ALL GREEN

The KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY

NEW SERIES 32-PAGE ISSUE

JUNE, 1961

VOL. XXVIII No. 138

CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THe 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, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (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, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/-; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/-; U.S.A. Branch, $3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at 323 High Holborn, London, W.C.l, 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

A.G.M. AND COUNCIL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting, **followed by the next Council Meeting, will be** held **at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, August** 16th, 1961, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, July 26th, 1961, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

" Brother Squaretoes " and " A Priest in Spite of Himself " will be introduced for discussion by Col. Bagwell Purefoy.

Wednesday, September 20th, 1961. Same time and place.

Which is Kipling's funniest Story ? Introduced **by** Mr. Inwood.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will take place on Thursday, October 19th, 1961, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

The Guest of Honour will be Professor Charles Carrington, M.C, author of " Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work ".

Application forms will go out in September.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XXVIII. No. 138 JUNE, 1961

NEWS AND NOTES

A BENGALI ON KIPLING

Through the kindness of the author, Mr. Nirad C. Chaudhuri of Delhi, we are permitted to reprint in this number of the *Journal* his admirable article on *Kim,* which first appeared in *Encounter* in April 1957. Our thanks are due also to the Editors of *Encounter* for their ready agreement to the reprint. I am sure that all members of the Kipling Society will read " The Finest Story about India in English " with great interest, and indeed not without emotion : so fine a testimony to the greatness of Kipling as a writer, written by an Indian so soon after the end of British rule, is both unexpected and moving. Mr. Chaudhuri, in a very interesting letter giving permission for this reprint of his article, says " since then I have been reading a good deal [of Kipling]. I now think that he is the only English writer on India (in imaginative literature) who will live. Compared with him Mr. E. M. Forster in his novel *[A Passage to India]* is pinchbeck."

THE EARTH *IS* FLAT

From the sublime to the ridiculous — " Curse Nature, she gets ahead of you every time ! " *The Liverpool Echo* of 15th November, 1960 printed the following report : " Mr. S. Shenton (secretary of the International Flat Earth Research Society) attempted in an address to Liverpool University Astronomical Society last night to prove that the earth is flat. He frequently had to pause because of shouts of laughter from his audience, and when he displayed a poster bearing the words 'Newton's Theory: Hocus Pocus and Fiction upon Fiction', there were catcalls. Mr. Shenton described the supposed spherical earth as a miserable little pill of a thing and said of the Russian moon photographs " They are stippled drawings, I could have done a better job myself." He used posters, charts and quotations from the Hebrew scriptures to emphasise his points. After the meeting Mr. Shenton said : " I have no hope whatever of converting the masses or breaking through the barriers which surround modern science. My aim is to foster and keep alive the spirit of doubt."

Of course, as Ollyett said : " It *is* an infernally plausible theory." Unfortunately the reporter does not mention whether Kipling was cited by Mr. Shenton as a Geoplanarian . . .

NEW PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

Kipling was certainly cited, and by several authors, in connection with the publication of the first volume of *The New English Bible* in March. As early as 1st January, Dr. C. H. Dodd, general director of the New Translation, was writing an article on the history of the project in *The Observer.* He compared the three panels into which the modern translators were organised, to deal with the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Apocrypha respectively, with the six " companies " which produced the *Authorised Version* of 1611, and went on : " An imaginary picture of the work of revision in process, which strikes a translator as very like the truth, was produced by Rudyard Kipling under the title " Proofs Of Holy Writ ". He has taken the liberty of introducing the figure of William Shakespeare as an adviser on points of style. This role was not absent from the new enterprise." For in the case of the New Translation a panel of literary advisers was appointed, over and above the other three, since the Joint Committee of the Churches, the over-all authority in charge of the undertaking, were aware of probable shortcomings in one aspect of their version " and suspected, rightly, that exact scholarship does not always go with a sensitive feeling for literary style."

The reviewer of the translation itself in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 24th March also mentions the story, when pointing out the conditions of the period which made the *Authorised Version* one of the greatest examples of English Prose in our literary heritage : " New words and rhythms and cadences had been moulded by poets and prose-writers to form a common literary language to which the new Bible was not alien but climatic. Kipling, in a little-known story called " Proofs of Holy Writ ", supposed that Shakespeare contributed to this new revision, and the suggestion has a poetic rightness . . .

KIPLING IN PAPER-BACKS

Why should " Proofs of Holy Writ " continue to be so little known? It is probably the most deserving of all the "Uncollected" stories of a place in the regular editions of Kipling's work, and there would surely be room for it in the next re-print of *Limits and Renewals* : a superb epilogue to Kipling's work with its tranquil, evening setting of Shakespeare in retirement bringing his life-time of literary practice to bear on a task of revision — just as Kipling himself was doing with his own works for the *Sussex Edition* when he wrote the story.

Could this not happen when *Limits and Renewals* comes up for inclusion in the St. Martin's Library? For it is to be hoped that Messrs. Macmillan will continue to add volumes to those already announced for publication in June 1961, and will include more than the " safe " volumes with which they are starting and could doubtless continue for a while. *Limits and Renewals* (with " Proofs of Holy Writ " included) would be peculiarly apposite if it could appear in a second batch this autumn while the New Testament is likely to be so fresh in the minds of the million readers who purchased the New Translation within a month of publication, since it contains the two stories based on *The Acts, "* The Church that was at Antioch " and

" The Manner of Men ", to say nothing of " Uncovenanted Mercies ".

