



*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.

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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 St. John House, 50 Eaton Place, S.W.1, at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 18th June, 1969.

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At the Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

- July 9      J. M. S. Tompkins      An unprofessional view of "Sea Constables".
- Sept. 17    A. E. Bagwell  
   Purefoy      'The Second Jungle Book'—particularly "The King's Ankus" and "The Undertakers". Please come prepared to discuss your own favourite story.
- Nov. 26    Mrs. G. H. Newsom      Roman Britain, with particular reference to the Parnesius stories.

### ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London W.C.2, on Friday, 24th October, 1969. The Guest of Honour will be Roger Lancelyn Green, Esq., B.Litt, M.A., Editor of The Kipling Journal and author of "Kipling and the Children".

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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## NEWS AND NOTES

### 'KIPLING'S WORST SLIP'

I have had miraculous escapes in technical matters, which make me blush still. Luckily the men of the seas and the engine-room do not write to the Press, and my worst slip is still underided,' wrote Kipling in *Something of Myself* (page 212). Naturally this declaration produced a host of amateur detectives in 1937, all certain they had found the 'worst slip': but most were disproved, or explained away—and no definite solution seems to have been found, nor any agreement reached as to whether the 'worst slip' was still to be found.

Later in this number of the *Journal* (page 24) Mr James Brock re-opens the question and asks Members to send suggestions—which I shall be delighted to publish. Mr. Brock points out two possible slips himself. One can be answered immediately: "'Tis well! Admirable Crichton, proceed".' says Mr. King in 'The Propagation of Knowledge' (*Debits and Credits*, page 275): but the reference is to the real James Crichton (1560-1585), scholar and duellist, known as 'The Admirable Crichton' from having disputed in Paris in 1577 in twelve languages. He is the hero of Harrison Ainsworth's romance *Crichton* (1837): as King had remarked a little earlier 'Harrison Ainsworth and Marryat doubtless appealed—'.

But it is always dangerous to challenge Kipling over a literary allusion. Does 'In Ambush' (*Stalky & Co.* page 18) contain a 'pre-quotation'? 'What's the odds, as long as you're 'appy?' asks Stalky—and this is generally considered to have originated in George Du Maurier's *Trilby* (1894): now Stalky & Co. left the U.S.C. in 1883 at the latest. But both may be from a common source—and Kipling does not give any indication that it is a quotation, any more than on page 295 (of *Debits and Credits*) where he says 'there was a tense peace among the Augustans', which is probably a reference to his friend George Saintsbury's well-known literary study *The Peace of the Augustans* (1916).

### 'SLIPS' DETECTED

Doubtless most Members will know of various other attempts to track down the 'worst slip'—and a detailed search through back numbers of the *Journal* would produce many. Here, at random, are a few:—

*Sunday Times*: 2 May 1937. E. V. Lucas pointed out that in *Something of Myself* (p. 144) 'he wrote Hercules Ross when he meant Hercules Read'. In the same number 'H.L.J.' suggested that the speed given as so many 'knots an hour' in 'Bread Upon the Waters' and 'An Error in

the Fourth Dimension' (but S. H. S. Moxly the following Sunday gave other examples of this usage by eminent seamen who would have known better had it been wrong). Alfred Turner described a 'hoax' played on Kipling which found a place as fact in *A Fleet in Being*; and, most tantalisingly, Admiral Ballard wrote that Kipling had asked him to point out any nautical slips, and he had discovered two and sent them to Kipling who 'intended to correct both of them in his next complete editions'—but he does not say what they were.

*Sunday Times*: 9 May 1937. Taylor Darbyshire wrote that 'Kipling corrected his worst slips himself,' instancing the *Dimbula* in 'The Ship that Found Herself whose tonnage of 1,200 was impossible in view of her size and capacity—and Kipling altered it to 2,500 tons.

*Sunday Times*: 30 May 1937. Miss Katherine Buck declared that Weland Smith (see *Puck of Pook's Hill*) was never 'Smith of the Gods,' or indeed a god at all, but only a folk-hero. But Basil M. Bazley (at that time Editor of *The Kipling Journal*) confuted this the following Sunday, and Guy Paget wrote most interestingly on 4 July 1937 supporting Mr. Bazley, and describing Kipling's care over details.

*The Times Literary Supplement*: 1 April 1939. Major R. Raven-Hart maintained that the 'Burma girl' in "Mandalay" must have looked 'westward' and not 'eastward' from 'the old Moulmain pagoda'.

*Kipling Journal*. No. 46, July 1938. Mr. R. E. Harbord wrote: 'I have just noticed what appears to be an error in "The Man Who Was" [*Life's Handicap*, page 116]:— "He pointed to where the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass." Now the White Hussars were in Peshawar at the time (p.98) and that place is east of the Khyber Pass—as I remember it, about 20 miles almost due west from Peshawar'. [General Wavell pointed out the same mistake in no. 54, page 35.]

*Kipling Journal* No. 47, Oct: 1938. J. O. Tyler, Master Mariner, wrote: 'As one of the first fifty members of the Society I feel I should offer an explanation, viz: *The Seven Seas*, "The Coastwise Lights":— "By day the dipping house-flag". I have never seen a house-flag dipped, either in sail or steam'.

*Kipling Journal*, No. 144 Dec: 1962. P.W.I, points out a mistake in *Captain's Courageous* [page 124]: 'Kipling, with his respectable record of sea-voyaging to date (1896) should have known that the estimation and publication of the ship's position is the responsibility of the navigating branch and not a function of the engineer staff. Is this the "worst slip?".'

*The Kipling Journal* contains many more suggestions made during the past 32 years, but these must serve as a sample—until someone has time to go through and list them all.

Meanwhile, any new suggestions will be gratefully received—and published.

R.L.G.

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*Postscript.* The Editor wishes to apologise for the late appearance of this *Journal*, largely due to being held up for two days at Izmir while local mechanics failed to make the aircraft flight-worthy: "We've got to thank Turkey for this."

## BON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

*A treat for Victoria.* Our Victoria Branch recently had a delightful surprise in the form of a visit by Dr. Joyce Tompkins, our last year's Luncheon Guest of Honour. Although based on Dalhousie, Nova Scotia, her Canadian lecture tour included (as we had secretly hoped it might) British Columbia, and she found time not only to call on the Branch but to give a packed house a wonderful talk on "Kipling's Wisdom Poetry".

We are delighted that at last someone from Home has been able to visit this splendid Branch, which last year held eight meetings with an average attendance of seventeen, as well as its annual outing and dinner. A.E.B.P.

STOP PRESS ! Turn to back cover and see two splendid new names under " President " and " Vice-Presidents." Full details in September. A.E.B.P.

## THE LIBRARY OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

*This notice has been agreed with the Librarian of the R.C.S.*

1. The Library of the Kipling Society remains the property of that Society but is administered by the Librarian of the Royal Commonwealth Society.
2. Members of the Kipling Society and members of the Royal Commonwealth Society may borrow books from it on the same basis i.e. up to 3 books at one time for up to one month. Members of the Kipling Society are not entitled to borrow books from the Royal Commonwealth Society Library but may be admitted to consult it on application to the Librarian.
3. Single volumes from uniform sets; bibliographies; very large or fragile items; and the rare books in the Wolff Collection (in the Librarian's office) may be consulted but not borrowed.
4. Members of the Kipling Society are asked to sign the Visitors Book in the Library on the occasion of each visit, and to put Kipling Society in brackets after their name on the borrowing slips.
5. To assist the Library staff, all borrowers are asked to put KS after the title of each book they borrow from the Kipling Society Library.
6. In case of difficulty, or to consult the Kipling Society Library catalogue, please apply to a member of the Royal Commonwealth Library staff.

