

THE

# KIPLING JOURNAL



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 69

SEPTEMBER 1995

No 275

ISSN 0023-1738



When in London  
on innumerable visits between 1892 and 1936  
RUDYARD KIPLING stayed at BROWN'S HOTEL.

The traditional English style and impeccable service  
that made BROWN'S famous is still maintained  
at the same premises, Albemarle Street, Mayfair

The KIPLING Room, intimately associated with him,  
can be reserved  
for Luncheons, Dinners, Receptions, Conferences



### **Brown's Hotel**

Dover Street/Albemarle Street, London W1A 4SW  
Telephone: 0171-493 6020



## BATEMAN'S

Rudyard Kipling's home from 1902 until his death in 1936. The rooms, including his study, are left as they were in his lifetime, and contain much that is of great interest.

The house was built in 1634 in one of the Weald's most beautiful valleys. From the garden there are fine views to 'Pook's Hill'.

*Location:* half a mile south of Burwash in East Sussex, on the A265.  
*Open:* from the beginning of April until the end of October, on every day except Thursdays and Fridays, from 11 a.m. until 6 p.m. (with last admissions at 5.30 p.m.)

## THE NATIONAL TRUST

*Our chefs have the Touch, and would earn Mr Marsh's warm approval – "If you 'ave the Touch . . . you 'old your neighbours . . . in the 'ollow of your 'and . . . Everything which a man is depends on what 'e puts inside 'im . . . A good cook's a King of men . . . It's the only sure business in the whole round world; and I've been round it eight times in the Mercantile Marine . . . Yes, a good cook . . . 'as brought many a ship to port that 'ud otherwise 'ave mut'nied.'" (Our restaurants in Surrey have a similar soothing effect on landmen.)*

### Khyber Pass Restaurant

18 The Broadway, Woking, Surrey

also now at

54 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey

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

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



## FAR HORIZONS TRAVEL

*For all your travel requirements – to East or West  
or any point of the compass known or unknown to  
Kipling – contact Julian Wiltshire*

1, The New Centre, High Street, Gillingham,  
Dorset SP8 4AA  
Telephone: (01747) 824369

## THE ARMY QUARTERLY & DEFENCE JOURNAL

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 is currently £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.

## The Bookshop, Faversham

*Antiquarian & Secondhand Books*

We buy and sell

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

write today and join our mailing list

49 South Road, Faversham, Kent ME13 7LS, telephone (01795) 532873

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## PRESIDENT

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

## VICE-PRESIDENTS

The Lord Annan, O.B.E.	Mrs Ivy Morton
Joseph R. Dunlap, D.L.S.	Mrs Margaret Newsom
Professor Enamul Karim, M.A., Ph.D.	Professor Thomas Pinney, Ph.D.
J.H. McGivering	Professor A. Rutherford, C.B.E.
Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E., D.Litt.	John Shearman
	Mrs Anne Shelford

## COUNCIL: ELECTED MEMBERS

Peter Merry ( <i>Chairman</i> )	Mrs Monica Furlong
R.J.W. Craig, O.B.E., M.C.	G.C.G. Philo, C.M.G., M.C.
Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C.	Geoffrey Plowden
	Miss Lorraine Price

## COUNCIL: HONORARY OFFICIAL MEMBERS

Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, <i>Meetings Secretary.</i>	Sir Derek Oulton, G.C.B., Q.C., <i>Legal Adviser.</i>
P.H.T. Lewis, O.B.E., <i>Treasurer.</i>	Mrs B.G. Schreiber, B.D.S., L.D.S., R.C.S., <i>Librarian.</i>
G.H. Webb, C.M.G., O.B.E., <i>Editor of the Journal.</i>	
Norman Entract, <i>Secretary</i> [home telephone (01428) 652709].	

## THE SOCIETY'S POSTAL ADDRESS

Kipling Society, P.O. Box 68, Haslemere,  
Surrey GU27 2YR, England.

*Honorary Auditor:* Professor G.M. Selim, M. Com., Ph.D., F.I.I.A.

---

## MELBOURNE BRANCH, AUSTRALIA

*President:* Ms Jenny Carter

*Vice-Presidents:* Dr Peter Naish & Mr L.F.I. Hawkins

*Treasurer:* Miss Judith Granowski    *Secretary:* Mrs Rosalind Kennedy,  
Bliss Cottage, P.O. Box 321, Beechworth, Victoria, Australia 3747

## SECRETARIAT FOR NORTH AMERICA

*Secretary:* Professor Enamul Karim, M.A., Ph.D.,  
Department of English, Rockford College, 5050 East State Street,  
Rockford, Illinois 61108-2393, U.S.A.  
[office telephone (815) 226 4183; fax (815) 226 4119]

## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

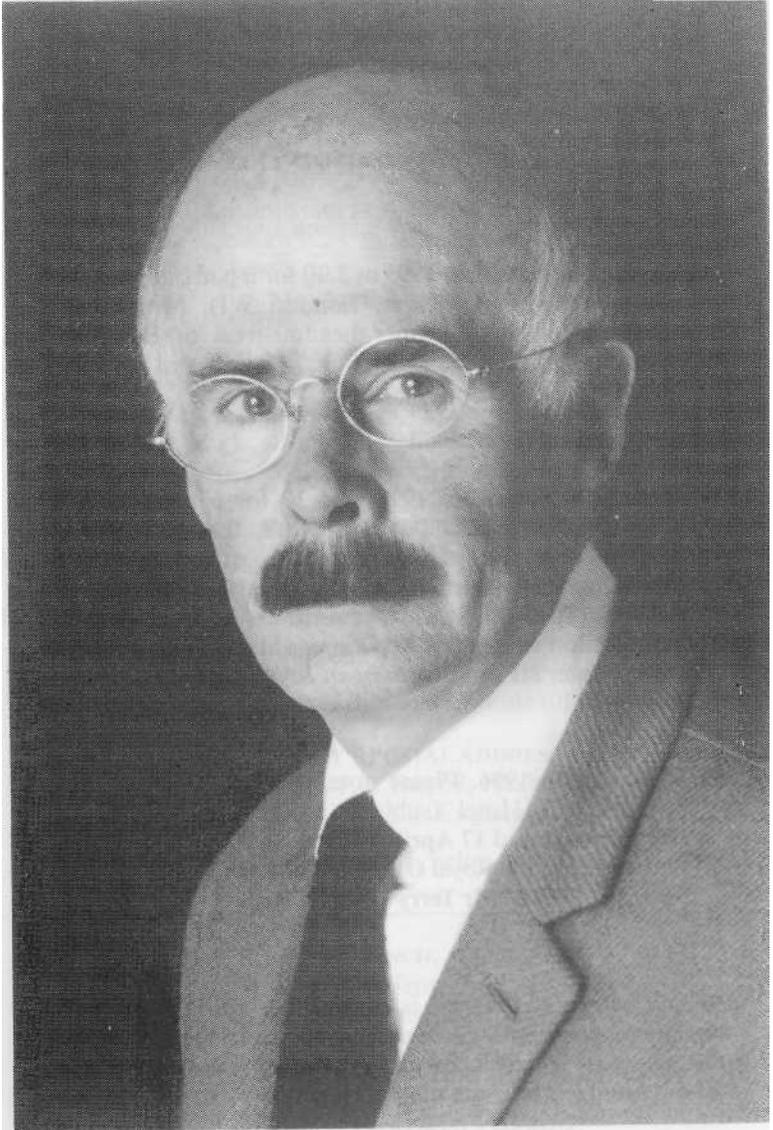
### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 13 September 1995** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel (Albemarle Street, London W1), **Mrs Eileen Stammers-Smith** (a former headmistress of Bermuda Girls' High School) on "Kipling, Bermuda and 'A Naval Mutiny' [*Limits and Renewals*]".

**Wednesday 8 November 1995** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at the Travellers' Club\* (106 Pall Mall, London SW1), **Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C.**, (formerly First Parliamentary Counsel) on "The Ilberts and the Ilbert Bill". (The Bill was a controversial measure, in connection with which Kipling was hissed in his Club — see chapter III of *Something of Myself*.)

**Engagements in 1996.** Please note, there will be meetings at Brown's Hotel (subjects to be announced) on **14 February** and **17 April**. The Annual Luncheon will be on **1 May** at the Royal Over-Seas League, and our Guest Speaker will be **Mr Terry Waite, C.B.E.**

\*I have been asked if there is a dress code at the Travellers'. Yes, there is: moderately formal attire is *de rigueur* — for instance, coat and tie are obligatory for gentlemen; jeans and other casual clothing are not acceptable.



'ON THE STRENGTH OF A LIKENESS'

John Clegg as Rudyard Kipling. See Michael Smith's review of Clegg's one-man show, "Brushes of Comets' Hair", at pages 36-38 in this issue.

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

*published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society  
(P.O. Box 68, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 2YR, England)  
and sent free to all members worldwide*

Volume 69

**SEPTEMBER 1995**

Number 275

---

## CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS	4
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	5
<i>Frontispiece: "On the Strength of a Likeness"</i>	6
<i>Illustration: Hardly a likeness</i>	8
EDITORIAL	9-10
ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1995 – including the	
Address by Philip Howard	11-26
KIPLING AND ME by Andrew Sinclair	27-31
MEMBERSHIP NEWS – including Annual General	
Meeting and Financial Accounts	32-35
"BRUSHES OF COMETS' HAIR" with John Clegg, reviewed by Michael Smith	36-38
BOOK REVIEW: <i>Fidelity and Honour</i> by General Menezes, reviewed by John Debenham Taylor	39-42
KIPLING AND THE HISTORIANS: a conference reviewed by Lisa Lewis	43-45
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Mine sweepers & apostrophes ( <i>Comdr A.J.W. Wilson</i> ); Jobson ( <i>Major D.S.     Foster</i> ); 'Soul murder' ( <i>Mr F. Lerner</i> ); "Mother Maturin" ( <i>Ms C. Harris</i> ); Print run ( <i>Ms J. Alison</i> )	45-49

[see over]

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS: Explicitness in novels ( <i>Mr N. Entract</i> ); "Barrack-Room Ballads" ( <i>Mr J. Whitehead</i> ); "If – " in Burma ( <i>Mrs L. Lewis</i> ); On Kipling ( <i>Sir Wilfred Thesiger</i> ); "London Stone" ( <i>several members</i> )	50-53
THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY: location and access	54
THE <i>KIPLING JOURNAL</i> : an explanatory note	55
THE KIPLING SOCIETY: an explanatory note	56

---

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

---



HARDLY A LIKENESS

I wonder if anyone would care to cite the provenance, and the artist, of this strange cartoon – supposedly depicting Kipling in the 1890s. If I do not hear from someone who knows more than I do about it, before I set up our next issue, I will there give such explanation as I can, myself. – *Ed.*

## EDITORIAL

The *Just So Stories*, a striking collection of myths for children – but one which has depths and details that make it rewarding at any age – appeared in book form in 1902, to generally strong acclaim.

An occasional dissonant note was heard, as in a *Punch* article on 8 October that year, which tellingly lampooned the archness of the style. "Down at the back of beginning, oh extremely Precious, there was a little Ruddikip . . . the most 'defatigable creature that anyone ever knew . . . And first he grew several Tails, which the 'defatigable Ruddikip said were Plain, but all the other creatures said were highly coloured . . . Then he made many other inventions in the day's work . . . and everybody agreed that there never was such a 'defatigable Ruddikip, and his little side began to grow . . ."

Wholehearted approval, however, was more typical. In the *Bookman*, Chesterton described the stories as "unique. They are not fairy-stories, they are legends. A fairy tale is a tale told in a morbid age to the only remaining sane person, a child. A legend is a fairy tale told to men when men were sane . . ."

