



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. (" Stalky ") (1927-1946).

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS —

18, Northumberland Avenue. London, W.C.2. (Tel 01-930 6733)
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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, at 2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, 15th December 1971.

Wednesday, 15th March 1972.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

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

Wednesday, February 16th—John McGivering—"Kipling's Army and Navy".

Wednesday, April 19th—Margaret Newsom—"Kipling in New Zealand".

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NEWS AND NOTES

"THINGS AND THE MAN"

The present number of the *Journal* contains such riches (if there is room for them all) that your Editor hopes you will be content with them, and with the following 'Notes' that have collected on his desk from various Members. He makes use of their valuable contributions the more gladly since he is deeply involved in preparing his own Notes for use on the Tour of Kipling's India. Although he will have returned before this *Journal* is published, copy must go to the printers before he leaves.

The first Note comes from Mr. J. Corrie, whose article on 'The Army View of Kipling' appears later in these pages :

In his delightful book *Mount Joy*, published in 1968 by Gerald Duckworth, Stephen Hawys, a far-travelled English artist, writing from his estate on the West Indian Island of Dominica, observes: "In his *Jungle Book* Kipling describes how Kaa, the great rock python, volunteers to batter down a wall with his nose to assist Mowgli. Long after my *Jungle Book* days I assisted in collecting and packing some large pythons in East Africa with the Smithsonian-Chrysler Expedition. I learned that any box intended to carry a snake must be softly padded on the inside because a snake's nose, like a shark's, is an 'Achilles heel', and a snake with a bruised nose is as good as dead from a Zoo's point of view. It is odd that so meticulous a craftsman as Kipling should not have happened to know that curious detail."

Mr. Corrie also points out that Kipling's prophetic description in the penultimate stanza of "Hymn of the Triumphant Airman", written in 1929, supplied the title of a volume published by Allen and Unwin in 1966, *The Curve of Earth's Shoulder*.

We all overlook facts which seem obvious to others, and Mr. William F. Whitmore of California very rightly questions the derivation of "Drexel" [The Village that Voted the Earth Was Flat] suggested in *Journal* 175, page 22. 'The name', he writes, 'is, of course, that of a pioneer Philadelphia merchant and philanthropist—perpetuated today in the Drexel Institute, in Francis Drexel Biddle (the U.S. Diplomat), and in a financial house etc. Kipling's familiarity with early 19th century Philadelphia is well documented in the *Journal* and elsewhere. Kipling may have had the overtones you suggest, but the direct source seems fairly obvious.'

Mr. D. W. Bishopp of the Transvaal points out another of Kipling's mistakes. On page 49 of *Something of Myself* Kipling refers to the diaries of Alikhanoff in Central Asia, and to the making of fires with "sax-aul" which, he adds, "I suppose is perhaps sage-brush".

'Having personal experience with sage-brush', writes Mr. Bishopp,

I can say that it certainly isn't. "Sax-aul" is *Haloxylon ammodendron*, a small tree which seems to be limited to Central Asia, and favours sand and brackish water. I take the following from Carruthers's admirable book *Beyond the Caspian*: "Gnarled, knotty, primitive, its presence in Transcaspia has been as coal to the 'Midlands', for it has provided the railways and the home fires with cheap, local, and very excellent fuel where no other is available."

And finally, Mr. J. M. Barker of Chicago asks whether the charm by "Oak, Ash and Thorn" in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* was invented by Kipling, or 'was it a conventional charm of the olden times in Britain? I cannot find any reference to it in Frazer's *Golden Bough*.'

BOOKS AND ARTICLES

The current number of the Dutch publication (in English) *English Studies* contains an excellent article by Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins on 'Kipling and Nordic Myth and Saga'. It is too long, and perhaps too specialised, to reprint in the *Journal*—but Members interested are urged to seek it out for their collections. It is of particular interest for the light it throws on the background to 'The Knights of the Joyous Venture' and related stories; but it also shows Kipling's interest in the Icelandic Sagas and tales translated or retold by William Morris, and their echoes in his work.

The June number of the *Journal* (178) contained a particularly interesting article by Mr. Lewis Winstock on 'Kipling and Army Music', and Mr. Winstock's publishers, Leo Cooper Ltd. (196 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC 2H 8JL) write: 'It might be of interest to members of your Society to take advantage of a special offer which we would like to make on Mr. Winstock's book *Songs and Music of the Redcoats* which of course has much bearing on his article. This book, which was published in March 1970, was well and widely reviewed and sells to the general public at a price of £3.50. However, we would be happy to offer it to any of your Members direct, post free, at a price of £2.75.'

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons write asking that the fact be brought to Members' notice that the recent volume of Kipling's *Stories and Poems* in Everyman's Library, is now available in Paperback at 50p.

A recent catalogue of choice second-hand books issued by Charles W. Traylen of Guildford shows that the Sussex Edition of Kipling's Works continues to rise in price. They are asking £725 for 'a fine unopened set of the definitive and best edition.'

R.L.G.

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following: U.K.: Mmes. M. Edwardes, W. H. Greenwood, L. A. Sears, E. Sprigge; AVM Sir J. Slessor, Sir T. Tasker; Messrs. J. W. Blench, A. G. A. Fisher, H. Klemperer, I. Munro, L. A. Sears, J. N. Taylor, G. E. Walker, G. W. Wheatley. CANADA: D. J. Morrison. U.S.A.: D. M. Burjorjee, Nashville Libys. Tenn., N.Y. Univ. Liby., Albany. VICTORIA (B.C.): Dr. J. M. Nettleton.

'THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING'⁹

The Rt. Hon. The Earl Baldwin of Bewdley

Kipling Society Luncheon, 5 October 1971

It is only four years since I addressed the Kipling Society in this building, and I must say I was under the impression that that would last you and me for the duration. Unlucky circumstances, however, have dictated that I should be put up to speak again this year to propose the undying toast. Nonetheless, I do feel honoured at being given a second chance, and my wife and I are most grateful to the Committee for having invited us to be your luncheon guests today.

Those of you who were kind enough to listen to me before may have wondered how much I really knew of Kipling's works. I must tell you at once: far too little. Don't be deceived by my occasional quotations. There are wide gaps in my knowledge, which can very soon be spotted; and that is why I walk—or talk—pretty warily in company such as yours, and keep as much as possible to what I do know a little about: that is, the family. Please forgive me if my address is rather discursive: it seemed to compose itself in that way.

You will perhaps understand why it did, when I tell you that (for some reason unknown to me) last December a gentleman (also unknown to me) asked me if I would write three or four thousand words on Kipling's father, for a book by many contributors to be called, I think, *The World of Kipling*. Having agreed to do this, I found that I knew very little indeed about John Lockwood Kipling—according to his son, who didn't use words vaguely, "a marvellous man"—and, if I were to make any sort of showing, I should have to read and travel and note and think a great deal more than I'd bargained for. I won't bore you with fine details of my searches and excursions, but, as you may suppose, I picked up quite a hotch-potch of material, and was provoked to quite a few traffics and discoveries, guesses and conclusions.

