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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 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 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, on Wednesday, 16th December, 1970, and on Wednesday, 17th March 1971, both at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Wednesday, 17th February, 1971

Mrs. R. Gaind will speak on ' Impressions of India '—where she lived until recently.

Wednesday, 21st April, 1971

Mr. J. H. McGivering will open a discussion on ' The Honours of War '.

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S.

Friday, May 7th, 1971; full details in March.

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Vol. XXXVII No. 176 DECEMBER 1970

NEWS AND NOTES

THE ARMY VIEW OF KIPLING

The following quotation from the Editorial of *The British Army Review,* No. 34, April 1970 may cause some disagreement, but is of interest.

'In the heyday of British imperialism Kipling tried to explain the difference which geography made to outlook. The people of England, sheltered by the channel and the discomforts of nineteenth century travel, found it difficult to understand that the swede basher of Suffolk or the cockney errand boy held fundamentally different views from the Himalayan peasant or the Boer farmer. When he wrote that "the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandu and the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban" he was trying to explain to civilians something which the serviceman of those days knew as well as he did, though he would probably have expressed it more prosaically and with marked alliteration; but which was little appreciated by an untravelled public. What Kipling never understood was the impact of time on the national consciousness. He lived completely in the present. Even his historical stories of the Roman occupation of Britain were only a reflection of the British Raj in India. He conscientiously referred to Vectis and Aqua Sulis instead of the Isle of Wight and Bath, but his Roman Centurion was an English subaltern with a good public school and Sandhurst background. His readers revelled in it.

Today there is no difficulty in realising that the basket weaver of Bolgatanga sees things in a different light to the commuter from Earls Court. The press, the radio and present day travel facilities have combined to make us all far more aware than our fathers of the essential differences which space imposes. But, like Kipling, we are slower to see that time is an equally potent factor in getting to grips with our problems. It is interesting to speculate what he might have thought and written about the hippies in Piccadilly Circus who have supplanted the flower sellers of his day. Would he have seen them as an outrageous desecration of a hallowed spot or as some sort of continuing process of evolution like the romance that he could find in railways and "dirty British coasters"? Perhaps he would have had to collaborate with Rupert Brooke to describe the scene as something which is still, though times have changed, "forever England". We shall never know, but it is comforting to realise that if Kipling, with all his perception, had no realisation of the past, he had even less of the future. Perhaps that was why his impact was confined to those to whom the Empire seemed an indestructible and essential element of world stability. Within thirty years of his death it had ceased to exist; and the world is less stable.

It is this instability which is the challenge to the Army today . . .'

KIPLING FILMS

In September 1935 a quotation from *The Morning Post* appeared in *The Kipling Journal* (No. 35, p. 70) to the effect that six of Kipling's 'most famous books are now in various stages of preparation in British and American studios. Other Kipling works are being considered for translation to the screen. No other author can lay claim to such a record. The six pictures are: in America *Kim, Captains Courageous* (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); *The Light that Failed* (Paramount); in England —*Soldiers Three* (Gaumont-British); *Toomai of the Elephants* (London Film Productions); and *His Apologies* (Famous Films).'

Of these *His Apologies* is probably the same as *Thy Servant a Dog* to the "trade show" of which Kipling went on 1 November 1935 which is said not to have been shown to the public [but see *Journal* 163, p. 25]. All the rest were made except *Kim;* (Toomai was renamed *Elephant Boy)* and in addition films based on *Gunga Din, Wee Willie Winkie* and *The Jungle Book* (the Mowgli stories) followed them before 1942. Several of these—including the excellent version of *Captains Courageous* with Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy, and the pleasant travesty of *Wee Willie Winkie* with Shirley Temple in the title rôle—have recently been revived on television; and on 19 September 1970 *Soldiers Three* was shown on B.B.C.2.

This, the only one I failed to see at the time, presents some problems. In January 1935 Kipling was 'working on a scenario of *Soldiers Three',* and in *Kipling Journal* No. 35, pages 98-9 (Sept: 1935) appears a letter from Major B. J. Bewley, R.A., writing from Landikotal in which he says : 'I am given to understand that Kipling himself is collaborating in the production. The battle scenes have just been taken near Landikotal at the summit of the Khyber Pass amid typical frontier scenery.' Major Bewley goes on to describe which troops took part in the film '— the enemy were provided by a local tribe of Pathans —' and several other details of the accuracy demanded by Kipling and achieved by the producer

But apparently this version of the film did not appear. For that shown on television is dated 1951 in *The Radio Times,* and though described there as 'based on the stories by Rudyard Kipling', his name did not appear on the film itself—at least not with sufficient prominence to be readily visible. And the film itself is very far removed from Kipling's original, though incidents from 'Krishna Mulvaney' and 'The Taking of Lungtungpen', and a few odd lines of dialogue are recognisable in it. The Three have their names changed, Mulvaney becoming Dennis Malloy (played by Cyril Cusack), Learoyd is Archibald Ackroyd (Stewart Granger), and Ortheris is Jock Sykes (Robert Newton). All gave good performances, but they were wasted on the poor material given to them; the film as a whole was a pleasant and reasonably exciting thriller : but neither plot nor style were Kipling's.

Was this the final form of the 1935 version, or if not, what became of it?

Excluding the pre-1930 silent films, and odd "shorts" like the wartime *Boots!,* the list seems to be completed by *Kim* (1951) and the recent Walt Disney *Jungle Book.* If there were others which I have missed, I hope that Members will supply particulars.

It remains to add a hope that the B.B.C. will revive the 1939 version of *The Light that Failed,* of which Kipling corrected and revised the scenario, which is probably the best film so far made of any of his books—and to echo the concluding words of Sir George MacMunn's review of it in *The Kipling Journal* of Oct: 1940 (No. 55, p. 7):— To my mind it is the first good Kipling film, and I look forward some day to seeing that even better book, *The Naulahka,* also come to us, with all its wealth of drama and colour faithfully done for us. It will need a good producer.' — We are still waiting . . .

KIPLING'S ILLUSTRATORS

Apart from his own and his father's illustrations, Kipling has not been as fortunate as some other favourite writers—there is no artist whom we link as inseparably with any of his works as Tenniel with Lewis Carroll, H. R. Millar with E. Nesbit or Ernest Shepard with A. A. Milne. But probably the nearest to achieving this perfect interpretation was Stuart Tresilian with his illustrations to *All the Mowgli Stories* in 1933, which was preceded by *Animal Stories* and followed by *Kim,* neither of which was so completely successful. (Joseph M. Gleeson is his closest runner-up, and might even surpass him if Kipling's own illustrations had not been from the beginning such an integral part of *Just So Stories.)*

His illustrations to Kipling formed the main substance of Stuart Tresilian's first one-man exhibition, which opened at the Upper Grosvenor Galleries on 14 July, two days after his seventy-ninth birthday, and continued for the next five weeks—during which every one of the Mowgli originals, and most of the rest seem to have been sold. The Opening was attended by the Duchess of St. Albans and Mrs. Bambridge, while the Kipling Society was represented by Mr. R. E. Harbord. There was an excellent catalogue of the Exhibition, sold in aid of the Wild Life Fund, with an introduction by Peter Scott who wrote that 'his marvellous Mowgli drawings illustrate the excitement which Kipling generated to people of all ages'.

Your Editor was unable to attend the opening, but was lucky enough to secure two drawings at a later date. Although he first met Mowgli by way of the original W. H. Drake and Lockwood Kipling illustrations, he was still young enough when Tresilian's came out to be re-enchanted : to visualise the Jungle is still in most cases to call up one of his superb interpretations of that magic world.

