



The
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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.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS —FROM NOW:—
18, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2. (Tel. 01-930 6733,
Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

The next Council Meeting will be held at 20 **Chester Street**, S.W.I (the home of Mrs. A. Shelford) on Wednesday, 20th December, 1967, 2.30 p.m. **Note the address.**



DISCUSSION MEETINGS

February 21st, 1968, at The Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Mr. T. F. Evans, Editor of *The Shavian*, will speak on "Kipling: Poet and Prophet?", followed by discussion.



April 10th, 1968, same time and place. Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will speak on "Kipling, Journalist", followed by discussion.



BOOK EXHIBITION. Mr. D. H. Simpson, the R.C.S. Librarian, is hoping to place on exhibition, during February, some of the most interesting items from our Library. Enquiries to the Hon. Sec., please — **not** to Mr. Simpson.

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NEWS AND NOTES

'THE VERY OWN HOUSE'

After our many moves, and at the end of a year the beginning of which found us of the kin of Won-tolla the Outlier, the Kipling Society has found a safe and certain home. The Hon. Secretary's notes, which take pride of place on this happy occasion, give all particulars, and we can but offer our thanks to him and to those who have found us a home in what seems so peculiarly the right place that the lines of 'The Recall' spring at once to mind: —

"They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons".

R.L.G.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

OUR NEW OFFICE

We can now announce the good news that the Society again has a London office, in the building of the Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2 (tel. 01-930-6733, ext. 75). This is admirably situated, three minutes from Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross, and we are extremely grateful to the R.C.S. for taking us in. Will intending visitors please note that, by agreement, there is no Kipling Society name-plate at the street door; just walk in, and ask for us at the porter's desk. Please also see the notice on the inside front cover of this Journal.

THE LIBRARY

The Kipling Society Library is now situated in the Library of the Royal Commonwealth Society (address and phone no. as above). Members will be allowed access to the books by the R.C.S. Library staff, on stating that they are members of the Kipling Society and signing the Visitors' Book. Anyone wishing to borrow a book must apply to a member of the staff, and conform to the rules laid down; only certain of the more common books will be available for borrowing.

The R.C.S. Library is normally open from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Friday, and 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday.

A.E.B.P.

THE ISLANDERS

"Who's the man that says that we're all islands shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding?" asks Dick Heldar in *The Light that Failed* (page 74), and Torpenhow does not answer beyond "He's right, whoever he is".

But who is he, or was he? The search for the origin of the quotation has defeated several researchers, and still goes on.

'This concept of isolation of individuals (*isola*, It. = island) is a commonplace in literature,' writes Mr. P. W. Inwood who is preparing notes on the book for *Readers Guide*. 'John Donne goes to the other extreme with "No man is an Hand (*sic*), intire of it selfe" But the *clou* of the phrase under discussion is not isolation, but the shouting of lies across wide seas of misunderstanding, and any reference that omits this fails to qualify as a source. The writer of this note has failed to find a source for this phrase or anything approximating to it, and believes that Kipling invented it, putting it in the form of a suppositions quotation in order that his down-to-earth hero might not appear too sententious.'

Besides Donne's famous simile quoted above, another original suggested for the quotation which Kipling adapted is the sentence in Chapter XVI of Thackeray's *Pendennis* to which Professor Dobrée refers on page 29 of his *Rudyard Kipling*, which runs more fully and accurately: 'You and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near to us'. This comes at the end of a long paragraph concerned with the absolute inability of one individual to know what is passing in the mind of another, however intimate, who is probably thinking of something quite the opposite of what the other would expect.

Finally Mr. J. C. Maxwell of Balliol College, the editor of *Notes and Queries* writes: 'Isn't it a rather disrespectful way of referring to Arnold's "Yes, in the sea of life . . ."?'

The first stanza of section 5 of Matthew Arnold's poem 'Switzerland' —'To Marguerite—Continued', runs:—

'Yes ! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclapping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.'

The Whole poem should be read to obtain the full picture of human beings as islands who feel that they were once 'Part of a single continent,' and long in vain to be united and no longer divided by 'The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea'.

Here again, however, there is no direct reference to the shouting of lies across seas of misunderstanding—and Mr. Inwood's question remains unanswered, unless some Member can guide us to the missing quotation.

'THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS'

We all know what happened "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre", but besides the literary influences it is always interesting to come across the more casual or personal suggestions that blossomed into immortal works.

Two dowager ladies have recently been revealed as unconscious harbingers of the Muse. In her 'Book of Memories' *A Wiser Woman?* Christabel Lady Aberconway tells in her usual delightful way of the days at the end of last century when she spent her summer holidays at Ovingdean and a close friend of her own age, Josephine Kipling, lived in the next village just over the hill beyond the windmill: —

'I don't remember ever having a conversation alone with Rudyard Kipling, except once, though he often spoke to me when I was with his daughter Jo, my best friend. I recall an occasion, when I had just returned from staying in the New Forest when he came up to Josephine and myself and told Josephine that her mother wanted her: then he turned to me and asked me if I had liked the New Forest. I told him that the Forest had frightened me: I much preferred our own Downs. He wanted to know why the Forest had frightened me: I told him that there had been strange sounds everywhere and that I didn't know where these sounds had come from: that I had seen plants shaking and twisting while all the other plants, quite close, were still. Having by this time lost my shyness I said: "Do you believe in ghosts; I don't mean fairies I mean *ghosts*: I am sure there are ghosts in woods." Just then Josephine came back and she and her father left me.

'Some days later he came up to me and said: "I've written a poem about ghosts in a wood; it is a very lonely wood and no one sees the ghosts: you only hear the sound of a horse galloping and the sound of a lady's skirt swishing as she rides; I shall give you the poem."

'Alas, he never gave me the poem, but many years later I read "The Way Through the Woods" in *Rewards and Fairies* and to this day that poem gives me my old feeling that woods are haunted places.'

'FOUR - FEET'

Our second dowager, Mary Lady Bates, widow of Kipling's friend Sir Percy Bates, director of the Cunard Line, was more fortunate over her manuscript. They were staying at Bateman's in 1932 and she had been talking about the recent death of her dog and the surprising gap that the loss of a favourite animal could make in one's life. She had her violin with her, and presently Kipling flung himself on the sofa, exclaiming: "Play to me!" She played accordingly, while he scribbled on a piece of paper. When she finished, he said: "I've written a poem," and he read out "Four-Feet," which he added to *Limits and Renewals* (p. 71) of which he was then correcting the proofs. (See *Kipling Journal* No. 126, June 1958).

On Wednesday 12 July 1967, Lot 731 at Sotheby's was described as 'KIPLING (RUDYARD) The Autograph Manuscript of a poem specially composed for Lady Bates after the death of her dog, three 4-line stanzas, beginning "I have done mostly what most men do," *one page, sm.4to, THE TEXT SURROUNDED BY A DECORATIVE BORDER DRAWN BY KIPLING comprising a whale with upward-curving tail and a wide grin, and a flower with long and sinuous leafy stem.* This touching little poem was specially written for Lady Bates at Bateman's and this is the manuscript which he presented to her. The poem is written in Kipling's formal calligraphic script, and he has signed it "Rudyard Kipling" in his more cursive style.'

This manuscript was sold to Bertram Rota Ltd., for £110, but has not so far appeared in any of his Catalogues.

Three letters to Lady Bates, written between 1932 and 1935, were also sold on the same day, but fetched only £32 altogether.

