



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



SEPTEMBER 1972

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CONTENTS

NEWS AND NOTES.	2
By Roger Lancelyn Green	
TWELFTH CENTURY STALKY.	4
By E. N. Houlton	
HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES.	7
KIPLING IN NEW ZEALAND.	8
By Margaret Newsom	
"THE ENGLISH WAY" (1929).	13
By C. E. Carrington	
LETTER BAG.	15
ACCOUNTS FOR 1971.	17

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS -

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I.

Wednesday, 13th September, 1972, after AGM (see below).

Wednesday, 20th December, 1972, at 2.30 p.m.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

At 50 Eaton Place at 2.30 on Wednesday, 13th September, to be followed by Council Meeting.

In addition to routine business, the name of Commander C. H. Drage will come up for election to the Council.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

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

Wednesday, September 13th, 1972: Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will speak on "Kipling thou shouldst be living at this hour, England has need of thee—!" True or false? Has Kipling any relevance today?'

Wednesday, November 15th, 1972: At **The Lansdowne Club**, Fitzmaurice Place, Berkeley Square. Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green will give a talk, with slides: 'In Quest of Kipling's India'.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London W.C.2, on Wednesday, 15th November. The Guest of Honour will be The Rt. Hon. The Lord Ballantrae (formerly Sir Bernard Fergusson), G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., O.B.E.; a great Kipling lover, who served under F-M. Lord Wavell (our second President) almost continuously for 15 years, and was on his staff five times.

Application forms will be sent out in September or early October. **Note that this date is a month later than usual.**

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NEWS AND NOTES

'RAW RASPING CAPRI'

'What was the "Capri" that Fleete drank at the Club that New Year's Eve in "The Mark of the Beast"?' asked Richard Osborne in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 9 June; and P. S. Falla replied on 30 June with a quotation from Oscar A. Mendelsohn's *Dictionary of Drink and Drinking* (1966): 'Capri: Red and white wines from the island off the Naples Riviera. In 1904 H. M. Vaughan wrote: "The casual traveller rarely tastes a good sample for it is usually doctored and 'improved' for purposes of keeping by the wine merchants of Naples. Thus the rasping red liquid that appears on the table of a London restaurant and the scented, strong-tasting white stuff that is sold in the hotels of the island itself or of Naples under the name Capri, have little in common with the pure, unadulterated product of those sunny, breezy vineyards." But things seem to have improved since 1904.'

'THE LIGHT THAT FAILED'

The National Film Theatre showed William A. Wellman's 1939 film of *The Light That Failed* for two performances on 4 July, which gave several Members a chance of seeing what still seems the best screen version so far of a Kipling story. Particularly good in a reasonable cast were Ronald Colman as Dick, Walter Huston as Torpenhow and Ida Lupino as Bessie; Muriel Angelus did her best with Maisie, but did not quite realise this difficult role.

Christopher Wicking's notes on the film will be of interest even to Members who have not seen it: —

'After one viewing, *The Light that Failed* seemed to me one of Wellman's finest, most distinctive pictures. From an opening that promises at best a typical Hollywood adaptation (but is, in the light of his other films, a typical Wellman opening—as well as being there in the book), we come to realise that the film's rhythms are its own, that its motivations are complex and ambiguous, its ultimate meaning equivocal, and nothing—physical or emotional—happens quite the way we might have expected it to.

'One reason of course is the novel itself. Kipling scholars have long debated what it means, and also whether it's any good or not. Reading it you find not only a disturbing and distinctive voice—but also that Wellman and Robert Carson have been faithful to its spirit (and often its letter) yet have *also* made an original and organic film. Some of its strange personality as a film is therefore lessened, yet its stature and brilliance *as* a film remains. Quite possibly then, as the book is regarded by some as a masterpiece, by others as rubbish, the film will elicit a

similar reaction. Even if this is so, nobody would doubt that *The Light that Failed* has many great things going for it—not least Colman.

Wellman's notorious reputation with actors was naturally furthered by this one encounter with Colman—but it's not idle to suggest that the friction between them resulted in an edge, an unease, which gives another dimension of existence to Colman's presence and talent. It's not a "loud" performance of course, and it's not the sort of thing that wins Oscars, it's one of modulation, tension, gesture and interior fire. But the scene which starts and ends with him hunting for his matches, the one where he goes blind, are two of many triumphs.

'Sparkuhl's lighting (especially the scene where the day becomes dusk), Kipling's understanding of the creative mind (the whole book was apparently a dramatisation of his own literary experiences), the subtleties and strengths in the relationships, Huston's and Lupino's performances, these and many other things represent a great richness, fused together by Wellman's distinctive style . . .'

KIPLING IN GERMANY

Professor Wilhelm Gauger, one of our Members, writes from Berlin that he has recently taken his 'professor's degree' for which he submitted a work on *Wandlungsmotive in Rudyard Kipling's Prosawerk* which is shortly to be published in Germany in a book of about 320 pages: so far he has been unable to interest a British publisher in issuing an English translation. And he adds that 'in May 1971 I gave a lecture on "Rudyard Kipling—Possibilities and Limitations of a Political Man of Letters": this was also in German. So you see the German branch is doing its job well. My book may be out by the end of the year, if all goes well.'

And, showing further German interest in Kipling, he calls our attention to 'the excellent essay by the Heidelberg professor Rudolf Suhnel, "Rudyard Kipling", in *Englische Dichter der Moderne, ihr Leben und Werk*, edited by Rudolf Suhnel and Dieter Riesner; Berlin: Erich Schmidt Verlag, 1971, pp. 67-85.'

