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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

CALENDAR OF EVENTS, 1983

Unless otherwise shown, all meetings will be at the 'Clarence', 53 Whitehall, London SW1, near Charing Cross Underground Station, at 5.45 for 6.15 p.m.

Wednesday 9 February Mrs L. A. F. Lewis on *The Historical Background of "The Eye of Allah"*

Wednesday 6 April Mr G. H. Newsom, Q.C., on *"Sea Constables" and the blockade of January 1915*

Thursday 28 April The Annual Luncheon, 12.15 for 1 p.m., at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly. Our President, Sir Angus Wilson, C.B.E., will propose the traditional Toast.

Wednesday 13 July Miss Audrey Ashley on *Children's Responses to Kipling*

Wednesday 14 September *A Musical Evening* with Peter Bellamy, we hope.

Wednesday 12 October Annual General Meeting

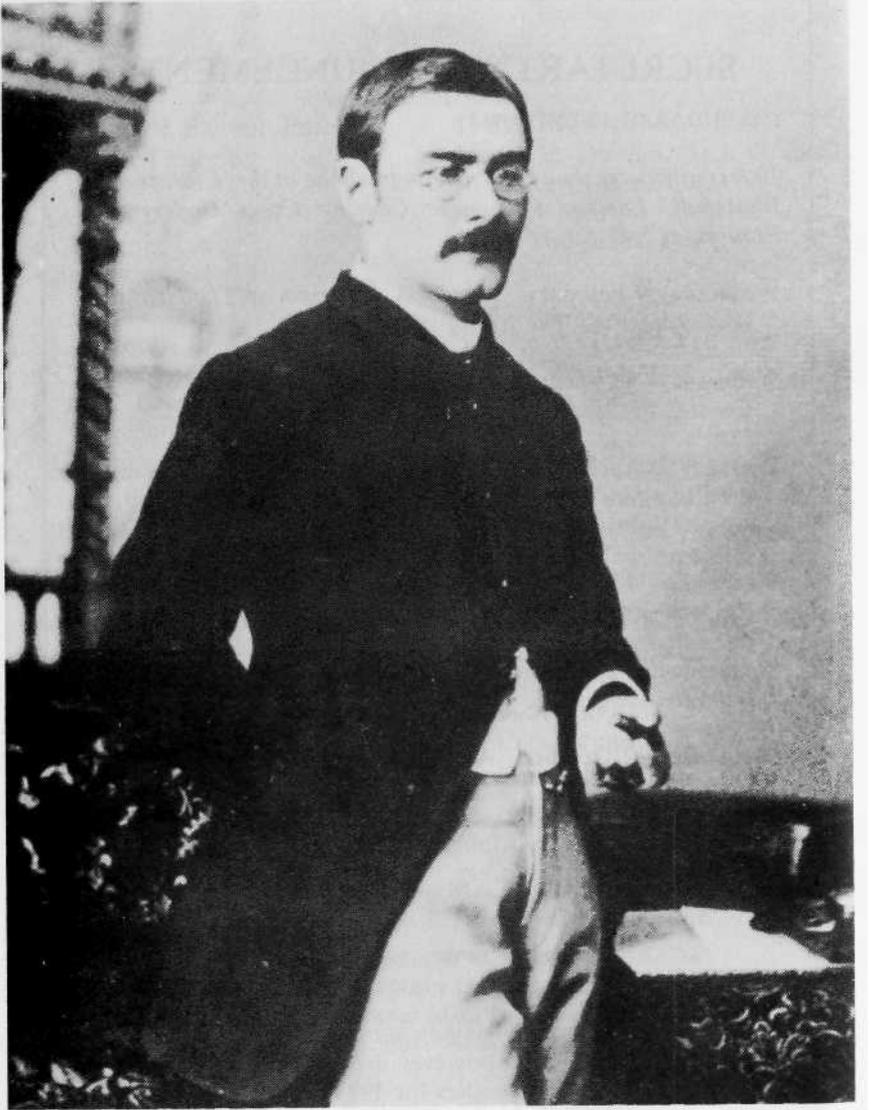
Wednesday 9 November Mr Bryan C. Diamond, M.Sc., on *Some Illustrations of Kipling's Works: a look at some pictures from books and magazines*

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Lots of members are now paying at current rates, and we thank them very much. Some however are not: please help us by getting organised! Best wishes for 1983 from Celia and John.

November 1982

JOHN SHEARMAN



KIPLING AT TWENTY (SIMLA, 1886)

The photograph above, by Bourne & Shepherd, appears in a book on Simla reviewed in this issue. It resembles the picture chosen as frontispiece for last June's issue, and was obviously taken on the same occasion.

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EDITOR'S NEWS AND NOTES

THE INFORMATION EXPLOSION

Some readers have noticed that for over a year our front cover has carried a number: ISSN 0023-1738. This is our *International Standard Serial Number*, which has been allotted to the *Kipling Journal* by the British Library, and which we display at their request.

ISSN, then, is a number given to a "Serial"—roughly defined as a publication issued in successive parts under a fixed title, with an indefinite expectation of continuity. This *Journal* is a Serial, as are thousands of other magazines and newspapers. (Books on the other hand are normally not Serials, and they are listed not by ISSN but by ISBN, which since 1970 has appeared in virtually all British books.)

The point of the ISSN is to help librarians to trace magazines, maintain catalogues, compile bibliographies and perform other services which otherwise, even with computers, are rendered very difficult by title changes, language differences and the daunting scale of material to be covered. Though administered for us in Britain by the U.K. National Data Centre in the British Library, the system is of worldwide application: it is coordinated in Paris, where a Register of some 50,000 Serials is now maintained and published.

Not all our readers may have reflected that their *Journal*, though basically the house magazine of the Kipling Society, is in a very real sense freely available in the public domain to non-members. Apart from the two hundred or so libraries, colleges and other institutions, mostly in North America, which are subscribers to the *Journal*, central organisations such as the British Library and the Library of Congress receive and file it. In consequence anyone, theoretically anyone in the world, can ask to see the *Journal*, and can photocopy its contents for private study. Many people already do this, which is not surprising since the *Journal* has long been recognised as the only medium which specialises in scholarly material about Kipling and his life and times. Very many more will be doing so in future, as the *Journal* features increasingly in international indexes of literary and historical published matter. (In a forthcoming issue there will be a summary of the main bibliographical listings in Britain and abroad, listings in which not merely information about this *Journal*, but abstracts from its articles, more or less usefully appear for the benefit of a far wider public than most of us have hitherto supposed.)

We may not welcome these developments, but we cannot stop them, and they are a minute part of an immense upheaval of great consequence, which almost imperceptibly but with gathering momentum is proceeding around us. Professional librarians, of course, are well aware of the scale of the "information explosion" which this generation is witnessing, and which, owing to modern technology and especially to computers, represents a revolution as far-reaching as that which during the Renaissance brought about the dramatic transition from the individual labour of the medieval scribe to the productivity of the printing press. The only hope of monitoring this explosion is by "bibliographic control". The ISSN system is a part of that.

As to what Kipling himself would have thought of all this, who can say? He had an exceptionally alert and enthusiastic eye for the advance of the new technology of his day, which he viewed with much more imagination than most contemporaneous men of letters. When McAndrew exclaims,

I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves an' doves
they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!

we can sense Kipling's sympathy. His acute feeling for past history never prevented him from looking forward too.

As for the present "information explosion", though its scale is incomparably greater than anything that went before, it has its origins in technical advances of the nineteenth century. One of the great developments of Kipling's day, bridging a wide gap between handwriting and printing, was the entry into universal use of the typewriter. This was at first regarded as a tool for women, and its consequential role in their social emancipation soon became apparent. G. K. Chesterton is quoted as saying, "Twenty million young women rose to their feet and said 'We will not be dictated to', and immediately became shorthand typists". Sherlock Holmes said of Miss Violet Smith, "There is a spirituality about the face ... which the typewriter does not generate. This lady is a musician."¹

Kipling was among the earliest commentators in literature, on the career implications of the typewriter. In an interesting recent study of the revolution in printing techniques in the 1980s² he is quoted for what he wrote in San Francisco in 1889 about the new phenomenon of the American "typewriter maidens", who "with a No. 2 Remington and a stout heart set about earning their daily bread".³

As for computers, Kipling wrote in 1911 some curiously prescient

lines foreshadowing the anxieties many people now feel about the galloping potentiality, still only dimly apprehended, of these devices. "The Secret of the Machines" resounds with the stamping pulse of engines:

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
 We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
 We can run and race and swim and fly and dive,
 We can see and hear and count and read and write!

It is too long to quote here in full, but the last line of its final chorus carries that necessary note of reassurance, of which those who are working today to extend the bounds of computer science must sometimes remind themselves:

*Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes,
 It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
 Because, for all our power and weight and size,
 We are nothing more than children of your brain!*

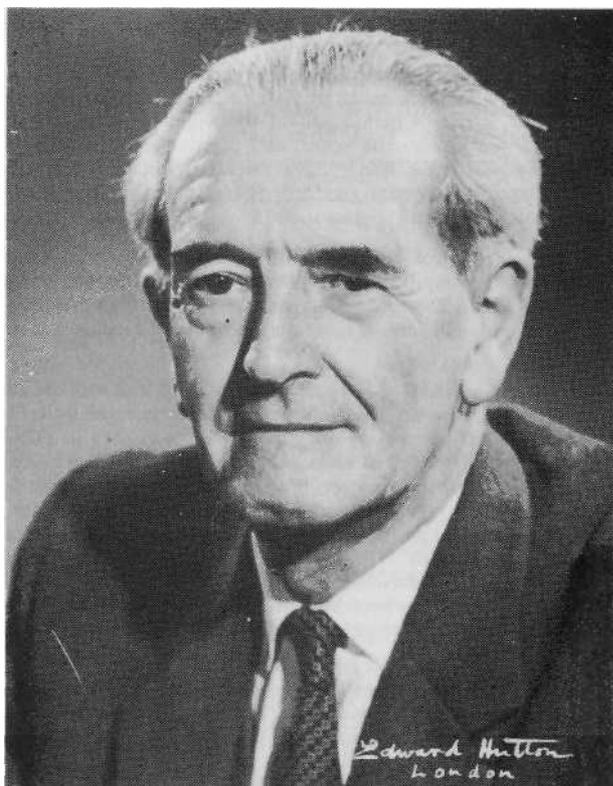
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1. "The Solitary Cyclist", in Conan Doyle's *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* (1905).
 2. *Goodbye Gutenberg: the newspaper revolution of the 1980s* by Anthony Smith. Oxford University Press, 1980.
 3. From "A Moral treatise on American Maidens" in chapter XXVI in Kipling's *From Sea to Sea*, 1889.
-

CONGRATULATIONS TO ROTTINGDEAN

In several recent issues we have referred to the serious threat posed by tasteless and intrusive 'development' to The Elms, the house on the Green at Rottingdean, which the Kiplings lived in from 1897 to 1902.

Now we have good news. "Victory is ours", reports our Rottingdean Correspondent, sending us relevant cuttings from the *Brighton and Hove Gazette* and the *Evening Argus*, both of 27 October 1982. Persimmon Homes have lost their appeal against the local authority's refusal to let them put up six houses in the garden of The Elms. The Secretary of State for the Environment has endorsed this judgment, which was based on at least two considerations—(1) that any construction on that open space would harm the village; and (2) that anyway the design of the proposed buildings was utterly incompatible with their surroundings. (At the public inquiry a Planning Officer for Brighton had likened the threatened intrusion to "a surgeon implanting a big toe in a heart".)

Rottingdean's Preservation Society, who have thanked us for our support, are now studying the next step, which is to try to acquire the garden, and convert it into an extension of the adjacent Green.