After a most helpful visit to Miss Punch at our Society's office in Northumberland Avenue, I went to Yorkshire, root-land of the Kiplings; there I found the Methodist school where John had been educated—and, incidentally, another of my great-uncles, the Reverend Frederic Macdonald, too. At that pious academy they still preserve what had always been thought to be one of John's exemplary reports. *Was* thought; until I discovered that, from the date on it, it was in fact that of his younger brother, Joseph. The subjects taught in those days were formidable: Greek, Latin, French, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Euclid, Drawing, Scripture, Conference Catechism, Evidences of Christianity, Scriptural Antiquities. And I thought of the influence of the Bible language on Rudyard Kipling's writing, and, although he had been schooled at Westward Ho!, how early he had absorbed the Scriptures at the hands, among others, of his loving grandmother, Hannah Macdonald of Bewdley. Have you observed, for instance, that the modern-sounding phrase recurring in the poem *Boots*—"There's no discharge in the war"—comes practically straight from the *Book of Ecclesiastes*: chapter VIII, verse 8? Perhaps it's perfectly well known; but not to me, until I noticed it a year or two ago.

I went to Burslem, where John had worked, as a young man, at pottery; and I failed to find where he had lodged. But I learned that

his sketches were all signed 'J.K.'—not the familiar 'J.L.K.' of his book illustrations. I went to Somerset House for his birth certificate; and there I learned that he had not been named Lockwood at all, but plain John. I went to the South Kensington museum, now called The Victoria and Albert, where he had done much important work as a designer and architectural sculptor. I found absolutely no written record of him at all, either there or at any other office in London where I was told such information might be stored. I went to St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, to inspect the marriage register of the 18th March, 1865 (when an older church had occupied the site), and I read his careful signature, "John Lockwood Kipling", and realized that his self-bestowed second name had now been established. And I thought it strange that John, the father, had chosen to *add* a name to his baptismal one, and that Rudyard, the son, had chosen to *subtract* one of his: Joseph, as I am sure you know. And, looking at that wedding signature, as I have at many of his autographs before and since, I noticed that the initial "J" was given an especially ornamental twirl that day; and I remembered how Rudyard's many signatures also would vary according to his fancy. Has anyone, I wonder, ever drawn attention to the differing styles of the "D's" of Rudyard and of the "P" and even the "G" of Kipling? I don't think my own signature varies. Does yours? Trifling, I know; but rather odd, isn't it? Indicative of the artist, perhaps.

I went to admire the Indian rooms at Bagshot Park and at Osborne House; and after that I was given permission to look at the relevant royal letters and journals in the Windsor Castle archives, where, among references to John's work, I was pleased to read that when he was in India the Duke of Connaught had first supposed Mr. J. L. Kipling's name to have been Mr. Tippling. I tell you I've lived this year in quite a Kipling dream; and I've enjoyed it. There's nothing like research for generating shocks, even what is known as serendipity, which is finding useful things you were not looking for. Only, of course, you *must* do all the work yourself, because to delegate it is to risk missing too much.

One Sunday, this spring, after Matins in the village church, where I live, our Lay Reader took me aback with the information that Lorne Lodge No. 4, Campbell Road, Southsea—Kipling's House of Desolation—was at present owned and occupied by a cousin of his, and that she would be very pleased to show me the place any time I liked. It didn't take me long to accept *that* invitation. And there I saw the bedroom that must have been shared with Harry Holloway, the bully boy; and the street along which had walked a very small child, with his smaller sister trying to tear off the cruel letters LIAR which had been stitched on to the back of his coat. And I reflected that it was the very centenary of the year when my great-aunt Alice—Mrs. Bambridge's grandmother—that's why we are second cousins—had taken train from Bewdley—the precise date was the 13th October, 1871—with Ruddy and Trixie and had left them with Mr. and Mrs., Holloway.

All of us who care about the heart of Rudyard Kipling must have worried over this period of his life. I know from my readings that he wasn't easy to manage. How, with his Indian upbringing and his phenomenal spirit, could he have been? I am fortunate in possessing letters and diaries written by my grandmother, Mrs. Alfred Baldwin (Louisa, a younger sister of Mrs. John Kipling's) and by their mother, my great grandmother, Mrs. Macdonald. I find there that, when he was staying

with them for months in 1868—before he was three years old—he was indeed a handful. His tantrums, or would a mad purist say 'tantra'?—were awful. Here is Mrs. Macdonald's verdict: "Ruddy, after being sweet and pleasant for a little while, screamed horribly just before leaving . . . I cannot think how his poor mother will bear the voyage to Bombay with an infant"—that's Trixie—"and that self-willed rebel. I hope his father will train him better." He must have done, for on returning to England in 1871 at the age of five and a half the boy appeared to be much improved, except perhaps for this (and I quote): "Ruddy, having no little companion, talked me almost to death. He was very disorderly while his parents were here, but he behaved much better when they were gone."

Grandmother and grandson wrote to one another from Bewdley and Southsea—letters both ways must have been previewed by pseudo Auntie Rosa Holloway—and there is no hint of trouble in the diaries. After the child had been a year at Lorne Lodge, and had spent some of his holidays in Worcestershire, I find: "Ruddy was fetched back to Wilden"—that's where his younger cousin Stanley lived—"today. We were sorry to part with him." Improved, do you think, or broken, by Mrs. Holloway? That boy wasn't going to let on. There are those, I know, who feel sure that the suffering described in *Baa Baa Black Sheep* and in *Something of Myself* has been exaggerated. I believe that we all subconsciously desire to think so too. But what I say to those who insist on that assumption is: "Have you ever yourself been bullied, systematically and for a long time?" Those who have not been so treated can have no real understanding of it. Children's feelings can be extraordinarily intense. I am tempted now to say: "Hands up, those who contemplated murder or suicide before the age of ten." But I won't.

I proceed now on a happier note, with two or three memories of the Kipling/Baldwin relationship. I have been asked to comment on the suggestion that one of my father's most pungent phrases from a political speech originated with his cousin; and it may be that some have even searched Kipling's works for evidence. The phrase I'm referring to is "power without responsibility", et cetera. This, unlike many an attribution of authorship, happens to be true, and I merely amplify it, if only (as they say) for the record, as told me by my father. This is the way of it. "In the days when everybody started fair, Best Beloved." (Isn't that a perfect beginning to a political tale? Who knows which of the *Just So Stories* opens with it?) Or one might use another Just-So beginning: "In the High and Far-Off Times", Kipling was attracted by the charm and enthusiasm of a rich young Canadian imperialist whose name was Max Aitken, later to become Lord Beaverbrook. They became friends. When Aitken acquired the *Daily Express* his political views seemed to Kipling to become more and more inconsistent, and one day Kipling asked him what he was really up to. Aitken is supposed to have replied: "What I want is power. Kiss 'em one day and kick 'em the next"; and so on. "I see", said Kipling, "Power without responsibility: the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages." So, many years later, when Baldwin deemed it necessary to deal sharply with such lords of the press, he obtained leave of his cousin to borrow that telling phrase, which he used to some effect on the 18th March, 1931, at—I am pretty sure, for I believe I was there—the old Queen's Hall in Langham Place.

