

THE KIPLING JOURNAL



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 64

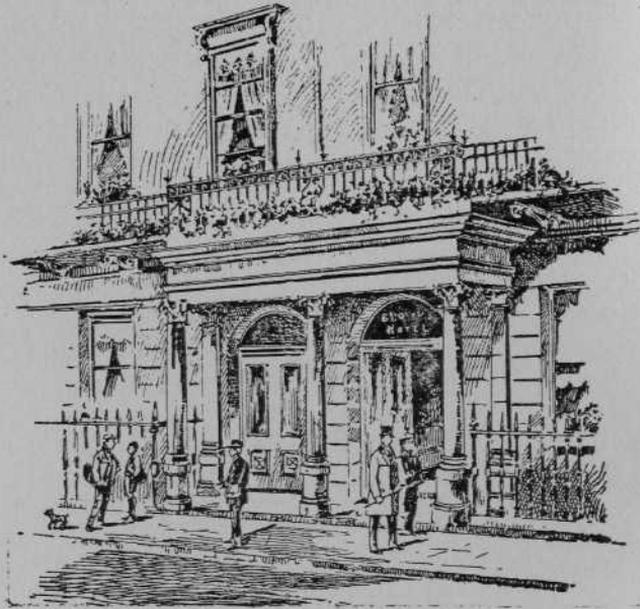
JUNE 1990

No 254

ISSN 0023-1738



When in London
on innumerable visits between 1892 and 1936
RUDYARD KIPLING stayed at BROWN'S HOTEL
The traditional English style and impeccable service
that made BROWN'S famous is still maintained
at the same premises, Albemarle Street, Mayfair
The KIPLING Room, intimately associated with him,
can be reserved
for Luncheons, Dinners, Receptions, Conferences



Brown's Hotel

Dover Street/Albemarle Street, London W1A 4SW
Telephone: 071-493 6020

COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, THE HOME OF COMMONWEALTH TRUST



Commonwealth Trust formally links two organisations which have long shared the same premises — the **Royal Commonwealth Society** and **The Victoria League for Commonwealth Friendship**, both under the patronage of Her Majesty The Queen.

Splendidly located in central London, Commonwealth House provides the amenities of a great Club, with magnificent dining and public rooms, bars, bedrooms and other facilities, and an impressive programme of social and current-affairs functions. Its Library has an international reputation.

For fuller particulars, including the extremely competitive subscription rates, contact the **Membership Secretary, Commonwealth House, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ** — telephone 071-930 6733.



WIMPOLE HALL

Formerly the home of Mr and Mrs George Bambridge. Mrs Bambridge was Rudyard Kipling's daughter Elsie.

The most spectacular mansion in Cambridgeshire, with rooms both intimate and formal by Gibbs and Soane; the park landscaped by Bridgeman, Brown and Repton. The home farm by Soane has been restored, and contains rare breeds of livestock of great interest to children.

Location: 8 miles south-west of Cambridge, on the A603
Open: from April till the end of October, at weekends and on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Bank Holiday Mondays, from 1 to 5 p.m.

THE NATIONAL TRUST

*Lat holie Seintés sterve as bookés boast
 Most mannés soule is in his bellie most.
 For, as man thinketh in his hearte is hee,
 But, as hee eateth so his thought shall bee.
 And Holie Fader's self (with reveraunce)
 Oweth to Cooke his port and his presaunce.
 Wherbye it cometh past disputison
 Cookes over alle men have dominion. [Kipling]*

Khyber Pass Restaurant

18 The Broadway, Woking, Surrey

also now at

54 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey

We specialise in *Tandoori* (cooked on charcoal in a clay oven) but also offer a wide range of *Biriyani*, Curries of all kinds and delectable Persian dishes.

Fully licensed. For reservations (or take-away) ring Woking 764710/722950 or Walton-on-Thames 225670/231328.

Argyll Etkin Limited

invite you to visit a major Postal History
Exhibition that they are sponsoring at

THE NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM
(Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, London SW3 4HT)

entitled

"TOMMY ATKINS' LETTERS"

from 6th April to 9th September 1990

The Exhibition will cover the history of the
British Army Postal Services, particularly regular
soldiers' letters from overseas campaigns, 1792 to
1982.

We are Buyers of Family and Military
correspondence from all periods.

Argyll Etkin Limited

Leading Buyers - Recognised Valuers
The Argyll Etkin Gallery
48 Conduit Street, New Bond Street
London W1R 9FB



Tel: 071-437 7800 Fax: 071-434 1060

The Bookshop, Faversham

Antiquarian & Secondhand Books

We buy and sell

Works of Rudyard Kipling and related critical volumes
and we issue Lists:

write today and join our mailing list

1A Gatefield Lane, Faversham, Kent ME13 8NX, telephone (0795) 532873

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

PRESIDENT

Dr M. G. Brock, C.B.E.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Peter Bellamy	Mrs Ivy Morton
C. E. Carrington, M.C.	John Shearman
Joseph R. Dunlap, D.L.S.	Mrs Anne Shelford

COUNCIL: ELECTED MEMBERS

Richard O'Hagan (*Chairman*)

Mrs Ann Parry (*Deputy Chairman*)

A.L. Brend	Dr Gillian Sheehan
Spencer Maurice	Miss Sheena Steel
Julian Wiltshire	

COUNCIL: HONORARY OFFICIAL MEMBERS

Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, <i>Meetings Secretary.</i>	Sir Derek Oulton, G.C.B., Q.C. <i>Legal Adviser.</i>
P.H.T. Lewis, O.B.E., <i>Treasurer.</i>	D.H. Simpson, O.B.E., A.L.A., <i>Consultant Librarian.</i>

G. H. Webb, C.M.G., O.B.E., *Editor of the Journal*

Norman Entract, *Secretary*, [home telephone (0428) 52709]

OFFICE

at Commonwealth House, 18 Northumberland Avenue,
London WC2N 5BJ (*telephone* [C.H. exchange] 01-930 6733)
The Secretary usually attends the Office on Fridays.

Honorary Auditor: Georges Selim, M.Com., Ph.D., F.I.I.A.

MELBOURNE BRANCH, AUSTRALIA

President: Mrs Rosalind Kennedy,

Bliss Cottage, P.O. Box 321, Beechworth, 3747, Victoria, Australia

Treasurer: D.P. Wallace *Secretary:* Walter Walker

VICTORIA BRANCH, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

President: Captain D. H. McKay,

Mizzentop, 10995 Boas Road, Sidney, British Columbia,
Canada V8L 3X9

SECRETARIAT FOR NORTH AMERICA

Secretary: Professor Enamul Karim, Ph.D.,

Department of English, Rockford College, 5050 East State Street,
Rockford, Illinois 61101, U.S.A.

SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 18 July 1990 at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1), the Society's Secretary for North America, **Professor Enamul Karim**, speaking on "*The Miracle of Purun Bhogat*".

Wednesday 19 September at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at the Naval & Military Club (The 'In & Out', 94 Piccadilly, London W1), **Miss Joan Vann** on *Kipling and his Illustrators*.

Wednesday 17 October at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval & Military Club, the Society's **Annual General Meeting**. Members are aware of current uncertainty over tenure of our London office and our Library space, due to development plans at Commonwealth House. This situation, mentioned in the Editorial of the March 1990 *Kipling Journal* and discussed at the April E.G.M., should be clearer by October. Since it is costly to hire rooms in central London I hope the A.G.M. will be well attended.

Wednesday 14 November at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval & Military Club, **Mr R.G. Appleton** on *Some of Kipling's Odd Words*.



"Y' EXCELLENCY SHALL JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!"

A characteristic illustration by Léon Bailly for the story, "Un germicide", in *Simplex contes des collines* (Calmann-Lévy, Paris, 1915). Anyone familiar with *Plain Tales from the Hills* will recall the obsessive E.S. Mellish (left), who "with eighty-four pounds of Fumigatory in his trunk" went to Simla. There, owing to a confusion with E. Mellishe, he took tiffin with the Viceroy (right) and then lit a sample of the powder, "which began to smoke like a volcano..." whereupon the room was "filled with a most pungent and sickening stench..." ("envahie par l'odeur la plus acre et la plus nauséabonde...").

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

*published quarterly by the Kipling Society
18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ
and sent free to all members worldwide*

Volume 64

JUNE 1990

Number 254

CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS & BRANCHES	4
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	5
<i>Frontispiece: "Y' Excellency shall judge for yourself!"</i>	6
<i>Illustration: "...and heard Saumarez bellowing in my ear"</i>	8
EDITORIAL	9-11
ANNUAL LUNCHEON 1990	
including the Address by <i>Sir Derek Oulton</i>	12-25
KIPLING AND ELGAR: an Enigma by <i>D.J. Peters</i>	26-28
THEATRE REVIEW: <i>Soldiers Three</i>	
reviewed by Ann Parry	29-30
"SEEING IT CLEAR" — Kipling, Lord Bathurst and "Thy Servant a Dog" by <i>Keith Wilson</i>	31-40
<i>Illustration: Third letter to Earl Bathurst</i>	37
<i>Illustration: Fifth letter to Earl Bathurst</i>	39
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Kipling celebrated at Rottingdean (<i>Messrs J. Commin & J. W.M. Smith</i>), 'The Kipling Walk' (<i>Mr Patrick Leigh Fermor</i>)	41-43
POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS: Kipling and Ionides (<i>Mr J. Brooman</i>); Kipling's Post Office (<i>Mr N. Entract</i>); Place-names in North America [2] (<i>Professor R.S. Potts</i>); Kipling and Charles Hughes (<i>Henry Sotheran Limited</i>)	44-46
<i>Illustration: Shackles bucking-off Brunt</i>	47

[see over]

BOOK REVIEW AND NOTICES: *The Rasp of War*

(edited by Keith Wilson) reviewed; two other titles noted 48-49

MEMBERSHIP NEWS 50

THE KIPLING JOURNAL: an explanatory Note 51

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: an explanatory Note 52

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise, without prior permission in writing from the Kipling Society, London.



"...AND HEARD SAUMAREZ BELLOWING IN MY EAR"

This picture by Léon Bailly, used as a space-filler with the table of contents in *Simplex contes des collines* (Calmann-Lévy, Paris, 1915) rather as it is used here, relates to the powerful story "Fausse aurore". Here is Saumarez "qui beuglait dans mon oreille", and who, above "le bruit des arbres et le sifflement du vent" in the dust-storm, at last made himself understood: "J'ai fait ma demande à l'autre! Qu'est-ce que je vais faire?" What indeed?

EDITORIAL

It is impossible to edit the *Kipling Journal* for long without being asked scores of times, by non-members of the Society, an always identical question. Can it be conceivable — the question goes — that enough new material of real interest and inherent quality exists and comes the editor's way to justify, without gross padding or shameless repetition, a substantial magazine apparently focussed on the life and works of one man now long dead?

It is an innocent and understandable enquiry. Accustomed now though I myself should be to the endless inflow of publishable matter — always more than there is room to print — I have never ceased to be surprised by it. The continual appearance of original and perceptive articles on Kipling, the emergence of novel critical slants, the discovery of small but revealing biographical data and more and more of his letters, all testify to the vitality of his writing, to the variety of his travel and acquaintance, and to the undiminished interest of the eventful period he so pungently portrayed.

The *commercial* proof of Kipling's durability, more convincing than the volume of contributions to the *Kipling Journal* or any analysis coloured by wishful thinking, is not far to seek. It is displayed in the eagerness of publishers to exploit the expiry of his copyright since 1986 and share in the still rich pickings from his work. The fashionable rush continues, with reprints and anthologies in many languages, prefaced by fresh introductions, illustrated with new pictures, commended to modern readers with carefully explanatory blurbs — and occasionally earning loftily surprised reviews from which one might infer that Kipling is a new find worthy of our perusal, rather than a classic we never lost.

