



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



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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), Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

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 — HOLborn 7597.

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 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, May 16th, 1962, at 2.30 p.m.

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, May 9th, 1962, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Doctor J. M. S. Tompkins, D.Lit., will introduce a discussion on Kipling's use of the revenge motive.

### VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

The new tenants, Mr. and Mrs. de Candole, have kindly suggested that we visit Bateman's on Monday, May 7th, 1962. They will be the guests of the Society at lunch, at 1 p.m. at "The Bear," Burwash.

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

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., Beckett Lodge, Beckett Avenue, Kenley, Surrey, enclosing the appropriate fee, **not later than first post Wednesday, April 25th.** This will be the **ONLY** notice.

**N.B.** Lately this trip has been crowded. You **MUST** book early, or we may not be able to fit you in.

**ANNUAL LUNCHEON.** The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will take place on Thursday, 25th October, 1962, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen St., London, W.C.2.

The Guest of Honour will be Eric Linklater, Esq., C.B.E., T.D., LL.D.

Application forms will go out in September.

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## NEWS AND NOTES

### KIPLING ON TELEVISION

B.B.C.'s "Bookstand" on Tuesday, 12th December, 1961 featured a discussion on Kipling between Messrs. Naipaul, Raymond Williams and V. S. Pritchett: members of the Kipling Society may thank their lucky stars if they missed it. The B.B.C. stars were utterly out of their courses, though Mr. Pritchett tried in vain to put his satellites into orbit. They had glanced at *Kim* and heard tell of *Plain Tales*: but a critic who can quote "Ave Imperatrix" as an example of Kipling's Jingoistic muse at the time of the Boer War hardly deserves serious consideration.

### KIPLING AS THE ETERNAL SCHOOL-BOY

Mr. Hesketh Pearson's latest volume of popular biography, *The Pilgrim Daughters* (Heinemann, 1961. PP. viii 343, Price 25/-), is as perversely entertaining and as conscientiously unscholarly as most of its predecessors. The theme this time is those American ladies of the last century who married eminent Englishmen bringing in most cases New World dollars to buttress Old World titles. To meet Mr. Pearson at his most provocative one has to turn to his chapter on Granville-Barker: but it would be pointless to oppose the rapier of reason to his cutlass blows of personal prejudice in theatrical matters. More to the point in the present instance is the chapter on Caroline Balestier and her husband.

Mr. Pearson appears to admire Kipling almost against his will. He speaks of "two of the greatest short stories ever written, 'The Man who would be King' and 'Without Benefit of Clergy'", and maintains that "*Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* contain his best prose and poetry and in their kind have been equalled by no other writer. They can be read with increasing pleasure from early youth to old age, and of not many imaginative works can that be said."

For the stories which he does not like, however, Mr. Pearson reserves the most terrible (and most meaningless) adjective in the modern critics' armoury: "immature". "Most of Kipling's humour is puerile and derives from the discomfort of others or the practical jokes so beloved by the immature . . . His sense of reality was repeatedly betrayed by his rudimentary sense of fun, the fanciful cruelty in some of his tales signifying a spiritually undeveloped nature. The boy in him preferred animals to human beings, and the endearing *Jungle Books* were the result. But the boy in him also found machines more interesting

than human beings and wrote poems on pistons, crying, 'Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song o' steam'. If Robbie Burns had lived in the age of steam, he would not have wasted his time writing about it. Having a mature imagination, he was more interested in human nature than hissing vapour. This was Kipling at his worst . . . His main hobby in life was the collecting of information, and this led him to believe in the common delusion that travel broadens the mind. Substituting information for insight many of his stories were unreadable . . ."

Sometimes Kipling offended against the gods of Mr. Pearson's pantheon, and he quotes the references to Oscar Wilde and Frank Harris from *Something of Myself* as "a typical bit of fourth form vulgarism which looks smart and means nothing". And a quotation from "Proofs of Holy Writ" going contrary to his views on Shakespeare, he dismisses it off-hand as "one of his silliest stories . . . Kipling's inability to appreciate the profound reality of [*King Lear*] indicates more clearly than anything else his stunted spiritual nature, which had scarcely developed since leaving school."

### MRS. KIPLING ON THE WATCH

The insistence on Kipling as the perpetual Beetle leads Mr. Pearson to the real subject of his chapter — Kipling's wife. He adds nothing to the account of the wedding and of the Vermont feud, but blossoms out with a good deal of gossip when he gets the pair settled at Bateman's. "His home life was entirely governed by Carrie," is the general theme-song. "His wife sealed him off from contact with other people, and when it was necessary that he should visit London for the day she allowed him a certain amount of money for lunch." This seems a little improbable as it stands : presumably Kipling could have cashed a cheque, run up a bill at one of his clubs, or got an advance on royalties from A. P. Watt ! Had Kipling, with his liking for "the practical jokes so beloved by the immature", been pulling somebody's leg? However this statement was quoted in most reviews of the book, so perhaps an expert will enlighten us.

According to Mr. Pearson, Mrs. Kipling behaved like a governess with an unruly child even in company : "He seldom spoke of himself, probably because his wife was on the watch. She had an eye on him even while talking to others, and interrupted his conversation if she thought him on dangerous ground. When he embarked on a story she would sometimes cut him short and complete it. Her close guardianship had an unfortunate effect because it made him defer to her in company. Lady Astor thought him laughably servile. At Cliveden he sat on a sofa with Carrie and applied for her opinions before answering questions. Try as she might their hostess could not get him alone."

Perhaps Mr. Pearson's informant did not like the Kiplings ; but the above anecdote sounds more as if Mrs. Kipling were growing deaf, and Kipling with his intense thoughtfulness for others was making sure that she did not lose her place in the conversation. Certainly several other witnesses, close friends or mere acquaintances, who stayed at Bateman's found no difficulty in getting Kipling to themselves from time to time . . . Lady Bates even persuaded him to go to church with her !

The Kiplings abroad were anything but aloof, as A. E. W. Mason found when he met them in Egypt in 1931, and was welcomed as a long-lost friend. And even if Kipling's pocket money was ever limited, it did not detract from his gaiety and friendliness at his various clubs, even a week or two before his death when Barrie sat next to him at one of them for " a good long talk."

### A KIPLING " THESIS " IN BOOTLE

There was no suggestion of 'Himmaturity " in enthusiasm shown for Kipling in a recent "project" undertaken by six young ladies of Bootle (near Liverpool) — even though they were in fact schoolgirls. A photograph in the local paper shows them, and their companions, holding the " theses " which they had prepared, and beneath it this account of the project :

" The interest shown by the Kipling Society in a thesis on the famous writer, the late Rudyard Kipling, prepared by pupils of Balliol Girls School, Bootle, has come as a much appreciated compliment to scholars and staff following a novel research project carried out by the girls. Let Edna Williams, a pupil at the school, relate the circumstances in her own words : 'At the end of last term, our form was divided into groups of six by our English mistress. We were told to find out all about the lives and works of some of the most famous English Literature writers. They were Shakespeare, Stevenson, Dickens, Shaw, Kipling and Wordsworth. This involved many visits to the libraries of Bootle and Liverpool, drawing, writing letters for pictures and working in a group to get the necessary information needed. When this had been done, all the material and facts discovered were arranged in folders forming a fair thesis. Our group wrote to the Kipling Society and Lt. Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy, the hon. secretary, put us in touch with the hon. treasurer, Mr. R. E. Harbord, who lent us pictures and journals from his private collection. He then asked us whether he could have the thesis to go into the Library. We had much pleasure in agreeing to this ...'"

Besides Miss Edna Williams, the " Kipling Group " consisted of Misses Elsie Taylor, Julia Miles, Lynda Patterson, Margaret Sheridan and Brenda Milne. I am sure that we all hope to welcome them one day as members of the Kipling Society.

It is also to be hoped that other schools will follow Bootle's lead, and include Kipling among subjects for such admirable projects — and that other members of the Kipling Society will be as ready as Mr. Harbord to carry out " Object Number One " in our Constitution.

### KIPLING IN CAPE TOWN

News of another Member of the Kipling Society appeared over " Peterborough's " signature in *The Daily Telegraph* recently : " A Kipling collection of 2,500 volumes was handed over to the Library of Cape Town University yesterday by Mr. John McGregor, a retired teacher said to know more about Kipling than any man in Africa. Among the works he collected were what is known as the Railway Edition, crude in printing and binding, but otherwise equivalent to today's paperbacks. McGregor's gift, to be housed in a special room,

includes every poem, story and book of Kipling and much that has been written about him.

" These words of Kipling are engraved in granite above the statue of Cecil Rhodes at Groote Schuur :

' The immense and brooding spirit still  
 Shall quicken and control.  
 Living, he was the land, and dead,  
 His soul shall be her soul.' "

## THE BAZLEY COLLECTION

How tragic it is to see the collection which a book-lover has spent his life gathering together and rejoicing in, scattered to the four winds under the auctioneer's hammer — or, as often as not, at so much a yard in the local sale-room. And wise are they who make testamentary provision for their beloved volumes, if they do not place them in safe-keeping during their life-time.

Of a Collection in which we all have a particular interest, Mr. Harbord writes :

" The late Mr. Basil M. Bazley left the Society his Kipling books and papers. There are 235 books, of which nearly half are duplicates of books already in the Society's Library. We, of course, intend to retain all those which are new issues to us, and where his copies are better ones than those already in the Library, we shall keep his copies.

" We are sure that many of his friends would like to own at least one Kipling book that belonged to him — even if they do not want them to fill gaps in their own collections. Therefore a list has been prepared, and if Members will let the Hon. Secretary know what book or books they would like to reserve for themselves, he will have them sent to those who cannot call at the Office in person."

The list of books follows, with suggested prices which include postage. The proceeds of the sale will be reserved to buy items still missing from the shelves of the Kipling Society's Library.