The first four Kipling Paperbacks in Macmillan's " St. Martin's Library " are *The Jungle Book, Puck of Pook's Hill, Kim,* and *All the Mowgli Stories,* the price ranging from three to five shillings. This is an exciting and a gratifying venture, and I am sure that all members of the Kipling Society will join in congratulating the publishers and wishing them all good fortune, record sales — and many more additions to the series.

KIPLING'S BEST STORIES

In a good and appreciative review of Dr. Tompkins's *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* which appeared in *The Oxford Magazine* of February 2, 1960, Mr. J. I. M. Stewart (who is at present writing the volume of *The Oxford History of English Literature* which includes Kipling) gave some interesting pointers as to his own preferences. When suggesting that perhaps the later stories are now coming in for a little more praise from Kipling's admirers than is perhaps their due, he concludes : " Yet it is very true that the final phase has its masterpieces. Anybody who feels (as Mr. Somerset Maugham has recently appeared to do) that Kipling's genius was in a decline within a year or two of his return from India to London as a very young man, will find Miss Tompkins a sensitive and persuasive guide to the years which produced among other superb things, " The Wish House ", "A Madonna of the Trenches ", " The Eye of Allah " and " The Gardener ". The best of the later stories are perhaps no better than the best of the earlier. But they are very different. And it is partly because of his range that Kipling is so unquestionably the greatest short-story writer in the language ".

The four stories from Kipling's last period which Mr. Stewart mentions include two that were not included in my list of the twenty-four best stories in the March *Journal.* But I have had no letters from members disagreeing with my choice. I cannot believe that no members disagree . . .

THE FIRST OF THE GREAT

Doubtless making lists of the greatest stories of an author, or books of a kind or period, is a habit that crops up from time to time, and has very little real value. None the less it appears to be popular in the present age, and we were all pleased to find *Kim* leading off The *Sunday Times's* choice of the ninety-nine greatest books published between 1901 and 1951. Also to read in John Braine's introductory remarks that to him at least, after the Victorians, " with Kipling one was in the open. Not exactly in the open air, not exactly in the great outdoors. But indoors to Kipling wasn't the centre of the world ; his characters don't live in homes, they bivouac. And time and season and weather and landscape and, above all, *things* began to exist in their own right. And perhaps for the first time in literature, things affected people. The Pathetic Fallacy was discarded ; instead of the sun shining brightly because it was the hero's wedding-day, a private soldier ran amok because the sun shone too brightly. And there were no more pieces of stage property, no more stage settings. In *Kim* it's the great Indian Trunk Road which matters, not the people on it. The road isn't merely

a background to Kim's adventures but actually is the adventures. Kipling was indeed a liberator, as anyone must be who reveals some new aspect of experience . . . " Which is high praise from a writer of the "Disestablishment " like Mr. Braine, who confesses in the next paragraph that Kipling " wasn't on my side ".

"AUBREY OF ALL PEOPLE ! " AND OTHERS

Mr. Anthony Powell's introduction to his edition of Aubrey's *Brief Lives* begins with references to and quotations from " The Propagation of Knowledge ", and Mr. King is taken as the typical schoolmaster of the period to show at once how much and how little was then known of Aubrey. Incidentally Beetle is complimented on his wide reading, and there are interesting notes on D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* — Beetle's " crib " to the *Miscellanies.* Mr. Powell in his " note on the text " suggests that Kipling knew the edition of the *Lives* of 1897 : but he must have known an earlier version if Mr. Powell is right in suggesting that the line " The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe " in *The Ballad of East and West* (first published December 1889) " owes something to that other ballad, quoted by Aubrey and reproduced here, in which the simile ' She trip't it like a barren doe ' is applied to the Dean of St. Paul's wife, Mrs. Overall, that famous beauty who ' could scarce deny anyone ' . . . "

Another example of Kipling's wide reading is given in an interesting article in the present *Journal* about Mrs. Hannah Glasse and her *Art of Cookery* (1747). Mrs. Glasse is surely one of the few people who live by a misquotation : " First catch your hare ", she is supposed to have written, though what she actually said was " Take your hare when it is cased "—the unfamiliar word " cased " (meaning "skinned") being misquoted as " catch'd ". Beside her more famous work, Mrs. Glasse also wrote *The Compleat Confectioner* about 1760.

PARODYING KIPLING

"This has often been done — but the delight of a good new parody never palls. A recent *Time and Tide* competition, to " Comment on the Royal Tour of India in the manner of Kipling, Forster, Churchill or Edward Lear ", proved that Kipling was still well known—to parodists at least. The winner produced "A New Recessional " ; but better and more unusual was a " runner-up ", Miss Vera Telfer, from whom a few lines were quoted :

" The young Queen came from the Homeland to the East that her fathers ruled;
(' Well were ye trained, my brothers. Wisely were guided and schooled ')
She gazed on the Hindu temples by the Ganges' holy flood;
(' The price of your peace, my brother, was paid with my peoples' blood.') "

A CORRECTION

Mr. W. G. B. Maitland asks me to set right the publication date of *The Americanisation of Edward Bok* in his article in the March *Journal* : it should be 1923. My apologies for overlooking this " in proof ".

