

THE  
KIPLING JOURNAL



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This authoritative publication, established in 1829, runs to some 140 pages per issue, including illustrations. It carries many informative articles, reviews and notes, contributed by well known writers, on wide-ranging military and defence topics — British and international, current and historical, technical and general.

There is much to interest members of the Kipling Society, and there are not infrequently items directly related to Kipling's writings. We have recently published an article by George Webb on *The Irish Guards in the Great War*; another by Peter Lewis on *The War in the Mountains*, Kipling's evocative impression of the Italian front in 1917; and two reviews of new collections of Kipling. We have further items of this sort in mind.

The annual subscription for 1994 is £49.80 — but for members of the Kipling Society there is a special rate, £44. Enquiries and remittances to the *AQ & DJ*, 1 West Street, Tavistock PL19 8DS, Devon, England.

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## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

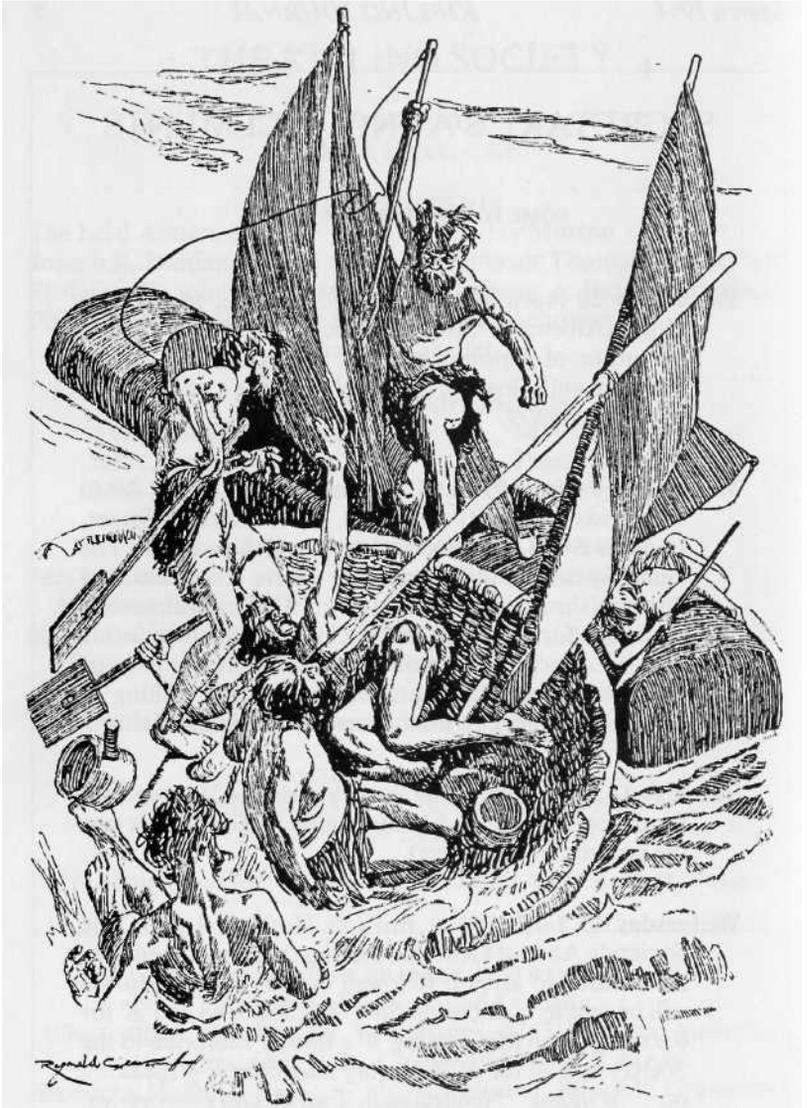
**Wednesday 20 April 1994** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel (Albemarle Street, London W1), **Peter Keating** – author of *Kipling the Poet*, and editor of the new Penguin anthology of Kipling's verse – on *Hearing Kipling's Poetry*.

**Wednesday 4 May 1994** at 12.30 for 1 p.m., at the Royal Over-Seas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1), the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. The Guest Speaker will be **Professor Pierre Coustillas**, the distinguished French translator of Kipling. Admission by ticket; for members in the U.K., application forms have been enclosed with the last and the present issue of the *Journal*; members resident abroad but wishing to attend the Luncheon need to contact me in good time.

**Saturday 11 June 1994** – the Society's **visit to Rottingdean** for the opening of the Kipling exhibit at The Grange (see the accompanying insert).

**Wednesday 13 July 1994** at Brown's Hotel at 4 p.m., the Society's **Annual General Meeting** (which all members are entitled to attend; followed by **tea** (booking forms will be sent to members in the U.K.); followed at 5.30 for 6 p.m. by **John McGivering** – a former Librarian to the Society and editor of *A Kipling Dictionary* — speaking on " 'Wireless' " (collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*, 1904).

**Wednesday 14 September 1994** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, (details to be announced).



A PREHISTORIC NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

A drawing by Reginald Cleaver for "The First Sailor" – a talk Kipling delivered in 1918 to junior Royal Navy officers of a North Sea Patrol; it was included in *A Book of Words* (1928), and re-published, with this picture, in *Humorous Tales* (1931). It was a highly original address, a sustained parable of prehistoric times, enlivened by modern naval ironies and much nautical jargon suited to the audience. Here, some "barbarians from Harwich" are being rammed and sunk by the Kentish hero, Nobby Clarke, and his small son (just visible at the bows).

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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## CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS AND BRANCHES	4
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	5
<i>Frontispiece: A prehistoric naval engagement</i>	6
<i>Illustration: 'A bit 'iffy' today'</i>	8
EDITORIAL	9-10
'UNCLE CROM' Part I by <i>Lorraine Price</i>	11-21
<i>Illustration: "The Head"</i>	15
<i>Illustration: "What is it?"</i>	17
KIPLING AND GOLF by <i>Bob Labbance</i>	21-27
<i>Illustration: Seaside golf in October</i>	27
A POETIC TRIBUTE by <i>the Countess de Noailles</i>	28-32
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: The 'Worst Slip'? ( <i>Dr M.G. Brock</i> ); Canadian Engineers ( <i>Dr J.D. Lewins</i> ); "The Lost Bower" ( <i>Mr Hugh Brogan</i> ); Old Man Kangaroo ( <i>Mrs R.S. Meyer</i> ); "The Trouble with Kipling" ( <i>Mr F.A. Lerner</i> ); The <i>Oxford English Dictionary</i> ( <i>Dr B. Paton</i> )	33-40
<i>Illustration: Kipling in Vermont</i>	37
POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS: <i>The 'Daddy-Longlegs' Railway</i> ( <i>Mr J.W.M. Smith</i> ); 'Hip and trendy' ( <i>Mr A. Wolfe</i> ); Kipling and Balfour ( <i>Professor T. Pinney</i> ); Kipling and Herbert ( <i>various readers</i> ); Children and taste ( <i>Mrs B.G. Schreiber</i> ); "Sons of the Suburbs" ( <i>Mr E. Webster</i> ); Kipling and Guynemer ( <i>Mr N. Entract</i> )	40-50
<i>Illustration: 'Pioneer' in motion</i>	41

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This amusing cartoon by Frank Finch appeared in the *Oldie* magazine in November 1993; it is reproduced here by kind permission of its Editor.

## EDITORIAL

Penguin Books recently brought out an excellent addition to their Twentieth-Century Classics series – *Rudyard Kipling: Selected Poems* [paperback, 229 pages, £5.99]. It has been discriminatingly edited by Peter Keating, a scholar and writer of note (he is a member of the Kipling Society, and will be addressing our April meeting). His previous books include *The Haunted Study: A Social History of the English Novel, 1875-1914*, and *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction*.

His Kipling anthology is a thoughtfully balanced selection of some 170 items – about a quarter of the poetry Kipling collected and published in his lifetime – ranging in length from the eight pages of "McAndrew's Hymn" to the five words of the briefest "Epitaph of the War". The presentation is chronological, enabling the reader to observe the development of Kipling's style and content, between the earliest Indian satirical pieces of the 1880s and those troubled forebodings of the 1930s, "The Storm Cone" and "The Bonfires".

There are twenty pages of useful notes, on the provenance of the poems and – where explanation is called for – on obscurities of theme or terminology. Here, succinctly set out, may be found an elucidation of the politics in "The Declaration of London", of the background to "McAndrew", of technicalities in " 'The Trade' ", of place-names in "Chant-Pagan", of the topicality of "The Three-Decker", of archaisms in "Gertrude's Prayer" – and of much else.

Indeed, *Rudyard Kipling: Selected Poems* can be recommended both for the poems selected and for those notes; and not least for the editor's masterly preface, which distils in four pages the essentials of the tangled bibliography of Kipling's verse output. When I saw the book in December 1993 I earmarked it for comment in this March editorial – unaware that there would meanwhile appear another, bigger and more significant book, by Keating.

This is his *Kipling the Poet* [Secker & Warburg, xvii + 270 pages, illustrated, hardback, £25], a most valuable study, and I think unique in its particular sustained perspective – of which the key is supplied in the preface. There, Keating rightly asserts that whereas most criticism of Kipling has reflected "a continuous fascination with the details and events of [his] life, especially . . . India and the ideological and literary implications of his imperialism . . .", it has largely shared in "the

curious conviction that his poetry was somehow peripheral to his life and his art. It was, in fact, central to both."

Keating has accordingly turned his scrutiny of Kipling's poetry into an unusual but persuasive kind of biography: "it is not only a study of Kipling as a poet, but also a life of Kipling as revealed in the poetry." This approach has involved "the unravelling of the poetry's complicated publishing history", since the poems "were published in a wide variety of different ways and places" – in leading newspapers at home and abroad, in obscure magazines, as pamphlets and song-sheets, as linked accompaniments to his prose works, and in several volumes of 'collected' poetry. The whole untidy yet ultimately homogeneous product can be used, as Keating shows convincingly, "to chart [Kipling's] artistic and intellectual development".

I hope to publish a review by Philip Mason of *Kipling the Poet* in our next issue. For the present, I will be content to draw the book to our readers' attention. Many of them will have already observed the conspicuous notice paid to it in the quality press in Britain – e.g. by Anthony Curtis in the *Financial Times* on 22 January, Colin Welch in *The Times* on 27 January, Godfrey Hodgson in the *Independent* on 29 January, Julian Symons in the *Sunday Times* on 30 January, and Mick Imlah in the *Times Literary Supplement* on 25 February. Those, and other, reviews have with some unanimity attested to the perceptiveness of Keating's book and the importance of its subject – in fact, to the genius of the poet, notwithstanding the obloquy to which he and his works are apt to be exposed in the long protracted aftermath of empire.

