



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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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, G.C.B., 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.1, on Wednesday, May 18th, 1960, at 2.30 p.m. **No separate notices will be sent.**

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

March 16th, 1960 (Wednesday)

At the River Room, Lansdowne Club, Fitzmaurice Place (S.W. corner of Berkeley Square), at 5.30 p.m. for 6 p.m. Colonel Bagwell Purefoy will introduce two "Puck" stories of a craftsman: "Hal o' the Draft" and "The Wrong Thing."

May 25th, 1960 (Wednesday)

Time and place as above. Miss Janice Farrelly will give her talk (postponed from November, 1959) on "Kipling and South Africa—Then and Now."

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on Tuesday, October 18th, 1960. The Guest of Honour will be Lord Birkett of Ulverston, P.C. Application forms will be sent out in September.

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Lees have again kindly asked us for a visit on **Thursday, May 26th, 1960**. They will be the guests of the Society at lunch, at 1 p.m. at "The Bear," Burwash. They have very kindly asked us to tea at Bateman's.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on May 26th, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. To make the hiring worth while **at least 12 seats in this coach must be taken.**

The charge, including lunch, will be 25s. for those going by the coach, and 15s. for those going by private car (including guests).

If you wish to come, be sure to notify the Hon. Sec., 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, enclosing the appropriate fee, **not later than first post Wednesday, May 18th**. This will be the **ONLY** notice.

This outing is great fun—don't miss it this year!

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Notes

INSTEAD of an uncollected story, the present number of the *Journal* contains, by kind permission of Mrs. Bambridge, one of the very few autobiographical articles by Kipling published during his lifetime. Apart from the travel and descriptive writings collected in such volumes as *From Sea to Sea*, *Letters of Travel* and *Sea Warfare*, only "My First Book," "My Personal Experience with a Lion" and "Souvenirs of France" come readily to mind.

"My First Book" was contributed to *The Idler*, the magazine edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr, where it appeared in December 1892, preceded very suitably by the poem "Primum Tempus" (better known in its revised version "In the Neolithic Age"), being No. VII in a series of twenty-two similar articles by well-known authors of the day. Kipling comes between George R. Sims and A. Conan Doyle, other contributors including Walter Besant, Rider Haggard, R. M. Ballantyne, Marie Corelli, Bret Harte, Quiller-Couch and Robert Louis Stevenson. The whole set was issued in 1894 as a separate volume with an introduction by Jerome, but Kipling's article had meanwhile appeared in *The Civil and Military Gazette*, December 30th, 1892, and *McClure's Magazine*, November, 1894. It was reprinted in *The Book-Lover* (San Francisco) in November, 1900, in a volume called *The Country Life Press*, published "for friends of Doubleday, Page & Co." in 1919, and in volume XXX of *The Sussex Edition* (1938).

Departmental Ditties in its original "official" form was published at the beginning of July, 1886, and one copy at least found its way to London before the end of that summer. For Andrew Lang described it, and quoted the whole of "In Spring-time," in his monthly *causerie* "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine* for October. The first edition was printed without any author's name (though most copies were signed in a space left purposely), but Lang apparently received an unsigned copy, for he describes it as anonymous. He was the first review of any work by Kipling to be published in this country.

* * *

The Art of Rudyard Kipling by Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins appeared in November, and is reviewed later in this *Journal*. It is a "must" to all readers of Kipling though each of us is likely to find different virtues in it. Reviews in the daily press have contained interesting points: *The Times*, for example, shows no hesitation in accepting Kipling as a major author, pointing out that the studies by Edward Shanks and Hilton Brown failed to revive "serious" interest in Kipling only because "they came too soon. The generation that had turned him down had not then quitted the critical scene. They would not revise

their verdicts. But Kipling was tougher than they supposed. In the past decade he has come back yet again . . . *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* will not serve many as an introduction to this great writer. But for those who know the stories already it should be an enriching and rewarding searchlight. Dr. Tompkins turns her beam this way and that, and hitherto undetected strengths, subtleties, and beauties are caught in it . . . The familiar can be given a new life by being seen in a new light. And, however paradoxical it may seem, critical re-appraisal is the essential preliminary to Kipling's popular acceptance by a new generation."

More cautiously, John Bayley in *The Sunday Times* puts Kipling in a good second-class rank with Swinburne and Ben Jonson : but " what writer since Dickens " he asks, " has had so many and such varied readers? And I suspect the army of them is still growing, even among the young : he is read in spite of himself."

The choice of Kipling stories is always interesting, since none of us agree even over the twelve best. Dr. Tompkins gives some space to an uncollected one, which Mr. Bayley chooses for special comment in his review : "As Meredith pointed out, there can be buffoonery without women but never comedy, and Dr. Tompkins mentions a splendid story called 'The Legs of Sister Ursula' . . . which is true comedy, genuinely and universally touching and hilarious, somewhat in the manner of Rene Clair."

An interesting subject for discussion would be why Kipling omitted the Uncollected Stories from their appropriate volumes. The differences of opinion are marked : of "A Tour of Inspection" one member writes : " I prefer it to 'The Horse Marines' or even 'The Bonds of Discipline' ; but another comments : " I cannot accept 'A Tour of Inspection' as genuine. It's not only its pointlessness, but the complete lack of style . . ."

Another story to which Dr. Tompkins gives considerable space is "Mrs. Bathurst," and in view of Colonel Barwick Browne's article in the last *Journal* and Mr. Harbord's in this, she is worth quoting : " There is no difficulty about its theme, which is the destroying power of love ; on the other hand, no analysis can establish with certainty how the destruction came about. We see the gaunt shrine and the shrivelled victims, but we cannot trace the avenues of approach. If Kipling meant us to do so, it may be held, as Professor G S. Lewis has suggested, that he has overdone his demolitions. But he may have meant the unexplained in the action to reflect the inexplicable in the theme. How and why does a candid, generous woman, who 'never scrupled to feed a lame duck or set 'er foot on a scorpion,' become the vessel of a destructive power? If we are allowed to trace too closely the stages by which Vickery is destroyed, we might make the mistake of thinking that we know. So Vickery appears in Pyecroft's 'resume' only in the last stages of his obsession, in Cape Town, and Mrs. Bathurst is seen far off in Sergeant Pritchard's memories of New Zealand or momentarily on the screen of the early biograph . . ." Dr. Tompkins also gives a brief synopsis of the story in a footnote : Vickery

" is found dead with a woman after a thunderstorm"—but she does not identify the woman. " The scene *From Lyden's 'Irenius'* that precedes the tale makes the point that the groom, or clown, is caught in the same noose as kings—this may account for the grotesque stress on 'Click'; that the woman destroyed him in ignorance, for she loved him; and that the groom in the end threw life from him out of weariness and self-disgust—which suggests that Vickery stood up to attract the lightning."

But perhaps we are all being "too clever by half," like Prince Prigio, in our attempts to solve a problem that is not there. One is almost inclined to agree with a new member, Mr. Martin Anderson, that it is simply "an effective, spooky tale," and that Vickery merely deserted "so as to be able to see more showings of the film, not to dodge Mrs. Bathurst herself."

Further comments are, however, invited . . .

Dr. Tompkins spends relatively little time on Kipling's debt to other writers and their influence on his work, though she makes interesting comments on the relationship between "Krishna Mulvaney" and Leland's *Hans Breitmann*, and of some unexpected links elsewhere with Walter Besant, F. Anstey and Grimm's *Fairy Tales*. It is therefore surprising to find her spending three pages on an author whom Kipling never mentions, Edwin Lester Arnold, whose *Phra the Phoenician* (1890) has interesting affinities with "The Finest Story in the World," and his best book, *Lepidus the Centurion* (1901) with the Roman stories in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Dr. Tompkins is not the first critic to suggest that Kipling owed a debt to Arnold in both these cases, as readers of *The Kipling Journal* (No. 123, October 1957) will remember, but she is able to develop the theme further than I had space or reason to do, and her conclusions add weight to my more casual suggestions. It would be of considerable interest if any reader could produce evidence of Kipling's own views on Edwin Lester Arnold who, quite apart from this possible claim on our attention, was a most interesting and readable author in his own right.