OBITUARIES : HILTON BROWN AND ANGELA THIRKELL

Hilton Brown, the novelist and *Punch* writer, died in January at the age of seventy. To members of the Kipling Society he will be best remembered for his *Rudyard Kipling: A New Appreciation,* published in 1945, which *The Times* describes as " a lively, sympathetic and discriminating assessment of Kipling's talents ". It was indeed the best book on Kipling before Carrington's authoritative biography, and written by an expert who had spent much of his life in India in the I.C.S.

Mr. R. E. Harbord writes : " We at the office of the Society have known since October that his death could not be long delayed, for he had written : " I have quit India and come to Kenya where my two sons are. This because I have gone and developed an inoperable and incurable cancer and want to be where I can get some help. So this may well be the last you will hear of me . . . Strange, too, that R.K. should always have been obsessed by the belief that he " had it " (when he never had it) and I, who never gave it a thought, go out with it . . . "

" We were firm friends ", continues Mr. Harbord, " who were happy together when we met, although we could not have seen each other more than six or seven times. A great soul, always willing to give splendid advice and help ".

Another death which occurred in January was that of Mrs. Angela Thirkell (aged seventy-one), the daughter of J. W. Mackail and Margaret Burne-Jones, Kipling's favourite cousin. We remember her best for her delightful volume of early memories, *Three Houses* (1931), with its charming glimpses of " the beloved Cousin Ruddy of our childhood " at Rottingdean when *Just So Stories* were being told to their first audience. But her many novels of " Barsetshire " life have a distinctive charm of their own, and the best of them, such as *Pomfret Towers* and *August Folly* are among the most amusing examples of light fiction of their time.

R.L.G.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1960

Owing to extreme pressure of work due to having to move the office, and to the June 1961 Journal's having to be put together earlier than usual, we regret it in not possible to produce a full-length report this year. The essential items are Membership and Finance. We gained 99 new members during 1960, but regrettably lost 55, once again demonstrating the great need for recruiting by members themselves. We ended the year with 795 members. As regards Finance, we are holding our own, but can only go on doing so if we keep up the membership. The accounts appear on another page.

Hon. Secretary.

THE FINEST STORY ABOUT INDIA — IN ENGLISH

by Nirad C. Chaudhuri

IF I were to leave it to the reader to name the book, there might be some passing hesitation, a hasty review of alternative claims, but I do not think that in the end the answer would be anything but *Kim.* 1 would go further and say that in *Kim* its author wrote not only the finest novel in the English language with an Indian theme, but also one of the greatest of English novels in spite of the theme. This rider is necessary, because the association of anything in English literature with India suggests a qualified excellence, an achievement which is to be judged by its special standards, or even a work which in form and content has in it more than a shade of the second-rate. But *Kim* is great by any standards that ever obtained in any age of English literature.

This will come as a surpnse from a Bengali, Kipling's *bete noire,* who heartily returned the compliment, and I shall add shock to surprise by confessing that I had not read *Kim* till about three years ago. The only work by Kipling which I had read before was *The Jungle Book.* I read it first when I was only ten years old, and I have never ceased reading it. It is now as much a part of me as are the Arabian Nights, Grimm's Fairy Tales, and Aesop's Fables, or for that matter the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. But I never had the courage or inclination to pass on to Kipling's other books, for I had heard of his " imperialism " and contempt for Bengalis. I thought I should be hurt by an aggressive display of Anglo-Saxon pride, and while British rule lasted I should have been, because the contempt was both real and outspoken. Anyone curious to sample its expression might as well read a story called *The Head of the District.*

But the disappearance of British rule has emancipated some, if not all, of us from the political inhibition against Kipling. His dislike for Indians who had received a Western education was both irresponsible and indiscreet, and in the light of what has followed almost foolish. His countrymen are now making such handsome amends for it that we can afford not only to overlook it, but even to refer back to it as a corrective to the new adulation which is perhaps doing us more harm than the old contumely ever did. The contempt made us rise at times to the artistic level of Shylock considered as the representative of a persecuted race, the admiration is making us behave rather like the Rev. William Collins.

There was no originality in Kipling's rudeness to us, but only a repetition, in the forthright Kiplingian manner, of what was being said in every mess and club. His political fads were explicit, and he was never sheepish about them. But his politics was the characteristic politics of the epigoni, when the epic age of British world politics was already past, and the British people had ceased to bring about great mutations in the history of the world.

It is curious to note that when Clive was in India and Wolfe in Canada, with the Elder Pitt at their back in Whitehall, English literary men were engaged in writing *Tom Jones* or *A Sentimental Journey.* When England was saving herself by her exertions and Europe by her example, English literature got *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma.* At a later epoch when Englishmen were still capable of perishing on the road to Jellalabad, bivouacking on the field of Ferozshah while the fate of British India trembled in the balance, or winning battles and dying of cholera around Delhi and Lucknow, they wrote *The Pickwick Papers.* After the settling down of British domestic politics, the Roundhead and the Cavalier, the Covenanter and Jacobite had gone abroad, where they were doing what they were expected to do. In those times English politics had no need to invade literature. The age of Imperialism, Conservative and Liberal, had to arrive to make that necessary. The result was an adulteration of each by the other.

