



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. (" Stalky ") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950), Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS — FROM NOW:—  
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Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## Forthcoming Meetings

### COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 20 Chester Street, S.W.I, on Wednesday, 20th March, 1968, at 2.30 p.m.

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

**April 10th, 1968**, at The Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will speak on "Kipling, Journalist", followed by discussion.

**July 10th, 1968**, same time and place. Speaker and subject to be announced in next **Journal**.

### VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

Mrs. Betty Sutherland is kindly allowing us to visit Bateman's this year on Friday, May 3rd. We shall be lunching, as usual, at The Bear Inn, Burwash, at 1 p.m.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on May 3rd, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. **To make this hiring worth while, at least 15 seats need to be taken.**

The charge for members and guests, including lunch, will be 30/- for those going by coach, and 21/- for those going by private car. Teas will be obtainable in the cafeteria at a small charge.

This is always a delightful outing, but lunch room is limited. If you wish to come, be sure to notify the Hon. Secretary, Beckett Lodge, Beckett Avenue, Kenley CR2 5LT, Surrey, enclosing the correct fee, not later than **first post Friday, 19th April**. This will be the **ONLY** notice.

**Annual Luncheon.** The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on Wednesday, 23rd October, 1968. The Guest of Honour will be Dr. Joyce Tompkins, author of "The Art of Rudyard Kipling".

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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## NEWS AND NOTES

### ' THE BLUE SKALALLATOOT STORIES '

In the Preface to the first *Just So Story* in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, Dec : 1897, Kipling wrote that ' Some stories are only proper for rainy mornings, and some for long hot afternoons, when one is lying in the open, and some stories are bedtime stories. All the Blue Skalallatoot stories are morning tales (I don't know why, but that is what Effie says) . . . '

When quoting this Preface in *Kipling and the Children* (pp. 169-70) I commented that ' there is no other mention of the Blue Skalallatoot stories.' But in February 1967 I received a letter from Mr. William R. S. Bathurst referring to this passage in my book, and continuing : ' I am the King of the Blue Skalallatoots. Rudyard Kipling conferred this dignity upon me on August 26, 1911, when I was nearly nine years old. My brother was a year younger. This tribe inhabit the North Western part of the island of Wingskalla. They number 31750. Their capital is Skalalla Town . . . I am able to give you this " information " because my mother very wisely had Kipling's letter and beautifully drawn map of Wingskalla framed. And it has been a cherished possession hung (in a dark place so as not to fade the ink) on the walls of every house I have had ever since . . . Meanwhile what I now learn is that the Blue Skalallatoots (and doubtless their neighbours, the Macawullats and the Vindinglues) were not created for my brother and me, but had been used before. But for a very special Best Beloved. My thoughts do not particularly disdain such a rival on my throne. In fact I am immensely impressed that such an honour was ever conferred on me. What a man he was. And how right you are that he gave his heart's best when he gave to a child.'

Owing to Mr. Bathurst's great kindness in supplying photographs of the Map and the letter, and Mrs. Bambridge's generous permission to reproduce the one and transcribe the other, we are privileged to visit Kipling's secret country of Wingskalla.

And now, can anyone give us news of ' Orvin Sylvester Woodsley, the left-over New England fairy' who is described in the same Preface?

### " DID YOU GIVE 'EM YOUR NAMES AND NUMBERS ? "

In 1911 W. Arthur Young produced his *Dictionary of the Characters and Scenes in the Stories and poems of Rudyard Kipling*, 1886-1911 ; and now our Honorary Librarian, Mr. John H. McGivering, has given us a full and up-to-date *Kipling Dictionary* based on Young's

pioneer work. All readers will bless the name of McGivering — but particularly 'the more cultivated portion of the ignorant' who will henceforth be able to write about Kipling without having read his works with much less chance of detection.

Dr. Thomas N. Cross, M.D., for example — whose article 'Rudyard Kipling's Sense of Identity' appeared in *The Michigan Quarterly Review* in October 1965. This psychological study shows much ignorance, but nothing so blatant as the solemn statement which follows the assumption that the Demon Boy at Southsea left an indelible mark on Kipling's subconscious: 'In all that he wrote — more than thirty-six volumes — Kipling used thousands of names; but never once did he use the name Harry. He did, however, use the expression "By the Lord Harry!" — reflecting, I think, at least something of Harry's power over him.'

There are, in fact, four Harrys and eleven Henrys in the Verse, twenty Henrys and fourteen Harrys in the Prose Works — making forty-nine in all. Moreover Dr. Cross had no reason whatsoever for assuming that 'Harry' was actually the name of the Holloways' son — any more than 'Harry' and 'Rosa' were for the parents, whose actual Christian names were Pryse Agar and Sarah. (In fact the son was called 'Henry Thomas' — but I doubt whether Dr. Cross had spent the many hours of research in Somerset House needed to discover this fact, which was not published until after his article.)

Mr. McGivering's *Kipling Dictionary* (Macmillan, 50 shillings) will now take its secure place with the great Kipling reference books — Carrington, Livingston, Chandler, Weygandt, Durand and Stewart-Yeats: a ready reference work of constant value, even for those of us who think we know the identity of every character in Kipling. Yet, to open the book at random, how many of us could place immediately Ada Frick, Gagley, Walter Setton, M'Quade, Gubbs, and Pinky Winsh, or distinguish between Matui and Matun, Mathen and Matcham? Or tell at once in which story to look for Hagan or (no relation) Mrs. Hagan, Morten, Morten and Morten (three distinct characters) — to say nothing of Morten-Sutherland?

It is, of course, a reviewer's job to find fault — a very difficult undertaking in this case! Was not Won-Tolla an 'Outlier' rather than a Lone Wolf? Where is the good ship "Royal Tiger"? Hans Breittmann is the nickname of the naturalist in *Bertran and Bimi* and *Reingelder*; but not at all the same person when quoted in *From Sea to Sea* where Kipling refers to Leland's immortal character who gave the famous "barty". And, in the delightful prelude 'Some Numbers' why is Stalky's school number (a hundred and four) not included, nor given elsewhere under either 'Stalky' or Corkran?

These are trifles dredged up with difficulty for the sole purpose of trying to show off. But one serious criticism can perhaps be made. Mr. McGivering includes references to some literary allusions: this seems a mistake, unless he was prepared to follow them up seriously and fully. Thus he gives a reference to *King Solomon's Mines* (quoted by name in *A Flight of Fact*) — but does not include the other references to books by Rider Haggard, though in fact *Jess*, *Allan Quarter-*

*main* and *Cleopatra* are mentioned once each and *She* twice; and we look in vain for *Frank Fairlegh* (Smedley) mentioned in *Baa, Baa Black Sheep* or *Lays of Ancient Rome* (Macaulay) mentioned and quoted in *A Centurion of the Thirtieth*. Haggard (mentioned by name in *A Flight of Fact*) appears, but not Mrs. Ewing (named in *Fairy-Kist*) nor her book *Mary's Meadow* from the same story — nor her *Jackanapes* (from *The Last of the Stories*).

There was no need to include literary allusions of this kind: but if some were included, surely the rest should have been there also?

### ANOTHER STUDY

A new recruit to the ranks of Kipling scholars, Mr. T. R. Henn, Senior Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, has recently added a volume *Kipling* (7s. 6d.) to the series of paper-backs, 'Writers and Critics', published by Oliver and Boyd.

The short biographical section is riddled with ridiculous errors (Kipling is given only three years at Southsea and meets Flo there before 1873; he writes *Letters of Travel* as a result of his wanderings in 1889, visits Stevenson in Samoa in 1891, writes all the *Just So Stories* in South Africa in 1898, and so on). But the major portion of the book, which is criticism of both the Prose and the Verse, is usually perceptive, thoughtful and acceptable, always interesting and sometimes stimulating.

