



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY



NEW SERIES 32-PAGE ISSUE

SEPTEMBER, 1961

VOL. XXVIII

No. 139

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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., C.M.G., M.C (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, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/- ; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/- ; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at 323 High Holborn, W.C.1, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling — CHAncery 1509.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, November 15th, 1961, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, September 20th, 1961, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Which is Kipling's funniest story ? Introduced by Mr. P. W. Inwood.

Wednesday, November 15th, same place and time.

" Wee Willie Winkie ", " His Majesty the King " and " Baa, Baa, Black Sheep " will be introduced for discussion by Mr. R. L. Green.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will take place on Thursday, October 19th, 1961, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

The Guest of Honour will be Professor Charles Carrington, M.C, author of " Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work ". Application forms will be sent out this month.

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NEWS AND NOTES

" DROPPED THIS IN FORME "

" I was about to say, before you volunteered your criticism, that an accident must have befallen the paper in type ". As usual Kipling produces the appropriate quotation. But this time our Printers have supplied a perfect example of what Mr. King thought had gone wrong with his Exam. paper. Page 3 of the last *Journal* (No. 138) may be taken as an illustration to a future note in *The Reader's Guide* on page 242 of *Stalky & Co.* As in Mr. King's case, the proofs had been read and passed by the author before the page was " dropped in forme " ; a cancel page is enclosed in the present *Journal* to replace it.

" THAT DAY AT NAVARINO "

Pausing earlier this year to look over the beautiful and historic bay where Greek independence was finally won on 20th October 1827, the haunting lines of the song which " Uncle Harry " sang on his death bed in *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep* seemed to ring in my ears and bring that " battle long ago " before my eyes more vividly than any page in a history book.

" Our vanship was the Asia —
The Albion and Genoa ! — "

" ' He's getting well ', thought Black Sheep, who knew the song through all its seventeen verses . . . The voice leapt an octave, and rang shrill as a boatswain's pipe :—

" And next came on the lovely Rose,
The Philomel, her fire-ship, closed,
And the little Brisk was sore exposed,
That day at Navarino " .

What was the song, and who wrote it? And are the other verses still extant? These questions have been asked more than once, but nobody has ever answered them. If the ballad were not a known and recognised one, it seems extraordinary that no one asked Kipling to write out all that he remembered of it, so that it should not be lost. But Sir Charles Firth, for example, who collected *Naval Songs and Ballads* for the Navy Records Society in 1907 (the volume is still on the shelves in Kipling's study at Bateman's), merely quotes the verse from "*Baa, Baa, Black Sheep* " in his Introduction, and notes that it is the third ballad on the subject that he has come across.

My own researches have produced four poems, each called "The Battle of Navarino", none of which resembles that quoted by Kipling, except of course in so far as that all describe the same battle. Two are in contemporary periodicals, one is by Thomas Campbell, and the fourth is included (anonymously) in Frank Rinder's *Naval Songs and Ballads* (c. 1895). The superficial similarity may be shown by quoting four lines from this:—

" Now, the Turk thought our ships were his prey
 And hoped soon to take them in tow-a,
 The *Asia* then led on the way,
 And next came the brave ship *Genoa* ".

Enquiries at the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich produced another ballad, a real "broad-sheet" this time, written by "a saucy foremast Jack, to the *Dartmouth* does belong", in twenty-seven verses and a chorus. The relevant verses, which are supplied by the kindness of Mr. J. Munday, the Assistant Keeper, run:

" It was the noble *Asia* led the van
 Of all the combined fleet,
 The next the saucy *Dartmouth*
 Her haughty foe to meet.
 The next that followed was the bold *Genoa*
 A vessel fine and brave,
 And then the gallant *Albion*
 Whose fame spreads o'er the wave.
 The next it was the *Talbot*,
 The *Philomel* and the *Rose* ;
 And well they played their part, my boys,
 Amid their Turkish foes ".

Unless Kipling had a very vague recollection of this ballad, plus "Uncle Harry's" recollections of the *Brisk*, and made up his song on the strength of it, it still seems that the ballad we want eludes search. It is quite likely that one such as that quoted was made up by another "saucy Jack" on the little *Brisk* itself, was never printed, and is now lost save for the six lines which Kipling included in the story. But the search goes on.

"UNCLE HARRY"

Almost as elusive as his song is "Uncle Harry" himself. He and "Aunt Rosa" naturally paraded under pseudonyms in Kipling's story (but there are some rather terrifying drawings of her by Kipling on the MS—apparently a "fair copy"—in the Berg Collection in the New York Public Library).

It is uncertain when the actual name, Holloway, first appeared in print. It is not given by Hilton Brown, but Carrington (p. 524, Note 4 on Chapter II) gives it as "Captain H. Holloway, R.N., 4 Campbell Road, Southsea". In this, following Kipling, he is wrong in two respects. Kipling (*Something of Myself*, p.5) calls Holloway "an old Navy Captain, who had been a midshipman at Navarino, and had afterwards been entangled in a harpoon-line while whale-fishing". That the

only Holloway in the Navy List in 1849 died in 1854 should have caused a doubt, which Kipling's casual references ought to have made a certainty : how did a Navy Captain happen to be whale-fishing? And (Carrington's second slip) ought we to assume that " Uncle Harry " was Holloway's real name?

The City Librarian of Portsmouth, Mr. H. Sargeant, F.L.A., kindly supplied the next link in the chain of research, by sending at my request the appropriate entries from the Rate Books and Directories of the period for 4 Campbell Road (it was called " Havolock Park " until 1874). From the " Rate made on the First day of July 1872 " until that made on the First day of January 1874, the name of the occupier is " Pryse Holloway ". From the First day of April 1875 onwards the name of the occupier is " Sarah Holloway " (the owner was originally " Gardner ", and later " Elliott "). The earliest Directory gives " Mrs. Holloway, Lorne Lodge, Campbell Road — last house " in 1881. In 1887 she is " Mrs. Pryse Holloway " ; she is last included in 1896.

Further research by Mr. Munday solved the problem. He writes as follows :—

" Through the kindness of Commander W. E. May, R.N., the Deputy Director here, we are now able to provide the following from the P.R.O. :

H.M.S. Brisk.

Pryse Agar Holloway, entered and appeared 18th June 1824, Volunteer 1st Class. Born Charlbury, Oxfordshire, Age : 14. Promoted Midshipman 18th November 1825.

Ship was paid off 3rd June 1829. No record of Holloway's ever having passed his examination for Lieutenant, or of his having had further employment.

So you see he was a *Middy* in the little *Brisk* on the glorious 20th Oct. 1827 after all ! "

HOLLOWAYS AND OTHERS

It follows from this, that Pryse Holloway transferred to the Merchant Navy after leaving the *Brisk* in 1829, and became in time " Captain Holloway ", but *not* R.N. This accounts for his experience when whale-fishing, and probably for his familiarity with the officers on board " the *Alert* (or *Discovery*) returned from Arctic explorations" (*Something of Myself*, p. 5).

The link with Charlbury also explains why Kipling was taken to Oxford as a boy by the Holloways, and could speak knowingly of " Charley Symonds' stable " in Holywell Street, and visited Edward Hawkins, the octogenarian Provost of Oriel : the visit must have been in 1873 or 1874.

It seems probable that Pryse Holloway (born 1810) was the fourth son of Benjamin Holloway of Charlbury, whose fifth son, Henry, born 1812, became a Fellow of New College. Henry himself died in 1850, but there were at least three other brothers, and there were Holloways at Charlbury with younger sons going into the Church (and so being

educated at Oxford and appearing in *Alumni Oxonienses*) for over a century.

Kipling's visit to the ship, *Alert* or *Discovery*, seems to have been in October 1876, when the Arctic Expedition returned to Portsmouth after wintering further north than any ships so far (they had left the same port in May of the previous year)—which would be one or two years after Captain Holloway's death. It is possible that the link was through Captain Nares of the *Alert*, leader of the Expedition, who had been a member of the Expedition on the *Resolute* in 1852-4: it is not improbable that Holloway was also on board. Unfortunately there is no record of his service: he is not mentioned in the lists kept by the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen—but these only began about 1851 by which time he was too old and tried a Captain *to* bother to take out a certificate.

Here, anyhow, is ground for future research. Another possible link, though admittedly a tenuous one, is that the Naturalist on the *Discovery* in the 1875-6 Arctic Expedition was Henry Chichester Hart. He appears to have been the nephew by marriage of Elizabeth Anna Hart, author of the "blue and fat" book and the "brown and fat" book (*Poems Written for a Child* 1868 and *Child-Nature* 1869) which influenced Kipling so strongly at "Lorne Lodge". He seems to have found the books there, and also the volume of *Sharpe's Magazine* for which Mrs. Hart and her sister Menella Smedley wrote, and this may not have been pure chance. But genealogical information about the Harts is almost as meagre as that about the Holloways—or the Kiplings.

KIPLING'S BEST STORIES

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep may not be one of Kipling's greatest stories, but it holds a special place in the affection of many readers. My challenge to members of the Society to better my selection of the twenty-four best has at last met with a response. Mr. Frank Winmill writes:—

"I suppose that nothing he wrote is without merit, and one can only say 'this I like and find myself coming back to', and, on the other hand 'that does not touch me'. In my first category I include twenty of your twenty-four. In the second I put 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft', 'The Head of the District', 'The Vortex' and 'Dayspring Mishandled'! In place of these I put 'My Lord the Elephant', 'A Disturber of Traffic', 'Little Foxes' and 'In the Presence'. I prefer 'Regulus' to 'The Propagation of Knowledge' . . ."

This, of course, borders upon one's personal favourites rather than a disinterested attempt to choose Kipling's best. I pointed out three in my original list which were not favourites of my own and suggested personal substitutes. It is fatally easy to begin listing either personal (but not general) favourites, like "Krishna Mulvaney" and "His Majesty the King", and stories one does not re-read for pure inclination like "With the Night Mail", "The Army of a Dream", "The Ship that Found Herself" and ".007".