* * *

Kipling "originals" are always of interest, and two have been discussed recently in the Correspondence columns of *The Times Literary Supplement*. On Christmas Day Mr. Guy Chapman asked a question about "The Song of the Old Guard" which has not yet been answered. The poem, which prefaced "The Army of a Dream" is, he tells us, "a parody of an anti-puritan satire by Francis Quarles in *The Shepherd's Oracle*, Eclogue XI" 1646; and he goes on, "The verses appear to have been inspired by an incident arising out of the desire of some senior officers to "get back to real soldiering." I have heard, though I cannot now recall when or where, that the incident was the rejection by a War Office committee of a history of the recent Boer War, or at least a volume, written by General J. M. Grierson, at that time about to become D.M.O., which was critical of the conduct of the campaign. Can anyone substantiate this?"

The other correspondence raked up that fine old chestnut about the "Rewards" of *Rewards and Fairies* being some esoteric sprite un-

known to folklorists and pronounced "rue-uds." Miss Marghanita Laski propounded the question (November 13th), without mentioning Kipling, but with reference to William Corbet's song which begins "Farewell rewards and fairies" which the children sing at the end of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and which Kipling mentions in *Something of Myself*. Dr. J. A. W. Bennett, Corbet's most recent editor, replied (November 20th) that there was no such sprite, and its very shadow had been laid in his notes to that poem. Kipling having not yet been mentioned, I wrote to point out (November 27th) that "rue-uds" had only been invented since the publication of *Rewards and Fairies* (1910), by readers who did not know the poem or realise that the "reward" was the sixpence which the fairies no longer placed in the good housewife's shoe—and that Kipling had gone out of his way to mention the poem (quoted in *The Hope of the Katzekopfs* which he read as a child) the first line of which, he says, "bore fruit afterwards." On December 4th H. E. Melville apparently clinched the matter by quoting a letter received in 1934 from the late Colonel Roy Truscott who said that, not finding any but the ordinary meaning of "reward" in the O.E.D., "I then asked one of the Macmillans who publish Rudyard Kipling's prose works. He said that his father had once told Kipling that many people thought there must be some meaning like 'gnomes' or 'sprites' to the word 'rewards,' but that Kipling entirely repudiated the suggestion. On being pressed as to why he called the book *Rewards and Fairies*, he reminded Mr. Macmillan that the book is a continuation or sequel to *Puck of Pook's Hill* and referred him to the last paragraph of the last story of that where the children sing a song called "Farewell rewards and fairies" . . ."

This appeared to end the controversy conclusively. But on December 18th Mr. Keith Henderson wrote as follows: "Kipling himself told his close friends Sir Fabian and Lady Ware that 'a reward is another kind of fairy.' He said that 'the first syllable rhymes with blue.' During Kipling's lifetime Lady Ware told me this. At the same picnic in a wood I was told the same thing by Sir Fabian."

And there the matter rests. I wrote again (but was not published) suggesting that Kipling was pulling his friends' legs, summarising the evidence for the literal meaning of Corbet's song, and quoting a note in *Kipling Journal* No. 11, page 28, October, 1929, to the effect that a member (unnamed) "wrote to Mr. Kipling's private secretary on the subject. The reply which was kindly given to the query contained the following sentence: 'I beg to inform you that the title of Mr. Kipling's book is a quotation from Shakespeare, and bears the same interpretation.'"

"Shakespeare" is obviously a slip—and a natural one in a series of stories of which Puck is the hero and which begins with a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. If for "Shakespeare" we read "Corbet," we can accept the problem as solved—for there is no possible doubt as to what interpretation he put upon the first line of his poem. And this was a direct communication from Kipling, while the rest, like the majority of ghost-stories, were at second hand.

My First Book

by Rudyard Kipling

A S there is only one man in charge of a steamer, so there is but one man in charge of a newspaper, and he is the Editor. My Chief taught me this on an Indian journal, and he further explained that an order was an order, to be obeyed at a run, not a walk, and that any notion or notions as to the fitness or unfitness of any particular kind of work for the young had better be held over till the last page was locked up to press. He was breaking me into harness, and I owe him a deep debt of gratitude, which I did not discharge at the time. The path of virtue was very steep, whereas the writing of verses allowed a certain play to the mind, and, unlike the filling-in of reading-matter, could be done as the spirit served. Now a sub-editor is not hired to write verses. He is paid to sub-edit. At the time, this discovery shocked me greatly; but, some years later, when, for a few weeks I came to be an editor-in-charge, Providence dealt me for my sub-ordinate one saturated with Elia. He wrote very pretty, Lamb-like essays, but he wrote them when he should have been sub-editing. Then I saw a little what my Chief must have suffered on my account. There is a moral here for the ambitious and aspiring who are oppressed by their superiors.

This is a digression, as all my verses were digressions from office work. They came without invitation, unmanneredly, in the nature of things; but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused. To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their grievous cynicism, or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy, and too happy, to take thought about these things.

So they arrived merrily, being born out of the life about me, and they were very bad indeed; but the joy of doing them was pay a thousand times their worth. Some, of course, came and ran away again, and the dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours) and catching them, was almost better than writing them clear. Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements, and my Chief fighting for his reading-matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: 'Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length today. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page.'

Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as '*Ek aur chiz*'—'one more thing'—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindu does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's.

And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper. I was in very good company, for there is always an undercurrent of song, a little bitter for the most part, running through the Indian papers. The bulk of it is much better than mine, being more graceful, and is done by those less than Sir Alfred Lyall—to whom I would apologise for mentioning his name in this gallery—' Pekin,' 'Latakia,' 'Cigarette,' 'O,' 'T.W.,' 'Foresight,' and others, whose names came up with the stars out of the Indian Ocean going eastward.

Sometimes a man in Bangalore would be moved to song, and a man on the Bombay side would answer him, and a man in Bengal would echo back, till at last we would all be crowing together, like cocks before daybreak, when it is too dark to see your fellow. And, occasionally, some unhappy Chaaszee, away in the China Ports, would lift up his voice among the tea-chests, and the queer-smelling yellow papers of the Far East brought us his sorrows. The newspaper files showed that, forty years ago, the men sang of just the same subjects as we did—of heat, loneliness, love, lack of promotion, poverty, sport, and war. Further back still, at the end of the eighteenth century, Hickey's *Bengal Gazette*, a very wicked little sheet in Calcutta, published the songs of the young factors, ensigns, and writers to the East India Company. They, too, wrote of the same things, but in those days men were strong enough to buy a bullock's heart for dinner, cook it with their own hands because they could not afford a servant, and make a rhymed jest of all the squalor and poverty. Lives were not worth two monsoons' purchase, and perhaps a knowledge of this a little coloured the rhymes when they sang :

' In a very short time you're released from all cares—
If the Padre's asleep, Mr. Oldham reads prayers ! ! '

The note of physical discomfort that runs through so much Anglo-Indian poetry had been struck then. You will find it most fully suggested in 'The Long, Long Indian Day,' a comparatively modern affair ; but there is a set of verses called 'Scanty Ninety-five,' dated about Warren Hastings's time, which gives a lively idea of what our seniors in the service had to put up with. One of the most interesting poems I ever found was written at Meerut, three or four days before the Mutiny broke out there. The author complained that he could not get his clothes washed nicely that week, and was very facetious over his worries !

My verses had the good fortune to last a little longer than some others, which were more true to facts, and certainly better workmanship. Men in the Army and the Civil Service and the Railway wrote to me saying that the rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to the banjos round the camp-fires, and some had run as far down coast as Rangoon and Moulmein, and up to Mandalay. A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. Also, I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner, and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of book, a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D.O.

Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all Heads of Departments, and all Government Officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply-postcards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the Empire from Aden to Singapore and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, my left-hand pocket, direct to the author, my right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathising with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements. The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire-binding cut the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but Heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition travelled as far as Hong Kong on the map, and each edition grew a little fatter, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back, and was advertised in a publisher's poetry department.

But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby, with a pink string round its stomach; a child's child ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned beyond doubt how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should take with the English public.

IMPORTANT BOOK NOTICE

THE Hon. Secretary, U.S.A. Branch, wishes us to announce that a limited number of Mint Copies of the following books are available for purchase in **the U.K.** :

- (i) "A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling," by Lloyd H. Chandler.
- (ii) Catalogue of the Works of Rudyard Kipling, as exhibited at The Grolier Club, New York, 1929.

Keenly sought by collectors, these books are invaluable for the serious student and are beautifully produced. They cost approximately £5 10s. 0d. each.

Any member interested should apply through the Hon. Sec., 12 Newgate Street, E.C.1.

Rudyard Kipling

(Annual Luncheon, October 14th, 1959)

by A. L. Rowse.

I HOPE it may not be inappropriate for a mere historian to propose this toast, for the reason that Rudyard Kipling belongs to the class of imaginative writer who appeals specially to the historian—as well as speaking to the historian in us all. Such writers as Thomas Hardy—in other ways thought to be so unlike Kipling—or Walter Scott, most historical of writers, or Shakespeare, to whom they all go back, to whom various aspects of *their* work bear an ancestral resemblance, in whom they meet.

What they have in common, among other things, is an imaginative, an instinctive, sense of the past, an imagination that is attuned to the poetry and pathos of the past; and, what is rarer, the sense of this in present experience in the moment of experiencing it. This may be as near as we get, in a secular world, to seeing things in the light of eternity. Perhaps, after all, it is not so rare a gift to be able to apprehend as history the events as we are going through them—many of us had that sensation in 1940 and again in 1944; but it is rare to be able to express the contemporary as already historic, as Kipling did, for instance, in his Boer War poems, Shakespeare the Elizabethan campaigns in Normandy.

I have to offer, if not wholly a new way of seeing Kipling, at any rate one that is not clearly realised, one that is very much a clue to the man, and therefore to his work.

Kipling was not essentially an Englishman : he was in the marrow of his mind and being—that part from which he created his work—a Celt, one of those small, very dark, swarthy men whom the English drove into the recesses of the Highland zone, in the rugged north and west of the island, and who have emerged very notably in our time to add to the gaiety of the nation.

This is the simple explanation of a good deal that was thought mysterious about Kipling, and of something that was even ambivalent in his attitude. Kipling himself, though he did not say much about it, was more conscious of the fact than, say, Matthew Arnold, of whom the same clue holds.

The Celt in all his variants from Buih to Bally-hoo,
His mental processes are plain — one knows what he will do,
And can logically predicate his finish by his start ;
But the English — ah, the English — they are quite a race apart.

In telegraphic sentences, half nodded to their friends,
They hint a matter's inwardness — and there the matter ends.
And while the Celt is talking from Valentia to Kirkwall,
The English — ah, the English — don't say anything at all.

It is already a Celtic trait to be so much in love with the English. Lord Baldwin, Kipling's cousin — like him descended from Highland Macdonalds and Welsh Joneses — had it : he conducted a long love-affair with England. ' Understand Baldwin ? ', Lloyd George once said. ' Of course you can't : he's one of us. '

And Kipling had all the stigmata of the Celtic temperament : an extraordinary gift of intuition, the quick inner sympathy that enabled him to enter into the lives of all sorts and conditions of men — he had even the Highland gift of second sight. It was all this that enabled him to penetrate the *inner* experience of India and give it classic expression in *Kim*, as no other Westerner has done. The present Vice-President of India, Dr. Rhadakrishnan, himself said *to* me once that no western book understands the inwardness of India as *Kim* does. It is amusing that it should not be the professional political sympathiser but the imperialist of whom this is true.

Similarly during the Boer War, it was this laureate of empire with his instinctive sympathy for the fighting soldier who had most understanding of the other side. Take, among others, that fine ballad ' Piet ' on the theme of ' respect for the man I fight '

Ah there, Piet ! — 'is trousers to 'is knees,
 ' Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-sprinkled breeze ;
 ' E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose 'is seat.
 I've known a lot o' people ride a dam' sight worse than Piet

Then, too, there is the prophetic, the *bardic* note. Kipling was a true prophet ; he sensed very well the way things were going in the modern world, the weaknesses of democracy, in our own society, in the Empire, in the affairs of the world. Do you know that passage at the end of his *History of the Irish Guards in the Great War*, i.e., the first German war ? ' " The prisoner at the Bar ", as men then styled Germany, being entirely at home [i.e. after the Armistice and during the occupation] was saving himself to continue the War underground when time, occasion, and dissension among his conquerors should show him his chance. But of this there was no foreknowledge. ' That was written as early as 1922. It was not the intellectuals like Keynes who were right, but men of profound intuition instructed by the historical sense, like Kipling and Churchill. We should have done better to listen to them.

But, of course, it is not popular to be a prophet, especially with the English. And at the end of his life, with genius undimmed — indeed his last stories are the finest he ever wrote, sombre, rich, symbolic, with a deep reading of life — Kipling was a disheartened man : he knew he was not listened to.

Now is the moment — the time has come round for him — for us to make reparation.

Among other qualities I like to think of as peculiarly strong among Celts is an intense feeling for place — and here Kipling had a power of evocation equal to, though tenderer than, the fierce intuitive genius of Carlyle. One observes it all through his work, in poems and stories, not least in the *Letters*, written wherever he was, though never more

exquisitely than in such magical stories as 'They,' or the poems that light *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

Of course, a great deal of Kipling is rhetorical in expression — not all the English like that. But rhetoric is as valid a mode of expression in literature as any other; otherwise how are we to appreciate French literature, in which rhetoric is so very strong an element? All Kipling's sympathies — not only the more superficial sympathies of politics, but more profoundly — were French. And that is very revealing: not Teutonic, particularly not in their German manifestation; and with the show the Germans have put on for the twentieth century, who can wonder at that?

I note, too, his particular brand of humour, which is naturally that of exaggeration, like the Irish — observe his instinctive sympathy with them all through his history of the Irish Guards — rather than the modern (entirely modern) English humour of under-emphasis. Why should the under-emphatic, the comedy of under-statement, the straight face, the poker face, the elimination — even the punishment, of the pun, be thought the only tolerable sort of humour? It is only a temporary fashion. Why should we Celts be expected to conform? We have our own idiosyncrasies, qualities and quirks of personality to offer. The English world would be much duller and less coloured without us. Do not overlook in Kipling this last characteristic I shall mention: the combination of an extreme sensitiveness with an acutely personal pride.

Nevertheless, it was England that conquered and annexed this Celt, as is the way — to become one of its brightest and proudest luminaries.

I followed my Duke ere I was a lover,
To take from England fief and fee;
But now this game is the other way over —
But now England hath taken me! . . .

As for my comrades in camp and highway,
That lift their eyebrows scornfully,
Tell them their way is not my way —
Tell them England hath taken me!

His imaginative discovery of England may be dated to the year 1902 when he came to settle in Sussex, after not only travelling all round the world but living in three continents, India, South Africa, America. Few writers have *seen* as much of the world as Kipling. Very rarely has the simple act of settling in the English countryside reaped such a harvest in the imagination. Kipling was at once inspired by it. He wrote to an American friend, 'then we discovered England which we had never done before . . . and went to live in it. England is a wonderful land. It is the most marvellous of all foreign countries that I have ever been in! Years afterwards he wrote in his autobiography: 'Just beyond the west fringe of our land, in a little valley running from Nowhere to Nothing-at-all, stood the long, overgrown slag-heap of a most ancient forge, supposed to have been worked by the Phoenicians and Romans, and, since then uninterruptedly till the middle of the eighteenth century.