### NEW MEMBERS

We are very pleased to welcome the following New Members :  
*UK:* Miss Anne Gough; Messrs. A. L. Brend (rejoined), M. C. Butler, C.C. Campbell, H. W. Feilden, J. A. Hughes, W. Newton Jones, G. L. H. Stein. *HOLLAND:* J. H. Koster. *USA:* E. J. Floyd, Texas A. & M. Univ. Liby., California State Coll. Liby., Hayward, Georgia State Coll. Liby., Atlanta, Maryland Univ. Liby., Miami Univ. Liby., Coral Gables, New Hampshire Univ. Liby., Durham, N. Texas State Coll. Liby., Denton, Pratt Liby., Baltimore.

## KIPLING AND THE MODERN WORLD

*(A slightly shortened version of the talk given to the Society by "the Marxist member," Jack Dunman, on 23 Nov. 1966)*

How easy it would be to inspire interest in Kipling in an audience which knew nothing about him! How different is my situation this evening! You know far more in detail about our author than I do; all I can hope to do is to explain how he affects a person with a very different, and at first sight, unpromising, social and political point of view from that of most of you. At worst, it may give you a chance to question me about things which I have written in which you have been good enough to show some interest.

So I have chosen 'Kipling and the Modern World.' I only want to touch incidentally on the familiar ground of Kipling and the Empire, for that Empire, as Kipling knew it, has ceased to exist.

The four aspects are: Work; The Arts; East and West; People.

Kipling's attitude to work is one of the noblest and most enduring of his qualities, and how rare, even now; much more so, at the time when he was writing. In Dickens, it is true, one encounters clerks and boatmen, but not miners or factory workers. Hardy was conscious of work, but not very explicitly. In Jane Austen, Thackeray, and even the incomparable George Meredith, people just do not earn their livings. Jack London, Hemingway and contemporary authors like Sillitoe, have come much closer to the facts of life but none have dealt with work as the prime basis of existence. For the most contemporary of the writers I have mentioned, Sillitoe, in the rightly esteemed novel and film 'Saturday Night to Monday Morning', the factory is simply a place in which to score off the foreman, and escape from at the weekend.

For Marxists, this will simply not do. They firmly believe that in the greater part of the world today, work involves the exploitation of those who perform it. But they also affirm that work, production, is not only the essential condition for civilisation's progress, but is also indispensable for the proper development of every human being.

I will return to this; meanwhile, I make no claim for Kipling as a scientist: even less as an economist. He was aware of the transformations wrought by invention and technical progress ("I sent a message to my dear"); but when it came to detail and convincingness, H. G. Wells left him far behind. Kipling was, I suppose, an arts man!

But far more important than technical imagination was the understanding of the psychological and sociological significance of work. What a noble, but also wry and realistic tribute to "workers" (in the broadest sense) we find, for example, in 'the Sons of Martha' (who, by the way, are the sons of Mary? I never feel confident in identifying them). This poem, you may not know, was translated into French by Irène Joliot-Curie, daughter of Mme Curie, herself a great scientist and wife of Frederic Joliot-Curie who was until 1957 head of the French Atomic energy authority, and a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of France. Irène, in an article in 'Poesie Vivante'

(Feb. March 1966) quotes Jacques Adnet, Director of the School of Decorative Arts : " Fred (Joliot-Curie) aimant beaucoup les poètes mais seulement les poètes simples, qui ont une musique . . . La poesie étant notre dénominateur commun à Irène, Fred, et moi. Je vois encore Irène recitant d'une voix douce et égale les ' Si . . . ' de Kipling."

What comprehension of the mental and physical work of architects and engineers we find in the ' Hymn of Breaking Strain ': And above all, there is ' M'Andrew's Hymn ' in which the man and the machine are seen interlocked, reacting on each other, beautifully illustrating what Marx would have called the ' dialectic '.

This was profound, indeed, at the beginning of our age, when machines — and now computers — are transforming his environment, and man himself, more rapidly than ever before in the whole course of evolution. And the transformation, Kipling shows us, refuting the pessimists, does not have to be for the worse.

How miserably the poets of the left, from the '30s to the present day, failed to understand machinery !

But our writer did have a very serious ' blind-spot '. He seemed totally unaware — and I am measuring my words — that the vast accumulation of wealth which work produces is not shared out according to the work done, either among individuals or among peoples. I am making this point as mildly as possible : for many of my friends, wrongly, but, I concede, understandably, it destroys the whole achievement.

It has been said in these meetings that we all have one poem or story which we cannot bear. You will not be surprised to know that for me, this is " The Walking Delegate ". Kipling knew nearly all there is to know about craftsmen and workmen ; but nothing at all about agitators. Any real-life militant trade unionist who talked like the yellow horse would have got the same results, and deserved much worse. It is possible that some of you think of a friend of mine called Jack Dash as a contemporary ' walking delegate ' : I wish you would become acquainted with his culture, humanity, and above all, his tact !

I do not want to overstress this blind-spot : if Kipling had not had it, he might not have attained to his appreciation of the glory of work in the *well-ordered* society, which does not yet exist.

In further illustration of this strange affinity, here is a famous passage by Marx :

" . . . after the enslaving subordination of the individual to the division of labour, and therewith also the antithesis between mental and physical labour, has vanished : *after labour has become not only a means of life, but life's prime want* ; (my emphasis, J.D.) after the productive resources have also increased with the all-round development of the individual, and all the springs of co-operative wealth flow more abundantly — only then can the narrow boundary of bourgeois right be crossed in its entirety and society inscribe on its banners : From each according to his ability, to each according to his need."

(*Critique of the Gotha Programme*)

Kipling would have approved of that.

One of my correspondents wrote of what might have happened if

Kipling had met William Morris. We all know, of course, that he did, but we cannot have been content with the enchanting but too brief passage in 'Something of Myself'. The influence of some of the ideas of the most thoughtful craftsman of his age on Kipling is obvious; but Morris was also one of the greatest socialists of his age, the greatest English socialist, full of bold visions of the future, as well as "general denunciations". What happened to the potential influence here? Suppose Puck had introduced Dan and Una to John Ball and Wat Tyler? Would these, not least among our national heroes, have been "walking delegates"? Our author could not have made them so.

Morris\* expressed Marx's thought on work in a different and more poetic way: in the lecture on 'Art & Socialism' 1884, he said:

"The World's work . . . some share of which should be the helpful companion to every man . . ."

\* Since my talk, another great man has provided us with a remarkable claim for the status of work. Pope Paul VI, in the 1967 Encyclical, wrote: "Similarly with work; while it can sometimes be given an exaggerated significance, it is for all something willed by God. . . . God who has endowed man with intelligence, imagination and sensitivity, has also given him the means to complete his work in a certain way: whether he be artist or craftsman, engaged in management, industry or agriculture, everyone who works is a creator." (*Populorum Progressio*, 1967 27).\*

The attitude to work has already been much discussed; but I do not know that anyone has noted that Kipling had a deep interest in the theory of aesthetics.

Perhaps it started with the compelling attraction of craftsmanship; but it went deeper, and became more general.

'The Light that Failed' has been heavily criticised by some of the best critics, but it is exceedingly interesting to see how it returns and returns to the problems of the artist; even though they are the problems of the artist in a *milieu* of reporters and fighting men which is unusual. I know it is dangerous to read specific social meanings into works of Art; for it is often enough possible to read opposite meanings into the same work; but this novel can be read as a powerful argument that great Art, which *can* emerge from human suffering at its starkest, can *not* emerge from the senseless slaughter of modern war. Dick's two masterpieces were not his war sketches.

I do not claim this analysis as a conscious intention; but Kipling's aesthetic was a perfectly conscious one, and involved three elements:—

- 1) Craftsmanship, which we have already discussed.
- 2) Realism, related to imagination.
- 3) The transmutation and generalisation of experience.

