



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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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).

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

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS —

18, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2. (Tel. 01-930 6733).
Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

The next Council Meetings will be held at St. John House, 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, on Wednesday, 17th December 1969, and Wednesday, 18th March 1970, both at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

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

Wednesday, 18th February, 1970

Professor C. E. Carrington will open a discussion on 'Kipling and Browning'.

Wednesday, 15th April, 1970

Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will open a discussion on 'Kipling as a Prophet'.

STOP PRESS. Please make two notes for 1970; full details in March.

Burwash Visit, Friday, 8 May. **Annual Lunch**, Guest Speaker : Viscount Cobham. Thursday, 15 October.

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NEWS AND NOTES

MAKERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Kipling was not one of the many amazing omissions from *The Sunday Times* bran-pie—and his was a luckier dip than some of the odd handful of writers were allowed. However, "the corollary to the giddy proposition" is startling, and it is surprising that neither this nor any others seem to have produced letters of expostulation—unless these are being kept for a later date.

For those who missed it, Leonard Woolf wrote (27 July 1969) as follows: '*Rudyard Kipling* (British, 1865-1936): writer. Kipling was a genius. He was the greatest of all short story writers. He invented a new type of story; it was more real than real life, and yet everything was suffused with a rich patina of sentiment, romance, love, hatred and sentimentality. Thus he lured everyone into his own peculiar world with a siren voice and he recreated real people in the image of his imaginary characters. He wrote about India in the heyday of the British Empire. But it was he who created the Anglo-Indian—the Indian Civil Servant, Strickland of the Indian Police, the Brushwood Boy Subaltern, the Privates and the Drummer Boy of the Indian Army, Mrs. Hauksbee the memsahib. After *Plain Tales from the Hills* it was impossible for Britons in India (or in the Colonial Empire generally) not to act like these creations of Kipling—and this led on to General Dyer and Amritsar, the revolt of "the silent, sullen peoples", the "lesser breeds", Gandhi, Nehru, and finally the break-up of empire. Thus Kipling by his genius created a major portion of imperialism and so played a major part in the destruction of the Empire.'

Certainly a conclusion that should lead to disputation!

KIPLING ON 'OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY'

Our Librarian, Mr. John McGivering, sends an interesting article from *The Library Association Record* (Vol. 71, No. 9, page 273) for September 1969 on 'Doctors in Literature' being a lecture by Jessie Dobson, Curator of the Hunterian Museum, Royal College of Surgeons. The section on Kipling is well worth quoting in its entirety:—

"Rudyard Kipling was inspired by one of the greatest physicians of modern times to include a little medical history into his fairy tales. On 18 May 1910 he writes from Burwash:

'Dear Osier . . . I've just finished my new book of children's tales and shall be curious to see whether the profession will spot Dr. Nicholas Culpeper and René Hyacinthe Laennec as I have drawn them.'

A little later he writes again:

'Dear Osier, Herewith my book of tales. I wouldn't bother you with it except for Nick Culpeper and Laennec for whom I feel you are in a way responsible.'

This collection of stories is called *Rewards and Fairies*; Culpeper appears in 'A Doctor of Medicine' and is shown as being instrumental in ridding a village of the plague. This he did by organizing a rat-hunt which lasted ten days. Culpeper says:

'The mere sport of it drew 'em most markedly out of their melancholy. I'd defy sorrowful Job himself to lament or scratch while he's routing rats from a rick. The exercise made the villagers sweat and this furthermore drew off their black bile—the mother of sickness. This I could not have accomplished had I made it a mere physician's business.'

A similar testimonial to occupational therapy is found in 'Marklake Witches'. René Laennec is supposed to have been captured by the English during the war and was billeted in an English household where the daughter, Philadelphia, suffered from pulmonary tuberculosis. Laennec (1781-1826) does not dare experiment with his stethoscope—the devil's ear-piece—himself but a local character, Jerry Gamm, does this for him and remarks:

'Tis wonderful like hearing a man's soul whispering in his innards'. He was not a bad doctor himself: he gives Philadelphia a charm to cure her illness, telling her to repeat the names of the twelve apostles five times a day, drawing a breath between each name and standing before the open window:

'rain or storm, wet or shine . . . There's virtue for your cough in these names spoken that way.'

He also gives her a stick of maple—the warmest tree in the wood—as long in inches as she was old in years; and this she was to put in her window to hold up the sash—Laennec joins in the pretence and regularly asked if she had said her apostles properly.

Many of the therapeutic devices of today stem from the recognition of the fact that the patient is his own best physician."

Miss Dobson's interesting lecture ranges from Chaucer and Shakespeare, the seventeenth century playwrights, via Johnson and Smollett, Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot, to Shaw, Conan Doyle and James Bridie.

Kipling holds his own well with the best: but it is a pity that Miss Dobson could not give more space to him and include the tales of healing in his later collections. Expert medical opinion on these would be of great interest.

KIPLING AND THE CLASSICS

Several scholars, the most thorough being Ann Weygandt, have identified, listed and discoursed on Kipling's quotations from and references to English authors from Chaucer to his own contemporaries—but no one seems to have made any attempt to do the same for his use of the ancient authors of Greece and Rome.

The single exception is, of course, Horace (see, for example, *Journal*

124) whom we know that Crofts taught him to loathe for two years, 'to forget him for twenty, and then to love him for the rest of my days and through many sleepless nights'—as numerous references in the later stories, and the incomparable *Freer Verse Horace* (still largely unpublished) proved so well.

But what of other Classical authors? Virgil (*Aeneid*, VI, 851—3) is quoted, in the original, in 'Regulus', and in Dryden's translation (*Georgics* IV, 366-9) as heading to 'The Mother Hive' on its first appearance in *The Windsor Magazine*; there is an over-familiar phrase from the *Odyssey* (in the Butcher and Lang translation) in 'Regulus'; a considerable familiarity with *The Greek Anthology* (notably VII, 271, the Epigram by Callimachus used as a basis for one of the "Epitaphs of the War" and freely translated in 'The Manner of Men'—*Limits and Renewals*, p.235)—these spring readily to mind.

There must be many less obvious, and Professor Carrington has discovered one of considerable interest:—

'Kipling's comments on his own style are rare,' he writes, 'and I've always been fond of this one: "always bait your hook with gaudy words". But I've mislaid the reference which is to be found, I think, in an obituary notice by one of his friends. Kipling never disdained to snap up unconsidered trifles, and this seems to be derived from the first episode in the *Satyricon* of Petronius, which is full of unexpected treasures. This strange hotch-potch, in many ways like Joyce's *Ulysses*, begins in a lecture-room, where Encolpius hears the Professor say: "a successful man of letters is like nothing so much as a fisherman, who must bait his hooks with titbits which he knows will attract the little fish [. . . nisi tamquam piscator eam imposait hamis escam quam scierit appetituros esse pisciculos . . .]. Otherwise he sits on his rock without hope of catching any."

'Perhaps a derivation, perhaps an echo, or just two minds thinking alike.'

There are obviously many more Classical quotations in Kipling, actual or submerged: have we no classical scholar among our Members to seek them out and identify them for us?

R.L.G.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1969

This was held on 17th September 1969 at 50 Eaton Place. In addition to Adoption of the Accounts for 1968 and routine re-elections, the following items were passed:

(a) Confirmation of the election of Viscount Cobham as President of the Society, and of Earl Baldwin as a Vice-President.

(b) Election of Mr. P. W. Inwood as a Vice-President as from 1st January 1970.

(c) Election to the Council of Mr. J. C. S. Mills.

A.E.B.P.