But Kipling's politics, which even now is something of a hurdle in the way of giving him a secure place in English literature, and which certainly brought him under a cloud during the last years of his life, is no essential ingredient of his writings. Kipling the writer is always able to rise above Kipling the political man. His imagination soared above his political opinions as Tolstoy's presentation of human character transcended his pet military and historical theories in *War and Peace.* Of course, quite a large number of his themes are drawn from what might legitimately be called political life, but these have been personalised and transformed into equally legitimate artistic themes. It is the easiest thing to wash out the free acid of Kiplingian politics from his finished goods.

Coming to particulars, *Kim* would never have been a great book if it had to depend for its validity and appeal on the spy story, and we really are not called upon to judge it as an exposition in fiction of the Anglo-Russian rivalry in Asia. Kipling's attitude to war and diplomacy had a streak of *naivete* and even claptrap in it, which made Lord Cromer, in whom high politics ran in the blood, once call him, if I remember rightly, a cheeky beggar.

The spy story in *Kim* is nothing more than the diplomatic conceit of an age of peace, in which people enjoyed all kinds of scares, including war scares, and even invented them, in order to have an excuse for letting off some jingoistic steam, to ring a change on the boredom of living in piping times of peace. India in the last decades of the 19th century was full of all sorts of fanciful misgivings about Russian intrigues and the machinations of the Rajas and Maharajas, which the clever darkly hinted at and the simple credulously believed in. There is an echo of this even in one of Tagore's stories in Bengali.

But in *Kim* this political mode, which Kipling seems to have taken more seriously than it deserved to be, is only a peg to hang a wholly different story, the real story of the book. I wonder if, in spite of their great love for it, Englishmen have quite understood what *Kim* is about. It has often been read piecemeal, as every great story can be, for its details, evocative either of the Himalayas or of the Indo-Gangetic plain. These are so interesting and gripping that the reader hardly

feels the need for a larger unifying theme, and does not take the trouble to look for it.

No very great harm is done if *Tom Jones* or *The Pickwick Papers* are read in this fashion, because the larger unity can be supplied by the English reader from his inward consciousness of the world in which the episodes are happening. The setting is all-pervasive, like the sea on which the waves are rolling, or the atmosphere in which separate features are seen in a landscape. But, in the very nature of things, English readers cannot feel the underlying bond of *Kim,* because the story belongs to a far-away and unfamiliar world. So, unless told about it, most of them are likely to be left with a sense of having been tantalised by a half-told story.

I doubt, however, even if Kipling himself was conscious of the design I am going to attribute to him. He was an intuitionist, and I do not think he ever felt the need for intellectualising his artistic motivation. His imagination worked at white heat, and it worked without analytic reasoning at many levels and on very diverse themes.

There was, for example, the life lived by his countrymen and countrywomen in India, in which work on the plains was counterbalanced by love on the hills. Dealing with the latter, Kipling had an outlet for his ambition to write like Maupassant, and he partly fulfilled it. But this aspect of Anglo-Indian life was so small in scale and so trivial in quality, and the impact on Kipling of other and starker themes was so strong, that his treatment of sex with a P. & O. luggage label on it never passed from comedy to tragedy. So he escaped the madhouse, and remained in a sense a Maupassant *manque.*

Soldiering and administration in India raised him to a higher and more humane level. No one else has brought home more powerfully the grandeur and misery of the dual role of the British people in India. But even here Kipling's importance is likely to be more historical than artistic, in spite of the fact that in many stories he achieved the timeless within the framework of what now appears to be time-barred. His greatness in this field lies rather in the creation of individualised national and historical types than true individuals. In this Kipling plays the Racine to Wodehouse's Molière.

There is also a Kipling who is not above dealing in literary bric-a-brac from the East, under the influence of the romanticism which I believe is a product of the impact of the Arabian Nights, bowdlerised of course, on the youthful imagination of Occidentals. This Kipling, as indeed all Western fanciers of things oriental, is prone to falsify the theme of Eastern love. The story, *Without Benefit of Clergy,* is a typical instance of this falsification. Mr. Somerset Maugham has praised this story highly, but I am afraid I do not share his enthusiasm. In its intention the story seems to me to be a wholly undeserved idealisation of an Anglo-Muhammadan liaison, and in its execution a piece of decided sentimentality, which if it does not ring wholly false does not ring true either. This weakness makes Kipling romanticise even the bazaar prostitute of India, against whom the military authorities used to warn Thomas Atkins with the utmost realism. We orientals who know oriental love for what it is, are partly amused and partly scandal-

ised by Western attempts to sugar it. Lastly, Kipling was not also completely immune to the abracadabra of Hindu necromancy.

But it is none of these things which constitute the greatness of *Kim,* although even these are suggested here and there in the book. It is the product of Kipling's vision of a much bigger India, a vision whose profundity we Indians would be hard put to it to match even in an Indian language, not to speak of English. He had arrived at a true and moving sense of that India which is almost timeless, and had come to love it.

This India pervades all his books in greater or lesser degree and constitutes the foundation on which he weaves his contrapuntal patterns. In certain books this foundation is virtually the real theme, and so it is in *Kim.* But the book is specially important in this that through it Kipling projects not only his vision of the basic India he knew so well, but also his feeling for the core and the most significant part of this basic India. In order to see what it is, some *a priori* consideration of the Indian scene and Indian life as material for imaginative writing is called for.

