



The
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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS—

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

At 50 Eaton Place, SW1, at 1400 hours on Wednesday 14 September 1977; to be followed by a Council Meeting.

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, SW1.

Wednesday 14 September 1977 immediately after the A.G.M.

Wednesday 14 December 1977 at 1400 hours.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At "The Victoria", 56 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1 (opposite The Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria) at 1730 for 1800 hours.

Wednesday 14 September 1977 Mr G. H. Webb, OBE, will open a Discussion on "Kipling and France"

Wednesday 16 November 1977 Mr Roger Lancelyn Green B.Litt, MA, will open a Discussion on "*Wee Willie Winkie* and other child stories"

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1977

The Annual Luncheon will be held on Thursday 20 October 1977, at THE HANOVER GRAND, Hanover Street, London W1 (near Oxford Circus).

The Guest of Honour will be KINGSLEY AMIS, author of *Rudyard Kipling and his world*.

THE RETIRING HONORARY SECRETARY

Members have responded whole-heartedly to the notice in the June Journal (No. 202). The books will close on 30 September 1977—though I daresay we'll find a good way of dealing with belated contributions! An announcement may be expected at the Annual Luncheon on Thursday 20 October. Please address contributions to the Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ, made out to KIPLING SOCIETY: BAGWELL PUREFOY FUND. J.S.

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NEWS AND NOTES

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

Dr D. C. R. A. Goonetilleke, a generous contributor to this *Journal*, has produced an interesting volume on *Developing Countries in British Fiction* (Macmillan, 1977, pp.282, price £8.95). "For the first time", we are told, "a critic from a developing country studies extensively the British reactions to such countries in the context of the historical, political, and personal circumstances from which these reactions emerged. Dr Goonetilleke concentrates on the best of the fiction which embodies the major British reactions to developing countries which at the same time reflect their respective periods in important ways. Thus he discusses mainly the reactions of Joseph Conrad to the Far East, Africa and South America; of Rudyard Kipling and E. M. Forster to India; of D. H. Lawrence to Mexico and New Mexico; and of Joyce Cary to Nigeria".

Most of his material is presented with reasonable clarity—so far as it goes. One may complain that some of the terms employed with great frequency are never defined and explained. It is odd to find Peru of the Incas described as an emergent country: would Dr Goonetilleke have found classical Greece in this class, as the Missionary did in Andrew Lang's *The End of Phoenicia*, 1886? And would anyone, until 'colonisation' became a dirty word in liberal circles, have called India a colony? ("Cashmere was the only place in India that the Englishman could colonise", wrote Kipling in 1891; and Macmillan's *Colonial Library* was "for circulation only in India and the British Colonies", at least as late as 1908).

Indeed, the real colonies get little attention: Australia and New Zealand, South Africa and North America. Is it because the best writers about them in the days of the British Empire do not qualify in the Academic hierarchy of the Great Tradition, etc.? Because Australia would best be represented by Henry Kingsley, E. W. Hornung and "Rolf Boldwood"? And why is Rider Haggard not mentioned, though his literary and personal knowledge of South Africa at the time of the Zulu and First Boer Wars is unrivalled? Or R. L. Stevenson for the South Seas?

Even India has rather an unbalanced treatment: E. M. Forster with one book and a superficial knowledge gets over thirty pages, while Kipling is given about half-a-dozen and far too few of his stones are examined. And such an outstanding book as *The Broken Road* (1907) is not mentioned, though concerned mainly with the reactions of British and Indian character in harmony and conflict; moreover A. E. W. Mason was a Liberal M.P. in Campbell-Bannerman's Government, with special reference to Indian affairs. (His adventure story, *The*

Sapphire, 1933, set mainly in Ceylon, is also of interest.)

But a book has to be good for the reader to want more of it, and if we could do with less on some of the authors discussed by Dr Goonetilleke, we could do with a lot more on Kipling, and it is to be hoped that he will produce a second, revised edition setting the balance right and adding more material as the result of a wider and less thesis-bound consideration of many more authors.

Curiously, Professor J. K. Galbraith in his recent broadcast lectures seems to confuse Colonisation with Imperialism—certainly in "The Colonial Idea", published in *The Listener* on 3rd Feb. 1977. But he gives Kipling a good mark for his understanding of both forms of government and the inevitable result when the countries gain their 'freedom'.

"Unfortunately", he says, "not one American in a thousand—and even fewer Englishmen—know that, at the close of the last century, Rudyard Kipling lived in Southern Vermont. The house he built is still there, a large, rather spooky, Victorian affair. No one knows more about colonisation than Kipling. No one had celebrated it more powerfully, or warned more trenchantly of its dangers. Having lived in America, Kipling felt free to give advice when our colonial adventures began. That was in 1899, when the Spanish-American War brought us the Philippines. No one then blushed to speak of white men and their responsibility. But better that they should know what to expect. And Kipling told of this in what was, perhaps his most famous verse." Professor Galbraith then quoted ten lines of "Take up the White Man's burden", and continued, after "The hate of those ye guard"—"The hate came soon enough with the Philippine insurrection—a nasty, frustrating struggle. But the really savage war of peace for Americans came a lot later, in Vietnam . . ."