These do not necessarily constitute a complete aesthetic; but each is an essential element in one.

He was quite specific, in a sentence no-one else could have penned: "To draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are."

Here it all is — and in words of one syllable! 'The thing' he begins with basic material reality; the artist is to 'draw' it — his work arises from this reality. But he is to draw it 'as he sees it' — that is, his

own mental and physical skill, his craftsmanship, and his own experience of life guides his pencil. What shall we make of 'the God of things as they are'? Heraclitus, Hegel, Marx, all could have told Kipling that the essence, the God, of things, is the eternal truth that they are changing and developing, growing, and declining, dying and coming into being. To elucidate this, a tiny part of it, is one of the functions of art. I suppose that Kipling knew something of two at least of the philosophers I have mentioned.

I like the use of monosyllables. I wish some of our writers on aesthetics would take the hint. And I recall some lectures and speeches about the Arts made in 1934 by Zdahnov, who was a leader of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and one of Stalin's right-hand men. He said a number of things which were wrong and did great harm to his cause. He also had a profound and useful argument on the need for national character in music, and how this could be achieved by study of an absorption in, not copying or quoting, the folk-music of the composer's own country. Many musicians did not like even this; I liked it, and I was delighted when I found, a few years later, that our own great neglected English composer, Vaughan Williams, had said it all, years before, in his lectures on 'National Music'. Moreover he had said it more eloquently, more convincingly, less harshly, in a way entirely acceptable to musicians and almost (the lectures make up a medium sized book) in words of one syllable.

I am sure that Kipling's formula offers the best basis for finding our way through the dynamic, but anarchistic complex of modern painting, for example.

The transmutation of experience is a vital element in all this. It is hardly necessary to add to or elaborate on the account — again in the simplest words — which Kipling gave of the genesis of 'Mary, Pity Women' in 'Something of Myself'. It is only possible to wonder at the memory as well as the depth and breadth of human sympathy which enabled him to transmute so much. Because, having read that account, it becomes clear how much else, in story and poem, derives from actual experience. This was also described in that splendid and revealing poem about Shakespeare, 'The Craftsman'.

It was this ability to generalise experience, with his deep respect for people as people that made him the supreme humanist which he was. One of the shortest but the best contribution to our discussion in *Marxism Today* came from an aspiring working-class writer: Kipling, he said, saw the dignity of every human being. And this is true: and it applies to every one of his characters, even to those which are deprived or degraded.

I have not left much time for 'East and West'. It has been often discussed, and I will only say that Kipling's contribution was based on this appreciation of people. It transcended a good many prejudices and stock responses, because Kipling was interested first in the humanity of his characters; colour, race, language and class were only secondary.

We are beginning to find that the problems of the modern world are breaking down barriers in an heartening and inspiring way. In most countries, Christians and Marxists are engaged in 'dialogue' and are

finding far more to like and admire in each other than they ever could have expected. This is fine ; but it must not lead us to forget that other great nations, not Christian and not Western, are advancing on to the world's stage and demanding a fair place on it. We must not let it even appear that the West is consolidating *against* the East. The spirit which informs ' Kim ', only the finest example of the broad appreciation, not merely tolerance, of other civilisations, which Kipling achieved, will be very much needed in the future, if the peace of the world is to be established and ensured.

Before I close, I want to discuss the *popular* aspect of Kipling's art. How often, as a young man in the '30's did I listen to Marxists discussing the need for art, and above all their own art, to be *popular*, close to the common people. These discussions took place in the Soviet Union as well as in the capitalist countries ; and they continue to this day. But in Britain at any rate, the results were meagre. Poets — I can remember the days when Spender and Auden were our white hopes — who were attracted to revolutionary politics were likewise — naturally, I suppose — attracted to revolutionary forms in their art : and for them this meant *avant-garde* forms, which were the least suitable for wide appreciation. Often we wondered why we could not reproduce the spontaneous and broad appeal which the music-hall seemed to achieve with so little difficulty. It seldom occurred to us that one poet, though not on our side of the political fence, had done just this, with enormous success. But the greatest Marxist writer of the century — Bertolt Brecht — had seen it very clearly.

Brecht was a poet, politician, theorist of the theatre, and, some serious critics have claimed, the greatest playwright since Shakespeare. He began as a destructive satirist, with his later optimism hard to detect; but he became more and more consciously a Marxist and a revolutionary. He returned from exile in the U.S.A. to the German Democratic Republic in 1948 and wrote and argued there, and produced plays by himself and with others, till he died in 1956.

He had no difficulty in finding the ' popular ' way of expressing his profound ideas ; he used music hall forms, rhythms and language. He chose as his composers Weill and Eisler and Desau, who were all influenced by Jazz ; and he had a deep knowledge and appreciation of Kipling.

Elizabeth Hauptmann, who worked closely with him from the early twenties in Augsburg, and made the German version of ' the Beggars Opera ' for his first big stage work with Weill, the ' Dreigroschen Oper ', told me that " Kipling roams through the pages of the younger Brecht." The refrain of ' Mary Pity Women ' is quoted in the opera ; and " with lyrics by Francois Villon and Rudyard Kipling " was printed on the programme of the first series of performances at the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm in Berlin in 1928. It is clear that Brecht was partially interested in Kipling's popular technique ; his masterly use of working class speech, and his rhythms derived from the music hall and popular choruses. Racking her brains to remember, so long after, the names of poems which Brecht particularly liked, Elizabeth Hauptmann mentioned ' Loot ' and ' The Song of the Banjo '. These are both poems some of

Kipling's staunchest partisans would not much like. In fact they do contain fine poetry : but it is clear that Brecht was attracted mainly because of their quite shameless derivation from the music-hall. Their 'vulgarity', using the word in its higher sense, their direct popular appeal, both as sound and in their context, was recognised by him as their finest characteristic : what he found in Kipling, he used and developed himself throughout the whole of his life. Even the kind of place names which Kipling used appealed to Brecht ; one of the best known lyrics in 'The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny' is called, for no apparent reason, the 'Mandalay Song'; another of the most popular is 'Sourabaya Johnny'.

The relationship between these two writers, apparently at opposite poles in their attitude to history and to society, is one of the most interesting in literature, and cries out for some research. It seems to me that the borrowing by Brecht for 'The Threepenny Opera', which as I have said was acknowledged on the printed programme, must have involved some correspondence. Unfortunately, neither Macmillans nor the Literary Agent, appear to have any records of it.

I am quite certain that Brecht admired Kipling's technique not only for its own sake but because of its origin in his profound humanism, his love for ordinary human people. For me and my friends, this humanism is the main, overriding factor which makes us feel that although Kipling may not have been 'on our side', he was on the side of humanity, as we in our own way try to be.

I wanted to test this out : I re-read a story about the lower depths of East end working-class life 80 years ago, the 'Record of Badalia Herodsfoot'. Surely this was outside Kipling's range ? But I could not fault it : the detail coincided exactly with the picture given by Jack London in 'The People of the Abyss'; and its characters, deeply moving without sentimentality, rang entirely true. And what a perfect answer to those who have said that Kipling really admired and understood only the male half of the human race !

A great writer, a great historian, a versatile, powerful, and tender poet, a subtle philosopher and a highly contemporary thinker. A Revolutionary ? No. An Anti-Revolutionary ? Perhaps ; but this is not the point. He was a humanist : and he will live, as long as books are read, as a supreme describer, analyser, defender and uplifter of the human spirit. No more can be asked of any writer.

## KIPLING AND THE IRISH SOLDIER IN INDIA

### PART III

By J. J. W. Murphy

When Kipling returned to England in October 1889 he had no money, but his work in India had already become known in literary circles in times when critics were expected to be literate. He was poor, so he had to publish in order to live; but he did not have to write to order because he had a good deal completed that was either unpublished or published only in the India Railway books, known as the

*Green-cover series*, for sale in bookstalls to entertain travellers on the long journeys up and down India. They appeared from 1886 on. Few in England had seen them.