The bracken and rush-patches still hid stray pigs of iron, and if one scratched a few inches through the rabbit-shaven turf, one came on the narrow mule-tracks of peacock-hued furnace-slag laid down in Elizabeth's day. The ghost of a road climbed up out of the dead arena, and crossed our fields, where it was known as 'The Gunway,' and popularly connected with Armada times. Every foot of that little corner was alive with ghosts and shadows. '

These were the ghosts and shadows that were given shape and substance in the marvellous series of stories that followed in the next decade and that fill especially the two volumes, *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. There is the inspiration :

See you the ferny ride that steals
 Into the oak-woods far ?
 O that was whence they hewed the keels
 That rolled to Trafalgar . . .

See you the dimpled track that runs
 All hollow through the wheat ?
 O that was where they hauled the guns
 That smote King Philip's fleet . . .

See you our little mill that clacks,
 So busy by the brook ?
 She has ground her corn and paid her tax
 Ever since Domesday Book.

These stories and poems illuminate every page in the history of Britain, indeed they tell its whole story : from the Romans (remember 'A Centurion of the Thirtieth' and 'On the Great Wall?'), through Viking invasions and Norman Conquest to Gloriana and Armada days ; from Edgehill to the Fleet guarding the North Sea that guaranteed our security and freedom, saved our lives, in 1914-1918. Though no one ever felt with more intense grief at what a cost :

'Have you news of my boy Jack ?'
Not this tide.
 'When d'you think that he'll come back ?'
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

And one cannot read his *History of the Irish Guards* without feeling the undercurrent of anguish that runs through it all.

But before the war of 1914 brought to an end that happy world, and the long good fortune of our insular history, he had paralleled those stories with a series of poems, out of the same inspiration, that grew ever finer. The journalist-poet, who had started with *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Departmental Ditties*, writing in soldiers' vernacular, became the pure poet of 'Morrow Down,' 'The Way through the Woods and so many later poems-

Perhaps I may be allowed to turn didactic, as he was, and lay down two propositions. The historian is in some difficulty when confronted with works of historical fiction : they so rarely ring true, in the historian's ear, to the age they profess to evoke. Even *Westward Ho*, which I so much enjoyed as a boy, I cannot away with now. But I

never feel that with Kipling's historical tales; it may be partly that they are so charged with poetry, the magic so potent, but it is also that the intuition is faultless and true.

Secondly, make no mistake about it, Kipling's last stories, far less well known and appreciated, are his finest—such extraordinary stories as 'Uncovenanted Mercies,' 'The Wish House,' the deeply-moving 'The Gardener,' springing from the loss of his only son in the war. The writer of fairy tales had moved into the zone of tragedy; some of these stories plumb the depths of experience, solitary and alone.

Lastly, we pay tribute to a writer than whom none was more intimately part of the history of his time : the laureate of the last phase of British rule in India, that unique episode in world-history, the noblest bearer of the imperial idea. 'I hope you don't mind my using the word British Empire'—I quote Sir Winston Churchill. 'It is quite a good word in its proper place.' Remember—as his detractors do not—that Kipling's attitude was never that of a jingo chauvinism : he always underlined the moral responsibilities of government, obligations, duty, true worthiness. His Methodist forbears spoke out in him. So with the Boer War—the soldiers, the fighting men spoke, never more directly, through him. So with the Navy in the penultimate phase of its long history, the naval struggle with Germany—Kipling spoke for the seamen, for engineer and rating as for captains courageous.

Of all our poets no one has more widely expressed the life of the whole nation, or been more authentically the voice of its people. We heard a lot from the poets of the 1930s about poetry making a real contact with the life of the people; but it was Kipling who wrote it, not they. The men rewarded him by singing the songs he wrote for them—such songs as 'Boots' or 'The Absent-Minded Beggar'—on their way into battle.

When Disraeli died Lord Salisbury said, 'Zeal for England was the consuming passion of his life.' It is no unworthy passion for an outsider to cherish.

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch.
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath.
Not the great nor well-bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.

Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart !

Kipling's spirit still speaks to us as clearly and movingly as ever, for it is a quality of genius to transcend history and to stand untarnished by time.

Two Reviews

I

Francis Léaud.—*La Poétique de Rudyard Kipling*. Didier. Collection des Etudes Anglaises. 563pp. (No date, no price).

By *la poétique*, M. Léaud means all the impulses and intuitions, combined with experience, that go to make up the creative side of an artist, rightly making no division between prose and verse, which in Kipling, especially in his later phases, are interdependent. His chief and most useful task has been to disentangle the themes that run continuously through Kipling's work, while at the same time relating him to tradition. But, as he says, "Kipling est un poète qui réussit cette gageure d'être l'un des plus lus, et des moins aisés à connaître, ou à rattacher à une tradition ou à un courant littéraire." He does, however, find one main pivot about which his study can revolve, "une alternance entre . . . la passion des rapports humains et celle de la solitude." And he goes on: "Du point de vue de la création poétique, ce flux et reflux changent à peine d'aspect et ne changent pas de nature. En tant que poète, Kipling adopte à l'égard du réel une attitude d'adhésion ou de méfiance; il se laisse porter par lui ou il aménage l'expérience acquise pour se défendre contre lui." This goes far towards clarifying the amazing complexity of Kipling's work—whether writing fact or fable or creating a myth—and the multiplicity of his intuitions, through which M. Léaud threads his way with such faithful attention to detail, that we do not always feel that the strings have been disentangled. Nevertheless this is an illuminating and sympathetic study, during which M. Léaud is continually making good points, as when he notes that in works prior to *Kim* a character in Kipling is only fully himself in the presence of an event. This enlightening study abounds in alerting comment, and it can without hesitation be said that this is the most thorough and subtle work on Kipling's art that has yet appeared.

Yet it may be wondered if M. Léaud's emphasis is always the true one. Is, for instance, *The Light that Failed* such a crucial document as is throughout taken for granted? And is the 'roman policier' aspect really so important? The secret service does, to be sure, provide the background for *Kim*, but is that sort of approach at all obtrusive in his other work? True, there is the symbolic value of a treasure that Kaa concealed and guarded, and here M. Léaud is extremely suggestive. Kipling was always seeking for the key to things, the dynamo on which the universe is wound, as he put it, and when found discovering that it was useless for the traffic of everyday life. And this, evidently, leads to Kipling's religion, if that is the right word for his—again one hesitates at the word—mystic sense. M. Léaud tends to discount Kipling's notion of 'influences' as being part of the theosophical fashion prevalent at the turn of the century: but Kipling took this seriously, as is witnessed not only in the stories where Nicolas Culpeper appears or is mentioned, and in 'Unprofessional,' but by the after-dinner speech, 'Healing by the Stars,' that he delivered to the Royal Society of Medicine in 1928.

And if M. Léaud notes the "passion de la solitude," he a little ignores Kipling's deeper sense of the loneliness of the human soul, the desperate need of human beings to do things, as a bulwark 'twixt despair and the edge of nothing. For Kipling there was always the abyss of emptiness at man's feet, against which, as a fence, was that laughter which was as much a creation of the Power that made the universe as was the planet or the rose. But the question of humour is always a difficult one, the one on which nations most differ. Kipling's is often unpalatable to the Englishman, and cannot but be baffling for others. As M. Léaud points out, he created no comic figures; but surely it is a mistake to think that Mulvaney was an attempt at one. Mulvaney, if anything, is a tragic figure, lonely as Prometheus upon his rock, and he is also among the first of Kipling's healers. For this theme of healing, which was to become dominant in the latest phase, and on which M. Léaud might insist upon a little more, makes its appearance at least as early as 'At the End of the Passage' (*Life's Handicap*); while the attendant theme of compassion, which runs through the last two books, we meet as early as in 'Thrown Away' (*Plain Tales*); but it is developed to the point where we learn that "even Evil itself shall pity." Though Kipling held by much of the Christian ethic, and was profoundly moved by the Christian legend, it was the Old rather than the New Testament that formed the basis of his belief, as we find in the 'heavenly' tales.

