



The
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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

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 15th September 1971, at 50 Eaton Place, S.W.1.

In addition to routine elections, re-elections etc., the amended Rules of the Society (see Journal 177, p.7) will come up for adoption.

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.1.

Wednesday, 16th June, 2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, 15th September, immediately after the AGM.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, S.W.1—at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Wednesday, 21 July 1971: Mrs. R. Gaird will talk on her 'Impressions of India'—where she lived until recently.

Wednesday, 15 September 1971: Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will open a discussion on 'Kipling and Children'.

Wednesday, 17 November 1971: Professor C. E. Carrington will talk on ' "Baa, Baa Black Sheep": fact or fiction? Can we accept Kipling's account of his childhood as strictly true? '

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, on Tuesday, 5th October 1971. The Guest of Honour will be Brigadier Sir Bernard Fergusson, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., O.B.E.: a great Kipling lover who served under Field-Marshal Lord Wavell (our second President) almost continuously for 15 years, and was on his staff five times.

Application forms will be sent out during August.

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NEWS AND NOTES

KIPLING AND INDIA

So much is being written about Kipling these days that it is hard to keep up with the growing flood—or to know what to mention and what to omit. The Editor's shelf of contributions for future *Journals* is piled high, and their authors are asked to be patient: we hope to produce an enlarged number of the *Journal* later this year to catch up somewhat with the riches to hand. And items published in other periodicals are fast filling our shelves and our scrapbooks.

One of the best of recent articles that show the full emergence of Kipling into the light of respectful journalism and unselfconscious appreciation is that by Frederic Grunfeld—"India: Continuing Consummation of the Romantic Vision"—in *The Daily Telegraph Magazine* No. 327 for 29 January.

'Some relationships are so deep and devious that they await the clarifying words "I love you" before anyone can understand them. It was Rudyard Kipling who first succeeded in putting into words what the Englishman felt for India; his books conveyed the message which the Viceroy's reports had overlooked. Half realist, half myth-maker, he helped the world understand why this land was so passionately loved by Englishman and Indian alike.

'A lot has been written about India since then, by a series of anti-Kiplings—E. M. Forster, Arthur Koestler, V. S. Naipaul among others—and the passage to India seems sometimes almost obligatory as a venture in literary self-exploration. But I wonder if any of the intellectuals has succeeded as well as Kipling in giving us a sense of the sights, sounds, smells and even the tactile presence of India . . . If you want a general guide book for India in slow motion you will do well to take along a copy of *Kim* . . .

'Kipling had become the most popular writer in the English language by the turn of the century, when he was in his mid thirties, and since then at least three generations of readers have grown up with his vision of "all pure delight" [*Kim*, p.207]. Nor has any of it been lost on the latest—i.e. "Love"—generation, which is making a point of picking up where Kipling left off. Nearly all the hippies I met in India had read *Kim* and been traumatised by it, and were now wandering in search of a guru as inspiring as the Teshoo Lama.'

Mr. Grunfeld then goes on to give two descriptions of Mowgli from 'The Spring Running' and 'In the Rukh'—'Mowgli the wolf-boy in the most ubiquitous children's book in the English language, the *Jungle Book* . . .'

'The most remarkable thing about Mowgli is that he is obviously superior to the best white foresters in the Queen's service and treats

them with undisguised condescension; 70 years ago [*sic*: 'In the Rukh' was published 80 years ago] that was a daring, almost subversive proposition. He is one of the first characters in fiction to demonstrate that brown is beautiful. And hereby hangs another ambiguity. Kipling, who could be cruelly uncomplimentary about the colour of a man's skin if it happened to be darker than his own, was basically on the side of the angels. In some of his poetry he could bang the drum for the white man's burden, but no man could understand India as well as he did and not sense the absurdity of colonial prejudice. His Beautiful People, in fact, are all Asians. Where he does have white heroes they are such as know the land, speak its languages and have respect for its customs . . .

'His passion for India had to do, I think, with the great nostalgic quest for our past that began when the Romantics first headed for the classical Mediterranean. India to Kipling (and to us) is what Italy was to Byron, Shelley and Stendhal . . .

'If he continues to be both readable and relevant, that is because (as he wrote about one of his own characters in *Plain Tales from the Hills* [p.315]) "his heart and soul were at the end of his pen, and they got into his ink" . . .'

"LEST WE FORGET"

Though Kipling is not mentioned, the opening paragraphs of Laurens van der Post's review of Hugh Boustead's *The Wind of Morning* in *The Sunday Times* of 4 April seem more than apposite to quote in this place:

'I believe, like a multitude of others, that a full and honest reappraisal of the meaning of the vanished British Empire is one of the most urgent historical tasks of our time.

'I am perhaps one of the few people who can say this without being suspected of Imperial bias. I myself come from a people who fought against the British for more than a hundred years, was conquered by them and was brought up to hate all that the Empire represented. Yet somehow I managed to grow up not only to feel no hatred of the British Empire, but utterly convinced that, in its time and context, the good in it outweighed any harm.

'The secret of my almost alchemical change lay in the extraordinary quality of the men who served the Empire, the way in which they used the exercise of immense power without being corrupted by it. Of course, it is easy enough to produce glaring exceptions, as in all generalisations. But what amazes me today is the nostalgia with which I recall the closing phases of Empire, as I myself experienced them. And this nostalgia arises precisely because corruption by power was being eliminated so thoroughly that at the end of the Second World War, it came near to being the first Platonic system of Government that the world has ever known.

'Countless forgotten British men helped to bring this about. For a century or more it had increasingly become the wish for many of the best among the youth of Britain, in the universities and Services, to spend their lives serving peoples of alien cultures in far countries, such as tribal Africa and the ancient civilised world of India . . .'

"LATE CAME THE GOD"

Not only Kipling's earlier stories of India or of the Empire are

coming in for serious consideration. In an excellent article in her review of children's books, *Growing Point* (Vol. IX. No. 8, March 1971) Margery Fisher deals with 'a few of his stories which show especially what he himself defined as "economy of implication".' She gives a particularly detailed study of 'that gem of a story, *The Eye of Allah* . . . I might go to a favourite metaphor of Kipling's—the beehive—to suggest the construction of *The Eye of Allah*; each cell exactly fits the adjoining cells along every edge. Human love (John of Burgos and his Moorish girl, the Abbot and the desperately ill Anne of Norton); attitudes of mind (the Sub-Cantor's humility, the artist's single-mindedness, Roger Bacon's passion for truth, the Abbot's hard-won orthodoxy); learning (Biblical texts, medical theory and practice, music); place (scriptorium and choir stalls, store-room and cloister)—each section is complete in itself and perfectly aligned with the others. The story is lucid but packed with hints of theme and climax; the narrow setting of a medieval abbey is broadened by the diversity of characters and the boldness of the ideas . . . The story is a miracle of considered detail. No word of the easy, wayward conversation but has its purpose; every detail, coloured or sombre, has its place in the pattern.'

Mrs. Fisher goes on to deal with '*The Manner of Men*' and '*The Church that Was at Antioch*' in similar detail and with as deep an appreciation; with 'that incredibly skilful tale *The Mother Hive*'; with 'his acute ear for the way people speak in *A Walking Delegate*'; with the stories that 'preach loyalty—a cause, a person, a game, a nation: few do it as sharply and gracefully as *The Maltese Cat*, that incomparable pony-eye view of polo, or the brilliant .007', with 'Unprofessional' and 'Wireless'. She feels that 'his passionate love of the English countryside seems more acceptable today when it is embedded in the talks Dan and Una have with Puck than in a story like *An Habitation Enforced* which depends on social assumptions not old enough yet to be viewed with detachment. Even the rambling talk of two country men in *Friendly Brook* . . . probably suits modern taste less well than the more indirect *Below the Mill Dam*.'