'JUST SO' AND 'JUNGLE' STORIES: A NOTE ON ORIGINS

By J. Corrie

'Ah-oom! roars the Tiger from River-headland!
 Why does he roar? He seeks a victim,
 To feed on wild-fowl, to prey on wild-boar,
 To feast on Sambhur, to gorge on chevrotain;
 The striped beast swims the narrow channels.
 Forget not this when you tell the story,
 The Headlands—they are the Tiger's country!
 A Tiger has sworn the death of SOMEONE,
 The Tiger whose bound is full five fathom.
 Dodge, as he charges—leap to your right hand!
 SEE HIM WALK UP YON FALLEN TREE-TRUNK!
 Now he is seeking a lofty hill-top
 Where he may sleep at height of noon-tide—
 Sleep, and then rise to prowl the forest.
 See him hunt for his living victim,
 The Tiger that roams to far Mount Ophir,
 The native country of all the Tigers,
 The abode of all the Tiger Chieftains,
 Chieftains of every rank and order—
 The abode of the Ruler of All, and Tigers,
 Who at death, to breathe their last, go thither.'

(Translated from the Malay by W. W. Skeat)

Once, when you heard a Malay villager say that 'He—of—the—Hairy—Face' had been on the prowl, no one imagined that he was jesting or poking fun at a neighbour. For this was his way of warning people that a tiger had been hunting in the area; had killed a man or a woman, perhaps. So much superstitious dread, indeed, attached to the striped killer—a friend, perhaps, in shape of beast—that no Malay would even mention the word 'Harimau' ('tiger') in the jungle. He believed that it was unlucky to do so, and a certain way of drawing the tiger to the spot. He got over the difficulty by calling the great cat by other allusive 'polite' or 'honorific' names, so as not to provoke the Tiger Folk who might overhear and destroy him.

Kipling's cognomen of 'Shere Khan' could hardly be bettered.

A Malay storyteller's 'Song of the Hunting Tiger', reproduced here, is charged with something of the authentic menace, the heart-hammering throat-shutting fear which Rudyard Kipling so vividly invoked in his 'Song of the Little Hunter'—dedicated presumably to a Gond hunter in Indian tiger country. Elsewhere, in "Mowgli's Brothers", he refers to a sort of humming purr that seems to come from every quarter of the compass, which the hunting tiger makes to bewilder its quarry, and ends in the full-throated "Aaah!" of the tiger's charge. The Malays said that the tiger produced this ventriloquist effect by putting its muzzle to the ground, especially hollow ground, which acts as a sounding board and broadcasts the noise.

They declared also that the hunting tiger had a song of its own; introducing both the sinister, sing-song, mewling purr, and the snarling, blood-curdling roar of the charge, of which the following is a version :—

'Teng wet bong !
Teng wet bong!
Merutup kepala CHUCHU!

The word 'merutup' has, in the vernacular, an almost explosive force—indicative of the suddenly unleashed savagery of the tiger's spring—and a free translation would run :—

'Fee foh fum !
Fee foh fum !
Crack! goes your skull, my grandchild.'

But it is in his tale of the Crab that played with the sea, in *'Just So Stories'*, that Rudyard Kipling drew so extensively upon Malay legend. The Malay is a born sailor and like so many ancient mariners, had his unshakable beliefs about the wonders of the deep. For him, in the midst of all the oceans is the enormous whirlpool which forms the centre (or 'Heart') of all the seas. It is caused by the existence of the *'Pusat Tasek'*, an immeasurably huge cavity or 'swallow-hole' in the sea-floor—a profound abyss through which the heaving wastes of water sink continually down into the underworld below. At the bottom of the vast vortex caused by this cataclysmic eddy lies a sunken sandbank upon which grows, among the ever-seething waters, the *'Pauh Janggi'*. The name could be translated as the 'Magic Mango-tree'.

However, the legend runs that the Tree is a unique kind of coconut palm—a single one of whose twin nuts was in former days worth a king's ransom.

In the once-famous Malay kingdom of Menangkabau, in Sumatra, the name was *'Pauh Zanzi'*, that is 'Fruit of Zanzi' or 'Zang'—presumably Zanzibar. Malayan scholars surmise that the strange, bilobed-shaped, vegetable-ivory nuts of the coco-de-mer are meant. This supposedly-submarine fruit (*Lodicea maldivica*) is a botanical curiosity of the Seychelles Islands only. The nuts were once greatly esteemed all over the East, and fetched high prices. Specimens were sometimes washed up on Sumatran shores by the south-west monsoon; hence the legend of an oceanic origin.

In the unplumbed abyss of the *'Pusat Tasek'* dwells the Giant World-Crab, whose body is of such stupendous bulk that whenever it emerges, twice daily, to forage for food, the overwhelming rush of water which is then sucked into the *'Pusat Tasek'* causes the Ebb Tide in the sea; whilst the corresponding displacement when the Crab re-enters its refuge causes the welling up of the Seas, which we call the Flood-tide.

Rather obscurely, Rudyard Kipling calls the Crab *'Pau Amma'*, Judging from the illustrations in *'Just So Stories'*, the King Crab (*Limulus*) is meant. The Malay name in another famous folk tale, of this living fossil, is properly *'Che Belangkas'* (Sir or Master King Crab). That Rudyard Kipling was not unacquainted with Malay is shown by his prompt suggestion to Fenwick, the lighthouse keeper in *'The Disturber of Traffic'* that an *'Orange-Lord'* was af *'Orang Laut'* (a Malay

Sea Gypsy). Also by his ready admission that W. W. Skeat's monumental work, *'Malay Magic'*, had been a fruitful source of inspiration.

The 'Crab' story also refers to the Eldest Magician, the Moon Fisher or Fisher of the Sea, and the Rat who gnawed the Fisher's line. In yet another Malay beast tale, the King of the Elephants is called Rajah Moyang Kaban, the name used by Rudyard Kipling in his 'Crab' story.

Formerly, one of the ablest of Malay 'pawang's' or 'magicians' was wont to relate that the Creator of the Universe was the 'Eldest Magician'. After he had created the Earth and the Heavens, Allah pronounced the word 'Be!' Mohammed replied, 'Just So!' and a seed was created. 'Be!' said Allah once more. 'And it is so!' repeated Mohammed, the seed produced a root, the root produced a tree, and the tree produced leaves and fruit. The site of the tree was the Centre or 'Heart' of the Earth.

Making imaginative use of the phrases *'Kun!* and *'Payah Kun !*, incantations of the old-time Malay 'pawang's', Kipling seems to have woven this allegory into the fabric of his 'Crab' story most skilfully.

The curious legend of the Moon Fisher is not without humorous interest for anglers, who have been baffled with that undoubted propensity of the big one 'to get away'. Malays used to affirm that the Moon Man was an aged hunchback. Some even claimed to know the Moon Dweller's name, which if pressed, they asserted, in an awe-struck whisper, to be Moyang Bertang : but, whatever his name, he is no friend of mankind, and occupies his time by interminably twisting strands of moon-tree bark, out of which he keeps everlastingly fashioning an endless fishing-line, of such prodigious length that when completed it will reach down to the Earth. When that day comes the Fisher will angle for men with his hook, and haul them up, one by one, to the Moon. This would have happened very many years ago, but for the persistence of a Water-Rat, which keeps perpetually gnawing the line, and has never yet failed to gnaw through it just in time to save mankind from wholesale disaster and destruction.

Rudyard Kipling has made, indeed, brilliant use of Malay legend in his 'Crab' story, and elsewhere. And, as he himself has nostalgically written 'You'll know what my riddle means when you've eaten mango-steens.'

It may be added that—as in 'The Butterfly that Stamped'—King Solomon takes a part in some Malay folk tales, where he is credited with knowing the languages of beasts and birds. In one story, notably, he plays the leading part.

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following :—
 UK : Mmes B. H. Donald, W. M. Griffiths, I. Portal, J. M. Robinson; Misses M. J. Shearman, E. M. Williams; Messrs. H. Lee, L. P. Monteith, D. R. T. Mytton. USA: Mmes S. G. Adler, R. D. Gordon, E. E. Smith; Utah Univ. Liby., Salt Lake City.