The *Just So Stories* have lasted fairly well – endlessly reprinted, translated into many languages, newly illustrated with coloured pictures closer to the expectations of modern screen-fed children than Kipling's own starkly effective drawings, with their elaborate explanatory captions and their built-in, coded puzzles, sometimes well beyond a small child's comprehension. It requires a magnifying glass and an almost adult mind to decipher the runes at the beginning of "The Cat that Walked", to read "I Rudyard Kipling dreu this but because there was no mutton bone in the house I faked the anatomi from memori . . . I also urote all the plays ascribed by Mrs Gallup" – a Baconian who based her theory on alleged cryptograms in Shakespeare.

Not just the author's drawings and their lovingly detailed commentaries, but the poems and stories themselves, are replete with allusions which, opaque enough for educated Britons in 1902, must now be, for international readers, largely incomprehensible. How many of us can place Khama's country, or Fitchburg? Or spot the Masonic symbolism of H T W S S T K S? Or translate "O. and O. and D.O.A."? Or judge the authenticity of Kolokolo Bird? Or guess the derivation of the humbling of Solomon by a sea-monster, or of the tale of Old Man Kangaroo – or of any of the other stories?

Fortunately a new World's Classics edition of the *Just So Stories*, expertly edited by Lisa Lewis, comes to our aid. [Oxford UP, 1995, paperback, £3.99 – or \$4.95 in U.S.A., \$5.95 in Canada.] I can

hardly speak too highly of this production – except I wish it were a hardback in larger format, restoring Kipling's amazing drawings to their original size. But at the price, it is a bargain – worth it for the editor's perspicacious and scholarly 28-page Introduction alone, not to mention her 19 pages of Notes, plus bibliography and chronology, and a masterly general Preface by Andrew Rutherford.

Nor is that all. Included are three rare items: Kipling's own original Preface from the magazine version of the first story in 1987; and the two 'missing' stories, "The Tabu Tale" and "Ham and the Porcupine". Here also, rendered at last easy to read in the Notes, is the Hakluyt-like commentary of 'Lancelot Mayhew' on the map of "Ye Many Mouthes of ye Amazons River", recounting his ship's company's "whollie desprate essaie and venture . . . our wavering and lamentable vyage" – a tale of mud, hardship, ambushade and skirmish, mutiny and hanging, snakebite and fever; also, since it accompanied "The Beginning of the Armadilloes", sightings of an "Armourdilla or Hog-in-harness" and a "Jaguyar like to a great Catt".

The *Just So Stories* were sub-titled *For Little Children*, but reflecting as they do the coruscating creativity of a great writer at the height of his imaginative powers, they exert a far wider appeal. This admirable new edition underlines that fact.

\* \* \*

Another book that I have for some months meant to mention, more briefly but with positive approval, is *Collected Stories* by Kipling, chosen and introduced by Robert Gottlieb [Everyman's Library, David Campbell, London, 1994; xxxvii + 911 pages, hardback, £11.99].

Reasonably priced for its bulk, it contains an intelligent and stimulating Introduction, which appraises Kipling as a supreme master of short story writing – one who did not reveal much of himself in his stories, and tended to suppress the trauma of his Southsea years, but who was gifted with astonishing energy, curiosity and descriptive flair. It concludes that although he "used this fluency, or facility, to hide behind, the mask itself is never less than spellbinding."

The volume presents an excellent selection of forty stories, from "In the House of Suddhoo" [*Plain Tales*] to "The Manner of Men" [*Limits and Renewals*]. Altogether, this attractive book, which convincingly demonstrates Kipling's uncanny talent, and entices one to go and find another forty, and then another, can be strongly recommended to whet the appetite of any curious-minded enquirer.

## ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1995

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon, on 3 May 1995, was once again very successfully held at the Royal Over-Seas League in Park Place, London. The whole occasion was, as always, greatly enjoyed by members and guests – this year numbering over a hundred in all, including the following: –

Mr M.S. Allcock; Colonel J.R. Archer-Burton; Mrs R.F. Archer-Burton; Mrs H. Armstrong; Mrs L.A. Ayers; Lt Colonel R.C. Ayers; Mr L. Baldwin; Mr K.A.C. Bentley; Mr B.J. Bolt; Mrs G.J. Bolt; Mr J.J. Brade; Mr N. Brade; Mr J.C. Braun; Mr F.H. Brightman; Mrs E.H. Brock; Dr M.C. Brock; Mr H. Brogan; Dr W.N. Brown; Professor P.W. Campbell; Mrs B. Caseley Dickson; Mrs J.W. Clayton; Mr S.J. Clayton; Canon A.A. Coldwells; Mr R. Collins; Mr J.R.G. Comyn; Major A.T. Condy; Mrs E.E. Condy; Mr T.J. Connell; Mr R.J.W. Craig; Sir Ian Critchett; Lady Critchett; Mr M. D'Ancona; Mr R. Davis; Mr J.S.V. Davy; Miss E. Deacon; Mr B.C. Diamond; Mrs L. Eames; Sir George Engle; Lady Engle; Mr N. Entract; Mrs E.H. Feilden; Mr R.R. Feilden; Mrs Monica Furlong; Mrs E. Galyer; Miss A. Gilbert; Mrs H.M. Greenwood; Dr F.M. Hall; Mrs V. Hall; Mr N.J. Hallings-Pott; Mr Alan Hamilton; Mrs J. Harding; Mrs C.A. Palser Havely; Mr R.W. Horrell; Mr Philip Howard; Miss S. Huftel; Mr M. Ivens; Mr Michael James ap John; Mr D.G.S. Jameson; Mr D. Johnson; Mrs C.A. Key; Mr W.H.B. Key; Mr D. Leeper; Mrs J. Leeper; Mrs Bambi Lewis; Mrs L.A.F. Lewis; Mr P.H.T. Lewis; Miss Barbara Luke; Mrs D. McGrath; Mr J.A. McGuirk; Mr J. MacManus; Canon P.C. Magee; Mrs M.A. Merry; Mr P.F. Merry; Mrs R.S. Meyer; Miss M.S. Morison; Mrs M. Moynihan; Mr M.J. Moynihan; Mrs G.H. Newsom; Mr R.C.O. O'Hagan; Sir Derek Oulton; Mr T.C.V. Packman; Mrs T.C.V. Packman; Mrs D.E. Pharaon; Mr G.C.G. Philo; Lady Dora Pink; Miss L.A.C. Price; Professor Andrew Rutherford; Mrs B.A. Santa-Cruz; Mrs C.D.J. Santa-Cruz; Mr J. Saumarez-Smith; Mrs B.G. Schreiber; Mrs A.J. Smith; Mr J.W.M. Smith; Colonel G.T. Spate; Mrs P.J. Spate; Mrs E. Stammers-Smith; Mr B.H.C. Sykes; Mrs M. Sykes; Mr Wilfred Thesiger; Mrs E.M. Wade; Mr S.O. Wade; Mr G.L. Wallace; Colonel A. Walker; Mrs D. Walker; Mr G.H. Webb; Mrs J. Webb; Dr D.G. Wilson; Mr A.D. Wolfe; Major P. Woodley; Mrs P. Woodley; Lord Young of Graffham.

When the company were assembled in the India & Pakistan Room, and before the luncheon itself began, the Chairman (Mr Michael Smith) welcomed all members present, and their guests; and announced some 'apologies' received from members unable to attend: –

Mr Kenneth Barnes; Mrs Meryl Macdonald Bendle; Ms M. Coughlin; Sir Geoffrey Ellerton; Mr Alun Evans; Mr John McGivering; Mr Geoffrey Plowden; Mr William Rowntree; Dr Gillian Sheehan; Mr David Vermont.

He said it was a particular pleasure to have Mr Philip Howard of *The*

*Times* as the Society's Guest of Honour; his presence was undoubtedly a factor in the record attendance – just as the friendly publicity the Society had received in recent months in the pages of his newspaper had certainly boosted membership. It was good to see a group of staff from *The Times* present as guests on this occasion.

Continuing, the Chairman expressed a special welcome to Mrs Rosalind Meyer from Australia; to Mr Alan Wolfe from Maryland; to Mrs Caseley Dickson who had come over from Paris for the occasion by the Tunnel; and to Mrs B.A. Santa-Cruz, who had joined the Society as long ago as 1928 – clearly when she was very young.

He also singled out, among the guests, Messrs John McGuirk and Leslie Baldwin of the City University Library, to whom a great debt was owed since they had accepted custody of the Society's Library in their premises; and Mr Richard Davis, the General Manager of Brown's Hotel, with gratitude for making the Society so welcome in the hotel's Kipling Room – an arrangement which had given the Society a spiritual home in London, and which it was reassuring to find that Brown's regarded with similar approbation.

He then called on the Reverend Canon Coldwells to say Grace; and the Canon complied with four verses from " 'My New-Cut Ashlar' " [1890, later used as 'Envoi' to *Life's Handicap*]: –

If there be good in that I wrought  
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine –  
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied  
Stands all Eternity's offence.  
Of that I did with Thee to guide,  
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence . . .

One stone the more swings into place  
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.  
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,  
I saw nought common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken –  
Oh, whatsoever may spoil or speed.  
Help me to need no aid from men  
That I may help such men as need!

Later, after the Loyal Toast, the Chairman spoke briefly about the flourishing state of the Society. Its members shared an enthusiasm for, and appreciation of, one of the masters of the language. That it had been enabled to provide a lively focus of interest, which facilitated and enhanced that appreciation, was wholly due to the commitment of a succession of Officers who had served it well since its foundation in 1927.

The Society was very much alive, and its members probably needed no reminding of what they owed to the dedication of those who were fortunately willing to serve on its Council. Production of the *Kipling Journal* was only one of the many activities of the Society, but it was a very visible one; and Canon Coldwells had just remarked to him in conversation, what pleasure members felt when the magazine plopped on to their doormats every quarter.

He now adverted to the Guest of Honour, Mr Philip Howard. Mr Howard's distinction in the world of letters was very well known. He had been with *The Times* for over thirty years, serving as its Literary Editor from 1978 and as a Leader Writer from 1992. He was the author of numerous books, highly readable accounts of a range of British institutions, and authoritative studies of the nature of the English language – the latter a field where he had an acknowledged mastery. Everyone present looked forward to hearing what he would say about Rudyard Kipling.

#### ADDRESS BY MR PHILIP HOWARD

*Mr Chairman, Mr President, My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It is a signal honour to be invited to address the Kipling Society today. It is also a double-edged honour; a poisoned chalice; a Sword of Damocles; a *damnosa hereditas* of an honour. For I have this uneasy feeling, that most of you know more about Kipling – read him more often, have profounder views about him – than I do.

So I had better come clean. I learnt to read with *Les Malheurs de Sophie*, *Pinda the Panda* and Kipling's *Just So Stories*. My Greek maternal grandfather, who earned his living working for Ralli Brothers in Bombay, was a great admirer of Kipling, and had the red-jacketed Macmillan series as they came out. My early reading was *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Captains Courageous*, *Stalky & Co.* and *The Jungle Book*.

In my opinion the Hollywood versions of *The Jungle Book* may be very pretty films, with cartoons or even more wooden live actors and animals: but you must not call them Kipling, Mr Disney. Walt Disney is better when it makes up its own stories than when it cheapens one of the great books that are a 'rite of passage' into grown-up reading. (I still shiver with terror and delight at the destruction of Shere Khan, and the running of Red Dog.)

I grew up to think that Rudyard Kipling was among the greatest short story writers in English, level with Chaucer – not to mention Saki, P.G. Wodehouse and Margaret Atwood; that on his day he was a writer of unforgettable poetry over a huge range; that he was a flawed novelist – *Kim* is three short stories plaited together; that he was a writer who was amazingly bold at tackling all sorts and conditions of men — though less good at women; and that he was right about Horace . . .

But I was also a child of my time: how could I not be? I grew up to be uneasy about what *bien pensants* saw as Kipling's imperialism, racialism, antisemitism, violence, cruelty and even sadism. This was a fashionable view when I was growing up. Through the middle of this century the reputation of Kipling, like the reputation of Robert Louis Stevenson, was kept alive by a band of loyal admirers such as you.