There is indeed a bull market at present in Kipling criticism. However, uninformed talk of a grass-roots 'Kipling revival' — something which for at least thirty years has always been about to happen — should be treated with reserve, for two almost converse reasons.

For one thing, judged by the statistics of his books continuously in print and steadily sold, Kipling never fell below a respectable popular level in this country. He compares robustly with his great contemporaries, Conrad, Hardy, Wells and Shaw; leaving far behind such figures, once substantial, as Bennett, Belloc, Chesterton and Galsworthy. This is not surprising: in his life he outsold them all, earning more than any preceding English writer, borne on a great tide of popularity which has never entirely ebbed away.

But the second reason to be sceptical about 'revival' is that Kipling can certainly never return on anything remotely comparable with his

previous phenomenal scale. The extraordinary conditions which made him in his early prime a uniquely favoured figure — at twenty-five a national celebrity, at thirty-five the world's most famous living author — have for ever vanished.

One such condition, of course, was the Empire, which reached the pinnacle of its power and aspiration in Kipling's most productive years, and gladly accepted him as spokesman and bard. The late nineteenth century was a remarkable moment in British history. The offshore island enjoyed a status of imperial, naval and financial supremacy worldwide, though dangerously isolated from its jealous and jostling neighbours on the Continent. The British people were almost rhapsodic about the pride and adventurousness of their overseas commitments — commercial, political, missionary — in the remote and exotic areas that were becoming accessible, or being 'opened up', to their technology and administration.

There was much that was high-minded in this involvement, though the nation's spectrum of prevailing attitudes varied from idealism through complacency to arrogance. The exercise of power was not immune from anomalies. In 1883, in *Towards Democracy*, the radical writer Edward Carpenter had touched on some of these:

O England fooled and blind,
Come look, if but a moment, on yourself!
See, through your streets...
These brutish squalid joyless drink-sodden
populations flowing...
And this thing cries for Empire.

Kipling, though swept along on the current of his time, and exhilarated by the imperial concept, was too rooted in realism, much too aware of deficiency in Britain, to be arrogant about the Empire. Occasionally insensitive, frequently paternalistic, he was never the crude jingo of caricature. His ideal was one of service, not of exploitation, and his name can only be linked with the more unforgivably overbearing manifestations of imperialism by carefully selective quotation and by ignoring the overwhelmingly prevalent Europe-centred world-view of his day.

Anyway, his early popularity stemmed not from his politics but from a born journalist's almost magical evocation of far-flung places, in audacious and original short stories and in vivid and emotional versification. What made him a prodigy was his output of tales and poems set against brilliant backgrounds abroad on land and sea, and characterised by a special social empathy in which he had no peer — an uncanny feeling for the life of the soldier, the sailor, the engineer, ordinary unrecognised people honourably, often thanklessly, dirtying their hands in hard work overseas.

These, though not *littérateurs*, were real people. Many of them read widely. When they and their like came upon Kipling they were captivated by his understanding of their work, their motivation and the world they lived in. To academic idealists and intellectual theoreticians he would always seem strong meat, with his debatable middlebrow certainties and his unlitrary passion for mechanical detail and workaday fact. But it was the enormous middlebrow readership that he retained, and many of those who venerated him at the turn of the century — positively adopting his attitudes as their articulated ideal — remained his admirers for life.

That generation of optimists, for whom Kipling's national vision was so immediate and his entertainment value so compelling, died in the fullness of time, but bequeathed to him a secondary audience, their children. These, of whom I was one, could not be raised in the certitudes that prevailed before 1914, but they could be brought up on Kipling's unforgettable books for children — graduating, as they grew older, to the harder stuff with its subtlety of vision and profundity of implication. So something of a built-in readership survived, and long sustained the sales of Kipling's books.

No doubt that inherited process still goes on, but the tendency is *diminuendo*, steeply so. The world is being transformed; taste changes with it; a bewildering torrent of new books pours out daily, on a scale formerly unimaginable. Many people today who regard themselves as fairly well read have hardly encountered a single story or poem by Kipling, and know little about him. This is natural.

The new editions of Kipling will of course ensnare new readers. But let us not talk of a Kipling revival in any populist sense. His period is too remote. There is too much competition. Indeed, in our fast-moving age of information technology, the very future of printed books must be in doubt, and the impending competition for all our former classics may stem from forms of media that we can as yet but dimly apprehend.

It is enough that, as 'anti-imperialist' prejudice fades with the passing years, so Kipling is being gradually liberated from one tiresomely opprobrious (and always misleading) epithet. This emancipation has tacitly helped him to assume at last his rightful position of honour in the established listing of "English Literature" as taught in places of learning.

It is enough, too, that he is endowed with formidable qualifications for survival: an almost unparalleled mastery of English, unlimited curiosity about the turbulent world he lived in, ingenuity in narrative, and a seductive capacity to evoke atmosphere, people, places and events. His language still retains a strikingly powerful modernity, and as new generations grow up, I would wager that many a reader will continue to find delight in looking back through the sharply focused lens of it, to discover in the bold clarity and strong colours of Kipling's work the veritable mirror of a past age. •

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1990

The Society's Annual Luncheon this year was again held in the India and Pakistan Room at the Royal Overseas League. It was well attended and — to echo the words used in the last two years — "was enjoyed by a company as well assorted, convivial and distinguished as we have come to expect". Those present included:-

Colonel J. Archer-Burton; Mr R.B. Appleton; Miss T. Barringer; Colonel J.S. Bennett; Mr J.D.M. Blyth; Mr & Mrs B.J. Bolt; Mr & Mrs A.L. Brend; Mr F.H. Brightman; Dr & Mrs M.G. Brock; Mr & Mrs S.J. Clayton; Major R. Collins; Mr R.J.W. Craig; Sir Ian & Lady Critchett; Mr G. Cutler; Mrs B. Caseley Dickson; Miss J. Eiloart; Mr G.J. Ellerton; Mr N. Entract; Mr P.S. Falla; Miss S. Foss; Mr G. Francis; Mr B.H. Garai; Mr M.J. Grainger; Mr R.G. Lancelyn Green; Mr T.A.S. Greenwood; Dr & Mrs F.M. Hall; Dr C.M.R. Hennessy; Mr J. Hodgson; Mrs N.C. Kempson; Mrs B. Lewis; Mr & Mrs P.H.T. Lewis; Miss E.B.W. Luke; Mr J.H. McGivering; Mr D. McMichael; Canon P.C. Magee; Mrs G.H. Newsom; Sir Derek Oulton; Sir John & Lady Paget; Mrs N. Parker; Mrs A. Parry; Mr D.J. Peters; Mrs D.E. Pharaon; Mr G.C.G. Philo; Mr & Mrs O.H. Robinson; Miss C.M. Rolfe; Mrs T. Schreiber; Mrs A. Shelford; Brigadier F.E. Stafford; Miss S. Steel; Mr R. Sutherland-Smith; Mr J. Teacher; Mr W.P. Thesiger; Brigadier & Mrs C. Vyvyan; Mr & Mrs S. Wade; Mr G.L. Wallace; Major B.M. Ward; Mr A. Weale; Mr & Mrs G.H. Webb; Mr J.M. Wiltshire; Mr M.H.J. Woodman; Mrs V. Wray.

Mr Richard O'Hagan (currently Chairman of Council) being unable to attend, Mrs Ann Parry deputised, took the chair and called on Canon Magee to say Grace. Later, after the Loyal Toast, she rose to express the welcome of all members to their President, Dr Michael Brock, CBE., and to Mrs Brock; and to the Guest Speaker, Sir Derek Oulton, GCB., QC. She also alluded to some who had been prevented by age or infirmity from attending, and who had sent messages for the occasion. (They had included Mr Charles Carrington, Lord Ferrier, and the former Secretary, Mr John Shearman.) Otherwise, her theme is covered by the following slightly abbreviated transcript.

ADDRESS BY THE DEPUTY CHAIRMAN

I stand before you today feeling, above all, honoured, as a relative newcomer, to be involved in commemorating the Society's 63rd year of life.

In the last year I have started trying to index the *Kipling Journal*. Reading it, and looking at faded and rather poignant photographs of some of the first Annual Luncheons, I have at times felt almost

overwhelmed by the tradition of the Society, and the tremendous commitment that keeps it going.

At the first Luncheon in 1927 it was recorded that 120 people attended; a year later there were over 200. Our membership was by then over 700, and at its highest point reached over 1000. We may not now be so many — our members in Britain number slightly less than half that; but in terms of enthusiasm and regard for Rudyard Kipling's work, we do not need to defer to the past.

Our Meetings Secretary, Mrs Lisa Lewis, arranges a lively series of talks and discussions, marked by wide-ranging interests. Their attraction is enhanced by the surroundings in which they are held — usually Brown's Hotel, Kipling's own favourite place to stay in Town. (We are enabled to maintain this link by generous arrangements made for us by Miss Shirley Foss, who I am delighted to say is with us today.) In those pleasant surroundings we have recently heard about "Kipling and T.E. Lawrence", "Mowgli and the Jungle", "Kipling and the Royal Navy" — and other topics. Shortly, a group of speakers from the Society will be contributing to a series of Kipling events at Rottingdean as part of the Brighton Festival. The Society is both active and learned.

Of the *Kipling Journal* I need say little. You all know its vital role in keeping us in contact with each other and with developments in Kipling scholarship. I speak for many when I express admiration and relief that it always holds a fine balance between scholarship and less esoteric information. While our Editor Mr George Webb — with the help, I know, of Mrs Webb — is principally responsible, the *Journal's* fine presentation is part of its success; for this we also thank Mr George Cutler of Drogher Press, with us today on one of his rare visits to London. I should like to say how pleased I am to see him, and to thank him.

I must not move on without remarking that we are about to enter a period of change. The Royal Commonwealth Society, which for years has housed our office and library, is to undergo extensive rebuilding. Rents will rise, and we have had to reconsider our position there. Those who attended our recent Extraordinary General Meeting will know of some of our problems. I think I can assure you that, through the foresight of our Treasurer and Secretary and others on the Council we are in a position to take decisions which will secure our future.

On to the real business of today. I have pleasure in introducing our Guest Speaker, Sir Derek Oulton. Many of you already know him through his informative article in the March issue of the *Journal*, about Kipling and that "Giant Creeper", the Law. It was of course an

appropriate subject for Sir Derek, who has had a distinguished career as a lawyer, both abroad and in the Lord Chancellor's Department. He has recently become a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he is principally involved in teaching Administrative Law.

Like Kipling's first readers in this country, I was one of those "sheltered people" initially drawn to his work through its portrayal of India. I was delighted therefore to learn that Sir Derek would talk about aspects of Kipling's early work in India. As you begin to think of "High noon behind the tamarisks" where "the sun is hot above us", I ask you to welcome him.

ADDRESS BY SIR DEREK OULTON

[Later annotated with references, at the Editor's request]

Do you remember that wonderful cartoon that appeared many years ago, in the form of a lengthy strip over several pages? If you do, I very much hope you will tell me who drew it. It showed a little man getting up in the morning, dressing himself, and going out. You then saw him, if I remember rightly, on the top of a bus going to what appeared to be the Albert Hall. Next you watched him, seated in the hall, taking his big drum out of its case and adjusting those mysterious taps that one sees round the edge. Then a period of waiting — followed by the slowly dramatic build-up, until CRASH! down came his drum stick. And then he unscrewed the taps round the drum, and the whole slow-motion process went into reverse, ending with his going back home on the bus.¹

Ladies and gentlemen, you see before you today that very character — "The One-Note Man". But before you start, in the words of Chesterton's great poem about the neighbours on the wall who thought the hero was about to hang himself, "drawing a long breath to shout 'Hurray!' ",² I must sadly disabuse you. I don't mean that I have but a single page of notes. Would that I had!