## BOOKS BY AND ABOUT RUDYARD KIPLING

*First Editions (English).* 10/- per volume.

Thy Servant a Dog.  
 Actions and Reactions.  
 Debits and Credits  
 A Diversity of Creatures.  
 Rewards and Fairies  
 Stalky & Co.  
 Puck of Pook's Hill.  
 The Naulahka.  
 A Fleet in Being  
 Many Inventions.  
 Barrack-room Ballads.  
 The Five Nations.  
 Songs from Books.  
 The Years Between.

*First Editions (American).* 15/- per volume.

The Jungle Book.

The Second Jungle Book.

From Sea to Sea (2 vols.) [Lord Esher's book-plate.]

The Seven Seas.

The Five Nations.

*Early Reprints*

Plain Tales (Thacker & Spink), Calcutta 1889 (2nd Edn.) 10/-.

Soldiers Three, Gadsbys, Black & White (Sampson Low)

1892. 10/-.

Departmental Ditties — (Thacker & Spink), Calcutta 1888 (3rd Ed.) 15/-.

*First Macmillan Edns. of :*

Soldiers Three, etc.

Wee Willie Winkie, etc. 5/- each.

Under the Deodars, etc.

*American Pirate Editions*

Soldiers Three and Other Stories — Lovell — 1890. 10/-.

Plain Tales — Lovell — 1889. 10/-.

American Notes — Ivers, n.d. 10/-

*Miscellaneous Editions of Interest*

The Jungle Book (1908). Detmold Illus. 15/-.

Collected Verse (1910). New York — W. Heath Robinson  
illus. 30/-.

The Light that Failed (1890). Lippincott's Magazine (bound).  
15/-.

Out of India (1895). N.Y. Willingham (rebound: title-page  
mounted). 20/-.

They (1906). N.Y. Townsend illus. 5/-.

A Song of the English (Heath Robinson illus.). L.P. ed. 500  
copies, signed by the artist (No. 199). Hand-made paper. 30/-.  
Same — Ordinary Edn. 10/-.

An Almanack of the Twelve Sports — Verse by R.K. to illus, by  
William Nicholson 1898. Library Edn. on Japanese Vellum,  
bound in cloth. 30/-.

*Works of Interest*

The King's Pilgrimage — 1922. 15/-.

Dunsterville — *Stalky's Reminiscences*. 2nd Edn. 1928. 5/-.

MacMunn — *Kipling's Women* (n.d.) (Auto. by author). 5/-.

W. Robertson — *The Kipling Guide Book*. (Birmingham) 1899. 5/-.

Marcel Brion — *Rudyard Kipling* (Paris). 1929. 5/-.

Robert Escarpit — *Rudyard Kipling: Servitudes et Grandeurs  
Impériales*. (Paris). 1955. 5/-.

André Chevrillon — *Rudyard Kipling*. (Paris). 1936. 7/6.

Songs of the Sea — Illus. Donald Maxwell. 1927. 5/-.

Songs of the Sea — Illus. Donald Maxwell. 1927. (Limited to 500  
copies and signed by Kipling. Art Paper.) 42/-.

Chandler : A Summary of the Works of Rudyard Kipling. £5.  
 Afta the Funnell (Doubleday). 1909. 15/-.  
 Collected Verse (3 Vol. edition). 1919. The set, 20/-.

*A Mixed Bag* — various dates — at 5/- per volume:

*Thy Servant a Dog; Humorous Tales; Stalky Settles Down; Tompkins; Maugham; Collected Dog Stories; Rewards and Fairies; All the Puck Stories; The Seven Seas (U.S.A.); For Britain's Soldiers* (poor copy); Eliot; *A Pinchbeck Goddess* (poor copy); Monkshood's *Rudyard Kipling* (1902); D'Humieres's *Through Isle and Empire*, 1905 (Preface by Kipling); *The Five Nations; The Seven Seas; Hilton Brown* (3 copies); *The Army of a Dream; Independence; Captains Courageous; Just So Stories* (1st Edn. bad copy); *Sur le Mur de la Ville* (Paris 1917); *Simple Contes des Colines* (Paris, n.d. illus. by Leon Bailly); *The Kipling Birthday Book* (poor copy); *The Man who Would Be King* (U.S.A., 1927 : Masonic Library VI); Foster's *Notebook on Kipling* (Birmingham, 1898); *Captains Courageous* (U.S.A.); Cyril Falls: *Rudyard Kipling* (1905); *The Irish Guards* (poor copy); *The Phantom Rickshaw* (U.S.A., pirate edition); *Soldier Tales* (2 copies); *Rewards and Fairies* (U.S.A.); *The Mulvaney Stories* (U.S.A.); Arley Munson : *Kipling's India* (1916); MacMunn: *R.K.: Craftsman* (1937); *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories* (Sampson Low, 1891 : the three booklets bound together); *Soldiers Three* (Sampson Low, 1891 : the three booklets bound together).

Please apply direct to the Hon. Secretary at the Society's Offices.  
 R.L.G.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE KIPLING JOURNAL

For some time now the length of *The Kipling Journal* has been increased to thirty-two pages but (since we concluded the reprints of Kipling's "Uncollected Stories" which Mrs. Bambridge was so kind as to allow) it has become harder and harder to find material to fill our pages. And this has not prevented Members from complaining that certain writers appear too frequently in the *Journal*. The remedy — and the future of the *Journal* — lie in Members' own hands. This is *your Journal*, and should be written almost entirely by *you*. Contributions may be of any reasonable length, from a single paragraph to a series of articles occupying up to twelve or fifteen pages each. And contributions, particularly from those who have not contributed before, will be welcomed. They should be sent direct to the Hon. Editor, Mr. ROGER LANCELYN GREEN, POULTON-LANCELYN BEBINGTON, WIRRAL, CHESHIRE.

OBITUARY.—We announce with regret the death of Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., a Vice-President of the Kipling Society. A full obituary will be included in the June *Journal*.

## KIPLING MD THE EMPIRE

by Charles Carrington

*Speech at Annual Luncheon: October 19th, 1961*

WHEN I look back at the list of those who have spoken at the annual luncheon of the Kipling Society I am conscious of the honour which you have done me in inviting me to speak today; and when preparing my address there were two particular factors which determined what I should say: one personal and one political.

The personal factor I shall eliminate by a statement which I am now glad to make in public before competent witnesses. Mrs. Bambridge has told me more than once that she knows exactly what her father meant by the famous phrase:

" lesser breeds without the law "

but we have not yet persuaded her to reveal the secret. This is one of the advantages she retains over the rest of us, and no doubt there are many more.

But this is, essentially, a question of interpretation. Poets, as Dr. Johnson said, are not on oath when they utter sentiments and this, like others of Kipling's memorable phrases, must be judged in terms of its context and of the emotional impulse which produced the celebrated poem called *Recessional*. It was a poetic not a political formula. But whether we shall persuade Mrs. Bambridge to release her secret or not, and whether she will approve the comments I have to make on *Recessional* or not, I wish — still — to testify before this audience about the collaboration between Mrs. Bambridge and myself in writing the biography of her father. She withheld nothing from me; she vetoed nothing; she censored nothing. Since we worked together for three or four years, and enjoyed the most spirited arguments on many knotty points, it would be absurd for me to allege that we had no differences of opinion, and ungallant of me to pretend that she did not sometimes prevail in our controversies, but I take this opportunity of declaring that the book, whatever may be its faults, does not contain a single sentence which I included against my better judgement, and that none of the deficiencies which some critics have detected are due to suppression or excision imposed upon me. Readers may judge for themselves what strength the book gains from the passages written for me by Mrs. Bambridge and they may now have my assurance that her advice on other passages was always valued and, almost always, accepted.

Now I said that there was a political factor in the sum of what I am to talk about — *Kipling and the Empire*. If he were alive today, what would be his comment on the news we read in the press each morning on the process of our Empire-Commonwealth? I admit that my mind is darkened by such forebodings that when I turn over the

familiar pages my eye lights upon his most gloomy prognostications, and there were occasions when he was the blackest of pessimists.

' So the robber did judgement again upon such as displeased him,  
The Slayer, too, boasted his slain, and the judges released him.  
As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the nation,  
They harried all earth to make sure none escaped reprobation,  
They awakened unrest for a jest to their newly-won borders,  
And jeered at the blood of their brethren betrayed by their orders.  
They instructed the ruled to rebel, their rulers to aid them ;  
And, since such as obeyed them not fell, their Viceroy's obeyed them.  
When the riotous set them at naught they said : " Praise the upheaval,  
For the show and the word and the thought of Dominion is evil."  
They unwound and flung from them with rage, as a rag that defiled them  
The imperial gains of the age which their forefathers piled them."

(*The City of Brass*, 1909).

But it is not as a pessimist that Kipling is remembered by the critics who write about him without reading him, and the leader-writers who misquote him so freely. Only last week the *Times* referred to the 'jingoism' of Kipling as something which might be taken for granted. Only last week a new history of English Literature was published by one of our abler young men whose comment on *Kim* was that it was a typical defence of the policy of British expansion. How can respectable writers demean themselves by such impudence? One might as well say that *Jane Eyre* is a defence of polygamy. The more I read Kipling the more does it strike me how small a part of his work in verse or prose — at any stage of his career — is concerned with the subjects which the world now associates with his name. A great deal of it is descriptive of life in the overseas countries during the age of expanding empire, but almost always with a concentration upon some unusual trait of character or some unexpected requirement of duty. Kipling's typical subaltern does not fight but nurses cholera patients, his proconsul in Egypt hunts a pack of hounds, his Boer War general is himself a pro-boer, Private Mulvaney becomes an incarnation of Krishna, the youngest major in the Army abandons the regiment — and all that — for a recurrent dream. The naval stories turn on ingenious practical jokes, excepting the terrible tale of Mrs. Bathurst, that chaste Artemis who brings destruction to her lovers. The soldier stories, not often concerned with battle and still less often with victory, turn upon moral problems : the Indian Civil Servants are not seen as rulers but as forest officers, or as engaged in famine relief, or as bridge-builders. 'As for the bridge,' says Finlayson's Indian assistant at the end of that story, 'so many have died in the building that it cannot fall.'