It is to be wished that M. Léaud would trace a little further Kipling's descent from the early seventeenth century poets; he does not seem to notice that 'McAndrew's Hymn' owes much to Southwell's 'The Burning Babe'; nor note that 'The Song of the Old Guard' is an adaptation of Quarles's 'Song of Anarcharsis'. But it is a fine discovery that 'To the True Romance' derives from *Proverbs*, though to suggest that it is 'même une simple traduction' is to go beyond the apparent. His keen perceptions, as is often the case with scholars pursuing a thesis, are apt to take him a little too far, or make him blind to the obvious. In developing his admirable insights into Kipling's historical sense he finds it significant that 'le cycle de Puck s'ouvre sur une représentation enfantine d'une pièce de Shakespeare'. But how else should Puck have appeared if Dan and Una had not been acting *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? Nor is Puck a 'dieu local'; he is to be found in English place-names, not in Sussex alone, but at Puckeridge in Hertfordshire and Pocklington in Yorkshire.

But such things are small flaws in an enlightening and scholarly book, inspired by meticulous devotion, which no future student of Kipling will be able to ignore. M. Léaud is abundantly right in his main stresses, in, for example, seeing the pivotal importance of 'The Children of the Zodiac'. His bibliography, each item carefully dated, will be of the utmost use, though it is a pity that his studies ended in 1952, thus missing Professor Carrington's standard biography, which he can refer to only in a footnote, and such contributions as Mr. Noel Annan's broadcasts on Kipling as a sociologist. A regrettable omission is the paper on Kipling's later tales which Miss J. M. S. Tompkins contributed to *The Modern Language Review* in January 1950. BONAMY DOBREE

II

J. M. S. Tompkins. *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, Methuen, xiv + 277 pp. November 1959. Price 25/-.

Kipling has been the subject of more Books than any other author, but in *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* we have a most unusual study. The Author, Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins, is a Governor of Bedford College, and a Vice-Principal of the Royal Holloway College, and therefore experienced in the examination of English Literature.

Just as Kipling, Dunsterville and Beresford between them form a triangle of Autobiography and Reminiscence, so will Dr. Tompkins' Book supply a most important side of the Literary Study of Kipling with Professor Carrington's *Life* as the more intimate, personal base.

The beauty of this book lies in the fact that the Author has worked strictly within the limits of the Stories and Verses, and has not resorted to speculation — indeed, Dr. Tompkins says as much in her 'Preface'. Her approach, moreover, is objective — and this is certainly the best full-length study of Kipling's work yet written.

The book is skilfully divided into carefully arranged compartments like the bulkheads in the hull of a ship ; each is separate, but still linked with the others, wherein Kipling's various moods are examined in detail. His attempts at 'Novel' writing, the "Laughter" tales and verses, the 'Hatred and Revenge' themes, and the more mysterious 'Healing' period are carefully arranged for review. In the 'Novel' portion, the comparison between *Kim* and *Huckleberry Finn* is most apt, and its very unexpectedness serves to throw into strong relief the hidden characters of both 'Kim' and 'Huck' themselves. *The Light that Failed* is given a close examination such as has only been attempted once before by Admiral Chandler in *The Kipling Journal*.

It is impossible to read Dr. Tompkins' book without constantly referring to the stories as they come under her microscope, and one gets a newer, clearer and a more revealing insight into them than any previous reading has done.

Her analysis is clear-cut and disperses the opaque mists which conceal and surround some of the later stories, in *Limits and Renewals*. In each of these compartments, Dr. Tompkins has taken great care in the chronology of the stories which she compares one with another with understanding and appreciation of values. Her explanation of the relation between some of the verses and the stories these precede or follow is instructive, and where the connection seems vague, she points the way whereby the link can be seen. Much thought and space has been given to the strange "Dayspring Mishandled," of which Dr. Tompkins writes in her Preface "I have never seen an account that satisfies me" !

In her examination of this story she places it in the section devoted to 'Hatred and Revenge' as an example of Manallace's cruel and premeditated revenge on Castorley

This particular story has never before been dealt with in such detail,

and no other has come under such a strong microscope. In that section of her book which she calls 'Healing' Dr. Tompkins has selected amongst others such stories as 'The House Surgeon' and 'In The Same Boat.' We have had a foretaste of her views on the 'Healing' phase in Kipling in her contributions to the *Journal* in 1955. In her book she develops her theme to embrace a wider field of this side of Kipling.

The Art of Rudyard Kipling is a book which must be read slowly and then read again with one's hand outstretched towards the 'Kipling' shelf on the bookcase. It is an important addition to the ever-growing library of literary appreciations of Rudyard Kipling.

W. G. B. MAITLAND

Col. H. A. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C.: An Appreciation

IT is with a deep feeling of personal sorrow I record the passing of Colonel H. A. Tapp whose death last October came as a shock to all who knew him.

I first met Tapp when, as Head Boy at the United Services College, Windsor, he showed me the greatest kindness when as a very small 'new boy' I joined the 'coll' on a bleak January day in 1910. He had had the unique experience of having been with the old U.S.C. since its Westward Ho! days where he joined it in 1903. Throughout his life he never lost touch with the old School—it was one of his greatest interests. It was Tapp who revived the O.U.S.C. Society which had long been moribund, and he was an enthusiastic worker in getting old 'coll' boys to join the O.U.S.C. Society and also the Kipling Society. He was elected a member of Council and during his term of office was a keen and most useful member cementing a firm link with the old School, now in partnership with Haileybury at Ware in Hertfordshire, and the Kipling Society. He became a Joint Secretary of the O.U.S.C. and I.S.C. Societies and was responsible for getting the Northern Urban District Council to re-name the old School buildings as 'Kipling Terrace.' He was indefatigable in his efforts in obtaining subscriptions for a commemoration plaque to mark the occupation of the buildings by the U.S.C. and that Rudyard Kipling was educated there. His extremely interesting and informative book on the history of the United Services College, now a collector's item, was a real labour of love. Recently he had been actively engaged on a new and revised edition—a 'supplement'—and this is now being completed by Major G. B. T. Nicholls, himself an O.U.S.C. He left the School in 1910 passing into Sandhurst where he distinguished himself, thus upholding the fine tradition of countless previous O.U.S.C.'s.

In August 1914 he went to France with the A.S.C. where, first as Captain, and later as Major Tapp, he commanded the V Corps Troop Supply Column. He was "mentioned in Despatches" no less than three times and was awarded the Military Cross. After the Armistice, with the rank of Major, Tapp joined the British Military Mission in Novorossick in Russia and was also in command of the R.A.S.C. Supply Depot for the British Garrison and Russian Refugee Settlement at Mudros. For his services there he was awarded the O.B.E. and received the Russian Order of St. Anne.

Harold Astley Tapp had the kindest and most gentle of natures; he endeared himself to all who had the honour of his friendship. He was an example of his School's motto: 'Fear God, Honour the King.' His life was truly devoted to 'Good Works.'

W.G.B.M.

On Founding the Kipling Society

by J. H. C. Brooking

I HAVE been asked to write an article on the founding of our Society and why it was founded. This was briefly dealt with in the first number of the *Kipling Journal*, March 1927, which, perhaps, very few members have seen, so here are some remembrances.

The first tale by Kipling that I read was "The Bridge Builders," and it impressed me, as an engineer, that here was a novelist who was also an engineer. Consequently, I hunted for his other tales and poems, and found that Kipling was not only well up in engineering matters but knew about other abstruse matters as only a specialist could.

