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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.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING and A.G.M.

The next Council Meeting will be held at 20 Chester Street, S.W.I, on Wednesday, September 18th 1968, immediately after the A.G.M., which will start at 2.30 p.m.

At the A.G.M., in addition to the business normally transacted (accounts, and re-election of President, Vice-Presidents, Hon. Officers and Hon. Auditors) the following motion will be proposed :

That Mr. R. E. Harbord, by reason of his very great experience of the conduct of the Society, be entitled to attend Council Meetings and exercise a vote at the same.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

September 11th, at The Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy will open a discussion of 'Badalia Herodsfoot', 'On Greenhow Hill', and 'Below The Mill Dam'.

(Books : M.I., L.H., T.D.)

November 13th, same place and time.

Mrs. Scott-Giles will read a selection of prose and verse from Kipling's works, assisted by Mr. Inwood, followed by discussion.

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 Miss Joyce Tompkins, D.Lit., author of "The Art of Rudyard Kipling."

Application forms will be sent out this month.

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NEWS AND NOTES

MOWGLI'S OTHER JUNGLE

"Why did Kipling change the scene of the Mowgli stories from Mewar to Seonee?" The question asked in the last number of the *Journal* seems likely to remain without a definite, authoritative answer. But an interesting side-light on the Seonee setting may be found in Rhona Ghate's article 'Kipling's Jungle: Fact or Fancy', which appeared in *The March of India*, Vol. XII, No. 12, Dec: 1960 — a periodical published in Delhi by the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting.

'I recently visited the little district of Seoni in Madhya Pradesh, which is the ostensible setting of the Jungle Books,' writes Miss Ghate. 'On the road from Nagpur to Jubbulpur, this pleasant and largely undeveloped upland forms part of the Satpura Range which sprawls across Central India. The river Wainganga winds and twists its way through it, just as in the Mowgli stories; and the village of Khanhiwara, where Mowgli's foster-mother took refuge, is a real village on the Seoni-Mandla road.

'But what of Mowgli's other haunts — the Council Rock, where his brothers the wolves used to meet; the Peace Pool, where all the animals came in times of drought; his own village; and the rest? Anxious to track them down, I started by going to the little Seoni Club, and there, sure enough, hung an old map, showing all the land-marks of the Jungle Books, and even bordered by photographs of them. When I enquired about its origin, I was directed to a missionary who was an old resident of Seoni. From him I learnt that the map had been made by a former British Forest officer, who had taken great pains to work out distances and positions from indications in the Mowgli stories, and had identified, as he thought, all these spots.

'But, alas, when he sent the result of his labours to Kipling, who was then still living, he received a reply (as my informant remembered it): "I should be the last to deny the accuracy of your geography, but in fact I never went to Seoni." And that in fact Kipling had no first-hand knowledge of Seoni, though from 1887-89 he lived in Allahabad, some 300 miles to the north, is confirmed by his official biographer, Charles Carrington.

'Are then the Wainganga and Seoni just names planted on an imaginary landscape, and the jungle a generalised picture of the Indian jungle? It seems not. For though Kipling never saw Seoni himself, he had a pretty good second-hand knowledge of it, which he deliberately used for his setting, although he actually wrote the jungle stories in America three years after leaving India.

' According to the missionary, Kipling's reply to the maker of the map continued : " I got it all from Sterndale's Gazetteer." Sterndale, who was a district officer in the mid-nineteenth century, wrote a book called *Seonee, or Camp Life on the Satpura Range* [1877] — not exactly a gazetteer but based on his own residence in Seoni from 1857-64. Purporting to recount the experiences of a couple of British district officers, one an experienced *shikari* and the other a greenhorn straight from England, it gives a vivid picture of Seoni as a wild tiger infested country about the time of the Mutiny. Perhaps this explains why Kipling chose this setting rather than a forest of the North which he knew at first hand.

' Anyhow, the fact that the maker of the map could find a rock, a gorge, a village and all the rest that fitted in so well with Kipling's description, speaks for the general accuracy of the topography. And certainly, visiting Seoni today, one is struck by the truth of the background. The district is still, as Kipling described it, a mixture of cultivated land, forest, and bare stony wasteland. There are still any number of hills that answer the description of the wolves' Council Rock — "a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide ". And the forest is still extensive enough to provide some of the best hunting blocks in Central India. The river Wainganga too is as Kipling describes it, long deep pools alternating with stony rapids ; and the great granite cliffs over which Mowgli drove the wild dogs to their death are there, haunted, as in the stories, by wild bees.'

Miss Ghate goes on after this to talk of the animals described in the Jungle Books and those still to be seen in Seoni, and adds that it is 'in the heart of the aboriginal Gond country'—which, of course, supports the appearance of Gonds in *The Second Jungle Book*.

Except for the Bee-rocks in the gorge of the Wainganga, all the Jungle Book scenery can be found as easily and convincingly in and about Chitor. But the Bee-rocks Kipling is said to have taken from photographs brought back from Seonee by Professor and Mrs. Hill in 1888, and now in the Carpenter Collection at Washington. Here is scope for research on the part of one of our industrious American members !

But can the change from Mewar to Seonee have been made for the sake of the Bee-rocks? As if to complicate the puzzle, Professor Carrington tells me that according to Mrs. Kipling's diary, while *The Jungle Book* was published on 22 May 1894, 'Red Dog' was only finished in March 1895 !

' MAN-PACK AND WOLF-PACK HAVE CAST ME OUT '

This is the thesis of an interesting and stimulating article by Hamdi Bey in *The Statesman Weekly* (New Delhi and Calcutta) of 1 June 1968, entitled 'Was Kipling Rebuffed in his Attempts to be an Indian?'

Mr. Bey suggests that there may be 'allegorized autobiographical material' in the Mowgli stories and *Kim* — Mowgli's childhood in the jungle, then his period with the man-pack, his return to the jungle and his final, heartbreaking departure from it in 'The Spring Running' answering to Kipling's childhood in India, his boyhood at Southsea and

Westward Ho !, his return to India for the ' seven years hard ', and his final departure, never to return after the brief visit in 1891.

' There are some particularly telling passages,' he says, ' which reveal efforts by Kipling to seek identification with India : " I go from you to my own people — *if they be my own people,*" Mowgli told the wolves when he first left them for he was " furious with rage and sorrow for, wolf-like, the wolves had never told him how much they hated him." Again, Mowgli had to remark on the lack of manners among men when they stared and talked and shouted and pointed at him because of the marks on his arms and legs, and children made fun of him because he would not play games, or because he mispronounced some words. All this could have happened in Kipling's five school years in Britain, where skin burnt under the Indian sun probably drew unfavourable comment and he was ragged about his pronunciation.

