



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. G. 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 — as the day is not always the same.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, 17th August, 1966, immediately after the Annual General Meeting, which will take place at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

11th May, 1966, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Mr. T. F. Evans, Editor of 'The Shavian', the Journal of the Shaw Society, has kindly consented to promote a discussion on "A Shavian looks at Kipling". This being a new departure, a full attendance is hoped for.

20th, July, 1966, same place and time.

Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will introduce a discussion on "The way that he took", dealing with the broad question of why Kipling wrote what he did, having regard to his views on Imperialism, the Forces, Work, and Discipline.

21st September, 1966, same place and time.

Colonel Purefoy will discourse on "Brugglesmith", "The Horse Marines" and "My Sunday at Home", followed by discussion.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Mr. P. W. Inwood has been invited by the Shaw Society to address a joint meeting of the Shaw Society and the Kipling Society on "The Versatility of Rudyard Kipling (with a side glance at Shaw)" on Friday, 24th June, 1966, at the National Book League (the Lamont Room), 7 Albemarle Street, W.1 (off Piccadilly), at 7 p.m., with a break for coffee at 8 p.m., followed by discussion. The Shaw Society has kindly invited Members of the Kipling Society to be its guests for the evening. It should be noted, however, that both Members and guests pay for their own refreshment. Members who attend should inform the officials of the Shaw Society of their membership of this Society, to avoid confusion.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on **Wednesday, 26th October, 1966**. The Guest of Honour will be the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Radcliffe, P.C., G.B.E.

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

' A BOOK OF WORDS '

In the last number of the *Journal* I listed such articles about Kipling published in the Centenary Year as I had been able to find, and asked members of The Kipling Society to supply further lists and descriptions to fill the many gaps which I was sure must be there. Not one member has contributed a single additional item, which seems a sad reflection on the enthusiasm of nearly a thousand readers who profess to be interested in Rudyard Kipling and his works.

One enthusiast, however, has retrieved the honour of the Society in the most spectacular fashion. Mrs. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy has collected and mounted an Album of cuttings about Kipling which bids fair to becoming one of the most valuable treasures in the Library of the Kipling Society for any future student of Kipling.

From this Album I have culled the following additions to my previous list. There are so many of them that want of space prevents the more detailed description of my earlier list, and the same reason prevents the inclusion of every item : some are, of course, of little value ; others are mere references. I have also omitted various reviews of the books on Kipling published last year : *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard*, *Kipling and the Children*, *Kipling and the Critics*.

Even this collection is not complete. Articles published overseas cannot have been fully represented : descriptions sent to me and cuttings sent to Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy will be welcomed.

12 NOVEMBER 1965. *The New Statesman*. ' The Great Game ', by Dan Jacobson. Article based on review of the books by Cohen and Green and the new Macmillan editions of Kipling volumes.

13 NOVEMBER. *Johannesburg Star*. ' Here Kipling was at Home ', by Oliver Walker. R.K.'s association with South Africa in general and " The Woolsack " in particular. Also various letters from E. B. Hawken (30 Nov.); Violet Newman (13 Nov.); Janice Farquharson (7 Dec).

DECEMBER. *Leicester Graphic*. ' Rudyard Kipling ', by Bonamy Dobrée. Short but revealing estimate and summary.

21 DECEMBER. *Western Morning News*. ' Author who has survived the Amateur Analysts ', by Hugh Dent ; ' Devon's Influence on Kipling ', by Edith Wheeler. Kipling almost without India, in two refreshing re-assessments.

24 DECEMBER. *The Spectator*. ' Kipling : A Celebration in Silence ', by Anthony Burgess. ' It is as a poet that he must ultimately be judged, not as a writer of *contes à clef* . . . '

25 DECEMBER. *Smith's Trade News*. 'Birth Centenary of Rudyard Kipling', by Frances Collingwood. A purely factual account of his life and work.

25 DECEMBER. *The Scotsman*. 'Rudyard Kipling's Centenary,' by Robert Nye. Described by a correspondent (31 Dec), S. E. Johnson, as 'seven long columns of ill-natured criticism.' Lord Balerno replied (28 Dec.) in an excellent letter of personal recollections firmly confuting Nye's description of Kipling after the War as 'sprang, surly, tired, estranged, embittered, burnt-out . . . immured in a house in Sussex, his wife acting as a guardian and nurse-maid, his back to the world, a broken man,' etc.

26 DECEMBER. *The Hindu*. 'Kipling — Wizard of the Animal World,' by P. R. Krishna-swami. Glowing praise of the jungle tales, 'though even in telling animal stories Kipling would not refrain from maligning "The natives," etc.'

26 DECEMBER. *The Sunday Standard* (India). 'Kipling: Poet of Empire,' by Harvey Day. 'His books are out of date because he believed the British were the Lord's Chosen People,' but 'at his best he was a great artist and a master of the English language . . . his best work was about children and animals.'

28 DECEMBER. *Bath and Wilts Evening Chronicle*. 'Centenary Brings New Interest in Kipling's Works,' by Arthur Nettleton. Slight but sympathetic. (Repeated in other papers.)

29 DECEMBER. *Bristol Evening Post*. 'Kipling : the Gifted Writer who Antagonized the Critics,' by David Foot. Trivial as criticism, but interesting references to Kipling's associations with Bath.

29 DECEMBER. *Evening Argus* (Brighton and Hastings). 'Kipling is Back in Favour Again,' anonymous. Slight, but with pleasant Sussex references.

29 DECEMBER. *Yorkshire Post*. 'Laureate of a Vanished Empire,' by H. A. Taylor. Interesting and well-reasoned article on Kipling's views of Empire.

29 DECEMBER. *Sheffield Telegraph*. 'Kipling — a Real Poet Laureate,' by Harold Bunting. Kipling given high praise as popular and memorable poet.

30 DECEMBER. *Daily Mail*. 'Kipling with a Pinch of Salt,' by Simon Roy. An interesting article, written in Delhi, on the present Indian views on Kipling. 'Kipling in fact will be read as long as English is taught in India; the Indian of today thoroughly enjoys Kipling, particularly his description of the English in India — but takes his 'Imperialist' views with a pinch of salt.

30 DECEMBER. *The Sun*. 'So it was Kipling who invented 007 !' by Arthur Pottersman. Slight but amusing. Kipling invented '007' also 'It' — and 'was so un-jingoistic that he once gave deep consideration to becoming an American citizen.'

30 DECEMBER. *The Evening News*. 'The Man you Always Quote,' by Colin Frame. Good, simple eulogy.

30 DECEMBER. *The Evening Standard*. 'Great Men are Always Disappointing, said Rudyard Kipling,' by Patrick Kirwan. Good eulogy, with personal recollections.

30 DECEMBER. *New Society*. 'Kipling and Race,' by Philip Mason. A serious, well reasoned article by the Director of the Institute of Race Relations on Kipling's views about 'racial superiority' — in which he agrees with Eliot that Kipling held no such views and explains their apparent appearance in some of the stories. This is an important article.

31 DECEMBER. *The Church Times*. 'Kipling: Inside Right and Outside Wrong,' by Roger Lloyd. This article is even more important, and should be read as an appendix to that by C. S. Lewis. Canon Lloyd feels the same admiration for Kipling — and the same uneasiness after reading him. 'So long as the world lasts Kipling's name is imperishable,' but many a reader is 'left always with an undefined question-mark, a sense of faint unease which cannot be charmed away.' 'He got as far as law, and there he stopped. Charity lay on the further shore of his earthly experience,' and he could not take the last step even though he could make Purun Bhagat do so and Kim realize its existence. Lloyd quotes Kipling's confession of faith in 1890 to Caroline Taylor — 'a string of negatives with fear in them, a shying away from everything that makes deity Christian and lovely, and full-hearted allegiance only to an unrewarding code of law' — and demonstrates how this led to his passion for the Inner Ring . . . One wonders whether some of the later stories do not show the fetters of the Ring wearing thin, if not even ceasing to imprison, to an extent unrealized by either Lewis or Lloyd.

31 DECEMBER. *The Irish Times*. 'A Creature of Diversity,' by Bruce Arnold. Kipling great poet, compared with Yeats: wrong to ignore period background of either.

31 DECEMBER (and 7 JANUARY). *Medical News*. 'A Glance at Rudyard Kipling,' by Hector Bolitho. Quotes interesting letter from Mowbray Morris, 10 Nov. 1889 [mis-read by Bolitho as 1887] about Kipling's first contribution to *Macmillan's Magazine*. Also interesting details about meeting Kipling a few days before his death, and being asked to write his biography — which was interrupted after two chapters by the 1939 War.