He is occasionally irritating as when he declares that *Stalky & Co.* 'includes sadism, homosexuality, lust for revenge, boyish horseplay, and a general air of suspended adolescence', without justifying his more startling accusations; and can show such amazing ignorance as the assertion that Eurasians 'used to be called Anglo-Indians,' and the inclusion of 'His Chance in Life' and 'Namgay Doola' among the Mulvaney stories and 'The Tie' as a Stalky story. But readers are advised not to be put off by such lapses; on the whole the book is worth adding to any collection that attempts to keep up with the interesting new trends in Kipling criticism.

### MORE ISLANDERS

Following the search for an answer to Dick Heldar's question: "Who's the man that says that we're all islands shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding?" [see *Kipling Journal* No. 164, page 3], Mr. Hugh Brogan of St. John's College, Cambridge, writes: "I read the latest issue of the *Journal* and noted the speculation about the islands . . . Imagine my feelings, then, when, while checking some facts by reference to Carrington's *Life*, I came across the following extract from a letter to W. E. Henley (p. 156) :—

"Since we be only islands shouting misunderstandings to each other across seas of speech or writing, I am going to say nothing about Henley's *Hospital Sketches*. I take off my hat and drop my sword-point." May I suggest that this raises the very strong likelihood that the phrase can be found in Henley, probably in *Hospital Sketches*? . . .

This collection of Henley's early poems (published in *The Cornhill Magazine* and *London*) made its first book appearance twelve years later in *A Book of Verses* (1888) — the letter from Kipling is dated by

Carrington as 'early in 1890.' I have not been able to check from this edition, but the phrase does not appear in this or any other section of Henley's collected *Poems* 1898. If it is in a prose work by Henley (or in the early volume of verse only) here is a good opportunity for Members nearer to a library to carry out some research.

However the quotation in the letter suggests a phrase already familiar to both writers — unless Kipling invented it in the letter, and quoted himself in *The Light that Failed* !

R.L.G.

## HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

*The Nobel Stamps.* Through the generosity of Mr. Frank Godden, the well-known stamp dealer of 110 Strand, W.C.2, we were able to obtain, *gratis*, some handsome envelopes bearing stamps issued on 9th December, 1967, in honour of the four Nobel Prize winners of 1907. These were post-marked in Stockholm on the date of issue, and are collectors' pieces. We have presented one to Mrs. Bambridge, who has expressed her delight at receiving it; another is with our Library (where it can be seen on application to the R.C.S. staff) and a third has gone to Bateman's. Any member wanting these new stamps can doubtless obtain them from Mr. Godden, who has been a member of our Society for the past six years.

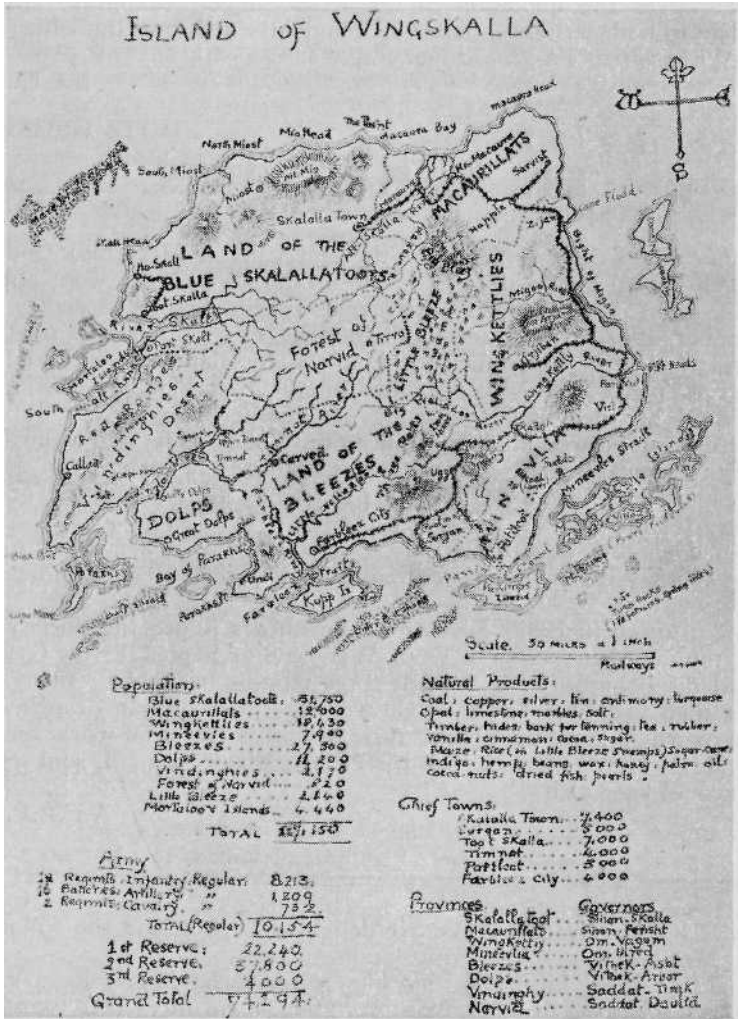
Incidentally, was this Kipling stamp shown in a single English newspaper? We believe not. How different if it had commemorated a pop singer !

*Recruiting in 1967.* Seventy new members joined the Society last year, the same number as in 1966. At the end of September the position looked disappointing, but the last three months brought us thirty. No fewer than twenty-one of the total were recruited by our Branches, all three of which more than pulled their weight in this vital work. Several individual members also found recruits; thank you all, and *please* (everyone) keep at it.

A.E.B.P.

*NEW MEMBERS.* We are delighted to welcome the following New Members :—

U.K.: Mrs. M. E. H. Mackie, Miss A. R. Moss; Rev. W. J. Culshaw, Capt. J. Kehoe, Brig. R. Long, Lt.-Col. J. K. Stanford; Messrs. G. T. Browne, D. B. Ellis, P. Lynn, J. G. MacWilliam, T. B. Royle, D. W. T. Sansom, E. H. F. Sawbridge. *BELGIUM:* J. Aspelagh. *CANADA:* Saskatchewan U. Liby., Regina; Simon Fraser U. Liby.; Waterloo U. Liby. *MELBOURNE:* Miss R. Carpenter, Mrs. H. Connell, Dr. N. Cunningham. *U.S.A.:* L. E. Armstrong, Atkins Liby. (N. Carolina U.), Col. J. A. Logan, J. A. Logan, G. Millard. *VICTORIA B.C.:* Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Dangerfield.



MAP OF WINGSKALLA DRAWN BY RUDYARD KIPLING



## THE BLUE SKALALLATOOT LETTER

Batemans.

Aug. 26. 1911.

Dear Billy,

Here is a snap of one of my Islands which Sihan-Skalla the Head-Governor has just had made for me. It is not a bad little island and the people, especially the Blue Skalallatoots are very nice but I find that I am so busy just now that I cannot look after it properly. Would you and Ralphie take care of it for me? You will find Sihan-Skalla the Head Governor a very good man indeed. He wants to build a railway from Skalalla Town direct to Farbleez through the Forest of Narvid which is all swampy and full of rivers : and he wants new lighthouses and lightships to be put up to mark the shoals and rocks on the South Coast. I think you had better take the *Flitter*, the Lighthouse Steamer at Undi and make a trip yourself and see what is really wanted. Vithek Arbor governor of Dolps will take you round and show you anything you want to see. I know that a lighthouse is wanted at Cape Mave and there ought to be a red flashing light at the end of the Belt Shoals but I have now been along the Kupp and Passimps coast for some time. You will want a Coast-guard steamer to look after the pearl fisheries off the Mineevles because the Vindinghy fishermen, who are rather a rough lot, come over in the pearl fishery season and fight with the Mineerlia people. However you can trust Om-Ulred to keep them in order *if* you give him a steamer. Even an armed steam launch would be enough if it moved about regularly. A new pier and stone built dock is wanted at Port Skalt where the river brings down sand and mud. Two Steam dredgers are at work there already and there is a third dredger at Toot-Skalla across the river which could be used also, after the autumn rains.