Those of you who know George Webb — and who does not? — will recognise that he is the obvious role model for that verse in *Proverbs*: "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."³ Many — embarrassingly many — years ago I was caught by that guile and induced (you know his style) to "just write something for the *Journal*". Having finally done so, and at last achieved something on Kipling's attitude to the law, I felt that my drum was broken. But again I underestimated George's skills. He knows all too well that my family and friends have cursed my

handwriting for years. So when I wrote to him explaining why, for a dozen reasons, I would not be able to speak at the Kipling Lunch, he simply went ahead and inserted the necessary notice in the *Journal*. (Oh the power of the press!) Then, when the expected storm broke, he claimed with easy complacency that he hadn't been able to read my letter very well, and I "must have left out the *not*".

So I have to find another instrument.

* * *

"Once a priest," said Kipling, "always a priest; once a mason, always a mason; but once a journalist, always and for ever a journalist."⁴ I would like to consider with you today his skills in that field, and to judge them by asking the following question: How good a journalist was he, tested against his ability accurately to report on the machinery of government?

But here I must be careful. Until very recently I was a civil servant myself, and was one of those characters he described, in the wonderful feud between Nafferton and Pinecoffin in the satire called "Pig", who "were like the gentlemen in Keats' poem, who turned well-oiled wheels to skin other people".⁵ So I must try to be objective. Nor must I let myself rise at "A Vision of India", his early poem parodying Tennyson's "The Vision of Sin", where he cynically urges Mother India to kill off the young civil servants:

Brains that thought and lips that kissed,
Mouldering under alien clay,
Stir a stagnant Civil List,
Help us on our upward way...

Well indeed we know your power,
Goddess of our deep devotion,
Who can grant us in an hour
Steps of rapidest promotion...

And the tombstones of our peers
Make the steps whereon we stand.⁶

One reason why I have suggested this area of Kipling's work as a test is because he was not, I feel, especially interested in it. While he was, of course, powerfully concerned with political issues and with the wider sweep of government, he did not, I think, have any exceptional interest in its detailed processes — what he somewhere called "the wheels of public service that turn under the Indian

Government". He could pick them up, and lay them aside, in the same skilful way that he displayed with the huge range of human activities about which he wrote during his life.

So when, for example, in the story "A Matter of Fact", the three journalists take over the tramp steamer *Rathmines* and the narrator gives examples of the stories they swap, these are the typical stuff of a newspaperman's life, with terror running "from man to man on the Brooklyn Bridge", "long rides after diamond thieves", and so on. Only casually interspersed are passing references to government, by way of "skirmishes in municipal committees with the Boers" and "glimpses of lazy tangled Cape politics" — the one linked to similar skirmishes on the veldt and the other to "the mule-run in the Transvaal".⁷ One can imagine a very different list had the writer been a political journalist, or one who was interested in the detailed workings of government.

Despite this, to a bureaucrat one of the most dramatic dénouements in all Kipling occurs in his short story "Consequences", when Mrs Hauksbee tore open the "big square packet" and "all the MS. enclosures tumbled out on the floor". Do you remember that she "gasped as she read, for the first glimpse of the naked machinery of the Great Indian Government, stripped of its casings, and lacquer, and paint, and guard-rails, impresses even the most stupid man. And Mrs. Hauksbee was a clever woman."

Making the necessary discount for ebullient hyperbole, how reasonable was Mrs Hauksbee's reaction? The evidence Kipling gives in support is rather scanty. The batch of papers, he says, was rather important. "It referred to some correspondence, two measures, a peremptory order to a native chief, and two dozen other things...There were remarks and initials at the side of the papers; and some of the remarks were rather more severe than the papers."⁸ (In parenthesis, that last is pure Whitehall.)

To take a contemporary yardstick, how fair is it to set Mrs Hauksbee's very vivid response against the comments that the press now make when, at the end of each year, a new batch of papers becomes available at the Public Record Office under the thirty-year rule?

I think the answer is that it is not. For a long time now we have had very detailed Ministerial memoirs — started, in my own adult lifetime, by Churchill's extensive quotation, in his *Second World War*, of the verbatim text of many of his own minutes. And I can well remember how exciting my contemporaries and I thought it was, to be able to read the *ipsissima verba*. We have also had the *Crossman Diaries* and, sadly, innumerable leaked documents. And of course

researchers have had regular access to the papers in the Record Office itself. So the content and style of government papers are now well known, and have largely lost their impact. But in Kipling's day that was not so. There was infinitely greater respect for the processes of government, and to be able to look inside them would give most people a considerable sense of shock.

In the same story, "Consequences", Kipling gives a more general account of the sort of matters that the Indian Government dealt with in its working papers. It included, he said, "all sorts of things — from the payment of Rs. 200 to a 'secret service' native, up to rebukes administered to Vakils and Motamids of Native States, and rather brusque letters to Native Princes, telling them to put their houses in order, to refrain from kidnapping women, or filling offenders with pounded red pepper, and eccentricities of that kind."⁹

Was this just a *jeu d'esprit* — a rather vivid literary flourish? In order to see, I looked through some of the secret files of the Indian Government's Political Department for the 1880s when Kipling was writing, which can now be found in the India Office Library. There proved in fact to be numerous examples of the sort of things that Kipling mentioned — charges of maladministration against the Peshkar of the Hyderabad State, for instance, including the payment of certain monies to named persons, seditious writings, misconduct by the husband of Her Highness the Begam of Bhopal, and so on. One or two examples may illustrate this.

A secret minute of 27 April 1887, making a submission to the Viceroy, deals with barbarous treatment by the Raja of Faridkot of a prisoner under sentence of death. Part of it reads:

Mr Lyall reports that the Raja of Faridkot has caused the hands of a prisoner in the Faridkot jail to be chopped off with a carpenter's adze.

Such an act of brutality is opposed to the well known orders of the Government of India, and in a similar case twenty years ago a Native Chief was heavily fined and deprived of his salute.

The minute goes on to suggest, however, that there are grounds for leniency, including the fact that Faridkot was one of the States which had sided with the Government against the Khalsa, and retention of the ruler's loyalty was important. The writer said:

I would not, all things considered, be hard upon the Raja. I would not call for an official report or inflict any actual punishment. But Mr Lyall should write him a very severe reprimand.¹⁰

In another case the Agent to the Governor-General for Central India complained angrily about what he called "a very disgraceful case" of a miscarriage of justice for which the Darbar of Indore was responsible, and which "adds another to the many instances we have of the corruptness of the whole Indore administration".¹¹

Finally, an extract from a confidential Special Branch Political Diary for the week ending 25 April 1889, that is redolent of Mahbub Ali and the Great Game.

His Highness the Khan of Kalat believes that a war is imminent between England and Russia. About seven years ago the Khan is said to have sent one Shulkalla to the Russian General in Central Asia with a letter to the effect that His Highness was awaiting a Russian advance...[The man Shulkalla gave] much information about the Russians, the places where they were located, and their numerical strength...the same man [the diary noted sepulchrally] is soon again going to the Russians, disguised as a merchant.

Unhappily, the high drama of this great matter is extinguished for the reader in hilarious bathos, because the file ends with a querulous reprimand for the use of the words "Special Branch" on the outside of the envelope, when the work of that organisation is meant to be secret!¹²

Turning back to Kipling's own writings, for my present purpose, despite its title, *Departmental Ditties* — with its famous characters such as Delilah Aberystwith, Ahasuerus Jenkins who "warbled like a *bul-bul*", Potiphar Gubbins, C.E., and Lovely Mehitabel Lee — is not very helpful. Its name is misleading in that, with one masterly exception, the verses deal mainly with the social side of government and its servants, and are more concerned with satire than with getting into the interstices of the machine. (It is true, of course, that very often the point of the satire is to show how government decisions can be determined by distorting, human, factors — including the whims of women and others.)

"Bungalow Ballads", Kipling's title when some of the verses first appeared in his newspapers, is a more accurate description of the poems which, as Andrew Lang sardonically remarked, dealt with the fact that "Jobs, and posts, and pensions, and the wives of their neighbours appear (if we trust the satirist) to be much coveted by Her Majesty's Oriental civil servants."¹³ I am gratified that Lang limited his strictures to the eastern representatives of the Service.

The exception is the splendid ballad, "Public Waste", in which Kipling accurately identifies, and then caricatures, a problem of in-fighting that still bedevils the Civil Service:

By the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis written in letters of brass
That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the Railways of
State,
Because of the gold on his breeks, and the subjects wherein he
must pass;
Because in all matters that deal not with Railways his
knowledge is great.¹⁴

I would forgive anyone who had not worked in the Civil Service for thinking that a story about the management of a railway line nine furlongs in length, and the pensioning-off of an unqualified outsider because, unforgivably, his name was not "on the list of the men who had passed through the 'College' ", was at best now an anachronism, and at worst fanciful. But the problem exists in Government to this day and is admirably described by Peter Hennessy in the chapter on "Criticism, Inquiry and Reform" in his recent magisterial book on the Civil Service, entitled *Whitehall*. (That book, incidentally, produced one of the better stories about that much-maligned street. A civil servant told a friend that the first thing every Permanent Secretary did on buying the book was to turn to the end. "Good Lord!", was the response, "Were they hoping to find a happy ending?" "No, no — they were looking in the index to see if their own names appeared in the book.")

The continuing existence of the problem that Kipling identified is shown by a remark made by Lord Armstrong (William, not Robert), the then Head of the Civil Service, about the Fulton Report on the Service, which itself squarely identified the issue, and which Hennessy recounts in his book.

"I'm with you", said Armstrong to his interviewer, "on getting rid of unnecessary obstacles from bottom to top. But it isn't on for doctors, lawyers or engineers to become administrators. The traffic", he said significantly, "would be all one way."¹⁵

And the arguments flow in both directions. I wince when I think how much time and energy I myself have spent in the past arguing (rightly, of course) that certain Civil Service jobs can only be done by qualified lawyers.

So much for the content of *Departmental Ditties*. The form is another matter. In an article he wrote for the *Idler*, Kipling described

the marketing device he used to promote the first edition. "So there was built", he said, "a sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D.O. [demi-official] Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all Government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service."¹⁶ If his desk was in anything like the state that mine used to be, it would indeed.

Scattered through his writings, including in particular his early verse that Andrew Rutherford has collected, there are comments on government. But it is in the contemporary articles that he wrote in the papers, such as the *Pioneer Mail*, the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Civil & Military* itself, that one finds some of the best of his detailed flashes.

An exchange, for example, from "The Decline and Fall of the Trombay Kingdom", that he wrote in 1889, would draw a knowing smile from many a modern bureaucrat. He was dealing with the proceedings of the Council of Trombay, a body whose sphere of influence had, he said, been so considerably curtailed under successive administrations that some of its members had begun, not unreasonably, to doubt whether they had any business to exist at all.

"I think there is no more business today," [said] the Honourable President, "no department that requires reorganising, is there?"

"There is not," replied the independent Member of Council, "every department has come under your Excellency's reforming hand, and most of them are on the verge of mutiny. The pilot branch", he added, "has not as yet been touched."

"Oh, that must be done at once," said the Governor.¹⁷

Lord Haldane, that great reformer, who as Chairman of the Machinery of Government Committee at the end of the First World War had to consider the same problem, put it rather elegantly when he referred to "the proved impracticability of devoting the necessary time to thinking out organisation and preparation for action in the mere interstices of the time required for the transaction of business".¹⁸

It was no doubt lapidary drafting of this sort that inspired Kipling's Gilbertian rhythms, when the President of the Finance Commission tells the members at Simla —

And I shall evolve a Report,
 Shall write you a splendid Report;
 And 'neath my direction each para and section
 Shall sparkle with jewels of thought!