CHARLES CARRINGTON, 1964

KIPLING'S OFFICIAL BIOGRAPHER

C. E. Carrington at eighty-five: a retrospect

[In our September issue we offered a birthday tribute to Dr Joyce Tompkins. In this one, as token of respect, we are giving space to another veteran—C. E. Carrington, at eighty-five still a leading figure in this Society, and, more important, one whose stature in the field of Kipling studies may justly be termed unique.

I remember a well-known writer on Ghana who introduced his standard work with a more than conventional compliment to a great precursor: "Every one who writes on Gold Coast history should begin, after the fashion of the country, by pouring a libation and sacrificing a sheep in honour of Dr Claridge, whose monumental *History* is not likely to be superseded."

Most modern writers on Kipling owe a similar acknowledgment to Charles

Carrington, whose *Rudyard Kipling* placed all subsequent researchers—be their focus factual or aesthetic—unquestionably in his debt. His mastery of the historical conspectus both of Kipling's period and of the wider imperial background, his penetration, lucidity and common sense, and of course his privileged access to Kipling's papers and to Elsie Bambridge's memories, access which he exploited dispassionately yet with sympathy, render his biography as indispensable today as when it first appeared and delighted us in 1955.

Part of its utility derives from the breadth of Carrington's own intellectual interests. The other day he said to me with some vehemence, "I have no desire to be remembered as *the Kipling man*". He will indeed be remembered as more than that. Several of his other books, I believe, will outlast temporary changes of fashion and survive the hardest test, of time.

One major subject, on which he has written memorably, and with the authority of one who actively participated in the events that he later chronicled, is the First World War. As a record of the trenches, *A Subaltern's War*, published in 1929 under the pseudonym "Charles Edmonds", is among the handful of personal accounts which should survive. So is *Soldier from the Wars Returning* (1965), which felicitously combined a young man's memories with an older historian's objectivity. "When I think meanly of myself", he wrote, "it sustains me to recall that I was adjutant of an infantry battalion on 1st July 1916"—when the Battle of the Somme began. The Somme, perhaps the hinge of the whole War, where Carrington aged nineteen played a part, likewise Passchendaele where he won a Military Cross next year, remain controversial topics on which in old age he can still be drawn into vigorous and informative debate.

However, if Colonel Carrington's name, addressing military subjects, is not unknown in the correspondence columns of *The Times*, it is as Professor Carrington, the authority on Commonwealth history, that he is widely recognised in the academic world. We will come round to that later. First, in search of the origin of the Kipling-Carrington connection, we have asked him to look back eight decades or so and tell us how he first became exposed to Kipling's influence—one thing being certain, that no one could have written such a comprehending biography who was not already, before starting on it, steeped in his subject's prose and verse.—Ed.]

He has supplied the following account, in which he refers to himself throughout in the third person:

THE HIGH AND FAR-OFF TIMES

by C. E. CARRINGTON

He was a Diamond Jubilee baby, born in 1897 into a large, happy and old-fashioned family of boys and girls, the children of the Vicar of West Bromwich. 1902 was a turning-point in all their lives: their father was appointed Principal of a theological college in New Zealand, and emigrated with his family that winter.

The journey out is the first event that Charles, aged five, clearly remembers and appreciates. In his last term at an English dame-school he had learned to read, and that season the best-selling children's book was *Just So Stories*. That book introduced him to literature, and when he asked for more there were *The Jungle Books*.

The children saw big ships for the first time at Tilbury Dock on 4 December 1902, when their Orient liner lay beside a Japanese liner of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. They then parted company, but met her again in January in Sydney Harbour—quite rightly since they knew that *N.D.L.* and *N.Y.K.*, like

*O. and O. and D.O.A.
Must go round another way.*

In the Bay of Biscay they learned that *the cabin port-holes are dark and green, Because of the seas outside*. In the Suez Canal they saw *palm-trees and camels*. In the blazing heat of the *Red Sea (hot—too hot from Suez)* they ate their Christmas dinner. After rounding *Cape Gardafui*, with the rocky *Beaches of Socotra* in the distance, they saw the sun setting into a *Pink Arabian Sea*.

At Colombo they saw a snake-charmer, operating—to Charles's delight, "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" being then his favourite story—with a *cobra* and a *mongoose*: he sat watching them and *eating mangosteens*. Along the Australian coast they *ran (as shipmen say) from Adelaide to the Pacific*. (In later years Carrington has done it again by land and sea—and by air, which indeed reduced it to *an afternoon's run*.) And so on to the Antipodes—New Zealand, then the world's first and only social democracy and welfare state.

In Christchurch young Carrington went to school, so to speak, with *Stalky*, and read the *Puck* stories as they came out. The first 'adult' book he remembers taking out of the Public Library was *Plain Tales*. In early 1914, aged just seventeen—the naughty boy of the family, who still retains some features of the Wild Colonial Lad—he became bored with school, and broke away. He travelled to England round the Cape, steered and alone. In the idle summer of 1914 he read voraciously, in a house with a complete set of Kipling, also Wells, Shaw, Chesterton and the Georgian poets. Though an English uncle had promised to have him coached for Oxford, the War intervened: instead he became a private in Kitchener's Army. He is one of those rare survivors who served as a soldier in both World Wars from the first month to the last. He recalls that in the trenches Kipling's soldier stories and ballads somehow did not 'bite': soldiers were just the same, but the Somme and Passchendaele were not.

After the War, Oxford, where he began his study of British Commonwealth history that was to be his academic vocation. Then seven years teaching at Haileybury with its long Kipling tradition. During those years, a young Colonial with no home in England, he spent school holidays wandering round the world on the cheap, always with the rhythms of *The Seven Seas* ringing in his ears. Later, in his main career in publishing, as Educational Manager for Cambridge University Press, he travelled very widely, and all over Colonial Africa.

To or from New Zealand he has made ten voyages by eight different routes: if you start from London in any direction and keep going you will arrive at New Zealand. He has worked on a sheep-run in Canterbury, and also a ranch in Alberta, in days when cowboys really rode the ranges. In 1938 he *went from Graham's Town* (when there were still wild elephants in the Addo bush) *to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country* (now Botswana) *and from Khama's Country to Beitbridge* where the railway crosses *the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River*.

Not till after Independence in 1947 did he tour India and Pakistan, including Kipling country—Bombay, Lahore and Allahabad. Though he went up the Khyber Pass, saw the Taj Mahal by moonlight, bathed in the Ganges at Rishi-kesh, and was present when Clive's citadel of Fort William was transferred to India's Army, he had been no more than a *box-wallah*, to whom the cult of Kipling was then no more than a hobby in an active life. But his deeper knowledge of the country came from reading *Kim*.

In Vermont one day, near Brattleboro, Carrington watched a black cat, *walking by his wild lone through the Wet Wild Woods and waving his wild tail*. When critics ask him which is his favourite story, Carrington surprises them by selecting "The Cat that Walked", which, with the 'Taffy' stories, gives us Rudyard's gentle satire on Carrie, his wife.

Editor's Note

[The Chair of Commonwealth Relations at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which Carrington held from 1954-62, was a token of his standing as a historian. As early as 1932, jointly with J. Hampden Jackson, he had written *A History of England*, a school text that proved a best-seller. As "Charles Edmonds" in 1935 he wrote *T. E. Lawrence*, a clear brief politico-military study. In 1947 came his *Exposition of Empire*, in 1951 his *Godley of Canterbury*, a scholarly piece of early New Zealand biography. In the 1950s he was a substantial contributor to Hailey's *African Survey*, to Chatham House *Surveys of International Affairs*, and to the massive *Cambridge History of the British Empire*.

He lectured widely. As a Colonial Service Cadet thirty years ago I listened to the

clarity of his exposition with pleasure—but without surprise, since I had by then read his recent *magnum opus*, the book that outshines all his writings listed above.

This was *The British Overseas* (1950), a long but eloquent and pellucid work, possibly the best one-volume all-round description of the making of the British Empire that will ever be written.

It contained a section on Kipling, of interest on several grounds, being a historian's perspective, written before Kipling's papers were made available to researchers—including Carrington himself. It contains assertions that he might have reconsidered later, with fuller knowledge. But it had unlooked-for consequences when Mrs Bambridge read it. So we reproduce it in full below.—*Ed.*]

RUDYARD KIPLING

by C. E. CARRINGTON (1950)

[This is a section of Chapter XII of Carrington's *The British Overseas* (Cambridge University Press, 1950). It is reproduced here with the author's permission.]

The two profoundest influences exercised by the English upon the history of the world may well be English commercial expansion and English lyric poetry. These lines of force do not often meet, and only in dealing with the 1890's need a historian of one concern himself with the other. There was then a poet whose verses were constructed with such curious art as to appeal to the artless and the illiterate, who for a moment made poetry popular with the middle classes, and who wrote on imperial themes. The doom reserved for all who are supposed to write down to the vulgar was pronounced upon him by the pontiffs of the cult of sophistication, until, after his death and after the Empire as Kipling described it had passed away, he was reinstated on a modest but respectable literary pedestal by Mr T. S. Eliot. It is not likely, however, that Kipling's work, except for a few of his simpler ballads and children's stories, will be much read by future generations. He was a journalist of genius, but his writings are too topical and allusive to be understood when the allusions are forgotten and the topics stale. His career is a far more significant episode in the history of the British Commonwealth than in the history of English literature.

During the 1880's an ill-educated, middle-class lad was working as a hack reporter for an up-country newspaper in India. He hardly belonged to the governing class, was neither a soldier nor a civil

servant; not even a 'box-wallah', the salaried agent of some great London firm; not quite a 'pukka sahib'. His experience of the world had been confined to a childhood spent in mean lodgings at Southsea, a boyhood curtailed at a second-rate school in Devon, a premature adolescence spent in that seamy side of life which is exposed to a provincial newspaperman. But his father was a scholar, an archaeologist, and his mother, whom Kipling thought the 'wittiest woman in India', had been one of the Pre-Raphaelite circle in London. The boy knew something of artistic craftsmanship as taught by William Morris, and something of the French impressionist writers on whom he modelled his style.

Kipling achieved a local fame, first among the British residents in the Punjab, then throughout India when he was taken up by Lord and Lady Dufferin, until finally his reputation reached London. He wrote skits and parodies in the manner of Swinburne and Browning on Anglo-Indian life and politics; he filled odd columns in the *Civil and Military Gazette* with cynical short stories, owing much to Bret Harte and more to de Maupassant, which revealed, in this boy of nineteen or twenty, a terrific power of minute observation. 'This young man', said Oscar Wilde, 'has seen many remarkable things—through keyholes.' He was far from complacent about British rule. He distinguished then, as later, the unselfish unrewarded labour of the pioneer, up-country and alone, from the ponderous remote bureaucracy of Simla and Whitehall. His lip-service was to the Law, to the Flag; his real admiration was always for the irregular, the guerrilla-fighter. In a thousand solitary settlements young Englishmen of the middle classes toiled and improvised to pacify the savage, to turn the wilderness into a garden, to make wealth out of poverty, knowing that they would not be enriched by it. Here were the words for which they had waited, the sentiments they were too inarticulate to utter:

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—
'Mid the riot of the shearers in the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut alone—
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—

Kipling's first literary creation was the cockney soldier, a gutter-snipe without manners, morals or traditions, homesick for London: 'for the sounds of 'er an' the sights of 'er and the stinks of 'er, orange-peel an' hasphalte an' gas comin' in over Vaux'all Bridge'; rude, ignorant, and yet dimly aware of the honour and privilege of his

task to serve 'the Widow of Windsor'; much exposed to the criticisms of pharisees and the romancing of stay-at-home novelists—

It's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and 'Tommy, 'ow's your soul?'
But it's 'thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll—

attacks which Tommy repulsed on either flank with equal vigour. He was neither blackguard nor 'thin red hero'. This humblest of empire-builders, gay, humorous, impertinent, courageous, enduring; without a touch of ferocity; devoted to dogs and children and beer; imperturbable and unchanged whether his fate was to march with Howe to Bunker Hill, or Roberts to Kandahar, or Allenby to Jerusalem, or Montgomery to Alamein, Tommy Atkins had at last found a voice.