On account of its vastness and variety India is treacherous ground for all foreign writers. The English novelist who feels that the material at home has been worn more or less threadbare and comes to India in search of the new and the exotic sees apparently promising subjects everywhere. He meets the odd and the amusing, the pitiful and the pathetic at every turn. There is not a single mile-long stretch, if he walks all the way from Apollo Bunder to Mount Everest, which will not yield enough material to fill many notebooks. The unwary writer is usually caught by the first gin-trap in his path, and writes with awful seriousness or self-conscious art about things on which those who know India will not waste a tear or throw away a smile.

English writers of today are misled even by the conditions of imaginative writing at home. The big themes of English life have apparently been exhausted, and the grand style worked to the full. So what remains for the author out for originality is to skim the odd and the accidental in subject matter, and try the clever or the over-sophisticated manner in treatment. Their example seduces even Indian writers dealing with their own country. Some of them indulge in grotesque Joycean antics when they might have been Homeric. In stark contrast to the literary situation in England, in India it is the big theme and the simple treatment which have remained unexploited — if Kipling is excepted.

It is time to return to them. Great novels can be written about the geography of India alone, assimilating the human beings to the flora and the fauna. There are, for instance, the Himalayas, or if one wants to breathe in a less rarefied air, the wooded hills of the Vindhyas, full of green and dark mystery. Kipling wrote about both, and long before him our greatest Sanskrit poets had done so. Kalidasa's imagination was haunted by the Himalayas, and in one marmoreal phrase he compared their eternal snows to the piled up laughter of Siva. Bhavabhuti, who is only next to Kalidasa, wrote about a part of the Vindhya region : " Here are the Prasravana Hills, with their soft blue made

softer still by the ever-drizzling clouds, their caverns echoing the babbling Godavari, their woods a solid mass of azure, made up of tangled foliage ". This passage, written in the 8th century, matches Kipling's evocation of the gurgling Waingunga and the home territory of the Seeonee pack.

There is also the vast Indo-Gangetic plain, which is green and dun by turns, conforming to the oscillations of peace and anarchy in India. In the green phases men bend over furrows and sheaves, women crowd round the wells, bullock carts creak leisurely along, fat monkeys watch the doings of their distant kinsfolk from the branches of Neem and Sisam, whose tender shoots they pick and munch unhurriedly. Hardly any form of the power that is keeping the peace is seen anywhere. Occasionally, there is intrusion of power of another kind. A lazy tiger or a bounder of a leopard raids the village byre, but even they are too easy-going to kill more than is necessary to maintain their feline existence and prestige.

So far, cyclically, this phase has alternated with a dun phase, in which the great plain turns khaki. Cavalrymen gallop across it with sloped lances, raising clouds of dust to mark their trail. Man's ferocity outruns his strength. The populace cower in half-ruined villages and thinning scrub, and hyenas carry off children. From their branches the monkeys no longer bear testimony to peace, they stare into the dust haze, shiver and chatter for fear of they-know-not-what hunger-fury that might be lurking in the unseen.

Kipling was equally at home in our plains, hills, and mountains, and like all great novelists he remains firmly oecological. There are in *Kim* not only entrancing descriptions of the Himalayas but a picture of the green phase on the great plain that is uncanny in its combination of romance and actuality. We Indians shall never cease to be grateful to Kipling for having shown the many faces of our country in all their beauty, power, and truth.

As regards the human material the best choice in India is always the simplest choice, namely, the people and their religion. I do not say this because they are obvious. Though ubiquitous, they can be very unobtrusive. The common people of India have through the ages become so adapted to the environment, that they have been absorbed by it. They live like badgers or prairie dogs in their earth, and their religion is as deeply entrenched. This religion is so sure of itself that it does not care about self-assertion, which enables the present ruling class, too Anglicised by half, not only to proclaim the secular state, but even to believe in its existence.

But to those who have an eye for the permanent and a feeling for the elemental, the people and their religion furnish material of a tractable kind. In order to deal with it the Western writer does not need that specialised knowledge and sensibility, to acquire which he has inevitably to de-Westernise himself and turn from a creative artist to a propagandist. Many Europeans have paid this price in trying to explore the higher reaches of Hinduism.

Kipling's artistic and spiritual instincts led him to these elemental and inexhaustible themes, although he may not have been wholly original

in his choice, for in this as in many other things he was controlled by the general bias of British rule in India towards the commonalty. But whether completely original or not he stands supreme among Western writers for his treatment of the biggest reality in India, which is made up of the life of people and religion in the twin setting of the mountains and the plain. These four are the main and real characters in *Kim.*

But there is something more as well. The people and religion, the mountains and the plain not only constitute the major features of the physical and moral entity called India, they are also related to one another very intimately. The geography of India exhibits a curious paradox. In northern India there is no intermingling of hill and plain, and in passing from the one to the other a man passes from one world to another. For hundreds of miles the ground does not show any rise at all, and abruptly it soars to snowy heights. At the same time there is an unbreakable articulation between the Himalayas and the Indo-Gangetic plain.

Even Kalidasa, who was ignorant of the true geography of the Himalayas, felt it. He described the Himalayas as a Divine Soul which, dipping in the eastern and western oceans, formed the measuring rod of the earth as known to him. However figuratively expressed, the notion corresponded to a reality in Indian geography, for the entire Indo-Gangetic plain has a northward and snow-ward orientation, and without the Himalayas it would hang loose, to be eroded by winds until the primeval seas which it had filled up came in again.