ELEPHANT BOY?

The Stage for 2 Dec: 1971 made the following curious announcement in its Television section: 'James Gatward is to produce and direct a series of thirteen half-hour episodes based on Rudyard Kipling's *Elephant Boy*. He has already completed a month's pre-production in Kandy, Ceylon, and will return in mid-December to start filming. Mr. Gatward is shooting the series in Ceylon because it has the largest reserves of working elephants. "But we could not have found a more exciting location," he said. "Authenticity must always come across. You could do the job very cheaply on Wimbledon Common, but the successful production has to be real".'

How 'Toomai of the Elephants' can supply authentic material for thirteen half-hour episodes it is hard to imagine. All Kipling's elephant stories would hardly be sufficient . . . But perhaps the new *Elephant Boy* will get no further than the film of *The Man Who Would Be King* with rumours of which *The Stage* tantalised us several times a few years ago!

R.L.G.

TWELFTH-CENTURY STALKY

By E. N. Houlton

"Old Men at Pevensey", the fourth story in *Puck*, tells of three sprightly old boys in a dangerous exhilarating game of conspiracy, in the course of which they commit a monumental Rag, a stupendous Jape. I suggest that it is a "Stalky" story in which the boys have grown old in a previous incarnation. Crafty De Aquila, obviously, is Corkran with his "stalkiness" sharpened by experience; Richard is narrator like Beetle, so Hugh must be McTurk; and—may I be forgiven the scurvy jest—there is even a King.

Richard and Hugh have come back from the Joyous Venture to Pevensey Castle with three horse-loads of gold, which De Aquila dumps in his secret well-shaft. He tells them that England, as usual, is in a state of crisis; Henry has grabbed the kingdom over the head of Robert of Normandy his brother, and half the barons will go over to Robert if Robert can land in England—which he may do at Pevensey, any night, if De Aquila lets him. In fact of course De Aquila is at least as anxious as Henry, to keep Robert out: not for the sake of Henry—all De Aquila cares about is the safety of England, and to hell with Normandy. But Henry doesn't know this, and he does know that De Aquila says rude things about *him*. He listens to Fulke, a needy, greedy, smooth-spoken double-dealer, who wants Pevensey for himself so as to let Robert in. Fulke inflames Henry's suspicions with tales of De Aquila's disrespectful remarks, supplied by his agent Gilbert, a monk of Battle Abbey who has been seconded to Pevensey as a sort of secretary.

De Aquila doesn't know exactly what is going on, but he sniffs out a good deal, he knows Gilbert is up to something and he tips off Sir Hugh to keep an eye on him. This Gilbert is a most interesting creature: the solitary pen-man in a chilly fortress full of peasants and iron-clad soldiers, all cheerfully illiterate; he is necessary because he can keep accounts, so is permitted to frowst at the fireside and doss there with the hounds. To his betters, so far as they are aware of him, he must seem a queer 'un—fella's scared of dogs, don't you know, what?—but he thinks of things that will astonish them. Like Michele d'Cruze (in "Plain Tales") he has seen "His Chance in Life"—in his timid soul there burns a small but fierce ambition, "to be Sacristan of Battle", and the only evident way to this is by stepping fearfully into Fulke's world of villainy. So he nerves himself somehow to take the most frightful risks—not just for a moment like Michele, but day after day—noting down De Aquila's talk under De Aquila's nose with his heart in his mouth, and discovering a real talent for the work, a nice turn of phrase and an eye like Mrs. Quickly's¹ for corroborative detail: "upon the Feast of St. Agatha, our Lord of Pevensey, lying in his upper chamber, being clothed in his second fur gown reversed with rabbit, seeing a fog over the marshes, did wake Sir Richard Dalyngridge, his drunken cup-mate, and said, 'Peer out, old fox, for God is on the Duke of Normandy's side'"—and a gently feline touch in perverting a phrase: when De Aquila says "in fifty years there will be neither

Norman nor Saxon, but all English, and *these*"—Normans marrying English girls—"are the men that do our work!"—Gilbert writes "soon there would be no Normans left in England if his men-at-arms did then-work aright." Clever, but not clever enough: it never enters his head that Sir Hugh, standing behind him, may be able to read.

So when Gilbert has gone Hugh finds and reads all his reports: De Aquila decides they are to say nothing to Gilbert, but let him send the reports to Fulke and so to the King; and De Aquila waits to see what Fulke will do.

They are having a sort of Old Boys' Reunion in a bachelor establishment with Jehan for batman and nobody to tell them not to sit up late or to get their feet wet; they can tear about the countryside all day in the cold fog and rain (just as the boys did at Westward Ho!) and lounge about yarnning—and, according to Gilbert, boozing—in the upper chamber all night. This north chamber is their No. 5 study; De Aquila like Stalky is treasurer, they hand over the gold to him as "mechanically" as Beetle handed over Mr. Prout's two-and-fourpence². Off-stage is the King, as "mad with mistrust", as nervy and tiresome, as Mr. King was when he was acting-Headmaster; De Aquila knows as well as Stalky how circumspect they must be who "stand before Kings"³. Like Stalky, he is genially rude to the other two, he hectors them for their own good. Hugh wants to hang Gilbert and fight the King—"give me a horse!" he says—"give thee a toy and a rattle" says De Aquila—"put back the parchments, and rake over the ashes": even as Stalky tells Beetle, who "has a notion"—"you'll spoil the whole show if you don't tell Uncle Stalky—you know as well as we do that you can't do anything by yourself without mucking it."⁴ Fight the King? "No—o! That's *oratio directe*? said Stalky—"I like *oratio obliqua*."⁵ Fulke will undo himself if they only wait; they mu:t "put away all emotions and entrap the alien at the proper time."⁶

Sure enough, the time comes: "How did I tell you? Here comes Fulke himself," with the King's summons to take De Aquila to Salisbury and off the gate of England. They give him fair words and a good dinner, and conduct him to the upper chamber where Gilbert already is, both secure in their own conceit; Jehan knocks Fulke's head against the wall, and the naughty old things tie him up and lower him into the well-shaft so that he dangles with his feet in the rising tide.

