

R.L.G.

ONCE more, the perennial question is being asked : Has the influence of, or interest in, Kipling declined? In these columns the daily use of his phrases in the general press without acknowledgment of authorship has often been chronicled, the writer assuming—quite correctly—that this should not be necessary in an 'educated' country. The frequency with which this occurs is fairly good evidence that the appearance of these *mots* is both comprehended and appreciated.

Anyone who mixes with the ordinary—not literary—world can soon see that this influence is deep and widespread. It is not at once apparent, for the non-vocal Britons, who share our author's ideas and ideals, don't shout from the housetops to all and sundry. The blaring of Quotations from some writers, especially those who tried to get cheap fame by *épatant les bourgeois* generally comes from pinkish, pseudo-intellectual circles, the practice reminding one of the small boy who throws mud at a white wall—it is childishly silly, though eminently noticeable, but not lasting. We need not worry over abuse from Angry Young Men ; let us rather pity them, for they will very shortly become Middle-aged Bores.

Kipling, who began as a newspaper man and took pride in having been a reporter, would have been highly gratified by being placed as entirely suitable in the Press Gallery of the Commons by Mr. James Bone ("London Echoing," 1948) : "I came away haunted with the image that there was a perfect Gallery-man somewhere whose image one knew well yet somehow could not connect with the Gallery. At last I remembered : beetle-brows, hard impersonal look, firm mouth and well packed face? Why, of course, Rudyard Kipling! Did he not say, "Once a journalist, always and forever a journalist." Yet those who aver that Journalism is one of the ephemeral Arts may call to mind "From Sea to Sea," which reads as freshly as at the time it was written; here we have Journalism *in excelsis*.

It is not often that uncollected Kiplingana comes into the market, but, on 25 July last, nineteen letters and eight poems, written between 1882 and 1892, to Mrs. Louisa Baldwin (maternal aunt), were sold at Christie's ; they had been the property of Lord Baldwin, son of the Prime Minister, who was a first cousin to Rudyard. Francis Edwardes, of High Street, Marylebone, acquired these for £1,600.

Prophecies and descriptions written by Kipling had a curious—not to say uncanny—way of proving their truth, as Miss K. F. Gerould pointed out in an essay entitled "The Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling" (*The Atlantic Monthly*, 1918, reprinted in the Doubleday Page Kipling Index). This correctness was mentioned by Sir Arthur Bryant in *The Illustrated London News* (23 August, 1958) : "For though it is now the fashion in this country to decry our own civilisation and to attribute higher virtues to the culture and polity of what the poet Kipling rudely called 'lesser breeds without the law,' the proof of

any pudding lies in the eating." Sir Arthur goes on to say how happy Britain is in being free from the Hitlers and Nassers of today, and the consequences : assassinations, political murders, etc. Occasionally a prophet is honoured in his own country.

Kipling's connection with the House of Macmillan gets two comments in the *Daily Telegraph* (24 July and 1 August). The first of these deals with the Honours List, which " is bound to arouse criticism." The writer remarks that " the Prime Minister must be quoting to himself a couple of lines by Kipling :

' But this is a question of words and narres.
I know the strife it brings.' "

The second mention states : "A publisher whose family fortunes owe something to Kipling needs no reminding that triumph and disaster are both impostors." " If," of course, was published by Macmillan, as the poem is found in a volume of prose. By the way, this firm gave us the first English edition of " Plain Tales from the Hills " as early as 1890.

Books on London's famous Men of Letters are numerous, but two fairly recent ones contain comments of interest to our Society ; both refer to Kipling's brief residence in Villiers Street, Charing Cross. "London for the Literary Pilgrim" by William Kent, F.S.A. (1948) devotes nearly two pages to those eventful months; it also quotes Mr Hesketh Pearson's account of the only meeting between Kipling and Shaw, Edmund Gosse being the introducer. The Abbey grave in Poets' Corner and the portrait by Cousin Philip Burne-Jones are noted. A shorter comment occurs in " London Immortals " by Theodora Benson (1951), wherein Harris, the Sausage King appears; the products of his emporium are described in " Something of Myself."

There are several similarities between Dickens and Kipling, one of which is their choice of names for their characters. Both writers drew largely on directories and other lists, so, when you come across an unusual cognomen, do not assume that it has been invented. Without going into a long philological rota we can get Snodgrass, Pecksniff and Sowerberry from the great Charles ; and Maisey (" The Joker ") and Kysh (" Steam Tactics ") from our Rudyard—all these have figured as real persons. Have you noticed how beautifully appropriate these and others are to their characters? In Dickens their suitability is easily seen, nor is it less apparent in our subject : how thoroughly descriptive of their owners are Lethaby Groombride, Hobden, Humberstall and Miss Sichliffe. Smells may be surer than sounds or sights, but the onomatopoeisis of these last is wonderfully suggestive.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

Ham and the Porcupine

A Just-So Story

by **Rudyard Kipling**

WHEN ALL the Animals lived in Big Nursery, before it was time to go into the Ark, Big Nurse had to brush their hair. She told them to stand still while she did it or it might be the worse for them. So they stood still. The Lion stood still and had his hair brushed into a splendid mane with a blob at the tip of his tail. The Horse stood still, and had his hair brushed into a beautiful mane and a noble tail. The Cow stood still and had her horns polished, too. The Bear stood still and got a Lick and a Promise. They *all* stood still, except one Animal, and he wouldn't. He wiggled and kicked sideways at Big Nurse.

Big Nurse told him, over and over again, that he would not make anything by behaving so. But he said he wasn't going to stand still for anyone, and he wanted his hair to grow all over him. So, at last, Big Nurse washed her hands of him and said : " On-your-own-head-be-it-and-all-over-you ! " So, that Animal went away, and his hair grew and grew—on his own head it was and all over him—all the while that they were waiting to go into the Ark. And the more it grew, the longer, the harder, the harsher, and the pricklier it grew, till, at last, it was all long spines and jabby quills. On his own head it was and all over him, and particularly on his tail ! So they called him Porcupine and stood him in the corner till the Ark was ready.

Then they all went into the Ark, two by two ; but not one wanted to go in with Porcupine on account of his spines, except one small brother of his called Hedgehog who always stood still to have his hair brushed (*he* wore it short), and Porcupine hated him.

Their cabin was on the orlop-deck—the lowest—which was reserved for the Nocturnal Mammalia, such as Bats, Badgers, Lemurs, Bandicoots and Myoptics at large. Noah's second son, Ham, was in charge there, because he matched the decoration ; being dark-complexioned but very wise.

When the lunch-gong sounded, Ham went down with a basketful of potatoes, carrots, small fruits, grapes, onions and green corn for their lunches.

The first Animal that he found was the small Hedgehog Brother, having the time of his life among the blackbeetles. He said to Ham, " I doubt if I would go near Porcupine this morning. The motion has upset him and he's a little fretful."

Ham said : "Dunno anything about that. My job is to feed 'em." So he went into Porcupine's cabin, where Porcupine was taking up all the room in the world in his bunk, and his quills rattling like a loose window in a taxi.

Ham gave him three sweet potatoes, six inches of sugarcane, and two green corn-cobs. When he had finished, Ham said : " Don't you every say ' thank-you ' for anything?" " Yes," said Porcupine. " This is my way of saying it." And he swung round and slapped and swished

with his tail sideways at Ham's bare right leg and made it bleed from the ankle to the knee.

Ham hopped up on deck, with his foot in his hand, and found Father Noah at the wheel.