But as Mr. Winmill says, no Kipling story seems to be completely without merit. To dip into a volume for a favourite means, almost in-

evitably, to re-read the whole book : *Traffics and Discoveries* is probably the only collection of which this is not true — for me ! But even that volume contains favourites, while even from *Limits and Renewals* one could dispense with at least one story.

BATEMAN'S

In 1960 the house was visited by 5,453 people. It is now to let, and the following advertisement was published by the National Trust earlier this summer :—

"THE NATIONAL TRUST
invites offers to lease, as from 29th September 1961, the well-known Residential and Agricultural Estate

BATEMANS
BURWASH, SUSSEX
293 acres

for many years the home of Rudyard Kipling, close to the picturesque old village and Etchingham Station with hourly trains to the City in 75 minutes, comprising
a beautiful 17th Century

SUSSEX IRONMASTER'S HOUSE

in a superb setting, containing 6/7 Bedrooms, 2 Bathrooms, Hall, Cloakroom, 4 Reception Rooms, modern Kitchen and Offices. Complete recently installed oil-fired Central Heating. Main Water and Electricity. Self-contained Staff Annexe. 2 Garages. Outbuildings. Notably lovely Gardens intersected by pretty Trout Stream. FIRST-CLASS DAIRY FARM with modern block of Buildings including large covered Yard for self-feed Silo ; Milking Parlour. BAILIFF'S HOUSE. 6 MODERNISED COTTAGES. Well-farmed, productive Land on Southerly slope.

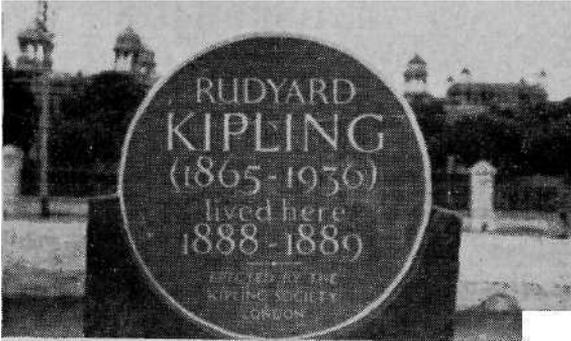
To be let to an approved tenant who will be responsible for opening the showrooms to visitors on stated days and will receive a share of the admission fees. Offers also considered for the House, Garden, Staff Annexe, one Cottage, Outbuildings, Garden and Grounds *Only*. Preliminary interview must be arranged by letter with the National Trust, Polesden Lacey, Dorking, Surrey, or with Mr. David Bennett, Estate Office, High Street, Heathfield (Tel. : 533), when further particulars and plan may be obtained and appointment made to view."

SOURCE WANTED

Dr. Morton N. Cohen of the City College, New York, asks if any member can give the reference for the following Kipling quotation :—

" I will be the word of the people. Mine will be the bleeding mouth from which the gag is snatched. I will say everything."

R.L.G.



THE PLAQUE AT ALLAHABAD UNIVERSITY

In Journal No. 130 (June 1959) we announced that, at the suggestion of Allahabad University, we were having a Plaque made for erection where Kipling lived for a short time when on the staff of *The Pioneer*. This has now been done, as our pictures show, at the entrance to R.K.'s old compound, the actual bungalow being in bad repair. The University Senate House can be seen at the back of one picture.

The erection was delayed by what *The Evening Standard* called "a bit of fuss", but in the end it was unveiled last March by none other than Mr. Krishna Menon, who began an amusing and knowledgeable speech by commenting that, at one time, he might have seemed an unlikely candidate for the task. We have heard, too, that the owner of the compound, who began by opposing the project, is now enthusiastic, and means to take extra measures to ensure the Plaque's safety.

None of all this could have happened without the great help of The British Council, who not only arranged and paid for the transport to India, but actually paid half the cost of the Plaque itself. We thank them very much indeed.

A E B P



THE REGULARS: A NOTE ON "SOLDIERS THREE" AND "MILITARY TALES"

by Eric Solomon

J. M. S. Tompkins has recently pointed out that Rudyard Kipling's tales dealing with the First World War fall into two categories: the stories are of men either crushed into neurosis by war's horror or strengthened into forceful activity by war's demands.¹ In either case war's *results* provide Kipling with his subjects, and combat receives only sketchy, peripheral treatment. Interestingly enough, Rudyard Kipling's earliest military tales reflect a similar refusal to deal directly with the realities of battle. It was not only the shocking slaughter of World War I, the casualty lists of which included his son, that drove Kipling to avoid descriptions of military action; even in the late 1880's the supposedly bloodthirsty author wrote little that could accurately be called war fiction.

Only three of the twenty-four stories in *Soldiers Three and Military Tales* (1888), "The Taking of Lungtungpen", "With the Main Guard", and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" — treat at any length troops fighting. Instead, Kipling's chosen subject is the garrison army at rest. He writes of the troops that exist on the outposts of empire to fight against the restive natives, but that, at least in Kipling's pages, spend most of their time in quarters. And his picture of army life is brilliantly realistic. He evokes the very smells and sounds of the barracks and the parade ground. The humorous effects are strictly military — escaping an inspection, carrying through the day's duty although drunk, courting the sergeant-major's daughter. The elements of melodrama are military — the homesickness of the private soldier that leads to madness, the confrontation of an over-zealous officer, the plot to kill a sergeant.

The details of horror and real intensity, however, come from aspects of life that are only incidentally military. Kipling picks on the Indian heat that drives men mad or the cholera that destroys their bodies. Combat for Zola and Tolstoy was the perfect means for expressing life's brutalities and tragedies as they appear to the military man, but Kipling refuses the gambit.

Why does the poet who has made the World of the British Tommy his own avoid the depiction of war in his fiction? The rituals of parade and inspection are perhaps the formal transfigurations of war, but they are not the real thing. I believe that of all Kipling's critics, Lionel Trilling comes closest to explaining the paucity of battle description in the stories. Kipling strove mightily to partake of the spirit of secret fellowship, says Mr. Trilling, to feel that he was a comrade of his military figures.² He was a comrade as far as the civil servant could experience the specialized language and allusion of the events recalled in tranquility. I think that Kipling was simply embarrassed when he had to write about such a serious aspect of life as battle, an aspect that remained alien to his own experience. Therefore his fiction tells mainly

of the phases of military life he knew : the parades and guardhouses, the anecdotes of discipline and alcohol, the terrors of sun, disease, and homesickness.

Kipling's military tales reflect the verities of life in the Indian service. His narrative technique is simple; the setting is usually one of peace where the old soldiers retell their past struggles. Occasionally the scene involves some action — a dull search for a sniper provides the frame in "On Greenhow Hill"—and the tranquil past is evoked for contrast. The author or his narrator is always present to control the effect of the story and to delimit the distress or suspense of the content by the assurance that the events described are over and done with and that everything is again comfortable and safe. The reader is kept at a certain distance midway between intellectual reserve and emotional involvement.

The army is a self-contained world and has its own virtues of bravery and friendship. The regiment is the nation to which the inhabitants of this army world look for identity and loyalty. The colonel — just, implacable, but often kind — is the ruler. The officers carry out the ruler's law : they are idealized father-images (even when very young) like the saintly Bobby Wick in "Only a Subaltern." Finally come the enlisted men, comic and careless, who speak a dialectal patois, either cockney, brogue, or north-country. Somewhere outside of this scale stands the gentleman-ranker — the subject of the story "Black Jack " — the wild, doomed private soldier of the type introduced by Scott in the person of Sergeant Bothwell.

Rigid as the type-casting of these enlisted men may seem on the surface, Ortheris being a proud little bantam cock, Learoyd a faithful sluggish foil, and Mulvaney a witty alcoholic stage Irishman, all three endowed with the cardinal army virtue of indomitable courage — these are not the usual run of flat characters who appear in war fiction. Kipling, who ordinarily sympathizes with the under-dog, makes an often successful attempt to assign depth and motivation to his stereotypes of enlisted men. Thus, Ortheris is capable of moody moments of despair and is once driven to desert because of his longing to be back in London (" The Madness of Private Ortheris "). Mulvaney regrets his addiction to whiskey and is often a tragic, wasted, demon-ridden figure (" The Courting of Dinah Shadd "). As for the stolid Learoyd, he tells the most moving story of all in his quiet account of the bitter betrayal of love that drives a man to take the queen's shilling (" On Greenhow Hill "). Actually, Kipling is not establishing anything new here. The convention of a company made up of typed characters, each with a certain individuality of dialect and race, which has become a cliché of modern war fiction, appears as early as the captains Fluellen, Macmorris and Gower of *Henry V*. Kipling uses the three racial strains of his heroes to indicate the universality of the military microcosm.

Beyond his famous three, Kipling relies on near-anonymous figures who speak and act without being personified physically or mentally. Certain of these minor characters stand out in sharp relief, as the sergeant in " With the Main Guard " who sits on a young officer and refuses to let him throw his life away in his first battle ; the momentary

portrait of the sergeant is vivid and believable.³ In the same story, Captain Crook O'Neil, a wonderfully memorable character, exists only in the brief context of his command function. The personified elements in Kipling's stories are the regiment themselves, the Lancers, Highlanders, Black Tyrone, etc. Even though the soldiers who take part in a battle are anonymous, they are vital within the collective personalities of their regiments. When Kipling describes the emotion of fear in combat, instead of studying an individual, he concentrates on an entire regiment ("The Drums of the Fore and Aft") making a differentiation only between the angry officer group and the panic-stricken enlisted men.