31 DECEMBER. *Coulsdon and Purley Times*. 'Kipling, the Man whose Stories will Live,' Anonymous. Slight, but with interesting local references.

1 JANUARY 1966. *Birmingham Post*. 'Kipling: Poet Laureate of the Right Wing,' by Benita Parry. Damns with faint praise, but has interesting criticisms, e.g. of *Mary Postgate* 'a compassionate and frightening account of a thwarted, unimaginative woman, a victim of restraint . . .'

2 JANUARY. *Sunday Times*. 'Centenary Survey', by Cyril Connolly. Interesting review of *Kipling and the Critics*.

4 JANUARY. *Free Press Bulletin* (India). 'Rudyard Kipling', by John Connell. This is one of the best of the straightforward critical estimates: fair, judicious and completely outside political prejudice. Kipling ranks with Scott and Dickens — 'and it looks as if it will be some time before some other comes to make that trio a quartet.'

JANUARY; FEBRUARY. *Marxism Today*. 'Rudyard Kipling Re-Kstimated'. Two more short articles in this series were contributed by A. L. Morton and Jessie Kocmanova; and Jack Dunman then concluded

with a summing up and rejoinder. (Mr. Dunman's original article of August 1965 will not, after all, be reprinted in *The Kipling Journal*, as he is writing a special article for our September number.)

The above list from the Album omits many short paragraphs, etc., describing the Centenary Celebrations, some notices of the television series now being re-broadcast in New Zealand, and brief reports of Exhibitions in India and Pakistan.

Two long articles in Swedish are also included in the Album, of which translations have been made. They are : ' Den Kipling ingen laser ' by Ingrid Rehfeld Svendsen, which appeared on 20 March 1965, and ' Rudyard Kipling ' by Lennart Peterson (a member of the Kipling Society) printed as a four-page pamphlet in a ' Travel with Books ' series. Another of our members, Mrs. Janice Farquharson, published a delightful account of a visit to Bateman's and a meeting with Mrs. Nancy Brett (teacher to the Kipling children at the beginning of the century) in the *Sak-Sabc Bulletin* of Johannesburg on 13 December 1965 under the title ' In Search of Kipling '.

Two reviews published in *The Times Literary Supplement* should also be mentioned : that of *Kipling and the Children* in the issue of Oct. 1965, and of *Kipling and the Critics* on 17 Feb. 1966. In both cases the anonymous author has extended his review into admirable and penetrating articles on Kipling.

Finally, *The Soviet Weekly* of 8 January publishes a picture with the legend : ' The recent Kipling birth centenary was marked in the U.S.S.R. by many discussions of his works. This meeting, for instance, was held in the House of Friendship in Moscow.'

R.L.G.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Charge for Discussion Meetings. We much regret that increasing costs have compelled Overseas House to raise their charge for the Ulster Room to such an extent that we are forced to raise our own charge for attending from five shillings to six. Even so, an attendance of 25 is necessary to ensure our breaking even. So *do please* continue to come and, whenever you can, bring guests, and encourage others to do the same. These meetings are so much a feature of the Society that it would be tragic to have to drop them.

Westminster Abbey Recording. Do send for a copy — it's so very good. Details in Journal 157; if you haven't got it, enquire of the Hon. Secretary.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following : *U.K.*: Mmes. G. Hamilton, N. Hulbert, B. Jollands, P. Scott; Major I. Hyne; Messrs. A. Kingsley, A. McCosh. *CANADA*: McGill Univ. Library, Montreal. *S.A.*: T. P. N. Curry. *SWEDEN*: Mrs. I. Svensen. *U.S.A.*: Mrs. D. Randenbush, Miss E. Shrifte; Messrs. D. W. Randenbush, R. B. Russell; Loyola Univ. Library, Chicago. *VICTORIA (B.C.) BRANCH*: Mmes. O. Arneson, D. Dunbar, E. Henderson.

REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING : 9 MARCH 1966

KIPLING AND THE CRITICS

by C. E. Carrington

Mr. Carrington began by reading the essay in which Mr. H. E. Bates said that 'no single syllable of Kipling's' had ever given him a moment's pleasure. It was significant that Mr. Bates referred to nothing written by Kipling after 1892; and it was curious that Mr. Bates's own novel, 'Fair Stood the Wind for France', was a typical Kipling theme, treated much as Kipling would have treated it, except that he would have compressed the story to about one quarter the extent required by Mr. Bates, and would have made a sharper impact. The most valuable part of Mr. Bates's criticism was the comparison with Wagner, who is also extravagantly loved or hated. The puzzle about Kipling criticism is that so many discerning writers completely lose their heads when they turn their attention to him.

The speaker put four points to the meeting for consideration :

- (1) that the astonishing explosion of Kipling's early work in 1890-1 left behind an image of what Kipling was supposed to be; and that much of the later criticism never got beyond this fixed point. He became the prisoner of his own early reputation.
- (2) that the critics have failed to distinguish between the phases of his art.
- (3) that the usual reaction to Kipling is emotional not rational.
- (4) that in spite of his many merits there is a flaw in his make-up.

The early image was based solely upon his juvenilia. Essays which are still quoted and reprinted by such eminent persons as Henry James, Edmund Gosse, and Andrew Lang, refer to a Kipling who had written less than a quarter of the work we know best, a Kipling without 'Mowgli', without 'Kim', without 'Recessional', without the 'White Man's Burden'; and without the great series of psychological stories from 'Mrs. Bathurst' to 'Dayspring Mishandled'.

The phases of his career may be summarised as follows :

- (1) The Lahore Period, 1882-1887. 'Departmental Ditties' were merely light verses in the manner of the period. 'Plain Tales' presented a new form in English literature. At this time his juvenile faults were held in check by his editor and by his father, a stern critic.
- (2) The Allahabad Period, 1887-1889. He escaped from tutelage, and wrote at large, some of his best and almost all of his worst work. 'Soldiers Three' and 'Wee Willie Winkie'.
- (3) After a phase of transition in London, 1890-1891, came his American Period, 1892-1896. The emergence of Kipling as a conscientious craftsman. 'Jungle Books', 'Many Inventions', 'Seven Seas', 'Day's Work'.
- (4) The years 1896-9 were again a transitional phase, cut short by the calamity of his daughter's death. The turning-point was 'Kim', 1899, after which his work reveals a new sensibility, and most of the early criticism becomes obsolete. The South African Period,

1899-1903, saw him as a harsh critic of his age. His attention turned inwards and he began to write obscure psychological stories. 'Traffics and Discoveries'.

- (5) First Sussex Period, 1903-1915. Discovery of England and English History. At this stage, he perfected his technique.
- (6) Second Sussex Period, 1915-1936, after the death of his son. Kipling was now an Old Master. His reputation might stand on 'Debits and Credits' alone.

In the view of Mr. Carrington, the importance of Kipling's unhappy childhood has been exaggerated. Fundamental changes in his art and in his philosophy, can be associated also with the three crises in his adult life, his marriage and the tragic deaths of two children.

After the publicity in 1890, a reaction set in, and the anti-Kipling outburst reached its climax about 1901; it was largely concerned with demolishing the 1890 image and paid little attention to his maturer work. Surely it was blindness in Arnold Bennett to say that everything he wrote after 1899 was inferior in quality. Modern students, such as Professor Dobrée and Dr. Tompkins, would say the contrary.

Since Kipling's reputation was regarded as a pricked bubble in the early years of this century, he received no attention from the self-appointed arbiters of public taste. Yet, for thirty years or more, his sales-figures soared and every new book was eagerly snapped up. The top of the curve came about the time that Edmund Wilson wrote his essay with the title, 'The Kipling that Nobody Read', that is to say, the Kipling that everyone was reading except the literary avant-garde. They had made the same mistake about Dickens in the previous generation. For Kipling was a writer for all ages. Those who had become Kipling-lovers in the nursery needed no inducement to try his adult books for themselves. In those years, published comments on his work were either mere adulation from the Kipling-lovers, or mere abuse from the Kipling-haters, for whose attitude we must now seek an explanation.

He had an uncanny power of irritating people he disliked: not classes or races or sects but types of mind, the people he called the 'bandar-log'. He hit them so hard — and below the belt — that they never forgave him. Dr. Lionel Trilling wrote: 'His extravagance sprang from his hatred of the liberal intellectual — and he was, we must remember, the aggressor in that quarrel — and the liberal intellectual responded by hating everything that Kipling loved.'