KIPLING CHUTNEY

To turn to a lighter note, Miss Louisa Watson O'Neil of Santa Cruz, California, sends the following letter:

"I am writing to share an anecdote about Kipling. While looking through my deceased (1956) great-grand aunt's papers recently, I discovered an extensive collection of cooking recipes, for which I am anxious to obtain a publisher. One brief story/recipe will amuse Kipling aficionados or 'Kipling freaks' as we would say in the California vernacular. My great-grand aunt, Marian Drury Watson, lived in Co. Armagh and also in Bedford Square prior to her immigration to Canada and the States. Since she travelled extensively in India, I'm sure she obtained the recipe there. Her great love of both Kipling's work and good food was successfully passed to her nieces; perhaps others will enjoy this if you choose to publish my letter.

Chutney—Rudyard Kipling's Recipe (No. 97—her system)

Take 1 pound each of chili peppers and mustard seeds, a head of garlic and a pound each of raisins, ginger—the Chinese preserved kind—and 1 pound of almonds. Now add again a pound of sliced white almonds, the same of raisins, the same of sugar and salt, and a gallon of fine apple vinegar. Put this mixture in bottles and cork it tight, but do *not* cook it. This is the Kipling touch—take the bottles up to the roof and leave them in the sun for 6 weeks. This chutney Kipling

served with his curried foods that he made and put up himself, and wrote the recipe down and gave it to his cook. My hostess asked me would I care for some of Mr. Kipling's chutney? I said I'm travelling light, I couldn't carry more than a bottle or so . . . My hostess looked at me, "My dear, we are not in trade. We shall serve it tonight with curried beef." It came to the table in a hand-blown bottle with a white china stopper marked with blue and red Hindu script. I shall never eat such chutney again."

To which we may add, in lighter vein still. E. V. Lucas's recipe contributed as an undergraduate at University College, London to an ephemeral College magazine, *The Privateer*, in 1892:

"KIPLING'S CHUTNEE. This pickle has a peculiar mordant quality which distinguishes it from all others. The chief ingredient is unwashed English, chopped, broken, and bruised with a brazen instrument. Then work in chips and fragments of cynicism, 'B.V.'s' poems [James Thomson, author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, 1880]. the seven cardinal sins, the 'Soldier's Pocket Book', the 'Civil Service Regulations', Simla manners, profanity, an Ekka pony, the Southern Cross, and genius. Spice with a Tipperary brogue."

R.L.G.

STALKY AND THE SCHOOL IN THE ABSURD WORLD

By Ace G. Pilkington

Kipling's remark that *Stalky & Co.* is "... a truly valuable collection of tracts . . ." may be a clue to the basic structure of the work. It suggests that the stories have didactic elements other than the bits of practical advice which appear on the surface. Certainly the surface advice is only a small part of the stories; there is not enough of it to justify the word "tracts".

My emphasis on the didactic may at first seem to be a denial of that quality in the Stalky stories which has made them popular and prompted praise such as R. L. Green's, ". . . after more readings of the whole collection than I could dare to estimate, I still find new points, new subtleties, new felicities even in the most rollicking of the earlier stories . . ." The book is, as Bonamy Dobree said, ". . . a tractate upon education . . ." but in Kipling's hands, "education" is reduced to its essentials—it becomes both a presentation of the world as it is and instruction in what to do about that world. The didactic becomes art, providing a structure which makes the felicities and subtleties possible.

The world portrayed in the Stalky stories is indifferent to human beings; human values such as justice are not to be found in it. Stalky tells Beetle, "My Hat! You've been here six years, and you expect fairness. Well, you *are* a dithering idiot."* And the Head says, while administering a beating in "The Impressionists". "There's a certain flagrant injustice about this . . ."

It is a violent world: beyond the beatings and bullyings in the school there is the mysterious outside universe where nine of the "old boys" have died in battle by the time of "A Little Prep." The school is, after all, designed to train soldiers, and reminders of military violence are common in the stories. Foxy, the school Sergeant, served through the

Mutiny; Keyte the only pastry-cook within bounds, is a veteran of Sobraon. The two part story, "Slaves of The Lamp", makes a direct connection between the violence which exists in the school and the greater violence outside it—Stalky's stratagem of playing off the forces of chaos against each other, works equally well in both environments.

There is nothing to mitigate the indifference and the violence in the world of the Stalky stories; there is no order visible above the disorder. Neither God nor the Queen, either of whom might overrule the chaos and make sense of it, appear. The Rev. Gillette does not write his own sermons, speaks well of Gibbon, and believes, ". . . more things are done by judicious letting alone than by any other . . ." ⁵ Ostensibly he is God's representative, but he becomes a kind of symbol for the absence of God. The God Gillette represents is not available to boys (or seemingly to men), because they are not yet ready for Him. As Gillette says in "The Impressionists", "... I don't talk about ethics and moral codes, because I don't believe that the young of the human animal realises what they mean for some years to come." The Queen and patriotism are not talked about either; they are more a carefully guarded reticence than a substitute for religion. In "The Flag of Their Country" Stalky is driven to tears for the first and only time by the "jelly-bellied-flag-flapper" and his careless mouthings about British patriotism. Besides, as the story of Fat Sow's death (told in "A Little Prep") makes plain, the servants of God and Queen are no more immune to the world's violent vagaries than anyone else.

Elliot L. Gilbert, in describing the world of Kipling's stories in general, gives a description which is directly applicable to the particular world of the Stalky stories: "That universe, as Kipling saw it . . . was the late nineteenth-century universe of accidental encounters and random violence . . ." ⁶ Although Kipling would not have employed it in just that way, Gilbert's use of the word "Absurd" to indicate the world of Kipling's stories seems justifiable.

