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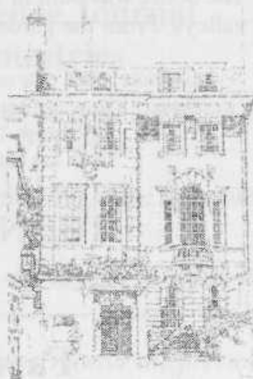

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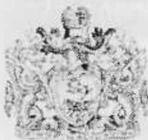

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THE SOCIETY'S ADDRESS

Postal: 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB, England
Web-site: www.kipling.org.uk

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THE SOCIETY'S NORTH AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE

David Alan Richards, 18 Forest Lane, Scarsdale,
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 12 July at 4.15 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1, the Society's **Annual General Meeting.** The detailed Agenda will be available at the meeting. Note that **tea** will be served in the Wrench Room at 3.30 for those who order in advance. (A booking form for individual members was with the March *Journal,* but telephone booking through the Secretary is acceptable till 11 July.) **Drinks** will be served between the end of the A.G.M. and the beginning of an **entertainment,** a French film, *Le Mystère Kipling,* scheduled for 6 p.m.

Wednesday 13 September at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Society's Library, in City University, Northampton Square, London EC1, **John Radcliffe** (our Electronic Editor) on "Developing the Society's Web-site".

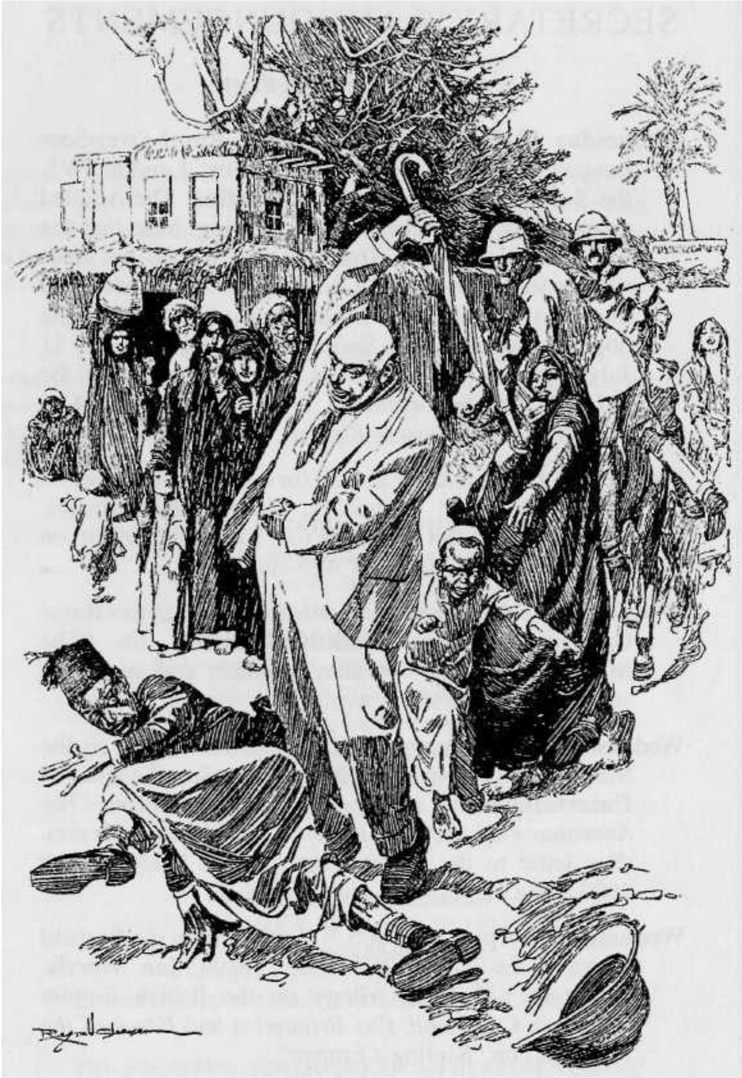
Wednesday 15 **November** at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, **Judith Flanders** on "The Macdonald Sisters"—Kipling's mother and aunts, the subject of a book she is writing.

Wednesday 14 February 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room at the Royal Over-Seas League, an **Entertainment:** a Russian cartoon film, *The Adventures of Mowgli,* narrated by Charlton Heston. (See letter to the Editor from Shamus Wade, March 2000, page 62.)

Wednesday 11 April 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Rutland Room at the Royal Over-Seas League, **Jan Morris,** author of a brilliant trilogy on the British Empire *(Heaven's Command, Pax Britannica* and *Farewell the Trumpets)* on "Kipling's Empire".

Wednesday 12 September 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Athenaeum Club, 107 Pall Mall, London SW1, Professor Sir Colin St John Wilson. (Subject to be announced.)

May 2000 SHARAD KESKAR & MICHAEL SMITH



MR GROOMBRIDE RAMPANT
A sketch by Reginald Cleaver, for "Little Foxes", a story collected in 1909 in *Actions and Reactions;* re-published in 1931 with this picture in *Humorous Tales* by Rudyard Kipling (London, Macmillan). For comments on this lamentable scene, see pages 8-9.

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A NOTE ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 6

"Little Foxes: A Tale of the Gihon Hunt" is mentioned by Mr Underwood in his article on Foxhunting, on pages 41-50. It is set in about 1900-1906 in a northern province of the newly pacified Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This location is beyond question, and readers should not be misled by Kipling's repeated references in the story to 'Ethiopia', a term which for his generation did *not* mean today's Ethiopia (then usually called 'Abyssinia'), but might be bestowed symbolically on any ancient, remote or mythical African state.

In this case Kipling's use of the term 'Ethiopia', to disguise the setting of his story, is derived from the Bible, where in chapter 2 of Genesis we are told of the four original rivers which had their source in the Garden of Eden: "And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia."

But this story, on ample internal evidence, is about the Sudan, where a century ago, after the decisive battle of Omdurman, British administrators were starting to mend the ravages of the Mahdi's and the Khalifa's ferocious governance, and to win the trust of the people – which they eventually did, to an exemplary degree. And the Gihon is the Nile.

The title "Little Foxes" likewise comes from the Bible, with the reference in chapter 2 of The Song of Solomon, to "the little foxes, that spoil the vines".

Kipling's story has two themes. One of them, based on fact, was about the surprising introduction of foxhunting, with hounds imported from England, to a district of the Sudan, by the new Provincial Governor and his Inspector of Police – both of them devoted to the sport and addicted to Surtees. Their enthusiasm kindles an equally keen response by the locals; and foxhunting helps, in altogether unpredictable ways, to make the new administration accessible, popular and effective.

The second theme is about the repellent Mr Lethabie Groombride, M.P., an implacable critic of Britain's imperial efforts no matter how high-principled and successful. He was always searching for evidence of misrule, to exploit in the Radical interest. He turned his baleful eye on the Sudan, after chancing to meet the Inspector of Police, on leave in England. The latter, disgusted by Groombride's quest for dirt, on a sudden impulse fed him false information. Among the lies that Groombride eagerly grasped was the policeman's complacent account of how the British administration of his Province habitually perpetrated brutalities on the native population, for instance flogging them on the soles of their feet, which often resulted in gangrene and necessitated amputation. The victims, hobbling painfully on their stumps, were a common sight and were known as "the Mudir's cranes" [an image suggested by the giant Adjutant Crane, commonly standing on one leg]. Groombride welcomed this shocking information, and asked what the Arabic for 'Mudir's cranes' would be. In reply, the Inspector mischievously taught him a *taboo* term of extreme obscenity, meaning something quite different.

Groombride duly arrived in the Province on an officially sponsored investigative visit, accompanied by his interpreter, Abdul, to translate his English to his hearers and to keep the sun off him with an umbrella. Groombride was physically un-prepossessing, and behaved with surpassing arrogance and insolence to the Governor. The Sudanese who met him mistrusted him, and found his attitude to their Government inexplicably subversive; but when he addressed the villagers in the Gihon Hunt district, nothing disastrous occurred until he ill-advisedly produced his *coup de théatre,* dispensing with his interpreter and uttering a few prepared words in Arabic, stating his strong desire – nay, his yearning – to meet, and to support, a Mudir's Crane (here employing the obscenity he had learnt).

The result, after a moment of stunned silence, was an outburst, a gale, of mirth and derision. Even Abdul – who having coached Groombride in his venture into Arabic, was not surprised, and "held on to the edge of apoplexy" – soon discarded his umbrella and collapsed with laughter. This goaded Groombride to a final act of folly. He seized the umbrella and flogged the prostrate Abdul. "In which posture the Inspector, on horseback, followed by the Governor, suddenly found him." (They can just be seen on the right of the picture.)

This fiasco would irreparably damage Groombride's Radical credentials, and readers might pity him – only he behaved as badly as ever in the aftermath of the incident: a blend of the craven, the pompous, the self-centred and the hypocritical, fit to rank with "Pagett, M.P."

EDITORIAL

KIPLING'S *JUNGLE PLAY*

It is quite an event, when a previously unknown or inadequately considered piece of prose or verse is found, and on examination is clearly shown to be by Kipling. Virtually any addition to the recognised 'canon' of his works can be of interest – and if it is something of distinctive quality its identification is particularly welcome.

The Jungle Play is such an item, and although it was never strictly 'lost', it represents a significant 'find' on the part of Professor Tom Pinney. He came across it as an 85-page typescript with numerous corrections and additions in Kipling's handwriting, deep in the substantial archive of 'Kipling Papers' at the Sussex University Library; and he was struck by its potential importance, as a text on which Kipling had worked apparently in 1900 and 1901, according to brief references in Mrs Kipling's diaries and Kipling's own correspondence. Pinney has taken great pains to edit and annotate it, and the result, for which he deserves much credit, is a handsome book of 120 pages (xl+80) which has just been published by Penguin. It is advertised on page 33 of this issue, at a reduced price for Society members. I would advise any member to buy it.

Tom Pinney has supplied a masterly introduction and exemplary notes, and his impeccable though lightly worn scholarship has made it a very rewarding book. He reminds us that at the end of the story "Tiger! Tiger!" in the first *Jungle Book,* Mowgli has been rejected by Man-Pack and Wolf-Pack alike, but "he was not always alone, because years afterward he became a man and married. But that is a story for grown-ups." It seems that *The Jungle Play* is that 'story for grown-ups.'

As such, it is quite narrowly focused. Pinney reminds us that of the fifteen wide-ranging stories in the two *Jungle Books* only eight are about Mowgli and the jungle, and of those eight stories, only four are 'centred' on Mowgli's personal development (from his acceptance by wolves to his eventual expulsion by human villagers).

It is those four stories that provide the inferred background to the play, and Kipling was surely right to regard them as a quite sufficient basis on which to proceed to dramatise, and bring to a denouement, the 'love interest' of Mowgli's successful wooing of a girl called Dulia.

Pinney has praise for Kipling's theatre sense, and shows that he had more understanding of the practicalities of the stage than may be generally realised. He also reveals that Kipling seems from the outset to have hoped *The Jungle Play* would be staged, and he received some

encouragement for this from people in the theatre world; so although it is almost certain that the play was never actually produced, it can be assumed that it was written with an eye to production. In Pinney's view it was a "well-constructed drama", displaying a confident awareness of the limitations of the stage. "The speeches are kept brief, the scenes build to clear high points. . . [And] two crucial episodes that must be rendered but would be impossible to stage – the pursuit and death of Shere Khan and the destruction of the village –are managed by having Mowgli, on-stage, direct invisible actions off-stage."

The play being directly derivable from *The Jungle Book,* Mowgli and the cast of animals are similarly endowed with an elegant human vocabulary and dignified style of speech. Readers of *The Jungle Book* have generally had no difficulty with the anthropomorphism of its animals, which employ sophisticated human language without serious detriment to their realism. That is because of Kipling's skill in contriving myth, which lulls the reader's imagination into compliance with talking animals in their magical jungle. Fine writing, and the lyrical tone of the poems accompanying the stories, suspend our disbelief. But how the same animals, represented at close quarters by human actors on a stage, would cope is more problematical. Moreover, in the play there are some twenty songs to be accommodated, and it is not clear that actors, dressed as animals, could sing these (and to what music?) without seeming implausible. However, that need not worry *us.* What *The Jungle Play* gives us is the opportunity to read a fascinating and Uncovenanted postscript to the story of Mowgli. In an unaccustomed role as a playwright, Kipling offers an attractive text in vigorous prose and verse, a hundred years old but new to us.

Tom Pinney's praiseworthy initiative has attracted a bonus, which he throws in for good measure. This is some twenty little pen-and-ink sketches by Kipling, showing characters and scenes in *The Jungle Book* as he liked to imagine them. They ante-date *The Jungle Play* by several years, and come from a different custodian, the Amherst College Library, but this book is a logical place to plant them, and they will augment the reader's pleasure.

I leave till last a question which will occur to many readers – how to view the incompatibility of *The Jungle Play* with "In the Rukh" *(Many Inventions,* 1893)? That story preceded *The Jungle Books,* yet describes the adult Mowgli, who meets Gisborne, a Forest Ranger, and goes on to marry in circumstances quite unlike *The Jungle Play.* I fear there is only one solution: to brush aside the problem, as Tom Pinney does, seeing "In the Rukh" as "the product of a wholly separate inspiration, forming no part of *The Jungle Books".*

A TALE OF TWO POETS

Was "Laurence Hope" the inspiration for Kipling's "Bill"?

by JENNIFER M.T. CARTER

[This text is based on a talk delivered in 1996 by Jennifer Carter, a former President of the Australian branch of the Kipling Society, to an appreciative audience at Rockford College, Illinois, U.S.A. "Laurence Hope" was the pen-name of Adela Florence Nicolson née Cory (1865-1904), who in 1901 published a volume of poetry, *The Garden of Karma,* which included the famous lines,

> Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
> Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?

Her father was a Colonel Cory, an early editor of the *Civil & Military Gazette* in Lahore; and her husband was a Colonel (later General) Malcolm Nicolson, of the Indian Army. The question has been raised in the past (e.g. in a letter by Mr J. Jealous, see page 45 of our issue of March 1991) whether Kipling, her contemporary, knew her personally – which seems likely.

Whether or not there was a personal relationship, Ms Carter makes a good case for an interesting literary link. She suggests that the inspiration for the unconventional "William" or "Bill", the eponymous heroine of Kipling's Indian story, "William the Conqueror" (1895, collected in *The Day's Work,* 1898), may well have come from Adela Nicolson's equally unconventional and widely recognised personality.

I have reservations about this theory – partly because in "William the Conqueror" William is described as telling an admirer in the Educational Department that she "didn't understand poetry very much; it made her head ache". However, it deserves careful consideration, and I hope it will provoke comments from our readers. – *Ed.]*

The beginnings of the *Civil & Military Gazette* in Lahore are well documented, but the part played by Colonel Arthur Cory, the first principal editor and co-proprietor of the Lahore edition, is largely overlooked.