Now, De Aquila is not after revenge: he has no ill-will, in fact he rather likes Fulke; all he wants is to persuade him to go back and tell the King, De Aquila is loyal after all—and he does this by a simple but compelling persuasion.

It will be remembered that when Tulke the prefect tells tales of No. 5 study, Stalky arranges for him to be put to public shame by being kissed by a girl in the street, and blackmails him to keep his mouth shut; well, De Aquila uses exactly the same device with Fulke. I wonder whether the near-identity of names was accidental?

"Oh that—mine adversary had written a book!" cries Job⁷ —if you write me down the whole truth about yourself, you are at my mercy, I can make you do anything! Blackmail of the most enjoyable kind, tit for tat—Gilbert wrote lies about De Aquila, now he will write the truth about Fulke.

It is Night, Kipling's Fortunate Hour. "I am but fighting for life and lands with a pen, *as thou has shown me*, Fulke. The night is young;

the wine is old; and we need only the merry tale. Begin the story of thy life since thou wast a lad at Tours. Tell it nimbly—and, Gilbert"—with the sweetest malice—"I have heard thou art somewhat *careless*—do not twist *his* words from their true meaning."

I doubt whether even Kipling ever wrote anything funnier than this hilarious night-piece: Fulke's voice coming hollow up the shaft, his tormentors helpless with mirth, his own hireling recording his shame, and compelled to laugh though in deathly terror. 'Never heard I aught to match the tale of Fulke, his black life' says Sir Richard. 'Was it bad?' says Dan, awe-struck. 'Beyond belief. None the less, there was that in it which forced even Gilbert to laugh. We three laughed till we ached.—He warmed to it, and smoothly set out all his shifts, malices, and treacheries, his extreme boldnesses (he was desperate bold); his retreats, shufflings, and counterfeittings (he was also inconceivably a coward); his lack of gear and honour; his despair at their loss; his remedies, and well-coloured contrivances. Yes, he waved the filthy rags of his life before us, as though they had been some proud banner. When he ceased, we saw by torches that the tide stood at the corners of his mouth, and he breathed strongly through his nose.

'We had him out, and rubbed him; we wrapped him in a cloak, and gave him wine, and we leaned and looked upon him, the while he drank.' Now, says De Aquila: "it shall be some part of my Gilbert's penance to copy out the savoury tale of thy life.—How many cattle, think you, would the Bishop of Tours give for that tale?—minstrels will turn it into songs—from here to Rome, men will make very merry over that tale.—This shall be thy punishment, if ever I find thee double-dealing with thy King any more."

So Fulke gives them best and rides off next day to the King, De Aquila bears no more about the summons to Salisbury, the "Emperor is appeased", and England is safe. Now comes perhaps the happiest part of the happy tale: the old gentlemen find a youngster to play with. Young Fulke is as odious and insolent as any product of *our* Society, but *much* more fortunate: his new friends have never heard of psychology or permissiveness, they cure him in no time by the ancient method recommended by King Solomon. (In this Enlightened day-and-age, it is sad to learn that when he merely tries to knife Jehan, Jehan throws him downstairs.) Soon he is calling them "Uncle", and he is made for life.

For a really cheerful story at bed-time, I know of nothing to touch this witty and innocent comedy. Time is running out for the old friends—there is no need to comment on the symbolism of cold and darkness in the story, St. Agatha's day is February the 5th, the dead of winter—but the spirit of Youth and the spirit of Mirth are stronger in them than Time and Age. Their inspired ragging gets the better of villainy in the neatest most economical manner: nobody is really hurt, the head villain gets a good ducking and the assistant a nasty fright, that is all—and it does them a power of good. And where will you meet more entertaining company? Fulke: enormous, unquenchable, Falstaffian impudence—"Rest at ease, De Aquila"—nodding his bald head wisely—"no hair of thy head nor rood of thy land shall be forfeited," and he smiled like one planning great good deeds—hardy dry from his immersion, he sees himself already as Patron and Benefactor. Gilbert: surely a most adorable Rogue—cringing and ignominious but slyly comical, and des-

perately bold after his fashion, a man to reckon with because he has the strange, uncanny Art of Fiction which can change the course of Events—though he has to learn that the Artist may come a nasty cropper when he meddles in Affairs. Dear good Sir Hugh: the best man of them all as De Aquila says, but (dare I say it) the least bit boneheaded, so honest that De Aquila's subtleties puzzle and irritate him—the bull-at-a-gate courage of Englishmen like Hugh helps perhaps to explain the Norman Conquest.

As for De Aquila, we know he is a Genius, because he says so. One could write for longer than I have written already, about the convolutions of his cunning, his cheerful cynicism, his unsentimental kindliness, and his love of England. No wonder that when Gilbert's prize is handed to him, he turns it down—he would rather stay with De Aquila than be Sacristan of Battle after all, and who wouldn't? and across "the dark backward and abysm of Time" I seem to hear a whisper, with the ghost of a chuckle in it, "Isn't your Uncle De Aquila a Great Man?"