And she concludes, 'Perhaps one reason why Kipling is still not a "popular" author (though his devotees are legion) is that the best of his stories call for considerable intellectual effort. His love of mystification, always latent, developed in his later years alongside an increasing tightness and ambiguity of language. To read his last book of stories, *Limits and Renewals*, is to be reminded of Yeats's last poems; the type of change is similar. *Dayspring Mishandled* . . . *Aunt Ellen* . . ., in the same genre, *Fairy-kist* combines in an amazingly short space a neat solving of an apparent murder and one of Kipling's most sympathetic searchings of a troubled mind.'

'THINGS AND THE MAN'

Mr. H. J. Grant has brought back from India an interesting article in *The Sunday Statesman* (Calcutta) of 17 January 1971 called 'A Book Kipling did not Dare to Finish', in which Mr. Hamdi Bey gives an excellent and well documented study of the unfinished novel *Mother Maturin* which Kipling is presumed to have destroyed in the nineteen-twenties (after using some of it for the synopsis of a silent film—which Mr. Bey does not mention). The general thesis of the article is that the book was the result of Kipling's explorations into the darker corners of

native and Eurasian life and that on account of its 'impropriety' he did not finish it—and was indeed shipped off to England by his parents in 1889 'to save him from native riff-raff and Anglo-Indian loafers, from, in either case, "going Fantee" among natives . . . Years later he reverted to it but the theme, thought of in the fulness of youth, was beyond his aging capacities as a writer. That was about the time Forster's *Passage to India* appeared [1925], but that should not have made any difference.'

Mr. M. van Wyk Smith, Senior Lecturer in English Literature at Rhodes University, Grahamstown, South Africa, writes that he has spent three years making a collection and study of the poetry of the Boer War, and 'come across a very considerable amount of material in South African libraries and Africana collections'. He is coming to England for a year, in June, and asks if any Members can help him to find further material 'in libraries and in private hands, particularly MS material like diaries, letters, reminiscences, and so on pertaining to the War. These items sometimes contain poems.' If any can do so, will they please write to him care of the Kipling Society in London, adding 'To Await Arrival'.

On Saturday and Sunday 16 and 17 January the actor Mr. Richard Leech gave a brilliant 'Residence Recital' on 'Kipling in Sussex' in the Kipling Room at Brown's Hotel in London at which several members of the Kipling Society were present. Mr. Francis Carr, the organiser, writes: This two-act one-man play aims to present an ideal evening spent with Rudyard Kipling, when the conversation—his conversation—flows easily, when he tells us of his aims and achievements, his work and pleasures. Every now and then he breaks off to read some of his poems, those simple, direct and moving lines, which deservedly brought him so much fame. He includes a few letters he wrote to his friend Rider Haggard, and a humorous short story, a ridiculous tale that is even funnier for adults than it is for children, an extremely rare feat in literature. Much of the script, all of which is in his own words, comes from his last work, *Something of Myself*. In this book he tells us a lot about himself, but it is a masterly combination of truthful revelation and Anglo-Saxon reserve.'

The high-light of a delicious evening was Mr. Leech's brilliant rendering of 'How the Elephant got his Trunk'.

R.L.G.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND ARMY MUSIC

By Lewis S. Winstock

When Mr. Francis Dillon reviewed my book *Songs and Music of the Redcoats* in *The Listener* (April 2, 1970), he suggested that insufficient use had been made of Rudyard Kipling as a source for what soldiers may have sung. "He, it seems to me, is full of clues for the 1880's", wrote Mr. Dillon. The initial criticism was wholly justified. Although the book tackled the somewhat vexed question of what the Tommies in South Africa *really* thought of "The Absent Minded Beggar" I certainly had not used Kipling as a lead to Army Music in the last part of the 19th Century. This paper is therefore the direct result of Mr. Dillon's challenge.

Kipling's tales of Indian military life have been examined to see

what light they might throw on the sort of songs Tommy sang and the marches his bands played—which is my own primary interest. And this line of investigation also reveals something about the origin of Kipling's soldiers' songs. If they are not real Army songs, where do they stem from? Although this topic has inspired correspondence and conversation since the inauguration of the Kipling Society no full-length paper on it has, to my knowledge, ever appeared anywhere. Accordingly, I have tried to assemble all the material that has been published through the years in the *Kipling Journal* and elsewhere, and introduce some material that is, hopefully, original.

This paper divides into considerations of (1) headings to Kipling's Indian military stories (2) snatches of songs incorporated in the various narratives (3) titles of music that are mentioned, and (4) incidents and situations involving songs and music.

STORY HEADINGS

All those that were later included in Kipling's collected works, and which are inevitably described in their original settings as "Barrack Room Ballads" must be considered as his original verses, and therefore outside the scope of this study, which leaves just five uncollected items in the martial idiom for investigation.

The verse preceding *The Madness of Private Ortheris* which is described as "Barrack Room Ballad" and deals with "a trusty chum" reads very much like a Kipling original, and I have found no hint of it outside the story.

The second uncollected item noted as "Barrack Room Ballad" heads *The Three Musketeers* and has an interesting history.

"An' when the war began, we chased the bold Afghan,
An' we made the bloomin' Ghazi for to flee, boys O!
An' we marched into Kabul, an' we tuk the Balar 'Issar,
An' we taught 'em to respect the British soldier."

This, in fact, is "Bang upon the big drum"—words and music by P. Neville, publisher S. Rose of 33, Rampart Row, Bombay—and the British Museum dates its own copy at 1889. However, the title page of the piece says it was "composed and written for a camp-fire sing-song at Kabul, 1879". Among the officers at Kabul in 1879 was Captain Phillip Crampton Neville of the 14th Bengal Lancers, and he may well have been the originator of the song. As P. Neville he wrote serious works and as Latakia, poetry, although his anthology, *Marginal Notes in Indian Ink* (1897), does not include "Bang upon the big drum". But whoever the composer, this is an example of Kipling incorporating a genuine soldiers' song into his fiction. He may have heard it often, for he also introduced it into *Krishna Mulvaney*.

"So they sent a corp'rill's file,
And they put me in the guard room
For conduct unbecomin' of a soldier".

And:

"Bang upon the big drum, bash upon the cymbals,
As we go marchin' along, boys O!
For although in this campaign,
There's no whisky nor champagne,
We'll keep our spirits going with a song, boys! "

Another "Barrack Room Ballad" with echoes of Afghanistan precedes Chapter Two of *The Light that Failed*, but it does not seem

to have any existence outside the story.

"Then we brought the lances down, then the bugles blew,
When we went to Kandahar, riding two by two.
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra,
All the way to Kandahar, riding two and two."

One of the two remaining uncollected verses is the heading to *The Daughter of the Regiment* which has the unique classification "Old Barrack Room Ballad". If it were genuine it might have been called "Jane Harding"—from its heroine—or "The Sergeant's Wife" or "The Pride of the Company", but nothing has come to light. It is primitive enough to be a real soldier's rhyme, although the artfully artless Kipling might have conjured it up.

"Jain 'Ardin was a Sarjint's wife,
A Sarjint's wife was she.
She married of 'im in Orlershott,
An' corned acrost the sea.
'Ave you never 'eard tell of Jain' Ardin'
The pride o' the Companee?"

And lastly there is the couplet which heads *In the Matter of a Private* which Kipling calls "The Ramrod Corps" and which alone among his military superscriptions has a specific title. There may have been a genuine ballad of that name or, once again, Kipling might have been creating the perfect imitation of a simple Army chorus.

"Hurrah! hurrah, a soldier's life for me!
Shout, boys, shout, for it makes you jolly and free."

SONGS SUNG IN THE TEXT

Several of the songs which Kipling puts into the mouths of his characters can be clearly identified. In *With the Main Guard* Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd provide snatches from "The Sentry Box"—which was known in Ireland by 1870, and a variant of which was collected in Sussex in 1907 where it was a recognised militia song.¹

"If any young man should marry you,
Say nothing about the joke,
That iver ye slep' in a sinthry box,
Wrapped up in a soldier's cloak."

Another folk song appears in *Without Benefit of Clergy* where Holden sings:

"And if it be a girl she shall wear a wedding ring,
And if it be a boy he shall fight for his king,
With his dirk and his cap and his little jacket blue,
He shall walk the quarter deck as his daddy used to do."

