



*The*  
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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

**T**HE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, GCB, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E, CMG, MC. (1946-1950).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who **are** interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

The subscription is : Home Members, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s. per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly.

**Until further notice the Society's Office at Greenwich House, 12 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, will be open on Wednesdays only of each week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.**

**Members will be welcomed on other days if they will notify the Hon. Secretary in advance. This particularly applies to Overseas Members.**

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## Forthcoming Meetings

### COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 12 Newgate Street on Wednesday, 19th November, 1958, at 2.30 p.m.

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

**September 10th, 1958**, at 84 Eccleston Square. 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Subject: Two Stories with the Theme of 'Back from the Dead'—'The Man Who Was' and 'The Tree of Justice.'

**November 19th, 1958**, at 84 Eccleston Square, 5.30 p.m. for 6.0 p.m. Mrs. Smee will talk about some of Rudyard Kipling's verse, and discussion will follow.

### ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on **Tuesday, October 21st, 1958.**

The Guest of Honour will be **T. S. ELIOT**, Esq., O.M. Application forms will be sent out this month.

### For Sale : Duplicate copy belonging to the Kipling Society

The famous portfolio of 16 illustrations for "The Jungle Book," by Maurice and Edward Detmold, issued in 1903 by Macmillan & Co. Ltd. at Five Guineas.

As the folder is in poor condition, though the pictures themselves are in good order, Three Guineas will be accepted for the set. Applications should be made to the Hon. Secretary.

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## Notes

WHEN staying recently in Magdalene College, Cambridge, I went down from the Guest Room for a pleasant half-hour in the shadowy old Library across the Front Court. Browsing there, I turned up the files of *Magdalene College Magazine*, and in Volume X, No. 2, for June 1932, read the following :—

" The election of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to an Honorary Fellowship at the College Meeting on the first day of full term has delighted all members of the College. He was admitted in chapel before evensong on Sunday, 29th May. By a happy coincidence the President of Magdalen [Professor George Gordon] was also spending the week-end here. There is a widespread hope that Mr. Kipling will not prove an absentee Honorary Fellow . . . "

A few pages further in the same number appears " Selections from the Freer Verse Horace," thirteen delightful sets of verses which Kipling based—rather distantly—on favourite passages in the Odes, and which, unfortunately, have never been reprinted.

In February 1933 (Vol. X, No. 3, p. 72), however, a poem of his in twenty-eight lines, headed " To the Companions," turns out to be identical with " Samuel Pepys : 1933 " in the Definitive Verse volume (p. 349). In its original form it was followed by a Latin translation from the pen of the Master (A. B. Ramsay) and an unsigned version in Greek. Ramsay, it will be remembered, shares with John Powell, Ronald Knox and A. D. Godley the honour of rendering Horace Book Five into Latin from the English of Rudyard Kipling and Charles Graves in 1920.

The next reference to Kipling in the *Magdalene College Magazine* is the obituary notice in February 1936 (Vol. X, No. 6), which concludes :—

" When Kipling came up for admission, he walked about the College as in a dream, pausing every now and then and murmuring ' Can this be true ? ' He contemplated many weeks in the Guest Room and much intercourse with the undergraduates; but the dream was rudely dispelled by sudden and continued ill-health. Again and again he was obliged to decline our eager invitations ; and only once did he reappear, and then as a convalescent in the Long Vacation. But he sent Horatian Verse to the *College Magazine*, and a poem on Pepys for the Tercentenary, which is now framed in the Pepys Library. A few weeks before his death he appeared to be in excellent health and

he promised the Master a visit at the end of May. Though we have seen so little of him, his heart was here in the last years of his life, and we have the consolation of knowing that we conferred on him, of all his prizes, the one which he treasured with the greatest affection."

Kipling is certainly remembered at Magdalene. Going up the staircase from the Hall where he once dined to the room where he would have sat over the port after dinner, one sees his portrait hanging in a place of honour. Several of the older Fellows remembered him at the College, or had visited him at Bateman's; and he was a Benefactor of the College, as was Pepys before him.

A present Fellow of Magdalene, Professor C. S. Lewis, has very kindly allowed us to reprint in this *Journal* his lecture on "Kipling's World" which was delivered before the English Association and printed for them by Messrs. Harrap in a volume called *Literature and Life* in 1948. Our thanks are due both to the English Association and Messrs. Harrap for permission to reprint; but in particular to Professor Lewis, at whose suggestion this lecture is included here—an important contribution to the study of Kipling made by one of the greatest writers of our day, a scholar and theologian who is also the author of imaginative fiction which Kipling would have been the first to acclaim.

Enough seems never to have been made of the interest which Kipling took in the work of his contemporaries and juniors. Though he made a rule against expressing his literary opinions in public, he was in the habit of writing enthusiastic letters to authors whose books he admired, and helping with criticism or practical advice whenever possible. His interest in Haggard's romances is now well known on account of the numerous letters included in Miss Lilius Rider Haggard's excellent biography of her father, *The Cloak that I Left*; but he was writing letters of gratitude and commendation to Stanley Weyman in the early 'nineties, and was ready on a chance meeting to read and criticise A. E. W. Mason's *The Three Gentlemen* in manuscript—and these are only two isolated instances out of many.

He did not confine his encouragement to writers of romance. His favourite among the *Punch* poets of the 'twenties was Patrick Chalmers, while thirty years earlier he was writing encouragement to a minor poetess who showed promise, Edith Nesbit.

"If it isn't impertinent to say so," wrote Kipling to E. Nesbit in 1903, "I've been watching your work and seeing it settle and clarify and grow tender." The first of her books which he read was *A Pomander of Verse* in 1895, but it was with the appearance of the stories of children collected from various magazines into *The Treasure Seekers* in 1899 that his interest was really awakened.

E. Nesbit was an ardent Kiplingite (though her husband, Hubert Bland of the Fabian Society, was later one of his most violent critics), and she gave voice to her enthusiasm in the story "Good Hunting"

published in *The Pall Mall Magazine* in April, 1898, and collected in *The Treasure Seekers*. Another story about the same children, "The Jungle," appeared in the same magazine in August, 1900, and became the first chapter of *The Would-be-Goods* (1901). In this the children play at being Mowgli and the animals from *The Jungle Books*—a game at which most of us have played at some time.

It was with the beginning of the Psammead stories in *The Strand Magazine* in April, 1902, that Kipling's interest was really aroused. These are stories of real children into whose lives magic enters—but who do not cease to be real and natural. "It has been on the tip of my pen to write to you again and again," wrote Kipling from The Woolsack on March 11th, 1903, "on *The Would-be-Goods* several times because I laughed over them riotously; but more particularly about the Psammead yarns. My kiddies are five and seven (they can't read, thank goodness) and they took an interest in the Psammead stories—a profound and practical interest. . . . I wish I could tell you what joy it gave them and how they revelled in the fun of it. . . ."

Next year Kipling was writing in equally enthusiastic terms about the second Psammead book, *The Phoenix and the Carpet*. He seems always to have taken a special interest in an "unconventional" fairy, and his love of Mrs. Molesworth's *Cuckoo Clock* (1877) is shown by his reference to it in *From Sea to Sea*. Now, having assimilated the Psammead and the Phoenix, he went one further—or stepped back behind them—and brought Puck into the foreground.

It seems probable that letters now missing link *Puck of Pook's Hill* with E. Nesbit's next book, *The Story of the Amulet*: otherwise "history" was in the air, and both writers stepped naturally back into the Past at the same moment to bring two families of very real children into magical contact with it.