Among items from other sources included in the same sale a first edition of *Departmental Ditties* went for no more than £32, and a set of *The Sussex Edition* for £380; first editions of *Captains Courageous* and *Just So Stories* for £7 and £4 respectively — but the first twenty-three volumes of *The Bombay Edition* a positive bargain at £3.

It is interesting to note that letters with a political content are more sought after by booksellers than mere examples of Kipling's handwriting: a one-page typed letter with autograph signature fetched £60 while one of the same length entirely in Kipling's handwriting went for only £20: but the first was to Lord Northcliffe 'about the alien question, the country's attitude towards Germany and the need to strengthen the people's effort for victory in the War'—dated 28 June 1918 and marked *Private*; and the second, written from Rottingdean on 5 December 1898 (recipient not mentioned) was 'about "the neglected graves of our dead"—(scattered from Aberdeen in Hong Kong to the Falkland Islands), considering that a fund would be the only way to repair them—"Poetry is no use"—.' Yet this second letter is of considerable importance as showing that Kipling was already interested in the memorials of those who had died in the service of the Empire twenty years before the War Graves Commission, and had realized that something more practical must be done than merely to sing "Hear ye the Song of the Dead."

R.L.G.

KIPLING LETTERS ABOUT 'TEEM'

'Teem: A Treasure Hunter' was published in *The Strand Magazine* in January 1936, a few weeks before Kipling's death, and from the start it has been a subject of controversy. Is it simply a charming tale of a truffle-dog, or has it a deep, symbolic meaning? Is it no more than the life-story of Teem as he discovers his *metier*, or is it a parable of Kipling's own career in the Art of Letters?

Kipling's daughter, Mrs. Bambridge, has never had any doubts about the matter since her father discussed it with her while he was writing it: '*Teem* was written as a straightforward story of a truffle-hunting dog,' she says — and to support this assertion she has very kindly sent the following unpublished letters from Kipling to make their first appearance in the *Journal*.

The story of the Letters may best begin at the end. Monsieur Pierre Menanteau wrote to Mrs. Bambridge on 22 May 1967: 'A long time ago, when I was at Cahors—Cahors-en-Quercy (Lot), I heard that Rudyard Kipling was looking for a "documentation" about the training of truffle-dogs. Then, I wrote to him; he replied; I wrote to him again. So, I received four letters of his own writing. Later on he sent me "Teem, a treasure-hunter" . . .'

The letters follow. They were addressed to Monsieur Pierre Mentanteau, L'Ecole Normale d'Instituteurs, 43 Rue Saint Germain, Evreux (Eure), France. The four in Kipling's handwriting bear the printed heading: 'Californie Palace, Cannes.'

Mar: 5. 1935 Dear Monsieur Menanteau.

'I am indebted to you for your kind letter of March 3rd (from Paris).

'Yes. I should be very grateful for any details as to the *dressage* of the truffle-hunting dogs. At what stage of their life does the training begin? Is there any sign by which a man can judge of the ability of the dog, while yet a puppy, to undertake that *metier*? Or, is the young animal introduced to ground that is full of truffles and left to follow his own instincts? Also is a *small* dog—not of the sheep-dog type—as effective as a larger one? I have been told that some of the truffle-dogs are very small: and, for my purposes, I would much prefer that the dog should be small.

'I shall be very grateful for any photographs that you may send me of such dogs.

'With renewed thanks believe me. Very sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling.*

'Mar. 12/1935. Dear Monsieur Menanteau.

'I have to acknowledge with many thanks your letter of the 9th March which brings me the very full and complete account of the training of the Truffle-dog. It is as clear as a military report, and will be of great value to me. I am specially glad to learn that the Pig is *not* an artist in the search for Truffles but only an appetite at the end of a rope. That is what I always thought was the fact. I observe from your notes that the Dog is supposed to find "amusement" in his work. Myself, I prefer to believe that he is an Artist, properly concerned for the honour of his Art! The point that interests me most is the very early age at which his training begins. I have never imagined that a puppy of three months old could be taught anything except the more elementary forms of decency.

'With renewed and grateful thanks, believe me

Very sincerely yours, Rudyard Kipling.'

'Mar. 18/35. Dear Monsieur Menanteau:

'All the "documents" have arrived safely—the two varieties of oak—the *petit tête rouge* of the truffle—and the truffles themselves—and, most important, the acorns which I hope to plant in my own fields when I return to England this Spring.

'Thanks to you and to Cahors, I am *archi-documenté* (if there is such a word!) and my little tale is now consolidated. If I make any error in it, it will be entirely my own fault.

'For my own purposes I have eliminated the Pig as a *truffier* and confined myself wholly to the Dog; and what you tell me in your last letter, as to their *légèreté joyeuse* while engaged in their Art, confirms the wisdom of my choice. I wish only that it were possible for me to come to Cahors and meet and thank personally you and all the people of good will who have so frankly and so charmingly aided me in this little experiment of mine.

'Believe me Most sincerely yours, Rudyard Kipling.'

'April 25/1935. Dear Monsieur Menanteau:

T have delayed answering your last letters till I was sure that my

story was finished. It has been a great pleasure to me to write it—not the less so, since it has shown me with what kindness and interest my demands for information (and they were not few) have been met by my friends in Cahors. Unhappily we have to go back to England in a few days which makes a visit to Cahors impossible for the present—but only, I hope, for the present.

'My first care when I am again on my farm, will be to plant those truffle-oak acorns. We shall see!

'Please tell "Fauvette"—your neighbours' little truffle-dog—that I have—out of respect for her art—eliminated the Pig as a character in my story. He is *not* artistic. I confine myself rigorously to the Dog who has at least sensibility and enthusiasm. I do not know when the tale will appear but it shall be sent to the Haut-Quercy to which I am so indebted.

'Most sincerely yours, Rudyard Kipling.'

The correspondence concludes with two typed notes from Batemans. The first is dated 'Jan. 4/36' and runs:—

'Dear Monsieur Menanteau,

'I am sending you with this a copy of the tale which, you may remember, I was engaged upon last year at Cannes, in which you so very kindly assisted me with the "documentation."

'Very sincerely yours, Rudyard Kipling.'

This is corrected and signed by Kipling.

The second, also typed, is from Kipling's secretary. It is dated '15 January 1936,' and runs: 'Dear Sir, I have to acknowledge your letter to Mr. Kipling of 13th January as, owing to his illness, he is unable to answer it himself . . .'

Kipling died three days later.

It remains only to thank Mrs. Bambridge for allowing us this delightful glimpse into the creation of a great story, and to add that M. Menanteau is including the letters quoted above in an essay about 'Teem' to be called 'Rudyard Kipling, des chiens et des hommes,' not yet published—which we all look forward to reading.

THE LEGIONS' ROAD TO RIMINI

By Charles Carrington

Kipling has given his readers much pleasure by his two melodious and evocative ballads about Roman soldiers on the march. 'Rimini,' which first appeared as a snatch of song from the mouth of 'Parnesius,' was afterwards expanded into a ballad ranging over the roads of the Empire.

. . . I've tramped Britain, and I've tramped Gaul,
And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall
As white as the neck of Lalage—'

So sings the legionary, but settles into his stride with a rhythmic beat and a humdrum refrain:

'When you go by the Via Aurelia
That runs from the City to Gaul . . .
It's twenty-five marches to Narbo,
It's forty-five more up the Rhone . . .'

This was country that Kipling came to know and love, in many motor tours, but what did he know of foot-slogging it?

I have before me the London Library copy of the *Itinerarium Antonini*, edited, in Latin, at Berlin in 1848, and I feel confident that this was the volume used by Kipling when he wrote these verses, sixty years ago. At any rate no modern scholar has yet seen fit to edit and translate the 'Antonine Itinerary' with an adequate map; and, if not here, where did Kipling pick up his information?