" Later Mowgli remorsefully says that the man-pack and the wolf-pack had cast him out, and then sings : " I am two Mowglis." The jungle stands for India, and in the *Outsong* his friends, Baloo, Kaa and Bagheera, can foresee his being " heartsick for the jungle's sake ".'

Mr. Bey goes on to build up an interesting thesis of Kipling's attempt to return to native India and being pushed into British India and finding a substitute folklore in Simla and Mian Mir. ' Kipling was aware of the pitfalls of mistaking club lore for folklore,' however. ' The real repositories of legends, myths and folklore were the crowded native quarters. How is it that Kipling as an adult did not make an effort to get in whence he had been shut out as a child ? ... It is possible that the childhood rebuff alluded to in the *Jungle Books* was reinforced when he grew up. Was there a Bisesa in his own life . . . ? '

' In *Kim* he seems to try to escape the adult barriers by recapitulating an imagined childhood, by trying to weave the diverse strands of folklore into a single thread, whose homogeneity lay in the fact that it was all in his consciousness, a person born and brought up in India . . . How he must have wished to escape from his British school to India for Kim has the same wishes ! " When the madrissah is shut, then must I be free, and go among my people. Otherwise I die," said Kim to Mahbub Ali, and when the latter asked him who *were* his people, Kim replied : " This great and beautiful land." There are other passages in *Kim* which would make the nationalist Indian as fervent in his admiration of Kipling as he has been so far in his hate of the writer based on his imperialist passages . . . '

' A fruitful line of study would be a comparison between Kipling and the Urdu poet Iqbal [1873-1936]. Both sought an Indian identity and both seem to have been disappointed in their efforts. But while Iqbal alternated between Indian nationalism and pan-Islamism, Kipling swung between British imperialism and the Indianness of the Indian-born Briton.'

This is only the cream of an interesting, well-informed and unbiased article; and whether we agree with it or not, it is of the kind which it is a true delight to find coming from the pen of an Indian writer, to be read in India. We must thank Major J. L. Chapple, Brigade Major of the Brigade of Gurkhas at Seremban, Malaysia, for sending it, and congratulate Mr. Hamdi Bey on his depth of under-

standing and generosity of treatment. There is much, both critical and expository, that could be written about Kipling by Indian scholars and critics better than anyone else; may we hope that this is the beginning of a properly dispassionate and literary re-appraisal of a major writer so intimately connected and so deeply influenced by the great sub-continent.

KIPLING SCHOLARSHIP

In the more academic fields of research an interesting article appeared in the February 1968 number of *Notes and Queries* — ' " The Family Reunion " and Kipling's " The House Surgeon ", ' by H. Z. Maccoby. Those interested should read it in its entirety, as a fascinating study of the influence of one great writer on another — or of the inspiration derived by a poet from a story-teller.

Mr. Maccoby draws many parallels, too detailed and interwoven to be listed simply. Much of the influence lies in the background similarity and atmosphere.

' *The Family Reunion* ' is about a curse on a family's first-born, and at one point Harry, the first-born, says :

" You do not know
The noxious smell untraceable in the drains,
Inaccessible to the plumbers, that has its hour of night;
you do not know
The unspoken voice of sorrow in the ancient bedroom
At three o'clock in the morning . . .

He goes on to point out that both play and story bear unobtrusive references to Greek legends. *The Family Reunion* to the story of Orestes and ' The House Surgeon ' to that of Perseus and Andromeda. Then there is the ' similarity in character between Amy of *The Family Reunion* and Mary of ' The House Surgeon ' . . . Another parallel between the two stories is in the attitude towards death of some of the characters, ' ; another the preoccupation with time, and also a distant echo in one of the Eumenides and in the other of the Gorgons.

Finally Mr. Maccoby clinches Eliot's debt by pointing out that, both stories turning on salvation, both quote from *Ecclesiastes* XL 3 " ... and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be " (a verse used by Protestants against the institution of prayers for the dead) — but that Kipling misquotes : ' ... as the tree falls ', and Eliot repeats the misquotation.

Two books on Kipling are in process of composition. Mr. Trevor Blount of the Department of English at Southampton University writes : ' I have recently signed a contract to contribute the Kipling volume to the *English Authors Series* published in America by Twayne Books. I hope to be able to submit the MS by the end of next year. '

Your editor has also just signed a contract, with Routledge and Kegan Paul of London, to prepare the Kipling volume for *The Critical Heritage Series*, the MS due early next summer. This series, in which volumes on Jane Austen, Tennyson and Thackeray have already appeared, consists of contemporary critical studies, reviews and extracts from letters, preceded by long Introductions on the reception of the authors concerned. I should be very grateful to any Members who can

help me to find reviews or critical articles of reasonable substance or literary importance in any papers and periodicals before 1890; in Indian papers in particular—up to and including the publication of *Kim*; any outstanding reviews in French, and American reviews of the early books, the *Jungle Books* and *Captains Courageous* not listed in the *English Literature in Transition* bibliography.

' THINGS AND THE MAN '

" Have you fixed your flint to go ? " Dick asks Torpenhow when he hears of the trouble in the Sudan which is drawing out the Special Correspondents in the wake of the Army : (*The Light that Failed*, p. 224). It has been suggested that this is a misprint for "stint"; but "flint" appears in all editions from *Lippincotts Magazine* (Jan : 1891, page 96, line 37) to the Sussex and Burwash. Is there any literary evidence of an earlier date of a phrase " to fix one's flint " — doubtless drawn from the days of flintlock guns?

Mr. J. H. McGivering sends some interesting references from Christopher Hassall's biography of Edward Marsh (*Longmans*, 1959). References to Kipling on pp. 226, 253 and 554 include a letter from Marsh to Rupert Brooke (presumably in 1913) saying : ' I wish they would make Rudyard Kipling Poet Laureate like sensible people.' In October of the same year Marsh goes ' to Lady Desborough's to meet Rudyard Kipling ' ; and in the following June he lunches with Lady Colefax to meet André Maurois : ' The Rudyard Kiplings were there, announced as the Ruddy Kittens.'