Whilst on the subject of integrity, I should like to digress by recalling a bizarre test of character to which Kipling was subjected very early in his career as a journalist. Professor Carrington—and may I say how sorry I am that he could not come to our luncheon this year?—refers to it in the biography. The tale was first told by Kipling in a letter to his aunt, Edith Macdonald, the day after the event. He had not then been sixteen months in Lahore, and was only just eighteen years old. He recounts how he was invited by an old Afghan chief to call upon him. This Khan, or *Sirdar*, as he was styled, was under not very strict detention by the authorities in a house somewhere in the city, and was most anxious to be released to go back to his wives and women at Kabul, supposing that a favourable mention of him in the pages of *The Civil and Military Gazette* would have more effect even than an appeal to the Lieutenant-Governor himself. The conversation was carried on in flowery Urdu, and the whole letter is enthralling to read. It is enough to mention that Kipling was shown successively three objects of a man's desire that were to be his for the taking, so only that he might print the few words required. The first temptation was a bundle of currency notes to the tune of about £1,300; the second was a beautiful Kashmiri girl; and the third, which he says he did find hard to resist, was the pick of three among seven of the most beautiful horses he had ever seen. I will quote the conclusion in his own words, fresh as the day that they were written, on the 2nd February, 1884:

"I was so thoroughly indignant with the old beast that I resolved to inflict myself upon him for a time till I sobered down. When I had smoked out one pipe, drunk my coffee and talked oriental platonic with the Kashmiri I rose up to go and my host didn't attempt to hinder me. He had lost about three cups of coffee, one smoke and about a couple of hours of his time (but that didn't count) and had heard some plain truths about his ancestry. Of course, I couldn't do anything for him—tho' his case is a hard one, I admit, but I can mention the subject to Wheeler, and he can, if he likes, take notice of it, so that I shan't be concerned in the affair. When I mounted my old Waler (he *did* look such a scarecrow) I found that beneath the gullet plate of the saddle had been pushed a little bag of uncut sapphires and big greasy emeralds. This was his last try, I presume, and it might have seriously injured my brute's back if I hadn't removed it. I took it out and sent it through one of the windows of the upper storey where it will be a good find for somebody. Then I rode out of the city and came to our peaceful civil station just as the people were pouring out of Church — it seems so queer an adventure that I went and set it down and am sending you the story thereof. I haven't told anyone here of the bribery business because, if I did, some unscrupulous beggar might tell the Khan that *he* would help him and so lay hold of the money, the lady or, worse still the horses. Besides I may be able to help the old boy respectably and without any considerations. Wasn't it a rummy adventure for a Sunday morning?" And, we might add, a not ignoble epitome of British rule in India?

After that interlude I return to my old home and generation in England between the two world wars. I think I spoke last time about Rudyard Kipling's gentleness and patience and sense of fun. He never demurred when I, as a school-boy, used to ask him to sign one of his books which I might have been awarded as an examination prize. Once, I remember hearing my tutor at Eton, a very learned man, speculate on

the meaning of the title *Rewards and Fairies*. He wondered whether the word 'reward' meant what it seemed to mean, or whether it was perhaps pronounced 'ree-ward' and was some archaic sprite or gnome. I silently resolved to enquire of the author next holidays. The answer I got wasn't entirely satisfactory to my ignorant mind. Didn't I remember Corbet's "Farewell, rewards and fairies?" I suppose I gracelessly mumbled something and crept away abashed; and it wasn't until years afterwards that I discovered Corbet and the very simple clue in the last two lines of the verse: "Yet who of late, for cleanliness, Finds sixpence in her shoe?"

Rollicking games we used to play in the evenings on the billiard table: games like 'Slosh' and 'Pots and Cannons', exchanging the while quips in an affectedly laborious dog-French, at which Kipling was, of course, particularly ingenious. Once, and I think only once, we persuaded the elders to join us in a paper game. Even my father, who had long lost most of his appetite for such frolics, took up his pencil. It was a kind of (what was called) "Consequences", but done in the form of a novel. You have to write a passage, fold the paper over leaving one or two words visible, then pass it on to your neighbour to continue. Kipling's opening lines in one of these rounds was masterly. After fifty years I can still quote them: "'It's a perfect Hell of a night", pouted the Duchess, unfastening her gaiters.'

On another light-hearted occasion I remember him propounding a theory that, since it was clearly impossible for one man to have written all his widely varied works, it was obvious that they must have been composed by a syndicate operating under the dubious name of Rudyard Kipling. This line of conversation was very appealing to a lad like myself, and I was keen to develop the theory in some breadth. However, some interruption came and put an end to it; but I have often thought since that someone possessed of the peculiar talent of, say, the late Ronald Knox might work the idea up into a good phantasy.

So much for these happy trivialities of long ago. I am going to conclude with something quite short but more substantial; and that is a four-line eulogy in verse which Kipling wrote one Christmas for our family Prime Minister. When I spoke to you before, I alluded to it as having been framed on a wall of the library at Astley Hall, but always cursed myself for having been so foolish as never to have written it down nor got it by heart; since after my father's death it had been sold, I think to America, where so many of our Kipling letters have found their way.

It is that kindest of men, our former President, Mr. Harbord, whom I have to thank for procuring a photographed copy for me to keep, and for that I can't express my gratitude warmly enough. Undated, the lines are written in holograph on Astley Hall writing paper, which, with the help of the old visitors' book, gives me authority to put the date as 1924. That politically, was the year that Baldwin returned to power nine months after he had been defeated for the first time by Labour under Ramsay MacDonald. I'll read them.

To him who lost and fell—who rose and won,
Because his aim was other than men's praise—
This for an omen that, in all things done,
Strength shall be born of unselfseeking days.—R.K.

I make no comment beyond saying that both the subject and the author shared the same standard of honour and always understood one another perfectly. That is why the lines are so true. Marvellous men, both.

I ask you now to rise and drink with me the toast:

"TO THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING."

'PETERSEN SAHIB'

By Sir Theodore Tasker

'Toomai of the Elephants' (*The Jungle Book*) is the story of Toomai, the little son of a mahout (elephant-driver), who during one of the elephant catching expeditions in the Garo Hills of East Bengal, was carried by night through the forest by the old elephant Kala Nag (black snake), and saw "what never man has seen, the dance . . . the elephant dance".

Much of the charm of the story derives from the confrontation of the little boy with 'Petersen Sahib', the head of the operations, who to Toomai was "the greatest white man in the world": who "had spent eighteen years in catching elephants, and he had only once before found such a dancing-place".

Three questions arise. Was there an original of 'Petersen Sahib', so precisely portrayed and mentioned by name thirty times? What was the origin of this story? And was 'Petersen Sahib' personally known to the Kiplings?