The army is a separate world; on that point the author is clear. This does not preclude nostalgia for home and England and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." More typical is the defensive attitude that conceives of the army world as a good and necessary one. Such an approach is most fully expressed in the hostility and bitterness of the poem "Tommy". The inhabitants of the war world are no different from normal Victorian Englishmen, says Kipling, it is the world itself that is unique:

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
 But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
 Why single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints. . . .

Within this world it is the group, be it the overall protective body of the regiment or the tighter family of the company, that is important. Kipling writes, "Once upon a time, very far from England, there lived three men who loved each other so greatly that neither man or woman could come between them" (p. 41). Nor author, we might add, for Kipling's fiction is marked by a tone of envy directed towards the fraternal spirit of army life from which the reporter and civil servant is excluded. Kipling employs the regimental associations for sentimental purposes; he achieves through the personification of the group the emotion that does not emanate from his shadowy individuals. Death is given a tragic meaning by the depiction of the regiment's return from battle, the horses saddle-empty, the dead march playing (p. 338). Kipling understands that in war no man is an island. In battle formation . . . "each man felt himself desperately alone, and edged in towards his fellow for comfort's sake" (p. 509). The theme of much modern fiction — the dread of isolation — is basic to Kipling's *Military Tales*.

The youth-to-experience leitmotiv that recurs in the Continental war novels of the nineteenth century is only briefly noticed by Kipling, who is strongly attracted to the character of the veteran. In *Soldiers Three* young recruits and young subalterns alike have entered a new world and must, in Mulvaney's words, be blooded in order to develop from "raw bhoys" to steady veterans and learn "the vartue av the ould soldier that knows his orf'cer's work an' does ut . . ." (p. 323). Although such a growth from innocence to experience takes place, Kipling does not deal with the problem of character development in war. His subalterns are all born with the stuff in them; they simply have to learn the rules (p. 247). The psychological trauma of the individual who

must face the facts of killing and being killed does not occur in Kipling's pre 1915 war stories.

When he does choose fear in battle as his subjects, Kipling considers that it comes from ignorance of war's nature and disappears automatically with experience. In "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" the shame brought forth by the regiment's betrayal of the army ethic is not condoned, but Kipling takes an ironic point of departure. Irony has not been previously evoked in English war fiction, with the possible exception of Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*. The classic example of the sardonic view of war appeared in Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de parme*. Here war is represented as death, cowardice, and the absence of glory and honour. Stendhal's hero learns that war does not bring about a noble resurgence of patriotic souls. To compare Stendhal's wry rejection of war to Kipling's whole-hearted acceptance of the military way of life may seem paradoxical. While Kipling does not scoff at war, he still reserves an ironic manner for his battle scenes. (Indeed, a vague irony underlies the whole of *Soldiers Three*, which stresses the contrast between the soldiers' wild intemperance in garrison and their steady obedience in combat).

"The Drums of the Fore and Aft" is the story of a regiment that succumbs to inexperience and breaks and runs in its first battle. The tone is bantering. A bullet casually flicks out the brains of a private seated by the fire (p. 500); "the battle was to be a glorious battle" (p. 505); the author grants that men may have "a lingering prejudice in favour of life" (p. 511).

The story ends on a note of double irony. The regiment has regained some vestige of honour by returning to the battle, spurred on by the sight of two young drummer boys left behind in the rout who gallantly play the charge until killed by the enemy. Irony? The two boys, the only individuals characterised in the tale, are amoral ruffians; at the moment of heroism they are blind drunk on rum filched from a soldier's canteen. The story concludes with the author's tongue-in-cheek comment on the official report of the engagement, "... how an Army of Communication had been crumpled up, destroyed, and all but annihilated by the craft, strategy, wisdom, and foresight of the Brigadier" (p. 525). The final sight is that of the bodies of the two boys being tumbled into a communal ditch-grave.

It is illuminating to examine the images and symbols in Kipling's war passages in order to formulate a judgment of his method of displaying combat in fiction. Kipling's diction relishes the Martini-Henrys, the *kukris* (Goorkha knives), and the screw-guns. In the final story of *Soldiers Three*, "A Conference of the Powers", Mr. Eustace Cleever (Thomas Hardy?), the great author of "As it Was in the Beginning"—a novel remarkable for its use of dialect—is totally confused by the language employed by three eager young subalterns who have recourse to army colloquialisms to describe their experiences. The knowledgeable narrator, Kipling, enjoys the discomfiture of Cleever, who pleads "What in the world does that mean? Has the army a language of its own?" (p. 574). Kipling condescendingly translates these "interludes in a strange tongue", and he explains that the speech provides "'Pro-

fessional information — like the Mississippi pilots' talk . . . ' " (p. 576). This "pose of superior wisdom"⁴ characterizes almost all of Kipling's work — with the great exception of the actual descriptions of the battles he had never seen. Here the connoisseur of professional jargon slips into escapist diction.

The story "With the Main Guard" develops around the spirited competition among the soldiers to see who can take the most active part in the combat. The author is charmed with little Ortheris' eager efforts to poke around the enemies' legs with his bayonet; Kipling sympathizes with the feelings of rage and shame experienced by a fledgling officer who is forcibly removed from the fray and kept on the sidelines. Ortheris mentions that the pit entrance to the Old Vic on a crowded night is more dangerous than the death struggle (p. 158). According to Mulvaney, "'Each does ut [kills] in his own way, like makin' love . . .'" (p. 160). A ghastly death is expressed casually, if metaphysically, "' . . . an' the next minut his head was in two halves and he wint down grinnin' by sections'" (p. 161). The battle is "lovely;" the combatants are close as sticks "on a lady's fan" (p. 165); it is "gentlemen's work;" the stalls and the gallery appreciate the performance (p. 166). In another tale, Ortheris kills "with the smile of an artist who looks on the completed work" (p. 231).

While it is possible that Kipling employs the metaphor of the theatre and polite society partially to denigrate the importance of an aspect of life from which he has been excluded, it is also clear that he is using these frivolous metaphors for serious ironic purposes. Certainly his images shock the reader.

Kipling often indicates the grimmer aspects of battle by an extensive use of animal imagery. At first glance, this may appear to be a commonplace. The phrase "men run like a flock of sheep" is so traditional that it hardly deserves the term of simile. Stendhal, however, was fascinated by the aptness of the comparison for a description of men at war.⁵ Ortheris stresses the image with intensity, "'Men is sheep — bloomin' sheep'" (p. 273). The image turns up again and again in the book. A new regiment is like "dumb sheep" (p. 37); or "rotten as sheep" (p. 503).

The imagery is extended to include most animal life. A soldier spits blood like a whale (p. 166); an officer entering combat for the first time is a whelp to be blooded (pp. 168, 325); when the slaughter ceases, the soldiers appear growling "like dogs over a bone that has been taken away too soon" (p. 169). Kipling employs the words "ox," "pigs," "hog," "terriers," and "spiders" in his battle scenes. While the charge of brutality is not totally vitiated by the tone of these images, still, Kipling shows a certain disgust with the processes of war, and if war is a game, it is a "beastly" one.

FOOTNOTES

1. See J. M. S. Tompkins, "Rudyard Kipling" (London, 1959), p. 187 ff.
2. Lionel Trilling, "The Liberal Imagination" (New York, 1950), p. 120.
3. Rudyard Kipling, "Soldiers Three and Military Tales" (New York, 1897), p. 162. All subsequent reference to this edition will appear in the text.
4. Hilton Brown, "Rudyard Kipling" (New York, 1945), p. 139.
5. See Stendhal (Marie-Henri Beyle), "La Chartreuse de parme," translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff (New York, 1954), p. 64.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

by John Maynard

READERS of Kim remember the graybearded Museum keeper, and most of them know that the Museum keeper was Lockwood Kipling, the father of Rudyard. He was the Principal of the Lahore School of Indian Arts and Crafts, and the duty of Museum Keeper was added to this in accordance with an economical precedent which doubles posts without increasing salaries. He worked in the 'little wooden cubicle partitioned off from the sculpture-lined gallery', in the large low one-storeyed building which was the Museum and is now the Meat Market, and outside stood the great green bronze gun, the Zamzameh, on which Kim was astride when the story opened. The curious will find the gun now a hundred yards or so from that spot, opposite to the new Museum, which still admits visitors free of charge as in Kim's day.

With the usual luck of completely undeserving youth, having nothing but youth to commend it, I found myself being personally conducted round the Museum by the authentic Museum keeper, in the company of a lady of some fame. This was Miss Isabella Bird (Mrs. I. L. Bishop) who, having travelled through the Rocky Mountains, Korea, Kurdistan and elsewhere, and having recorded her experiences there in certain lively works of travel, had finally made her way from somewhere in Central Asia into the Himalayas. I met her as she passed through the Indian States which lie to the north of Simla and gave her some help on her march; and she in return opened some interesting doors for me, of which that of the Museum keeper was one.

Miss Bird was one of the anticipators. Years before the vogue of Ibsen, she had discovered the secret of wedded happiness in an extension of the privilege which has lately been crystallized in the words 'a room of one's own'. But remembering Bleak House and Mr. Jarndyce, who withdrew from public view when the wind was in the east, I would rather call it the Female Growlery. The Boudoir, the pouting place, if words meant anything, should have served this purpose: But somehow it has not done so: and women have had to wait for very recent times (and perhaps for economic independence) to get the privilege of growlery, so long enjoyed by the usurping male. Miss Bird's idea of a growlery was a wide one, opening out into the great untravelled spaces: but the conception in essentials was the same, the right and the power to get away upon occasion from those who love you. On her marriage, she had claimed intervals of solitary travel, and she had exercised to the full extent the stipulated privilege, packing her trunks from time to time for yak, llama, tarantass, camel, or mule, as the humour urged.

I have read somewhere of a lady who dealt more hardly than this in her bargain with her husband. The house was hers and he was to reside in it as a visitor for periods of maximum duration. When time was up, he found his bag packed, and laid ready for removal by the front door. There was a womanly consideration about this. He would never have packed his wife's bag.