The serious modern study of Kipling's place in English Literature begins with Professor Dobrée's comment in 1929: 'It will only be possible to give him his rightful place, when the political heats of his day have become coldly historical.' The publication of T. S. Eliot's *Choice of Kipling's Verse* in 1941, with a favourable introduction, released a new flood of criticism which indicated that the cooling period was not over. Edmund Wilson led the way with a celebrated essay which was ingenious but based on insufficient information. As Noel Annan put it, the publication of Kipling's *Biography* 'disposes of Wilson's conjectures.' Lionel Trilling added little beyond the comment already quoted, and George Orwell's *Essay* is no more than controver-

sial journalism. But several writers in good standing reacted against Eliot's rehabilitation of this fallen idol with emotional fury. Mr. Bates's remarks have been mentioned earlier. The climax was reached by Dr. Boris Ford's review in 'Scrutiny', where he wrote, in a splutter of incoherent rage,

'One can, in passing, only deplore that Mr. Eliot should have supposed that Kipling is, in some way, worthy of attention.'

Kipling's reputation has suffered from the tendency of critics to select telling phrases from fictional stories, from comic light verses, or from his juvenilia, and to use them as if they represented the social philosophy of Kipling, the Nobel prizewinner. The classic case is the frequent condemnation of the set of verses called 'Loot,' without notice of the fact that it is a joke — perhaps a joke in poor taste, but a joke. Kipling is not nearly so outrageous on this subject as is Shakespeare in Henry V Act iv, scene 4. but no one blames Shakespeare for having fun with 'Ancient Pistol.' An extreme case of judging Kipling by his juvenilia is that of Mr. Colin McInnes, in the *New Statesman*, who selected as his example of Kipling's wicked imperialism a little ode called 'Ave Imperatrix', which he wrote at the age of fifteen, and which Mr. Eliot disinterred merely as evidence of Kipling's childish precocity — without noticing that the infant prodigy had cribbed it from Oscar Wilde.

But almost everything that Kipling wrote delighted somebody and irritated somebody else. The Kipling-lovers, too, have passionate likes and dislikes that differ widely. Most essays or lectures on Kipling take exception to some piece or other, on irrational grounds. Why does C. S. Lewis, the most judiciously impartial of all his critics, suddenly allude to 'The Janeites' as 'unforgiveable'? This is not criticism at all; it is reflex action; and it will be difficult to find any reviewer of Kipling's work who does not make such lapses.

What is there in his art that disgusts some people and occasionally irritates his admirers? Most critics detect a flaw in his personality, a deficiency of ideal that just deprives him of the very highest status. What quality does he lack that is to be found only in the few greatest writers? Is it that his determination to be an 'insider', his admiration for craftsmanship, in any craft or calling, remains undirected? The Kipling ethic is not enough, and at the heart of his personality there is a void, a final pessimism that he shared with Thomas Hardy. 'His tolerance is weary and sceptical,' said C. S. Lewis. In a recent article in the *Church Times*, Roger Lloyd wrote: 'Those who most admire his writing rise from it uneasily, wondering what might have happened if his spiritual growth had kept pace with the rest of his powers.' And yet, he adds, 'So long as the world lasts, Kipling's name is imperishable . . . For History it is enough.'

During his talk, Mr. Carrington referred to the handsome album of press-cuttings prepared for the Society by Mrs. Bagwell-Purefoy. It contains what is probably the best collection of critical articles on Kipling's verse and prose published during these last months, when so much new work has been done. He took the occasion of recalling that, thirty years ago when he began to gather materials for a Life of Kipling, he employed the lady who is now his wife as research assistant.

He continually refers to her classified extracts from critical articles on Kipling, perhaps the most complete collection for the early period.

In order to promote—or provoke—a lively disputation, the chairman prefaced the discussion by stating that, if asked, he would describe himself as a liberal intellectual, leaving it to be inferred that he must in consequence be one of the bandar-log. This seemed largely to fail in its effect, since some of the audience were clearly bemused by the purely political connotation of the word 'liberal', so that attempts to identify some of Kipling's essays in political invective with attacks on the liberal intelligentsia were inconclusive, but Mr. Green discerned such an attack in "The Three Young Men", an almost forgotten story in *Abaft the Funnel*, which, except for the laxity of the American copyright laws, the author would never have caused to be published in a collected edition.

The whole of the discussion produced little in addition to Professor Carrington's scarifying denunciation of the more witless critics, but an attempt was made to trace the cause of the denigratory attitude towards Kipling which made its appearance during the twenties and thirties to the possibility that those who attained adulthood in that period were resentful of their elders, the veterans of the Great War, and were encouraged by the anti-war tendency of literature at that time, emphasised by the more left-wing of their preceptors, to look askance at Kipling, and were easily persuaded that he was a leading war-monger who had beaten the imperial war-drums; ergo it was best not to read his poisonous outpourings. That generation or its more articulate members formed their critical opinions on these inadequate grounds with the results that still afflict us today.

It was perhaps ill-advised to refer, in this context, to the famous resolution of the Oxford Union: "That this House will in no circumstances fight for its King and Country," which evoked some vociferous interjections. Nevertheless, whatever Ribbentrop reported to Hitler on the matter, and accounts vary, it is difficult to accept seriously that a body of the eminence and respectability of the Oxford Union would have permitted the motion to be put up, debated, voted upon and passed, for a rag! At all events it does not tally with, for example, reports in the responsible press at the time, and moreover, the pacifist tendency of the youthful intellectual left was a matter of common knowledge.

What had been probably the most entertaining and fiercely-argued discussion for a long time was brought to a close with the well-merited thanks of the whole company to Professor Carrington for his able and thought-provoking discourse, and the quotation by the chairman of the words of A. L. Rowse: "Since the last war there have been many evidences of a complete change in the climate of critical opinion towards Kipling. Like Kipling himself I do not attach an undue importance to the opinion of critics: they are often wrong, and not often very perceptive. They are now beginning to discover what an *artist* Kipling is—as he always was."

CARLYLE AND KIPLING

By Andrew Rutherford

IN Kipling's study in his house at Brattleboro in Vermont, there is a large brick fireplace, where, on the chimney-piece, one can still read the text inscribed by Kipling's father in 1893: "The Night cometh when no man can work." This was not so much an admonition to his son, for none was needed: it was rather the summary of a credo which they shared, a philosophy exemplified in both their lives, a principle celebrated by Kipling himself not only in his significantly titled volume *The Day's Work*, but throughout almost the whole range of his fiction. The predominance of this theme in his writings suggests a possible debt to — or at the very least, an affinity with — the Victorian prophet who above all others preached this same gospel of work. It is the nature, the extent, and the limits of that affinity that I hope to explore in this essay.

Carlyle's influence, later reinforced by that of his disciple Ruskin, was so widespread and profound among Victorian readers that few were untouched by one aspect or another of his teachings. Direct indebtedness on Kipling's part would, however, be hard to establish, though there are some interesting pointers. When he was rescued by his mother from the House of Desolation where for over five years he had been mercilessly bullied, tortured mentally and physically in the name of evangelical religion, deprived of reading as a regular punishment, and eventually driven, half-blind, into a nervous breakdown, Kipling was sent (after months of recuperation) to a public school; but before returning to India his mother, he tells us, placed him in the care of "three dear ladies who lived off at the far end of Kensington High Street . . . in a house filled with books, peace, kindness, patience and what to-day would be called 'culture' . . ." All the people one was taken to see either wrote or painted pictures . . ." (This recalls his earlier paradisaical glimpses of a world of art and letters, love and affection during his holiday visits to the Burne-Joneses.) Furthermore, one of these three ladies herself "wrote novels on her knee, by the fireside, sitting just outside the edge of conversation, beneath two clay pipes tied with black ribbon, which once Carlyle had smoked."⁽¹⁾ It was perhaps important for Kipling's development that this haven of culture and kindness was thus presided over by the spirit of Carlyle. There is at least one scrap of evidence to suggest that the sympathetic respect for the sage, which he would presumably acquire there, bore some fruit. All readers of *Stalky & Co.* will remember how the three boys used to lie in a clearing in the furze-bushes, smoking most reprehensibly, and devouring books like Surtees's *Handley Cross* and Dumas's *Count of Monte Cristo*. Dunsterville himself, however, tells us in his *Reminiscences* that his association with Kipling and Beresford had the immediate effect of *improving* his taste in literature: "The period of Ned Kelly and Jack Harkaway was succeeded by Ruskin, Carlyle, and Walt