Colonel Cory was appointed in November 1872 to special duty in the Adjutant-General's office; where he made the acquaintance of Major G.R. Fenwick, proprietor of the *CMG* in Simla. When the Lahore edition commenced in 1877 the recently retired Cory and Fenwick were its co-editors, and Cory was a proprietor as well.

Mr and Mrs John Lockwood Kipling had arrived in Lahore two years earlier; and their son and daughter, like the Corys' three girls, were away in England. The European community in Lahore was small,

and with neither couple belonging to the 'official' British set, one imagines a certain amount of coming and going between the Kiplings' home in the Mozung Road and the bungalow the Corys shared with Major Fenwick.[1]

Up in Simla, away from the heat of the plains, the Colonel and Alice Kipling trod the boards together in at least one production of *tableaux vivants,*[2] and the two couples had a shared love of literature as well, for while Arthur Cory may in some respects have been a typical officer of the Bengal Army – scion of a middle-class family with tenuous links to the aristocracy, and one whose connections with India went back almost to the beginnings of British influence [3] – his love of poetry and his ability to express himself in print set him apart from most of his fellows.[4]

Their absent children would also have created a bond: young Rudyard's gift for poetry was an obvious source of pride; and the Corys' second daughter, Adela, after schooling "at Home" in England, was recording her 'grand tour' of Europe in very capable verse[5], as she travelled the Continent before returning to India. It is this daughter, born in the same year as Rudyard Kipling, and who was to become known throughout the English-speaking world as "Laurence Hope" – the poet whose "pale hands" were "loved beside the Shalimar"[6] – whom I now put forward as the possible original of "William", the eponymous heroine of Kipling's story "William the Conqueror" in *The Day's Work,* and the heroine in her own right of my novel, *Fate Knows no Tears.*[7]

Adela Florence Cory returned to Lahore in 1881, and it is interesting to speculate whether it was her father, as editor and managing proprietor of the *CMG,* who gave the young Rudyard Kipling his first job in 1882 – and not the other claimants to that honour. When Colonel Cory returned to England on account of ill health a month after Rudyard's arrival in October[8], Kipling was certainly from a career point of view "in the right place at the right time" – although by 1884 and the publication of the ill-fated Ilbert Bill, Cory was back at the helm and taking a very hard line indeed toward Indian aspirations, as did his counterpart, George Allen of the Allahabad *Pioneer.*[9] Was it to the newly absent Adela that Kipling penned the love-poem "Out of Sight" on 13 November 1882 [10]?

After her marriage in 1889 to Colonel (as he then was) Malcolm Nicolson, Adela was credited with a courage and audacity which made her the subject of many 'yarns' on the North-West Frontier[11], and such qualities had probably already been evident in her Lahore days. The young Kipling who loved the Orient and its ways, and ventured into the native bazaar alone by night, may well have found a soul-mate in a girl

who became fluent in Urdu[12]; was as compassionate towards the poor of India as Kipling's practical and down-to-earth Miss "William" Martyn; whole-heartedly embraced the East[13]; and went on to publish three volumes of shockingly sensual poetry which set Edwardian society by the ears.[14] Was Adela Cory the mysterious "Miss C", subject of two enigmatic entries in Kipling's 1885 diary[15], and the companion who shared the pleasures of the windswept plains around Lahore, and moonlight picnics in its Shalimar Gardens[16]?

The unconventional Mrs Nicolson was rumoured to have followed her husband to the very edge of Empire, disguising herself as a Pathan boy on one of those punitive expeditions so approved of by the British[17], and she certainly shared his adventures on the North-West Frontier thereafter. She was spirited enough and memorable enough to inspire the creation of a heroine who

> had enjoyed herself hugely in her four years [in India]. Twice she had been nearly drowned while fording a river on horseback; once she had been run away with on a camel; had witnessed a midnight attack of thieves on her brother's camp; had seen justice administered, with long sticks, in the open under trees; could speak Urdu and even rough Punjabi with a fluency that was envied by her seniors. . .[18]

Kipling said his farewells to Adela Cory in 1886, when her family moved to Karachi in the province of Sind. He kept in touch with her career, at least; in his study at Bateman's there are two of her books – the first volume of poetry and the last. "Laurence Hope" is known to have sent copies of the second, *Stars of the Desert,* suitably inscribed, to people who admired her work, and whose opinion she valued[19], and quite possibly she sent one to her old friend of those far-off Punjab days. Equally possibly, Carrie Kipling, jealous of a long-dead woman's memory, disposed of the book when her husband too was in his grave; but that we shall probably never know.

There may have been nothing more than friendship between the two poets – certainly Kipling in no way resembled the soldier Adela Cory was to marry; and he probably followed her exploits with only a writer's eye; but perhaps it was indeed she whom Kipling had in mind when, thirteen years later, he was to write about his "Bill" –

> who never set foot on the ground if a horse were within hail; who rode to dances with a shawl thrown over her skirt; who wore her hair cropped and curling all over her head; who answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was

heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur dramatics, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, *and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes – yea, after they had proposed to her and been rejected.*[20]

NOTES

1. H.R. Goulding, *Old Lahore* (Lahore, 1925), p 12.

2. The photograph facing page 166 in 50 *Years, 1882-1932* (Thornton Butterworth, n.d.) is dated 1881. Cory is referred to as "Colonel Corry *[sic],* Editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette,* Lahore". Others in the group are Mrs Davies; Major Eustace; Mrs Lockwood Kipling; and Captain Massy. This photograph (or another similar) has been much reproduced elsewhere, with only Mrs Kipling identified.

3. His father was a London barrister residing in Harley Street. On his mother's side he could trace his descent back to Sir John Frederick, Lord Mayor of London in 1662. Later Fredericks include Sir Thomas (1681-1730) a Governor of Fort St David, India; and a succession of baronets and East India Company Army officers.

4. *The Re-conquest: a Love Story in Two Cantos* and in two parts (Smith Elder & Co., 1865, 1868); *Shadows of Coming Events, or The Eastern Menace* (Henry S. King & Co., 1876) and another edition, enlarged, *The Eastern Menace* (Kegan Paul, Trench &Co., 1881).

5. Published posthumously as *Laurence Hope's Poems* (Heinemann, 1907).

6. "Kashmiri Song", set to music in 1902 by Mrs Amy Woodford-Finden.

7. *Fate Knows no Tears* by Jennifer Carter writing as Mary Talbot Cross (The Shalimar Press, 1996, at P.O. Box 219, La Trobe University, Victoria 3083, Melbourne, Australia; or available in the U.K. from E. Cowie, 83 Don Street, Old Aberdeen, Aberdeen AB24 1UJ, Scotland.)

8. *Civil & Military Gazette,* 14 November 1882, p 1. (Information conveyed by Professor Thomas Pinney.)

9. B. Martin, 1969, *New India, 1885* (Univ. of California Press, 1969) pp 207, 308. For a major article about the Ilbert Bill, see *Journal,* March 2000, pp 21-26.

10. A. Rutherford (ed.), *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879-1889* (Clarendon Press, 1986), p 176.

11. Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, *Behind the Scenes in Many Wars* (John Murray, 1930), pp 7-8.

12. V. Jacob, *Diaries and Letters from India, 1895-1900,* C.Anderson (ed.), (Canongate, 1990), p 88. The novelist and poet Violet Jacob was a personal friend of the Nicolsons in Mhow, Central India.

13. Mrs W. Tibbits, *The Voice of the Orient* (Theosophical Publishing Society, 1909), pp 92-3.

14. The *Garden of Karma* (Heinemann, 1901); *Stars of the Desert* (Heinemann, 1903); *Indian Love* (Heinemann, 1905). "Laurence Hope" died at Dunmore House, Madras, on 4 October 1904.

15. Thomas Pinney (ed.), *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings* (Cambridge University Press, 1990), pp 212, 214.

16. Thomas Pinney (ed.), *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling* (Macmillan, 1990), vol 1: 1872-1889, pp 64, 70. Letters to Edith Macdonald.

17. L. Blanch, *Under a Lilac-bleeding Star* (John Murray, 1963), pp 194-5. The expedition was to the Zhob area of Baluchistan; Malcolm Nicolson was second in command.

18. Kipling's *The Day's Work* (Macmillan, standard Pocket Edition), pp 186-7.

19. One was sent to Thomas Hardy, another to Sir Frank Swettenham (1850-1946), the Malayan administrator.

20. Emphasis added.

KIPLING AND SINCLAIR LEWIS

by MARTIN BUCCO

[Dr Bucco, the author of this very informative and welcome study, is the head of the Department of English at Colorado State University, U.S.A.

Sinclair Lewis (1885-1951), a prolific American novelist, was bom in Minnesota. After graduating at Yale, he spent some years as a journalist, and wrote several novels, but none of self-evident importance until the appearance in 1920 of his *Main Street,* which, with its telling depiction of the limitations of provincial life in 'Gopher Prairie', a small Midwestern town, won immediate success and lasting popularity.

His sudden reputation was later enhanced by several more novels, notably *Babbitt* (1922), portraying the vicissitudes of George Babbitt, a Midwestern estate agent who runs up against the conventions of middle-class morality. Of a similar *genre* are *Arrowsmith* (1925), *Elmer Gantry* (1927) and *Dodsworth* (1929). In 1930 Sinclair Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. His later writing, however, perhaps inevitably, lacked the impact and originality of the books which had first made his name.

Dr Bucco says that Sinclair Lewis "had Kipling on the brain"; and in this systematic and revealing essay, he gives examples, in chronological order, of the surprisingly frequent and explicit impact of the older writer upon the product of the younger.

Dr Bucco's text is very clear, but one word in it, 'Chautauqua' (page 20), may puzzle non-American readers (though Kipling himself used and explained it in "Chautauquaed", an autobiographical item in his *Abaft the Funnel,* recording an episode in his first visit to the U.S.A. in 1889). H.L. Mencken's abridged edition of *The American Language* (New York : Knopf, 4th edn., 1963, p 266) is the basis for the following information about 'Chautauqua'.

This word, with some variant spellings, is derived from the Senecas' name for a county in south-western New York State. Here, beside a lake of the same name, was held in August 1874 a sort of 'summer school', which because of its location was designated a 'Chautauqua'. Thereafter the label gained wider application to later events of the same kind, typically held in permanent accommodation, and claiming some pedagogical pretensions. But the word did not come into common use until the end of the century, by which time it was beginning to have a broader meaning, signifying 'a travelling show, often performing under canvas, and including vaudeville acts as well as lectures.'

The once famous name, Jack Dempsey (page 20), may be unfamiliar to many readers – *sic transit gloria mundi.* He was formally William Harrison Dempsey (1895-1983), an American boxer of commanding reputation, and heavyweight champion of the world from 1919 to 1926. His ferocious attacking style in the ring drew enormous audiences whenever he appeared, and in 1921 he would have outclassed Kipling in any comparison of their popularity in the U.S.A. The remarkable thing is that a comparison should have been thought of.

The superscript numbers in the text are pointers to the Notes, at the end of the article; while the numbers in square brackets are page indicators of Lewis's main references to Kipling – in various essays and articles (cited in Note 2), and in fifteen of his novels (listed in Note 3). These Notes thus provide a tabulation, with dates and publishers' names, of a selection of Lewis's output, reflecting his debt to Kipling. It would be interesting to know whether Kipling read Lewis and recognised the debt. – *Ed.]*

Sinclair Lewis was a twenty-two-year-old 'hobohemian' in California in 1907 when Kipling, his boyhood idol, became the first Englishman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature. Twenty-three years later, Lewis became the first American to win the same honour. In his acceptance speech in Stockholm, "The American Fear of Literature", Lewis assured the world that not all his countrymen would have chosen him – as was the case, Lewis declared, with Kipling, "whose social significance is so profound that it has been rather authoritatively said that he created the British Empire" [page 7].[1]

Kipling had joined Scott and Dickens as favourite authors during his high-school days in turn-of-the-century Sauk Center, Minnesota. Thus the aspiring young Midwesterner – who adored *Kim,* chanted the British romancer's rhymes, and as a student at Yale indited Kiplingesque verse – was greatly moved in Carmel, California, when he heard the poet George Sterling reciting "The Last Chantey", to the roar of the Pacific Ocean –

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
  Crying: "Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lee!
    Must we sing for evermore
    On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!"

And when the roving youth later sold some of his "backs o' the beyond" adventure plots to Jack London, he thought that Kipling was the only other writer who could do them justice.

Indeed, Sinclair Lewis all his life had Kipling on the brain. "Kipling" crops up not only in Lewis's essays[2] but in fifteen[3] of his twenty-two novels. In his first novel, *Our Mr. Wrenn* (1914), the wanderlusting sales-entry clerk at a New York art-novelty company garbles a few lines from "Mandalay": "Them garlicky smells, / And the sunshine and the palms and the bells . . ." [page 28]. But rather than pore over the world's stock of "Kiplingesque stories" [page 44] timid Mr Wrenn wants to learn a "Kiplingy trade", as well as "daring and the location of smugglers' haunts, copra islands, and whaling-stations with curious names" [page 51]. He prefers to see himself not as one of the 'rah-rah'

boys wanting to cross the Atlantic [57], but as one of Kipling's gentlemen who "stand at steamer rails exchanging observations on strange lands" [62].

On a cattle-boat to Liverpool, moiling Mr Wrenn grows homesick, but regards the sea, which "as Kipling and Jack London had specifically promised in their stories, surrounded him, everywhere shining free . . ."[73]. In London, he meets Istra Nash, a precious American art student, for whom conventionally 'Interesting People' are "just like Kipling's *bandar-log"* [115]. When she brings up Nietzsche and Haeckel, he changes the subject: "But, say, isn't Kipling great!" [123] Via picaresque *Kim,* he confides to Istra, he imagines himself hiking along a road in India. Looking upon Istra as a presiding goddess, the reverent Mr Wrenn accepts her invitation to take a "tiffin" of wine and cakes – but "having read much Kipling, he had an idea that tiffin was some kind of lunch in the afternoon, but of course if Miss Nash used the word for evening supper, then he had been wrong" [133]. To a snooty American poet abroad, Istra introduces Mr. Wrenn as "doing a big book on the recrudescence of Kipling" [148].

Lewis's novel ends back in New York, with Wrenn married to pretty, simple Nelly Croubel, who likes reading *Kim,* but finds it "kind of hard" [318]. Hoping some day to live across the river among the trees in New Jersey, Wrenn one evening studies the sunset. Happy with Nelly and potato salad, the little hero of *Our Mr. Wrenn* nevertheless recalls the time when he "used to see knight's flags and Mandalay and all sorts of stuff in sunsets" [319].

One of the things that Kipling saw – so Lewis indicated in one of his early essays – was not only the power but the possible future collapse of capitalism. In "The Relation of the Novel to the Present Social Unrest" (1914), Lewis wrote : "Even Kipling, the god of the cold bath and the morning gallop and other imperialistic habits, by his very anxiety in defending the soldiers of the empire, betrays a belief that there is rather a large number of persons who are interested in no empire short of an international one" [342].