Kipling began to write the Puck stories in September, 1904; Nesbit's *The Amulet* began to appear in *The Strand Magazine* in May, 1905; and *Puck of Pook's Hill* followed it there immediately from January, 1906, onwards.

Carrington remarks on Kipling's debt to E. Nesbit with regard to the basic idea for the Puck stories (pp. 378-9), but does not particularise. It is enough, however, to remember both the debt and the mutual esteem between these two of the half-dozen greatest of all our writers of children's books—particularly so at the moment when we are celebrating the Centenary of E. Nesbit's birth: August 15th, 1858.

The imaginative insight into the past which enabled Kipling to introduce Dan and Una—and all of us besides—to the Knight of the Joyous Venture or the Centurion of the Thirtieth even more convincingly than E. Nesbit could lead her children back to ancient Egypt and Babylon, was a gift which he had not fully realised before.

"The Finest Story in the World" (*Contemporary Review*, July, 1891) was perhaps his earliest attempt at slipping back in history. But another fascinating glimpse of the past lies hidden away in obscure

volumes, and in *The Sussex Edition*—whence Mrs. Bambridge has allowed us to disinter it for publication in this *Journal*.

"Shakespeare and *The Tempest*," otherwise known as "The Vision of the Enchanted Island," was written as a letter to *The Spectator*, where it appeared on July 2nd, 1898; it was reprinted privately in Providence, U.S.A., in 1906; included on pp. 200-203 of *A Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, 1916 (Oxford University Press), *The Sussex Edition* (Vol. XXX, pp. 55-60), and now here by kind permission of Mrs. Bambridge, of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. and of Messrs. A. P. Watt & Sons.

With it should be compared "The Coiner," set before "A Naval Mutiny" in *Limits and Renewals*—which, it will be remembered, is to be sung to the tune of 'Tempest a-brewing.'

R.L.G.

## Shakespeare and "The Tempest"

A Letter to the "Spectator"  
by Rudyard Kipling

**Y**OUR article on "Landscape and Literature" in the *Spectator* of June 18th has the following, among other suggestive passages: "But whence came the vision of the enchanted island in *The Tempest*? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made on."

May I cite Malone's suggestion connecting the play with the casting away of Sir George Somers on the island of Bermuda in 1609? And further, may I be allowed to say how it seems to me possible that the vision was woven from the most prosaic material—from nothing more promising, in fact, than the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre? Thus:—

A stage-manager, who writes and vamps plays, moving among his audience, overhears a mariner discoursing to his neighbour of a grievous wreck, and of the behaviour of the passengers, for whom all sailors have ever entertained a natural contempt. He describes, with the wealth of detail peculiar to sailors, measures taken to claw the ship off a lee-shore, how helm and sails were worked, what the passengers did, and what he said. One pungent phrase—to be rendered later into: "What cares these roarers for the name of king?"—strikes the manager's ear, and he stands behind the talkers. Perhaps only one-tenth of the earnestly delivered, hand-on-shoulder sea-talk was actually used of all that was automatically and unconsciously stored by the inland man who knew all inland arts and crafts. Nor is it too fanciful to imagine a half-turn to the second listener as the mariner, banning his luck as mariners will, says there are those who would not give a doit to a poor man, while they will lay out ten to see a raree-show—a dead Indian. Were he in foreign parts, as now he is in England, he could show people something in the way of strange fish. Is it to consider too curiously to see a drink ensue on this hint (the manager dealt

but little in his plays with the sea at first hand, and his instinct for new words would have been waked by what he had already caught), and with the drink a sailor's minute description of how he went across through the reefs to the island of his calamity—or islands rather, for there were many? Some you could almost carry away in your pocket. They were sown broadcast like—like the nutshells on the stage there. "Many islands, in truth," says the manager patiently, and afterwards his Sebastian says to Antonio: "I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple." To which Antonio answers: "And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands."

"But what was the land like?" says the manager. The sailor tries to explain. "It was green, with yellow in it; a tawny-coloured country,"—the colour, that is to say, of the coral-beached, cedar-covered Bermuda of today—"and the air made one sleepy, and the place was full of noises"—the muttering and roaring of the sea among the islands and between the reefs—"and there was a sou'west wind that blistered one all over." The Elizabethan mariner would not distinguish finely between blisters and prickly heat; but the Bermudan of today will tell you that the sou'west or Lighthouse wind in summer brings that plague and general discomfort. That the coral rock, battered by the sea, rings hollow with strange sounds, answered by the winds in the little cramped valleys, is a matter of common knowledge.

The man, refreshed with more drink, then describes the geography of his landing-place—the spot where Trinculo makes his first appearance. He insists and re-insists on details which to him at one time meant life or death; and the manager follows attentively. He can give his audience no more than a few hangings and a placard for scenery, but—that his lines should lift them beyond that bare show to the place he would have them—the manager needs for himself the clearest possible understanding—the most ample detail. He must see the scene in the round—solid—ere he peoples it. Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original information that those who go today to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II, Scene 2 of *The Tempest*—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the passage wide enough for Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ('My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid'). There is no other cave for some two miles. "Here's neither bush nor shrub"; one is exposed to the wrath of "yond same black cloud," and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognised in a flash that old first set of all.

So far good. Up to this point the manager has gained little except some suggestions for an opening scene, and some notion of an uncanny island. The mariner (one cannot believe that Shakespeare was mean in these little things) is dipping to a deeper drunkenness, Suddenly he

launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his fellows, flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of broached liquor. One castaway was found hiding under the ribs of a dead whale, which smelt abominably. They hauled him out by the legs—he mistook them for imps—and gave him drink. And now, discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy their officers, and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates in this enterprise were probably described as fools. He was the only sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they went up and down this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmettoes, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes, which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an island bewitched. Else why their cramps and sickness? Sack never made a man more than reasonably drunk. He was prepared to answer for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head was the purest magic that honest man ever met.

A drunken sailor of today wandering about Bermuda would probably sympathise with him; and today, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach, near Hamilton, the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in a swamp. The one point that our mariner did not dwell upon was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic. That a wizard should control such an island was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date.

Accept this theory, and you will concede that *The Tempest* came to the manager sanely and normally in the course of his daily life. He may have been casting about for a new play. He may have purposed to vamp an old one—say *Aurelio and Isabella*. Or he may have been merely waiting on his Demon. But it is Prospero's wealth against Caliban's pignuts that to him in a receptive hour, sent by Heaven, entered the original Stephano fresh from the seas and half-seas-over. To him Stephano told his tale all in one piece, a two hours' discourse of most glorious absurdities. His profligate abundance of detail at the beginning, when he was more or less sober, supplied and surely established the earth-basis of the play in accordance with the great law that a story to be truly miraculous must be ballasted with facts. His maunderings of magic and incomprehensible ambushings, when he was without reservation drunk (and this is just the time when a lesser-minded man than Shakespeare would have paid the reckoning and turned him out), suggested to the manager the peculiar note of its supernatural mechanism.

Truly it was a dream, but that there may be no doubt of its source or of his obligation, Shakespeare has also made the dreamer immortal !

## Kipling's World

by C. S. Lewis

KIPLING is intensely loved and hated. Hardly any reader likes him a little. Those who admire him will defend him tooth and nail, and resent unfavourable criticism of him as if he were a mistress or a country rather than a writer. The other side reject him with something like personal hatred. The reason is not hard to find and will, I hope, become apparent as we go on. For the moment, I will only say that my sole qualification, if it *is* a qualification, for talking about him is that I do not fully belong to either side.