When first Kipling became known outside the narrow limits of the Punjab, he was recognised as the soldier's poet; he was next hailed as the poet of empire. In [1889] an Indian newspaper sent him eastward on a world tour to Burma, Japan, California and at last to London, where he lived solitary in lodgings and was unhappy though prosperous. He felt himself out of place, sharing the bitter feelings of so many young men from the dominions who have come to the land they were taught to call 'home', to find themselves strangers in a cold unfamiliar society. He married an American lady and took her back to New England which he liked even less. He shook the dust of America off his feet and rarely again wrote a line about the Americans without abusing them, unless they should have the grace to become anglicised. At last finding in South Africa the ideal empire for which he had been seeking, he divided his time for several years between Cape Colony and Sussex. In [1908] he settled finally in England, turning his back on the Empire and his mind towards other themes which lie outside the scope of this book. The period of his travels in North America and South Africa, and of the voyages to and fro, had filled his notebooks with dramatic incidents and pictures, with patches of local colour and snatches of technical jargon which he cunningly wove into the fabric of his later songs and stories.

To a whole generation homesickness was reversed by inoculation with Kipling's magic. Englishmen felt the days of England 'sick and cold, and the skies gray and old and the twice-breathed airs blowing damp'; heard the East a'calling; fawned on the younger nations, the men that could shoot and ride; were conscious of the weight of the White Man's Burden; learned to read and talk the jargon of the seven seas; while, in the outposts of Empire, men who read no other books recognised and approved flashes of their own lives in phrases from Kipling's verse: the flying-fishes and the dawn coming up like thunder across the Bay of Bengal; the smell of the wattles at Lichtenberg in the

rain; the voyage outward-bound till the old lost stars wheel back and the Southern Cross rides high; the palm-tree in full bearing bowing down to the surf under a low African moon; the aching berg propping the speckless sky at hot Constantia; the wild tide-race that whips the harbour-mouth at Melbourne; the broom flowering behind the windy town of Wellington; the islands where the trumpet-orchids blow and the anchor-chain goes ripping down through coral trash; the western railway where the trestle groans and shivers in the snow; the Golden Gate of San Francisco where the blindest bluffs hold good and the wildest tales are true. Such tales they heard by camp-fires, of mine and ranch, and moose and caribou, and parrots pecking lambs to death; of little wars with Sayyid Barghash of Zanzibar, and King Lobengula with the smoke-reddened eyes, and Fuzzy Wuzzy who broke a British square; and of Piet the Boer farmer, with his Mauser for amusement and his pony for retreat, who fought so much better than some crack English battalions.

South Africa, in the 'nineties, was in a high fever with the temperature rising. The open frontier to the north where there might be gold and certainly would be bloodshed, the labours of engineers at desert railways and deep mines, the scuffling and jostling of 'boom' towns, the visible march of trade and industry, and behind that the steady consolidation of pasture and ploughland, the creation under his eye of a new country by pioneers as bold and ruthless and far-reaching as Drake and Raleigh, were the ingredients of a composition he understood and admired, the triumph of individualists whose only high ideal was a schoolboyish sentimental loyalty. Rhodes and Jameson were the men after his own heart.

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

This Rhodes did after the Jameson Raid. Rhodes is the man who
. . . can talk with crowds and keep his virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch.

But the poem was written of Jameson whose name, it has been said, is concealed in it as a cryptogram.

Kipling has often been described as if he were the poet of orthodox, conservative imperialism. He is the very opposite of that; he spoke for those whom he called the 'Younger Sons', the middle-class adventurers, the 'Sons of Martha' who accepted responsibility and were never too proud for any task; not the 'Sons of Mary', the

governing class which accepted wealth and power as a right. He is the poet of the frontier-rebel, the filibuster, the buccaneer. He would have sided with Drake not Burleigh, with Raleigh not James I, with Washington not George Grenville, with Wakefield not Earl Grey. To the frontiersmen he gave a voice, but the stay-at-home English no more appreciated it than George III appreciated Benjamin Franklin. When Kipling addressed the English on their Empire it was always, as in *Recessional*, with a note of warning against 'frantic boast and foolish word'. But to that warning the English turned a deaf ear.

Editor's Note

[As it happened, the text above played a part in Carrington's eventual selection as Kipling's biographer, the culmination of a long and tortuous story. It was 1938 when Carrington first planned to write the *Life*, jointly with a friend, the late A. L. Lyall (1904-64). They began work, but were soon rebuffed by the agents, A. P. Watt, who warned them that they would be denied use of any copyright material, and that an approved biographer had already started on his task.

This was Hector Bolitho (1897-1974), who later disagreed with Kipling's widow and dropped out. In the next dozen years three more aspirants fell away—Taprell Dorling ("Taffrail", 1883-1968), Eric Linklater (1899-1974) and of course Lord Birkenhead (1907-75). The first and third, at least, had disagreed with Kipling's daughter. In 1951 a timely second bid by Carrington was accepted—Mrs Bambridge's approbation of the piece about her father in *The British Overseas* being a key factor. It was with her positive and invaluable cooperation that Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* ultimately came out. This is more fully described in its 3rd edition (1978, after her death), which is strongly recommended for the sake of its added Appendices.

Carrington's own assessment of the book is objective and restrained. Though it broke much new ground, uncovered swathes of unknown facts, and in so doing put Kipling in perspective and made all previous biographies obsolete, Carrington persists that his contribution to Kipling studies is not so much *critical* as *descriptive*—"to present a firm base on which the analytical critics could stage their performance". However this is too modest. Kipling's works cannot profitably be separated from the world as he saw it and the life that he led, and Carrington's descriptive interpretation constantly assists our critical understanding. He has also produced some explicitly *literary* criticism: to be sure, it tends in his words to be "factual, on a low tone", but as such it is a salutary foil to the neurotic approach of some more modern analysts.

His *Complete Barrack-Room Ballads* (1973) is an original, imaginative and helpful adjunct to Kipling's soldier verse. His exploration of *The Light that Failed* (the *Life*, 3rd edn, App 2) is necessary to understand that novel. His Introduction to the Heritage edition of *Kim* (1962) was subtle, persuasive and new. His *Kipling's Horace* (1978), freshly reviewed in this issue, is an important and revealing publication, considerably edited. Even his pragmatic appraisal of "If—", in the following article, invites us on aesthetic grounds to read those verses with a fresher eye and recognise forgotten merits there. This is characteristic. Originality permeates Carrington's writing, and however familiar the subject his readers may always safely count on learning something new.—Ed.]

IF YOU CAN BRING FRESH EYES TO READ THESE VERSES

by C. E. CARRINGTON

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance. [Pope]

[Everyone knows "If—". For some indeed, a fatal familiarity has drummed its over-quoted lines into exhausted cliché; and its theme, once fresh and stimulating, has grown stale, flat and unprofitable.

Kipling himself was modest about these verses, which, he said, "contained counsels of perfection most easy to give". That they had been "printed on cards to hang up in offices . . . illuminated text-wise and anthologised to weariness" did not elate him. Of course, when he wrote in those deprecating terms (1935), "If—" was past its zenith.

Yet for many readers unprejudiced by literary or political presuppositions, "If—" retains singular force and merit. In March 1981 I mentioned in the *Journal* a recent emigrant from the U.S.S.R. who had told me how greatly a Russian translation had fortified him at a time of hazard and uncertainty. More recently, in down-town Vancouver, I noticed an unauthorised edition on a card in a shabby shop. "How many of these do you sell?" I asked. "Plenty", I was told. "One a week?" I suggested. "Nearer one a day", was the reply. Even further afield, in a stationer's in Ecuador, I have seen it in Spanish, headed "Si—".

Charles Carrington, as Guest of Honour at our Annual Luncheon in 1975, ended his address with some interesting and original comments on "If—". Space in the *Journal* precluded more than a synopsis of what he said on this subject. It is a pleasure now to publish his words in full—indeed a fuller text than he had time to deliver on that occasion.

At the same Luncheon our then President, the late Lord Cobham, recalled "If—" being discussed at a Territorial Camp between the Wars, with Winston Churchill present. Someone had said that the last line rang false. Churchill responded that it only needed changing to *You'll be a God, my man!*

Textual analysis can help appreciation, or can hinder it. For those to whom this once sensational poem has long seemed too trite to read with pleasure, I believe that Charles Carrington's scrutiny of it should serve to dispel that sense of excessive familiarity which can eventually cloud the enjoyment of fine style. As T. S. Eliot wrote [*A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, 1941], what is needed is "to approach Kipling's verse with a fresh mind, and to regard it in a new light, and to read it as if for the first time".—*Ed.*]

This short didactic piece, perhaps the most popular set of verses written within living memory in the English language, is no longer in vogue. Fifty or sixty years ago, it was familiar as a household word to all thoughtful people. It is remarkably free from political bias.

"If—" was composed at Bateman's in the autumn of 1909, as one of the poems to be interspersed with historical stories in the volume *Rewards and Fairies* (1910), where it followed the tale about George Washington and the Quakers of Pennsylvania, to which Kipling gave the title "Brother Square-Toes"; it had not been previously printed. *Rewards and Fairies* was at first received as a children's book, until later consideration lifted it into the view of a wider circle of readers; but the poem "If—" instantly commended itself to the world of 1910. When did any other English poem attract such publicity?

Among the verses in *Rewards* [wrote Kipling in *Something of Myself*] was one set called 'If, which escaped from the book, and for a while ran about the world . . . Once started, the mechanisation of the age made them snowball themselves in a way that startled me . . . Twenty-seven of the Nations of the Earth translated them into their seven-and-twenty tongues, and printed them on every sort of fabric.

The appropriateness of "If—" as a portrait of Washington was obvious, in contrast with the other characters, the evasive Talleyrand and the adaptable smuggler who tells the story. Unlike them, the steadfast Washington raises a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. However, in writing the poem, Kipling's mind [he tells us] had reverted to his own friend Dr Jameson, whose career in Africa had just come to an end, and who visited Bateman's in 1909. It was Jameson, not Washington, who [in 1895] made one heap of all his winnings, risked it, and lost.

Many years ago, Sir Maurice Bowra pointed out to me that both the theme and the rhythm of "If—" are to some extent derived from Browning's last poem, the "Epilogue" to the volume called *Asolando* which was published on 12 December 1889, the day of his death. While both the "Epilogue" and "If—" commend the virtues of self-reliance, they do it in a different spirit. The customary optimism of Browning, who

. . . never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake . . .

is the antithesis of Kipling's stoical pessimism.

If we take a line such as *One who never turned his back but marched breast forward*, and compare it with *If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew*, the rhythmical resemblance is obvious: the two lines might be sung to the same tune—always a consideration in examining Kipling's verses, since many of them were written to accompany popular tunes. (Not so Browning, who could never confine himself in a nutshell: several lines of the "Epilogue" refuse to be forced into the rules of scansion.) Kipling's "If—" is a remarkably regular exercise in *versification*, and that is the aspect of it that I am now discussing. Whether it should be described as *poetry* I leave where T. S. Eliot left the question, to the judgment of readers. I have no doubt that it is most accomplished verse.

As a moral precept "If—" had a powerful effect upon a whole generation. Elsewhere, I have committed myself to the prophecy:

Some day, when the sneers of the silly-clever, who suppose that what has become a truism is no longer true, have died away, these verses will renew their influence; and it will be noticed that their fluid rhythm and intricate rhyme-scheme make them a technical masterpiece.