LOCKWOOD KIPLING

After Kipling's own illustrations to *Just So Stories,* those which are most a part of the book which they illustrate are his father's to *Kim.* Lockwood Kipling is dealt with charmingly by Mr. John McGivering later on in this number of the *Journal;* but he is a subject worthy of detailed treatment, and it is curious that no study seems to have been made of his life and works. Mr. William Maitland contributed a short note on some of the books which he illustrated to *Journal* No. 155, page 19 (Sept: 1965), and before asking Members if they can add to the list, it is worth summarizing his findings with additions of my own.

To begin with contributions to Rudyard's works, Lockwood Kipling designed the cover of the first edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills*

(1888). It is uncertain whether he had any hand in the covers of *Quartette* (1885) and the six Railways Books (1888) all of which are credited to 'The Mayo School of Art, Lahore', of which he was Principal.

In 1894 he contributed eight illustrations or decorations to *The Jungle Book,* and the following year thirty-seven (including decorated initial letters) to *The Second Jungle Book. The Kipling Birthday Book* (1896) contains twelve illustrations not reproduced elsewhere, and 1901 saw the most famous of his contributions, the ten illustrations to *Kim.* He also supplied illustrations to most of the first thirty-one volumes of *The Outward Bound Edition* launched in 1897 by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York, consisting of three to each of the first thirty-one volumes, excluding the two volumes of *From Sea to Sea; Stalky & Co.* (illustrated by Gordon Browne), and *Kim* and *Just So Stories* which contain the usual pictures—that is, forty-five new illustrations and the original ten in *Kim.*

In 1891 he illustrated his own *Beast and Man in India* which contains seventy-one by him and a few by his assistant, J. Griffiths, and several Indian artists. *Tales of the Punjab* (1894) by Flora Annie Steel, contains sixty illustrations; *The Iliad of the East* (1898) by his wife's niece Frederika Macdonald, has seven; and there is an illustrated title page to *Hand in Hand* (1902) by his wife and daughter.

A certain amount of information about Lockwood Kipling may be found in Miss E. R. Plowden's article 'Rudyard Kipling's Parents in India', *Journal* No. 46, pages 42-5 (July 1933), which is particularly interesting for its account of the heraldic banners which he designed for the sixty-three 'reigning chieftains' in 1877 : were these reproduced elsewhere?

See also Dr. Shamsul Islam's letter on page 23 of the present *Journal.*

'THE WISH HOUSE'

In his interesting comments on this rather obscure story Colonel Bagwell Purefoy quoted the late Colonel Barwick Browne as writing: 'Witches can help your friends, but only by transferring their troubles to you.' This belief may have given Kipling the idea for his story—but he may have drawn it from the Christian doctrine of co-inherence of which, like all evil, this is the perversion.

'The doctrine of co-inherence and the idea that one has power to accept into one's own body the pain of someone else, through Christian love', is described by Nevill Coghill in his recollections contributed to *Light on C. S. Lewis* (1965, page 63): 'This was a, power', he goes on, 'which Lewis found himself later to possess, and which, he told me, he had been allowed to use to ease the suffering of his wife, a cancer victim, of whom the doctors had despaired . . . "You mean," I said, "that her pain left her, and that you felt it for her in your body?" "Yes," he said, "in my legs. It was crippling. But it relieved hers." '

Doubtless this divine gift of substitution, allowed only in exceptional cases, explains the strange medieval custom of couvade by which the husband retired to bed when his wife was in labour—presumably with the object of sharing or bearing some of her pains. Kipling is likely to have known of this belief, perhaps from the reference to it in

Aucassin and Nicolete, with the interesting note on it, in his friend Andrew Lang's version published in 1887, which was the most popular translation of the song-story for the next half century.

'TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT'

'Television's Literary Quiz' on B.B.C.2 consists of passages read aloud to a group of critics who are then asked "Who wrote it?", "Do you like it?" and for their opinions and reactions to each extract. Chancing to turn on this programme on October 2nd, I was delighted to hear a passage from *Kim* [page 276, the second paragraph—"[He] watched the last dusty sunshine fade" to "with never an English word"] among extracts from George Eliot, Elizabeth Bowen, Evelyn Waugh, and two other moderns.

The Critics were Francis Hope, V. S. Naipaul, Hilary Spurling, and Angus Wilson—and their discussion of Kipling had to be stopped after nearly ten minutes by the chairman, Alan Brien, as it threatened to swamp the programme. No other extract provoked so much discussion —and interesting, sympathetic criticism at that, very different from a similar programme I heard some ten years ago when Kipling was simply damned out of hand. This time both Angus Wilson and V. S. Naipaul insisted on his greatness, and were enthusiastic in their praise of *Kim* and other Indian stories—apparently to the wide-eyed surprise of Miss Spurling who asked helplessly what Kipling she should read, and wasn't *Kim* merely a boys' book?

Angus Wilson asked why Kipling's understanding of India and portrayal of Indian characters and settings—notably in *Kim*—was so much better and more profound than anything in *A Passage to India,* and V. S. Naipaul suggested the interesting explanation that Forster went out with the express purpose of understanding and portraying the Indians, while Kipling wandered into Native company by chance and became enthralled. He added that Kipling's reputation in India was steadily going up, while Forster's went down.

It was noteworthy, however, that none of the Critics seemed to know that Kipling had written anything worth reading later than *Puck of Pook's Hill.*

R.L.G.

A CORRECTION. In *Journal* No. 175 (Sept: 1970) page 23 "Isaac Rufus" is a mistake for "Rufus Isaacs". The Editor accepts entire responsibility, and apologises to readers—and to the shade of Gehazi.

NEW MEMBERS:—

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following: N.S.W.: H. Benson. N.Z.: J. H. Mitchell. U.S.A.: Misses S. Erda. N. Wintner. Perry H. Culley. Booth Liby., E. Ill. Univ. Charleston; California Univ. Liby., Santa Barbara; San Diego State Coll. Liby. VICTORIA: D. Bentley.

KIPLING AND SON: A SUCCESSFUL PARTNERSHIP

by J. H. McGivering

Read at Discussion Meeting of The Kipling Society: 15 July 1970

The fame of the son has in many ways eclipsed that of the father, despite that very handsome tribute in the Preface to *Life's Handicap :*

> These tales have been collected from all places, and all sorts of people . . . nameless men on steamers and trains round the world, women . . . officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and a few, but these are the very best, my father gave me.

It is a very rare thing for one writer to make such public acknowledgement of his obligation to another, and it is now impossible to discover which stories the younger Kipling considered 'the very best' : it is likewise almost impossible to discover which, if any of them are true!

It does not matter ; I am glad to say that I can enjoy most of them without bothering my head about 'the best' or even their authenticity.

Readers of *Kim* are naturally familiar with the Curator of the Wonder-House of Lahore—some of them may even know that he is the elder Kipling, the illustrator of the book and an author in his own right : an author, moreover, with a pretty turn of phrase, as I hope to show you later. He is remembered as a most delightful grandfather, full of grave humour and useful information, always ready to answer the endless questions of that little girl who kept six honest serving-men.

Now, let us turn for a moment to that essential aid to the study of the writings of the Kiplings—the Catalogue of Printed Books in the British Museum. In the vast bound version the student will find some sixty-five columns devoted to their works, from *Quartette* and *Hand-in-Hand* to "If—" in Esperanto and "Recessional" in Greek, the latter translated by T. L. Agar in 1921. If you are able to resist the temptation to stray down attractive bye-ways, you will see Kipling, John Lockwood, C.I.E., and his *"A Descriptive List of Photographic Negatives of Buddist Sculptures in the Lahore Central Museum",* 15 pp., 1889 and *Beast and Man in India,* 1891.