THOUGHTS ON "WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY"

By Jeffrey Meyers

The tender love of Ameera and Holden, which in the early part of "Without Benefit of Clergy" (*Life's Handicap*, 1891) appears to be so beautiful and perfect, and which reaches its apotheosis in the wonderfully lyrical nocturne as they sit by the low white parapet of the roof overlooking the city and its lights, is unable to transcend their racial differences and successfully fuse both cultures. Gilbert surely misinterprets the story when he states, "In the last analysis the title represents Kipling's approval of the couple, of their life together".¹ On the contrary, their union is destroyed by cultural conflicts, both internal and external, which find expression in the doubts, anxieties and fears of the lovers, who suffer the visitation of fever, cholera and finally the physical destruction and total annihilation of their house as a fatal retribution for breaking every rule and law of the white man's code. Their love becomes all the more poignant when it is viewed as a brief and pathetic interlude before the inevitable punishment.

Though Ameera and Holden have been happily "married", albeit without benefit of clergy, ceremony or church, for two years when the story opens, Ameera is afraid of losing Holden. "How could I be sure of thy love," she asks Holden in the first lines, "when I knew that I had been bought with silver?" She is joyous about the birth of her son, not only for the usual reasons, but also because she (and her mother) feel her son will bind her elusive and shadowy husband to her.² One of the many ironies of the story is that the birth and sudden death of their son, the living embodiment of their union whose body unites the blood of the two races, marks the beginning of their doom.

Ameera also fears "the *mem-log* — the white women of thy own blood" who enjoy "benefit of clergy" in the sacramental as well as in the penal sense. It seems to Ameera that these privileged beings unjustly postpone the punishment of death and live for three times the length of her life. The white women escape death because they have the "benefit" of spending the unhealthy hot season in the hills, which Ameera refuses to have, for her love for Holden seems greater and stronger than that of any white woman in Kipling's stories. "How shall I depart," Ameera asks, "when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger-nail — is that not small? — I should be aware of it though I were in paradise?"

When Ameera tells Holden he has made her very English, she is speaking more truth than she realizes. This does not mean she has become anglicized like the bold white *mem-log*, but that she has completely accepted the English attitude toward miscegenation. She succumbs to the idea of white superiority (this is why *she* is so fearful) and repeatedly tells Holden she is his servant and his slave, and would not have it otherwise. Her highest aspiration for her son is that he be not a pundit, but a trooper of the Queen, since half-castes are barred from the officer class. What is for Holden merely a nursery-rhyme

whim ("And if it be a boy he shall fight for his king"), is for Ameera a very real hope. When she is on her deathbed, as the first drops of rain bring shouts of joy in the parched city, Holden is transformed in her mind from absolute master into a divine god whom she alone worships and who replaces even Allah Himself. Her last words are a blasphemous variation of the traditional Islamic affirmation of faith, which she had whispered into her son's ear just after he was born: "I bear witness that there is no God but God" (*La Ilaha Illallah*). She now distorts this into "I bear witness . . . that there is no God but — *thee*, beloved."

Unlike the English who are married in church and hope to be reunited after death, Ameera believes their religions will keep them apart after life as they did in life, and that they will be taken to strange and separate paradises. Perhaps this is why her grief overwhelms her love when her son dies, and she screams her regrets at Holden: "The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh, that I had married a man of mine own people — though he beat me — and had never eaten the bread of an alien."

Ameera's anxieties and fears are also shared by Holden who constantly anticipates Ameera's death, and has a foreboding of the inevitable doom that threatens his uneasy love. After his son is born he is filled with a dread of loss, and when the cholera comes he is absolutely certain Ameera will die. This dread and absolute certainty stem from his need to expiate the guilt he has incurred by breaking the Sahib's code and living with a native woman.

Holden seems to have acquired from Ameera a great deal of Moslem fatalism. This is inevitable when there is extremely high infant mortality and continuous epidemics, when the dead cart bears the corpses through the city gate each morning, when they are separated for twelve hours each day and she might die in three, and when the rains instantly turn dust into torrents of mud and scour open the shallow graves. With resolute acceptance of her fate, Ameera exclaims of her son's death, "It was written". And Holden's butler Ahmed Khan, who like all Indians has known much suffering, intuits Holden's grief and says: "the shadows come and go, sahib; the shadows come and go." Holden learns only too well to touch happiness with caution and to snatch joy under the shadow of the sword that takes life suddenly and without warning.

Just as Ameera has acquired certain English ways of thinking, so Holden has learned Moslem customs. When the watchman Pir Khan suggests a birth sacrifice to guard the newborn child from an evil fate, Holden decapitates the goats and mutters the Mahomedan prayer while raw blood spurts over his riding boots. Like the dagger laid on the threshold of the baby's room to avert ill luck, which Holden breaks with his heel, the birth sacrifice is unable to prevent the child's death. These Moslem customs are ultimately meaningless and cannot unify Holden's "double life". The discordance of his two lives is symbolized when the men in the Club are upset by the blood on his boots.

These bloody boots suggest the conflict between life with Ameera and the work, orders and duty which take Holden from her. There is a recurrent heaven-hell contrast between his dark empty bungalow and the Club where Holden must repress his emotions and hide all trace of

his happiness; and his sleeping baby, the gentle bullocks, the croaking water pipe, the spinning, the music and the moonlight of the peaceful courtyard where he expresses his tenderness, joy and love. But when the child and Ameera die, these worlds are reversed. The peaceful courtyard becomes a hell of self-questioning reproach and work a welcome distraction from grief and despair. Kipling's men court disaster and tragedy when they commit themselves to love instead of work.

The destruction of love between English and Indian is also found in several earlier stories. The more didactic and less successful tales like "Lispeth" and "Beyond the Pale" (both 1888), in which there is a forceful statement of the "rules" and the "law", and a harsh punishment for those that transgress them,³ are a faithful reflection of contemporary racial attitudes which, as Spear notes, had changed considerably since the English first established their domination of India after Clive's victory over the French at Plassey in 1757.⁴

The theme of "Lispeth" is that "it was wrong and improper of Lispeth to think of marriage with an Englishman, who was of a superior clay." When the missionaries who converted Lispeth lie to her about the possibility of marriage and she is jilted by the white man whom she had nursed to health, she returns to her own "savage" people, marries a peasant who beats her, and soon loses her beauty. Kipling is neither willing to permit Indians to marry whites nor to allow Indians a viable emotional and cultural life of their own. Wife-beating is the *sine qua non* of his native marriages.

When he courts Bisesa, Trejago goes "Beyond the Pale" of white people and beyond the realm of white law, for as Kipling emphatically states, "A man should, whatever happens, keep his own caste, race and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black."⁶ Bisesa's punishment for Trejago's transgression is much more violent and brutal than Lispeth's. When Trejago visits her some weeks later, both hands had been cut off at the wrists. It is always the Indians who are punished, never the English; and Gilbert is quite mistaken when he writes of "Without Benefit of Clergy", "When death comes at last, it is merely another random accident, without moral significance. Holden might just as easily have died in Ameera's place."⁷ The degree of English involvement with Indian suffering indicates the emotional depth and force of the story. In "Lispeth", the Englishman is unaware of her beatings; in "Beyond the Pale", Trejago is shocked by the mutilation; and in "Without Benefit of Clergy" Holden is shattered by Ameera's death.

The last story is one of Kipling's best, though it is seriously flawed. The intrusion of the ubiquitous Member for Lower Tooting is aesthetically unsound. The cruelty of the old mother who "would have sold Ameera shrieking to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient" (Ameera's fate could not have been much worse if she *had* been sold to the devil), and her rapacity for the house-fittings that make her forget to mourn her daughter's death, are entirely gratuitous. Her relation to the gentle and kind Ameera does not seem credible, and she is much more in keeping with the intended mood of the story when she is spinning in the lower verandah. Despite some moments of tenderness and pathos, Kipling tends to express human emotions in

banal and unconvincing physiological terms. The baby's cry "sent all the blood into the apple of his [Holden's] throat", the child's tenderness "made him choke" and a tale of cholera made his "blood run cold". The story gives fair promise of examining interracial love, and the relationship between Holden and Ameera is sensitively established, but the violent destruction of their love before it has a chance to mature makes it seem almost unreal.