The procedure was different in the two cases but the idea was a common one. The fraying of the fine fabric of the human temper is saved by separation.

Miss Bird rode through her worldwide growlery for thousands of miles on the most varied of mounts, in spite of a spinal affection, and she had always a fresh and receptive mind during and at the end of her journeys. She plied the Museum keeper with questions which showed that she had not travelled in vain, and I kept eyes and ears open and said little, being present, as Indians say, on the footing of the guest who is tolerated at the feast because another guest has brought him, not because he was himself invited.

John Lockwood Kipling was a little man with a big head, and with eyes for everything. I have seen him watch for an hour or more the play of two lizards on the floor of a warm southern verandah. He was not of those who would, like the poet,

Nor heed nor see
What things they be :
Yet from these create he can
Things more real than living man.

He saw and studied the bright-eyed beasts themselves, and some day he would give you a picture of them in one of those drawings (you may see them among the pages of *Kim*) which recall an earthenware plaque or sometimes a metal bas-relief. His original craft was the potter's, and the whole grouping and conception in his illustrations shows the bent which that training had given.

He led us through that startling collection of north-western sculpture in which the religious ideas of Buddhism have been expressed by fingers familiar with Greek forms and Greek artistic tradition : and showed us how the draperies remembered from Pheidias had been fashioned on the shoulders of Indian courtiers and attendants, and how the figure of Buddha, left vacant or indicated by a royal umbrella in Indian art elsewhere, was here represented in human shape, like a Greek God or Hero. Then he took us to the wooden gateways and verandahs which have been brought from eighteenth and early nineteenth century houses, and we saw the Indian Mohammedan tradition of floral decoration and arabesque, before we passed on to the wood inlaid with brass or with bone or with wood of a different colour, to the collection of unfamiliar musical instruments, to the stamped leather, to the brass figures, and all the other achievements of Indian handiwork, some since dead or kept precariously alive for a sadly shrinking market. He never forgot that art is, or ought to be, alive, and he talked to us about its economic conditions, how you must buy and season your own wood and material, and keep the craftsman in food and clothing while he carries out your order, because he has no stock and no capital, just as the good Canons of York kept the glassworkers alive while they made the Five Sisters windows. The decay which has gone so far since was threatening even then, because a man could earn more by faster, less lovingly careful work, and because possible purchasers were tempted by crude and garish objects made expressly for export from machine workshops in the west. We saw how the Museum keeper was pitting his inventive-

ness and his market-sense, as well as his artistic perception, against a revolution which easy communications and the novelty of cash payments were preparing for the Indian crafts.

There was no better illustration of his peculiar genius for the task of injecting fresh life into the still vigorous, if threatened, body of indigenous art than this one. Because of the climate, which demands great height in the rooms and excludes the possibility of windows except the clerestory windows just under the roof, wall space in the normal Indian house of the well-to-do is of very great dimensions. The habit has formed itself of covering up these great spaces of whitewash or distemper with draperies and hangings. The Museum keeper devised an art print, at a price of only a few pence a yard, suited to small purses, to cover some of the nakedness which the conditions of the country make inevitable. A dull red was the predominant colour and the general impression, and the print was divided into a series of horizontal strips above and rectangular panels below. One of the horizontal strips having a whitish ground was decorated with lines of marching men, elephants and horsemen, conventionalized into a restful pattern. In the rest, free use was made of the geometrical and floral conventions. For a modest number of shillings you had a dado five feet high round the indecently bare flanks of your sitting room : and you could supplement this at will with embroideries having tiny mirrors interspread with the needlework, and other inexpensive and beautiful Indian fabrics.

Here was a product of knowledge and ingenuity on several different planes : the work of a man who knew the purses and the tastes of the European, the conditions and the capacities of the Indian craftsmen, and the adjustment which would yield the artistic result. If wit could have saved Indian art out of the deluge of combined economic and social change, Lockwood Kipling would have done it. I do not undervalue the skill and the devotion of his successors in those two tasks of his, the Museum and the School of Art, when I say that the battle which they have had to fight in the second of the two has been a losing one.

That visit of mine to the Museum and the School was the beginning of friendship with the Kipling family. I even had the opportunity in a remote part of the rural Punjab of carrying out a modest job in Lockwood's own line. The villages, or at least the houses of the more well to do in the villages, were full of specimens of a very fresh and effective art, that of woodcarving. There were wooden gateways at the main entrances, with side posts and lintels profusely carved, sometimes with floral patterns and arabesques, sometimes with objects which had interested the craftsman and struck him as suitable for ornament, such as railway trains (which are of perennial interest to the Indian villager). I travelled round and obtained for Lockwood drawings of many of these gateways, employing as my draftsman for the purpose the Persian Turk, whom I have elsewhere introduced to the reader under the name of the Slave of the Most Merciful.

The Kiplings were a devoted family. They loved one another dearly, and they thought very highly (and justly) of one another's capacities. Mrs. Kipling was one of a band of charming and gifted sisters, who married distinguished men and had distinguished descen-

dants. For artists they evidently had a very particular attraction. One sister, unmarried when I knew her, had the gift (or ought I to call it the affliction?) of feeling so vividly what was in the minds of others that she suffered with their suffering. I have met something like it in other women : but not such a high development of intuitional sympathy, approaching to a second sight of the contents of other hearts. And she sang, simple ballads, always, as one would expect a woman of such intense and delicate feeling to sing.

The Kiplings were enthusiastic patriots of empire at a time when the imperialistic sentiment was less general than it became a few years later. Lockwood knew many tales and told them with a racy humour. Mother and daughter were poetesses who called upon the older poets to 'take a silver pen and write', acknowledging thus their debt to the literary form and spirit of the past. If we seek for the origins of Rudyard's genius and mental bent, we find them in his family as well as in himself.

I suppose that small house on the dusty back road, with a view of a picturesque eighteenth century mosque in front of it, and the talk of the father and mother in it of the work of Britishers and the burdens that they bore and the glories that they earned, were in no small measure responsible, for good or evil or both, for a direction of national sentiment which made history for thirty years and perhaps for longer.

Narrow means and a small house and an official status not too high, and great gifts reaching out to great performance—these things have been found together before and will be found together again. You will not find in the Precedence list a category which fits genius. There were people who appreciated the Kiplings for themselves. There were others who mistook the official categories for the eternal laws, and placed themselves and others by their salaries. Rudyard himself, that Ugly Duckling destined for Swanhood, was—I must say it—disliked in some quarters. Young journalists who study the lives of Soldiers Three (to the comparative neglect of brass hats), who learn the secrets of the city wall and the ways of Kim and his associates, cannot be quite at home in the business and bosoms of an orderly and decorous official hierarchy. That he was to become the sacred bard of the Imperial spade-worker in the East, without whom his hero would have perished unwept because unsung, was not foreseen and would perhaps not have been valued. Did Rudyard realise this himself? There are some lines which he wrote on his return from his first journey round the world, which have always rung in my ears with the note of an appeal :

' I could not fight, I could not smite :
 I could but watch and spear.
 And I have spread your fame abroad,
 A year and a year and a year.'

But what will you have? He had not the means to play polo. I doubt whether he called on the ladies of the station. His speech was unconventionally free and vigorous. Sometimes he was not perfectly shaved.

His colleagues on *The Civil and Military Gazette* knew better no doubt. They were aware in him of an extraordinary power and effec-

tiveness of expression both in prose and verse, if not of all the qualities which have made him great. The Lahore of those days, outside the closely crowded Indian city huddled within its walls, was a straggling growth of single-storeyed buildings spread widely over large dusty spaces, ill lit by night and unattractive by day except where some building of the preceding era still survived. The newspaper was produced in a couple of bungalows echeloned upon a strip of land, now so valuable that the office has been built up a storey higher and half the area sold for another business : but a few hundred rupees would buy any site then. One of these bungalows, in which the editorial staff worked, was on a mud plinth and approached by a flight of steps. One of the pictures on the retina of my brain is of Rudyard, just returned from that first triumphant journey of his, eager for the sight of old friends, rushing up those steps to the scene of his old labours. As I wave to him, he turns round half-recognising, and shakes a mighty stick. There is stark youth and strength in that large black head of his and in the vigorous gesture.

But that was later when some of his successes were already garnered. In my first year of Indian life, there was a vacancy in the editorship of a newspaper with a wider circulation than *The Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. It was a short one, and the youthful Rudyard was chosen to fill it. It was not long before he had shocked some fine susceptibilities.

Does the reader remember his poem about 'little tin gods on wheels', and has he sometimes wondered what on earth (or elsewhere) the expression means? In the hills about Simla, there is a little world of minor principalities which have never been absorbed into British India. They are ruled by Rajputs claiming descent from the Sun and the Moon, and of truly ancient lineage which reaches back into the middle ages. The traditions of mediaeval Hindu statecraft and politics still survive in their full strength in these States, and the castles of their chiefs still dominate the strips of fertile valley from which they have for centuries levied tribute in grain and in labour, according to the Hindu law. Some of the States are no more than a few square miles in area, others are considerably larger. The old religion of the hills, something quite separate from orthodox Hinduism, though now absorbed in it, still survives in this tract. The gods are local nature gods, of quite a different order from great Vishnu and Shiva : and they are represented by metal masks attached to wooden stands which are carried about under royal umbrellas to the accompaniment of drums, trumpets and horns, a weird inharmonious concert.

Generally the gods are carried on litters with long poles projecting behind and before. John Brown's Raja — described in another chapter — was once asked to provide a wheeled vehicle, and Kipling must have seen some of them carried in that fashion — far more convenient when there are roads. Anyhow the 'little tin gods on wheels' of his poem are, primarily, the metal masks which the acolytes move about to the accompaniment of their rough music. That is the primary significance. But Simla, the centre of the hill country which cherishes this worship, is also the centre of an official hierarchy, enjoying power and reverence.

though not on the same plane with the great gods, and sometimes perhaps borne about by acolytes with small regard to their own particular wishes.