Whitman"; and he mentions specifically *Fors Clavigera* and *Sartor Resartus* as works which they "absorbed in silence, broken only by occasional comments" in their "hut" in the furze-thicket.⁽²⁾

If we re-read *Sartor Resartus* with this in mind, we can only speculate on which aspects of the book may have caught their attention; yet it is hard to suppose that Kipling would not be struck by the early intimation of Carlyle's work-gospel — by such passages as this, where Teufelsdröckh describes his emergence from the soul-sickness of the Everlasting No :

I could now say to myself : Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce ! Produce ! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name ! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee : out with it, then. Up, up ! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today ; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.⁽³⁾

This was a message which echoed some aspects of their own school ethos. However lightly they took their actual studies, and however large a share they had of boyhood irresponsibility, the great majority of the pupils were sons of serving officers and "hoped to follow their fathers in the Army", so that the conception of Duty to be done in adult life bulked large in their young minds. Still more in accord with Carlyle's exhortations was the life which Kipling lived in India in the period which he describes in his autobiography under the heading "Seven Years Hard". He reminds us of the rigours of life in an Anglo-Indian station of the early 1880's. :

. . . the taste of fever in one's mouth, and the buzz of quinine in one's ears ; the temper frayed by heat to breaking point but for sanity's sake held back from the break ; the descending darkness of intolerable dusks ; and the less supportable dawns of fierce, stale heat through half of the year . . .⁽⁴⁾

I never worked [he tells us] less than ten hours and seldom more than fifteen per diem; and as our paper came out in the evening did not see the midday sun except on Sundays. I had fever too, regular and persistent, to which I added for a while chronic dysentery. Yet I discovered that a man can work with a temperature of 104, even though next day he has to ask the office who wrote the article . . . From the modern point of view I suppose the life was not fit for a dog, but my world was filled with boys, but a few years older than I, who lived utterly alone, and died from typhoid mostly at the regulation age of twenty-two. As regarding ourselves at home [i.e. the Kipling family group], if there were any dying to be done, we four were together. The rest was in the day's work . . .⁽⁵⁾

Here Kipling's obvious pride in having lived like this is partly the satisfaction any of us feel at having "sweated it out" at some stage in our lives ; but more fundamentally, his glad acceptance of these labours and these hardships is due to the fact that in accepting them he was conforming to the code of his whole caste — he was participating in the far from ignoble ethic of Anglo-India. Whatever frivolities or corruptions might be found at Simla, whatever diversions men might make for

themselves off-duty in the stations, officers throughout the service were valued primarily for their capacity for work, for the quantity and quality of their work for the good of district, province, or Empire. "The immense amount of labour done here," wrote Fitzjames Stephen, "strikes me more than anything else. The people work like horses, year in and year out, without rest or intermission, and they get hardened and toughened into a sort of defiant, eager temper which is very impressive . . . It is certainly the most masculine middle-aged busy society, that ever I saw, and, as you may imagine, I don't like to fall behind the rest in that particular."⁽⁶⁾

The very prevalence of such attitudes in Kipling's world makes it impossible for us to attribute them to Carlyle's influence when we find them celebrated in Kipling's own writings. The Puritan ethic had existed and nourished long before Carlyle gave it his own unique reformulation: indeed it might be argued that some of his teaching seemed so profound to contemporary readers partly because it advocated in a strikingly new way values with which they were already sufficiently familiar. In India, in the early years of the nineteenth century, men like Thomas Munro, John Malcolm, and Mountstuart Elphinstone (all Scots, incidentally) needed no sage from Ecclefechan to teach them the lessons of unceasing labour and a life's devotion to the chosen task. And it was giants like these who established the traditions inherited by Anglo-Indians of Kipling's day. Yet so intricate and difficult to chart are the cross-currents of cultural influence in any period, that it is not impossible that the intensified sense of mission, of being members of a dedicated service, among Anglo-Indians in the second half of the nineteenth century, may have owed something to a cross-fertilisation from Carlyle's preaching, as well as from Arnold's transformation of the public-school tradition. However this may be, it is obviously important not to attribute to a single literary influence what is more a matter of the general ethos of a class or a community; and in comparing Kipling's attitudes to Carlyle's we shall be well advised to speak in terms of affinities rather than debts. It is with this caveat in mind that I propose to draw some parallels and contrasts between their writings.

Here, to begin with, is a passage from *Past and Present*, in which Carlyle's doctrine of work is more fully presented:

The latest Gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor self of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering

the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man : but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man.⁽⁷⁾

In substituting "know thy work and do it" for "know thyself", Carlyle's animus is directed not so much at the old classical adage of *Nosce teipsum*, as at the specifically Romantic tendency to introspective brooding self-analysis. One has to remember that Carlyle, born in 1795, was in fact a member of the younger Romantic generation—a contemporary of Byron, Shelley and Keats, though he lived on as they did not into the Victorian era. *Sartor Resartus*, with its awkward manipulation of *personae*, its embarrassed and embarrassing self-consciousness, gives a thinly-veiled autobiographical account of his own participation in the alienation and soul-sickness of the earlier age, and of his winning through to a surer sense of identity and value, a new psychological and spiritual stability. The vogue which *Sartor* enjoyed suggests that his earlier predicament was not peculiar to himself—that his malady was shared by many readers who therefore welcomed his propounding, with such overwhelming conviction, an acceptable Victorian resolution of a Romantic dilemma. It is this resolution (based to some extent on Goethe's teaching) which he is again recommending here.

For Kipling, formed in a very different cultural milieu, Carlyle's recommendation would have seemed thoroughly acceptable, but he had little experience of, and less sympathy with, the alternative which it replaced. When he returned from India to literary London, the introspective self-analysis which *he* observed around him was not the profound Romantic probing into the depths of personality, experience and value, but rather the superficial self-flattering narcissism of minor aesthetes :

... I consort with long-haired things
 In velvet collar-rolls,
 Who talk about the Aims of Art,
 And "theories" and "goals",
 And moo and coo with women-folk
 About their blessed souls.⁽⁸⁾

Kipling always had deep sympathy for men broken by pressures genuinely too great for them to bear : although this shows most obviously in his later years, in his preoccupation with war neurosis and other forms of psychological malaise, it is to be found throughout his whole career. But he had no patience with " the disease of the century " as he portrayed it in Frankwell Midmore of " My Son's Wife ", nor with the reciprocal emotional analyses of that hero's associates : he loathed the cosy, unhealthy moral atmosphere of such coteries—an atmosphere which was soon dissipated for his hero by energetic days in the hunting-field, and the shouldering of a landowner's full responsibilities. Kipling, like Carlyle, believed that a man is most a man when he transcends his consciousness of self in his commitment to his work; and indeed, even the most routine work, well-performed in arduous conditions, seemed to him to partake of the heroic. Thus the editor of the daily paper in "William the Conqueror" (*The Day's Work*) is

described as lying in a long chair, "stripped to the waist like a sailor at a gun, . . . waiting for night telegrams"; and the simile associates the humdrum trivialities which Kipling had himself engaged in with the heroism of battle. A similar technique is often used by Carlyle to precisely the same end, with military metaphors suggesting the true heroism of less glamorous forms of action.