"What do *you* want on the bridge at this hour of high noon?" said Noah.

Ham said, "I want a large tin of Ararat biscuits."

"For what and what for?" said Noah.

"Because something on the orlop-deck thinks he can teach a nigger something about porcupines," said Ham. "I want to show him."

"Then why waste biscuits?" said Noah.

"Law!" said Ham. "I only done ask for the largest lid offen the largest box of Ararat biscuits on the boat."

"Speak to your Mother," said Noah. "She issues the stores."

So Ham's Mother, Mrs. Noah, gave him the largest lid of the very largest box of Ararat biscuits in the Ark as well as some biscuits for himself; and Ham went down to the orlop-deck with the box-lid held low in his dark right hand, so that it covered his dark right leg from the knee to the ankle.

"Here's something I forgot," said Ham and he held out an Ararat biscuit to Porcupine, and Porcupine ate it quick.

"Now say 'Thank-you,'" said Ham.

"I will," said Porcupine, and he whipped round, *swish*, with his wicked tail and hit the biscuit-tin. And *that* did him no good.

"Try again," said Ham, and Porcupine swished and slapped with his tail harder than ever.

"Try again," said Ham. This time the Porcupine swished so hard that his quill-ends jarred on his skin inside him, and some of the quills broke off short.

Then Ham sat down on the other bunk and said, "Listen! Just because a man looks a little sunburned and talks a little chuffy, don't you think you can be fretful with him. I am Ham! The minute that this Dhow touches Mount Ararat, I shall be Emperor of Africa from the Bayuda Bend to the Bight of Benin, and from the Bight of Benin to Dar-es-Salam, and Dar-es-Salam to the Drakensberg, and from the Drakensberg to where the Two Seas meet round the same Cape. I shall be Sultan of Sultans, Paramount Chief of all Indunas, Medicine Men, and Rain-doctors, and specially of the Wunungiri—the Porcupine People—who are waiting for you. *You* will belong to me! You will live in holes and burrows and old diggings all up and down Africa; and if I ever hear of you being fretful again I will tell my Wunungiri, and they will come down after you underground, and pull you out backwards. I—amm—Hamm!"

Porcupine was so frightened at this that he stopped rattling his quills under the bunk and lay quite still.

Then the small Hedgehog Brother who was under the bunk too, having the time of his life among the blackbeetles there, said: "This doesn't look rosy for me. After all, I'm his brother in a way of speaking,

and I suppose I shall have to go along with him underground, and I can't dig for nuts ! "

" Not in the least," said Ham. " On his own head it was and all over him, just as Big Nurse said. But you stood still to have your hair brushed. Besides, you aren't in my caravan. As soon as this old buggalow (he meant the Ark) touches Ararat, I go South and East with my little lot—Elephants and Lions and things—and Porcupig—and scatter 'em over Africa. You'll go North and West with one or other of my Brothers (I've forgotten which), and you'll fetch up in a comfy little place called England—all among gardens and box-borders and slugs, where people will be glad to see you. And you will be a lucky little fellow always."

" Thank you, Sir," said the small Hedgehog Brother. " But what about my living underground? That isn't my line of country."

" Not the least need," said Ham. And he touched the small Hedgehog Brother with his foot, and Hedgehog curled up—which he had never done before.

" Now you'll be able to pick up your own dry-leaf-bedding on your own prickles so as you can lie warm in a hedge from October till April if you like. Nobody will bother you except the gipsies; and you'll be no treat to any dog."

" Thank you, Sir," said small Hedgehog Brother, and he uncurled himself and went after more blackbeetles.

And it all happened just as Ham said.

I don't know how the keepers at the Zoo feed Porcupine *but*, from that day to this, every keeper that I have ever seen feed a porcupine in Africa, takes care to have the lid of a biscuit-box held low in front of his right leg so that Porcupine can't get in a swish with his tail at it, after he has had his lunch.

Palaver done set ! Go and have your hair brushed !

Kipling's World

by C. S. Lewis

[Concluded]

STALKY and his friends are inveterate breakers of discipline. How easily, had his own early memories been different, could Kipling have written the story the other way round. In *Their Lawful Occasions* Moorshed, because he is rich and able to leave the Navy next year, can afford to take an independent line. All Kipling's sympathy is with him and against the ship which is significantly named H.M.S. *Pedantic*. Yet Kipling need only have altered the lighting (so to speak) to make Moorshed, and the grounds of his independence, particularly odious and the odium would have been of a characteristically Kiplingese kind. In *Without Benefit of Clergy* Holden's inefficiency as a civil servant is made light of ; but had Kipling written in a different mood the very cause of this inefficiency—namely, keeping a native mistress—would have been made into a despicable aggravation. In the actual story it is

almost an excuse. In *The Germ Destroyer* we actually find Kipling laughing at a man because he has "a marked passion for work"! In *The Bisara of Pooree* that whole Anglo-Indian world, whose work for the natives elsewhere seems so necessary and valuable, is contrasted with the natives as "the shiny, top-scum stuff that people call civilization." In *The Dream of Duncan Parrenness*, the apparition offers the hero success in the Anglo-Indian career in return for his Trust in Man, his Faith in Woman, and his Boy's Conscience. He gives them all and receives in return "a little piece of dry bread." Where now is the Kipling we thought we knew—the prophet of work, the activist, the writer of *If*? "Were it not better done as others use . . . ?"

You may say that some of these examples are taken from early stories; perhaps Kipling held these sceptical views in his youth and abandoned them in his maturity. Perhaps—as I once half-believed myself—he is a "lost leader"; a great opposition writer who was somehow caught by government. I think there was a change in his views, but I do not think that goes to the root of the matter. I think that nearly all his work (for there are a few, and very valuable, exceptions) at all periods is dominated by one master passion. What he loves better than anything in the world is the intimacy within a closed circle—even if it be only a circle of shared misery as in *Helen All Alone* or of shared crime as in *The Devil and the Deep Sea*. In the last resort I do not think he loves professional brotherhood for the sake of work; I think he loves work for the sake of professional brotherhood. Out of that passion all his apparently contradictory moods arise. But I must attempt to define the passion itself a little more closely and to show how it has such a diversified offspring.

When we foregather with three or four trusted cronies of our own calling, a strong sense of community arises and is enjoyed. But that enjoyment can be prolonged by several different kinds of conversation. We may all be engaged in standing together against the outer world—all those fools outside who write newspaper articles about us which reveal their ghastly ignorance of the real work, and propose schemes which look very fine on paper but which, as we well know, are impracticable. As long as that conversation lasts, the profession appears a very fine one and its achievements very remarkable; if only those yapping outsiders would leave us alone to get on with the job. And that conversation, if we could do it well enough, would make *one* kind of Kipling story. But we might equally spend the evening standing together against our own seniors: those people at the top—Lord knows how they got there while better men rot in provincial lectureships, or small ships, or starving parishes!—who seem to have forgotten what the real work is like and who spoil all our best efforts with their meddling and are quite deceived about our relative merits. And while that conversation lasted, our profession would appear a very rotten and heartbreaking profession. We might even say it was high time the public learned the sort of things that really go on. A rousing scandal might do good. And out of all that *another* Kipling story might be made. But then, some other evening, or later the same evening, we might

all be standing together against our juniors. As if by magic our profession would now once more appear in a favourable light—at least, our profession as it used to be. What may happen with the sort of young cubs we're getting into it nowadays is another question. They need licking into shape. They'll have to learn to pull their socks up. They haven't begun to realise what is expected of them. And heaven knows, things are made easy enough for them now! They haven't been through the sort of mill we went through. God! If they'd worked under old So-and-so . . . and thus, yet *another* Kipling story might arise. But we sometimes like talking about our juniors in exactly the opposite way. We have been in the job so long that we have no illusions about it. We know that half the official regulations are dead letters. Nobody will thank you for doing more than you need. Our juniors are laughably full of zeal, pedantic about discipline, devoured with a morbid passion for work. Ah, well, they'll soon *get* over it!