This weighs some two pounds, seven ounces (or five 'pockets') and contains 401 pages, followed by 55 pages listing Macmillan's publications. The book is printed by the same Clarke of Edinburgh, illustrated by the author and others. In it. the shadowy figure from the Museum and the School of Art comes alive, truly, as the son says (his father is)

(1) not only a mine of knowledge and help, but a humorous, tolerant and expert fellow-craftsman.

The only other publication we seem to know about was mentioned in *Journal* No. 173 for March 1970—chapter one of *Lahore* which he wrote with T. H. Thornton.

Father and son must have enjoyed writing the larger work, as it is occasionally difficult to see where one ends and the other begins, as the latter has provided verses, an account of the visit to Jodhpur and some other matters, and the former tells of many things that are also reflected in his son's writings'. For instance, here is how to use a crow to catch others—but not how to catch the first one!

If you are reading "Gunga Din," or Chapter I of Kim and happen to wonder what a Bhisti with his mashk might look like—you will see the former illustrated on page 110, and the latter on page 108. If you are troubled by the spelling, try *The Education of Otis Yeere* and consider 'MUSSUCK' who must have been fat as well as greedy! You have never seen an ekka? page 212. What might well be an illustration to *Without Benefit of Clergy* is provided on page 20, with remarks on parrots : there also are the directions to prevent a child from stammering —divide an almond between the bird and the child on several consecutive days, just as Ameera does in the story

> This I will do each day of seven,
> (2) and without doubt he who is ours
> will be a bold speaker and wise.

The chapter on Monkeys is headed by a verse from "Divided Destinies", where the poet contrasts the carefree life of the bandar with his own complicated existence

> His manners were not always nice, but how my spirit cried
> To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the mountain side !

Here also is the essence of *Collar-Wallah and the Poison-Stick* (3) and an account of the belief that monkeys can talk—we know why they do not!

> "We may not speak with our fathers,
> "For if the farmers knew
> "They would come up to the forest
> "And set us to labour too."

In view of the importance of the elephant, both Kiplings have much to say about them—this is the father

> The grave beast is as great a favourite of the poet as of the artist. The back view of the elephant as he shuffles along, is like nothing so much as that of the stout and elderly "long-shore" fisherman (5) and sailor of our English watering-places, whose capacious nether garments, alone among human habiliments, have the horizontally creased bagginess peculiar to the elephant. Dickens said . . . that the elephant employs the worst tailor in all the world.

The lovable Ganesh is shewn in several guises, and the story of *The Finances of the Gods* is told; we also hear of a Raja in the hills who spends four-fifths of his income to maintain his elephant. You will no doubt recall another who spent the whole of it on such an animal and his standing army of five men (6).

There are elephants who can count, elephants who go on strike and create havoc in tea-gardens, even a coolie who had seen the elephant-dance. I know it is no longer fashionable to believe in this—the best authorities say elephants don't do it, but—Toomai for me, every time!

An illustration of the sense of humour possessed by these vast creatures is given in the story of the forty that were stowed in a ship—they found that if they swayed in unison it produced an agreeable roll. That was all very well until the Captain found his vessel in danger of rolling clean over! The mahouts managed to get the beasts to break step and the danger was averted. (7)

The practical side of this chapter gives instruction on diet, management and carrying capacity, with a few pictures of them a-pilin' teak and

so forth. There is, in addition, a picture of a work-a-day goad, not encrusted with jewels like *The King's Ankus.*

The next chapter, headed by "Oonts" contains useful information on that unlikely-looking creature that has been defined as a horse, designed by a committee: we all know that, in the beginning, the camel had no hump until he carried the body of Shar Ali Shah, when the Angel Gabriel took the rope and led him away

(8) no man knows whither. Before that ghostly funeral the camel resembled a horse, but the Angel gave him a hump like the mountain into which he disappeared, and feet to spread on the yielding sand, with other anatomical peculiarities, all duly enumerated . . .

So there are two versions—if you believe this one, you will believe anything: I have no doubt that you, like all right-thinking people, are perfectly aware of how the camel got his hump!

Although it may be thought that the family spent its entire time scribbling, the Professor of Architectural Sculpture found time to decorate a ballroom at Barnes Court, Simla, for the then Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab (9)

. . . charmingly decorated and painted
in eastern Moorish style.

It is possible that the Duke of Connaught saw this room, as the Elder Kipling later decorated a billiards-room for him at Bagshot.

(10) (The Connaughts) eyes were opened to things that they might otherwise have missed by Mr. Lockwood Kipling . . . Few Englishmen can ever have understood Indian art better than did Rudyard Kipling's father.

Bagshot Park is now in the occupation of the Army Chaplains Department, and I recently inspected the billiards-room by the courtesy of the Warden. The house stands in a magnificent position overlooking Bagshot Heath and is surrounded, in season, by a blaze of rhododendrons. As a building, it is not generally admired by the guides to the County, and some surprise is expressed that a Georgian house should have been replaced by a structure that the unkind might well say was by the Randolph Hotel out of Keble! However, the billiards room forms a separate wing, approached by a curving passage decorated in similar style: richly carved doors lead into what can only be called a handsome chamber—panelled with heavily-carved timber

(11) the multiplicity of pattern where the luxuriana of tropical jungle is translated into a flowing rhythm of twisting stems and swaying branch and an endless invention of design that seems to rival the forest itself . . .

It is not as bad as all that—in fact it is beautiful, but it is not the kind of decoration I would care to have in my bedroom if I had a temperature. The names of Ram Singh and J. L. Kipling appear over the fireplace.

Queen Victoria saw it, and retained Mr. Kipling to decorate a room for her at Osborne: naturally, a mere billiards room was not good enough for the Queen-Empress (she had one, anyway, the table with painted decoration designed by Prince Albert) (12). She had instead, the Durbar Room

(13) sixty feet of heavily carved teak, surmounted by plastered walls and ceiling, loaded with ornamentation, a plaster peacock above the

chimney-piece and small ovals containing seated figures of the Buddha,

and again

(14) Its dazzling white, fretted plasterwork enchanted her and she found no fault with the paintings which Mr. Kipling revealed had been executed by an artist in a high fever. Her Household hoped that he would do better when his temperature had fallen.

Poor Ram Singh—he did this one as well, and his picture hangs in the Durbar Corridor to this day. It is a wonderful room, but so crowded with Indian objects that it is difficult to appreciate it.

Incidentally, the first thing to greet the visitor is No. 1 in the Catalogue (15)

'Gun captured at battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 1882'

which makes it even more a place of pilgrimage, for there you can see Prince Albert's rooms, just as he left them, with the Queen's rooms adjoining. They are beautifully kept, clean carpets, chintz covers and curtains, the furniture polished, the photographs arranged on the writing-tables, looking for all the world as if they were prepared for the arrival of the Queen and Prince Albert. I found it rather touching.

The House and grounds swarmed with visitors when I was there (August 1969) and some of them were old enough to have been subjects of the Great Queen: most of the remarks of the family parties that I happened to overhear seemed what can only be called affectionately respectful, as if we were all visiting the house of our late great-grand-mother, as, in a measure, we were.

In excelsis gloria!
(16) Ringing for Victoria,
Ringing for their mighty mistress

now nearly seventy years dead, but there was her sitting room with the view that reminded Prince Albert of Naples, and there she might well have met Mr. Kipling.

The house and grounds, the Swiss Cottage and the Albert Barracks where the children played soldiers, the shed with the little wheel-barrows and tools are charming, and transform the rather terrifying figure of the Queen-Empress into the mother and grandmother who entertained children to tea with a special kind of sugary biscuit and allowed them to build walls with her despatch-boxes—yet, she knew what was good for everybody, and saw that they did it! Well might the younger Kipling make his soldier say

(17) Walk wide of the Widow at Windsor,
For 'arf of Creation she owns

It is, I think, now generally agreed that a strong thread of somewhat rough affection runs through those soldier verses—no offence is intended, and none should be taken. If it is, it is only by the small-minded. You can hardly imagine *The Times* praising "Recessional" in a leader and printing the poem on the same page underneath a letter from the Queen (18) if the verses were not appreciated for what they are.