As for the soldiers-of-the-empire *motif,* the sports coach in Lewis's second novel, *The Trail of the Hawk* (1915), bears down on loner Carl Erickson : "I've heard you speak about Kipling. Well, you're like a young officer – a subaltern they call it, don't they? – in a Kipling story, a fellow that's under orders, and it's part of the game to play hard and keep his mouth shut and not to criticize his superior officers, ain't it?" [98]. Later, bound for South America, Carl pours forth lines from "The Long Trail" [409].

Kipling's brave subaltern also shows up in Lewis's third novel, *The Job* (1916), in the role of an office worker : "The business subaltern,

charming and gallant as the jungle-gallopers of Kipling, drills files, not of troops, but of correspondence" [46]. Lauding the Daemon of spontaneity, Lewis twitted the rehearsed or staged performance. Trying to impress Una Golden, the novel's heroic woman on the job, gross Eddie Schwirtz describes "with much detail" his enjoyment of a "perfessional reciter" from Boston, who "gave us a program of Kipling and Ella Wheeler Wilcox before the Elks – real poetic fella" [196].

Deploring the absence of literary sensitivity in most American men, Carol Kennicott, in Lewis's celebrated *Main Street,* notes in the large new house of Gopher Prairie's hardware merchant an "unread-looking" set of Kipling in one of the barred, shut, forbidding unit bookcases [52]. Failing one evening to interest even her own husband, a country doctor, in the poetry of Yeats and Tennyson, Carol, with a great deal of emphasis," tries "There's a REGIMENT a-COMING down the GRAND Trunk ROAD", while Will Kennicott taps his foot to the rhythm. "That was fine," he says. "I don't know but what you can elocute just as good as Ella Stowbody" [121].

Shortly thereafter, at Thanatopsis, the women's weekly study circle, Carol first hears Ella enunciating "Recessional" [126]. Later, when the Chautauqua comes to town, a feature is a " 'lady elocutionist' who recited Kipling and imitated children" [238].

Lewis also poked fun at young writers who yearned for fame. Speaking from his own experience, he mournfully deduced that in America a literary hero, however popular, could not compete with a sports hero. In his sketch , "How I Wrote a Novel on Trains and Beside the Kitchen Sink" (1921), Lewis not untypically overstated his point by laying "nine to one that if Rudyard Kipling and Jack Dempsey arrived on the same train, Kipling wouldn't even be able to hire a taxi" [201-202]. When the *Hartford Daily Times* (of 16 September 1922) asked Lewis for a comment on Kipling's recent statement that America had lost its soul in 1860, Lewis graciously noted that "America has retained enough of her soul to appreciate Mr. Kipling more than any other nation in the world, so perhaps there is still hope for her."[4]

Hope perhaps, is even green for the Great American Boob in *Babbitt* (1922), the go-getting realtor George F. Babbitt, who carries in his notebook a cutting of an atrocious newspaper prose-poem by his friend Chum Frink, which he informs members of the Zenith Real Estate Board is "a classic like 'If-' by Kipling" [185].

Another hustling philistine, this one in *Arrowsmith* (1925), is Dr Almus Pickerbaugh, Director of the Department of Public Health in Nautilus, Iowa. Envisioning himself as the Theodore Roosevelt / Henry Wadsworth Longfellow of public health measures, Pickerbaugh later thinks that "perhaps it would be better to say the Kipling of public

health rather than the Longfellow, because despite the beautiful passages and high moral atmosphere of the Sage of Cambridge, his poetry lacked the swing and punch of Kipling" [195].

Also aware of beat and clout is the promoter of New Thought in *Elmer Gantry* (1927), Mrs Evans Riddle, who presses Elmer to bring in new *chelas* – "as, out of *Kim,* she called paying customers" [229]. Working through sundry poets for sermon material, the Reverend Elmer Gantry decides to give up on Kipling. Although Elmer is anything but an *avant-garde* literary critic, he nevertheless concludes that as he "really enjoyed" Kipling, Kipling "could not be a good poet" [286].

Ridiculing his beefy evangelist here, Lewis in his essay "The American Scene in Fiction" (1929) derides ballyhooing publishers who play up as 'new Kiplings' hacks who "do two weeks of research" in a foreign country [143]. In *Dodsworth* (1929), "Kipling meant something to Sam Dodsworth which no Shelley could, nor Dante" [33]. On board the S.S. *Ultima* bound for Southampton, Lewis's decent, educated, exhilarated automobile manufacturer, feeling free at last, gives voice to lines from Kipling's "The Gipsy Trail", the poem that begins with "The white moth to the closing bine, / The bee to the opened clover,/ And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood / Ever the wide world over."

In Paris, Sam meets foreign correspondent Ross Ireland, just back from "Real Kipling Country". Although the journalist admits, "Oh, I don't know as I saw any Mowglis gassing with tigers and sixteen-foot snakes," he altogether enchants Dodsworth with the magic of his journey[52]. In his "Self-Portrait" (1930) for the Nobel Foundation, Lewis expressed the wish that his life had possessed "some romantic quality, some unique quality, like Kipling's early adventures in India . . ." [52]

From Lewis's paradoxical assertion in *Ann Vickers* (1933) that his heroine's socialism is "not very clearly" distinguishable from Kipling's romanticism [14], Left and Right would derive cold comfort. At any rate, Ann as a young girl had heard "a lovely elocutionist gentleman with black wavy hair recite Kipling at the entertainment of the Order of the Eastern Star" [19]; and in her bedroom is the ubiquitous *Kim,* "its pages worn black with reading" [32]. Later, as a suffragist, Ann takes more than one "God-forsaken journey into the hinterland", and had she now time to read Kipling, "she would probably have rended the book for its assumption that it was only the male (and only the British male, at that) who could make primitive expeditions to the native tribesmen and with serenity face the hairy, horrid throng" [117].

The young male who has read "a good deal of Kipling" [2] in *Work*

of Art (1934) is the would-be author Ora Weigle of Black Thread Center, Connecticut, who refers to his mentor, the Reverend Waldo Ivy, as *Padre,* "a term", Lewis explains, "he probably got from Kipling" [16].

The word-smith Kipling is a bright star in the literary galaxy that Lewis surveys in "The Golden Half-Century, 1885-1935" (1935). Notes the essayist: "The Boer War was as obviously contrived and written by Kipling as was the Great War by H. G. Wells" [262].

When on 18 January 1936 Lewis heard that Rudyard Kipling was dead, he wept[5].

In *The Prodigal Parents* (1938), Fred Cornplow, the "eternal bourgeois", longing to declare war on his routine, falls asleep on the night of his fifty-sixth birthday, and wakes the next morning recalling his threats about becoming a "Kipling hero" [89]. When late in the novel Fred finally does make the leap, he utters a stanza – and gets it right – from Kipling's poem, " 'For to Admire' " :

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be 'old this world so wide —
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

In the theatrical *Bethel Merriday* (1940), the veteran trouper Wyndham Nooks tells of the old days when, drinking in the homes of some of the richest cowmen in Oklahoma, he would launch into a recitation of "Gunga Din" [194]. Clearly, books rare and expensive did not impress Lewis as much as books fine and memorable in themselves. In "A Note on Book Collecting" (1941), he knocks bidders, for example, for "the second issue of the first edition of a Kipling novel in which, on page 7, Smith is spelled Smiht" [103].

Tongue-in-cheek Lewis points out in *Gideon Planish* (1943) that Sherry Belden – one of Colonel Mardine's Bright Young Men – had been reading "If – " "since the age of ten" [379]. Lewis characterises the Second World War veteran Neil Kingsblood, the hero of *Kingsblood Royal* (1947), as not only the owner of a set of Kipling but as a reader [11], a bank-warrior, a legitimate heir of the "brave young gentlemen of Kipling" [16]. Looking at Major Rodney Aldwick at the Federal Club's Auld Lang Syne Holiday Stag, made one think of "all sorts of Kipling words: sirdar, sahib, polo, tiffin, pukka – duty, power – beggar, native – pure breed, outcast, blood. . ." [223].

In his essay "No Flight to Olympus" (1948), Lewis naturally names Kipling as a writer whom the literary novice must read [190]. Finally, Lewis turns to " 'For to Admire' " for the title of his last novel, the

posthumous *World So Wide* (1951). Hayden Chart, architect and widower, believing that he has done and seen too little, decides to study in Italy. Thinking back on his college days, Hayden imprecisely but poignantly recalls "that Kipling thing, 'For to admire and for to see, I've wandered o'er the world so wide' " [9].

NOTES

1. *The Man from Main Street : A Sinclair Lewis Reader,* edited by Harry E. Maule and Melville Cain (New York: Random House, 1953), pp 3-17.

2. See *The Man from Main Street,* "Relation of the Novel to the Present Social Unrest: The Passing of Capitalism" (from the *Bookman,* November 1914), pp 330-343; "How I wrote a Novel on Trains and Beside the Kitchen Sink" (from the *American Magazine,* April 1921), pp 199-208; "The American Scene in Fiction" (from the *New York Herald Tribune Books,* 14 April 1929), pp 142-147; "Self-Portrait" (for the Nobel Foundation, 1930), pp 51-55; "This Golden Half-Century, 1885-1935" (from *Good Housekeeping,* May 1935), pp 255-270; "A Note on Book-Collecting" (from *Samples,* 1941), pp 101-104; "No Flight to Olympus" (from *American People's Encyclopedia,* 1948), pp 187-190.

3. *Our Mr. Wrenn* (New York: Harpers, 1914); *The Trail of the Hawk* (New York: Harpers, 1915); *The Job* (New York: Harpers, 1916); *Main Street* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Howe, 1920); *Babbitt* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1922); *Arrowsmith* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1925); *Elmer Gantry* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1927); *Dodsworth* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1929); *Ann Vickers* (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran, 1933); *Work of Art* (Garden City : Doubleday, Doran, 1934); *The Prodigal Parents* (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran, 1938); *Bethel Merriday* (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran, 1940); *Gideon Planish* (New York, Random House, 1943); *Kingsblood Royal* (New York: Random House, 1947); *World So Wide* (New York: Random House, 1951).

4. Mark Schorer, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (New York : McGraw-Hill, 1961), p 342.

5. Schorer, p 615.

KIPLING'S "THE MANNER OF MEN"

by INGER K. BRØGGER

[In our issue of March 2000, at pages 12-20, we published a thoughtful article by Ms Inger Brøgger, about Kipling's short story, "Friendly Brook" (collected in *A Diversity of Creatures);* and we said that a similar article by the same writer about another short story, "The Manner of Men" (collected in *Limits and Renewals),* would be in our issue of June 2000. Here it is.

Ms Brøgger is Danish, and (as explained in our March issue) her study of these two stories – which exemplify the cogency of impact, virtuosity of style, and intricacy of implication typical of the best work of Kipling's 'late period' – recently formed part of her preliminary submission to Copenhagen University, with a view to proceeding to a Ph.D. degree.

Regarding annotation of her text for the purposes of the *Kipling Journal,* the 'superscript' numbers 1-14 refer to the author's Notes at the end of this article, while the numbers in square brackets are page-references, which unless specified otherwise relate to "The Manner of Men" as published on pages 225-251 in the standard Macmillan 'pocket edition' of *Limits and Renewals. — Ed.]*

A Kipling story which has not received the attention it deserves is "The Manner of Men" (1930, collected in 1932 in *Limits and Renewals).* One reason for this may be that, like so many of Kipling's stories, it is quite obscure, linguistically and 'narratively', and very complex in its many, mainly biblical, allusions.

Before embarking on a closer reading of the story, a brief outline may prove useful. One day, in the first century A.D., in the port of Marseilles (Massilia), Baeticus, a young Spanish sea-captain who has just arrived and berthed his ship, meets two elderly and experienced sailors, Quabil, a 'Red Sidonian', and Sulinor, a Dacian. These are now respectively Port Inspector and Commander of the Port Guard-boat; but until recently they were the captain and the second-in-command of a merchant ship which brought freights of Egyptian grain to Rome. Now, after a professional discussion with Baeticus to advise him about the necessary 'under-girding' of his ship, they sit down at his invitation to sample his excellent Balearic wine. It is the ensuing talk of these three men that supplies all the rest of the story.

*

In the course of a long conversation which employs many nautical

expressions and includes many professional comments, Quabil and Sulinor tell the Spaniard how a certain "Jew philosopher" and "political suspect" named Paul (whom the reader will quickly recognise as St Paul) had travelled as a passenger on their ship, for their last voyage from the eastern Mediterranean – ending in shipwreck on Malta.

Paul had told them he was going to Rome to see Caesar, and to argue with him about philosophy. He had made a strong impression on them, especially on Sulinor; though Quabil disliked his knack of assuming the tone and colour of whoever he talked to [232]. Sulinor would never forget catching sight of Paul's scarred back – the result of being scourged, though some of the scars had evidently come from his encounters with "beasts" in the arena. Sulinor was particularly impressed by Paul's courage in going voluntarily to see Caesar, when marked in this way as a trouble-maker.

For almost two weeks on that voyage the ship had been perilously storm-bound, but Paul had been fearless throughout, and had announced to Quabil and Sulinor that although the ship was certainly going to be wrecked he had God's assurance that not a life would be lost.

This prophecy had come true when the ship was wrecked on the coast of Malta. They had then had to stay in Malta for several months; during which time Paul had nursed Sulinor through an attack of dysentery. He had told Sulinor that there was merit in serving Caesar (in Massilia), for he would be subject to at least some sort of law; and it would free Sulinor from the fear he had felt all his life – fear of being thrown to the lions in the arena.

*

"The Manner of Men" was first published in September 1930 in the *London Magazine.* In 1932, in *Limits and Renewals,* it was placed between "The Debt" and "Unprofessional". This is appropriate both chronologically (for "The Debt" had been published in April 1930 and "Unprofessional" in October) and thematically, for the story can be said to concern the 'debt' a professional man, Sulinor, owes to the 'unprofessional' St Paul.

The opening paragraph of "The Manner of Men" has invited many admiring comments:

> Her cinnabar-tinted topsail, nicking the hot blue horizon, showed she was a Spanish wheat-boat hours before she reached Marseilles mole. There, her mainsail brailed itself, a spritsail broke out forward, and a handy driver aft; and she threaded her way through the shipping to

her berth at the quay as quietly as a veiled woman slips through a bazaar.[1]

Bayley thinks that the reader will be "bemused by the sheer virtuosity of this opening;[2] and Tompkins, admiring the first sentence, sees Kipling's "virtuosity" in the way "colour, weather, movement, place, and even (roughly) period are given in twenty words; and in the swing of the first phrase there is the light dip of the summer sea".[3] James Harrison, on the other hand, is more struck by the "professional tone"of this opening paragraph with its many nautical expressions.[4] Certainly in this story professional expressions abound.