The 'Itinerary' gives the route, among many others, 'from the City to Gaul, by the Via Aurelia' which mainly took the line, familiar to many of us, along the coast to Pisa and Genoa and by the Upper Corniche to Aries. (But what did Kipling mean by 'Arelate's triple gate?')

The route is set off in day's marches, sometimes as much as thirty miles a day on the flat, and as little as six or seven over the mountains. Most of the camping sites have been identified. From Rome, twenty-two marching days brought the legions to Genoa, where the road hooked inland behind the Ligurian Alps, past a camp called "Alpis Summa" past the monument to Augustus at La Turbie on the Upper Corniche, and down through 'Lumo'—which may be Sospel—to 'Antipoli'—which is certainly Antibes. They then followed the road, still in use today, to Marseilles and Arles, the capital of Roman Provence. Forty-nine marches from Rome, much of it mountainous, and about 700 miles covered.

At Aries, the road forks, westward to Narbonne (seven days' march) and to Spain, or northwards up the Rhone, and how far forty-five marches would take you, the 'Itinerary' does not say. But this was not the regular route to Britain, for which we may turn to another itinerary, on the return journey.

'You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and olive lean
Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Nemausus clean.'

In fact the road from Britain makes five marches along the Rhone, from Lyon to Valence. It starts from 'Gessoriacum' (Boulogne) and, taking a course which many British soldiers have taken, crosses the Somme at Abbeville, passes by Amiens, Soissons, and Rheims, then turns more southerly to Troyes, Autun, and Lyon. From the Rhone Valley the route turns east to Gap and Briançon, and over the Col St Genevre pass to Turin and Milan. Eight hundred miles in forty marching days. The last stage, from Milan to Rome, was too familiar to be routed.

The usual port of embarkation from Britain was Rutupiae (Richborough); 'Portus Itius' is Wissant, near Boulogne.

BATEMAN'S. MAY 1967.

Shadows on Sussex Downs, — a gentle air
Ruffles the stream; sense of new life that stirs,
Quickens the beat; calls to the mind the days
When, deep in a thorn-hedged lane,
This was his home !

Weathered by Time, heartened by Summer suns,
It stands; untroubled of the scornful years,
Which bend us to their will, force us apart,
Break up the goodly fellowships forever ! . . .
For life goes on

A.M.P.

A SMALL COLLECTION

By F. A. Underwood

When I die the American universities will not be competing for my Kipling collection and it will not appear at Sotheby's, but it will have given me a great deal of pleasure for most of my life. A chronic lack of funds has kept the number of volumes small and the condition of some worse than I would wish, although there have always been extravagant additions running to guineas rather than shillings at times when I could least afford them. A few of the items could perhaps be described as scarce, but rare first editions and copyright issues are absent, whilst the Sussex Edition is represented by a single stray volume. Incidentally I sometimes wonder how the last came to be in a secondhand bookshop on its own since the edition Was sold only as a set. My object here is to show that, however unscholarly the approach and however limited the opportunities, collecting Kipling can be a fascinating hobby, and, even if many readers of the Journal will require no conversion to this view, I hope that others will learn to appreciate the joys (of a small collection. I can say, for instance, that even some modest subsidiary aim like building up a set of the pocket, red leather edition in a respectable state can take several years to achieve, and can gratify the collector as each volume is found. My own set was completed comparatively recently; at least I think that it was completed, or do the two Kipling Anthologies exist in this identical binding as the bibliographies imply?

I met some of the Just So stories and Puck at school and Mowgli as a Wolf Cub, but it was a reading of *Plain Tales* which started the serious infection. I was aged about twelve at the time, so that it was my father who subsidized the beginnings. He also carried a list of desiderata when he sought entirely different books for himself, and, I think, derived pleasure from bearing home a find for me. My first aim was simply to obtain reading copies of as many of the standard books by Kipling as possible, but before this was achieved I realised that I had acquired¹ several first editions and the well-known, illogical urge to collect them was added to the search for the writings in general. I have read some partially successful attempts to explain this absurd book-collecting instinct. It is doubtful whether it can be rationalised completely, but, even within limits such as mine, the addict can experience the thrill of handling a book in the form in which it first appeared and may collate texts in an amateur fashion. Fortunately the local reference library had the Livingston bibliography to guide me at this early stage of collecting, since it was years before I had one of my own, and I never did find the Supplement, although Martindell and the Grolier Club Catalogue (1930) came along in turn. The latter was both useful and very pleasant to handle, and I display a typical symptom of collector's mania in boasting that it was limited to 325 copies and that mine has Hugh Walpole's book-label. The bibliographies, together with the rather unsatisfactory writings on Kipling then available, made me aware of uncollected pieces and scarcer publications, thus enlarging the scope of the original quest for Kipling's work. The two sides of the hobby then continued together. For example, I recall my excitement as a boy when I paid a shilling each for some battered English editions of the Railway

Library in the brittle, green wrappers. They were as near to the original editions as I could hope for, and moreover they contained prefaces and so on not in the ordinary editions! With the addition of books about Kipling and scrapbooks of cuttings it became necessary to expand the list of items from a sheet of paper to notebooks and finally to a card index.

Serious collectors would hardly pause to look over my shelves, but there would be much to show to a visitor who had only read Kipling in the standard red cloth or leather editions. What would I exhibit to such a visitor? My somewhat mangled first edition of *Departmental Ditties* is at least an unusual and amusing example of book production, taking us back to Lahore in 1886, and there is also the third edition containing 'Diana of Ephesus' to be examined. In *Plain Tales from the Hills* I would point out with due pride the misplaced page number and the 24 pages of advertisements dated Calcutta, December 1887. It is details like these which delight the collector's heart, although probably only another collector would understand. Here we could compare the text with that of the second and later editions to see how the Anglo-Indian phrases were reduced in number. Someone had tipped a few leaves from a first of *Departmental Ditties* into my *Plain Tales*, and we could conjecture that they are from one of the copies where "the wire binding cut the pages, and the red tape tore the covers" as it says in "My First Book." In *Black and White* is my only first in the Indian Railway library, and that has been bound, but I have some of the others in later editions with Indian title pages. The visitor could compare the designs on the wrappers and read the stamp on some announcing rather sadly: "To further popularise this celebrated series the price is now reduced to eight annas per volume." If the visitor responded suitably to the sight of these books we could then follow much of the history of Kipling's publications even with this small collection. First English editions of the major works are included, condition naturally varying with age, but displaying strange anomalies such as a brilliant copy of *The Day's Work* and a disgraceful *From Sea to Sea*. There would be less to hold the visitor in the texts here, although there are always the famous problems in "The King's Ankus" and "Tiger! Tiger!" It is probable the smaller items which would appeal to him most, for example *The Sin of Witchcraft*, *The Science of Rebellion*, *National Bands*, or *Kipling's Message*; even *A Fleet in Being* and the First World War pamphlets could be strange. *The Absent-Minded Beggar* appears as an illustrated leaflet, an exercise-book and a handkerchief, and there is a ragged copy of *Barrack-Room Ballads* Popular Edition Price One Penny. I should like to know how scarce this pirated edition is in fact. One or two pamphlets could even interest the specialist. My version of "*The Times*" and the *Publishers* (1906) is only a folder but contains several letters besides Kipling's, and could possibly come between Nos. 717 and 718 in Stewart. My version of *A Call to the Nation* (1915) was reprinted from the Daily Telegraph and not the Daily Express, and I have never seen it recorded. Which is the first edition?