It is not the least good trying to make a harbour at Vist Heads. I have spoken to Om-Vagon Governor of the Wingkettlies about this. The Sand is always shifting at the mouth of the Wingkettly and nothing you can do will keep the river open. It is just the same thing at Macaura in the north. *Don't* waste money and men in trying to make harbour there, for the north and East coasts are open to all the bad weather. There ought to be a narrow-gauge railway to link up the Vindinghy Salt and copper mines and you might later on, run a railway from Callad through the gap in the Red range to the copper mines Saddat. Tirak the Governor of the Vindinghies has the plans of the proposed railway in his office. There is no use in putting railways into the Forest of Narvid. All that country is full of rivers and you will find it easier to float your timber down by water. The people at Tirro are excellent foresters and woodsmen but they must be governed by some one who understands them. Ask Saddat-Daulid their governor to take you elephant hunting through Narvid and get to know the Tirro hunters.

Little Bleeze is full of swamps but the Macaurillats go there every

year to plant rice. They come away again in the Autumn and generally catch fever and colds. There ought to be a hospital and a doctor and plenty of quinine on Big Bleez — about 3000 feet above the level of the swamp. Sihan-Feresht, Governor of the Macaurillats should built it, as his people own all the land in Little Bleez.

But you must decide for yourself. If I were you I should go on tour for six months through the Island before I did anything. Then I should call a Council of Governors and ask them what was most wanted. They will always ask for twice as much as they want. The Government Treasury is at Skalalla Town : where most of the artillery is. Sihan-Allat-al-Darogh commands the Army. He is a good man with one eye and a squint but very amusing to talk to. Ask him about his war against the Vindinghies in 1907.

Very sincerely yours  
Rudyard Kipling

## THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

THE RT. HON. THE EARL BALDWIN OF BEWDLEY  
*Kipling Society Luncheon: 25 October, 1967*

I understand that I am the first relation of Kipling in the 40 years of your Society's existence to be your guest-speaker. I don't know why that should be, but I do thank you very much indeed for the invitation. I should have considered myself quite unworthy of such an honour — indeed I do — on many counts ; but, since it happens that this year marks the centenary of my father's birth, I might in some sense be speaking as his representative.

Perhaps I ought just to mention here the Rudyard Kipling/Stanley Baldwin kinship for the benefit of those who may not know it. The two were first cousins and shared common — and indeed uncommon — grandparents in the Rev : George Macdonald and his wife Hannah. Baldwin was the younger by about a year and a half.

In the careless days before 1914, when the Kipling and Baldwin families saw much of one another, at Astley (which was *our* home), at Bateman's (which was *theirs*) or on holiday abroad, I, as the youngest of them all, was not much of a participator. I've always regretted that my memories of them therefore (still seen through a golden mist of happiness), are very few, and none worth telling here. But I *have* been lucky in that, although much has gone with the dead, I do possess a few Kipling books and letters which, whatever their value may be in the market, are far more valuable to me for their personal association with myself, my family, or with those who gave them to me. Moreover, I regard them in the nature of a Trust.

One of my sources of the early married days of Kipling's parents was a close friend of my grandmother and all her sisters, by the name

of Miss Edith Plowden. Circumstances being as they were, I came to know her well; and I think, if I read you an extract from one of Rudyard Kipling's letters to her, it will show clearly what he thought about private writings falling into hands other than those they were intended for.

People are sometimes vexed by this attitude, but Kipling held the not unreasonable view that an author should have sole control over which of his writings should be published and which should not, on both this and the other side of the grave. I am well aware of the cogent argument that ALL the private papers of famous men and women should become the common heritage of a nation, or a world, only too eager to do them honour; but *I* don't happen to be persuaded by it; nor did my father. In this, as in most matters of principle, Baldwin and Kipling saw eye to eye.

Let Kipling, then, state *his* case in a letter written to Miss Plowden in January, 1915 :—

" I gladly accept your offer of my copybook of early verses with the Father's drawing and I shall be more grateful than I can say if you would extend your kindness so far as to give me the copies of the schoolboy poems on notepaper. After all, they were sent from me to you, and if they are going to be given or willed away why should they not come back to me for myself and my children? They are of more interest to me than anyone else and though I am quite certain that Stan would deal honestly *by* them, I know by bitter experience how difficult it is to prevent other people from gaining access to such things and giving them a baleful publicity. Whence got you the idea that I am reckless about my letters and poems? For more than twenty years I have done my best to try and get all such letters and papers into my possession. That I have not always been successful is proved by the fact that I have seen the most *sacred* and *intimate* matters concerning myself and my people printed in newspapers and periodicals; and it has been the same with a good deal of my early work. It is for this reason that I hope you will, of your kindness, give me all the old work that you may have of mine and above all that you won't have father's drawing photographed. *Nothing* is safe from the press these days . . . "

So those things were sent back to him and he did with them what he thought best, in that cruel year when his only son was killed at the Battle of Loos.

All that I have to tell you is innocent, and, it may be thought, superficial; but it's the best I can do, in selecting from such papers as I possess.

I wish I had ever been able to get to know Kipling as closely as my elder brother Oliver did. But I have at least a record of an early kindness on my behalf, in the form of a letter Kipling wrote to my father telling of a visit he had just paid to me during my first week at a boarding-school at Rottingdean.

The year was 1912. I was 8. This is some of the letter describing our encounter . . . " He charged forth with a pal — no sign of any pensive steps and slow about A. Baldwin. Elsie and I hailed him and he came to anchor, legs very wide apart, the new, very new schoolboy overlying the child now four days in the background . . . Conversation

short and naturally weighted with the knowledge that he was on his way to cricket . . . then he dashes off like a trout across the field in the sunshine, picks up a scarlet-headed yaffingale of a kid called Buzzard and the two prance off with their arms on each other's shoulders . . . Then the master appeared and they all ran to him like young hounds — almost you could see their sterns wagging . . . The last I see of him is a flourish of a bat and a man-of-the-world wave of the hand. Quite full of beans and evidently realizing his new world with pleasure. Bless him."

Another record of his exceeding kindness I have in the form of written emendations on an essay I had done at Eton. I was about 17 — a poorish specimen of an unattractive age— and was *appalled* when my mother asked Kipling, who was staying with us, to look at it. The consequence was that he went to the trouble not only of going through the miserable scrawl *with* me, but, when he got back to London, of ordering a dozen or more books from the classics, which he thought might be of benefit to my literary development, with an explanatory letter. I will read some of it, written in 1922 :

" There is now on the way to you a packet of books — some of which may serve your turn by opening up your young (alleged) mind in various directions. I admit some of 'em look tosh, but you browse among 'em and see what strikes you. *Hazlitt* isn't as out of date as he looks. He makes one take notice. *Crashaw* is for words and emotions ; *Swift* is purely for style. *Coleridge* is an out of the way bird with a habit of approaching the ordinary at extraordinary angles. *M. Aurelius* is the heavy lead and awful stodge in most places but about 1/10% of him goes. *Donne* may or may not catch hold of you. Anyhow, keep him for a bit and see if he doesn't affect you later. Anyway, he will teach you words and tropes and such things . . . "

I *must* just give you one more example of the trouble he would take in this embarrassing matter of giving his literary services when asked, to his admiring relations. It must have bored him unspeakably, yet he gave no indication of it.