The structure of "The Manner of Men" resembles that of "Friendly Brook" *(A Diversity of Creatures)* and "The Wish House" *(Debits and Credits):* a 'framed' narrative formed as a dialogue between two elderly people, in this case with a younger man as the audience and occasional participant. The events that constitute the action emerge from the conversation, and readers have to piece them together for themselves. Bodelsen points out that this is a story form which was only evolved by Kipling when he began to write tales in his 'late manner', and that it is "particularly suited to these strange, complicated and often enigmatic stories, and to the cult of indirectness that went with them".[5] This technique was first and most fully exploited in "Mrs. Bathurst" *(Traffics and Discoveries).* According to Bodelsen, "The Manner of Men", like "Mrs. Bathurst", "makes heavy demands on the reader".[6]

These "heavy demands" are not only that the reader must piece together the events for himself, but they are also in the language. As Harrison observed, the story is full of professional slang, and it is overflowing with nautical expressions – such as "the mainsail brailed itself, in the opening paragraph.

T.S. Eliot notes that Kipling's historical imagination "dwells on the particular experience of the particular man," and that he has a "passion for the exact detail".[7] John Bayley develops this further:

The secret is a detail which the reader instantly recognises as 'true' because it comes within the field of his own experience, and which is then ingeniously blended with other details wholly made up.[8]

The wheat-boat of the opening paragraph is after all just a sailing-ship with her topsail "nicking the hot blue horizon"; and the hook-nosed Inspector is just a port official talking about the captain's "papers". This is recognizable to a contemporary reader; and makes the "Spanish wheat-boat", the "veiled woman slipping through a bazaar", and the action of "carefully saluting the bust of Caesar on the poop"

[228], seem more familiar; it gives the whole scene an authentic ring.

Quabil and Sulinor are described first of all as professional sailors, just as Jesse and Jabez in "Friendly Brook" were shown as expert hedgers. The effect of this emphasis on their professional qualities is twofold. It proves that they are reliable and judicious men, and it makes them seem contemporary, for they are sailors first, and men of around 50 A.D. second. The first part of this twofold effect is important for what is to follow, the meeting with Paul. Once Kipling has established Quabil and Sulinor as pragmatic people who might have lived in the twentieth century, the impression Paul makes on them is the more striking. In "Friendly Brook", Kipling used the Sussex dialect to give the main story a strong local and authentic feel. In "The Manner of Men" the nautical expressions serve the same purpose.

Quabil is shown to be a meticulous and exacting man, to whom protocol and dignity matter – "He did not like nicknames so early" [229]; and he did not "so often go out of [his] way to help lame ducks"[246]; and he was not reassured when Paul told them that not one life would be lost – "But what about my ship?" he had asked. Quabil now acknowledged that at the time he had "forgotten the cursed passengers", and had resented the way Paul "spoke as though my *Eirene* were a fig-basket" [239].

Quabil never liked Paul, partly because "he had the woman's trick of taking the tone and colour of whoever he talked to" [232]. To this tough sailor that was a grave flaw. However, his main objection to Paul seemed to be because Paul had hurt his professional pride. During the storm, Quabil had to admit, it was "not my office to show fear, but I was [afraid]. *He* [Paul] was fearless, although I knew that he knew the peril as well as I" [238].

More importantly, describing how the ship had been safely beached [245]:-

> "Not a life lost! 'Like stepping off a jetty," Quabil proclaimed.
> "Not quite," [said Sulinor]. "But he had promised no one should drown."
> "How *could* they – the way I had laid her – gust and swell and swill together?"

John Bayley takes this to mean that "Paul's confidence that God will save the lives of crew and passengers is fortunately underpinned by the skill of the Tyrian shipmaster;"[9] but I think this serves more to characterise Quabil, who is so pragmatic and proud of his professional skill that there is no room for miracles. This explains why he refuses to

listen to Paul, and dismisses him – or at least tries to – as "Mad! Mad as a magician on market-day!" [239]

Sulinor is "a huge dish-faced Dacian" who had "rolled up the gangplank" [228] to come aboard. He appreciates good wine, and jokes, and when he talks about Paul he looks at the others "under brows as candid as a child's"[233]. This suggests that though Sulinor is an old pirate, his soul is pure. "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." [St Matthew 19, 14]

Paul, on the other hand, in the panic of the storm, had looked at Sulinor "like an old gull lounging just astern of one's taffrail in a full gale. *You* know that eye, Spaniard?" [237]

Sulinor knows how to handle Quabil's extreme pride in his work. When Quabil claims that he had only let Paul tell the others that the ship would be wrecked but without loss of life, because it "did no harm, or I should have stopped him" [240], Sulinor "coughed, and drawled: 'I don't see anyone stopping Paul from what he fancied he ought to do.'"

Sulinor, not as wary as Quabil, can talk 'shop' – ships! – with Paul; and can even acknowledge that Paul is right: "We had been talking about the cut of our topsail – he was right – it held too much lee wind . . ." [233] They had also talked about "Kings and Cities and Gods and Caesar" [238] – probably a reference to Kipling's poem in *Puck of Pook's Hill,* "Cities and Thrones and Powers / Stand in Time's eye / Almost as long as flowers / Which daily die." The poem, a *memento mori,* precedes the two Roman stories in that book, stories set in the time just before the Roman forces have to abandon Britain. It suggests the real nature of Sulinor, the experienced and rugged former pirate, which is disclosed at the end of the story.

A main event in their relationship is that Sulinor catches sight of Paul's back, which has been badly scarred by the lictor's rod, by Jewish whips, by stabs, "and besides those, old dry bites – when they get good hold and rugg you. That showed he must have dealt with the Beasts"[234][10]. And when Sulinor had suggested that Caesar might yet throw him to the Beasts, Paul had calmly agreed that it might indeed happen one day.

How important this is to Sulinor, and how much it makes him admire Paul, appears later. Paul, the "little shrimp of a man", nurses the "huge" Sulinor through dysentery, and washes him clean. This measures the real distribution of strength between the two. When Paul tells Sulinor to serve Caesar, Sulinor is angry to be addressed as if he were "a Barbarian", and reminds Paul that he could break his back with his bare hands [248].

"I don't doubt it," [Paul] had replied. "But that is neither here nor there. . . What concerns you *now* is that, by taking service [with the Roman Fleet], you will be free from the fear that has ridden you all your life."

*

This fear is what Sulinor has never mentioned to Quabil or to Paul, but Paul knew it. "He knew it. *He* knew! Fire – sword – the sea – torture even – one does not think of them too often. But not the Beasts! Aie! *Not* the Beasts ! I fought two dog-wolves for the life on a sand-bar when I was a youngster. Look!" He showed his neck and chest. [249]

Sulinor, the old marauder and slave-trader, has in the past been pursued by ships of the Roman Fleet. "I've been hunted by them. Never thought I'd command one" [231]. He has probably several times been close to being captured, and it is the likely punishment after imprisonment that he has always feared more than anything: to be forced to fight the lions in the arena. Paul shows him a way out, and while Paul himself continues to his certain death in Rome ("And he was going to see Caesar – going to see Caesar!"), Sulinor lives an easy life in a comfortable port, occasionally enjoying a drink of good wine.

Quabil has thought all along, as he told Sulinor, that Paul "never wanted you for yourself, but to get something out of you" [238]; but clever and self-reliant though he is, Quabil has never suspected just how much Sulinor got out of Paul.

The word 'Beast' appears seven times in the story, every time mentioned by Sulinor. The many repetitions reveal his hidden terror of being captured by the Romans and sent to the circus, *ad bestias.* The sailors already contribute 'dole-bread' [226] to Rome – this is *panem,* one of the two provisions, *panem et circenses,* without which the degenerate Romans could not live; and Sulinor has no desire to take part in the other provision, the circus. 'Beast' also alludes, of course, to Kipling's epigraph from 1 Corinthians 15, 32 ("If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts."), which is quoted in the title of the story, "The Manner of Men".

"Manner" comes from the Latin *manus,* a hand, and the Old French *manier,* to handle or wield.[11] The story is preoccupied with expertise, and it describes how three men tackle a desperate situation. In the opening paragraph, the expertise of Baeticus, the young Spanish captain, is shown in the way he manages his ship; and again, in his argument with Quabil, it is expertise against expertise. In their joint rendering of the story of the voyage with St Paul, Quabil and Sulinor are constantly debating minor details to show both men's skill, as when

Sulinor says,

"But it was curious that, on the change of watch, I —"
"No – I !" said Quabil.
"Make it so, then, Red. Between us, at any rate. . ." [240]

Or when Quabil prides himself on his handling of the ship when it is about to run aground, "I'd hit the exact instant," [243]; and Sulinor replies, "Luck of the Gods, *I* think!"

Their main point of contention is, of course, Paul – as already shown. Quabil disliked Paul for his "woman's trick, of taking the tone and colour of whoever he talked to" [232]. That echoes Kipling's poem, "At His Execution" [251] in *Limits and Renewals* –

. . . I am made all things to all men –
In City or Wilderness
Praising the crafts they profess
That some may be drawn to the Lord –
By any means to my Lord! . . .

That poem, four stanzas in all, is directly derived from 1 Corinthians 9, 22: "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." But although "the woman's trick" and the phrase "all things to all men" may have a derogatory implication, St Paul is portrayed, through the eyes of Quabil and Sulinor, as a very strong and clear personality.

"The Manner of Men" is Kipling's interpretation of 1 Corinthians 15, 32 – "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?"

Professor Sandra Kemp notes that "such is the emphasis on the 'real' in this story that even the epigraph is literal: Paul *has* actually 'fought with beasts'".[12] But there is a great deal more to it. There seems no reason to believe that Paul did literally fight with beasts: if he had, it would probably have been mentioned in 2 Corinthians 11, or in The Acts of the Apostles. Furthermore, as a Roman citizen he could not be sent *ad bestias.* Rather the powers that Paul fought at Ephesus were human.[13]

But Kipling uses Paul's scars to illustrate the difference between the two sailors and Paul. Sulinor and Quabil personify the 'manner of men' in the story, that is Man without Christ, without any hope of the resurrection, the "old man" as in Ephesians 4, 22. The fights that Paul has endured and will yet endure cannot be undertaken "in the manner of men", as a Man – for such a man would ask, "What advantageth it

me?", and if one can ask that question, secular considerations will make one abstain. As the Swiss theologian Karl Barth writes, the "manner of men" is to wonder at anyone who will undertake such fights, and rightly so:

> *Sie haben ganz recht, es* ist *auch sinnlos, sich so zum Leben zu stellen, wenn es nicht seinen Sinn in Gott hat, in dem Neuen, das er hier der Welt mitteilen will, wenn die Aufgabe, die hier den Menschen gestellt ist, nicht analog ist der verborgenen Wahrheit des lebens und damit der Gabe, die dieser Mensch, nicht in der Welt, aber in der Ewigheit schon empfangen hat.*[14]

This was exactly the reaction Paul got from Festus, Agrippa and Bernice in Acts, 25-26, before he began his journey to Rome, and it is the reaction of Quabil ("Mad!") [239] and, partly, of Sulinor on the ship.

Paul knows that Quabil and Sulinor live only 'in the manner of men', and he understands Sulinor's terror at the thought of 'fighting the beasts'. Sulinor knows a law, Caesar's law, and he also knows the unwritten law of friendship: "we two had dipped our hands in the same dish for weeks; and . . . that makes an obligation between man and man." [244]

He has wilfully chosen not to obey Caesar's law, and since he dreads the consequences of disobedience, he has lived a life in fear. Such is Sulinor's terror that he is not "canvas I [Paul] can cut to advantage at present" [248]. Instead, Paul advises Sulinor to serve Caesar, for "you will be obeying at least some sort of law", and "you may have time to think" [248]. Sulinor cannot be converted, but if he serves Caesar he also serves God *in usus legis civilis,* "For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God" [Romans 13, 1].

Paul is going to Rome, and "The Manner of Men" is a reading of his Epistle to the Romans 13, 3-5:-

> For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same: for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

Sulinor may eventually come to realise, in terms of verse 10 of that chapter, that Christ is "the fulfilling of the law".

NOTES

1. *Limits and Renewals* by Rudyard Kipling, p 225. (See the editor's prefatory note about page-references, at p 24.)

2. John Bayley's Introduction to Kipling's *Mrs. Bathurst and Other Stories* (selected by John Bayley, edited by Lisa Lewis, Oxford U.P., 1991) p xviii.

3. J.M.S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Methuen, 1959) pp 114-5.

4. James Harrison, *Rudyard Kipling* (Boston: Twayne, 1982) p 111.

5. C.A. Bodelsen, *Aspects of Kipling's Art* (Manchester: Manchester U.P., 1964) p 120.

6. Bodelsen, p 120.

7. T.S. Eliot, Introduction to A *Choice of Kipling's Verse* (London: Faber & Faber, 1941) p31.

8. John Bayley, "Introduction" p xviii.

9. *Ibid.* p xviii.

10. This recalls the title of Kipling's early story, "The Mark of the Beast" (collected in *Life's Handicap).*

11. Walter W. Skeat, *The Concise Dictionary of English Etymology.*

12. Sandra Kemp, *Kipling's Hidden Narratives* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1988) p 95.

13. See Karl Barth, *Die Auferstehung der Toten: Eine Akademische Vorlesung über l.Kor. 15,* 1924. (Munchen: Chr. Kaiser Verlag, 1935) p 105.

14. This passage in German may be rendered thus in English – "You are quite right, it *is* also senseless if one's attitude to life has no meaning in God, in the new ideas that He wishes to give to the world, if the task that is set here for mankind is not analagous to the hidden truth of life and with it the gift that this man has already received, not in the world but in eternity." See Karl Barth, p 106.

As it was in Eden when the four great rivers ran
And I filled my earth with splendour for a maiden and a man
When they saw that each was godlike and they knew what they knew
As it was in Eden, be it unto you!

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THE WEATHER AT VERNET

the background to a slight short story written by Rudyard Kipling in France in 1911, but never collected in his standard editions

In our issue of December 1999, at pages 54-55, I recorded a request from the Reverend David Burton Evans, Anglican Chaplain at Pau in south-western France, for information about Kipling's visits to Vernet-les-Bains, beside the Pyrenees. He was keen to trace any evidence known to the Society which might corroborate the locally-held opinion that in about 1908 Kipling and Field Marshal Lord Roberts had played an influential part in the construction of the Anglican church at Vernet.

In an 'interim' editorial response in the same issue, I confirmed that Kipling was fond of Vernet, and had stayed in the town several times (though his first visit was in March 1910). He and his wife thought well of the spa there, and liked to 'take the cure' of its sulphurous water. When they went there for the second time, in February 1911, they were joined by Roberts – from which one might infer that whatever Kipling and Roberts did together over the church was probably done in 1911.