I have been reading him off and on all my life, and I never return to him without renewed admiration. I have never at any time been able to understand how a man of taste could doubt that Kipling is a very great artist. On the other hand, I have never quite taken him to my heart. He is not one of my indispensables; life would go on much the same if the last copy of his works disappeared. I can go even further than this. Not only is my allegiance imperfect, it is also inconstant. After I have been reading Kipling for some days together there comes a sudden check. One moment I am filled with delight at the variety and solidity of his imagination; and then, the very next moment, I am sick, sick to death, of the whole Kipling world. Of course, one can reach temporary saturation point with any author; there comes an evening when even Boswell or Virgil will do no longer. But one parts from them as a friend: one knows one will want them another day; and in the interval one thinks of them with pleasure. But I mean something quite different from that; I mean a real disenchantment, a recoil which makes the Kipling world, for the moment, not dull (it is never that), but unendurable—a heavy, glaring, suffocating monstrosity. It is the difference between feeling that, on the whole, you would not like another slice of bread and butter just now and wondering, as your gorge rises, how you could ever have imagined that you liked vodka.

I by no means assume that this sudden change of feeling is reasonable. But it must certainly have causes, and I hope that to explore them may cast some light on Kipling. I am going to suggest that they are two in number, one arising from what may be called the formal, the other from what may be called the material, character of his work. I admit that this distinction of form from matter breaks down if you press it too far or in certain directions, but I think it will do for the purpose I have in hand.

The first cause for my sudden recoil from Kipling I take to be not the defect but the excess of his art. He himself has told us how he licked every story into its final shape. He dipped a brush in Indian ink and then re-read the manuscript "in an auspicious hour," considering faithfully "every paragraph, sentence and word" and "black-ing out where requisite." After a time he re-read the story and usually

found that it would bear "a second shortening." Finally there came a third reading, at which still more deletion might or might not be found necessary. It is a magnificent example of self-discipline, which Horace would have approved. But I suggest that even an athlete can be over-trained. Superfluous flesh should be sweated off; but a cruel trainer may be too severe in judging what is superfluous. I think Kipling used the Indian ink too much. Sometimes the story has been so compressed that in the completed version it is not quite told—at least, I still do not know exactly what happened in *Mrs. Bathurst*. But even when this is not so, the art overreaches itself in another way. Every sentence that did not seem to Kipling perfectly and triumphantly good has been removed. As a result, the style tends to be too continuously and obtrusively brilliant. The result is a little fatiguing. Our author gives us no rest: we are bombarded with felicities till they deafen us. There is no elbow room, no leisureliness. We need roughage as well as nourishment in a diet; but there is no roughage in a Kipling story—it is all unrelieved vitamins from the first word to the last.

To this criticism I think Kipling could make an almost perfectly satisfactory answer. He might say that he was writing short stories and short poems, each of which was to be the only specimen of Kipling in some number of a periodical. His work was meant to be taken in small doses. The man who gobbles down one story after another at a sitting has no more right to complain if the result is disastrous than the man who swills liqueurs as if they were beer. This answer, I have said, seems to me almost complete. Almost—because even inside a single story the brilliance of the parts, in my opinion, sometimes damages the effect of the whole. I am thinking of *My Sunday at Home*. The fancied situation is excellent; one ought to remember the story with chuckles as one remembers *The Wrong Box*. But I know I am not alone in finding that one actually laughed less than one would have thought possible in the reading of it and that in remembering it one always reverts to the summer drowsiness of the Wiltshire country around the railway station. That superb piece of scene painting has almost blotted out the comic action. Yet I suppose it was originally introduced for no other purpose than to emphasize the solitude of the place.

The fault of which I am here accusing Kipling is one which only a great artist could commit. For most of us the old rule of cutting out every word that can be spared is still a safe one: there is no danger that even after this process the result will be too vivid and too full of sense. And, as far as mere art is concerned, I think this almost the only fault I can find in Kipling's mature work; I say his mature work for, of course, like all men, he made some unsuccessful experiments before he found his true vein. It is when I turn to his matter that my serious discontents begin.

The earliest generation of Kipling's readers regarded him as the mouthpiece of patriotism and imperialism. I think that conception of his work is inadequate. Chesterton did a great service to criticism by contradicting it in a famous chapter of *Heretics*. In that chapter he

finds the essential characteristics of Kipling's mind to be two. In the first place he had discovered, or rediscovered, the poetry of common things; had perceived, as Chesterton says, "the significance and philosophy of steam and of slang." In the second place, Kipling was the poet of discipline. Not specially, nor exclusively, of military discipline, but of discipline in every shape. "He has not written so well of soldiers," says Chesterton, "as he has of railwaymen or bridge-builders, or even journalists." This particular judgment may be disputed, but I feel no doubt at all that Chesterton has picked up the right scent.

To put the thing in the shortest possible way, Kipling is first and foremost the poet of work. It is really remarkable how poetry and fiction before his time had avoided this subject. They had dealt almost exclusively with men in their "private hours"—with love affairs, crimes, sport, illness, and changes of fortune. Mr. Osborne may be a merchant, but *Vanity Fair* has no interest in his mercantile life. Darcy was a good landlord and Wentworth a good officer, but their activities in these capacities are all "off stage." Most of Scott's characters, except the soldiers, have no profession; and when they are soldiers the emphasis is on battles and adventures, not on the professional routine. Business comes into Dickens only in so far as it is criminal or comic. With a few exceptions, imaginative literature in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had quietly omitted, or at least thrust into the background, the sort of thing which, in fact, occupies most of the waking hours of most men. And this did not merely mean that certain technical aspects of life were unrepresented. A whole range of strong sentiments and emotions—for many men, the strongest of all—went with them. For, as Pepys once noted with surprise, there is great pleasure in talking of business. It was Kipling who first reclaimed for literature this enormous territory.

His early stories of Anglo-Indian society still conform to the older convention. They are about love affairs, elopements, intrigues, and domestic quarrels. They are indeed connected with his later and more characteristic work by a thread which I shall discuss presently; but on the surface they are a different kind of thing. The *Departmental Ditties* are much more typical of the author's real interests. The point about Potiphar Gubbins is not simply that he is a cuckold but that his horns bring him advancement in the Civil Service and that he builds very bad bridges. The sting of *The Story of Uriah* lies not merely in the wife's depravity but in the fact that the husband was sent, for her lover's convenience, to die at Quetta, "attempting two men's duty in that very healthy post." Exeter Battleby Tring, who really knows something about railways, has his mouth silenced with rupees in order that "the Little Tin Gods (long may their Highnesses thrive!)" may keep "their Circle intact." Boanerges Blitzen ruins his official career by exposing "office scandals" in the papers. The whole bitter little collection presents a corrupt society, not in its leisure, but in its official corruption. In his later work this preference for depicting men at their

jobs becomes his most obvious characteristic. Findlayson's hopes and fears about his bridge, McPhee's attitude both to engines and owners, William the Conqueror's work in the famine district, a lighthouse-keeper at his post on a foggy night, Gisborne and his chief in the forest. McAndrew standing his watch—these are the things that come back to us when we remember Kipling; and there had really been nothing like them in literature before. The poems again and again strike the same note. Lord Dufferin (heavily influenced by Bishop Blougram) hands on the *arcana imperil* to Lord Lansdowne; the professional spies set out, "each man reporting for duty alone, out of sight, out of reach of his fellow"; the crew of the *Bolivar*, "mad with work and weariness," see "some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand hotel"; H. Mukerji ends with the Boh's head a covering letter in perfect Babu officialese; the fans and beltings in a munition factory roar round a widowed war worker. The rhythms of work—boots slogging along a road, the Harrild and the Hoe devouring "their league-long paper-bale," the grunting of a water-wheel—echo through Kipling's verse and prose as through no other man's. Even Mowgli in the end accepts a post in the Civil Service. Even *The Brushwood Boy* turns aside from its main theme to show how much toil its hero suffered and inflicted in the course of his professional career. Even when we are taken into the remote past, Kipling is not interested in imagining what it felt like to be an ancient and pagan man; only in what it felt like to be a man doing some ancient job—a galley slave, a Roman officer. How the light came in through the oar-holes in the galley—that little detail which everyone who had served in a galley would remember and which no one else would know—that is Kipling's quarry.