Stevenson had been disliked for his romanticism, and for his *attacks* on European imperialism and exploitation of the natives in Samoa and the Pacific. Kipling, conversely, fell out of favour for being too jingoistically imperialist at the time of the long withdrawing fall of the British Empire. Kipling was a hero to my father and his employer, Lord Beaverbrook: I was a young man in revolt against father-figures.

Now the whirligig of literary fashion has brought its revenges. It has become fashionable to like Kipling, or at least to recognise him as a genius. So that's all right. . .

\*

I thought the question I might address today is 'Kipling as a *journo*'. At least I know as much as some of you about the journalistic half of the topic. And the aspect that has puzzled me is the curious relative silence of Kipling the author, about his original trade of journalism.

By the age of twenty-three when he left India, Kipling was a professional working hack. He was not originally a *prima donna* columnist, but an engine-room journalist: he knew all about deadlines, correcting proofs, 'subbing' copy by cutting the first and last sentences and removing all attempts at jokes – and putting the paper to bed. It is one of the ironies of the Inky Trade, that Kipling's

second paper, the Allahabad *Pioneer*, has since become a notoriously Red Rag.

*The Times* stole one of Kipling's earliest articles without acknowledgment or fee; and on 25 March 1890 paid him the signal honour of a leading article in praise of this infant prodigy of twenty-four. We seldom write leaders in praise of an author these days, unless he or she is safely dead — though we sometimes slag off writers of fiction at the time of the Booker Prize.

Why are there so few journalists in Kipling's works? And why are journalists so often treated as ratbags? Mr King in *Stalky & Co.* predicts that Beetle will come to a bad end by becoming a journalist. That early science fiction story, "As Easy as A.B.C." [*A Diversity of Creatures*], attacks the news-sheets as savagely as democracy. It is true that in "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" [*A Diversity of Creatures*] — one of the funniest stories ever written — the campaign is run through newspapers; but there is a sense of unease about the immense power of the modern Press. (And more than unease over the way the Central Southern Syndicate attempts to treat Dick Heldar in *The Light that Failed.*)

\*

While he was making his meteoric rise, as the century drew to its close, Kipling was on good terms with the old guard at *The Times* — its scholarly editor, George Buckle, and his long-serving Manager, Moberly Bell. He was pleased to write for *The Times*, and we were pleased to publish him, and pay him what *The Times* regarded as handsomely — i.e. considerably less than other newspapers.

But with the arrival of the roughneck new proprietor, Lord Northcliffe, and his new managers, relations cooled. I think Kipling too was changed, by the Boer War, and then by the Great War. He formed the opinion that standards at *The Times* had fallen. (People have been saying that standards are slipping at *The Times* ever since I joined it: I hope this is not cause and effect.)

Kipling also took the view that *The Times* had become a dangerously radical organ — a view which in the first years of this century took some taking. I imagine he felt that the world and the Empire were falling apart, and that *The Times* was not doing enough to hold them together. He preferred to take his work to more loyal and right-wing papers such as the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

You can trace the relations between Kipling and *The Times* in the archives of *The Times* at Wapping. At least I can, but you cannot, because our archives are mothballed, and we have started to charge

outsiders a huge fee for limited access to the less interesting papers . . . .  
But I recently took the chance of a day without a leader to write, in the archives, hunting Kipling down the years in his dealings with *The Times*.

\*

As you might have guessed, Kipling emerges as a complex contributor of many parts. Sometimes he is a freelance from Heaven. Here he is on 25 September 1895, offering a free article:

Dear Bell,

If you can find a place for it in *The Times* you're very welcome. I don't take money for verses written with 'A Moral Object' of this kind, but if you'll send me a weekly *Times* half a dozen copies of it, if you publish them, I'll be grateful. One can never tell how the fellows in Australia will appreciate Moral Objects (even when one disguises the moral) but I think they might like this.

Very sincerely always  
Rudyard Kipling<sup>1</sup>

PS. If you can't use it please send it back, or better still see if the London agent of the *Argus* wouldn't care for it. R.K.

All in the neat copybook hand of a journalist whose writing has not been ruined by continuous note-taking at the gallop. Rare today are contributors who refuse any payment in advance, and who express diffidence that their piece may not be acceptable. Lesley Thomas did write the other day, after we had rationalised our freelance payments:

Thank you for your letter. I knew that when Rupert Murdoch reduced the price of *The Times* to 20p somebody was going to pay for it. But I did not realise it was me.

Thanking a reviewer is generally considered bad form these days, but our archives contain an instance of Kipling doing so:

I have read and re-read your splendidly generous review in *The Times*. It specially delighted me to see how you had pierced my camouflage of dialects, etc. The French got on to it some years ago. And the damned Hun of course saw what I was driving at much too soon. But to the best of my knowledge you are the first man on this side to have seen it and said so authoritatively.

Sometimes, however, Kipling can be a *prima donna* and a freelance from Hell. As when writing to the new proprietor, Lord Northcliffe, that he does not like the new Editor and his staff. Or preferring to publish his poems in the *Morning Post* or *Daily Telegraph* because *The Times* has become too liberal, even radical, and is unsound on the Empire. Or returning proofs with imperious demands for punctilious corrections and no cuts:

The stop at the end of line 3, verse 2, should be a comma, not a full stop. There ought to be a hyphen between the words 'empty' and 'heart' – line 3, verse 3 ...

followed by a telegram:

There should be a question-mark at the end of the first line of the fifth verse.

Or – to give further examples of his being difficult – he was capable of insisting on the day, the page and the layout of the publication of what he had written. Or insisting that it appear simultaneously in rival newspapers. Or screaming about misprints:

I quite agree that a telegraphic report is most unsatisfactory in these days when the telegraphists of the country seem to be temperamentally inaccurate.

(Speaking of inaccuracy, this time due to the telephone, I recall a personal experience when, owing to a hereditary difficulty with the letter R, my report about the Dead Sea Scrolls came out with them described as Dead Sea Squirrels.) Returning to Kipling, he was not above sneaking to the proprietor that his idiot staff had stopped his free supply of *The Times* at Bateman's:

Your people took me off the free list a few weeks ago. It was too good a joke to spoil by telling them why or for how long I had been on it.

Of course, by now Kipling was a Nobel Laureate and a Grand Old Writer – and entitled to his *prima donna-ism*. Nor was it so pronounced as that of his friend Henry James, who never pretended to have been a working hack.

For example, there are proofs in the archives of a 'tribute' James had written, after the obituary of a literary figure. He had been asked

for 800 words, and had characteristically written 1800: he never used one word where a dozen would do. The Obituaries Editor wrote back with the proofs, thanking James warmly for his magnificent tribute, which caught exactly the spirit of the subject; but suggesting that it was rather longer than there was room for, and asking for optional cuts of 1000 words.

James returned the proofs with a single sentence enclosed in brackets drawn in blue pencil. (Admittedly it was a Jamesian sentence, accordingly considerably longer than the maximum of thirteen words, recommended as the longest allowable sentence in *The Times* when Rees-Mogg was Editor in the 1970s. But it was nowhere near enough.) In the margin James had written:

You may if you **MUST** remove the sentence enclosed in brackets without entirely spoiling the rhythm of the article. But yours is A **BUTCHER'S TRADE** [heavily underlined].

At least we never hacked Kipling about, as we did someone else in a recent obituary, which referred to a "battle-scared" veteran instead of a "battle-scarred" one. The family demanded a correction – rightly, but without taking into account the hazards of newspaper-production. And our correction on the following day had him as "bottle-scarred".

\*

But much the longest item in the Kipling file in the *Times* archives concerns the notorious case of "The Old Volunteer". You will remember that this was the forged poem, purporting to come from Kipling, which was published in *The Times*, and was one of the most embarrassing hoaxes in *Times* history.

It is fascinating to compare the 'official' versions of the affair, in the biographies and in chapter VIII of Kipling's unfinished memoirs, *Something of Myself*, with the private memos and letters in the *Times* archives. They involved the Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard; accusations and suspicions of rival poets; private detectives; Rewards – £5 not enough, try £10 – and Fairies; and monumental bollocking and panic in Printing House Square. But Kipling's account that he was not particularly upset, and that *The Times* was far more upset than he was, is not the entire truth.

You remember, a poem entitled "The Old Volunteer" arrived at *The Times* on Sunday 26 May 1918. It had been posted in Brighton on the Saturday; it had the Bateman's, Burwash, stamp at the top; it was

signed with what looked like Rudyard Kipling's well known, slanting and elegant signature.

It was sentimental and bitter: but Kipling *was* sentimental and bitter at times, especially by 1918 – incidentally it was not 1917 as stated in his memoirs. And it was pretty terrible: but, with respect, Kipling *did* sometimes write pretty terrible verse. (He also wrote wonderful, demotic, witty poetry, which dealt with subjects not usually considered poetic, in rhythms and with an elegant concision worthy of Horace.)

Now, Sunday is a tricky day at a newspaper. There will be no bread-and-butter of Parliament and the Law Courts. The Editor is off. There is a skeleton staff. The nightmare prospect is of the paper coming out full of blank spaces. . . .

In the words of the third and last stanza of "The Old Volunteer", which duly appeared next day,

We can stay a long duration,  
Though the doctor said  
How 'The Office' would be worried when  
You drop down dead;  
But there'll be a better Judgement for  
The Last Relay:  
I shall hear the bugle calling,  
And I'll march *that* day.<sup>2</sup>

On Monday, all Hell broke loose. Even after nearly eighty years, the archives *rage* with corrections; memos; drafts of telegrams from Geoffrey Dawson the Editor to Kipling, saying how annoyed he was by this outrageous forgery; memos to lawyers, to Scotland Yard and to private detectives, with names of suspects (some of them eminent), and of previous forgers, and of those with grudges against *The Times* or Kipling or both.

In *Something of Myself*, written nearly twenty years later, Kipling poses, saying that he was faintly amused by the spoof, and that

Human nature being what it is, *The Times* was much more annoyed with me than anyone else, though goodness knows – this, remember, was in '17 – I did not worry them about it, beyond hinting that the usual week-end English slackness, when no one is in charge, had made the mess. They took the matter up with the pomp of the Public Institution which they were . . . .

The *Times* account in the archives naturally sees the affair from a different squint. There is a beautifully handwritten letter from Kipling

to Dawson, demanding no further publicity:

. . . I hope you will agree with me that nothing is to be gained by re-opening an incident which made *The Times* – through its own unbelievable carelessness — and me, through no fault of my own, a public jest. . .

In *Something of Myself*, Kipling had fun with the private detective whom *The Times* engaged to go down to Bateman's to interview him:

It was a Detective out of a book, down to the very creaks of Its boots . . . It behaved like all the detectives in the literature of that period . . .

Kipling refers to him throughout as "It", with a capital T. He is patronising about Its manners; he is sarcastic about "the psychology of *The Times*-in-a-hole"; he is nostalgic for Moberly Bell, and for Buckle "whom I loved for his sincerity and gentleness"; and he offers It more sherry . . .

In the same passage, Kipling said he was telling the tale of the forged poem at some length, because

Institutions of idealistic tendencies sometimes wait till a man is dead, and then furnish their own evidence. Should this happen, try to believe that in the deepest trough of the War I did not step aside to play with *The Times*, Printing House Square, London, E.C.

Well, *The Times* has never 'furnished its own evidence' on this matter yet; but here it is – or here is a taste of it.

The detective was called Herbert Smale. I dare say he was not a 'gent', but he had the sharp eyes and ears of his trade. (Kipling had noted that "On the human side at lunch It knew a lot about second-hand furniture.") Here are some extracts from Mr Smale's long report on his lunch and interview at Bateman's on 29 May 1918. The first illustrates Kipling's pride in his professionalism as a journalist.

Kipling had said:

*Firstly*, that if this poem had been submitted by a professional journalist it would have had three lines under the title of "The Old Volunteer".

*Secondly*, that the paper upon which the poem is written does

not in any way correspond with the paper used by him.