FOOTNOTES

1. II Henry IV, Act 2, Scene 1:—"Thou didst swears to mee upon a parcell gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, on Wednesday in Whitson week", etc.
2. "The Impressionists" p.110.
3. "Regulus", A Diversity of Creatures, p.243.
4. "An Unsavoury Interlude", p.76.
5. "The Moral Reformers", p.140.
6. "In Ambush", p.26.
7. Job 31, verse 35.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

A most interesting Gift. Miss Elizabeth Sprigge, who joined the Society in November 1971, has very kindly given us a holograph letter, on notepaper headed Rock House, Maidencombe, and dated 26th November, 1896, from R.K. to her father, Mr. S. S. Sprigge, then resident in Kensington. She says her parents had recently been staying at "Naulakha" during their honeymoon. This makes the timing of the letter interesting since the Kiplings can only have been a few weeks at Rock House ("We're in the deeper lanes of Devonshire") and were to leave it six months later, whilst the Sprigges can only recently have set up house in Town ("how does Mrs. Sprigge enjoy London and its housekeeping?").

The letter is clearly in reply to one received, as it begins: "Glad to see your handwriting once more", and later: "Glad you liked 'The Seven Seas'" (very recently published). It's altogether a fascinating little note, which we shall be happy to show in the office on request.

Thank you indeed, Miss Sprigge.

A E B P

KIPLING JOURNAL—COMPLETE SETS

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DISCUSSION MEETING: 19th April, 1972

KIPLING IN NEW ZEALAND

By Margaret Newsom

In 1891, the overworked Kipling, not yet married, and depending on Thomas Cook to take him to some South Pacific islands, left England for the largest of them all—New Zealand. He sailed via Cape Town, spending some days there, and arrived in the North Island, at Wellington, on 18th October. Kipling was then 25, rising 26, years old. *The New Zealand Herald* the next day, under the title—"MR. RUDYARD KIPLING. Arrival in New Zealand. Wellington—Sunday," announced: "Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the well known author, arrived from London today per the *Doric* . . . He left India in 1889, and travelled in China, Japan and America, and thence to England, where his short racy stories and graphic sketches of Indian character became all the rage. Mr. Kipling is now on his way to Samoa to visit Mr. Stevenson." The next day there was further news of him:—"Mr. Rudyard Kipling will remain in Wellington for the next three or four days. He proposes to go through the native country on the West Coast, through the Taupo district in the centre of the North Island, through the King Country, and the Waikato before embarking for Samoa. He talks pleasantly, does not wish to be talked to about his books, in fact, he has a mortal horror of 'shop'." The welcome Kipling was given in Wellington obviously delighted him¹. His canoe trip on the moonlight waters of the harbour may be referred to in the WELLINGTON NEWS NOTES for Thursday, October 22nd, which said: "RUDYARD KIPLING. This gentleman went to Napier this morning by train. He goes to the Hot Lakes. It appears that he caught a chill by going on a moonlight boating excursion in the Wellington harbour since his arrival here. He returns to Wellington in about ten days. It is now said that he will go to Australia by the Bluff on his way to Samoa."

Kipling was enthusiastic about the overseas clubhouses from Aden to Yokohama, and wrote: "There is always the same assembly of men talking horse or business . . . At Wellington, overlooking the harbour (all right-minded clubs should command the sea), another, and yet a like, sort of men speak of sheep, the rabbits, the land-courts, and the ancient heresies of Sir Julius Vogel; and their more expressive sentences borrow from the Maori."² It may be assumed that the talk was of the severe depression that then afflicted the country. He remembered "the long drawled *taiho* of the Maori,³" which meant the same as "'when they get around to it'" in Vermont.

Kipling's train to Napier must have gone via Palmerston North, passing through Otaki and "the native country on the West Coast." (The other route to Napier, through the Hutt Valley, involving a journey by train and coach, would have taken a day longer.) Kipling commented on the subject of trains in an interview at Wellington, and said: "Your express speed seems about twenty miles an hour, but we don't generally do much more than that on our Indian lines." A guide book, published two years after Kipling was in New Zealand, explained that: "Private vehicles (generally 'buggies') may be hired."⁴ *The Concise Oxford Dictionary* says that a "buggy" is a "light vehicle for one or two persons."

Kipling omits the train journey and says: "From Wellington I went north towards Auckland in a buggy with a small grey mare, and a most taciturn driver.¹" The museum at Napier contained "a good collection of Maori carvings and weapons" and "a fine skeleton of a Moa," the long-extinct wingless bird which was hunted for food by pre-Maori settlers.

The first part of Kipling's journey in a buggy was along the lonely and at times precarious road from Napier to Taupo, known as the Taupo Road. In 1886, the mail coach had overturned on a steep grade near the Titiokura Saddle, and Griffiths, the man who ran the service, was killed. The mail coach with five horses took two days to cover the eighty-nine miles to Taupo which is beside Lake Taupo. There were hotels on the way which catered for passengers and the changes of horses. As there were no other hotels, I have no doubt that Kipling and his driver were served by them too. It was the rising Esk that the buggy forded "twenty three times,¹" but guide book and map show that it should have been about as many times again.