That inference has been strengthened by a letter from Andrew Lycett, Kipling's latest biographer. Lycett regrets that he has no information bearing on "the idea that Kipling helped build the Anglican church at Vernet", but confirms that it was 1911 before Roberts, with his wife and daughter, joined the Kiplings there. This incidentally reveals an error in Lord Birkenhead's *Rudyard Kipling* (1978), where a group photograph [Illustration 28] showing Kipling and Roberts at Vernet, is wrongly dated 1910.

Carrington, in chapter 16 of his biography, in a passage of reminiscence supplied *verbatim* by Elsie Bambridge, mentions a larger group photograph taken at Vernet, of Kipling, the Robertses, a French general and "the local Archbishop". If we re-date Birkenhead's photograph as 1911, it *partly* fits Elsie's description, since it features the French general; (but only partly, since there is no Archbishop shown). And there is another group picture, this time in Lycett's biography, showing Kipling, Roberts and someone described as "the Bishop of Perpignan" – but no French general! Lycett acknowledges that he may have been mistaken in saying this last photograph was taken in Vernet: indeed, the presence of the Bishop suggests that it was taken at Perpignan, over at the Mediterranean end of the Pyrenees.

Lycett notes that "Mrs Kipling's diary refers to a visit to Perpignan, from Vernet, on 12 March 1911, when they met the 'delightful R.C. Bishop'. Writing to his Burwash friend, Colonel H.W. Feilden, on 15-19 March 1911, Kipling tells of visiting the Cathedral in Perpignan and meeting the Bishop — 'a delightful old man with an ivory face, sitting in a room lined with books, and no piece of furniture less than 150 years old. There was the untouched Church Itself! A charming talker, a mountaineer, no mean archaeologist and an authority on Catalan poems and traditions.' A few days later, on 18 March, he told his cousin, Stanley Baldwin, 'We have seen an Archbishop out of an Anthony Hope novel.'"

Bishop or Archbishop? That hardly matters. But there is the minor conundrum about the group photograph remembered by Elsie, which would be worth solving if possible. I hope this may prompt some informed comment as to its whereabouts.

The original enquiry about Vernet, in our December 1999 issue, had caused Mr B.J. Bolt to write (March 2000, page 70) suggesting we might take the opportunity of printing a pleasant little tale by Kipling, set in Vernet and never collected in his standard editions, so probably unknown to most of our readers. Though not obviously relevant to the initial query about Kipling and Roberts and the church, it is an entertaining piece which I am glad to reprint. Here it is, quarried from Volume 5 of *The Readers ' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work* (edited by the late R.E. Harbord, and published for the Kipling Society, 1961-69).

WHY SNOW FALLS AT VERNET

A LEGEND OF ST. SATURNIA

16 MARCH 1911

[From the Prefatory Note by the Editor. *Readers' Guide.]*
This story first appeared in the *Merry Thought,* a monthly journal issued and circulated at the holiday resort of Vernet-les-Bains – the 'Paradise of the Pyrenees', for English-speaking residents. Kipling, who was staying at the Hotel du Parc, sent the story to the Editor of the magazine, with a note reading:- "Dear Sir, I have the honour to enclose herewith a contribution to your valuable paper which, I trust, may be found suitable. Very sincerely yours, Rudyard Kipling."

In April 1911, a booklet of extracts from the *Merry Thought* of February, March and April was published by permission of its Editor, Mrs Whidborne. It contained fourteen items as well as Kipling's contribution, which reads as follows:-

I had this legend from the Rock which rises behind the laurestine bush and the loquat tree, in the winter garden. Shortly after the end of the First Crusade, so the Rock told me, there came to Vernet, wearied by war and seeking a quiet life, two English knights – Sir Brian and Sir Gilbert, the one round and reddish, the other long and dark; the one limping from an inveterate sciatica, the other bowed in his saddle by as ancient a lumbago. They arrived separately : Sir Brian on a Monday, Sir Gilbert on a Thursday.

Sir Brian, after the simple usage of those days, possessed himself of the ground where the Vernet hotels now stand; Sir Gilbert, the later arrival, contenting himself with the pleasant fields round Casteil. Here, in a silence as profound as that of the mountains above, each

devoted himself to the planting of vines and fruit trees, and the cure of his ailment.

On Tuesday, for example, Sir Brian betook himself and his leg to the sulphur-scented pools behind his modest hut, bathed for one hour, drank half a helmetful of heady Vaporarium, and returned to his vineyards. On Friday, Sir Gilbert, descending from Casteil, sat for two hours in the rock-cut basin which is now the Piscina, drank a full helmet of strong Barara, and fished the left bank of the river on his homeward way. On Sundays the two would meet exactly below the great rock and exchange exactly seven words – one for each day of the week.

Sir Brian would say to Sir Gilbert: "Ha! How's back?" Sir Gilbert would reply: "Better thanks; how's leg?" So punctual were the performers in this ritual that the simple inhabitants of Vernet who, till then, had not much concerned themselves with the flight of time, used to set their church clock to twelve noon on the instant that the seventh of these words had been spoken.

Now there lived beside the church a holy man, destined afterwards to become a bishop and the patron-saint of the town, none other, indeed, than St. Saturnia himself. His virtues as a silent and sympathetic listener, together with the excellencies of his cooking, so profoundly impressed the two knights that very soon Sir Brian made it his habit to dine with Saturnia every Saturday, while Sir Gilbert dined with him every Wednesday. Nor were there lacking to these meals the wines of the rich countries round about – wines which awakened in the knights' memories anecdotes of the most variegated and interesting.

At one of these little dinners given at the time young asparagus comes to perfection, Saturnia grew bold to speak intimately to Sir Brian.

"My son," he said at dessert, "do you, by chance, live in mortal hatred of any of your neighbours?"

Sir Brian reached for the flask of Burgundy. "As for that," he replied, "I am at peace with all men. To be otherwise would be bad for the sciatic nerve."

"You are at peace then," Saturnia hazarded, "even with Sir Gilbert?"

"But certainly," said the Knight. "I have known and respected him for three and twenty years. It is true he is a bit of a bore if you let him talk about the siege of Antioch, but otherwise he is, as we say in England, not half a bad sort."

"Pardon," said Saturnia, "It is not then a challenge to mortal combat which you address to each other every Sunday, exactly at noon beneath the great Rock?" Sir Brian removed the flask of Burgundy to his own side of the table.

"My father," he murmured respectfully, "may I recommend you to try white wines instead of red? You will find them less fatiguing. I remember, for example, at the Siege of Acre," and he delighted his host with another of his incomparable and illuminating anecdotes.

"Decidedly" said Saturnia to himself, "it must be Sir Gilbert who is at fault," and on the Wednesday following he opened his heart to the long, dark knight, who listened to him with all the astonishment in the world.

"But, my father," he cried at last, "not only did Sir Brian save my life eighteen years ago at the Siege of Antioch, but what is infinitely more important, he recommended to me these very baths which, as you can see, have cured my lumbago."

"In that case," said Saturnia, transported beyond politeness by his curiosity, "what is the meaning of the seven words which you address to each other every Sunday at noon beneath the great Rock?"

"We inquire," Sir Gilbert responded, "after each other's health. It is an English custom."

"And you have no more?" demanded the holy man, greatly moved.

"Customs? We have thousands; all excellent," said Sir Gilbert, who was also patriotic.

"I did not mean customs. I meant words – mere words," Saturnia explained.

"Catapults of Antioch!" cried Sir Gilbert, "What is there for a man, much less men, to talk about in this country?"

"But, my son, you have regaled me continuously and without repetitions, through an entire year, by your stories of adventure among different races and countries. Except perhaps Sir Brian, who has also had experiences, I know no one so interesting as yourself." And Saturnia bowed above his glass.

"Oh! Adventures and that sort of thing go without saying," Sir Gilbert insisted, "and between you and me and this glass of Chablis – which is not as good, by the way, as last week's Burgundy – Sir Brian is a bit of a bore if he gets talking about the Siege of Acre."

"Then in England you do not talk at all?" Saturnia suggested.

"On the contrary," said Sir Gilbert, "but you see in England we have always the weather."

"The weather? The weather?" Saturnia replied. "What is it then, that which you call weather?"

"The weather," Sir Gilbert explained, "the weather, my father, is, in short, the weather. Here you have sunshine, and sunshine, and more sunshine, and then the rains on the 25th of August or the 1st of September, and after that sunshine again. But, speaking of weather, I remember when I was a young squire in England in May," and Sir

Gilbert delighted Saturnia with another of his well-chosen and edifying anecdotes.

"I understand," said Saturnia at the end of his story, "it gives you English pleasure to be violently snowed upon when you expect sunshine?"

"Pleasure, no," Sir Gilbert replied. "Conversation, yes. If you will allow me, my father, I would say that you lack in this country the essentials of true conversation."

"Doubtless I grow old," said the good man to himself as Sir Gilbert after dinner descended the steep streets of Vernet. "I have changed from Burgundy, which I appreciate, to Chablis, which I detest; but still I do not understand the English."

Now this talk, so I was told by the Rock behind the Loquat, took place about midnight of March 10th. The next morning when Saturnia awoke he beheld with horror and consternation – for in those days the seasons were as regular and as excellent as the vintages – the entire valley covered with two or three inches of soft, fleecy snow, and the entire population of the town of Vernet hurrying to his door, shouting, gesticulating, amazed. But not on account of the snow.

"This is Thursday," they cried. "Not Sunday, but Thursday! And it is not even ten o'clock on Thursday! Yet look at the knights! Look at the two English knights! How are we to set our clocks for the future if they transgress in this fashion?"

Saturnia looked and saw, at the unprecedented hour of 9.30 a.m., Sir Brian and Sir Gilbert walking side by side through the snow in loud but friendly conversation. They beat upon the snow with their sticks; they gazed at the sky, at the mountains, at each other; and re-plunged into their discussion.

"What," cried all the terror-stricken inhabitants of Vernet, "what does this unheard-of event portend? Is it an earthquake or a miracle?"

"My children," said Saturnia, with the benignity of complete apprehension, "it is neither. It is the weather of which the English speak. Be silent, and you will hear them speaking." Indeed at that very moment, both knights ascended the bill, and panting, but still eloquent, hailed the venerable man.

"Did you ever," they cried in chorus, "did you ever see such abominable weather? We were just speaking about it." And their faces shone with amity and an indescribable happiness.

From that year to the present, allowing for the necessary revision of the calendar, some snow, as everyone knows, falls here, for a day or two between the 11th and 22nd of March. There are those who ascribe this to purely meteorological causes, but I prefer to believe, with the

Rock behind the Loquat, that we owe it to the kindness and forethought of good St. Saturnia, who in his time loved well, and at last learned to understand, the first English visitors to Vernet.

NOTES

[It is supererogatory, indeed a mistake, to scrutinise this pleasantly frivolous tale too thoroughly for evidence of its historical authenticity. It is after all a fantasy, and 'Saint Saturnia' is an invention. Still, in general, when Kipling was writing about past times, he took pains to provide his narrative with a fairly plausible setting: moreover, one must assume that such clues as help to date the 'events' described, were placed there deliberately, and are not meaningless. For instance, we are told that the two Englishmen came to Vernet "shortly after the end of the First Crusade": and since that expedition lasted from 1095 to 1099, one might reasonably date their arrival at about 1100. Sir Gilbert says that Sir Brian had saved his [Sir Gilbert's] life, "eighteen years ago, at the Siege of Antioch." That siege was in progress in 1098, and unless it was of very long duration, 1098 plus the 18-year time-lag would point to a date of about 1116 for the conversation with Saturnia. This may have been what Kipling envisaged – or, possibly, he gave it no thought. For elsewhere he tells us that Sir Gilbert is apt to be "a bit of a bore" when he "gets talking about the Siege of Acre." But the Siege of Acre, and the major battle associated with it, took place some 90 years later, in 1189. and was a prelude to the Third Crusade.

The story contains a few obscurities. For instance, in the third paragraph, there are references to drinking "heady Vaporarium" and "strong Barara". (A vaporarium, in classical Latin, was a pipe or conduit along which steam was passed in a Roman bath-house. But Barara?) Possibly these terms were familiar to Kipling's local English readers, as descriptive of the medicinal potations swallowed as part of the 'cure'. Perhaps one of our members can clarify this.

The story also contains some minor anachronisms: the early twelfth century is perhaps too early for the town to have a church clock, and for Saturnia to have a wine-glass. But that is immaterial, for the whole theme of the story is anachronistic. It was surely fanciful to set this celebration of full-blown 'Englishness' at only one generation after the Norman Conquest. Kipling, who had created Sir Richard Dalyngridge and Hugh of Dallington in "Young Men at the Manor" *(Puck of Pook's Hill),* would know that, but in the context of Vernet he was only concerned to produce a whimsical leg-pull that might gratify local British visitors and residents – who were numerous enough to

have their own English-language magazine, and to need an Anglican church. At least Kipling had taken heed of one historical factor, the Reform of the Calendar in 1582 by Pope Gregory XIII, resulting in the 'loss' of 11 days. This is reflected in the time-bracket of 11 to 22 March each year, within which the snow will appear.

But "Why Snow Falls at Vernet" was meant to be an ephemeral item, not intended to rank among Kipling's permanent writings. It is no more than an *amuse-gueule,* and it is as such that it should be enjoyed. – *Ed.]*

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, listed in late May by Roger Ayers, our Membership Secretary:

Mr C.S. Allan *(Rottingdean, East Sussex);* Mr John Allcorn *(Blarney, Co. Cork, Ireland);* Mrs Lenore Blegvad *(London SW3);* Mr Giles Catchpole *(Newbury, Berkshire);* Mrs Z. Cohn-Lieber *(London W1);* Mr Alan Davies *(Lydbury, Shropshire);* Mr Richard Dorman *(Edinburgh, Scotland);* Mr J.B. Dyas *(Southampton, Hampshire);* Mr William Geier *(Far Hills, New Jersey, U.S.A.);* Mr P.M.R. Gibson *(London N2);* Mr M. Harris Greenwood *(Houston, Texas, U.S.A.);* Mr A.S. Hanley *(Bangkok, Thailand);* Ms D.M. Jones *(Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire);* Ms Hilary La Fontaine *(London SE5);* Dr Robert W. Lyons *(Suffield, Connecticut, U.S.A.);* Mr Derek Montefiore *(London W4);* Mr David Morrell *(Hermanns, South Africa);* Ms Kaori Nagai *(Canterbury, Kent);* Mr Shizen Ozawa *(Colchester, Essex);* Mr Stephen Reid *(Belfast, Northern Ireland);* Mrs Ruth Stuart-Smith *(London W1).*

FOXHUNTING WITH KIPLING

by EA. UNDERWOOD

[Mr Alan Underwood – by profession a physicist, but now retired – joined the Kipling Society as long ago as 1944, and was the author of an article on "Kipling and Surtees" in the *Journal* of October 1945. He is an authority on foxhunting, of which he has had much close experience, including eleven years as Secretary of the Berkeley Hunt.