*Thirdly*, that the envelope which contained the poem is not in any way similar to the envelopes which he uses.

*Fourthly*, that he never submits handwritten manuscripts for publication to the publishers.

*Fifthly*, that he does not use, neither has he such a thing in his possession as, the rubber stamp [of Burwash] on the forged poem.

*Sixthly*, that any journalist puts full stops in a circle.

Under instructions from *The Times*, Mr Smale had asked Kipling why he usually submitted his poems to the *Morning Post* and *Daily Telegraph*. However,

He was apparently disinclined to enlighten me on that subject, and consequently I had to drop it.

Mr Smale had then asked the Kiplings whether they had an opinion as to the author of the forged poem; and Kipling had replied that

It could have been either a German, Jew, Irishman, or a Quaker, all of whom he had at different times given cause to dislike him. I pointed out to him that this did not in any way assist us in obtaining the desired information.

Mr Smale clearly was a bit of an 'Inspector Plod', but he was systematic and observant. He found out that Kipling had that morning received a telegram making a bid for the musical rights of "The Old Volunteer"! And that he had also received an anonymous telegram, running:

The Times is out of joint — O cursed spite  
That ever K. was born to set it right.  
Yours sympathetically. Hamlet.

Mr Smale ended his account with the following comment:

In conclusion I may say that I had a very long conversation with Mr and Mrs Rudyard Kipling, as that lady was present during the whole of the interview and had most to say in it.

Later, recourse was had to Scotland Yard, in pursuit of the clue of

the rubber stamp; and a strong suspect with the initials "I.S."; and so on.<sup>3</sup>

\*

Three years later, in the summer of 1921, the Foreign Editor conveyed in a memo the hint that Kipling was greatly interested in "the possibilities of Air Transport as applied to the Empire", and had revised a memorandum which the Air Ministry had prepared for the Dominion Prime Ministers attending the Imperial Conference in London that June.

This is strictly between ourselves. Don't you think it is possible that we might get him to write us one or two articles on the imperial possibilities of air transport? I don't know whether you have ever read his story, "As Easy as A.B.C", in which he suggested the possibility of world government with air transport as the basis of its police system. At that time it was a remarkable effort of imagination, and it shows that he has always taken a great interest in this particular matter. Perhaps that unfortunate disagreement which we had with Kipling some time ago still prevents us from making any suggestion to him.

This prompted a letter to Kipling from the Day Editor:

With the Dominion Prime Ministers now in our midst, *The Times* is anxious to keep before the public the vital importance of air transport in the development of Imperial relations. We wondered if it were possible to persuade you to help us in the matter. We recall the delightful story in which you once suggested the possibility of a world government, with air transport as the basis of its police system. At that time it was a remarkable effort of imagination. Now it is seen to have been an accurate forecast. Can we prevail upon you . . . ?

To this request Kipling replied stiffly:

Dear Sir, I am in receipt of your letter of June 22nd in regard to keeping before the public the vital importance of Air Transport in the direction of Imperial relations, and I regret that the work I have in hand at present does not allow of my turning aside to do the articles that you propose for *The Times*.

Soon after this rebuff the Day Editor wrote again with another request:

. . . You may therefore be surprised at my approaching you again so soon. I must plead that I am a journalist, and that it is my natural pre-occupation to secure for *The Times* the best material available . . .

It was suggested that Kipling should write a letter to *The Times*:

. . . We like the idea of putting the Tattoo on a yearly basis, but we think it would be much better if it came from you. Could we persuade you to write us a letter of a few lines making the suggestion . . .

\*

I cannot pretend that this little scoop of items from our archives rewrites history. Our Kipling files are not huge, because Kipling refused to write for *The Times* early in this century. But they throw a little light on the private dealings of both *The Times* and Kipling.

I myself look forward to the day when all the archives of *The Times* except the very secret (and I have to say an astonishing secrecy is maintained even about who wrote which leader) are open to the public – if not at our cramped quarters at Wapping, then at Colindale as part of the British Library's national newspaper records. Our archives provide fascinating background to 210 years of politics, literature and journalism.

\*

In conclusion, as I said earlier, I do wonder why there is so little in Kipling's works about his original trade. Even his poem, "The Press" [1917], is not wholly positive. It is full of the terms of the printing trade –

Who once hath stood through the loaded hour  
Ere, roaring like the gale,  
The Harrild and the Hoe devour  
Their league-long paper-bale . . .

and affirms the unforgettability of newspaper-work –

But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem  
 Ere we forget the Press. . .  
 Who once hath dealt in the widest game  
 That all of a man can play,  
 No later love, no wider fame,  
 Will lure him long away . . .

It goes on:

Canst thou number the days that we fulfil,  
 Or the *Times* that we bring forth?

And it ends:

Remember the battle and stand aside  
 While Thrones and Powers confess  
 That King over all the children of pride  
 Is the Press – the Press – the Press!

But why is the older Kipling, for the most part, so silent about – or so hostile to — journalism? I suppose he had moved on to more important things. He was shaken terribly by the War and by the death of his son in 1915. He felt that the Empire, and other things that he believed in, were diminished and devalued by the new century. And he thought that modern journalism had gone too far.

I think his wife helped to turn him into a Grand Old Man, without his young man's eager eye and ear for all sorts and conditions of men – including, of course, underdogs. (He was never so good at women.) He never became a snob; but he became a bit remote from journalism.

However, at all stages of his life he had genius. And he had been a superb journalist, and craftsman in the Inky Trade. And I am going to invite you to drink to the memory of a man who, on top of his other talents, on top of his genius, was a great hack . . .

Ladies and Gentlemen, *Rudyard Kipling!*

## VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT,

DR MICHAEL BROCK

In returning our most grateful thanks to Mr Howard for a talk full of delights, I would like to concentrate on two assurances.

*Firstly*, none of us should be surprised that, in the early years of this century, Kipling judged *The Times* to be going downhill. People of right-wing persuasions have been coming to that conclusion since 1830 at least. (I mention 1830 solely because I happen to know about the Tories' views at that time: doubtless the same point could be made about a still earlier date.) Let us simply note that despite this long decline, more than a hundred and sixty years on, *The Times* flourishes.

The reputations of great newspapers, like those of the greatest writers, are bound to fluctuate; and it is prudent, in an age of 'hype', not to pay the fluctuations too much respect.

*Secondly*, may I express the hope that both the Society and the friends of *The Times* will take a balanced view about "The Old Volunteer". We have all greatly enjoyed Mr Howard's revelations from the archives of 'The Thunderer'. One needs the tale from both sides in incidents of this kind; and although Mr Smale's report was written less divertingly than the account in *Something of Myself* it is not to be disregarded on that account.

Careful as Kipling was to keep out of literary controversies, he was far too famous to escape all misrepresentation in the press. He knew newspapers too well to expect life-long good fortune there.

Some of the complaints of great writers against leading newspapers are well justified: others are not, since the mistake in question may reflect nothing more than the speed at which journalists have to work. Where straightening the record on such things as 'spoof verses and misprints is concerned, the verdict should usually be, 'Honours Easy'.

Sometimes the hilarity is too general for any response from the injured party to be needed. G.K. Chesterton once referred to a blameless public figure as "your distinguished correspondent": this was printed as "your distinguished co-respondent" – a term which had, in those days, a pejorative flavour.

Long ago, when I phoned pieces on Oxford University to the [then *Manchester*] *Guardian*, the results could be startling. A few years earlier, an obituary had been supposed to end, "Thereafter he devoted himself to his favourite branch of study." However, the last phrase appeared as "brand of toddy".

Let us thank Mr Howard for giving us a wonderful combination of the diverting and the instructive.

**EDITORIAL NOTES ARISING FROM  
MR PHILIP HOWARD'S ADDRESS**

[Though Mr Howard's elegant address was of course self-explanatory, there were three points (duly numbered in his text) where I think some supplementary comment may be useful. – *Ed.*]

**1. [page 16, Kipling's letter to Bell]** This letter, written from Vermont, presumably referred to the poem, "The Native-Born", which though dated 1894 in the Definitive Edition first appeared on 14 October 1895, in *The Times*. Mrs Kipling's diary entry for 25 September, the date of the letter, describes her husband as "occupied all morning singing the Native Born".

**2. [page 19, text of "The Old Volunteer"]** The first two stanzas (derived from the *Readers' Guide*, p 3413) went as follows: –

I can hear the bugle calling / And it don't want me / While the superannuation  
chap / O' Germany / 'S a-fighting for the Kaiser in / His Fatherland; / But our  
order's for the young 'uns / O' the old Brass-Band.

We were ready in the 'nineties / When the call rang clear / For the yeoman and the  
gentleman / To volunteer, / Awaiting for the enemy / On nine days drill; / But the  
Army wants recruits / Not the old Free Will.

One can understand Kipling's exasperation at having such doggerel lines so readily attributed to him. As he wryly said, "they were wholly unintelligible."

**3. [page 22, Scotland Yard]** From Mrs Kipling's diary it appears that her husband went there on 8 and 21 June 1918, to discuss the forgery with Sir Basil Thomson, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

## KIPLING AND ME

by ANDREW SINCLAIR

[Kipling, controversial classic that he is, has the prospect of going on being read into the indefinite future. However, the Society named after him is more mortal; and will only survive as long as it succeeds in attracting enough members to keep it in being. It particularly needs more young members.

Mr Sinclair, a civil servant still in his twenties, with strong literary inclinations, is one such. He joined us this year. In the article below he describes why he did so. He had first been prompted, by a visit to Bateman's, to look further into an author of whom he knew rather little. As he says in a letter to me, he had been "surprised by the diversity of Kipling's stories: it is rare to come across an author of such versatility, and one who has such a tight command of language."

Kipling cannot of course be separated from his period and the politics of his day. But it is his timeless *literary* excellence which will ensure that he stays in print – and may also ensure, if we are lucky, that some of his readers go for the 'added value' that our Society undoubtedly offers. – Ed. ]

I could have called this essay, "Why I joined the Kipling Society"; but the tone of that title might imply apology, as though my decision needed justification – in much the same way that a person might write, in rather a shamefaced fashion, "Why I Became a Shoplifter". This is not a confession, but an account of how my interest in Kipling was aroused, and why I felt moved to join the Society.

There can be very few people who have not heard of Rudyard Kipling, or not come across him at some point during their lives. Most will have fleeting memories of the *Jungle Books* – or if not the books, then at least the Disney film. My mother read me the *Just So Stories*, and an elderly aunt of whom I was very fond urged me to read *Kim*.

I remember reading it not out of any genuine desire but because I had great respect for my aunt. I found the story extraordinarily tedious; but then I suppose most eleven-year-olds experience tedium in large quantities about anything which is meant to be good for them. *Kim* was shelved, and its subtleties and beauties were wasted.

Then a couple of years ago I visited Bateman's with my family. Unlike many houses that are dutifully trooped around by the public, I was pleased to note that it did not feel like a museum; it was still a home. I remember feeling distinctly awkward in Kipling's study, as I

peered over the rope barrier at his desk – as though I had no right to be there.

Later, in the garden, my brother mentioned quite casually, as though commenting on the weather, that "Kipling was a fascist". An accepted and unquestioned fact! All this intrigued me; and since I have a healthy mistrust of unquestioned facts, I left Bateman's determined to renew my rather shaky acquaintance with Rudyard Kipling.

\*

Kipling was and is a man who cannot be viewed with indifference. This is apparent in all one reads of his life and works. People seem to divide fairly equally into two camps. On the one hand, he is viewed as the great story-teller, and his verse is quoted with careful reverence. On the other hand, he is viewed rather contemptuously as a vulgarian and a jingoist; something to be ashamed of rather than to praise.

The latter view was a popular one during the last years of his life, and survived for many decades after his death. Then interest in Kipling began to blossom again, as though people believed there was some good in the old chestnut after all. W.H. Auden commented in his epitaph on W.B. Yeats:

Time that with this strange excuse  
Pardoned Kipling and his views. . .<sup>1</sup>

I do not believe for one moment that the resurrection of interest in Kipling is due to the mellowing influence of time. People have started to read his work again, and have ignored or forgotten his reputation. It was a reputation built by people who had not read his books.