This is a variant of the ballad "Rosemary Lane" or "Home, Dearest Home", which the folk song collector S. Baring Gould found in 1906, and which is a pretty frank tale of seduction and bastardy².

In *Love o' Women* Ortheris whistles "the shrill quickstep that runs
"Oh do not despise the advice of the wise,
Learn wisdom from those that are older,
And don't try for things that are out of your reach,
And that's what the girl told the soldier."

It seems improbable that Kipling invented this, for the introductory phrase seems intended to remind readers of the words, yet the origin of the song has evaded discovery. In much the same way, Kipling calls attention, in *The Courting of Dinah Shadd* to "that crashing chorus

which announces,

Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Firm hand and eagle eye,
Must he acquire who would aspire,
To see the gray boar die."

This, too, remains a mystery, and it is scant consolation to know that the insipid "Kathleen O'Moore" in the same story was a sentimental effusion from the pen of George Reynolds.

Two songs which I strongly suspect are Kipling's own appear in *The Courting* and *The Mutiny of the Mavericks*. Ortheris' song in the former and "The Sacred War Song of the Mavericks"—with its textual similarity to and metrical compatibility with "Marching through Georgia"—both have the master's mark upon them.

A music hall song features in *The Brushwood Boy*, where Kipling has it sung by a regiment returning from a successful Frontier campaign.

"E's going to do without 'em—
Don't want 'em any more,
'E's going to do without 'em,
As 'e's often done before."

This chorus derives from the eminently forgettable "I'm going to do without 'em", written in 1882 by F. Bowyer and W. G. Eaton, and only an innocent is going to believe that it was, as the title page claims, "sung with immense success by Arthur Roberts".

In *Kim* Kipling writes of a regimental band playing "The Mulligan Guards".

"We crave your condescension,
To tell you what we know,
Of marching in the Mulligan Guards,
To Sligo Port below !"

This jaunty quickstep was written by D. Braham, whose successes include "The Regular Army O!" which is said to have been a favourite with the United States Army during the Indian Wars.

TITLES OF MUSIC MENTIONED IN THE TEXT OF KIPLING'S TALES

Kipling gives, virtually without comment, the titles of over a dozen songs and marches, including familiar pieces like "The Lincolnshire Poacher", the cavalry trot "The Keel Row", and "The Wearing of the Green". But in addition to these old work-horses, some lesser known and challenging titles are cited. In *The Maltese Cat* the pipes sound "a wild northern air, 'Zakhme Bagan'," which is a reminder that Indian regiments adopted the bagpipes with enthusiasm. During the polo match which is the centre-piece of the story a regimental band plays "Oh Kafoozalum", to provide a sobering reminder that the still-popular obscene ballad "The Harlot of Jerusalem" had the most respectable antecedent. In fact, the tragi-comic "Ka-foozal-um" was written by Sam Oxley, and the British Museum copy is dated 1865.

My Lord the Elephant introduces "There's another blooming row downstairs" which remains untraced, and "Tommy make room for your uncle", which is an indifferent music hall song of 1876 with words and music by T. S. Lonsdale. Whatever its failings this song may have been a genuine Army favourite in Kipling's Indian phase, for it certainly had a new lease of life among the troops during the South African War. The

joke of the day was that Uncle, that is "Oom Paul" Kruger was being compelled to make room for Tommy³.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd lists a number of songs. "The Ballad of Agra Town" and "Marching to Kabul" sound like good martial narratives, but I have found neither. "The Buffalo Battery" is plainly Kipling's intelligent re-titling of the song about buffalo-drawn guns which is, oddly, called "The Elephant Battery". It must date from the Second Afghan War 1878-80 since it refers to Sher Ali Khan, and it too was still being sung in the South African War⁴. As for "The place where the punkah coolie died", this was fortunately rescued and preserved for posterity by a member of the Kipling Society who had heard it at Lucknow in the 1890's⁵.

"There are men both good and wise,
Who hold that in future state,
Good coolies who have kimcho'd here below,
Will become the haughty master when they pass the golden gate,
While the Sahib pulls the punkah to and fro.
Then hell learn the 'lumba-bat' and to 'choop' and 'hold his bat',
In spite of all his arrogance and pride.
And he'll shudder when he thinks that for him there'll be no drinks,
At the place where the punkah coolie died."

"The long long Indian day" from *The Courting*, printed by Rose of Bombay is a self-pitying ballad to a German air which the British Museum dates at 1889. Why the lyricist chose to shelter behind the pen-name "Mario" is clear enough when one considers the excruciating and typical rhymes of the fifth and final verse.

"Thus on from day to day,
Wags the long Indian day,
Until grown old and grey,
We get one pound a day,
And totter home to die in England.
A worthy recompense
For loss of health and sense.
Thus ends my story
Of soldier's glory."

There must have been a tradition of these expatriate laments for in *My First Book*, when Kipling alludes to his sources and inspirations—but only in the broadest terms, alas—he recalls a ballad from Warren Hastings' era entitled "Scant ninety five" expressing nostalgic sentiments.

And in the context of laments it is appropriate here to refer to *The Kipling Journal* for December 1934 when an old soldier queried whether "Gunga Din" was inspired, at least in part, by "the old Indian service song beginning:

"In India's sunny clime,
Where you've got to spend your time,
Without your English servant you must do, etc."

Regrettably, only one correspondent took up the point, and nothing was established one way or another. Nor have I ever found more words to the song.

INCIDENTS INVOLVING MUSIC

Of the other fragments of information Kipling imparts about Army music quite the most exciting is in *The Big Drunk Draf*, where the hard case, Peg Barney, sings an obscene song called "The Devil's Mass"; this, explains Mulvaney, is the traditional good riddance "when a bad egg is

shot of the Army"—a malediction upon everyone from the Commander-in-Chief downwards. Mulvaney says that "some men can swear so as to make the green turf crack", implying that others cannot do so well—or so badly, depending on one's moral posture. It would seem, therefore, that while there was a standard tune for the Mass and a standard framework, ingenuity and particular circumstances gave each rendition its own character. Both tune and framework are, I fear, lost for ever, but I wonder whether there is any association between the Mass and the words that a Royal Engineer of South African War vintage once chanted for me at Royal Hospital, Chelsea⁶.

"It's captains and colonels and lieutenants too,
Sergeants and colour sergeants and corporals likewise,
With their hands in our pockets they rob us poor men,
May the Lord damn and blast them!
Says the soldier, Amen!"

In *A Conference of the Powers* there is a reference to "one Tommy who was the bard of the detachment" and a sample of his work—about "Thebaw the Burma king"—is quoted. In fact the regimental balladeer was a regular feature of Army life in the 18th and 19th centuries. Ned Botwood of the 47th who wrote "Hot Stuff" before Quebec was stormed in 1759, John Brown of the Grenadiers in the Crimea, and Kenny of the Connaughts in the Kaffir Wars, are just three of those whose work survives⁷. Kipling would thus undoubtedly have been aware of the reputation enjoyed by particular soldiers as rhymer.

Only a Subaltern contains various references to organised sing-songs, and these were an established feature of Army life in India and on the Frontier. (We have seen how one at Kabul gave birth to "Bang upon the big drum".) These events were known as "free-and-easies" and A. Male's *Scenes through the Battle Smoke* (1891) and R. G. Thomsett's *Kohat Kuram and Khost* (1884) give good accounts of them. Male mentions Irish soldiers singing the revolutionary "Shan van vocht", as indeed they do in *The Mutiny of the Mavericks*, this is the solitary example I know of a song from the mouth of a fictional Kipling character being corroborated by mention in factual military memoirs of the period.

In the same story Kipling recalls the legend of "an English regiment that lay by its arms under fire, chanting "Sam Hall" to the horror of its newly appointed and pious colonel". This I surmise to be pure fiction, for Kipling himself calls it legend and not tradition, although one wishes it were fact. The song was certainly sufficient to upset a religiously disposed officer. First sung at the Cyder Cellars by W. G. Ross it describes the attitude of a condemned man on the scaffold to spectators, well-wishers and to a parson, who—

"... looked so bloody glum,
And he talked of Kingdom Come,
Damn his eyes⁸."