In Britain, hunting has in recent years become the focus of acute political interest, edged with bitterness between those for and against, and occasionally lapsing into violence. It seemed to Mr Underwood and myself that this might be an appropriate moment to see what Kipling had to say about the sport. – *Ed.]*

At a time when various forms of "hunting with dogs", as the ignorant call it, are again threatened by idealists who know little about country life, and politicians anxious to win votes from those still fighting the 'class war', it may be of interest to survey Kipling's contacts with foxhunting, and the uses he made of them.

For transatlantic readers, by the way, I should perhaps explain that in Britain 'hunting' does not involve shooting, but the use of a pack of hounds – to find the line of scent of a fox, hare or feral mink, and to pursue that line until the animal is killed or escapes unharmed. In the case of deer, staghounds – if they are successful – bring the animal to bay, and it is finally shot at close range, rather than killed by hounds. All these field sports arose originally from the need to reduce vermin, or to kill for the pot.

There are probably fewer Kipling Society members with experience of foxhunting now than there were when Colonel F.S. Kennedy-Shaw wrote on "Horse and Hound in Kipling's Works" in the *Journal* in December 1943 and April 1944; and in any event many of today's members will not have easy access to such ancient numbers. Kennedy-Shaw's article touched on racing and polo [and the horseman's 'nerve' – as in "The Swelling of Jordan" in *The Story of the Gadsbys*] and the temptation to "take up a hole and a half to get [one's] knees well under the wallets", when "riding an awkward one in the old pattern military saddle"; but he was perhaps most enthusiastic about foxhunting. He said that this was an example of "Kipling's capacity for getting inside the other man's job", and "the facility he had for using the technicalities connected with it".

He was surprised at "how very seldom does one find [Kipling]

tripping" in foxhunting stories, although with his excursions into – for example – marine engineering, experts had found various blunders. However, a slip in "Old Men at Pevensey" *[Puck of Pook's Hill]* was mentioned: it is there implied that foxhunting was an organised sport in Norman times, rather than simply a form of vermin control. In fact, it only began to be recognised as a field sport in the seventeenth century, although the vermin control factor has always persisted, however fashionable the hunt.

Kennedy-Shaw quoted from *Puck,* when Sir Richard and Hugh returned from their "Joyous Venture" to Africa. "A strong south-west wind bore us in ten days to a coast of high red rocks, where we heard a hunting-horn blow among the yellow gorse, and knew it was England." He went on to say, "Shall we ever hear it again when this war is over? Not so often as of yore, I fear me."

Kennedy-Shaw was wrong there, because since 1945 hunting has become more popular than ever before; and has attracted more subscribers and farmers who ride, plus large numbers who follow by car or by bicycle or on foot. The increase in our followers would probably have appalled the Colonel, but nowadays they are a fact of life in the hunting world.

There is no doubt that Kipling derived his early knowledge of foxhunting from the novels of R.S. Surtees (1805-1864). When I looked it up recently, it was a shock to find that my first article in the *Journal* was a short one in October 1945 on "Kipling and Surtees". The few additions on page 22 in the June 1969 number also seem to be very remote. A longer, comparatively recent survey by the late Frank Brightman in the *Journal* of September 1986 is probably more accessible. I shall avoid going into details of most of the Surtees references because they were so well treated by Brightman.

There are many quotations from Surtees in stories which are not concerned with the sport at all, for instance "At the End of the Passage" *(Life's Handicap),* "The Army of a Dream" *(Traffics and Discoveries),* "His Gift" *(Land and Sea Tales),* and most notably in *Stalky & Co.,* where Stalky's constant use of them sometimes annoys the others of the trio. The allusions are mostly to *Handley Cross* and *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour.*

Kipling's liking for Surtees and his original dependence on him are well illustrated in his verses for William Nicholson's *An Almanac of Twelve Sports* (London: Heinemann, 1898), in which the text for "January (Hunting)" goes:

> Certes it is a noble sport
> And men have quitted selle and swum for't,

But I am of a meeker sort
And I prefer Surtees in comfort.

Bring me my "Handley Cross" again.
My run, where never danger lurks, is
With Jorrocks and his deathless train –
Pigg, Binjimin and Artexerxes !

The characters in the verses are mentioned in some of the items to be discussed, and so I break my resolution and explain them for those not familiar with *Handley Cross.* Jorrocks was a successful cockney wholesale grocer who became a Master of Foxhounds – an unlikely event in real life then; Pigg was his huntsman; Binjimin was Benjamin Brady, a boy employed in Jorrocks's house who was made to act as whipper-in; and Artexerxes was one of Jorrocks's horses, so named because he came "arter" Xerxes, another one, when driven tandem. In *Robert Smith Surtees: a Critical Study* (1933), Frederick Watson said that the second verse gives "the confession of faith of those who hunt with a briar pipe and a lamp at their elbow", and this sums up the matter very neatly.

Except that Stalky carries *Handley Cross* with him as the boys search for a new den [" 'In Ambush' "], there is no reference to Surtees in that episode in *Stalky & Co.* ; but it does concern hunting, and specifically the shooting of foxes. In those days to shoot a fox in an area which was hunted was a social sin, which could earn a landowner the contempt of his peers and a bad name among the rest of the rural population. The boys see a keeper shooting at a fox ; and M'Turk reports him to his employer, Colonel Dabney, evidently a shooting man who 'preserves' pheasants. To the horror of Stalky and Beetle, M'Turk addresses Dabney as an equal, quoting confusedly from his father,

> "Lo-look here, sir. Do—do you shoot foxes? Because if you don't, your keeper does. . . It's the ruin of good feelin' among neighbours . . . It's worse than murder, because there's no legal remedy."

The outcome is that Colonel Dabney invites Stalky & Co. to revisit his combe whenever they like. He also sacks the keeper.

Kipling returned to the subject of vulpicide, and again made a joke of it, in a curious item printed in the *Readers ' Guide,* volume 7, pages 2943-47. This is a story supposedly told by Kipling in a Military Convalescent Hospital in Market Harborough in 1916, taken down in shorthand. I have never seen any discussion of the attribution, but to me it does sound genuine. [It was republished in *The Field,* London, on

20 November 1969, and also at pages 34-42 of the *Kipling Journal* of June 1988, in a fully annotated article headed "That Look". – *Ed.]*

It concerns a wounded Canadian soldier, Gerry Lidget, who has been very keen on shooting in his own country before the War, and who, during his convalescence, is invited to an estate in Leicestershire (of all places), where he can walk in the woods and shoot anything he wishes. However, on the last day of his leave he shoots a fox, and the rest of the story is about the shocked reactions of a hound, a keeper, a farm worker and his host. The narrator eyes him with the same "look" as all the others, and has difficulty in explaining the traditions of foxhunting to the Canadian – and also why large numbers of fox-skins were imported in those days, for Englishwomen to wear round their necks.

In another story, "Little Foxes" *(Actions and Reactions),* there are references to Jorrocks and his hunt staff, but there was not complete dependence on Surtees. The germ of the story was a true account of how some British administrators in the Sudan imported a small number of hounds, to hunt the native foxes. In chapter VI of *Something of Myself,* Kipling recalled some of the fellow-passengers he met, travelling to and from South Africa by liner:

> Army officers also, and from one of these, when I expected no such jewel, I got a tale called "Little Foxes" – so true in detail that an awed Superintendent of Police wrote me out of Port Sudan, demanding how I had come to know the very names of the hounds in the very pack to which he had been Whip in his youth. But, as I wrote him back, I had been talking with the Master.

The evidence points to a Colonel (later Brigadier-General) T.E. Hickman, C.B., D.S.O. (1859-1930) – Governor of the Dongola Province in the Sudan (1899-1900), with subsequent service in South Africa – as the informant; and this agrees with internal evidence as to the date of the story. But it appears that the hunting details were invented, because it was reported [see *Readers'Guide,* volume 6, pages 2859-73] that the hounds did not actually run far, but 'chopped' their foxes near to where they were found.

Still, the descriptions of jumping water-channels like Irish banks; earth-stopping; sending puppies out to "walk" in the villages (until they are ready to return to the hunt kennels the next summer to be apprenticed to the pack as in England); and even Puppy Shows; all ring very true even if they are fictitious. I imagine that Kipling found some hunting man, whom he questioned in his usual way for the details mentioned.

"PA-A-AR SHOOTS THE FOX!"

A drawing by John Leech for chapter XLI of *Handley Cross* by R.S. Surtees. The vulgar social climber, Mr Muleygrubs (left), while entertaining Jorrocks at home, is badly let down by his son Darius (one of the children on the right, looking out of the window at the hounds), who asks Jorrocks why he doesn't shoot foxes, adding gratuitously that his father does. Muleygrubs's furious denial of the allegation is unconvincing.

It is difficult to fault the result; and after all, British soldiers and administrators did import hounds, and enjoyed hunting foxes, in various parts of the Empire. The only bad slip in "Little Foxes" is the use of the name "Beagle-boy" for one of the hounds. It is a quite impossible name for any kind of hound; but I would point out that he was a harrier, and would be smaller than a foxhound but larger than a beagle, a hare-hunting hound followed on foot.

In the story, the hunting becomes a vehicle for the inspection and administration of the province, and ends with the discomfiture of a "Pagett, M.P." type of Liberal, who comes out to investigate the method of administration.

"My Son's Wife", dated 1913 and collected in A *Diversity of Creatures,* has an excellent account of a small hunt, and some detailed references to Surtees. The story describes the conversion of Midmore, a left-leaning London intellectual with a private income, to a countryman who after inheriting a house and some land, hunts and becomes part of the local community. The extremes he travels between, and the unbridgeable gap normally existing between them, are still with us today, and apart from small changes such as those in the value of rents, furniture and horses, the story could have been written yesterday.

The love-interest contrasts women of the Immoderate Left, as Kipling calls them, with Connie Sperrit, the hunting daughter of a country lawyer. Hunting is introduced by a request to allow the hunt to pass along Midmore's gravel drive. Then follows his discovery of Surtees among the mildew-smelling volumes in his library, with their "ill-considered spawn" of "Dickens-and-horse-dung characters" – to quote "Midmore's own criticism". And later, after dining with the lawyer and others who hunted, Midmore "would go home and identify them, one by one, out of the natural-history books by Mr. Surtees".

There follow riding lessons at a school near London, the purchase of a ninety-guinea bay gelding from a dealer, and jumping-practice in his tenant-farmer's field. Very wisely, Midmore made his hunting debut at the start of the next season, when, very early one morning, he needed two hands to hold his horse "for a devil's diversion among wet coppices called 'cubbing'". (Hunting pedants – and they did exist – used to frown at this abbreviation of the term 'cubhunting', which is now supposed to be replaced by 'autumn hunting', since the former conveyed to the general public the pursuit of fluffy baby foxes rather than of fully formed young ones. Young hounds are also introduced to the pack at this time, to learn their duties.)

Midmore acquired merit by persuading his awkward tenant-farmer, Sidney, to take down barbed wire so that hedges might be jumped safely, and also to allow hounds across the farm to a covert forbidden

to them for fifteen seasons.

In this story there is little more detail of the hunting itself, but the impression of a small, well run, 'provincial' hunt is created in a few lines. But I am puzzled by the location of the story. The *Readers ' Guide* (volume 7, page 3094) says it was obviously not Kipling's Sussex; but there *are* hunts in Sussex and neighbouring counties; the train journey from London is quite a short one; and Sidney, the tenant-farmer, refers to *Mus'* Midmore, *Mus'* Sperrit, and so on, as in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and other Sussex-based stories.

If one can stomach a story told by Boots, an Aberdeen terrier, in an imperfect form of English, there is plenty about foxhunting in all three sections of *'Thy Servant a Dog'* (variously collected in the 1930s), particularly of course in "The Great Play Hunt". Colonel Kennedy-Shaw wrote of the latter, that it was "an amazing *tour-de-force.* No sporting writer could have done it better. It abounds in little touches which make one wonder once more, *'Where does he get it from?'* "

The answer to that question is that it was from Lord and Lady Bathurst, whom Kipling had known for some years before the Great War, and had visited on several occasions at their home at Cirencester Park. The seventh Earl Bathurst (1864-1943) was Master of the Vale of White Horse Hunt (usually spoken of as the VWH) from 1892 to 1933; Joint Master, 1933-40; and sole Master, 1940-43. The Countess was the proprietor of the *Morning Post,* which she had inherited from her father. They were both Vice-Presidents of the Kipling Society.

" 'Thy Servant a Dog' " (the first section of the book of that title) includes descriptions of Boots becoming friendly with a hound puppy called Ravager, 'at walk' at a neighbouring farm; the saving of Ravager when suitable puppies are selected as the young entry to the pack, despite suspicions about the conformation of his mouth in case he could not eat fast or bite hard; the rescue of a nurse from a bull by Ravager, Boots and a second terrier, Slippers; and finally a visit to the terriers' owners, with the fox's 'brush' for the baby of the house, after the last run of the season.

Boots meets Moore, the Kennel Huntsman, and 'Proper Man' who is addressed as m'Lord and is obviously the Master, presumably based on Lord Bathurst. The term 'Kennel Huntsman' implies that Moore did not normally hunt hounds, but would look after them, and 'whip in' to the Master when he hunted them.

"The Great Play Hunt" is just that – a mock hunt one summer, therefore out of season, supposedly concocted for the education of the son of the house, now aged about seven, by the hound, the terriers and a fox. The 'pack' consists of Ravager, now almost blinded in a car accident, and retired (something which does not usually work with

foxhounds, being pack animals), and Boots and Slippers. The fox is an old, lame one called Tags, that has been hunted in the past, but always escaped. Moore comes on a hunt horse that has been lame, to take the boy Digby for a ride on his pony, and, most conveniently, Digby carries a toy trumpet, and a whip with a thong and lash, so that it can be cracked.

Tags shows himself, Ravager gives tongue, and he and the terriers apparently hunt the fox all around the park (presumably Cirencester), while demonstrating incidents that can occur during a run – a fast burst, the fox doubling back, the scent failing, and so on. Digby proceeds to act as huntsman, sounding the trumpet when necessary, in place of a horn. And when Tags pushes a cub out of a covert, Digby realises that it is not the hunted fox, so turns Slippers when he chases it.

Tags goes past the Kennels to annoy the hounds confined there, and finally goes to ground before making for his home in Wales – rather a long way from Cirencester. Then Ravager, Boots and Slippers lie around the boy's pony like a real pack after a hard run, and the Master appears, takes his cap off to Digby and says, "Bowfront Hunt, I presume. 'Trust your Grace is satisfied with amenities of my country," – an allusion to the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, then hunted by the tenth Duke.

The boy recounts the run, and Moore adds: "All my fault. I 'aven't a shadow of an excuse. I was whip to one lame fox, one blind 'ound, two lap-dogs and a baby! And it was the run of me life. A bit-of-all-sorts, as you might say, me Lord, laid out to show Master Digby *multum in parvo,* so to speak . . ." It would be interesting to go over the fictitious run with someone who knew the rides and coverts in Cirencester Park; but even without local knowledge the report is fascinating to the hunting man.