Ye Gods! it must be a Report
To set all the others at naught:
An elephant-folio, phototype-oleo,
Guttenberg-Caxton Report!¹⁹

Kipling could be bitter as well as sarcastic, as in "An Exercise in Administration", published in the *Pioneer Mail* in 1888, about what he called "a Bombay Government attempting to administer a Presidency". He described the way in which the government had dealt with someone of whose conduct they disapproved. They had started by having him tried on indictment, but had then dropped that in favour of a commission of inquiry.

"[He] is only saying", explained the commentator, "that he has been arrested, indicted, ruined, shown up, damned beforehand and all but brought to trial, and he has some narrow-minded wish to go through with the business for his own vindication. He seems to think that it is his right."

"But, look here," was the response, "hasn't he a right to be tried?"

"Not a bit of it! If he were a Bengali schoolboy with a taste for fish-stealing, or a Rungapore deer or a *mela* [assembly] case he might talk. Being only a Civilian of thirty-three years' service, a C.M.G., a builder of markets, and so on, I assure you he has not a leg to stand on."²⁰

Kipling made a similar criticism of this lack of what the Americans call "due process", though he expressed it more suavely when he said that it was

easy to see that mere men of the flesh who would create a tumult must fare badly at the hands of the Supreme Government. And they do. There is no outward sign of excitement; there is no confusion; there is no knowledge. When due and sufficient reasons have been given, weighed and approved, the machinery moves forward, and the dreamer of dreams and the seer of visions is gone from his friends and following.²¹

In an article in *Pearson's Magazine*, Kay Robinson, Kipling's second editor on the *Civil & Military Gazette*, gave a vivid picture of him at this time. In the hot weather he would walk home to breakfast, he said, "be-sprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat", with vest, minus the top button, displaying an expanse of chest. He had a habit, Robinson said, "of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as

all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly".

Robinson watched Kipling's articles as they came out, and he has really answered the question I have posed about his skills as a reporter in the specialised field of government. Kipling, he said, "has made viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief, members of council and secretaries to government his theme, and the flashes of light that he has thrown upon the inner working machines of government in India have been recognised as too truly coloured to be intuitive or aught but the light of knowledge reflected from the actual facts".²²

What was the source of this striking success? I suggest that it was powerful observation, an attentive and extremely acute ear, and flair — classic attributes of the really good reporter.

Who once hath dealt in the widest game
That all of a man can play,
No later love, no larger fame
Will lure him long away...

He did in truth sell his heart "to the old Black Art/We call the daily Press".²³

But by what actual process did he acquire his immensely detailed and exact information? Here I can only answer obliquely — and unhelpfully — by quoting Kay Robinson again. In sporting matters, he said, "nothing is more difficult than for a man who is no 'sportsman' — in the exclusive sense of the men who carry the scent of the stables and the sawdust of the ring with them wherever they go — to speak to these in their own language." Kipling, he added, "was no sportsman, and an indifferent horseman", who "could only have seen a few second-class steeplechases". Despite this, he wrote some verses about an advertisement by a British regiment for one of their steeplechases. They were "filled with such technicalities of racing and stable jargon that old steeplechasers went humming them all over every station in Upper India, and swearing that 'it was the best thing ever written in English' ". A sporting vet, who had "lived in the pigskin almost all his life", wandered round the Lahore Club asking people "where the youngster picks it all up?"²⁴

I conclude by rather mournfully turning back to *Departmental Ditties*, where Kipling sums up his view of Government servants —

Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.

As it was in the beginning
Is today official sinning,
And shall be for evermore.²⁵

Thank you very much, President, for your kindness in inviting me here today. I am proud to have been the Society's guest, and have greatly enjoyed this splendid lunch. It has been a memorable occasion for me.

Mrs Parry has kindly mentioned my recent appointment to Magdalene. As I go out of Hall in the evening, and climb the stairs to the Combination Room, I pass William Strang's portrait of our great Honorary Fellow, who in the College's literary succession-list comes between Thomas Hardy and T.S. Eliot, and — as I invite all of you now to do in the words of the Society's traditional toast — I salute *the unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling*.

VOTE OF THANKS BY THE PRESIDENT

In thanking you, Sir Derek, for that delightful speech I rejoice that you have confirmed my suspicion about lawyers. They are not the cold, precise people one might picture them to be. Their salient characteristics are an ardent romanticism and an addiction to exaggeration and hyperbole. What could be more extravagant than opening with the story of the man who plays a single note, and then following it with a complete symphony?

No one is better qualified to talk about Kipling's views on administration than an eminent lawyer. Kipling was the first British fictional writer of commanding power to understand the law, or to hold any important doctrine about it. Shakespeare's most famous soliloquy simply lists the law's delays among life's burdens. Dickens misses no chance to deride lawyers. Here Dickens mirrored the attitude of his contemporaries. In the Parliamentary Reform debates of 1831 and 1832 Sir Robert Peel always referred to his great opponent, Macaulay, as "the Honourable and Learned Gentleman", though everyone knew that Macaulay had never practised at the Bar. In Peel's House of Commons to brand someone as a lawyer was to disparage him.

Sir Derek's account of the relations between the journalist and the administrators was particularly fascinating to me, because my father

was a civil servant and my eldest son is a journalist. As an academic historian I have been charged with trying many years later to uncover what the administrators had preferred to keep hidden.

I do not think that any journalist, even the man of genius of whom we have been talking, could have a complete understanding of how a large administration works. The constraints of time under which journalists work preclude extended reflection and analysis. Sir Derek has reminded us of Kipling's high regard for the Press. Here is what G.K. Chesterton wrote of Fleet Street:

But old things held, the laughter,
The long, unnatural night,
And all the truth they talk in Hell,
And all the lies they write.

What has been depicted with such brilliance for us today is the unavoidable tension between the people who make the decisions (and the compromises) and the observer who chronicles those doings. That tension has given us some of Kipling's best stories. We are immensely grateful to Sir Derek for telling us with marvellous wit and skill what lay behind some of these.

NOTES TO SIR DEREK OULTON'S SPEECH

[All page references for passages of Kipling are to the Macmillan and Methuen Pocket Edition, except where otherwise stated.]

1. After Sir Derek's speech, a member told him he recalled a similar cartoon series by H.M. Bateman, but the instrument was a triangle. Later, another member helpfully sent a photocopy of a fine four-page Bateman series from *Punch* (14 December 1921), closely conforming to Sir Derek's description — but showing an unidentified wind instrument. Sir Derek is disposed to accept that here is *thefons et origo* of his recollection (but still hopes someone may find the drum he thought he remembered). —*Ed.*
2. "A Ballade of Suicide", *Collected Poems* (Methuen, 1965), p. 193
3. Chapter 16, verse 24.
4. "A Matter of Fact", *Many Inventions*, p. 163.
5. *Plain Tales from the Hills*, p. 226. The poem by Keats is "Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil".

6. *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling. 1879-1889*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1986), p. 223.
1. *Many Inventions*, p. 165.
8. *Plain Tales from the Hills*, pp. 103-104.
9. *Ibid*, p. 102.
10. "Secret Proceedings of the Political Department's Internal Branch", India Office Library & Records, R/1/1/56.
11. *Ibid*, R/1/1/11.
12. *Ibid*, R/1/1/100.
13. *Longman's Magazine*, Vol. VIII, pp. 675-676, October 1886. Cited by R.L. Green (*Kipling: The Critical Heritage*, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971, pp. 34-35) as "the earliest review [of Kipling] in Great Britain so far discovered". Cited by Carrington [*Rudyard Kipling*, Macmillan, 1955, p. 80] but with the term "Civil Servants in India".
14. *Departmental Ditties*, p. 24.
15. Hennessy, *op. cit.*, p. 202.
16. "My First Book", *The Idler Magazine*, Vol. II, August 1892 to January 1893, p. 477.
17. *Pioneer*, 8 January 1889.
18. Hennessy, *op. cit.*, p. 298.
19. "Parturiunt Montes", *Early Verse* (cf. Note 6 *supra*), p. 315.
20. *Pioneer Mail*, 19 August 1888. The *cause célèbre* of Arthur Travers Crawford, C.M.G., was reported in that paper on 12 and 19 August. It was later discussed in Parliament (*House of Commons Command Paper 5701* of 1889). The Commission of Inquiry found Crawford not guilty but the Indian Government formally dismissed him in March 1889, with no pension. In 1894, under the pseudonym of T.C. Arthur, he published *Reminiscences of an Indian Police Official*. He died in 1911.
21. "On the City Wall", *Soldiers Three & Other Stories*, p. 326.
22. "Rudyard Kipling in India", *Pearson's Magazine*, Vol. I, January to June 1896, p. 657.
23. "The Press", *A Diversity of Creatures*, p. 214.
24. "Rudyard Kipling in India", (cf. Note 22 *supra*).
25. "General Summary", *Departmental Ditties*, p. 2.

KIPLING AND ELGAR

AN ENIGMA

by D.J. PETERS

[Mr David Peters, J.P., served in the Army from 1944-47, went next to Jesus College, Cambridge, and after graduation qualified as a teacher. Most of his career was spent at Nottingham High School, from which he retired after 33 years in 1986, as the chief History Master. Retirement has enabled him to devote more time to his many interests, which include the Kipling Society of which he is an enthusiastic member. He attends the Society's meetings when he can, and is an occasional contributor to the *Journal*.

In the article that follows, he usefully outlines an area to which little attention has previously been paid — Kipling's relationship with Elgar. Though much of the material Mr Peters refers to is derived from a published biography of Elgar, his article is valuable in deploying in critical perspective for the *Journal* — where they ought to be — such facts as emerge, and in posing a pertinent question which they provoke. — *Ed.]*

The writer and the composer were contemporaries. Kipling lived from 1865 to 1936, Elgar from 1857 to 1934. Both were great artists, both were great patriots. Jerrold Northrop Moore wrote *Edward Elgar – A Creative Life*, which was published by the Oxford University Press in 1984. It is an outstanding musical biography, and contains three interesting references to Kipling. It also poses a question which deserves an answer.

The first reference is concerned with "Recessional", published in *The Times* on 17 July 1897. In that year, Elgar produced an *Imperial March* and also wrote a cantata, *The Banner of St. George*. Moore comments that in Victoria's Diamond Jubilee year there was "a general feeling that the best was with them then, or had even begun to pass". Novello, the music publisher, issued Elgar's *St. George* along with Kipling's "The Flag of England" which had music composed by Frederick Bridge. Next year, in 1898, Elgar's *Caractacus* was performed at the Leeds Festival. A reviewer in the *Court Journal* of 8 October remarked, "Mr. Elgar has not inaptly been dubbed as 'the Rudyard Kipling of the musicians'".

If this was a valid comment it was not surprising that in 1900 Elgar wrote to Sir Walter Parratt, Master of the Queen's Music, at Windsor, proposing to set "Recessional" to music. Parratt was enthusiastic: "Please do it, and soon. This is the psychological moment! The end of the century, and, we hope, the end of the War."

For the moment, Elgar was much taken by the idea. He said, "I like to look on the composer's vocation as the old troubadours or bards did. In those days it was no disgrace to a man to be turned on to step in front of any army and inspire the people with a song."

It may be that Elgar was under some misapprehension about troubadours and bards, but one can understand his meaning clearly enough, especially in 1900. Moore points out that people were very conscious that the 20th century was about to begin. The triumphalism of the Diamond Jubilee had been reduced in the public mind, partly because of the humiliations at the hands of the Afrikaners.

The second Kipling reference is set in the months before the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. The great domestic political issue was that of Irish Home Rule. Asquith — "Wait and See" Asquith — was head of a Liberal administration which was determined to pass a Home Rule Bill which had been twice defeated in the Lords. This could be done, under the terms of the Parliament Act of August 1911, if the Commons passed it a third time. The Conservatives were determined that Protestant Ulster should not be swallowed up in a united Ireland to be given Home Rule; some were even prepared to bring Ireland to the verge of civil war.