It is worth recording that three of the songs mentioned by Kipling—"Kafoozalum" and "Rosemary Lane" as well as "Sam Hall"—carry obscene words that run close to the original texts, and it is quite possible that these existed even in Kipling's time. Thus, when he wrote of them, he may well have relished the thought that the references would be appreciated at two levels—by polite society, and by soldiers and others who knew the cruder versions.

I have never been entirely happy about the incident in "The Drums

of the Fore and Aft" when the regiment takes part of its band on campaign. Kipling begins by commenting that the band "had been cut down to the regulation twenty men, the surplus returning to the ranks" and that looks good enough. But I think it most improbable that the Brigadier, planning his battle against the Afghans, should ordain that "each regiment shall be played into action by its band". Although the band of the Fore and Aft does not go into the firing line, but wheels behind a rocky knoll out of the Afghans' range' it is still close enough to powder and shot to be swept away in the general panic when the regiment breaks. And I believe that the siting of the band is one of Kipling's errors. Although George Findlater of the Gordon Highlanders played his pipes at the storming of the Dargai Heights during the Tirah Campaign of 1897 and won the V.C. for his courage, I doubt whether *bands* were found close to the firing line even during the Mutiny. Certainly, I have never come upon a contemporary reference to their presence on the battlefields of India in the entire 19th Century.

CONCLUSIONS

In this paper twenty-six items have been discussed and fourteen positively identified. One is a march ("The Mulligan Guards") and one a sentimental drawing room song ("Kathleen O'Moore"). Two are genuine soldiers' songs: ("Bang upon the big drum" and "The Buffalo Battery"). Three are folk songs: ("The sentry box", "Rosemary Lane" and "The Shan Van Vocht"). Three are Indian or Anglo-Indian: ("Zakme Bagan", "The place where the punkah coolie died", and "The long, long Indian day"). And four are music hall: ("I'm going to do without 'em", "Kafoozalum", "Sam Hall" and "Tommy make room for your uncle").

Of the twelve unidentified I am going to live dangerously and state that four superscriptions are Kipling's own, along with Ortheris' song and the Mavericks' war song. I believe that "Youth's daring spirit" and "That's what the girl told the soldier" are probably ballads, that "There's another blooming row downstairs" is music hall, and that "Marching to Kabul" and "The ballad of Agra Town" are soldiers' songs. They are all probably lurking in dusty files, waiting accidental discovery. "The Devil's Mass" I consider to be equally authentic, and lost forever.

I hope that I have cast one more glimmer of light upon Kipling's sources, but I doubt whether I know much more about Army music as a result of my research, with the positive exception of having discovered "Bang upon the big drum". As long ago as 1955 Professor Charles Carrington's biography of Kipling described how he "went into bar-rooms and barrack-rooms and music halls to find out the songs the people were really singing, and fitted new words to them", and I have merely corroborated that one way or another Kipling knew folk songs, music hall songs, drawing room songs and soldiers' songs. Granted that he learned his soldiers' songs from soldiers, we are none the wiser whether he also heard soldiers singing music hall and folk songs or whether he acquired these elsewhere. After all my investigations I contend that Kipling provides only hints, not clues, as to the music and songs of the Army.

But it could be claimed that I have now searched his stories and neglected his poems. I know that Mr. Dillon endorses Professor Carrington's view that Kipling's verse might provide an indication of what the

Army sang. "No-one had thought of collecting genuine soldiers' songs", writes Professor Carrington, with complete veracity, "and when Kipling wrote in this traditional style it was not recognised as traditional".

He suggests, as an example, that a grotesque bawdy ballad sung by the Army in Kipling's day, "may well have served as a model for 'Danny Deever'. "So I deduce an argument that if certain of Kipling's poems recognisably follow the form and metre of extant bawdy ballads we can infer that Kipling, in his time, heard these ballads sung by the troops. Thus, by this research technique, a new strata could be unearthed in the archaeology of Army songs. My objection to this reasoning is that few if any obscene songs originate as obscene. Like "Sam Hall" and "Kafoozalum" they begin life quite innocuously, and are corrupted at a secondary stage. Kipling may just as easily have been inspired by the wholesome versions as by the parodies—and these former were perchance heard trilled by ladies in drawing rooms, and not bawled out in the wet canteen.

Undoubtedly, Kipling was eclectic, and surely he did cull songs from the barrack room, but just as surely, it will never be possible to be more specific than that. And reading "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre" it is clear that Kipling would wish it to be just so.

NOTES

1. *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, June 1915, p. 156
2. J. Reeves, *The Everlasting circle*, 1960, p. 223
3. *The Regiment*, May 19, 1900
4. L. Winstock, *Songs and music of the redcoats*, 1970, p. 210
5. *The Kipling Journal*, No. 13, April 1930, p. 23
6. Winstock, p. 243
7. *ibid*, pp. 60, 164, 221
8. H. Scott, *English song book*, 1925, p. 84

KIPLING AND FAMINE

By W. R. Aykroyd

Rudyard Kipling wrote one story about famine in India, namely 'William the Conqueror' which appears in two parts in the volume of short stories called *The Day's Work*, each part headed by an irrelevant quotation from John Donne. This volume was first published in England in 1898, but 'William the Conqueror' was written early in 1895 when Kipling was living in Vermont and a few years after he had left India for good. The story first appeared in the American *Ladies' Home Journal* (Dec. 1895 and Jan. 1896).

'William the Conqueror' opens in Lahore, but the famine is located in Madras, which Kipling saw briefly only once when he travelled by train from the deep south to Lahore, spending "four days and four nights in the belly of the train . . . unable to understand the speech around me". This was in 1891, when he was returning to India from a tour in Australia and New Zealand.

Drought is the principal cause of famine in India. The most severe famines have usually taken place after the rains have partially failed for one or two years, creating food scarcity, followed by complete failure and no crops in the subsequent year. In the last 3-400 years deficiency

of rain has been more frequent in the second than in the first half of the century; this may be mere coincidence, or it may reflect some cosmic meteorological cycle. Certainly the period from 1850 to 1900 was full of famines, major and minor, occurring in most parts of the country. It happens that the years of Kipling's service with the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore—1882 to 1889—were relatively free from famine. But there had been severe famines in the 1870's, followed by important reports, and the subject was at this time among the major preoccupations of the Raj. The Indian Famine Code was taking shape. To a newspaper like the *Civil and Military Gazette*, as is evident from the opening pages of 'William the Conqueror', famine was hot news. Its editor, with access to cablegrams, was a source of up-to-date information to fellow members of the Club. Kipling must have heard much about famine during his years as a journalist.

As news of the famine and its "Declaration" in terms of the Famine Code comes in, a Punjabi official remarks: "what unholy names these Madras districts rejoice in—all *ungas* or *rungas* or *pillays* or *polliums*". It was reported that Madras "has owned that she can't manage it alone". This meant recruitment from elsewhere in India, particularly in the Punjab where, it is implied, all the best officials were to be found. The cast of the story is made up of Punjabis, including William the Conqueror herself, the sister of an Acting District Superintendent of Police. The Famine Commissioner, Jimmy Hawkins, a Jubilee Knight, had started his career in the Punjab; he was known to be a good chap, "even though he went to the Benighted (Madras) Presidency". The appointment of a Famine Commissioner meant a dangerous emergency.

In the 1930's, when I was living in the Nilgiris Hills in the Madras Presidency, I had interesting talks about famine with Sir Frederick Nicholson, a distinguished I.C.S. official who had retired in Coonoor. He must have been about 85 when I knew him. As a District Collector he had been in the middle of the very serious famine of 1896-97, which affected northern Madras as well as large areas elsewhere in India. Later he had been a member of the Inquiry Commission which reported on the famine of 1899-1900. When I mentioned Kipling's story he could hardly contain himself. "The impudence of the man!" he said. "To suggest that Madrassis couldn't run their own famine!" Local officials, indeed, appear only once in 'William the Conqueror', as "hollow-eyed weary white men, who spoke another argot". The reader gains the impression that the handful of people specially summoned by Jimmy Hawkins are doing all the work.