Holden attempts to transcend the white man's code, but is unable to replace it with an alternative moral system of his own. There is an acknowledgment of shame and guilt in the way he accedes to the imperious necessity for hiding all trace of his powerful love for Ameera. The marriage is doomed to destruction, not by fatal fever and cholera, but rather by Kipling's sanction of the "colour prejudice" and "superiority complex" of his age. The final irony is that Ameera's greatest fear may well come to pass as she had predicted: "When I die, or the child dies, what is thy fate? Living, thou wilt return to the bold white *mem-log*, for kind calls to kind."

- 1 Elliot Gilbert, "'Without Benefit of Clergy': A Farewell to Ritual," *Kipling and the Critics*, ed. Elliot Gilbert (New York: Gotham, 1965), p.181. Gilbert's interpretation follows that of Walter Hart who writes in *Kipling the Story-Writer* (Berkeley, 1918), p.79, of Kipling's "desire to show the superiority of this irregular union over many regular marriages." Though this story has been frequently anthologized and highly praised—Somerset Maugham calls it "the best story Kipling ever wrote" (*Maugham's choice of Kipling's Best*, New York, 1953, p.xx)—only Hart and Gilbert have written extended evaluations of the tale. The following critics have devoted a short paragraph to this story: Edmund Wilson, "The Kipling That Nobody Read," *The Wound and the Bow* (New York: Galaxy, 1965), p.96; Randall Jarrell, ed., *In the Vernacular: The English in India* (New York: Anchor, 1963), pp.xvi-xvii; J. I. M. Stewart, "Kipling," *Eight Modern Writers* (Oxford, 1963), p.243; Bhaskara Rao, *Rudyard Kipling's India* (Norman, Okla., 1967), p.101; and Bonamy Dobrée, *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist* (New York, 1967), p.63.
- 2 Though Ameera is very perceptive and realistic about the "marriage," both Hart (pp.70-71) and J. M. S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London, 1959), p.101, mistakenly emphasize her ignorance and lack of awareness.
- 3 A variation of this pattern is found in "Georgie Porgie" (*Life's Handicap*, 1891), in which a cheroot-smoking but devoted Burmese is abandoned by a callous Englishman who marries a more refined compatriot. The Burmese girl searches for him for months, and when she finds him happily married, renounces her claims and retires heart-broken.
- 4 Percival Spear, *The Nabobs* (New York: Galaxy, 1964), pp.13, 136.
- 5 Rudyard Kipling, "Lispeth," (*Plain Tales From the Hills*), *Works* (New York: Collier, n.d.), p.271. Lispeth reappears in *Kim* as the woman of Shamlegh.
- 6 Rudyard Kipling, "Beyond the Pale," (*Plain Tales From the Hills*), *Works*, p.339.
- 7 Gilbert, p.179. Hart, Tompkins and Dobrée all agree that random fate determines Ameera's death. Hart says "the story can end only in one way" (p.78); Tompkins writes "The tragic forces in the tale are impersonal" (p.115); and Dobrée states the union "is blotted out by what seems to be the Fate that broods over India." None of these critics compare this story to others by Kipling on the same theme.

ADDENDA TO STEWART: KIPLING'S MUSICAL SETTINGS

In 1967 the Princeton University Library acquired a three-volume collection of musical settings for Kipling's poems which must have been in the author's library at one time. Several of the eighty-seven items, bound according to size, bear presentations from composers or rubber-stamped compliments from publishers. Twenty-five pieces in the collection are not listed in Appendix E of Stewart's and Yeats's *Rudyard Kipling. A Bibliographical Catalogue* (Toronto, 1959); the bibliographer says his appendix is "admittedly incomplete." The following additions have been numbered and organized according to Yeats's listings. Minor keys are given in small letters, major in capitals.

MUSICAL SETTINGS

| <i>Title and Setting</i> | <i>Composer</i> | <i>Publisher</i> | <i>Place</i> | <i>Date</i> | <i>Key</i> |
|--|-------------------|--|-------------------------|-------------|------------|
| BE WELL ASSURED (see 'Submarines') | | | | | |
| BELL BUOY, THE Song | D. D. H. Campbell | Wests's | London | 1920 | E |
| BIG STEAMERS 2. Song | Maurice Besly | Novello & Co. | London | 1918 | c |
| BLUE ROSES Song | Agnes Bedford | Boosey & Co. | London | 1915 | D |
| CAROL, A Mixed Chorus | Michael Mullinar | Boosey & Co. | London | 1920 | e |
| CITY OF SLEEP, THE 1-A. Song | Arthur R. Little | The Wan-Wan Press | Newton-Center, Mass. | 1905 | f |
| FIRST FRIEND. THE (see Just So Stories, Songs) | | | | | |
| GYPSY TRAIL, THE 5. Song | Tod B. Galloway | A. Weeks & Co.; Theo. Presser & Co. | London; Philadelphia | 1904 | F |
| JACK BARRETT (see The Story of Uriah) | Charles A. Chase | C. W. Thompson | Boston | 1922 | d, F |
| JUST SO STORIES (SONGS) | | | | | |
| 2-A. Rolling Down to Rio | Edward German | Novello & Co. | London | 1909? | g |
| 10-A. First Friend, The | Edward German | Novello & Co. | London | 1923? | G |
| 10-B. Merrow Down | Edward German | Novello & Co. | London | 1923? | E |
| MERROW DOWN (see Just So Stories, Songs) | | | | | |

| <i>Title and Setting</i> | <i>Composer</i> | <i>Publisher</i> | <i>Place</i> | <i>Date</i> | <i>Key</i> |
|--|----------------------|----------------------------|--------------------|-------------|------------|
| OVER THE EDGE OF THE PURPLE DOWN 2. Song | Milton Avery Rogers | Boston Music Co. | Boston | 1920 | Eb, c |
| PRAYER, THE Song | Ellen Norburn Escott | Escott & Co. | London | 1921 | a |
| RECESSIONAL 16-A. Hymn | H. F. Bidder | Stainer & Bell | London | 1913 | Eb |
| 18-A. Song | G. Foster | West & Co. | London | 1915 | G |
| 19-A. Hymn | W. W. Starmer | Weekes & Co.; | London; | 1915 | d |
| 29. Hymn | | Clayton F. Summy Co. | Chicago | | |
| 30. Hymn | W. B. Brierley | Novello & Co. | London | | F |
| 31. Hymn | E. S. Carter | Banks & Son | York | | D |
| | John B. Dykes | J. Curwen | London | | C |
| ROLLING DOWN TO RIO (see Just So Stories, Songs) SMUGGLER'S SONG, A 7. Four-part male voices | Paul Edmonds | J. Curwen | London | 1920 | c, C |
| SONG OF THE ENGLISH, A 4-A. Mixed chorus ('Fair Is Our Lot') | Granville Bantock | J. Curwen | London | 1919 | Bb, b |
| SONG OF MITHRAS, A Song | H. Lang Jones | Metzler & Co. | London | 1913 | c |
| SOUTH AFRICA Song | Nell Roy | West's | London | 1921 | Ab |
| THE STORY OF URIAH Song | J. W. Y. Jarvis | Weaver Music Supply Co. | Vancouver, B.C. | 1922 | D |
| SUBMARINES .5 Song ("Be Well Assured") | Edward German | Chappell & Co. | London | 1916 | D |
| WINNER, THE (see Winners, The) WINNERS, THE Song | D. D. H. Campbell | West's | London | 1920 | A |

ROBERT S. FRASER
PAULA MORGAN
Princeton University Library

KIPLING BROADCASTS

By F. A. Underwood

In an idle moment after listening to one of the recent adaptations of stories from *Rewards and Fairies* I started to look through my scrapbooks and past volumes of the *Journal* to see how the B.B.C. had treated Kipling over the years. To make a complete survey would be a dull task producing a dull result, and a summary of what I found together with some personal comments will perhaps be more digestible. Of course there have been innumerable renderings of Kipling's verses set to music on the radio as elsewhere, especially of those old favourites "Mandalay" and "Boots", but I intend to deal only with programmes devoted entirely to Kipling. On the subject of songs it is perhaps worth remarking that it was apparently only in 1933 that Kipling first allowed the *Just So* songs set by Sir Edward German to be broadcast.