Twenty distinguished men were asked to sign a pledge, declaring that if the Bill were to be passed they would hold themselves justified in taking or supporting any action "that may be effective to prevent it from being put into operation". Kipling signed the pledge. So did Elgar. As Elgar's wife said, "E. took a little more time to consider [but] his heart was in it from the first." The pledge was published in *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* on 3 March 1914. Soon it had more than a million supporters. These were the days of the reckless campaign of Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster champion; and the notorious Curragh incident, when there was disobedience of the Government by its own servants.

The last Kipling reference concerns the years 1916 and 1917. Lord Charles Beresford requested Elgar to set to music some of Kipling's verses which had appeared in *The Fringes of the Fleet* (1915, republished in 1916 in *Sea Warfare*). Moore says, "Elgar produced some hearty tunes for baritone and men's chorus, but then Kipling objected to the verses being turned to musical entertainment." He suggests that this may have been because, since the poems had been written, Kipling's son John had been reported missing. So Elgar dropped the idea, "to the intense disappointment of friends, who felt

that pairing the author of *Recessional* with the composer of *Land of Hope and Glory* was too good a chance to miss".

Attempts were made to change Kipling's mind. They appeared to be successful. Elgar composed four songs, for "The Lowestoft Boat", "A Song in Storm", "Tin Fish" and "Mine Sweepers". Oswald Stoll agreed to present *The Fringes of the Fleet* for a fortnight at the Coliseum: Charles Mott was to sing, and Elgar would conduct the work. The critics were impressed; seats sold so well that the run was extended. A gramophone recording was made on 4 July 1917, and there were touring performances in Manchester, Leicester, Chiswick and Chatham. George Parker had to be called in to take Mott's role.

Elgar was exhausted by this long run, but he was displeased when Kipling made it clear that he wanted no further performances. The composer wrote to Lady Stuart of Wortley, "I fear the songs are doomed by R.K. He is perfectly stupid in his attitude."

The last week of *The Fringes of the Fleet* was in December 1917, back at the Coliseum: Elgar wrote, "The funeral this week." At last, Kipling had stopped performances. However, Elgar did agree to keep a promise to set another Kipling poem to music: this was "Big Steamers". Elgar's wife was surprised. She wrote: "Very magnanimous to set anything more of R. Kipling's but he [Elgar] said, 'Anything for the cause.'" Everyone was conscious that the big steamers were Britain's lifeline in time of war.

Jerrold Northrop Moore's *Life of Elgar* is a very full and splendidly readable biography, but it leaves one question unanswered. Kipling in 1917 was in his fifties; Elgar was sixty. They were not petty-minded. Both were sincere patriots; both were superbly creative. Why, then, was Kipling so unco-operative when Elgar set his wartime verses to music?

FOOTNOTE

Mr Peters has also sent some very relevant information about a Kipling/Elgar recording which is apparently available. He says that "Elgar War Music" (in a compact disc, SHE-CD-9602; in a chrome cassette, THE 602) includes "Fringes of the Fleet". The music is by the Rutland Sinfonia conducted by Barry Collett; the narrator is Richard Pasco; the soprano is Teresa Cahill.

¹ The recording is in the Pearl Stereo series, produced by Pavilion Records Ltd, Sparrow's Green, Wadhurst, Sussex TN5 6SJ. According to the *Elgar Society Journal*, the booklet (for the CD only) is "excellent, with full texts and useful informative notes".

THEATRE REVIEW

[In our issue of December 1989, at page 56, we noted that a new play, derived from a free adaptation of some of Kipling's early work, was to be performed in April and May 1990 at Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire. One of our Vice-Presidents, Peter Bellamy, would be playing a major singing role, with a substantial cast of other actors representing characters from Kipling's early Indian work.

Our Deputy Chairman, Mrs Parry, who lives in Staffordshire, saw the play and submitted this review. She also sent us the detailed programme, which has been placed in the Society's Library. — *Ed.*]

SOLDIERS THREE, a play adapted by Tony Perrin from stories and ballads by Rudyard Kipling

This production at the New Victoria Theatre, Newcastle-under-Lyme, was above all amusing; the appreciation of the audience on the first night was a reminder of how well Kipling's work adapts to popular forms of entertainment. It is based on a *montage* of his early writing, drawing on both prose and poetry. Most of the songs in the performance are settings of "Barrack-Room Ballads". The narrative draws principally on *Soldiers Three* of course, and on the stories about Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris in *Life's Handicap*; but also, merged within the framework these provide, are two other stories — "Beyond the Pale" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*] and "Without Benefit of Clergy" [*Life's Handicap*].

Tony Perrin, who is responsible for the adaptation, commented that "Coming to terms with the racism was difficult...To compound the difficulty Kipling does seem to condone it." I imagine he felt that, by merging two stories in which it seems that 'Love conquers all', he mitigated this difficulty. Whereas a literary critic might wish to say more about the nature and quality of Kipling's racism, compared with that of his contemporaries, there is no doubt that, theatrically, Perrin's solution to what he perceived as a problem works. The two stories provide a larger narrative focus, and give the audience the impression that they are seeing more of the workings of the Raj than the barrack-room might provide.

In the interest of narrative continuity Perrin merges some stories, and moves characters around in a fashion that might offend the

purist. Learoyd, having told the poignant story about the death of his Lisa, and his enlistment to numb his pain, takes on the role of Trejago in "Beyond the Pale" and becomes the lover of Bisesa. Simmons, who shot Losson in "In the Matter of a Private", becomes Danny Deever who is hanged for his crime in front of the Soldiers Three. While such 're-connections' might sound cavalier described in this way, they worked to great effect welding together what otherwise could have seemed a very episodic piece.

The theatre-in-the-round auditorium at the New Victoria allowed for a most creative use of theatrical space. The framework for the production was provided by "The Widow at Windsor", and the notion of an empire "bought...with the sword an' the flame" and "salted...down with our bones". The lights went up on a blood-spattered floor, with a portrait on it of "Missis Victorier". All the following scenes were played out on it. The multiple interests allowed a variety of effects; as the Army fought on the North-West Frontier the smoke of battle emerged from one tunnel, drummer-boys and exhausted troops from others.

It would be difficult to single out any one of the Soldiers Three. They all captured that amalgam of comedy and gravity with which Kipling made his creations so real. There was Mulvaney [Sean O'Callaghan] the yarner, the victor over the mean Tyrones, the 'Incarnation of Krishna' — but also the grieving childless man. Learoyd [Paul Kiernan] moved the audience with his story of Greenhow Hill; and Ortheris [Richard Hague] astounded with his guile, his knowledge of Queen's Regulations, and the yearning he thought he felt, to be "a time-expired man".

Peter Bellamy's settings of the poems, and his presence throughout to lead the songs, did a great deal to give the production authenticity. It was particularly interesting to see the light cast on the three heroes by the rendition of "Loot"; and the version of "Mandalay" did much to retrieve it from the parlour environment it had assumed by the First World War.

My regret is that probably few of our members will be able to see this production. It indicated clearly to me that the qualities that allowed Kipling's poems to be sung to banjo tunes round camp-fires, that made them the model for some of Brecht's songs, still remain now to be mobilised to a whole variety of effects.

"SEEING IT CLEAR"
— KIPLING, LORD BATHURST AND
THY SERVANT A DOG

by KEITH WILSON

[Dr K.M. Wilson has previously contributed to the *Kipling Journal* with an item on the manuscript of "The English Flag" (March 1986, pages 23-31). A lecturer in Modern History at Leeds, he has researched widely in the field of British foreign policy in the late 19th and early 20th century. Among his books are *The Policy of the Entente 1904-1914* (1985), *Empire and Continent* (1987), and *The Rasp of War* (1988). The last-named is of direct interest in the context of Kipling, as well as of the Bathursts, and a review note of it will be found in this issue.

The article which follows consists of a note by Dr Wilson introducing six letters by Kipling to his friend the seventh Earl Bathurst (1864-1943), which have hitherto been unpublished and virtually unknown. They are of real literary value because of the light they shed on Kipling's strong curiosity and artistic conscientiousness about the authenticity of detail in his writings. Though his flair for careful accuracy in the tapestry of his fiction, and his pride in "telling the lie" persuasively, are among the earliest hallmarks of his work, it is instructive to note how the habit persisted. The man who in his twenties had badgered the stationmaster at Brattleboro with "the darnedest questions" about railways was as exacting in his sixties, catechising the Master of the Vale of White Horse Foxhounds about his pack.

These letters — to which the replies do not apparently survive — concern the creation of "Thy Servant a Dog", a short story which, like its sequels "The Great Play Hunt" and "Toby Dog", is hardly regarded as a major item in the Kipling canon. Kipling wrote about dogs in varied styles, more or less memorably, but these three stories are unusual in employing a particular kind of anthropomorphism — completely distinct from anything in, say, "Red Dog" (*The Second Jungle Book*) or "Garm — a Hostage" (*Actions and Reactions*) or "Teem'" (*Thy Servant a Dog' and Other Dog Stories*).

The narrator is an Aberdeen terrier, "Boots", whose language and implied philosophy represent a serious attempt by Kipling to put himself into the position of a dog, recording a dog's-eye view. Of course the attempt cannot succeed in wholly serious terms. Kipling was concerned with literature, not zoology; with entertainment, not scientific analysis. However, to dismiss the Boots tales as mere whimsy is an error; to be deflected from reading them by their rather moderate sentimentality is a pity; to miss the extraordinary and delightful vocabulary that Kipling puts in the mouths of Boots and his friends is in my view a real deprivation.

"Thy Servant a Dog" and its sequels were hugely popular and can still be read with pleasure: that pleasure is enhanced by the light thrown on their origin by these letters which Dr Wilson has unearthed. — *Ed.*

DR WILSON'S INTRODUCTION

At regular intervals between the end of September 1931 and the beginning of February 1932 Kipling corrected, batch by batch, the proofs of *The Earl Spencer's and Mr John Warde's Hounds 1739-1825*. The publication of this book in May 1932 — the one hundred copies of it being privately printed on the press of the *Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard* — was the successful culmination of a venture with which Kipling had been associated since October 1930, when he had recommended his own agent, A.S. Watt, to the author, an offer which had been taken up in May 1931.

Kipling's unacknowledged involvement with this venture (he was not named in the Preface, which spoke merely of "kind friends, who have so materially helped me with their advice, criticism and general assistance") was his way of repaying a favour. The author of *The Earl Spencer's and Mr John Warde's Hounds* was Seymour Henry, seventh Earl Bathurst. Kipling had long enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of the seventh Ead and the Countess Bathurst, though none of his biographers goes farther into this relationship and what it might have helped to produce than to remark in an incidental way upon his visits to, and stays at, Cirencester House.

The specific favour that Kipling was returning in 1931-32 had to do with advice solicited and received from Lord Bathurst in connection with the writing, during the last two months of 1929, of Kipling's story, "Thy Servant a Dog". This was published first in *Liberty* on 7 June 1930; then in *Cassell's Magazine* of August 1930; and then, in the autumn of that year, together with the stories "The Great Play Hunt" and "Toby Dog", in book form in *'Thy Servant a Dog' and Other Dog Stories*, which went through eleven editions in its first twelve months.

The letters which follow, which came to light only in 1989 and are now in the Special Collections department of the Brotherton Library at the University of Leeds, reveal the lengths to which Kipling went to reduce his layman's ignorance of the hunting field, and the importance he attached to the accuracy of every detail — not simply so as to avoid criticism from particular quarters, but so that he himself could see the whole work in his mind's eye, "dead clear". They also reveal that the setting for at least one of Kipling's animal-viewpoint stories was Cirencester Park, and that he incorporated into the story several incidents which he had experienced there at first hand.