*Barrack-Room Ballads* appeared one by one at frequent but irregular intervals in the *Edinburgh Scots Observer* from February to June of 1890. The literary world in which it circulated was small but influential, so in due course *The Times* took notice. Its praise was welcome to a young writer who had still to make his way, but what pleased him best in it was finding himself called "the discoverer as far as India is concerned of 'Tommy Atkins' as a hero of realistic romance".<sup>(8)</sup> But the approval that he really wanted was from a different source. So in April 1892 when the first edition of the collected *Ballads* was published by Methuen the prelude was an appeal to Thomas (not Tommy) Atkins as his ultimate judge — "only you can tell me if it's true". Kipling was trying to give the soldier a voice and words that would let people know that he was neither a hero nor a blackguard, but an average human being. Only if the soldier would accept the *Ballads* as what he would say for himself if he could, would Kipling know that he had succeeded.

He was asking a lot. The British other-rank did not read volumes of collected poems even if they had fancy titles. Neither, with some exceptions, did his officers. Sir George MacMunn was a regular soldier for 37 years and spent 25 of them in India arriving shortly after Kipling had left it when his early work was beginning to appear in London. Although MacMunn says this was "to the huge delight of the Services", thereby implying that officers at least did read and enjoy the stories and poems as they appeared, he does not think that they were read by the ordinary soldier.<sup>(9)</sup> Perhaps not read, but there was another way that they could be known, namely by recitation at concerts. A recent issue of the *Journal of the Kipling Society* has an account by Mr. F. R. Hasse of the popularity of the *Ballads* at concerts behind the line among the Canadian troops with whom he and his brother served in France. He mentions special favourites: "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" which his brother rendered so vividly that the "rough stage at the end of the barn became alive with British redcoats in their crumpled square striving to stem the rush of the 'big black Bounding beggars'" to whom the *Ballad* is a tribute such as brave soldiers are glad to pay to a brave enemy. Other titles named are "Gunga Din" and "Follow me 'ome", the most moving poem ever written on a soldier's funeral, of which Mr. Hasse writes:

"Of all the *Barrack-Room Ballads* I heard during the war there is one that stands out in my memory beyond all others, "Follow me 'ome" by an English sergeant at an open-air concert one warm summer evening. A hush fell over the big audience of mixed British and Canadian soldiers and we felt he was lamenting the death of someone dear to him." Many know that feeling. Mr. Hasse had soon to mourn his young brother killed at Ypres.<sup>(10)</sup>

Kipling seems to have got the verdict which he sought. But from the Irish point of view the *Ballads* present a problem. Out of near forty only two deal with Irishmen, and one of them has nothing Irish except

the narrator, O'Kelly who joined the Army at Birr—with that name he was surely from East Galway across the Shannon and came to join the Army at Crinkle Barracks, the old depot of the Leinster Regiment. Its ruins look down on Birr to-day. But his Indian memories are those of a cavalryman; so if he joined the Leinsters he must have exchanged, possibly into the 5th Royal Irish Lancers who certainly had many from Galway, as might be expected from that horse-loving county.

The scene is in London where O'Kelly, a former troop-sergeant-major, after giving his best years to the Army, is doing what was then called a commissionaire's job at the Metropole Hotel. But it was mere casual employment for the benefit of hotel guests. His station was not within the building but outside, "in the wet and cold" as he says himself, waiting for a chance message to be carried for whatever little he might get. Yet he is an impressive figure in his patient dignity and his courageous endurance of undeserved poverty.

Through the ballad runs a mocking ironic chorus with a clear Cockney note ending with "Gawd save the Queen", words which O'Kelly would have died before he allowed to pass his loyal old lips, but which the irreverent Cockney cheerfully permits himself. I think that this ballad carries the main point of what Kipling wanted to give the soldier words to say. Not for the money only — that he had made quite clear in "Tommy" — but for proper respect and treatment in accord with the respect. The wretched pension of a shilling a day for a man like O'Kelly was an insult and was resented as such, far more than as a sentence to slow starvation. They had all gone hungry in their time and willingly and would again for the sake of certain values that they had no words for. But not for that — not for whatever it was that left men like O'Kelly waiting in the rain outside a London hotel. Here seems to be the answer to the question: What have *Barrack-Room Ballads* to tell about the Irish soldier in India? By choosing as spokesman of the whole British Army on these fundamental issues, an Irish soldier who had served in India, Kipling was entirely consistent with his own attitude in his stories of the Army as he had known it in India. He had made Mulvaney not merely spokesman of the Three Musketeers but their moral leader, in spite of the obvious faults of which the Irishman himself was the hardest judge. Moreover he was the only one of them to whom Kipling ever spoke on completely equal terms as one man to another. He believed in the literary fiction founded firmly on living facts, which he had called Terence Mulvaney, and in his faith he had created O'Kelly out of what must have been some passing contacts made in London after his return from India and before publication of the collected volume of the Ballads in 1892, two years later.

The only other Ballad in which there are Irish characters is "Belts". It is about a friendly fight in Dublin between an Irish infantry and an English cavalry regiment which ended in tragedy that nobody wanted. There is no Indian interest except perhaps in the taunt "Delhi Rebels" flung at the Irish, to which they responded with the cavalry order for retiring, "Threes about". For some reason in the history of that particular regiment these were fighting-words when thrown at it by infantry. But we have no clue, so we must accept that

" Belts " is outside our present scope. Yet it is so full of perceptive and sympathetic touches on Anglo-Irish relationships on the common human level that it could repay closer study. One of the most popular of the Ballads, " Snarleyow " has not an Irish character in it, which makes one wonder, because the original story was well known in India. MacMunn says it is in the memoirs of a gunner of the old Company Artillery named Bancroft, whose characters are Irish complete with brogue. He even claims that one of Bancroft's comrades, Terence O'Shaughnessy, is the original of Mulvaney and quotes some impressive samples of parallels to Mulvaney's speech and views on life that do at least make it certain that Kipling drew from that source. But I cannot agree that there was any one original person whom Kipling built up into Mulvaney. He had the same gift as Dickens for drawing from life without mere copying of individual models, so that we forget that we are reading fiction as the characters come alive and seem to exist in their own right. But as to the reason why Kipling changed them from the Irish gunners of Bancroft to the English of the Ballad, I have not found a clue. So there we must leave it, until somebody finds the evidence. There is likely to be some, because the question may well have been put to Kipling by some of the many who had noticed the change.

With his marriage and his departure from England in 1893 Kipling lost touch with the Army that he had learned to know in London. The soldiers would have been mostly guardsmen and troopers of the Household Cavalry who might have served in Egypt and the Sudan, but not east of Suez. He met them in music-halls and pubs and made friends with many who gave him a fuller understanding of other sides of Army life besides what he had known in India. But except for old soldiers like O'Kelly he met few Irish. The Irish Guards did not then exist; they were founded in 1900 by the old Queen as her last tribute to the gallantry of the Irish regiments in the Boer war which did not end until after her death in January 1901.

I should like to make clear, before I finish, what I trust has been already indicated by my treatment of the subject, that Kipling has much more to say about the Irish soldier in India and that I aim at doing no more than give the titles of his works where what he says may be read, and some samples of the sort of thing that one may expect to find. I have carefully avoided quotation because this could give the illusion that they know Kipling to those who have not read him, and I have no wish to save them the trouble. Also, Kipling has been dead only since 1936, and the copyright in his works is still legally valid, a point that is occasionally missed by some who ought to know better.