Gilbert states that Kipling responded to the Absurd universe ". . . in his most serious work, work spanning fifty years and touching on almost every possible subject." ⁷ In addition, Kipling may have had a personal reason for his portrayal of and response to the Absurd in the Stalky stories. At Torquay he experienced, "... a growing depression . . . a gathering blackness of mind and sorrow of the heart . . ." ⁸ It is the kind of experience one has in an indifferent universe—an Absurd one. "But while we were at Torquay there came to me the idea of beginning some tracts or parables on the education of the young." ⁹ It is not to be wondered at that stories which began in a "gathering blackness" should deal with the recognition of an indifferent world and instruction in what to do about it. The power of the stories comes from Kipling's transformation of his personal experience into an essential, human situation.

The Stalky stories present two kinds of responses to the Absurd world—right ones and wrong ones. It is this contrast more than anything else which justifies calling the stories "tracts". Beetle, M'Turk, Stalky, and the Head usually respond in the right way while almost everyone else is wrong. In practice, this means that the three boys (and that perennial bystander, Gillette) are the sole exemplars of right action, because the Head, being a teacher as well as a human being,

combines human wisdom with actions that are typical of a fortuitous universe—it is the only way he can educate his charges properly.

The big difference between the Coll. in general and *Stalky and Co.* in particular is the three boys' grasp of reality. It is their inside information which makes the ambush of Prout and King possible in the story, "In Ambush". Their ability to give Mr. Prout false impressions in "The Impressionists", is directly related to their own, firm grasp of what is true. Sometimes, their superior knowledge might almost be described as common sense (that very uncommon commodity) as in "Stalky",¹⁰ the story which gave Arthur Lionel Corkran, No. 104, his nickname.

The laughter which accompanies the successes of *Stalky and Co.* is a ritual. Laughter is a complex symbol in the works of Kipling.¹¹ It functions as a release from the pressure of the Absurd world. At the same time it is a kind of ultimate acceptance. As J. M. S. Tompkins says, "They have looked on the worst, and it has not abolished them. It is the extension of understanding that nourishes the capacity for laughter."¹² Thus, the hysterical laughter in the stories becomes not only a symbol of triumph in the face of difficulty but also a physical manifestation of the boys' superior knowledge. It is this very celebration of superiority which connects laughter with revenge. The laughter is the result of a comparison drawn between the respective situations of *Stalky and Co.* and the particular enemy. The revenge has been to manoeuvre the enemy (or preferably to allow the enemy to manoeuvre himself) into just that situation.

In one way *Stalky and Co.*'s use of revenge in the stories is a means of bringing order into the human part of the world. As M'Turk says toward the end of "Slaves of The Lamp—Part I", "Everybody paid in full—beautiful feelin' . . ." In the "Impressionists", the Rev. John points out the exact nature of the boys' revenges and draws the conclusion that, "They are singularly favoured by fortune." Their success in a fortuitous universe may, at first, seem puzzling, but it is easily explained. Revenge and chaos are often complementary elements in Kipling's world of the Absurd. In an irrational world forces turn back upon themselves almost effortlessly, and revenge becomes a simple ceremony of recognition. In this sense, the uncontrolled laughter that follows any revenge is very much an "extension of understanding."

Stalky's methods exemplify what to do about an indifferent world. Like his twelfth-century counterpart, De Aquila,¹³ *Stalky* prefers "oratio obliqua" to "oratio directa". In an Absurd universe direct action is always unpredictable and sometimes dangerous. The story "In Ambush" makes this plain: Prout, King, and Foxy set out to force events and catch the boys for "hutting and trespass"; the boys have only to wait and watch, and "entrap the alien at the proper time." The situation of *Stalky and Co.* is very like that of the narrator of "My Sunday At Home"¹⁴ who says, "... I knew that so long as a man trusts himself to the current of Circumstance, reaching out for and rejecting nothing that comes his way, no harm can overtake him. It is the contriver, the schemer who is caught by the law, and never the philosopher." In "The Impressionists" M'Turk gives an illustration of the principle for the benefit of the Rev. John: "These wrestler chaps have got some sort of trick that lets the other chap do all the work. Then they give a little wriggle, and he upsets himself. It's called shibbucwichee . . ."

There is, as Stalky and Co. have made plain shortly before M'Turk's speech, a moral as well as physical shibbuwichee. Abstract ideas work no better in a fortuitous universe than direct actions. Both represent an attempt to force the course of events—events which cannot be forced in any logical manner. As Steven Marcus says, "All ideals become corrupted in practice, by application to practical life . . ." ¹⁵ The corrupt ideals of the "jelly-bellied-flag-flapper" destroy the very volunteer drill team they were meant to encourage. All of Mr. Prout's troubles in "The Impressionists" begin when he declares, "In intention they cribbed, and I must think out my duty." Because Prout's duty is derived from a rote morality that has ceased to be connected to the world, he is easily defeated by the three boys. Beetle, Stalky, and M'Turk are past masters at using moral clichés to achieve their own ends—from false ideals, false impressions.

Of course, Stalky and Co. are not always successful; they are not always exemplars of right action. From time to time they act as though they were living in a rational universe and promptly suffer for it. The boys are certain in the story "In Ambush" that because they have broken no rule they cannot be punished. The Head gives them a beating just the same. In "The Moral Reformers" they suffer from abstractions. M'Turk says, "With the best motives in the world. Don't forget our pious motives Padre . . ." But those motives have endangered all three boys. Violence engenders violence, and the three boys are almost caught up in it and whirled away. Beetle, especially, is close to the edge, "What a bait you're in! said Stalky. "Keep your hair on, Beetle."