Another link between the two men is suggested by Carlyle's imagery in the passage quoted above: ". . . a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby." Here Carlyle finds his example of human achievement, and his symbol for the effect of work on the psychology of the worker, in a description of the imperial or colonising process whereby deserts are reclaimed, jungles cleared, order, fertility and civilisation substituted for rank chaos or sterility. Clearly, if Kipling ever read this, he would have found it congenial, and the deeper implication would also have been very much to his taste—the implication, soon made explicit, that the end of work is to replace Chaos and Anarchy by life-fulfilling Order:

What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee. The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness . . . attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite, in the name of God! . . . work while it is called Today. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.⁽⁹⁾

The passage is metaphoric in nature, and general in import; yet the opening section could serve as a philosophical basis for imperialism, seen as a process of developing the natural resources of overseas territories, and substituting the rule of law for chaos and savagery; while the pervasive military metaphors — "enemy", "attack", "subdue", "smite, smite" — as well as establishing the heroic nature of *all* work, might easily be applied to areas of activity where the metaphor would convert itself to literal fact. Indeed the whole career of Abbot Samson, that strong man, who by his paternalistic good government brought order out of chaos at St. Edmunds, is less a paradigm of anything that could have been achieved in nineteenth century England — whatever Carlyle's dreams — than a blueprint for the careers of those strong men, who by paternalistic good government were bringing order out of chaos in provinces of the empire. The true analogue of Samson is to be found in men like the Lawrences and Nicholson and Edwardes in the Punjab, or Lugard in Africa, or less spectacular administrators throughout the "native" Empire.⁽¹⁰⁾

Yet one must not exaggerate the similarity of these two minds — Carlyle's and Kipling's ; for when the former goes on to say " above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness . . . attack it, I say . . .," he is urging readers to a battle in which Kipling would feel little interest. Though he always respected knowledge in the sense of the expertise essential to the job in hand, to a man's trade or profession, he had nothing of Carlyle's intellectual and philosophical bent; pre-occupied with the world of action, he has little time for thinkers or indeed for poets. " I like people who *do* things " one of his heroines notoriously declares to the man whose job it was to teach Wordsworth to Indians ; and one feels uneasily that her character is not conceived wholly dramatically — that Kipling himself is too thoroughly endorsing her opinions. Of course he did value art — particularly literary art; and it would be easy to cite stories showing his high estimate of the great artist. Yet there is in his work a continual ambivalence about the relative value of art and action, writing and doing; and I question whether he could ever have committed himself, as Carlyle so wholeheartedly did, to this valuation :

Consider now [if we were asked] . . . Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakespeare ? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer : Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire ; we cannot do without Shakespeare ! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day ; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts for-ever with us ; we cannot give-up our Shakespeare ! ⁽¹¹⁾

In Carlyle too, of course, we find a vacillation over the relative value of action and thought, writers and doers : he may write of the hero as poet or man of letters, but his lecture series culminates in the hero as king — the Cromwell rather than the Shakespeare. Indeed he came to believe that to celebrate a Cromwell's, or a Frederick's, or a Francia's deeds was the highest function a writer could perform :

Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls in with such ; and say to himself : " Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of. Why do I keep pen-and-ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius, and the like of him? My fine-arts and aesthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or nothing whatever ! " ⁽¹²⁾

Comparable with this is Kipling's acknowledgment of " the gulf that separates even the least of those who do things worthy to be written about from even the best of those who have written things worthy of being talked about ". He recognised that we have found no " substitute for the necessary word as the final record to which all achievement must look. Even today, when all is done, those who have done it must wait until all has been said by the masterless man with the words ". The craft and magic of words are therefore important, but the duty of " the man with the Words " is to " wait upon the man of achievement, and

step by step with him try to tell the story of the Tribe"⁽¹³⁾ — a pronouncement which throws a good deal of light on Kipling's own artistic intentions. In such passages the two men present very similar conceptions of their art, and of its justification. Yet when all Carlyle's suspicions and indeed his denigrations of writers and thinkers have been noted, it remains true that he believed in an aristocracy of wisdom as well as of courage, that he respected the spiritual as well as the practical Hero, and that he had a range of interests, intellectual and philosophical, which are wholly lacking in Kipling. Their absence marks a radical limitation in the quality of Kipling's genius. Its effect can be seen most notably in the complacent Philistinism which is a not infrequent blemish in his favoured characters — and in his own authorial *persona*. It also underlies the difference between the two men's handling of history.

When Kipling looks back into history he sees men at work — men practising their art or trade — men doing their duty well or ill ; and he realises that the England we inherit is the consequence of the labours of *all* these men, even if they are long forgotten. This was an awareness bred from, or intensified by, the rich layers of historicity in the Sussex where he made his home — where in his own grounds were found items as various as a Jacobean tobacco-pipe, a Cromwellian latten spoon, the bronze cheek of a Roman horse-bit, and a polished Neolithic axe-head.⁽¹⁴⁾ Exactly the same sense can be found in Carlyle :

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World . . . This Land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day ; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are those following, and their representatives if you can find them : All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree ; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England.⁽¹⁵⁾

This could be used as an epigraph to *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* : it offers as explicit statement what is rendered by Kipling in terms of artistic vision. But Kipling renders that vision in vignettes : in brief, short-story glimpses of the past and its endeavours, glimpses rendered to us with a vividness, economy, and artistic skill which make Carlyle's attempts at recreating Abbot Samson seem pedestrian, heavy-handed, ponderously rhetorical. What Carlyle can do superbly (and what Kipling cannot) is to mould a whole long continuous stretch of history into meaning and into art (the two processes are really one, since it is the formal structuring that embodies the interpretation). He himself saw *The French Revolution* as history, which he always found more interesting than fiction : it was his sense that all this was true, that it had really happened, that made the events seem to him so deeply significant ; but we are bound to view the work as semi-fictional in nature, because of the freedom (comparable to that exercised by, say, an epic poet) with which he selects, arranges, and remoulds his material to body forth his conception of world-history. What is so impressive, and what differentiates him so sharply from Kipling, is his having a

philosophic vision capable of informing and sustaining so vast a structure, for intellectual vitality and architectonic skill are here closely related.

Kipling's anti-intellectualism, therefore, marks a gulf between his values and Carlyle's : there is nothing in his development to compare with Carlyle's reverence for Goethe. Yet even here they have much in common in their regard for the active as opposed to the contemplative life; and it may be appropriate to turn at this point from the general theme of work, and the work-gospel which they shared, to some of the particular kinds of work they both admired.

Firstly, there is the imperial endeavour which we have seen providing Carlyle with imagery and analogies, but which he sometimes explicitly advocated as a matter of social and economic policy. This was part of his solution, as it had been Southey's, to the problem of unemployment and Malthusian over-population in Britain and West Europe. As early as *Sartor Resartus*, we find him painting an heroically inspiring picture of the possible emigration, colonisation :

. . . what portion of this inconsiderable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more? How thick stands your Population in the Pampas and Savannas of America; round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa; on both slopes of the Atlaic chain, in the central Platform of Asia; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary, the Curragh of Kildare? One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare? Where are they? — Preserving their Game!⁽¹⁶⁾

This disillusion with the aristocracy, the hereditary leaders, is characteristic of Carlyle at that stage of his life ; but when, in later years, his admiration for them and his sense of their potentialities for good had much increased, he still thought of the Empire as one of the main areas where these potentialities could be realised. This can be seen in his suggestion, in *Shooting Niagara: And After*, that aristocratic younger sons should be sent as vice-kings to the colonies, to exercise their gifts for dynamic good government. In fact, however, as Professor Bodelsen observes, " there are probably no countries in the world that would be less disposed to stand government on Carlylean principles than the British Dominions "⁽¹⁷⁾; while the Eastern or Indian Empire was acquired and administered, for the most part, not by young noblemen but by a middle-class élite which we see in process of formation in schools as diverse as Arnold's Rugby and Kipling's "Westward Ho !". It is this élite which Kipling knew so well and rendered so admirably in his fiction ; while his school background and Indian experiences made him realise more fully than Carlyle ever did how much imperial achievement depended not simply on great individuals, but on co-operative endeavour, team-work between members of such an élite. The quality

of the individuals concerned, and the process by which their efforts are co-ordinated, geared to a master-plan, are well suggested in his tale of Indian famine relief, "William the Conqueror". Furthermore, Kipling shared, at the time when he was writing this story, Carlyle's distaste for the "Do-Nothingism" of hereditary landowners. The family estate to which Major Cottar returns on leave (in "The Brushwood Boy") is painted in idyllic terms; but while relishing its peace and beauty the hero never lets these distract him from his chosen work. "Perfect! Perfect!" he exclaims contentedly: "There's no place like England—when you've done your work." And "That's the proper way to look at it, my son," replies his father, who has presumably earned his years of retirement by equally strenuous labours in the India of his day. On those who lived this idyllic life not just on furlough or in age, but through their prime, Kipling looked askance; and for him as for Carlyle their game-preservation symbolised their ineffectual fruitless lives. When "the Infant", hero of an earlier tale of war in Burma, inherited a baronetcy and an estate, he founded a rifle-range so that the local volunteers could learn the potentially useful art of marksmanship: "and the surrounding families, who lived in savage seclusion among woods full of pheasants, regarded him as an erring maniac. The noise of the firing disturbed their poultry, and Infant was cast out from the society of J.P.s and decent men till such time as a daughter of the county might lure him back to right thinking."⁽¹⁸⁾ This contrast between the complacent county ethos and the true interests of the country is here a matter for sardonic amusement; but in "The Islanders", written after the Boer War had so shockingly exposed Britain's military unpreparedness, Kipling rounds on all classes of home-dwelling Britons for their selfish refusal to train and prepare for war in defence of their country, instead of wallowing in sloth, living only for profit and for sport:

But ye say "It will mar our comfort." Ye say, "It will minish our trade."