"It was bush country after rain.¹" His way wound past pretty gorges in the magnificent Runanga bush. How can I describe the primeval New Zealand forest, or "bush"—so completely unlike anything in England? Kipling saw it simply as "the leafy deep."⁵ He was in the country at the time of year when the most distinctive of the flowers native to New Zealand were in bloom, not only in the bush but in varied situations in the North Island. He noticed the kowhai and the broom, and could not have failed to see the others which he mentions in a verse in his poem, *The Flowers*, so conspicuous are they. But, to recognise them in that verse, from the botanically correct names he gives them, or (for non-New Zealanders) from the common names of English plants he uses, is quite an achievement! Thus:—"blood-red myrtle bloom" is the pohutukawa, "clinging myrtle" is the northern rata, "broom" is the Carmichaelia (a genus peculiar to New Zealand), "pine" is the kauri, "fern" is the tree-fern, and "flax" is the New Zealand flax (phormium tenax). The "windy town", New Zealanders agree, means Wellington. Kipling again used the idea of national flowers in *England's Answer*, representing New Zealand by "the Southern Broom" (explained above). I presume that he was thinking of New Zealand in his poem *The Song of the Dead* when he wrote: "then the food failed . . . in the fern-scrub we lay, That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way."

"By the bones on the way?"—Is there any connection with the horse's skull Kipling passed "beside the track¹" which was the Taupo Road? To his driver it meant the lock on the chain of his bondage to circumstance, "and why the hell did I come along talking about all those foreign, far places I had seen?"—Kipling recalled and recorded more than forty years later. And there was "Fern above the saddle-bow."³ If his driver's father was Griffiths it would make good sense of the passage. The road crossed the Maungaharuru mountain range, and the views were glorious⁴. I visualise Kipling thinking about those views when he said that British Columbia was "perhaps the loveliest land in the world next to New Zealand."⁶ He made the land seem like Paradise, not only with that remark. There were the superlatives he used about Auckland, and the toast in *The Native-Born*—"To the sun that never blisters, To the rain that never chills—To the land of the waiting springtime . . ." The Taupo Road "came out", just as Kipling said it did, "on great plains

where wild horses stared at us, and caught their feet in long blown manes as they stamped and snorted.¹ These were the great Kaingaroa Plains, a barren track of country, covered with coarse grass and scrub. A pictorial map, compiled by Lt.-Col. R. M. Bell in 1963, claims that "wild horses were numerous here even up to recent times," and that five miles to the south of the road, "kiwis and wekas were still numerous in early 1900's." There was a "Kiwi Block" beside the road near Tarawara where the coaches stopped at the end of the first day out from Napier. Kipling mentions the farmer and his wife sitting up half the night over their farm talk—"in the middle of New Zealand, on the edge of the Wild horse plains."⁷ I think it was the New Zealand wild horse he used with good effect in *The Cat that Walked by Himself*. Do you remember—"Wild Horse, tripping and stumbling on his long mane?" The road crossed Rangitaiki Stream. "Travellers stop for luncheon at the little hotel there," explained the guide book, but did not say whether the local kiwi was on the menu. Kipling wished that he had kept the skeleton of the bird with no trace of wings he was given to eat!¹

After a night at Taupo, he would have driven beside the lake and seen, presumably, the kowhai trees shedding their flowers on to the water.⁵ Thence to Wairakei, only five miles away, to the only possible hotel he could have stayed at, called Graham's, and described as "homely and comfortable." The guide book⁴ informed travellers going by coach, and wishing to make the diversion to Wairakei, to send a telegram beforehand to Mrs. Graham, of the Wairakei hotel. She would then have a buggy to meet them on the road. In a hand book⁸ published seven years before Kipling was there, the hotel at Wairakei was called Mr. Robert Graham's Establishment, and added that, "Many visitors to Taupo appear to visit Mr. Graham's establishment at Wairakei, and to return without seeing anything more; and so they miss the group of geysers." The later guide book³ describes in great detail the Geyser Valley at Wairakei. This is the setting for Kipling's delightful uncollected story. *One Lady at Wairakei*, which he wrote for the *New Zealand Herald*. It was printed on January 30th, 1892. The story is about his encounter with Truth whom he finds in a pool which is the bottom of the well looked into from the other side of the world!

The next day, Kipling went by the Ateamuri road to Rotorua, also famed for its geysers and hot springs. On Tuesday, October 27th, *The New Zealand Herald* announced: "ROTORUA, Monday. MR. RUDYARD KIPLING arrived today from Wairakei, of which place he speaks highly . . . He spent the afternoon here rambling through the Maori pah and bathing in the bath pavilion. Mr. Kipling is a most interesting conversationalist. He leaves tomorrow for Cambridge." In the Auckland LOCAL GOSSIP column a few days later appeared the following:—"During his stay in Rotorua he had an amusing and characteristic adventure. He went into a place to get shaved. The sartorial artist had occasion to go out for a few minutes on pressing business. While absent a Maori wahine came in, and Rudyard asked her what she wanted. She laconically replied, "matches". He is as ready to help a shopkeeper in his duty as 'the reporter of an obscure London paper', and after explaining to her (for she understood the Anglo-Indian's speech) that his partner was out, and that he (Rudyard) 'was not there for a blue moon, but generally went about in spots', he proceeded behind the counter and handed her out a box. The famous Maori tourist guide

dropped down to her man, and quietly said, 'She was always accustomed to have her purchases done up in paper.' Rudyard collapsed and 'tumbled' ".

Kipling must have spent the night of 27th at Cambridge which was in the centre of the farming district of the Waikato. He travelled there in the buggy through some "rich and beautiful bush"⁴ (and there were pheasants in a patch of it near Oxford). From Cambridge he took the train to Auckland, arriving on the morning of 28th—according to a letter in *The New Zealand Herald*. (Dr. Primrose's idea—see below—that he travelled from Rotorua on 28th would have made it impossible for him to arrive in Auckland before midday. He would therefore have had time to do some shooting.)