Now the point is that the similarity between all these conversations is overwhelmingly more important than the differences. It may well be mere chance which launches the evening on one of them rather than another, for they all give the same kind of pleasure, and that is the kind of pleasure which the great majority of Kipling's works both express and communicate. I am tempted to describe it as the pleasure of freemasonry; but this would be confusing because Kipling became a Mason in the narrower and official sense. But in the wider sense you may say he was born a Mason. One of the stories that pleased his childhood was, significantly, about "lions who were all Freemasons" and in "confederacy against some wicked baboons." The pleasure of confederacy against wicked baboons, or even of confederacy *simpliciter*, is the cardinal fact about the Kipling world. To belong, to be inside, to be in the know, to be snugly together against the outsiders—that is what really matters; it is almost an accident who are cast for the rôle of outsiders (wicked baboons) on any given occasion. And no one before Kipling had fully celebrated the potency of that snugness—the esoteric comedies and tragedies, the mutual understanding, the highly specialised smile, or shrug, or nod, or shake of the head which passes between fellow-professionals; the exquisite pleasure of being approved, the unassuaged mortification of being despised, within that charmed circle, compared with which public fame and infamy are a mere idle breath. What is the good of "the papers hiding it proper" if "you know the army knows?" What is the good of excuses accepted by the government if "the men of one's own kind" hold one condemned?

And this is how the Simla stories really fit in. They are not very good—Kipling's women all have baritone voices—and at first sight they are not very mature work. But look again. "If you don't know about things Up Above," says Kipling, after recording one of Mrs. Hauksbee's most improbable exploits, "you won't understand how to fit in, and you will say it is impossible." In other words, at this stage of Kipling's career Simla society (to which, it may be supposed, his *entrée* was rather precarious) is itself a secret society, an inner ring, and the stories about it are for those who are "in the know." That the secrets

in this case should be very shabby ones and the knowledge offered us very disillusioned knowledge, is an effect of the writer's youth. Young writers, and especially young writers already enchanted by the lure of the Inner Ring, like to exaggerate the cynicism and sophistication of the great world; it makes them feel less young. One sees how he must have enjoyed writing "Simla is a strange place . . . nor is any man who has not spent at least ten seasons there qualified to pass judgment!" That is the spirit of nearly all Kipling's work, though it was later applied to inner rings more interesting than Simla. There is something delicious about these early flights of esotericism. "In India," he says, "where everyone knows everyone else"; and again, "I have lived long enough in India to know that it is best to know nothing."

The great merit of Kipling is to have presented the magic of the Inner Ring in all its manifold workings for the first time. Earlier writers had presented it only in the form of snobbery; and snobbery is a very highly specialised form of it. The call of the Inner Ring, the men we know, the old firm, the talking of "shop," may call a man away from high society into very low society indeed; we desire not to be in a *junto* simply, just to be in that *junto* where we "belong." Nor is Kipling in the least mistaken when he attributes to this esoteric spirit such great powers for good. The professional point of honour (it means as much, said McPhee, as her virginity to a lassie), the *Aidôs* which we feel only before our colleagues, the firm brotherhood of those who have "been through it" together, are things quite indispensable to the running of the world. This masonry or confederacy daily carries commonplace people to heights of diligence or courage which they would not be likely to reach by any private moral ideals. Without it, no good thing is operative widely or for long.

But also—and this Kipling never seems to notice—without it no bad thing is operative either. The nostalgia which sends the old soldier back to the army ("I smelled the smell of the barracks, I 'eard the bugles go") also sends the recidivist back to his old partner and his old 'fence.' The confidential glance or rebuke from a colleague is indeed the means whereby a weak brother is brought or kept up to the standard of a noble profession; it is also the means whereby a new and hitherto innocent member is initiated into the corruption of a bad one. "It's always done," they say; and so, without any 'scenes' or excitement, with a nod and a wink, over a couple of whiskies and soda, the Rubicon is crossed. The spirit of the Inner Ring is morally neutral—the obedient servant of valour and public spirit, but equally of cruelty, extortion, oppression, and dishonesty.

Kipling seems unaware of this, or indifferent to it. He is the slave of the Inner Ring; he expresses the passion, but does not stand outside to criticise it. He plays for his side; about the choice of sides, about the limitations of partisanship after the side has been chosen, he has nothing very much to say to us. Mr. Eliot has, I think rightly, called him a Pagan. Irreverence is the last thing of which one could accuse him. He has a reverent Pagan agnosticism about all ultimates. "When

a man has come to the turnstiles of Night," he says in the preface to *Life's Handicap*, "all the creeds in the world seem to him wonderfully alike and colourless." He has the Pagan tolerance, too; a tolerance so wide (which is unusual) that it extends even to Christianity, whose phraseology he freely uses for rhetorical effect in his more Swinburnian moments (some poems could not, on internal evidence alone, be distinguished from Christian work). But the tolerance is weary and sceptical; the whole energy of the man goes into his worship of the little demigods or daemons in the foreground—the Traders, the Sides, the Inner Rings. Their credentials he hardly examines. These servants he has made masters; these half-gods exclude the gods.

There are, I allow, hints in his work of another Kipling. There are moments of an almost quivering tenderness—he himself had been badly hurt—when he writes of children or for them. And there are the "queer" or "rum" stories—*At the End of the Passage*, *The Mark of the Beast*, *They*, *Wireless*. These may be his best work, but they are not his most characteristic. If you open him at random, the chances are you will find him enslaved to some Inner Ring. His English countryside with its way of life is partly loved because American millionaires can't understand it, aren't in the know. His comic stories are nearly all about hoaxes: an outsider mystified is his favourite joke. His jungle is not free from it. His very railway engines are either recruits or Mulvaneys dressed up in boilers. His polo-ponies are public school ponies. Even his saints and angels are in a celestial civil service. Finally, something so simple and ordinary as an enjoyment of Jane Austen's novels is turned into the pretext for one more secret society, and we have the hardly forgivable *Janeites*. It is this ubiquitous presence of the Ring, this unwearied knowingness, that renders his work in the long run suffocating and unendurable. And always, ironically, that bleak misgiving—almost that Nothingness—in the background.

But he was a very great writer. This trade-passion, this business of the Inner Ring, fills an immense area of human life. There, though not in the conventional novel, it frequently proves itself stronger than family affection, national loyalty, religion, and even vice. Hence Kipling's deserved success with thousands of readers who left the older fiction to be read by women and boys. He came home to their bosoms by coming home to their business and showed them life as they had found it to be. This is merit of a high order; it is like the discovery of a new element or a new planet; it is, in its way and as far as it goes, a "return to nature." The remedy for what is partial and dangerous in his view of life is to go on from Kipling and to add the necessary correctives—not to deny what he has shown. After Kipling there is no excuse for the assumption that all the important things in a man's life happen between the end of one day's work and the beginning of the next. There is no good putting on airs about Kipling. The things he mistook for gods may have been only "spirits of another sort"; but they are real things and strong.