Mr. McGivering also sends a note from *The Splendid Pauper* by Allen Andrews (*Harrap*, 1968, 35/-), a biography of Moreton Frewin. On p. 121 there is a letter : ' Dear Moreton, I think your friend's work has merit, but hardly reaches the standard required of a position on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. E. Levy-Lawson'. It is not dated in the book, but the author says that Moreton Frewen met R.K. ' then a twenty-two-year-old scribbler taking a sabbatical year off from the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* . . . ' and sent a copy of *Plain Tales* to the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* (later Lord Burnham).

There is a mix-up of dates here : if Kipling was 22, the year was 1887, and he may have sent *Plain Tales*, but did not appear in person. It was more likely to be when he was 24, during the last three months of 1889.

R.L.G.

"SPEAKING FOR THE OLD BOYS"

When Le Bas-Kipling House held a reunion at Haileybury and I.S.C. on 15 June, 1968, two extra ' Old Boys ' were there by special invitation : they were the President and Hon. Librarian of the Kipling Society, enjoying the hospitality of the Housemaster and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sawbridge, who entertained a large party to dinner afterwards.

The Preacher at Morning Prayer in the Chapel on Sunday was the Lord Bishop of Birmingham, who rightly congratulated the congregation for its excellent singing.

The Society is most grateful for the invitation and hopes that there

will be other opportunities to visit the School that so worthily upholds the traditions reflected in "An English School".

RECENT ADDITION TO THE LIBRARY

Mary's Meadow by Juliana Horatia Ewing.

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1886, price One Shilling.

This is the story mentioned in *Fairy-kist* (LIMITS AND RE-NEWALS) that the nurse used to read to the unfortunate Wollin : far from being the rather macabre affair one might expect, it is wholly delightful, being reminiscent of Jane Austen, with painless instruction on gardening, deportment and good manners for children. There is a happy ending and even a Lady Catherine — a pleasant one for a change.

It is well worth the two shillings this particular copy cost, and recommended for a better understanding of the story in which it appears.

J.H.McG.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Another "Kipling House". Mr. Lewis Burttt, a Governor of Bethany School, Curtisden Green, Goudhurst, Kent, has kindly allowed me to publish the following letter from him, after mentioning that the School had a Kipling House :

The House was sanctioned in a letter from R.K. in 1911, to the Principals of what was then Bethany House School, Goudhurst. The present Headmaster, Kenneth Pengelly, B.A., tells me the letter is available for inspection if desired.

Bethany is an independent school, and is now a Charitable Trust for tax purposes. It is recognised by the Ministry of Education as efficient : 200 Boarders and 30 Day Boys. The other Houses are "Speaker's", after the House of Commons, and "Roberts'", after Lord Roberts.

The choice of House names was that of a then Master named John Ellis Jones (1909-14) who was an admirer of R.K. To this day, parties of Bethany boys visit Burwash.

Yours sincerely, LEWIS BURTT (Kipling, 1921-28)

In view of the number of "fans" Kipling must have had at that time, it would be interesting to know what caused him especially to favour this School, not even situated in his beloved Sussex.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS : We are delighted to welcome the following new members : U.K.: Miss P. Hamilton-Grierson ; Brig. G. St. J. Martin, Gp. Capt. G. J. South; Messrs. A. G. P. Crosby, M. Ledgand, W. Thesiger. *Melbourne*: Mrs. Gorton (Hon. Member), Mrs. Simpson Aherne, J. Johnston. U.S.A.: Mrs. R. Phillips, W. Keats Sparrow, A. K. Van Riper.

MORE PEDANTRY ABOUT PARNESIUS

By C. E. Carrington

What power there is in the description of the first march of Parnesius from *Anderida* (Pevensey) to *Hunno* on the Wall near Corbridge, with a draft for the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion, *Ulpia Victrix*. Few scenes in the whole of Kipling's picture gallery are more dramatic than the halt on his first day out of camp where the young soldiers 'try it on' with their new officer, and are brought to their senses by the appearance of the terrifying Maximus. But what was Maximus doing at a forest clearing near no Roman Road?

The Parnesius Family lived in the Isle of Wight and, after their visit to Bath, young Parnesius joined his regimental depot at *Clausentum*, near Southampton. It was here that he attracted the General's notice by his efficiency in dealing with a house on fire. Father and son then went by boat to Chichester, and by the Roman Road through Lewes and Polegate to *Anderida*, as guests of Maximus who was inspecting the garrison. One morning, Parnesius set off with his draft of recruits 'through the north gate of the camp', into the forest, on his twenty days march to the Wall. He cannot have started early because the sun was already high, and the General was taking a picnic with Parnesius Senior somewhere within a short ride of the camp. Late in the afternoon, the young officer marched on with his crestfallen detachment. They made only twelve miles that day 'to the first forge in the forest. It is all in the road-book'.

But it is not in any road-book that has come down to us, and the remote village that we call Burwash is not on any Roman Road we know, nor is it on the direct line from *Anderida* to London. To be sure, there was a forge but there are ancient iron-workings all over the district that Parnesius called *Regnum* ('the Protectorate'), that we call Sussex.

Well, we don't have to make Kipling accountable for everything; he wanted Parnesius at Pook's Hill, so sent him there, but on the way to what?

The Antonine Itinerary, the road-book that has survived, gives us no route from *Anderida* to the North, but the obvious way by the map, on a good paved road, with rest-houses every few miles, would be by Lewes, where the Draft could pick up the Roman Road to London through Hartfield and Westerham. From Burwash, Parnesius would have turned west to Maresfield (where there was an ancient forge), and so reached London on the third or fourth day. He was then well set on Ermine Street, the Roman Great North Road, which strides across the contours as a Roman Road should go, through Herts and Cambs as our 'A 10', and as our 'A 15' through Lincs. He may have crossed the Humber Ferry at *Petuaria* (Brough), or marched round by land from Lincoln to Bawtry, and up our 'A 1' to Tadcaster. Whether he turned aside to report to G.H.Q. which was at *Eburacum* (York), Kipling does not tell.

So far the march was through Lowland Britain, a civilised and friendly country. At *Cataractonium* (Catterick), which is still a military base, 'you fetch clear of the forest and climb bare hills where wolves howl in the ruins of our cities that have been.' From Scotch Corner, the Roman Road called Dere Street diverges from the line of our 'A 1', crossing the Moors on a more westerly line through Binchester and Ebchester to Corbridge and the Wall. I leave Parnesius at *Hunno*, facing the bricked-up arch into the abandoned province. Here is my route-table, with some doubts about ancient and modern names, and some confusion between English miles of 5280 feet and Roman miles of 5000 feet. Most of it is 'in the road-book'.