Godfrey Hodgson's review staunchly defended Kipling against those who have attempted to show that we should somehow be ashamed of being attracted by his verse. "There never was any reason to be ashamed. The critics and the poets they preferred are both on the farther shore, gesticulating faintly and in vain, like the shades of Virgil's underworld. Kipling's voice, like few others, still comes loud and honest from that time that has gone by, insistent and unmistakable, often vulgar and sometimes noble. Now we are free to love him as the best of him deserves."

*Note:* By arrangement with the publishers, members of the Kipling Society in the U.K. may order copies of *Kipling the Poet* at a special offer price of £20 (i.e. £5 reduction), including postage & packing. Phone the Credit Card Hotline (0933 410511) during office hours, and quote the reference KS 4.

## 'UNCLE CROM'

### KIPLING'S FRIENDSHIP WITH CORMELL PRICE – Part One

by LORRAINE PRICE

[Lorraine Price is the granddaughter of Cormell Price, Kipling's revered headmaster at the United Services College, at Westward Ho! She and her Aunt Dorothy (his daughter, a lady of venerable age now, who lives in Washington, D.C.) are Price's only surviving close relatives.

She lives in London, and works as a careers adviser with unemployed and employed adults; and is a member of both the William Morris and the Kipling Societies. Many of us in the Kipling Society have reason to remember with appreciation and pleasure her two recent lectures to us, bearing on Kipling's admirable relationship with her grandfather. The *first* was in September 1992 at the Victoria & Albert Museum in London, entitled "A Jumble of Delights and Emotions: Kipling and the Burne-Jones Circle"; the *second* was in May 1993 at the Whiteway Centre, Rottingdean – a presentation which included many references to Rottingdean, where the Kiplings lived from 1897 to 1902, and where Price died in 1910.

Both her talks made use of certain virtually unknown letters, and since the National Trust retains the copyright in such unpublished material as pertains to the Kipling Estate, we are grateful to the Trust's Publishing Administrator for permission to reproduce them.

The text that follows is drawn from Lorraine Price's 1993 presentation, but naturally includes material that she used in 1992. It is Part I of a two-part article: the rest will follow in our next issue. This part deals with the relationship between Kipling and Price *before* Kipling's Rottingdean years; the next will cover the period from 1897 to Price's death in 1910.

Cormell Price had a very beneficial influence on the young Kipling – more, at one time, than the boy's absent parents could exert. But he also has a notable place in fiction, as the wise and temperate "Head" in *Stalky & Co.* In the words of one perceptive commentator, W. Worster (in *Merlin's Isle*, a study of Kipling's perspective on England), "the great vindication of *Stalky* from the moral point of view lies in the character of the Head, in the author's tribute to that character, and in his showing of its influence upon the boys." – *Ed.*]

Cornell Price – or 'Uncle Crom' as he was called by his friend and former pupil, Rudyard Kipling – was born in 1835, two years after his dearest friend, Edward Burne-Jones, with whom he grew up and attended King Edward's School in Birmingham. It was there that they met Harry Macdonald, whose father, the Reverend George Macdonald, a Methodist minister, had arrived in Birmingham with his family in 1850 to start a three-year 'circuit'.

'Crom' Price and Edward Burne-Jones quickly became acquainted with the Macdonald family; and this had highly important consequences for Price. The friendship developed and deepened after Burne-Jones, Macdonald and Price went up to Oxford; (Burne-Jones eventually married Harry Macdonald's sister Georgiana in 1860). At Oxford, the friends from Birmingham met and quickly formed close ties with William Morris, who was to be by far the most influential figure of all.

Much later on, in 1874, 'Crom' received a letter from another of Harry Macdonald's sisters, Alice, who had married John Lockwood Kipling. The Kiplings were now living in India, where Lockwood had a teaching post at the School of Art in Bombay. 'Crom' himself was by this time Headmaster at the United Services College in Westward Ho!, and to him Alice wrote:

My dear Crom,

If your old friends no longer call you by that familiar name pardon my using it, and take as an apology the assurances that the friends of twenty years ago are still remembered by me as I used to know them and that I can never think of them as growing older, or changing in any way – I saw in yesterday's Pioneer an advertisement of the "United Services Proprietary College", and was delighted to see your name as Head Master. I have heard the scheme of the school discussed out here but until I read your Prospectus I thought no more of it than of any other school. Now I find more reasons than one why I am interested in it, and I want especially to know if the son of a Gazetted Officer in the Educational Department (Bombay Uncovenanted Service) would be eligible for admission, or whether the privilege is reserved for the Military and the "Heaven-born"?

Our little boy – Ruddy – whom I think you saw at the Grange three years ago, is now eight and a half years old, and in a couple of years' time ought to go to a good public school, and Mr. Kipling and I shall be very glad if it is possible to send him to the United Services College. I trouble you for this information instead of writing to the Secretary because the sight of your name

in connection with the School made it seem natural to ask you directly. If you retain as vivid a remembrance as I do of old times in Birmingham, London, Oxford and Summertown, you will overlook the irregularity and write to me before very long.

(The Grange, referred to in this letter, was the London home of her sister and brother-in-law, Georgiana and Edward Burne-Jones.)

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In fact, Kipling did not begin his schooldays at Westward Ho! until 1878. Of that beginning, he wrote in *Something of Myself*:

Then came school at the far end of England. The Head of it was a lean, slow-spoken, bearded, Arab-complexioned man whom till then I had known as one of my Deputy-Uncles at The Grange – Cormell Price, otherwise 'Uncle Crom.'

It was my grandfather who, as 'Deputy-Uncle Crom', accompanied the twelve-year-old Kipling down to Devon in January 1878 at the beginning of his first term at school. It seems to me that Kipling and my grandfather were successful in maintaining a careful distinction between the latter's different roles in relation to Kipling – those of Headmaster and 'Uncle'.

Perhaps Kipling's special affection and respect for him derived from 'Crom's' ability to switch from one role to the other without disturbing the balance of their relationship. After that first very unhappy term, Kipling faced the prospect of spending the Easter holidays without his parents, now back in India. 'Crom' immediately assumed the role of Uncle, and transformed the holiday period – an experience which Kipling did not forget. In "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman" (a story in *The Complete Stalky & Co.*, 1929), he recalled this particular episode:

Half a dozen of the Army Class stayed up to read for near exams, and perhaps as many juniors whose people were abroad. When the last shouting brake-load had left, and emptiness filled the universe, the Head turned into a most delightful and comprehending uncle, so that that forlorn band remembered those Easters through the rest of their lives.

As Kipling's Headmaster, 'Crom' of course played a not insignificant role in nurturing his young charge's literary talent.

Kipling paid tribute to his support in another Stalky story, in which he recalled the unusual methods adopted by his Headmaster in relation to his education, towards the end of his schooldays. Seeking to revive the school magazine, the *United Services College Chronicle*, 'Crom' took the step of appointing Kipling as Editor in 1881. In "The Last Term", Kipling wrote of his fictional schoolboy counterpart, Beetle:

Only the Head took an interest in the publication, and his methods were peculiar. He gave Beetle the run of his brown-bound, tobacco-scented library; prohibiting nothing, recommending nothing. There Beetle found a fat armchair, a silver inkstand, and unlimited pens and paper. There were scores and scores of ancient dramatists; there were Hakluyt, his voyages; French translations of Muscovite authors called Pushkin and Lermontoff; little tales of a heady and bewildering nature, interspersed with unusual songs – Peacock was that writer's name; there was Borrow's *Lavengro*; an odd theme, purporting to be a translation of something called a 'Rubáiyát', which the Head said was a poem not yet come to its own; there were hundreds of volumes of verse – Crashaw; Dryden; Alexander Smith; L.E.L.; Lydia Sigourney; Fletcher and a purple island; Donne; Marlowe's *Faust*; . . . Ossian; *The Earthly Paradise*; *Atalanta in Calydon*; and Rossetti – to name but a few.

Then the Head, drifting in under pretence of playing censor to the paper, would read here a verse and here another of these poets; opening up avenues. And, slow breathing, with half-shut eyes above his cigar, would he speak of great men living, and journals, long dead, founded in their riotous youth . . .

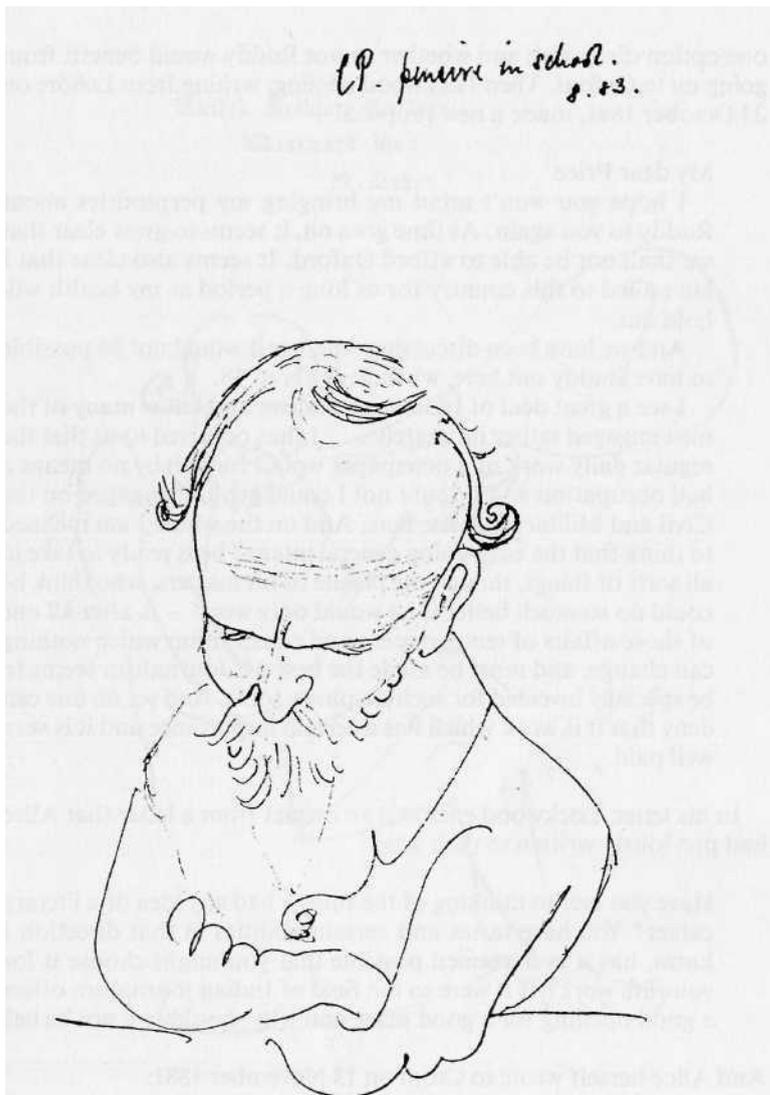
So the regular work went to the dogs, Beetle being full of other matters and metres . . .