His style, also, intrigued me; so that, by purchase and loan, before long I had read most of his works, and, in doing so, discovered his unique gift of verse, and particularly of verse that stressed his love of Britain and her Colonies, and his patriotism. Also, his courage in debunking certain people and things.

In discussion with other literary-minded friends I found almost similar feelings, though in a few cases (two only) the novelty of his style and his ideas were called artificial, and an almost personal hatred resulted.

The real reason for getting Kipling-minded people together was the frequency of Kipling's use of unusual phrases and quotations, which, as a whole, were beyond the ken of many of his admirers, and it was thought that those who were thus puzzled might be interested to meet together with their literary difficulties and, by sheer force of numbers, find as many solutions as possible.

At this time I lived in the provinces, mostly Warrington, and learnt of a lecture being given in the Picton Hall, Liverpool, on Kipling, by his former schoolmate, General Dunsterville. I therefore attended this lecture, and at the end of it approached "Stalky," and, after telling him what I was trying to organise, invited his help. He agreed with me, but said that the matter ought to be dealt with nationally and not in a provincial way. He further suggested a meeting with some other Kipling-minded folk at his London club, in the hope of obtaining their approval of, and help to, the proposed Society. We therefore picked out the names of prominent people in all walks of life, and sent Roneo-ed letters to all (produced by me, but) signed by Dunsterville, who then lived in the Isle of Man. This referred to a Meeting at the R.A.C., London, which was the General's club. At this meeting only three turned up—the General, myself and the late Ian Hay! It was resolved, however, to proceed with the Resolution, and as the General was travelling about and I was tied to work in the provinces, it was left to Ian Hay to deal with the formation of the Kipling Society, but nothing came of this.

I almost think, now, that this could have finished the matter, but the fact that the Engineering Works which I managed became overrun with orders, necessitating a change to a much larger one, resulted in the only place which was suitable, the newly-built factory town at Slough, to which was shifted from Warrington our plant and skilled workers. Here, during the General Strike in 1926, I was working, on behalf of the Government, with the late Sir George MacMunn, who was also a strong Kipling fan; and it was Sir George's knowledge of, and influence with, a large number of prominent Kipling-lovers that led to the Inaugural Meeting on February 4th, 1927, at the Royal Automobile Club, when the following resolution was carried *nem. con.*: "That the Kipling Society be formed."

The officers were:—General Dunsterville, President; Lord Burnham, Chairman of Committee; Sir George MacMunn, Treasurer; myself, Hon. Secretary.

A marconigram was therefore sent to Kipling, on the R.S.M.P. Andes, *en route* to Rio, which gave him the above resolution and was signed by the six Founders, Lady Cunningham, Sir George MacMunn, G. C. Beresford, Guy Nickalls, A. Corbett-Smith and J. H. C. Brooking.

Readers' Guide to Mrs. "Bathurst"

by R. E. Harbord

FIRST printed in the *Windsor* and *Metropolitan Magazines* of September, 1904.

In the English magazine it was illustrated by Victor Prout with five black and white pictures.

The story was collected in the same year in *Traffics and Discoveries*. As collected it is accompanied by "From Lyden's Irenius" which seems to be one section of Kipling's uncompleted play *Gow's Watch*.

This is No. 4 of the seven "Pycroft" stories, and at one time Kipling signed a contract for it to be made into a play, but the time limit ran out.

No one is justified in saying Kipling wrote it with his tongue in his cheek nor that it is one he wrote to see how "bad" a story he could get away with (according to the author himself, a justifiable ambition). Except for details it is all so logical but not inevitable. It is possible that he spoilt it for some by too much pruning but not for all of us.

The central idea is well set out in the article by Colonel Barwick S. Browne in the *Kipling Journal* for December 1959. No one can say he has not fully considered the main theme. During the past twenty years he has made it his "particular," so it is a good idea to read the article in full and then try and suggest alternatives for the four improbabilities.

I agree that if it was quite clear that his four "difficulties" were implicit in the story it would not be a very good tale but most people like it very much indeed. However I think I can see clear and more likely alternatives, which fully explain the popularity and, indeed, make it one of Kipling's best stories.

Browne and I agree that earlier critics who thought the second body was not that of Mrs. Bathurst were wrong. The title is her name and it would be an offence against literature if her fate was not settled. There would have been no point in bringing in a second corpse if it was not hers and it would have been irrelevant and highly inartistic.

First Improbability. Browne's opinion of the lady is perhaps exclusively that of Sergeant Pritchard and I agree that she had always been of strict behaviour towards the men drinking in her inn, all the more so because of her deep love for Warrant Officer Vickery, but Pritchard would not have known about that.

My outlook on the lady is more that of 2nd Class Petty Officer Emmanuel Pycroft who said "there must have been a good deal between them" (page 353), also (348) "he 'ad a 15-year-old daughter. 'ave you ever found these little things make much difference?" Later he says—"It wasn't her fault" (349) and (362) "Whatever the wrong or deceit was he did it." So Pycroft contradicted himself quite a bit and I must assume that what he said would make the idea that Vickery had deceived Mrs. Bathurst into marrying him quite impossible. It is abundantly clear as the Colonel points out, that she was the dominant personality of the two and therefore it must have been her equal fault that they had been lovers.

If she had thought she was his legal wife why did she delay so long in coming to find him and why, as she did wait, did she not go on waiting until he was ready to take his pension in less than two years' time? He would then have been in a position to settle down and make a home for them both had they been legally married.

A legal marriage would have made her feel secure but she had a much more compelling reason: she knew she ought to have been his wife by the moral law and she realised that her own was the stronger character so that equal

blame lay on her. Therefore as soon as she heard of Mrs. Vickery's death she sold her business in New Zealand and set out to be with Vickery who could now be her husband.

If she had thought she was his wife already she would have been in regular correspondence for even if the address she had was no longer (or never had been) a good one, it was easy enough to trace a Warrant Officer through the Admiralty.

I agree, there would be no arguments that could have been used to make her acquiesce in secrecy about her marriage and continue to call herself Mrs. Bathurst, but as he was her lover only, that was, of course, the only possible thing to do.

She was no evil woman because in her middle age she fell desperately in love with a married man and in this infatuation, had made him her lover. However she now knew he was free and she was in London on her way to the man who meanwhile had bitterly repented of his unfaithfulness to his wife and, although still in love with Mrs. Bathurst, felt he must get away from her in self punishment.

Second and Third Improbabilities. I do not think there are any reasons to imagine that the Captain of H.M.S. Hierophant connived at desertion or that Vickery told lies to him, although his mind was deranged by his sin and his wife's untimely death; also by the somewhat unusual circumstances of that death. Perhaps, always a pious man, he was suffering from religious mania or some other form of temporary insanity; hence his extreme agitation. All this was clear to that shrewd naval officer the Captain who must have had plenty of experience of the family difficulties of his crew. He, realising that Vickery in that mood might well bolt from the ship, devised the up-country job at Bloemfontein for him, even going ashore to see the Admiral in all probability, so as to get the W.O. away from his ordinary routine in the hope of restoring his balance. No doubt Vickery liked the idea as it would make it more difficult for Mrs. Bathurst to get in touch with him. I offer no suggestion as to *how* she did actually join him up-country but can picture so many interesting possibilities, none of them needing any great stretch of the imagination.

The fact that in the end Vickery did desert need not diminish our admiration of the Captain and his attempt to prevent it happening.