Two notes on 'The Jungle Book'

by Roger Lancelyn Green

IT must have come as a shock to readers of Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* to learn (pp. 208-9) that the story "Mowgli's Brothers" was apparently written before "In the Rukh." The evidence is drawn from entries in Mrs. Kipling's *Diary*, and Professor Carrington has very kindly added that, according to his notes, Kipling "finished his wolf story called 'Mowgli's Brothers'" on 29th November, 1892, but was only "correcting 'In the Rukh'" on 2nd February, 1893.

It seems hard, however, to accept this new order: the reasons against it appear to be overwhelming, and one is tempted to suggest either that Kipling corrected "In the Rukh" to fit in with "Mowgli's Brothers," or that "Mowgli's Brothers" was the original title for the story which we now know as "In the Rukh"—the name would be equally suitable for either.

He was certainly correcting the proofs of *Many Inventions* by the middle of March, 1893, and "In the Rukh" appeared in that volume later the same year, without any previous periodical publication, while "Mowgli's Brothers" was first published in *St. Nicholas Magazine* for January, 1894. As the verses "The Only Son" at the head of "In the Rukh" mention only "playmates twain who bit me to the bone," but the story contains the four wolves and a rough précis of "Tiger! Tiger!" (written in February, 1892, when he was correcting "In the Rukh"), we may perhaps suggest that these were the "corrections" made to the story, but that the poem was left in its original state.

We have Kipling's own word for it in *Something of Myself* (p. 113) that "In the Rukh" preceded all the other Mowgli stories: "It chanced that I had written a tale about Indian Forestry work which included a boy who had been brought up by wolves. In the stillness and suspense of the winter of '92 some memory of the Masonic Lions of my childhood magazine [*King Lion*, probably by James Greenwood, in *The Boys' Own Magazine*, Jan.-Dec, 1864] and a phrase in Haggard's *Nada the Lily* [published May, 1892—the phrase is on page 103] combined with the echo of this tale. After blocking out the main idea in my head, the pen took charge, and I watched it begin to write stories about Mowgli and animals, which later grew into the *Jungle Books*."

It may well be argued that Kipling's memory deceived him when writing his reminiscences at the end of his life, over forty years after the event. But it so happens that he made a statement in print within four years of the writing of the stories which would seem to settle the order beyond reasonable doubt.

In June, 1896, the story "In the Rukh" was reprinted with illustrations in *McClure's Magazine*, and Kipling appended to it the following note:

"This tale, published in *Many Inventions* (D. Appleton & Co.), 1893, was the first written of the Mowgli stories, though it deals with the closing chapters of his career—namely, his introduction to white men, his marriage and civilization, all of which took place, we may infer, some two or three years after he had finally broken away from

his friends in the Jungle (*vide* "The Spring Running," *Second Jungle Book*). Those who know the geography of India will see that it is a far cry from Seonee to a Northern forest reserve; but though many curious things must have befallen Mowgli, we have no certain record of his adventures during those wanderings. There are, however, legends.—Rudyard Kipling."

II

In the slightly facetious Preface to *The Jungle Book* in 1894 Kipling expressed his gratitude to various animals and birds, parodying the usual acknowledgments to the Works of the Learned in the preface to some volume of serious scholarship.

It has generally been assumed that the animals or birds here mentioned stand for the human informants whose conversation gave Kipling the idea or the background for the story concerned: Limmer-shin, the Winter Wren, for example, represents some human passenger on the *Empress of India* who told Kipling about the seal nurseries of the far north on which "The White Seal" is based.

The "authority" who has caused the most controversy is he who is mentioned in the penultimate acknowledgment: "For the outlines of 'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi' the Editor stands indebted to one of the leading herpetologists of Upper India, a fearless and independent investigator who, resolving 'not to live but know,' lately sacrificed his life through over-application to the study of our Eastern Thanatophidia."

It has often been assumed that this refers directly to Sir Joseph Fayrer, K.C.S.I., LL.D., etc., whose greatest and most famous work, *The Thanatophidia of India*, was published in 1872, lavishly illustrated in colour by native members of the Calcutta School of Art.

Fayrer himself cannot be the "investigator" mentioned by Kipling in his Preface, since Fayrer died only in 1907 (he was born in 1824), many years after his retirement to England. But it seems probable that much of Kipling's knowledge of the habits of the mongoose, and of Indian snakes as well, was derived from Fayrer. The *Thanatophidia* gives several accounts of mongooses bitten by cobras, including one of Fayrer's own, who killed the cobra but died within half an hour of the bite.

How well Fayrer knew the Kipling family is uncertain. In his autobiography, *Recollections of my Life* (1900), the name Kipling does not occur once. However, Fayrer's granddaughter writes that he certainly "knew Rudyard Kipling—how well, I don't know at all. But about ten years ago Rudyard Kipling's sister, Mrs. Fleming, met my mother and she talked a lot about the old friendship of her brother and the Fayrers. . . . I hesitate really to say it, but at the *very back* of my mind there seems to be a 'sort of something' about 'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi' in connection with my grandfather. It is so *very* vague—hence my hesitation. . . ."

The only direct Kipling reference to Joseph Fayrer which I have been able to find is in the *Kipling Journal* No. 20, Dec. 1931, pp. 120-1, where Admiral Chandler quotes from "Nursery Rhymes for Little Anglo-Indians," of which a number were included in *Echoes* (1884), one of several not published in that volume nor, apparently, anywhere

else. (Chandler does not say whether his copy is in manuscript, and if so, whose.) Those not included in *Echoes* "all refer to individuals and events of interest to Anglo-Indians. One of those deleted reads :

' Little Joe Fayrer
Sat with his bearer
Counting out annas and pie ;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
Now Joe's got a K.C.S.I.' "

Chandler assumes that this is by Rudyard Kipling, and goes on to suggest that Fayrer was indeed the herpetologist who, in 1894, had "lately sacrificed his life through over-application to the study of Eastern Thanatophidia."

It seems certain, however, that Rudyard was not responsible for this, since Fayrer received his K.C.S.I. in 1876—while Rudyard was still in the "House of Desolation" at Southsea. The order was conferred on Fayrer in the Government House at Allahabad at the end of the Prince of Wales's tour of India on which he had been in constant attendance.

It may be that Lockwood Kipling wrote the verses and they somehow came to Fayrer's ears, and he objected to them—hence no reference to the Kiplings in his *Recollections*. He cannot have met Rudyard in India, since he had already retired in 1876, and did not visit India again. It is, however, possible that he met the Kiplings again in England after 1900, and his real friendship with Rudyard dated only from this time. If this is so, it seems unlikely that Kipling learned anything of the background for "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" directly from Fayrer, though the information may have come at second-hand via Lockwood Kipling—or merely from *The Thanatophidia of India*.

It is strange, too, that Lockwood Kipling never mentioned Fayrer in his *Man and Beast in India* (1891), though Chapter XV, "Of the Reptiles," probably derived something from his work. Rudyard certainly has several paragraphs on pages 350-1 in mind in "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," Lockwood having written : "One of the inalterably fixed beliefs in the native mind is that the mongoose knows a remedy for snake-bite—a plant which nobody has seen or can identify, but which, when eaten, is an antidote so sure that the mere breath of the animal suffices to paralyse the snake. . . . The mongoose has only its quickness of attack and its thick fur for safeguard, and once fairly bitten goes the way of all flesh into which the deadly poison is poured. . . . Few wild animals take so readily to domestic life as the Indian mongoose, who has been known to domesticate himself among friendly people; first coming into the house through the bathwater exit in chase of snake or rat, and ending, with a little encouragement, by stealing into the master's chair and passing a pink, inquisitive nose under his arm to examine a cup of tea held in his hand. . . ."