First American editions are poorly represented, but they do include *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*, *Kim* and a *Puck of Pook's Hill* signed by the author. Again the visitor might be more interested in some pirated editions, particularly the parts of *American Notes* not

included in *From Sea to Sea*, and then there is the *Lippincott's Magazine* version of *The Light that Failed*.

Luxury editions have never attracted for their own sake, although I have somehow accumulated large paper editions of some of the verse, the Library edition of *An Almanac of Twelve Sports* and the signed *Sea and Sussex*. Obviously there are very few autograph letters, but one from Rottingdean in 1902 is of interest in connection with "Steam Tactics", and I have a copy of *Sea Warfare* in which is mounted a guarded letter referring to submarines. The fact that this volume is also signed by submarine commanders mentioned in it adds to its interest.

Such small acquisitions as *Early Verse*, *Abaft the Funnel*, and *The Eyes of Asia* would be exhibited with triumph because they contain matter not in ordinary English editions. There are volumes bought for the sake of one Kipling item, often quite trivial, for example *Helio-tropes* (Landon), *Through Isle and Empire* (d'Humières) and *Ant-Antics* (Cave). Periodicals are also a source of items, collected and uncollected. It must have been exciting for the enthusiast, or "Kiplingite" as the early numbers of the *Journal* so coyly put it, to watch for each new story or poem in the author's lifetime. "Teem" is the only story I can remember appearing myself, and, although I was too young to appreciate it properly at the time, I still have the pages from the *Strand Magazine* of January 1936. Bound volumes of magazines are not so plentiful as they were twenty years ago, but in those days I extracted from them a number of stories like "For One Night Only", "The Legs of Sister Ursula" and the "The Potted Princess." It is often worthwhile comparing magazine publications with the collected texts, as shown by Mr. R. L. Green with "The Brushwood Boy" in the *Journal* Nos. 115, 119 and 139. Incidentally the *Journal* itself has delighted at least one reader by reprinting uncollected matter in the past, and although very often we can see why the pieces were not found worthy of collection they can still interest the enthusiast.

The visitor could inspect about fifty books on Kipling and his works from Robertson and Monkshood in 1899 to Cornell and Stewart in 1966. It is encouraging to note how much the standard has risen in the past ten or twelve years, for many of the earlier books are extremely feeble productions. An important exception, to which I often return, was *Kipling's Reading and its Influence on his Poetry* by Ann M. Weygandt. In addition to the bibliographies there are several invaluable books of the index and note type such as Young's Dictionary, Durand's Handbook to the Poetry, and Chandler's Summary. It is surprising also how many volumes accumulate because they have a chapter on Kipling, uncollected pieces or letters or simply because they throw light on Kipling's work. *Beast and Man in India* is there of course with *Stalky's Reminiscences* (Dunsterville), an abridged edition of Tod's *Annals of Rajasthan* and *The Five Notions* (Crosland)—an extended parody even to the binding—and many more which take up much space for their small Kipling content.

The visitor would depart, probably with a slight headache, and I would reflect that although the rate of growth of the collection has slowed in recent years, there will always be some gaps which I can hope to fill even on a limited budget.

LETTER BAG

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

To the Honorary Editor.

Dear Roger,

On your return from holidays it is good to welcome you with the news of the Society having settled into its new Office —

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LONDON, W.C.2.

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After more than twelve months worry and five of those months in the void almost, without an office our Honorary Secretary — Colonel Bagwell Purefoy—has settled down near the centre of London where the *Royal Commonwealth Society* has not only provided, for a reasonable rent, a very nice little room, but has also taken under the care of their own Staff *The Kipling Society Library*. This is in their own great Society headquarters, club and Library.

I want members to realise that the finding of these premises and the successful re-opening of the Office is entirely due to the skill, patience and tact of Bob Purefoy, who has now completed ten years as our Hon. Secretary.

Appointments can now be made as before and it will not be long before the Library is installed and then that too will be ready for visiting members of the Kipling Society.

The move has been an expensive one so we must leave to voluntary effort the preparation of a printed List of Members, if indeed there is a demand for such a list: if so, volunteers to do the work and others to pay for the printing and postage are needed.

The Council

Just a few words about the steady and regular work done by this body.

Mr. T. L. A. Daintith took over the Chairmanship on 20th September from Mr. P. W. Inwood who has had two busy years work: and will shortly lay before the Council his proposals for bringing the *Rules of the Society* up to date.

We ought to thank all Members of Council but we have only done so privately in the past—in any case they seem to regard it as an honour to be members.

You know how proud I am of my position.

Very sincerely,

REGINALD HARBORD

President.

Sept. 1967

KIPLING IN WORLD WAR I

Kipling's Barrack-Room Ballads were popular with Canadians with whom I served in World War I, and were often recited at concerts. The outfit I was with spent its first Christmas in France, it was 1915, billeted in a big barn several miles behind the lines. At a concert in the evening a younger brother of mine, killed later at Ypres, recited "Fuzzy-Wuzzy."

He put the lines across well and the rough stage at the end of the barn became alive with British redcoats in their crumpled-up square striving to stem the rush of the "big black boundin' beggars." As it was an army concert my brother substituted another word for "beggar" and I think it goes without saying that Kipling would not have objected had he been in the candle-lit barn that night.

One of our crowd, who had served in the South African War, was fond of trotting out "M.I." at concerts, perhaps rather too often, seeing there were no Mounted Infantry in the 1914-18 war, at least not on the Western Front. But there was a good party spirit at these army concerts and his "M.I." was always well received. When it came to the last line he liked to get in a little ad-libbing: "Walk — trot, Ikonas! Trek jou, the old M.I. — for Bapaume," or some such prized objective behind the enemy lines. That was always good for a cheer.

"Gunga Din" was a particular favourite with the troops at concerts. During the heavy and terrible fighting in the Ypres Salient, June 2-3-4, 1916 — and the Germans had the advantage of the ground — many a water-bottle became empty. How welcome Gunga Din would then have been with his mussick on his back. The Regiment I served with was behind the line at a rest camp when the fighting started. We were marched back to take part in what proved to be a costly counter-attack. Two miles or so before reaching the shattered trenches we were halted briefly, awaiting orders. As we lay on the grass a six-horse artillery team galloped by with an eighteen-pounder gun, no doubt to replace one knocked out of action, and we got on our feet and cheered the drivers. The scene brought to mind "The Guns! Thank Gawd, the Guns!" from "Ubique."

Of all the Barrack-Room ballads I heard recited during the war there is one that stands out in my memory beyond all others, "Follow Me 'Ome," by an English sergeant at an open-air concert one warm summer evening. A hush fell over the big audience of mixed British and Canadian soldiers and we felt he was lamenting the death of someone dear to him.

F. R. HASSE.

THE HORSE MARINES

Since reading of these things in the Journal (No. 162, p. 19), I have seen by chance a copy of the official programme of the visit of the French Fleet to Portsmouth in August 1905. They were to stay a week: eighteen ships, among them four cassowary cruisers — the Gloire, Conde, Amiral Aube, Leon Gambetta — all under Admiral Caillard in the battleship Massena. The Channel Fleet under Sir Arthur Wilson V.C. in the Exmouth was at Spithead to greet them. The Board of Admiralty were in their yacht, the Enchantress. The King was off Cowes in the Victoria and Albert, with the veteran battleship Barfleur for guardship, ready to review the Combined Fleets in the Solent two days later. After this the French were to go into harbour at Portsmouth, with our King on board their flagship, while the Channel Fleet returned to Spithead. And then would begin the multifarious festivities on shore.