George Orwell made this observation,<sup>2</sup> and saw quite correctly that Kipling was judged on reputation rather than on actual experience. How many people profess a love of Shakespeare, but could hardly quote you a word? How many grace the lawns at Glyndebourne to watch the opera, but could probably not follow the plot of Goldilocks and the Three Bears? Assumptions are the products of lazy minds, and it was with this view that I turned to Kipling.

I did not expect to be impressed, nor disappointed: I just wanted the opportunity of judging for myself. After all, there are not many authors who have survived like he has – through years of bad press, and a society that has changed beyond all recognition since 1936. And yet one still sees his works in W.H. Smith's; so the man had to have something; and it was this that I wanted to find out.

\*

Orwell, in his essay on Kipling, mentioned that he belonged to the period 1885 to 1902.<sup>3</sup> Interesting that it should end on his arrival at Bateman's; but I believe that the best of his work (with the exception of *Kim*) belongs to the latter period, from 1902 to 1935.

It must be remembered that Kipling reached literary prominence at an exceptionally early age. Was he precocious, or simply very astute? I suspect he was both. Consider the marketing strategy of his early short stories, sold at railway stationers, to be idly read by travellers throughout India. The readers of *Blackwood's* took him to their hearts: here was a man who spoke for them, the forgotten toilers in the bureaucratic machine of empire. He came to London, a self-made literary giant, and found that London was not for him. He found the atmosphere disagreeable,<sup>4</sup> and wrote for the man of action rather than for the artist.

Kipling was not a man to put pen to paper until he was sure of his facts: he wrote about places he had seen, for people who were unlikely to see them for themselves. Much of his greatness lies in this ability. I have never been to India, but to read that passage in *Kim* where Kim and the Lama are bedding down for the night beside the Grand Trunk Road – it does not contain any of the flounciness of the lyrical, or of an imagination running away with itself – it is a soft and very beautiful picture.<sup>5</sup> If I ever see India, I should like to believe that such pictures still exist. Despite his contempt for the aesthetes, and his cultivation of his 'hard man' image, Kipling was at heart an artist.

Of course, one cannot dismiss his output of the 1885 to 1902 period. For example, his *Plain Tales from the Hills* is a valuable collection of his observations of colonial India at that time, and is probably one of the best pictures we have. The tales are interesting, comic – and sometimes tragic: who can forget "Beyond the Pale"? But his *Barrack-Room Ballads* are not to my taste. I find the contrived cockney a little too much to bear, and cannot rid myself of the conviction that they would have been better had he not cultivated this approach.

However, it was in his study at Bateman's, when Kipling emptied his thoughts, that he produced his best work; much to the annoyance of the *Blackwood's* crowd, who believed he had lost his ability to tell a good yarn.

\*

The later stories are more contemplative, complex and introspective.

Kipling seemed to write better when he was in pain. This is apparent in " 'They' " [*Traffics and Discoveries*], a combination of the sinister and the beautiful together with the tragedy of great loss. The story is all the more poignant when you consider how he lost his elder daughter: for this intensely private man, it was a public display of grief.

Some of the later stories are compact to the point of being watertight. The carefully tuned sentences, the deliberate choice of words and textures, play on the consciousness like the attentions of a skilled stonemason.

His treatment of horror is masterful, particularly in "A Madonna of the Trenches" [*Debits and Credits*], a tale which affected me for some days. The description of the hell and filth of the trenches, combined with the painful account of the creaking of corpses in the frost, is not something to linger over. It is interesting to witness Kipling's *volte-face* in these stories: from the friendly smoking-room companion to the man of deep thought and sadness.

Yet one cannot forget his tongue-in-cheek abilities, and his highly refined sense of the ridiculous. This is displayed in his last work, *Something of Myself*, which I would recommend to anyone embarking on a study of Kipling. Though ironically enough little is displayed, it is a good and amusing read.

I mentioned his ability, earlier, to produce pictures; but with some of his later work it is as though he is painting in abstract. He keeps much to himself; but the sheer force of the stories is incredible. "Mary Postgate" [*A Diversity of Creatures*] is an example; and in "The Wish House" [*Debits and Credits*] the treatment of dialogue, and the technique of the story within a story, are very very clever.

\*

From a visit to Bateman's I discovered an author whose diversity both impressed and amazed me: he can take you to heaven one moment, and to hell the next. I still have a lot to read and discover. I also have a lot to be able to go back to. If anyone defies categorisation and pigeon-holing, it is Kipling – a fact that, I have no doubt, would have pleased this chameleon of a man.

#### REFERENCES

1. From "In Memory of W.B. Yeats" by W.H. Auden [1939]. Here is a fuller excerpt from that much-quoted poem:-

Time that is intolerant  
 Of the brave and innocent,  
 And indifferent in a week  
 To a beautiful physique,  
 Worships language and forgives  
 Everyone by whom it lives;  
 Pardons cowardice, conceit,  
 Lays its honours at their feet. . .  
 Time that with this strange excuse  
 Pardoned Kipling and his views,  
 And will pardon Paul Claudel,  
 Pardons them for writing well.

2. Orwell's famous essay [1942, revised 1945] was collected in *Kipling's Mind and Art* [ed. Andrew Rutherford; Oliver & Boyd, 1964]. At the beginning he says that "before one can even speak about Kipling one has to clear away a legend that has been created by two sets of people who have not read his works." Incidentally, in an essay containing much that is highly critical of Kipling, Orwell disposes vigorously of the "Fascist" label sometimes attached to him. "The first clue to any understanding of Kipling, morally or politically, is the fact that he was nor a Fascist. He was further from being one than the most humane or the most 'progressive' person is able to be nowadays..."
3. Orwell, *op. cit.* "Kipling belongs very definitely to the period 1885-1902. The Great War and its aftermath embittered him, but he shows little sign of having learned anything from any event later than the Boer War."
4. His disgust with London and homesickness for India were strongly expressed in his poem, "In Partibus" [December 1889], collected in *Abaft the Funnel* [1909]. One of its fourteen stanzas reads: –

The sky, a greasy soup-tureen,  
 Shuts down atop my brow.  
 Yes, I have sighed for London town  
 And I have got it now:  
 And half of it is fog and filth,  
 And half is fog and row.

Another, following Kipling's often-quoted allusion to "long-haired things" theorising about "the Aims of Art", reads: —

But that they call "psychology"  
 Is lack of liver pill,  
 And all that blights their tender souls  
 Is eating till they're ill,  
 And their chief way of winning goals  
 Consists in sitting still.

5. The reference is to the evocative descriptions in chapter IV of *Kim*. "By this time the sun was driving broad golden spokes through the lower branches of the mango-trees; the parrakeets and doves were coming home in their hundreds . . . and shufflings and scufflings in the branches showed that the bats were ready to go out on the night-picket. . ."

## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, listed as in mid-July 1995: —

Ms Penny Burt (Victoria, Australia); Mr Wayne Burt (Victoria, Australia); Mr I.J. Cowan, O.B.E. (Perthshire); Canon F.H.D. Davey (Somerset); Major D.S. Foster (Devon); Mr R.J. Hardy Smith, O.B.E. (Sussex); Mr N.D. Ing, C.B.E. (Essex); Ms Ann Jackson (Victoria, Australia); Mr I.E. Jones (Dorset); Mr Robert D. King (Oklahoma, U.S.A.); The London Library (London); Mr W.J. Murray (Berwickshire); Mr B.S. Perryer (Surrey); Mr J.G.R. Proctor (Lahore, Pakistan); Mr D.L. Reid (Ayrshire); Mr David Alan Richards (New York, U.S.A.); Mrs P.M. Sellix (Cornwall); Mrs L.A. Skinner (Powys); Mr H. Waterson (Berkshire); Mr Robbie White (Western Australia); Mr A.P. Whitehead (Suffolk); Mr J.M. Wilson (Somerset); Mrs Pamela Wood (New South Wales, Australia); Mr V.E. Wright (Avon).

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 68th Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society was held on 19 July 1995 at Brown's Hotel, London, attended by more than thirty members including the Society's President, Dr Michael Brock.

The following members who were unable to attend had sent apologies:

Mrs P. Commin; Mr R.J.W. Craig; Mrs Monica Furlong; Mr Bertram Garai; Mr Peter Keating; Mr J.H. McGivering; Mrs H. Mills; Mr Richard O'Hagan; Mr J.R. Pippet; Mr Geoffrey Plowden; Dr Gillian Sheehan; Lady Sinclair; Mr G.H. Webb.

A full record was kept by the Secretary; the following is no more than an outline of some salient points.

At the start of the meeting, Mr Michael Smith, the outgoing Chairman, handed over to his successor, Mr Peter Merry, who thereupon welcomed the members present. In particular he mentioned Mr Leo Hawkins, a Vice-President of the Melbourne Branch, and Mrs Jean del Banco, who had hosted a Kipling event in Venice in 1986; and he noted with pleasure the presence of Ms Nadia Haggart from the BBC, who was planning a feature on Kipling in the Omnibus series in 1996.

The Chairman paid tribute to his predecessor, Mr Michael Smith, thanking him on

the Society's behalf for his great diligence in the Society's interests.

Brief reports by the **Secretary**, the Treasurer, the Meetings Secretary, the Librarian and the Editor of the *Kipling Journal* were presented and accepted.

A feature of the **Secretary's** report was the encouraging rise in the number of members an increase of about 80 since the previous AGM, a substantial proportion of whom had had the Society's existence brought to their attention by conspicuous and favourable coverage in *The Times*.

The **Treasurer** presented the audited Accounts (pages 34-35 in this issue). He said that income had exceeded expenditure, permitting a surplus to be transferred to Reserves. But he warned that this situation was only sustainable while the Society's administration was carried out by unpaid officers, and while nothing had to be spent on office accommodation.

The **Meetings Secretary** thanked Brown's Hotel for kindly continuing to provide attractive premises for the Society's London meetings. She had explored other possible venues for meetings, but none was so good. However, in November 1995 Brown's would be unable to make the Kipling Room available, so she had arranged for the meeting in that month to be held at the Travellers' Club.

The **Librarian** expressed gratitude to members who had presented books to the Library. She also thanked the University Librarian and his staff at City University for invariable helpfulness over custody of the Society's Library.

A report by the **Editor** of the *Kipling Journal*, who was prevented by illness from attending in person, was read for him by Mr Michael Smith. In it Mr Webb said that what was generally acknowledged as the high standard of the *Journal* was attributable to the quality of the contributions submitted by members by way of articles, letters, etc. It was an indispensable flow, on which he was utterly dependent, and he earnestly hoped it would continue.

The *ex officio* members of Council, being understood to be willing to continue in office for a further year, were re-elected *en bloc*. They were thanked for their work over the past year – as was the Honorary Auditor, Professor Georges Selim, who was re-appointed with much appreciation.

Two vacancies on the Council were filled by the election of Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C., and Mrs Monica Furlong.

Some detailed practical points were usefully raised in general discussion, for action by the Secretary or for consideration by the Council.