Anderida to Burwash, 12m.; to Maresfield, 14m.; to *Londinium*, 30m.; to Ware, 20m.; to Royston, 17m.; to *Durovigutum* (Godmanchester), 16m.; to *Durobrivae* (Water Newton), 18m.; to *Causennae* (Ancaster), 30m.; to *Lindum* (Lincoln), 26m.; to *Segelocum* (Littleborough), 14m.; to *Danum* (Doncaster), 21m.; to *Lagentium* (Castleford), 16m.; to *Eburacum* (York)?, 21m.; to *Isurium* (Boroughbridge), 17m.; to *Cataractonium* (Catterick), 23m.; to *Vinovia* (Binchester), 22m.; to *Vindomora* (Ebchester), 18m.; to *Corstopitum* (Corbridge) and *Hunno*, 13m. Eighteen days, of which two were of more than thirty miles, a long march even for a Roman soldier; they may have been split to *make four, or twenty days in all*. Distance 348 miles.

Note: the supposed memorial stone to the Thirtieth Legion at Corbridge is almost certainly a hoax. See *Kipling Journal* 149. I could name an eminent scholar, now dead, who gave me a strong hint that he had taken part in it when a young man about 1912.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF KIPLING'S FOURTH DIMENSION AND HIS WORK ETHIC

by Norman Mackenzie

As far as the broad sweep of his thought is concerned one of Kipling's most enlightening phrases occurs in *Something of Myself* (London, Macmillan, 1937): "Having no position to consider, and my trade enforcing it, I could move at will in the fourth dimension (p. 56). The young journalist was able to move, without raising too many snobbish eyebrows, among the army rankers, the administrative lower orders and mass Indian society, the majority of which groups had been discounted as worthy of close attention by British people of rank in the imperial organisation. For this inattention there were two reasons. The first was the imported British caste system applicable to white people below middle class level and the second was the refinement of the British caste system in India where those of middle and upper class privilege at home found themselves in India playing a readily seized aristocratic rôle with domestic service and social entertainment sometimes far beyond that which the Indian climate and lack of industrial development made necessary to decent existence.

Kipling's " *infra dig.*" social meanderings are not to be interpreted simply in terms of social daring in the face of his caste both in Britain and in India. Doubtless there is a challenge to the superficial taste of the British middle caste when he says, "Look at Mulvaney greasing his big feet by the campfire and, in justice, remember how much of the Empire rests on those feet," and when he says, "Remember the men buried in the scorched, remote districts, heart and soul committed to India's social and material improvement," and when he says, "Acknowledge the devotion to service and the nobility of character in Indians whom you pass by." But, more than that, the physical contacts in the fourth dimension give to Kipling a fourth dimension in insight which contributes, as we shall see, to his layered vision of Man, Society and Life. His sociological survey of army and administration does not conclude with generalizations about classes, inadequacies in human comfort and deficiencies in social justice. It concludes with an invitation—and an emotional one at that—to look into this man or that man irrespective of colour, creed or rank. Kipling discovers the individual human being in his totality. Hence the conventionally unexpected revelatory power of the silhouette of private Mulvaney, drunkard, swashbuckler, on sentry duty: "When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the night dew gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver."

Kipling's human review penetrates to the inner man emotionally and psychologically with unusual intensity and intimacy. G. M. Carstairs in his second Reith lecture for 1962, states conclusions based on sociological research which confirm observations made by Kipling eighty years before. Within complex British society, says Carstairs, the barrier between middle and working classes is not due to difficulty in understanding each other but to an inability to share feelings. Externally, assimilation for a Britisher into another society will be elusive for an important reason: "To master the facts about a people and its folklore is easier than to share their feelings, because these have been acquired at a much earlier, preconscious stage of learning." ("The First Years," *The Listener*, Nov. 22, 1962, pp. 853-56).

In these terms Kipling is unique in English literature because in his fourth dimensional physical and visionary worlds he overthrew at a very early age the barriers within British society and across the white man's path into Indian society. Give me Kipling before Forster whose *Passage to India* is, compared to Kipling's Indian writings, a mannered, academic exercise! Kipling's emotional sharing and psychological penetration, however, go much further than toleration of Mulvaney's body odour and the perception of the low expectations of Life among the British soldiery and the Indian masses; and these two capacities realise for him personally more than mere literary objective realism as some critics aver. By means of physical contact Kipling's characters gain instantaneous knowledge. Both the physical communication and the information thereby conveyed are often too baffling for expression in words. Words can represent the physical medium, but only vaguely how it works or what it communicates. For Kipling communication in Life and Literature by physical association, including violent en-

ed, reflected then acted, repeated observation and reflection and so continued to learn about Man, his life and surroundings. Their thinking processes generally antedate the appropriate actions which they take in Kipling's works. Inevitably during these processes, the simple, everlasting questions present themselves to reflective minds. Who am I? What is my meaning? What is the meaning of what I am doing? What is its value? To their minds, and to Kipling's, come the suspicions that perhaps Man is but a cipher and that what Man thinks are human works are, after all, the artifices of Eternity. Work is the game we all must play in order to efface as much as possible the blankness that confronts our questionings. Work healthily prevents our looking too often on *nada*. When one contemplates a human history of striving, achievement, failure, suffering and triumph there may steal in the notion that ultimately it is all an attempted distraction from *nada*. Generations play a continual game of work, not simply to put food in their bellies but to keep out oblivion. Part of this game is, possibly, the Empire — of note only because it is a bigger game than most work games.

The cyclical view of history, Kipling's pessimistic view, often obtrudes into his writings and overwhelms his evolutionary, optimistic view. Midway through his life, especially after the Boer War, the cyclical view enters increasingly into his thinking. The repetition of Roman decline by the British imperial artifice seems more and more likely in his "The Riddle of the Empire" (1913) (XXVIII), and in his private correspondence.⁴ If the imperial artifice crumbles, Kipling and those playing the imperial work game, together with millions of people the world over, are suddenly left again directly facing eternal *nada* :

Heart may fail, and Strength outwear, and Purpose turn to
Loathing,
But the everyday affair of business, meals and clothing
Builds a bulkhead 'twixt Despair and the Edge of Nothing.
[" *The Supports* "]

Without a life-absorbing game we are all confronted by the return, at best, of the medieval and Elizabethan worlds of capricious Fate and the Grim Reaper (see "The Explanation"). This is the often overlooked world of *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Under the Deodars*, no amelioration or explanation offered, in which we encounter from time to time an undertow of melancholy as a small impermanent hierarchy play out the vainglories of their uncertain lives.