On that, I have no further comment to make, and I now offer a few technical notes of a straightforward kind.

This poem (for so I must describe it for shortness) is composed in regular *quatrains* of rhymed lines, according to the pattern *a b a b*. The *first* and *third* lines in each quatrain are of *eleven* syllables—the eleventh being not only unaccented but insignificant, a mere suffix that completes the form of the sentence without introducing any new idea or turn of thought, so that the *a a* endings are always what the French would call *feminine* rhymes. The *second* and *fourth* lines are uniformly of *ten* syllables, ending with strongly-accented short words for the *masculine* rhymes (*b b*).

The accentuation is conventional, so that these verses would once have been called *iambic pentameters*—that is, lines of five feet, normally accented on the second syllable, with occasional variations where the emphasis is moved forward, usually on the word *If*.

*If you / can talk / with crowds / and keep / your virtue,
Or walk / with Kings— / nor lose / the com- / mon touch . .*

As the poem proceeds, the simple pattern of quatrains builds up into into a more complex structure of *eight-line stanzas*, each with its

IF—

[published in 1910 with "Brother Square-Toes" in *Rewards and Fairies*]

1	If you can keep your head when all about you	a
2	Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;	b
3	If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,	a
4	But make allowance for their doubting too;	b
5	If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,	a
6	Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,	b
7	Or being hated, don't give way to hating,	a
8	And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;	b
9	If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;	
10	If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,	
11	If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster	
12	And treat those two impostors just the same;	
13	If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken	
14	Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,	
15	Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,	
16	And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;	
17	If you can make one heap of all your winnings	
18	And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,	
19	And lose, and start again at your beginnings	
20	And never breathe a word about your loss;	
21	If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew	
22	To serve your turn long after they are gone,	
23	And so hold on when there is nothing in you	
24	Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'	
25	If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,	
26	Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,	
27	If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,	
28	If all men count with you, but none too much;	
29	If you can fill the unforgiving minute	
30	With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,	
31	Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,	
32	And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!	

[There were slight alterations in punctuation in subsequent issues of this poem: the version above is as it was published in *Rewards and Fairies*.]

own harmony of rhythm and sense. The first stanza commends the virtue of self-reliance when founded upon inner humility; and so far the tone is subdued. In the second, which exposes the emptiness of success, the reader finds his voice rising with a sort of indignation to a climax at the words *those two impostors*. (Read this line as an iambic pentameter and you kill it dead.) The third and fourth stanzas, extolling the qualities of resolution and integrity, move to another climax in the final couplet.

Some of the lines are held at an almost monotonous level, which however Kipling makes as intense as his outbursts over the hollowness of success and the essentials of manliness, for example in the line *If all men count with you, but none too much* (a dismal warning against wearing your heart on your sleeve). Such lines will remind the reader of the sardonic advice offered to the world in "An Essay on Criticism" by Alexander Pope:

But most by numbers judge a poet's song:
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line . . .

A closer look at "If—" will acquit Kipling of being too *smooth*, if not of being too regular, in his "numbers". The doubled consonants, for example, in the line *Or being Hed about, don't deal in lies* reject smoothness to get force. There is one use of the *open vowel* [cf. the three examples in Pope's line above], namely in the final words *you'll be a Man, my son*—which somehow is anything but "tiring to the ear". And unless this last apostrophe is an *expletive*, the poem contains none.

Pope's sneer about the ten-word-line is not to be applied beyond the limit of his intention. There are four such lines in "If—" (lines 8, 10, 28 and 32), and one more if *pitch-and-toss* may be counted as three words (line 18). All these are strong lines, made stronger by their quiet tone. To justify them, one might appeal to the higher authority of Shakespeare, in Sonnet 116, that *then low words* need not be *dull*:

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom . . .

Didactic poems set out in quatrains of rhymed pentameters are frequent in English Literature, though I do not recall another anthology piece that alternates masculine with feminine endings. If Kipling had a model, I should search for it not among the great masters but among the repertoire of the music-halls, or in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—possibly No 12, the 'evening hymn', that begins "O Strength and Stay upholding all creation . . ."—

Grant to / life's day / a calm / uncloud- / ed ending,
An eve / untouch'd / by shad- / ows of / decay,
The bright- / ness of / a ho- / ly death- / bed blending
With dawn- / ing glor- / ies of / th' etern- / al day.

The baroque splendours of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" will not at once suggest themselves for comparison: yet, apart from the absence of feminine rhymes in the "Elegy" (unless we so classify *tow'r* and *bow'r*) the metrical form and the shift of accent *are* similar in these poems. Gray uses the ten-word-line once only—

He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

This is in the "Epitaph", which to me seems the weakest part of the "Elegy", where with the pentameter *Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth* he begins to drift to an irrelevant conclusion. I do not mean to decry a great poem written in the grand manner, but Gray's exalted style and gorgeous vocabulary can scarcely be maintained without some slight flaws. He is a master of the poetic diction that was thought proper in the eighteenth century, and accordingly decorates his verses with epithets and figures of speech that ravish the eye and ear. It has been pointed out that the descriptive adjectives which add light and warmth to his verbal pictures might be eliminated without total destruction of the poem. Should we amend it?

The Curfew tolls the knell of [*delete* parting] day,
 The lowing herd winds [*delete* slowly] o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his [*delete* weary] way,
 And leaves the world to [*delete* darkness and to] me . . .

If we proceed with this abridgement, we shall still have an Elegy, greatly impoverished but not annihilated.

In Kipling's "If—", not a single word can be removed without fatal damage to sense and structure. Anatomise this body of verse,

examine its musculature, and you will not find one ounce of fat. The regularity of metre is matched by the plainness of language, which he deliberately holds on the colloquial level.

His thirty-two lines contain two hundred and ninety-one words, almost all of Anglo-Saxon origin or so long naturalised that their Romance origin is forgotten.

Only seventeen words have two or more syllables, and of these only five are of Classical origin: *Triumph*, *Disaster* and *impostor* in the third quatrain, *minute* and *seconds* in the eighth—occurring at the two climaxes of the poem.

The other polysyllables are syntactical variations of quite simple roots: *yourself*, *waiting*, *worn-out*. The only long word in the poem is *unforgiving*.

There are no epithets; and no particles. The adverbs and conjunctions are there to do a job of work, not to cover an awkward pause or fill a gap; and the adjectives are used substantively (if such a paradox may be admitted). They are not decorative but informative. A simple vocabulary imposes restraint in the use of words.

Let me refer to another quatrain, from a much-loved poem by a scholarly and fastidious author ["The Scholar-Gipsy" by Matthew Arnold]—

Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met,
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet . . .

This verbal landscape-painting is worthy of Virgil, or of Constable—and what higher praise could there be? Yet a closer scrutiny reveals that the glamour of these evocative words masks two faults in the fourth line. *Cool* is a tautology: we have already been told (in the previous stanza) that the stream was cool, and the word is repeated to pad out the line. *Wet* is a redundancy: if the scholar-gipsy trailed his fingers in the stream there was no need to tell us that they were wet, and the word is inserted only to make a rhyme for *met*. By comparison, in the minor masterpiece we are considering, there are no such superfluous words.

Monosyllables are perhaps more difficult to handle than longer words with variable meanings, and I must credit Arnold with a round dozen of successful ten-word-lines in "The Scholar-Gipsy". When a poem is wholly composed of short and simple words, tautology can scarcely be avoided. The strength of "If—" is based on the succession of hammer-blows: *If you can keep* and *If you can*

wait and *If you can dream . . .* Also, in the third stanza, *If you can make . . .* which starts bravely enough until we notice that the verb *make* occurs five times in this short poem, three times in the second stanza. Can we excuse the writer on the grounds that it is not substantive, but only an "auxiliary" verb?

For instance, in *not make dreams your master* (line 9) and *not make thoughts your aim* (line 10), it is *dreams* and *thoughts* that count, and it would be difficult, with any other verb than *make*, to give them full value. (Even if it scanned, *not let thoughts be your aim* would not mean the same thing.) But in line 4 he might *give* allowance instead of *making* it; in line 14 he might *set* a trap without grave damage; in line 17 he might *raise* a heap. These may be admitted as slips, where the master has put a foot wrong.

The fall of accent on expressive monosyllables may give an advantage that is not always available to writers in the high style. Here, it enables the poet to make effective use of *internal* rhymes such as *meet* and *treat* (lines 11 and 12), *nerve* and *serve* (lines 21 and 22), *talk* and *walk* (lines 25 and 26), *worth* and *Earth* (lines 30 and 31).

At this point I might draw attention to Kipling's habit of capitalising common nouns for emphasis, a device that purists may consider illegitimate. He so distinguishes *Triumph*, *Disaster*, *Will*, *Kings*, *Earth* and *Man*, which at least tell us something of his purpose. Elsewhere, he adds emphasis by a strong *caesura* [a pause, built into a line of verse], as in line 19,

And lose, / and start again at your beginnings,

whereas the next line, by contrast, has no metrical pause:

And never breathe a word about your loss.

Hostile critics have made light of the final couplet, when the poet seems to descend from high consideration of ethics, and to drop to a final slangy compliment, *you'll be a Man, my son!* But the book *Rewards and Fairies* was written for Kipling's own children, and this particular story, "Brother Square-Toes" [on which Kipling was working in mid-October 1909] was aimed at his twelve-year-old son—who of course in the book is nicknamed Dan. It was young John Kipling, mightily impressed by the visit [on 12 October] by his father's old friend Jameson, who was to have the lesson driven home by an idealised portrait of Washington—a man who could talk with crowds and keep his virtue, could walk with kings nor lose the common touch. The final couplet rings true, if recognised as an actual dedication, by a father, to his son.

LORDLY OF LEATHER

Rudyard Kipling and the Motor Car, II

[In the first item in this series (September 1982) we described the return to Bateman's of a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom I, which Kipling owned between 1928 and 1932. That car, and its successor, a 20/25 h.p. model, are the subject of a letter from Mrs M. M. Bendle which we print in this issue.

Now, in the second of the series, we present a brief report on the 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, series 6VE, which Kipling ran from 1921 to 1928. The following extracts are from short articles in the *Classic and Sportscar* of June and July 1982. Mr Max Ardley drew them to my attention, and Mr Matthew Carter, Editor of that magazine, kindly gave me permission to quote from them.—Ed.]

Kipling's holy Ghost

Rudyard Kipling's 1920 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost has turned up, appropriately enough in the land where so many of his books were set. What is more, this Ghost is still in use... It belongs to a religious sect [in Calcutta] known as the Howra [sic] Temple Trust and is used once each year to carry up to twenty clerics and a 6 cwt solid silver effigy on an eight mile pilgrimage. Fanatical followers shower it with coins and red powder on this journey, a feat it has accomplished every year since 1928.

Although in astonishingly original condition . . . many of its mechanical parts had become seriously worn through lack of maintenance. Jonathan Harley of J. N. Harley Engineering was sent for to give it a major overhaul... Red powder had found its way into everything and when he stripped the car he found handfuls of small coins thrown to appease the God of Wealth, though he found them useful for keeping onlookers at bay...

Though the Rolls-Royce was basically sound its footbrake had remained seized since 1948, and a hole in its garage roof had existed for even longer and allowed rain to wreck the radiator brackets . . . Recently [the firm] put the finishing touches to the magnificent car, that can have done little more than 1000 miles in more than 50 years . . .

Rolls-Royce factory records show that Kipling's car was serviced regularly in Paris in the twenties and that he was allowed £300 for it in part exchange for a Phantom I in 1928. Rolls-Royce then sent the car to their Bombay branch, no doubt feeling that the illustrious name of its former owner would guarantee a good price there . . .