FIRST LETTER

[Typed, not professionally but evidently by Kipling himself, on quarto-sized paper, unheaded, with numerous corrections, insertions and additions in manuscript, including all the concluding passage beginning "For my finale...". Trifling errors of word-spacing, deletions, over-typings, etc, are not recorded in these transcripts.]

Nov. 19/29

Dear Bathurst,

That dog-yarn of mine that I was telling you about has gone and turned itself into a bit of a tragedy; and I want your help to get out of it.

The hero "Ravager", (or in the play-bill B.H. Ravager or V.W.H. Ravager but *I* prefer B.H. for initials) is at walk in a farm house, and consumed by the ambition of growing into a hound. He is by descent — check me if I have the names wrong — by *Reckless/Romeo* out of *Regan*. I am not sure from which parent the pups derive the initial letters of their names. Please let me know.

But, as it happened that time when you took me to see such an inquiry, there is a suspicion that he is "swine-chopped" — and men come to look him over. Who would *they* be? The kennel-huntsman on his own responsibility? Or the Master? Or the Whip? There must be a regular procedure in these things I presume. I should like one of the two to be the Master.

Now for the purposes of my narrative, Ravager *must* get a reprieve of one month. Would that be likely? Could there be some reasonable doubt that he might not be so swine-chopped as to be useless? Could the Master on his own (or the kennel-huntsman with his knowledge of the pup's ancestry) have grounds for granting such a reprieve? Is swine-choppery curable? That young 'un you showed me was not a babe, and the trouble must have been on him for some time. Why was that? You see the details that I am anxious to get?

And the reason for the reprieve is that, before that month is over, he takes part in a rather exciting affair with a stray bull or bullock (something on the lines of your peaceful white cattle) who scare the soul out of the Nurse who is pushing the pram containing the small baby whom all the dogs in the tale, including Ravager, accept as a sort of Divinity. She being an hireling leaves the pram, or swoons beside the pram, and the ground is clear for the bull. Ravager broken at walk to all manner of cattle goes for the beast, ably assisted by the two small Aberdeens his friends who yelp and distract on the flanks.

Now *would* a hound do that? Would he deliberately go for a big beast? And if he did, would he take hold and hang on, bull-dog fashion or snap wolf fashion? What is his form of attack? And, being

but a pup at walk would he have the requisite savagery for the performance?

Any information that you can give me on these important heads, your petitioner will deeply appreciate.

I have invented a rather nice Hunt Terrier, very old, scarred, and ill-tempered who comes with the men to look at Ravager and who interprets to the two scared and apprehensive little Aberdeens the meaning of their remarks as they examine Ravager on the barn-floor and he innocently licks their hands.

For my finale I require the honourable demission of Ravager to his own Hunt and the appearance of the Pack, *with* the Hunt Terrier, at a meet on the lawns owned by the two small Aberdeens and the Baby who is the child of the couple whom they call (and treat as) Own Gods? Can I on this scheme arrive at that finale without too grossly stretching probabilities? I *can't* have Ravager bought (for saving the Baby) and turned into a house-dog. It isn't in his blood. And remember the Kennel-huntsman volunteers that Regan — Ravager's mother — was the wisest bitch *he'd* ever met. With every apology for bothering

Most sincerely always

Rudyard Kipling

SECOND LETTER

[Typed: same comments as the ones preceding the first letter. In handwriting from "Then a flash....".]

Nov 24/29

Dear Bathurst,

I *am* grateful to you for all your answers, and the royal promptitude of them. I don't think that even I can go far wrong now. Oddly enough — was it telepathy? — I altered the name of the sire to Romeo the evening I sent the letter!

Now that you tell me that "swinechopperty" is a matter of looks and not of effectiveness, my way is easier. Ravager will be kept because he is the son of Regan. As the Huntsman says, "the wisest and worst-tempered bitch I ever knew." As he and the M.F.H. (as it might be you) are talking him over on the barn-floor, the youngster rears up for biscuit and shows himself. You, or the Huntsman, say "Yes. Romeo's loins; Regan's feet, and Royal's (his grandsire's) head." So he's spared in the hope that his infirmity won't be transmitted. Please say whether bitches are specially good in the feet,

or whether it ought to be her loins, and sire's feet.

I want him to be within a few months, as few as possible, of being taken up for the October/November cubbing. *How long has he to be in Kennels before that time?* My reason is that I want him rather a made hound by the date of the last hunt of the season — as late as possible — say March. Will that work? Then he comes to a meet at his old home — i.e. about twenty months old. Is that workable?

You see, the Baby is about six months old when Ravager, ably assisted by the Aberdeens, diverts the bull in the Park. He comes, with the Pack, when the Babe is on his feet — say about fifteen months old. Will this schedule fit?

Babe born October '28.*——Ravager aged seven months
Rescued from Bull April or May '29——Ravager aged fifteen months.

Ravager sent to Kennels August (?0) 29.

Meeting with old friends on Lawn of Babe's house March '30

This ought to put Ravager in his prime, if puppies are born in the spring. Are they?

*Babies are born all round the clock, so I can shift *his* dates to fit maternity among lady-hounds.

I am sorry to bother so, but the tale which began as a mere yarn about small dogs of the Aberdeen persuasion, got dominated by Ravager and the Huntsman, and the M.F.H. *and* the Hunt Terrier—a grim, one-eyed badly-scarred little devil ten years old, who remembers the ancestors of the Pack, and knows perfectly well what the looking-over of Ravager may mean. An additional difficulty is that the whole tale is told by the Aberdeen, "Boots", (who yearns to be a "true sporting dog" but finds his legs are "too little") in his own lingo, and subject to his limitations.

I have set the stage roughly much as at Cirencester. That is to say, a Park with the puppy-walker's farm divided from it by a railing (this to save Baby and Nurse when Bull turns up) and the Kennels somewhere in the background so that the Huntsman can stroll over and see Ravager without changing out of his white kit which immensely interests "Boots". The private house abutting on the park with a lawn divided from Park by gate (rather like Pinbury) over which, when he comes to call with the Pack Ravager jumps on command and lands among his old friends. I want the Hunt to be coming home after the last hunt of the season, all mucky and torn by brambles — to the immense awe of the Aberdeens. *And* I want the Hunt Terrier sitting

(is it ever in a basket?) on the saddle-bow of the Huntsman, after *his* little bit of work.

It will never be a film, I fear — though it would make a beauty — but I have *got* to see it dead clear. Please enlighten on these minor points. I was an ass to have forgotten how fighting dogs do their job, by snapping round the head. All the same, the Bull must be bitten a little, and led off by the puppy-walker — his owner, and a farmer — who gets his Sunday coat bloodied, and is rewarded by the Huntsman suggesting that the damage to the Bull should be put down to the Poultry Fund, "Because if ever a bull cried dunghill after Ravager had done with him, it was your bull." Then a flash of Regan's temper when Ravager comes home after the bull-hunt and the puppy-walker rates him for having slipped his collar (which he had) to go for a Sunday walk with his dog-friends, and the Nurse and Baby. The huntsman is just in time to speak to him. The youngster's hackles go down. The huntsman takes him to the outhouse where he sleeps; fills his water bowl, makes much of him, shakes down a little straw for him, and advises the puppy-walker to leave him alone till he wants to be talked to — "or else you'll know what his mother's temper is."

But I weary you.

Again most gratefully

RK

THIRD LETTER

[Autograph letter on Brown's Hotel headed paper.]

Nov. 28, 29

Dear Bathurst —

Yours of the 25th (sent on here) deepens my debt.

What you say about the drawbacks of swine-choppedness suits my book — story, rather — to the ground, because Ravager in his affair with the Bull gives a demonstration of how little the deformity has affected his bite! —

Now what is the word when a hound leaps up on your chest to greet you? Don't they do that for biscuit too; or do they always stand up.

Again:- Hunt Terrier says to Boots who is talking about Ravager's state of uncertainty as to whether he stays with the Pack or not; and says:- "Show me that hound on the flags" — meaning:- "Tell me all



TELEGRAMS BROWNHOTEL, LONDON.
TELEPHONE N° 8501 GERRARD.

BROWN'S HOTEL,

LONDON, W. 1.

(DOVER ST & ALBEMARLE ST)

NOV. 28. 29

Dear Bathurst -

Yours of the 25th
(sent on here) deepens my
debt.

What you say about the drawbacks
of surine - choppedness suits my
book - story, rather - to the
ground; because Rorager in his affair
with the Bull gives a demonstra-
tion of how little the depression
has affected his bite! -

Now what is the word when a
hound leaps up on your chest
to greet you? Don't they do that to
hunters too; or do they always
stand up.

THIRD LETTER TO EARL BATHURST

Part of the first page of Kipling's letter of 28 November 1929.

about him". — Is there any phrase about "showing a hound on the flags"?

Note. Hunt Terrier is a veteran, almost *Emeritus*. The huntsman cutting about the Park &c to get orders from you, picks him up & puts him on the saddlebow to spare his aged legs. Can I be allowed that? He'll be put down among the pack when Ravager pays his call on old friends — same as that little pink-eyed devil at Pinbury —

Your dates are the greatest possible help — for Babe and hound. Specially as you give me an extra month for the last hunt of the season. — I was an ass too about "Royal's head" — the last thing that would be mentioned. Can I have "chest", if hounds have em as a point — or "depth".

Now I'm going down to carry on.

Sincerely ever

Rudyard Kipling

FOURTH LETTER

[Autograph letter on Bateman's headed paper.]

Dec. 4. 29.

Dear Bathurst,

"By your favour" — as we say in the East — I think I have pulled the dog-yarn into something like shape.

But hunting people are the most pernicketty specialists in the world — not excepting scientists and Army men. I don't want to go wrong in any single expression that is used nor to have anything that isn't possible in the picture.

If you can stick it, may I send you a decently typed copy of the thing (It ought to be ready in a few days) to look over from an M.F.H.'s point of view? For example there is an episode where the Hunt drops in to call on the Babe after the last run of the season; and Ravager, by permission of the Huntsman, jumps over the gate into the Park to talk to the Babe and the two small dogs his friends in his puppyhood.

It's just a question of the words used by the Huntsman in giving him permission — and so on. But I'd be immensely grateful if you'd check it on the pages themselves. You'll doubtless note other errors of detail: and if you can find time to mark 'em "Your petitioner will ever pray" &c. &c.

Gratefully

Rudyard Kipling.

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
·SUSSEX·

Dec 7/29

Dear Bathurst,

This is most good of you! Here it comes, then for your vetting. You will note that people's habit of talking "little" talk to house-dogs often makes dogs of character and foresight (such as Boots) speak like ~~xxxxxx~~ children in the nursery, except when they quote from what they have heard their owners say.

But the crux of the show lies in the accuracy of what "White" and "Proper Man" and Mister-Kent say, and in the conduct of Hunt Terrier. You will see that I have made Ravager wait on orders before he takes the gate flying.

FIFTH LETTER TO EARL BATHURST

The first page of Kipling's letter of 7 December 1929

FIFTH LETTER

[Typed, with slight autograph amendments and signature.]

Dec. 7/29

Dear Bathurst,

This is *most* good of you! Here it comes, then for your vetting.

You will note that people's habit of talking "little" talk to house-dogs often makes dogs of character and foresight (such as Boots) speak like children in a nursery, except when they quote from what they have heard their owners say.

But the crux of the show lies in the accuracy of what "White" and "Proper Man" and Mister-Kent say, and in the conduct of Hunt Terrier. You will see that I have made Ravager wait on orders before he takes the gate flying. He comes back at the first twang of the horn when the Hunt moves off.

What about bitches being mixed up with dog-hounds? But you will see the errors jumping out of the pages.