Faulty and uninspiring as were *my* school essays, they were scarcely worse, and far less formidable to deal with, than some of the verses of his Aunt Louise, my father's mother. Yet I possess four sonnets of hers in typescript on the subjects of Love and Christianity, written in 1909, upon which her patient and world-famous godson has crossed out, changed, inserted and added final comments on each with a gentle firmness beyond all praise. For instance, he wrote, after his improvements : " I think it will do now. Type out complete and send in to me and we'll look over it." On another : " I don't like this. There is no specific word to lay hold of : but I don't see how it can be altered. You must recast from end to end." And so on. Quite amazing, I think. No wonder we all loved him. Everyone knows, from his books, of the way he had with children and with animals, but not much else, except in his less read latter works, of his infinite humanity. Many know of the strength, but too few know of the sweetness, of his character.

Now I will try to give you a few disconnected glimpses of the affectionate understanding that existed between himself and my father. Naturally, Kipling could not approve of *all* the actions and reactions

with which Baldwin was associated during his 20 years of high political life ; but at the roots, as I have said, they were of similar moral outlook and they understood and trusted one another with an easy comradeship that had established itself in boyhood.

I can remember an evening at Astley between the wars when they fell to reminiscing about the holiday they had both spent as boys on a farm in Essex under the indulgent control of Kipling's mother, lately returned for a spell from India. As they recounted incidents they laughed and they laughed till they could hardly speak.

Another time, so one of my sisters tells me, these two middle-aged men were discovered sitting on the stairs, their arms round one another's shoulders, rocking and weeping with ungovernable mirth. What the cause of it was neither would ever say. I can promise you it wasn't liquor, anyway.

But my main glimpses come from one angle : principally in letters written to friends or relations by my father. Without doubt Kipling will have destroyed any letters from *my* father to *him*. These references of mine are nothing much, but they do give out a faint echo of the days when they were written, most of them round about 50 years ago.

The first is from Bateman's, Summer 1911 : " I am writing in the drawing room, and Rud is upstairs, with his Muse in first class working order, for I hear him tramping up and down and singing. Bless him ! . . . "

' Bless him ' or ' her ' was very much a *family* term of affection among the older generation of Macdonald descent.

Next : *From London, November 1916.* " I had breakfast with Kipling at Brown's Hotel and two hours' talk . . . I was highly pleased to find that he had come to the same conclusion about the Government that I had, *and* by the same road, after almost as long and anxious a cogitation. We have common puritan blood in us and he said a thing I have so often said and acted on : ' When you have two courses open to you and you thoroughly dislike one of them, *that is* the one you must choose, for it is sure to be the right one.' How much happier not to be made like that ! " added Baldwin.

T wonder if you know why the Kiplings always stayed at Brown's Hotel? To the best of my recollection this is what my father told me. After their wedding at All Souls', Langham Place, in January 1892, they repaired to Brown's in Dover Street for a few days before leaving for the United States. The manager, at the end of their stay, presented them with a receipted bill.

Next : *From London, June 1919,* after a visit : " Bateman's was a peculiarly happy and peaceful time. For two days I never stirred outside the garden and the weather of course was perfect. For more than one reason it is the completest haven to me that the world affords, and I shall be there again before long . . . "

Baldwin was a great walker, swift and far; and that letter was possibly written at some period after a visit when he had found the following notice pinned up in his room at Bateman's for his especial attention.

It read : " RULES FOR GUESTS.

' 1. No guest to walk more than 5 miles an hour. 2. No guest to walk more than 2 hours at a time. 3. Guests are strictly forbidden to coerce or cajole the natives to accompany them *in* said walks, as the proprietors cannot be responsible for the consequences." Signed, Rudyard Kipling, Caroline Kipling, Elsie Kipling, (natives)."

Next : *From Astley 3 days before Christmas* 1921 (when the Coalition Government, of which Baldwin was an uncomfortable member, was in some disrepute). " I met Carson in Downing Street from whom I got a very chilly nod, and the sort of greeting a corpse would give to an undertaker. There was some restraint about cousin Kipling too, whom I saw at the Carlton in earnest conversation with Rupert Gwynne. I hope it'll wear off by tomorrow when he is due here."

(Of course it did. No temporary political snag could trip up that intimate and ancient friendship.)

I think it must have been *that* Christmas at Astley which stays clearest in my memory, when the Kiplings and the Baldwins of both generations spent the evenings in various light amusements, such as billiards and paper games, before the advent of radio and television discouraged such goings on. We sometimes used to converse in a kind of literal dog-French. If one could slip in a murderous pun, so much the merrier.

Once, when *my* brother Ollie, as we called him then, put his hands to the piano and lifted up his voice in song—he was no good—I remember composing a few rhyming couplets in facetious dispraise of the singer, which Kipling eagerly took up, improved and extended. This is the result of our joint work, almost all of it his :

When Ollie sings, the amorous Cat  
Says ; " Praised be Pasht, *I* don't do that."  
The Cartwheel in the frozen lane  
Grunts : " Here's my rival loose again."  
The envious Owl replies, and then  
Drops dead beside the chicken-pen;  
And well the Kine of Astley know  
The note that sours their lacteal flow ;  
While in the sty the gravid Sow  
Loses her litter at the row.  
The Handsaw and the screeching File  
Together mutter : " Oh, how vile :"  
And strive in chorus, up and down,  
The melancholy noise to drown.  
Far off a Train, with grinding brakes,  
A counter-demonstration makes :  
Feeble and futile, None compete  
With Ollie on the music-seat.  
A Factory-whistle, fierce and shrill,  
Bellows despairing and is still ;  
And anguished Earth and Heaven attend  
The intolerable solo's end,

Where four mixed voices from one throat  
 Keep neither key nor time nor note,  
 But treble, tenor, alto, bass,  
 Riot in one ungodly chase  
 After a tune which flatly strays  
 'Twixt "Auld Lang Syne " and " Marseillaise."

It must have been in the early thirties (when the two cousins have allowed themselves to be pulled asunder by the Government of India Bill), that Kipling wrote four noble lines of verse which he presented to Baldwin as a tribute of admiration and understanding. They used to hang, framed, on a wall of the library at Astley. Like a fool I never wrote them down nor got them by heart; for after my father's death, I have learnt, they were disposed of.

Disposed of, too, are the bulk of his letters to my father : sold, like the many that he wrote to my brother; and I don't know where they are. Enough of that.

" But that's all shove be'ind me, long ago and fur away . . ." and I don't propose to end my speech in rancour or dismay ; so let me make a final return to something jolly.

Some of you may remember reading in the Press of Baldwin's alleged liking for pigs. So far from being assumed, this liking was real and life-long. I came on *this* in a letter of his the other day, written in 1919 from Astley : " In the meantime I stay on, reading Monte Cristo, talking with my eldest son, paying bills, going to bed early, and living as nearly like a pig as I can, except that so many people look over the top of the sty and poke me up whenever I try to settle down in the straw . . . "

For Christmas in that same year Kipling made a poem for his cousin and inscribed it on the flank of a toy wooden pig, as a token of their common affection for pigs alive and, alas, pigs dead.

In Baldwin's words, Kipling " went into Harrods and said : " I want a pig.' And they : ' We have one at four guineas.' ' That,' said the Poet, ' is no good to me. My limit is half a crown.' So he bought one made by a wounded warrior."