And they are not entirely successful in the world outside the school. There is still the danger that comes from action and from violence. "Slaves of The Lamp—Part II" contains a vision of those dangers along with a curiously disquieting view of Stalky's success. "Member the beastly look on Stalky's face, though, with his nostrils all blown out, same as he used to look when he was bullyin' a fag?"

I don't wish, however, to end on a note of bleakness and depression. That is not the way the stories end, and it is certainly not the atmosphere which pervades them. Overall they make a very positive statement. Bonamy Dobree says of *Stalky & Co.*, ". . . the main theme of the fable would seem to be the stressing of the value of the in-group, as pictured by Study No. 5 . . ." ¹⁶ Certainly the in-group is part of Kipling's positive answer to a negative world.

The boys protect each other from the dangers of the world and educate each other. The in-group provides a circle of humanness against an inhuman world. A great part of the energy and fun in the stories comes from the success of the human in-group. "Slaves of the Lamp—Part II" despite its black elements, has a hopeful conclusion. It suggests the continuation of the in-group in the more violent outside world and recounts an actual success.

Notes

1 *Something of Myself*, V. Because of the diverse editions, references to Kipling's works are by book and chapter or book and story only.

2 Roger Lancelyn Green, *Kipling and the Children* (London: Elek Books Ltd., 1965), p. 168.

3 Bonamy Dobree, *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist* (London Oxford University Press, 1967), p. 153.

4 "An Unsavory Interlude", *Stalky & Co.*

- 5 'The United Idolators"', *Debits and Credits*.
 6 Elliot L. Gilbert, *The Good Kipling* (Oberlin: Ohio University Press, 1970), pp. 194-195.
 7 *Ibid.*, p. 202
 8 *Something of Myself*, V.
 9 *Ibid.*
 10 Collected in *Land and Sea Tales*.
 11 See the chapter on Laughter in J. M. S. Tomkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1965).
 12 *Ibid.*, p. 50.
 13 See E. N. Houlten, "Twelfth-Century Stalky," *The Kipling Journal*, No. 183 1972,4-7.
 14 Collected in *The Day's Work*.
 15 Steven Marcus, "Stalky & Co." *Kipling and the Critics*, ed. Elliot L. Gilbert (New York: New York University Press, 1965), p. 155.
 Elliot L. Gilbert (New York: New York University Press, 1965), p. 155.
 16 Dobree, p. 153.

"A FEW FURIOUS FANCIES"

By John H. McGivering

DISCUSSION MEETING 13th April 1976

This should have been the Presidential Address by the late Lord Cobham: members present stood in silence after Mr. Walter Greenwood, Chairman of Council, paid a tribute to his life and work.

Following that, Mr. J. H. McGivering read a paper which he said was called *A Few Furious Fancies*, touching on various matters he had had at the back of his mind for some years, taking for his text

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,"

and observing that he (McGivering) was in good company when he quoted another writer, as *Bonnie Dundee* emerged from one of Beethoven's Symphonies and so did the first line of Sullivan's *Twenty love-sick maidens we*!

Kipling's infinite variety was a great source of delight—something for everybody: aviation, for instance, and how Kipling met Langley of the Smithsonian, who once built himself an aircraft powered by a steam-engine with a flash boiler: that naturally recalled the Locomobile with the boiler that never lit twice in the same fashion and the car known as Jane Cakebread—the *disorderly experiment*. Why she should be called an experiment is not clear, until one reads P. W. Kingsford's *Life of F. W. Lanchester* which discloses (p. 67) that he used to lend Kipling experimental cars for test and report!

The speaker then considered Kipling's advice to writers—lay it aside and later shorten it—with Stevenson's 'think about it until you have got the flavour, write it and let it go!' He came to the conclusion that he did not know what to do, especially when he looked at Johnson's advice to strike out any particularly fine passages!

Some social attitudes were then briefly examined—the fact that all middle-class families of the day tried to become *upper* middle-class and the difficulty of defining this almost indefinable social stratum! This brought the speaker to a subject very near his heart—food and drink: he felt that Kipling was not very good on food, although he had some sound ideas on drink—champagne, for instance. India seemed to be a

country of bad dinners, where nobody could say, with Smith, "Fate cannot harm me . . . !" Funnily enough, the only work in which Kipling showed any enthusiasm for food is *Kim*, where many Indian dishes are lovingly described!

The speaker recalled his delight on finding the *Hellish dark and smells of cheese* quotation in Surtees—a good food man, introduced to him by Kipling—and wondered if "an ill-considered spawn of Dickens-and-horsedung" was put into Midmore's mouth as Kipling's own opinion or not.

It was after a Sunday lunch at Batemans' that Kipling recalled losing his reputation for sobriety when he and Bland-Sutton were observed catching hens in order to listen to their digestions: perhaps those dreadful meals in India and his early days in London—sausages—gave Kipling his life-long stomach trouble.

Such disorders are reflected in that shopping-list in *Their Lawful Occasions*: . . . ham . . . , sardines, canned tongue, lobster and salmon: 'what a diet to go to sea with—or anywhere, for that matter! It struck Mr. McGivering that a devil mashed up with a spanner was rather overdoing the local colour, even for an early T. B. D. ! He then recalled what seemed to be many excellent meals in ships and ashore in West Africa and Ceylon, concluding that he was possibly less fussy thirty years ago !