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn how a gun is laid?

For the low red glare to southward when the raided coast-towns burn?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn.)

Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily even the odds,

With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets and bats and rods?

Will the rabbit war with your foemen—the red deer horn them for hire?

Your kept cock-pheasant keep you?—he is master of many a shire . . .

Kipling, it has often been observed, has (like Carlyle) a vein of Old-Testament prophetic fervour as he observes the backslidings of his age. Yet in spite of this antagonism to the game-preservers, Kipling too, especially in his middle-age, developed a somewhat excessive admiration for the English aristocracy, and a nostalgic feudal vision of the county-tenantry relationship.

CARLYLE AND KIPLING : NOTES

1. *Something of Myself*, Chapter Two.
2. L. C. Dunsterville, *Stalky's Reminiscences*, London, 1928, pp. 43-45. It is possible that some of Carlyle's ideas may have reached Kipling through the writings of Ruskin, who was a close friend of the Burne-Joneses (as indeed was the boys' headmaster, Cornell Price). In spite of these connections, however, Kipling himself implies he was first introduced to his writings by Beresford ("M'Turk"), who "served a strange God called Ruskin" (*Something of Myself*, Chapter Two). Although there are several references to *Fors Clavigera* in *Stalky & Co.*, Kipling's allusions are mostly to his aesthetic rather than his social theories.
3. *Sartor Resartus*, Book Two, Chapter Nine.
4. *Something of Myself*, Chapter Three.
5. *Ibid.*
6. Quoted by Leslie Stephen, *The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen*, London, 1895, pp. 244-5.
7. *Past and Present*, Book Three, Chapter Eleven.
8. Quoted by Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1955, p. 142.
9. *Past and Present*, Book Three, Chapter Twelve.
10. This conjecture is confirmed by the experience of Fitzjames Stephen, a Utilitarian who felt himself increasingly in sympathy with Carlyle's denunciations of democracy and party politics as obstacles to good government, making for "slovenly, haphazard, hand-to-mouth modes of legislation" instead of "vigorous administration on broad, intelligible principles." In India he found that he could carry out sweeping Benthamite reforms of chaotic, obsolescent legal codes with a rapidity and effectiveness inconceivable in Britain; and he came to see the Indian system as approaching his ideal: "There, with whatever shortcomings, there was at least a strong Government; rulers who ruled; capable of doing business; of acting systematically upon their convictions; strenuously employed in working out an effective system; and not trammelled by trimming their sails to catch every temporary gust of sentiment in a half-educated community." (Leslie Stephen, *The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen*, London 1895, p. 315.)
11. *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Lecture III ("The Hero as Poet").
12. "Dr. Francia," *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.
13. "Literature," *A Book of Words*.
14. *Something of Myself*, Chapter Seven.
15. *Past and Present*, Book Two, Chapter Seventeen.
16. *Sartor Resartus*, Book Three, Chapter Four.
17. C. A. Bodelsen, *Studies in Mid-Victorian Imperialism*, London 1960, p. 201.
18. *Stalky & Co.*, Chapter Nine.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PIERPONT LIBRARY KIPLING EXHIBITION

The Pierpont Morgan Library is well known as the possessor of an outstanding collection of Kipling letters, manuscripts, and first editions of his writings.

It, therefore, does not come as a surprise that its Rudyard Kipling Exhibition to mark the centenary was fully in keeping with its tradition and its resources which were augmented by several loans from other Kipling collectors.

The Exhibition covered many phases of Rudyard Kipling's life and works and the choice of material was particularly well selected and diversified.

Numerically, the display was smaller by comparison with some other exhibitions, but this was by no means a shortcoming due to the unusual scope of what was shown.

It is obviously impossible to comment on each individual item, the letters were especially noteworthy including one to Sir Arthur Sullivan, one to J. P. Morgan, and an unusual letter to Henley regarding pirating and Kipling's disapproval of a patronising review in *Harper's Magazine* in which he likened it to "A thief's disapproval of a pattern of stolen silver". A portion of the Henley correspondence was of special interest in the descriptions of a Vermont winter and Vermont life.

The manuscript of *Captains Courageous* was on display and the copies of Kipling's parodies on motor cars, fourteen in number, were very amusing and unusual and accompanied by a first edition of "The Muse Among the Motors".

Equally amusing were a series of Mediterranean cruise cartoons displaying the lack of table manners of the passengers.

A complete set of the Indian Railway Series was of interest and a number of first editions were interspersed as well as a full collection of the United Services Chronicles, as well as "School Boy Lyrics" and "Echoes" by Rudyard Kipling and his sister.

A full description of all the exhibits would fill many pages. The descriptive cards by Mr. Douglas Ewing of the library staff were unusually well done, an evidence of real Kipling scholarship and deserving of recognition as adding materially to this unusual exhibition.

CARL T. NAUMBURG

ANSWERS TO THE "DO YOU KNOW" CONTEST

(See March issue, p. 20)

1. .007. *The Day's Work*.
2. "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." Ibid.
3. The Marine Captain. "Their Lawful Occasions."
4. Tom Wessels. "The Bonds of Discipline."
5. The Maltese Cat.
6. Shiraz, a polo pony ("The Maltese Cat").
7. Brook Green, Hammersmith.
8. stealing the *Breslau's* dinghy ("Brugglesmith").
9. Badalia Herodsfoot's.
10. An Anglican lay sisterhood, ministering to the poor of the East End.
11. The family of Antonio the carriage-builder, when My Lord the Elephant began to 'divart' himself among the stock.
12. The aforementioned elephant.
13. In the circumstances described, the man would have dropped under the limber and come out by the gun, which would have been at the tail of the procession.
14. "An attempt to write extremely corrupt Greek on the part of an extremely illiterate person" ("The Finest Story in the World").

15. The pause of the water-level for an instant before it fell on deck. (Ibid.)
16. "Two guns of the Royal British Artillery." "The Captive." Laughton O. Zigler.
17. The robust and brass-bound man. ("Poseidon's Law.")
18. The sails extemporized from oddments in "The Bonds of Discipline". Pyecroft said that they were stuns'les — extemporized out of four trys'les and a few awnings.
19. A flat raft-like structure used nowadays for painting the ship's side, but formerly for cleaning the copper sheathing'—hence the name.
20. In about 1902 the *Wide World Magazine* published, as fact, a series of accounts of adventures in the remote tropics by one Louis de Rougemont who was promptly denounced as a liar in authoritative quarters, though later it was admitted that some of the yarns could have had a basis of fact.
21. The narrator's steam automobile ("Steam Tactics").
22. "Wireless."
23. (a) Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta, (b) Sampson Low, Marsden, Searle and Rivington. Professor Carrington observed that the original answer to (a), A. H. Wheeler & Co., was incorrect. The setter apologises for not having consulted Martindell for confirmation of the answer.
24. (Being stories of mine own people.)
25. Laughton O. Zigler. Captured by the British forces in the South African War.
26. The house is spelt correctly, with the K before the H. The book is spelt Naulahka.
27. "Dayspring Mishandled." The persones tale. In both prose and verse.
28. The horses (horse-power) under the bonnet of the motor car.
29. In the elaborate leg-haul of an examiner in "The Propagation of Knowledge" Diderot's eulogy of Richardson is employed: "The impassioned Diderot broke forth: 'Richardson, thou singular genius!'"
30. *The First Marquess of Reading (Rufus Isaacs). "Gehazi." Because the verses, a commentary on what was known as the Marconi Scandal of 1912, had in 1919 long ceased to have any relevance, the man's reputation having been completely cleared beyond all doubt.
31. The hissing blowfly ("The Bees and the Flies").
32. "The very Rome."
33. Ellum. 34. Noah. 35. The Maltese Cat.
36. The Prelude to *Departmental Ditties*.
37. The heat of India.
38. Havana cigars. "The Betrothed" (*Departmental Ditties*).
39. "The Butterfly that Stamped."
40. The Crocodile.
41. "The little silver crucifix that keeps a man from harm."
42. No. It is an Arachnid, akin to spiders and scorpions.