He is described in the story as "the head of all the Keddah operations—the man who caught all the elephants for the Government of India and who knew more about the ways of elephants than any living man". The Bengal Civil Lists have the answer: they record G. P. Sanderson as the Superintendent of Kheddahs, Dacca, from 1879 to 1892. Under the thin disguise of 'Petersen Sahib' Kipling immortalises my maternal uncle, George Perress Sanderson, a personality known throughout India in his day, and author of his classic *Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India* (Wm. H. Allen and Co., London, 1878).

Sanderson was born in India in 1848, the eldest son of the Rev. Daniel Sanderson, an early Wesleyan Methodist missionary in Mysore State, S. India. George was sent home for schooling to his father's family at Cokermonth. Wherever he was taught, his remarkable book is evidence that he was well grounded; for he had returned to India in 1864, aged only 16. After hopes of coffee-planting and some introduction by a survey officer to duck and antelope shooting, his book goes on: "I then applied myself to the study of Canarese, the vernacular of Mysore, for a year, which I look upon as perhaps the most judiciously spent twelve months of my existence." It was in fact the key to his knowledge of, and close intimacy with, the village and jungle folk of Mysore with whom the first thirteen years of his life in India, as irrigation channel superintendent, big-game hunter, and elephant-catcher, were bound up. His father was already fluent and had among other vernacular works compiled a Canarese dictionary.

Sanderson's life in India (1864-92) falls into two halves. The first mainly in Mysore (with a nine months deputation to Bengal) was from

1864 to 1878, fully described in his *Thirteen Years*: the second half, mainly based on Dacca in the service of the Government of Bengal, closed in return to Mysore Government service for three years. His health had been undermined. He married at Kodaikanal hill-station in May 1892, just before setting out for Switzerland in search of recovery, but within fifteen days collapsed at Madras, dying of pulmonary phthisis at the age of 44. His premature death deprived the family of records of his later personal life, and no consecutive account of his work in Bengal has yet been traced.

But up to the age of 30 we have a detailed account of his experiences in his *Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India*. It is a remarkable production for a young man without literary experience and after years of solitary life in the jungle. It is a handsome volume of 387 pages with 21 full-page illustrations and 3 maps. Its original publishers were Messrs. Wm. H. Allen, Publishers to the India Office, and they issued six editions between 1878 and 1896. A seventh edition was published by John Grant of Edinburgh in 1912, twenty years after his death. Unfortunately neither firm has records of the history of the book or of the number of copies printed. But the bare facts speak for themselves: in India alone the book must have found place in every club and mess library. To quote Lockwood Kipling (*Beast and Man in India*, 1891): "The real character of the elephant has been studied exhaustively and described once for all by Mr. G. P. Sanderson in his admirable book". Writers on elephants to-day quote from it. P. D. Stracey in *Elephant Gold* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1963) says it "will remain a classic for all time". Richard Carrington in *Elephants* (Chatto and Windus, 1958) quotes a number of passages from the book and at considerable length; and reproduces two of its illustrations of elephant types. Alas that he did not live to write a second 'thirteen years'.

The book's importance here is that it leads up to the reputation, to which Kipling pays tribute in *Toomai*, which Sanderson built up entirely by his own efforts as the acknowledged authority on elephants and their capture. He describes how he joined the Mysore Government irrigation service, quickly rising to control of seven hundred miles of channels. He lived alone in the village of Morlay, on the very edge of the jungle, acquiring an intimate knowledge of the ways of elephants, tigers, bison, panthers and bears, and becoming a daring and expert hunter. Impressed by the depredation caused to cultivation by the incursion of elephants, in 1873 he persuaded the Government of Mysore to allow him to attempt their capture by driving a herd into a kheddah (fenced and ditched enclosure). In this he had the support of Col. G. B. Malleson, Guardian of H.H. the Maharaja and historian of the French in India, to whom he dedicated his own book. Isolated attempts in the past had come to nothing, but, after an initial failure, Sanderson in 1874 captured a herd of 55, thus laying the foundation for what was to become "one of the world's greatest show-pieces". He was congratulated by the Government of India on his skill and personal daring, and was shortly afterwards deputed by them for nine months to charge of the keddah operations in the Garo Hills of Chittagong which supplied elephants for the Army Commissariat. Bengal had for long had a system of capture by kheddah, but the technique differed from that of Mysore.

Two-thirds of *Thirteen Years* deals with elephants: the rest with other big-game. The shikar passages are selected to bring out the habits

of the animals hunted. Great personal courage was involved, in particular in the hunting down of big-game on foot with dogs. This is no amateur narrative: the scientific names of animals and plants are given, and a carefully kept journal supplied the vivid detail.

After return from the Garo Hills in 1876, where he had captured 85 elephants, Sanderson went on medical leave of fifteen months, when no doubt he wrote his book. On return to India he was re-posted to Dacca and remained there under the Bengal Government for eleven years. We find him in 1879 experimenting with pack-gear for elephants in order to avoid the suffering and working disability caused by sore-back. In 1881 a committee sat in Simla (when no doubt he was present) to report on his improved gear. It was adopted by the Government of India, and the official record states that the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick (Lord) Roberts, was "struck with the ingenuity and care bestowed on all the details by Mr. Sanderson". A fully illustrated description of this reform is given in *Pack Gear for Elephants, Sanderson* (1883 Calcutta, Published under the authority of the Government of India). It runs to 44 pages and is complete in every detail. It marks the strictly professional stage its author had now reached.

For the captures achieved in Bengal we have the testimony of C. G. Brown in 1890 (see publication cited later): "Here for eleven years he carried to a successful issue the biggest 'take' on record, no less than 136 of these leviathans of the forest being captured by him at one time, and 3000 during the whole period". This one phenomenal capture involved control of the movements of 800 men, and began with a human perimeter cordon eight miles round.

Meanwhile kheddah operations in Mysore had been in abeyance till in 1888 H.H. the Maharaja borrowed Sanderson's services to re-establish the enterprise. This he did, bringing trained men with him from Dacca and twelve *koonkies* (elephants trained to assist in taming captives) who came one thousand miles by road. After a first capture, news came that the Heir Apparent would be visiting South India, and it was decided that a kheddah operation should be staged for him. This Sanderson carried out with careful timing on the 25th November 1889, thirty-seven being captured. The event was given full coverage in the London press, and is on record in two publications: *Elephant Catching in Mysore as witnessed by H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor of Wales* (C. G. Brown, Marion and Co., London, 1890) and *H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale in Southern India* (J. D. Rees, with a Narrative of Elephant Catching in Mysore by G. P. Sanderson, Kegan Paul, London, 1891). The first volume has twenty large-scale photos by Brown, several being unique ones of elephants in the wild. In the group photo of the official party Sanderson is described as "the *Hathi-ka-rajah*" (elephant King) in his usual dress of flannel shirt and straw hat". He remained on deputation in Mysore till 1892, the year of his death, carrying out four more drives.