"AUCKLAND" (from *The Song of the Cities*): — "Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—On us, on us the unswerving season smiles, Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart To seek the Happy Isles!" The remark in the present *Shell Guide to New Zealand*, that "there is still no poet as quotable about Auckland as Kipling," seems correct. Without any prompting, I heard the first line of that verse—which is still true—three times in Auckland last year. Kipling also said: "All I carried away from the magic town of Auckland was the face and voice of a woman who sold me beer at a little hotel there."¹ Who was that woman who impressed him so much that ten years later, the memory of her, in association with lame ducks and scorpions, moved the log-jam of ideas in his head and set free a story—the enigma, or simple tale, of *Mrs. Bathurst*? Let me tell you that there is no place near Auckland called "Hauraki."⁹ I suggest that the "face and voice" were Mrs. Graham's "who kep' a little hotel"⁹ at Wairakei, and that she is further distinguished, by playing Truth in *One Lady at Wairakei* !

I give you part of the long report on Kipling in *The New Zealand Herald* of Thursday, October 29, 1891—"MR RUDYARD KIPLING, the young Anglo-Indian who of recent years has so rapidly achieved literary fame, arrived in Auckland yesterday overland from Wellington. He was met at the railway station by Mr. Hugh Campbell, whose acquaintance he had previously made, and spent the afternoon with that gentleman in seeing as much of the city as the few remaining hours of daylight would permit. He was driven through the principal thoroughfares, visited several places of interest, (including the HERALD office) inspected the more important public buildings, and eventually took up his quarters in the Northern Club. In the evening a HERALD representative waited upon Mr. Kipling, and enjoyed the privilege of half an hour's pleasant conversation. It was only a friendly and a merry chat, a period all too brief spent in the society of a brilliant conversationalist, a genial and utterly unaffected companion—because Mr. Kipling has a horror of the customary formal interview . . . Speaking of his journalistic experiences, he said he was now entirely clear of such work, but still it had so great a fascination for him that he occasionally took it up for the pleasure of being again engaged in his old pursuits. I have taken up the work of a reporter on an obscure London paper, just to get my hands once more upon the keys. I met the reporter and said I would do his work, not mentioning my name, but merely saying that I knew something of the newspaper business. I had seven years of it in India, and it is not always fun to get out a daily paper with the thermometer at midnight standing at a hundred and a lot over in the shade. But still

it has a great fascination for me, and I cannot even look at a newspaper without analysing it and considering how the work has been done» or picturing to myself the mental condition of an unhappy sub-editor or reporter who has made a slip and awaits the managerial wrath . . . Yes', he said, 'I think Auckland a very beautiful city; perhaps the most beautiful I have ever seen,' . . . he stated that he intended to leave Onehunga for Wellington next day, and from the empire city would **proceed** to Australia. He hopes to be able to visit Robert Louis Stevenson in that gentleman's South Sea Island home, but he is not quite sure whether he can do so on his present trip, or will have to postpone it for a time. None of his arrangements are strictly definite; because being simply on a holiday, he is, as he states, liable to change his mind. His health has greatly benefited by his trip, and before he resumes his literary labours he will probably be restored to all his former physical and intellectual vigour."

Kipling's name was on the passenger list of the S.S. *Mahinapua* which left Auckland late the next morning, the 29th, to sail south, via the Manakau Harbour, to New Plymouth and Wellington. At Wellington, on 2nd November, he embarked for Melbourne on the S.S. *Talune* and "tackled", as he said, "The South Island, mainly populated by Scots, their sheep, and the Devil's own high winds . . . in another steamer, among colder and increasing seas."¹ Kipling saw Christchurch, Dunedin, and presumably Invercargill. The weather news on 2nd was:—"FIERCE GALE AT WELLINGTON. A fierce north-west gale has been blowing all day . . . There are no signs of it abating." Kipling recollected that, when the *Talune* left Bluff: "For the better part of a week we were swept from end to end, our poop was split, and a foot or two of water smashed through the tiny saloon."¹ In *Half-a-Dozen Pictures*¹⁰, one of the pictures seems to be of this voyage. It begins like this:—"Down in the South where the ships never go—between the heel of New Zealand and the South Pole, there is a sea-piece showing a steamer trying to come round in the trough of a big beam sea." Kipling paints an albatross in it with a red, unwinking, eye. And *The Long Trail* seems to fit in here: "Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb, And the shouting seas drive by, And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing, And the Southern Cross rides high!" But the best picture of this sea is, I think, in *The Gipsy Trail*:—"Follow the Romany patteran Sheer to the Austral Light, Where the besom of God is the wild South wind, Sweeping the sea-floors white."

Other incidents in Kipling's nineteen-day tour of New Zealand are well described by Dr. J. B. Primrose in *The Kipling Journal*, Nos. 145 and 148.

By January, 1892, Kipling was back in London.

References:

- 1 *Something of Myself*, pp. 93-102.
- 2 *Letters of Travel* (1892-1913), p. 48.
- 3 *Letters of Travel* (1892-1913) pub. New York Charles Scribner's Sons (1920) p. 107.
- 4 *A Handbook for Travellers in New Zealand*, F. W. Pennefather, pub. John Murray (1893).
- 5 *The Flowers*.

6 *Letters of Travel*, p. 83.

7 *ibid* p. 8.

8 *Maoriland*, Union Steamship Company of New Zealand (1884).

9 *Mrs. Bathurst*, p. 384.

10 *Letters of Travel*, p. 72.