In the main sample I have chosen to give, there is an aspect of one single thing that must have counted for much in the life of the British soldier, the disappearance of class-distinction in battle. There the officer had to take the full weight of his social responsibility which was the price of the amenities that went with rank. He had also to forgo, for the time being, those amenities to which he was accustomed as the other ranks were not. If he shirked or failed in any point of this, he was judged with more or less severity by his Army superiors, but more severely by his brother-officers who knew that the most severe judg-

ment of all would be that of the men under his command and that no officer could survive the penalty of losing their trust.

As a whole I feel that the soldier in India had a better life than the civilian in the same social class at home, in Ireland or in any part of Britain, during the 19th century. If in India he did not belong exactly to the ruling-class, he was, merely by being white, the social superior of the native majority; also by native standards his pay made him a rich man. Moreover the ruling-class in India depended much more upon the Army than it did at home, and knew that it did. There must therefore have been comparative freedom from the social taboos that the soldier so rightly resented, long before Kipling found the right words for him to make that feeling known to all classes, including the soldier's own. Lastly there was the self-respect that goes with one's religion generally respected. For the great majority of Irishmen that meant the Roman Catholic Church, which was socially acceptable in the Army and therefore in India as it was not at home. Christianity was the religion of the ruling-class and to the average native its denominational differences meaningless. Nor did they mean as much to Christians in India as they did at home; certainly not what they did in America, as Kipling was to find out when words he had put on Mulvaney's lips in praise of the "ould Church" cost him his chance of marrying an American Methodist clergyman's daughter whom he believed that he loved. The friendly relations of the Protestant and Catholic chaplains to an Irish regiment described in "Kim" cannot have been untypical.

My colleagues who have worked in India before and since independence tell me that there are many former garrison churches built for or by the Irish soldiers from end to end of that immense land. Their most usual title was "St. Patrick's", but in some cases this has since been changed to some name that means more to native Christians than the patron saint of Ireland. Between fifty and sixty have been pointed out to me on the map. They must represent a great deal of unrecorded history, most of which will remain unwritten.

*Footnotes :—*

(8) *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work*, by C. E. Carrington. Macmillan, London, 1955, p. 147. This is a mine of accurate and orderly information, to which I am deeply indebted. It is enriched by an interesting chapter by Mrs. George Bambridge, Rudyard Kipling's only surviving child.

(9) *Rudyard Kipling: Craftsman*, by Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, R. Hale, London, 1938, p. 35.

(10) *The Kipling Journal*, December 1967, pp. 13-14.

The following are the titles of the volumes of Kipling's Indian stories that are of Irish interest :—

*Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, Life's Handicap, Many Inventions, Wee Willie Winkie.*

The last-named has the famous "Drums of the Fore and Aft" whose Irish interest does not belong to the story but to the rather superfluous introduction.

*Barrack-Room Ballads* was first published in one volume by Methuen, later by Macmillan, and now is in the Definitive Edition of Kipling's Verse by Hodder and Stoughton, 1940.

## BOOK REVIEWS

Katherine Moore. *Kipling and the White Man's Burden*. Faber and Faber 6s.

Herbert L. Sussman. *Victorians and the Machine*. Oxford University Press (for Harvard) 57s.

Allen J. Greenberger. *The British Image of India*. Oxford University Press. 45s.

Miss Moore's little book in the 'World Outlook 1900-1965 Study Series' is a pleasant and unpretentious volume, presumably for older school children, mainly about Kipling's impact on history. The study of his attitude to the Empire and to subject races is well presented and shows him in a fair, unbiased light. She also compares his works with those of E. M. Forster, Joyce Carey and Alan Paton from the interesting angle of the change in social consciousness during the century.

Miss Moore was in India just before Independence, and writes of 'the educated Indian's admiration' for *Kim*, even at that difficult time. 'They were touched and proud of the book's inward knowledge. *Kim* eased the bitterness that is always the heritage of a subject race and which some of Kipling's other work unfortunately aroused'. And she quotes from a later date an Indian writer who said to her: 'To my mind no one has transformed the full stinging flavour of the Indian peasant's language into English as Kipling has'.

There are surprisingly few mistakes—an unusual joy in a book about Kipling—and what there are, are mere trivial slips:— p.19: Edward, not Frederick, Poynter; p.21, England hardly 'seized the Suez Canal' after Tel-el-Kebir (1882)—we had taken over the 99 year leasehold quite legally with the purchase of the shares in 1875; p.37. *Kim* hardly 'falls into the hands of two missionaries'—the two Chaplains are meant; p.56 'the idea that Fuzzy-Wuzzy should ever demand independence did not seem to occur to Kipling'—but see the last few paragraphs of *Egypt of the Magicians*.

Mr. Greenberger's ponderous 'study in the Literature of Imperialism' sets out to annex an interesting and largely unexplored territory: India, the Indians and the British in India as portrayed by novelists and storytellers from 1880 to 1960. But unfortunately he produces only a dull and irritating pudding without shape, and containing a seemingly unpicked medley of ingredients. Kipling crops up frequently, but Mr. Greenberger seems to have decided in advance what to find in his works—and to make sure that if he finds anything else it shall not alter the taste of his pudding.

The authors selected are a complete jumble, with no differentiation made between their qualities. Flora Annie Steel supplies the most dough, and is treated as the leading authority for her period, rather than Kipling: but G. A. Henty is also quoted as if of value, while F. Marion Crawford, author of *Mr. Isaacs* (1882) is not mentioned at all. Conan Doyle is quoted (wrongly on one occasion) every time there is an Indian reference in a Sherlock Holmes story—but the one book mainly about Indians, *The Mystery of Cloomber*, is ignored.

There are some delightful mistakes, which ease the tedium a bit.

For example, A. E. W. Mason's young Prince in *The Broken Road* suddenly changes his name halfway through, and we are told that the heroine 'has been the victim of an attempted abduction engineered by Shere Khan'.

There is a tremendous show of scholarship, with every quotation meticulously listed in foot notes: but while most of the references give the date of the book's first publications, we are led to believe that *Plain Tales* was published in 1913 and *The Naulahka* in 1898—so how can we tell how correct the other dates may be? Even the titles can be wrong, as in the case of F. Anstey's *Baboo Jabberjee, B.A.*

Mr. Greenberger delights in unsupported generalisations: 'For Kipling and virtually his whole generation of writers about the Indian scene, the existence of British rule there was important chiefly as an outlet for action,' is typical. So is the assertion that even Kipling set nearly all his stories in northwest India—quite ignoring Mowgli in Seeonee, 'William the Conqueror' and many others. 'Comedies are almost totally lacking. For the English there, much as they might love India, humour played little role (*sic*)'—ignoring 'Cupid's Arrows,' 'The Three Musketeers,' 'A Germ-Destroyer,' 'The Arrest of Lieut. Golightly,' 'His Wedded Wife,' 'Pig,' 'The Rout of the White Hussars,' 'The Judgment of Dungara,' 'The Sending of Dana Da,' 'Private Learoyd's Story,' 'The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney,' 'The Pit that They Digged'—and several others.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Greenberger seems to understand and appreciate descriptions of India after 1910 much better than those in the earlier period, and is eager to defend *A Passage to India*—'this great novel'—even against the criticism of so eminent an Indian critic as Nirad Chaudhuri.

But the book as a whole is disappointing, and needlessly so—for it is an excellent subject.

Disappointing, too, is Mr. Herbert L. Sussman's *Victorians and the Machine* which contains a chapter on Kipling—'For all the reservations created by his transcendentalism, the machine still became for Kipling, more than for any other major nineteenth-century writer, a literary figure for that which he held most valuable.'

He certainly hails Kipling as the greatest writer about machines of the nineteenth and early twentieth century; but he has a pre-conceived theory that Kipling changed his mind after the First World War—was already changing it in 'As Easy as A.B.C.'—and (I think) wilfully misunderstands 'The Eye of Allah' to support his theory: 'With the abbot's speech (*Debts and Credits*, pages 393-4), Kipling opposes the nineteenth-century dream of a cohesive, pre-industrial society represented by the Middle Ages to the destructiveness of mechanized war. Although there is still a touch of admiration for the machine, the abbot's speech would have pleased Ruskin and Morris.'