On most occasions, however, our impression is of Kipling the stoic facing up to nothingness and at last appealing to an outside Power, his tough will bent on renewal of human power and his awareness of human failures, material and spiritual. Coming from a man bearing such knowledge, and one year before his death, the last three stanzas of "Hymn of Breaking Strain" are impressive. Perhaps, temporarily, Kipling resorted to an ancient theory of Art which claims that, relatively speaking, the sole attainable permanence for anxious Man in the presence of nothingness in Life and after Death are the monuments of intellect, the word of the writer :

What boots it on the Gods to call?
 Since, unanswered or unheard,
 We perish with the Gods and all
 Things made — except the Word.
 ("A Recantation" (1917), XXVII, 48.)

The *exegi monumentum* theme of Horace is, as Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" testifies, only a flimsy comfort and, honest with himself as he always was, Kipling knew it. We may be tempted to regard Kipling with his many invocations to the Almighty as a man who, notwithstanding his darkest visions, made the blind leap of faith — *credo quia impossibile est*. It may be so, but we must also be prepared to discover that that was a shirking of familiar terrors which Kipling never allowed himself.

NOTES

1. "The Courting of Dinah Shadd", *The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Scribner's, 1897-1920), II, 135. Unless otherwise stated reference will be to this 28 volume edition.
2. "The Last Phase", *From Dickens to Hardy, Pelican Guide to English Literature* (6), (Harmondsworth; Penguin Books, 1960), p. 392.
3. "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" (XIV, 155-81) deals with the difficulty of assimilation into a culture other than one's own and with the problems arising from ignorance of the fourth dimension, albeit in gentler surroundings than those of the tried men of India. Its pertinence to America today is piquant.
4. For example, the Gwynne correspondence, Stewart Private Collection, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

REPORT OF DISCUSSION MEETING

10th April, 1968, at the Royal Society of St. George. This evening Mr. T. L. A. Daintith made a welcome second appearance as leader of a discussion, and on this occasion, under the title "Kipling Journalist", selected for consideration that part of the author's early work collected in the two volumes *From Sea to Sea* which is subtitled "Letters of Marque".

In this the speaker was, he said, endeavouring to keep off the beaten track and would talk about Kipling's writings as a journalist in his very early twenties for *The Civil and Military Gazette* and *The Pioneer*, admittedly minor works, which would not have been collected at all but for the reason the author gave in the rather acid preface (quoted by the speaker) directed at publishers who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work, had seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations.

Passing over a possible suggestion that study of work never intended for outside the ephemeral pages of the press is timewasting, or even unfair, Mr. Daintith made the point that to the enthusiast anything to do with Kipling is of interest, within limits, and that these papers having been written for the reading public are still worth its attentive interest.

For several reasons the books were favourites of the speaker, first because they have an amount of source material in them : it is fascinating to come across mention of place or person and identify it as some character or incident in embryo which is elaborated in later and more important work — the stone thrown into the diggings turning up later on the sorting table.

Secondly, for the picture given with wonderful clarity of India and the East eighty years ago. Incomplete of necessity, but an invaluable account of something which hardly any one now alive can remember.

Thirdly, being written in haste — to a deadline — none could be put aside for pruning at intervals. Also this work was subject to editing, not tolerated in later work, except from his parents, and subject to criticism by those who were not necessarily experts in literature, except in their own line, with no reluctance to correct their junior. For this Kipling seems to have been grateful in later years, and did not take amiss the ultimate in literary criticism by the Indian printer : " Bery good Potery this week, Sah. Just the right length."

Fourthly, they are well worth reading as good writing. Mere journalism perhaps — but what journalism!

Turning to the consideration of " Letters of Marque ", the name given in former days to the commissions issued by a state at war to private shipowners giving leave to employ their vessels as ships of war, known as privateers (abolished by the Congress of Paris, 1856) and to prey on enemy commerce, Kipling went forth in a like state of mind and looted the impressions he committed to writing. He soon gives us his opinions, largely uncomplimentary, on Globe-trotters : the Marthas of this world, especially those in the India of the last century had enough to put up with, without being airily instructed by those passing through. Referring to travel in those days, the speaker said that one travelled at just the right speed, slow enough to see and fast enough to get there and back without emigrating. Kipling saw the Taj Mahal and was moved by the thought of the workmen who died building it, while H. G. Wells, by contrast, wrote a cynical short story about an eastern monarch who builds a monument to his dead queen, and in the end orders her sarcophagus to be removed that it might not mar the magnificent perfection of the tomb built to house it.

Passing to the dead city of Amber, the subject of the third letter, the speaker identified it with the dead city of the *Second Jungle Book* in the story of " The King's Ankus " (but the experts are inclined to the view that this is taken from Fatepur Sikri, in the Agra district, one of Akbar's capitals, which was deserted after his death, within fifty years of its foundation). Kipling seems to have been impressed by the fact that with the inhabitants gone the city was dead — without people

the buildings had no continuing existence : the people were to the city what the mind or spirit is to the body, without it the body begins to crumble. A small girl playing in a temple caught Kipling's eye. Her father, a priest, assured him that Mahadeo would ignore this as she was only a baby, which reminded the speaker of Kipling's own childhood, when the servants took him into temples with them as " below the age of caste ".

Jeypore is singled out by the author for praise on account of the modernizing work done by Englishmen at the instance of an enlightened and independent Maharajah, and the delight of men being handed a state of fifteen thousand square miles to work in and leave their mark upon was compared by the speaker to Kipling's enthusiastic operations on a smaller scale at the newly-acquired Bateman's, and is compared later on in the book with the conditions of local government of Calcutta in British India — high-minded sentiments and politics at great length, with an all-pervading stench of sewage.

" The state of Udaipur is as backward as Jeypore is advanced — if we judge it by the standards of civilisation," wrote Kipling and proceeds to describe a journey of about seventy miles by the mail cart, a dilapidated tonga, which broke down in a desert. The mails, being more important than a man, were rescued, and the man, left to his own devices, fortunately secured a lift in a Rajput's tonga. An amusing and instructive account, commented the speaker.