The bridge between East and West, so widely separated by lands and seas, so closely united by the common service of ordinary men doing their duty according to their lights, without regard to class or caste, is the strongest symbol of Kipling's earlier notion of the link between Britain and India — a moral concept more urgent now, and more neglected even than in 1889, when the young, brash, journalist launched his message in the *Ballad of East and West*.

It has been systematically misunderstood, and quoted out of context, without the essential words :

' There is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth  
When two strong men together stand though they come from  
the ends of the earth.'

But the young Kipling was a journalist, not a politician. Then, and later, his ventures into the arena of party politics were ill-starred and ineffective and I — at least — find illumination, not in his political verses, still less in his political speeches, but in his comment that politics was 'a dog's life without a dog's decencies'. So far as he developed a political philosophy about the British-Indian Empire, it is to be found in the study of contacts and reactions between Asians and Europeans. He was nothing if not a man of his age, of the imperialist phase of history, when the western nations, by superior technical efficiency, imposed their direction upon Asia, Africa, and South America, a triumph not of military conquest but of technocracy of the *Sons of Martha*. We are now emerging from that period not because of military defeat but because of the spread of technical efficiency, and nowhere more evidently than in the former British Empire in Asia. The superiority of the West, and especially of the British and North Americans, in all the arts of the machine age was so unquestionable, seventy years ago, that a writer who ignored it would indeed have been unobservant. What no one then foresaw was the acceleration of social progress in all parts of the world with the consequence that Anglo-American superiority must be short-lived.

' Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path more  
fair or flat;  
Lo, it is black already with blood, some son of Martha spilled for that.'

I shall not suggest that this clumsy couplet establishes the claim that Kipling wrote 'poetry', not 'great verse' (though on other grounds I should be eager to do so). I quote these lines as a reminder that Kipling's theory of empire was almost restricted to duty, service, and sacrifice, and imposed upon its practitioners an obligation of humility. That these words and these notions are now derided is no reason for suppressing the historic fact. Unfashionable they may be in 1961 but apposite they were in 1891 when Kipling wrote :

' Never the lotus closes, never the wildfowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the east wind that died for England's sake.'

The message of imperialism in the eighteen nineties was not to dominate but to serve and if necessary to die. Strange indeed it is for us of the older generation to survive into a world where these ideals are regarded as a joke in poor taste ! Let us at least keep it on record for a still later posterity that this is what the ideals were. By which I do not, of course imply that the men of those days always lived up to their ideals any more than the men of this or any age; or that Rudyard

Kipling pretended that they did. When first he made his impact upon the world of London he was no pillar of the establishment but a violent critic of it. Indeed an 'angry young man', that tiresome phenomenon that erupts in every generation and always supposes that such eruptions have never occurred before. As a rule angry young men are not worth listening to, until they have grown a little older and mastered their tempers; but genius makes its own rules and, from time to time, a gifted youth in the world of art and letters emerges with precocity added to his other talents. Such a one was Rudyard Kipling. Such mark as he made—and, for the moment, I leave the question of its permanent value open—such mark as he made, he made when very young and with much less knowledge of the world than was commonly supposed. Some aspects of life in British India, recorded with the most penetrating observation were, at first, the whole range of his art, and his comments on the system were brutally candid. As an early American reviewer wrote:

'The most forcible impression which is left on the average mind by Mr. Kipling's works is the dismalness, insincerity, brutality, and utter worthlessness of all classes of British humanity in India.'

Now I do not share the enthusiasm of some of my friends in the *Kipling Society* for his juvenile verses, yet I cannot accept this comment from the *New York Times* as perceptive criticism. What Kipling had to say about Asia, seventy years ago, was informed by understanding and love, this last a quality conspicuously absent from the work of his only rival among English writers on India, Mr. E. M. Forster.

When in India he was homesick for England but no sooner was he ensconced in London than he began to secrete in the stories and ballads put into the mouths of his characters his own nostalgia for the warm exotic coast.

'I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,  
An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my bones:  
For the temple-bells are callin', and it's there that I would be  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea.'

'Ship me somewheres East of Suez,' he cried through the mouth of his time-expired soldier with a real passion telling us that it is the author who speaks. Why then did he never return to India, never set foot East of Suez, after 1892? It was not his custom to go back on his tracks, or to explain his motives, and we must pay some respect to his appeal:

"Seek not to question other than  
The books I left behind."

It is to *Kim* that we must turn for his last word on India, to find that it is a book in which all the sympathy is extended to the Asian characters while most of the Europeans cut a poor figure. Even 'Kim' the

hero, while asserting himself to be a *sahib*, becomes the body-servant of a Tibetan lama. As 'Kim' renounced the oriental life, which he loved, to become a western man, so Kipling turned away from the mysticism of Asia to the technology of the Anglo-Saxon world. During the seven years between the first conception and the parturition of *Kim* he had lived in America and had travelled widely in the British Dominions, the most progressive societies in the world. The sailor and the engineer had replaced the soldier and the civil servant as the heroes of his cult. Somnolent Asia was put behind him 'long ago and far away', and Empire came to mean for him what it had meant for Emerson from whom he borrowed the phrase, 'Dominion over palm and pine'; for Walt Whitman who first found poetry in pioneering.

The mood could be exalted as in the *Voortrekker*, with its vision of Johannesburg :

' He shall desire loneliness and his desire shall bring,  
Hard on his heels, a thousand wheels, a people and a King.  
He shall come back on his own track, and by his scarce-cooled camp  
There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick and the stamp."

Or facetious, as in *The Lost Legion* :

" So some of us chivvy the slaver,  
And some of us cherish the black,  
And some of us hunt on the Oil Coast,  
And some on the Wallaby Track :  
And some of us drift to Sarawak,  
And some of us drift up the Fly,  
And some share our tucker with tigers  
And some with the gentle Masai, (Dear boys !)  
Take tea with the giddy Masai."

So we come to his two most powerful publications addressed to the two master-nations of the world as it was in the eighteen-nineties : *Recessional* written for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897; the *White Man's Burden* written for the Americans who had just conquered and annexed the Philippines in 1899. *Recessional* is the better poem, but it contains a single line which gave some offence, and which seemed to lead on to a sentiment in the *White Man's Burden* which even then was shocking.

" If drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law —  
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget."

The boastings of those drunk with power : these are the characteristics of the 'lesser breeds'. One thing at least is plain in this cryptic sentence ; the 'lesser breeds' are rulers not ruled. They are some

governing class or race which lacks humility and so misuses its power. Not a week passes without a misapplication of the phrase by some journalist who thinks that Kipling described the colonial peoples as lesser breeds.

What then is meant by the phrase 'without the law?' Does it mean lacking in ethical principle or does it mean outside the pale of civilization? The Law, always with the definite article and a capital initial letter, recurs again and again in Kipling's verse and prose of the 'nineties. It is the central theme of the Mowgli stories, those allegories which can tell us so much of their author's philosophy of life. The people 'without the law' in both senses, the *bandar-log*, are the monkey-folk, deficient in decency, elated in the tree-tops off the ground, chattering with no reticence, supposing that something has been done when it has been cleverly talked about. And if, in 1897, any other imperial race presented these characteristics, and stood as a warning to the British then those other arrogant and empty imperialists were the 'lesser breeds' to whom he referred.

Now what am I to say of the White Man's Burden in the year 1961 when he has hastily rid himself of it? The verses assume, what no one now dares say, that there is a categorical distinction between the civilised man and the savage with the corollary that the former has a duty towards the latter. Since a new *taboo* has made it indecent to allude to the primitiveness of primitive peoples we can now make little sense of these verses in contemporary society.

All that we need recall is that Kipling warned us, sixty years ago, what return might he expected by those who took up the task.

'The blame of those ye better,  
The hate of those ye guard.'

He did not at any time imply that Empire would spread wider and wider, or that it could last long

"Cities and thrones and powers,  
Stand in Time's eye,  
Almost as long as flowers,  
Which daily die :  
But as new buds put forth,  
To glad new men,  
Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth,  
The Cities rise again.'

The writer who in his youth had called to his generation to look outwards, extending their vision in space, was more concerned in his maturer age with the extension of vision in time; and this, perhaps, may be a more cheerful note on which I may conclude in these days of the decline of the Empire. Dominion may pass away but The Law stands unshaken.

This is the notion which shapes itself in my mind as I ask you to drink to the memory of

RUDYARD KIPLING

## WILDE AND KIPLING

by H. Montgomery Hyde

KIPLING'S biographer, Professor Charles Carrington, and others, have done Oscar Wilde a disservice in denigrating or rather misinterpreting his opinion of Kipling. They tend to dismiss Wilde in this context as the author of "an insufferably drawn-out dialogue", whose views on Kipling are crystallised in the phrase that "he has seen marvellous things through key-holes". It is true that Wilde was an unrepentant Irish nationalist, like his mother, the poetess "Speranza", and also something akin to a Fabian socialist; he certainly had no sympathy with Kipling's ideas on the subject of taking up the white man's burden. On the other hand, he had a sincere admiration for the literary skill and craftsmanship of the younger man, who was eleven years Wilde's junior. Indeed, towards the end of his life, Wilde seriously thought that Rudyard Kipling should have been made Poet Laureate.

The two authors are not on record as ever having met, but they must have known something about each other. In his earlier years, Wilde was on friendly terms with Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, and his wife, who was a sister of Rudyard Kipling's mother. Also, they had a common bond in W. E. Henley, editor of *The Scots Observer*, a journal for which Kipling wrote regularly and which incidentally caused a great stir by attacking Wilde's novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, which had originally appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, as had also Kipling's *The Light that Failed*.