It is interesting to me, reading this from a late twentieth-century perspective and with my own teaching background, to discover how *modern* my grandfather was in using these approaches. Nowadays he would be described, in the buzz terminology of teaching, as a "facilitator" and "mentor", and Kipling very definitely as an "independent learner".

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In 1881, a year before Kipling left the United Services College, there was an exchange of letters between Crom Price and Alice and Lockwood Kipling concerning their son's future career. Medicine was



"THE HEAD"

From a pencil sketch of Cornell Price, dated 1883; it is now the property of his granddaughter, Lorraine Price, author of the accompanying article. She believes, but cannot be certain, that it is the work of Edward Burne-Jones.

one option discussed; and whether or not Ruddy would benefit from going on to Oxford. Then Lockwood Kipling, writing from Lahore on 23 October 1881, made a new proposal –

My dear Price

I hope you won't mind my bringing my perplexities about Ruddy to you again. As time goes on, it seems to grow clear that we shall not be able to afford Oxford. It seems also clear that I am nailed to this country for as long a period as my health will hold out.

And we have been discussing whether it would not be possible to have Ruddy out here, when he is about 18.

I see a great deal of Indian journalism and know many of the men engaged rather intimately . . . It has occurred to us that the regular daily work of a newspaper would furnish by no means a bad occupation and I doubt not I could get him engaged on the Civil and Military Gazette here. And on the whole I am inclined to think that the easy-going general interest he is ready to take in all sorts of things, though the plague of his masters, who think he could do so much better if he would only work – is after all one of those affairs of temperament and constitution which nothing can change, and must be made the best of. Journalism seems to be specially invented for such desultory souls. And yet no one can deny that it is work which has a certain importance and it is very well paid.

In his letter, Lockwood enclosed an extract from a letter that Alice had previously written to their son:

Have you ever in thinking of the future, had any idea of a literary career? You have tastes and certain abilities in that direction I know, has it ever seemed possible that you might choose it for your life work? If it were so the field of Indian journalism offers a good opening for a good man, and why should you not be he?

And Alice herself wrote to Crom on 13 November 1881:

My dear Crom

Yours of Oct 20 reached us last night and I must send a line of thanks for it today. Before you get this you will have had John's . . . containing the extract from mine to Ruddy. You say "we must not be too hopeful about his sticking to any profession but literature – I foresee that he won't in all probability". This

United Services College.  
Westward Ho!  
A. Debon.



"WHAT IS IT?"

Another, more enigmatic, cartoon of Cornell Price, on a sheet of U.S.C. writing paper. Its owner, Lorraine Price, has kindly authorised our publication of these sketches. This one, like the other, is probably by Edward Burne-Jones.

expression of opinion – given before you knew the bent our mind has lately taken – helps to confirm our hope that we have thought of the right thing. Curiously enough in the letter from Ruddy which accompanied yours he writes so strongly of his enjoyment in editing and writing for the School Chronicle that it would seem as though our proposal to him would not be unwelcome.

Of course for the boy to go to one of the Universities would be the best thing in prospect of a literary career – if it could be arranged – but our income unluckily is stationary and our expenses increase yearly and that is a point that has to be considered.

It is possible that you may at first be inclined to despise Indian Journalism as a career of a man of ability – but it is a profession bringing both position and very good pay – and demands a good man. Out here Journalism does not grind a man to death as it is apt to do in the beginning at home, and without going into details which would be premature and unnecessary – if Ruddy were to remain at school for two more years and then come out to us such a young fellow as I confidently expect he will be at the end of that time, I feel certain that by the time he was 20 he would be doing man's work with man's wage. He would also be restored to his father's influence at the most critical time of his life – and would have considerable advantage from being the son of his father here. Also there would be home life for a few years – which I am certain would be good for him. But though I write thus you must understand we have not yet come to any definite conclusion – and I beg of you to send us your "alternate schemes" when you have framed them.

No evidence remains of any "alternate schemes". One wonders what these might have been!

In the event, Kipling sailed for India – where he would embark on the first stage of his literary career, as a journalist – in September 1882, much earlier than originally planned. His last few days in England were spent with the Burne-Joneses at their Rottingdean home, North End House, acquired in 1880.

Kipling's first letter from India to his former headmaster is dated 30 December 1882, his seventeenth birthday. It began:

Dear *Uncle* Crom – now that I am over seven thousand miles

away I can go back to the old term without it being too much audacity . . .

He expressed considerable satisfaction with his new post on the staff of the *Civil & Military Gazette* in Lahore, and concluded:

On looking over this letter I find it disgustingly sloppy and egoistical – but a boy's letter is invariably after that fashion and you will have had so many of them that you know what to expect when an ex pupil writes – all the credit to themselves, if they get on; and abuse unlimited of their school if they don't. How grateful I am to you for what you have been to me and done for me within the last five years I can hardly say – now however I must go to bed and have a smoke . . .

Thus began a correspondence which continued for the next twenty-eight years.

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I know from my grandfather's diary that an undated letter from Kipling had referred to a visit he proposed to make with his father to Westward Ho! at the end of June 1890 – the year that Kipling was hailed as a new star by London literary society. He had written:

Dear Uncle Crom

I have a father and a wish to go a-loafing. Between the two of us we wish to loaf in Devonshire for a day or two. When would be a good time having regard to the school and your exams?

My grandfather recorded in his diary on 1 July that:

Ruddy K. went fishing and wrote a Barrack-room ballad.

Father and son stayed just under a week, and in another diary entry Crom reported:

JK a genial companion and brimful of information.

In July 1894, shortly before my grandfather retired from his headship at the United Services College, Kipling wrote:

If I come down on the 24th, can you give me a bed or will I go to

Rowena? I must see the end of things at the old college though it is pain and grief to me.

In his biography of Kipling, Charles Carrington describes how:

On 25 July 1894 Rudyard made one of his rare appearances on a public platform, at 'Uncle Crom's' farewell to the past and present pupils of the United Services College. He even made a short speech on behalf of the 'Old Boys', congratulating Cornell Price on having created 'the best school in England' . . .

[In his reply] Price made it clear that his pride as a teacher lay in having educated the literary man who had sprung up among his military pupils.

"You, my dear Kipling, are the mouthpiece of a body dear to me beyond expression. You have rightly dwelt upon the spirit of comradeship that prevails among our Old Boys. . . You are the arch-apostle of comradeship, and you practise what you preach, and you preach it as no other living man has done or can do . . ."

I have a framed copy of the retirement testimonial, which states that my grandfather was presented with the sum of £200 collected by staff and pupils at the school, including a contribution [of £20] from his most famous ex-pupil.

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At the time of Price's retirement, Kipling had made his home in the United States. He had married Caroline Balestier in 1892, and by the time he left Vermont for good and returned to England in 1896, he had two daughters. From the house in Torquay which he took on his arrival, he wrote to Crom about his ideas for a story based on his schooldays:

Curiously enough, I am deep in a school tale, in which Dunster[ville], Beresford, Crofts and all the rest of 'em come in. There's a lovely scene with you in your study. It's for a Xmas number of the Graphic I think or else for Cosmopolis. I've never worked on the mine of material I accumulated at Westward Ho! But come down and you shall hear it read.

Kipling described the visit many years later, when he came to write *Something of Myself*:

. . . while we were at Torquay there came to me the idea of beginning some tracts or parables on the education of the young. These, for reasons honestly beyond my control, turned themselves into a series of tales called *Stalky & Co*. My very dear headmaster, Cormell Price, who had now turned into 'Uncle Crom' or just 'Crommy', paid a visit at the time and we discussed school things generally. He said, with the chuckle that I had reason to know, that my tracts would be some time before they came to their own . . .

The idea had taken hold, and Kipling followed up Crom's visit with another letter to him on the same theme:

I'm thinking of writing a series of tales on the lines of the old Coll. one I read you – about Dunster, Beresford and me. The English schoolboy hasn't been touched for a long time in fiction. If you have any reminiscences pray you send them along. I want a few examination paper mistakes and a copy of some *printed* Mathematical, Latin and English Literature papers – same as you used to set us . . .

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[to be continued]

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## KIPLING AND GOLF

by BOB LABBANCE

[Mr Bob Labbance, whose office address is Box 17, Stockbridge, Vermont 05772, U.S.A., is Editor of the periodical, *Vermont Golf*, and is a widely recognised authority on the game. He has written innumerable articles about golf; he is the Book Editor for the Golf Collectors' Society; and he is a co-author of guidebooks to golf courses in Maine and New Hampshire as well as Vermont.

Our paths crossed in 1992 at Marlboro College, Vermont, where he was consulting the college's Kipling Collection in search of references to Kipling as a golfer; (he has also been in touch with Professor Pinney, editor of the monumental collection, in two

volumes so far, of Kipling's letters). I invited him to send the results of his researches to the *Journal*; and so he did, and here they are.

His sources are sufficiently self-evident from his text. The account of Kipling's invention of a variant of golf, played in snow, is of course known to some of us, and may be found in a valuable little book by Howard Rice, *Rudyard Kipling in New England* (revised edition, Brattleboro, 1951). But Bob Labbanca's overall perspective is new and illuminating.

That is not to say that the topic is closed: on the contrary, I hope that our readers may send me further references to Kipling's interest in golf – from his own or other people's writings. One that I blame myself for not passing to Bob Labbanca, before he wrote his article, is in the item entitled "An English School", collected in Kipling's *Land and Sea Tales* (1923).

There, in an account of life at the United Services College at Westward Ho!, Kipling described how golf was played close at hand. "The Burroughs, lying between the school and the sea, was a waste of bent rush and grass running out into hundreds of acres of fascinating sand-hills called the Bunkers, where a few old people played golf. In the early days of the School there was a small Club-house for golfers close to the Pebble-ridge, but, one wild winter night, the sea got up and drove the Pebble-ridge clean through the Club basement, and the walls fell out, and we rejoiced, for even then golfers wore red coats and did not like us to use the links. We played as a matter of course and thought nothing of it.

"Now there is a new Club-house, and cars take the old, red, excited men to and from their game and all the great bunkers are known and written about; but we were there first, long before golf became a fashion or a disease, and we turned out one of the earliest champion amateur golfers of all England."

I am grateful to Bob Labbanca for opening up this topic; and he authorises me to say, in case any member should be in Vermont in winter, that he is "ready any time for a game of snow golf". Which reminds me: in his first paragraph he writes of a ball "*careening* over the icy surface". At first reading, I assumed it was a misprint for *careering*; but no, it is a more-or-less orthodox Americanism. My *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* (1976) notes that to careen, "in the sense of moving rapidly and in an uncontrolled manner, is now established in American usage, though still disputed by some". — *Ed. J*

A slight man with thick glasses, dressed in a typical Vermont winter costume of the 1890s – fur cap, buffalo coat, flannel shirt, and lumberman's britches jammed into knee-high boots – stands over a red sphere perched on the glistening snow-crust. Nearby, his companion, in clerical collar, mumbles some hocus-pocus and takes a vicious swipe with a wooden stick, at another red dot. The ball goes

careening over the icy surface towards a distant stone wall. . .