When the party from the Punjab—Martyn and his sister, and Scott, an engineer in the Irrigation Department—arrived at the Famine Commissioner's Headquarters in a famine camp, they were immediately assigned different jobs. Martyn was told to "live on trains" until further notice, moving about the famine area loading grain-cars and distributing grain, and picking up people and dropping them in famine camps. Kipling understood the importance of railways in preventing and relieving famine. About 30,000 miles of railways were built in India between 1870 and 1911, and much of this mileage was constructed with the danger of famine in mind. In the eighteen-sixties, monsoon failure in Rajputana led to enormous mortality, because the only way of getting food to the starving people was by bullock cart. In 'William the Conqueror' the picture is that of abundant supplies of food—not always, unfortunately, the right

sort of food—pouring by rail into the afflicted territory.

But some famine-stricken areas were remote from the railway. Scott was ordered to take charge of a convoy of bullock carts and to go south, feeding as he went. Carts were immediately loaded with bags of millet and wheat from railway trucks, and he set out. The third member of the group, "William", affectionately greeted by Lady Hawkins, was retained at headquarters to help in the work of the camp. As Scott moved off with his carts, she called to him: "I want fifty rupees, please. Can you lend it to me? It's for condensed milk for the babies." Scott handed the money over.

At this point in the story a difficulty which has sometimes hampered famine relief in India arises. The people to be fed by Scott were rice-eaters, and though starving turned away from wheat and millet. "What was the use of these strange hard grains that choked their throats?" They did not know how to prepare or cook them and anyhow did not possess the household utensils needed for this purpose. Most left the open sacks untouched. Some of the disappointed women laid their emaciated children at Scott's feet. Then Scott's Mohamedan bearer, Faiz Ullah, full of contempt for the Hindu South, made his contribution. He had collected a few lean goats and added them to the procession to provide some milk for the Sahib's meals. These goats were being fed on the grains the people rejected. Scott hit on the idea of catching more goats, feeding them up, and giving their milk to the abandoned children. Though Faiz Ullah was reluctant—he held that there was no Government order as to babies and added that to become a goatherd was against his *izzat*—milk-*ing* the goats and feeding the babies became part of the daily routine. The babies were fed three times a day.

We are glad to learn that when Scott reached the end of his outward journey, he found that a rice-ship had come in from Burma, so that his carts could be loaded with rice for the return journey. It was not very clever of Jimmy Hawkins to send out a relief officer with foods that the famine victims would not eat. But the same mistake was made again and again. In a minor famine in rice-eating Orissa in 1888-9, when Kipling was still in India, the people would not eat wheat from north-west India. During the Bengal famine of 1943, I was shown large heaps of millet near Calcutta, rotting in the rain. The millet had proved quite useless for famine relief in Bengal. Within recent decades rice-eaters in India have learned to accept wheat (but not millet) prepared for consumption in various ways. In Madras at the time of Kipling's famine the people had not the knowledge or means needed for converting wheat grains into eatable forms. Preparing the whole wheat chappatis of north India is a skilled operation and an iron grid is required.

The feeding of the children with goats' milk continued and Scott noted that some of them were putting on flesh nicely. When the rice in the bullock carts was exhausted, he headed for the headquarters camp on the railway. "William" saw him arrive. "An accident of the sunset ordered it that, when he had taken off his helmet to get the evening breeze, the low light should fall across his forehead, and he could not see what was before him; while one waiting at the tent door beheld, with new eyes, a young man, beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust, walking slowly at the head of his flocks, while at his knee ran small naked cupids."

This is really the climax of the story. The scene appealed to the

American artist, W. L. Taylor, whose picture appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal* of January, 1896, with the sub-title "Walking slowly at the head of his flocks". Taylor accentuated the god-like bearing of Scott, as seen through the eyes of "William", sitting at the entrance to her tent. The black cupids are there and a few capering goats in the foreground, while behind a cloud of dust suggests a large flock. There is no indication that Taylor had ever seen India, and the same can be said of a later artist [J. Macfarlane] who contributed a rather similar, but less dramatic, illustration to *The Kipling Reader* (1908). Very different is a wood-cut by Rudyard Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, in the 1899 Scribner's Edition of *The Day's Work*. Lockwood depicts the routine daily feeding of milk rather than the entry into the headquarters camp. A row of real Indian bullock carts is shown as a background, and in front is a mother attempting to feed an emaciated child on the milk provided by an obstreperous goat. Scott comes in between, apparently reading a document, and not looking like a god. The process of transferring milk from the udder of a goat into a child's mouth is largely ignored by Rudyard; one gets the impression that he had no idea how it was done. Neither, perhaps, had Lockwood, but Lockwood's woodcut suggests that at least he was aware of difficulties.

Scott had much more work to do before the famine ended. He was sent to a new district and continued to distribute rice until he was able to report to Hawkins that the district was safe. Then the rains arrived and he had a severe bout of fever, drastically treated by Faiz Ullah. Love between the convalescent Scott and "William" blossomed in the headquarters camp, to the sentimental delight of Lady Hawkins. They were able to leave for the North a few weeks before Christmas. Here the story becomes a sort of travelogue, no doubt reflecting Kipling's own return to the North in 1891. "Morning brought the penetrating chill of the Northern December, the layers of wood-smoke, the dusty grey blue of the tamarisks, the domes of ruined tombs, and all the smell of the white Northern plains, as the mail-train ran on to the mile-long Sutlej Bridge . . . The South of pagodas and palm-trees, the over-populated Hindu South, was done with." We leave Scott and "William" singing carols together at the Christmas Ball.

Kipling had a remarkable gift for mastering the technical aspects of subjects he wrote stories about, or rather for mastering these sufficiently to satisfy readers without specialised knowledge. Among such subjects are marine engineering, bridge building, the life of the jungle he wanted. Famine can be included in the list. In Lahore he must have met officials eager to describe famine in their own districts. A single train journey through the Madras Presidency, and a look at some place names on a map of India, provided the scenario for a story about famine. But he should not have allowed Scott to pick up even broken Tamil in a few weeks, Tamil being among the most difficult of human languages for a European to learn.

As one would expect, the broad tableau of Indian famine is convincingly sketched—the land dried up in the baking heat, the dead cattle, the wailing mothers and emaciated children, the burning of corpses. On the other hand, Kipling did not know how the Famine Code worked, though he mentions it several times with an air of familiarity. One of its main features is the establishment of public works where men can earn enough money to enable them to buy "the amount of food sufficient

to keep healthy persons in health". These are first established on a "test" basis and the numbers applying for employment provide an index of the extent of hunger and indicate the need or otherwise for an official "Declaration of Famine". In 'William the Conqueror' there is no mention of famine relief works until Scott sent in a report recommending the repair of a broken-down reservoir. Useful works on which famine victims can be employed are usually hard to find. Jimmy Hawkins might have been better advised to use a skilled engineer from the Punjab Irrigation Department on this aspect of famine relief, instead of sending him off to distribute wheat and millet to rice-eaters.

Other technical imperfections in 'William the Conqueror' could be mentioned. But against these must be set the fact that the story makes an original contribution in the field of applied nutrition. Infants and young children have exacting dietary needs, imposed mainly by the speed of growth in early life; in particular, they need abundant protein. When the food supply of a community is drastically reduced, as in famine, this age group suffers most: together with the old, it has a large share in the increased mortality which the emergency imposes. Travellers in Ireland during the terrible famine of 1845-47 noted that few children were to be seen out of doors; the children were dead or dying and any still surviving were skeletons. But it is only recently that the vulnerability of the very young in times of shortage and famine, and the need to supply them with specially nutritious foods, have been fully realised. No particular attention was therefore given to children in famine relief operations; this applies to Joseph's famine in Ancient Egypt, meticulously described in the Book of Genesis, and to the Indian Famine Code. Faiz Ullah was right in saying that there was no Government order as to babies.