Having been forced to abandon one meeting (in February) for lack of light, it seemed likely that another would also be sacrificed, for lack of railway transport. However, speaker and audience alike rose to the challenge and were rewarded with an interesting and successful evening. No-one who has been to these meetings can fail to note the uncanny regularity with which they produce, in addition to the regulars, who know Kipling by heart, an expert on the subject of the evening, no matter what. On this occasion Professor Carrington filled a dual role, being a Past Master, R. K. and having lived in New Zealand. Fine points of detail—time-tables, distances, routes and travelling times were thrashed out in a manner worthy of the Sherlock Holmes Society. And we must not forget the matter of the missing four days . . . Obviously, the speaker had done an incredible amount of spadework in New Zealand and the result was a well spent evening and some informative sidelights on a little known period of Kipling's life.

T.L.A.D.

THE ENGLISH WAY (1929)

By C. E. Carrington

It is hardly necessary to explain the allegory of this poem, perhaps the most successful of Kipling's many imitations of the Border Ballads. Those critics who can detect no development in his artistry might compare it with an earlier treatment of the same theme in *The Puzzler* (1909). *The English Way* is presented' as a sequel to the ballad of which Sir Philip Sidney said, 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet'. The episode of the witch-wife and the dying knight is, however, an original fantasy of Kipling's, thoroughly in the spirit of Border Minstrelsy.

The battle between the English and the Scottish borderers, known to the English as *Chevy Chase* ('the Hunting of the Cheviot') and to the Scots as *Otterburn*, was fought in August 1388, on the old Roman Road called Dere Street, about thirty miles north-west of Newcastle. The Scots had much the best of it. The only authentic account is in the nineteenth chapter of the *Chronicle of Froissart*, who tells us that he knew the ground and had discussed the campaign with men from both sides. Traditional ballads have preserved garbled versions, strongly coloured by local prejudice. The Scottish ballad of *Otterburn* is the most accurate, but the numbers of combatants and casualties are unrealistic in all the versions. Earl Douglas had made a foray across the Border, ravaging as far as the walls of Newcastle, and the old Earl of Northumberland sent a force to meet him, led by his son, Sir Henry Percy, the famous 'Hotspur' (1364-1403). Though the Scots beat him off and withdrew with their booty, Douglas was killed in the fighting and 'Hotspur', wounded

by a spear through the body, was taken prisoner and held to ransom. He lived to fight again in many more border frays, but it seems that he was reported killed in the first news that reached London.

'The newes was brought to Edinborrow
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine :

'Oh heavy newes,' King James did say,
'Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captains more
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chace:

'Now God be with him', said our king,
'Sith it will not better be;
I trust I have within my realme,
Five hundred as good as he.'

* * *

God save our King and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foule debate
Twixt noblemen may cease.'

'I trust I have within my realm/Five hundred as good as he' was quoted by Kipling on more than one occasion. He probably knew the lines in this sixteenth-century English version of the ballad, printed by his friend W. E. Henley, in the popular anthology, *Lyra Heroica* (1891). This, too, is likely to be the version immortalised by Sir Philip Sidney. **But**, if the words were actually spoken in 1388, they were said by King Richard II, and the young 'Hotspur' was not dead. He lived to die another day at Shrewsbury in 1403, and his father, the old Earl, outlived him.

On the night of 31st March 1900, Kipling stood in the market-place at Bloemfontein, waiting for news of the defeat of the British by the Boers at Sanna's Post. He spoke with a young officer he had known in India, whose uniform was 'frayed by bullets'. 'What are we going to do about it?' 'Oh, I don't know', said the young man calmly, thinking of his dead friends. 'Thank Heaven we have within the land five hundred as good as they'. [See *A Book of Words*, page 87.]

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following:
U.K.: Misses S. J. Frazer, J. Monk, K. M. Porter; Sir J. Wheeler-Bennett, Rev. C. J. Lord; Messrs. J. A. Hayward, A. Jenkinson, R. O'Hagan; Saffron Walden Liby.

U.S.A.: Mrs. F. C. Holbrook; Prof. R. T. Van Arsdel; C. G. Bieber, T. E. Finley Jr.; Nevada Univ. Liby., Reno; N. Ill. Univ. Liby., Dekalb; Virginia Univ. Liby., Blacksburg.

LETTER BAG

RUDYARD KIPLING'S FAULTY MEMORY

In his autobiography, *Something of Myself* (London, 1937), Kipling recalled at the old age of seventy his past association with Freemasonry at Lahore in India, and wrote, "In '85 I was made a Freemason by dispensation . . ." (p.53). This is, perhaps, a wrong date mentioned by Kipling. He was initiated into Freemasonry on April 5, 1886, as recorded in the 'Minutes of the Regular Meeting of Lodge Hope and Perseverance, No. 782, E.C. held at The Masonic Hall (Anarkali), Lahore, India, on Monday, the 5th April 1886.' (*Transactions of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge*, No. 2076, vol. 77, pp. 218-19).

DR. M. ENAMUL KARIM

THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD

I came across the paragraph quoted below on page 283 of "Among Animals of Africa" by Bernhard Guzimek. I showed it to Reggie Harbord, and he suggested I send it to you as other members might be interested.

The paragraph reads: "Elephants take little notice of crocodiles, judging by the casual way they walk in and out of the water. While in a motor-boat, watching a group of elephants drinking on the banks of the Nile in Murchison Falls Park, Colonel Radford saw one of them fall back in alarm. Suspended from the elephant's trunk, into which it had sunk its teeth, was a 5 foot crocodile. The elephant shook it off and departed hastily."

Did R.K. witness a similar occurrence, I wonder?