The Annual General Meeting was followed by tea; and then by Dr Gillian Sheehan's lecture on "Kipling's Medicine" (which, since she was prevented by illness in the family from coming over from Ireland to deliver it herself, was read on her behalf by Mrs Lisa Lewis). D

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1994

**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT**

	<b>1994</b>	<b>1993</b>
	<b>£</b>	<b>£</b>
<b>INCOME</b>		
Subscriptions <sup>1</sup>	8,776	8,581
Overseas Branches <sup>2</sup>	1,805	2,234
Donations	968	802
Investment Income <sup>3</sup>	410	299
Other Income <sup>4</sup>	266	418
	<u>12,225</u>	<u>12,334</u>
<b>EXPENDITURE</b>		
Print & despatch of <i>Journal</i>	7,039	6,342
Lectures & meetings	528	452
Library	130	109
Administration <sup>5</sup>	1,556	1,894
Advertising & PR <sup>6</sup>	720	—
Depreciation <sup>7</sup>	542	542
	<u>10,515</u>	<u>9,339</u>
Surplus for year	1,710	2,995
Increase/(decrease) in value of investments	(1,589)	4,067
<b>Surplus for year</b>	<u>121</u>	<u>7,062</u>

**NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS**

1. Except for Donations and Advertising, which are accounted for on a cash received basis, Income and Expenditure are accrual based.
2. The Branches of the Society in the U.S.A. and Australia make contributions in accordance with Rule XIII(4).
3. Includes interest on Bank Deposit Accounts and dividends from investments.
4. Includes miscellaneous small sums from advertising, sale of journals and copying.
5. The Society no longer maintains a permanent office and the reduced insurance premium and all other overheads, professional fees and running expenses are allocated to the heading of 'Administration'.

## KIPLING SOCIETY

## BALANCE SHEET

31 DECEMBER 1994

	1994		1993	
	£	£	£	£
<b>FIXED ASSETS</b>				
Library		14,334		14,334
Office Equipment – cost	6,784		6,784	
(Depreciation) <sup>7</sup>	(5,177)		(4,635)	
		15,941		16,483
<b>INVESTMENTS</b>				
Listed Securities <sup>8</sup>		11,496		13,085
<b>CURRENT ASSETS</b>				
Cash at Bank & in hand	13,204			11,249
Debtors & Prepayments	2,386			1,901
		15,590	13,150	
<b>CURRENT LIABILITIES</b>				
Creditors		(1,708)	(1,520)	
<b>NET CURRENT ASSETS</b>		13,882	11,630	
		41,319	41,198	
<b>RESERVES</b>				
Balance at 1 January		41,198	34,136	
Surplus for year		121	7,062	
Balance at 31 December		41,319	41,198	

6. Expenditure on PR is shown separately from 1/1/94.
7. Fixed Assets are depreciated over 5 years at 20% per annum, or pro rata.
8. Investments are shown at the quoted values on 31/12/94.

**SIGNATORIES**

Note: The signatories were *Peter Lewis* (Honorary Treasurer) and *Norman Entract* (Honorary Secretary).

**AUDITOR'S REPORT**

I have audited the financial statements above in accordance with approved auditing standards. In my opinion the financial statements give a true and fair view of the Society's affairs at 31 December 1994.

signed *Georges Selim* (Honorary Auditor)

## 'BRUSHES OF COMETS' HAIR'

### 'KIPLING AND ENGLAND – A STORY TOLD ENTIRELY IN THE WORDS OF RUDYARD KIPLING'

enacted on 2 July by JOHN CLEGG at Bateman's, Burwash  
and here reviewed by MICHAEL SMITH

[The Kipling Society, with the much appreciated cooperation of the National Trust, arranged for our members a special visit to Bateman's on 2 July, which was well attended. A principal feature was a theatrical presentation by John Clegg, a member of the Society who has remarkable talents as a solo actor, and whose impersonation of Kipling is a *tour de force*. His show, which was directed by Mavis Pugh, takes its name from a phrase in Kipling's proclamation of the artist's role and destiny, in that splendid poem of 1892, "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted" –

And those that were good shall be happy:  
they shall sit in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas  
with brushes of comets' hair . . .

Being unfortunately unable to attend the show myself, I invited Michael Smith, at that time the Chairman of the Society, to review it for us. Here, then, is his account. I am not surprised at his enthusiasm: others who were present have echoed it. John Clegg's performance – predictably, for those who had seen his assemblage of Kipling's Indian writings in "In the Eye of the Sun" – was a striking display of memory and mime, and a brilliantly sustained piece of evocation. For a photograph of John Clegg in the part, see page 6. – *Ed.* ]

What more perfect setting could there be, for a re-creation of Kipling's words on England, than the lawn by the 'Quarterdeck' at Bateman's? After a week's oast-heat which had buckled rails and bubbled tar, a drop in temperature on the day brought gloomier skies than we would have wished – but the rain that threatened hardly materialised, and nothing spoilt that perfection.

The rust-streaked sandstone blocks, intercepted here and there by periodic alterations in which were incorporated ancient bricks, provided the backdrop. Pale blue ceanothus, and red and white roses, climbed around the mullioned windows above a simple garden seat. That seat and a stool and a basket of herbs formed the only props. John Clegg's performance was magical, and made more poignant by association, for he was using only Kipling's words — so many of which were inspired by, and dedicated to, these very stones, this garden, these fields and hedges, and this brook.

Dressed in lovat-green breeches and socks, round-collared shirt and cardigan, with swinging walking-stick, he looked the part to a somewhat taller "T" — and to "the sleek baldness of my head". The programme was a skilfully contrived patchwork of passages from many sources — from *Something of Myself*, from letters to friends, from short stories, and from the verse.

The presentation was mesmerising, and most moving. Without other props, Clegg conveyed the nuances of meaning with gestures of his face and body, almost like a mime artist. The narrative, given in the somewhat clipped style that Kipling favoured, and the verse, in appropriate dialect — Cockney or Sussex, or in military tone — were quite magical.

He took us from Gatti's in the Strand to the soldiery of late-Victorian England; from the exhortation of "A Charm" —

Take of English earth as much  
As either hand may rightly clutch . . .

to the warning of "A Smuggler's Song" —

Don't go drawing back the blind,  
or looking in the street. . .

from the prayer of "Recessional" —

Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

to the parade-ground of " 'Back to the Army Again' " —

'E sez to me, " 'Shun!" an' I shunted,  
the same as in days gone by . . .

Although they weren't there, you could *see* the other characters involved: the dramatic effect was astounding. The interweaving was

carried without a break; and the flow was the more remarkable for involving a prodigious feat of memory. Once a chaffinch came and perched on the garden seat, while Clegg was musing on the stool nearby: its demeanour seemed to say, "Good heavens! He's come back!" – and we could believe it.

As for "Dinah in Heaven" –

With ears full-cock and anxious eyes,  
Impatiently resigned;  
But ignorant that Paradise  
Did not admit her kind . . .

she seemed just as real, as the imaginary Black Aberdeen was petted by her master.

The second half of the presentation was almost completely Sussex, and especially the Weald. Bateman's was represented by "The Glory of the Garden", and by "The Land", with Hobden –

Shall I dog his morning progress o'er the track-betraying dew?  
Demand his dinner-basket into which my pheasant flew?  
Confiscate his evening faggot under which my conies ran,  
And summons him to judgment? I would sooner summons Pan . . .

and the Dudwell valley was represented by "Friendly Brook" from *A Diversity of Creatures*. That story was possibly the *tour de force* of the evening, for Clegg not only spoke the whole text but managed to sustain the characters of both Jabez and Jesse in dialect that conveyed the subtleties of mind of true countrymen.

Each member of the audience privileged to have been in the garden of 'the very own house' that evening must have carried away memories that will not fade. My own most abiding memory is of the supplication, with head bowed and hands folded over an imaginary sword, of "Recessional". Yours might have been different; but all of us were beneficiaries of the wide-ranging selection offered in the programme, and we are truly indebted to John Clegg for his mastery of Kipling's presence. He and his Director, Mavis Pugh, are to be congratulated.

## BOOK REVIEW

*FIDELITY AND HONOUR: The Indian Army from the Seventeenth to the Twenty-first Century* by Lt General S.L. Menezes (Viking Penguin India, New Delhi, 1993); ISBN 0-670-83995-7; xxi + 625 pp including appendices, notes & references, bibliography & index; 16 pp of illustrations; hardback, Rs 295.

[This important book was favourably reviewed by John Keegan on 24 February 1995 in the *Times Literary Supplement*. Several of our members noticed it and suggested that we too should report it. The subject is so germane to Kipling that I agreed, and persuaded another member, Mr John Debenham Taylor, C.M.G., O.B.E., T.D., to write the review.

In case of difficulty in obtaining the book in the U.K., intending buyers are referred to the Manager of the Shop at the National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, London SW3 4HT, and/or to Lt Colonel P.J. Emerson, Secretary of the Indian Army Association, 20 Kings Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey KT2 5HR – through whose good offices copies of *Fidelity and Honour* can be made available at £22.50 plus p.&p. – *Ed.*]

My only qualifications for reviewing this admirable book, by a former Vice-Chief of the Indian Army Staff, are that in 1940, as a junior subaltern, I found myself posted to an Indian battery in the Middle East, never having previously so much as seen an Indian; and that I ended my army service in 1946 as a senior staff officer of the 5th Indian Division in Soerabaya, Indonesia. Both these experiences left me with a profound admiration and regard for the Indian soldier – sentiments which have been rekindled by reading this remarkable book nearly fifty years later.

It is by any standards an outstanding work, which should surely be – perhaps indeed already is – required reading for staff officers of the Indian Army, as one might expect from an author with 37 years of service in it. It is also engaging and nostalgic reading for all those Britons who served with Indian units before and during the Second World War and its aftermath. The exhaustive research involved must

have been a lengthy and formidable task; all the sources are quoted in the Notes and References, and the Select Bibliography runs to nearly 300 books, roughly two-thirds of these by British authors.

The first one-third of the book covers the story of the armies of the Bengal, Madras and Bombay Presidencies, from the early beginnings of the East India Company's trade in India in 1613 up to the Mutiny (or Uprising, as Indians prefer to call it) of 1857 and their subsequent unification under the Crown.

This part has been researched in great detail, and is thus undoubtedly of importance as a work of historical reference for the serious student. For the general reader, particularly outside India, it could perhaps have benefited from the detail of the text being somewhat reduced in favour of a few maps. (There is not one in the entire book.)

The second part covers the progress of the unified Indian Army from 1895 to Independence and its consequent partition in 1947; while the third covers the post-Independence years, including the conflicts with both Pakistan and China, and the intended peace-making efforts in Sri Lanka.

\*

As to the first period, readers today will perhaps be shocked by the accounts of brutality and the harshness of punishment that was commonplace throughout those years; and also by the extent to which individual instances of unrest and mutiny arose not from nationalist feeling but from deficiencies of leadership and from resentment at unfair treatment over pay and conditions – the supreme example being of course the Mutiny (or Uprising) of 1857. The oft-quoted theory that this was all brought about by the issue of cartridges greased with beef-tallow is undoubtedly an over-simplification; this was no more than a trigger, or, as a British author (Michael Edwardes) has described it, "... merely a blast of wind to a fire ignited long before".

Regarding the second period, probably few British readers are aware of the size of the Indian Army's contribution in the two World Wars. Over a million served in various theatres outside India during much of the First World War, and about 60,000 were killed; following their early service on the Western Front, their most significant contribution

was to the victories over the Turks in Mesopotamia and Palestine.

In the Second World War, in which over 25,000 were killed, Indian troops were a large part of the force that defeated the Italians in Eritrea and Ethiopia; and later three Indian divisions were part of the Allied armies which drove the Germans out of Italy. Indian divisions were the predominant element of the 14th Army, which drove the Japanese out of Burma and inflicted more casualties on them than they suffered at the hands of the Americans in the Pacific campaign.

On the other side of the coin of course is the "Indian National Army", the largest part of which was the 25,000 (of the almost 60,000 taken prisoner at the fall of Singapore) who subsequently went over to the Japanese. This is probably also a little-known subject to British readers, which the author has researched comprehensively and presents objectively.

The third period, the Nehru and post-Nehru years, will probably be all the more interesting to non-Indian readers, as relatively little is known about it outside the sub-continent. Many might have welcomed more detail on certain subjects, e.g. the minutiae of partition as it affected formations and units; the 1965 and 1971 wars with Pakistan, etc. Similarly, though the complacency and gullibility of Nehru and the baneful influence of Krishna Menon in not heeding the warnings of the Chinese invasion of Ladakh in 1962 are well recorded, a little more about the actual operations that ensued would have been welcome.