Turning now to the question whether the Kiplings and he met, we have seen that he must have been in Simla in 1881 for that Pack-gear Committee. We have a letter from Col. G. E. Badcock of June 1938, saying that Sanderson, when staying "at Simla with my father, Gen. Sir Alexander Badcock—he was going to Sir George White later, presented me, aged five, fifty years ago with an inscribed copy of his book, and told me bedtime stories of elephants and tigers". This suggests the year

1888. But apart from these two dates it seems certain that one whose book was a best-seller and who held a key position in official circles, must have been at least an occasional visitor to Simla and Calcutta. He must have been personally known to the Lockwood Kiplings: he was still alive in 1891, when Lockwood's book mentions him by name.

As to Rudyard, he was in India from 1882 to 1889. I am indebted to Prof. C. E. Carrington for the fact that Rudyard paid short visits to his parents at Simla in the hot-weather months of 1883, 1885, 1887 and 1888. Our family tradition, emanating from one of his nephews whom Sanderson was training to take his place, is that the two did meet at some club. A clear answer may lie in family letters somewhere. Whether they met or not, Rudyard must have been fully aware of Sanderson's book and of his reputation; and his sensitive treatment of him in *Toomai* suggests that there may well have been personal and friendly contact.

What then gave rise to the writing of *Toomai of the Elephants*? Rudyard was on his honeymoon in Japan in May, 1892, the month in which Sanderson died. Professor Carrington tells me that in November, 1892, Kipling, now in Vermont, began to write the Jungle Book stories, the first being positively *Toomai* and *Mowgli's Brothers*. He already knew from his father's book of the 'elephant-dance'. To quote from it: "Colonel Lewin tells me of a belief in the Chittagong hill tracts that wild elephants assemble together to dance. Further, that once he came with his men on a large cleared space in the forest, the floor beaten hard and smooth like that of a native hut. This, said the men, in perfect good faith, is an elephant *nautch khana*, a ballroom . . . I confess to a deep envy of the Assam coolie who said he had been a hidden unbidden guest at an elephant ball".

Here is the nucleus of the story. Is it too much to conclude that Kipling, having this nucleus and the recent death of Sanderson in mind, and the Garo Hills being the necessary background of the old belief, linked the two in his story, which, while primarily an imaginative interpretation of the belief, is also perhaps the family tribute to George Sanderson?

There emerges from the story the picture of a mature, humorous, kindly head of elaborate and dangerous operations. Big Toomai, his father, says to Toomai: "Petersen Sahib is a madman. Else why should he go hunting these wild devils? He may even require thee to be an elephant-catcher, to sleep anywhere in these fever-filled jungles, and at last to be trampled to death in the Keddah." Lockwood in his book says: "Mr. Sanderson is not only a master of Indian woodcraft and a Nimrod of varied experience, but a most sympathetic observer of animal life and character, and yet as acute and discriminating as a judge on the bench"; and again ". . . such masters as Sir S. Baker and Mr. Sanderson who show a friendly sympathy with their assistants". There is also the testimony of J. D. Rees in the work cited: "I will reveal the secret of Mr. Sanderson's great success. To have acquired his fame argues the possession of great qualities, but his infinite solicitude for his subordinates, assistants and shikaries is no small factor in the case. He thinks far more of his followers than of himself".

His guerdon? A classic work still quoted: the proud sobriquet *Hathi-ka-rajā*: a Mysore hill bearing his name: and enshrinement in a Kipling Jungle Book.

THE TEXT OF 'LETTERS OF MARQUE'

By F. A. Underwood

Letters of Marque is hardly a work of literature, but is interesting as an example of Kipling's special correspondence as a journalist and of the travel writing which he continued at intervals for forty years. A further point is that some of the material which was later adapted for *The Naulahka* may be traced in the volume. As is well known, the letters appeared in the *Pioneer* in 1887-8 and the first edition was published by Wheeler in Allahabad in 1891 in a printing of 1,000 copies, which was suppressed by the author, only 100 being supposed to survive destruction. The work was pirated in America in a volume called *Out of India*, and eventually Kipling somewhat reluctantly included it in *From Sea to Sea* in 1899 in America (Doubleday and McClure) and in 1900 in England (Macmillan's Uniform edition). The text of this comparatively unimportant book does not merit a very detailed study, but a brief comparison of the first (Indian) and the Uniform edition is probably worth recording, and forms the subject of this article. It should be mentioned that there appear to be no significant differences between the first American and the Uniform editions. Page references here are to the Uniform edition, *From Sea to Sea*, vol. 1.

As would be expected, there were numerous substitutions of English for Anglo-Indian words, for example: groom for *sais*, picture for *tazwir*, carpenter for *mistri* and coir or thatch for *moor*]. The alterations, however, were far from consistent, and the same word was changed in one place and not in others in some instances; crocodile, for example, appears for *mugger* on page 16 but is unchanged on pages 37 and 38. In a few cases a translation of the Anglo-Indian word was added in brackets thus: *munshi* (clerk), *So-oor! So-oor!* (Pig! Pig!) and *Garib-admi* (I'm a poor man). It is noticeable that some quite obscure words were left unaltered and untranslated, giving the impression that the revision was rather perfunctory. Similarly very few sentences were expanded to make the sense clearer for the uninitiated reader, although there is one example of this at page 71 line 4 where "by the Queens" was inserted into '(this was worked from behind the screen).'

There were some alterations in punctuation and the number of words in Italics was reduced, but these were perhaps no more than changes in the house style of the printers. On the other hand, a few errors crept into the revision and have been perpetuated in reprints, notable Uodhpur for Jodhpur on page 79 of the Uniform and page 75 of the first American edition. The conjecture in *The Reader's Guide* that this was an alternative spelling of Udaipur would therefore appear to be incorrect.

The longest omitted section, amounting to about 550 words, came originally at the end of Letter VIII, and would follow page 72. It is a description of the Victoria Hall which was under construction "in the Hindu-Saracenic style" in the Durbar Gardens, Udaipur, and the Walter Hospital for native women, which was almost completed. Both had been designed by Mr. C. Thompson, Executive Engineer of the State, and the Hall was to have a marble statue of Queen Victoria by "Mr. Birch R.A." Were the hall and hospital ever finished, and if so do they still

stand? Although Kipling evidently approved of the designs, they sound as though they were in doubtful taste. A direct criticism of contemporary architecture was omitted after "Maharana" on page 102 line 29. It begins: "If a fourth sack of Chitor could be managed for a Viceroy's edification, the blowing up of the new Mahal would supply a pleasant evening's entertainment. . . ."

Many of the minor alterations were made to improve the style by eliminating immature expressions, although it must be said that innumerable similarly loose phrases remained. Typical examples occur on page 65 where 'sati, which is generally supposed to be out of date' replaced 'sati which is generally supposed to be an 'effete curiosity' as the Bengali said', and on page 71 where 'English fashion' replaced 'English fash' as the irreverent Americans put it.' Other small changes include the omission of two trade names: Epps's cocoa 'grateful and comforting', presumably quoting an advertisement, and the gentleman with the bag at Jodhpur (page 112) originally complained of being charged 'three-eight for a bottle of whisky. An' Encore at that!' Some atmosphere was lost on page 149 where the light-hearted Lieutenant 'goes to his money lender' rather than 'to the "beastly *shroff*' ' of the first edition.