Enough, for the moment, of Royal circles—there is Vermont, Wilt-shire and Sussex to consider, with, first of all, a glimpse of India again, with that 'Family Square' that seems to have delighted them all. There was, as you will recall, a Father who was an artist, a scholar and a gentleman: a mother who

(19) proved more delightful than all my
imaginings or memories

and a sister—a clever little sister, who was believed to have had a hand in some of the *Plain Tales.* He got good advice from all of them, some of which he took, and, as we know they

(19) delighted more in each other's company than in that of strangers.

I am sorry the Father's comments on his son's hasty review of some Browning were unprintable, but we do know his opinion on some of the youngster's fiction

(20) It wasn't *all* so dam' bad, Ruddy.

And then there was Simla.

Here was the Viceroy, the Government of the Punjab, the Commander-in-Chief and their staffs : here was the shop of Lurgan Sahib, here was Madame Blavatsky, the well-known Theosophist. Here also was Mrs. Hauksbee, Captain Gadsby and many others.

The Kiplings met Buck, historian of that abode of bliss, and attended a séance: she was a fraud, and they knew it. No doubt her celebrated 'discovery' of a tea-cup at a picnic (of the same pattern as the set provided) (21) gave the younger Kipling the idea for his delightful *The Sending of Dana Da,* where the Tea-Cup Creed is held up to ridicule.

The delights of this Summer Capital (what an Imperial expression —no wonder there was a Peterhoff!) have been reflected in so much of the younger Kipling's writings that there is no time to *go* into it here : those who wish to visit the scene of former splendour may do so now : by air to Delhi, economy class return fare about £300, then by train, via Kalka, about fourteen hours, but the fare is not given in the article in *The Sunday Telegraph* for February 8, 1970. The money apart, I say, with the Centurion

Command me not to go !

The place would not be the same—it was bad enough when 'Benmore' was taken over as offices : now 'Gorton Castle' has suffered a similar fate and nobody seems to know where Lurgan's shop is, or where Mrs. Hauksbee lived: Viceregal Lodge is a retreat for learned men and there is no more archery at Annandale.

Like you, I go to Simla in a tonga whenever I have a mind to—I see the lights twinkling from the Tara Devi turning and know that all our friends will be there to meet me.

Before we leave India, however, I would like to give the ladies a chance: they have not had much of a look-in yet: *Hand-in-Hand, Verses by a Mother and Daughter;* title-page by the Father, in the manner of his illustrations to *Kim,* showing two female figures with a bay or river-mouth in the background, a lighthouse and craft with lateen sails. I fear that the Mother and Daughter are not up to the standard of the Son, and leave you to draw your own conclusions when you read the work.

And now, if you please, we shall consider the pleasant picture provided by Professor Carrington showing Kipling and Son in Vermont (22) with the new house ready for occupation. How do they mark this important occasion? They go to Canada, returning when the place is fit to live in ! It seems that the domestic staff gave notice at the same time, so that one rather wonders if the men knew something that young

Mrs. Kipling did not: her remarks are not recorded.

This is about the period when the Father carved

"The Night Cometh when No Man can Work"

on the chimney-piece of the Library, and *The Bridge-Builders,* together with the beginnings of the Mowgli stories were being written and discussed—both matters on which the Father was able to advise from his own experiences of India: if only their conversations had been recorded!

The father had a whimsical turn of phrase and an impish sense of fun—some of which emerges in his book: for instance, he is talking about the black partridge then often kept as a pet by the Indian, who takes it out in the evening for exercise—

> The creature follows its master with a rapid and pretty gait that suggests a graceful girl tripping along with a full skirt well held up (23)

and again, he is describing the maina-bird

> one of the handsomest and most vivacious of the starlings; with an elegant tripping gait, like that of a neatly built ballet-girl, alert and brave in bright yellow boots. (24)

There can be no doubt that the Professor of Sculptural Architecture also possesses an eye for Natural History!

Those are the examples I had in mind at the beginning of this paper —there are many other engaging turns of phrase in his book, which I recommend to any student of the Kiplings.

Before we leave *Beast and Man,* however, there is one unexpected bonus at the end—those pages of advertisements

Macmillan & Co.'s List of Publications

there you will find some of what I believe to be the Younger Kipling's Borrowed Characters: for instance, there is Sir Samuel White Baker, who was delivered of a string of volumes on Central Africa and Egypt: with respect to anybody of that name that might be here, it is not an uncommon one, but it is also the name of the Inspector in *Little Foxes* ! Jevons is there too, Logic and Political Economy, so he is unlikely to be the rifleman-bricklayer's assistant, but he might have been the little boy that was spanked for shirking a game of rugger.

That is fairly pedestrian stuff, likely to twist the long arm of coincidence rather more than it should, but, if you refer to the authors at the back of the Thacker, Spink edition of *Departmental Ditties* (1892) you will find the real Inverarity Sahib—J. D. Inverarity, Barrister-at-Law, who revised the legal matter in Lyon's "Medical Jurisprudence for India". This was very highly regarded by "The Times of India". One wonders if he is Jonathan Duncan Inverarity, the Kipling's doctor in Bombay (25). Be that as it may, Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green has produced a real Vickery (26) for us, the young Kipling's schoolmaster at Southsea: how strange that both of them—I mean Rudyard and *his* son John—hoped to go into the Navy, and both were unable to do so because of their eyesight. We also have a real Gipsy Saville (27) and, I like to think, a real Griffiths: author of *Lessons on Prescriptions and the Art of Prescribing* (28) the absolute pattern of 'the remarkably trustworthy mortal' . . . 'the reliable individual, the man you would bank with . . .' in short, the Safe Man! He is not to be confused, of course, with Mr. Griffiths of Bombay who sketched the cap worn by the tram-horses. We now know why he kept everything locked up!

We shall, I fear, never know about the borrowed characters in *Plain Tales from the Hills*—many people must have squirmed when they appeared, but from the nature of most of the stories it is most unlikely that many would volunteer themselves as originals !

So much, then, for a quick look at two essentially lovable characters : the father dedicates his book

TO THE OTHER THREE

and the son never fails to show his family that gratitude and affection they so richly deserve; in fact that remark addressed to the Curator by the lama might well have been used by either Kipling to the other

"We be craftsmen together, thou and I".

NOTES

References are to Pocket Edition.

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2. *Without Benefit of Clergy.*
3. *St. Nicholas,* Feb. 1893, and the Sussex.
4. *The Legends of Evil.*
5. *Beast and Man in India,* p. 213.
6. *Namgay Doola.*
7. *Beast and Man . . .,* p. 263.
8. ib. p. 273.
9. E. J. Buck—*Simla Past and Present:* Thacker, Spink & Co., 1904.
10. Mary Howard McClintock—*The Queen thanks Sir Howard:* John Murray, London, 1945.
11. ib. p. 247.
12. *Osborne House,* H.M. Stationery Office, London, 1968.
13. Lawrence Wilson—*Portrait of the Isle of Wight.*
14. Elizabeth Longford—*Victoria R. I.*, pp. 509/510.
15. *Catalogue of the Principal Items on view at Osborne House,* H.M.S.O. 1966.
16. *The Bells and Queen Victoria.*
17. *The Widow at Windsor.*
18. *The Times,* 17 July, 1897.
19. *Something of Myself,* p. 40.
20. ib. p. 72.
21. Buck, p. 118/9.
22. Charles Carrington—*Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work :* Macmillan, London, 1955, Chapter IX.
23. *Beast and Man,* p. 27.
24. ib., p. 37.
25. Roger Lancelyn Green—*Kipling and the Children,* Elek, London, 1965, p. 46.
26. ib., p. 34.
27. ib. p. 47.
28. *Beast and Man,* p. 19 of Supplement.