Perhaps I should apologize to this non-political audience for the slighting reference to the old Liberal leader in the last line but one of the poem. It was written, as I said, nearly 50 years ago, and all concerned are gone, including, I need hardly add, the little wooden pig.

This is it :

" Some to Women, some to Wine—  
 Some to Wealth or Power incline —  
 Proper people cherish Swine.  
 Cattle from the Argentine —  
 Poultry tough as office twine —  
 Give no pleasure when we dine.  
 But, from nose-tip unto chine,  
 Via every *intestine*,  
*Nothing* is amiss in Swine.  
 Roast or smoked or soaked in brine —  
 (We have proved it, Cousin mine)  
 Every part of him is fine.

So, till Income Tax decline,  
 Or Truth exist across the Rhine,  
 Or George can speak it, praise we Swine,  
 Common, honest, decent Swine."

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, on that prandial note I ask you to rise and drink with me the toast : ' To the Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling.' Bless him.

## REVIEW

### *THE JUNGLE BOOK—Disney's new Cartoon*

It is Disney with basic ideas by Kipling. It is a travesty and it is meant to be so and to be comic. Apart from Mowgli's cute U.S. accent (he is otherwise nice) it is not offensive provided you take it as meant i.e. as being funny. And it is funny, but not funny enough, though there are a few patches which are very good.

*Bagheera* is standard Disney kind but good-hearted type.

*Baloo*. Standard Disney sappy-good-hearted type. A lot too much of him.

*Shere Khan* is simply superb — drawley "U" accent and one superb moment when he does the bass line of a quartet, coming unexpectedly in at the last few bars. He is far too magnificent ; no hint of the shabby beast of the book.

*Kaa* is unrelated to the original — he is thoroughly bad and very funny and invariably in hot water. He has been given a speech defect, not quite a lisp, yet he can't quite hiss properly either, as of course he has to do in every line : he hypnotises every one with swelling many coloured eyes — huge success with the youngsters (naturally they were the cause of my going need I say).

There is a *Jungle Patrol* of Elephants rather laboriously comic, save for the Colonel's wife, who is worth the whole film — a cartoon elephant whose face is unmistakably that of a certain recognisable female type, leggy, craggy, elderly yet the Boss (if necessary) with exactly the right voice to send her Blimpish husband scurrying for shelter. For a long time you don't even get the point that this is a female Elephant — its just a soldier till it emerges as Mrs. Colonel.

The Colours are pretty, the main points very obvious — " This is where Shere Khan appears " says my 8 year old son quite correctly — the voice much the best part and at times brilliantly used, it is almost totally unrelated to Kipling and the end would have made him sick. Mowgli (pronounced MOGLI) up to the last two numbers apparently 8 years old, sights a village lass of comely (and come-hither-ish) appearance, immediately departs in pursuit, now 16 at least, leaving Baloo and Bagheera to depart into the jungle arm in arm. Yes — well if there is any reason for seeing this film put R.K. out of your mind except as having supplied the story line.

S.V.



## CARRINGTON ON GILBERT ON ' KIM '

by Elliot L. Gilbert

As a long-time admirer of Charles Carrington's work on Kipling, I approached his article in the September, 1967 *Kipling Journal* entitled " Elliot Gilbert on *Kim* " with considerable trepidation. Not even the unmerited compliment in the first line was enough to reassure me, and when a moment later I saw that Professor Carrington's brief essay was meant to be a rejoinder to my own earlier " *Kim* — Novel or Propaganda?" I became even more apprehensive.

It was a great relief, therefore, to discover that on all the main points which I had raised in my own article on *Kim*, Professor Carrington and I appear to be in full agreement. We agree, for example, that nothing much is to be gained from arguing about whether *Kim* is or is not, technically speaking, a novel. Further, we agree that *Kim* cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be read as a piece of imperialist propaganda. And finally, we agree that with its sympathetic depiction of native Indians and its sometimes highly critical view of the English it is, to quote Mark Kinkead-Weekes again, " the living contradiction of nine-tenths of the charges levelled against its author."

On what, then, do Professor Carrington and I disagree? He has written that I " purport to replace one erroneous view [of *Kim*] with another." Well, that is not quite true. I do not purport — that is, intend — to make an error. If I have made one, it has been made out of ignorance. As for my " erroneous " view, it is a view I share completely with Professor Carrington; and since I am sure he does not believe his own view to be erroneous, the nature of his objection to my article remains a mystery.

I suppose that if it amounts to anything, his objection amounts to a small disagreement over perspective or point of view. Early in his article, for example, Professor Carrington suggests that my " subtle incomprehension " of some of the issues raised by a book like *Kim* results from the fact that I am an American. This sort of intermural rivalry between Great Britain and America in matters of literary scholarship and criticism has, I'm afraid, become something of a fixture of correspondences such as these. Members of the Kipling Society will no doubt recall the notorious review in *TLS* of Dr. Morton Cohen's *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard* in which Dr. Cohen's useful editorial comments on the Kipling-Haggard papers are referred to as " transatlantic flutings." The reviewer must, I suppose, be allowed " flutings " if he really feels that that is the best word. But why " transatlantic " ? The reference seems so gratuitously snide. And then the question inevitably arises whether it is in the best interests of Kipling to suggest that he is not for all times but for an age, not for all countries but just for one. The last thing Kipling needs is another cult, another inner circle, more secret passwords and handshakes.

Besides, it is sometimes possible for expertise to be a liability

rather than an asset. For example, Professor Carrington takes me to task, at one point, for lumping Creighton and Lurgan together in my essay. He points out that "Creighton is a *sahib* . . . while Lurgan is a non-descript half-caste who would never have got inside the Simla Club." This is indeed the sort of sociological information that an English critic is more likely to have than an American; it is information, however, which in the context of my article is irrelevant. My object in mentioning the two men together is, after all, to show that they are both Kim's much-admired, if not hero-worshipped, superiors in the "Great Game", and not to imply anything more about their social positions. We have, then, a situation here in which special knowledge only clouds the issue instead of illuminating it.

Again, just a few lines further along, Professor Carrington instructs me about *babus*, assuring me "that *babu* was, and is, a title of honour in Bengal." But once more his expert knowledge is confusing rather than helpful, for I never suggested in my own article that the Indians themselves held *babus* in contempt. What I suggested was that such contempt was frequently a *British* reaction (see "What Happened" in *Departmental Ditties* or "His Chance in Life" in *Plain Tales from the Hills*) and that Kim shows his comparative freedom from such bigotry through his respect for Hurree Chunder. As for Professor Carrington's assertion that the Secret Service was not concerned, in the post-Mutiny days of Indian patriotic and revolutionary associations, "with putting down attempts by Indians to become their own masters, but with combating Russian infiltration," that seems a statement more likely to encourage than to discourage critics who question Kipling's willingness to deal with the realities of British imperialism.

Perhaps Professor Carrington and I seem to be at cross purposes in this matter because the structure of my essay calls for me to allude to a number of foolish critical opinions about *Kim*, and I seem somehow to have become identified with these opinions. Let me make it clear that these opinions are not my own. As I have already indicated, such criticisms have been brought up here only to be rejected, though they are not, for that reason, merely "straw men." Kipling himself, for example, was much concerned — as he tells us often in *Something of Myself* — with the question of whether or not he could write a novel, and of *Kim* he specifically remarks that the book is "nakedly picaresque and plotless — a thing imposed from without." Nevertheless, in the whole matter of early criticisms of *Kim*, about which Professor Carrington raises a number of questions in his article, I claim no expert knowledge at all beyond what is commonly available, and indeed it was for this very reason that I relied so heavily on *The Life of Rudyard Kipling* for my facts. Thus the first line of my essay reads :

When *Kim* was first published in London, feeling was running rather high against some of the political positions with which Kipling's name was associated, and so the new novel was not received as well as some of the earlier works.

while Professor Carrington's own statement on the subject includes the sentence :

*Kim* was published at the end of 1900 about the time of the "Khaki Election", when public opinion was sharply divided over the

political views with which Kipling's name was linked, and so did not at first produce the chorus of applause which had greeted some of his earlier work.