Kipling's 'little tin gods on wheels' are the great men of the official world, the idols of Simla Society, the Members of Council and the Secretaries and the Heads of Departments and the Army Staff — and their ladies. I have been one myself : so I am completely impartial.

In this little world of Simla — with a minor Court, and an elaborate order of precedence — there is something, shall I call it the spirit of the staircase — which is enlisted in defence of things as they are. If my greatness consists in my being no. 35 on the rank, I must suffer nothing which will diminish the importance of no. 34. True, I may by sarcasm and implication, question the suitability of the present occupant of that place. But number 34, *qua* number, is sacred.

What Rudyard Kipling did, in that first fine careless rapture of youthful editorship, was to go much higher up the list than no. 34 and pitch upon no less a dignitary than no. 2.

He wrote a lampoon upon the Commander in Chief.

And he published it in the principal daily newspaper of Northern India.

There have always been stories of 'cliques' and 'followings', both in civil and in military spheres. This great man has his band of friends, and chooses out of them. The other has a different band whose turn it will be when he comes to the top. I know not how it may be : except that it is human nature to prefer the man whom you know (unless you know evil of him). At all events, when a certain post fell vacant, a Commander in Chief filled it by the promotion of an officer, whom a good many people thought unsuitable.

Why am I not an Irishman that I might employ the delicately appropriate phraseology for the state of things which followed? I want to say that there was a *silent outcry*. It was furious : but it was all under the breath.

All under the breath : till the leading Indian Daily spoke : and then a shocked and astounded official world was told that

'Even pocket Wellingtons

May carry it too far'.

while the great man himself was asked, in immortal verse, to explain :

'Why for the quadrilateral man,

Select the roundest hole?

And all this from a little officiating editor of twenty-two years of age, who wasn't in the list of precedence at all.

It was Jacobinism (there were no Bolsheviks then, or it would have been Bolshevism), it was the rattle of the tumbrils, it was red ruin and the breaking up of laws, it was contrary to the Church Catechism. Once more the flood gates of sedition and anarchy were walking hand in hand.

There are social penalties for the social offender. Once, at a later date, another Editor of a great English Daily, which had been critical of a policy, was *taken off the Government House List* by a justly indignant Proconsul. To be taken off the Government House List is to be

deprived of the privilege of invitations to Viceregal functions : a social ostracism of unspeakable significance in the entourage of the Court.

But Rudyard was not even at Simla. You could not take him off because you had never put him on. He was like a flea of genius, seemingly beyond the reach of the most ambrosial fingers.

But these ambrosial fingers, in the right surroundings for their ambrosia to be effective, are longer than one thinks. There was a commercial magnate with social ambitions who owned a very large share in the offending newspaper. A ponderous hint from the world of superior lacqueys reached the commercial magnate. No doubt he passed something on. Whether the genius among the galleys did more than grin is another question.

There was a garden outside Lahore, a beautiful unkept garden, walled in on all sides except where a flood from the river had broken down the wall : and in the garden was the tomb of a Mogul Emperor. No one lived there except the hereditary custodians of the tomb, good saintly inactive people, who lit little lamps in the dark places, sought out the recesses with palm-leaf brooms and recited to visitors the ninety-nine names of God inscribed along with floral designs in *pietra dura* work upon the tomb itself. I pitched a tent in this garden and lived there for months, riding in daily to my work at Lahore, and taking my meals in my tent or somewhere in the marble verandahs.

The Kiplings (but not Rudyard) were my frequent guests in this Tomb garden : and 'Stalky', to be known later as the adventurous leader of Dunsterforce, came there sometimes too. In these surroundings Lockwood's stories and reflections were on frequent tap for my delectation. I remember how the sight of the pollen showering from the trees started him upon a rhapsody of reflection upon the wastefulness of nature in her devices for reproduction : a rhapsody which led him from inanimate to animate, and finally to human. We ended I think with Malthus, and with Shelley's remark that he would rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus.

The last I saw of Rudyard, if I may use an irresistible Irishism again, was when I missed him at his birthday party. This birthday party had been arranged for him, and the guests had been asked expressly to meet him. When we arrived, the sad faces of the parents told us that something was amiss. He had received a telegram that morning and had started off at once. The business was one which brooked no delay. He was gone : and gone into a larger world : too large for an Order of Precedence.

UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE

1874-1911

A Supplement Compiled by Colonel H. A. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C.

Reviewed by W. G. B. Maitland

IN June 1934 we reviewed the late Colonel H. A. Tapp's book *United Services College, 1874-1911*, which although primarily of interest to O.U.S.C.s is a most interesting account of Rudyard Kipling's old school.

Not content with this record of a famous school, Colonel Tapp soon set about the task of preparing a second volume—a Supplement. To this end he devoted an immense amount of time and energy and it was whilst still engaged upon this labour of love he passed away in October 1959. He had intended to publish it himself as a climax to his lifelong devotion to his old school. It was a tragedy that death should have interrupted his work. We must offer G.B.T. Nicholls our gratitude for so nobly undertaking the formidable task of sorting the tremendous accumulation of material and preparing it for publication. Without his help the *Supplement* could never have been produced.

It is published in memory of the Author, Colonel Harold Astley Tapp, O.B.E., M.C. It is a fitting memorial to a most lovable man.

The original volume published in 1933 is an historical record of the School from 1874 to 1911 and the *Supplement* fills in certain gaps in the story; whereas the former describes the School the latter volume is mainly a record of some of the famous men who were educated there and their subsequent careers. Both volumes are profusely illustrated with photographs.

It is of interest to read that although nearly 500 O.U.S.C.s joined the Army, the Royal Navy and Merchant Service also claimed a high percentage. Others entered the Indian Police or became Doctors or Authors. Wherever the British flag flew there could be found an O.U.S.C.

There is a long description of Westward Ho! in the 1860s and of the row of houses named Kingsley Terrace, later to become more famous as the United Services College.

Tapp describes in some detail the geography of the houses and this readers of *Stalky & Co.* will find of great interest for it is now possible, with the aid of a Ground Floor Plan, to visualise the various rooms and their position in relation to each other.

Neither Kipling, Dunsterville nor Beresford referred to the existence of a Junior School at Westward Ho! This may be explained by the fact that when they first went to the U.S.C. there was no separate Junior School. It came into being in 1879 and was situated about half a mile from the "Coll" itself and was under the tutelage of Miss Eleanor Carter. Until they were able to secure a Playing Field of their own the Junior Boys were encouraged to go to the Senior School grounds to watch Rigger or other games. Cornell Price and other masters paid

regular weekly visits and on Sundays the Junior Boys joined the Seniors at Holy Trinity Church for school services.

There is a description of how the fateful decision to move the school from Westward Ho ! to Harpenden came to be made. Many sad farewells had to be taken of old familiar faces : Sergt. Keyte of Tuckshop fame, Galliford's cake shop, Smith and Huntilla, the Cricket pros and " Rabbits Eggs ". With them to their new surroundings went Vickers and, of course, " The Weasel " (" Foxy " of *Stalky & Co.*)—and so an old link was broken.

The stay at Harpenden was brief and in 1906 the move to Windsor was made. In 1912 the name of the old school was changed to The Imperial Service College and the final link with Westward Ho ! was severed.

Despite the moves and changes the old U.S.C. Westward Ho ! spirit and tradition continued throughout the Windsor days.

FEAR GOD, HONOUR THE KING.

A NOTE ON G. W. STEEVENS

OUR member Mr. J. H. McGivering sent me a " ramshackle " little book recently. I believe it came out of the *Sixpenny Box*.

When it has been rebound I will place it in the Society's Library if our new Hon. Librarian would like to have it, for it is by G. W. STEEVENS : dated 1899, its title is 'IN INDIA'. Who was he? I don't know much about him but it was for him that Kipling wrote the four-line verse beginning :—

" Through war and pestilence, red siege and fire "

This has only been collected in the Sussex and Burwash Editions. It appeared in *The Friend*, Bloemfontein, on 24th March 1900 — and two days later in *The Daily Mail* in London. Most of us know it however, from Page 155 of Julian Ralph's book of 1901 — " WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE."

The story of STEEVENS' death is dreadful reading :—

" There is a pretty little cypress grove nestling
under the shadow of one of the Ladysmith defences.
. . . the melancholy journey to the cemetery had
been frequent during the siege."

Apparently all the following correspondents had been buried there : Egerton, Lafone, Watson, Field, Dalizel, Adams, Dick Cunyngham, Digby Jones and Steevens, all friends of the writer of the paragraph, Lionel James, who goes on :—

" my friends of three months ago. What an end, six feet of Ladysmith's miserable soil. The man who had scorned death on Elandsplaagte's crest lay there a victim to pestilential Ladysmith . . . how he strove to live ! "

There are more details of his death in the book, which is not difficult to find, a book still well known because it contains a few original items of Kipling's.

R.E.H.

REPORTS OM DISCUSSION MEETINGS

22nd March, 1961, in the Ulster Room, Overseas House

This was our first gathering at our new meeting place in the Ulster Room and we found the room very pleasant indeed with its windows looking out into Green Park.

Mr. Inwood was to introduce *With the Night Mail* and *As Easy as A.B.C.* He said he very much preferred the first-named story, which he considered a little masterpiece of science-fiction, worthy to stand with the best of H. G. Wells and Jules Verne. But he thought the second story little more than a political tract, preaching a sort of benevolent despotism which he found repellent, though he qualified this with a warning to critics, both professional and lay, against falling into the very common error of regarding opinions expressed by characters in the tale as being Kipling's own.