DISCUSSION

Mr. McGivering's talk on "Kipling & Son, a successful partnership", given on July 15th, was well attended and received. Inevitably, perhaps, the emphasis was on the Father, Lockwood Kipling, in an attempt to redress the balance between him and his more famous son. It became clear that Lockwood Kipling was a man of very considerable talent and that his son held him in high regard. Mrs. Scott-Giles told of her own Father meeting Rudyard Kipling in India, and being struck by the obvious veneration which Rudyard had for his parent.

Various questions were raised and, unusually for a meeting of the Society, which can normally produce experts to answer anything, some remained unanswered. Professor Carrington wanted information about Kipling's journey from Australia to England in 1891, during which the meeting above took place and there was a discussion on the Reverend Thomas Kipling, D.D. Cantab, fl. 1800, who was possibly a member of the family, or possibly not.

For those who are interested in the work of Lockwood Kipling, there is the billiards room at Bagshot Park (now occupied by the Army Chaplains Department), and the Durbar room at Osborne.

There appears to be comparatively little about Lockwood Kipling in the *Journal;* perhaps Mr. McGivering's talk will encourage others to study a man who was notable in his own right, not merely at second hand.

T.L.A.D.

STALKY AND KIPLING

Part One

by Hugh Brogan

I claim no special insight into that curious *genre* of English literature, or sub-literature, the school story. I do not know how it came into being, why it throve, or whether it is today as flourishing as ever (though I dare guess it is not). But I do know, like everyone else, certain basic facts about the school-story. In the first place, it is never a grammar-school story, or a secondary modern school story, or a comprehensive school story. Novels have been written about such places; but as novels they belong to different sub-species: to avowedly adult or to avowedly infant fiction. It is a peculiarity of the traditional school story that it is neither the one thing nor the other; its subject matter (life at an upper-middle-class boarding school) seems to have an equal appeal for the young and the old alike, and the writers too evidently know it; their style suffers.

Secondly, school stories seem to fall, in the main, into three classes, the nostalgic, the Utopian, and the female. The Utopian class is dominated by the rotund figure of Billy Bunter. Bunter and his school, Greyfriars, are alike incredible and irresistible: they seem to have come into being in response to the yearning of city kids at the turn of the century for tales of a life more glamorous and secure than they had ever known, with Bunter to act as a send-up of the whole ethos and as a send-up of themselves. Girls' school stories are separated by their femininity: "The tomboy stared rebelliously at the Head Girl. 'Babs!', breathed Felicity furiously, 'have you no feeling for the honour of the Rockingham Castle School?' Her gym-slip heaved indignantly as she stormed off into the shrubbery ... " I shall not, alas, be discussing either Babs or Bunter in what follows. My concern is almost entirely with the nostalgic *genre.*

I call it nostalgic because, by and large, it is written by Old Boys, for Old Boys. Many of its classics are, of course, consciously intended for boys still at school—*Tom Brown's Schooldays* springs to mind at once. And schoolboys can, of course enjoy their works. But a glance at the field demonstrates conclusively that it is his own, not his juniors'

adolescence that compels the author to write, and the success of such books as *Tom Brown* must largely be attributed to their sale to men looking back wistfully on the happiest, or at any rate the most intense, days of their lives. It is astonishing how many books, by how great a variety of authors, can be lumped under the nostalgic heading. Horace Annesley Vachell, Denton Welch, Alec Waugh, Rudyard Kipling, Cyril Connolly, Simon Raven—a more heterogeneous list would be hard to draw up, but each name in it has found it necessary to evoke his school-days at length in works, fictional or semi-fictional or autobiographical. Which leads one on to remark another feature of this type of literature —that it is impossible to say, in many cases, where fact shades into fiction, and *vice versa* (except tor *Vice Versa* itself, of course). If we take Connolly's *Enemies of Promise* as the pole of fact, and—but no, there is no pole of fiction. No school-story of the nostalgic kind is unstained by reality. 1 am not here talking about books which exploit a pre-existent *genre. The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* or the Bunter tales, these cater for a taste already known to exist. I am talking about the great originals, of which *Tom Brown* is the most important. It is an extraordinary pudding of a book; but though it contains fictional elements, the effect is at best of a *roman à clef.* The author is avowedly writing a tale based on his own schooldays—is conveying what it felt like to be Master Hughes, under the decent veil of fancy which the later evoker of Master Connolly did not feel to be necessary. Yet *Tom Brown* and *Enemies of Promise* are manifestly brothers under the skin : we feel a faint alarm at the presence of the very unfictional Dr. Arnold in the one, and the almost equally unfictional Alec Douglas-Home in the other. The school-story cannot bear very much reality. *Autre temps, autre moeurs:* but basically both books insist on the same doubtful message, that an Englishman's years at his public school are of trans-cendent importance, trembling beauty and significance: years crucial to fitting a man for life (Hughes) or to destroying a writer (Connolly). School stories both.

One right approach to the student of nostalgic school stories, then, is the psychological. We are, it appears, confronted with a pile of con-fessions, of spiritual documents, of physical evidence. Another is the formalistic. Here, perhaps, we may detect another well of power, one, moreover, which binds the nostalgic, Utopian and girls' school stories together. For though it is true that the boys in the Greyfriars soap opera don't grow up, they are exceptional in that respect. Most school stories begin with the small boy or girl arriving, an insignificant worm, at the gates of St. Cricket or St. Hockey, and end with the transfiguration of Headship or Captaincy or both. Hughes, for example, ends *Tom Brown* (if we disregard the pendant on Arnold's death) with a triumphant cricket match, in which Rugby ties the MCC (or would, at least, under the rules of today's cricket) and Tom shines forth as the glorious Captain of the Eleven. In between he has gone through the usual course of public-schoolboys in books—been bullied, made friends; neglected his lessons; got into scrapes of all kinds; grown to respect and like most of the masters. A similar pattern may be found in *The Bending of a Twig, The Loom of Youth,* and P. G. Wodehouse's *Mike.* It is very satisfying; but it is not art. For it depends for its success on the ease with which the reader (by definition an Old Boy himself, or at best a current schoolboy)

can say "Yes! That happened to me—just so!" The inducement of this reaction is not very difficult, since, however different our after-lives, we all have the same childhood. Such skill as is involved depends on the introduction of minor variations: on depicting the old pattern in a hitherto untapped school, or in introducing some unexpected but convincing twist in the tale. Thus, Wodehouse used the school story as a training-ground for his sense of farcical humour; and *The Loom of Youth,* written in 1917, now seems remarkable chiefly for the quite unconscious picture it draws of how commonplace and bloody-minded even a much-admired schoolmaster could be in the days before the Great War: the corrupting effects of innocence were never better displayed than in the character of Alec Waugh's Mr. Ferrers, who welcomes Armageddon as something that is likely to be good for the national fibre, like cold baths. The picture is all the more effective for Waugh's total unawareness of the significance of what he is saying: he takes Ferrers at his own value. But the book's huge success (a scandalous one, but success all the same) derived, of course, from its delicate allusion (no more) to the existence of adolescent homosexuality. The Old Boys recognised this twist, all right; but they were so unused to seeing it discussed in print (those were far-off days) that they were outraged, and bought the book in enormous numbers. Waugh was struck off the list of Sherborne Old Boys, and gained a quite unmerited reputation as a serious writer. Altogether there was nothing quite so sensational until *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd,* when, as will be remembered, the Dr. Watson who was telling the story and admiring the detective and being dreadfully puzzled by the whole affair turned out to be the killer.