The whole question of the "originals" of "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" is obscure and tantalising. But of one thing we can be certain : Rikki-Tikki's garden is at Allahabad, surrounding Belvedere House, the home of Professor and Mrs. Hill, where Kipling first stayed in April, 1888. The garden is shown in the accompanying photograph—"one of the best-known gardens in the world," as Carrington so rightly describes it.



RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI'S GARDEN

Colonel Creighton

by Brigadier Alexander Mason, M.C.

THESE notes might be headed " Hope and Perseverance " ; but, as they have not yet reached their target, the name of the target has been substituted. Hope, in the shape of conjecture, was born a year ago when I wrote to a cousin to say that I had a ' hunch ' that her father might be the original of Colonel Creighton in *Kim*. In return she sent me a copy of *Encounter* for April, 1957, containing an article headed " The Finest Story about India—in English " written by a Bengali, Nirad C. Chaudhuri, whose comments on *Kim* I found most encouraging; perseverance then took charge.

Kim has its problems and one of these is the question " Why was it so long on ' the stocks ' ? " Its opening scene must have met Kipling's eyes as soon as he reached Lahore in 1882 and the draft was not finished until 1900; moreover Kipling had left India in 1889 and had returned there only once for a week or two in 1891. He had meant it to be plotless and it may be that he changed his mind ; after his second visit to India he could not leave it alone which was the fate of " Mother Maturin."

One hesitates to go into psychological ' obstacles ' and ' triggers ' too deeply after reading " Seek not to question . . ." but perseverance has brought some results so far and urges one on. The existence of an obstacle implies that the aim was initially too high for the young writer's powers, yet the finished book shows no lack of inspiration, suggesting that a new road to the target proved feasible as his powers increased. It has been compared to me with the Gospels, as a story worth reading of a ' good ' man—the Lama.

But I would suggest that the unidentified background figure, Colonel Creighton, is also a man whom Kipling, like *Kim*, liked and respected, towards whom he was no longer a cheeky boy, but a responsible man. Was this character introduced into the story during the second half of its construction, reinforcing the argument that the secret service plot formed the way round the obstacle?

This is all conjecture and I am not competent to carry it any further, but there are a few facts which may help experts to carry on. Of course the passage of a lifetime since that first scene on the Mall in Lahore means that the human memory cannot be relied on even when it can offer help. We have to focus almost solely on written and printed evidence, as well as on a different continent, in searching for facts.

Again one must imagine the young Rudyard there outside the Museum watching the children playing in the dust in the sun beside the gun. He was facing his first job in a month's time when he had to enter the Printing Office and there was his writing, always wanting expression. His interest lay, in both senses of the word, in making friends and finding his way about. He must learn to talk to all sorts of men, if he was to write all sorts of news and stories. Where should he begin?

Lockwood Kipling was the best guide he could have and Rudyard was a quick learner. If he could concentrate first on the news, the stories would write themselves ; the news alone was complicated enough. The walled city held a congested multitude as various as anywhere in the world; the civil lines of bungalows and shops of all kinds, but Europeanised ; the cantonment, isolated and rather shabby, but full of interest with soldiers in various uniforms, with various weapons, horses, just what youngsters of his age enjoy and where big news might erupt at any time.

Over all brooded—if that was the right word—the Lt.-Governor, the Indian Civil Service, the Secretariat. That was where men were thinking about what might happen or was going to happen; the biggest source of advance information. Who was there in that big office whom he could approach and question? He needed a friendly, approachable European with accurate, up-to-date knowledge of all subjects, social, commercial, political, military—everything.

A new Lt.-Governor had just arrived, Sir Charles Aitchison; he brought with him a new Private Secretary and A.D.C, who would probably be helpful, being young, only 26 ; but he would not know much about the place at first and he must not be asked questions which might offend secrecy. Get to know him, perhaps riding in the early morning, perhaps relaxing in the Punjab Club in the evening. Of course he must try and get into the messes, but how could he contact the people who did not belong to the Club or the messes : the Indians and Eurasians, the shop managers and railway staff. Freemasons had no colour bar or class prejudice and he had heard that there were many of them on the railways, so he must join. He entered the ' Hope and Perseverance ' Lodge as early as he could and before the normal age on condition that he took over the Secretary's work.

He made a good reporter which implies that he got a foot well into each of the two worlds, the official and the unofficial. He found the P.S. and A.D.C. to the Lt.-Governor to be quiet, serious and reserved; an admirer of General Gordon at that time in Khartoum. In fact he was rather like a young Gordon, both officers in the Royal Engineers, religious and kindly sympathetic but active soldiers. Mason—that was the A.D.C.'s name—had nine years' service, four of them in India, had been up on the Afghan frontier and in Simla on the Defence Committee and had won a Gold Medal from the United Services Institution there for writing an essay on Strategy beyond the North-West Frontier. He had applied to go with the Indian contingent to the war on the Nile, but without luck. He was clearly studious, though anxious for active service and he soon became news himself in a small way in both directions.

In 1884 Mason handed over his appointment as Private Secretary and A.D.C, and was given special work also in Lahore on bringing up to date the large official " Record of Expeditions against the North-West Frontier Tribes." This work, afterwards known as Paget and Mason, ran to nearly 700 pages and presented, with its maps, tables, appendices and glossary typographical problems of some complexity.

He finished it in a year and, to return to conjecturing, those who have done this kind of work may agree that a visit from an amusing young reporter might not only be a welcome distraction, but also a possible source of help and information on the preparation of the new draft. It is perhaps also not unreasonable to suggest that such help might have loosened the reserve and brought the men together. The fact that Paget and Mason was no longer a confidential publication, as were some copies of the old Record, should be noted here.

Kipling met in the Freemasons' Hall men who were easier to get on with than Mason. For instance, he was always ready to listen to the stories of Mulvaney the Irishman and Learoyd; in fact, he had written some of them down in his spare time and was considering borrowing their names for two of his "Soldiers Three." But what should he call the third soldier? Mason told him a yarn occasionally about Army happenings; but, somehow, he was not a man whose name you could borrow; besides, it might connect the stories with the Lodge, which would cause trouble. No! The third man in the group in Lodge was himself and no author puts his own name in his work. If asked "Who is the third soldier?," could he say "The author is" and make him a character by juggling with the spelling?

The Hope and Perseverance Lodge still exists and Lahore has two other Lodges, but the Secretary of the oldest has been asked whether the records of the '80's mention the name of A. H. Mason. His answer has not yet come, but it is not really important; at one time, it is said, Kipling 'practically lived' at the Club, and Mason, who is the other target of this investigation, cannot have been the senior member mentioned in the biography who disapproved of Kipling and 'persistently snubbed him,' since by that time the former had gone home on leave and achieved his ambition of seeing active service in Egypt and Palestine.

Kipling was soon moved, too, to Allahabad as Assistant Editor of the 'Pioneer,' and in that chair all the despatches describing the almost continuous small frontier wars of the next decade passed through his hands. Mason was given command of a Company of Royal Engineers for the Queen's Jubilee Parade in 1887 and as a Captain took part in nearly all these expeditions; he also received promotion to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, the D.S.O., and was made a C.B. In the next seven years or so he reconnoitred practically the entire North-West Frontier from the Hazara Territory to Quetta, nearly 500 miles. He also wrote the official account of the Black Mountain campaign in the former area, and of the Expedition against the Miranzai tribes in 1891. It has been said in joke that no war or Expedition could take place at that time if he was not present as D.A.Q.M.G. for Intelligence!