One of the principal entertainments at Portsmouth was to be a gathering for Sports, to which 3,000 French seamen were asked. "The French Sailors will be conveyed from the Main Gate, H.M. Dockyard, in 60 special decorated Cars. The Centre Car will be filled with Crimean Veterans specially invited." (Might Pycroft's friend have been a Crimean Veteran?) Meanwhile, the King gave luncheon to French and British officers at Windsor; and in London the Lord Mayor gave luncheon to petty officers and men, followed by a *matinée* at the theatre. There were parties too at 10 Downing Street, at Lansdowne House, and in Westminster Hall. As Colonel Purefoy says, the Entente was Cordiale right up to the end, when our guests sailed away "as convenient to the French Admiral, Commander in Chief."

J. H. OWEN.

"MRS. BATHURST"

It was obvious some time ago that most people had heard enough about this story. I thought so too, but I have just been given a photograph of a letter of Kipling with the following paragraph in it:—

"As to Mrs. Bathurst no man but Vickery knows what Vickery had done. He may have represented himself as a single man and so have won her widowed heart. Whatever it was, it was *The Thing Too Much* which a man mustn't do."

The letter is signed Rudyard Kipling and is in M.S. — undoubtedly his, dated Nov. 26, 1904, on Batemans paper, to "Dear Miss Tulse."

R. E. HARBORD.

"THE LESSER BREEDS"

Those of us who read the works of Kipling are perpetually tormented by the eminent literary critics who pontificate about him without having read them. Among the ignorant mis-applications against which we protest in vain, none is more commonly perverted than the phrase, 'lesser breeds without the law.' Your readers will not need to be told, as leader-writers for *The Times* must still be told, that Kipling could not possibly have meant to allude to the colonial peoples — whatever he did mean — by these famous words.

I have been correcting the error in essays, and on platforms, without visible effect, for many years; and I am ashamed to confess that I have missed the clue. As long ago as 1930, Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins pointed out in his *Rudyard Kipling, the Story of a Genius*, that the phrase is directly lifted from the second chapter of St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*:

"For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law; and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law . . . For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves . . ."

Throughout this epistle, so relevant to the problems of our own age, St. Paul refers to the Roman ruling class as 'the Gentiles,' to whom the 'oracles of God' have not been committed. The pagan Romans in their arrogant boastings, are the 'lesser breeds,' and, of course, so are their modern counterparts.

C. E. CARRINGTON

"KIM"

By Helga Welzel

[Concluded]

The beauty of *Kim* lies largely in the figure of the Lama, which is drawn with great delicacy. Benign, courteous, humble and clean of heart, but a man of authority in his place and time, he draws Kim not to any mystical height — the boy remains firmly on the earth and takes a very practical view of the Lama's immersion in the "River of the Arrow" — but to a perception of these qualities in his master and a loving service to him. To us the Lama represents curiosity, touching in his naive piety and sincerity, but irrelevant to the world we live in. He belongs to another world, a world which is constructed upon the beautiful meaningless life history of the Buddha. But there are elements in this Buddhism which are unsympathetic to the Western eyes and this causes a disregard. The Buddhist has to separate himself as far as possible from everything, he must not become involved in the emotions of others, even not into familiar emotions. The idea of caste cannot exist for the Lama and even a vicious cobra is seen as a fellow creature of the "Wheel of Life" and there is no fear or hatred. This Buddhist faith causes a certain helplessness and protectiveness for the Lama in our world. As soon as he is in this world he seems to have become a child, with a child's simplicity and a child's rapid emotions. Much of the humour of the first chapters springs from the sight of the little man-child piloting the old child-man through the shoals of life in the outside; and though the humour is gentle and loving, it does initially carry the suggestion that the Lama is something less than a full and responsible adult. His complete truthfulness seems in his state sympathetic, even good, but you have to smile, as at a child in the presence of grown-ups. His serene faith, knowledge and truth, however, give him dignity and in a certain respect he represents a higher human order. At least a higher human order as it is represented by the two priests of the regiment who think, only white men know how to educate white boys and who also think, that every other religion is paganism. The Lama's world consists of moral law and love and the need of humility. The relationship with Kim does not only influence the boy but also changes the sage. This relationship brings danger to him on one side, and on the other side he is affected by the boy's joy and there is no doubt of his growing love for Kim. The danger for the Lama is less corporeal than mental. He is beaten by the Russian spies when they tore his sketch of the "Wheel of Things." He feels spiritual authority and they are blind to him and his meaning. They can only see a picture on a dirty piece of paper and an unclean old man. Kipling shows now, that blindness, the failure of human imagination leads to brutality of attitude and behaviour. So we get the brutal assault on the old man by the Russian spies and his picture of "the birth of a religion" becomes the picture of blind hatred in which even the Lama is momentarily tempted to revenge. Unlike Kim however he judges men's failings crisply but quite without enmity and in complete charity. The Lama is often too naive to realise evil, so even when he is insulted and

struck, he forbids the bearers to avenge him, but he has 'come near to evil'. He doesn't know hatred and revenge and later in the mountain hut he passes judgement on himself for having suffered the shadow of the wish to kill. Then there follows the farewell to the hills and the panic stricken flight back to the plains, because he feels that there is only a finger's nail breadth of life left to him on the torn chart of the Wheel, and his Search is still unfulfilled. But in the meantime he has passed through a change, because in the end he rejects apartness too. At the very last moment, love and human relationship are more important than deliverance for oneself. He realises then, that the river can cleanse him from this 'sin' which is still in him. And when one has reached this point, any old river will do. The sin was only the element of selfishness in the search for the perfection of oneself, by turning away from others. Perhaps he might remember at this moment, that the 'Miracle of the Arrow' was performed by Buddha in the act of love. (Miracle : the one who shot the arrow the farthest was allowed to marry the princess.) He gives up his self-perception and finds it by giving it up. The Lama now represents love, and the responsibility of love and transfers this development to Kim. The Lama fills his whole horizon and makes him really to a human being, gives him his own identity. Kim becomes his real 'chela' and at that moment there is no longer a conflict ; he angrily rejects the last reference to his sahib-hood. While, however, the threads are plaited together all through the book, they cannot be said to be drawn into a masterknot. The tension has been relaxed since he has accepted his disciple as the medium of his Search and the beneficiary of his achievement. His spiritual anguish, like his serenity, are things which Kim comes to know about, which bring him to maturity. The Lama's love is the most important of these things, Kim gets to know, its consummation makes the end of the book. The creation of the Lama is a symbol of a triumphant achievement of an anti-self, so powerful, that it became a touchstone for everything else. Kipling describes a personality which is quite different from himself, but this personality is explored so lovingly that one can imagine behind this love his wish to be like this person. Out of his particular challenge comes the new vision of *Kim*, more inclusive, complex, humanised and mature than that of any other of his works.

The special tenderness in the writing of *Kim* has much to do with the opposition of age and youth. Except Kim himself, the chief characters are old, Mahbub Ali, the Sahiba and the Lama. They feel the solicitude of the aged for the youth. They move in their own closed world of experience, which are pictures and stories to the boy. A delicate humour is blended with the general pathos of old age, the impatience of failing strength and the dependence on the vitality of the youth.