My evocation of detective stories is deliberate. It serves to indicate the extreme difficulty of making literature out of a school story. Dorothy Sayers put a great deal of fine writing into her works, and I believe that Patricia Highsmith does the same: but both remain irretrievably pigeonholed. All the fine writing in the world cannot disguise the fact that an author is preoccupied with getting her murderer safely off the scene of the crime and the detective on, with the mechanics of mystery or thriller-mongering rather than with the fine expression of a complete concern with the significance, symbolic or actual, of what she is writing about. That's obscure : let me give an example : *Emma* has a neat and subtle plot, hinging on the mysterious young Frank Churchill, which proves that Jane Austen could have written a very good detective story had she lived in the right epoch. Yet we are not bothered; the interest of the book in this respect lies not in finding out just what young Churchill is up to, but what the effect of his actions will be on Emma. It is she who is important, not the incidents that happen to her. We never feel this with a detective story, unless it concerns Sherlock Holmes. Ali the rest is entertainment, not literature—even Simenon; and Graham Greene recognises this in the frequency with which he uses just that word, entertainment, to describe his lesser works.

It should be clear how this applies to school stories. Clearly, whatever their psychological origin, they are read largely as entertainment. They are exercises in a mechanical *genre,* appealing to the escapism, sentimentality or boredom of the middlebrow, or to his childlike, natural, harmless but barely literary trait of loving a Topping Tale. Can they, any more than detective stories, ever be literature? Specifically, is *Stalky*

& Co. literature? And, when we have decided that, what do we think of Rudyard Kipling? These are the questions I wish to discuss.

I think they are worth discussing for two reasons, apart from any whim I may have that they are interesting in themselves. In the first place, there is the fact of Kipling's genius. It will be interesting to see what light yet another study of *Stalky* can throw on that genius. In the second place, he is the only genius, so far as I know, who has written a school story. What did he find in it? How did he leave it? Does his interest in it suggest that it is more valuable than I've hitherto assumed? I think it is not unreasonable to suppose that *Stalky & Co.* has much to teach us.

One thing is clear: Kipling sought out his world of Stalky, his world of school again and again, throughout his writing career. The causes we may guess at. He was, of course, afflicted with the usual nostalgia, and this, with other reasons, to be touched on later, induced him to write in the first place. But, once evoked, this piece of his past, from being something internal, something private to him, something dwelling only in his memory, became what J. R. R. Tolkien calls a secondary world: became an externalised empire of the mind, in which his imagination could stretch itself, his boisterous humour have free play, his spirit find refreshment. It became a natural theatre in which to play out some of the problems that he was from time to time concerned with—educational problems, chiefly. He was not the only writer to build himself such a theatre—in a sense, all novelists do it, among whom we may notice Trollope, Hardy, Arnold Bennett, and C. S. Forester. Nor was school his only theatre—another, to be found in his later works, is that of the Masonic Lodge. But there is no doubt that the Stalky world was one to which Kipling especially loved to resort.

It was escapism, of a kind, of course. But (as Tolkien argues forcibly) not all escapism is bad. Nor, I think, was Kipling's. The secondary world of *Stalky* became one which he could enter and command. It possessed his imagination in a way and to an extent that puzzled even him—in *Debits and Credits* he writes :

How comes it that, at even-tide,
    When level beams should show most truth,
Man, failing, takes unfailing pride
    In memories of his frolic youth?
Venus and Liber fill their hour;
    The games engage, the law-courts prove;
Till hardened life breeds love of power
    Or Avarice, Age's final love.
Yet at the end, these comfort not—
    Nor any triumph Fate decrees—
Compared with glorious, unforgot-
    ten innocent enormities . . .

Of course these lines hint at their own answer: the ageing Kipling sought in stories of his schooldays—rather, fantasies of his schooldays—images of freshness, innocence and happiness. Can we blame him?

But whatever we think of the matter, and whatever the merit of the later stories (1 think it great) they need not be considered here. For one thing, they are very far indeed from the conventional type of school tale. For another, *Stalky & Co.* was conceived as a whole, prob-

ably Kipling never expected, having completed it, to do with its subject again (he didn't write another Stalky tale for nearly ten years); and it was *Stalky & Co.* specifically that swept the world, giving his enemies new ammunition and himself new popularity. The original volume is a classical school-story: it is time we began to examine it.

It is clear both that Kipling was writing against a background of an already established tradition (in short, that he was as aware as we are of the idea of a school-story) and that he meant to make a new contribution to it. There is explicit internal evidence to support the first contention in the allusion to *Eric, or Little by Little;* also, as I hope to show, in the structure and tone of the tales, particularly the opening ones; and as to the second, we have the evidence of Kipling's autobiography:

"While we were at Torquay there came to me this idea of beginning some tracts or parables on the education of the young. These, for reasons honestly beyond my control, turned themselves into a series of tales called *Stalky & Co. . . . Stalky & Co.* became the illegitimate ancestor of several stories of school-life whose heroes lived through experiences mercifully denied to me. It is still read ('35) and I maintain it is a truly valuable collection of tracts"*(Something of Myself,* pp. 135-6).

We may note in this passage a third idea—Kipling is aware, not only of his intentions, but of what he achieved. *Stalky's* influence was indeed great: one small instance of it is that Frank Richards took the name Prout and bestowed it on one of his Greyfriars masters.

More important, for the moment, is the question of the tradition to which Kipling was contributing. It was a strongly didactic one. Kipling's use of the word "tract" is not accidental, though it is mock-modest. The Victorians put everything into tracts, from arguments about the Factory Acts to theories of the Great Pyramid. Printing was so marvellously cheap then! But the commonest association of the word is, 1 suppose, religious. Tract summons up Newman, and Dickensian pictures of damp Evangelicals in black doling out tracts and good advice to the deserving poor. Tracts were potent instruments in the war against Satan, and from the very beginning were much used in Sunday Schools. Tracts containing moral tales about the hell-fire that waited for wicked children —chilling tales of infant liars, thieves and blasphemers—tracts describing the angelic conduct of angelic children, dying (of course) but dying in such transports of virtue, such torrents of pious eloquence, as to convert all onlookers instantly to permanent virtue: such were the staples of early children's fiction. It is true that some of these tracts displayed a commonsense grasp of reality and of child psychology which I suppose was a heritage from the eighteenth century, and which certainly seems to foreshadow the reign of the same qualities in the works of such writers as E. Nesbit; but on the whole the Victorian passion for sensational melodrama swept all save Lewis Carroll before it. From the tract stems the Manichaeanism of mid-nineteenth century children's literature, exemplified, better than anywhere else, in that odious book, *Eric, or Little by Little.*

A healthy instinct prevented me, when a child, from reading *Eric,* though there was a copy in the house: any book which began (as this one did) with a "young boy" capering vigorously about, shouting Hurrah, because, forsooth, he was about to go to school, was not for me. **The**

boys in *Stalky* cite it, and its companion work, *St. Winifred's, or The World of School,* as their standard of what is contemptible and absurd; Stalky's maiden aunt sends him copies of both books, on his sixteenth birthday, inscribed "To dearest Artie"; Beetle tries to sell them to a bookseller, needing money for cartridges for a gun, but can only raise ninepence; M'Turk, quoting Dean Farrar, flicks Stalky on the raw by calling him a "pure-minded boy"; and the three of them devote half a page to discussing *Eric*—"Let's get to where he goes in for drink." Their verdict is unfavourable.