Fourth Improbability. I agree in part but the fact that the pair appear to be down and out may only be partly true. Suppose she met him at Bloemfontein, 650 miles from Cape Town, or at Pretoria, 175 miles further up country, and agreed that they should go on to Livingstone near the Victoria Falls, an additional 650 miles—about 1,600 miles from Cape Town; all this must have taken their loose cash. Mrs. Bathurst had travelled from New Zealand to London and from London to Cape Town and some hundreds of miles up country, so although she probably still had funds in New Zealand or in London her available cash was used up. Vickery would not have had much cash when he left the ship **for** he would have been travelling on the rail on Government vouchers. Thus they were glad enough to accept a meal (364-3) and may well have **had to** go on from (say) Bulawayo on foot: this is more than half way from Pretoria to Livingstone. In those days it was not easy to get money transferred from Overseas to South Africa except possibly if one was in Cape Town, and they were not anxious to call attention to themselves, so they were making what progress they could when they were killed at Wankie (Wankie) only 60 or 70 miles from Victoria Falls, but 865 miles or more from Bloemfontein. I also agree that money would not have mattered much once they were at Livingstone for Vickery could easily have obtained a good job on railway construction, and they could be married.

The point of greatest importance at this time was that as soon as Vickery saw the lady again he was well content, as far as we can judge, to go on with her ; the old fascination held and his conscientious compunction vanished.

There is one more interesting question : why at this stage, after he had been joined by his wife-to-be, did they not both go back to Simonstown—he to face the Captain and explain why he had not returned as soon as he had done the job he had been sent to do ? The Captain would have understood such an explanation as temporary madness but Vickery would remember telling him of his intention to get away at all costs and would not expect to be dealt with other than as a deserter.

Now to get the more general notes into proper order. To the question " why was Kipling able to get away with six solid pages of padding at the start ? " I find it all so fascinating that it does not seem to be at all superfluous. Here he assembles his characters, gives us the outline of a delightful naval incident about 'boy' Niven, also some pictures of the spot on the beach and the district in general. Then we get quite a little article on deserting from the Royal Navy ; all these add to the great story he is telling.

Kipling himself says :

All I carried away from the magic town of Auckland was the face and voice of a woman who sold me beer at a little hotel there. They stayed! at the back of my head till ten years later when, in a local train of the Cape Town suburbs, I heard a Petty Officer of Simons Town telling a companion about a woman in New Zealand who " never scrupled to help a lame duck or put her foot upon a scorpion."

Then—precisely as the removal of the key-log in a timber-jam starts the whole pile—those words gave me the key to the face and voice at Auckland, and a tale called "Mrs. Bathurst" slid into my mind, smoothly and orderly as floating timber on a bank-high river."

Carrington, Kipling's biographer, writes :

A phrase he heard spoken at Christchurch, which afterwards he made the starting-point of a story called "Mrs. Bathurst"—

This does not correspond with the author's own note (above) so he must have deliberately misplaced her for Christchurch is 400 miles south of Hauraki.

(348-18). The following has appeared in a *Kipling Journal* :

There had not been an hotel at Hauraki and it is most unlikely there were any buildings at all in those days but it is only three miles from Devonport, the New Zealand naval base, and it may well be that it was Devonport he disguised at Hauraki.

However, to continue quoting Carrington :

Mrs. Bathurst is a strange and difficult tale. Ruddy had now quite outgrown the diffuseness and exuberance which marred some of the stories of his Allahabad period. He could afford to take his time, and let nothing go for press until it had been exhaustively edited and revised. It was not uncommon for the first draft of a story to be two or three times longer than its published form, as he whimsically explained." (see *Something of Myself*, page 208).

"He had not acquired this technique when he wrote 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft' : he perhaps overdid it when he shortened 'Mrs. Bathurst,' a complete story which would have supplied most writers with a full-length novel . . . It is one of the earliest allusions to the cinematograph in fiction, as it is perhaps the earliest use of the word IT for feminine charm."

(To be continued)

Letter Bag

" Mulvaney "

After taking so much space in *Journal* No. 130, I hesitate to write more about our Irish soldier ; but I feel that readers ought to have particulars of the various poems and verses about him and the other two, especially as so little of this has been collected. Here, then, is a list and, as before, I beg readers to make any additions and corrections.

1. BELTS. *Scots Observer*, July 26th, 1890. Collected in *Barrack Room Ballads*. etc. (Mulvaney's name is not mentioned, but the third verse is derived from the fourth verse of " The Way Av'ut "see below).
2. IRISH CONSPIRACY, THE. *Pioneer*, February 18th, 1889. (Garth Album); *Uncollected*.
3. LEVEE IN THE PLAINS, A. *Civil and Military Gazette*, May 26th, 1886. Collected in *Sussex Edition* Vol. XXXII, pp. 63-4. (Later these verses were adapted for use in the next item).
4. MULVANEY REGRETS, or MEMORABILIA YALENCIA. *Yale Literary Review*, May, 1896. A *Kipling Note Book*, 1899. *The Cornhill Booklet*, August, 1900.

(A declination, in verse, of an invitation to dine with the Kipling Club of Yale University : an adaptation of "A Levee in the Plains.")

5. PRIVATE ORTHERIS'S SONG. In "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1890. Collected in *Life's Handicap*, etc., and the song separately in *Poems* 1929 and subsequent complete verse collections.
6. SELLING THE CROSS. *St. James's Gazette*, February 3rd, 1890. *Uncollected*. (Topical : inspired by an advertisement by a man anxious to buy Victoria Crosses : Mulvaney states his opinion on the matter in no measured terms).
7. WAY AV'UT THE. *Pioneer*, October 8th, 1888. *Uncollected*. (Verses expressing Mulvaney's indignation that the Black Mountain Expedition of 1888 was to be a "teetotal" campaign. The fourth verse was used in " Belts." See above).

R. E. HARBORD

[*Note by the Editor* : For the sake of completeness three scraps of Mulvaney trivia (in prose) may be added :

A ROUND ROBIN. (Unsigned). Three letters in *The St. James's Gazette*, March 28th, 1890, from Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris about the new regulation Army bayonet.

THE DEATH OF MULVANEY. Letter from Kipling on this subject in *The Academy*, March 20th, 1897.

THE LAST OF THE STORIES. *The Week's News*, September 15th, 1888. *Abaft the Funnel*, 1909. There are several paragraphs in this sketch about "the Three Musketeers, dearest of all my children to me."

" Bubbling Well Road "

To excuse my presumption in seeking the help of the Society, may I begin by explaining that I am one of the very few people in this country who have ridden west from Chacharun by the Bubbling Well Road to my sub-division at Rajanpur, and that there are passages in the story of the Bubbling Well Road which I have never been able to understand. To most of us old Anglo-Indians—using the word in Kipling's own sense—Kipling has the power of evoking a scene by seizing on the salient features. He is a great painter who is never wrong in his composition of the landscape. I am thinking less of the descriptions of the hills in *Kin»* and of Kumharsain State in *Namgay Doola*, or of the Indus riverain at Mianwali in *The Head of the District* (which latter I believe to be based on the descriptions

of others), than of the occasional phrase which creates a whole landscape, such as in *Cupid's Arrows* "the sun left the valley, and little breezes got up in the deodars."

One can still find the place where his friends welcomed Krishna Mulvaney, and the trees and camping grounds on the Grand Trunk Road are exactly as Kipling left them. But Bubbling Well Road is different. To begin with, five miles west of Chachuran places the well in the middle of the Indus, and at least in the hot weather it would be under many feet of flood water. Secondly, though before partition there were Hindus resident in the small towns such as Kot Mithau, the Muslims who own the land would never have tolerated the residence of a *gosaïn* of all people in their grazing grounds. Thirdly, the depth to water even in the driest season would not be more than four feet. But in the story Kipling leans over the mouth of a well so deep that he could scarcely see the water in it. Fourthly, the well had in it a little spring, spouting half-way down one side. There are such wells in the sands below the desolate ridges of Gurgaon but none in the Indus riverain. Finally, why at the end of the story did Kipling propose to return some fine summer day to set the grass on fire? He must have known that the plumed jungle-grass is burnt in the late winter after the frosts have shrivelled it. In the summer it is too green to burn.