* Footnote to answer number 30. This evoked some vehement dissension in the audience, which had to be called to order. For those interested, however, the following are the incontrovertible facts, placed on permanent record with unimpeachable authority. (1) Despite the similarity of name, the (English) Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company and the American Marconi Company were entirely unconnected, both financially and otherwise. (2) Isaacs had no interest, financial or otherwise, in the English company. (3) The Law Officers of the Crown (Isaacs was Attorney General) were not privy to the secret negotiations undertaken by the Postmaster General with the English company which were settled departmentally. (4) Godfrey Isaacs, his brother, joint managing director of the English company, offered him part of his holding in the *American* company. Isaacs refused because of his brother's company's relations with the Government. (5) Later, his other brother Harry offered him some of his *American* shares, *at the market price of £2*. He bought them and transferred a small proportion the same day to his friends Lloyd George and the Master of Elibank, who bought them openly in their own names. (6) Nothing that Isaacs and his friends did was in conflict with their public duty, nor could be said to influence them in their performance of it. The question of corrupt motives was never seriously raised, except as rumour in the gutter press. (7) The only charge against Isaacs, which he made himself, was that it was a mistake to have purchased the American shares — though this was quite unobjectionable, so much so that he thought it unnecessary to refer to his holding in a company with which the British Government had nothing to do.

Lord Haldane — himself of the strictest probity — spoke of him subsequently as "a man of the highest honour", and his friends of the Bar regarded him as a man of unsullied character, and said so.

None of these facts remotely justified calling an honest and upright man "a leper white as snow", and still less republishing it seven years later.

P.W.I.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSATILITY

by Carl T. Naumburg

My very good friend, the late Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, in the preface of his remarkable book "A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling" said "The answer is that Mr. Kipling, somewhere and somehow, has something that appeals to every man, woman or child; to every art, profession and occupation; to every mood, to every feeling and to every experience."

It will be my purpose this evening to elaborate on Admiral Chandler's thesis. To do so is an assignment somewhat akin to the preparation of an anthology. Many of those here tonight will wonder why I have

chosen this or that story or poem to illustrate the many-sided genius of Rudyard Kipling or how I could possibly have omitted better examples. For these sins of commission or omission I ask your indulgence in the realisation that in the time at my command, I cannot possibly cover the range of his writings, poetry, prose and addresses.

The late T. S. Eliot in his remarkable and scholarly preface to his anthology of Kipling's poems, characterised Kipling's poetic works as those of a superb, inimitable and outstanding writer in the ballad form. A study of Kipling's verse makes it difficult to be in full agreement. To be sure, " Barrack Room Ballads " are just what the name implies, but I am hard put to fully subscribe to the late Mr. Eliot's thesis. And even if we agree to that classification as to Barrack Room Ballads, we cannot lose sight of the fact that even in this agreement we must be aware of the outstanding versatility of his prose and his poems about the British soldier which so well illustrate Admiral Chandler's statement. Consider by way of example " Danny Deever ". " Tommy ", " Fuzzy Wuzzy ", " Cells ", " Gunga Din ", " Mandalay ", " Gentlemen Rankers ", " Belts " with " Back to the Army Again " and " Shut-Eye Sentry " in " Collected Verse ". The variety of subject matter and its handling is a matter of utter amazement.

And I think that " Recessional ", " Lord Roberts ", " Sussex ", " The Irish Guards ", " The English Flag ", " The Holy War ", " The Islanders ", " Let Us Now Praise Famous Men " and " If " (to mention but a few), show a many-sided genius and a range of subject matter and composition that have no parallel in the history of English poetry. And I venture to say that while the ballad form is often present, I cannot, as a matter of entirely personal opinion, regard " Recessional ", " Sussex " and " Lord Roberts " as the usual subject of a ballad. The reference to history in " The Irish Guards " is noteworthy to say the least, the love of the land in " Sussex " is moving beyond words and the eulogy of " Lord Roberts " by way of contrast, are surely beyond the reach of the accustomed ballad writer. Very many more illustrations will, I am sure, occur to all of you who are here tonight, to prove what I have said as to inclusions and omissions; I could proceed almost endlessly.

As to his versatility and range, the short story is an even greater proof of Admiral Chandler's preface. Illustrations by extremes abound. " Brugglesmith ", that very amusing story of an experience with a drunken man, as compared with " They " and its infinite pathos, " The Brushwood Boy " with " Without Benefit of Clergy " or " The Man Who Would Be King ", " William The Conqueror " and " The Tomb of His Ancestors " (among ever so many others), cover a range of subject matter that is beyond comparison in the field of the short story. And here I must digress in expressing an entirely personal opinion, namely that " The Tomb of His Ancestors " is one of his finest and most original stories which is very generally overlooked and unappreciated by many Kipling readers and admirers. And while " Captains Courageous " can hardly be classed as a short story, compare its compass and its originality with " Kim ", the latter almost universally and properly considered Kipling's outstanding work.

Other illustrations abound to show by way of contrast, Kipling's outstanding and many-sided genius in subject matter and narrative. At random, "At the End of the Passage", "The Finest Story in the World", "Love-o'-Women", "The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat", "My Sunday At Home", are but a very, very few indeed to cite by way of illustration, not to mention the Mulvaney stories, taken as a whole. Here I must plead guilty to the same charge as before, inclusion and non-inclusion, but to mention in passing, "The Maltese Cat", "A Walking Delegate" and ".007".

Kipling rejoiced in stories of invention and discovery, "The Ship That Found Herself" and the Pycroft Stories illustrate his astounding mastery of the mechanical arts, as further examples of his versatility. I might again cite ".007" and add "With the Night Mail" among others in this category.

Kipling's books for children mirror his abiding love of children, and his great understanding of the child mind; this to again illustrate the enormous range of his writings. Just compare "The Just So Stories" or the "Jungle Books" merely by way of example with "Without Benefit of Clergy" or "Love-o'-Women". You who collect Kipling first editions will find it very difficult to obtain good "firsts" of "Just So Stories" or the "Jungle Books" for the average copy has been read to shreds by the children of the family. What better testimony can be found as to their worth and the pleasure which they afforded? And before leaving the subject of Kipling's books for children, are we far wrong if, with Kipling's love and understanding of children, we perhaps infer that "Puck of Pook's Hill" had at least a partial motive in a painless method of imparting some history?

Kipling's love of children, illustrated by his very delightful children's stories and his understanding of what a child might like, present a marked contrast to that most unhappy period of his own childhood in the "House of Desolation" so pathetically described in "Ba Ba Black Sheep". His desire to interest and to please children presents a side of his character often overlooked by Kipling readers and students. He experienced an unusual sense of companionship among the very young and they, in turn, responded by their great desire to hear his written as well as his impromptu tales on every possible occasion. The range of his stories are remarkable instances of what would interest his young audience who always clamoured for more. We can perhaps imagine him holding his own nose in pantomime when the Elephant's Child said "Led go, your hurting be" as he read or recited that story. And his gift of humanising the animal speech and the animal mind made his stories appeal to his child audience to a degree that only he could understand in their telling.

Of Kipling's novels, little can be said other than they again illustrate his versatility. In the usual sense "Kim" is difficult to so classify and "The Light That Failed" is by no means outstanding. "The Naulahka", written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier, we must admit does not in any sense rise above mediocrity.

Kipling could and did rebuke England and the English in terms of sarcasm with an entire disregard of public opinion and thought. "South

Africa " and " The Islanders " are fitting examples, wide in range and in subject matter and written with an entire disregard of his popularity. We know from an authentic letter to Lord Balfour that his refusal of a title was based on the fact that his acceptance would, in its very nature, prevent his free expression and unbridled criticism, and would imply acceptance of principle and policy with which he would, in many instances, differ. We can therefore dismiss as unfounded literary gossip, the charge that " The Widow at Windsor " or " South Africa " was the cause of his being denied these honours.

His addresses cover an astonishing range of subject matter and audiences. A very few suffice by way of illustration. His famous speech, a blistering indictment of Germany and Germans delivered at Southport, England, on June 21, 1915 stands alone as a 20th Century Philippic. His Rectorial Address "Independence" delivered at St. Andrews in October 1923. his address "Values in Life" at McGill University in December 1907. "The Mind of The English " at the Royal Society of St. George in 1920, " Surgeons and The Soul ", Royal College of Surgeons in 1923, "The Shipping Industry" in 1925 are a few mentioned at random to again prove Admiral Chandler's thesis.

Kipling's " Chapter Headings " are so numerous that any mention would be of impossible length, but they show a profound knowledge of the Bible and of the writings of others.

It has been my purpose this evening to illustrate the enormous range of Kipling's subject matter and his marvellous versatility in prose and poetry. I fully realize, as I have said, that my remarks are painfully non-inclusive and could be expanded almost indefinitely. I have at least tried to point out by comparisons, the breadth of his writings.