A few deleted references to writers are worth mentioning, in particular two sentences on Rider Haggard, which were possibly omitted because he was a friend of Kipling's by 1899. On page 91 the paragraph on line 32 originally began 'Then, as Rider Haggard used to say—though the expression was patented by at least one writer before he made it his own—a curious thing happened'. Who was the other writer? On page 125 the sentence 'Some day a novelist will exploit the unknown land from the Rann, where the wild ass breeds, northward and eastward, till he comes to the Indus', was followed by 'That will be when Rider Haggard has used up Africa and a new 'She' is needed'. The loafer at the end of Letter XII is called 'Ferdinand Count Fathom, in an Intermediate Compartment, very drunk and very happy'. 'His head and hogged tail in the elements' on page 138 was followed by 'as Uncle Remus hath it'. The description of the road between Nasirabad and Deoli (page 147) included the sentence 'It runs for the most part through 'Arthurian' country, just such a land as the Knights of the Round Table went a-looting in—is gently sloping pasture ground where a man could see his enemy a long way off and 'ride a wallop at him,' as the Morte D'Arthur puts it, of a clear half mile'. A mild jest was lost when 'Wilfred' was dropped from 'the traveller whose tact by this time has been Wilfred—blunted by tramping' on page 129; but in any event should have been 'Wilfrid'.

The writer has been unable to trace the origin of two omissions: a reference to 'the good King of Yves' in Letter XVII and a quotation which followed line 8 on page 103,

'The sun's eye had a sickly glare
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of ages stood
Around that lonely man.'

This sounds as though it comes from 'The Ancient Mariner' but does not.

When the tone of the whole work is considered it is difficult to understand why certain passages were omitted when they were appa-

rently no worse and no less relevant than others. For example, a paragraph which followed page 131 line 16 discussing the Englishman in native states read:

'Those who know anything of the internals of government, know that such men must exist, for their works are written between the lines of the Administration Reports; but to hear about them and to have them pointed out, is quite a different thing. It breeds respect and a sense of shame and frivolity in the mind of the mere looker-on, which may be good for the soul.'

After page 150 line 23 there was originally the sentence:

'Beyond Deoli the cultivated land gave place to more hills peppered with stones, stretches of *ak*-scrub and clumps of thorn varied with a little *jhil* here and there for the benefit of the officers of the Deoli Irregular Force.'

Again after page 151 line 12 there was a note:

'[*Nota bene*.—There was an unbridged nullah every five minutes, for the set of the country was towards the Mej river. In the rains it must be utterly impassable.]'

To sum up, the revision of the text for *From Sea to Sea* was rather casual, with inconsistencies in the alterations and omissions, but it is evident that too severe a treatment would have spoilt the freshness of the letters. What we have in the Uniform edition is not very different from *Letters of Marque* as they appeared in the first edition, and, presumably in the *Pioneer*, so that we may read substantially the text which the young journalist sent to his paper in 1887-8.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

"*Oak, Ash & Thorn*". In the *March Journal* (177) we mentioned a new stereo record of this title (Argo ZFB 11) comprising twelve "Puck" songs set to Folk Music and sung by Peter Bellamy and a small chorus. A handsome book of words and music, bearing the same title, has now been published by the Robbins Music Corporation, of Soho Square, W.1. The songs are not in the same order as on the record, but the book is attractively illustrated by Mr. Bellamy and his wife, and finishes with a special note on each song, including the origin of its tune. Whether you have the record or not, this book is well worth buying.

"*Oak, Ash & Thorn*" costs 75p and can be ordered from music or book shops. The sole selling agents are Francis, Day & Hunter, 138-140 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2.

"*Subscriptions Secretary*" is the title of a new post which our Council has authorised, with the object of relieving the Hon. Sec. of some of the routine work connected with subscriptions. Its holder is an *ex officio* Member of Council, and we are happy to say that Mr. T. L. A. Daintith has kindly offered his services.

Hon. Sec., U.S.A. After many years of splendid service to our Society, we much regret that Mr. Carl Naumburg has become very ill. His place has been taken, with encouraging keenness, by Mr. Joe Dunlap. We hope to tell members more about both these gentlemen in a future *Journal*.

A.E.B.P.

SOME THOUGHTS ON 'THE HONOURS OF WAR'

By J. H. McGivering

Discussion Meeting held on 21 April 1971

Those who laughed and cried with Mulvaney, Captain Gadsby, Lieutenant-General Bangs and so forth must have wondered if Dalzell and Wontner were fair samples of the successors of that light-hearted Army that so nearly conquered the world in an absent-minded sort of way. I shall be interested to have your views on a Colonel that cannot control his subalterns, a subaltern as offensive as this one, and a regiment that will accept such a person in the first place.

In the *Windsor*, this story was headed by "*The Jester*". I shall just read you the last of the three verses, as that is the key to the whole position :

There are three degrees of bliss
And three abodes of the Blest,
And the lowest place is his
Who has saved a soul by a jest
And a brother's soul in sport . . .
But there do the angels resort !

A look at the story will show that it is one of the few where the narrator—the 'I'—can really be said to be Kipling himself. Dr. Joyce Tompkins has, as always, put her finger on it—or him—when she says The 'I' is a dramatic character. He is often in what we know as Kipling's situation; he presents, at times, certain recognizable aspects of his character; at other times, perhaps, the figure which he wished to cut, and occasionally a slightly parodied or belittled version of him. He is not therefore to be carelessly identified with Kipling. He is the link between the characters and the reader; he is not an autobiographer, and, with very few exceptions, the tale is not about him. It is therefore a mark of insufficient control when the writer's excitement overflows and the 'I' intrudes too far into the story and disturbs the focus of our attention. There is a little too much of 'I' in *The Man who would be King*, and there is a good deal too much of him in *His Private Honour*.

One might almost add that he does not paint a very flattering picture of himself here: I believe that he may suddenly have seen not only young policemen but also very young subalterns and wished to recapture a little of his lost youth (he was 46 in 1911, the year his father died) and reassure himself as well as his readers.

I wonder if he did? Eames and Trivett seem rather more pink-cheeked than his previous subs, and Wontner more of a cad than he need be. It is interesting to note that he is addressed and referred to as Mr. Wontner until he apologises to Stalky in the car—you will recall Brownell in *The United Idolaters*, his nickname was just 'Mister'. One of the main problems of this story, however, is how such a cad managed to get into the Army of 1911—the probable answer is that he did not: Kipling has overdone it a bit.