The obvious indebtedness of the first passage to the second brings me back to the mood of puzzlement in which I began this brief note. In what do Professor Carrington and I disagree? Happily, I think, in nothing of real importance. At least on the subject of *Kim's* stature as a work of art we are in accord, and that, I know, is for both of us the real concern.

## REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

*September 13th, at the Royal Society of St. George*

To our and his great disappointment, Mr. T. F. Evans was unavoidably prevented from addressing this evening's meeting, and Mr. J. H. McGivering with his usual good nature stepped into the breach with a discourse on Some of Kipling's Numbers, having, he said, been struck by the frequency with which numbers of varying magnitude appear in Kipling's works; they occasionally stick in the mind for no particular reason and may now serve as pegs on which to hang a few observations.

Starting with .007 and dismissing the coincidence that Ian Fleming used the same numerals to identify his secret agent, Mr. McGivering traversed the whole gamut of the numbers used by Kipling from the infinitesimal fraction to the twelve hundred million estimated to be the population of the earth in an unidentified quotation. From his entertaining comments on each number as it turned up the following are a few selections.

"The Ship that Found Herself" and .007 are coupled by Bonamy Dobrée in his recently published work as items to which the reader is not likely to return. This evoked a murmur of surprise. The calibre of *Kim's* pistol was .450, and that of the rifles in "The Army of a Dream" was .256, while the *Dimbula's* garboard strake was nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick.

The number five recalled to the speaker the slating given by Somerset Maugham in *A Choice of Kipling's Prose to Stalky and Co.*, which shewed only too well the trap he had fallen into of confusing fiction with fact. It is unfortunate, he said, that we do not possess any remarks of Kipling on the works of Maugham, but an apposite comment is to be found in his verses entitled "The Hyaenas": "Nor do they defile the dead man's name — That is reserved for his kind."

Number 25, another locomotive, with Olaf Swanson as driver, brought up a reference to the emergency repairs to Number 40 carried out by "The Bold 'Prentice", which were duplicated in real life on the Talyllyn Railway—one of those narrow-gauge jobs found all over Wales—the defect being cured in the same extemporized fashion.

The 39th Native Infantry, with the baggage-camel's remarks on fighting in square, prompted the speaker's question as to the last time our army fought in this formation.

In due course " the best known number of all, 267 " was mentioned and gave rise to some remarks whether names or numbers were preferable for H.M. Ships, observing the sailor's incurable difficulty with classical names : if Hermioné, why not Antélopé? (If Persephoné, why not Proserpiné? — P.W.I.)

*France at War*, of course, provided the reference to 75. The dirigible airship (for that is what she was) in " With the Night Mail " was 162, a remarkable piece of engineering which might almost be factual, given the premises.

The speaker, from his profession, was fascinated by the possibility of measuring spaces and buildings by footsteps and a rosary, and gave one or two interesting sidelights on the matter, finishing his talk with the quotation about the " Twelve hundred million men spread about this Earth."

The discussion which followed, though brief, was brisk and entertaining. Accepting the speaker's challenge a somewhat inconclusive interchange of ideas among the military-minded on the tactical formation known as the square took place. A little research provides the following enlightening facts. With the development of the musket the French adopted the line as their tactical formation : the Spanish and Austrians maintained squares, normally of 3,000 men 25 ranks deep, but these solid squares were later replaced by hollow ones. The evolution of the square from the line abreast formation was in those days attained by dividing the line into four sections, and to form square the righthand centre section went ahead, while the lefthand centre section stood fast, and to complete the manoeuvre the outside sections wheeled into place as the sides of the square. We know from *The Light That Failed* that the square was employed in desert warfare in 1885 and this may well have been its last appearance in a British Army campaign, for there is no indication of its use at Omdurman, where the Khalifa's forces attacked the British bivouacked in zareba, but were repulsed and later put to full retreat. In the Boer War histories the square is not mentioned — open order fighting, expensive in lives, seems to have been usual until Kitchener's blockhouse policy during the guerrilla warfare after the capture of Pretoria. In 1914-18, as we know, static trench warfare was the order of the day.

As to the .256 inch cartridge of "The Army of a Dream", the *Ency. Brit.* seems to confirm Kipling's gift of prophecy by saying that the conventional *modern* military cartridge, circa 1940, varied in calibre from .256 inch to .315 inch, though it mentions the .303 and the Lee Enfield rifle, " which has served the British Empire most capably over many years ".

The speaker's reference to the sailor's mispronunciation of classical names, not forgetting H.M.Ss. " Hermy-One " and " Dead-Alice ", revives a memory of a verse which appeared in *Punch* many years ago and, if the Editor will permit, deserves repeating. Note the Kipling echo.

When Orpheus smote his tuneful lyre  
Among the Slocum Regis choir,  
Who, greatly daring, undertook  
The celebrated work of Gluck

(Or as some put it, tried their luck  
 In singing choruses by Gluck)  
 The name of his unhappy spouse  
 Diverse opinions did arouse.  
 For while sopranos, strong and screechy,  
 Loudly lamented Eurydice,  
 And altos on the lower G  
 Bewailed the sad Eurydice,  
 The basses scorned distinctions nice  
 And sang the fate of Eurydice . . .

It remains to say that the audience was delighted with Mr. McGivering's forthright method of delivery and concluded a pleasant evening with enthusiastic applause.

P.W.I.

## KIPLING CENTENARY CUTTINGS: II

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

### III. KIPLING'S LOVE OF CHILDREN

- (1) Dan Jacobson (in *The New Statesman*) reviewing Roger Lancelyn Green's book, *Kipling and the children*, says, "The fact remains that Mr. Green is on firm ground when he insists that Kipling was an indisputable master of children's fiction and poetry: "The Jungle books", "the Just-so Stories," and much of his verse will always fascinate a certain kind of child, just as 'Kim' and 'Puck of Pook's Hill' will always fascinate a certain kind of adolescent."
- (7) Col. Rawlinson dramatised 10 stories from *Puck of Pook's Hill* for Radio in Children's Hour around the centenary. His "admiration of Kipling's works had made the task of adaptation a labour of love. I knew Kipling very well indeed, and it was my privilege and pleasure to be the only person to work with him on a film script *Soldiers Three*—a Hollywood production which unfortunately was never seen in this country."
- (10) Dr. A. L. Rowse (in *The Sunday Telegraph*): "He was at his happiest with children." "More survives of his work proportionately than that of any of his great contemporaries. In the first place *all* his children's books. G. M. Trevelyan used to tell me how admirable an introduction to English History *Puck of Pook's Hill* was, and how touched Kipling was when he told him so."
- (19) Krishnaswami (in *The Hindu*): "Rudyard Kipling has a claim on the gratitude of all English-reading children for the treasure of delightful animal stories told by him. He was the wizard whose wand raised the wonders of jungle-life." "There is hardly a wild animal about which Kipling has not woven a story."
- (20) (In *The Sunday Standard*, India): "Probably his best work was about children and animals."