Admittedly the author explains that space has not permitted his going into details of the campaigns of either the World Wars or the post-Independence period, and in any case "these are well-known, and covered in the official accounts or numerous other contemporary publications." This notwithstanding, brief accounts of the post-Independence campaigns, and above all maps, would in my view have enhanced the readability of this section of the book.

\*

A consistent feature of *Fidelity and Honour* is its fairness towards the British connection. The author quotes Prince Otto von Bismarck as having said, "Were the British Empire to disappear, its work in India would remain one of its lasting monuments," and himself adds, "The Indian Army is one of those monuments."

He further quotes Sardar Baldev Singh, the first Indian Defence Minister, as saying, "The discipline inculcated by association with British officers has been a cementing force of no small value." There

is also handsome acknowledgment of the roles played by Curzon in initiating Indianisation of the officer corps at the turn of the century; and by Wavell, Mountbatten and in particular Auchinleck, in the final days before and after partition.

These are welcome tributes, the more so bearing in mind that Indian troops were the prime sufferers in three of the most humiliating disasters ever to befall British arms. Those were the Afghan War of 1839-42 (on which Templer commented in 1966, "The mounting of this campaign reads like a mad-hatter's tea party.") the catastrophic outcome of which the author believes contributed much to the resentment that led to the Mutiny of 1857; the heavy losses in 1916 resulting from incompetent planning and leadership at Kut el Amara in Mesopotamia; and the tragedy of Singapore in 1942.

\*

The author is perfectly correct in pointing out that at the end of the Second World War many British feared that Independence, and the departure of British leadership at all levels, would signal the end of the high standards of discipline then existing in the Indian Army; and they believed that soldiers from the then so-called martial races would never accept leadership by the non-martial; and so on.

Fortunately they have been proved wrong, and in this context I will recall a chance meeting at Delhi airport in 1957 with the late John Masters, known for his many best-selling books on India and its army. He was on his way back to the U.S.A. from attending a reunion of his old Gurkha battalion; and he had been both amazed to find it commanded by a Madrasi, and even more impressed to see that its morale, discipline and general standard of efficiency were as high as ever.

It thus seems fair enough to accept the author's stated view, that "without doubt or hesitation the Indian soldier of today is better than he ever was under the British, a high standard indeed. Invoking Field Marshal Auchinleck, he has always been 'second to none in soldierly spirit and pride of profession'. Today he has these qualities in much greater degree, because to his perpetual loyalty to his regiment has been added a paramount loyalty to his country.'

This is surely a situation in which both countries can take great pride.

JOHN DEBENHAM TAYLOR

# KIPLING AND THE HISTORIANS

## AN ACCOUNT OF AN ACADEMIC CONFERENCE

by LISA LEWIS

[Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, our Meetings Secretary, attended part of a recent conference of historians, in London, and has kindly written the following brief account of it. She was unable to attend all of it; and if anyone who did so would care to supplement her report – particularly regarding a Kipling-related paper that was presented on the second day – I should be glad to hear from him or her. – *Ed.*]

The 64th Anglo-American Conference of Historians took place at the Senate House of London University on 28 to 30 June 1995. Its theme was The British Empire.

After an opening plenary lecture by Lord (Max) Beloff, the conference split into groups to study different aspects of the theme. One morning and one afternoon session on each of the first two days had a literary content. On the first day, these were entitled "Kipling's World"; and all but one of the speakers were members of our Society.

Professor Andrew Rutherford, who is Vice-Chancellor of London University and a Vice-President of the Kipling Society, opened Session I on "Literature and History" with a thoughtful survey of Kipling's evidential value for historians. Distinguishing between the truth of artistic vision and the truth of historical reality, he raised the question of how far creative writers were entitled to modify the latter in the interests of the former. He contrasted the portrayal of race relations in the Raj in Forster's *A Passage to India* with that in Kipling's *Kim* – the one a classic of the liberal and the other of the conservative imagination; and he argued that Kipling showed a deeper and more sensitive understanding of Indian as well as Anglo-Indian life. He stressed the life-long influence on Kipling of his original readers' insistence on the need for accuracy and authenticity in his newspaper reporting and his fiction.

In replying, Professor George Shepperson (until recently Professor of Commonwealth and American History at Edinburgh University) stressed the importance and the influence of Kipling's verse as well as his fiction; and suggested that *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling, 1879-1889*, edited by Andrew Rutherford in 1986, was a much underestimated historical source. He also felt that Kipling's American years

were more important than most people realised, since the writer was then for the first time living outside the Empire, and seeing it partly through American eyes.

A lively discussion followed. Among questions raised were the authenticity (or otherwise) of Kipling's Indian characters, and Kipling's effect on history as a moulder of public opinion. Dr Michael Brock, our President, who was in the audience, pointed out that one man, however influential, could never "form" history: Kipling might have been prominent in a wave of public opinion, but he could not have impelled it.

The speakers at the second session were Ann Parry and Dr Sandra Kemp, both members of the Society.

Ann Parry's paper was titled, " 'We have painted the islands vermilion': Poetry of the Empire in the 1890s". [The quotation is from Kipling's "The Lost Legion".] The importance of imperial poetry, she argued, has not yet been realised. Her wide-ranging survey included not just the obvious authors – Kipling, Newbolt, Alfred Austin – but figures like Tennyson and Swinburne, whose imperial poetry is now largely forgotten.

Kipling's imperialists, she pointed out, are often marginal characters like the speakers in "The Lost Legion". Tennyson, she reminded us, was seen as the father of "true imperialism". When Robert Buchanan [whose article, "The Voice of the Hooligan", appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in December 1899] denounced Kipling, it was in the name of this "true imperialism". It should not be forgotten, she suggested, that even in the heyday of imperialism there were opposing voices.

Sandra Kemp compared and contrasted two autobiographies: Kipling's *Something of Myself* and Sara Suleri's *Meatless Days*. In a phrase from the latter, Kemp called her paper "Dishevelled Ghosts". Both writers had spent adolescent years in Lahore: the one in the heyday of British imperialism, the other in post-colonial Pakistan. Despite the two authors' differences, she pointed out that they shared split childhoods, and backgrounds in journalism. Both were writing at a time of great political upheaval.

She quoted a number of literary theorists on the subject of narrative voices, their authority and intention. Both Kipling and Suleri had written memorably on families, dreams and death. Kemp saw both autobiographies as elegies for childhood. She ended by pointing out that both titles implied a lack, or absence: *Meatless Days* . . . *Something of Myself*. . . Neither writer, she argued, had got a grip on their ghosts. Both looked back to their childhood, but neither had

found an explanatory core at a deeper or impersonal level of the text.

The present writer was given the task of briefly concluding this session. I quoted several authorities and texts to suggest that Kipling had opened the way for soldier poets like Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen; while his writings about ordinary Indians, leading everyday lives, had enabled or provoked many of the Indian writers who have since enriched our culture. This session too produced a lively discussion, involving almost everyone present.

There was a Kipling paper on the second day, read by Dr B.J. Moore-Gilbert (author of *Kipling and "Orientalism"*, 1986), but unfortunately I was unable to attend, so I cannot report on it.

---

## 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.]

### MINE SWEEPERS AND APOSTROPHES

*From Commander A.J.W. Wilson [R.N., ret'd], Jolyon, Salthill Road, Fishbourne, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 3PY*

Dear Sir,

With reference to Mr Lindesay's question about the poem "Mine Sweepers" (June 1995, page 60), I do not think there is particular significance in the apostrophe at the start of the last lines of the first and third stanzas.

In each of the three stanzas, the last three lines are printed in inverted commas – thus:

"Mines reported in the fairway,

"Warn all traffic and detain.

" 'Sent up *Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain.*"

and they represent, I think, the texts of signals sent by the NOIC (Naval Officer in Charge) of the relevant Sea Area to his Area Flag

Officer, reporting the incident and the progress of the actions taken to deal with it.

As an aside, if we are to take "the Foreland" literally – as in the lines,

Noon off the Foreland – the first ebb making  
Lumpy and strong in the bight.  
Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking  
And the jackdaws wild with fright!

the Area Flag Officer would have been CinC the Nore; and the "golf-hut" would have been the club house at the Royal St George course at Sandwich!

The signals would have been written in signalese — telegraphese — which omits many pronouns and conjunctions when they are deemed unnecessary. So the sense is, "I have sent up *Unity*, etc". A purist would perhaps put in the apostrophe to indicate a contraction; but insofar as our grandparents understood telegraphese very well, and used it frequently – e.g. "Arriving 1050 train. Please meet." – I wouldn't have thought it was a necessity.

Having started down this line, I wondered if I could find any other similar occurrences. The only one which immediately came to mind was the telegram in "The Mare's Nest" [*Departmental Ditties*]:

But 'twas a telegram instead  
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain  
To open it. Jane Austen read:-  
"Your Lilly's got a cough again.  
"Can't understand why she is kept  
'At your expense.'" Jane Austen wept. . .

I have two printings of the Macmillan Pocket Edition of *Departmental Ditties*; in both, the lines are shown as above, with no apostrophe before the *Can't*. However, in *The Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse* (1940) they are printed with an apostrophe before the *Can't*. One can only say, "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Yours sincerely  
ALASTAIR WILSON

[I have also heard from Mr RS. Falla, of Bromley, Kent, who comments on Mr Lindesay's query: "Kipling often used an apostrophe, rather unnecessarily, for

grammatical ellipses. That is to say, in the present case it might stand for *We have*, or the like."

Mr Falla drew my attention to " 'In Ambush' " [*Stalky & Co.*], where this usage occurs repeatedly. A double example is where Stalky speaks of having "conciliated Hartopp. 'Told him that you'd read papers to the Bug-hunters if he'd let you join, Beetle. 'Told him you liked butterflies, Turkey . . ." Another example is where the choleric Colonel Dabney is excoriating his treacherous keeper:- "I tell you a fisherman he was and a fisherman he shall be to-night again. He shall! 'Wish I could drown him.'" – *Ed.*

## WHO WAS JOBSON?

*From Major D.S. Foster [formerly of the 12th Frontier Force Regiment, Indian Army], Coombes, Western By-Pass, Totnes, Devon TQ9 5SS*

Dear Sir,

I wonder if you or any of your readers can enlighten me as to the context of Kipling's poem, "Jobson's Amen"? Who was Jobson, and why his "Amen"?

A new member of the Society, although a life-long devotee of the poems, I am greatly enjoying the *Journal*.

Yours sincerely  
DONALD FOSTER

[I also shall be interested to see what response this letter gets. "Jobson's Amen" is a remarkable poem, with striking imagery. The last two of its eight stanzas are: –

"Blessèd be the English and all they make or do.  
Cursèd be the Hereticks who doubt that this is true!"  
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I mean to die  
Is neither rule nor calliper to judge the matter by:

"But Himalaya heavenward-heading, sheer and vast, sheer and vast,  
In a million summits bedding on the last world's past –  
A certain sacred mountain where the scented cedars climb,  
And – the feet of my Belovèd hurrying back through Time! ' ' "

In 1914 Kipling used two stanzas – not these – as the heading to "Egypt of the Magicians" when it appeared in magazine form [collected, but without the verses, in *Letters of Travel*, 1920]; and in 1917 he used all eight stanzas as accompaniment to "In the Presence" [*A Diversity of Creatures*]. Carrington took four stanzas as a rather cryptic epigraph to chapter 5 ["Simla and Allahabad"] of his life of Kipling. Joyce

Tompkins, in an all too brief allusion to the poem in *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, described it significantly as representing the anti-sectarian "inclusiveness" to which Kipling's religious convictions tended. But I do not recall any detailed analysis of the poem, nor any indication of who "Jobson" was supposed to be. – *Ed.*

### 'SOUL MURDER'

*From Mr F. Lerner, D.L.S., Information Scientist, National Center for Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, VA Medical Center (116D), White River Junction, Vermont 05009, U.S.A.*

Dear Sir,

Your epitome of Mrs Bowlby's letter, "In the House of Desolation" [June 1995, pages 63-64], prompts me to enquire whether members of the Kipling Society are familiar with the psychoanalytic study of Kipling's early life contained in Dr Leonard Shengold's book, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1989).