During the last 30 years, however, the provision of foods for children has become one of the most prominent aspects of famine relief, and also of many undertakings to improve nutrition in poor countries in normal times. Milk in the form of skim milk powder has been distributed in large quantities by United Nations organisations and non-official agencies such as Oxfam and Catholic Relief Services. Frequently, for purposes of child feeding, the skim milk powder is mixed with other foods such as wheat flour, soya flour and groundnuts. The value of the supplementary food or food mixture depends mainly on its content of good protein. In the threatened but averted famine emergency in Bihar in 1968, relief agencies and the government distributed protein-rich preparations on such a scale that the children were said to be in a better state of nutrition after the emergency than in normal times.

To the best of my knowledge, the earliest reference to giving milk to children in a famine is to be found in 'William the Conqueror'. Two kinds of milk are given: goats' milk and "condensed" milk. Goats' milk contains 3.7 per cent of protein and 4.8 per cent of fat, and would be an excellent food for starving children—provided, of course, that they got more than a few drops of it. There is no indication in the story of any shortage of supply. On the other hand, "William's" condensed milk could not have gone very far. The Nestlé Company informs me that in 1890 a large tin of condensed milk cost sixpence, which means 150 tins for 50 rupees. Calculations show that this quantity of condensed milk, diluted with water, would be about enough for 20 infants for 25 days.

Scott and "William" exchange their experience with goats' and condensed milk. Both confess to losses, but "William" admits that Scott's babies are fatter than hers. The impression given by the conversation is that goats' milk was preferable to condensed milk in the circumstances. At all events "William" takes over Scott's goats and children and it appears that the condensed milk is replaced by goats' milk from that point onwards.

Where did Kipling get the idea of "milk for children" in famine? It is unlikely that anything of the sort should have been suggested in an official document, or even in the correspondence columns of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Mr. C. E. Carrington, author of the admirable biography *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work* has suggested to me that he might have got it from his father, as well as much else about famine in 'William the Conqueror'. Lockwood was in Vermont when *The Day's Work* was conceived and he inspired its title. He has nothing to say about famine in his own book, *Beast and Man in India*, but must have heard much about it during his years of service. He was a well-informed and sympathetic observer of the Indian scene: it may be significant that he chose the milking of a goat and the feeding of a child as the subject of an illustration.

Whatever its merits and demerits, 'William the Conqueror' is a highly readable story. The manly heroine, said to have been drawn from a lady well-known in North India, is a consistent character. But the reader is left to speculate why she was called 'William the Conqueror' and why a story about famine in Madras was named after her.

KIPLING QUIZ: 18 NOVEMBER, 1970

By T. L. A. Daintith

(Answers will be given in the next number of 'The Kipling Journal')

1. The name of the hero of "Captains Courageous"?
2. What did he smoke?
3. What ship picked him up?
4. Who was the Captain?
5. Why was he christened Disko?
6. What was the name of the railway car owned by Mr. Cheyne?
7. How long did the train journey take?
8. How many animals from the Jungle Book can you name, other than the main characters?
9. What was the fate of Tabaqi?
10. What was the name of Mrs. Wolf?
11. Where was Bagheera born?
12. What was the name of Mowgli's presumed mother?
13. What was the name of the herd bull?
14. What was the name of the White Seal?
15. What was the name of the father of the White Seal?
16. What was the name of the mother of the White Seal?
17. What was the name of the Walrus?
18. Who told the story of the White Seal?
19. What was the name of the European elephant hunter?
20. And his chief hunter?
21. And his elephant?

22. Who was Sidney Latter?
23. Name the four naval officers in "Sea Constables".
24. Who "lounged around and suffered?"
25. In "The United Idolaters", who were the nominal leaders of the factions and what were they?
26. In "The Wish House", what was the address of the house?
27. What was inside?
28. Rahere and Gilbert the Physician saw what and where?
29. What was "A Whisper of Angels' wings, the breath of Eden and the foam and pulse of Youth renewed"—from "The Bull that Thought"?
30. What was the name of the Bull?
31. What was "horrible, hairy, human?"
32. What was the name of the landowner in "Stalky"?
33. What had the gamekeeper been previously?
34. Who took his place?
35. Name the two animals presented to the Natural History Society by Stalky & Co.
36. What was the nickname of the carrier in Stalky?
37. Name four of the servants at the school.
38. Name the four houses?
39. Who were—Foster, Carton, Finch, Longbridge, Martin and Brett?
40. Who was the politician who addressed the school?
41. What was he called?
42. From whom did Stalky quote?
43. From whom did Beetle quote?
44. From whom did M'Turk quote?
45. What did Stalky chalk on King's door?
46. Name two old boys.
47. Who bullied whom?
48. What two school stories were referred to?
49. What was the quotation from Lewis Carroll?
50. What punishments did Stalky & Co. inflict upon the two bullies?
51. What was the cigar that floored Stalky & Co.?
52. What were the Christian names of Beetle's friends?
53. Who were the two principals in the story "In the Same Boat"?
54. Who was the heroine's fiance?
55. Who was her mother?
56. What was the drug they took?
57. Who was the British officer in "Kim"?
58. What was his Christian name?
59. What is bad for baby seals?
60. What did Puck quote to the children?
61. What were the names of the children's dinghy?
62. Who were in charge of which sides of the Viking ship in "Puck"?
63. "It is not given for goods or gear, but for—what?"
64. What is the craziest road of all?
65. Who was a little, red-faced man?
66. Who was hanged?
67. Why?
68. What whimpered overhead?
69. Who were the Ladies in the Poem?

70. Give the two lines preceding: For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin.
71. What was McAndrew's official post?
72. In the Ballad of Bolivar, the ship sailed from where to where?
73. Who were not so old in the Army List?
74. Complete the quartet of names: Ballard, Dean, Bland and . . .
75. Complete: "There's peace in a . . .; there's calm in a . . .
76. Give the two preceding lines to: And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke".
77. What can you (not) trust at the end of an Indian June?
78. Who were the two Viceroys in the poem?
79. Who "fume and fret and posture?"
80. In the poem about the banjo, what other instruments are mentioned?
81. What are the ships in "The Three Sealers" and who commanded them?
82. What "dipped and surged and swung"?
83. What are the lines preceding "and the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandu, and the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban?"
84. Complete: "The pious horse to church may trot, A maid may work a man's salvation."
85. What creatures were mentioned in "The Way through the Woods?"
86. Oak, Ash and Thorn; what other trees are mentioned in the poem?
87. What was "crowned by all time, all Art, all Might"?
88. Whom did Queen Elizabeth see in the mirror?
89. What was the motto of A.B.C?
90. Who were the men mentioned in the story "As easy as A.B.C"?
91. Who, at various times, were Hobden's landlords?
92. What were the names of the mine-sweepers?
93. What are the four things that are never content?

NEW MEMBERS

Journal 177, March 1971. We apologise for several misprints in the last Journal, two being on page 1 alone. They were due to our accelerating despatch at the end of the postal strike by not inspecting the final proofs. This saved at least a week. We also cut down delay by not sending in the names of Members who joined since November 1970. This means that the list in this issue is twice as long as usual, so please forgive Surnames only.

Grant, Heiser, Moynihan (Lib.), Patterson, Wood (U.S.), da Silva, Hobson, Hoy, Halcrow, Brock (S.A.), Jones (Justice), Ashley, McPherson Liby (B.C.), Farthing, Dodak, Hampson, Martin, L-Learmonth, Howarth, Villiers, Jones (Rev.) Watson, Houston Univ. (U.S.), Smee, Tomkinson, Scott, Strong, MacFetridge, Road, Watts, Indiana Univ. (U.S.), Kirkwood, Enniskillen (Lady), Regensburg Univ. (Ger.).

'AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE'

by Jeffrey Meyers

W. H. Auden writes that, unlike most writers, Kipling is obsessed by a sense of the external, rather than internal dangers threatening civilization. "For him civilization (and consciousness) is a little citadel of light surrounded by a great darkness full of malignant forces and only maintained through the centuries by everlasting vigilance, will-power and self-sacrifice." "At the End of the Passage" (Life's Handicap, 1891), portrays a man whose vigilance and will-power are broken down and destroyed by these external malignant forces, and who is so tortured by the powers of darkness that only death can release him from his hellish existence. Kipling ably describes the destructive power of India, but is less successful when he writes of the little citadel of light that opposes it. Kipling's English standards of civilised behaviour, especially his idea of self-sacrifice, are unsatisfactory and unreliable in India, and his code of conduct and idea of heroism too rigidly constrained.