This appointment takes us back at last to Col. Creighton, whose duty in 'Kim' seems to have been the recruitment and training of surveyors and agents who brought in information from beyond the frontier. Mason, as a Royal Engineer Officer, was trained in Survey work and, being responsible for the new Record of N.W. Frontier operations, he was clearly the most suitable man to collate trans-frontier

information. In fact, on his return to India after the Jubilee he was temporarily posted to the Intelligence Branch which then came under the Q.M.G.'s Department of the Staff in Simla. In the despatches he seems to have been ubiquitous and it is hardly to be wondered at that one commander described him as "an expert as regards frontier tribes and topography." There is no evidence that Kipling saw these words, but there is no doubt that he must have been well aware of official opinion about this officer's services. He possibly had the 'Pioneer Mail' sent to him abroad and it could be ascertained if this thin-paper periodical reprinted despatches at that time.

Soon after Kipling's departure from India, Mason returned to the U.K. and became engaged to the eldest daughter of General Sir Robert Biddulph, the Governor of Gibraltar, more than one of whose sons were also serving on the frontier. Mason then hastened back to India before the cold weather of 1892, as he had been offered a permanent posting to the Intelligence. He served on the Isazai campaign and was married at Baroda in April, 1893, whence he returned to Simla. In the autumn of 1894 he was away again, this time to Waziristan; but early in 1898 he contracted typhoid fever while on an inspection of the frontier with the Q.M.G. He died in Simla on May 8th and is commemorated by a tablet in the Scottish church in Simla and by another now being moved to the Garrison church at Chatham.

At least two London papers mentioned Mason's name with some prominence about the time of Kipling's return to the U.K. : the Wano despatch before he arrived and the obituary notice later, the former in the *Morning Post* and the latter with a photograph in the *Illustrated Morning Post*. Once more one can only presume that Kipling saw at least one of them. Quite apart from ancient habit, Kipling's mind after his trouble in Vermont had swung back to British interests, and his mail, no doubt, was welcomed with keen attention. Could some measure of hero-worship have been awoken as his mind went back to the editor's chair in Allahabad and his days as a cub reporter in Lahore? If he required to bring into 'Kim' a senior officer with authority over Intelligence matters, no more suitable name than that of Alexander Herbert Mason has yet been brought forward.

I have tried to show first that these two men probably met in Lahore. Then that the soldier fits the character of Col. Creighton; the absence of letters is explained in part by the short life of Mason being so active. But some diaries of his are in existence and they seem to relate mostly to campaigns; so they may help somewhat when they have been thoroughly examined. Possibly they might contain some anecdote which Kipling published; if so, the problem of the latter's source of Army tales will be reduced. The evidence to date is limited to memoirs and newspaper cuttings on the side of Col. Mason.

The latter's only surviving daughter is a member of our Society and he was followed in the Corps of Royal Engineers by two nephews, one of whom was also employed on Survey and Intelligence work. They would be grateful for any relevant information or suggestions which readers can supply.

Two Discussion Meetings

WE have two discussion meetings to report in this Journal, both held, as usual, at Eccleston Square.

The first, held on July 9th, dealt with Kipling's two stories about St. Paul. Owing, no doubt, to the holiday season, there was a smaller attendance than usual, but we were glad to welcome some new members. Colonel Purefoy introduced the two stories—"The Church that was at Antioch" and "The Manner of Men." He said he thought the first was a story which might be read with pleasure even by someone new to Kipling's writings, since it was a real story, whereas "The Manner of Men" was more of a conversation piece though decorated with amazingly vivid word pictures. Colonel Purefoy said "The Church that was at Antioch" was included in the list of his own favourite stories, but its inclusion was objected to by a member who wrote, in a number of the Journal, that it "debases a profound difficulty of the early Church to the level of a Hindu-Moslem riot in India, and it puts Ss. Peter and Paul (who literally turned the world upside down) in the position of a couple of fakirs in the presence of a Roman officer." Colonel Purefoy said he disagreed profoundly with this view. Hinduism and Mohammedanism are two great religions and we have no right to regard trouble between them as necessarily on a low level. Secondly, Peter and Paul had not *then* turned the world upside down, and they *may* well have seemed a couple of cranks to a man in Valens' position. A cynic, Colonel Purefoy went on to say, might call Valens yet another of R.K.'s perfect young men, but we must remember that *one* object of the story is to show Christianity struggling in its early stages, which is better done without the complication of the Protecting Power making blunders as well. But, said Colonel Purefoy, there can be no doubt that the *real* purpose of the story was to ram home Kipling's belief that Christianity is not the only road to salvation—a belief he voiced in "Buddha in Kamakura," in "Kim" and elsewhere; but it is most forcibly said in this story, when Peter has the vision to see that a man who dies saying what Valens said needs no human aid to find his God—and Peter particularly says "any God."

Of "The Manner of Men," Colonel Purefoy said he found it much harder to describe. Its core, of course, is Sulinor's picture of S. Paul and the way he handled panic aboard a wrecked ship, the Christian side of the story being found in Acts XXVII. Colonel Purefoy said he found the ending weak. Sulinor has already described, in a previous paragraph, how Paul looked after him and "washed him off" after dysentery, yet at the end of the story he says, "He wanted to see Caesar! Wanted to see Caesar!—and he had washed me clean after dysentery!" and Baeticus says "You never told me that." Colonel Purefoy ended by saying that he thought Kipling wrote this story partly for his own pleasure and partly because he may have felt that he had been rather hard on S. Paul in previous stories, such as "The Church that was at Antioch" and "On the Gate."

In the discussion which followed there was a good deal of very learned inquiry into the technical details of the second story, particularly about the method of undergirding a ship. One member, a new one, commented appreciatively on Kipling's large and kindly tolerance of all creeds. Another member, speaking about the verses which accompany the stories, said how sadly true was the matter of the poem "The Disciple," which deplores the manner in which Man's interpretations of the laws of God lead to schism and conflict in all religions. Dealing with the lovely poem "At His Execution," this member said that it seemed to bring out strongly S. Paul's belief that he was truly "possessed" by the spirit of Christ, just as some people are said to be "possessed" by the Devil. S. Paul constantly speaks of himself as "the prisoner of Jesus Christ" in his Epistles, even when he was not physically a prisoner, This belief of S. Paul's made him

extremely uncompromising by comparison with S. Peter, whose remembrance of his own betrayal of his Master tortured him all his life and made him far more lenient towards the sins of his fellow men.

Our other meeting, held on September 10th, dealt with two stories with a "Back from the Dead" theme—"The Man Who Was" and "The Tree of Justice." This was a crowded meeting, and we had to use the larger room at Eccleston Square, and here again we were delighted to have with us several new members.