Can admirers of Kipling, better read than I, explain why in this one story he departs from the standard of exact truth which he sets himself in all his descriptions of the Punjab countryside? Are the mistakes deliberate? If they are, what is their purpose? As one who honours his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any, I find it hard to believe that they are accidental.

EX-SETTLEMENT-OFFICER.

"A Tour of Inspection"

I wonder why this story was not "collected". I prefer it to "The Horse Marines" or even "Bonds of Discipline."

It is in the same vein as "Steam Tactics," viz: adventures in the Narrator's car and brings in the lovely southern counties scenery with the same skill as in that story which constitutes much of its appeal.

For the rest, it is another romp, a very funny one, which I enjoyed immensely. One's critical faculties however need to be in abeyance, for the following circumstances transgress likelihood and, indeed, all credibility:

Crews of coasting-schooners do NOT provide crews for barges into which their cargo has been unloaded.

Barges, or rather LIGHTERS (as in this case) have no means of propulsion. It is therefore impossible for it to be "taken" anywhere except under tow, unless it is merely "warped" a short distance, from one bollard to another. Even then it would take more than one man and need the assistance of a capstan. There is no mention of towage, either by horse or launch, and the place to which the lighter was to be "taken" was far enough from the schooner to necessitate a *telephone* message from the works to report its non-arrival. And what launches crew, or what man in charge of a horse, would take in tow a lighter-load of ammunition manned by one *drunken* longshoreman?

I haven't a clue to the ditty beginning "Beef when you are hungry." Have you?

It is a sobering thought that bribery of a policeman should, not so long ago, have been thought venial—and why should the bobby have pleaded with Pyecroft not to "report" the fact that what was (wrongly) supposed to be a lighter-load of explosives was in charge of a drunken watchman, and unmarked by red flags?

Wapshare of course—Winchelsea.

I particularly like "The Welsh 'appened at the change of the watch when the Devil was in charge of the West Coast"!

R. D. MERRIMAN

" Mrs. Bathurst "

What did the villain do to Mrs. Bathurst ? What did he tell the Captain in his cabin that made the Captain look very grave and send him up country, where he was struck by lightning ? Why was the other chap who was struck by lightning, too, introduced. And, above all, how was Kipling allowed to get away with six solid pages of padding at the start of the story ?

Can anyone explain what happened between Vickery and Mrs. Bathurst, or why Vickery, having seen her walking toward the camera in a motion picture of the arrival of a train at an English railway station, shown at a circus in Durban (or was it Capetown ?), should have expressed such consternation? It was true, I know, that he had thought of her as still living in New Zealand, but why, even supposing they'd had a love affair, should her arrival in England when he was in South Africa have so disturbed him? Why, too, should he have made that cryptic remark to Pycroft that his lawful wife had died in childbirth? I often think I should like to insert a notice in *The Times* Personal Column, asking if some clever person would clear up the mystery of " Mrs. Bathurst " before it is too late.

HENRY CLAPP SMITH, 148 East 53rd Street, New York 22.

D.S.A. Branch. Report of Dinner Meeting

by CARL T. NAUMBURG

THE members of The Kipling Society in the New York area held their first gathering, a dinner meeting, on November 2nd at The Williams Club. There were 25 in attendance, including several guests of members.

Mr. Charles Lesley Ames of St. Paul gave an interesting address while showing his coloured " movies " taken during his recent travels in West Pakistan, which included numerous frontier scenes and views of Simla—parts of that country which were the background of many of Kipling's stories and verses. The pictures are excellent, colourful views of many places and a real experience for those privileged to see them. Mr. Ames received much applause and hearty appreciative praise.

Dr. Henry Neumann, Ph.D., a well-known scholar, lecturer at numerous colleges and universities, and a profound Kipling authority, delivered the principal address, " The Heritage of Rudyard Kipling," a very remarkable talk which to the great regret of his audience, was not recorded. He spoke of Kipling's continued doctrine of devotion to duty, work and accomplishment in contrast to the present-day attitude of slipshod indifference of many individuals and groups. His readings from Kipling's prose and poetry were excellent illustrations of his various points and were particularly well chosen. Kipling's distrust of Russia was cited by Doctor Neumann in his brief comments as to the brutality and inhumanity of present-day Communism in contrast to our times and those of Kipling's writings. Doctor Neumann's address was received with great enjoyment and equal praise by his fellow-members and was followed by prolonged applause and comment.

Colonel Drake showed a photostat copy of an early boyhood school questionnaire of Kipling's, showing his immature tastes and attitudes.

Mr. Joseph L. Dunlap, whose efforts contributed in no small degree to the evening, read a message from the London group which was much appreciated and met with a hearty response and thanks.

Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, Vice President and Honorary Secretary of the Society for the United States, presided.

Hon. Secretary's Notes

New Members in 1959. We are delighted to report that the record total of new members in 1958 (114) has been well beaten in 1959 (133). Full details will appear in the Annual Report, but we must tell everybody now that this splendid figure was reached largely through the recruiting activity of our U.S.A. Branch, which now itself boasts 157 members. All honour to them !

Paying Subscriptions (2). Referring to our note about this in the last Journal, will Overseas Members please forgive us if they occasionally receive a card marked " 2nd reminder " soon after posting their subscription in answer to the first one ? It is the slowness of " sea-mail " that is to blame. Ideally, perhaps, a longer gap than a month should be left between sending successive Overseas reminders, but our only hope of defeating the office-work is to stick to a rigid plan for routine matters such as this.

Thank you again.

A Rudyard Kipling School. A new Primary School which was recently opened at Chalkland Rise, South Woodingdean, near Brighton, has been named The Rudyard Kipling Primary School. The authorities intend to have a Kipling Exhibit or Kipling Corner on the premises, for which we have already been able to supply certain items. We are delighted to report that the School has joined the Kipling Society ; we welcome them heartily, and wish staff and pupils a most prosperous future.

Our modern R.K. Scrap-Book. Readers will remember that about 18 months ago we started a book of cuttings from the contemporary Press, as a guide to the extent that R.K. is still in people's minds. It now contains over 150 cuttings, but much more remarkable is the variety of stories and poems mentioned or quoted. At the time of writing the total score is 50 : 14 Stories and 36 Poems. Old favourites—Kim, Stalky, If, Mandalay, etc.—are of course common enough ; it is perhaps more surprising to find *The Captive*, *The Man Who Was and Thrown Away*, *The Anvil*, *Lichtenberg* and *The Vineyard*.

More cuttings still wanted, please.

Stumped Again ! Another Competition Question has been fired at us from all over the country, by letter, postcard and telephone. Where is the famous " Triumph and Disaster " couplet written up *in gold* ? The last two words are the snag ; we did know that the lines appear above the Wimbledon Centre Court (Players' Entrance), but the obliging young lady on the spot whom we telephoned kindly went out to inspect them, and much to our disappointment reported : " In Black." (In fact, Wimbledon was the answer).

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are—U.K. : Mmes. C. K. Benson, N. Fitzgerald, M. Hill ; Misses A. Coulton, S. V. Macleod, E. M. Worster ; Lt.-Col. G. C. L. Crichton ; Messrs. M. A. Anderson, E. L. Coles, P. W. Inwood, L. H. P. Meyer, O. W. Mitchell, G. R. Pember, C. W. Thomas, C. R. Williams, S. W. Wright ; Rudyard Kipling Primary School (Brighton). N. Ireland : Mrs. R. Crawford. Malaya : D. A. Earp. Nigeria : C. R. W. Mitchell. U.S.A. : Mmes. F. W. Coan, L. Lunt ; Prof. H. Heaton ; Messrs. F. Anderson, E. W. Andrews, A. Bean, J. S. Harvey Jr., R. S. Kennedy, W. Kennedy, J. M. Kingsley, O. W. Knauth, J. G. Ordway, B. Stein, H. M. Turner, H. E. Wood ; St Paul Academy (Minn.).

You are all most welcome.

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