Ada Levenson, a friend of Wilde's and a witty contributor to such diverse journals as *Punch* and *The Yellow Book*, used to recall a conversation she had heard at a party in London between Wilde and a young man, who was asking Wilde what he thought of the various literary lions of the day.

"And Rudyard Kipling?"

"Ah! He has found the great thing for success, a new background. All palm trees, salaams and whiskey-and-soda. His jaded Anglo-Indians show up on a superb background of vulgarity. He has seen some marvellous things through key-holes, has dropped more h's in his verse than any living man. 'The Other Man' is a masterpiece".

This was a summary of what Wilde had written in an essay ("The True Function and Value of Criticism"), published in *The Nineteenth Century* in September, 1891, and reprinted with some alterations a year later in his book *Intentions*.

"He who would stir us now by fiction must either give us an entirely new background, or reveal to us the soul of man in its innermost workings. The first is for the moment being done for us by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. As one turns over the pages of his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. The jaded, commonplace Anglo-Indians are in exquisite incongruity with their surroundings. The mere lack of style in the storyteller gives an odd journalistic realism to what he tells us. From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a man of talent who drops his aspirates.

From the point of view of life he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than anyone has ever known it. Dickens knew its clothes. Mr. Kipling knows its essence. He is our best authority on the second-rate. He terrifies us by his truth, and makes his sordid subject-matter marvellous by the brilliancy of its setting ".

In the essay as reprinted in *Intentions*, the last two sentences above were omitted and the following substituted :

" He is our first authority on the second-rate, and has seen marvellous things through key-holes, and his backgrounds are real works of art ".

Even Professor Carrington is bound to admit that this is a subtle and shrewd criticism, although he heartily dislikes Wilde's " verbal confectionery flavoured with synthetic perfumes that, in the eighteen-nineties, passed for fine writing ". However, it is interesting to note that at the time it was written this criticism was misunderstood by an Anglo-Indian correspondent in *The Times*, who signed himself "An Indian Civilian " and protested that " Mr. Oscar Wilde, with that engaging frankness that is one of his most characteristic charms, has been pleased to term us vulgar ". Incidentally, the term 'Anglo-Indian ' should be understood in the sense that Kipling and his contemporaries always used it, namely as an Englishman or woman residing in India.

Wilde's reply duly appeared in *The Times* under the heading, " An Anglo-Indian's Complaint ".

Sir — The writer of a letter signed ' An Indian Civilian ' that appears in your issue of to-day makes a statement about me that I beg you to allow me to correct at once.

He says I have described the Anglo-Indians as being vulgar. This is not the case. Indeed, I have never met a vulgar Anglo-Indian. There may be many, but those whom I have had the pleasure of meeting here have been chiefly scholars, men interested in art and thought, men of cultivation ; nearly all of them have been exceedingly brilliant talkers ; some of them have been exceedingly brilliant writers.

What I did say — I believe in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* — was that vulgarity is the distinguishing note of those Anglo-Indians whom Mr. Rudyard Kipling loves to write about, and writes about so cleverly. This is quite true, and there is no reason why Mr. Rudyard Kipling should not select vulgarity as his subject-matter, or as part of it. For a realistic artist, certainly vulgarity is a most admirable subject. How far Mr. Kipling's stories really mirror Anglo-Indian society I have no idea at all, nor, indeed, am I ever much interested in any correspondence between art and nature. It seems to me a matter of entirely secondary importance. I do not wish, however, that it should be supposed that I was passing a harsh and *saugrenu* judgement on an important and in many ways distinguished class, when I was merely pointing out the characteristic qualities of some puppets in a prose-play.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

OSCAR WILDE.

September, 25, 1891.

It is remarkable too that Wilde should have chosen 'The Other Man' in preference to such stories in *Plain Tales* as 'Lisbeth' and 'Beyond the Pale', which are usually singled out by the critics as masterpieces in their way. 'The Other Man' is a macabre little tale, which was originally written, like most of the *Plain Tales*, as a 2,000 word "turn-over" for *The Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, when Kipling, barely twenty-one, was acting as Assistant Editor. It is the sad story of a certain Mrs. Schreiderling, who had married a comparatively well-off Indian Army Colonel whom she did not love instead of a penniless officer ('the Other Man') whom she did. The Other Man, who unfortunately suffered from a weak heart, kept in touch with his lady-love and one summer while the Colonel was in the plains with his regiment he arranged to come up to Simla and join Mrs. Schreiderling. But when the expected tonga arrived one pouring wet night, Mrs. Schreiderling received a nasty shock. The sixty mile uphill jolt had been too much for the passenger. "Sitting in the back seat, very square and firm, with one hand on the awning-stanchion and the wet pouring off his hat and moustache, was the Other Man — dead." The tonga-driver thereupon addressed an acquaintance of Mrs. Schreiderling, who happened to be passing. "This Sahib died two stages out of Solon. Therefore, I tied him with a rope, lest he should fall out by the way, and so came to Simla. Will the Sahib give me *bukshish*? 'It', pointing to the Other Man, 'should have given a rupee' ". In the end, poor Mrs. Schreiderling went home and died herself — "at Bournemouth, I think."

Among those with whom Wilde used to discuss his favourite authors was his baleful young friend Lord Alfred Douglas. There were Pater, Swinburne, Meredith, Tennyson, R. L. Stevenson, and, according to Douglas, himself a poet of some distinction, "he was even sometimes enthusiastic about Kipling."

One night, after he had come out of prison, Wilde tried to impart this enthusiasm to another young writer, W. H. Chesson, when they were dining together at an inn at Nogent-sur-Marne, near Paris. Wilde quoted several of Kipling's lines as an example of his clever use of metaphor. They included "An' the dawn comes up like thunder", and

"He trod the ling like a buck in spring,  
And he looked like a lance in rest."

Wilde had been much disgusted by the appointment of Alfred Austin as Poet Laureate, in succession to Tennyson, which he regarded as a wholly undeserved reward for Austin's journalistic services to Lord Salisbury and the Tory Party. "Why didn't they make Kipling the laureate?" he asked. "There was Tennyson with his idylls, his well-bred and dainty muse, and here is Kipling, who makes his muse say, 'Go to Hell'".

Anyhow Kipling would probably have refused. He preferred to become the laureate of the people.

## A LITERARY COINCIDENCE

by J. H. MacDonald Stevenson

**A**BOUT sixty years ago, in 1890 and 1891, two important writers were each engaged upon a novel, in collaboration with a young American, a relation of his wife (though in one case the marriage was still to come.) Robert Louis Stevenson was working on *The Wrecker*, with his young step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, in the Antipodes, while at the opposite end of the world Rudyard Kipling was writing *The Naulahka* with Wolcott Balestier, whose sister became Mrs. Kipling. The coincidence affords the excuse for a few comparisons and speculations.

Stevenson has known Lloyd Osbourne for about thirteen years, since the latter was a child. They had played at collaboration in *Moral Emblems*, and after Lloyd Osbourne was grown up, *The Wrong Box* had appeared under both their names, though it has been suggested that Stevenson's part was chiefly in the nature of revision. Kipling, on the other hand, had only just met Balestier, and it is not clear why he decided to collaborate with him. Lloyd Osbourne lived many years to make an independent reputation. Poor Wolcott Balestier died soon afterwards, so that it is difficult to assess his capacity.

The two books are quite dissimilar in plot and presentation, but in each there occurs a young American business man, obsessed with the making of money. Kipling's *An Habitation Enforced* tells how another American was cured of such a complex, "but that is another story".

Both Pinkerton in *The Wrecker* and Tarvin in *The Naulahka* have a blind spot in their moral sense, so that the one can see no wrong in smuggling opium to natives, and the other in stealing a valuable necklace or in bogus gold-mining. The name *Naulahka*, more properly Naulakha, infers that the necklace was worth nine lakhs of rupees — about £60,000 — comparable with *The Rajah's Diamond*!

By the way, why did Kipling give this name to the house he built in America? It was likely to be mispronounced by his American friends, and to sound pretentious to his Indian ones.

Stevenson and Kipling, whether regarded as men or as writers, are so different that comparison may well seem ridiculous, but some of the contrasts are interesting. One of these is particularly illuminating. When Stevenson was confined to "Skerryvore" as an invalid, he lamented that he was living "like a weevil in a biscuit". But Kipling spent some time searching for a biscuit for the Beetle to hide himself in, a Pusat Tasek for Pau Amma, a "Bateman's" for an author to whom "Invasion of Privacy" was the Summum Nefas of his Utopia. What a contrast "Bateman's" is to the open house at Vailima, and the open life of the owner.

But it is possible that Kipling's intense desire for privacy, which only showed itself later in his life, was to some extent imposed from without, and that it was connected with a certain possessiveness that has been imputed to "The Boles-tier Girl" who became Mrs. Kipling. A sentence in *The Village that Voted the earth was flat* is very illuminating: Sir Thomas Ingell, the magistrate who has offended the narrator

and his companion by his behaviour on the bench, had written an imtemperate and indiscreet letter to the press : " The letter . . . proved him to be a kinless loon [this phrase is pure Stevenson] of upright life, for no woman, however remotely interested in a man, would have let it pass the house waste-paper basket ". The reader can make his own deductions from this,

Stevenson's wife has also been accused of undue influence, particularly with regard to his break with Henley, but the breakdown of bachelor friendships on marriage can hardly be considered unusual. It is certain that Mrs. Stevenson acted as watch-dog over her husband's health, as was necessary, but there is little evidence that she abused this position. We know that she collaborated with him in some books, and we may expect that she helped him in others, while Kipling's work shows no sign of his wife's direct influence, though some of his mother's. Stevenson's mother was often in a position to help, but we do not know whether she did.