One of the earliest broadcasts I have traced was a real collector's piece: the speech by Kipling himself at a luncheon to Canadian authors on July 12th 1933; this was recorded and filmed as well. Another speech by Kipling to the Royal Society of St. George on May 6th 1935, the day of the Silver Jubilee of George V, was also broadcast and the speech and its national audience caused much controversy at the time because it made left-wingers and pacifists very indignant when the speaker advocated rearmament (some four years before war came). It was even suggested that the B.B.C. should not have allowed a man of Kipling's known views to broadcast or that they should have cut him off when they realised what he was saying. There have been only a few reminiscent talks, which is a pity; they include one by Mrs. A. M. Fleming on 'My Brother Rudyard Kipling' (1947) and 'Kipling at Bateman's' by Maurice Cranston (1954). Both speakers contributed to the *Journal* in the past, and I imagine that the content of the talks has largely appeared there. Other broadcasts can usually be divided into three classes: criticism, readings and dramatic adaptations, although there have been programmes consisting of readings with a critical introduction.

Various critics have given talks on Kipling, principally on the Third Programme, and the texts have often appeared in *The Listener* or the *Journal*. In 1941 Edward Shanks spoke on "Kipling as a Classic", and in 1950 Lord David Cecil introduced two programmes of the verse. In the early fifties, there were memorable talks by Noel Annan and Bonamy Dobrée which, to my mind, heralded modern criticism of Kipling after years of neglect and prejudice based on political feeling. Apart from a couple of minor television items, which were not regarded as successful, there was then a quiet period for criticism until the centenary year of 1965 when there were several rather mild radio "reassessments" and the excellent, televised address to some members of the Society by Malcolm Muggeridge.

I cannot say when readings from Kipling were first heard on the air, although I imagine that they could have formed part of early B.B.C. programmes. In 1937 we have the *Journal* praising readings

by Mr. Ronald Simpson, particularly of 'The Maltese Cat'. During the war selections of appropriate verses were read on several occasions, sometimes together with musical settings and prose extracts. In the bad days of 1940 'Our children shall understand' was the title for one reading. In 1942 there was a selection of Kipling made for Empire Day, and there were two E.N.S.A. broadcasts which Reginald Arkell devised with Henry Ainley and Geraldo (!) taking part. Stories and poems which have been read since then include "The 'Mary Gloster'" (Marius Goring, 1948), 'Naboth' and 'Moti Guj—Mutineer' (1949), 'A Matter of Fact' (1952), 'M'Andrew's Hymn' (John Laurie, 1957) and stories from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies* and *The Jungle Book* ("David", 1954-7). Valentine Dyall read *Kim* very satisfactorily as "a book at bedtime" in 1951, and Wilfred Pickles read a selection of verse most sympathetically in 1961. In 1962 we had programmes of selected verse and stories such as 'The Finest Story in the World', 'Without Benefit of Clergy' and 'Brugglesmith' and also two *Just So* stories read by Val Gielgud and Sir John Gielgud. No less than three programmes of verse were introduced by Bonamy Dobrée in 1965 when there were also readings of three *Jungle* stories and half a dozen others. The standard of all the readings I heard myself has been very high indeed; in fact we could have had more of them perhaps even at the expense of some of the dramatised versions.

To turn to television, there is a B.B.C. programme in that medium called 'Jackanory' in which various people tell stories for children. This must be a formidable undertaking for the performers—indeed it is sometimes difficult to imagine what children would appreciate the result—but Enid Lorimer's handling of the *Just So Stories* in 1966 seemed to be exceptionally good with no talking-down to her young audience. I rank her telling of 'The Cat that Walked by Himself' as one of the best Kipling readings I have heard, whilst in comparison Elisabeth Welch, who read the stories later, seemed to be trying too hard. An unusual item was included in 'Jackanory' in 1966 when Anna Massey told the story of 'The Potted Princess'.

The children have been served very well by radio adaptations over the past thirty years, both for quantity and quality. Back in 1939, when Val Gielgud, then the B.B.C. Director of Drama, was said to be an enthusiast for Kipling, the *Just So Stories* were adapted very successfully by Maurice Brown. These adaptations were repeated with various storytellers and actors in 1944-5, 1947, 1951, 1953-4 and 1959; in fact the *Just So Stories* were a regular ingredient of Children's Hour. *Jungle* stories adapted and produced by Maurice Brown followed in 1940-41; in these Val Gielgud was the story-teller, and in some of the B.B.C. stalwarts of those days were found ideal voices for the animals: Cecil Truncer as Shere Khan and Kaa, Carleton Hobbs as Bagheera, for example, with Bryan Powley making animal noises. The *Jungle* stories were also produced in 1947 with Lionel Gamlin as the story-teller. *Puck of Pook's Hill* was adapted by Barbara Sleight in 1941, with Carleton Hobbs as Puck. In the present decade Col. A. R. Rawlinson appears to have taken over as the interpreter on the radio for both children and adults. He has given us the *Puck* stories in 1965 as 'Oak, Ash and Thorn' (repeated 1967), and in 1968-9 we had

Rewards and Fairies as 'More Oak, Ash and Thorn', naturally enough. I thought that some of the actors in these neat adaptations sounded a little condescending, but I cannot tell whether this was because they were playing to children or because their material was "only Kipling". 'The Brushwood Boy' and 'They' were obvious choices for radio drama and have been produced several times, although other stories in a rather random seeming selection have been heard; for example 'Moti Guj—Mutineer', which seems very popular, 'William the Conqueror' and 'Pig'. *Kim* was produced as a play in two parts in 1965. A series of "tales of the supernatural adapted by A. R. Rawlinson was heard in 1966-7 with the "I" of the stories appearing as R.K. (Lockwood West). It was interesting to have a story as late as 'The Wish House' included and very effectively presented; I fancy that some of the later stories would make better radio than those from the early or middle periods which have been used as a rule.

The music-hall artist Wee Georgie Wood was Puck on television when some of the stories were adapted by Vere Shepstone in 1951, but the first to be allowed for adults was 'The Eye of Allah' ten years later. A long television series ran on Sunday evenings in 1964 entitled 'The Indian Stories of Rudyard Kipling' with scripts by a number of authors, but this, I thought, was very disappointing and gave the impression of being done on a severely limited budget by the current standards of the medium. It was not a particularly happy arrangement to have the narrator represented by two actors: Joss Ackland as an experienced journalist and Kenneth Fortescue as a young one. Moreover the combination of two stories to make one episode was sometimes a little awkward. I thought that 'The Man Who Was' came over the most successfully, although that is not surprising for the dramatic possibilities were realised many years ago when it made a one-act play for Beerbohm Tree. Somehow the atmosphere of the stories had evaporated in translation to television, and I should not think that the series pleased many lovers of Kipling's early stories or converted many others.

I wonder what the B.B.C. have in store for us? As I have said, the children have been well supplied with readings and adaptations of Kipling, and no doubt this will continue, but for adults I should like to see more attention paid to some of the more subtle stories rather than the obvious materials for melodrama.

"BRITISH COLOMBIA REGRETS"

By R. M. Hanson

"But I wish there were fewer pines and rather less granite on my ground," Kipling wrote, in describing his purchase of property in Vancouver. The greatest writer ever to visit this city, his stays were of short duration. They might have been longer had it not been for overly zealous newspaper reporters and a certain real estate operator called "Steve".