Kipling describes this destructive setting in the opening paragraph:

Four men, each entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," sat at a table playing whist. The thermometer marked—for them—one hundred and one degrees of heat. The room was darkened till it was only just possible to distinguish the pips of the cards and the very white faces of the players. A tattered, rotten punkah of white-washed calico was puddling the hot air and whining dolefully at each stroke. Outside lay gloom of a November day in London. There was neither sky, sun, nor horizon—nothing but a brown purple haze of heat. It was as though the earth were dying of apoplexy.

This paragraph states the major motifs and dominant images of the story, evokes the setting and mood with startling vividness and intensity, and carefully defines what the civilized man must endure. The physical facts are the most striking. The heavy heat is terrible, and causes the outside world to become undifferentiated and unfamiliar when the normal bearings—sun, sky and horizon—are lost. The image of the apoplectic earth suggests both the theme and the mode of death: the loss of sensation and consciousness from brain damage. The unhealthy pallid faces in the darkened prison, the doleful whine and the gloom outside, evoke a mood of desolation and deep despair. The tattered rotten punkah, like the battered little camp-piano and the miserable goat chops and curried eggs, is a symbol of their disintegrating and chaotic world. The mention of London recalls as a frame of reference the civilized and familiar world that the men unsuccessfully and poignantly strive for. Finally, instead of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," Hummil achieves only bondage, despair and death.

Kipling has rendered an artful *progression d'effet* by revealing how pitiless and inexorable nature causes physical decay in Hummil, and how the nervous strain of boredom, anxiety and isolation leads to spectres and delirium, and causes a fatal relaxation of his moral fibre. This saps his vitality, enfeebles his will, and forces Hummil to succumb to panic, terror and madness.

Both Conrad and Kipling write about the disease and madness that threaten the white man in the tropics, but each has a different conception of these dangers. Conrad, unlike Kipling, is aware of the dangers that

lie within man—his personal weakness and "civilized" values—that are unable to sustain him in a hostile environment. Conrad writes in 'An Outpost of Progress' that contact

with primitive nature and primitive man, brings sudden and profound trouble into the heart. To the sentiment of being alone of one's kind, to the clear perception of the loneliness of one's thoughts, of one's sensations—to the negation of the habitual, which is safe, there is added the affirmation of the unusual, which is dangerous; a suggestion of things vague, uncontrollable, and repulsive, whose discomposing intrusion excites the imagination and tries the civilized nerves of the foolish and the wise alike.

Each of the four men in 'At the End of the Passage' who eagerly and irritably meet every week is subject to these extraordinary destructive and disintegrating forces, and is thrust into a struggle for existence in which the weakest succumbs first. Hummil's ghastly death suggests the fate of the other men just as Jevins's death foreshadows and hastens Hummil's; for Hummil must add the burden of Jevins's work to his already strenuous duties. Though one of the ideas in the story seems to be "judge no man this weather," suicide is condemned on occupational not on theological grounds: it is shirking your work. The hazards and hardships of this work are almost as unendurable as the heat itself. Lowndes, a political advisor to an Indian Native State, is in constant danger of being poisoned; Spurstow, a doctor, is threatened by a black cholera epidemic; Mottram, a surveyor, suffers from ophthalmia as well as isolation and loneliness. But it is Hummil who suffers most and, threatened with madness, clings to morphia, the last appeal of civilisation.

Kipling makes clear that these men are living in an earthly Hell, and as they attempt to sleep in the house of torment they suffer the cruelties inflicted on the damned. They endured the foul smell of kerosene lamps combined with the stench of native tobacco, baked brick and dried earth; the punkah flagged, ceased and then fell apart; a tom-tom beat with the steady throb of a brain-fevered skull; the sweat poured out of the sleepless men; and Hummil, already half dead, was as rigid as a corpse. After Hummil dies, his servant explains that his master was descended in the dark places and has been frightened to death by an unearthly fear.

When Spurstow, who stays with Hummil after the others leave, realizes Hummil's condition, he urges him to forget his work and wire to headquarters for leave. But Hummil refuses because he knows his replacement is physically weak and has a wife and child who would surely die if they left the cool hills. The camp-piano, the wreckage of a couple who once lived in the bungalow, is a warning of the fate that overtakes families in the Indian heat. Kipling's dedicated men maintain the tradition of sacrifice to duty, and reveal the terrible irony in his stories: that the rulers of India often become its victims.

Kipling wisely spares the reader the horrors of the final week of the victim's life, and when Hummil's friends return the following Sunday they find him dead. The tireless punkah-wallah, who is unaware that anything unusual has occurred and continues to pull the cord of his punkah, suggests the lack of connection between the lives of the Englishman and the mass of hostile or indifferent natives whom he attempts to rule.

Hummil's hands are clenched, and the spur that he rested on to keep him from sleep and torturous nightmare falls to the ground, a vivid

symbol of how he urged himself, beast-like, to work and to duty. His friends faithfully return to their work that keeps their wits together; all that remains is the indignity of a hasty disposal, mandatory in the Indian heat.

The story should have ended here, a powerful tale of terror, hopeless despair and spiritual disintegration. But Kipling, not satisfied with his achievement, pushes on to the realm of the supernatural, and nearly destroys the total effect of the story. The very real horrors—physical, spiritual and mental—were certainly sufficient to destroy Hummil without the introduction of supernatural elements (and further unnecessary explanations). The fact that the horrors which killed Hummil remain on his eyes after death and are recorded by a camera adds nothing to the story and is irrelevant to Kipling's intention of showing the self-sacrifice and devotion to duty of these shattered men of imperial fibre.

Kipling fails to recognise that there is something self-defeating about this gladiatorial heroism. He habitually assumes that in such a situation a typical colonial character can behave in one way only, so that Hummil never has a choice to make. There is no possibility in the story of another system of values, no doubt about the inflexible standard of conduct. Kipling believes that Hummil contains within himself all that is needed to survive, and that there is only one kind of manliness and heroism, which is self-dependent and based entirely on will-power. Hummil is intended to be a brave hero and the story is intended to be a tragic defeat of a strong man by a dark colonial fate. The story allows us to imagine an unending succession of martyrs sacrificing themselves to the cause of empire, and shows how completely Kipling believes in the colonial mission.

For these reasons there is no conflict in Spurstow's mind about his responsibility to Hummil, for the interests of the empire always override those of the individual. Kipling always demands the suppression of the individual, who is important only for his organic value—as a link in a chain or a part of a team.

It is precisely Kipling's assumptions about the nature of civilization, which Auden has observed, that do not allow Hummil to learn from the unhappy example of Jevins, and reveal a fundamental weakness in this and other stories, for the threat to civilisation *is* internal. Because Hummil lacks the imagination to see the possibility of acting differently, his rigidity destroys him. What Kipling sees as something external really comes from the rigidity itself. When Hummil must face the power of India, his inner resources and moral strength, his narrow code, his little citadel of light, fail to sustain him, and he succumbs to the doom that waits for "civilised" men at the end of the passage.

Notes

1. W. H. Auden», "The Poet of the Encirclement," *Literary Opinion in America*, ed. Morton Zabel, I (New York: Torchbooks, 1962), 260.
2. Joseph Conrad, "Outpost of Progress," *Tales of Heroes and History* (New York: Anchor, 1960), p. 251.

KIPLING'S INDIA : There are still a few places vacant on this unique trip (see last page of previous *Journals*)—but Members are advised to book soon to avoid disappointment.