Mr. Sussman also deals with the reaction to 'the Machine' of Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin, Butler, Wells and Morris: only with the last of these does he seem to have something to say which may add a little to one's enjoyment in reading the actual works of these authors. As far as Kipling is concerned he adds little indeed.

But, not for the first time, one is driven to wonder what such critics and scholars as Messrs. Greenberger and Sussman add to any intelligent reader's enjoyment of a great writer. With a few honourable exceptions (critics who have really studied and truly love the author about whom they are writing, for example) most of those who attempt more than plain elucidation of 'period' references seem to be no **more** than *chimerae bombantes in vacuo*.  
R.L.G.

*The Modest Art*. A Survey of the short story in English. T. O. Beachcroft. OUP 1968 42/- in U.K.

This fascinating book reviews the short story from before Beowulf to after Somerset Maugham, the writer taking the view that the modest art is, in fact 'a passage of truth from one mind to another', quotes Rich who says that his stories are 'forged only for delight, neither credible to be believed nor hurtful to be perused' and then complains that the stories of Kipling are not true! He then accuses Kipling of moving in a man's world, and of being Ouida-esque, citing the fever scene in the Gadsbys as an example: while it is obviously difficult for this generation to recreate the moods and atmosphere of the latter part of the last century, either at home or in India, the present writer is content to hazard a guess that life in the upper middle classes was often a little larger than life, and there is certainly a strong stage tradition to that effect, with the hero protecting the Little Woman from a villain who is likely to emit cries of "Ha ha, me proud beauty!" Life, as reflected in the short—or any—story would be extraordinarily insipid if it were not so.

Apart from that, the author brings out many points of great interest, but is a little inclined to remark on the obvious: for instance, he discovers that 'dreadful things happen in some of the early stories . . . '—the mutilation of Bisesa, the torture of the leper and the flogging of Bronckhorst, to name only a few.

Kipling's skill is recognised and admired, but up to a point, and in a manner that seems to convey some dislike—"There is heartbreak, tenderness, agony. There are wonderful descriptions and a wealth of story invention, all told in the same loud voice."

Many old drums are brought out and beaten—some of them make rather a dull thud, giving the impression that the author has not read all the stories he praises so faintly.

It is obviously impossible to do justice to this work in such a short review as this, any more than it is possible to do justice to Kipling in a short chapter; as the author so sagely remarks 'one could write a book on what people say about Kipling.' One certainly could, but one should not make the mistake of taking him too seriously, or believe every word he wrote!

Mr. Beachcroft takes a much better and more balanced view of other writers that have come under his attention, but there are some curious omissions—there is, for example, no mention of Surtees: Sir Roger de Coverley is there, but no Jorrocks.

All in all, this is a book students of Kipling should read, if only for the pleasure of disagreeing with a writer whose favourite author seems to be Chaucer, even if the latter is accused of pococurantism.

*Chance to Kill.* Dell Shannon. Gollancz, 1968. 25/-.

The latest of a string of novels featuring Lieutenant Mendoza and the Los Angeles Police Department, but one with a difference. He is introduced to Kipling by an ex-policeman and laughs himself into helplessness over "The Taking of Lungtungpen" and is an addict thereafter.

Other characters include Orde, Bettina (a policewoman who is murdered) and one reminds the hero of Daniel Dravot at Marwar Junction. Quotations—all appropriate—run through the story, and Mendoza even has a *daemon* to assist him solve crimes in between visits to bookshops.

J. H. MCGIVERING

*A short summary of a thesis for the Doctorat Du Troisième Cycle* (Paris.Sorbonne) by Yves Guerin.

"Une oeuvre Anglo-Indienne et ses visages Français. Problèmes poses par la traduction des "Plain Tales From The Hills" de Rudyard Kipling."

Rudyard Kipling was a popular writer with the French public at the beginning of the present century but no thorough study of the French translations of his work has been attempted yet. This thesis deals but with one book: *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888). Through a study of the practical problems of translation, it aims at evaluating the French look given in each case to Anglo-Indian tales.

The first part deals mainly with a recapitulation and an interpretation of some bibliographical facts. A chronological account gives first of all some precisions on the stages and aspects of the French fortunes of the *Plain Tales* (piecemeal translations of a few tales between 1892 and 1907; then a complete edition in 1907-1908 and a popular edition of some selected tales in 1915; a new and complete edition in 1929-1930). Thus the translations of the *Plain Tales* illustrate and confirm the success enjoyed in France by the author of the *Jungle Books*. Then a close recapitulation of each translation appreciates the relative popularity of each tale; this account leads to statistical conclusions and to a comparative study of the titles chosen by the various translators.

After a brief account of the nature of the "translating process" and a statement of what is expected from the ideal translator, the second part of this thesis deals with the main French translators of the *Plain Tales*, Louis Fabulet and his collaborators—Robert d'Humières in particular,—Albert Savine, Lucien Foulet, Henry D. Davray and Madeleine Vernon. Their personalities are studied in so far as they throw some light on a first investigation of the French translations of the *Plain Tales*, and lead to a better understanding of their originality. The cultural upbringing, the individual tastes, the particular concept these translators have of their task, in a word their method, partly account for the variety of the French "Tales from the Hills."

A study of the specific problems raised by the French translation of the *Plain Tales* constitutes the third and most important part of this thesis: after a deliberately external analysis we come to an internal examination of the work and its translations. A study of the various

nuances in the *Plain Tales* shows how much these tales, to be fully appreciated, require the co-operation, indeed the complicity, of the Anglo-Indian reader; even so greater the difficulty of bringing them to life for the French reader. A thorough examination of the features attributed by the French translators to the characteristic aspects of the *Plain Tales* was therefore made necessary. The places and characters (geographical India, native India, Anglo-India) first draw our attention. The transposition of the British presence and its mechanism (administration, technical languages, military life) is then analysed. Lastly the use of literary references and poetical epigraphs is examined.

To conclude three essential points must be kept in mind. In the French edition the *Plain Tales* appear as a popular work, or rather as series of popular short stories. Through literary criticism and an understanding of the techniques we are able to see the translators in sharper outlines. As for the work itself it puts on a different light: deprived of their original public, the *Plain Tales* cannot but give birth to incomplete and modified translations; the humorous chronicle of Anglo-Indian life seen through the eyes of an Anglo-Indian journalist and written for an Anglo-Indian public takes on, in the French translations, a new aspect, that of an anecdotic, documentary and exotic **work**.

## KIPLING AND 'THE SCHOOL BUDGET'

By Fred Lerner

The Horsmonden School *Budget*, discussed in the December 1968 *Journal*, is one of the rarest known items of Kiplingiana. One of the most complete sets extant is in the Arents Collections of the New York Public Library (Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations); according to James F. Drake, who sold the set to Mr. Arents, it is "apparently the most complete file offered at public sale". It includes number 3 through 15, inclusive of volume 1; all issues are similar in format to the two in the Kipling Society's collection (nos. 13 and 14).

Not only is there much in the entire series that is directly associated with Kipling: parodies, references, and of course the exchange which culminated in Kipling's contribution and Max Beerbohm's caricature; but the *Budget* provides a fascinating picture of school life—a picture which, to an American university student, is reminiscent of the Stalky stories.

The Horsmonden School *Budget* was both a news-magazine and a literary journal. It reported current sporting events, reviewed theatrical productions, and published school gossip; but it also contained poems, puzzles, cartoons, stories, and biographical sketches. The editors took their role seriously, but they were not lacking a sense of humour: they promise to publish letters of complaint from readers—"if there are no spelling mistakes"—and to deal with "those who choose to be offended at anything we may say", one of their contemporaries was designated "Fighting Editor".