Starting therefore with *With the Night Mail*, Mr. Inwood pointed out that Count Zeppelin had completed the first rigid airship to bear his name in 1900, and this story was written about 1905 or earlier, before Nulli Secundus or other attempts at airship-construction in this country. Kipling therefore could have had very little knowledge of the constructional or operating techniques of such aircraft, but (Mr. Inwood quoted Lord Birkett), " he was an imaginative writer of the very highest class and thus enabled to create the illusion that he was a specialist in all the matters about which he wrote ".

It was easy to see that Mr. Inwood is an enthusiast about this story. He took us through it, page by page, and held our interest with his highly informed and informative criticism, showing how and where Kipling had made bad or good forecasts of aeronautical development. Indeed he had so much to tell us that discussion time came round before he had finished, and he had to leave *As Easy as A.B.C.* to his audience to deal with. The discussion was eager and interesting, much of it going into technicalities too complicated to be reported here. Comparisons were made with the works of Nevil Shute and other authors, and several members considered the second story at least as good as the first, having rather less of technical and more of human interest, though there was recognition of Kipling's having foreshadowed the principle of remote control. We were all sorry when time was up and the discussion had to be closed.

17th May, 1961. Place of meeting as above.

The subject of this discussion was " Enjoying Kipling " and it was intended to be a free-for-all with the first speaker simply starting the discussion without in any sense reading an introductory paper. Mrs. Scott-Giles, who spoke first, said she had chosen this subject because many critics had allowed their judgement to be warped by their own disagreement with what they conceived to be Kipling's political opinions or his religious beliefs, and so they had never been able to get beyond echoing the first part of Mahbub Ali's pronouncement on Kim,—

" Thou are unquestionably an unbeliever, and therefore thou wilt be damned. So says my law, or I think it does. " Whereas the open-minded reader might find it easy to endorse the second part of Mahbub's dictum, — " But thou art also my Little Friend of All the World, and I love thee, — so says my heart."

Among the things which the speaker found particularly enjoyable was Kipling's gift of the unforgettable phrase, his trick of creating an atmosphere, setting a scene or painting a portrait with the fewest but most vivid words. Then there was his chameleon-like quality of changing the colour of his convictions to suit the story he had to tell, and his many and completely human facets. He could be vengeful or forgiving, humourously detached or deeply compassionate. He could see the world through the eyes of the young Kim, warm, alive and exciting, full of colour and movement. Or, with Puran Bhagat, his spirit reaching out into the Infinite, he could see the world diminished and remote, the sounds muted and the colours dimmed.

In Kipling's verse the speaker found his rhythms especially fascinating, from the military-band thump of the " Barrack Room Ballads " and the smoking-room-piano tinkle of the " Departmental Ditties " to the symphonic quality of " The Sea and the Hills."

In the ensuing discussion we discovered how many of our younger members had originally been drawn to Kipling by Stalky, others by his Indian stories, and very, very many by the Puck tales, with their matchless feeling for the beauty and historic quality of the English scene.

Mr. McKenzie related how, upon first reading " The Propagation of Knowledge ", he had thought it would be well to embellish his own essays with flowers culled from *Curiosities of Literature* and how his schoolmaster, amused and not unsympathetic, had instantly seen what he was up to and remarked " You've been reading Kipling ! "

Mr. Angus found it hard to analyse his own enjoyment of Kipling because he found analysis apt to be destructive.

One overseas visitor proved herself a true Kipling-lover when she said that she simply enjoyed reading him — even when she couldn't agree with him ; and another, from Australia, brought the house down with her assessment of the nutritional value of Kipling as literature — " Plenty of vitamins, lots of protein, very little sugar and no starch."

I.S.-G.

OBITUARY : GEN. SIR JULIUS BRUCHE

It is with great sorrow we record the death on May 28th at 88 years of Major General Sir Julius Henry Bruche, K.C.B., C.M.G., who was for many years one of our Vice-Presidents. Ill-health compelled him to resign from the Society in 1958. He will be remembered by many of us by his regular attendances at our meetings in the early days of the Society, when he was also a valued member of Council. On his return to Australia in 1931 he continued to take a keen interest in the Melbourne Branch and kept in close touch with us in London.

Major General Bruche had a long and distinguished military career and was Chief of the Australian General Staff from 1931-1935.

W.G.B.M.

READERS' GUIDE TO " THE BRUSHWOOD BOY "

First published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1895, (with no illustrations, but with one map by Kipling)—Vol : LI (N.S. XXIX). Pp. 265-28).

Collected in THE DAY'S WORK, 1898, pp. 360-406 (Uniform and Pocket Editions).

Published separately in 1899 with 12 illustrations by F. H. Townsend.

Included in SUSSEX EDITION, Vol : VI, pp. 379-423.

[References in the following notes are to *Uniform* and *Pocket* Editions]

NOTES : For criticism of the story see B. W. Allen in *Kipling Journal* No. 97 and J. K. Stanford in *Kipling Journal* No. 98 (April and July, 1951). For the dating of the story and its relation to *Stalky & Co.*, see " Stalky and The Brushwood Boy " by Roger Lancelyn Green in *Kipling Journal* No. 115 (Oct: 1955). See also letter " Fiction and Fact " by Lt. Col. Barwick Browne in *Kipling Journal* No. 116 (Dec: 1955) : etc.

TEXTUAL NOTE : The original version of *The Century Magazine* contains several passages omitted from the book version. These are mostly concerned with Georgie's schooldays, and were obviously omitted so as not to overlap with *Stalky & Co.* which was beginning its serial appearance when *The Day's Work* was published : they are not all transcribed here, as most of them are quoted in *Kipling Journal* No. 115, in " Stalky and The Brushwood Boy ". Other variations are usually noted, except in the case of a few unimportant changes of single words.

SITE OF THE STORY : It is generally assumed to be in the neighbourhood of Tisbury, Wiltshire, where Kipling's parents lived, and where Kipling stayed for three months in the summer of 1894, and again for a month (July - August) 1895 when the story was being written. The place names in the story seem to be disguised : "Dowhead" may be "Donhead" four miles south-west of Tisbury — in which case the Cottars may have lived at Wardour Castle, home of Kipling's friends the Arundells (see Carrington, p. 215). "Bassett" may be taken from "Combe Bissett" — but this is ten miles east of Tisbury. However the geography is intentionally vague, and "The Wiltshire Downs near Tisbury" is quite near enough. (One of the many Bassetts on the Marlborough Downs has also been suggested — and Compton Bassett is certainly near the Great West Road : but this is far north of Tisbury, and there is no evidence that Kipling had been there).

DATE OF THE STORY : For a full consideration of this see " Stalky and the Brushwood Boy " in *Kipling Journal* No. 115 (Oct: 1955). We can assume that Georgie Cottar was born in 1866.

PAGE 360. Verse heading : Kipling is quoting, from memory, the old Nursery song first published in *The Little Pretty Pocket Book*, 1744, but known at least as early as the end of the previous century.

LINE 1. " A child of three ", gives the year as 1869.

PAGE 361. LINE 7. "Dowhead" — possibly based on " Donhead " near Tisbury.

LINE 14. " A child of six ", gives the year as 1872.

PAGE 362. LINE 12. After " four times six ", the *Century* version goes on : " It was most amusing at the very beginning, before the races round the pile, when he could shout to the others, ' It's only make believe, and I'll smack you ! ' "

LINES 13-15. " The princess ", etc. The edition of Grimm was probably the old one with illustrations by Cruickshank — which would have been the one sent to Kipling by his father at precisely the same date, as recorded in " Baa, Baa, Black Sheep " (p. 287).

LINE 16. For " always applauded " the *Century* reads " invariably looked on at ".

LINES 24-5. " He had been taken to bathe in a real sea by his nurse " : this may be a recollection of the occasion of " a song that a nursemaid sang at low-tide in the face of the sunset on Littlehampton Sands when I was less than six " [in the summer of 1871]. (*Something of Myself*, p.9).

LINE 28. " ' Ha ! Ha ! ' said the duck, laughing ". This *may* be an actual quotation, so far unidentified. If not, it seems probable that it was suggested by the old Song : " I saw a ship a-sailing ", first published in 1846, which ends :

" The captain was a duck

With a packet on his back,

And when the ship began to move

The captain said : " Quack ! Quack ! "

PAGE 363. LINE 6. " Oxford-on-a-visit " — (in 1873, as Georgie was seven). This may be based on Kipling's real visit, while living with the Holloways at Southsea : " Once I remember being taken to a town called Oxford and a street called Holywell ". (*Something of Myself*, p. 10).

LINE 9. " Buttery " is, of course, the room where the butts of ale are kept — and has nothing to do with butter.

LINE 18. " Audit ale " : ale of a special quality, originally for use on the day of audit.

LINE 20. " Pepper's Ghost ". Percy Fitzgerald in *The World Behind the Scenes* (1881) pp. 65-6, gives an account of this device : " Just behind the footlights a portion of the stage was raised; an enormous sheet of plate-glass, such as would be used for a great shop-window, was placed on the stage, slightly inclined forwards. It was thus that a person below the stage, in the pit made under the footlights, was reflected, unseen himself, to the audience from the glass." It was actually invented by Henry Dircks (1806-1873) in 1858, but was exhibited and made famous by John Henry Pepper (1821-1900) from 1862 onwards. He describes the more outre effects, somewhat guardedly, in his revision of Jeremiah Joyce's

Scientific Dialogues published in 1861 : (pp. 338-340) : " I remember going with you to see an exhibition in Bond Street, which you said depended on a concave mirror : I was desired to look into a glass; I did so, and started back, for I thought the point of a dagger would have been in my face. I looked again, and a death's head snapped at me . . . Persons have undertaken to exhibit the ghosts of the dead by contrivances of this kind . . . With a little ingenuity, a thousand illusions may be practised on the ignorant and credulous . . . "

PAGE 364. LINE 16. " Di-ack-lum " — " Diachylum " a common sticking plaster (from the Greek, " dia " — against, " chylos "—juice). Made of oxide of lead, oil and glycerin : it was used for cuts and wounds, and became adhesive when heated.