It is 10 February 1896 outside Brattleboro, Vermont; and Rudyard Kipling is playing a snowy golf-match with the Reverend Charles O. Day, pastor of the Brattleboro Congregational Church – while curious neighbours contemplate their sanity. A lover of the Vermont winter, Kipling has found another child-like diversion to occupy him, when most of his conservative New England neighbours have turned their attention indoors.

Although he only lived in Vermont for four years, Kipling was enchanted with the place from his first arrival on 16 February 1892, "with the thermometer thirty below freezing".

Working religiously from 9 a.m. till 1 p.m. every weekday during his four-year residence, he would write both of his *Jungle Books*, many of the short stories in *The Day's Work*, poems for *The Seven Seas*, and *Captains Courageous*. His afternoons would be filled with an appreciation of northern New England nature, and some form of physical activity.

The Kipling scholar Thomas Pinney has noted that "From all reports, Kipling was a well-coordinated man who moved easily and gracefully, but his eyes were quite bad. His chosen activities were swimming and fishing, and my impression is that he learned golf very soon after he returned to England from India, probably because it was a fashionable game, and many of his friends and acquaintances were then taking it up."

Indeed, the first reference to the game in Kipling's published letters comes on 23 July 1891, when he writes from London to Mrs Meta de Forest of Long Island, New York: "... Now the brutes of doctors are trying to chase me out of England again on another sea voyage. I wish to goodness they'd give a man a rest sometimes. Mother's out of town, the Father is going north and I am getting back to the country this afternoon to further educate my arm in the playing of golf ..."

Kipling did not let the fact that there was little or no organised golf in Vermont stop him from playing during his tenure. His documented play on the twelve acres of his estate precedes almost all golf clubs in Vermont, save the Dorset Field Club where transplanted Scots had been carousing since 1886.

No wonder if it merely added to the mystique and suspicion that surrounded the man in the eyes of his Yankee neighbours. Caroline Kipling's diary shows that "Rud plays golf" on 7 October 1894; and then again on 30 October, this time introducing the Cabot family of Brattleboro to the pastime.

His skills were sharpened and his interest was piqued when another famous man of letters visited Naulakha. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a player long before Kipling, and had time to sharpen his game at St Andrews, the birthplace of golf, while attending Edinburgh University. In his autobiography [*Memories and Adventures*, 1924], Doyle characterised his own game thus: "Personally I was an enthusiastic, but a very inefficient golfer – a ten at my best, and at my worst outside the pale of all decent handicaps. But surely it is a testimony to the qualities of a game when a man can be both enthusiastic and inefficient. Golf is the coquette of games. It always lures one on and evades one.'"

Doyle came for Thanksgiving of 1894. "I had two great days in Vermont, and have a grateful remembrance of Mrs. Kipling's hospitality. I had brought my golf clubs and gave Rudyard lessons in a field while the New England rustics watched us from afar, wondering what on earth we were at, for golf was unknown in America at that time."

Kipling took Doyle's demonstrations to heart, and by the following year had a convert in the Reverend Charles Day [who wrote an article, "Rudyard Kipling As Seen in His Vermont Home", in *The Congregationalist*, vol. 86, 16 March 1899]. The two spent many Monday afternoons together during 1895, speaking of topics from English society to Indian Rajahs to American politics; but they enjoyed an outdoor companionship as well. Day remembered that "[Kipling] was intensely interested in all athletics, though playing more like a poet than an athlete. He would discourse most eloquently about the uses of the ski, of snowshoeing and of golf. His play was good, but his dramatic description immensely better."

"We played golf over snow two feet deep, upon the crust, cutting holes into the soft snow, and naturally losing the balls, until it occurred to him to ink them red. The first day we experimented with them we dyed the plain like some football gridiron or Hohenlinden; then we had them painted. The trouble with golfing on the crust was that, as the meadow was upon a side hill with gradual slope, a ball went on for ever when once started, unless headed off by some kindly stone wall or by one's opponent. It was an easy matter to make a drive of two miles."

Kipling was a pioneer in more sporting ways than one, and not to be denied his pleasures when Day wasn't available for a starting time. A turn-of-the-century Vermont sports-writer, Jack Devine, remembered, "First man I ever saw on a pair of skis was Rudyard Kipling. Drove out one winter with Dr J. Conlan, and there were Kipling and his

[coach]man Howard playing golf on the snow crusted field, having sunk tin cans in the snow and painted the balls red."

Kipling's "ship" – as he referred to Naulakha – has been restored by the Landmark Trust for its centennial in 1993; David Tansey is in charge of the project. "The first time I saw the place three years ago," he told me, "there was a bowl of red golf balls in the house, but they had vanished by the time we took the key. We do have his golf clubs safely in storage now."

Kipling's interest in golf was not confined to the novelty of winter golf. John Bliss, a neighbour and dear friend who rented the Kiplings a cottage while they built their mansion, remembers summer frolic, and that "from his house he could see Mount Monadnock in the distance, and in the foreground the rolling fields where he played that queer new game, golf".

Day recalled those days as well. "As spring came little putting greens emerged like oases in the snow, and then we had holes made of empty vegetable cans sunk in the moist soil, round which we would manoeuvre in rubber boots. For a touch of courtesy I recall his intentional miss of a hole one inch away, throwing the victory to me, who was a stroke and five yards behind him. Retiring from outdoor sports, we would repair to the library for tea and talk."

Despite a guarded privacy, Kipling enjoyed the camaraderie of the game. In his autobiography, *Something of Myself*, he recalled his attempt to organise a golfing club. "Vermont was by tradition a 'Dry' State. For that reason, one found in almost every office the water-bottle and thick tooth-glass displayed openly, and in discreet cupboards or drawers the whisky bottle. Business was conducted and concluded with gulps of raw spirit, followed by a pledget of ice-cold water . . . But a promising scheme for a Country Club had to be abandoned because many men who would by right belong to it could not be trusted with a full whisky bottle."

Kipling left Vermont three years before organised golf began in Brattleboro; a six-hole course was developed and the Wantastiquet Golf Club was formed in 1899. There is no doubt he would have been a charter member; Howard Rice, his chief Vermont biographer, later became President of its offspring, the Brattleboro Country Club.

In the years following his stay in Vermont, Kipling's golf game suffered. It was not until 1908 in South Africa that he picked the game back up – this time at an established course. He even surprised himself. "Can you imagine me playing golf?", he wrote to Charles

Eliot Norton. "I find the game keeps one off one's work better than anything else, and I spend several afternoons a week hammering round the links here with Dr. Jameson. Occasionally a player comes across a snake – cobras for choice. The etiquette then is to play the snake same as a ball. A man the other day did this and behold, after the strike, the snake sat there coiled but completely without his head which had been swiped off."

A month later it was the same sentiment, expressed to Colonel Feilden. "Can you conceive me a golfer? I've taken to the game – on Wynberg Links – and go round with Jameson. It's a fool game, but it gives one exercise and prevents one thinking of the political situation which is wholly damnable." Royal Cape at Wynberg was South Africa's first and finest golf course, founded by the British in 1885 and moved thrice to greener pastures by the time Kipling enjoyed it.

While travelling to Northern Ireland in 1911, Kipling stayed near Royal Portrush – "a golf course reported to be second only to St. Andrews," he wrote to Feilden. "I saw a man yesterday with set lips and compressed brows toiling across the greens as one who was fighting his way into the Heavenly City: and I thanked God sotto voce that you weren't given to that form of lunacy. And he played dam-bad too."

Kipling may have had an opportunity of comparing Portrush with St Andrews when he was installed as Rector of St Andrews University in 1923. But his visit [9 to 12 October] may have been too brief for a game. The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* has remarked that "the Rectorship is a nominal appointment and does not involve residence: besides, Kipling was quite old by then!"

Yes, but we know the longevity of an avid golfer's career. Surprisingly, in all his published work there is only one exposition of a game that he obviously enjoyed over the course of twenty-five years. *An Almanac of twelve Sports* (1898) is a calendar for 1899, illustrated month by month by William Nicholson, with an accompanying poem about each game by Rudyard Kipling. His Golf stanza highlighted October, and simply read:

Why Golf is Art and Art is Golf  
we have not far to seek –  
So much depends upon the lie,  
so much upon the cleek.



#### SEASIDE GOLF IN OCTOBER

This modest little reproduction, shrunk to less than quarter-size and without the colours of the original (blue for sea, buff for sand and sky), does scant justice to the power of the series of strong woodblock illustrations in *An Almanac of twelve Sports* (see the end of the accompanying article). Still, the book is rare, and its pictures are not widely known — even though Kipling's creative partnership with the artist, Sir William Nicholson (1872-1944), was so unusual.

Kipling's month-by-month verses on the various sports are mostly ironic. In the context of art, if not of golf, one may infer a punning and sardonic *double entendre* in the terms "Iie" and "cleek". (But I do not think I would choose a cleek — a No 1 iron — to get out of that bunker.) — *Ed.*

## A POETIC TRIBUTE TO KIPLING

by THE COUNTESS DE NOAILLES

[It was Miss Susan Dudley, then serving on attachment with the staff of the London Library, who thoughtfully drew my attention to a poetic effusion in honour of Kipling, by the late Countess de Noailles. It had been published in December 1921 as a booklet, in a limited edition of 200, of which No 140 had been presented to the London Library. The publisher was styled simply as "Édouard", and the booklet was one of a long series of literary essays and the like, privately printed for "Les Amis d' Édouard".

Susan Dudley thought, with good reason, that the tribute in question, an emotional poem of fifteen stanzas, was probably unknown to most members of the Kipling Society; I am obliged to her — and to the London Library of which I am a member — for the opportunity to re-publish it. I am also grateful to Anthony Hartley for kindly producing a literal translation of the French — though he made clear that so "exclamatory" was the original that even the barest and most prosaic of renderings would be "bound to sound poetic, in a bad sense"!

Of the poet and the poem, Anthony Hartley writes as follows. "This *poème de circonstance* is not one of her best. Its 'occasion' seems to have been the alliance of France and Britain during the First World War. The Countess de Noailles (1876-1933), a friend of Marcel Proust, was born of Romanian and Greek ancestry as the Princess Anna-Elizabeth de Brancovan. Her poems take much of their inspiration from the Levant, and largely deal with personal experience against that background. Her love of the exotic naturally drew her to Kipling; but in this tribute, however well-intentioned, she can hardly be said to have done him justice."

What Kipling thought of it can only be conjectured. He loved France, and was proud of his popularity there; but he disliked flattery.