A particularly good meal in a troopship, however, brought him to the favourite bee in his bonnet—the *Sarah Sands*: he produced a photograph of a print of the vessel provided by the National Maritime Museum, and a plan and section from the Civil Engineers, together with photocopies of the Embarcation Certificate and a receipt for some documents signed by the unfortunate Colonel Moffat—no doubt on the very table in the saloon.

Mr. McGivering then made an impassioned plea for more speakers from the Society: recalling his own first attempts and the encouragement he received from Mr. P. W. Inwood and Mr. Trevor Daintith. If any member feels that he or she would care to address us next year, he would, he said, be very pleased to hear from them at 17 Addlestone Park, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 1RZ. If any prospective speaker would like a script looked at beforehand it would be returned as soon as possible with informal comments, if required.

The speaker concluded with a welcome to our new Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Shearman, wishing him a long and successful term of office.

Discussion afterwards ranged over a variety of matters: many members agreed that *Kim* was the best of the food books and Mr. Daintith, from the Chair, observed that the speaker had overlooked *His Gift* and the *Prologue to the Master-Cook's Tale*: he repudiated camp cookery with horror, observing that he preferred to dine with his feet beneath the mahogany, but agreed that there may be something in the *Prologue*.

Mr. Charles Carrington delighted the meeting with a glimpse of the Batemans' household and one volunteer speaker very nobly came forward and was engaged on the spot.

DISCUSSION MEETING

17th November 1976

THE GREAT ROAD—AND SOME DIVERSIONS**Sir Cyril Pickard, K.C.M.G.**

I speak to you with some hesitation—an amateur among experts—and suppose that my progression in reading Kipling is somewhat the same as that described by Philip Mason in his recent book *The Glass, the Shadow and the Fire*. As a boy I had enjoyed *Kim* and *The Jungle Book* : as I grew older I read Kipling very little, although on various commemorative occasions at school I had sung the *Recessional*, which seemed to me a very fine hymn!

Then, a quarter of a century ago, I went to India, to Delhi, and found myself travelling often to the hills, where my family stayed in the summer: the road, perpetually full of interest, fascinated me. and I realised that by far the most live and accurate description of what I saw was in *Kim*, to which, together with *The Jungle Book*, I turned with considerable interest and delight.

For two years I drove a good deal up and down the Grand Trunk Road between Amritsa and Benares. I spent even more time on the road from Delhi through Meerut, where the Indian Mutiny began. on to Rorkee, after which the chairs are named, and where there is a famous engineering college; to Dehra Dun, not far from Saharanpur to which the old lady from the hills was travelling, and then up the mountains to Mussoorie. On my first drive there we arrived at an empty Hackmans Hotel in the Mall on a chilly October night. A fire of deodar logs was soon prepared and that warm glow has stayed in my memory ever since, along with that unforgettable smell of the evening cooking-fires of cowdung, which give a sharp, acrid tang to the air in the Punjab and United Provinces. I drove on to Lahore in 1951, where I first saw Zam-Zammah, which I was to see many times in the next twenty years.

I returned to the subcontinent in 1966, this time to the Pakistan side, where, at Islamabad I lived within a few miles of the Great Road and spent a large amount of time driving on it, in particular to Peshawar where I had a house. The way led through that gap in the Margala Hills where the Nicholson Monument still stands. This is, of course, the Nikal Seyn of whom the Ressaldar sings :

A hi ! Nikal Seyn is dead—he died before Delhi !

Lances of North take vengeance for Nikal Seyn !

Nicholson was so regarded that, despite his forcible objections, he was worshipped as a deity in his own lifetime. The Monument, well cared for, bears the following inscription "This column is erected by friends, British and Native, to the memory of Brigadier General John Nicholson, C.B., who after taking a hero's part in four great wars for the defence of British India

Cabul	1840
1st Sikh War	1845
2nd Sikh War	1848
Sepoy Mutiny	1857

and being as renowned for his civil rule in the Punjab as for his share

in its conquest, fell mortally wounded on 14th September in leading to victory the main column of assault at the Great Siege of Delhi and died 23rd September 1857 aged 34. Mourned by the two races with an equal grief."

Below the Monument there is a stone tablet set into the rocky wall of the cutting which was the Pass, inscribed "Nicholson was killed by the Freedom Fighter Kale Khan."

Just behind the Nicholson Monument is an exposed portion of the old Moghul road built by Sher Shah Suri in the 16th Century—centrally just a few miles further along this road is Wah, now the centre of the Pakistan armaments manufacture, but its name is attributed to the Emperor Akbar who is said to have cried out "Wah" in admiration of the Moghul garden at which he stopped, and which is still there.