To attract subscriptions, the editors established a "Personal Paragraph Page", explaining that a subscription would "ensure the omission

of the sender's name from this column . . ." They were able to attract support from local tradesmen; there are several pages of advertising matter in most numbers.

The editors of the *Budget* did not name themselves on the contents page, as is normally done in school magazines. In Number 10, we are informed that "Our permanent staff now consists of the Young 'Un, the Old 'Un, the Early Bird and the Ruddy Kipper". The "Early Bird" is identified as one Gasston; perhaps the "Young 'Un" and the "Old 'Un" can be identified with "Master Medhurst and Master Chinnery", who were understood to be the Joint Editors. No guess is offered as to the "Ruddy Kipper". As Medhurst was a member of the British Amateur Press Association, it might be fruitful to explore the connexion between that organisation and the *Budget*: it could well be the expertise gained from participation in organised amateur journalism that gives to the *Budget* its precociously high quality.

References to Kipling abound. Number 4 has a parody of "Gunga Din": "The Teams of Turnbridge Wells", subtitled "A Carol by the Early Bird". In Number 9 the editors reveal that "We are just now negotiating with Mr. Rudyard Kipling for an original ballad: we hope to be able to come to terms".

Number 10 contains "A Ballad—by the Ruddy Kipper", that worthy's first appearance. It deals with one Oakley's misadventure on a bicycle trip; I did not recognise it as a parody of any Kipling verse with which I am familiar. The "Ruddy Kipper" contributed to Number 12 "Perverted Proverbs (for use in colleges and schools . . .)": "Remember that it is the *early* worm that gets gobbled up".

Numbers 13 and 14, discussed in detail in the December 1968 *Kipling Journal*, contain Kipling's letter and Beerbohm's reply. In Number 15, Kipling and Beerbohm are awarded free life subscriptions to the *Budget*. In "The Lion's Cage", Senior Editor B. Medhurst asks Max Pemberton, "Won't you give us some maxims similar to those Mr. Kipling sent us". "No, my friend", was his reply, "Mr. Kipling is young and skittish, but I am arriving at that age when I find a difficulty in negotiating the ploughland . . ."

Last, but not least, this from a girl in Monmouthshire: "Wasn't it kind of Mr. Kipling to send you a contribution, and such an amusing one, too? Such a pity he is such a horrid looking little man!"

The issue of the *Budget* which Kipling received was the "Special Valentine No", (No. 8), 14 February, 1898, and contained the following items: "Personal Remarks", news and notes, "Football Notes", Valentine poems and cartoons, "Horsmonden Heroes—No. 4, Master Harold Sindell", "Puzzle Page", "The Madness of Mullingar Muggs" (an anonymous short story), "Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette", and two pages of advertising.

"Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette" was a popular feature. The first series appeared in No. 8, with further instalments in Nos. 9, 10, and Kipling's in 13. Kipling's were written as an addition to those in No. 8, reproduced herewith—

When in school never hold up your hand to attract a master's attention but whistle for him; he will then give you more attention than he would otherwise.

When you meet a master out on the road, especially if he is accompanied by any ladies, never dream of raising your cap, but grin at him for all you are worth; it will cost you nothing and will please him so much more.

Never address a master as 'Sir' or 'Mr.—'; the cold formality might hurt his feelings.

When in school talk as much as ever you can; it is your duty to do so; because, when every-one is talking, no particular one can be singled out and punished.

Never do any work—it is a very vulgar habit.

## LETTER BAG

### KIPLING COMMEMORATION DINNER, 1937

In your No. 168, for December 1968, there was an interesting article by Mr. Sawbridge, producing much new information about the relation between the United Services College and Haileybury. Kipling's school was first an off shoot from Haileybury led away to Westward Ho! by Cornell Price, was reconstituted as the Imperial Service College at Windsor, and, after some vicissitudes, was absorbed again into Haileybury in 1942, under the stress of war. In elucidating this story Mr. Sawbridge recalls a forgotten triumph, the Kipling Commemoration Dinner, at Grosvenor House, on 17 November 1937. It was reported in full in No. 44 of the *Kipling Journal* (December 1937) from which I cull a few more details.

The Earl of Athlone took the chair and read a message from the King; the guests of honour were General Dunsterville ('Stalky') and G. C. Beresford (M'Turk'); the toast of the evening was proposed by Winston Churchill; the Poetry Society, the Royal Society of Literature, the Royal Empire Society, and other official bodies were represented; among the 942 persons present there are many distinguished names of which I select only Mr. Harold Macmillan; and, among the members of the Kipling Society I notice the names of J. H. C. Brooking, R. E. Harbord and W. G. B. Maitland. The purpose of the meeting, said Winston Churchill, was twofold; 'to honour the memory of a writer, a man, and a force'; and to establish a 'scholarship foundation bearing his name'. As a consequence of the meeting, a sum of £30,000 was very quickly raised for scholarships at the Imperial Service College.

Winston Churchill said: "Kipling holds one of the foremost places in the last century of English letters. There seems to be no gallery of human activity which he could not enter, easily and unchallenged . . . and which he could not illuminate with a light unexpected, piercing, enchanting, and all his own. There have been in our own time greater poets and sages, more vehement and sentient interpreters of pathos and passion, more fertile imaginations, and certainly more orthodox stylists than Rudyard Kipling. But in the glittering rank which he took by Right Divine there has never been anyone like him . . . He was unique and irreplaceable . . . Even should the British Empire in India pass from life into history, the works of Kipling will remain to prove that while we were there we did our best for all."

Lord Athlone and General Dunsterville also spoke to the point but it is Beresford's speech that will perhaps most interest us, thirty years

later. "His (Kipling's) propaganda is cunningly restrained; he takes little for granted and does not make false assumptions. He seems to avoid words like triumph, victory, renown, hero, glory, fame; he gets his effects by other means—that was his 'Stalky-ness'. Whilst simpler-minded, more narrowly-trained patriot-bards beat the air almost in vain, it was the above quality that made Kipling's appeal so effective. That, in part, is why we are assembled here tonight." The rest of the speech is worth reading.

C. E. CARRINGTON

#### TRAWLER SKIPPERS

I have just been reading the *Journal* of December 1968. On pp. 16/17 some surprise appears to be caused to readers by a *trawler skipper wearing a tall hat and a frockcoat*. The latter, mainly black hunting coats which are excellently made and weatherproof, are still to be found on agricultural workers in many parts of this country, a gift from their employers. The top hat was in use by Hampshire game and river keepers up to 1850 at least, as a photograph of a shooting party, which hangs in the bar of the Grosvenor Arms at Stockbridge, shows clearly.

As regards the tale of this old skipper *smelling the lead*, Mr. Charles Coles of the I.C.I. Fordingbridge was badly lost with his MTB in a fog in the North Sea about 1944. He hailed a trawler skipper who came aboard, "armed" the lead, then *tasted it and smelled it* and told Mr. Coles his position which was found to be correct within a mile!

There is little new under the sun.

J. K. STANFORD

#### SORTES SURTEESIANAE

The notes on Kipling's quotations from *Handley Cross* in the *March Journal* remind me that I contributed a short article on Kipling and Surtees back in 1945 (No. 75, p.5.); interested readers will find there a more general survey which did not include the detail of the Editor's study of *Stalky & Co.* I believe that I mentioned the more important references and quotations in the article, but it is certainly true that they do crop up in unexpected places throughout Kipling's works. A correspondent pointed out at the time that I had omitted a quotation from "the blessed Jorrocks" in 'At the End of the Passage' (*Life's Handicap*, p.196) which is used most appositely by Spurstow in an attempt to lift depression, the actual phrase in *Handley Cross*, Chapter XVI being: "where the M.F.H. dines he sleeps, and where the M.F.H. sleeps he breakfasts."