[The excerpts above are from the June 1982 issue of *Classic and Sportscar*. In the following month appeared a photograph of the renovated vehicle, here called the *Satyanarayan Temple Car*. . . *making stately progress in Calcutta in March on its annual outing . . . approaching Howrah Bridge. . . surrounded by devout followers*. By contrast, in a later issue of this *Journal*, we shall be taking note of the selfsame car, in its former wider-ranging incarnation, progressing in a different style of stateliness along "the joyous roads of France" where

. . . ninety to the lawless hour
The kilometres fly—
What was your pace to Bourg-Madame?
We sauntered to Hendaye . . .]

THE CONTEXT OF THE CURSE

[In "Notes on *American Notes*" (*Journal*, June 1982) Philip Lyman drew attention to the wholly rude and partly serious terms in which the twenty-three-year-old Kipling, infuriated by finding in a Yokohama bookshop in 1889 a pirated edition of one of his own books, "cursed the Seaside Library [the publisher] and the United States that bred it . . ."]

This elaborate "Curse" appeared in India in the *Pioneer Mail* of 13 November 1889, and later gained some notoriety in the U.S.A. In 1899 Kipling left it out of *From Sea to Sea*, indeed suppressed the whole episode. Since many readers found its resurrection in the *Journal* interesting, and since the "Curse" is best understood in context, we here reprint that context.

Kipling's vehement feelings about American copyright anarchy—feelings which he sustained passionately for years, and which led him into several bitter disputes—may now seem excessive. However, he was on the right side, even if the expression of his views was often hasty and sometimes ill-considered. In this case in Yokohama, he had been shocked by a glimpse of the *wholesale* nature of American publishing piracy: in condemning the system he was speaking for all non-American writers, not just for himself. But he knew the Curse was preposterous: he was able to laugh at himself, as his account of Professor Hill's soothing response to his outburst shows.

I copied this text from a "grangerised" volume of *From Sea to Sea*, which once belonged to a distinguished American bibliographer and connoisseur of Kipling, Admiral L. H. Chandler, and now belongs to me. In 1925 Chandler pasted into it typed slips containing the parts of Kipling's original text which had been omitted in *From Sea to Sea*: thus amended, it can be read as a whole.—*Ed*

[Here is the beginning of Kipling's account of the episode]

The journey to Nikko from Yokohama began with a difficulty as regards the American Nation. I required something to read on the way, for well I knew that unadulterated nature even in her sweetest aspects becomes swiftly monotonous. There was a shop which unhappily is not yet burned down. It sold every novel of any pretensions that has been published within the last five and twenty years at a uniform price of twenty cents, or something between six and nine pence. In other words it was the receiving shop—the fence—for stolen property by American thieves with printing machines from English authors. I had read a good deal and thought more about what is euphemistically called piracy of literature, but I was not prepared for the black record of crime put forward by a nest of filchers called the "Seaside Publishing Company," and put into my hand by the obliging shopman. "I think you'll find everything that you want there." O! did he? I should have been exacting had I not done so.

Apart from the mighty dead who are all the world's property, because they still compete with the living author, I found the names of all the lesser lights who twinkle from the tops of one, two or three columns today. Besant, Braddon, Inglesant, Haggard, Stevenson, Hall Caine, Anstey, "Q", Farjeon, Ouida, Farrar, George Moore and others whom the pen holds not in remembrance were all on the list, and their works did follow their names orderly. The riot of rapine did not end there. The catalogue concluded with a section headed "Miscellaneous." No attempt at organisation marked the last "round up" of little authors. They were packed into it hoof, horn and hide like cattle. You would see how the head-thief who regulated the lifting had marked the *Saturday's* reviews in red ink by the batch, while his underlings did the mechanical work of stealing. Not content with this the Library—forgive me for using that word—poured foul and fulsome praise on the larger authors—trotted them out before the American public—while it improved their spelling according to the notion prevalent in the School Boards of the States. When Thackeray is made to talk about "travelers" and "theaters" it is time for England to declare war. The crown and flower of these insults was a warning to the public not to buy books from firms other than the Seaside Library, because the latter gave all the stories unabridged. The big thief was congratulating himself on the completeness of his fraud.

"Don't you want any of these publications?" said the shopman.

"These aren't publications, they are burglaries, what you call thefts: do you understand? Things that men in civilised countries get imprisoned for," I responded.

"They've stopped the sale of them in Singapore and Hongkong," he answered, "and I think they are going to stop the sale of them here. But every body buys 'em. Aren't you going to have any?"

I was not going to assist the disgrace. I was going to express my opinions, but not in the shop. The loathsome library had been cribbing Anglo-Indian stories not altogether unknown to me. It might have left our unhappy country alone. Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it . . .

[Here followed the Curse]

"Yes, yes. I dare say we shall find the American Eagle as sick as the Jackdaw of Rheims when he has digested that," said the Professor soothingly as I puffed the tale of my wrongs into his ear on the Yokohama platform. "But before you go on swearing in that libertine fashion just think how much better it would be for the English author if he published his book in the first instance at prices that defied competition."

CARRINGTON ON KIPLING ON HORACE

A review by P. E. EASTERLING

KIPLING'S HORACE edited by C. E. Carrington (Methuen, 1978; original limited edition of 500 signed by the editor, quarter-bound in leather; facsimiles of some Kipling MS marginalia; xxvii+ 115 pp; £50). Later limited edition, photocopy, paperback, privately produced for Kipling Society members *only*, obtainable at £15 post free from the Society's London office: *not for general sale*.

[While working on Kipling's papers for the official biography, Charles Carrington was shown an unknown but interesting item—an edition of Horace's *Odes* in which Kipling had inscribed, in English, many unpublished verses and epigrams of his own. That Kipling had been strongly attracted by Horace's poetry, which has a readily identifiable bearing on many of his own pieces, is well known, but Carrington at once saw that this new find, though slight in bulk and secondary in quality, shed direct light on Kipling's basic perception of Horace, and deserved to be published.

It eventually appeared, edited by Carrington so as to set the whole topic of Kipling and Horace for the first time in perspective, and in a form that a non-latinist could enjoy. The publishers however, in apparent misjudgment of the market, chose to make the book a handsome but costly collectors' piece. At £50 the quick sale of the *de luxe* issue, which should have subsidised a subsequent cheap edition, did not happen. Fortunately Carrington later produced a small photocopied edition for individual sale to Kipling Society members [see *Journal* No 218]: some copies are still obtainable from our Secretary.

The book deserved a major review, but never had one. I am now pleased to rectify this, with Mrs Easterling's authoritative article below. That a classicist of high standing should be invited to take an objective look at this unusual literary fragment was very appropriate. Mrs Easterling, University Lecturer in Classics at Cambridge, and Vice-Principal of Newnham College, would claim no more than an ordinary educated knowledge of Kipling, but in classical literature her expertise is both wide and profound, and is attested by many learned contributions to scholarship—most recently her new edition of Sophocles's *Trachiniae* (Cambridge, 1982). To *Kipling's Horace* she has brought a professional appraisal, which must henceforth help to illuminate any serious study of Kipling's essentially amateur approach to the seductive yet elusive essence of Horace's art.—*Ed*]

Kipling's Horace will have great appeal for bibliophiles as an elegantly produced limited edition, but it is more than a handsome showpiece: the content has genuine interest for anyone seriously concerned with Kipling's poetic personality. Charles Carrington has edited the fifty-five epigrams which appear in the margins of the copy of Horace's *Odes* that Kipling acquired about 1914 and kept by him for the rest of his life. (This was E. G. Wickham's finely printed edition of 1910; a few specimen pages are reproduced in facsimile to illustrate the layout of Kipling's *adversaria*.)

Although their punctuation is rather erratic—a sign, as the editor points out, that the poems were not finally corrected nor intended for publication—they are neat copies, finished pieces rather than fragments. A few have already been published, by Mr Carrington himself and by others, but there are forty-one new ones to add to the repertoire. The editor describes their character in his Preface: "Some are free translations from Horace; some are critical comments or glosses; and some his own developments of a Horatian theme." He is of course very well aware that these jottings—mainly slight and often facetious—are a literally marginal aspect of Kipling's *oeuvre* and cannot be expected to lead to any sort of reassessment of his talent. But there is no doubt that the job was worth doing.

What this book enables us to do is to eavesdrop on Kipling's reading of Horace, and on his varied and desultory responses to an author who plainly meant much to him. It is fascinating to trace what it was, about Horace, that appealed (or not) to Kipling, both from the explicit judgments that he passes in some of the poems and from the kinds of imitation and adaptation that he chooses to make.

The editor's method is to print the Horatian odes in Latin on the left-hand page (not all of them in full where Kipling uses only a small section of the Latin poem for translation, imitation or comment) and Kipling's version on the right, along with his own annotations, which apply as need be to the Latin or to the English.

The collection also includes the translation of *Odes* III.9 [*Donec gratus eram*] into Devonshire dialect, which was printed in the school magazine when Kipling was in his last term (1882), and at the end there is a series of his imitations of Horace, all previously published, which include several much more serious compositions than any of the new epigrams.

These latter are presented not in Horace's order but as the editor has grouped them—love poems, poems about Horace's patron Maecenas, drinking songs, war poems and so on. Inevitably the grouping is somewhat arbitrary, but there was no compelling reason to stick to the order of the Latin originals: Kipling did not attach a poem of his own to every one of Horace's, and it was his versions rather than the originals that suggested some of the links made by the editor. For the latinist anxious to see which odes took Kipling's fancy, there is an Index of Latin first lines, which makes checking easy.

The most striking difference between the Latin poems and Kipling's little pieces is in their scale and scope. Horace is a highly complex, ironic writer who characteristically deals with more than

one major theme within a poem, often shifting subject matter and tone in startlingly radical ways. Kipling's poems all have a single focus, even the more ambitious and serious imitations of Horace which he wrote for publication, and although they often catch Horatian tones of voice, both witty and poignant, they lack the haunting ambivalence of the Latin.

The most interesting and effective of the new poems are the short, punchy epigrams like his delightful couplet on I.11 [*Tu ne quaesieris*] to Leuconoe:

Lucy, do not look ahead: We shall be a long time dead.
Take whatever you can see: And, incidentally, take me.

Or the 'popular song' version of II.8 [*Ulla si iuris*] to Barine:

You have lied to the dead beneath—
You have lied to the heavens above you—
But that hasn't affected
In any direction
Your colour, your hair
Your teeth or complexion— [sic]
And, therefore, Barine we LOVE YOU !

Two stanzas out of the Valgius poem [II.9: *Non semper imbres*] are compressed into:

Do not always mourn your dead.
Read the Daily Mail instead.

There is a similar topical application in II.7 [*O saepe mecum*], Horace's nostalgic poem to his old comrade Pompeius:

1918

Oh, caught with me in April's push,
My beamish boy!
Wash, shave, and dress,
And let us rush
To the Savoy!

Even the famous *Exegi monumentum* [III.30], Horace at his most elevated, becomes a jaunty epigram:

What I have done I have done.
It is first-class work and I know it.
And nothing under the sun
Shall 'minish or overthrow it.
(Certified. B.C. 21:

Q. H. Flaccus. Poet. [sic]

This last example echoes several poems which show Kipling recognising and approving Horace's interest in fame, evidently one of the things that he found endearing about his great predecessor. The warmth of his admiration is always strongly expressed, as when in III.21 [to the wine jar, *O nata mecum*] he praises Horace's "golden, unparalleled mouth", or when in a more ambitious though less successful piece prompted by III. 13 [*O fons Bandusiae*] he reflects on the lasting power of Horace's poetry. One of his favourite poems seems to have been IV.7 [*Diffugere nives*], made famous in our century by Housman's translation, which Kipling greatly admired. His comment on this poem runs:

If all that ever Man had sung
In the audacious Latin Tongue
Had been lost—and This remained
All, through This might be regained.