This unique pattern of separateness and combination is repeated in the relationship between life in the world and religion in India. On the one hand, a Hindu's existence in the temporal order is isolated from his aspirations in the spiritual, while he is in the world he is also of the world, and if he yearns after the spiritual he has to abandon worldly life altogether, even forgetting his name and station in it. In Hinduism the two lives never mingle. This will be disbelieved in the West on account of the widely held notion that spirituality pervades and dominates every aspect of Indian life. This is a fundamental, though natural, mistake. For what really intermingles with worldly life in Hindu society is not religion in the Western sense, but the supernatural in the service of man. Nature's relentless enmity to man in the tropics destroys his self-confidence and leads him to seek the intervention of occult powers, whom he tries to persuade, wheedle, or coerce by means of worship, offerings and spells, to override natural laws. It is this ever-present spectacle of gods yoked to worldly ends which makes Western observers think that they are seeing an all-persuasive spirituality.

On the other hand, the world is not self-sufficient, not only because even with the supernatural interwoven with it no true spiritual satisfaction can be had out of it, but also because even with the help of the gods the greater majority of men cannot wrest out of the cruel struggle for existence anything beyond a bare survival. So pride of life cannot grow and there is an ever-present sense of mockery in living. Thus, worldly existence hangs in the air like the Indo-Gangetic plain, robbed of all significance, unless it can be given anchorage in true spirituality, which the Hindu imagination has always placed in the Himalayas, the

abode of beatitude and salvation. The result is an articulation between worldly life and religion, and the affiliation of this articulation to the geographical articulation between the mountains and the plain, and all the four are fused to make up the highest unity in India.

Kipling took over this unity, with its fourfold articulation, as the foundation of *Kim,* and superimposed the adventitious themes. He had every right to do so. For, once a writer has grasped the fundamental unity, he is free to put anything on it, and it does not matter whether it is the Anglo-Russian rivalry of the 19th century or the five-year planning of today. The overpowering background will reduce everything set against it to its right proportions, and the Indian engineers will march across it as fleetingly as the Mavericks.

But to attribute such a design to Kipling is to turn the blunt Anglo-Saxon that he was into a mountebank of the esoteric. I should certainly have been guilty of this offence if I had suggested that Kipling's larger theme, so far as it conforms to my interpretation, was a deliberate affair. It was not, because Kipling wrote his books by living in his subjects, steeping himself in their atmosphere until the interaction of his own being with the surroundings produced a definite quality of the imagination. No great writer ever looks for a subject, collects details for it, or lays on local colour. He has to experience the particular, and the local colour before he has even a feel of the subject. So he builds up his books by an elimination of all details besides those which will force their way in, and not by sprinkling them on the theme from his notebook. Kipling is not that tiresome creature, the notebook novelist of India.

Next, there was the intrinsic quality of his personality. He hit upon the greatest themes in India through his sincere primitiveness, in which there was no archaistic pose. Many Latins have made a fetish of Hindu spirituality, but as soon as they move out of their native logic they slip into a rigmarole which is worse than a Hindu's rigmarole about his own religion. Kipling's perception of Hinduism is the product of a convincing yet mysterious primitiveness. Perhaps it is a northern mystery, to which we who live in the tropics have no key :

> O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each
> That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
> And dark and true and tender is the North.

Kipling had in him more than a touch of the heathenism of the German forests, and he made his way into Hinduism through the long-forgotten common heritage of all the peoples who speak the Indo-European languages. Living in India, he had also become half a *but-parast,* idol-worshipper, and it was out of his *butparasti,* idolatry, that he created the amazing *panchayat* or conclave of the gods in the story of *The Bridge-builders.*

But his heathenism was lighted up by the mysticism of northern Christianity. Kipling was something of a denier of the world, who could scoff at success and failure as equal imposture. But his abnegation had nothing in it of the self-mortification of the Hindu Sadhu, whom the ancient Greeks called gymnosophist, or of the anchorites of Syria and the Thebaid. He was able to raise Hindu asceticism, as in the story of Purun Bhagat, above its bed of spikes, and in the quest of the Lama in

Kim made the negative renunciation of Buddhism the same as the positive faith of Thomas a Kempis.

The Lama, however, raises a difficulty which must be put out of the way. For it may be asked : Why did Kipling, if it was his purpose to illustrate India spiritually, choose a Tibetan and a Buddhist as its exponent? In reply, the point might be made that Buddhism was also one form of Hindu spirituality. But I think, with Kipling, the reason for the choice was different. In the first place, like a good artist, he stood on the firm ground of personal experience. His interest in Buddhism was roused by the Gandhara sculptures in the Lahore museum, of which his father was the curator. It is fashionable now to call this Hellenistic expression of Indian art decadent and even debased. But if it inspired this beautiful quest, we Indians at all events should not be ungrateful to these stones.

But I think there was also a second reason. Hindu spirituality, even at its most unworldly and serene, has a suggestion of power and action. a kind of super-magical motivation, which is not consistent with perfect beatitude and mystic quietism. Although ostensibly aiming at the breaking of the cycle of Karma and rebirth, it is found to be entangled in it. So a Hindu's spirituality and his existence in the world are in a subtle way in touch with each other. In his spiritual activities he is like a dynamo, generating electricity, in his worldly life a motor that expends it.