In 1889 he arrived in British Columbia via the Orient and the Western United States of America and invested in real estate in Vancouver. "He that sold it to me was a delightful English boy who

said, "I give you my word it isn't on a cliff or under water and before long the town ought to move out that way". Me, owner of some 400 well developed pines and a few thousand tons of granite scattered at the roots of the pines and a sprinkling of earth. That's a town lot in Vancouver".

(A file card in the Northwest Room of the Vancouver Public Library indicates the purchase of 2 lots at Scott and 11 avenue. Scott street has since disappeared into an extension of Fraser street, north of Kingsway).

His next visit to British Columbia was his wedding trip in the spring of 1892. A newspaper clipping, dated October 8th, 1963, tells of delving into old newspaper files and the interest shown in the *first* visit Rudyard Kipling paid to the British Columbia coast. (It was really the second visit but the reporter hadn't done his homework).

"It was in April, 1892," the item states, "and the Great Bard of Empire was on his wedding trip to the Orient. He holed up at the Hotel Vancouver, awaiting the Empress of India's sailing, and refused to see anyone, which infuriated the newspapers. Reporters kept a close watch on his door and in the words of *The World* (a newspaper) "were badly snubbed for their pains".

Kipling did however, reply courteously to a letter from the city editor, explaining his position regarding interviews at large. The letter read in part: "I regret that it is not in my power to give you an interview. It is precisely because I am a writer for the public that I am compelled to reserve to myself a few spare hours of each day".

The newspaper clipping goes on to tell of Kipling's return from the Orient three months later and, "Kipling promptly snubbed the *Victoria Colonist's* (another newspaper) ship news editor". It ends, "Nearly twenty years later when Kipling was back once more in Victoria and Vancouver, reporters had a difficult time stopping him talking".

Twenty years later, would make it 1912 but there is no record of a visit at that time although he did make a brief trip in the summer of 1906 when Sir William Van Horne gave him a pullman car—"to take, use and hitch onto and declutch from any train we chose, to anywhere we fancied for as long as we liked. We took it and did all those things to Vancouver and back again".

It was while on the trip in 1892 that he again ventured into real-estate in British Columbia. He wrote in, *SOMETHING OF MYSELF*, "We came to Vancouver where with an eye to the future and for proof of wealth we bought or thought we had, twenty acres of a wilderness called North Vancouver, now a part of the City".

Many years later after paying taxes on it, "for ever so long", he found that it belonged to someone else. All the satisfaction he got from, "the smiling people of Vancouver", was, "You bought that from Steve did you? Ah-ah, Steve! You hadn't ought to ha' bought from Steve NO! Not from Steve!"

The two ventures into real-estate indicates his interest in the country. Further interest is shown in his writings. In, *FROM SEA TO SEA*, he wrote, "How can I sit down and write to you of the mere joy of being alive? The news (A notice of the death of two friends) has killed the pleasure of the day for me and I am ashamed of myself. There are

seventy brook trout lying in a creel, fresh drawn from Harrison Hot Springs—and they do not console me". (Harrison Hot Springs is a health resort not far from Vancouver).

Again in the same volume. "Then there are three perfect climates for I have tasted 'em. California, Washington Territory, and British Columbia . . . I cannot say which is loveliest". Later he adds, "When I left by steamer and struck across the Sound to our naval station at Victoria, Vancouver Island, I found in that quiet English town of beautiful streets quite a colony of old men doing nothing but talking, fishing and loafing at the Club".

Kipling's stories made mention of British Columbia too. In, MRS. BATHURST, he has the characters, Pycroft and Pritchard, discussing an attempted desertion from a naval vessel offshore of one of the islands near the coast. Vancouver Public Library, failed to turn up any reference to such an attempted desertion. Perhaps some navy historian could give more information on the incident if in truth there was one.

Such evidence indicates more than a casual interest in the Canadian West Coast. He disliked the English winters and for a time avoided them by taking his family to South Africa for a few months every year. The mild climate of coastal British Columbia could have served this purpose too.

If the newspaper reporters had been more tactful (and more accurate) and if it had not been for a real-estate operator called "Steve") this might have come to pass. The whole of Canada would have been the better for his presence.

REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING

16th April 1969, at the Royal Society of St. George This evening we were indebted to Mr. J. H. McGivering for an unusual departure from our normal discussion meetings, which took the form of an essay competition by Members, their friends and relations, on "The Kipling character I should like to be, and why". The entries, though not very numerous, were of great interest to the assembled company, having clearly been carefully thought out and well presented. All the competitors were, it is of interest to note, in class 3, that is, aged 21 and over. For reasons of space the following accounts are somewhat abridged with apologies to the writers.

Miss Punch was invited to open the proceedings by reading her essay—in blank verse in the style of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*—her choice being Mewsalina, to adopt the author's spelling, the cat in "Below the Mill Dam" (*Traffics and Discoveries*), because, it seems, of the feline's contempt for the futilities of its fellow inhabitants of the earth—man.

Miss Brita Hellström, of Stockholm (who translated one of the Centenary articles for publication in a Swedish paper), ignoring the male characters because of the unknown quantities involved in a change of sex, chose "William the Conqueror", Miss Martyn (*The Day's Work*), as possessing qualities that seem likely to bring happiness, and being at the same time adaptable to modern life; good friend and loyal sister, with a warm compassionate heart; practical and capable. Self-sufficient but not

officials she goes about her work serenely. Took over command on arrival and has stayed there ever since. Miss Hellström sees William as the idealized prototype of the modern woman. If, having married, she should lose the protection of her husband, she would be able to fight for herself while still keeping her warm and loyal heart and serene mind. "And that seems to me to be very desirable. I should like to be William."

Mrs. P. R. Scott would like to have been Kim, because of the astounding opportunity it would afford of seeing India "with the lid off", an aspect denied her as an Indian Army Officer's daughter. Her taste for adventure, enjoyment of a battle of wits, possession of "itching feet", make the marvellous holidays enjoyed by Kim during his time at St. Xavier's, submerging himself in the life of the SUB-CONTINENT, Mrs. Scott's idea of heaven. The wonderful chance of sitting, like St. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, at the Lama's feet and absorbing his gentle wisdom, simplicity and spirituality, and of rubbing shoulders with the redoubtable Mahbub Ali, made a supplementary but equally important part of Mrs. Scott's preference. The complete contrast between the two men, presented with that amazing mastery of which Kipling had the secret, is shewn in this dialogue between them: "Thou has never lied?" "What need?" "O Allah hear him! 'What need' in this thy world!"

Another lady from Sweden, Ingrid Svendsen, who wrote an article in a Swedish paper for the Centenary, would like to be Old Hobden (*The Land, 'Friendly Brook'—A Diversity of Creatures*), that little bit dishonest but quite honourable person, born and made of "that water, that clay, that lime, that wood". His breath is the breath of bird and wind, his movements those of game and fish. He has a natural common sense, looking at himself as a member of the estate, worth no more and no less than other folks, or horses, or oaktrees. There are extraordinarily few of this desirable kind of man these days. He carries on the work of his ancestors, for their sake as well as his own, and only by chance for his "masters", being himself the true master of his environment. You will be lucky if you find him today—the sons and daughters of all the Old Hobdens may perhaps be found working on the golf-courses, at the yacht clubs, as gardeners, or at the petrol stations. But perhaps you may come across out in the country a man who is a "bailiff, woodman, wheelwright, field-surveyor and engineer" all in one, like Old Hobden. I should like to be such a person, because these people live a more real life than modern folk living a pseudo-life among books, TV, cinema, and other pleasures far removed from nature. Their work is their pleasure—in it they find an odd harmony with life.