It is interesting that both Stevenson and Kipling, in their early married lives, tried the experiment of " camping out ", Stevenson at Silverado, as he describes in *The Silverado Squatters*, and Kipling at Bliss Cottage in Vermont. Economy seems to have been the enducement in both cases, and it seems likely that Stevenson's experiment was both more economical and more uncomfortable !

Kipling was once described as " A war correspondent in love with soldiers," and with a few exceptions like Major Kniveat who appears only as an " invader of privacy ", his soldiers from Ortheris and Limmason to Regulus and Humberstall are described with understanding, relish and evident admiration. There are not so many soldiers in Stevenson, but he was clearly very fond of Alan Breck and Brackenbury Rich and they and Major O'Rooke were all gallant gentlemen, while the Chevalier Burke, though his foibles and conceits are quietly made fun of, has many good qualities.

Both Stevenson and Kipling loved sailors. Some of Stevenson's were not, perhaps, very respectable, but both author and reader have a sneaking affection for Long John Silver. Stevenson's sea-captains are among his best characters — Nares, Hoseason and Smollett, for instance. These all belong to Sail, but Kipling's sailors are mostly in Steam. Nobody can help liking that cheery and capable commander " Bai Jove " Judson : I am convinced that he at any rate is founded on fact. Moorshed is enterprising and original, and his exploits are not far from being prophetic, but he remains a rather hazy figure compared to Pycroft. It is in the engine room that Kipling is most at home and was it not there that he met " Brugglesmith " ? — and Hinchcliffe's efforts with the primitive motor-car in *Steam Tactics* are classical.

Kipling's ships' engineers tend to follow convention in having Scots names, but they are not particularly Scottish. Kipling was not interested in Scotland except as an outlandish hunting ground for Parnesius and his Pict Shikari. In *The Puzzler* he compares the predictable Celt to the unpredictable English, so he apparently thought he understood them, but there is little evidence of this, which is surprising as his mother was of Highland descent.

Stevenson was always a Scot, though never perhaps the Highlander he liked to fancy himself. His best characters, the Lord Justice-Clerk, David Balfour and Ephraim MacKellar are lowland Scots. Alan Breck is not the general conception of a Highlander, except in so far as that conception is based on Alan Breck! Nevertheless the type is found in the Highlanders as elsewhere, and we must remember that Alan had spent some years in France, possibly amongst D'Artagnan's successors!

Alan Breck leads us on to Catriona (accent on the 'i' please, and suppress the 'o'). Steuart says she is not Highland, and infers that she does not really live. Personally I think she is, Highland or not, the most real and loveable of them all. Sir George MacMunn has written an appreciation "Kipling's Women" which is well worth reading. It is a pity we have no corresponding appreciation of Stevenson's. Kipling has no woman equal to Catriona or Kirstie Elliott. The heroines of his full novels, *The Light That Failed* and *The Naulakha* seem priggish and obstinate, and do not touch the heart any more than Mrs. Henry, (Lady Durrisdere,) but William the Conqueror and Miriam of *The Brushwood Boy* rank with Barbara Grant and Nance Holdaway in the fragment *The Great North Road*. Stevenson has not a woman like Mrs. Ashcroft in *The Wish House*, the elderly Sussex woman who recalls the story of her own love and self-sacrifice. For a character study in a very few words, Mrs. Bryce in Stevenson's fragment *Henry Shovel* is noteworthy.

Both Stevenson and Kipling could tilt at a windmill, and do it in their characteristic ways. Stevenson lowers his lance and gallops bald-headed at Dr. Hyde, regardless of consequences and full of righteous anger. Kipling, like Apis "the Bull that thought" "pursued, you understand the person, not the propaganda, the proprietor, not the journal", the miller not the sails. His targets were chosen rather from personal disapproval than from a burning altruism. There is Sir Thomas Ingell, whose village voted the earth was flat, the policeman in *Steam Tactics*, and of course, Mr. King. But the attack is apt to peter out into a school-boy's revenge, and ends in a stoning by "Rabbits' Eggs" or a promiscuous destruction of property by *A Friend of the Family*. Nevertheless he could, on occasion, hit hard and press his attack home. *Sea Constables*, which Hilton Brown finds obscure, is clearly directed against the attitude of some Americans in the early days of the 1914 war.

The story of Kipling's quarrel with his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier, culminating in a law-suit and flight from America, is now fairly well known. This could not have happened to Stevenson, who would probably found Beatty amusing company, and might have introduced him into a book as he did some of his acquaintances in *The Wrecker*. Kipling on the other hand, would not have embroiled himself on behalf of Father Damien or Mataafa.

Stevenson had been trained as a lawyer, Kipling as a journalist, and in the Appin Trial and the journalistic part of *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*, we get them both at their best, on their own ground. As a journalist Kipling acquired much out-of-the-way knowledge of which he later made good use: while Stevenson was reading

for the bar he must have come across the name of one of the lesser Roman jurists called Modestinus. It is possible, therefore, that his companion of the Cevennes was christened, not, as is generally supposed, from her demure mien, but after the old Roman, perhaps somewhat obscurely on the principle that the Law is a Hass !

Stevenson and Kipling have both been accused of revelling in brutality and violence. The wholesale murders in *The Wrecker* and *Snarleyow* are quoted in support. Stevenson's health even more than Kipling's eyesight prevented any but vicarious violence, and I think we do see at times a natural reaction. The murders on Midway Island (had you noticed the locality?) are not without parallel in real life, and *Snarleyow* is fact with some of the more gruesome details omitted. Kipling more than Stevenson has suffered from being credited with the opinion of his characters, but not perhaps so much as Browning, who stands, I fear, charged with Pippa's optimism to eternity !

I have avoided as far as possible ground that has already been covered, and it is certainly not my intention to attempt to assess their relative positions in literature : it will hardly be disputed that Kipling never attained the level of Stevenson's best, but he produced such an almost inexhaustible store of short stories, that for sheet quality of first-class material Stevenson's short life and bad health prevented him from surpassing them. I can imagine no reason for anyone not reading Stevenson, but it is possible that there are some who have not read Kipling because they have heard him called in disapproval "imperialist." I think Kipling's philosophy may be not unfairly summarised as a belief that good government is more important than representational government. You may not agree with this, but if for that reason you fail to read his short stories, the loss will be yours.

## REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

20th September, 1961

This was a most enjoyable and even uproarious meeting. Mr. Inwood introduced the subject, " Which is Kipling's funniest story ", and began by quoting the late C. E. M. Joad, " It depends on what you mean by funny ". Mr. Inwood said he would take as his criterion for this occasion the definition laughter-provoking. It had been said that laughter is a strictly human phenomenon and Henri Bergson also insisted that it is a social phenomenon, since our laughter is always the laughter of a group. One may hear a group of people telling stories and laughing heartily, but if one is not in the group of story-tellers one has no desire to laugh. So far Bergson but, said Mr. Inwood, how would he account for the fact that any of us can read a funny story or incident in complete privacy and yet be doubled up with laughter over it. Possibly Bergson would say that the reader, the writer and the characters in the story form a congress of laughter. Mr. Inwood went on to quote Dr. Tompkins who, speaking of Kipling's farces, said " Complex, deliberately wrought, visually rich and ringing with various voices, these astonishing structures stand along the road of his art, from " The Rout of the White Hussars " in *Plain Tales* to "Aunt Ellen " in *Limits and*

*Renewals* . . . Sooner or later, in these tales, we reach the moment of physical disorder, the inversion of human and official dignity, surely the oldest and most proved of the sources of laughter ".

Mr. Inwood then gave a list of the stories with some kind of claim to be funny by our definition and invited the audience to supply additions. He then read aloud extracts from "The Bonds of Discipline", "Brugglesmith", "My Lord the Elephant", "The Village that Voted" and "The Vortex", and he read them so magnificently that the audience had the time of their lives. One member who, during the brief discussion which accompanied the suggestion of tales to add to Mr. Inwood's list, had said that she had never found any tale sufficiently funny to laugh at, was soon laughing as helplessly as the rest of us.

A vote was taken by a show of hands, everyone being allowed to vote for any story they found funny. "Brugglesmith" and "The Vortex" tied for first place with twenty votes each, "My Lord the Elephant" was second with seventeen votes, "The Village that Voted" came third with twelve votes closely followed by "My Sunday at Home" with eleven, and "The Puzzler" with ten.

I.S.-G.

15th November, 1961

This evening we had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. R. L. Green deliver what may justly be called a learned discourse on (at first glance) a somewhat unpromising subject, the three stories *Wee Willie Winkie*, *His Majesty the King* and *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*.

Anticipating the objection to the baby-talk in the first two stories (which subsequent speakers made no bones about describing as nauseating), he explained, with examples, that there was, at and before the time these stories were written, a vogue for dialect and the literal expression of child's talk (and perhaps it might be added as an afterthought, the Kailyard School was about to get into its stride), and Kipling's acknowledged debt to Mrs. Ewing showed that he followed where others led in this respect but, as the later discussion brought out, without very marked success in the sight of present-day readers. To the question: why are we nauseated by the attempted representation of child's talk in literature, Mr. Green offered the explanation that children's speech is in fact nearly always inconsequent and largely repetitive, an idiosyncrasy that is almost entirely missed in nineteenth-century works of this character. Another speaker offered the opinion that the phonetics of baby-talk were virtually impossible of translation into the written word, and the very sight of such an attempt was in consequence an acute embarrassment to the reader.

Of the two stories, *Wee Willie Winkie* stood up to the meeting's criticism despite baby-talk, with *His Majesty the King* a long way behind.

The almost frightening self-sufficiency of the English child born and brought up in India was mentioned by those with personal experience of it, and there was general agreement that Kipling had not over-emphasized this aspect in his stories of children.