One reason for this lively admiration was certainly the respect felt by one craftsman for another. Kipling shared Horace's interest in metrical experiment, and we see him trying out different rhythms with eager virtuosity. Here is his version of the opening of IV.8, to Censorinus [*Donarem pateras*]:

Ah don't be too censorious for what do riches matter—
I can not send you pateras but I can send you patter
And, tho' it sound vainglorious, your claim on after-times
May be the fact your name was tacked to my undying rhymes.

But as in subject matter, so in form the imitator is less complex than the model: the rhyme-schemes of Kipling's jaunty verses make a much more straightforward effect than any of Horace's lyrics, even the less intense and more perfunctory ones.

Kipling did not approve of everything in Horace; he was bored by allusions to Greek poetry and baffled by Roman religious practices, which he clearly thought an artificial, even pointless, element in the *Odes*. His own unfamiliarity with Greek no doubt explains a good deal: he does not pick up the (often ironic) nuances of Horace's echoes and imitations of his Greek models and therefore, for all his warm response to Horatian wit, sometimes simply misses the point.

This is well illustrated by his verses prompted by II. 13 [*Ille et nefasto*], a splendid poem about Horace's narrow escape from death when a tree on his estate nearly fell on him. It starts with a ludicrously exaggerated denunciation of the man who planted the tree, then by way of some general thoughts on the unexpectedness

of death brings the reader with Horace to the Underworld he very nearly saw. The scene he imagines is a striking one: the central figures are not the usual inhabitants of the Underworld but his own admired Greek models, the lyric poets Sappho and Alcaeus, singing to a rapt audience of shades and doing as Orpheus did in the legend, charming with their songs even Cerberus, and the sinners in torment. The picture is wittily fanciful, and the allusion to Orpheus is left to the reader to infer, but there is a serious point in the allusion to Sappho and Alcaeus and their compelling poetic power. Kipling has no patience with any of this:

There was a Tree
Nigh fell on me,
And brought my wits to confusion:
For my first three stanzas
Ring like a man's, Sirs;
But the rest is classic allusion.

His comment on II. 19 [*Bacchum in remotis*] is both subtler and juster; this is a much more 'academic' ode than II. 13:

Conventions of another age
Fill us with boredom or with rage:
And that is just how later ages
Will look upon our dainty pages.

All the book-passions we were thrilled with:
All self-made wind that we were filled with:
Will whistle off: and men will say
(As I do, of this thrice-faked lay)
'Whatever made *him* write that way?'

Horace often uses elaborate allusions to the Greek when dealing, as in II.13, with religious subjects, but this was not the only thing that troubled Kipling. He clearly found it hard to sympathise with ancient religious practices: one can see his Christian attitudes very clearly in his verses on IV.6 [the *Carmen Saeculare*], a rather dull set-piece hymn composed for a state occasion:

What boots it on the Gods to call
Since—answered or unheard—
We perish with the Gods and all
Things made except the Word.

His comment on III.22 [*Montium custos*] is less serious, but just as telling:

'Oh, Chaperone
 Of Ladies big
 With child I've slone
 For you a pig!
 And I have wondered oft and long
 Horace, whatever made *you* write this sort of song [sic]

What he misses in poems like this one is Horace's elusive mixture of cool irony and imaginative involvement. Nonetheless his criticisms are worth having: they tell us important things about his tastes and values and the way he read Horace.

The editor has provided tactful notes which help us to understand Kipling's readings. They do not pretend to add up to a scholarly commentary, but that was not their purpose; and on the whole it is an advantage that Mr Carrington's own view of Horace is so much in sympathy with Kipling's.

OTHER BOOK REVIEWS

RUDYARD KIPLING by James Harrison (Twayne's English Authors Series, Twayne Publishers, Boston, U.S.A.; 1982; 173 pp; \$12.50).

[From the despatch document accompanying the pre-publication review copy of this book sent to the Society we learn that it was due for publication in September 1982; that the distributors are G. K. Hall & Co (Twayne Publishers: Gregg Press), 70 Lincoln St, Boston, Massachusetts 02111, U.S.A.; and (unhelpfully unless intended as a reference to postal charges) that "prices outside the U.S. are 15% higher"—*Ed.*]

Professor James Harrison was born in Ceylon in 1927, educated in India and England, and is now with the University of Guelph, Ontario, Canada. He started out as a doctrinaire anti-imperialist, and came to admire and interpret Kipling by the arduous but rewarding road of actually reading the great diverse body of prose, instead of blindly accepting the received ideas of his time. He says that his book is mainly for those who are not "familiar with more than a handful of stories, about the same number of poems, and maybe *Captains Courageous* or *Kim*".

After a brisk biographical trot, he considers Kipling's prose

work in Indian, middle and late periods, and does perceptive justice especially to some late stories which are only now emerging into clear understanding. He is particularly sound, also, on the 'for children' stories and on the relationship between the author, the reader-aloud, and the read-aloud-to.

There are several irritating slips (not mere misprints). The third soldier was Ortheris, not Orthoris. Mrs Bathurst's lover was Vickery, not Vickers. Those who, in Professor Harrison's words, "lack respect for all law" are the Bandar-Log, not Banderlog. In Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* it was Horatius who kept the bridge, not Horatio (that's Nelson, or Hornblower, or Hamlet's friend). In real life, Dr J. M. S. Tompkins spells her name with a 'p' in the middle, and Professor Rutherford's name is Andrew, not Angus (that's Wilson).

More grievously, in "The Gardener", Helen Turrell does not put it about that her brother had "married unwisely in India and died shortly after the birth of his son" [Professor Harrison's words]. Helen's story is that her brother George had "entangled himself with the daughter of a retired non-commissioned officer, and had died of a fall from a horse a few weeks before his child was born". To suggest that Helen said that George had married Michael's mother is to make nonsense of the whole passage in which ten-year-old Michael cheerfully and bravely recognises his bastardy and comforts Helen—"I've found out all about my sort in English Hist'ry and the Shakespeare bits . . .". Wisely and sensitively, Harrison does not come down flat-footedly about Michael's true paternity. (Kipling's crucial sentence is: "But Helen, who would concede nothing good to his mother's side, vowed he was a Turrell all over . . .".)

Reading this sort of book makes it essential to re-read some Kipling. What a good writer he was!

JOHN SHEARMAN

PERCY GRAINGER'S KIPLING SETTINGS: A STUDY OF THE MANUSCRIPT SOURCES by Kay Dreyfus (University of Western Australia Press, 1980, A\$10 post free—see further particulars below)

[The composer Percy Grainger, 1882-1961, was much influenced, at an early and formative period in the development of his style, by Rudyard Kipling, whose writing he greatly admired. Over some sixty years he composed more than thirty settings of Kipling texts, many of which occupy a high place in his overall musical output. Students of Grainger believe that this element of inspiration is a significant one for any profound understanding of their subject.

Mrs Dreyfus, Curator of the Grainger Museum at the University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052, Australia, wrote the book under review, which is *Music-Monograph 3* produced by the Department of Music, University of Western Australia. Orders may be sent to the University of Western Australia Press, Nedlands, Western Australia 6009. Our readers may also be interested to know of an article entitled "Kipling and Grainger" by Teresa Balough, in the same publishers' periodical *Studies in Musk* No 11, 1977.

The following review derives added topicality from the performance on 19 October 1982 in the Queen Elizabeth Hall (London: South Bank) of Kipling's *Jungle Book Cycle* and other Songs, set to music by Grainger. This was at a Percy Grainger Centenary Concert (Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra; William Kendall, tenor; John Eliot Gardiner, conductor).—*Ed.*

This is a scholarly musicological study, as the title implies, and is really intended for the specialist. But there are, in spite of the daunting scholarship, many human touches as well as the meticulous listing of the 36 poems which Grainger set.

Percy Aldridge Grainger was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1882. He emigrated to the U.S. in 1914, and lived in White Plains, just out of New York, where he died. He was an excellent pianist, and studied with composer/pianist Busoni in Frankfurt. Best known for his lilting "Country Gardens", he left more than six hundred manuscripts, of which most are in the Grainger Museum (which he founded himself) in the grounds of Melbourne University.

He was eccentricity itself. One example of this trait was his marriage to the Swedish poetess Ella Viola. The ceremony took place in the Hollywood Bowl before an audience of over twenty thousand. Before and after the ceremony he conducted performances of his own works, including a Bridal Song written for the occasion. When he died he bequeathed his skeleton to his own museum, for "preservation or display".

He had a profound dislike for Italian musical terms such as *moderato* and *soprano*, which he translated into *middling speed* and *women's high* (voices) respectively. *Fortissimo* comes out as *RL* ("real loud"). A duet becomes a *two-some*, and a 'cello becomes a *BF* (or "bass fiddle"): the last translation would confuse the musician who might think it meant a string bass. Lastly, and my favourite, for "arrangement"—*dished-up*.

Grainger re-worked his settings many times. For example, the setting of "Mowgli's Song against People" is dated 1907, 1923, 1941 and 1956. Frequently he used different groups of instruments for the different settings. He also "re-dished-up" his own "dishing-ups".

There is little in the book to tell why Grainger was so very much interested in Kipling, although one might couple the two with

their mutual Englishness—Grainger, influenced by his friend Grieg, took part in the national English folk music movement. It would be interesting, too, to learn if the two men had ever met. For copyright reasons, it is almost certain that they wrote to one another. What would bohemian Percy have in common with Rudyard?

RICHARD ARNELL

SIMLA: A HILL STATION IN BRITISH INDIA by Pat Barr and Ray Desmond (Scolar Press, London, 1982; 11x9³/₄ in.; 108 pp.; map & 96 illus. (4 in colour); £7.50. A hardback edition appeared in 1978 at £15.)

Kipling on the chorus line? Not a likely prospect, but while perusing a group photograph of the cast of *The Mikado*, as performed at Simla in 1886, I began to wonder. That slight, mustachioed figure with the beetle brows, peering myopically from the back row . . . Could it be?

The assistant archivist at the Liddell Hart Centre, of King's College, London—where the photograph forms part of the Hamilton Collection—was unable to identify the singers, but she provided an enlargement of the figure in question, and readers may judge for themselves [see p 41]. Kipling is not usually thought of as a musical man, but he *had* sung tenor in a school choir at Westward Ho!—an experience which apparently left him "hoarse as a crow"—he *was* at Simla in 1886, and he *did* have a fondness for amateur theatricals. So, maybe . . .

This group picture is included in Barr and Desmond's *Simla*, a marvellous collection of old drawings and photographs, with a commentary which traces the development of Simla from remote Himalayan village to summer capital of the British Indian Empire. Here, not far from the temple of Hanuman the Monkey God, stood the mock-gothic Christchurch, where Lockwood Kipling designed the frescoes in the chancel. Here, painstakingly recorded by Victorian photographers, are Peterhoff, Jakko Hill and Benmore—backdrop to the elaborate comedy of manners which was to become *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

Kipling gave perspective to his *Plain Tales* by contrasting the frivolity of the Simla social round with the harsh reality of the working life in the plains, to which most of the Anglo-Indians would soon return; and Mrs Barr makes it clear that this contrast

was the essence of the hill station's attraction:

It was a dream of coolness in a very hot land; a hope of healthy rest from the burdens of imperial office; a haven of familiarity pinnacled above the alien dust of the plains; a solace for the wounded and the desolate, the ill and the bored; a promise of fun and flirtation; above all, a bitter-sweet memory of home—cuckoos and thrushes, pines in the mist, honeysuckle and roses in the rain.