Mrs. Doris Carpenter says who could it be but Una (*Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*) whom I have known for over forty-five years? Dan, though delightful, is after all only a boy. It is Una who takes the lead, first tells Puck to stay and who "thinks a plan". No doubt in time she becomes "a fine considering wench", but she is crystallized by the author for all time in the pleasant pause between childhood and adolescence—old enough for understanding, but untrammelled by the emotions of the 'teens. Despite upbringing and background she is no fragile little girl—witness her expertise with the catapult, It is a pity

that she and Philadelphia could not have been thrown together more; both would have benefited from the association. Una's fear and distrust of Gloriana is understandable. Not for her the sideways walk to the mirror. For Una, straightforward and immensely practical, the village nurse delivering twins is exciting enough, without Puck's learned circumlocution, although it is clear that she understands it, since her accurate translation of his words into ordinary terms could not have been entirely by accident. By present-day standards Una's and Dan's literary knowledge is remarkable, and Puck's magical visits would lose half their value if made to less knowledgeable or receptive hosts.

Mr. E. G. Warhurst found that the characters with whom one can identify oneself are understandably few. Admiration for Sir Purun Dass, sympathy with Private Mulvaney, or growing respect for Mrs. Hauksbee do not make it possible to identify with them. One envies John Chinn the Second, but is outside his caste (Central India, with Bhils, Mairs and Chinns) and for like reason one cannot be a Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, a Maverick or a Charlie Mears.

Not that he has any doubt where he belongs. As a Punjabi by adoption and predilection it is in "William the Conqueror"—the story starts in the Punjab, by inference the finest province in British India. "When in doubt hire a Punjabi" we are told. At first attracted to the character of Sir James Hawkins ("I shall work him hard", Sir Jim's notion of the highest compliment he could pay), he could work for such a man; preferably when the going gets rough. But as Scott methodically criss-crossed Madras saving lives (in the famine), as his Sahib's back became supple from milking goats, as the horizon was lost in the heat-haze and the magnitude of the India he served grew on him, I came to admire (writes Mr. Warhurst) and then to like Scott of the Canal Service, "who never lost his temper, never gave an unnecessary order and never questioned an order given (him)" . . . He was still good for two men's work even when stretched: three of the more grossly incompetent of "Sir Jim's" assistants had fortunately died and been replaced by abler. He blossoms out into a man in ten thousand as the famine is slowly contained and controlled, and finally when he collapses and Sir James comes up the line his first words are "The District's all right . . . I shall be fit in a week. Can't understand how it happened". We agree with Hawkins that Scott was his right-hand man. An enviable position.

Scott shews his greatness by not scorning to do menial tasks when necessary, and in his humility and quiet devotion to duty shews his genius. The respect of Jim Hawkins, a man in the John Lawrence mould, was his and the love of a woman whose true qualities had also been drawn out by the famine, until "Love ran about the camp unchecked, while men picked up the pieces and put them neatly away of the Famine of the Eight Districts".

Mr. Warhurst concludes : Such an essay can only give an imperfect impression of the man whose nickname of 'goat' was worth a hundred 'lion hearts' or 'breakers of rocks'. To come to admire—and identify with—'Bhakri' Scott one has to read Kipling's story and allow the incomparable style to unfold his character slowly to us as we, too, suffer a little from the heat, the misery of the famine and the isolation; finally

to sit back with the feeling of a job well done. And that is the finest feeling in the world.

Admiral Corson would not wish to be any of them. "I am quite happy to be myself, as I am. I admire them immensely and have many favourites. I will choose a few of them then see which I like the best"

He selected McAndrew, Disko Troop, Parnesius, Mr. Wardrop of the *Haliotis*, and Mahbub Ali.

McAndrew, the dour Scots engineer. A man who has dragged himself up by his bootstraps. No saint—no sinner. By now a responsible Chief Engineer wedded to his engines, obeying the divine pattern of life. "John Calvin might have forged the same, enormous, certain, slow." This is a man who can be relied on. Surveying the experiences of his life, he is satisfied with his work and with his engines. "He is human withal. I like him."

Disko Troop, skipper of the fishing schooner "We're Here" of Gloucester, Mass. A tough east-coast fisherman, dour, self-contained, silent, with a mainly contented crew of half a dozen, and a mysteriously intimate and successful knowledge of the ways of the codfish with which he seeks to fill his holds. He knows his own mind and how to cope with a cheeky, spoilt boy found floating in the sea. "He is a most lovable character, beautifully drawn by Kipling."

Mr. Wardrop, Chief Engineer of the *Haliotis*, a pearl-poacher. His drive, imagination, perseverance and determination are most exhilarating. "A man to have behind one in a crisis."

Parnesius, a young Roman captain on the Wall, we all know. How Kipling draws him! A young soldier with very high ideals, we see him leading his company through the British countryside right up to the Wall, there to cope manfully against odds, in company with a friend. His troops are depleted by his general, who needed them elsewhere. It was done then: it is done now. But he wins through by sheer determination. A very fine character indeed.

Mahbub Ali, appearing in *Kim* and in the verses "The Ballad of the King's Jest". An Afghan, one of a virile fighting tribe of the N.W. Frontier. Proud, quick to take offence, resentful of domination by others, sure of himself. Kipling draws him as a horse-dealer, wise in horseflesh and in buying and selling. A leader of caravans from beyond the passes, a lover of intrigue, well versed in the intricacies of bazaar gossip, alive to the attempts of enemies to harm him. And yet an enlightened educator of a young ragamuffin in the arts and crafts required in a member of the Secret Service of India. A tough citizen but basically kindly disposed. Withal a man's man.

. . . Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
'Better is speech when the belly is fed.'
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

So my choice for the purposes of this essay is Mahbub Ali and his cinnamon stew.

Mr. Inwood's contribution was to the effect that he would have

liked to be "Our Mr. Moorshed" of the Pycroft stories because (firstly) of an early and lasting ambition, frustrated however, to be a naval officer *de carriere* and (secondly) Moorshed's mordant humour and wry sense of occasion.

Finally Mr. McGivering submitted his own (unscripted) offering by saying that his selection was one of the oysters provided for the dinner in "Sea Constables", which inspired Mrs. Scott-Giles, from her prodigious memory, to recite Sir Alan Herbert's well-known verses on the succulent bivalve.

The essays by the two Swedish ladies were warmly welcomed and, although they are professional writers, they are to be congratulated on their command of the English language.

Discussion between the readings of the essays was lively and entertaining. Colonel Purefoy remarked on the surprising variety of characters which had been brought under review.

There being time to spare, Mr. McGivering played a tape recording of Peter Dawson singing some of the Barrack Room Ballads. At its conclusion he received the congratulations and thanks of the company for what has since been described to your reporter as "a splendid meeting, one of the best bits being two nice ladies holding forth who normally are too shy to speak".

P.W.I.

LETTER BAG

"*KIPLING'S IMPERIAL CONSPECTUS*" the long-awaited vindication, in conjunction with so fine an exposition of two of the Second Jungle Book stories—tales claimed by a member of the Council "to owe their extraordinary grip to a sense of something wild and deep and old", makes the current *Journal* (no. 171) a memorable one in the Society's records, and the meeting on September 17th a rich experience for all who were able to be present.

Disraeli's dictum—"I have endeavoured to develop and strengthen the Empire believing that a combination of achievement and responsibility elevates the character and condition of a people"—stands to witness his day and age, but now faces a challenge; and Rudyard Kipling like all great writers, was "both of his world and beyond it", and it is Professor Dobrée in his latest book who reminds us that the Jungle Law teaches us "to hate the *laissez aller*, the too great freedom,—put less politely the do-nothings and the hangers on—and "implants the need for limited horizons and immediate duties".

Does one strain unorthodoxy too far to declare that Kipling's Imperialism is nothing like as far reaching as is commonly claimed? He lived in America, and wrote the Jungle Books at a time of savage industrial unrest, and we feel that it is reasonable to assume he was shocked by the treatment that awaited new immigrants from Eastern Europe, and by the conditions in the great cities that led to the publication of "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair in 1906.

Furthermore Kipling did *not* write "Land of Hope and Glory" but he *did* give us the late Sir Purun Dass, KCIE, DCL, PhD, who "knew for a certainty that there was nothing great and nothing little in this world"!

Our deep thanks to Professor Norman Mackenzie and Colonel Bagwell Purefoy for so rich a feast.