Another problem is The Infant and his household: Ipps, incidentally, seems to be the only servant in the house—no doubt there is a cook with supporting staff in the kitchen, and no doubt there is a *chauffeur*, as the car comes round, drives to the outskirts of Ash, to the mess, and

returns : without The Infant, for another odd reason. Stalky says 'Fall in! . . . We shan't be long, Infant!' and they are off. Their host had been a soldier, it was a limousine—probably large enough—and it was his anyway! Why did he not go to see the fun? There is no indication that he had over-indulged at dinner, and he was, like Prout, *in loco parentis*. Perhaps it was because he had been a day-boy.

There is another mystery.

Ipps gave the boys the '81 port: the *Windsor* text has '78 port. Both were usually shipped as Vintages, and the '78 was considered to be a year of great distinction, as being the last of the pre-phylloxera. The '81 was one of the first made from national vines grafted on to American stocks. We have not heard of Kipling as a port-fancier—it would be interesting to know why he changed the dates.

Now in a house like The Infant's, it is most unlikely that Kipling-Beetle would even know the way to the basement, let alone where to find rope and sacks in the stables. There is no evidence that he had been in the house as a child, and if he went to the stables after luncheon on a Sunday to look at the horses with the family he would most certainly have marched sedately through smoke-rooms and gun-rooms or through the front door and round the long way. Again it is unlikely that Wontner would have held forth on his family fortune, or made such a to-do about the very ordinary and common-sense conventions of Mess life. Kipling has a dinner-jacket, so is not a reporter!

Arthur Lionel Corkran, school number 104 is much the same, even if he is a Lieutenant-Colonel: and even if Trivett addresses him as 'Uncle Leonard'. If one is accustomed to pawning one's friends garments, taking charge of the house and car of another man is probably all in the day's work!

The milliner's shop still open late on a Saturday night is good period stuff, and Wontner manages to say 'please' on one or two occasions to the girl who was clearing up the counter. That is rather out of character, until one reflects that it happens *after* he apologises.

It will be appreciated, then, that he is beginning to make good—he qualifies to be addressed as 'Wontner' and after his public apology in the Mess he joins that company of engines, ships, animals and assorted young men that have passed the test and been accepted by their peers.

Our author must have been in ironic mood when he wrote this story—he permits Wontner to quote (presumably) John Owen's *nosque mutamur in illis* which I have seen rendered as

Temporara mutantur nos et mutamur in illis

which King would probably not have liked and nor would the men from the Coll.—it continues *fit semper etc.*

Times change, and we change with them too. How So?

With time men only the more vicious grow.

As for Clausewitz, his ten volume *On War* has been described as a pseudo-philosophical exposition on war interlarded with valuable common-sense observations.

So we have an epigram that turns nastier than it should, and we have an expert on war who was a little confused at times. As I have observed, we have a Colonel who was nearly thrown out of the service with Stalky in '85 for ragging and has so mended his ways that he has become a creeping nonentity.

Now earlier in this story The Infant implies that the regiment has no control over who joins it, and Wontner's remark about a conspiracy implies that he was given a Toughish time when he arrived—possibly in the hope that he would mend his ways or go. The Infant must have passed the test (it sounds as if this is his old regiment though the reference is ambiguous) as he soldiered on until he came into his estateful baronacy but the thick-skinned Wontner does not take the hint—he is the only one in step—they are wrong, he is right.

Well, the rather dreary story limps along: Stalky is out to save a scandal in his old battalion and takes charge of The Infant's household and Transport in the old familiar way, until the old friends are filled with nostalgia at the sight of the parade-ground and the sound of bugles and drums. We are not told why the latter are performing after dinner. The boys are decorated, Wontner changes into miss-undress and finds that Kipling-Beetle is not a reporter for

a journal of enormous sales which specialises in scholastic,
military and other scandals

as he owns the dinner-jacket! Wontner makes it up with Stalky and the promising party really develops so that all may end happily—apart from the thought of the hangovers to come.

Well, that is that: the friends go home in a further wave of nostalgia and all the loose ends are left loose.

As collected, this story is followed by *The Children* so obviously inspired by Kipling's personal tragedy and those of thousands of others that, even now, after two or three more wars, it can hardly be read with a dry eye.

So, having had my say, I shall be glad to let you have yours with the observation that apart from *The Smith Administration*, which is in a class of its own, I believe this story will, with a possible runner-up in the same volume, qualify as Kipling's Worst.

THE ARMY VIEW OF KIPLING

By J. Corrie

The writer in the *Army Review*, quoted in the December, 1970, *Journal*, has sadly fallen down on his homework. Astonishingly, he submits that 'if R.K., with all his perception, had no realisation of the past, he had even less of the future'. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The last six lines of his opening paragraph are, if anything, even more divorced from reality. It is not a balanced view.

In the past, Kipling has suffered from the occasional uncritical idolator, but infinitely more from unthinking detractors; especially of the 'anti-imperialist' school.

The comparison to Rupert Brooke is inappropriate. Unlike Kipling, Brooke never lived to see the face of war, with all its perils, its hardships, its trauma and its horrors. He died of an obscure infection on a Greek island; before he had seen a shot fired in anger. He thought of war as a romantic crusade and his entry to it as "into cleanness leaping"; words which ring strangely to-day.

In 1902, in his "Dirge of Dead Sisters", for the nurses of the South African war, Kipling had written of 'Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by the flies'.

As for R.K. in the role of prophet, while he is now—as is most just—hailed as a great Englishman, poet and man-of-letters, it is sometimes overlooked that, on his mother's side, he was half a Scottish Highlander. No doubt he knew about the Brahan Seer; and had himself inherited the gift of 'taibhsearachd', of the seeing eye. He was a master storyteller—a 'seanachaidh', in the Gaelic.

Some of the most compelling tales and poems display this element of foreboding—the shadow line of the occult. And having regard to the influence upon R.K. of the Border Ballads, clearly his masterpiece, "*Heriot's Ford*", with its eerie power, will stand comparison with the starkest and barest of them all.

It is continually strange how the Scots, to whom R.K. was certainly kin, so dour, pragmatic and level-headed, breed (every so often) these men of vision. Perhaps it is the Celtic strain in their blood. And these are the born observers. They see things whole and true. Their singers, their tellers of tales, have a habit of opening their eyes suddenly and looking—at a ship, at a mountain, a sea-loch, a stag, a salmon, a gallant horse, a herd of cattle, a group of men—and then complete in its burning ring of light that thing is flashed bright upon the mysterious background. They are, above all, accurate and unflinching observers; keeping hold of absolute loyalty towards their feelings and sensations, in their exalted moments of creation. Splendid in soliloquy, their flashing visions illumine the ripple of life and its long gradual years. Complete and still, very chaste, and very beautiful, their perfectly chosen words aglow with colour, rise on the memory; just as, on hot summer nights, in their slow and stately way, first one great star comes out and then another. This is the essential Kipling.

And Kipling was in the line and tradition of these seers. 'A masterless man', having 'the gift of the necessary word'.

If an old soldier, steeped in the traditions of a famous regiment, may presume to advise 'the brown jobs'—and judging from the young idea seen at the last Albert Hall 'Festival of Remembrance', they have never been better, a credit to their service, and their country—let them scorn the babblers about 'imperialism'.