The Game-fascination appeals to our imagination as it appealed to Kipling's. Whatever he may have intended originally, this Game-world cannot hold or satisfy. The creating of the Lama has decisively altered the vision of the book, and even when he is off stage we see, what is before us, more sharply and critically, because we have known him. Ask oneself who among the mentors of the Game, has real stature? The answer, I think, is, beside the Lama, only bound to be Mahbub Ali,

for there grows between Kim and Mahbub Ali a human relationship of love and trust, where news is told for love, not for money. With Mahbub as with the Lama, Kim is never a sahib, or if so, only in jest. The other members of the Game, Creighton and the Babu, only see their task as a spy. Kim wants to get under the skin to the heart, but to them this is only a matter of facts. A matter of facts for which one must be tested to succeed in it. Tests there have been all through the book, Lurgan tests Kim and also Babu, tests, contrived and fortuitous. One result of this testing is, that he graduates as a reliable 'chain-man' in the great Game. But already in the name "great Game", that stands for the British Secret Service, Kipling shows a certain irony. He also shows that the Game itself may start as a battle of wits, but must end in violence. There is a disabling criticism directed towards the Game by Hurree Babu, and even Mahbub Ali realises the criticism on his last encounter with the Lama. He has entered a different world and though he will continue in the Game and expects Kim to do so too, it could hardly be played in the same way. What the reader perhaps expects is, that Kim will come to realise that he is going into bondage to the British invaders those, he has always considered as his own people, but who do fight against his friends. Kim is aware of no boundaries of caste, colour or status, but his eagerness to train his special aptitudes are important to him too. For Kipling these aptitudes are finally directed to the welfare of India and Kim is an offering to this welfare. So we can see parallel lines which never meet, even the climax itself is double. The adventures of the Lama and Kim simply arrive at different consummations without any final victory or synthesis: the Lama gets deliverance from the "Wheel of Things" and Kim achieves promotion in the British Secret Service.

Kipling shows in his book two entirely different worlds existing side by side. He has established the contrast between the East with its mysticism, extremes of saintliness, and the English with their superior organisation, their confidence in modern methods and their instinct to be able to wash away the native myths and beliefs. The first two movements involve us in the worlds of the Lama and the Game separately, the third will bring out the depth of their essential conflict, especially carried out by Kim. At his side there is the Lama whose love and so also Kipling's love to the Indian life are the dominant emotions of his book.

But not only the contents make his book one of his masterpieces but also his style, his language. The depth of memory and delight partly make the narrative run so smoothly. There are no insistent patterns, what makes his work even more interesting. The scene opens and shuts. We are in a shop or in a crowded railway-carriage, and presently marching brow bound against the blowing desert sands. Much of the charm of the pictures is in the lightness of the description, and this varies continually. During most of the book we are absorbed in brilliant details with the definition of a miniature: "the sun sets red through the mango-grove" or "washes across the golden-coloured grass of a hillside." But these brilliant details do not only refer to the description of nature, but also of men. From these sliding scenes of nature there rises a "babble of voices", men, women and children in gossip, Indian,

English and Anglo-Indians, and then the Lama's quite different tone to close the variations. In the beginning he introduces us to a novel's gentle, mellow tone which however soon vanishes and there arises a new narrative energy and excitement which makes the book more like an adventure story. But although we are aware of a certain cruelty and violence which are a general background to Kim's adventures, they are never felt. The tension in his book increases and abates, as it increases in the brilliant section of the "great Road", which is one of his finest in his book. Kipling is fascinated and absorbed in the uniqueness of each of his races, castes and types, as this 'River of Life' flows past. He is aware of the richness of colour and light, texture, smell, sounds and language and he succeeded marvellously in reproducing this atmosphere. The play of humour over the whole book underlines the ups and downs of his story, it is like "the sunlight, sifted through branches, where the bright spots slide and recoil." There are two other facts which mark his work and which are rather unusual : Kipling is the only English writer of our time who has added phrases to the language. This shows also his status as a poet and perhaps he tries to express his essential thoughts of the following chapters in these short phrases or poems. The second point is, that he wrote his book more or less from the view of a child. It is as if he defies the childhood, where he does not become responsible for the way that the world takes, where still is enough to enjoy and even to wonder at, what we do not yet understand. And so on the other hand, the simplified morality to which Kipling has now committed himself, is easier to make acceptable to one's readers and oneself, if one approaches it from the view of a child.

Kipling's book rose out of the deep impression of India and although it is one of his best works there is still a small criticism left. This is partly caused by the political situation at his time, as I already pointed out in the beginning. He is an example for the individual who needs freedom to develop superior abilities, but was prevented from doing so by the social and political development. In consequence he acquired a distrust of the whole idea of the government. So the picture he painted of India, shows in the background of his opinion, that this is a society which is politically, nervously, physically and spiritually on the edge of a precipice. While the locomotives and airplanes and steamers are beating records the human engine is going wrong. We could suggest in the absence of conflict in the central character of his book, that he had already began to doubt his capacity to achieve a well constructed, well thought-over novel. These traits, his own conflicts and problems can be found through the whole book, that, in a certain respect, makes his story a masterpiece. He acquired the outward texture of his work in the image through which he expresses himself and in the way of establishing relations with his fellow creatures. Kim and the Lama, each pursue different kinds of knowledge, both are engaged on a search of reality through knowledge. Kim has to endure the humiliation of being transformed into an Englishman, and the Lama learns that God cannot be approached solely. The love to each other gives them strength, the love which is the medium through which the places and characters are presented. The rich land that is Kim's, and that was Kipling's playground is painted with this love, also his writing that deals with child-

hood, old age and loss. He identifies himself with his characters and shows how he would like to be. Will, intention and enterprise, Kim's keen intellectual interest, his pleasure in his own faculties represents his book. His peace and freedom from responsibility are conferred by the Lama's Buddhism, but he also shows the change of the Lama, he himself however did not pass through. And in the end he realises that the Indians are superior to the British in religion as the British are to them in material power. The knowledge not only of legal law but also of moral law are the basis for civilisation and individual culture. The law which consists of respect for every living creature and which restrains men's egotism. So, *Kim* as a whole is a triumph of exploratory vision, a vision in which Kipling has represented the natives of India in literature as nobody else has done. His work, filled with life, colour and variety, has become one of the most remarkable achievements in the world of literature.

KIPLING CENTENARY CUTTINGS

Report of Discussion Meeting held on July 5th at the Royal Society of St. George

As the culmination of more than eighteen months' work in compiling a record of Press and other comments on the Centenary, Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy displayed The Rudyard Kipling Centenary Press-Cutting Book, with a description of its contents which kept her hearers absorbed for an hour. As a prelude to this the Hon. Secretary said a few words on "His name is never heard", a statement which inspired his own collection of Kiplingiana since 1959.

Mrs. Purefoy said:

I am delighted to have been given this opportunity of showing you our Scrap Book of the Press-Cuttings published about the Centenary of the Birth of Rudyard Kipling, which we commemorated on 30th December, 1965 — 18 months ago. Prof. Carrington, early in December 1965, suggested that there should be a Press-cutting book, and I rather rashly volunteered to compile this, not realising in the least what it would entail. Our President produced this vast book, and started me off with a Press-cutting Agency for a few weeks. At first very little appeared in the Press, but I thought this could have been due, either to the date of Rudyard Kipling's birth being at the extreme end of the year, or to the fact that a number of Critics, and Newspapers also, were habitually hostile to Kipling — often through insufficient knowledge of his work — and might, therefore, "play him down". I wondered how I would ever find enough to fill even *half* this Album, which has 152 pages.

Well, after a very slow start, quite suddenly HE was in the News, the cuttings came in floods, and I became utterly absorbed. I had no idea I had taken on such a fascinating job, which would take up so much time; but the more I read about our Author, the more fascinated I became by all the *different* things that were written about him, 100 years after his birth. My green biro pen underlined Kipling's name some

3,500 times, and I had a vast number of cheap envelopes as a sort of filing system for keeping the cuttings together until such time as I could begin to stick them in.