It would be quite a mistake, however, to accuse Kipling of swamping the human interest in his mass of material and technical detail. The detail is there for the sake of a human interest, but that human interest is one that no previous writer had done justice to. What Kipling chiefly communicates—and it is, for good and for ill, one of the strongest things in the world—is the peculiar relation which men who do the same work have to that work and to one another; the inescapable bond of shared experiences, and, above all, of shared hardships. It is a commitment for life:

Oh, was there ever sailor free to choose,  
That didn't settle somewhere near the sea?  
We've only one virginity to lose,  
And where we lost it, there our hearts will be!

That is why in *Steam Tactics* Hinchcliffe, who, when starting on his leave, had "thanked his Maker that he wouldn't see nor smell nor thumb a runnin' bulgine till the nineteenth prox," nevertheless fell immediately to studying the engine of Kipling's steam-car.

For the same reason, Kipling, the old journalist, writes:

But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem  
Ere we forget the Press.

In the next stanza he goes on to explain why. The man who has " stood through the loaded hour " and " lit his pipe in the morning calm "—who has, in fact, been through the nocturnal routine of producing a newspaper—" hath sold his heart." That is the whole point. We who are of one trade (whether journalists, soldiers, galley slaves, Indian Civilians, or what you will) know so many things that the outsiders will never, never understand. Like the two child lovers in *The Light that Failed*, " we belong." It is a bond which in real life sometimes proves stronger than any other :

The men of my own stock  
 They may do ill or well,  
 But they tell the lies I am wonted to,  
 They are used to the lies I tell ;  
 And we do not need interpreters  
 When we go to buy and sell.

How true to life is the immediate alliance of the three [journalists whom chance has thrown together in the story called *A Matter of Fact*.

This spirit of the profession is everywhere shown in Kipling as a ruthless master. That is why Chesterton got in a very large part of the truth when he fixed on discipline as Kipling's main subject. There is nothing Kipling describes with more relish than the process whereby the trade-spirit licks some raw cub into shape. That is the whole theme of one of his few full-length novels, *Captains Courageous*. It is the theme of *The Centaurs*, and of *Pharaoh and the Sergeant*, and of *The 'Eathen*. It is allegorically expressed in *The Ship that Found Herself*. It is implicit in all the army stories and the sea stories ; indeed, it may be thought that the author turns aside from his narrative rather too often to assure us that Mulvaney was invaluable for " licking the new batch of recruits into shape." Even when we escape into the jungle and the wolf pack we do not escape the Law. Until he has been disciplined—" put through it," licked into shape—a man is, for Kipling, mere raw material. " Gad," says Hitchcock to Findlayson in *The Bridge-builders*, " what a Cooper's Hill cub I was when I came on the works." And Findlayson muses, "Cub thou wast; assistant thou art." The philosophy of the thing is summed up at the end of *A Walking Delegate*, where the yellow horse (an agitator) has asked the old working horse, " Have you no respect whatever for the dignity o' our common horsehood?" He gets the reply, " Horse, sonny, is what you start from. We know all about horse here, an' he ain't any high-toned, pure-souled child of nature. Horse, plain horse, same ez you, is chock-full o' tricks an' meannesses an' cussednesses an' monkey shines. . . . That's horse, an' that's about his dignity an' the size of his soul 'fore he's been broke an' raw-hided a piece." Reading " man " for " horse," we here have Kipling's doctrine of Man.

This is one of the most important things Kipling has to say and one which he means very seriously, and it is also one of the things which has aroused hatred against him. It amounts to something like a doctrine of original sin, and it is antipathetic to many modern modes of thought. Perhaps even more antipathetic is Kipling's presentation of the

" breaking " and " raw hiding " process. In *His Private Honour* it turns out to consist of prolonged bullying and incessant abuse ; the sort of bullying (as we learn from *The 'Eathen*) which sends grown men off to cry in solitude, followed by the jeers of the old hands. The patient is not allowed to claim any personal rights whatever; there is nothing, according to Kipling, more subversive. To ask for justice is as the sin of witchcraft. The disaster in the poem called *That Day* began with the fact that " every little drummer 'ad 'is rights an' wrongs to mind." In contrast, " My rights," Ortheris answered with deep scorn, " my rights ! I ain't a recruity to go whinin' about my rights to this an' my rights to that, just as if I couldn't look after myself. My rights ! 'Strewth A'mighty. I'm a man."

Now there is no good whatever in dismissing this part of Kipling's message as if it were not worth powder and shot. There is a truth in it which must be faced before we attempt to find any larger truths which it may exclude. Many who hate Kipling have omitted this preliminary. They feel instinctively that they themselves are just the unlicked or unbroken men whom Kipling condemns; they find the picture intolerable, and the picture of the cure more intolerable still. To escape, they dismiss the whole thing as a mere Fascist or " public school " brutality. But there is no solution along those lines. It may (or may not) be possible to get beyond Kipling's harsh wisdom ; but there is no getting beyond a thing without first getting as far. It is a brutal truth about the world that the whole everlasting business of keeping the human race protected and clothed and fed could not go on for twenty-four hours without the vast legion of hard-bitten, technically efficient, not-over-sympathetic men, and without the harsh processes of discipline by which this legion is made. It is a brutal truth that unless a great many people practised the Kipling *ethos* there would be neither security nor leisure for any people to practise a finer *ethos*. As Chesterton admits, " We may fling ourselves into a hammock in a fit of divine carelessness ; but we are glad that the maker did not make the hammock in a fit of divine carelessness." In *The Proconsuls*, speaking of those who have actually ruled with a strong hand, Kipling says :

On the stage their act hath framed  
For thy sports, O Liberty !  
Doubted are they, and defamed  
By the tongues their act set free.

It is a true bill, as far as it goes. Unless the Kipling virtues—if you will, the Kipling vices—had long and widely been practised in the world we should be in no case to sit here and discuss Kipling. If all men stood talking of their rights before they went up a mast or down a sewer or stoked a furnace or joined an army, we should all perish; nor while they talked of their rights would they learn to do these things. And I think we must agree with Kipling that the man preoccupied with his own rights is not only a disastrous, but a very unlovely object ; indeed, one of the worst mischiefs we do by treating a man unjustly is that we force him to be thus preoccupied.

But if so, then it is all the more important that men should, in fact, be treated with justice. If we all need "licking into shape" and if, while undergoing the process, we must not guard our rights, then it is all the more important that someone else should guard them for us. What has Kipling to say on this subject? For, quite clearly, the very same methods which he prescribes for licking the cub into shape. "making a man of him" in the interests of the community, would also, if his masters were bad men, be an admirable method of keeping the cub quiet while he was exploited and enslaved for their private benefit. It is all very well that the colts (in *The Centaurs*) should learn to obey Chiron as a means to becoming good cavalry chargers; but how if Chiron wants their obedience only to bring them to the knacker's yard? And are the masters never bad men? From some stories one would almost conclude that Kipling is ignorant of, or indifferent to, this possibility. In *His Private Honour* the old soldiers educate the recruits by continued bullying. But Kipling seems quite unaware that bullying is an activity which human beings enjoy. We are given to understand that the old soldiers are wholly immune to this temptation; they threaten, mock, and thrash the recruits only from the highest possible motives. Is this naivety in the author? Can he really be so ignorant? Or does he not care?