Kipling's statement that the Bhil aborigines speak a tongue related to Zulu in that both use the "click", provoked a question by the speaker how Kipling at that stage of his life could have had any knowledge of Zulu, which still awaits an answer. Mention of stables built into the side of a hill raised the question of the advantages of this method, which also awaits an answer.

The speaker drew attention to a remark made by Kipling in another place that the Elizabethans were incapable of putting pen to paper without producing very good English, and read a typical quotation from " Letters of Marque " to illustrate Kipling's own tendencies towards that desirable end, inviting his audience to imagine a present-day version of it. We seem, he said, to have lost the power to handle words : makers of things in plastic but no longer carvers in stone.

Mr. Daintith went on to treat us to several more quotations with his apt comments upon them, and wound up his address by saying : " So far I have covered less than half of the first of two volumes. *From Sea to Sea* deals with Kipling in Burma, China, Japan and America. After that we have " The Smith Administration ", " Among the Railway Folk " and much more. When I first conceived the idea of talking about these books I assumed that I should be able to deal satisfactorily with them both in the course of an hour or less. My chief concern was whether I could put enough together to fill the evening. Quite obviously I was very wrong indeed. As it is I have skimmed through my material, passing over whole chapters and leaving passages unread that I should have liked to quote in full.

" Looking back over the Letters, what strikes me is their astonishing maturity. They could well be put forward as the work of a man twice Kipling's age. We have all, I imagine, met young persons of twentyone

or thereabouts who affect a painful maturity, painful to the observer, that is. A tendency to be superior, to speak familiarly of God and disparagingly of mankind, to make remarks which, as Saki put it, "Sound quite clever when said aloud in a lift". There is none of this in Kipling. Finally, I shall be more than pleased if some who have forgotten just how good these books are, return to them, and those who have never encountered them, do.

"I have left untouched eighty per cent of the available material. Perhaps at a later date I shall be able to cover that ground, but that will be another story."

Professor Carrington took a distinguished part in the discussion which followed. He explained how Kipling's efforts to prevent publication in book form by American publishers were frustrated by, e.g., Putnam, whose intention to publish *Letters of Marque* the author got to know about and applied for an injunction to prevent, but failed. It was mentioned from the Chair that this seeming barefaced piracy was legal in U.S. law, since in the absence of international copyright, which did not exist before the Berne Conventions of various dates (to which the U.S.A. did not at first subscribe), under the domestic law of the U.S.A. for a literary work to acquire copyright it must have been published in that country. It may be remarked here that Gilbert and Sullivan had been so plagued by piracy of their comic operas, that they arranged for simultaneous first appearances of *The Mikado* both in London and New York by sending secretly across the Atlantic a complete duplicate cast, scenery, properties and orchestra, thus establishing immediate copyright in the United States.

Professor Carrington also mentioned that the great stories were all derived from incidents first appearing in early journalistic sketches. He quoted "Kaa's Hunting", "The Man who would be King" and "Kim" as examples in which the author looks back again and again to something he has come across in journalism and treated as source material for the great Indian stories.

Mr. Winmill, asked to remark from his long experience on the business side in India, said that with this return to the study of *Letters of Marque* it all comes alive again. As an opinion of the reason why Kipling did not resume life in India, he said that it would mean his starting all over again (as a journalist) and this he preferred not to do in the altered circumstances of his life. I can well understand this attitude, Mr. Winmill concluded.

Mr. McGivering referred to life in a newspaper office in the watches of the night as depicted in "The Man who would be King". If the working conditions were actually as described in that story, he said, it is small wonder that Kipling did not want to go back as a journalist.

A critical audience seemed very satisfied with Mr. Daintith's entertaining exposition and the ensuing discussion and accorded him a cordial vote of thanks at the close of the meeting.

P.W.I.

A NOTE ON "THEY"

This story was first published in *Scribner's Magazine* of August, 1904, and was collected in the same year in *Traffics and Discoveries*.

In the following year, Macmillan published a special edition of the story in book form with fifteen illustrations by F. H. Townsend (the celebrated *Punch* artist) in line and colour. All editions are accompanied by the poem "The Return of the Children".

Editor's prefatory remarks: The difficulty the reader finds in this and some other of Kipling's stories written in the first person singular is that of dissociating the narrator from the author. The fact that Kipling often seems to invite the identification of the one with the other emphasises the difficulty and increases the temptation to regard as autobiographical what is intended solely as fiction. This point has been made previously in various places, but will bear repetition, in regard to *They* in particular, which must be accepted as intrinsically fictional. The one autobiographical reference which appears is the incident of the ghost-child's kiss in the palm of the narrator's hand, and there is an indication that this is autobiographical in so far as it expresses an unattainable wish regarding the author's dead child Josephine.

This cautionary preface, however, is not intended to detract from the able and thought-provoking exposition which follows and is the work of Mr. C. W. Scott-Giles, O.B.E., Fitzalan Pursuivant of Arms Extraordinary, and Mrs. Scott-Giles.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Giles write: This story has a reputation for obscurity, partly because in its telling there is much of implication and suggestion, and partly because when it was first published few readers knew enough about Kipling's private life to be aware of the loss he had suffered in 1899 by the death of his six-year-old daughter Josephine—the "Best Beloved" and "Taffy" of the *Just So Stories*. This loss, though only hinted at in "They", is the clue to the story. Without this clue the reader may well find himself lost in its intricacies; with it he can find his way to the heart of the story, and it richly rewards his careful and reverent study. He sees "They", not as a piece of objective fiction, but as a page of autobiography — not in the sense that the place and events are factual, but that Kipling (usually so reticent about his deep personal emotions) has revealed "something of himself" in sorrow and in joy. For while there is sorrow in the loss of his "Best Beloved" who delighted in his companionship there is joy in the spiritual recovery.

Beyond the foregoing, "They" needs little annotation. There is a real danger that line-by-line dissection may amount to desecration. The reader cannot now do better than turn again to the story and extract its full meaning for himself. When he has done so, he may care to read what follows and see how far it agrees with his own conclusions.

" The Return of the Children " is an essential prelude to " They ". The children, bored by an adult Heaven, long to go home, and are freed to do so by Mary the Mother.

In a lovely old house and grounds somewhere in south-west Sussex lives Florence, a maiden lady past or perhaps incapable of child-bearing, and a lover of children. She is entirely sane (witness her capable management of her estate), but she is blind and lonely; and for companionship she peoples her house with children of her imagination. For these children she furnishes rooms, provides toys, leaves the garden door open and keeps a fire in all night " in case anyone comes in with cold toes ". There is no " impassable iron " on or near the hearth (4). At first this was all " just to make believe. Then they came ".