The discussion shifted to *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*, which does not suffer the same objection as the other two. It provoked the not unexpected question: how much of it is autobiographical and how much

fiction ; and a comparison with the somewhat scanty narrative on the subject in *Something of Myself*. The consensus of opinion was that it was a fictional creation based on a few undoubted facts. The reticence of an ill-treated child towards even his well-wishers, as exemplified in the character of the Black Sheep, was mentioned with approval as being a convincingly truthful portrayal.

At the conclusion, the Chairman expressed the thanks of the meeting, and indeed of the Society as a whole, to Mrs. Scott-Giles for her work in arranging and guiding these discussions over a period of four years, to our great enjoyment and edification. Her clarity of exposition and mellifluous delivery will be difficult to replace.

P.W.I.

17th January, 1962

Twenty-five of us attended the meeting on January 7th, when Mr. Inwood read aloud the poems " M'Andrew's Hymn ", " The Mary Gloster " and " The Ballad of The Bolivar "—no mean task, and one which he performed superbly. Several people said afterwards that this was the first time they had properly understood and appreciated these fine poems. In conversation later, Mr. Inwood stated that " The Mary Gloster ", with its mixture of reminiscence, reproach, technicalities and semi-delirium was much harder to read aloud satisfactorily than the swinging rhythms of " M'Andrew ".

Several one-time engineers were present, and a lively discussion followed. The most interesting point, however, was a religious one made by Cols. Munro and Arnott. When one Member suggested that M'Andrew's " great temptation " was to desert the ship, turn pagan, and live like a Sultan on a South-Sea Island, both these Scotsmen stated that this was not so. M'Andrew's sin, they averred, was that he contemplated running counter to the doctrine of Predestination preached by Calvin, on which, from boyhood onwards, he would certainly have beer: brought up.

Mr. Inwood is to be congratulated on the success of this entirely new type of discussion.

A.E.B.P.

## BOOK REVIEWS

BEST GAMBLING STORIES. Edited by John Welcome. *Faber & Faber*, London, 1961. 16s.

Kipling is not normally connected with the gentle art of gambling but a recently published book on this subject contains a tale of his which does perhaps fall under this heading. We are indebted to the genius of a well-known writer of racy stories who has just compiled a volume which should attract the attention of our members.

This is John Welcome's *Best Gambling Stories*, published by Faber and Faber at 16s. Mr. Welcome has put together a selection of twelve tales from the pens of some of the best-known authors of fiction, the theme of which revolves round the dubious game of swindling. These include such famous names as Ernest Hemingway, Somerset Maugham,

Ian Fleming, Damon Runyan, Max Beerbohm, Conan Doyle, Bret Harte and others. From Rudyard Kipling Mr. Welcome has chosen one of the best from *Plain Tales from the Hills* and it is the sad little story, *A Broken-Link Handicap*, which is, perhaps, rather more eerie than any horse-racing story has any right to be. Mr. Welcome rounds off his well chosen selection with one from his own pen, *Outside Chance*.

I thoroughly recommend this book and congratulate Mr. Welcome upon his literary feast of gambling.

W. G. B. MAITLAND

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF RUDYARD KIPLING. Edited by Randall Jarrell. 693 Pages. New York, Hanover House.

The publication during the past two decades of several anthologies of Rudyard Kipling's verse and prose is a very heartening and clear indication of the reawakening of the interest in and appreciation of his writings.

The latest anthology, of very recent origin, is "The Best Short Stories of Rudyard Kipling" by Randall Jarrell, selected by him and with an introduction entitled "On Preparing to Read Kipling".

It is obvious that almost without exception any Kipling enthusiast or reader will differ to a certain extent with the selections in any anthology either as to inclusion or omission. But to this reviewer at least, the "fifty vivid stories" suffer considerably on both counts.

While Mr. Jarrell has commendably covered a very wide range of Kipling's short stories, it must be said that quality has been definitely sacrificed to quantity and that Mr. Maugham's selection of sixteen stories in "A Choice of Kipling's Prose" are far better chosen than the fifty which appear in Mr. Jarrell's anthology. These might well have been quite random selections in order to include all groups. A comparison with the Maugham or Beecroft "Contents" seems to confirm the opinion of rather haphazard choice.

Again by comparison, I feel a sense of disappointment and inadequacy in Mr. Jarrell's "Introduction". To the writer it does not carry weight and while the author affirms his admiration for Kipling, the man and his writings, there appears to be little in its pages to inspire anyone unacquainted or relatively unacquainted with Kipling's short stories to read them. If we believe that that is a primary purpose of a preface, Mr. Jarrell's "Introduction" falls far short of Mr. Maugham's "Introductory Essay" to "A Choice of Kipling's Prose". It should be said, however, in defense of Mr. Jarrell's writing that his point is well taken as to the reading public's lack of knowledge and understanding of the real Kipling.

Perhaps the greatest value of this anthology lies in the fact that while the selections are open to question, their variety should add materially to their appeal, and in the words of the late Admiral Chandler clearly illustrate the fact that "... Mr. Kipling somewhere and somehow has something that appeals to every man, woman or child; to every act, profession and occupation, to every mood, to every feeling and to every *experience*".

CARL T. NAUMBURG

## READERS GUIDE TO THE UNITED IDOLATERS

First published in England in *Nash's Magazine*, Vol. LXXIII pp. 8-13 and 66-68, June, 1924.

First published in America in *Hurst's International Magazine*, June, 1924.

It is the fourth story in DEBITS AND CREDITS (published 1926). Pp. 85-106.

In THE COMPLETE STALKY & CO. (1929) it occupies pages 203-224.

In the Sussex Edition, Vol. XVII (1938), STALKY & CO. pages 197-216.

It is preceded by poem "To the Companions : Horace, Ode 17, Bk. V" in all book editions and followed by poem "The Centaurs". [NOTE : "To the Companions" is not included in *Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Librum Quintum*, 1920, by Kipling and Charles Graves, which goes no further than Ode XV.]

[References below are to DEBITS AND CREDITS, Uniform (and Pocket) Edition, and to THE COMPLETE STALKY & CO.]

In *Nash's Magazine* there are three illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.

In *The Complete Stalky & Co.* there are two illustrations by L. Raven-Hill, facing pp. 204 and 216.

*Date:* September-October 1882. [See *Kipling Journal*, Nos. 112, 113, (December 1954, April 1955) for "The Chronology of *Stalky & Co.*"]

Kipling began writing this story in February 1923 after meeting "Carstairs" (sic) an O.U.S.C. (according to Carrington). But there is no Carstairs in the *Register*. Perhaps Carleton is meant.

PAGE 85 (203). LINE 1. "Brownell". Probably an invention : he is so obviously there as a "mouthpiece". He is the machinery which serves to show up the "text" of the story, which is Kipling's contention that Westward Ho ! was one of the most healthy schools from the moral point of view, how this came about, and what harm masters elsewhere do by "suspecting" perversion. See *Something of Myself*, pp. 23-4.

LINE 5. "Macrea". The most nebulous of the Housemasters. He may perhaps be identified with H. C. Stevens.

LINE 14. "Potiphar Mullins, Head of Games". He is surely based on Major-General J. C. Rimington : "He had the peculiar name of 'Potiphar', but none of us could ever remember the circumstances that led us to this rather absurd choice," wrote Dunster-ville in *The Kipling Journal* No. 62, Page 11, in July 1942 on Rimington's death. And Rimington himself (No. 58, p.5, July 1941) recorded that he was Captain of Football ; for a time shared

a study with Beresford, Kipling and "Tuppy" Edwardes ("Dick Four"?), and left the school in April 1881. So far as "originals" are concerned, Rimington may be said to "double" the role of "Mullins" with that of "Pussy", since he played "Abanazar" in the production of *Aladdin*.

PAGE 86 (204). LINE 9. "The Pebble Ridge" is the natural embankment of big smooth stones heaped up by the sea along the west or coast side of the "Northam Burrows" (mainly now used as the Golf Course) beneath Westward Ho!

LINE 15. "Ground-ash" — the insignia of a Prefect.

PAGE 87 (205). LINE 14. "The Reverend John Gillett" (given as "Gillette" in *Debits and Credits*). Identified with the Rev. George Willes, who joined the U.S.C. in 1879 as Chaplain and Assistant-master.

LINE 33 *et seq.* "The Army Class is allowed to smoke". Compare "An English School" (1893) in *Land and Sea Tales*, pp. 259-60. "One very curious detail, which I have never seen or heard of in any school before or since, was that the Army Class, which meant the Prefects, and was generally made up of boys from seventeen and a half to nineteen or thereabouts, was allowed to smoke pipes ... in the country outside the College ..." etc. And *Something of Myself*, p.29: "The Prefects, who were all of the 'Army Class' up for the Sandhurst or Woolwich Preliminary, were allowed under restrictions to smoke pipes. If any of the rank and file were caught smoking, they came up before the Prefects, not on moral grounds, but for usurping the privileges of the Ruling Caste".

PAGE 89 (207). LINE 3. "Monastic microbes". Kipling records (*Something of Myself*, p.34) that *Stalky & Co.* was originally intended as a series of "tracts or parables on the education of the young". This story, though written so much later, is the only one with an obvious purpose.

LINE 13. A quotation from *Uncle Remus*, Chapter XII. "Lounjun' roun' en suffer'n, sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee".

LINE 18. "Blundell's" — Compare "An English School" (*Land and Sea Tales*, p.264). "We always respected Blundell's because "Great John Ridd" had been there". See *Lorna Doone* (1869) R. D. Blackmore (1825-1900).