Kipling, in short, thought it worth while to indicate that he had considered the works of Farrar, and found them bad. We will not disagree with him. *Eric,* its author tells us, "was written with but one single object—the vivid inculcation of inward purity and moral purpose." The inculcation proceeds by way of example—of boys smoking, fighting, *drinking brandy*—gambling, no doubt, but I decline to verify this impression by working once more through *Eric's* pages. For I have now read the book, and my childish insight has been amply vindicated. *Eric* would be revolting if it were not incredible. There is one scene in particular, where the admired master, Mr. Rose, flogs a boy until he rolls screaming for mercy on the floor, which turns one's contempt for the author into loathing. But on the whole Roslyn School is so preposterous—the personalities of the boys and masters alike are so remote from real humanity—that it doesn't deserve powder and shot. The educational system of Eric's parents and schoolmasters seems to have been to pray over him, weep over him, and teach him Latin and Greek. It is not surprising that he did them no credit, even though, as noted, they did vary the recipe from time to time with a savage flogging. The tone of mawkish rubbish is well exemplified in the following extract:

"One day as [Eric and Russell] were walking together in the green playground, Mr. Gordon passed by; and as the boys touched their caps, he nodded pleasantly at Russell, but hardly noticed, and did not return Eric's salute. He had begun to dislike the latter more and more, and had given him up altogether as one of the reprobates . . . 'What a surly devil that is,' said Eric, when he had passed; 'did you see how he purposely cut me?' 'A surly . . .? Oh, Eric, that's the first time I ever heard you swear.' Eric blushed. He hadn't meant the word to slip out in Russell's hearing, though similar and worse expressions were common enough in his talk with other boys ...'

Need I add that Russell in the end gets wet (physically) and dies, in nearly twenty pages of pious twaddle, or that Eric is unjustly suspected of being a thief (it is noteworthy that this young reprobate, so nearly condemned to Hell, never actually does anything that would forfeit his technical claim to be a gentleman) runs away to sea, also catches cold, and also dies in an ecstasy of piety and repentance? Surely not: the plot of *Eric* is as predictable as that of the Sunday School tracts from which it descends: It contains not one passage of real insight or literary merit. It was forced on generations of English middle class children by imperceptive adults: I wonder if any of them were depraved enough to enjoy it, except in the spirit of Stalky and his friends? One of Kipling's purposes in writing "tracts", we may confidently assert, was to paint a picture of boyhood which was both more healthy and more truthful

than the lurid scribblings of Dean Farrar. Mr. Kenneth Allsop has recently distinguished three main unconscious themes in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*—cruelty, conformity and homosexuality. He would have been on much stronger ground had it been *Eric* that he attacked in these terms.

Tom Brown. There is no mention of this archetype in *Stalky;* yet it is hard to believe that Kipling did not have it in mind. For though it contains some of the melodrama and a full measure of the sentimentality of *Eric, Tom Brown* is much like *Stalky.* Both Hughes and Kipling wrote from a conscious nostalgic wish to do honour to the work of a great headmaster; to try and distill the actual lessons they had elicited from their schooling. But *Stalky* (or shall we say the United Services College) is almost as remote from the educational system of Rugby as it is from the moral and psychological world of *Eric.* For one thing, the USC wasn't a public school, at least as the Victorians understood the phrase. On one occasion in the book Mr. King, most eloquent of pedagogues, has been sharpening his tongue on the Army Class, who resent it, but decide against action because:

"King's the best classical cram we've got; and 'tisn't fair to bother the Head with a row. He's up to his eyes with extra-tu. and Army work as it is. Besides, as I told King, we aren't a public school. We're a limited liability company payin' four per cent. My father's a shareholder, too . . . seems to me we should be interferin' with ourselves. We've got to get into the Army or—get out, haven't we? King's hired by the Council to teach us. All the rest's flumdiddle. Can't you see?" (p. 166)

No one has ever pretended that Rugby wasn't a public school; the stern utilitarianism of the USC boys' attitude is not unknown today, but was certainly untypical of the Arnoldian age, when the purpose of a gentleman's education (by the way, there are no gentlemen in *Stalky*—or at least the word is never used, except by the hireling Foxy and once, in the purely formal phrase, "officers and gentlemen") was to instil a fervent Christianity of belief and conduct, with intellectual achievement a good third. The Arnoldian system, of course, was quickly perverted into muscular Christianity, and the system of games as the salvation and guarantee of all may be thought to have perverted even muscular Christianity; but the point to seize on is that Kipling's school was neither Christian nor athletic. The boys played games, of course, and took them seriously; but not so seriously as Tom Brown took them (see the fantastic panegyric on cricket in the closing pages of the *Schooldays);* and "In the infinitely petty confederacies of the Common-room. King and Macrae. fellow house-masters, had borne it in upon [Prout] that by games, and games alone, was salvation wrought. Boys neglected were boys lost. They must be disciplined. Left to himself, Prout would have made a sympathetic house-master: but he was never so left . . ." (p. 66). This is the tone of the man who talked of muddied oafs and flannelled fools. As to religion, Kipling makes the school chaplain the most sympathetic of the masters; but no cleric was ever less like the clergymen-masters of *Eric* and *Tom Brown.* "I don't," he says, "talk about ethics and moral codes, because I don't believe that the young of the human animal realises what they mean for some years to come." And he is given the rôle of auditor to the boys' Socrates when they descant on the undesira-

bility of clerical heads and married masters: "Just think if the Head went and got ordained! . . . the Coll. 'ud go to pieces in a year . . ." (p. 132). And we learn from a later *Stalky* story that the chaplain never preaches on personal purity—the Head assures him that he would lose his job if he did. It is a world far from Roslyn and Rugby. It is so in another respect, too. It is governed by the masters. Prefects there are, but they seem to have very limited functions. "The long, light, blindless dormitories, devoid of inner doors, were crossed at all hours of the night by masters visiting one another; for bachelors sit up later than married folk. Beetle had never dreamed that there might be a purpose in this steady policing." (p. 135). Here and elsewhere the picture is given of a school where little goes on that those masters with intelligence don't know about and can't control when necessary. So much is this the case that one of the sources of the reader's joy in *Stalky* is precisely that the three heroes so often invert the order of things and make the masters sweat. True, the Head flogs them for it in the end; but they and we feel this to be right—order must be restored; and anyway the Kipling floggings (on the back, we are carefully told) are presented with none of the relish to be tasted in *Eric.* And Kipling and we rejoice in the knowledge that the order *has* been inverted for a while, and that only the resourceful three, Stalky, Beetle, and M'Turk, could have done it.

But this is to run ahead, and consider the artistic nature of *Stalky.* At present we must still look at it as a collection of tracts; and we may note that the verses with which it opens (significantly, a tribute to masters) set out plainly the lessons to be conveyed by indirection (unlike the explicit preaching of Victorian school stories) in the main body of the text:

"Each degree of Latitude
Strung about Creation
Seeth one (or more) of us
(Of one muster all of us),
Diligent in that he does,
Keen in his vocation.
This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed, in daily work,
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work—
And without excuses.
This we learned from famous men
Teaching in our borders,
Who declaréd it was best,
Safest, easiest and best—
Expeditious, wise, and best—
To obey your orders.
Some beneath the further stars
Bear the greater burden;
Set to serve the lands they rule
(Save he serve no man may rule)
Serve and love the lands they rule;
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not we learned it.
Only, as the years went by—
Lonely, as the years went by—
Far from help as years went by,
Plainer we discerned it.
Wherefore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow—
They that put aside To-day—
All the joys of their To-day—
And with toil of their To-day
Bought for us To-morrow!"

[To be Continued]

LETTER BAG

JUST SO ILLUSTRATIONS

Most of our readers agree that Rudyard Kipling was a genius as a writer. I submit that he also had a touch of genius as an artist. I am thinking of the illustrations of the *Just So Stories.* These drawings are indeed Big Medicine and Strong Magic. They still delight me, and in my childhood they made a whole special world for me. It would be hard to say which I loved best; but high on the list were the finish of the Kangaroo-Dingo race (I was particularly devoted to the Middle God Nquing), and the rise from the sea-bed of Small Porges, with its foreground of beguilingly-labelled bales and boxes. Another favourite was the puzzle picture in 'How the Leopard got his Spots' (it was a great day when, I found the Giraffe); and I drew innumerable maps, of the "Here be Dragons" school, inspired by the map of "Ye Manie Mouthes" of the Turbid Amazon.