We cannot exactly date the composition of the poem, but it is worth noting that a few weeks before it was printed, Kipling was being lionised and honoured in French society. Carrington's biography sums it up. First, "the University of Paris wished to give him a doctorate, and this was followed by a similar message from Strasbourg. In Paris and in Alsace during November 1921 he was welcomed with the acclamation due to a national hero, fêted by the Chamber of Deputies, received by the President of the Republic, and overwhelmed with invitations . . ." — *Ed.*]

**A RUDYARD KIPLING**

Quand triste par la vie et par l'humanité  
Le Destin sans recours vient contempler la somme  
De la détresse ardue et de l'iniquité,  
La Chance unit le rêve avec la vérité,  
Et l'univers devient un homme.

[When unrelenting Fate, made sorrowful by life and humankind, comes to view the total of harsh distress and evil-doing, Chance joins dream to truth, and the universe becomes a man.]

Qu'il est beau cet instant obscur et fortuné  
Où, dans l'humilité et le silence, est né  
Un de ces coeurs puissants, nouveaux et nécessaires  
Qui dilatent le globe au moment qu'ils l'enserrent,  
Qui donnent aux humains la joie imaginaire,  
Et le bonheur d'être étonnés!

[How fair that dark, blessed moment is, when in humble silence is born one of those powerful, new and necessary hearts, who swell the globe as they encompass it, giving human beings the joy of imagination, and the happiness of surprise!]

Mieux que le feu des Grecs sur la montagne antique  
Annonçant les hauts faits entre l'herbe et les cieux,  
L'enfant universel et cependant unique  
Est un brûlant sommet par qui tout communique,  
Et le monde entre dans ses yeux.

[Greater than the Greek fire on the ancient mountain, proclaiming noble deeds between the grass and the sky, the universal child, solitary still, is a burning peak where all things give voice, and the world enters into his eyes.]

Tout est dans le poète; il s'ajoute lui-même  
Aux siècles, aux trésors, aux nations, aux lois.  
L'univers languissant refleurit dès qu'il l'aime.  
Il est fort en son coeur, et pourtant il essaime,  
Étant lui seul autour de soi!

[Everything is within the poet; he joins himself to the centuries, to the hoards, to the nations, to the laws. The fading universe revives again as he brings it love. He is strong at heart, and yet he sends abroad his swarms, he alone encircling himself.]

Il a tant absorbé et contenu l'espace  
 Que, dans sa marche ferme et sa simplicité,  
 Il transporte le monde alors qu'il se déplace,  
 On voit sur lui des flots, des astres, des cités,  
 On entend quand il songe, on entend quand il passe  
 Se détendre l'immensité.

[Space has been so consumed and held by him that, with his firm and simple tread, as he moves he carries the world; on him are seen waves, stars, cities; we hear when he dreams, we hear vastness relax when he passes by.]

- Le voici donc, pareil à sa forte Angleterre,  
 A l'île de vigueur debout sur l'eau d'argent,  
 Celui qui, d'un élan natif et volontaire,  
 Joint au Nord obstiné l'Orient des mystères,  
 A la fois actif et songeant.

[Here he is, then, like his strong England, the powerful island upright on a silver sea – the man who, with his wilful native impulse, unites the mysterious East with the stubborn North – man of action and dreamer at once.]

Si noble que l'idée ait rendu son visage  
 Le ténébreux instinct parfois l'ensevelit,  
 Il est tout recouvert de brûlants paysages,  
 Il ressemble au désir, il ressemble au voyage,  
 Et les parcours sont abolis.

[Nobly as thought has moulded his face, dark instinct sometimes buries it; it is quite covered with burning landscapes, it looks like desire, it looks like a journey, and the distances are wiped away.]

Il est baigné d'embrun, et pourtant il embaume,  
 Sa force est d'azur froid, mais les profonds étés  
 L'ont saturé d'un rêve où glissent des fantômes,  
 Telle l'Inde, où l'on voit cheminer dans l'arôme  
 Des peuples aux pas veloutés.

[He is bathed in spindrift, and yet he exhales perfume; his strength is from chilly blue skies, but deep summers have soaked him in a dream where ghosts slip by, like India, where we see passing in the balmy air peoples with velvet steps.]

Comme un mol éventail de palmes qui s'inclinent,  
 On sent autour de lui frémir avec amour  
 Le cortège enivrant des Contes des Collines,  
 Où, dans un bruit lointain de tambour vague et sourd,  
 Passent des corps ambrés, en blanches mousselines,  
 Des garçons aux yeux clairs, des filles cristallines,  
 Les balles de polo heurtant la paix du jour,  
 Les gais poneys et le vautour!

[Like a gentle fan of bowing palm-trees, around him we feel tremble lovingly the intoxicating procession of Tales from the Hills — where in a dim, muffled noise of far-off drums, there pass amber-coloured bodies, in white muslins, bright-eyed boys, girls clear as crystal, polo-balls jarring the day's peace, lively ponies, and the vulture!]

O somptuosité des palais de Lahore,  
 Gravité de l'Égypte, oeil distrait des Bouddhas,  
 Bruit des lotus s'ouvrant dans la Chine, à l'aurore,  
 Et la maison anglaise, où tout humain s'honore,  
 Paisible entre ses vérandas.

[O pomp of Lahore's palaces, Egypt's sobriety, the Buddhas' vacant eye, in China the sound of lotuses opening at dawn, and the peaceful English house amid its verandahs, in which every human being is honoured.]

- Poète, créateur, saisons, forêts, navires,  
 C'est l'homme en lutte heureuse avec les éléments.  
 Par lui l'animal rêve et la cime respire;  
 L'espace, entre son coeur et celui de Shakspeare,  
 Penche, comme entre deux aimants.

[Poet, creator, seasons, forests, ships – this is Man in a joyful struggle with Nature. Through him the beast dreams and the tree-top breathes; space, between his heart and Shakespeare's, inclines as if between two magnets.]

Que loué soit aussi le héros dont les ailes  
 Sont deux drapeaux penchés sur des corps endormis,  
 Lui qui, ressuscitant les stoïques amis,  
 Sur les soldats de France et d'Angleterre a mis  
 Des épitaphes immortelles!

[Let there also be praised the hero whose wings are two flags bent over sleeping bodies;

he who, reviving the friendship of the stoics, has inscribed immortal epitaphs over the soldiers of France and England!]

- Fascinés par la franche et sublime lueur,  
 Quel nom donnerons-nous à l'homme qu'on contemple  
 Avec ce long silence attentif et songeur?  
 Quel terme est assez fier, quels mots sont assez amples?  
 Qu'il soit nommé le Feu, L'Énergie et l'Exemple,  
 Qu'il soit nommé Consolateur!

[Fascinated by the pure sublime light, by what name shall we call the man on whom we gaze in this long silence, intent and dreamy? What phrase is proud enough, what words suffice? Let him be called Fire, Energy and Example; let him be called the Consoler!]

Consolateur puissant pour les jours sans courage,  
 Consolateur secret pour les cœurs moins hardis,  
 Main d'airain qui, puisant dans le tombeau des âges,  
 A ramené soudain sur l'antique rivage  
 Le terrestre et frais paradis!

[Powerful consoler for spiritless days, hidden consoler for less valiant hearts, a bronze hand which, drawing from the tomb of the past, has brought back unexpectedly upon the ancient shore the new earthly paradise.]

Veuille l'humanité, dans sa plainte infinie,  
 Considérer parfois cet honneur sans pareil  
 D'être, par ses enfants, divine et rajeunie,  
 Qu'elle efface les pleurs de sa face ternie,  
 Puisque, lorsque l'azur a de muets soleils,  
 La sombre terre a le génie . . .

[Would that humanity, in its endless lamentation, might remark sometimes the matchless honour of being renewed and made divine through its children; let it wipe the tears from its sullied face, since, when the blue sky has silent suns, the dark earth has genius. . .]

## 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.]

### THE 'WORST SLIP'?

*From Dr M.G. Brock, 11 Portland Road, Oxford OX2 7EZ*

[*Note* – Dr Brock (President of our Society) here re-opens an old but uncompleted quest. It began when Kipling, in chapter VIII of *Something of Myself*, regarding his occasional lapses from accuracy, confessed that "the men of the seas and the engine-room do not write to the Press, and my worst slip is still underided". It was once assumed — but it need not be — that the "worst slip" was of a marine or technical/mechanical kind; speculation has since ranged more widely, and occasionally surfaces in the *Kipling Journal*; I am pleased that it should do so again. — Ed.]

Dear Sir,

In his edition of *Something of Myself* [Cambridge University Press, 1990, at page 261, note 19], Professor Pinney refers to Kipling's "worst slip" being "still underided", and says: "Many possibilities have been suggested, but none carried conviction. Like Milton's two-handed engine or Dr. Johnson's dried orange peel, [it] seems likely to remain an unsolved literary mystery."

May I draw attention to the short story "Regulus" in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* (1929, at page 238; also collected in 1917 in *A Diversity of Creatures*), where King rejects Professor Conington's translation, "well-witting" for *atqui sciebat*, as "Wardour Street".

This London street became well known early in the present century as the centre of the nascent film industry. "Regulus", as Roger Lancelyn Green tells us (in the *Reader's Guide*, volume 1, page 396), was written or sketched out in 1908, completed or re-written in 1911, and first published in April 1917. By that date, the captions which interspersed the footage in silent films were a well-established 'art form'; and "Wardour Street" would have connoted flashy, meretricious phrasing.

The Stalky stories are, however, carefully presented as period pieces. For instance, Kipling tells us that "The Flag of their Country" should be attributed to 1881 or 1882, early in Gladstone's second government;

and Roger Lancelyn Green puts "Regulus" in November 1882 (*Reader's Guide*, volume 1, page 410).

Until the cinema came, no one would have used "Wardour Street", I think, in the sense in which King is made to use it. In my view the case should rest there.

Yours truly  
MICHAEL BROCK

## INITIATION OF CANADIAN ENGINEERS

*From Dr J.D. Lewins, Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 0AG*

Dear Sir,

Professional engineering friends in Canada have told me that the Canadian Society of Engineers has an initiation rite drafted by Kipling. They were unwilling to reveal the form and words of this rite, which they regarded as confidential – other than that it included a reference to Kipling's "Cold Iron" [from *Rewards and Fairies*]. Yet it may well be that the words are already in the public domain: do you or your readers know of any published version?

Yours sincerely  
JEFFERY LEWINS

## "THE LOST BOWER"

*From Mr Hugh Brogan, 14 Park Road, Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9NB*

Sir,

The long quotation from "They" [in *Traffics and Discoveries*] in the last issue of the *Journal* prompts me to ask for information which I have long desired. Towards the end of that wonderful story, the blind woman sings the lines –

In the pleasant orchard-closes,  
God bless all our gains say we –  
But may God bless all our losses,  
Better suits with our degree.

Whose are these lines? Where are they from? Can anyone help?