He is certainly not ignorant. Most of us begin by regarding Kipling as the panegyrist of the whole imperial system. But we find, when we look into the matter, that his admiration is reserved for those in the lower positions. These are the "men on the spot"; the bearers of the burden; above them we find folly and ignorance; at the centre of the whole thing we find the terrible society of Simla, a provincial smart set which plays frivolously with men's careers and even their lives. The system is rotten at the head, and official advancement may have a *terribilissima causa*. Findlayson had to see "months of office work destroyed at a blow when the Government of India at the last moment added two feet to the width of the bridge under the impression that bridges were cut out of paper!" The heart-rending death of Orde (one of Kipling's best tragic scenes) is followed by the undoing of his life's work when the ignorant Viceroy sends a Babu to succeed him. In *Tod's Amendment* disaster is averted by a child who knows what all the rulers of India (the "little Tin Gods") do not know. It is interesting to compare *The Eathen* with *The Sergeant's Wedding*. In the one, the sergeants are benevolent despots—it is only the softness and selfishness of the recruit that make him think they are cruel tyrants. In the other, we have a sergeant who uses his position to make money by cheating the men. Clearly this sergeant would have just as strong a motive as the good ones for detesting privates who talked about their "rights and wrongs."

All this suggests that the disciplinary system is a very two-edged affair; but this does not in the least shake Kipling's devotion to it. That, he says in effect, is what the world always has been like and always will be like. Even in prehistoric times the astute person

Won a simple Viceroy's praise  
Through the toil of other men.

And no one can rebuke more stunningly than Kipling those who exploit and frustrate the much-enduring "man on the spot" :

When the last grim joke is entered  
In the big black Book of jobs,  
And Quetta graveyards give again  
Their victims to the air,  
I shouldn't like to be the man  
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

But this makes no difference to the duty of the sufferer. Whatever corruptions there may be at the top, the work must go on; frontiers must be protected, epidemics fought, bridges built, marshes drained, famine relief administered. Protest, however well-grounded, about injustice, and schemes of reform, will never bring a ship into harbour or a train into the station or sow a field of oats or quell a riot; and "the unforgiving minute" is upon us fourteen hundred and forty times a day. This is the truest and finest element in Kipling; his version of Carlyle's gospel of work. It has affinities with Piers Plowman's insistence on ploughing his half-acre; but there are important differences.

The more Kipling convinces us that no plea for justice or happiness must be allowed to interfere with the job, the more anxious we become for reassurance that the work is really worthy of all the human sacrifices it demands. "The game," he says, "is more than the player of the game." But perhaps some games are and some aren't. "And the ship is more than the crew"—but one would like to know where the ship was going and why. Was its voyage really useful—or even innocent? We want, in fact, a doctrine of Ends. Langland could supply one. He knows how Do Well is connected with Do Better and Do Best; the ploughing of the half-acre is placed in a cosmic context and that context would enable Langland, in principle, to tell us whether any given job in the whole universe was true worship or miserable idolatry; it is here that Kipling speaks with an uncertain voice. For many of the things done by his Civil Servants the necessity is perhaps obvious; but that is not a side of the matter he develops. And he writes with equal relish where the ultimate ends of the work described are much less obvious. Sometimes his choice of sides seems to be quite accidental, even frivolous. When William the Conqueror met a schoolmaster who had to teach the natives the beauties of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, she told him, rather unnecessarily, "I like men who do things." Teaching English Literature to natives is not "doing things," and we are meant to despise that schoolmaster. One notes that the editor of the local paper, whom we met a few pages before, is visited with no similar ignominy. Yet it is easy enough to imagine the situations reversed. Kipling could have written a perfect Kipling story about two men in the Educational Department working eighteen hours a day to conduct an examination, with punkah flapping and all the usual background. The futility of the curriculum which makes them set Wordsworth to

Indian schoolboys would not in the least have detracted from their heroism if he had chosen to write the story from that point of view. It would have been their professional grievance—ironically and stoically endured—one more instance of that irresponsible folly at the top which wastes and breaks the men who really do the work. I have a disquieting feeling that Kipling's actual respect for the journalist and contempt for the schoolmaster has no thought-out doctrine of ends behind it, but results from the accident that he himself worked for a newspaper and not for a school. And now, at last, I begin to suspect that we are finding a clue to that suffocating sensation which overtakes me if I read Kipling too long. Is the Kipling world really monstrous in the sense of being misshaped? How if this doctrine of work and discipline, which is so clear and earnest and dogmatic at the periphery, hides at the centre a terrible vagueness, a frivolity or scepticism?

Sometimes it hides nothing but what the English, whether fairly or unfairly, are inclined to call Americanism. The story called *Below the Mill Dam* is an instance. We are expected to rejoice that the native black rat should be superseded by the alien brown rat; that the mill wheel could be yoked to a dynamo and the countryside electrified. None of the questions which every thinking man must raise about the beneficence of this whole transition have any meaning for Kipling. They are to him mere excuses for idleness. "We have already learned six refined synonyms for loafing," say the waters; and, to the Wheel itself, "While you're at work you'll work." The black rat is to be stuffed. Here is the creed of Activism—of "Progress," hustle, and development—all blind, naked, uncritical of itself. Similarly in *The Explorer*, while we admire the man's courage in the earlier stanzas, the end which he has in view gives us pause. His Holy Grail is simply the industrialization of the country he has discovered. The waterfalls are "wasting fifty thousand head an hour" and the forests are "axe-ripe"; he will rectify this. The End, here as in the Mill Dam story, may be a good one; it is not for me to decide. But Kipling does not seem to know there is any question. In *Bread upon the Waters* all the usual hardships are described and with all Kipling's usual relish; but the only end is money and revenge—though, I confess, a very excusable revenge. In *The Devil and the Deep Sea* the job, which is treated with his usual reverence, the game, which is still more than the player of the game, is merely the triumph of a gang of criminals.

This might be explained by saying that Kipling is not a moralist but a purely objective writer. But that would be false. He is eminently a moralist; in almost every story we are invited, nay forced, to admire and condemn. Many of the poems are versified homilies. That is why this chanciness or uncertainty about the end to which the moralism of his *bushido* is applied in any particular instance makes us uncomfortable. And now we must take a step further. Even Discipline is not a constant. The very people who would be cubs to be licked into shape in one story may, in another, be the heroes we are asked to admire.

[To be concluded]

## "All In A Garden Fair"

by A. E. Bagwell Purefoy

WHAT its merits may be from today's 'literary' standpoint I do not know. But I *do* know that that book was my salvation in sore personal need, and with the reading and re-reading it became to me a revelation, a hope and strength. . . . To Walter Besant singly and solely do I owe this."

Thus wrote Kipling in *Something of Myself*, and we must all have wondered, now and again, what he can have found in Walter Besant's novel to warrant such extraordinary praise. He first read the book at the age of 20, during a Lahore hot weather, with "the horror of a great darkness" upon him. If he had praised it like this soon afterwards, when the darkness had gone and success was rushing at him, it might not really mean very much. It might just be taken as dutiful thanks, while still remembered, for a heartening message in a bad moment. But the tribute was paid fifty years later, by the G.O.M. with all his conquests behind him. So the book must have made a really deep impression, and when a copy was presented recently to the Kipling Society Library, I jumped at the chance of trying to deduce a few of the lessons he may have derived from it. Others, too, may like to play at this literary detection—as I say, the book's in the Library. Meanwhile, here's a progress report which I hope will be of interest.