Kipling's imperialism has long been the target of his critics. But it must be considered and remembered that an author's writings often take colour from contemporary history and contemporary thought. Kipling was an imperialist in an age of imperialism ; that it played a part in his writing there can be no doubt. I submit however, that his political views cannot dim his genius in the very slightest degree and that an author's works should be judged entirely on their literary merits and not by his politics.

Many of those who were intolerant in their criticisms and at times vituperative, are names no longer remembered just as we cannot forget the fulsome praises of Mark Twain, Henry James, Andrew Lang and others.

And I feel that we can dismiss and disregard the charges of brutality, sadism and a delight in discomfiture and pain. Many of his stories, given a sugar coating, could never have been written.

If I have stimulated a re-reading or a further reading of Rudyard Kipling, I will leave you with a sense of profound gratitude for your patient attention.

I thank each and every one of you, and most especially Chancellor Tolley and Mr. Bender for affording me the opportunity of opening a very remarkable exhibition of Rudyard Kipling's works, a fitting tribute to the Centennial of the Chaucer of our age.

BOOK REVIEW

The Vision and the Need. By Richard Faber. Faber & Faber. 25s.

Readers of this Journal will not require to be told the origin of Mr. Richard Faber's title, so will not be surprised that its sub-title is 'Late Victorian Imperialist Aims'. In these days when so much nonsense is talked about Imperialism, as though it were a shameful business, it is extremely opportune to have such a book as this. It begins with what Mr. Faber calls 'Approaches to Empire', which covers what the Athenians, the Romans, and the French conceived Imperialism to be. He distinguishes six approaches, or motives: the colonising, economic, aggressive, strategic, missionary, and leadership.

The British approach has been somewhat mixed, and has varied in the course of history. The early New England and Pennsylvania migrations were colonizing: expansions in the East — The East India Company, which became British India, Singapore, Hong-Kong and similar ones, were economic; the aggressive motive seems to have been small; strategic considerations were behind the Cape and Quebec; the economic and missionary motives seem sometimes to have blended, as in Africa; the leadership motive was not much in evidence till about 1870. Then new ideas seem to have come in; expansion in the sense of encouraging the surplus population of these islands to go and flourish elsewhere (earlier 'expansions' were largely for the sake of religious freedom); and 'assimilation', that is the gradual persuading of countries taken over to adopt the habit of life and political institutions of the colonising power.

These ideas were not of course easily disentangled by the people living in those times, as can be seen by the chapters on 'Rosebery, Rhodes and Chamberlain'; 'Cromer, Milner and Curzon', these were all politicians and proconsuls; and the prophets, 'Dilke, Froude and Seeley'. All this may sound rather formidable; in actuality it is beautifully clear and easy to read, and should bring enlightenment even to the stubborn.

The second section of this chapter is devoted to Kipling, and is the most sensible discussion of his 'Imperialism' that has yet appeared. Not everyone will agree with all Mr. Faber says about Kipling, but then no two people will about that enigmatic character. Most, however, will feel that when 'The Head of the District' is suggested as showing traces of racial feeling in Kipling, this is to misread the story. Readers will remember that there 'the Very Greatest of All the Viceroy's' committed the supreme folly of appointing a Hindu to the Head of a District consisting of Moslems, Sikhs, Pathans — and others! But Mr. Faber's analysis of the three pillars on which Kipling's political thought rested will meet with general agreement:

- (1) The Law, which no tyranny, whether of the mass or the individual, must be allowed to usurp.
- (2) Expert rule by dedicated, hard-working men.
- (3) Freedom for the ruled to live their own lives in privacy.

That statement would be hard to contradict.

Mr. Faber concludes this all too brief book with two further chapters on the late Victorian outlook; 'The Vision' deals largely with

Kipling's integration with the thought of his time — he was very much a man of his time — including Empire Federation ; it shows how much he admired some of the proconsuls, though not necessarily always agreeing with them. 'The Need', though largely benevolent, was also that of developing backward countries for the sake of trade and goods. It shows the complexity of the whole business, the various motives of assimilation, leadership, and religious mission. Mr. Faber also raises the question of how far it was wise or benevolent to replace the old tribal traditions in Africa with our so-called democratic concepts. Has European 'penetration' made the Africans any happier? Is 'assimilation' sensible?

In short, this is a thoughtful and thought-provoking book, which those who pontificate about the Empire one way or the other will do well to read; and which those who have no fixed point of view will find extremely interesting. All members of our Society will find it very well worth exploring. It is never easy to pigeon-hole so complex a character as Kipling possessed, and what Mr. Faber has to say will be of considerable help.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

' NOT WITHOUT SONG '

DECEMBER 30th, 1965, 1865

Wan is the light; and a scent of dead leaves — fitful — drifting —
 Ranges the blood. While disquietude, borne on the wind's sigh,
 Breeds a divine discontent — all man would be and is not —
 The year past recall . . .

Through the concerns of this day steal our joys in that other,
 As — from the hold of remembrance — a full tide is flooding,
 Bears in its flow our enduring delight in " a writer,
 A man, and a force " !

A. M. PUNCH

II

KIPLING'S DESK

Here, at this desk, did Rudyard Kipling write
 stories and verse which will forever live —
 Stories of men who once were proud to give
 all that they had, for Queen and Truth and Right :
 who suffered toil and pain to bear the White
 Man's Burden, and who sweated in the hive
 of seething Black humanity, to strive
 to bring to them some Order, Peace and Light . . .

Songs, too, he penned, in words that will not die . . .
 Themes drawn from Life, from Sea and Earth and Sky . . . -
 Songs we have sung, and singing, loved the more —
 songs that have bridged the gulf from Shore to Shore —
 Would I could sit upon that hallowed chair,
 His pen in hand . . . to write me songs as fair !

JOHN WHITE

LETTER BAG

' THE CHURCH THAT WAS AT ANTIOCH '

(*Kipling Journal* No. 157, pp. 14-20)

(i) I wonder if K. gives the prize to Peter, as against Paul, as absolutely as you suggest. As I read it, each scores in turn against the other on the issue of spirit versus letter: St. Paul over "separate tables" (shades of Terence Rattigan!) and St. Peter over baptism. It is true the latter has the last word.

(ii) The "separate tables" bit is, of course, Scriptural and plausible. As a Christian of the Roman obedience, I find interesting and relevant the remarks about the episode in "Difficulties", by Ronald Knox and Arnold Lunn (1952 edition), pp. 113 and 124.

(iii) St. Peter on (a) baptism and (b) "any God" is rather a different matter. On (a) I think he is improbable — at least for his century, as opposed to the 20th — but not "blasphemous": after all, the Penitent Thief was promised Paradise yet was not baptised. But on (b) I think he is most unlikely, for either a Jew or an early (or any serious) Christian; and I doubt if St. Paul would have overlooked, intentionally or otherwise, *this* blasphemy! What is more, I think it should jar on even the magazine-reading Christian: I mean, simply as an anachronism. I wonder which "blasphemy" K. meant. I cannot quite shake off the feeling that he meant (a), and that his "Theist" (your word) consciousness passed "any God" more easily than it should have done. All in all, it is not the only case where one is uncertain whether an ambiguity in K. (has Empson ever dealt with him?) is profound and intentional, or careless and insensitive — or perhaps even mocking, as somebody suggests somewhere.

(iv) At all events, I do not think we need ascribe to him a super-Pauline wisdom (p. 17, a dozen lines from the end) for making what is, after all, a fairly familiar Rationalism's point — that of the beautifully written "Disciple" poem. (Incidentally, the same point is made amusingly about Bonapartism at the beginning of Philip Guedalla's "The Second Empire").

(v) The implied ref. to Hindus and Moslems (p. 16) had not struck me but is very plausible. That to the Great Schism of 1054 perhaps less so — I certainly do not find it "on the surface". I am ignorant about how far K. foresaw and feared the division of the sub-continent, and should be grateful for any references.

P. S. FALLA

From the Librarian, Kipling Room, Dalhousie University.

Re "The Kipling Questionnaire" by Elliot L. Gilbert in the September 1965 *Kipling Journal*.

On reading this item should some get the impression it was the original being commented on, I would like to point out that the Kipling Collection at Dalhousie University contains the original.

I would like to add that we find the *Kipling Journal* most interesting and look forward to each issue.

(Mrs.) DOROTHY COOKE, *Kipling Librarian*

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