LETTER BAG

MRS. BATHURST

Mr. Blount's paper, read to the Kipling Society on 17 February 1971, was the most comprehensive and judicious study of this baffling story that we have yet heard; it will clear away much guesswork. For my part, I am not convinced that we have solved the problem and think it unlikely that we ever shall. Mr. Blount's analysis of its place in the series of transcendental tales that make up *Traffics and Discoveries*, dealing strangely with motor-cars, wireless, the movies and the guns, might be emphasised in one direction, the dream-like quality of several of these stories. Near the beginning of *Mrs. Bathurst*, the narrator falls into a doze. Perhaps this gives us the option of believing that the whole story is a dream and not an actual occurrence. Or is this merely 'throwing up a catch' as Kipling said he did in *The Wish House* (S. of M., p.212)? I cling to the supposition that he shortened this story till it became unintelligible. Ten thousand words was not enough. Conrad would have made it a seventy-thousand word novel. But in revising, why did Kipling leave so much background? Again we find a clue in S. of M. (p.210), where he discusses *The Captive*, another important story in the same volume. 'The background insisted too much' until he toned the lighting down. He ought to have given the treatment to *Mrs. Bathurst*, eliminating half the introduction and building up the story itself. The rather flat 'boy Niven' episode is irrelevant to the theme while the Captain 'with his court-martial face' is so cut back that one can make no sense of him. I do not say that this is what Kipling did but what he might have done.

Mrs. Bathurst is, in many ways, a typical Kipling story, with its frame-and-picture technique, its 'withdrawn Heroine' (who is a re-write of 'Mrs. Vansuythen'), its tale half-told; but it is a magnificent failure. It doesn't tell enough. The frame should have been confined to the summer afternoon atmosphere of the beginning and the end. I will remember the popular song, 'The Honeysuckle and the Bee'. Which of these strange characters was the Honeysuckle and which the Bee?

C. E. CARRINGTON

MRS. BATHURST, A REALIZATION

"Sooner or late—in earnest or in jest—
 (But the stakes are no jest) Ithuriel's Hour
 Will spring on us, for the first time, the test
 Of our sole unbacked competence and power
 Up to the limit of our years and dower
 Of judgement—or beyond."

THE STORY, 'Wressley of the Foreign Office' (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), shares—as Miss Tompkins reminds us—with 'Mrs. Bathurst' (that superb story, written in 1904, when a man is reputed to do his best work—Rudyard Kipling was then 39), the theme the "destructive power of love".

But it fails, on any account, to survive comparison with it, thereby providing us with the germ of a realization that into each man's life comes a woman he never ceases to regret; and that to Mrs. Bathurst, in the saddest story Kipling ever wrote, are ascribed the essential qualities

of a strong maternal strain, and a rare tenderness, which were to make Click Vickery false to his highest ideals; and which story was to form a prose counterpart to that fine poem "The Hour of the Angel".

Ten years before writing 'Mrs. Bathurst', Kipling travelled in New Zealand, and all he carried away from the magic town of Auckland—"last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart"—was the face and voice of a woman, selling beer at a little hotel there, and who never "scrupled to help a lame duck, or put her foot on a scorpion", and, as Kipling says, "precisely as the removal of the key-log in a timber jam starts the whole pile—those words gave me the key to the face and voice at Auckland, and a tale called 'Mrs. Bathurst' slid into my mind smoothly and orderly as "floating timber on a bank-high river". A lovely metaphor!

Mr. Capel Hall wrote in *Journal* 47, "interest in the story of Mrs. Bathurst inspired an author friend and myself to work out an explanation, and this we forwarded to Rudyard Kipling. He thanked us, but only committed himself to the reply, 'That was very interesting!'"

Furthermore, the photostat letter, which we hold, signed by Kipling and dated November 26th, 1904—the handwriting is undoubtedly his, and on Batemans paper—reminds us that no one but Vickery knew what Vickery had done, thus setting the seal on random speculation, and guiding us to the recognition that in a world so fraught with hazard, the story of Click Vickery's trial and his failure represent, with no great disparity, average human life . . .

"Out, out, brief Candle! Life's but a walking shadow."

A. M. PUNCH

THE 'JUNGLE BOOK' SITES

As a fairly recent newcomer to the Society I do not know whether this has been raised before. A year or so ago there was correspondence about the setting for the Jungle books. Another well-known writer in India had something to say about this in his fine war book *The Road Past Mandalay*—John Masters, of course.

He was training for the Chindit campaign and said this: "Chindwara, around which we made our jungle camps, is a small town near the centre of what is called Madhya Pradesh. It is rolling country of trap rock, forested in sal and dwarf teak, very hot and dry in the summer, sunny and fresh in January and February. The jungles are full of game—wild pig, deer of several kinds, including the lordly Sambhur, bear, leopard, and tiger. It is the country of Kipling's Jungle Books, and the maps on which we worked showed the Seonee Hills and the Wainganga River not far to the east of us. Every time I found myself alone in the jungle with Daljit—reconnoitring a site for a bombing range, studying ground for an exercise—I expected to see Mowgli trotting through the thin trees towards me, Bagheera at his heels and Kaa coming fast behind, the flat head raised and the unwinking eyes fastened on me. What a superb understanding of India Kipling had! If only he had understood Indians one-tenth as well."

Later on when he was in Burma he had this to say: "The note of a tenor bell rang full and true out of the thinning mist below. I sprang up and ran back to the sentries. They had heard it and waited intently. Again the bell sounded. A third time the signal bell tolled.

"The words of poem came into my head, and I spoke a word to the sentries. They relaxed, and I walked forward again.

"As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled."

It was not the first time that Kipling's miraculous gift of description had helped me to recognise the new and unexpected. I had heard the belling of a Sambhur stag, the great red deer of India and Burma."

T. C. THORNTON, Major : R.C.T.

BOOK REVIEW

KIPLING: THE CRITICAL HERITAGE, Edited by Roger Lancelyn Green. (Critical Heritage Series. Routledge and Kegan Paul. London, 1971. pp. xviii + 410, Index, Bibliography. £5 net.)

Students of Kipling as a significant figure in English literature will find Mr. Green's book indispensable. He does not shirk and he does not effuse (if there is such a word). I do not underrate the two previous collections of Kipling criticisms, by Andrew Rutherford and Elliot Gilbert, but suggest that these works of selective scholarship present images of Kipling according to the methods and standards of the present day; they 'date' just as Kipling himself 'dates'. Both were influenced by the new wave of writing that followed the publication of *Something of Myself* (1937), and of T. S. Eliot's *Selection* (1941). Mr. Green's book is not at all tendentious. After a judicious introduction, he provides a conspectus of the criticism in Britain and America, favourable or unfavourable, thoughtless or thoughtful, over Kipling's whole life, so as to reflect the changes of opinion on his status: the early enthusiasms of the bookish grandes; their reservations and withdrawals; the love-hate that was prevalent as early as 1891; the counter-attack on his reputation; the long period when the most popular author in the world was dismissed by the pundits as if non-existent; and the slow recovery of his esteem.

The richness and variety of criticism in the 'nineties, when he had not yet written the books upon which students now concentrate, is well-displayed, though much of it is irrelevant to us who have read his mature work. By contrast, Mr. Green shows how flat and thin was the critical record of Kipling's middle period. Dixon Scott in the *Bookman* (1912) wrote the first penetrating essay in the modern manner, but the systematic study of Kipling derives from Bonamy Dobrée's essay in 1927. It is a pity that the limits of Mr. Green's assignment exclude Miss J. M. S. Tompkins, who alone shares Dobrée's eminence in this field.

Mr. Green has managed to include a great deal, sometimes by taking short extracts from long general essays. Here are Lang, Humphry Ward in *The Times*, Henley, Whibley, the modified raptures of Gosse, Henry James, Saintsbury, C. E. Norton, the hostile but not negligible comments of Barrie, Lionel Johnson, Francis Adams, the sententious tirade of Robert Buchanan. All that I miss is the attack of Arnold Bennett and the defence of Robert Lynd (though Mr. Green has unearthed an earlier critic who used the same pen-name, 'Y.Y.'). Having written many pages, myself, where my prose is interspersed with Kipling's I find myself in agreement with Lafcadio Hearn, who concludes: 'He makes me feel so small . . . I wonder why I am such an ass as to write at all'.

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