Ever sincerely yours

Rudyard Kipling

SIXTH LETTER

[Autograph letter on Bateman's headed paper.]

Dec. 11. 1929.

Dear Bathurst —

Hurray! If I've got through the exercise with only two mistakes, I'm proud of myself, indeed!

Ravager, I argue, would, by heredity, so to say, dream of being drowned as that is the natural end, in his walk of life, of unwanted puppies.

I'm more grateful than I can say for your help. It comes from authority and it was immensely good of you to bother yourself about it. Now I shall finish it up with confidence.

Sorry about your Bull. We've flooded out a farmer *and* his wife and four kids, once in the past three weeks and it looks as if we'll do it again. They made a lot more fuss about it than a herd of bulls: and even when they saw the photoes of the rest of England submerged, it didn't seem to comfort 'em. Our cellar has been flooded twice and I hate to think what our little brook is going to cost me in repairs.

Once again with renewed gratitude believe me

Most sincerely

Rudyard Kipling

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[I am glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are received than can in practice be printed, I must be selective, and reserve — unless expressly told otherwise — the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters".—*Ed.*]

KIPLING CELEBRATED AT ROTTINGDEAN

From Mr J. Commin (Chairman, Rottingdean Preservation Society) and Mr J.W.M. Smith (of Tree Cottage, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, East Sussex BN2 6LB; Chairman, Rottingdean Whiteway Centre)

Dear Sir

May we take this opportunity, on behalf of the Rottingdean Preservation Society and the Rottingdean Whiteway Centre, of saying how much we appreciated the support of the Kipling Society on 11 May, in presenting our 'Kipling Celebration'.

As part of a series of events co-incident with the Brighton Festival — lectures, concerts, an art exhibition and a literary luncheon — we thought it appropriate to commemorate Rottingdean's most famous resident. We did not ignore other celebrities, and included Edward Burne-Jones and William Nicholson in our sights; but we arranged an extra-special focus on Rudyard Kipling, a resident of the village for some five years between 1897 and 1902.

To say that the Society was helpful would be a gross understatement. Lisa Lewis responded to our initial approach with enthusiasm and dedication, and arranged a most marvellous celebratory occasion fit for the palate of every lover of Rudyard Kipling's work.

We took it as an honour that three distinguished members of the Council past and present should be willing to join us, in the folds of the Downs which gave Kipling such inspiration. It was equally rewarding that some twenty members of the Society should join supporters of our two village societies for the event; we trust they were made to feel welcome, in the area around The Elms.

A chance to see the glory of the Kipling Garden, saved and restored by the Preservation Society; and the private garden of The Elms itself; and the village green ('Pump Green' in Kipling's day), centre of so much real or apocryphal activity on his part; together with a viewing of the Burne-Jones windows in St Margaret's church; all made a fitting prelude to the main purpose of the day.

You, sir, were kind enough to open the programme with a masterly presentation, "Speaking of Kipling", which had all of us enthralled both by the breadth of the canvas and by the depth of your erudition. John McGivering, with his inimitable panache, gave us a selection of 'Seaside and Sussex' poems chosen with care for the occasion. Lisa Lewis first talked of "Kipling's Women", using illustrations to point her theme, read most convincingly in the appropriate dialect; later she also talked of "Kipling as a Pioneer Motorist" — most aptly, because his love of the car was sparked, if that is the right metaphor, by the arrival of Alfred Harmsworth at the gate of The Elms in "one of those motor car things" in October 1899. We also enjoyed a reading by Barbara Williams of a memoir of Kipling by a village resident, Lucy Hilton, published in the Kipling Journal in March 1969. Questions and comments at the end of the final session showed the lively and informed interest which the day had encouraged.

It was a day which all who were present will remember with pleasure and gratitude.

Yours sincerely

JOHN COMMINS and MICHAEL SMITH

[A very handsome tribute. In acknowledgment, I must say, on behalf of the Society's speakers, that we valued and enjoyed the warm welcome extended to us, the efficiency of the organisation, the attentiveness of the audience, and the very kind hospitality that we received. —Ed.]

'THE KIPLING WALK'

From Mr Patrick Leigh Fermor, D.S.O., O.B.E., Kardamyli, Messenia, Greece

Dear Sir

I wonder if any reader can remember the words and music of a syncopated ragtime song-and-dance tune called "The Kipling Walk"? My mother, recently home in the early '20s after a long spell in India, used to play and sing it to amuse her two children. It had a very "Everybody's-doing-it-Hitchy-Koo" feel about it. The only clues to have stuck with me are not very impressive:-

It's a fascinating *Just-So* Walk,
 It's a captivating *Just-So* talk;
 There's a rumour
 That the puma
 Does it now...

...Lions have taken to it,
Leopards and tigers do it...

...All the elephants wear dancing-shoes,
They keep hopping with the *kangaroos*...

Then comes a forgotten passage about the Bandar-log, and:-

...Hear them chatter,
It's a matter
For some *talk* —
All the Jungle's got the *Kip-ling Walk!*

These fragments, disconnected as they are, sound a bit feeble, but it was great fun at the time. Perhaps the complete version exists somewhere.

"The Kipling Walk" was quickly followed by "Tipperary" in Hindustani, as sung by Indian troops on the march. It is set down now phonetically, and perhaps wrongly, by memory:-

Burra dur hai Tipperary,
Burra dur hai jhani ko;
Burra dur hai Tipperary,
Mera chokri dekhne ko.
Salaam, Piccadilly!
Ram-Ram, Leicester Square!
Burra burra dur hai Tipperary,
Lekin mera dil hai hwa.

(Hands left the keyboard for a moment at the start of the 5th line for a Muslim salaam — heart, lips, brow — and, at the 6th, for a brief Hindu joining of the palms.)

A few years ago, talking of "Kala Juggas" — those dark and flirtatious sitting-out places at Viceregal and other balls — an old Simla hand told me he could just remember an Anglo-Indian post-Hauksbee dance-tune called "Kala-Jugga-Johnny" — but neither the words nor the tune. It would be something of a collector's piece if it were salvaged.

Perhaps "See-Saw", "Dream Faces" and the waltzes and gallops in Kipling's "The Plea of the Simla Dancers" (*Definitive Verse*, p 51), with which Benmore and Strawberry Hill were aswoon just over a hundred years ago, are deep in dust in some old music room. It is impossible, as one walks about under those same deodars, not to wonder how they sounded. Perhaps it is too late.

Yours sincerely
PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

KIPLING AND IONIDES

*From Mr J. Brooman, Spearman Books, Mellstock, Saxonwood Road, Battle,
East Sussex TN33 OEY*

Mr Brooman, who is the recent publisher of Kipling's one-act curtain-raiser, *The Harbour Watch*, has written to draw our attention to "a little known reference to Kipling" in a small book called *Memories* by Luke Ionides (Paris, 1925).

"Luke Ionides", he writes, "was one of the sons, or possibly the brother, of Constantine Alexander Ionides [1833-1900], wealthy philanthropist and patron of the arts... I think the book had a very limited circulation and was never published in this country. He records memories of Burne-Jones, Whistler, Rossetti, William Morris, Wagner, Watts, Dickens and others."

Ionides's comments on Kipling, bearing on the origin of "The Butterfly that Stamped" [*Just So Stories*, 1902] and "My Sunday at Home" [first published 1895, collected in *The Day's Work*, 1898], are as follows:

Another evening at dinner at B.J.'s [Burne-Jones's], Rudyard Kipling, his nephew, was there, and I told them the story of "the butterfly that stamped". Two butterflies were poised on a pinnacle of Solomon's temple, and the male said to his wife, "If I were to stamp, I could destroy this temple into dust." Solomon heard him, and sent for him; and asked him what he meant. He answered, "I only meant to impress my wife." So Solomon said, "Oh, I understand, and you may go back to her." When the butterfly returned the wife asked him what the King had said, and he told her that the King had begged him not to do it. Rudyard Kipling used the story, and made a long one of it, under the same name.

That same evening Kipling told us a story of a railway train stopping at a wayside station and the Guard going along, saying, "Is there a doctor anywhere? Somebody has taken a bottle of poison." A doctor appeared and administered an emetic to a navvy who, half-drunk, was sitting on a bench in the station, and ructions ensued. I heard a few days afterwards from Ambo Poynter that he and Rudyard had spent the morning composing the story for our benefit that evening. We

had all thought it was true. Kipling afterwards made it into an excellent short story for publication.

There was a story told of Rudyard when he was a small boy. He was seen toddling down the garden with something in his hand, which he buried in a deep hole. When his elders opened it they found a piece of paper and some matches, and on the paper was written, "Please, Devil, take Aunt S...". He was a bright, clever child, and his little cousin, Margaret Burne-Jones, often bribed him to tell them stories when they went to bed.

B.J. loved his early stories, published in India, and used to lend them to me.

KIPLING'S POST OFFICE

From Mr Norman Entract, Secretary, Kipling Society

Mr Entract sends copies of pages 16-18 of the Winter 1990 issue of an American philatelic magazine, the *Heliograph*, being an article by Charles F. Nettleship, Jr, "Rudyard Kipling's short-lived Vermont Post Office". This draws on F.F. Van der Water's book, *Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud* (Academy Books, Vermont, 1981) and an item by L. Hayward in the *Vermont Philatelist* of August 1964.

"Almost any Vermont philatelist", we are told, knows that "covers from Waite, Windham County, are rare." The reasons are set out, with a summary of Kipling's arrival and residence in Vermont. "It soon became evident" that his "mail volume outdid any of [Brattleboro's] commercial or industrial establishments"; the Postmaster General solved "the problem" by "authorizing a post office for Rudyard Kipling, presumably the only time Vermont had an office for the benefit of one private citizen".

It was located at the home of a neighbour of the Kiplings, and Mrs Anna F. Waite became postmaster on 14 June 1895. Kipling sent "hundreds of postcards" reading "Please note change of address from Brattleboro, VT., to WAITE, Windham County, Vermont. Be careful not to omit name of county. RUDYARD KIPLING."

There followed the domestic débacle, ending in the Kiplings' departure in 1896; on 15 July 1897 their post office closed. Even its short period of existence presents a philatelic "enigma", since Kipling had a massive correspondence, "yet only a couple of covers bearing the postmark have been recorded". It is surprising that no change-of-address cards from so famous a man survived. "Has anyone ever seen one or heard of one?"

PLACE NAMES IN NORTH AMERICA [2]

*From Professor Rinehart S. Potts, Glassboro State College, Glassboro,
New Jersey 08028-1752. U.S.A.*

Professor Potts writes in response to Mr Appleton's letter at page 49 of our March 1990 issue. Citing the official directory of U.S. post offices, he finds Kiplings in North Carolina (Harnett County) and Ohio (Guernsey County), and Rudyards in Michigan (Chippewa County) and Montana (Hill County). He comments that "many post office listings in the United States are for quite tiny rural places, many of them not incorporated, so they would not appear elsewhere".

The *Columbia Lippincott Gazetteer of the World* evidently omits the foregoing examples, but shows Kipling, a village in south-east Saskatchewan, population 404. The *Rand McNally International Atlas* shows the same Kipling, and Rudyards in Michigan and Montana; "both of these are very near Canada", as is a Rudyerd [*sic*] Bay in Alaska.