First of all, it's an enchanting book—one that anybody would find hard to put down. It's true that the author throws the last part out of gear by changing the viewpoint, but the 'nice' characters are so nice, the 'nasty' ones so few and so pleasantly handled, the story is so good and the wisdom in it so attractively presented, that I wondered why on earth we never hear of Walter Besant nowadays.

### Narrative and Purpose

To go any further we must turn to the story itself, none of which, I was surprised to find, takes place in India. Everything happens in or near London; one of the heroes does indeed spend three years in China, but we only hear of his life there in some extremely informative letters.

On the title-page are the words: "A Simple Story of Three Boys and a Girl." In fact, as far as the girl is concerned, there are only two boys in it; the third is never in the running. Allen is dreamy and romantic and longs to write: Will is practical and wants to succeed in business. The driving force of the story is the girl's French father, Hector Philipon—a man of much talent but who missed the mark in youth. He conceives the idea of training Allen for a writing career, in the high-flown hope of turning him into a Prophet and a Leader, such as he himself had dreamed of being. He fails in his higher hopes but not in his immediate object, and the nature of his training, the 'hoops' through which he mercilessly drives his protegee, *must* have impressed themselves on young Kipling's mind. "It dealt," says *Something of Myself*, "with a young man who desired to write; who

came to realise the possibilities of common things seen, and who eventually succeeded in his desire." The italics are mine, and that short sentence, as it affected young Allen, was the result of hard training, fascinatingly described in the novel.

But that's not all the story. There are *two* boys, and the second is a man of action. Will doesn't need a driving force behind him—he's got his own. Hector wastes no time on him. "Will needs no help from me," he says, when his fair-minded daughter suggests that Allen shouldn't get it all; "he will compel success to come his way," and as the story advances its real purpose begins to stand out—to contrast a life of 'words' with a life of 'action.' "For me," says the fiery little Frenchman (remember, he wished to turn Allen into a Leader), "for me, the maker of phrases is not the great man. I love better the man who acts than the man who talks." And the girl: "Surely it is better for a man to act. Men have to do the work of the world. That man who does it carries out the purpose for which he was born better than the man who talks about the worker."

May not this have been one of the book's 'revelations'—pointing out to its young reader that the 'Allen' within himself would not be enough, without a generous infusion of 'Will.'

### Three Major Lessons

We may be pretty sure, then, that two things Kipling absorbed from the book were sound practical advice on training to be a writer, and the fact that words alone would not make him 'the great man.' As far as was compatible with writing he must *act*: travel, see uncommon things as well as common; above all, his great gift of Words must itself be a Driving Force, inspiring to action others less articulate. A third major lesson—that time spent abroad was only training-time, and that real success lay in London—has already been fully dealt with by Professor Carrington in his Biography.

### The Lovely Search

Of course, one is constantly searching the book for similarities with Kipling, and, wishful thinking or not, it is bursting with them. One striking instance is what Professor Carrington (p. 82) calls "a mannerism that later critics have supposed peculiar to Kipling." The mannerism consists of making comments without troubling to put them into the mouths of characters in the story—a practice abominated by modern 'courses in writing,' and in Kipling's own day often criticised as 'knowingness.' (An example is the notorious "Never praise a sister to a sister.") Besant adopts this 'I'm telling you' attitude a good deal in *All in a Garden Fair*, but he does it very pleasantly and much less didactically than Kipling often did.

Then there's some delightful fun, which, whatever the temperature at Lahore, must have made the future author of "The Propagation of Knowledge" kick in his chair. When, for instance, the little Frenchman, at last grown wealthy, leaves the rural girls' school where he taught French, he obtains permission, rashly given, to deliver a "valedictory oration." Hand on heart, he assures his ex-pupils that,

having for years been compelled to regard them as 'Girl'—entirely composed of giggles, false quantities and wrong genders—henceforth, to him, they will be eternally 'Woman.' Enchanting, faultless Woman, in whom bad grammar and halting constructions are but added allurements. Syntax? Vocabulary? *Pah!* What have they to do with Woman? And, snatching up French Grammar and Dictionary, in front of the whole school—pupils, staff and petrified Head-Mistress—he tears them in half and hurls the pieces to the floor. (Curtain.)

Two passages on 'Greatness' and 'Fame,' it is tempting to think, lingered in Kipling's mind and bore fruit. "You English," says Hector, "are so proud in your greatness that you do not think it worth while to *teach your own people how great they are.*" (My italics.) More important is a remark made to the young writer Allen, with his head in the clouds dreaming of success and glory, by an older friend who has taken him to his literary club—perhaps the Savile. "Three-fourths of these men are writing men. If you listen to their talk you will hear nothing about the glory of their work, and they are mere Sadducees about its immortality." Whether Rudyard took this to heart or not, precisely the same idea comes out in *The Light that Failed*. Here's the conversation, condensed—Maisie and Dick talking :

"Why am I wrong in trying to get a little success?"

"Just because you try. The instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work—to play with one eye on the gallery—we lose power and touch and everything else."

"Don't you ever think about the gallery?"

"Much too often; but I'm always punished for it by loss of power."

Finally, there's one passage that is 'pure Kipling.'

The third boy in the story is money-loving and stupid, and in an intriguing sub-plot he falls in with an elderly financial genius who had once made a fortune in the City, but was finally broken and bankrupted through indulging in sharp practice. He lives only for 'the game,' but cannot return to it openly, so hits on the idea of using this greedy young simpleton as his 'cover.' He baits the hook with, as he calls it, "a present of fifty pounds." "Go to this office," he orders, scribbling a name, "and say you wish to buy ten thousand 'Russians.' The order will be booked, and you will pay nothing. Ten days from now, return and say you wish to sell them. You will receive fifty pounds." So it befalls, and the astounded youth, the notes fresh in his pocket, gasps out: "But how did you know?"

The old speculator shrugged his shoulders. How did he know? How could he explain? Ask a flint-instrument collector how he knows an ancient spear-head from one of Flint Jack's manufacture. Ask a coin man how he knows that an old coin is a forgery, one of many committed in Alexandria to cheat collectors of the third century. Ask a man in the picture trade how he knows a copy from an original. Ask a man learned in Scarabaei how he knows the Birmingham specimen from a Nile native. How did he know? Of course he knew! How could he tell? Of course he could tell!

Could not Kipling, with his love of the Expert, have written that very paragraph? Except, of course, that he would have said it all much better!

## "Dak Bungalows"

by Lt.-Col. J. K. Stanford, O.B.E., M.C.

**D**AK is, I believe, in Urdu, a word with two meanings—(a) *stage* on a road, as in stage-coach, and (b) *post*, as a postman usually ran or walked a stage and then was relieved by another man. In my day *Dakwala* was a postman or a Government messenger who brought letters. Dak-bungalow was the word, lasting from Kipling's to my time, for the Government bungalows put up for travellers along the main roads and principal district roads. Government officials had the first use of them and other people could only use them, and had to pay a fee, if they were not needed by officials. The users paid for supplies, firewood, grass, chickens, eggs, paraffin, which were supplied him and his ponies, etc., by the *Khansamah*, a sort of butler, or the *Durwan*, a caretaker.