I have made three Indexes of the Book (Papers, Writers, and Titles, besides one short one of Extras), and Miss Punch did the Title Page. I have collected in all some 367 cuttings from 146 different Newspapers or Magazines, 36 of which came from Overseas, and 121 are by named Writers—not just "our correspondent". They have come from all over England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, Eire, Holland, France, Czechoslovakia, Russia, West Germany, Sweden, India, New Zealand, South Africa and the U.S.A. Those from the foreign countries have been specially translated, almost entirely by the generosity of our own Members. There are some special Christmas Cards and letters, and of course a number of photographs, mainly of the Service in the Abbey. I have also included a number of Catalogues, or photostat copies of Catalogues, of Centenary Exhibitions which were held both at home—at Stratford-upon-Avon, Bateman's, and Chiswick Public Library; and abroad, in such far away places at Moscow, Fiji, Hong Kong, India and Pakistan, Texas, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, France and Italy. (In India, the Exhibition has been on view at 12 different places — Bombay, Poona, Karachi, Allahabad, Lucknow, New Delhi, Lahore, Rawalpindi, Peshawar, Ranchi, Patna and Calcutta.) I've brought a Map of India for those who want to refresh their geography.

I began the Book in date sequence, but of course I couldn't keep it strictly to dates, as Cuttings have kept on coming to me all through 1966, and up until quite recently. I only wish I had started at the beginning of the Centenary Year instead of at the end of it—I must have missed so much that I would like to have collected.

I won't pretend that *all* the Articles are good—there are several rather stupid ones, and of course a few are duplicates, published in several papers, or of little value except in so far as they show in what *parts* of the country the Centenary came under the heading of *news*. But the vast majority praise him, as Dan Jacobson in *The New Statesman*, as "a great Writer, one of the greatest in the language."

I have tried, in vain, to classify this Album under headings, but have found it quite impossible. It is too vast and unwieldy, and there's really enough material here for a book, not just an hour's talk.

I hope the experts here tonight will forgive me if I make too many rather obvious remarks, but I want now to try and give you a picture, right or wrong, of what Kipling means to the Press of the World.

There are four aspects of him that I want to stress, his poetry, his story-telling, his love of children, and his universality. The numbers in the left-hand margin indicate the entry in the Press-Cutting Book.

I. **KIPLING'S POETRY**, which to me is the greatest magic of his work.

There were three broadcasts of Kipling's poems produced by Prof. Bonamy Dobrée and admirably read and reported on. Mr. Andrew Rutherford from Aberdeen gave the Annual Chatterton

- (6) Lecture on Poetry on "Rudyard Kipling". *The Times* reports: "Looking back over all of Kipling's poetry, warts and all, he judges him to be one of the best Poets of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, an innovator far more notable and revolutionary

- (10) than Yeats himself". Then Dr. A. L. Rowse (in *The Sunday Telegraph*) calls him "the supreme Poet and Story-teller of the British Empire." "His grip upon the public has never failed: during and after the war his publishers, MacMillan, had difficulty in meeting the continuing demand for his books: he is still, of all modern classics, a best-seller all over the English speaking world, is held in exceptional esteem in France, and is now our leading best seller in Soviet Russia." "What about the Verse? Here is a crucial test — though we may say at once that what was good enough for T. S. Eliot should be good enough for the small fry of literary criticism. What is certain is that Kipling was the last poet to express the whole life of a people, and to speak directly to and for the people. The poets of the 1930's talked about it, but Kipling did it."
- (15) Hugh Dent, Librarian of Plymouth College (in *The Western Morning News*): "Much of his Verse is noisy; its rhythms are often obvious, but the Collected Verse contains real poems subtle in construction and thought. At a time when critics were crying up Eliot and obscurity, it was Eliot who edited "A Choice of Kipling's Verse", and all the time the public that does not read criticism, kept buying and enjoying. It was Bridges in 1916 who wrote to King George V, "It is plain that he is the greatest living genius that we have in literature."
- (16) Anthony Burgess (in *The Spectator*): "It is as a Poet that he must ultimately be judged."
- (26) Harold Bunting (in *The Sheffield Telegraph*): "It is to Kipling the Poet that I give my praise. He has been dismissed as a mere versifier. But only by those who want to make a grand mystery out of poetry. . . . Kipling's great quality (it must be a quality) is his rememberability, and his rhythms so perfectly matched to his rhymes."
- (30) Colin Frame (in *The Evening News*): "He was also the Poet of the Little People — not only children, but the great mass of ordinary unknown grown-ups. . . . Kipling was slave to rhyme and rhythm. And he used words everyone could understand."
- (52) In *The Birmingham Evening Mail and Despatch* he is "Remembered for the Poem he hated — "If—"
- (93) Jack Dunman (in *Marxism Today*): (p. 2) "Yevtushenko surprised critics on his visit here by remarking that Kipling was the most popular English Poet in the Soviet Union"; (p. 6) "The late T. S. Eliot, feeling that something needed to be done and said about this Poetry, made an anthology, and wrote a preface to it. . . . The whole essay is an argument that while Kipling wrote good and even excellent verse, he did not write poetry, which must be taken as a judgment of ultimate failure, although the meaning of the distinction is never established. There is one further point about the poetry which *workers* should consider — his deep interest in machinery. No other poet in this country, thus far, has written so effectively about it. He was not a scientist, and he was not able to write as vividly as Wells about the future

effects of science on lives and habits. . . . But he was able to do what Wells could not: to write effective and moving poetry about machines, which showed him again as a realist deeply aware of the world around him. . . . There is a poem about the trans-Atlantic cable, then newly laid, and even about the morning suburb train. . . . And above all, there is the wonderful McAndrew's Hymn".

- (98) Frazer-Hurst (in *The Belfast Telegraph*) (He is President of the Belfast Shakespeare Society and Chairman of the Belfast Branch of the Poetry Society.): "Kipling had a wonderful gift of verbal melody, and even in his serious moods the vitality and movement of his verse is most compelling. Whether his finest work is in Poetry or Prose is a matter of personal preference, for he reaches a high level of excellence in both." "The vigour and picturesqueness of his verse places him among the great ballad writers." "There are few writers who have succeeded so brilliantly in so many departments of literature."
- (100) Khushwant Singh (in *The New York Times Book Review*): "Kipling can now be read as the great poet, and oddly enough a man of great humility. How he infused music into his verse and endowed his words with the colours of the rainbow he explained in his autobiography, "Something of Myself": "I made my own experiments in the weights, colours, perfumes and attributes of words in relation to other words, either as read aloud so that they may hold the ear, or, scattered over the page, draw the eye. There is no line of my verse or prose which has not been mouthed till the tongue has made all smooth. . . ."
- (108) Prof. Leighton (in *The Lantern*, Pretoria) (p. 86): "Poetry . . . is condemned as political when we disagree with the politics, which is perhaps why so much of Kipling's Poetry is condemned. A careful and generous reading, however, shows that Kipling was far more interested in the individual than in political abstractions. . . . And it is this concern for the individual that gives permanence to the emotional content of his verse, long after the politics have lost their relevance. Many of Kipling's later poems were written as prologues or epilogues to his tales, and were intended sometimes to illuminate and intensify the themes in the tale —"
- (121) Jean Jacques Celly (in *Poésie Vivante*, the French and International Poetry Magazine) (p. 3): "He has given flesh and blood to the men he dreamed about. . . . He has given a voice to the things of our time — which is a completely new departure in English poetry — and has made them the subject of glowing word-pictures, unique and novel sources of lyrical inspiration: (p. 4) As André Maurois has rightly noted, Kipling was the poet of heroism, not only in the eyes of many English people, but in those of countless Frenchmen as well."
- (122) Rosemary Wells-Marie (p. 2): "There can be no doubt that Kipling — a man among men, a poet who grasped every opportunity to become the spokesman of the humble, the forgotten, the disinherited ones — will survive the shipwreck. Nor can there be any doubt that future generations will also know whole