In a 51-page chapter entitled "An Attempt at Soul Murder: Kipling's Early Life and Work", Dr Shengold displays a deep familiarity with Kipling's life and work; he concludes that he has "connected those terrible years of [Kipling's] childhood to his flaws and to his greatness".

Yours faithfully  
FRED LERNER

[I do not think Dr Shengold's thesis is as widely known as it deserves to be: many who have read it find it persuasively argued. It is, for instance, appreciatively cited in Dr Thomas N. Cross's biography of Kipling, *East and West* [Luckystone Press, Michigan, U.S.A., 1992].

### MOTHER MATURIN

*From Ms Catherine Harris, British Broadcasting Corporation, Room 390, Design Building, Television Centre, London W12 7RJ*

Dear Sir,

BBC Omnibus [televised programmes on Music and the Arts] are currently researching a film about Rudyard Kipling. We would be particularly interested in any information about the lost manuscript, *Mother Maturin*.

If you can in any way help, please write to my colleague Nadia Haggart (Producer, Music and Arts, Television) at the address shown above.

Yours sincerely  
CATHERINE HARRIS

[Having met Nadia Haggart and Catherine Harris, and discussed their planned programme, I am full of enthusiasm for it. As for the long-standing mystery of the text of *Mother Maturin*, anything throwing light on it would be welcome in the *Kipling Journal*. For a very brief outline of that early work, see chapter 14 of Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling*, where Mrs Edmonia Hill is quoted as having read the manuscript: "It is the story of an old Irishwoman who kept an opium den in Lahore . . ." Its influence on *Kim* is of great potential interest. – Ed.]

## A QUESTION OF PRINT RUN

*From Ms J. Alison, P.O. Box 43, Caringbah, New South Wales 2229, Australia*

Dear Sir,

I was advised to write to you by Reed International Books Library, who were unable to answer my enquiry concerning *Barrack-Room Ballads* because the relevant Methuen records were destroyed in the Blitz.

My enquiry concerns the size of the print runs of the various editions/impressions of *Barrack-Room Ballads*. By 1913 there had been 36 editions. Probably a normal impression size at the time would have been 1000 copies — but for Kipling it may have been much larger. Would any member of the Kipling Society have information about these print runs, or perhaps be able to make an educated guess about their size?

The background to my enquiry is that I have been researching the Sydney firm of Angus & Robertson who in 1895 published A.B. ['Banjo'] Paterson's *The Man from Snowy River* – a book which was so closely modelled on *Barrack-Room Ballads* as to be barely distinguishable from it just at a glance.

*Snowy River* sold very well for its time and for an Australian book of verse. Because it was so obviously meant to cash in on the popularity of *Barrack-Room Ballads* I would like to be able to compare the sales of both books: I have the figures for *Snowy River*. I would therefore be very grateful for any help.

Yours sincerely  
JENNIFER ALISON

## POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

### EXPLICITNESS IN NOVELS

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

Mr Entract has forwarded a query raised by Mr M. Jones, writing from Brown's Hotel, London. It arises from a passage in Gillian Tindall's study of George Gissing, *The Born Exile* (Temple Smith, 1974), regarding the rigidly imposed standards of propriety set by British lending libraries in the 19th century. A notable example had been the influential C.E. Mudie (1818-1890), whose well known dictum on acceptability by his library was that no novel should contain matter unsuitable for reading aloud in the family circle.

In Gillian Tindall's words, "Gissing . . . pointed out . . . [that] this meant in effect that truth had to be . . . euphemized into matter" suitable for children. "Or," [she continued] "as Kipling expressed it in an anonymous poem in the *Saturday Review* in 1897 when the economic stranglehold of the three-volume library edition had finally been broken:

We asked no social questions – we pumped no hidden shame –  
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came:  
We left the Lord in Heaven, we left the fiends in Hell.  
We weren't exactly Yussufs, but – Zuleika didn't tell."

Mr Jones asked what this anonymous poem was, and who were the persons named, Yussuf and Zuleika.

In fact the quotation is the fourth stanza of a twelve-stanza poem of 1894, collected, attributed and quite well known, "The Three-Decker" – described in Carrington's biography as Kipling's "delightful valediction to the outmoded three-volume novel".

The last line is a highly elliptical allusion to the story in chapter 39 of *Genesis*, of the attempted seduction of Joseph (Yussuf) by the wife of Potiphar, Captain of the Pharaoh's Guard. The lady turned nasty when Joseph showed himself proof against her shameless advances. She is not named in the Bible, but according to Quranic tradition her name was Zuleika. — *Ed.*

MORE ABOUT *BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS*

*From Mr John Whitehead, The Coach House, Munslow, near Craven Arms,  
Shropshire SY79ET*

Mr Whitehead, whose excellent new Centenary edition of Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* [Hearthstone Publications, 1995] was advertised and reviewed at pages 8-10 in our March 1995 issue [see also his own account at pages 21-25 in that issue], has written to say he is compiling a list of *addenda* and *corrigenda* which he intends to incorporate soon in a revised edition.

In this he has been greatly helped by members of the Society, some of whom have written to him, while others have ventilated useful opinions in the *Kipling Journal* – e.g. recent letters about details of "Mandalay", and about the term "nip and tuck".

He would welcome further comments about his Introduction and Notes, and will acknowledge them all; but there is a time factor, and he needs to receive all suggestions by November 1995. He is open to all sorts of ideas for improvements, ranging from substantial matters of historical interpretation down to typographical minutiae — but he is already apprised of the need to amend the month of Kipling's birth, the date of Majuba, and the spelling of Wolseley's name.

There may not always be a tidy answer to questions raised. For example, I suggested that line 15 of verse 1 of "Gunga Din" should read "Hi! slippy *hitherao!*", as in the *Definitive Edition*, whereas Mr Whitehead had used the word "slippery". He replied:-

"I used as my copy text the Bombay edition, but compared it with the *Definitive Edition* and (with great caution) Carrington's *Complete Barrack-Room Ballads*. Both Bombay and Carrington have "slippery", which I believe to be what Kipling wrote. Here and in many places in the *Definitive Edition* I seemed to detect the clumsy hand of an officious copy-editor (the bane of an author's life); I generally consider the *Definitive Edition* anything but definitive. Has any scholar ever worked on this – checking MSS, proofs etc against the various editions? It would be well worth while, I think."

"IF – " IN BURMA

*From Mrs Lisa Lewis, Meetings Secretary, The Kipling Society*

Mrs Lewis has sent me a cutting from the *Independent* of Sunday 16

July, an article by Harriet O'Brien about the recent release from custody of the indomitable Burmese opposition leader, Ms Suu Kyi, daughter of the assassinated nationalist leader Aung San.

It ends by noting the publication in India of a collection of speeches she had made before her arrest. The introduction includes her translation into Burmese of Kipling's "If –", a poem she used often to quote to her followers. Harriet O'Brien, citing three lines of the English original –

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating –

comments that after six years of Ms Suu Kyi's detention, this passage "is perhaps even more poignant today, and underlies her determination and Gandhian outlook".

## THESIGER ON KIPLING

*From Sir Wilfred Thesiger, K.B.E., D.S.O., 15 Shelley Court, Tite Street,  
London SW3 4JB*

We have heard both indirectly and directly from the distinguished traveller and writer (and member of the Kipling Society) Sir Wilfred Thesiger – whom incidentally we congratulate on his knighthood in the Queen's recent Birthday Honours.

First came a catalogue from Maggs, the London book dealer (also a member of the Society), listing a number of books from Thesiger's library, offered for sale. These included the Bombay edition of Kipling [London, 1913-1927, in 26 volumes, volume 1 signed by the author] priced at £2200; under this item in the catalogue Thesiger was quoted: "Kipling has always been my favourite author ever since my father read *Puck of Pook's Hill* to me, as a child of five [in 1915-16], sitting in the evenings on the Legation steps, in Addis Ababa."

I asked him if he would care to add to those comments, and he replied, with particular reference to *Kim*: "I have read it again and again – I do not know how many times – and taken it on my travels. It is the only book of prose that I can open at random, at any page, and read with the same delight as if it were poetry."

## "LONDON STONE" AND *THE TIMES*

*From several members*

More than one of our members drew my attention (a courtesy for which I am always grateful) to recent items in *The Times* that had been prompted by a letter about Kipling's poem, "London Stone", from Sir George Engle, at pages 56-57 in our issue of June 1995.

First was an article by Alan Hamilton and Jennai Cox in *The Times* of 8 July, with a photograph of the Stone and a map of its location in the City. The article repeated and amplified the main facts and inferences contained in Sir George's letter, and reported that the letter had prompted an investigation by *The Times* into the obscure whereabouts and neglected condition of the Stone, and an interview with the Operations Manager of the Singapore-based Oversea Chinese Banking Corporation, today the proprietors of the Cannon Street building in the wall of which the Stone is set. A representative of the London Museum was also quoted as being "appalled at the poor conditions in which . . . [this] very important part of London's history" (a Grade II Listed Monument) was kept. The upshot was that the bank, which had previously "had no idea [the Stone] had such a fascinating history", now promised that it "would be cleaned and restored to improve the public's appreciation of it". The *Times* article was headed, "London Stone saved from dusty obscurity" – an outcome in which our Society can take some pride.

In the same issue of *The Times*, London Stone was given the prominence of treatment in a leading article, headed "Navel of London: where Brutus, Jack and Rudyard found the city centre". Its author outlined the legendary and actual history, dating the Stone back to "an altar erected by Brutus from Troy, when he became the first illegal immigrant 30 centuries ago"; but he judged that it was in fact attributable to the Roman occupation, when it had been "the umbilical milestone . . . from which all distances along Roman roads in the province of Britannia were measured"; he accepted that "Kipling chose the stone for his notion that the Cenotaph had become the focal point of the Empire"; he saw nothing incongruous in its present location in the wall of a foreign bank, given that "London remains what it has been since its first stone was laid – a magnet for commerce . . ."; and he concluded, "We are proud to have rediscovered its original centre."

That is all, except that on 13 July *The Times* published a letter from one of our members, Mrs Bowlby, objecting to the paper's reference to Kipling's poem as "maudlin". She was quite right: "London Stone" is a restrained and dignified lament.

## THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

The Society's Research Library contains some 1300 items – books by Kipling, books and articles relating to his life and works, collections of press cuttings, photographs, relevant memorabilia, and a complete run of the *Kipling Journal*. It is located at City University, Northampton Square, London EC1V 0HB, where, by kind permission, it is housed in the Special Collections Room of the University Library on the 7th floor. Members of the University's Graduate Centre for Journalism are allowed access to it.

So, of course, are members of the Kipling Society, if they obtain a Reader's Ticket from the Honorary Librarian, Mrs Trixie Schreiber, at 16 High Green, Norwich NR1 4AP [tel. 01603 701630, or (at her London address) 0171 708 0647], who is glad to answer enquiries about the Library by post or telephone. If Mrs Schreiber is away, enquiries should be channelled through the Society's Secretary — see page 4 for the address and telephone number.

### VERANDAH BOOKS

Lists of secondhand and antiquarian books available from time to time on:



Rudyard Kipling  
 The Fiction of British India  
 India and the British  
 Central Asia and the Himalayas  
 Mountaineering  
 The Lake District  
 Highlands and Islands of Scotland



15 LANGFORD GREEN, CHAMPION HILL, LONDON SE5 8BX  
 TEL & FAX: 0171 733 8432

## Antiquarian Books

Free Monthly Catalogues including KIPLING material

### K·BOOKS (A·B·A)

Waplinton Hall, Allerthorpe, York YO4 4RS

TEL·01759 302142.. FAX·01759 305891

# 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 (No. 278885) 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 for corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: some members very helpfully contribute more.