There is again little fault to be found in the text; and there are some knowing side-lights, such as references to the two ladies who keep hens on the border of the Cotswold and Heythrop Hunts, and send bills for losses due to foxes to both – for hunts had 'poultry funds' in those days. There is also a reference to the Berkeley country as being on Tags's route to Wales.

There is no Surtees in this story, although Boots readily picks up phrases from human speech. However, we hear more than once that the puppy Ravager will "grow-into-a-hound", and this is preceded once by "pass-the-bottle-round". The source of these phrases is the chorus of a hunting song, "Drink, Puppy, Drink" by G.J. Whyte-Melville (1821-1878)-

Then drink, puppy, drink, and let ev'ry puppy drink
That is old enough to lap and to swallow;
For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa.

Part of the first line of the song – "Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks!" – is also quoted several times. Ravager knew this line even as a puppy, and Tags knew it too.

Digby sounded his toy trumpet, and "played it were Horn-on-a-fine-hunting-morn" – which is from a line of much more obscure verse, "The Hunting Day" by one William Williams.

Kipling certainly made good use of the information from Lord and Lady Bathurst, in the hunting passages in *'Thy Servant a Dog'.* The account of Ravager's return to the Kennels after his accident – to find that his place there has been usurped, and not by the most promising hound – rings true; and one can read human parallels into it. And in the third section of the book, "Toby Dog", Ravager's death, and how poor Boots is affected by it, is also well done, if one cares for a little sentiment.

In 1933 a poem by Kipling, "The Fox Meditates", was published as a pamphlet illustrated by Lionel Edwards, the foremost hunting artist of the day, and was later collected in the *Definitive Edition of Kipling's Verse* as "Fox-Hunting (The Fox Meditates)". It consists of seven light-hearted verses, in the rhythm of "The Vicar of Bray", beginning :-

When Samson set my brush afire
To spoil the Timnites' barley,
I made my point for Leicestershire
And left Philistia early.
Through Gath and Rankesborough Gorse I fled,
And took the Coplow Road, sir!
And was a Gentleman in Red
When all the Quorn wore woad, sir!

Ranksborough Gorse (as it is usually spelt) is a covert in the Cottesmore country, on the borders of Leicestershire and Rutland.

Following verses covering Roman, Norman, Civil War and Enclosure periods, the poem continues:-

When Pigg and Jorrocks held the stage,
And Steam had linked the Shires,
I broke the staid Victorian age
To posts and rails and wires.

Then fifty mile was none too far
To go by train to cover,
Till some dam' sutler pupped a car,
And decent sport was over!

Another reference to *Handley Cross* here! Note the capital S in "the Shires", acknowledging the convention that Leicestershire, Rutland and Northamptonshire are the Shire counties; and the Shire packs are the Quorn, the Fernie, the Belvoir and the Cottesmore. Some packs which hunt partly in those three counties are excluded, and with all the others are 'the Provinces' – although that does not preclude some of them, such as the Beaufort, from being decidedly fashionable!

The fox's meditation ends somewhat surprisingly:-

When men grew shy of hunting stag,
For fear the law might try 'em,
The Car put up an average bag
Of twenty dead *per diem.*
Then every road was made a rink
For Coroners to sit on;
And so began, in skid and stink,
The real blood-sport of Britain!

Fortunately for the inhabitants of the West Country, staghunting has not so far been made a criminal offence in England.

It has been said that Kipling did not like field sports, and certainly his poor eyesight and, after leaving India, lack of riding, precluded his active participation, though he did fish at one time. However, in his writings, and in the letters published so far, I can see no evidence that he was opposed to hunting and shooting. He was perhaps a little wary of shooting as a large scale organised sport (see the mention of a keeper being accidentally peppered, in "The Treasure and the Law", in *Puck of Pook's Hill);* but this attitude is by no means unknown at present, when large shoots have become part of corporate entertainment.

As for foxhunting, Kipling may have been amused by the serious way in which its enthusiasts treat it, but there is a positively approving, joyous tone in his writings about it. No one who was against the sport could have written the stories and verses reviewed here.

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". My address is given on the penultimate page of this issue. – *Ed.]*

MERYL MACDONALD'S LIFE OF KIPLING

From Sir Ian Critchett, Bt., Uplands Lodge, Pains Hill, Limpsfield, Oxted, Surrey, RH8 ORF

Dear Sir

I was struck by your review, on pages 10-11 in the March 2000 issue, of Meryl Macdonald's *The Long Trail: Kipling Round the World;* and not having yet read either of the other two recent biographies you mentioned, I thought I would try this one.

I am glad I did, for I found it most enjoyable as well as instructive. The narrative moves smoothly, copiously spiced with quotations in prose and verse, and gives vivid insights not only into Kipling the man, but also into the background of many of his works. It tells a fascinating story, often with a light and amusing touch.

Of particular interest to me were the accounts of how he would take great pains to seek out and absorb the specialist, often technical, knowledge which he used accurately, and to such good effect, in some of his writings. Of nostalgic interest, too, were the descriptions of rides in cars of character, when to arrive without a breakdown was a minor triumph – an 'impostor' to be welcomed.

Speaking as a general reader, I think this is a book which many people would find rewarding for the light it throws on Kipling himself, as well as upon the world in which he lived, and in which he played so many influential parts.

Yours faithfully
IAN CRITCHETT

[Letters such as this, commenting on recent writings about Kipling, are very welcome. – *Ed.]*

FORE-NAMES IN KIPLING

From Sir Josias Cunningham, 140 The Burn Road, Templepatrick, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland BT39 ODQ

Dear Sir,

Kenneth Frazer's excellent paper, "Cities of Dreadful Night" *(Journal,* March 2000, pages 41-61), illustrates the impact which James Thomson's poem, "The City of Dreadful Night", had on Kipling's writings.

I wonder, did Kipling have a fascination not only for Thomson's work, but also for 'that very rum man of letters' (your description of Thomson) himself? In particular, did he read Henry Salt's 1889 biography of Thomson? If so, did the author's name stick in some pocket of Kipling's mind, to be regurgitated later as the somewhat idiosyncratic fore-names of Pyecroft's side-kick, Hinchcliffe – the Engine-Room Artificer Henry Salt Hinchcliffe – in "Steam Tactics" and " 'Their Lawful Occasions' " *(Traffics and Discoveries)*?

'Christian names' or fore-names do not feature much in Kipling's work: those that there are, tend to be rather unusual. Hinchcliffe is given not one but two, and I suspect this is to echo some memory in the author's mind. I have not read Salt's biography of Thomson – indeed I have not read Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night" in its entirety – but perhaps someone who *has* can throw a little light on this question.

Yours faithfully
JOS. CUNNINGHAM

THE FENRIS WOLF

From Mr David Page, 32 Merton Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA2 0AB

Dear Sir

You have invited further comments (March 2000, page 70) on Kipling's poem, "The Bonfires".

I don't think that Fenris (or Fenrys or Fenrir) is a werewolf. I remember from my childhood reading of *Children's Stories from the Northern Legends* (now checked in the *Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology)* the following summary of the story.

The gods were warned by an oracle that the giant wolf Fenrir was one of their most dangerous enemies. They eventually succeeded in

capturing him and binding him with a binding wrought by dwarfs; but in the process Fenrir bit off the right hand of the god Tiw (or Tyr). At the time of the end of the world, Fenrir finally escaped, and in the process he shook the tree Yggdrasil from top to bottom, and caused mountains to crumble and split.

Thus Kipling's "We know the Fenris Wolf is loose" is a direct allusion to the chaos, and the end of the world.

Yours faithfully
DAVID PAGE

[Mr Page and several other readers have also helpfully commented on other allusions in Kipling's poem. Their comments are summarised on page 58, under "Points from Other Letters". – *Ed.]*

THE NON-DANCING TENTH

From Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, Cappaslade Cottage, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Wallingford, Oxfordshire, OX10 ORQ

Sir,

In "The Brushwood Boy" *(The Day's Work),* George Cottar, back home after service in India, says to his mother, "I'm like the Tenth, mummy: I don't dance."

Jeffery Lewins recently enquired of the Society's electronic mailbase: "Who were the Tenth (of Foot, presumably?) that did not dance?"

Roger Ayers replied with four possible regiments:- in the British Army, the 10th Prince of Wales' Own Royal Hussars, or the 10th of Foot (the Lincolnshire Regiment); and in the Indian Army, the 10th Duke of Cambridge's Own Lancers (Hodson's Horse), or the 10th Jats.

He added: "I can find no reference to a non-dancing regiment in the 1894 Gale & Polden's *Nicknames and Traditions in the Army,* which claims for itself 'being the most complete record ever published'."

He further added: "If there really was a non-dancing Tenth, I would favour a cavalry regiment with some peculiarity of the uniform. It may well have been the 10 th Hussars, who were noted in Regency days for the extreme tightness of their trousers. Or a special form of spur might also have been an inhibiting factor – one that did not slip easily from the heel of a boot like the dress 'box' spur."

Michael Jefferson commented: "To contribute to identification of the 'non-dancing Tenth' – I feel that the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment should be eliminated from the list. I served with its First Battalion, and whilst there were but few opportunities to 'dance' on active service, I was never

aware of any traditional reluctance to be in terpsichorean motion."

A book of my husband's supports Roger Ayers's suggestion. E.S. Turner, in *Gallant Gentlemen: a Portrait of the British Officer, 1600 to 1956* (London: Michael Joseph, 1956), confirms that the 10th Royal Hussars had a reputation for dandyism. He says (page 170) that they offended local society in Dublin, who agitated to have them sent elsewhere. "A gentleman (so the tale went) had asked one of the exquisite officers if he would dance with a certain young lady. 'Oh, trot her up and down a bit and let's see how she goes,' was the answer." This story inspired a number of irreverent prints, and "The Tenth don't daunce" *[sic]* became a catchword.

Turner published one of the "irreverent prints" on the previous page of his book. The officer in this is wearing both spurs and unnaturally tight-waisted trousers; and it looks as if he has a wasp-waist corset under them. All three figures have speech 'balloons' over their heads. The lady in the centre says, "Sir, this is the lady you desired me to 'Trot up' to you." The girl is glaring through a quizzing-glass, and saying, "No – Won't do! Trot him out! ! – Trot him out! !" The officer is flourishing his own quizzing-glass at her and he says, "The 10th don't daunce."

Yours sincerely
LISA LEWIS

BOOK REVIEW

RUDYARD KIPLING AND SIR HENRY RIDER HAGGARD ON SCREEN, STAGE, RADIO AND TELEVISION, compiled by Philip Leibfried, published in June 2000 by McFarland & Co, Inc, of Jefferson, NC, U.S.A., with attractive illustrations including stills from films; and a comprehensive bibliography; hardback, £33.95. It can be ordered through the U.K. agents, Shelwing Ltd, 127 Sandgate Road, Folkestone, Kent CT20 2BH (telephone 01303 850501; e-mail <info@shelwing.com>).

REVIEW by MICHAEL SMITH

This comprehensive compilation brings together, I believe for the first time, details of all the film, stage, radio and television productions derived from Kipling's work. Some have been noted and commented on in the *Kipling Journal,* but by no means all. The scope and extent of this book will please, fascinate and perhaps surprise Kipling enthusiasts, and while, for us, the focus is upon Kipling, the fact that it also encompasses the work of his great friend, Rider Haggard, is an added attraction. An American publication, it covers in considerable

depth the use made by film-makers of the stories of both Kipling and Haggard, for in the early days of the cinema the medium seemed ideally suited to display their exciting and exotically set adventures. Indeed the first, listed alphabetically, was "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House", entitled in Frank Capra's version "Fultah Fisher's Boarding House" – the story of the squalid, ill-reputed place where

> . . .there were men of all the ports
> From Mississip to Clyde,
> And regally they spat and smoked,
> And fearsomely they lied. . .

For each the author summarises the original story-line, followed by the statistics of production, direction and cost, and a description of the film story, which did not always necessarily coincide with Kipling's text.

Captains Courageous, The Jungle Book and *Kim* are very thoroughly considered. All the traceable film versions of these and many other items are noted and commented on. The author pulls no punches, making forthright and often amusing criticisms of the capacities of some of the actors, and ridiculing unfaithful or poor adaptation and sub-standard editing. He offers insights on the bizarre reasons for making some of the films in that devious world which came to be Hollywood.

What Kipling would have made of the embellishments to the 1939 version of *Gunga Din* can be imagined. This particularly famous film seemed to be simply a vehicle for employing RKO's established stars, and for making the most of the rights to the poem bought from Carrie Kipling for $5000, only two months after her husband's death. A very interesting feature is the inclusion of extracts from contemporary reviews, from such papers as the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune.* It is a pity that British reviews have been ignored. However, even for readers who are not dedicated to the history of the motion picture this book offers much fascinating material; while for Kipling enthusiasts it is a welcome addition to the record.

Given that Kipling's short stories are perfect for the needs of radio producers, who usually work within tightly limited time-frames, the list of radio adaptations is ridiculously small – hardly ever presented over American airwaves, and only with limited scope in Britain.

Stage performances are equally scarce. *Captains Courageous* (with music and dance!), *A Fool there Was* and *The Light that Failed* are the only dramatisations to have been seen through the proscenium arch, and these were mostly staged in the U.S.A. A useful addition would have been a listing of commercial recordings on tape or CD – but this may be counsel of perfection.

THE H.M.S. *KIPLING* EXHIBITION

by MICHAEL SMITH

On 19 February 2000, a very moving ceremony was held in the Kipling Room at The Grange, Rottingdean. After an introductory welcome by John Commin (Chairman of The Grange Committee), Sir George Engle, Chairman of the Kipling Society's Council, and Vice Admiral Sir Peter Ashmore, of the H.M.S. *Kipling* Survivors' Association, spoke to a gathering of both organisations. The occasion was the formal opening of various exhibits – including photographs, a painting, a plaque, a ship model, the text of Kipling's "The Destroyers", and other documents – collected in honour of the brief but active career of a ship which had enjoyed the friendly support of the Kipling Society, ever since the day in 1939 when this 'K' class destroyer was launched by Kipling's daughter, Elsie Bambridge. She had declared then that nothing would have given her father greater pleasure than to have a King's ship named after him.

A *rapport* between the ship and the Kipling Society had been quickly built up, helped by the coincidence that one of the officers was the son of the then Secretary of the Society, Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson. The Society provided silver for the Wardroom, and comforts and sports equipment for the ship's company, as well as a specially commissioned bronze plaque of Kipling. After distinguished and gallant service (including the rescue of Mountbatten and his crew when the destroyer *Kelly* was sunk), *Kipling* too was sunk by a concentrated air attack by Junkers JU 88 bombers, off Crete in 1942. Of the 250 men in her complement, 229 survived; and though now a dwindling band, a number of these still meet annually, their *esprit de corps* nurtured by Norman Roake, Secretary of their Survivors' Association.