In a short essay on the development of photography in British India, Ray Desmond—Deputy Keeper of the India Office Library and Records—tells us how some of the photographs in this book were taken by the pioneering Samuel Bourne on expeditions into the Himalayas in the 1850s and 60s. Thirty porters carried cases of chemicals, boxes of glass plates, and heavy brass-bound cameras along precipices and mountain passes; the plates were sensitised on the spot, exposed while still wet, and developed immediately in a portable canvas darkroom, with results that often stand comparison with the best of modern work. Bourne later founded the famous studio of Bourne & Shepherd—chroniclers of the Indian social scene. This collection includes one of their portraits of young Kipling—rather self-consciously posed as a rising author, complete with frock-coat, watch chain and cigar—

He wrote for divers papers which, as everybody knows,
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.¹

Definitely not in this case! [See p 6.]

The captains and the kings of the British Raj have long ago departed from Simla, as Mrs Hauksbee knew they would—

"We are only little bits of dirt on the hillsides—here one day
and blown down the *khud* the next"²—

but anyone who wants to see how they lived there should beg, borrow, or even buy, this book.

R. A. MAIDMENT

1. From "Delilah" [the 1886 text].
2. From "The Education of Otis Yeere" [*Wee Willie Winkie & Other Stories*]. The word *khud*, according to *Hobson-Jobson*, "is in constant Anglo-Indian colloquial use at Simla" and means a precipitous hillside or valley. A letter to *The Times*, 15 August 1879, is quoted:- "The Commander-in-Chief . . . is perhaps alive now because his horse so judiciously chose the spot *on* which suddenly to swerve round that its hind hoofs were only half over the *chud* [*khud*]." This recalls the accident in "At the Pit's Mouth"; incidentally or otherwise, *khud* comes from *khat*, Hindustani for a pit.—*Ed.*



"IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO WE ARE . . ."

In March 1885 *The Mikado* created a sensation at the Savoy Theatre, London, in the first of a triumphant run of 672 performances. By 1886 it was being presented in Simla, by the Amateur Dramatic Club. The fine book on Simla described in the accompanying review contains a group photograph of the cast: the picture above is an enlarged detail from it.

The actor in the hat is one of four Guards in the back row: the spike and part of the blade of his halberd can just be seen, *bottom right*. His interest for us lies in the reviewer's suggestion that he may have been the twenty-year-old Rudyard Kipling. Whereas Kipling was a rather short man, this figure seems as tall as the others in his row, but that is certainly inconclusive. More relevant are his facial features, which readers may like to compare with the portrait on page 6.

[Reproduced by kind permission of the Liddell Hart Centre for Military Archives, King's College, University of London.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MOTORING MAN

From Mrs M. M. Bendle, Amber Cottage, 23 East Hill, Charminster, Dorset

Dear Sir,

I was pleased to see that space is being given in the *Journal* [September 1982, pp 37-41] to some discussion on Rudyard Kipling and the Motor Car. This important but little-known aspect of his life is one which I am researching with a view to publication. Unfortunately the average publisher cannot see any *profitable* connection between Kipling and Cars—and there is no pigeon-hole for such a title either!

But a start has been made with the explanatory text on the garage wall at Bateman's; and there is in the pipe-line a booklet that I have written for the National Trust on *Kipling the Motoring Man*—soon, I hope, to be on sale there. But in 3500 words it can be little more than an outline of Kipling's thirty-six years of motoring. His unpublished Motor Tours Diaries alone run to ninety-five foolscap pages, and are a sheer delight.

The *Sunday Telegraph* piece to which you referred is a shade ambiguous where Kipling is concerned. (They would have done better to have used my—longer—article submitted to the then Editor months earlier!)

The 1928 Phantom I Rolls-Royce cost £2833.18.6, of which the chassis cost £1850 and the Hooper body £775. All Kipling's cars were in his favourite dark green, but the Phantom was the first to be "done all over with that patent 'Cellulose' stuff which does not scratch". Kipling wrote that *before* her first impact with another vehicle—a bus that punched a hole in a mudguard and "ruined the car's looks". This happened on their way back from a motoring holiday in Scotland, and the quote "She *can* go too" etc. was from a letter to Elsie written just after their return.

Certainly the Phantom was sold in 1932 to make way for a smaller 20-25 h.p. model; but I have yet to find documentary evidence that this was *because* of the high Road Tax. (It worked out at approximately £1 per horse power.) Shane Chichester of Rolls-Royce had demonstrated the new lighter model to the Kiplings when they were taking the waters at Bath in 1930; and

Kipling said of it then that it was a revelation, "like riding on air".

To Elsie he explained that "'close-coupled' means a sort of low solid body like this [here a sketch]; about 4 cwt. lighter than a limousine and thrice as warm". Reason enough, surely, for the never-robust Kiplings to make the change?

After a fortnight's motor tour in England and Wales in this "dinkum new car", Kipling wrote to a friend that it "scuttles like a rabbit, turns like a hansom and doesn't even whisper!".

Your mention of "putting down the cars" (in the plural) reminds me of a conversation I had with one of the Kiplings' secretaries—then a Miss Walford—who owned a clover-leaf Citroen when she went to them in 1927. This car they bought from her, for her to drive while at Bateman's. It was eventually part-exchanged for a Baby Morris, which Kipling described as being "quite as smart as the Rolls to look at, with every sort of gadget on it and in it, and four seats and a deep blue complexion, all for £125 minus 30 back for the old Citroen".

Kipling never drove himself, relying always upon chauffeurs. Not all of them were good at their job . . . But that is another story.

Yours sincerely,

MERYL MACDONALD BENDLE

WHYCOCOMAGH

From Mr Shamus O. D. Wade, A.G.M.A., F.R.S.A.I., Model Soldier Specialist and Military Antiquarian, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W1

Dear Sir,

First, my congratulations to Dr J. M. S. Tompkins on her splendid "The Variety of Kipling" in the *Journal* for September 1982.

I have but one small correction to make—regarding the black sea-cook in *Captains Courageous*. The original blacks who made their way to the Whycocomagh settlement of Gaelic speakers were not escapees from the American Civil War. They were United States slaves, who *fought* for the British in the War of 1812.

Some of their descendants served in the Cape Breton Highlanders. The arrival of black highlanders in World War II caused a certain amount of initial surprise in the United Kingdom.

Yours sincerely,

SHAMUS WADE

BACK NUMBERS

From Mr J. Shearman, The Secretary, The Kipling Society, c/o The Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N5BJ

Dear Sir,

In addition to your Romano-Arabic-British numerical note on page 9 of *Journal* No 223, September 1982 ["Figures that should speak Volumes"], really keen *Journal*-hunters should remember that for six years the pages of each set of four *Journals* were numbered continuously, the issues involved being Nos 25-28 (March-December 1933), likewise 29-32 (1934), 33-36 (1935), 37-40 (1936), 41-44 (1937) and 45-48 (1938). From then on the page numbering (praise be) is separate within each issue.

Back Numbers of all *Journals*—some being photocopies, some originals—are available from the Office at £3.50 each (less for larger orders), packing and post included. Applicants should quote dates or Issue Numbers when ordering.

Sincerely,
JOHN SHEARMAN (Secretary)

NEITHER EAST NOR WEST

From Mrs M. Bagwell Purefoy, Amesbury Abbey Nursing Home, Amesbury, Wilts.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing an old long-lost cutting from *The Times*, and Charles Carrington's comments on it, in case you can find a space for them in the *Kipling Journal*.

Yours,
PEGGY BAGWELL PUREFOY

UNDATED LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES*

Sir,

May I recall a very happy incident of Anglo-American friendship in the realm of letters, and the existence of a delightful (and moving) poem, not known to the general public, by Rudyard Kipling?

At Denver, Colorado, in 1891, the older American poet, James Whitcomb Riley, wrote some lines of thanks to Rudyard Kipling, in which the following stanza occurs (an unusually prophetic one as addressed to a writer so young):-

So, poet and romancer, old as young,
 And wise as artless, masterful as mild,
 If there be sweet in any song I've sung
 'Twas savoured for thy palate, O my child!
 For thee the lisping of the children all;
 For thee the youthful voices of old years;
 For thee all chords untamed or musical;
 For thee the laughter, and for thee the tears.

This poem, "homing back," as he says later, "with all love's loyal messages," was apparently a reply to another poem sent by Kipling to Riley in the previous year (1890). I was introduced to this poem, during a visit to Indianapolis, many years ago, when a friend of Riley's gave me a locally produced bibliographical and [*illegible word*] edition of his works, and I chanced upon Kipling's magical lines, in small print, in an appendix to the fourth volume. One stanza is of particular interest at this time, when an occasional disgruntled critic persists in attributing to Kipling a racial narrowness which Kim alone should have been enough to disprove. But I quote them chiefly for the sake of the other stanzas which relate to America and England:-

Your trail runs to the westward,
 And mine to my own place;
 There is water between our lodges,
 And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses
 'Tis easy to guess the rest,—
 Because in the hearts of the children
 There is neither East nor West.

Born to a thousand fortunes
 Of good or evil hap,
 Once they were kings together,
 Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret—
 Yellow and black and white—
 When they meet as kings together
 In innocent dreams at night.

By a moon they all can play with—
 Grubby and grimed and unshod,
 Very happy together,
 And very near to God.

Your trail runs to the westward,
 And mine to my own place:
 There is water between our lodges,
 And you cannot see my face.—

And that is well—for crying
 Should neither be written nor seen,
 But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,
 I know you will know what I mean.

Future collected editions of Kipling should surely contain so characteristic a poem. The Indian name—the mask for the tenderness—is here so lightly worn that it reveals the man, as well as one of the most striking aspects of his art. At present these verses are practically unknown, and almost lost, for—popular as the smaller volumes of Riley may be—there are few readers who explore him as far as the five-hundredth page of the fourth volume of the massive library edition, or take the trouble to cut the pages of the appendix in small print.

I am, &c,
ALFRED NOYES

Lisle Combe, St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight.

EXTRACT FROM CHARLES CARRINGTON'S COMMENTS

Most interesting. Both Riley the American minor poet and Noyes the English minor poet had high reputations when I was young—and now are quite forgotten. I still have some regard for the opinion of Alfred Noyes.

EDITOR'S FOOTNOTES

1. DATE OF THE LETTER

This letter from Noyes was printed in *The Times* on 28 February 1936, a few weeks after Kipling's death.

2. KIPLING'S POEM "TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY"

It is true that Kipling never published this poem among his authorised works. It was, however, printed several times, e.g. in the *Cornhill Booklet* (1900), *Bookman* (February 1914), *Current Opinion* (February 1916), and *Kipling Journal* (October 1927). Posthumously, it was collected first in the *Sussex Edition*, vol xxxv (1939), then in the *Definitive Edition of Verse* (1940).

3. RILEY'S POEM "TO RUDYARD KIPLING"

This is printed on p 123 of vol IV of Riley's *Complete Works* (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1913), in which Kipling's poem is on p 513.

4. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1849-1916)

Riley, who may be remembered as the creator of "Little Orphant Annie"—

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out—

was a poet of immense popularity in his day. He was a prolific writer with a homespun sentimental verse style. His use of Indiana dialect brought him acclaim at the height of the "local colour" movement. He said about his writing: "My work did itself. I'm only the wilier bark through which the whistle comes." One of his contemporaries, Ambrose Bierce, complained that "Riley affects the sensibilities like the ripple of a rill of buttermilk falling into a pig-trough."

Another contemporary, William Dean Howells, less iconoclastic than Bierce, called him "the poet of our common life", and this would have been the typical judgment of Riley's generation.

5. ALFRED NOYES, CBE. (1880-1958)

This quintessentially British writer had many strong American connections—the Chair of English Literature at Princeton; doctorates from Yale, Syracuse and Berkeley; his first wife. His literary output in miscellaneous verse and prose was very great—dozens of substantial publications, which have now largely slipped into oblivion. But he will be remembered for the phrase "down to Kew in lilac-time", and for his much-anthologised "Highwayman":-

The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door . . .