As nearly all travellers brought their own servants, stores and bedding, the bungalow usually provided tables, chairs, beds, crockery, lamps, etc. A register was kept in which the traveller had to record the date and time of his coming and going, and any payments made for breakages. I imagine, as the country developed, a lot of the dak-bungalows along the Grand Trunk Road, etc., fell into disuse, and there were many, such as one Kipling describes, used only once or twice a year but probably full of ghosts. In Kipling's India they were probably one-storied thatched buildings, with a big central dining-room and verandah and two or three bedrooms, with a kitchen and servants' godowns adjoining. In many places where there was no court-house, cases were tried and enquiries were held in them by officials "on tour." I have tried many murder cases in remote hill bungalows. All were maintained by the Public Works Department. The canal bungalows were similar buildings put up along the canal banks, principally for the use of travelling canal officials, but anyone can use them on the same terms as the dak-bungalows. Exactly similar "forest-bungalows" were kept up in Government forests for the use of touring officials. Some were just a roof and rooms, and the forest officer imported his own camp furniture, stores, lamps, and so on, and camped there for a night or two under cover, instead of pitching tents.

The ordinary district was rarely less than 3,000 square miles, so that, in the rains and before the days of motor-cars, a touring official often spent three weeks in the month out "on tour" in these bungalows away from home and received a sum of about 7 rupees 8 annas a night for travelling allowance, out of which he paid for his pony-grass, firewood, eggs, chickens, etc., purchased on tour. At most district H.Q.s there were two such bungalows—(a) the dak-bungalow and (b) the circuit house, a rather larger and more lavish building whose first purpose was to house the Sessions Judge on tour, and which contained a large court-room on the ground floor in which Sessions (Assizes) cases were tried. The Sessions Judge lived in the upper rooms. In a very notorious case, the (Burmese) wife of an English judge used to

throw gambling parties for her friends upstairs while court cases were being tried by her husband below. He once remonstrated at the noise and she came down and slipped him in front of his own court, which led to his leaving Government service !

The dak bungalow or rest house or circuit house was thus the equivalent all over India of the hotel for travellers, or the coaching-inn, and they contain as much history, of quarrels, suicides, divorces, murders, *causes célèbres*, as anywhere in India. You find them scattered all over Africa, Malay, and so on, too, the standard of accommodation varying greatly. In Libya they even supplied me with sheets and bedding, and cooked my meals. I should say that in the old days in India the *Khansamah* also cooked for any traveller who did not bring his own cook. You will find a lot about them in Kipling. In *Thrown Away* the suicide takes place in a "Canal Engineers' rest house" or dak bungalow. In *Garm* the final scene takes place in the rest-house at Solon. *The Return of Imray* describes a native-owned bungalow which probably resembled most dak bungalows in construction. In *The Head of the District* the "public audience" by the new D.C. almost certainly took place in a dak bungalow. In *By Word of Mouth* Dumoise stops at a forest dak bungalow "open to all the winds and bitterly cold." *The Garden of Eden* in *The Gadsbys* occurs in the Mahasu dak bungalow. In *Letters of Marque*, Kipling stops in a dak bungalow at Udaipur with a French bedstead. In *The Naulahka* much of the action takes place in the "double cube of red sandstone" which is the dak bungalow at Rhatore. Most of the details in Chapter VII of that story were as true in 1930 as they were in 1890—"this was only in a distant sense a hotel and there he was open to the danger of being turned out at twelve hours' notice." In the chapter "Seven Years Hard," in *Something of Myself*, Kipling describes how he found a rest-house on the Tibet road which provided "bottles of strong Army beer." In *My Own True Ghost Story* is a masterly two-page summary of the old half-deserted dak bungalows on the Grand Trunk Road, and he there says "a fair proportion of the tragedy of our lives in India acted itself in dak bungalows and many men had died mad in them."

## Victoria (B.C.) Branch

WE heartily congratulate this Branch on reaching its Silver Jubilee in May of this year. We have only to look on the map at this beautifully-placed but remote city to appreciate the enthusiasm that must have gone into holding the Group together. At the Annual Meeting a presentation was made by Branch Members to Mrs. D. Ruddock, who had been present at the inauguration and who has since worked devotedly for the Branch—and, of course, for the Society. The Jubilee Party was organized by Professor E. G. Burr, who is not only a graduate of McGill University but was actually present when R.K. received his Honorary Degree there in October, 1907, and acknowledged it in the speech "Values in Life" (*A Book of Words*).

This Branch adopts the excellent plan of asking small teams to produce, in turn, a programme each month on a set Kipling subject, e.g. Animals, Biblical, Navy, Medical, etc. Organizers elsewhere who may fear shortage of ideas, please note.

## Hon. Secretary's Notes

### Branch Reports

Our AUCKLAND Branch (40 Members) met eight times in 1957. They had a most varied programme, by no means confined to story-discussions. Subjects spoken on included "R.K. in America" and Noel Annan's broadcast, "Kipling the Conservative" (reproduced in Journals 113/4).

A good number of visitors attended the meetings.

We have given our VICTORIA (B.C.) Branch a place on its own, since this is its Jubilee year.

Some of our newer Members may not realise the activity that goes on in our four Branches. All we are able to give them from London is *The Kipling Journal*, which is one reason why we are so glad to have been able to enlarge it. It is really remarkable how they have held together over the years, running meetings, recruiting Members, and always keeping in friendly touch with us. We do most heartily congratulate them.

Any Member visiting Auckland, British Columbia, Melbourne or New York should make a point of getting in touch with the appropriate Branch Hon. Secretary, in order to convey the good wishes of Home Members. For addresses, see back of *Journal*.

Message to Branch Members : Mind you do the same when over here !

### A Forthcoming Kipling Book

One of our newest Members, Dr. Joyce Tompkins (of Holloway College, Englefield Green), has recently completed a Study of Kipling. The work, which took six years, consists of literary analysis and appreciation. The author has concentrated on understanding the stories from within, especially in their relation to each other. The subjects dealt with include 'Laughter,' 'Simplicity and Complexity,' 'Hatred and Revenge,' 'Healing' and 'Man and the Abyss.' The book is a continuation of several articles by Dr. Tompkins which appeared in *Journals* 108, 109, 111 and 114.

We look forward to the book's publication, and to Dr. Tompkins's appearance at our two-monthly discussions.

### Speakers from the Society — IV

Since the last issue, two talks have been given to Young Conservatives—a new type of audience for us. Whilst it is hard to avoid a certain 'thin ice' feeling when addressing Youth, the fact that we have been asked to do so is encouraging. If our Society is to endure, its top-priority object must be to reveal Kipling to rising generations. Please, therefore, seize any chances you can get of addressing young people about him. You will at least know that you are selling first-class goods.

### Brains Trust

Whenever we advertise our existence by means of a small Press notice, we invariably receive several offers to sell us things (though never to lend us money). Occasionally, however, we get a 'work' question. The latest, from the managing director's office of a famous aircraft firm, is to 'place' the following:—

"At the opening verse of the opening page of the Chapter of Endless Possibilities."

We are stumped ; our experts are stumped. Yet our correspondent, who read the words in an American publication, is positive that they were attributed to

R.K., and there's no doubt that they have a 'Kipling ring.' Two likely coverts, "A Book of Words" and "Abaft the Funnel," have been drawn blank. Any offers? A.E.B.P.

## Kipling Quiz

at 84 Eccleston Square—14th May, 1958

THIS meeting attracted a large audience and seemed to have been enjoyed by everyone. We were delighted to welcome Mrs. Bambridge and we all hope she will be able to come again. Our experts were Colonel Purefoy, Mr. Harbord, Mr. Bazley and Commander Merriman, and the questions ranged widely over all those of Kipling's works which are generally well known to Kipling-lovers. AM the questions on the verse were easily answered, and of more than a hundred on the prose only about thirty-five beat audience and experts alike. Of these we have selected two dozen which readers may like to try to answer themselves, remembering that our experts and audience had to deal with them without reference to the books.