It is very difficult for a non-Hindu to see this latent nexus. It escaped even Kipling. In *Purun Bhagat*, when describing the saint Purun's attempt to save the villagers and the animals from the landslide, he wrote : " He was no longer the holy man, but Sir Purun Dass, K.C.I.E., Prime Minister of no small State, a man accustomed to command, going out to save life ". This is wrong, for the man of action at a crisis and the holy man are the same — the distinction is non-existent in Hinduism, for in the ultimate analysis its spirituality is the Old Guard of the cosmos, held in reserve. But although incapable of realising all this consciously, Kipling must have felt that his purpose would not be served by this kind of spiritual greatness. So he created his Lama, mixing Christianity with Buddhism.*

Last of all, he saved the book from all suggestion of pedantry and humbug by putting it in the most English of all English forms of fiction, a serio-comic saga. The English genius is unmatched in the capacity to make the commonplace significant by transforming it into a phantasy or extravaganza. Kipling's achievement is on the same lines— he has made the serious irresistible by lightening its burden.

This is not the place to analyse In detail Kipling's treatment of his themes, but it might be pointed out that he conforms to the Hindu view by making the Lama an instrument of power in the eyes of his worldly admirers, but is un-Hindu in making him come back to the plains for the final Enlightenment. This is Christian in spirit.

[First published in *Encounter* No. 43 in April 1957.]

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF SOME "PUCK" STORIES

by C. W. Scott-Giles, O.B.E., M.A.
Fitzalan Pursuivant of Arms Extraordinary

(Extracts from a paper presented to the Kipling Society 20th July, 1960)

In these notes I am dealing only with the connected stories from *Weland's Sword* to *The Treasure and the Law,* together with a brief reference to the two tales about Sir Harry Dawe. In examining them historically I am not in any way disparaging them. I am only trying to discover how far they are historical, how far they are fiction, and how far romance.

Weland's Sword is nearly all romance, with a dash of imaginative etymology. Weland, lord of the elves and a cunning smith who made swords for heroes, figures in the early sagas, and stories about him spread to Germany and England. In this country he is associated with Berkshire, where there is an ancient grave called Wayland smith, or Weland's smithy, and there was a tradition that if you left your horse there, with a sixpenny piece, you would return to find the horse shod. Kipling read the name of Weland into Willingford (which actually means " the ford of Willa's people "), and transferred the tradition of the elfin smith from Berkshire to Sussex. He also turned Weland into an important god with altars from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight, but here again he was playing with place-names which really had nothing to do with Weland. He showed the same imaginative touch in identifying Beacon Hill with Brunanburgh. As Brunanburgh is said to have been in Dumfriesshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire, there seems to be no harm in Kipling putting in a claim for Sussex.

The history of the tales begins with the Battle of Hastings. No doubt Kipling read up the period, and one of the books he probably turned to was Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest.* My reason for thinking this is that Kipling makes Sir Richard Dallingridge and others refer to the Battle of Hastings as "Senlac fight", or "Santlache", Freeman, writing in 1867, was the first historian to apply the name " Senlac " to the battle. Senlac or Santlache, now Sandlake, is an ancient name, but it is unlikely that anyone who took part in the battle called it by this name. The Normans spoke of *Bellum Hastingense,* and that is the name given to the battle in Domesday Book. About 70 years after the battle the French chronicler, Ordericus, wanting to identify the site more closely than by reference to Hastings, six miles away, found the local name Santlache or Sandlake, Normanised it as Senlac, and wrote about *epitonium Senlac*—the field of Senlac. By the sixteenth century this had become *Sanglac* — the lake of blood — and sinister stories were told of the Asten stream running red after rain. However, no historian called the battle anything but Hastings until Freeman dug the name Senlac out of Ordericus and set the fashion of referring to " the battle of Senlac ". Lower, in his *History of Sussex,* and J. H. Round in *Feudal England* showed that there was no authority for applying the name " Senlac " to the battle. Kipling may not have read Round's book,

but he was certainly familiar with Lower's. Nevertheless he still made his Norman Knights speak of " Senlac fight ". The names " Senlac " and " Santlache " had a fine antique ring, and he decided to use them on Freeman's authority notwithstanding the objections raised by later writers. I do not doubt that Kipling verified his references, but having done so I think he ignored them when it suited him. It is noteworthy that when Kipling (with Fletcher) wrote history, and not historical romance, he stuck to the phrase " battle of Hastings ".

The actual battle is dismissed in a few words. "At Santlache, over the hill yonder, we found Harold's men. We fought. At the day's end they ran ". The story gets down to details in that confused period after the fight when the English were on the run but some still kept the field. T must say I find the actions of young Richard Dallingridge somewhat " rash and inexperienced ". He was certainly not characteristic of the men who followed the Duke " to take from England fief and fee ". They were a hard-bitten, hard-fighting lot engaged on a piratical and dangerous enterprise, and they could not afford to make war with chivalrous courtesy. The battle of Hastings was a savage struggle where no quarter was given and no prisoners taken, and I feel that the incident where Richard allows Hugh to recover his sword belongs to romance rather than historic realism. Kipling himself seems to have thought this incident improbable, because he makes Sir Richard explain that he had but newly been made Knight and wished above all to be courteous and fameworthy. This is, of course, a magnificent instance of the chivalrous ideal, but it is certainly not war as waged in 1066.