Yours sincerely  
HUGH BROGAN

## OLD MAN KANGAROO (AND MATILDA)

*From Mrs R.S. Meyer, 19 Aurora Crescent, Torquay, Victoria 3228, Australia*

Sir,

A probable literary source for one of the *Just So Stories* has recently been found; but it took three of us to make the discovery.

Mrs Lisa Lewis asked the question – and useful answers normally need the springboard of a useful question. As you know, she has the honour of editing the *Just So Stories* for the forthcoming World's Classics edition; and while pondering "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo" she wrote to me to enquire whether an Australian legend or ballad perhaps lay behind it. I knew of none, but through an academic friend's kindness I was able to send the name of an authority on Australian ballads; and also, for luck, I put Lisa Lewis's query to Miss Margaret Bain. She is an anthropologist who for many years was a missionary in Central Australia.

Not luck, but expertise, had Margaret Bain go straight to a work by Baldwin Spencer and F.J. Gillen, which had achieved considerable celebrity on its first publication by Macmillan in the London of 1899. *The Native Tribes of Central Australia* contains just the story to have stimulated Kipling. It tells of Ungutnika of Undiara, the reincarnation of the first kangaroo, say the authors, according to the history rehearsed by the Alcheringa tribe.

Features in common with the Kipling tale include the fact that while "a little kangaroo", not wholly developed, he was chased by a group of wild dogs. Further, the chase has three stages: three times they caught and killed him, but each time until the last he was wonderfully regenerated and the chase continued. Finally, during the last stage he scoffed at the dogs, which again has echoes in the Kipling. From many kangaroo stories in Spencer and Gillen, this one undoubtedly has a claim to be regarded as a literary original of "The Sing-Song".

Mrs Lewis will of course be giving a full account of the background in the introduction to her new edition; but she asks me to write to you, so that your readers may hear of the discovery before the rest of the world.

I welcome the opportunity, because I can now admit to an Awful

Error in my critique of this story when writing "It's Pretty – But Is It Art?" (*Kipling Journal*, December 1984). I said that "Waltzing Matilda" meant going to gaol. So I had been informed; but according to a well-loved member of the Melbourne Branch, the late Donald Thompson, that is incorrect. As a journalist of years' standing and an authority on Australian English, he assured me that the phrase never has any other meaning than that of "humping the bluey" – that is, as a Swaggy sets off, hugging a faded blue blanket wrapped round the belongings that constitute his "swag". So to waltz Matilda, or hump your bluey, is to take the road again.

It is refreshing to know that the *Just So Stories* are once more to be set in proper perspective. Well, for the grown-ups, that is. Other grandparents besides myself are well aware that the really truly perspective, as it's viewed by round eyes in upturned wondering young faces, is the same today as it was yesterday.

ROSALIND MEYER

## "THE TROUBLE WITH KIPLING"

*From Mr Frederick Andrew Lerner, D.L.S., Library & Information Science,  
5 Worcester Avenue, White River Junction, Vermont 05001, U.S.A.*

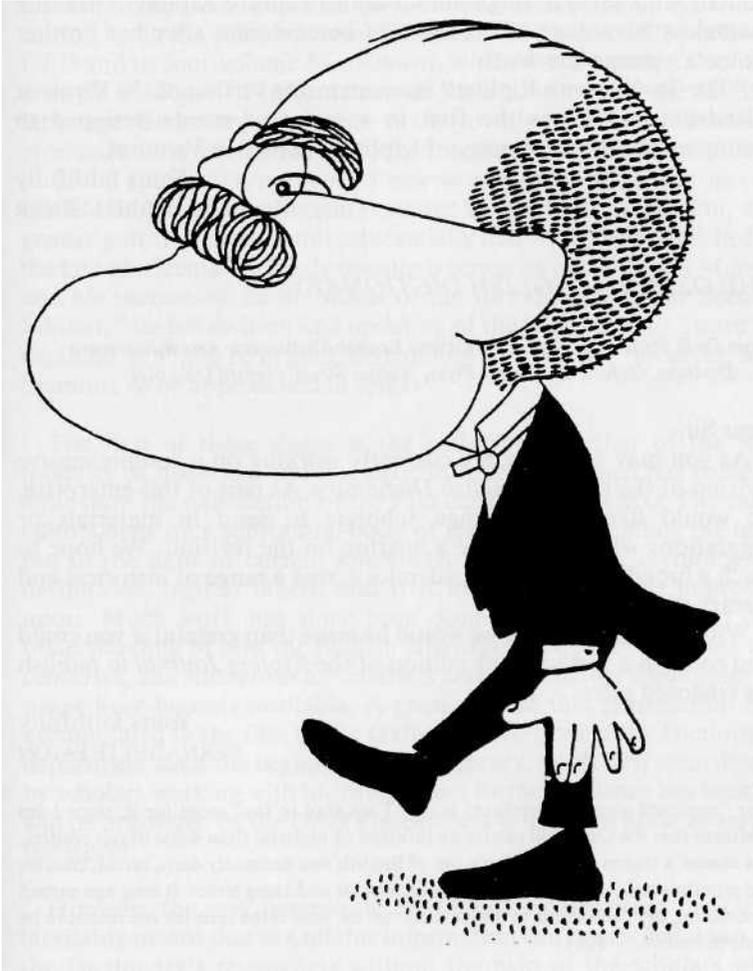
Dear Sir,

I yesterday [30 January 1994] attended a performance of a play, "The Trouble with Kipling", that might interest readers of the *Kipling Journal*. Here are some impressions of it.

The 'trouble with Kipling' was his wife, Carrie – at least according to her brother, Beatty Balestier. Towards the end of his life, three months after Rudyard Kipling's death [in 1936], Beatty explained to an invisible audience of reporters and curiosity-seekers *his* side of the dispute with his brother-in-law that had led to the Kiplings' abrupt and permanent departure from Dummerston, Vermont.

Beatty Balestier's 'press conference' was overheard by thirty spectators in Barrett Memorial Hall at South Strafford, Vermont – an impressive audience for an icy Sunday in a small town (population 902), especially on the afternoon of professional football's Super Bowl. Geoffrey [*sic*] Brown, who teaches drama at Marlboro College, wrote and performed "The Trouble with Kipling", the fifth in a series of one-man portrayals of "quintessential Americans".

His Beatty Balestier was a good-hearted if improvident Vermonter, who saw in Kipling a congenial companion spoiled for American life



#### KIPLING IN VERMONT

Kipling was a gift to caricaturists. This not too unkind depiction was used in the programme of "The Trouble with Kipling" (see Mr Lerner's letter). In that play, so the programme tells us, "Beatty Balestier sits on his porch in Dummerston, Vermont. There will be one 10 minute intermission. A discussion will follow."

by his anglophile snob of a wife. Carrie Balestier was a domineering woman who set out single-mindedly to capture Kipling – taking shameless advantage of his sense of bereavement after her brother Wolcott's premature death.

"The Trouble with Kipling" is a convincing version of the Vermont misadventure. It was the first in a series of events designed to commemorate the centenary of Kipling's arrival in Vermont.

Yours faithfully  
FRED LERNER

## THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

*From Dr B. Paton, Senior Editor, Oxford English Dictionary, Arts & Reference  
Division, Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP*

Dear Sir,

As you may know, we are currently working on a comprehensive revision of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. As part of this enterprise, we would like to encourage scholars to send in materials or suggestions which may have a bearing on the revision. We hope to reach a broad spectrum of academics across a range of historical and literary disciplines.

With this end in mind, we would be more than grateful if you could find room in a forthcoming edition of the *Kipling Journal* to publish the enclosed piece.

Yours faithfully  
BERNADETTE PATON

[The "enclosed piece" is reprinted below. I am glad to find room for it, since I am confident that the *OED* will receive an infusion of material from some of our readers. It is almost a truism, that Kipling's use of English was unusually deep, broad, creative and experimental – not just in dialect, vernacular and slang terms. It long ago earned a memorial, here and there, in major dictionaries; now is the time for the record to be made definitive. – *Ed.*]

### CALL FOR RESEARCH MATERIALS FOR THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Many scholars and linguists will be aware that the Oxford University Press is planning a comprehensive revision of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. The Chief Editor of the *OED* is hoping to enlist the expertise of the literary and academic community to help in this task.

The proposed Revision will build on the work done for the Second Edition of the *OED*, published in 1989. The main achievement of this edition lay in the complete computerisation of the text of the original *OED* and its four-volume *Supplement*, which was then integrated into a single database of information about the history of the English language. Some revisions were made to this text – for instance, pronunciations were converted to the International Phonetic Alphabet – and a substantial number of new words were added. But as was made clear in the preliminary matter to the Second Edition, the greater part of the text is still substantially that which was published in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by Sir James Murray and his successors. In the words of the Introduction to the Second Edition, 'the full revision and updating of the Dictionary . . . must be regarded as a long-term goal, demanding considerable resources, and therefore to be approached in stages'.

The first of these stages is the collecting together of the vast quantity of historical and linguistic information which has come to light since the publication of the first edition of the *OED*. The early editors drew on a substantial body of learning in compiling the text, but in the light of current knowledge many of their etymologies, definitions, register labels, and first usage dates can be improved upon. Much work has since been done which has added to our understanding of how the English language has developed across the centuries, and numerous antedatings and more modern examples of usage have become available. A great deal of this information has accumulated in the files of the Oxford University Press's Dictionary department since the beginning of this century, much of it contributed by scholars working with historical texts; further evidence has been or will be uncovered by the *OED*'s researchers working in libraries across the world.

However, the very magnitude of the task of reviewing the *OED* inevitably means that not all this information can be tracked down by the Dictionary's researchers without the help of the scholars who generated it. Many writers and academics, in the course of their work, have come across and remarked upon earlier examples of usage than those recorded by the *OED*, senses not represented at all, and new etymological and bibliographical information. These findings are often published in footnotes to books and articles, or as appendices, but in the ever-growing body of scholarly literature on texts and textual criticism many of these notes have inevitably failed to find their way into the store of information collected over the years by past and

present editors of the Dictionary. The best means of ensuring that such discoveries are taken into account during the proposed revision is for scholars themselves to draw attention to their own work.