PAGE 90 (208). LINES 9-11. Number Five Study was occupied by Stalky, Beetle and M'Turk (Dunsterville, Kipling and Beresford). Dick Four may be identified with "Tuppy" Edwardes (Brigadier-General S. M. Edwardes, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.), Pussy with "Potiphar" Rimington (Major-General J. C. Rimington, C.B., C.S.I.), and Tertius with "Tiddiewinks" (Colonel Sidney Henry Powell, C.B., R.E.).

LINE 13. "How their symptoms seemed to segashuate". Quoted from *Uncle Remus*, Chapter II. "'How duz yo' symtums seem ter segashuate?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee".

LINES 15-16, "The Pavilion and the Cri". The London Pavilion (now a Cinema) was one of the most famous Music-Halls of the period: "The Great Macdermott" first sang G. H. Hunt's

" We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do — " here in 1878 ; " The Cri " is the Criterion Theatre in Piccadilly Circus, which was opened in 1874 (rebuilt 1884) and was famous at the time of this story (1882) for its farces from the French.

LINES 19-20. From the same Chapter II of *Uncle Remus* as before : " ' Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you ', sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar Baby, she ain't savin' nuthin'."

LINE 24. *Uncle Remus, or Mr. Fox, Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Terrapin*, by Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908). This American classic was first published in 1880 as *Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings*; in England it was first published in 1881, with the title given above. There were several sequels, but this, the first collection of stories told by the old negro to the little boy, contains all the most universally known adventures of Brer Rabbit and his companions.

LINES 25-27. The year was 1882. [See *Kipling Journal* 113 for its effect on the chronology of the *Stalky & Co.* stories.]

" Shotover's year " — Shotover was a racehorse who won the Derby and the " Two Thousand Guineas " in 1882 : she was a filly — and it was most unusual for a filly to win either of these races ; to win both was apparently unique.

" Cetewayo ", the last King of Zululand, was deposed after the Zulu War (1879). He was brought to England, pending a possible restoration, where he arrived on August 3rd, 1882.

" Arabi Pasha " headed a nationalist revolt in Egypt with which the Khedive was unable to deal; after massacres in Alexandria, Great Britain intervened, and Arabi Pasha was defeated by Sir Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir on September 13, 1882.

" Spofforth on the Oval " refers to Frederick Robert Spofforth (1853-1926), known as " The Demon Bowler ", an Australian cricketer who took a record number of wickets in 1882.

LINE 30. " A wonderful story of a Tar Baby " refers to the most famous of all Brer Rabbit's adventures, as described in *Uncle Remus*, chapters II and IV.

PAGE 91 (209), LINES 9-10.

" Ti-yi ! Tungalee !

I eat um pea, I pick um pea.

Hit grow in de groun', hit grow so free ;

Ti-yi ! dem goober pea."

So sang Brer Rabbit to his children in Chapter XXIII of *Uncle Remus*.

LINES 15-17. When Brer Bull-frog escaped from Brer B'ar in Chapter XXIV of *Uncle Remus*, he sang this song of " Ingle-go-jang, my joy, my joy " as he " dove down in de mill-pon', Kerblink-kerblunk . . . "

" That's a mighty funny song ", said the little boy. " Funny now, I speck ", said the old man, " but 'twern't funny in dem days, en' twouldn't be funny now ef folks know'd much 'bout de Bull-frog langwidge ez dey useter. Dat's w'at ! "

LINES 26-27. *H.M.S. Pinafore* was first acted and published in 1878 ; and *Patience* in 1881 — first performance 23 April.

PAGE 92 (210). LINE 33. Gibbon is, of course, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

PAGE 92 (211). LINE 12. Packman — perhaps R. J. Packenham, who was in the First XV in 1878.

LINES 20-32. "Don't 'spute wid de squinch-owl. Jam de shovel in de fier", is one of the "Plantation Proverbs" which follow Chapter XXXIV of *Uncle Remus*.

PAGE 94 (212). LINE 1. "We've got it badly too". A. A. Milne in a review of a reprint of *Uncle Remus* (*Sunday Times*, 25 September, 1949) records that "Kipling told its author that 'it ran like wild fire through an English public school when I was about 15,' which would be in 1881".

LINES 30-1. "Dick's nose shone like Bardolph's"—surely an additional proof that Kipling had a real person in mind. Dick Four's nose was only of importance in "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman", written years later. Bardolph, it will be remembered, had a peculiarly large, red nose.

PAGE 95 (213). LINE 13. "Richards"—genuine name. See Dunster-ville in *The Kipling Journal* No. 1, page 12, March 1927.

LINE 15. "Stinking Jim". In *Uncle Remus*, Chapter X: "'Oh, my! You hear dat, gals?' sez Miss Meadows, sez she; 'Brer Fox call Brer Tarrypin Stinkin' Jim,' sez she, en den Miss Meadows en de gals make great wonderment how Brer Fox kin talk dat a way 'bout nice man like Brer Tarrypin".

LINES 24-6. "Little Hartopp" was modelled on Mr. H. A. Evans, founder of the Natural History Society at Westward Ho!

LINES 30-3. For the rival sects of Byzantium and Alexandria see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; also, as the Rev. John suggested, Charles Kingsley's novel of Alexandria in the Fifth Century A.D., *Hypatia* (published 1853).

PAGE 97 (215). LINE 19. Compare *Uncle Remus*, Chapter II: "Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turken-tine, en fix up a contrapshun what he call a Tar Baby".

PAGE 98 (216). LINES 6-8. "If you do anything with your whole heart, Ruskin says, you always pull off something dam' fine". M'Turk is perhaps thinking of *The Two Paths* (1859), Lecture II, where Ruskin says: "Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together".

LINES 11-12. "If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line as a man of culture rare"—first line of a song sung by Bunthorne in the first act of *Patience* (1881).

LINE 26. "Heave-offerings"—voluntary Jewish offerings lifted up before the Lord by the priest.

PAGE 99 (217). LINE 8. "Here I come a-bulgin' and a-bilin'" combines two lines from Chapter XVIII of *Uncle Remus*: "'Yer I come a-bulgin',' sez de Tarrypin, sezee", and a little later, "'Yer I come a-bilin',' sez de Tarrypin, sezee"—describing how by low cunning and clever cheating Brer Terrapin beat Brer Rabbit in a race.

LINE 24. "In dem days, Miss Meadows's bed-cord would a-hilt a mule", explains Uncle Remus in Chapter XXVI after Brer

Terrapin has again cheated the other animals by tying his end of the bed-cord to a root at the bottom of the river — thus winning the tug-of-war, even when Brer Bear was at the other end of the bed-cord.

PAGE 100 (218). LINE 13. " Pope Symmachus ", a convert from paganism, held the Pontificate from 498 to 514. At the same time Laurentius was elected in Byzantium, and the two Popes were in conflict until Theodoric the Great decided in favour of Symmachus in 505.

PAGE 104 (222). LINE 28. " Bow down in the House of Rimmon "— as Naaman prayed pardon for doing in II Kings. V.18.

PAGE 105 (223). LINE 17. This is exactly what Brer Rabbit did where Tar-Baby was concerned, though Beetle's actual words do not occur in the text. Compare, however, Chapter XIX where, on another occasion, Uncle Remus says of Brer Rabbit : " Tain't put down in de tale, but I speck he cusst en r'ared 'roun' considerbul ".

LINE 19. A recollection of *Handley Cross*, Chapter XXXVI, where his horse is cursed for many lines by Jorrocks, ending : " Come hup, you preter-pluperfect tense of 'umbugs ".

PAGE 106 (224). LINE 4. Compare "The Impressionists" 102 (140) Line 32 : " Stalky . . . possitively rejoices in mathematics ".

R.L.G.

## THE PYECROFT STORIES

### PART I

#### The late Commander R. D. MERRIMAN, R.I.N.

THESE stories appeared about the turn of century. They were written round a fictional character named Pycroft, through whom Kipling aimed at portraying the Royal Navy as seen from the lower deck ; in the same way that Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd were made the mouthpieces of the Army of their day. Like the soldier stories, the Pycroft series represent a type now extinct, or so much modified as to make the originals almost unintelligible to the present generation. I suggest, therefore, that apart from their place in literature, these stories are not without value as studies in social history.

Let us consider the background of the time in which they were written. They were not the first of Kipling's stories about the Navy. *Judson and the Empire* appears in *Many Inventions*, published in 1893. *A Fleet in Being* (the record of a cruise with the Channel Fleet in the autumn of 1898) is perhaps the best thing he ever wrote about the Navy. The first four of the Pycroft stories : *The Bonds of Discipline*, *Their Lawful Occasions*, *Steam Tactics* and *Mrs. Bathurst* appeared in *Traffics & Discoveries* in 1904. *A Tour of Inspection* came out in the *The Windsor Magazine* for December 1904, but was never collected. *The Horse Marines* in *Pearsons Magazine*, 1911, collected in *Diversity of Creatures*, 1917.

The period in which these stories were written was the end of Victoria's long and glorious reign. The echoes of the Diamond Jubilee had not yet died away and no one could imagine a day when the

" British Empire " could become a term of abuse. We were still supreme at sea. World peace had been maintained for longer than anyone could remember, by the most powerful weapon the world had ever seen, the Royal Navy. Of this fact the British Public were vaguely aware and, since Nelson's day, (and before) the Service loomed large in the country's affections. And the Navy knew it. The knowledge contributed in no small degree to its morale.

But, by the very nature of its circumstances, the profession of the seaman, and particularly the naval seaman, is (or was) a sealed book to most landsmen. Sea service, up to the time of the first world war, meant, very literally, service at sea. A commission on a foreign station ordinarily lasted five years. W/T was only in its experimental stage, and ships were often out of touch with civilisation and even out of sight of land for long periods.

It was still a long-service navy. Many of those still serving had begun their training under sail ; and seamanship was still regarded as the first qualification for efficiency, even before gunnery. To be called ' no seaman ' was a term of reproach : you might as well be a farmer ! (" Quiet ! you gardeners there " draws a clear-cut voice from the clouds, at the unseamanlike uproar made by the Brixham trawler in anchoring. " This is the *Cryptic* at anchor ".)