Colonel Purefoy again introduced the stories. He read to us several enthusiastic notices written at the time when "The Man Who Was" was published. In spite of these, he said, he found he could not say very much about this story, which had never been one of his favourites. But "The Tree of Justice," he said, was by any standard one of the great stories, even though its theme of the return of Harold could have no historical substance. Rahere, we know, was a real person, and the founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and also of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great at Smithfield. Colonel Purefoy dwelt on the intensely dramatic quality of the story—the anger of the Saxons when some young Norman knights in pure sport let loose a flight of hunting arrows at the line of Saxon beaters, crying "Ware arrows! Ware Senlac arrows!" and one old Saxon cries "Ware Red William's arrow!" Then, said Colonel Purefoy, the tension builds up, with the King demanding to know whose man it was who had dared so to mock at the death of the Red King and threatening that he will have justice done upon that man, and then the deliberate, lazy insolence of Rahere's appearance, his bold admission that the man was his man, his order "Go! Kill the fool's fool, Knights!" knowing that no man there will carry out the orders of a Jester—his "A God's gracious Name, kill something then. Let the hunt go forward!" as, with a yawn "like a fish-pond," he slowly tumbles back into his shelter. Colonel Purefoy recalled how Professor Dobrée once said that Kipling had two remedies for tension, one being work and the other laughter. In this story the tension dissolves in laughter, and the terrible situation is saved. Finally, Colonel Purefoy commented on the "triple perfect ending of the story—the death of Harold upon the breast of his faithful knight, in the presence of the King who, he has been assured, does not mock him; the appearance of old Hobden with the sleeping dormouse, who must not be suddenly awakened or it will "wake up and die right off"; and the final words of old Hobden, "And now we'll go home!"—the perfect ending not only to this story but to the whole series of "Puck" stories.

Almost never has there been such difficulty in getting members to talk one at a time as there was during the discussion period. There is no space to report everything that was said. One of our historians, appealed to as to the real character of Rahere, said it is almost certain that he was not the King's Jester. He was probably a member of the King's Court, and it is likely that he eventually entered a religious House. Mr. Harbord, speaking of "The Man Who Was," drew attention to one of Kipling's geographical errors which seems to imply that the Khyber Pass is north of Peshawar, but agreed that it was a matter of small significance. Another member said that Kipling must have realised, when writing "The Tree of Justice," how similar the theme is to that of "The Man Who Was," even to the eventual death of the central figure; and that Kipling seemed to have taken pains to stress the points of difference, almost writing the story in reverse. In "The Man Who Was" Limmason is surrounded by friends with one enemy, Dirkovitch, whereas Harold is shown surrounded by enemies with one true follower of his own House, Hugh. Even the point in each story when the central figure himself proves that he is, indeed, the man the onlookers take him to be is, as it were, stressed by difference; Harold suddenly leans forward, when there is talk of how the Saxons broke to pursue the apparently fleeing Normans, and cries "But I bade you stand! I knew it was all a deceit," which is a sufficiently

dramatic proof of his identity. But "The Man Who Was," with his quiet, faintly surprised "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course," supplies a moment equally dramatic though in a different key.

One of our new members, Miss Farrelly from South Africa, made the deeply interesting revelation that in her country it is not the English stories of Kipling that hold the attention but the Indian and South African ones, which show how great was Kipling's capacity for getting inside the minds of the conquered peoples living under a foreign administration.

This really was one of the most successful and enjoyable meetings we have ever had. We are particularly glad when new members can overcome their shyness and join freely in the discussion, which certainly happened on this occasion.

Some Gems On My Shelves

by W. G. B. Maitland

LOOKING over my collection of Kiplingiana during an enforced spell of inactivity due to a damaged foot, I used my unaccustomed leisure by examining a few of what I may term some unusual items and recalled to memory the chance which brought them into my "Kipling Museum."

The result of all this browsing may perhaps be of some interest to readers of the *Kipling Journal*. But where to begin? Let me select at random. A well-used volume bound in green cloth comes first to hand, *Pickwick Papers*, with Kipling's book-plate inside the front cover and bearing the inscription on the fly-leaf: "To Ruddy and Alice Kipling." Some of the margins have pencil sketches by John Lockwood Kipling of knives, forks, plates, etc., wherever a meal is mentioned. It was given by him to Rudyard and his sister and by the latter to me. Next to it stands a little-known book, *Echoes from Old Calcutta* by H. E. Busted, published by Thacker, Spink of Calcutta in 1882. It contains a long, detailed account of 'The Black Hole' and events leading up to that incident, a long chapter on Nuncomar, and, amongst other historical data, some unpublished letters from Warren Hastings to his wife. This, too, has Kipling's book-plate, and on the title-page in a minute hand is the note: "Can't be reviewed decently under 1½ columns—R.K." Whether or not he did review this book it is not possible to say, but as the margins of several pages carry his annotations it is reasonable to assume he did. But in what paper? The date—1882—supplies a clue for anyone diligent enough to search the old newspaper files in the India Office Library.

Any Privately Printed pieces, although not strictly true Kiplingiana, are often worth attention. One such which gives me pleasure is the speech Kipling delivered to the students at MacGill University in 1907. The little booklet in my hand is a product of the Trovillion Private Press of Illinois as a Christmas gift and dated MCMXXXIX. The producers, Violet and Hal. W. Trovillion, preface the speech with an Introduction describing a pilgrimage they made to Burwash and how they just missed meeting the object of their admiration.

At one time many American publishers turned their attention to Kipling and, instead of the more conventional volume of prose or verse in a uniform edition, they produced a single item, often attractively bound and printed and illustrated. Mansfield and Wessel of New York are a case in point, and a delightful example from their house is *The Ballad of East and West*, with coloured drawings by the talented artist, Blanche MacManus. It has for long been one of my treasures.

What must, I think, be the only copy in existence is the next of my 'friends'—the '*Repulse*' magazine for Christmas 1918, published and printed by and for the personnel of H.M.S. *Repulse*. It contains verses specially written by Rudyard Kipling for the gun-room Christmas card. The verses have never been collected into any of Kipling's works but they were reproduced in the *Kipling Journal* No. 33.

A copy of a letter from Kipling to Conrad about *The Mirror of the Sea*, one of 220 printed for the First Edition Club in 1926, is another item in my "museum." The letter is as follows :—

Bateman's, Burwash, Etchingam, Sussex.
Oct. 9, 1906.

Dear Conrad,

What a book of the *Sea* it is ! I took it when it came in and sailed about on it till bedtime. Of course I know the description of the winds which I think almost as splendid as the description of the darkness in 'Typhoon,' but I read and re-read it all and I thank you for it most heartily and gratefully. It must mean even more to a man who has used the sea under sails than it does to me—and that is saying a heap.

Very sincerely yours ever,
Rudyard Kipling.

With the Night Mail, so aptly described by Mr. T. E. Elwell in the *March Journal*, comes next under my roving eye. Attractively turned out with decorated covers, pictorial end-papers and printed on one side of the pages only, it is a further example of the publishers' art.

The Cantab for October 1898, with contributions by Kipling and Max Beer-bohm, is yet another of my treasures. All these and others form part of what I like to look upon as my Kipling Treasure House. One day they will pass to other hands, where I hope they will give continued pleasure.