- (26) Harold Bunting again (in *The Sheffield Telegraph*): "His *Just-so Stories* and *Jungle Books* will still be giving delight to the grandchildren of today's children."
- (30) Colin Frame (in *The Evening News*) recalls how his headmaster disliked Kipling—"but he did not stop me from reading and enjoying Kipling stories from *Kim* to *Stalky & Co.*, from the great grey-green greasy Limpopo River all set about with fever trees, to the Camel's Hump which you get from having too little to do-oo-oo. His children's stories remain immortal . . ."
- (45) Charles Greville (in *The Daily Mail*): "In the old days it was just *British* children who were brought up on the *Jungle Books* and *Kim* and the rest. But now the Indian children read Kipling to learn about their country in the high and far-off times of Imperial rule."
- (47) (In *Homes and Gardens*): "I think his stories for children must remain among the best ever written."
- (50) Cyril Connolly (in *The Sunday Times*): "Kipling loved children."
- (53) John Grigg (in *The Guardian*): "The lover of children and animals."
- (59) In *The Sauk*, Johannesburg, Janice Farquharson writes: "Mrs. Brett spoke most movingly of Kipling's love of children," and then writing of the Centenary Exhibition at Bateman's, she says, "One of the most appealing exhibits is a photograph of Kipling on board a Union Castle Liner telling a Just-so story to a circle of open-mouthed children."
- (90) (p. 3) Mr. Inwood (in *Le Phare*, Brussels): "*The Just-so Stories* are stories which all the fathers in the world would like to tell their children if only they were able."
- (133) Col. Dunphie (in *The Field*) recalls a very attractive story about Kipling's friendship for his Great Dane, Gilda, and how Kipling wrote to her sending her a "superb blue leather collar" and then wrote another long letter in tiny manuscript thanking her for her photograph and giving her directions about how to keep them both fit in India . . . Also (in *The Field*) two weeks later, Lord Knutsford recalls how one of his terriers became very much attached to Kipling.

#### IV. HIS UNIVERSALITY, if that's the right word.

- (2) Roger Lancelyn Green (in *The Aryan Path*, Bangalore): "In spite of being condemned or ignored by literary critics Kipling was read—and all over the world at that. His books have sold steadily for 75 years, and are still selling."

C. S. Lewis wrote: "I have never at any time been able to understand how a man of taste could doubt that Kipling is a very great artist."

Winston Churchill said: "There has never been anyone like him. No one has ever written like Kipling before, and his work has been successfully imitated by none. He was unique and irreplaceable." His greatest single achievement is the picaresque novel of India, *Kim*, which Prof. Chaudhuri, the Bengali writer, described recently as "not only the finest story about India in English, but one of the greatest of English novels . . . We Indians should never cease to

be grateful to Kipling for having shown the many faces of our country in all their beauty, power, and truth."

"Kipling's uncanny understanding of, it may be, the country estate, the railway engine, the ship at sea, the common soldier, the old country woman, the Political Resident—or what you will—makes us all the more ready to accept his pictures of a life of which we know little. For almost every reader can find a Kipling story about his own profession or background—and find its amazing truth and understanding."

- (5) (*Leicester Graphic*): "Greatest of all anodynes against the pain of life is love, with its pity and compassion, as comes out again and again in the later stories; and a feeling that—and here Kipling quotes from the Bible, as he often does—whatever a man's guilt or failings, God will find a means whereby he shall not be banished from Him. And then, running through all his work, is the salve of *laughter*, as shown by the immense delight that Kipling took, not only in the sheer fun of things, but in the absurd contradictions in the goings-on of existence." "To know Kipling you must also read his addresses."
- (6) (In *The Irish Press*, Dublin): "Wilson's fine essay shows that even an Irish Republican could understand by instinct things about Kipling that the most learned well-meaning American has to struggle hard to reach. Orwell's essay shows that what is important is not what various critics, hostile for reasons good and bad, have to say against Kipling, but what Orwell, of all men, has to say in his favour. After reading it I reached for the first Kipling to hand—."
- (15) Rather a nice touch comes from Edith Wheeler (in *The Western Morning News*): "I have recently been exploring Westward Ho! On all sides there were reminders of Kipling, for the little town is evidently very proud of its connection with the famous Author. The beautiful gorse-covered hills and cliffs along which, as a schoolboy, he must often have wandered, are now under the protection of the National Trust, and named the "Kipling Tors" . . . Looking out to sea is another reminder of the young Rudyard the famous "Pebble Ridge" from which he loved to bathe, for swimming was his sole sport, and he liked rambling, and bird-nesting . . . Many were the excursions Kipling made to the little shop where the (School) magazine was printed, to supervise its publication, in the neighbouring town of Bideford, in whose beautiful old parish church he was confirmed . . . Kipling was to travel widely and roam the Seven Seas before he was to return to Devon again—he discovered a most beautiful house in Torquay, wrote enthusiastically in his poem called "The Flowers" about 'Cowslips from a Devon coombe'—in no other place in Devon have I found cowslips growing wild. But two more things were unfortunately to dampen his enthusiasm for Torquay. First there was a faulty cistern in the house, and secondly near at hand was a circular cinder-track, round which at all hours of the day, tense-faced men and women solemnly rode round and round on what were new contraptions called "bicycles". Some misguided friend

gave the Kiplings a tandem bicycle, and daily they took their place in the circling queue. Then one day they ventured along a lane, the machine skidded, and they were both hurled to the ground. So they wheeled the machine home and rode no more. After this they suffered from a deep depression, took a dislike to the place, and blaming the doubtful cistern, paid their rent, and fled—to Sussex!"

- (18) A bad article by Robert Nye, but quite amusingly illustrated, appeared (in *The Scotsman*, Edinburgh), on Christmas Day. S. E. Johnston writes, "That Mr. Robert Nye could write seven long columns of illustrated criticism of Rudyard Kipling's writings is of course something of a tribute to Kipling's stature as an Author. That Mr. Nye should apparently fail to see this, tickles my sense of humour. Meantime 'The dog barks but the caravan moves on'." And Lord Balerno, "I can't remember when it was that, as a small boy, I first met Rudyard Kipling. But my limited recollection of him, in no way agrees with Robert Nye. My memory is of a hard working man of great courage and determination. Relaxed, he was the friendliest of persons. He stands out in my memory, for his understanding of youth, and his responsiveness to their problems and enthusiasms . . . It is sad to think that the youth of his Centenary Year should be told that in latter years he was a broken man. In truth, he was as indomitable as his life-long friend Winston Churchill, whom he encouraged and inspired. And he was as Puckish."
- (21) David Saunders (in the Scottish *Sunday Express*) recalls that "It was Kipling who wrote King George V's first famous Christmas Day Broadcast."
- (32) *The Lady* published a nice article on his life and work with special reference to his love of Sussex.
- (48) *The Birmingham Post* published three nice photographs of Rudyard Kipling, one aged 8, one when he was 21, and the nice smiling one of him as Rector of St. Andrews.
- (51) There are references to the sale of his last Rolls-Royce, a 1928 Phantom I Landauette.
- (64) *The New Society* published a good article, ending up with, "You may disagree with his views and question his taste, but no one can question his craftsmanship, his economy of line in drawing a picture, his use of the sudden phrase to tug the heart-strings. That is why it is a pity he should be misunderstood, and represented as saying something he repudiated when he was writing at his best." There are photographs of the actual television recording of Malcolm Muggeridge's talk to the Society, a copy both of what he said in the studio, and what actually went out on B.B.C.I. A number of letters (in *The Listener*) criticising and praising. Now that has, I hope, given you *some* idea of what appeared in the Press about Kipling.