A. M. PUNCH

THE MANNER OF MEN. ANOTHER UNDETECTED MISTAKE?

' . . . We rounded the cape, our decks like a fair (it was only half a day's sail), and then, out of Ida's bosom the full north-easter stamped on us! Run? What else? I needed a lee to clean up in. Clauda was a few miles down wind; but whether the old lady would bear up when she got there, I was not so sure.'

To bear up means to keep further away from the wind, i.e. when the helm is "borne up" (and the phrase dates from the days when steering was by tiller and not by wheel) to windward the ship goes off the wind.

Kipling's sailor meant to say that after they had run towards Clauda with the wind behind them he did not know whether he would be able to bring the ship up into the wind in order to get under the shelter of the island.

Kipling, however, errs in good company, for it says in *Acts XXVII*, 14 "But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind called Euroclydon. And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive."

P. W. INWOOD

ANOTHER SLIP

I am intrigued by the speculation in the 'worst slip' but I have a sneaking feeling that Kipling may have been 'casting a fly' and that he did not have any specific mistake in mind.

My favourite slip is a very minor one and cannot be blamed on Kipling himself, but I offer it as it has a connection with recent passages on Surtees in the *Journal*. In the *Almanac of Twelve Sports*, 1898, Kipling refers to ARTEXERXES, Jorrocks' horse, and spells it so. This is one of the spellings used by Surtees who, however, favours ARTERXERXES, as is natural for a horse which "comes arter" Xerxes "ven I drives two". But in the Definitive Edition, Kipling's spelling has become ARTAXERXES—was his editor more familiar with *Ezra*, Chapter IV, than *Hanley Cross*, Chapter X?

Jos. CUNNINGHAM

MRS. BATHURST JUST ONCE MORE

On page 351 of the Library Edition of *Traffics and Discoveries*: "Ada", she (Mrs. Bathurst) says to her niece, "get me Sergeant Pritchard's particular", and the four special bottles of beer reserved for the sergeant are produced.

There are no other references to Ada, and as a character she seems, on the face of it, entirely unnecessary. It would have been just as easy for Mrs. Bathurst to get the beer herself. And Kipling was no lover of the unnecessary. He tells us himself how, when he was polishing his work, he ruthlessly expunged, in black Chinese ink, anything which struck him in the very slightest degree as superfluous.

Who was Ada? Was she really a niece? How *does* she fit into that strange story *Mrs. Bathurst*?

ELIZABETH A. COXON

'GISBORNE OF THE WOODS AND FORESTS'

With reference to the discussion on *In the Rukh* my friend the late S. F. Hopwood, who was one of the last Cooper's Hill entrants to the Indian Forest Service, and was eventually Inspector-General of Forests in Burma, once told me that he had met the original "Gisborne" of that story. (I have a vague recollection that his real name was Gibson.) Kipling used to come out from Lahore and stay with him. "Gisborne" complained to Stephen Hopwood of Kipling's remark that he himself "ceased to sing the naughty French songs he had learnt at Nancy". *All these songs were taught him by Kipling himself* who brought them out from Lahore. In those days, as *Plain Tales* and others make clear, they were much quoted in Anglo-Indian society.

J. K. STANFORD

INDO-PAKISTANI PHRASES

In his article on Kipling's use of Indo-Pakistani languages in the September *Journal* Mr. Shamsul Islam expressed some interesting views on the retention of untranslated words and phrases in revised editions of the works of the Indian period and in later writings with Indian subjects. It is undoubtedly true that the use of such words adds something to the atmosphere of the stories for those of us who have never been to India, and also that the absorption of some into the language of Kipling's soldiers is very convincing, but the suggestion that he deliberately sprinkled untranslated phrases as a matter of business to attract the Anglo-Indian reader is more open to doubt. There are also many non-literary English expressions in the early stories which were part of their novelty and appeal at the time, and possibly the Vernacular words were used almost unconsciously to add to the racy tone for the reader who used them in his own speech. It is noticeable that the uncollected pieces, such as the verses quoted by Mr. Islam, usually contain more vernacular than those in the books, so that, since the uncollected work is mostly trivial stuff written for the day, the technique may be less deliberate than Mr. Islam supposes. Former Anglo-Indians would be better qualified to decide, but perhaps the truth lies between the two extremes.

A significant number of vernacular words were removed from the 1888 text of *Plain Tales from the Hills* when it was revised for the second edition in 1889, even though the book was still printed in India. Was Kipling considering the English public already, or did he decide that he had over-used the trick? As an example consider "In the House of Suddhoo", which was cited by Mr. Islam. The principal alterations were: head-messenger for *head-chaprassi*; Empress of India for *Maharanee of Belait*, lamp for *chimag*, devil for *shaitan*, rings for *lons*, anklet for *tikkah* and lightning-post for *lightning-dak*. A point which perhaps illustrates an advance in subtlety of application of the technique in that "veiled woman" was substituted for *purdah nashin* in the narration, but not in Janoo's speech. Whatever the reasons for the changes in this particular story, they were all improvements, removing unnecessary vernacular words and leaving enough for atmosphere in the second edition text, which incidentally was very little altered for later editions.

F. A. UNDERWOOD

THE RULES OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Our Rules, produced nearly 30 years ago, are verbose and out of date. They have recently been re-written, and we propose eventually to issue a few copies to Branches, and to keep a small stock at Headquarters for perusal by any member who wants to see them.

Before doing this, however, we would like you to see the draft of the three proposed new ones which most directly affect different categories of member: to wit, Subscriptions, The Journal, and Branches. These are shown below; if you feel really strongly that any of the wording should be changed, please let the Hon. Secretary know not later than *1st June 1970*. Your suggestions will receive full consideration when the draft comes up for approval at the next General Meeting.

DRAFT OF PROPOSED NEW RULES IV, XI AND XIII

- IV. SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LIABILITY OF MEMBERS. 1. The current rates of subscription are as published on the inside front cover of *The Kipling Journal*. They may be altered by a General Meeting on a motion by the Council. The rates of subscription of the various classes of Members shall be reviewed by the Council from time to time and the results announced to Members prior to adoption by a General Meeting.
2. The liability of a Member, to the Society or on its account, is limited to the current year's subscription and any arrears, and any dues incurred by participation in the Society's entertainments.
- XL THE SOCIETY'S JOURNAL. 1. Every Member shall receive without charge one copy of each issue of *The Kipling Journal*, starting with the issue current on the date of his becoming a Member.
2. Back numbers of the Journal may be sold to Members at prices fixed according to stock in hand.
- XIII. BRANCHES. 1. Outside the area within a radius of 100 miles from Charing Cross, Members may, with the approval of the Council, form Branches of the Society consisting of not fewer than 30 Members in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, or 20 Members elsewhere.
2. All Members shall be entitled to attend Society functions at any Branch on the same terms as the Members of that Branch.
3. Each Branch shall be autonomous, governed by its own Committee and Officers, and subject to Rules of its own making, which however shall conform in principle with the Rules of the Society.
4. In principle the rates of subscription current in the United Kingdom shall be applied at Branches, with such local variation as may be necessary to meet local conditions. A proportion of the rates of subscription referred to in Rule IV. 1, agreed with Headquarters, shall be remitted to the London Office to meet the expense of producing and distributing the Journal, and as a contribution to the administrative costs of the Society, and shall be remitted quarterly at home and at least once a year abroad. The balance of the subscriptions is for the upkeep of the Branch under the direction of its Committee.
5. The enrolment of Life Members by Branches is in abeyance.
6. Each Branch shall provide the Headquarters Office initially with a list of names and addresses of its Members, and a list of corrections thereafter, whenever remitting subscriptions.
7. A Branch may nominate one of its Ordinary or Life Members to sit on the Council as an additional member, by notifying the Hon. Secretary of that intention.
8. If the Council for sufficient reason decides to dissolve any Branch, having first obtained the concurrence of that Branch, the balance of money standing to the credit of the Branch shall be remitted to the Hon. Secretary at Headquarters.

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

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