She actually begins to hear children about the place. At first she thinks they are her own — the offspring of her longing, the children she would have had if it had been possible. Then her butler's wife, Mrs. Madden, sees the children and recognizes one of them as her own lost daughter. She tells Florence, who realizes that the children are not, after all, her creation — " not mine by right ".

We are left to infer that the children running " homeward merrily hand in hand " from a dull grown-up heaven have found the home they seek in this house " made for children " where there is someone longing to help them.

Apparently the children are free to come and go, for their number varies, and the inference is that there are other homes where they are welcome. Their presence in the house and grounds becomes known in the neighbourhood, and those who have lost children " walk in the wood ", some to meet their children there, but even if they do not " it opens de 'eart '. But those who have neither borne nor lost do not share the secret; they regard Florence as "peculiar", while for some, *e.g.* Turpin) the house has superstitious terrors.

The only people recorded as seeing the children are those who have lost a child, and we are perhaps intended to infer that those who have not lost cannot see them. If this is so, Florence's blindness is seen to be merciful, and even necessary. Had she been sighted her inability to see the children would have been a constant and poignant reminder that they were not hers " by right ".

Kipling, coming to the house, sees the children *before* he meets Florence — a point to which a question by Madden directs attention. He therefore sees them by his own independent perception and not as the result of any mental suggestion or influence on Florence's part. In particular, his attention is attracted by a child at an upper window who " waved a friendly hand " and later was seen to be " a little maid " who looked " tremendously interested " at the motor car.

At his first meeting with Florence, Kipling tells her about Josephine. Accordingly she accepts him as one who has a right to be there, but as yet he has no idea of what this implies. From Florence's blindness the conversation turns to seeing faces in dreams, in particular the faces of the dead, and in this connection attention is again directed to the child at the window : " ' It's difficult to see faces in dreams ' I went on, looking up at the window where the child

stood all but hidden." Clearly the child half-seen at the window brings Josephine to his mind, though he has no inkling that he is not looking at a living child. It is only in the final revelation that he realizes that from the first he has known in his heart who it was.

When he visits the place a second time, Kipling shows, by his apology for his original trespass, that he still does not understand that he has a right to be there — the right of a father come to visit his child. His lack of comprehension is the more surprising to Florence because he is so understanding in other ways, such as the perception of emotions in terms of form and colour. And because he lacks understanding, the children are too shy to come near him. Madden, to whom he mentions this, finds it strange until he realises that Kipling is still thinking of them as living children. But Kipling must discover the truth for himself, and when he asks the meaning of "walking in the wood", Madden pretends not to know.

On his way to the house for the third time, Mrs. Madehurst's "wisdom of the old wives" sets Kipling thinking "extendedly". By the lodge gates he meets a woman and child — perhaps Jenny (who is "walking in the wood" at the time), though in the fog he does not recognise her. To his comment about the weather she replies, "Mine's used to un. You'll find yours indoors, I reckon". Her assumption that he is going to the house to see his child further prepares his mind for the meeting and the revelation to come.

Florence shows him over the house. At first the children are not to be found. Then there are sounds and glimpses of them as they play the game of evasion in the twilight. When Florence and Kipling return to the hall, the children are half-hidden behind the screen. There is a remark by Mrs. Madden which is perhaps introduced to show how she takes the presence of the children as a matter of course.

During Florence's interview with Turpin, Kipling, sitting with his back to the screen, taps at it to attract the children, and when he stops (his mind being given to the conversation) his attention is called by an endearment unmistakably associated with Josephine — a "little brushing kiss" on the palm of the hand, "a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close . . . a fragment with sorrow and joy, that these long ago". And at last he understands with sorrow and joy, that these are no living children and that among them is his own.

For Florence the company of the children is right: it is hers to make the home they need, and Kipling is grateful to her "beyond words". But for Kipling himself it would be wrong to revisit the house. It might lead to an obsession with the lost child to the neglect of the living and so, "though it was like the very parting of spirit and flesh", he resolves never to come there again.

I.S-G.
C.W.S-G.

THE NOBLEST DISEASE

By A. M. Punch

" A picket, frozen on duty.
A mother, starved for her brood,
Socrates, drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus, on the rood . . . "

" Work, honest work, the grandest and noblest disease ever to beset mankind " — these words have been attributed to Rudyard Kipling, and, although as far as we can ascertain, their source has not been run to earth, time and time again the Apostle of Work develops this theme — read again " The Glory of the Garden ", where you will find it set out very simply ; insists on its universality — even the " unforgiving minute " he would fill with some achievement — : and postulates the theory, " the clear, clean joy of creation ", to his work's end.

Furthermore, this theory, interestingly enough, forms one of the very few tracts of common ground between Kipling and Bernard Shaw, who — in turn — declares " This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one — the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap. "

Kipling, in the dim unchronicled past, wrote to a friend thus : — " Our Government is not a cheerful, going, concern " and to-day we are prepared to meet all comers in a contest to promote a worthier expression of understatement than this !

We propose, also to turn to the writing of a man, who " in the gallery of human activity which he entered, illuminated it with a light unexpected, piercing, and all his own, " in the search for redress at this — the country's — hour of matchless ill.

We begin with " The Gods of the Copy Book headings " — (D. E. page 793) — when the cry goes up " Versification " — that outworn word — " not poetry ". Mighty good Citizenship, though.

This poem the excellent Chandler claims, " treats of the valid truths of the old maxims that used to be placed as examples to be copied at the heads of the pages of the copy book, in which children were taught to write ; and of the evil results that invariably followed a disregard of their precepts. "

They — the Gods of the Copybook headings — assert that " we were living in trees when they met us ", that " they always caught up with our progress ", that " as it will be in the future it was at the birth of man ", that " with the hopes that our world is built on, they were utterly out of trust ", and that — finally, irrevocably — if YOU DON'T WORK YOU DIE !

This is our premise — " for the pain of the soul there is, outside God's grace, but one drug, and that is man's craft, learning, or other helpful motions of his own mind " — born out in much of Kipling's writing, taking us through many quotations, all apposite, showing the call to work, but indicating where, at this time lies the country's true weakness — " Since the Gods do not make laws. They change men's hearts . . . The rest is the Spirit . . . "

LETTER BAG

LORD BALERNO ON KIPLING AND CHURCHILL

On page 22 of the March 1968 issue of the *Kipling Journal* you quoted a letter I wrote to *The Scotsman* full of indignation after reading, on Christmas Day, a bad article for Kipling's Centenary. When my letter appeared in print and I had cooled down a bit, I realised that I had drawn somewhat on my imagination when I wrote :

" In truth he was as indomitable as his life-long friend, Winston Churchill, whom he encouraged and inspired."