The naval rating was recruited from a working-class populace, generally from the seaport areas and often from families with a long tradition of service in the R.N. ' Men dressed as seamen ' (a technical term) still went barefoot on board ship. The only time they wore boots was at Sunday divisions. (Boots! Boots! Boots! says Retallick, an' he run round like a earwig in an alder-stalk. " Boots in the galley " 'e says, " Cook's mate cast out an' abolish this cutter-cuddlin aborigine's's boots!").

With the passing of masts and yards many of the old turns of speech had gone, but many remained, and to these were being added the jargon evolved by men whose modern training and duties lay among many modern inventions. Despite these, Kipling was quick to sense that 'The Robust and Brassbound Man, he had not changed at all'. Wind and weather and the sea itself remained what they always were and always will be, whether encountered in one of Nelson's 74's or a modern destroyer or submarine, and the same seamanlike qualities were called for to cope with them.

Though men no longer boasted that their ship led the fleet in reefing topsails, they boasted, with equal fervour of beating a rival in clearing ship for action or knocking a few seconds off the record for coaling ship. A spirit of competitive efficiency which naturally appealed to Kipling. The Navy of the time was producing a remarkable type. Gunner, torpedoman, engineer, scientific navigator, signalman, all specialists in their own line but all with the stamp of the naval rating on them. The South African war was just over, and many who had served ashore with the Naval Brigade were now at sea in one or other of H.M.S.

All these characteristics Kipling sought to epitomise in the person of Emanuel Pycroft.

I imagine him to be a composite character, but one wonders whether he had not some particular individual in mind. 'A square man, with remarkable eyes.'

Only in the first two stories of this series is the background that of life on board ship, and we see Pyecroft in his natural setting, as it were, as one of a ship's company. In the last three, he appears almost as an intruder from another sphere into a world which had little or no contact with the Navy. A kind of *deus ex machina* so to speak.

## LETTER BAG

### FREEMASONRY

I have every sympathy with Mr. Harbord, who plaintively complains that he is a little weary of making copies of parts of Bazley's articles on *Freemasonry in Kipling's Works*, but I must make a mild protest against his suggestion that these articles be reprinted in the *Journal*. I am well aware of the many stories and poems which have Freemasonry as their main theme and also of Harbord's and Bazley's knowledge of "The Craft", and again that we have members who are masons, but we also have many who are not masons. I feel we should be making too much use of our valuable *Journal* for a subject which is not the interest of the majority. Please, No! Mr. Editor. There are plenty of interesting matters in Kipling apart from Freemasonry, surely?

I repeat with all sincerity I have all sympathy with Harbord for I, too, have in the past spent many laborious hours copying things for others. Nor do I wish to seem selfish. I hope everyone will see my point of view.

W. G. B. MAITLAND

### THE CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE OF LAHORE

In Journal No. 137 you made a note that Kipling's old paper was to close down. However, it has been reprieved. As it is described as "the most intelligent paper in Pakistan" it is hoped that it will be able to continue.

This we hear from Mr. Montgomery Hyde, the Head of Lahore University, who also says Kim's old school, La Martiniere (St. Xavier's), at Allahabad, impressed him very much. The Head Master there now is an Indian for the first time.

R.E.H.

### FAVOURITE KIPLING STORIES

Here are my list of Kipling stories, not exactly all favourites, but a representative list to me. I could not bring it down to twelve as I could not make up my mind which of the last four to leave out as they all meant something special to me. I put the other seven as also ones I specially liked. I put "Brugglesmith" and "Steam Tactics" in place of "My Sunday at Home" and "The Vortex", but it was a toss up which two should go in. I chose "End of the Passage" as I felt one ought to include one of that type of story, and I think I found that more impressive than "The Mark the Beast" or "The Return of Imray". "A Matter of Fact" was one of the first stories I read — I would be about twelve at the time; I have always enjoyed it. I don't think I have anything special to say about the others. I know that I have not included

many stories that are Kipling's finest, but for various reasons they do not appeal so much to me.

I have put the number of pages after each story.

1. An Habitation Enforced	... ..	46
2. Without Benefit of Clergy.	... ..	30
3. "They".	... ..	30
4. The Tomb of his Ancestors	... ..	45
5. The Bull that Thought	... ..	22
6. The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat	... ..	53
7. The Man who Was	... ..	20
8. "Brugglesmith".	... ..	19
9. Steam Tactics	... ..	34
10. A Matter of Fact	... ..	19
11. The Miracle of St. Jubanus.	... ..	18
12. The End of the Passage	... ..	30
13. The Story of Muhammed Din	... ..	5

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14. My Sunday at Home.	... ..	20
15. The Vortex.	... ..	8
16. Moti Guj — Mutineer.	... ..	10
17. Love o' Women	... ..	34
18. Sending of Dana Da	... ..	14
19. The Debt	... ..	12
20. Unsavoury Interlude	... ..	34

(Mrs.) A. B. J. SHEPHERD

KIPLING'S FUNNIEST STORY

At last September's meeting, when we discussed " Which is Kipling's Funniest Story?", one of our younger members, who comes regularly to discussions, suggested that " Bubbling Well Road ", from *Life's Handicap*, should have a place on the short list. As some of us thought this astonishing, I suggested " reasons in writing ", and these she has kindly submitted in the form of a letter to me, much of which she has given me leave to reproduce, as follows :—

You have asked me to explain " Bubbling Well Road ", which in an unguarded moment I suggested was one of Kipling's funniest.

The story has been blighted for you by some morbid imaginings, whereas if you had taken notice of the facts you would have seen that they proved nothing.

I suggest that you look for Kipling's delightfully cynical turns of phrase, and that you contemplate the ludicrous behaviour of the young man at the beginning, as well as his comically earnest reactions to the perhaps alarming, but improbable, situations in which he finds himself. There are also Mr. Wardle and the villagers to add to the fun.

I hope that, eventually, you will come round to seeing the joke. Until that auspicious time, you must please take on trust the fact that " Bubbling Well Road " vastly entertains and amuses me.

I have now re-read the story, and confess that I appreciated it more than before. But it is Kipling's *funniest*? Let us have some other members' views.

A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY

## HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

*Our New Telephone Number.* Please note that the Office telephone number is now HOLborn 7597 (direct line to the office).

*A School Kipling Evening.* We have had an interesting letter from Mr. Richard Davies, Secretary of Kipling House Society, Haileybury and I.S.C., describing an evening devoted to the study of R.K.'s life and works. Each member of the Society read an excerpt from the Works, and the list of those chosen, like all such lists, is intriguing. Verse : Lukannon, Mandalay. A Code of Morals, Fisher's Boarding House, Gunga Din, A Truthful Song, The Way Through the Woods, If, M'Andrew's Hymn (no mean effort), and Recessional (to the soft accompaniment of the hymn tune). Prose : In Error, Muhammed Din, The Elephant's Child, and an extract from Stalky.

It is most encouraging to us to bear of so much work being put in by the Up-and-Coming Generation, and we heartily congratulate the House Society on their effort.

*A Television Disappointment.* Of less value, alas, was the ten-minute discussion of R.K.'s work on the B.B.C./T.V. " Bookstand " programme on December 12th. We were asked to suggest a " name " to take part in this effort, and eagerly supplied three. None, however, appeared, and the panel comprised V. S. Pritchett and two unknowns (at least, most of Kipling's work seemed unknown to *them*.) Very little was mentioned beyond *Plain Tales* and *Kim*, and our Author was dubbed, strangely, " The Champion of the Poor-White ". Mr. Pritchett stood out, and should be worth hearing at length, and at least the period passed without mud-slinging.

*Farewell to the Auckland Branch.* It is with great regret that we report the dissolution of our Auckland Branch, which held its final meeting on October 19th, 1961. Originally called the New Zealand Branch, it was founded on November 7th, 1935, by Mrs. E. M. Buchanan, M.A., a fine and dearly-loved lady who remained its moving spirit until 1956. A point highly relevant to our President's recent open letter is that the Branch's inception stemmed from a conversation with a chance-met Kiplingite on an ocean liner.

There were some forty Foundation Members, and the President throughout has been Sir Stephen Allen, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O. Monthly meetings were held regularly from March to October, mostly discussions such as we hold today. The subject which ran through the final year is interesting : a combined re-reading of *Kim*.

We shall greatly miss our correspondence from the Branch Officers ; we wish good luck to all its former members, and sincerely hope they will remain on the membership roll independently.

*Journal No. 140 (December 1961).* Owing to its Masonic interest, there has been a run on this issue. We shall be very grateful if any members who do not keep their Journals would return this one to us when finished with.

A.E.B.P.

## NEW MEMBERS

New Members of the Society recently enrolled are : *U.K.* : Mmes. A. D. Everett, D. Venn ; Miss J. Russel ; Rev. H. Crecy ; Profs. J. H. Dible, R. W. Scarff ; Messrs. E. N. Brend, E. A. V. de Candole, F. A. Godden, R. E. Pennoyer, G. H. Pryor, P. A. Wilkinson. *Argentina*: Misses M. P. and A. G. Hobbs. *Kenya*: Mrs. E. A. Coxon. *U.S.A.*: Mmes. W. L. Avery, O. Gelmi, G. Pederson-Krag, B. H. Ridder Jr. ; Misses R. E. Lucas, J. Modesette, N. L. Thompson, G. L. Whitefield; Drs. J. C. Gerster, W. P. Tolley; Messrs. W. H. Cronin Jr., A. A. Grometstein, K. C. Howe, L. E. Madole, G. P. Merriam, M. Smith; N. Texas State College Library, S. Illinois University Library.

You are all extremely welcome.

# The Kipling Society

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

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R. E. Harbord, Esq.

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