The road sweeps on past the turning to Taxila, that remarkable Greco-Buddhist city which has a millennium of history encapsulated in its now excavated mounds : on past Hasan Abdol with its Sikh shrine cut off in Moslem territory, but now again visited annually by parties of Sikh pilgrims from India : on past the Attock Bridge over the Indus which divided the Punjab from the North West Frontier Province. Just beyond the bridge the brown waters of the Kabul River meet the clear waters of the Indus and run in parallel stripes for many miles before they merge. Then on to Nowshera, in British days the headquarters of the Nowshera Brigade, and still an important garrison town. From here, to the right, runs the road to Swat. You will remember the non-sense-rhyme "Who and why and where and what is the Akhund of Swat?" In fact the Akhund was succeeded by the Badshahi, who was still alive when I was in Pakistan. His saintly demeanour and the respect he received from his people did not alter the fact that his road to the succession was a very stormy one which involved killing many of his closer relatives. He in turn was succeeded by the Wali of Swat, who was devoted to the educational and economic development of the State, and with paternal authoritarianism did a great deal for the Swatis. However, in the name of progress and democracy he has now been removed from the control of affairs, and the reforms which he brought about may not survive.

From Nowshera the road runs on to Peshawar, that great centre of Pathan life: before 1947 it had a large population of Hindus and Sikhs—they are gone, but the city has kept much of its atmosphere. The Bala Hissar Fort still broods over the town, the Mall and the English Church bring reminders of other days, while the Museum, with its interesting collection of Ghandara art, provides evidence of a remoter past. Then on up to the Khyber Pass and the Frontier, the latter not all that impressive. On the way up the traveller is always conscious of the steep rocky gorges, the dominating forts, the badges of British regiments carved into the rocks, the graveyard with its lonely British graves. There at Landi Khotal is the Mess of the Khyber Rifles in its neat compound: the Mess with its dark wood and bright regimental silver, and its record of names famous on the Frontier since the days of Roos Keppel.

Then in the other direction from Rawalpindi, the Road runs for more than two hundred miles to Lahore, through the Punjab, the Land of the Five Rivers, and of the great irrigational works, one of the most important legacies of the British. The Indo-Pakistan Frontier cuts across the complex irrigation systems and separates the canals in Pakistan from the river headworks of the Beas and the Sutlej which provides them with water. Over the last two decades with the help of the World Bank, and with money from friends—including Britain and the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, vast irrigation works have been completed which move water down from the Indus in the North through each of the river systems in turn until a new and permanent supply reaches the most southerly of the canal systems. The natural flow of water in the rivers is supplemented by the water retained by the two big dams at Mangla and Tarbela.

Such, then, was the Road which I journeyed on over two decades. How much had it changed since Kipling knew it in the 1880s? The story in *Kim* starts in Lahore with "He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaib-Gher—the Wonder House, as the natives call the Lahore Museum." Zam-Zammah is still there, burnished and much respected, surrounded by a neat grass lawn, and in the bazaar, and in the trinket-shops at the hotels, you can buy replicas of it. Some of the best are made at the Lahore Mint where still, ten years ago, some of the Bengali craftsmen who came with it when a section of the Calcutta Mint was detached at Partition, were working. The Ajaib-Gher, the Lahore Museum, where Kipling's father was curator, is lovingly cared for. It was beautifully modernised ten years ago, and the wonderful display of Gandhara art—what Kipling calls "the Greco-Bhuddhist sculptures done, savants know how long since, by forgotten workmen whose hands were feeling, and not unskilfully, for the mysteriously transmitted Grecian touch."—is still there, with Moghul miniatures—although part of that collection was in India at the time of Partition and has never been recovered—the coins and the calligraphy. One thing is new—the brooding statue of Queen Victoria, which stood so long in the Mall and was removed to the P.W.D. yard in 1947, was given a new and comfortable home a few years ago in a niche in the English rose-garden beside the Museum.

Then the Lama—"I am no Khitai, but a Bhotiya (Tibetan) since you must know—a lama—or, say a *guru* in your tongue." Indeed there were plenty of Tibetans on the road twenty years ago, but perhaps nearer to Delhi than Lahore. Most of the Tibetans, who left their country after the Chinese invasion, stayed in their communities in the hill towns such as Mussoorie, but there were many wandering on the roads, especially in Northern India. I have often seen groups of them performing their whirling dances, and the market in Queensway in New Delhi was full of Tibetan stalls, where a pence, such as that given to the Curator could be bought.

And what of the Road itself—the Great Road which is the backbone of all India? It dates from the days of the Mauryas, many centuries before Christ and was, no doubt, in its Northern part the general route of the Aryan invaders. It was developed by Sher Shah Suri in the 16th Century and greatly improved by the British, who, before

railways were developed towards the end of the last Century, relied on it for the effective control of the country. "For the most part" says the Ressaldar "it is shaded, as here, with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hard—takes the quick traffic. In the days before rail carriages the Sahibs travelled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country-carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts—grain and cotton and timber, bhoosa, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here . . ." Kipling adds ". . . truly the Grand Trunk Road is a wonderful spectacle. It runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world."

Of course, with the coming of the motor-car the sahibs left the railway and came back to the Road. They sped down the middle road. In theory the bullock-carts were on the slow dusty tracks at the side, but in practice on some of the less-frequented stretches the bullock-cart drivers took the opportunity of a smoother ride on the tarmac whenever they could. On the straight stretches the car driver began to sound his horn as soon as he saw a bullock-cart ahead in the distance, in the hope that by the time he came up, the cart would have drawn a little off the central tarmac. But at night, especially on the road to Meerut, whole convoys of carts, carrying sugar-cane at certain seasons to the sugar factories, were on the road, with the drivers fast asleep and the bullocks plodding patiently on. Then there was little hope of a speedy passage, and the car driver contented himself with a slower pace, and himself manoeuvred onto the dusty verge. But beyond Meerut the sugar carts had passed by, and it was possible to drive through the night at a good speed, meeting little on the road except for an occasional jackal. How exhilarating it was in the hot season after four or five hours on the road to begin to climb the zig-zags of the hill road from Dehra to Mussoorie. Then, too, there would begin to be company on the road. The occasional woodman with his axe on his back, or the villager early astir with a bundle in a cloth tied up neatly on his head. Once we disturbed a panther on the mountain road, but that was on an autumn evening. The tarmac was warm from the day's sun, and the panther was stretched comfortably on it. As the car drew near it bounded up the hill, only to settle on the tarmac a few turns up. In a few moments the car came up with it again and the process was repeated three times before it bounded away.