The Chief Editor is therefore hoping that anyone working on a literary, social, or other historical text who has found a discrepancy between the material with which they are working and an entry in the *OED* will send their comments to the offices of the Dictionary. In particular he would like to hear of any textual material that is likely to modify the dating and status of words and meanings listed in the second edition of the Dictionary. He would also be grateful to receive references to any work in which information has been published which may have a bearing on the proposed revision of the *OED* text. All contributors will be thanked individually, and a file of the names of correspondents who have made substantial contributions will be maintained for acknowledgement in the final publication. Suggestions, comments, and details of publications should be sent to

The Chief Editor, Oxford English Dictionary  
Oxford University Press  
Walton Street  
Oxford OX2 6DP, U.K. [fax no. (Oxford) 0865 267810]

or emailed to: oed3@oup.co.uk

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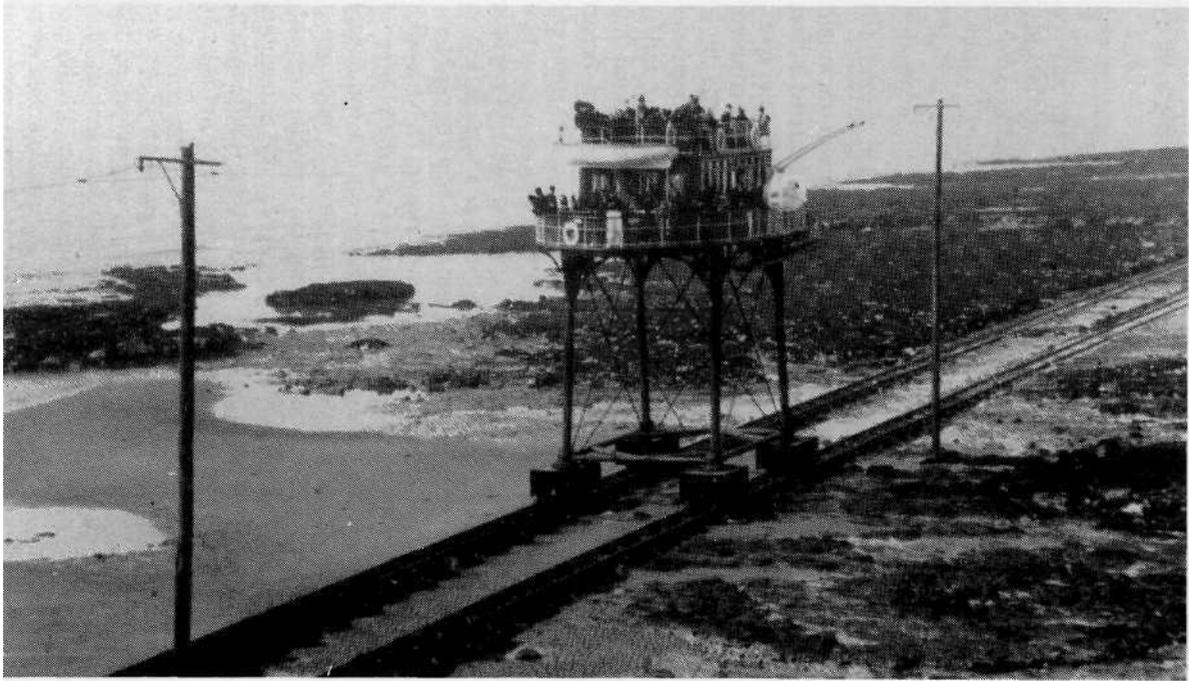
## POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

### THE 'DADDY-LONGLEGS' RAILWAY

*From Mr J.W.M. Smith, Tree Cottage, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, Sussex BN2 6LB*

[Mr Michael Smith, whose interesting article on Kipling's Rottingdean appeared in two parts in recent issues of the *Journal*, mentioned and briefly described the contraption which, under the title of 'The Brighton & Rottingdean Seashore Electric Railway', shuttled to and fro at the turn of the century. (See pages 16,17 and 22 of our September 1993 issue.)

In response to several strong expressions of interest, he has written to me with some supplementary information and another faded but revealing photograph (courtesy of the



*PIONEER IN MOTION*

This photograph (courtesy of the Rottingdean Preservation Society) shows the improbable *Pioneer*, carriage unit of the 'Daddy-Longlegs' railway, trundling sedately along the foreshore between Brighton and Rottingdean at very low tide.

Rottingdean Preservation Society). This weird railway was so conspicuous a feature of Kipling's Rottingdean that it is most surprising that (unlike his cousin Angela Thirkell) he seems never to have alluded to it in his writings. – *Ed.*

One of the most bizarre forms of transport ever devised ran between Paston Place in Brighton and the gap at Rottingdean. It was designed by Magnus Volk (1851-1937), who earlier, in 1883, had created in Brighton the first public electric railway in Britain, running on tracks along the edge of Madeira Drive from the Aquarium, initially to the Chain Pier – subsequently being extended to Paston Place, and eventually to Black Rock.

However, the 'Daddy-Longlegs' railway – as it came to be called – was a more adventurous concept, running as it did on twin tracks laid on the foreshore, with the accommodation component carried 24 feet above the bogeys on stilt-like legs, so as to be above high water level. The tracks, with an overall gauge of 18 feet, were fixed to concrete blocks, themselves fixed to the chalk 'abrasion platform' of the shore.

The carriage, powered by electricity carried through an overhead wire, was called *Pioneer*. Its enclosed saloon had decking around it, with more promenade space on top. The Board of Trade insisted that it should carry a lifeboat and lifebelts; that its maximum load should be 150 passengers; and that it should travel at no more than 8 miles per hour. Nor was it allowed to operate in rough weather.

At low tide (as in the accompanying photograph) the whole mechanism could be seen; but at high tide the saloon was carried on its stilts not far above water-level. Its operation was beset by problems at an early stage: only a week after its inaugural run on 28 November 1896, a tremendous storm, which destroyed the Chain Pier in Brighton, also caused the collapse of the Brighton (Paston Place) terminal jetty of the railway. *Pioneer* broke loose from its moorings at Rottingdean and was wrecked, but the Rottingdean terminal survived.

The rebuilding of the carriage and of the Paston Place terminal allowed the railway to re-open in July 1897. In February 1898 Edward, Prince of Wales, made two return trips in one day. Later in the same year, a 'request stop' was constructed at Ovingdean Gap.

The Rottingdean jetty (see the photograph at page 17 of our September 1993 issue) was made of steel girders, and projected 100 yards out from the cliff. The pier-head stood 30 feet clear of high water, and there were steps down to the landing-stage. Beneath the pier was the 60-kilowatt 500-volt steam generator. A funnel carried away the fumes and smoke; but this pollution elicited vigorous complaint from a newly elected Parish Councillor, Georgiana Burne-Jones. It

seemed not to worry her nephew, Rudyard Kipling, who with his children enjoyed fishing from the pier-head.

After a number of restrictions imposed by Brighton Council, which wanted Magnus Volk to divert the line for groyne extensions, the 'Daddy-Longlegs' railway became less viable; eventually, in 1901, it was closed. *Pioneer* was moored at the Ovingdean stage until 1910, when it was scrapped; the Rottingdean jetty was demolished at the same time.

At low tide, many of the railway's original concrete blocks – some now wildly askew – can still be seen. Magnus Volk's grave may be found in Ovingdean Churchyard, fittingly just inland half way along the route of his flamboyant invention.

### 'HIP AND TRENDY' – OR 'EXECRABLE'?

*From Mr A. Wolfe, 11005 Picasso Lane, Potomac, Maryland MD20854, U.S.A.*

After some reported comments on 'Bagheera and Schlock' (related to a letter from Mr Wilfred Thesiger – see page 47 in our December 1993 issue), we have received a newspaper cutting from Mr Wolfe. It is an article by Jonathan Freedland in the *Washington Post* of 26 July 1993 – headed BEHOLD BALOO, THE HIPPEST BEAR ON THE CHARTS; sub-headed '*Jungle Book*' *Remix Hits Big in Britain*.

It concerns a re-recording of songs, to make *The Jungle Book Groove*, described as "a single with a '7-inch Master Upbeat' on one side and the 'Jungle Club Mix' on the other"; and it was "a Top 20 hit in Britain, which still regards itself as a world leader in music and fashion (if not in much else)".

The characters from the Disney film "sound the same, but a synthetic beat thumps behind them, a 'sampled' snatch of Phil Harris (Baloo) jamming 'biddy-de-bub-bub' repeats throughout, and the whole thing segues into 'Bare Necessities' just when you'd least expect".

Such a record, it is explained, is not itself "that unusual. Refitting old standards with a dance beat has been common musical practice [in Britain] . . . What's different with *The Jungle Book Groove* is that the plunderer and the plunderee are one and the same. For [it] was not made by an underground outfit [but] by Disney itself."

A Mr Darryl Finer of Disney's U.K. subsidiary (Buena Vista International) is quoted as saying: "We wanted to make *The Jungle Book* hip and trendy . . . to bring it across to an older audience."

Regarding *samizdat* piratings of some of its songs, Mr. Finer acknowledged their popular success, but indicated that "Disney executives figured that if there was a hip market for their product, they should be the ones exploiting it."

The article continued, that "for a multimedia conglomerate like Disney" this was no problem: the remix was done by its "music arm", Hollywood Records, which received a major marketing boost from the re-release of the film in Britain. Not that the record had been praised in all quarters: a critic in the *New Musical Express* was quoted as describing it as "execrable crap".

However, in sales terms, "that hardly matters. The animated adventures of a 'man-cub' brought up in the jungle triggered nostalgic feelings in several generations of people . . . [which] gives the record an unusually large market."

## KIPLING AND BALFOUR

*From Professor Thomas Pinney, Department of English, Pomona College,  
140 West Sixth Street, Claremont, California CA 91711-6335, U.S.A.*

Professor Pinney writes to say he has come across four little-known lines of verse by Kipling in Kenneth Young's biography of Balfour, *Arthur James Balfour: The Happy Life of the Politician, Prime Minister, Statesman and Philosopher, 1848-1930* (London, G. Bell, 1963). The occasion for them was a formal luncheon on 3 July 1925, at Stationers' Hall in the City of London, when both Balfour and Kipling were made Liverymen of the Worshipful Company of Stationers. [Kipling's felicitous speech of thanks, entitled "Stationery", is in *A Book of Words*, 1928.]

In Young's words, "What makes this event memorable is that Rudyard Kipling . . . wrote on the back of the programme, which Balfour retained, this verse:

The Foundations of Philosophic Doubt  
Are based on this single premiss:  
'Shall I be able to get out  
To Wimbledon in time for tennis?' "

Professor Pinney wondered if these lines were on record anywhere else than in Young's book; and also where the original verse might now be located – which Young doesn't say.

Incidentally, Balfour's first book had been *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt* (1879); his enthusiasm for tennis was well known; and 1925 was one of the Wimbledon years made notable by the legendary Suzanne Lenglen, who again won the women's singles.

## KIPLING AND HERBERT

*From various readers*

A reader's enquiry, which we printed on page 49 of our December 1993 issue, regarding the provenance of a scrap of a Kipling letter of 17 November 1935 to "Dear Herbert", evoked several helpful replies – including, most substantially, letters from Mr Alan Underwood, of Bristol; Dr Gillian Sheehan, of County Kerry, Ireland; and Sir Richard Best, of Sussex.