But perhaps the most magical and medicinal picture of all was that of the Alphabet Necklace. It appealed to me so intensely that I was moved to try to make a similar necklace myself. I fashioned the required beads from clay, and painted them, according to their descriptions, with my paintbox. I made the silver objects out of silver paper off chocolates. The small bone for "T" was easily procured, and for "A", if I remember rightly, one of my own discarded teeth was pressed into service. I spent delightful hours on beaches in search of shells and pebbles needed for other items. But, alas, even when I found suitable ones, I never solved the problem of piercing them. Also, the clay beads tended to break, and the silver paper letters to bend. As for the rattles of a rattle-snake, those defeated me utterly. In fact, the completion of the necklace remained only a beautiful dream. Fortunately the fact that it was only a dream never dimmed its beauty.

I wonder if other readers have equally blissful memories of the enchantment of the *Just So* illustrations.

ELIZABETH A. COXON
South Africa

LOCKWOOD KIPLING AT LAHORE

The other day I discovered a shop in the old city where cloth (mainly cotton) is hand-printed in traditional designs. The shop is owned by the grandson of Jhandoo who worked under Kipling's father when he was here as Curator of the Lahore Museum and Principal of the Mayo School of Arts. A yellowing letter of recommendation for Jhandoo written in Lockwood Kipling's hand still hangs on the crumbling wall of the old shop. The letter is dated May 1893 and I could send you a copy for the *Journal.* The shopkeeper showed two bedspreads printed in what he called "Kipleen design"—he claims that the said designs were made by Lockwood Kipling himself. I am sure that this information could be of some interest to Members of the Society, particularly those who are going to visit Lahore next year.

SHAMSUL ISLAM
Lahore

BRUSHWOOD BOY AND GIRL

On the last page of the June *Journal* Kipling's accuracy is questioned [re 'The Brushwood Boy' it was generally agreed at the Discussion Meeting on 18 Feb: 1970 'that for two persons, both on horseback, to embrace was easier on paper than in real life'].

My own father and mother became engaged while on horseback, and with a side saddle there is no difficulty in getting very near and conveniently placed, especially when the horses are from the same stable.

Perhaps the Questioner has forgotten how difficult it was to get a Victorian girl alone without chaperone? A ride was in order and overcame a much greater difficulty than an embrace !

BERYL B. HUTCHINSON
Alresford, Hants

NEUTRALS

The report in the March journal of Dr. Tompkins' interesting talk and the reference to "neutrals" reminds me of a conversation I had with General Smuts in Khartoum in 1941.

He made several night stops as a guest of the Governor General when on his way to visit his "boys" fighting for us in the Western Desert. A few years before the war several flights of ancient German manufacture had made night stops in Khartoum en route to the Cape. A Mr. Pirot was then Minister of Defence in the Cape and I asked the General what had happened to him.

"Ooma" Smuts sat in a chair knitting comforters for her "boys", keeping an eye on the General.

"Ah", he said, "we are watching Mr. Pirot. Ye know he calls himself a neutral". He used the word with a grimace and continued with one finger poked at me: "Now I've never been a neutral. I have fought against you and now I fight with you but" (with infinite scorn) "I have *never* been a neutral."

Did Kipling and Smuts ever meet? It seems they would have had much in common.

ROBERT COULDREY

MORE ON THE DEATH OF DICK HELDAR

As Mr. G.K. observes in the June issue, Dick Heldar's return to the Sudan during wartime is an 'intentional' case of suicide. His preparation of a will before departure from London, his portentous conversation with Madame Binat, his refusal to dismount from the camel at the besieged camp, his demand that Torpenhow place him at the battlefront—all speak too plainly for his death to be construed as a mere accident.

But Dick's plans for death are not so 'direct' as they are intentional. His wish to stay over at Madame Binat's 'for old sake's sake', his desire to 'feel well dressed' in campaign khakis, his request 'to hear some of the Englishmen talk', his hope to 'hear some of the fun' of battle from the ironclad train, his determination to reach the embattled camp, his effort to reunite with his colleague Torpenhow—all are prerequisites to death in his suicidal plan.

With his imagined silhouette of the camel-driver and himself atop the camel against the yellow moon, these many nostalgic actions combine to provide Dick for a fleeting last time with the artistic stimulation and emotional gratification for which he sought fruitlessly in Maisie's world. And, as Kipling remarks, his luck does hold to the last. For only after his other wishes have been fulfilled does he find consummation of his one remaining wish : a violent death deliberately contrived to take place among comrades engaged in their work of battle.

W. KEATS SPARROW

Kentucky

"THE RESULT"

With his usual good nature, Mr. Harbord writes too kindly of the Vancouver fragment beginning

"A gilded mirror and a polished bar . . .",

which has frequently been produced and ascribed to Kipling. It could not possibly have been written by him at any stage in his career. It does not rhyme, it does not scan, it is not grammatical, it does not make sense, and it does not square with anything else he wrote on the subject. I suppose there is just a chance that it may have been written down from memory by some illiterate local who could not recall, much less understand, something he had heard Kipling say. It contains several un-English words and usages suggesting strongly that it was composed by a North American. When Kipling was middle-aged and famous, in October 1907, he spent not more than two days in Vancouver, with his wife, on a tightly-scheduled lecture tour. Is it likely that he got into such vulgar company as this ballad describes? Or that he sat down between official receptions to strike off a piece of fiction utterly unlike anything else he ever wrote, and then left it lying around in a bar-room?

There are many unpublished Kipling fragments floating round the world, all identifiable by neatness of form and precision of language, as well as by his characteristic view of life, even when he was writing stark realism. Let us forget this disgusting doggerel written by some ignorant gutter-snipe.

C. E. CARRINGTON

London

KIPLING'S INDIA

In association with the Kipling Society a special, quite unique tour to India and Pakistan, has been planned by Cooks to take place during October/ November 1971. It will visit the places Kipling lived in and wrote about, beginning with his birthplace in Bombay and ending on a high note of adventure with a visit to the Khyber Pass and Kabul.

The underlying idea of the tour is to bring Kipling and his works to life in situ, so it will be accompanied and commentated by an expert on the subject, ROGER LANCELYN GREEN, Editor of the Society's Journal and author of several books on Kipling, who with his wife recently toured India and visited many of the places on the present Itinerary.

No trouble has been spared in the planning and organisation of the tour to justify its description of unique: it has been timed, for example, to reach Agra (Taj Mahal] at the time of the full moon; garden and tea parties will be held in Bombay, Delhi, Lahore and Peshawar at which the Members will play hosts to local writers, poets and other personalities; a late night visit to a Game Reserve offers a chance to see Tiger, etc., etc. But although filled with good things (including, of course, all the normal sightseeing everywhere) sufficient time has been left free for rest, leisure, shopping, or other personal pursuits.

The tour will leave London by air on October 24 arriving back on November 13 and travel in India and Pakistan will be by air, car or coach as appropriate. Hotels used will be first class, all rooms having shower or bathroom. Cost, fully inclusive £462 per person in double or £479 in single rooms. For further information and descriptive leaflet please write at once to:

Mr. H. J. Grant,
Manager, Special Promotions,
Thos. Cook & Son Ltd.,
45 Berkeley Street,
London WI A I EB.

N.B. *Membership of the tour will be limited to* 30 *persons. Members of the Society who may wish to participate but are unable to commit themselves immediately are nevertheless recommended to make a provisional registration which will carry no obligation without good notice.*

The Kipling Society

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