As we work up to the CENTENARY DAY, some of the headlines are illuminating :

"A Kipling Renaissance in the Air?"

"Centenary brings new interest in Kipling's Works."



"Kipling is back in favour again."

"Kipling a real Poet Laureate."

"The Genius of Rudyard Kipling."

"East, West honour Kipling." ' '

"Kipling the Man whose stories will live."

"A small bald genius, with a rare talent of story-telling."

- (33) Next comes the great CENTENARY DAY, when we had that wonderful commemoration service in Westminster Abbey. There are notices of it, and glowing reports of it in a vast number of papers. Photographs appear of our President laying the wreath on Kipling's tombstone, and the first of these to be published was in the *Express and Star*, Wolverhampton, coupled with one of Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire, on the *evening* of the Centenary Day. Most of them appeared the following day. There are lovely photographs taken in the Abbey, which you have probably all seen. Also photographs of the lunch at Brown's Hotel afterwards. All over the country, the service was reported: — in *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Guardian*, *the Sun*, *Evening Standard*, *Northern Echo*, *Yorkshire Post*, *Gloucestershire Echo*, *Liverpool Daily Post*, *Sheffield Telegraph*, *Leicester Mercury*, *Eastern Daily Express*, *Kidderminster Times*, *Irish Times*, *Irish Independent*, *Cork Evening Echo*, *Birmingham Post*, *Daily Express*, *Coulsdon and Purley Advertiser*, *Berrows Worcester Journal*, *Daily Mail*, *Medical News*, and so on. Articles, paragraphs, and just snippets. Everywhere HE is NEWS.

And then finally I want to show you some of the cuttings that came from OVERSEAS, which most of you will not have seen.

- (41) Russia honours Kipling. "The hundredth anniversary of Rudyard Kipling's birth was marked in Moscow with a big exhibition of his books at the Foreign Language Library."
- (55-58) The New Zealand papers report on the Television stories which they were showing out there a year after they were shown here.
- (70) There is a script of the broadcast given by the Hon. Secretary on the Centenary afternoon for Radio Paris.
- (72) Two Swedish articles. First "The Kipling no one reads" (p. 2). "It is significant that he is more honoured in his beloved France, than in England. He adored France from the age of 13 onwards, spoke French fluently, and saw that his children were brought up to be bilingual. Kipling was enormously well read . . . in addition to all the English writers, Victorians and others he could find, he read French Authors, and greatly enjoyed American Books . . .
- During his later years Kipling worked more slowly, with infinitely loving care for the craft of writing itself."
- (P. 3). "Kipling found a far greater response in Denmark than in this country (Sweden) and this was probably because of the Danish links with India and Burma through the East Asiatic Company." "Kipling was a born journalist, he always reported what was happening at the time and in people's thoughts, so that he never wrote of people as they ought to be, but as they really were . . . The influence of the War on men's minds is an often recurring theme. During the First World War Kipling played an active part

in the work for the rehabilitation of shell-shocked soldiers. Later he was a member of the War Graves Commission in France."

(p. 4). "One peculiar theme in the later stories, which often deal with the influence of war on the individual, is laughter, joy, and cheerfulness. Kipling himself experienced laughter as liberation and happiness." "His only son fell in action in 1915 and he never got over this blow. But he wrote :

My son was killed while laughing  
at some jest, I would I knew  
What it was, and it might serve me  
in a time when jests are few."

He himself, when death is approaching, recalls with the greatest satisfaction the occasions when "The God of laughter pressed him to his bosom."

"Kipling is now the most popular modern Author read in Moscow." So says Sweden.

- (74) The second Swedish article, called "Rudyard Kipling 1865/1965" is not as comprehensive, but does give a list of the books and stories that were printed in Sweden with the relevant dates.
- (75) We then come to the British Council Exhibitions, which were held in so many places, with descriptions of how well they were attended—mainly very popular. Also some cuttings from Indian papers.
- (81-83) Then we come to cuttings from the U.S.A.
- (84) There is a fierce defence of Kipling (in *The Illustrated London News*) by D. W. Wilson from Argentina. "Everyone has a right to state his ideas, but in the only English Paper I take, I do not like to hear the England of the immediate past jeered at with cheap phrases, so I ask you to request Mr. Iain Hamilton to avoid meaningless expressions such as 'jingo' imperialism'."
- (84) Two articles (in *The Times*) about Moscow. "The Works of Rudyard Kipling are growing in popularity in the Soviet Union. Tass said today that 250,000 copies of his poems and stories for children had been sold in a few days. His translator, Konstantin Simonov, a poet, has just published War Epitaphs written by Kipling in World War I. "His lines are," his translator said, "as terse as if cut on grave stones."
- (85-86) There is a splendid picture of a Kipling discussion group in Moscow, with about 40 members, many of them young people. Peterborough (of *The Daily Telegraph*) says of an Exhibition of Soviet Books at Foyle's, "Lord Snow made the point that many more English Works are available in translation in Russia, than Russian Books in English here, and offered Russian interest in Kipling and Conrad as evidence of open-mindedness. Editions in enormous numbers of each are produced, and nobody in his senses could say either of them was a Communist."
- (89) We have an article in *Le Phare*, Brussels, being an address given by our Chairman, in Sussex, and translated into French by his daughter Mme. Villers.

(To be Concluded)

## LETTER BAG

### ' THE TREE OF JUSTICE '

When the old blind Harold produced a ' writing ' which the King's Jester, Rahere, had given him as a protection, Hugh of Dallington turned it over and found a Latin charm written on the back.

" What a plague conjuration's here? " said Hugh . . . "*pum-quum-sum oc-occ, Magic?*"

The Clerk of Netherfield was called upon to translate it, and said : " This charm, which I think is from Virgilius the Sorcerer, says : ' When thou art once dead, and Minos (which is a heathen judge) has doomed thee, neither cunning, speechcraft, nor good works will restore thee ! ' A terrible thing ! It denies any mercy to a man's soul."

I have been idly looking for this reference in Virgil for years, as ignorantly as the Clerk of Netherfield. It is, of course, from Horace, Kipling's favourite poet, and from his favourite Ode (*Odes*, IV, vii).

*cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos fecerit arbitria, non Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te restituet pietas . . .*

' Once you are down, Torquatus, and Minos has given his lucid judgment, neither good family, nor fine words, nor a clear conscience will save you.'

C. E. CARRINGTON

### A GLIMPSE OF KIPLING

A Member sends this extract from :—*Now Came Still Evening On* (1945) by Horace Annesley Vachell.

p. 125 " Peter Howard's Book *Ideas have Legs* has interested me.

Mr. Howard tells us that his sometime chief, Lord Beaverbrook, accepted Kipling as his Gamaliel. I am not surprised. Kipling was a dominating personality who seldom spoke of himself and his own achievements. I recall him, marching up and down this room—he hated to sit still—talking about MY work, hurling himself into MY difficulties and perplexities. This was his God-given mission; he could race out of himself and become the man to whom he was talking. I have met many famous writers ; none as exasperatingly indifferent to his own success.

To the end youth glowed and flamed in him. If a monarch of Fleet Street recognised the Teacher, the teacher was not aware, of it. I am glad we have here, in Bath, a Kipling Avenue.

## NOTE FROM THE HON. LIBRARIAN

We had the pleasure of showing Mrs. Bambridge the Exhibition of books and pictures from our Library at the Royal Commonwealth Society on the 4th February. Afterwards she and Mr. D. H. Simpson were our guests for Luncheon at the Lansdowne Club.

A note of the Exhibition by our Honorary Librarian and Mr. Simpson will appear in the next *Journal*.

J.H. McG. 18.ii.68

# The Kipling Society

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

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