They identified both the addressee (Sir Alan Herbert, C.H., 1890-1971, author, sailor, politician, humorist) and the cause of Kipling's delight (Herbert's election to Parliament as Independent member for Oxford University in 1935); and drew my attention to the book in which the letter was published, Herbert's attractively written autobiography, *A.P.H.: His Life and Times* (Heinemann, 1970), to which acknowledgment is therefore due.

Mr Underwood, himself a horseman of note, commented that the epithet "hard-mouthed", applied to the typewriter, "reminds us that Kipling dated from a period when horses were much more a part of everyday life".

The full text is as follows: –

### KIPLING'S LETTER TO A.P. HERBERT

*[Typed on Bateman's writing paper, dated 17 November 1935, with a handwritten note at head: "private and own type-writing on a new, hard mouthed machine".]*

Dear Herbert,

If our valley wasn't flooded, you'd be hearing loud and continuous cheering from it.

I am more pleased than I can decently say over the news of last night.<sup>1</sup> Also, more surprised; for I did not know that the Seats of Learning kept so much sense at the unused ends of their bodies.

You won't be able to *do* a thing; but you will be there to "sting the faces of men" *re* Holy Deadlock<sup>2</sup> and Gambling<sup>3</sup> (I can see from here

the joy of your running-mate<sup>4</sup> over these questions) and Thames-Traffic<sup>5</sup>! Now you'll have to evolve a decent type of penny-steamer. All the luck of the Practical Gods be with you.

Trusting your good self<sup>6</sup> has not been unduly affected *qua* your esteemed health by the political events which have transpired subsequent to your entry into the Public Arena.

Always yours sincerely  
[Rudyard Kipling]

#### NOTES

1. Voting in the General Election had taken place on 14 November. The counting in the Oxford and Cambridge University constituencies (later abolished) was for two members each, by the Single Transferable Vote system; and in 1935 Herbert was elected at the second redistribution.
2. *Holy Deadlock* (1934), which Kipling had read and much enjoyed, was a successful novel in which Herbert had satirized incongruities in the prevailing laws regulating divorce.
3. Herbert, a prolific author and journalist with numerous schemes for legal reform, was by 1935 known for (in his words) "abusing 'the politicians' in the papers about my pet grievances. . . divorce laws, licensing laws, betting laws and so on . . .".
4. This was Lord Hugh Cecil (Hugh Richard Heathcote Gascoyne-Cecil, P.C, later Provost of Eton and 1st Baron Quickwood, 1869-1956). He had been a Conservative M.P. since 1895; for Oxford University since 1910. At first frosty in his reaction to Herbert's election, he soon thawed.
5. Herbert was a keen sailor and, among his public 'causes', was devoted to the best use of Thames waterways – notably by river-buses.
6. From this grotesque last paragraph it is obvious that Kipling was familiar with Herbert's *What a Word!* (1935) — a book that strongly attacked many prevailing distortions of the English language.

#### CHILDREN AND TASTE

*From Mrs B.G. Schreiber, 44 The Green, Ewell, Surrey KT17 3JJ*

Mrs Schreiber (the Society's Honorary Librarian) invites attention to a review of Blake Morrison's *And When Did You Last See Your Father?* (Granta Books, 1993) in the *Times Literary Supplement* of 3 December 1993. The reviewer was Craig Raine, the well known poet

and critic – incidentally the editor of *A Choice of Kipling's Prose* (Faber, 1987), and speaker in a presentation on Kipling, produced by Fulmar TV Ltd, in the "Without Walls" series on Channel 4 on 8 March 1994.

In the review, Raine says a strong stomach is needed to read Morrison's book, which is "a masterpiece", but "in bad taste", in its frank account of the narrator's father's death from cancer. Such frankness, however, in his view, is true to a child's perception of, and interest in, brutal truths.

He refers approvingly to a passage in Kipling's *Something of Myself*, describing 'a macabre childhood memory' from Bombay, where

near our little house . . . were the Towers of Silence, where [the Parsees'] Dead are exposed to the waiting vultures . . . I did not understand my Mother's distress when she found "a child's hand" in our garden, and said I was not to ask questions about it. I wanted to see that child's hand.

Raine comments that "The child is often invoked as a figure for the artist with his fresh and innocent eye. Kipling is truer both to the child and the artist – with their shared unshockable, unflinching curiosity. Only adults think it's rude to stare. Only adults have the concept of bad taste. . ."

## "SONS OF THE SUBURBS"

*From Mr E. Webster, 6 Pledwick Rise, Sandal, Wakefield, West Yorks WF26DH*

Mr Webster has written to ask for the full text of Kipling's "Sons of the Suburbs" – of which he has vivid but fragmentary memories, arising from 'Kipling Nights' in a Masonic Lodge many years ago.

This item has never been 'collected', though the first stanza, and a useful accompanying description of the background, was published in our issue of September 1979. A curious bibliographical history attaches to the verses. They were written, gratis, for the Christmas 1916 number of the Forces magazine *Blighty*, however, its editorial committee, which included some women and clergymen, were apparently shocked by the reference to drink in some of the choruses, and asked Kipling to re-write them – which he refused to do.

In the event, apart from a few unpublished proof copies, "Sons of the Suburbs" remained virtually unknown until reprinted by the *Sunday Pictorial* on 19 January 1936, the day after Kipling's death. On 6 February, it appeared in the *New York Times*. Slight textual variants exist: the version printed below is substantially derived from that in the *Reader's Guide* (Verse Section, page 5447).

As the World Wars, and the tribal passions that went with them, recede into history, it may be worth reminding the reader that "Sons of the Suburbs" is part of a *genre* in which a certain bloodthirstiness was commonplace. Here, a soldiers' poet wrote a piece to entertain the fighting men of his side, and to celebrate the undeniable military accomplishment of a largely citizen army. Its appearance was thwarted by prim considerations far removed from the reflexes of the soldiers and sailors who would have read it: the committee objected not to blood but to alcohol – and a very neatly constructed piece of versification was thus suppressed. Here it is, with the choruses italicised: –

#### SONS OF THE SUBURBS

The sons of the suburbs were carefully bred  
 And quite unaccustomed to strife;  
 For the lessons they learned in the books that they read  
 Had taught them the value of life.  
 From Erith to Ealing they cherished a feeling  
 That slaughter and battle were sin;  
 From Hendon to Tooting they didn't like shooting –  
 And didn't intend to begin.  
*When the clergyman's daughter drinks nothing but water.  
 She's certain to finish on gin.*

The tribes of the Teutons were otherwise trained,  
 And broken to bloodshed from birth,  
 For their ministers preached and their masters maintained  
 They had only one duty on earth;  
 That all they were for was sanguineous war –  
 And the rest didn't matter a damn;  
 Being also intent upon culture, they went  
 For the voters of Wanstead and Ham.  
*But reading the name on a tin of the same  
 Won't give you the taste of the jam.*

The sons of the suburbs were firm but polite,  
 And rose in their place with a gun,  
 And a live bayo-net to express their regret  
 At the action of Herman the Hun.  
 It likewise appears they flung bombs round his ears –  
 Which caused a percentage of slain –  
 And, finding it sport, I regret to report  
 That they did "it again and again.  
*If the aunt of the vicar has never touched liquor,  
 Look out when she finds the champagne.*

The sons of the suburbs awoke to the fact  
 That killing had points of its own,  
 At giving a spice their existence had lacked,  
 And they rarely left Herman alone.  
 They were young, it is true, and the business was new,  
 But youth is the key to all arts –  
 Which is why the beginner's so often the winner  
 At capturing trenches or hearts.  
*If the churchwarden's wife never danced in her life,  
 She will kick off your hat when she starts.*

There are things in the breast of mankind which are best  
 In darkness and decency hid,  
 For you never can tell, when you've opened a Hell,  
 How soon you can put back the lid.  
 Now Herman's annoyed with East Finchley and Croyd-  
 -on, Penge, Tottenham, Bromley and Kew;  
 Though it isn't their fault they committed assault  
 Because – but I'll leave it to you .. .  
*If you and your friend never go on a bend,  
 It's Bow Street and jail when you do.*

## KIPLING AND GUYNEMER

*From Mr Norman Entract, Secretary, The Kipling Society*

Mr Norman Entract, perusing a recent catalogue from the London bookseller, Francis Edwards, found, among items on offer, a book described as "featuring a prefatory letter from Rudyard Kipling". It

was *Guynemer, Knight of the Air*, by Henry Bordeaux, translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill (Chatto & Windus, 1918), a first edition priced at £25.

Georges Guynemer (1894-1917) was the best-known French air ace of the First World War. A popular hero on the Allied side, credited with 53 victories in aerial combat, he was himself shot down over Poelcapelle in September 1917.

The book is described in the principal Kipling bibliography (Stewart & Yeats, page 507), which interestingly states that the U.S. edition (Yale University Press) had a corresponding prefatory letter – but by Theodore Roosevelt, not by Kipling.

The book is rare, and Mr Entract went to see it, but found it was sold. His question is, has Kipling's letter (with Roosevelt's for that matter) ever been published in the *Kipling Journal*? [The answer, I suspect, is negative. I will await a text. – *Ed.*]

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## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

### OBITUARY: MR D.J. PETERS

It was a sad shock to members of the Society's Council, when they arrived at a committee meeting in London on 9 February 1994, to be told that one of their number, David Peters, would not be coming: for he had suddenly and unexpectedly died that morning. Their profound regret at his untimely death will certainly be shared by the many members of the Society who knew him: our very sincere condolence goes to his widow, Margaret.

A retired schoolmaster, an active Justice of the Peace in Nottinghamshire where he lived, and a man of very wide social, literary and intellectual interests, David Peters found time to be an enthusiastic member of our Society and an occasional contributor to the *Kipling Journal*. He had the objectivity of a true scholar, leavened by a most attractive warmth of personality and a fund of welcome common sense. We valued his attendance at the Society's meetings, to which, despite the distance involved, he came faithfully whenever he could. We liked him, and respected him: he will be missed.

### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following:—

Mr B.H.J. Cook (*East Sussex*); Mr J. A Cooper (*Surrey*); Mr R.G. Peterson (*Minnesota, U.S.A.*); Mrs Celia Preston (*Kent*); Mr M.M. Shannon (*Middlesex*).

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

## AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast 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, soon to be 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, it is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great 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 he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention 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 wide, from erudite correspondence and scholarly criticism to such miscellanea as 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 or bibliographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial: 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 often 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 *Journal*, and holds an attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However, items submitted for publication should be addressed to **The Editor, *Kipling Journal*, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.**

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with vehement and 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. Moreover, 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 all receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a descriptive note on the previous page).

As an essentially non-profit-making literary organisation, run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. However, its large membership in North America is mainly co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is also 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, and which is located in City University, London; *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, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, 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 skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. **Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, P.O. Box 68, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 2YR, England** (or, for those living in North America, to the address at the foot of page 4).

The annual subscription rate is £20 – both for individual and corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: many members very helpfully contribute more.