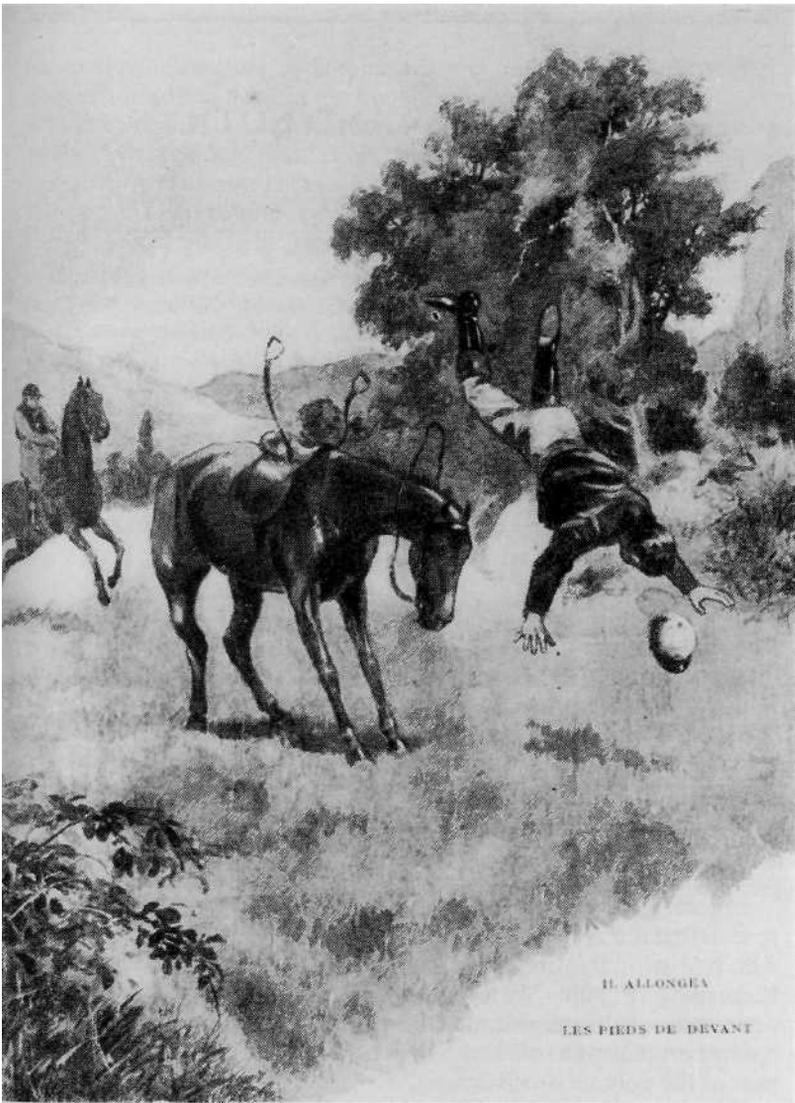
KIPLING AND CHARLES HUGHES

From Henry Sotheran Limited, 2 Sackville Street. London W1X 2DP

Sotherans the booksellers have sent me their Catalogue 1009 of Spring 1990. Among three Kipling letters offered for sale is an "Interesting Typed Letter Signed (with one holograph insertion) to the scholar Charles Hughes, thanking him for a copy of his edition of Mrs Piozzi's *Thraliana*". It is on Bateman's headed paper, dated 12 July 1913. The quoted extract reads:-

Thank you very much for Mrs Piozzi's "Thraliana". Only yesterday I was looking over your gift of long ago, Knyvett's "Defence of the Realm" — He was a far seeing man. I would have given a good deal to have had the unexpurgated *Thraliana* in my house for a few days. In her way she was as amazing a woman as *Ursa Major* was a man. What a joyous and full life they led in those stately days.

In 1906 Hughes had published an edition of Sir Henry Knyvett's book of 1596 advocating compulsory military training for all Englishmen. In 1913 he published an edition of Mrs Piozzi's *Thraliana*: she was formerly Hester Thrale, and had been an intimate friend of Dr Johnson ("Ursa Major", the Great Bear).



SHACKLES, "GRAVELY AND JUDICIAALLY" BUCKING-OFF BRUNT

After a reference in our last issue (page 50) to the jockey's fall in "The Broken-Link Handicap", Miss Elizabeth Talbot Rice showed us a strikingly illustrated and long out of print French translation of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. This picture by Léon Bailly, like those at pages 6 and 8, is from it, and like them has been skilfully photographed by Ted Willett of City University.

BOOK REVIEW AND NOTICES

[We have recently received or heard of an exceptionally large number of books deserving notice or review in the *Kipling Journal*. In principle we would like to print at least a notice of new publications if they directly relate to Kipling. Lengthy reviews may for reasons of space, and competition from other articles, be harder to place. Here below are one review (by myself) and two short notices. Our next issue, space permitting, will have at least two reviews, and a list of such other books as have come our way — *Ed.*]

THE RASP OF WAR: The Letters of H.A. Gwynne to the Countess Bathurst, 1914-1918, selected and edited by Keith Wilson; foreword by William Deedes (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1988); 346 pages including notes, maps, bibliography and index; ISBN 0-283-99655-2; hardback, £25.

The editor of *The Rasp of War* is the Dr Wilson whose article introducing six letters from Kipling to Lord Bathurst is in this issue. By the criterion of Kipling-relatedness, it is plainly a relevant book. Gwynne, Editor of the *Morning Post*, was a close friend of Kipling, as were Lord and Lady Bathurst. The formidable Countess was the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and Kipling himself was a director — as Mr (now Lord) Deedes once told me, recalling how, as a young employee of the paper in the early 1930s, he was sent with a message for Kipling at Brown's Hotel.

Explicit references to Kipling in this book are rather few. One reveals that it was Kipling, in a letter of 15 June 1911 to Lady Bathurst, who had strongly proposed Gwynne as editor of the *Morning Post*, succeeding Fabian Ware. Another, in 1916, explains how a government subvention enabled the press to acquire without charge a naval propaganda series by Kipling, "Tales of 'The Trade' " (later a part of the volume *Sea Warfare*).

However, the number of mentions is no yardstick for the true pertinence of this book to Kipling's life and attitudes. Here are shown people he knew well (with some of whom like Gwynne and Lady Bathurst he was in close sympathy) improvising daily responses to the dire pressures of war. Moreover it was a war marked in Britain by acrimonious political partisanship — Conservative against Liberal, 'frock' against 'brass-hat', with endless undercurrents of agitation against individuals such as Haldane, Churchill and Kitchener, or

against policies such as the case for conscription. Much of this contention comes alive in the book.

It has to be said that the picture of Gwynne that emerges is of a man whose courage and patriotism were at times vitiated by flawed judgment and almost paranoid reactions. How far his views mirrored Kipling's is conjectural, but the two men belonged to what Buchan would have called the same totem. All of which is of secondary importance in assessing *The Rasp of War*. The main point is that it provides a valuable sidelight on a fraught period of our national history, conveying with a wealth of allusion and useful footnotes — and despite its subtitle including many letters to or from other correspondents than the Countess — the vagaries of a great newspaper at a time of crisis.

Two other books to note relative to Kipling, are:

KIPLING'S LOST WORLD: Selected Writings by Rudyard Kipling, ed. Harry Ricketts (Encore Series, Tabb House, 1989); xii + 146 pp. including notes; hardback ISBN 0-907018-76-9, £10.95; paperback ISBN 0-907018-71-8, £4.95. Obtainable at bookshops; or by order from Tabb House Ltd, 7-11 Church St, Padstow, Cornwall PL28 8BG, adding £1.20 (h/back) or 50p (p/back) postage & packing in U.K.

An attractive selection of 16 stories and poems, briefly but sensibly introduced by Harry Ricketts of Victoria University, Wellington, New Zealand. The volume usefully contains items not easily found elsewhere — e.g. "The Last of the Stories" (1888), " 'Proofs of Holy Writ' " (1934), two speeches (1906 & 1926), and a letter to the *Spectator* (1898) discussing the inspiration for *The Tempest*. The aim of the book, at least of the Introduction, is to illustrate Kipling's literary development.

2. *KIPLING'S MYTHS OF LOVE AND DEATH* by Nora Crook (Macmillan, 1990); xix + 210 pp. including appendices, full notes and index; 8 pp. of plates; hardback ISBN 0-333-45482-0, £35.

To be reviewed more fully. Though the price of this book suggests that the publishers do not expect massive sales, its relevance to Kipling studies is unquestionable. The author, a member of the Kipling Society, is erudite across a wide field of literature. Her book is predictably scholarly, original and in parts provocative. Future critics of Kipling may not concur with some of her inferences, and with the intricate associations she perceives with Chaucer, Dante, Swinburne and others, but would be unwise to overlook them.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Society the following new members:-

Professor E.E. Anggård (*London*); Mr B.J. Chisholm (*Surrey*); Revd D.K. Clegg (*Durham*); Mr E.B. Ford (*London*); The Baroness Hooper (*London*); Houston Public Library (*Texas, U.S.A.*); Mr W.E. Jacobs (*Norfolk*); Dr P. Keating (*Edinburgh*); Miss L.J. Lee (*Kent*); National Army Museum (*London*); Mrs T. Panzera (*Brattleboro, Vermont, U.S.A.*); Mr H.E. Ridout (*Kent*); State University of New York at Buffalo (*New York, U.S.A.*); Mr A.J. Walker (*Cambridgeshire*).

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

An 'extraordinary' General Meeting of the Society (i.e. additional or supplementary to the ordinary Annual General Meeting) was held at Brown's Hotel, as advertised, on 18 April 1990. Twenty-one members attended, including the President (Dr Michael Brock), the Chairman and Deputy Chairman of Council (Mr Richard O'Hagan and Mrs Ann Parry), and most members of Council. A record of the meeting was kept by the Secretary (Mr Norman Entract) and this note is no more than an itemisation of salient points.

There was a general discussion of the possible future location of the Society's London Office premises, and of its Library; this was necessarily somewhat hypothetical since the development plans for Commonwealth House (the Society's host organisation) were still being worked out, were far from clear and were unlikely to be implemented before early 1991. The meeting agreed in principle to leave to Council the detailed handling of these at present conjectural matters as and when they should arise — but expressed a preference, regarding the Library, in the event of a transfer from Commonwealth House, for a location in the Greater London area if possible.

The retirement of the Honorary Librarian (Mrs G.H. Newsom) was noted, and she was warmly thanked for her contribution to the Society. The appointment of Mr Donald Simpson, O.B.E., A.L.A., F.R.Hist.S., formerly the head Librarian of the Royal Commonwealth Society, in a consultant capacity to help Council over the present management and the future disposition of its collection of books during an impending period of some uncertainty, was fully discussed, and approved.

STOP PRESS: CHARLES CARRINGTON

We regret to announce the death, on 21 June 1990, of Charles Carrington, M. C., a Vice-President of our Society. He was a historian and writer of note, and in 1955 he produced a masterly and indispensable biography of Kipling. A fuller obituary will appear in our next issue.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, as the house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its significant contributions to learning since its foundation in 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has been able to publish many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and an immense quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data, which is soon to be comprehensively re-indexed. Over two hundred libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive it as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, the *Journal* is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because the Society's membership is at least as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material — by virtue of the tremendous volume and variety of Kipling's writings, the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence, the diversity of his interests and influence, the scale of the events that he witnessed, the exceptional fame that he attracted in his lifetime, and the fascinated attention that he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is great, from erudite correspondence and scholarly literary criticism to such miscellanea as may justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial, because the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces usually have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Kipling Journal*, and holds a very attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However items submitted for publication should be addressed to The Editor, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When it was founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with predictable disapproval from Kipling himself but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English Literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who duly receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (which is the subject of a note on the previous page).

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation, run by volunteers to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity in Britain. Its activities are controlled by its Council, but routine management is in the hands of the Secretary, at its London office. However, its large membership in North America is mainly coordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, and an Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, in his day a phenomenally popular writer, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his sheer skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, will find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. Particulars of membership may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ. Current annual subscription rates, last fixed in 1985, are:

	(Britain)	(overseas)
Individual members	£12	£14
Junior members (under 25)	£5	£5
Corporate members (libraries etc)	£20	£20