My uncle, the late Sir James Dunlop Smith, told me of an encounter Kipling had with Churchill when the latter was serving as a subaltern in India. From what I remember they took to each other, though to say they were friends at that time was probably an exaggeration.

I am indebted to Kipling's kinsman, The Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, for drawing my attention — in the nicest possible way — to my exaggeration and to the fact that, while Churchill appreciated Kipling, this feeling was not, in later years, reciprocated. On page 387 of his *Life of Kipling*, Charles Carrington tells how a young man named Winston Churchill, as Under Secretary for the Colonies in the newly formed Liberal Government, led the censure debate on Lord Milner. Carrington adds, "... and Rudyard never forgave him for his part in this affair."

I was correct to say indomitable, and there is reason to believe that Kipling both encouraged and inspired Churchill. But I was wrong to say they were friends.

BALERNO

"... TO GRAHAMSTOWN "

My daughter and I in our 2,200 miles tour of South Africa came across in Grahamstown the town's oldest building, built in 1844 as a gaol, which later served as the datum for the alignment of the High Street. On its wall appears a bronze plaque erected as a memorial to the 1820 British settlers, depicting their landing at Algoa Bay, with the following lines from "The Song of the Dead," by Kipling.

In the faith of little children we went on our ways.

Then the wood failed — then the flood failed — then the last water dried.

In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

On the sand-drift — on the veldt-side — in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.

P. W. INWOOD

'MRS. BATHURST'

You can imagine my delight at finding Kipling's letter on 'Mrs. Bathurst' in the December *Journal*. True, a lot of questions about the story are not answered by the letter, but I'm glad to see my general approach to the story confirmed by Kipling's words: "no man but Vickery knows what Vickery had done." It is, of course, the gist of my remarks about "Mrs. Bathurst" that the tale defies — and is *meant* to defy — absolute certainty. What we don't know about the characters we are deliberately kept from knowing. The story is not, in other words, an example of what C. S. Lewis calls over-cutting by the author. Life is ultimately an insoluble mystery and so Kipling, great writer that he was, did not go reaching after solutions. Instead, what chiefly concerned him was the human response to the mystery. Maybe RK's letter will convince those critics who MUST decide, one way or the other, about the identity of that second tramp that in their quest for understanding they are violating the spirit of the story. Or perhaps that's not quite right. The quest for knowledge is all right. That's what man has to do. It's when critics become certain that they've *solved* the mystery that they betray Kipling's vision.

ELLIOT L. GILBERT

" KITCHENER'S SCHOOL "

Reading 'Kipling in the 1914-18 War' reminded me that I had a tattered copy of *The Five Nations*, small leather-covered edition, with a large cut across one corner. Inside is a note in pencil "Hit by an 8-inch armour-piercing shell when Battery Mess was hit June 19th 1917, Blaweporte Farm, Ypres." I took this and a copy of *Stalky & Co.* with me to France possibly for the poems "Ubique" and "Kitchener's School", since I had returned from the Sudan to join the Forces and also because of memories of Foxy, known at the School as Weasel, of *Stalky & Co.*, whom we buried in Clewer Churchyard the year I left school [1907].

Kipling's use of the word "hubshee" in the poem has always puzzled me. It would be resented by a Sudan College boy. Hubshee is used in the Sudan to denote Abyssinian or Ethiopian, and I see it is used in *Kim* (p. 179) in brackets "nigger" — not a tactful word to use in these days.

I had also a translation of a speech of welcome by the schoolmaster of Suakin in 1910 on the occasion of Lord Kitchener's visit which would have interested Kipling. The visit was a recent event when I lived in Suakin in 1912-14. It reads, as the classical Arabic always does, as a poem. I have written the story of the closing years of Suakin, but it would be too long for this *Journal*.

ROBERT COULDREY

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1967

INCOME				1966				EXPENDITURE			
1966		£	£	1966		£	£				
681	Subscriptions		552	238	Office Rent, Rates, Lighting and Heating		116				
136	Sales :			25	Printing		44				
22	Journals		124	35	Postage and Telephone		27				
158	Books		—	287	Office and Sundry Expenses		334				
26	Donations and Legacy		24		Journal Expenses :						
18	Interest on Investments		18	363	Cost of Printing and despatch of Kipling Journals	260					
	Functions :			25	Deduct :						
	Profit on :			338	Transfer from Special Account	25	235				
3	Members Meetings		3								
9	Visit to Burwash		11	65	Entertaining Visitors		44				
14	Annual Luncheon		38	55	Less Paid by Staff		38				
20				10			6				
30	Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income		—		Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure		8				
	for the year		—		for the year		8				
<u>£933</u>			<u>£770</u>	<u>£933</u>			<u>£770</u>				

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1967

1966	INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT		£	£	1966	CASH AND BANK BALANCES		£	£
503	Balance at 31st December, 1966			473	5	Cash in Hand			8
30	Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year			8		Bank Balances —			
—	Sale of Sussex Edition			350	154	Current Account			133
473				831	100	Deposit Account			100
	SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS				15	STOCK OF JOURNALS AND STATIONERY			15
	FOR ENLARGING JOURNAL					INVESTMENT			
65	Balance at 31st December, 1966			40		£1,200 3½% War Loan Stock at cost less £253			
25	Allocated to 1967 Journal			25	260	written off			611
40						(Market Value at 31st December, 1967, £594)			
21	CREDITORS AND ACCRUED EXPENSES			15					
<u>£534</u>				<u>£867</u>	<u>£534</u>				<u>£867</u>

A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary
M. R. LAWRENCE, Hon. Treasurer

- NOTE (1) The realisable value of Library books etc. cannot be estimated, but should be considerable. There is also a small amount of furniture not valued.
(2) The Society holds the Wolff Collection and may retain it so long as the Society is in existence.
(3) Library books, the Bust of Kipling and the Wolff Collection are insured for loss against fire with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co. for £3,000.

REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

We have examined the above Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1967, and the Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1967, with the books and vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith.

5, Albemarle Street,
Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Date : 25th April, 1968.

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Chartered Accountants

The Kipling Society

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

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R. E. Harbord, Esq.

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