FLENCING IN THE FLEETS

From Mr P. S. Falla, 63 Freeland Road, Bromley, Kent BRI 3HZ

Dear Sir,

The following 'philological' note may well be superfluous for those who know Kipling's vocabulary better than I do. It concerns the line in "The Last Chantey" (*The Seven Seas*, 1896):

Up spake the soul of a grey Gothavn 'speckshioner . . .

Until the other day I had supposed that this personage was an *inspector*, and this is clearly implied on page 83 of Ralph Durand's *Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling* (1914). But in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* the word, spelt *specktioneer*, is defined as "chief harpooner on whaling-ship" and derived from Dutch words that mean "carver-up of blubber" (cf. German *speck*, bacon or blubber, and *schneiden*, to cut). This duly reflects the definition in the *Oxford English Dictionary*: "A harpooner, usually the chief harpooner, of a whaler, who directs the operation of flensing the whale or cutting up the blubber." The *OED* gives *specksioneer* as the main spelling but offers three or four variants including Kipling's, and gives the line from "The Last Chantey" as its latest reference (this fascicle of the *OED* was completed in 1913).

The Gothavn character, it will be remembered, was

He that led the flensing in the fleets of fair Dundee.

It would be interesting to know if later commentators have glossed the word correctly.

Yours truly,

P. S. FALLA

CROSS-REFERENCES

A Puzzle set by Dr T. N. CROSS

[Dr Thomas N. Cross, a graduate of Yale (B.A.) and Columbia (M.D.) and a practising psychiatrist in Ann Arbor, Michigan, is also an authority on Kipling, to whose writings he has long been drawn both by the "pure enjoyment" they afford and by the scope they offer for reflection on the nature of "that elusive subject—creativity".

As a boy of twelve, visiting Gloucester, Massachusetts and reading *Captains Courageous*, he was so carried away by the authenticity of that highly documentary book that he "attempted, alas unsuccessfully, to find Disko Troop in the Gloucester telephone directory". Now, fifty years later, he has nearly finished work on a new biography of Kipling, to which we look forward.

Dr Cross has submitted the following *divertissement*, to test our memory.—*Ed.*]

The first list is of *quotations* from Kipling. The second, numbered, list is of the *titles* of the stories or verses from which the quotations came. In between are spaces which the reader should fill in to produce the *solution*.

Take each quotation: decide which title belongs to it: then write the *letter* belonging to that quotation in the space which carries the same *number* as that title. [If you supposed, wrongly, that the first quotation was from *Kim* you would write E in space 17.]

When completed, the solution forms another Kipling quotation. It is given on page 51.

- [E] "She just breathed out—a sort of *A-ah*, like."
 [O] And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.
 [W] "I saw his flag half-masted next morning."
 [N] "See that beggar? . . . Got 'im."
 [R] "'Tisn't in medical science." "What?" "Things in a dead man's eye."
 [E] "What did you give me the drink for?"
 [V] "Yesh. Dining private yacht. *Eshmesheralda*."
 [I] "That thing has killed six times in a night."
 [T] "It was a long dive, but it was worth it."
 [N] He had never seen a wreck before, and it frightened him.
 [T] "How soon can we get the colt from the stable?"
 [T] "I think you had better wipe out that Statue as well, Mr. Mayor."
 [I] We're poor little lambs who've lost our way.
 [A] "Did you see us among the timber just now?"

- [D] "Anybody could see he was a druggist from that line."
 [D] "They have no stamina, these brats," said the Doctor.
 [A] "She walked on and on till she melted out of the picture."
 [E] "'*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*'"
 [S] "Are you the original, only Annieanlouise?"
 [N] Lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what
 vultures tearing his liver.
 [I] "Untrustworthy in one thing, untrustworthy in all."
 [D] "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
 [R] "The ants are eating all the others down by the melon-bed."
 [U] "There's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-Three."
 [T] "It *was* a 'appy little Group."
 [S] "She was put on early in the Sixties, and she has never been
 stopped."
 [E] "I'm glad he has a good character, because—he's my son."
 [H] About two . . . a wise little, plain little, gray little head
 looked in through the open door.
 [T] "You will surely come again and walk in the wood."
 [Y] Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can
 raise a thirst.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30				

1. "Sea Constables" [*Debits and Credits*]
2. "The Maltese Cat" [*The Day's Work*]
3. "Mrs. Bathurst" [*Traffics and Discoveries*]
4. "The White Seal" [*The Jungle Book*]
5. *Captains Courageous*, chapter IX
6. "Their Lawful Occasions" [*Traffics and Discoveries*]
7. "In Ambush" [*Stalky & Co.*]
8. "At the End of the Passage" [*Life's Handicap*]
9. "The King's Ankus" [*The Second Jungle Book*]

10. "As Easy as A.B.C." [*A Diversity of Creatures*]
11. "Gentlemen-Rankers" [*Verse: Definitive Edition*]
12. "The Brushwood Boy" [*The Day's Work*]
13. "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" [*Wee Willie Winkie*]
14. "The Story of Muhammad Din" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*]
15. "Dedication from *Barrack-Room Ballads*" [*Verse: Definitive Edition*]
16. "On Greenhow Hill" [*Life's Handicap*]
17. *Kim*, chapter X
18. "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" [*Verse: Definitive Edition*]
19. "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" [*Life's Handicap*]
20. "Wireless" [*Traffics and Discoveries*]
21. "The Wish House" [*Debits and Credits*]
22. "'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi'" [*The Jungle Book*]
23. "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" [*The Day's Work*]
24. "'They'" [*Traffics and Discoveries*]
25. "Brother Square-Toes" [*Rewards and Fairies*]
26. ".007" [*The Day's Work*]
27. "McAndrew's Hymn" [*Verse: Definitive Edition*]
28. "Mandalay" [*Verse: Definitive Edition*]
29. "My Sunday at Home" [*The Day's Work*]
30. "The Janeites" [*Debits and Credits*]

A RECENT MEETING

KIPLING IN CANADA

On 15 September 1982 Rear-Admiral P. W. Brock, C.B., D.S.O., spoke on *Kipling in Canada*. The speaker gave an interesting summary of Kipling's visits to Canada between 1889 and 1907 (on which the principal sources are *From Sea to Sea* and *Something of Myself*). He illuminated his account with a number of anecdotes derived from his own personal background, which was set in Ontario and the Royal Canadian Navy, and which has given him a wide knowledge of Canada. His text is in the Society's Library.

Mr J. H. McGivering was in the Chair. Others present included:-

Mr R. B. Appleton; Mr F. H. Brightman; Mr R. Brock; Mr S. Cottrell; Mr T. L. Daintith; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mr J. R. Gambling; Mr M. J. Grainger; Mr H. R. Harlow; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Mr E. R. Miller; Mrs I. Morton (*Melbourne*); Miss R. Ramsay; Miss D. Salter; Mr J. Shearman; Brigadier F. E. Stafford; Mr S. Wade; Mr G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb.

STEWART & YEATS

Readers of this *Journal* must often notice references to the Stewart *Bibliography*. Some know what it is: others perhaps do not, and it is for them that this note is written.

There have been several major bibliographies of Kipling's works. Prominent examples are E. W. Martindell's (1923) and Flora V. Livingston's (1927, with a 1938 Supplement). The largest, fullest and latest, even today, is *A Bibliographical Catalogue* by Stewart & Yeats (Dalhousie University, Halifax, 1959). This was the compilation of a distinguished Canadian amateur collector, James McG. Stewart, CBE, Q.C, edited (since Stewart had recently died) by A. W. Yeats.

It is not wholly without errors; it is not even definitively complete; it does not altogether supersede Martindell and Livingston; but it is invaluable for those of us who require accessible and reliable guidance on the veritable jungle of confusing detail which represents the history of the publication of Kipling's vast corpus of prose and verse, authorised and unauthorised, in books and magazines, in several countries, during more than fifty years.

It is a big book (xv + 673 pp) so that its price in 1959 (Canadian \$20) was not unreasonable. By 1982, at the same price, it had become absurdly cheap, and we now hear from Dalhousie that they have had to put it up at last, to \$40 post free. If you need this kind of book, that is still a bargain. To order it write to *Collections Dept., Killam Library, Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 4H8, Canada*. Only a few copies remain in stock.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome Mr J. H. Bevan (*Northamptonshire*); Mrs B. C. Dickson (*France*); Miss S. E. Hays (*Connecticut, U.S.A.*); Mr J. H. St. J. Mellwaine (*London*); Mr J. A. Riddick (*East Sussex*); Mr C. Spencer (*Yugoslavia*); Mr T. L. Wendelmoot (*California, U.S.A.*); Mr J. L. Whistance (*Surrey*).

PHOTOCOPIER

All members know how slender the financial resources of the Society are. Many will also recognise that the cost of miscellaneous photocopying for our London office, hitherto done for us commercially, has inevitably represented a continual drain on our funds. It is with the warmest gratitude that we now acknowledge the very generous gift of a high-quality photocopier, presented to the Society by a member who wishes to be anonymous. This capital equipment, worth some £575, is a most handsome endowment, which will enable us to effect badly-needed economies in our recurrent expenditure—as well as saving the time and reducing the trouble of all concerned.

[from "They"]

GROSS-REFERENCES (page 48). Solution: 'Whatever it is, I don't understand yet.'

A NOTE ON THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Office at 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ

This literary and historical society is for anyone interested in Rudyard Kipling's prose and verse, life and times. His published writings, in 35 volumes, are by any standard remarkable. His life (1865-1936) was eventful, and the period through which he lived and about which he wrote with such vigour was one of immense change.

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation run on an essentially unpaid footing to provide a service, the Society has the status of a Registered Charity in Britain. Its management and principal activities are in England, but it has branches or secretariat arrangements in Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. Over a third of its members, including scores of universities, colleges and libraries, are in North America.

Founded in 1927, the Society has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, including of course the leading authorities in the field of Kipling studies; but it also caters for an unspecialised public of general readers, from whom its wider membership is drawn. Its managing focus is the Secretary in London, John Shearman. He and other office-holders arrange various activities, including regular talks and discussions in London, and an Annual Luncheon; answer enquiries from correspondents; and maintain a specialised Library for reference and research.

The quarterly *Kipling Journal* is sent free to all members. In this issue, on pages 4, 5 and 51, is some general information on the Society. More can readily be obtained from John Shearman or branch Secretaries. Applications for membership are welcome: the Society and this *Journal* depend absolutely on such support.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES	<i>Britain</i>	<i>Overseas</i>
Individual Member	£6.00	£7.50
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LITERARY AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

The *Kipling Journal* is essentially the Kipling Society's publication, and though the Editor selects its contents with an eye to merit, originality and an interesting range of topics, he must always allot space to the Society's business, including some at least of the addresses delivered at the Society's meetings, if they are short enough.

Independent literary contributions, however, are very welcome. If we cannot print them at once we may be able to place them in a later issue. Like other literary societies, we do not pay for articles: authors gain the satisfaction of publication in a periodical of authority and repute, recognised as the only one specialising in this subject.

We have at present more publishable material than we can print, and have had to defer or decline some items of interest. However this is healthy. We would like *more*, to sustain our variety and quality. It should be sent to the Editor.

Articles submitted should be fairly brief. Our average page carries only 400 words of text. A 4000-word article, however good, may be hard to place. We impose no limit, but should remind contributors of a factor which must influence selection.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed: unless told otherwise, we reserve the normal right to shorten. *Book Reviews*, usually invited, may be volunteered: a range of 200 to 800 words is suggested. We will gratefully accept, even if we cannot quickly use, relevant and reproducible *illustrations, news cuttings, book excerpts, catalogue data* and other *miscellanea* which might enhance the *Journal's* interest. Since Kipling touched the literary and practical world at many points our terms of reference are broad.

The Editor's address is *Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ*.

ADVERTISING. We welcome *regularly placed* advertisements compatible with the style of the *Journal*: for our rates, please enquire of the Editor.

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