The paragraph containing two quotations from Surtees in 'My Son's Wife' (*A Diversity of Creatures*, p. 360) is a little misleading because it implies that they are both from the same book, although the first is from *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*, Chapter lxii, and the second from *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, xxxvii (one word incorrect according to my copy). The couple which the Editor failed to find in *Handley Cross* thus present a minor Kipling mystery. On p. 347 of 'My Son's Wife' the tenant bellowing for new barns is probably a recollection of Chapter xliii of *Ask Mamma*, and the man who objected to hoof-marks on gravel is Facey Romford himself (*Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*, lv). On the whole, however, there is no doubt that *Handley Cross* is the favourite source, as I said in my original article.

F. A. UNDERWOOD

## IS KIPLING ENG. LIT. ?

The *Kipling Journal* arrived two days ago. I don't think there is much that I can add to your judicious remarks on p.3. My experience was largely confined to London. I retired in 1965, and things move fast nowadays. Your question really concerns the syllabus, I think, not the private reading of academics. I can think of a number of Kipling-readers in my University, but they did not lecture on "Modern" Literature. We are not—contrary to the opinion at Oxford—much given to set books, in the English Honours syllabus, in London, except in medieval studies. When we instituted the Modern Literature optional course, just after the War, we named three writers for special study, changing the names every two years. Kipling was named once, but nobody answered the questions on him, so the experiment was not repeated, in my time. It is certainly possible to find a Staff which cannot supply a supervisor for post-graduate work in Kipling. This happened to an Indian post-graduate of mine who gave up a place reserved for him in another University and came to London, because he was determined to work on Kipling. Apart from prejudice and—what is much worse—preconception which does not think it worth while to submit to examination—I think we must remember that any University School of English, which sets out to teach English Literature—not just assorted master-pieces—has a heavy work of selection on hand. If your "Modern" period covers 1900—1950, as ours did when I retired, you are going to have to choose for special treatment between such writers as Henry James, Joseph Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, Wystan Auden, all of whom you may think closer in substance and manner to your students' interests than Kipling. You may be wrong, of course, and such an argument does not cover post-graduate work. I do think it rather discreditable to any English School not to be able to provide a supervisor and examiners for a p.g. thesis on Kipling. When I think of what I have had laid in *my* lap, as examiner, in the way of authors I was far from competent in, and had to work up in a few weeks, I think very poorly of such pusillanimity. Moreover, I am surprised at what your Goldsmith student says, for I know several readers of Kipling on the Board of English Studies in the University of London, and, unless they are all on sabbatical leave, I should have thought an examiner could have been found. A supervisor is a rather different matter. Except in certain Schools, which have special arrangements, he is normally provided by a student's own college.

I must add that I remain wholly unperturbed by this continuing situation. The hostility is not powerful enough to prevent anyone reading Kipling who wants to, or to prevent good biographical and critical work on him from getting into print and being fairly reviewed. Your Goldsmith student has a case, and I am sorry for his disappointment; but fifty years in the service of academic English does not make me regard any system of literary values, sponsored and expounded by anyone at all, as anything but evanescent. The "in-between" patch of literature that connects the full Victorian Age with the post-war period—Wells, Conrad, Galsworthy, Bennett, the Georgian poets—is inevitably coming in for attention as the revolving light of criticism swings round—

and more and more thesis subjects are needed. We can already see the first effects. There will, no doubt, be an outburst of surprising critical ingenuity, but the upshot will be that these writers will take their places in what (I fear) Kipling might have called the academic Valhalla—where, you recall, enjoyable and deadly battle went on every day—and nothing short of the twilight of all Gods will be able to cast them out. Kipling will be among them. JOYCE M. S. TOMPKINS

#### KIPLING'S WORST SLIP

As most of your readers are doubtless aware, Kipling tells us in 'Something of Myself that his "worst slip remains underided". Just what he had in mind we shall probably never know but there can be no doubt that the admission has led to much thought and research in attempts on what Edward Shanks called "an Everest peak for ambitious investigators". Remembering the importance Kipling always attaches to the checking of references, we may surely assume that such enjoyable speculation on the part of his readers would not have earned his disapproval!

Might it not be of lasting interest if the Society — through the medium of the Journal—were to institute an 'official' list of detached bloomers to which future investigators could refer, thus saving much duplicated discovery? Perhaps you will allow me here to submit two 'finds' of my own, which I fancy have hitherto escaped notice.

The first—which I raised briefly at a recent Discussion—concerns Laughton O. Zigler. In 'The Captive' it will be recalled that, on the evening following his capture by the British, Zigler was called upon to drink to 'The King and Foxhunting'. This obviously places the incident definitely after the accession of Edward VII and yet in 'The Edge of the Evening' we find Zigler acknowledging himself as Victoria's prisoner of war.

The second—which only struck me the other day—concerns the Army Class in 'The Propagation of Knowledge'. Here we can assume the setting to be not later than 1882, when Beetle left the College. It would therefore be impossible for Mr. King to address him with "Admirable Crichton, proceed"—seeing that Barrie's play did not appear until twenty years later. A striking instance of literary allusion bedevilled by the time perspective! JAMES BROCK

#### 'THE IDLER'

I wonder if some of your learned Kiplingites can throw light on the following passage from *My Life and Times* by Jerome K. Jerome (Hodder & Stoughton, 1927). The passage occurs at the start of Chapter VIII: I Become An Editor (page 159):

*"The Idler.* Edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr. An illustrated monthly magazine. Price sixpence", was Barr's idea. But the title was mine. Barr had made the English edition of the Detroit Free Press quite a good property; and was keen to start something of his own. He wanted a popular name and, at first, was undecided between Kipling and myself. He chose me—as, speaking somewhat bitterly, he later on confessed to me—thinking I should be easier to "manage". He had not liked the look of Kipling's jaw.

AUBREY NOAKES

# ANNUAL ACCOUNTS

## INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1968

1967	EXPENDITURE	1968	1967	INCOME	1968
£		£	£		£
116	Office Rent, Rates, Lighting and Heating ... ..	168	552	Subscriptions ... ..	627
44	Printing and Advertisement(s) ... ..	61		Sales:—	
27	Postages and Telephone ... ..	29	124	Journals ... ..	126
334	Office and Sundry Expenses ... ..	228	24	Donations and Legacy ... ..	21
6	Entertaining ... ..	—	18	Interest on Investments ... ..	42
	Journal Expenses:—			Functions:—	
260	Cost of printing and despatch of Kipling Journals	366		Profit on:	
25	Transfer from Special Account ... ..	15	3	Members' Meetings ... ..	3
			11	Visit to Burwash ... ..	6
8	Balance being excess of Income over Expenditure ...	15	38	Annual Luncheon ... ..	27
<u>£770</u>		<u>£852</u>	<u>£770</u>		<u>£852</u>

## BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1968

1967	1968	1967	1968
£	£	£	£
	<b>INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT</b>		<b>CASH AND BANK BALANCES</b>
473	Balance at 31st December, 1967 ... ..	831	8
8	Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ...	15	116
350	Sale of Sussex Edition ... ..	—	100
		846	15
831			
	<b>SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS FOR ENLARGING JOURNAL</b>		<b>STOCK OF JOURNALS AND STATIONERY INVESTMENT</b>
40	Balance at 31st December, 1967 ... ..	15	611
25	Allocated to 1968 Journal ... ..	15	—
		—	—
21	<b>CREDITORS AND ACCRUED EXPENSES</b> ... ..	—	—
<u>£867</u>		<u>£846</u>	<u>£867</u>

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

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

We have examined the above Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1968, and the Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1968, with the books and vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith.

5 Albemarle Street,  
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MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,  
Chartered Accountants.

# The Kipling Society

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