PAGE 365. LINES 2-6. " Provostoforiel . . . a grown up of that name who slept in his presence without apology. Georgie understood that he was the most important grown-up in Oxford." Compare *Something of Myself*, (p. 10) : " . . . a street called Holywell, where I was shown an Ancient of Days who, I was told, was the Provost of Oriel; wherefore I never understood, but conceived him to be some sort of idol."

This must have been Edward Hawkins (1789-1882), Provost of Oriel from 1828 to 1874 — in which year he left Oxford and retired to Rochester.

With his amazingly retentive memory, it must have been from this visit at about the age of eight that Kipling remembered Charley Symonds Stable " — also in Holywell — and " Mesopotamia " (a quarter of a mile's walk " across the paddocks " near " Loggerhead ") — references stored up for use in " To Be Filed for Reference " in *Plain Tales from the Hills*. There is no record of any other visit to Oxford until after his return to England in October 1889.

LINE 22. " Rapunzel ", the Princess from Grimm, Tale XII.

LINE 29. " Ten years at an English public School " takes Georgie Cottar from 1874 — the year in which The United Services College, Westward Ho ! was founded — until the end of 1883, or early 1884.

PAGE 366. LINE 4. Between " entertainments " and " He became " the *Century* version has eleven lines, in which it is mentioned that Georgie went at the age of eight, and at ten " was transplanted to the world of three hundred boys in the big dormitories below the hill ".

LINE 12. Between " sub-prefect " and " At last he blossomed " the *Century* gives six lines, including references to being a prefect " with the right to carry a cane, and, under restrictions, to use it " — which was too directly echoed in *Stalky & Co.* (" The Last Term ") p. 218: " prefect — an office that went by merit, and carried with it the honour of the ground-ash, and liberty, under restrictions, to use it ".

LINES 18-19. After " Sixth " the *Century* gives " — quarrels which on no account the vulgar must hear discussed ; and intimate

friend and ally of the head himself". Then follow ten lines, omitted from the book as too obviously *Westward Ho!* as described in "An English School" [*Youth's Companion*, Oct. 1893 — reprinted in *Land and Sea Tales*, 1923].

But the next lines (20-21) : " the black jersey, white knickers, and black stockings of the First Fifteen ", retained in the book version, gives the show away. Compare : "An English School" [*Land and Sea Tales*, p. 265] "the First Fifteen, with its black jersey and white knickerbockers ", and "A Little Prep." [*Stalky & Co.*, p. 172] : " Stalky, playing substitute for the Old Boys, magnificent in black jersey, white knickers, and black stockings ".

LINE 32. Georgie had no brother, so there must have been another of the same name — " Cottar *minor* ".

LINE 33. After " Cottar ! " three and a half lines, of no importance, are omitted.

PAGE 367. LINES 9-10. " Let the Consuls look to it that the Republic takes no harm " ; " Caveant consules ne quid res publica detrimenti caperet " — the Senatorial " Ultimate Decree " as given by Cicero. *Pro Milone* XXVI. lxx.

LINE 13. " The wise and temperate Head " is, of course, Cormell Price, the " Head " of *Stalky & Co.*

LINE 18. In the *Century* this line is followed by the longest and most significant of the omissions, of fourteen lines, with the reference to "little Schofield . . . the wiry drill-sergeant", [Foxy of *Stalky & Co.*]—the U.S.C. Drill-Sergeant under his own actual name.

LINE 29. In *Century* " Sandhurst " is followed by " fairly high up the list ".

PAGE 368. LINE 2. In *Century* " combined " is followed by : " For the first of many occasions school experience served him well ".

LINE 13. In *Century* the paragraph ends " . . . his mouth shut; and he looked very well with his company on parade ".

LINE 21. After "pack of hounds" the *Century* adds : "and there were cricket, and musketry instruction, and the fitting up of the new gymnasium ".

LINE 27. After " enthusiasm " the *Century* adds : " (he was a black little man, full of notions).".

PAGE 369. LINE 12. After " boxing gloves ", the *Century* adds : " (Nothing in the regulations forbids an officer taking part in healthy sports).".

PAGE 370. LINE 7. For " peasantry " the *Century* reads " big-limbed peasantry ".

LINES 32-3. " twenty other devils worse than the first ", adapted or misquoted from Matthew XII. 45 : " Then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there ; and the last state of that man is worse than the first ".

PAGE 371. Line 4. "Wing Commander", more or less obsolete in today's Army. " It meant that the two half-battalions were being

trained separately, one half usually under the Second-in-Command ".

LINES 21-2. "Wesselstroom the week before Majuba" — in the First Boer War. The Battle of Majuba, at which General Sir George Colley was killed and his 600 men routed and almost annihilated, was fought on February 27th, 1881. By "Wesselstroom", Kipling probably means Wakkerstroom, one of the Transvaal forts held by soldiery and loyal Boers, and not taken by the rebels. (See H. Rider Haggard: *Cetewayo and his White Neighbours*, 1882, p. 182).

PAGE 372. LINE 7. For "head off a malingerer" the *Century* reads "head off for a trickster or malingerer".

LINES 14-23. Three cuts were made in these lines: the *Century* gives additions of 3½, 2 and ½ lines, of no importance. Similarly, on the next page, two cuts were made, each of two words, which much improve and tighten the flow of the narrative.

PAGE 373. LINES 28-29. The game was "Kriegspiel", the "War Game".

PAGE 375. LINE 31. *Century* reads "Thousands of miles further on (passengers were arriving and departing all the while), it halted", etc.

PAGES 375-6. Georgie's first expedition, as described here, is dated on the map in the *Century* as "15.8.87"—beginning from the Steamer by the Pile of Brushwood, crossing the sea to Hong-Kong and Java, reaching the Lily Lock, being lost in the Unknown Continent beyond, and returning by the Thirty Mile Ride below the High Cliffs. This is the earliest date on the map.

PAGE 378. LINE 7. "Tent Club". The object of this was the hunting of wild boars, on ponies, with a lance — commonly known as "pig-sticking". The practice for this was known as "Tent-pegging", because the expert learnt to transfix a tent-peg with his lance at full gallop.

LINE 9. *Mahseer*, the "barbus mosal", a fish of the carp species from three to five feet long and weighing as much as seventy pounds. It is abundant in the mountain rivers of India, and for the fisherman it is the equivalent of the salmon; its flesh is likewise much esteemed.

LINE 9. "Poonch" — the same as "Punch", a small place which gives its name to a tributary of the Jelhum in Kashmir.

PAGE 379. LINE 8. After "labour" the *Century* has seven lines, largely redundant, underlining (as in other cut passages) the parallel between Georgie's school training and his work as a man:—e.g. "he believed that their tone, which is, after all, what makes a regiment or a school, was good".

LINE 22 ET SEQ. The "mines of vast depth", and so on, may be based, perhaps unconsciously, on George MacDonald's *The Princess and the Goblin* (1872), which Kipling certainly knew as a child: compare "Wee Willie Winkie" (p. 261): "Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins — a most wonderful tale of a land

where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie".

PAGE 380. LINE 25. "Which was safety". For this the *Century* version reads: "which, Georgie shouted, was 'in bounds'."

PAGE 381. LINE 17. "Made a rough sketch of it" is followed in *Century* by "A still rougher copy of the sketch is given in this place for the better understanding of geography". The "sketch" is a map taking up two thirds of a page. [It is reproduced in *Kipling Journal* No. 119, p. 11: Oct. 1956].

LINE 27. "Written up to date". There are many, many dates given on the map in *The Century Magazine* [Vol. LI, p. 272], the earliest being August 15th, 1887, [see note to pp. 375-6] and the latest September 8th, 1891.

PAGE 382. LINE 7. "Galahad". The *Century* reads "young Huron". The Hurons were a famous tribe of Red Indians familiar to all readers of Fennimore Cooper and Ballantyne.

PAGE 383. LINE 1-9. This song is not by Kipling, but I have not so far been able to discover its authorship or date. It was well known by 31st March 1883, when it was parodied in *Punch* (Vol. 84, p. 150):—

" We're going to do without 'em,
 Don't want 'em any more ;
 We're going to do without 'em
 As lots have done before.
 To deal with commerce " on the square "
 On a *very* moral plan,
 And every noodle will declare,
 " I am an honest man ! " ."

LINE 16. After "Distinguished Service Order" the *Century* adds: "which is vulgarly called the "Don't Stay On," in as much as it is supposed to block the way permanently to the Victoria Cross". (The "D.S.O." for "leadership in War" was established in 1886.)

LINE 30. "My good blade carves the casques of men" is the first line of "Sir Galahad" in *English Idylls and Other Poems* by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

PAGE 384. LINE 19. "At the foot of the letter"—it is unusual to translate the French tag "au pied de la lettre" meaning "quite literally".

LINE 32. "Deep asks of deep". A favourite Kipling quotation (cf. *Stalky & Co.*, p. 11, 1.4): it comes from *Psalms* xlii.7: "Deep calleth unto deep".

PAGE 385. LINE 15. "*Tamasha*"—a Hindustani word, commonly used by Anglo-Indians, and more or less adopted into the English language, meaning, roughly, a "show" or a "do": but it does not translate exactly—hence its usefulness.

LINE 28. "Last six years". As, according to the map in *Century*, the dreams began in August 1887, this makes the year now 1892.

PAGE 386. The date of the kiss is May 26th, 1892, the last dream

having been recorded as September 9th, 1891—which would be just before Georgie set off on his active service. [See p. 404.]

PAGE 387. LINE 29. After "cross-questioned", the *Century* reads : " The pater had retired when the Martini-Henry was a new thing and the Maxim unborn ". The Martini-Henry rifle (" a combination of Martini's block-action breech mechanism with Henry's barrel of .45-inch calibre ") was " definitely adopted by the British Government in April, 1871 ". The Maxim, an automatic machine gun capable of firing as many as 620 rounds a minute and named after its inventor, Sir Hiram Maxim, was invented in 1884, and adopted into the British Army in 1889.