Sir George Engle said that in the 1914-1918 War, Kipling had close connections with the Royal Navy; and he quoted a passage from Carrington's biography:

> Apart from two visits to quiet sectors of the war-front, in France and Italy, [Kipling's] closest contacts with fighting men were made in ships of the Royal Navy. He visited the Grand Fleet in Scottish waters, and went more than once to Dover and Harwich. The ship's company of H.M.S. *Maidstone,* the depot vessel for submarines, were his special friends, and for them he wrote several songs and epigrams. At the request of naval friends, he designed crests and badges for several ships and naval units. One day at Harwich he

went down in a submarine, and hated it since he was inclined to claustrophobia. His naval songs and ballads are perhaps the most firmly realised of his studies of war service.

Sir George went on to say that fifty-eight years had passed since H.M.S. *Kipling* was sunk in action; and that those of the survivors of that action who were still in the land of the living deserved double congratulations, "as survivors of survivors – survivors *squared,* one might say".

He added that this display at The Grange owed much to the efforts of the Secretary of the Kipling Society, and would be a lasting memorial to a great ship, and to her gallant company, and to their warm relationship with the Society.

Sir Peter Ashmore said: "Those who served in H.M.S. *Kipling* and are still alive will be delighted to hear of – and, I hope, to come and see – this section of the Kipling Room which has been allocated to the destroyer named after Kipling. It is generous of the Society to spare this precious space, and to invite us representatives to attend its formal opening. This model of the ship, created by Derrick Hubbard's expert hands, and now loaned to your museum, is a vivid reminder of her, and I only wish we could offer more for display, but, sadly, our sinking put paid to any such possibility.

"Our most cherished memento [Sir Peter continued], used to be a silver inkstand, presented by Elsie Bambridge in 1939 to our Captain, Lieut.-Commander Aubrey St Clair Ford. It was kept on the desk in the Captain's cabin, and had been engraved with the words, 'Bribe, murder, marry but steer clear of ink' (an ascending scale of misdemeanours that has always tickled me). We also had in the Wardroom a charming pastel picture of Kim, perched on the cannon outside the Lahore Museum, as he was at the beginning of the book. It was by 'Snaffles', a popular artist of the 1930s and 1940s, with a strong following in hunting and shooting scenes. He was a friend of our Captain, and a member of the Kipling Society."

Sir Peter recalled "one occasion when we quoted Kipling officially – as part of a signal we sent to Admiral Vian, our Force Commander, as we returned to our base at Alexandria after a masterly defence, by our force of light cruisers and destroyers, of a convoy of merchant ships bound for Malta. We had been attacked by a battleship, two heavy cruisers, a light cruiser and several destroyers, but we had prevented them from causing any damage to our precious merchantmen." The quotation was the last verse of Kipling's "The Nurses", which might be called a hymn in praise of professional competence:

These have so utterly mastered their work that they work
without thinking;
Holding three fifths of their brain in reserve for
whatever betide.
So, when catastrophe threatens, of grounding,
collision or sinking,
They shunt the whole gear into train, and take
that small thing in their stride.

"The cognoscenti will notice that our Captain took one liberty with that poem: he substituted the nautical disaster of 'grounding' for the nurse's crisis of 'colic' !"

Sir Peter concluded, "I would like to thank the Kipling Society for their kind hospitality this morning; and to say again how thrilled we are that you have established a permanent memorial to our fine ship, and to those who sailed in her."

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

MORE ON "THE BONFIRES"

From various members

Lady Egremont's request for some explanation of the allusions in Kipling's stark and close-knit poem of 1933, "The Bonfires" (March 2000, pages 69-70), has produced several helpful responses, including a letter from Mr David Page about the Fenris Wolf (pages 52-3). Mr Page was also joined by some others in supplying further useful comments on the poem, which are summarised as follows.

"The Rocket" (verse 1). This metaphor may well reflect a famous remark by Thomas Paine in 1792, on Edmund Burke's defeat in a debate in Parliament on the French Revolution, that "as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick."

"The Mountain and the Mouse" (verse 2). This is a reference to Horace, who in his *Ars Poetica* (line 139) wrote: *Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus,* which, loosely translated, means, " The Mountains are going to give birth – and then the offspring turns out to be no more than a laughable little mouse." It is a put-down of any over-portentous beginning (in life or in literature) that fails to be sustained, and so will end in anti-climax.

"Great Cry and Little Wool" (verse 2). This remains obscure, but in the same verse the "Frog that aped the Bull" is from an old fable (Aesop's?) about a frog which attached undue importance to physical size. On first seeing a bull, the frog promptly aspired to match its girth, and imprudently puffed itself up, and up, and burst.

"Flush" (verse 2). I gather that in Poker, a full flush is a hand of cards, all of the same suit. A bobtailed flush may be either a hand including four cards of the same suit, or one that has an unbroken sequence of four card values, but in various suits.

"Purseless ears of Sows" (verse 2). A proverb dating from the sixteenth century says: "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"Father to the Thought" (verse 3). The source quotation is in Shakespeare's *Henry IV,* Part 2, Act 4, scene 3, where Henry reproaches his son, the Prince of Wales, for trying on the crown, in the alleged belief that his father was dead. "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."

"Babe and Cockatrice" (verse 3). This refers to an optimistic passage in the Bible (Isaiah, chapter 11, verses 6-8), that "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb". Similar reconciliation will occur between leopard and kid, lion and calf, etc, with the predators turning vegetarian, in which frame of mind "a little child shall lead them". Moreover, "the sucking child" shall with impunity play beside "the hole of the asp" (a viper); the weaned child shall safely handle "the den of the cockatrice" (a mythical beast, part cock, part reptile, able to kill with a glance of the eye).

"What Fight has not been fought" (verse 3). This is Armageddon, the crucial final battle foretold in the Bible (Revelation, chapter 16), and sometimes mentioned by Kipling when his thinking took an apocalyptic turn.

The contributors all agreed that the poem was a warning that the British were again, as before 1914, refusing to face uncomfortable facts about the German threat, and were taking refuge in wishful thinking. The key sentence is probably the one in verse 3, about the Father to the Thought.

KIPLING AND THE MORAVIANS

From Dr Marianne Doerfel, Mozartstr. 25, 55481 Dillendorf, Germany

Dr Doerfel, a German scholar, has been touch with me, and with Professor Thomas Pinney, with regard to the Moravian mission, up on the Himalayan frontier of India a hundred years ago. She is an authority on the Moravians, and a few years ago wrote an article in German and English for *Unitas Fratrum,* the Journal of the Moravian Church, about Tobias Hirte, an apothecary in Philadelphia in 1793, whom Kipling had placed in a central role in "Brother Square-Toes", collected in *Rewards and Fairies.* (I am passing an offprint of the article to our Library.)

The Moravian Brethren are a Protestant denomination that continues the ideals of the earlier Bohemian Brethren, a 15th century group centred in Prague, that practised a simple unworldly form of

Christianity. They date from 1722, when Nikolaus Ludwig, Graf von Zinzendorf (1700-60), a German nobleman and churchman, settled a community of Hussite refugees on his estate in Saxony. (He is mentioned in Kipling's "Philadelphia" – "Now few will understand if you mention Talleyrand, / Or remember what his cunning and his skill did. / And the cab-men at the wharf do not know Count Zinzendorf, / Nor the Church in Philadelphia he builded.")

Dr Doerfel is working on a monograph about the Moravian missionaries in the Himalaya region, and is anxious to include any comments directly attributable to Rudyard Kipling or his father – or at least likely to reflect their views. She knows that the missionaries Heyde and Pagell arrived in Simla in 1853 and settled in Keylong, where Heyde stayed till 1894, receiving a lot of support from British residents in Simla. She has read "Lispeth" *(Plain Tales from the Hills)* which refers to that mission; also "The Judgment of Dungara" (collected with *Soldiers Three and Other Stories)* which does *not* – though it is surprisingly sympathetic to the German missionaries in their sad predicament. She would also appreciate any comments about the Kiplings' opinion of Madame Blavatsky, the Theosophist (who visited Simla in 1879) – apart from what was published in chapter III of *Something of Myself* and mentioned in Carrington's biography of Kipling.

I hope there may be a helpful response to Dr Doerfel's enquiries Letters should be sent to her direct, at the address above, and copied to me, please. – *Ed.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAVEL WRITER

From Mr Douglas Dickins, 2 Wessex Gardens, Golders Green, London NW11

Mr Dickins, a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society, is a world-class photographer who has been generous to the Kipling Society in the past, letting us publish in the *Journal* a number of superb illustrations without charge. These have included, in our issues of 1984 and 1985, some beautiful views of Simla, and a striking picture of the enormous Zam-Zammah – that 'fire-breathing dragon', Kim's Gun, in Lahore.

Now he writes to tell us of the appearance of his autobiography, *In Grandpa's Footsteps* (just published at £16.95 by The Book Guild, Ltd, 25 High Street, Lewes, Sussex), and has sent me a copy of it, which I have enjoyed, and am passing to the Library. It is a remarkable story, and one which Mr Dickins tells with such zest that one forgets he is in his nineties. Though he had always travelled widely, not until he had retired from a career in banking at the age of 60 did he have the opportunity – which he seized – to spread his wings and become a full-

time travel writer, visiting a great range of countries in Asia and America, describing them with infectious relish and a very civilised understanding, and illustrating his account with magnificent photographs. His personal collection or archive of photographs is huge, and of consistently high quality, as one may judge from the 260-odd samples in this book. I recommend *In Grandpa's Footsteps* unreservedly, and although it is not about Kipling, I think that many members of our Society would enjoy it. As Sir Hugh Cortazzi says in the foreword, the book is vivid, colourful and amusing, and is an achievement that much younger people will envy.

THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

Our extensive collection of books by and about Kipling, an invaluable resource for research into his life and times, is kept in City University, under the overall charge of the University Librarian, John McGuirk. The Society greatly appreciated the University's readiness, a few years ago, to provide a secure and attractive site for this important, largely irreplaceable, range of over 1,300 items – not only books but also photographs, press cuttings, magazine articles, and many other miscellanea. To obtain access to the Library, members of the Kipling Society should apply for a Reader's Ticket from our Honorary Librarian, John Slater, at 13 Canonbury Road, London Nl 2DF (telephone 020 7359 2404; e-mail: jssaki@aol.com.).

Among several recent acquisitions is *The Jungle Play* by Kipling, introduced and edited by Professor Tom Pinney (described at pages 10-11). A longer list of acquisitions will be in our next issue.

We have also acquired *Minds at War* edited by David Roberts, a study of the 'poetry and experience of the First World War', first published (1996) by Saxon Books, 221 London Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex RH15 9RN, reprinted (1998) in paperback, 411 pages, obtainable from the publishers post free, for £13.99. One of the largest anthologies of poems of that war – containing several by Kipling – it is linked by a commentary that is severe on the militaristic attitudes, and acceptance of an inevitable clash with Germany, which some British writers and publicists, including Kipling, could with some plausibility be accused of engendering. [This large and rather controversial book probably deserves an authoritative review in the *Journal.- Ed.]*

THE SOCIETY'S WEB-SITE

by JOHN RADCLIFFE, Electronic Editor

Every time anyone visits the web-site, their visit is logged, and every page that they have used is recorded. Every morning we can check the logs, and see what use there has been. By mid-June we had had 56,000 visitors. At the same time we check the mail, to see who has written in overnight. Here are some recent e-mails.

Marcia Obligado, a teacher at a bilingual school in Argentina, tells of an annual literary contest based on *The Jungle Book:* we write back offering to help. Constantine Filatov writes from Barnaul, western Siberia, to offer us his translations into Russian of Kipling's poems: we accept enthusiastically, and start to check how to handle Cyrillic script. Martin Edge contacts us from Johannesburg, about a friend whose forebears had sailed to South Africa in company with Kipling, who had inscribed a short poem in their diary of the voyage: Mr Edge offers to send it to us: we accept with alacrity. Kennedy Warne, editor of the *New Zealand Geographic,* asks how to trace Kipling's poem about Auckland in "The Song of the English", and wants information about Kipling's visits to New Zealand. We confirm where he can find the verse, and then, using the electronic index to the *Journal,* locate for him Mrs Newsom's detailed article on Kipling in New Zealand (September 1972).

Most of these correspondents are not members of the Society, though some go on to join. Meanwhile, more and more of our established members are starting to use computers and the web, and seeking access to the 'Members Only' areas of the site.

So it seems timely to devote one of our meetings to the potential of the web-site, and we are doing so at City University on 13 September. This is a chance for people unfamiliar with this new communications system to hear what it can do for us. It is also a chance for members to express their views on how the site might best develop. (Should we continue to publish poems and quotations? Are the news items that we cover of interest? Do people enjoy the sections 'For Collectors' or 'Books on line' or 'The Kipling File' or 'The *Journal* Index'? Should we be doing more for academic enquirers, or schools? And is the site easy and pleasant to use?)

I very much hope this will make the occasion a discussion rather than simply a presentation, and that new ideas will emerge, that we can put into action.

ABOUT THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

The *Kipling Journal,* house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all our currently subscribing 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. (The entire run since 1927 has now been comprehensively indexed.) Scores of libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive the *Journal* as institutional *Journal-only* members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austerely 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 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.**

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When launched in 1927 it met with his strong disapproval; he felt his admirers should have waited till he died. But it quickly gained, and has since retained, a solid and enthusiastic membership. Today in Britain it is one of the most active literary societies; and being the only one anywhere to focus specifically on Kipling and his place in literature, it attracts members from many other countries. All receive the *Kipling Journal* (see a note on page 63).

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation, run by volunteers to serve the public as well as its members, the Society is a Registered Charity (No 278885) in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council: routine management is by the Secretary and other honorary officers. There is a large membership in North America, and an active branch in Australia.

For fuller information on its structure, and the current list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5. The Society's main activities in Britain include (1) maintaining a specialised Library (at City University, London) for scholars and researchers to consult; (2) answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, writers and the media) and providing speakers on request; (3) arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually in London, and an Annual Luncheon with a guest speaker of note; and (4) publishing the *Kipling Journal.* It has acquired a web-site (see the note on page 62) which is transforming the Society's image and its capacity to disseminate information.

Kipling was phenomenally popular in his day, and still attracts a wide range of 'common readers' who enjoy his remarkable style, his narrative skill and vivid evocation of atmosphere. These un-academic readers, as well as professional scholars of literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal.* Applications to join, made to the Secretary or Membership Secretary (see page 4 for names and addresses) are always warmly welcomed.

The annual subscription is £20, whether for individual or for institutional *Journal-only* members, both in Britain and abroad. There is also provision, at £30, for joint members, i.e. two people living at the same address and needing only one *Journal* between them. These are 'minimum' rates: some members very generously contribute more.

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