But let them reassess their Kipling. Let them consider, for example, "*The Storm Cone*"; and the politicians, "*The Bonfires*"; both written some six years before 1939. Or, in the age of the *sputniks*, the Earth-satellites, orbiting the planet in a few hours at fantastic speeds, let them consider "The Hymn of the Triumphant Airman", which R.K. composed in 1929:—

' The mid-noon grows colder,
Night rushes to meet,
And the curve of Earth's shoulder,
Heaves up thy defeat.'

Kipling had himself heard the 'haggard trumpets . . . in the womb of the blotting war-cloud'; 'the gusty, flickering gun-roll with viewless salvoes rent' and prophesied 'the low red glare to southward when the raided coast towns burn'. Sea-warfare he portrayed, unforgettably, in 'The Cruisers' and 'The Destroyers'.

His contemporary, H. G. Wells, foresaw tank warfare, the war in

the air, the guided missile, and the atomic bomb. We can be certain that R.K. was not unaware of the shape of these things to come: and his warnings to his countrymen, in "The Islanders' and "The City of Brass"—rejected with disbelief, at the time—came all too true, and are still valid. A challenge hardly to be ignored amidst the deadening uproar of contemporary error and folly:

' Out of the sea rose a sign—
Out of Heaven a terror '

Choose. Poseidon ballistic missile or thermo-nuclear war-head? Are these the unconventional (or conventional) weapons of a new age coming to birth—or to megadeath?

In a remarkable tale of the Future—of 2000 A.D.—Kipling once forecast the quenching of a 'bush-fire war'; an insurrection of mindless violence threatening the planet's peace. Significantly, the ultimate weapons, used in the last resort by the World Council, are utterly terrifying. But they neither kill nor maim.

Instead, the insurgents are shocked into surrender: temporarily blinded and deafened by beams of intolerable light and shock waves of insufferable sound. Persuaded, in their abject fear, that they have both seen and heard the Crack of Doom, at the last they are mercifully treated, succoured, and restored to human dignity, by the World President and his Council—'old Victor Pirolo of Foggia, deep in the secrets of God'.

Far from having no realisation of the future, Kipling looked forward to a planetary consciousness. Something that will come. And which cannot come too soon.

"Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." (*Habakkuk* ii. 2.)

BOOKSHELF

Yves Guérin: Une Oeuvre anglo-indienne et ses visages français:
PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS, by Rudyard Kipling.
(Publ. SORBONNE "Littératures 2", DIDIER, Paris).

This is a Sorbonne University thesis prepared with all the thoroughness and attention to detail we have come to expect from French students of Kipling. Readers may remember our review, some years ago, of a similar work by Frances Léaud whose monumental analysis of Kipling's entire *oeuvre* is among the 200-odd works of reference, ranging from the Bible to the Reader's Guide, which Guérin has consulted.

The present essay, however, deals with a more restricted field: Guérin has confined his in-depth analysis to the "Plain Tales from the Hills", possibly because, of all Kipling's writings, these are the best-known and most admired in France. Why this should be is difficult to explain except that Kipling, swiftly followed by Pierre Loti, painted a new and exotic picture for a French reading public surfeited with the "parish pump" type of novel popularised by Balzac.

Guérin states that he chose these stories because, in his own words, "they exemplify a typical kind of literature which is very popular with

French readers, the translation of which raises a number of problems ... It is interesting to analyse and classify different translations of the same work and compare them not only with the original, but with one another."

Characteristically, the first problem arises with the title of the collection. Guérin cites J. M. S. Tompkins who suggested a hidden pun, so that the French title "Simples Contes des Collines" (in which "plain" is taken in the literal sense) already marks the translator's defeat at the hands of the author.

The "Plain Tales" have, Guérin tells us, been translated into 35 languages. Even so, one is amazed to discover how many different French versions there are: each tale has been dealt with at least twice, and there are no less than five different translations of "The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly", "In the Pride of his Youth", and "Three—and an Extra". Half a dozen translators have tackled the task at different times with varying degrees of success.

The difficulties facing them are formidable ones: Kipling wrote for a public who knew what he was talking about, using a highly individual, idiomatic brand of English full of technical terms, hints and literary allusions, many of which must have completely baffled Frenchmen unacquainted with India and, *a fortiori*, the closed society of Simla. Some of them are guilty of glaring mistakes in the interpretation of technicalities and slang while others, who have more elegant style or a better grasp of the shades of meaning and colloquialisms of conversation, tend to omit certain key words and phrases which, because they are obscure, are regarded as redundant. The best of them is probably Davray, who is the most inventive when it comes to transposing Kipling's jokes and puns. For instance, in "By Word of Mouth" in which the Civil Surgeon Dumoise becomes the "Dormouse", Davray has the brilliant if unorthodox idea of changing his name to Mermott, which puns in French with "marmott"=dormouse, thus making the allusion intelligible to his French audience.

Guérin has also noted wide variations and some errors in the French equivalents used for British civil and military titles. Some translators provide explanatory footnotes; others "press on regardless" and hope for the best.

According to Guérin, by far the best translation of the "Soldiers Three" stories comes from Davray, even though he too is not always able to extract all the wit and pith of the original. Kipling's rendering of Irish, Cockney and Yorkshire dialects is, of course, untranslatable, but Davray's approximation using French argot is eminently readable whereas, in other versions, the "Soldiers Three" belong to comic opera.

However, the essential point is, I think, that Davray and his colleagues succeeded well enough to endear Kipling for ever to the French reading public, which is more than one can say about a vast number of translated works.

Mr. Guérin's scholarly, exhaustive essay on the subject is well worth reading by those who know French, and may this critic express the hope that he too will some day try his hand at translating Kipling, many of whose later works are still unknown and untranslated in France.

I should be failing in my duty towards readers of the Kipling Journal if I omitted to mention M. Guérin's graceful compliment, in his preface, to the officers and members of the Kipling Society; in particular, Mr. R. E. Harbord, its past-President, by the insertion of his sign-manual on the cover of the book.

B. E. VILLERS.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1896-1970: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Patsy C. Howard and Edmund A. Bojorski

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LETTER BAG

GLEIG'S 'THE SUBALTERN' (1826)

One of the best accounts of life in the old Army is the Rev. G. R. Gleig's memoir of Wellington's last campaign in the Pyrenees during the winter of 1813-14. Gleig was a very young officer who became a clergyman after the Wars, and ended as Chaplain-General.

As one reads his book, one is repeatedly struck by echoes that the young Kipling reproduced in his early soldier-stories. For example: Gleig describes a military execution which is simply *Danny Deever*. The soldiers were 'one and all deadly pale . . . their breaths repressed . . . it sounded as if every man in the Division had been stifled . . . and now at last drew his breath', and so on.

As he moved into his first real action, Gleig felt 'a degree of interest like that of a child at Covent Garden when it expects every moment to see the stage-curtains lift', an Epitaph of any Great War.

C. E. CARRINGTON

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