The Ressaldar, the hill lady, the carter, Mahbub Khan—all were on the road twenty years ago. Often I have come up with travelling players with their repertoire of classic tales of the gods and of the princes. Sometimes I have stopped beside the road to watch them. Then there have been colourful wedding parties, sometimes with the bridegroom in somewhat garish wedding tinsel being carried on a horse. Then a closed carriage with ladies in purdah, often with a group of attendants accompanying them. The hill lady appears in many guises, with the same robust and earthy character, ruling both her husband and her children. I think with affection and nostalgia of several evenings I have spent in the hills at dinner with elderly Indian friends accepting pan made up by the lady of the house, and being entertained by her pithy comments.

The railways came quite late to India. There were none at the time of the Mutiny, and troops marched about the country. Always, even during the winter, it was hot in the sun, and in high summer it was only possible to move in the very early morning. The Grand Trunk Road was planted throughout its length, as the Ressaldar said, with shady trees. Every eight miles or so there was a dak-bungalow where the traveller could stay: all of us who have lived in India have happy memories of these—the one on the tea estate in Almora where at dawn we saw the first rays of the sun suffuse the triple peaks of Trisul—that at Nathiaguli with the sloping green lawns running up to the house, and the views of the forest beyond: the one near Attock with the River Indus below, the Battrassi bungalow beyond Abbottabad where for old times sake I spent one of my last nights in Pakistan. The caravanserais are often in ruins like the one below Attock Fort, but the bus-station and the lorry-halt have taken on something of the same function.

So, then, the Great Road in the 1950's was very much the same as the Road which Kipling had known in the 1880's, yet it is by no means a static society in the Indian sub-continent. For one thing the population of North India is probably between three and four times that of Kipling's day. I have already pointed out that the sahibs who, the Ressaldar said, travelled by train, were back on the Road in cars seventy years later. Indeed, there was a further very marked change between the traffic on the Road from the frontier at Wagah to Delhi in the fifties and what I saw when I made the same journey in 1970.

The travellers on foot were far fewer: the buses were far more frequent. There were far more lorries driven at a furious pace by their Sikh drivers: some bullock-carts were there still, but not in such great numbers. With the coming of the Green revolution there had been a change in the farming methods of the richer farmers, and there were many small tractors and even some large combine harvesters.

But there was still the colour, especially on the Indian side of the frontier, where the cheerful groups of women in bright clothes moved on the outskirts of the villages as they gathered for family celebrations and festivals. And again, the scene may be changing: in the five years I have been away there has been a time of petrol shortage and high transport costs. The bullock has come into his own again. Once more the picture is altered, but I suspect that the traveller on the Road today is often struck with the aptness of Kipling's descriptions.

I called this talk *The Great Road—and some diversions*. I have already diverted a little on the road to Mussoorie—so, too, you will remember, did Kim and the Lama. After E 23 had reached safety in Delhi, they took a train to Saharanpur. There, after a short time with the Old Lady of Kulu, they ". . . crossed the Sewaliks and the half-tropical Doon, left Mussoorie behind them, and headed north along the narrow hill-roads." For two summers my family lived in Barlowgang in a house a thousand feet below the ridge of Landour, where, above Mussoorie, British troops had their convalescent quarters. I knew well the road up to Mussoorie and out to the Happy Valley where the refugee Dalai Lama lived; and then at Cloud End the metalled road finished and a track ran on into the High Himalayas.

A former Director of the Survey of India lived at Cloud End, but there were few who travelled on into the mountains. Our neighbours at

Barlowgang, Italian Franciscans who toured the mountain villages in the course of their work of maintaining an infrequent service of medical aid, told us something of the stupefying cold in those villages during winter. However, much further North I had a much closer view of those mountain areas when I visited Hunza in 1968. When I re-read *Kim* and the passages about Shamlegh-under-the-Snow now my thoughts turn to that remarkable country.

The journey to Hunza has always been notoriously difficult. Before 1947 the usual approach was by pony from the Kashmir Valley and Gilgit, and then along the old and precipitous Silk Road to Hunza—a total journey of some two weeks: since 1947 the land approach has been by the Kaghan Valley, along a barely jeepable road over the Babusar Pass which is only open from July until early November. Since 1970 a new road through Swat and along the Indus Valley has been open for most of the year, subject to landslides and rockfalls. The journey from Rawalpindi to Gilgit still takes three days. Since 1947 Dakotas and Fokker Friendships have flown to Gilgit as regularly as the weather permits: but even in mid-summer, it often does not permit for weeks at a time. The flight is one of the most exhilarating in the world. The plane threads its way up the Kaghan Valley, over the Pass with magnificent views of Nanga Parbat, which is 26,000 ft. high: just to the East are vistas of K 2 and lesser mountains beyond. Then the plane manoeuvres down the Indus and Gilgit Valleys, all too close to the mountains on either side, before dropping onto the Gilgit airstrip.