This is the only indication that Georgie's father had been in the Army — though sending his son to the U.S.C. would at least suggest that he was in the Services.

PAGE 388. LINE 7. "*Hodie mihi, eras tibi*" — " today is mine, tomorrow thine ". Familiar Latin tag used on tomb-stones.

LINE 19. " I'm like the Tenth " : It was an old Army story that at a Dance where the Tenth Huzzars were present, the hostess asked their colonel why his officers were not dancing ; to which he replied : " Madam, the Tenth do not dance ". It is further added that her answer was : " Oh, very well. Then the Tenth don't take supper either ".

PAGE 390. LINE 12. " Landau " — a carriage with a top which may be opened centrally and thrown back.

LINE 30. " Governess-cart " — a light two-wheeled vehicle with two face-to-face seats at the side only. The *Century* version adds : " (Georgie could not see where the fun came in here) ".

PAGE 392. LINE 26. " Only seven years in the county ". As the date is now Summer 1892, the Lacys must have come to the neighbourhood in 1884 — early in which year, therefore, Georgie must have left for India. By this reckoning, he is now twenty-six.

PAGE 393. LINE 28. After " blue-upright " the *Century* adds, for the delectation of anglers : " (black gnat tail-fly) ".

LINE 30. After " trees " the *Century* adds : " or throat-deep in the rank hemlocks ".

PAGE 394. LINE 8. " White Moth " was also a " fly ", though seldom used by the modern angler. Kipling was himself a keen fisherman — see, e.g., many passages in *From Sea to Sea*, the story " Dry Cow Fishing as a Fine Art ", and so on.

PAGE 396. LINES 29-30. For " My boy, Miriam " the *Century* has " This is my son, Miss Lacy ".

PAGE 400. LINES 1-2. " Eight o'clock had passed ", and the sun was only hidden when they were in the valley. This agrees with Georgie's fishing exploits on the previous night, and suggests sunset between 8 and 8.30 — in other words, the month was July, 1892. It can only be later (1893) if Georgie's active service in India lasted for nearly a year and a half — which seems wildly unlikely.

LINE 7, ETC. " Dowhead Down ", " Bassett ", etc. See prefatory note on " Site of the Story ".

PAGE 403. LINE 29. " eight and a half hours ". This seems inconsis-

tent : the time was nearly 8.30 p.m. — and they had first met at breakfast (p. 396) ; 12 noon seems an oddly late hour for that meal !

PAGE 406. LINE 15. " Mind the arch ! " These words are not in the *Century* version.

R.L.G.

LETTER BAG

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

It is now well over five years since the Society began holding Discussion Meetings, and, as yet, no correspondence — complimentary or otherwise — has appeared about them.

My own opinion is that the meetings have greatly added to the value of the Society — not only for those able to attend them, but for all who regularly read the reports on them in the Journal. I do, however, consider that the standard of subject chosen for discussion has deteriorated in the last year or so. The splendid sequence of the Freemason stories, the " English " ones, Scientific Discovery, the Hereafter and others, seems to have been abandoned in favour of the Comics (The Puzzler), the Fantastic (ABC) and the semi-juvenile (Pucks), and I see that we still have ahead of us " Kipling's Funniest Story ".

Please, may we get away from the Light Programme and tackle more of the *reed stuff* ? In this connection I would point out:

1. Apart from the Second Jungle Book we have never yet discussed an Indian story.
2. A vast field remains that we have not touched, including "Mind" stories (like The Dog Harvey and The House Surgeon), Medical stories (Unprofessional and others), and Allegories (The Mother Hive and The Mill Dam) — and what about " They " ?

R.P.

PLACE NAMES

The discovery that there are two small towns in Canada named " Rudyard " and " Kipling " respectively, in the neighbourhood of Lakes Huron and Michigan, reminded me that there must be streets, avenues, etc., named after him. We have one on the outskirts of Cape Town, and I know of two in the neighbourhood of West Brighton.

It seems to me that our Members should be able to supply further examples ; can you raise the question in the Journal ?

J. S. I. MCGREGOR,
(Cape Province, South Africa)

[There is a "Kipling Avenue" in Rock Ferry, Wirral (between " Browning " and " Tennyson " !), but the name does not seem to occur in Liverpool, Birkenhead, Wallasey or New Brighton.—EDITOR.]

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Wednesdays at the Office. For several reasons it is becoming increasingly hard to be sure of opening the Office always on a Wednesday. It will still be open one day per week, but if you want to visit us *do please telephone first*. There are 70 stairs, and you don't want to find a locked door at the top.

Our President-Elect. We are delighted to announce that Mr. R. E. Harbord, for many years our Hon. Treasurer and one of the hardest workers the Society has ever had, has agreed to stand for election as President at the forthcoming A.G.M. He will be the first President from within the Society, and we shall tell you more about him in the next *Journal*.

Scarce Journals. We are almost down to the last copy of certain *Kipling Journals*, which means we can hardly supply any more complete sets. As these are a very valuable source of income we should be exceedingly grateful if any Member, *at home or abroad*, could let us have even a single copy of any of the following :

56, 77, 81, 82, 90, 93 (only one copy left of this).

You would really help us if you could do this.

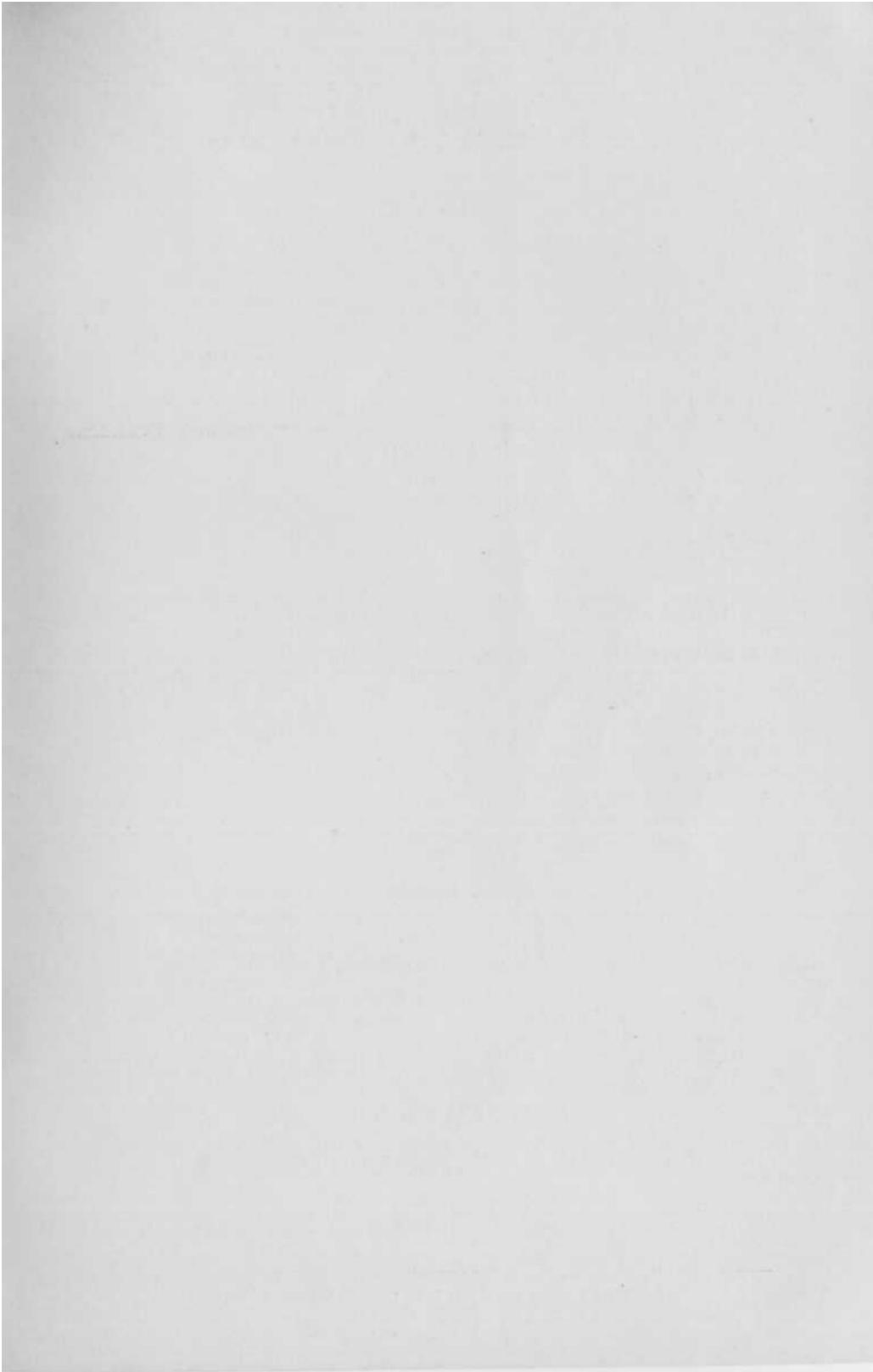
Bateman's, 1961. On May 2nd, forty-eight of us had another delightful afternoon at Bateman's, having first had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Lees (the tenants) to lunch at The Bear. Remember, we can only announce this outing in the *March Journal*, so don't miss it again.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following NEW MEMBERS :—*U.K.*: Christabel, Lady Aberconway; Mmes. S. M. Benstead, A. Cousins, I. Moses; Miss N. Landsberg; Col. O. L. Viney; Messrs. D. M. Cole, L. Freeman, J. A. Hayward, H. M. Hyde, J. E. F. Jenks, A. Sandison.

NEW ZEALAND: A. O. F. Caddick. *U.S.A.*: Florida University Library.



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