- chunks of Kipling off by heart. For Kipling is a poet one quotes, a poet who remains obstinately alive".
- (123) (2) Irene Joliot-Curie (daughter of the famous scientists, and grand-daughter of Mme. Curie, also a notable Marxist): "Great poets! like great scientists and great humanists are the sons of Martha."
- (134) Anthony Comerford, in *The Socialist Commentary*, compares Kipling and Yeats, but doesn't find that the two poets are alike in any way. He admires both poets, but is too obsessed with Kipling's politics to defend his "addiction" to him.
- (138) In *England* (the Journal of the Royal Society of St. George): "His place is safe with posterity as an enricher of our language, and as the creator of stories and verses that will endure as long as that language lasts."
- (139) Nigel Dennis in *The Sunday Telegraph*: "He could arrange words in so memorable a way that they stick for ever in the minds even of those who dislike him. He added scores of lines and quotations to the language, and though some of them may be laughed off, Kipling has the last laugh because they stick."
- (140) (*Church Times*): "There is no verse to compare with some of his, for the sheer magic of its rhythm and its language."
Enough of the Poetry —

II. KIPLING AS A STORY-TELLER

Even the derogatory articles call him a superb story-teller.

- (5) (*Leicester Graphic*). "He is the most brilliant and subtle writer of short stories this country has ever produced, and he has left a masterpiece in "Kim" built around deep sympathy with the Indians". "He is known chiefly by his stories, increasingly crammed with life, which he worked at indefatigably, as only an artist can. We know them because his craftsmanship has made them so powerful, yet so easy to read." "As the years go on his greatness becomes ever more outstanding."
- (17) Frances Collingwood (in *Smith's Trade News*): "Rudyard Kipling was a brilliant journalist and short story-writer, who had an uncanny flair for sensing the mood of a nation and of pleasing the common man. With his instinct for the right kind of news went a facility for writing articles, verses and short stories."
(*Kent Messenger*)—Michael and Mollie Hardwick: "The small be-spectacled boy who was "Beetle" to his school friends, grew into the brilliant young journalist who flashed into the literary sky like a meteor, and remained there to shine like a planet." [In fact he was called "Giglamps" or "Giggers". "Beetle" is fictitious. —Ed.]
- (20) (In *The Sunday Standard*, India): "He detested routine, and laboured like a piece-worker, and was honest and brilliant. Much of his time was spent in writing descriptive pieces and short stories. In 1888 "Plain Tales from the Hills" flowed from his pen. With apt phrases he would bring a scene, an event or a character to life, and one doubts whether any British short story writer has been a better craftsman. Kipling was superb." "At his best he was a great artist and a master of the English language, and no one gave a sharper twist to a short story. He drew freely from the

- Bible. No author except Shakespeare has been more widely quoted and parodied."
- (23) David Foot (in *The Bristol Evening Post*): "Rudyard Kipling was a superb story-teller. He had few masters of narrative. He had no equals in evoking the local colour and customs of India. Many of his short stories, novels and poems are brilliant examples of their kind. With a talented journalist's ear, he had an uncanny knack of reproducing the speech and thoughts of others." "Kipling's writing was prolific."
- (24) (*Evening Argus*, Brighton): "Recent T.V. dramatisation of some of his short stories has helped lead to a new and wider appreciation of his great talent."
- (25) H. A. Taylor (in *The Yorkshire Post*): "Always in considering Kipling one should be mindful of the reference he once made to the man who is 'afflicted with the magic of the necessary words . . . words that may become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of his hearers.'"
- (26) Harold Bunting (*Sheffield Telegraph*): "Some rate him higher as a story-teller than as a poet. His Soldier stories will be read for many generations to come."
- (27) Anthony Powell (*Daily Telegraph*): "Kipling's Centenary cannot better—nor more enjoyably be celebrated than by re-reading his books during the New Year . . . one thing at least is clear. He was a writer of the first rank, a genius. 'He has seen marvellous things through keyholes,' wrote Wilde, and there is unquestionably something about Kipling's stories, verses and gnomic utterances that invokes the picture of a man intently inspecting a scene vividly outlined in a small circle of light."
- (28) (*The Times*): "on the credit side, Kipling, at his best, is as great a short story-writer as any, of any period, in any language. He compels attention as only a genius in spinning tales can do."
- (29) (*The Sun*): "Recently, from the unlikely quarter of the magazine *Marxism Today*, there came praise for his working-class poetry, his sense of history, his craftsmanship, his humanism."
 (*West Lancashire Evening Gazette*): "Kipling was a great poet and a great writer. He will remain so, long after those who niggled at him are forgotten."
 John Grigg (in *The Sunderland Echo and Shipping Gazette*): "Kipling's total output is very large, but his favourite medium is the short story, and his longest work is not much more than a long short story . . . he could achieve in a few lines what others could manage, if at all, only in laborious paragraphs. The magic of Kipling is that he seems to traverse continents and to penetrate very near to the heart of things within the space of 20 or 30 pages . . . In what he has to say, no less than in how he says it, Kipling's greatness is manifest, and his reputation will survive many more centenaries."
 (*Evening Standard*): "A writer of genius who has enriched English Literature . . . one of the most intensely individualistic writers in the language, who conceded nothing to fashions of literature and

thought throughout 50 years of change. He fascinated one generation after another with work that was immensely different."

- (31) Patrick Kirwan (in *The Evening Standard*): "It was a disconcerting experience for a very young writer to be invited to meet the world's most famous author, the poet of a great empire : and finding himself looking down at a small slight man with a bald head, bushy eyebrows, and dense moustache and with short-sighted blue eyes peering upwards at him through unimposing spectacles. And yet, only one other than Rudyard Kipling had enriched the English language, written and spoken, with more quotations, and that man was Shakespeare himself. Only one other writer in all English literature had met with such sudden, spontaneous, and delighted acclaim: Lord Byron on the publication of *Childe Harold*." Somerset Maugham, a toiler in the same vineyard, had, a little wryly, "to admit that he is our greatest story writer. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am sure he can never be excelled." (This also appeared in *The Free Press Bulletin*, India).
- (56) (*New Zealand Listener*): "The sun may never set on Rud/ard Kipling—nobody who knows Kipling's work will be astonished by his successful adaptation to Television."
- (63) Roger Lloyd (in *The Church Times*): "Few men have written better or more vividly : few have written books which will be read as long as the language lasts: few have seen so deeply into the psychology of all kinds of people : and perhaps none has hymned so memorably the nature of the machinery whether of state or of steel by which all human life is upheld. It is possible that no other writer has been so consistently a craftsman of the highest order . . . So long as the world lasts, Kipling's name is imperishable."
- (81) (In *The New York Times Book Review*) Donald Adams, 73 year old retiring book critic: "Slowly, but with unerring momentum, Rudyard Kipling is being restored to his rightful position as one of the great writers of the modern age ! "

To be Continued

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following New Members, **the largest number in any quarter for over 18 months.**

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