Few people travel beyond Gilgit, although there has always been a trickle of traders with China along this, the old silk route. A few young wanderers make their way into the mountains, and a few years ago an enterprising tourist agency made a brief attempt to bring in a few summer visitors, but when I travelled the road the difficulties were still formidable. A jeep-track had been hacked out along the route and it was no longer necessary to make the journey by pony. The track was only open when the latest rockfall had been removed and when the sun was not sufficiently high to melt the glacier at one tricky point and inundate the road. After ten miles beside the Gilgit and Hunza Rivers, the road alternates between a nine-foot track cut out from the rock-face and a slightly wider path which winds over bluffs away from the river. The path on the cliff-face is often a sheer thousand feet or more above the river, without any outside wall, sometimes precipitously steep and often overhanging on a structure of poplar trunks and rocks pieced together as a support. At least twenty miles of the road are along the cliff-face and the sixty-odd mile journey takes about five hours. For the last part of the journey the massive bulk of Rakaposhi (25,000 feet) looms over the traveller. This is the sort of country which *Kim* and the Lama covered on their way to Shamlegh.

The Hunzakuts too seem in many ways similar to the people of Shamlegh: they are Ismailis, in dress, diet and social custom and treatment of women, distinct from their neighbours and totally different from the Pathans of the Frontier and the peoples of the plain. Their importance in British days was that they stood where three Empires meet and on the route to Kashgar. The Mir owned grazing lands beyond the Himtaka Pass and he and his people moved freely over the Frontier.

The Hunza way of life is well recorded by travellers who have been impressed by the friendly character and astonishing longevity of these remarkable people. They keep no records of their affairs which are administered—or were until recently—by the Mir and his elders at his daily audiences in the public courtyard of his modest house in Baltit or in his public gatherings during his annual progressions through his territory. The Hunzakuts have a largely vegetarian diet of grain and fruit. Dried apricots and mulberries are staple items, while almonds, walnuts and apricot pits provide them with oil. There are some sheep and goats and cattle for milk, meat and wool. Yaks are kept in pastures over 10,000 feet.

So, you will see that the people of Shamlegh have an authentic ring about them: different they may be from the people of the Plains, but not so very different from other mountain communities in that immense sweep of hills which runs from the Afghan border right down to Bhutan.

And perhaps that is the point at which to leave Kim. As Mason says "it combines the scents and sounds and smells that Kipling had known and loved before he was six with the glimpses he had seen as a young man . . . Now he could give free rein to his fancy and draw the India he had loved . . . Among those English who had spent most of their life in India, anyone who had ever read a book at all would say 'Of course I love Kim'. And so they did: it pictured a happy India as they liked to remember it, as they wished it to be."

And for me its descriptions of the Grand Trunk Road and of the Hills are as I knew them, and as I shall always remember them.

The meeting followed these personal experiences of life in the sub-continent with close attention and the Discussion showed that many present had their own recollections of life there: all thanked Sir Cyril and expressed the hope that he would continue his reminiscences in the near future.

J. H. McG.

MORE KIPLING STREET NAMES

The Bermondsey Vestry Minutes for 1894 state that: The following alterations have been made in the nomenclature of this Parish during the year by order of the London County Council.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Altered to</i>
Alfred Place, Nelson Street	Rudyard Place
Nelson Street	Kipling Street

As you see the names were given when Rudyard Kipling (born 1865) was only 29!

Mulvaney Way, Dunsterville Way, and Heldar Court are names on the Kipling Estate. These names do not appear in the Index to the Registers of Electors before 1966 and it would seem likely therefore, that they were adopted at the time of the centenary.

T. L. A. DAINTITH

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

1. *Standing Orders, Bankers Orders and the like.* Would members who pay their subscriptions by Standing Orders etc please note: —

(a) The current subscription rates are £2.50 for U.K. members; £2.00 for Overseas members; £1.00 for Junior members

(b) The Society's Bank is Lloyds Bank, 39 Old Bond Street, London W1X 4BH.

If you would very kindly make sure that your Orders are correct in these particulars the administration would be most grateful.

2. *Bateman's Visit 1978.* Several members have said that we should try to revive the luncheon in Burwash on the day of the Society's Annual Visit to Bateman's. A suggestion is that we should reserve seats on the train Charing Cross-Etchingham (10.45-12.00 hours), have a mini-bus to meet it, convey members to Burwash for lunch and visit, and return them to Etchingham in time for the 17.09 train which arrives at Charing Cross at 18.32. The cost of this, including rail fare, mini-bus and lunch would be of the order of £6.90 each, at present prices. Before going any further I must know roughly how many members are interested in this scheme. Would you please drop me a note to Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ. "Bateman's Visit Scheme 1978 . . YES" will do as a short text.

3. *Mr. R. E. Harbord.* Dob and Peggy Bagwell Purefoy visited Mr. R. E. Harbord, who has done so much for the Society and for Kipling studies, recently. His present address is

R. E. Harbord Esq., SCIO HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH ROAD,
BRISTOL GARDENS, PUTNEY HEATH, LONDON SW15.
Tel. 01-788 3462.

Mr. Harbord would appreciate letters (to be marked 'Matron please read') from members of the Society.

4. *New Members:* We welcome Mrs. Jacqueline Burrell, London
Mrs. G. A. Mason. U.S.A.
Professor Hayden Ward, U.S.A.

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