GWENYDD J. BOLT (Mrs.)

BRECHT AND KIPLING

Those who lived near enough to London to go to the Mermaid Theatre to see "Brecht and Kipling" were fortunate. The entertainment was made up of songs, recitations and sketches by the two writers, contrasting them but at the same time revealing, to those who have read Kipling, how much Brecht is indebted to the older man. Whether or not it was deliberate, Kipling came over as the more sensitive and compassionate writer, Brecht more harsh and shrill. Although the background was military, the actors wearing British Army uniforms of the nineties and the decoration being very martial, there was no attempt to present Kipling as a jingo war-monger and Brecht as his opposite; the whole presentation was fair throughout.

But to me, as I think to others, the pleasant surprise of the evening was the audience. It is reasonable to assume that at least half came to listen to Brecht and probably had a very moderate knowledge of Kipling, and that inaccurate. They enjoyed (apparently) a sketch from "The Story of the Gadsby's" and in these days one would not have imagined that a play about a Victorian bride and her very orthodox (pukka? square?) husband on their honeymoon would be taken seriously. Even more incredibly "Gunga Din", perhaps the most hackneyed piece in the English language, after Hamlet's soliloquy, was received with enthusias-

tic applause (it is, after all, a moving and dramatic poem and meant to be declaimed—even the last line). Finally, a very good singer gave a first-class rendering of the "Recessional".

It is pleasant to think that some of the audience went away realizing, for the first time, that Kipling can be enjoyable and that, if a writer like Brecht thinks sufficiently well of him to borrow heavily from his works, there must be something in him after all.

T. L. A. DAINTITH

ANOTHER LOCKWOOD KIPLING ITEM

OLIVER, Edward E. *Across the Border or Pathan and Biloch*. Illustrated by J. L. Kipling, C.I.E., etc., Chapman and Hall, 1890.

This is the earliest in date of books illustrated by Lockwood Kipling to have been noted so far. There are 37 illustrations. They are similar in style and technique to those of *Beast and Man in India* but the source of each is more precisely recorded. They provide further example of Lockwood's interests and of his methods of work. Three are 'sketched from life': three are of objects in the Lahore museum: and there are others of implements, vessels and articles of dress. Seventeen are from photographs (and at least one of these, the leading camel of the Kafila, was used again in *Beast and Man*). We are reminded of Rudyard's letter quoted at the end of Chapter 5 of C. E. Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* ("The other man had got hold of T's photo-studies of men and animals taken to help the Pater's drawings"). And five are from Punjabi lithographs, examples of popular art of which further instances are to be found in *Beast and Man*.

JAMES CRAIG

'BATEMAN'S'

Those of us who were lucky enough to be able to go to Bateman's on Friday, May 12th, in spite of the Railway "Go-Slow", and Industrial Dispute, had an unforgettable experience. We were taken *inside* the Mill, and I, for one, had never been inside it before, and found it absolutely fascinating. It is in process of being restored to its original condition, and this is being done by the Archaeological Society—so when it has been fully restored it will really be a true reproduction of The Old Mill. The ground floor and first floor have been re-built in oak, and I understand that someone has given three genuine old oak trees for the purpose of restoration.

The old Mill Stones, each weighing 11 cwt., have been carefully removed and labelled, so that each will go back into its rightful bed. The two old pillars are still intact with dates on them. We saw the two little doors high up, which the Miller used, (1) to control the flow of grain, and (2) (I *think*) to control the flow of water. Two new windows have been put in, and we saw the original little window (that R.K. spoke of) but could not climb up to it as the top floor was not yet safe. A dyke has been cut right through the banks to the River Dudwell, entailing the removal of six or eight holly trees, and the water is flowing freely from the pond, so there is no problem there—it has all been done most artistically.

The restoration should be completed some time next year, 1973.

M.B.P.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1971

1970	EXPENDITURE	1971	1970	INCOME	1971
£		£	£		£
178	Office Rent, Rates, Lighting and Heating	176	801	Subscriptions	689
51	Printing and Advertisements	71	418	Sales—Journals	9
36	Postages and Telephone	33	45	Donations and Legacy	43
320	Office Expenses and Purchase of New Equipment	289	42	Interest on Investments	42
	Journal Expenses:		7	Interest on Deposit Account	5
509	Cost of Printing and Despatch of Kipling Journals	600	—	Functions:	
234	Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure	—	12	Profit on — Members Meetings	3
			3	Visit to Burwash	2
			—	Annual Luncheon	19
				Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income	357
<u>£1,328</u>		<u>£1,169</u>	<u>£1,328</u>		<u>£1,169</u>

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1971

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT			CASH AND BANK BALANCES		
£		£	£		£
935	Balance at 31st December, 1970	1,169	1	Cash in Hand	11
234	Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year	(357)	492	Bank Balances:—	
			135	Current Account	62
1,169		812	59	Deposit Account	204
144	Creditors and Accrued Expenses	146	15	DEBTORS AND PREPAYMENTS	55
				STOCK OF STATIONERY	15
				INVESTMENT	
			611	£1,200 3½% War Loan Stock at cost less £253 written off (Market Value at 31st December, 1971, £480)	611
<u>£1,313</u>		<u>£958</u>	<u>£1,313</u>		<u>£958</u>

A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary
PETER MORTIMER, Hon. Treasurer

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

We have examined the above Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1971, and the Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1971, with the books and vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith. The Society's Library, Office Equipment and Furniture have not been taken into consideration.
5 Albemarle Street,

Piccadilly,
London, W.1.

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL
Chartered Accountants.

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