### QUESTIONS

1. Who was Mrs. Bellamy?
2. What was Colonel Creighton's Christian name?
3. Who "fared sumptuously on offal flavoured with insect-powder to keep the ants off"?
4. Who said "Thank God, here's something like home at last!"?
5. Who *originated* the opinion that being kissed by a man who didn't wax his moustache was like eating an egg without salt?
6. Who, according to whom, looked like a frame-foed and soap advertisement?
7. Who was dressed in jade-green muslin as befitted a daughter of the Prophet?
8. Who gave to whom a bitter's claw?
9. Who sent to whom a chained heart of ambergris, set in soft gold?
10. Who sang "Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High," and where?
11. What was the song which Disko sang at the impromptu concert on the "We're Here" while the crew waited for the fog to lift?
12. What was the name of Captain Gadsby's khansamah?
13. What was the name of Scott's Mohammedan servant in *William the Conqueror*?
14. How many greys were there in the Skidars' polo team, and can you name them?
15. Can you describe "Who's Who," also of the Skidars' team?
16. What colour and breed was Dick Cunliffe's horse?
17. What was the full name of "Dolly Bobs"?
18. After Ravager was blinded, there was a fight for his place on the sleeping-bench. Can you name the three hounds involved? Which of them finally got the place?
19. What breed were Flora and Folly?
20. When can you split a hen's ear, and where will you find authority for this?
21. Who, riding which pony, struck the first goal for the Skidars' team?
22. What do you know of a tigress named "Mrs. Malaprop"?
23. Who said "Who trusts a woman will walk on duckweed in a pool"?
24. Who was Lotta Krenk?

*The answers to the above questions will be given in the December Journal.*

## Letter Bag

### Further Notes on "An English School"

The interesting notes on "An English School" in your issue for March 1958 contain some inaccuracies regarding Riel's rebellions in Canada.

Louis Riel led two rebellions, one in 1870 and one in 1885. These were uprisings of half-breeds, or Métis, that is, French-speaking people of mixed Indian and white blood, provoked by fear of losing their lands in the North-West Territories. The Fenians were men of Irish descent living in the United States, and driven by their traditional view of the wrongs of Ireland to making raids on Canada in 1863 and 1870. Riel actively opposed the latter raid.

The rebellion of 1885 was not fought on the Red River, but at settlements on the North Saskatchewan, about as far away as London is from Edinburgh, a long-march for unsupported troops in hostile country. It is amusing to read in your notes the details of medals and millinery for these campaigns. My father, Frederick Thomson Fisher, was a sergeant with Boulton's Mounted Infantry. This unit was raised on the Manitoba prairies and the men supplied their own weapons and horses. They had no uniforms, they had no supply arrangements, and for food depended on game, and supplies abandoned by the rebel column they were pursuing. Men after Kipling's heart!

Years later, my father was Hudson's Bay Company factor at Fort Edmonton, where a close friend was Dr. A. E. Braithwaite, a former Mounted Police officer and an old boy of Westward Ho! Dr. Braithwaite lived quietly with no sign visible of the fortune Kipling ascribed to him. The Mounted Police were never the C.M.P. Originally the North-West Mounted Police, they later added Royal to their name, and much later still became the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—R.C.M.P.

"An English School" was first published in *The Youth's Companion*. An editor at that time was Edward William Thomson, my father's cousin, who was one of the land surveyors whose work was the immediate cause of the second Riel rebellion. Thomson had fought in the Fenian raids of 1870 and had served with 50,000 other Canadians in the army of the North during the American Civil War. In 1893 he wrote to the poet Archibald Lampman: "... all the songs of that time ought to be for the poor devils of Métis—harried and debauched by the brutal crew sent to the North-West—the pathos of the sacrifice of the volunteers was that they should have been the instruments of a hideous, vulgarized, filthy collection of tyrannical — land-sharks, boodling inept politicians." Rudyard Kipling would have liked that.

2850 Hill Park Road, Montreal, Canada. C. B. FISHER

### "McAndrew" and "Night Mail"

It is pleasing to recognise, in the *Journal*, a growing interest in Kipling's engineering writings. Mr. Butterworth's timely notes on "McAndrew's Hymn" are much to be appreciated; for it is clear that the large reciprocating engine will soon be as scarce as the full-rigged sailing ship at sea. I quite agree with Mr. Butterworth in deploring too close technical examination of these verses and stories. During my own apprenticeship I had to make 'gib keys,' which were square, tapering steel bars driven into corresponding square grooves in a shaft and a wheel, or drum; so ensuring that the shaft and wheel turned as one. If the key had an L-shaped projection at one end it was called a gib key: but this would be only distantly related to the cross-head gib of a marine engine.

In the "Night Mail" story, as 'sorted' by Mr. Elwell, perhaps it may be that in "lift-shunt" Kipling had invented a common technical term to be used by

airship engineers in the year 2000. I believe that the lift-shunt was (or will be!) the mechanism for adjusting the trim, or longitudinal stability, of an airship—by rapidly sending, or shunting, the lifting gas to different parts of the ship and, perhaps, reducing lift by liquifying some of the gas; just as ships at sea are trimmed by emptying or filling the water-ballast tanks.

"Even in this thin air the lift-shunts are busy taking out one-third of its normal lift, and still '162' must be checked by occasional downdraw of the rudder or our flight would become a climb to the stars. Captain Purnall prefers an overlifted to an underlifted ship; but no two captains trim ship alike."

With such connotation to "shunt the lift" out of a troublesome man with a spanner would be everyday slang.

But certainly "minor irritations are of little moment compared with the pleasure given by the story."

T. C. ANGUS.

"BlackLog," Clavering, Essex.

### The Cat that Walked Out

When "The Maltese Cat" was first printed in *The Pall Mall Gazette* for June 26th and 27th, 1895, and then in the American *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for July of the same year, a polo pony was three times called "The Manx Cat." Where the name appeared can be seen on pages 273-4 of the book version of the story in *The Day's Work* (Standard and Pocket Editions).

These are the paragraphs:—

p. 273: "What are you doing here?" said Hughes, as The Manx Cat . . .

p. 274: "Wriggle her up the side," said The Manx Cat.

p. 274: "If they get us out in the middle of the ground, they'll walk away from us. Dribble her along," cried The Manx Cat.

We will never know why the Manx Cat appeared, but it probably followed Lewis Carroll's Cheshire Cat into invisibility because it dawned on Kipling that a pony with such a name would have been tailless, and that this lack of a rudder would not have been seemly.

So "The Manx Cat" became just "The Cat," and "The Maltese Cat" alone was left with an Island origin.

T E ELWELL

Ramsay, Isle of Man.

## Some Recent Writings About Kipling

### A. American (as listed in *Victorian Studies*, Indiana, June 1958).

Bushnell, Nelson S. "Kipling's Ken of India." *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XXVII, 62-78 (1957).

Murphy, Carol. "Kipling: Crust and Core." *Approach*, Fall 1957. pp. 29-32.

Rao, Kanatur Bhaskara. "Rudyard Kipling's India." *Dissertation Abstracts*, XVII, 2014-15. (1957)

Weygandt, Ann M. "A Study of Kipling's Use of Historical Material in 'Brother Square-Toes' and 'A Priest in Spite of Himself!'" *Delaware Notes*, 27th series (Newark: Univ. of Delaware, 1054), pp. 83-106.

### B. British

Patterson, R. M. "The Beaches of Lukannon." *Blackwood's Magazine*, CCLXXXII, No. 1703, pp. 225-36. September 1957.

Harbord, R. E. "Kipling's Jungle Books." *The Scouter*, LII, Nos. 1-6, January to June, 1958.

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