Answers to the ' Kipling Quiz '

1. The owner of the bees in *The Vortex*.
2. Will. *Kim*.
3. The deck-passengers on the S.S. Africa which took R.K. to Penang. *From Sea to Sea*.
4. The Hanover Road schoolmistress returning to the veldt after a visit to Capetown. *Letters of Travel*.
5. May Olger. *The Story of the Gadsbys*.
6. Lord Lundie, according to Laughton O. Zigler. *The Edge of the Evening*.
7. Ameera. *Without Benefit of Clergy*.
8. Sir Richard Dalyngridge to young Fulke. *Old Men at Pevensey*.
9. The Hajji, Ibn Makarra, to Adam Strickland. *A Deal in Cotton*.
10. Jason Olley on the 'We're Here' before the 'Carrie Pittman' came alongside with the son Jason thought he had lost.
11. The Liverpool Packet. *Captains Courageous*.
12. Mir Khan. *Poor Dear Mamma*.
13. Faiz Ullah.
14. Five. The Cat, Shiraz, Grey Dawn, Polaris and Shikaz.
15. " He was supposed to have Australian blood in his veins, but he looked like a clothes-horse, and you could whack him on the legs with an iron crowbar without hurting him."
16. Brown Australian Waler. *Her Majesty's Servants*.
17. Dorothea Dolbshoff. *Something of Myself*.
18. Upstart, Egoist and Musketeer. Musketeer finally got the place. *Thy Servant a Dog*.
19. Beagles. *The Treasure and the Law*.
20. " When a mule trips." *Her Majesty's Servants*.
21. Hughes on Kitty wink.
22. She always turned up when she was least expected and made female noises. *The Tomb of his Ancestors*.
23. The Mugger. *The Undertakers*.
24. The wife of the missionary, Justus Krenk. *The Judgment of Dungara*,

Hon. Secretary's Notes

A Rare Gift

"With Number Three, Surgical and Medical, and New Poems—with letters from Julian Ralph, Charles E. Hands and Douglas Story."

From our senior U.S.A. Vice-President, Mr. Charles Lesley Ames, and from another of our U.S.A. Members, Mr. Henry Clapp Smith, we have received the splendid gift of a mint copy of the above book, published in Santiago de Chile by Hume & Co. in 1900. The edition consisted of 400 copies but only a few were sold, the bulk being destroyed. Particulars are given in Livingston's Bibliography and also in Martindell, where there is a picture of the cover.

The two stories first appeared in *The Daily Mail* in April and May, 1900, and they have not been 'collected' except in the Sussex and Burwash Editions. The 'New' Poems consist of :—

- "Auld Lang Syne" (South Africa, April 1900),
- "The Absent-Minded Beggar,"
- "Kitchener's School,"
- "Pharaoh and the Sergeant,"
- "A Song of the White Men,"
- "White Horses,"
- "The White Man's Burden."

Only the first of these is peculiar to the Sussex and Burwash Editions.

Mr. Smith, who was until recently the proprietor of the famous New York book-store "Dutton's," has described the book as being :

"the only case on record of a first edition of any book being published in a country never visited by its author, and where people did not speak his language."

This rare Collector's Piece may be seen at the Society's Office.

The Annual Luncheon

This was held with great success on October 21st, the attendance (138) being more than double last year's. Mr. T. S. Eliot delivered a memorable address, which we hope to publish next time. We thank those who sent telegrams of good wishes, including our Auckland and Melbourne Branches.

More Society Speakers

With the arrival of a new season, several Members have already helped by speaking on R.K. to 'outside' Societies—Col. Browne at Leamington and Cheltenham, Mr. Floyd at Fairlight (Sussex), and Mr. Murray-Brooks at Guisely (Yorks). We are most grateful for these efforts,

A.E.B.P.

Annual General Meeting

MINUTES of the Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society, held at 12 Newgate Street on Wednesday, August 20th, 1958 :—

Present : Col. I. S. Munro (Chairman) and eight other Members of the Council. Also the following Members of the Society : Miss E. F. Stubington, Mr. B. Collitt and Mr. F. E. Winmill.

1. The Annual Report and Accounts for 1957 were adopted.

2. The Meeting much regretted the resignation as Vice-President of Major-General Sir Julius Bruche, K.C.B., C.M.G.

The Meeting unanimously elected as a Vice-President Mrs. Maud Barclay, who has been for many years Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Victoria (B.C.) Branch.

3. The President, Hon. Officers and Hon. Auditors were re-elected, and a vote of thanks to the latter was carried unanimously.

4. Mr. E. D. W. Chaplin, on ceasing to be an *ex officio* Member of the Council, was elected to it as an ordinary Member.

The following Members of the Council retire at the end of their three-year term in October, 1958 : Maj.-Gen. Sir John Taylor, Dr. P. F. Wilson, Cdr. R. D. Merriman, Messrs. J. A. Brock and C. E. Carrington. The Meeting expressed their thanks to these members for their services.

5. Appreciation of the work of the Hon. Officers was expressed by Mr. F. E. Winmill on behalf of the Members present.

(Signed) I. S. MUNRO

(Chairman).

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are:—*U.K.*: Lady Kilner ; Dr. Helena King, Dr. Joyce Tompkins ; Mmes. S. Beaufort-Palmer, I. Crawshay, B. Dickson, C. A. Key, M. Somervail, E. L. Wade ; Misses R. Bagwell Purefoy, J. Chapman, A. Dalby, A. Garland, G. Meynell, P. Moon, A. M. Punch, M. Rann, E. Stubington ; Sir H. Knight ; Dr. V. Wakeford ; Majs. M. Budd, P. Manson, T. Odell ; Messrs. E. S. Colson, H. C. Drayton, G. Eardley-Wilmot, L. King, J. Leeming, C. Lloyd Jones, R. J. MacGeorge, J. H. McGivering, A. Minchin, H. Solomon, M. Steel, H. Thornton, W. P. Watt. *Auckland*: Miss G. Young, Mr. Sinel. *Australia*: R. W. Cooper. *Canada*: Dr. H. MacKinnon ; C. McTavish. *Cyprus*: B. L. Lawrence. *Italy*: Miss I. Falomo. *Melbourne* : Miss J. Granowski. *Singapore*: A. L. Brend. *South Africa*: Miss J. Farrelly. *U.S.A.* : Mmes. H. A. Holmes, E. W. Huckel, H. S. Ross ; Misses K. Tihen, M. F. Youngs ; Maj. G. F. Eliot, Mr. G. B. Hill.

We are delighted to welcome these ladies and gentlemen.

The Kipling Society

Founded in 1927 by J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.

President:

Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

Vice-Presidents:

C. L. Ames, U.S.A.
Mrs. George Bambridge.
Mrs. Maud Barclay (Victoria, B.C.)
Countess Bathurst.
Mrs. W. M. Carpenter, U.S.A.
E. D. W. Chaplin.
Lt.-Gen. Sir Sidney Clive,
G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Maj. Sir Brunel Cohen, K.B.E.
Professor Bonamy Dobrée, O.B.E.
Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E.
Sir Archie Michaelis, Australia.
Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.
Sir Charles Wingfield, K.C.M.G.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Woolton.

COUNCIL:

Chairman: Lt.-Col. Ion S. Munro, O.B.E.

Deputy-Chairman: R. E. Harbord.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.
B. M. Bazley.
J. H. C. Brooking, M.I.E.E.
E. D. W. Chaplin.
Norman Croom-Johnson.

Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.
W. G. B. Maitland.
Philip Randall.
Mrs. C. W. Scott-Giles.
J. R. Turnbull, M.C.

Hon. Treasurer: R. E. Harbord.

Hon. Librarian: W. G. B. Maitland.

Hon. Editor:

Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.

Hon. Secretary:

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.

Hon. Auditors:

Milne, Gregg and Turnbull.

Asst. Hon. Secretary:

Miss A. Dalby.

Hon. Solicitor: Philip Randall.

Offices:

Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
Tel. City 8295.

Auckland (N.Z.) Branch :

President: Col. Sir Stephen Allen, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Hon. Secretary: Miss Phyllis Johnson,

6 Corilla Road, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand.

Melbourne Branch :

President:

Sir Archie Michaelis,
441 Lonsdale Street,
Melbourne, C.I.

Hon. Secretary:

J. V. Carlson,
33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada) :

President: Arthur A. Fryer.

Vice-President: Mrs. D. Dunbar.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer: Mrs. Maud Barclay, 1620 Belmont Ave., Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. :

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