Sir Richard was really a very imprudent young man. On a battle-field where clumps of Saxons were still putting up a stiff resistance he let his thirty men go off with De Aquila's to chase and plunder while he stopped to wash his horse's wound. He fought and disarmed a Saxon, and when the Saxon beat off a group of others who would have killed an isolated Norman, Richard tamely submits to becoming his prisoner. Only after that did he discover that the Saxon was his old friend Hugh. There is nothing improbable about two young men who had been boys together meeting on opposite sides at Hastings. One would expect a hurried conversation—Richard advising Hugh to take to the woods while he himself rode hell-for-leather back to the Norman lines. Instead of this Richard's romantic sense of chivalry takes charge. Hugh has saved him from the Saxons on the pretext that he is a prisoner : there-fore he must behave as a prisoner, regardless of the fact that he has just spared Hugh's life and the account between them might be regarded as squared. Instead of rejoining the Duke's army (which was his plain duty), Richard allows himself to be led ten miles through the woods to an unknown destination, and a most uncomfortable night with a noose dangling above him. He was remarkably lucky that De Aquila and his men happened to search for him in the right direction. They reached the manor of the stories just in time to save Richard's neck, and instead of putting him under arrest for desertion De Aquila granted him the manor. Yet it was less a reward than a punishment, for De Aquila told Richard plainly that he thought he would be slain by the Saxons within a month. Thanks to Hugh, this gloomy foreboding was not realised.

Richard lived to marry Hugh's sister, the Lady Aelueva, whose charming name comes straight from Domesday Book, in which there are several references to "Aelueva, a free-woman " holding land in Sussex.

The manor of the stories is described to the children by Sir Richard : " From the Upper Ford, Weland's Ford, to the Lower Ford, by the Belle Allee, west and east it ran half a league. From the Beacon of Brunanburgh behind us here, south and north it ran a full league ". Roughly this means Willingford to Dudwell one way and Burwash Church to Woods Corner the other way. I have no doubt that Kipling looked for such a manor in the printed Sussex Domesday Book, only to be disappointed. Dalintone is there, and Brislinga (or Brightling), but not Burwash, and it seems probable that at the time of the Conquest the lands now forming the village of Burwash were parts of several neighbouring manors. The only reference to Burwash he could have found is an editorial note that an unidentified manor of Halseeldene may have been in East Grinstead or Dallington or Burwash. I think he seized on the last alternative, and turning to the Domesday entry about Halseeldene he found that this manor was part of the extensive holdings of Duke William's half-brother, Robert Earl of Mortain. That gave him his overlord :

" Duke William ", says De Aquila, " has promised our Earl Mortain all the lands by Pevensey and Mortain will give me of them what he would have given my father ".

Kipling does not give the manor a name, but since Sir Richard, a Norman who came with the Conqueror, could only have obtained his English surname from the lands he held, the name of the manor of the stories can only be Dallingridge. There is a place called Dallingridge near East Grinstead, and in the fourteenth century there was a family which took its name from this Dallingridge, a member of which built Bodiam Castle. Kipling's choice of the name Dallingridge for his Knight—and consequently his manor—was excellent. The real Dallingridge is an out-of-the-way place rarely marked on the maps, and he could move it a matter of twenty miles without the knowledge of the average reader. Furthermore, it sounds as if it ought to be on the high ground above Dallington.

An alternative to transplanting a genuine name from another part of Sussex was to call the Knight of the stories De Burwash. There was a family of that name in the fourteenth century, one of whom was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. However, I can well understand Kipling avoiding this name. He does not mention Burwash in the stories, probably for three reasons : firstly because he was reluctant to pin-point his own home : secondly because in some of the stories he introduced contemporary characters like Mr. Springett, and to imply that they were Burwash people might have local repercussions ; and thirdly because to define the place exactly would tie him down in matters of history and topography. He wanted to be free to replan the landscape to suit his stories, and to introduce historical characters and incidents which fitted in to the Sussex countryside in general but not to Burwash in particular.

Consider, for instance, Pook's Hill. Every year when we go to Bateman's some newcomer asks which is Pook's Hill and gets three or

four different answers. The authoritative answer is given in a letter written by Kipling in December 1918 to C. G. Harper, the author of several books about roads. The original letter is treasured by my wife. This states : " There is a Pook's Hill that lies to the east of the high road running between Burwash and Heathfield, and it is nearer Heathfield than Burwash : an ordnance map of the district will, of course, show you its exact position ". This suggests a place which is now known as Park Hill. Thurston Hopkins confirms that there was once a Pook Hill in this neighbourhood but its name has been changed. I think Kipling's letter must be accepted, and that he derived the name Pooks Hill from some place well to the west of Burwash. But this does not fit in with Kipling's description of " the bare, fern-covered slope of Pook's Hill that runs from the far side of the mill stream to a dark wood. Beyond that wood the ground rises and rises for five hundred feet till at last you climb out on to the bare top of Beacon Hill . . . " This description applies to what appears on the ordnance maps as Perch Hill. I think we may conclude that the *name* comes from the former Pook Hill, now Park Hill, and that the *location* is Perch Hill.

To my mind the really vivid character in the stories of the Norman period is not Sir Richard nor Hugh (much as I love them) but De Aquila—that straight-thinking, straight-talking man who sees himself and his fellow Normans as the thieves they were, and is quite determined to prevent the landing of another wave of thieves. Here we have an instance of Kipling's genius in taking liberties with historical persons for the sake of his stories, for his De Aquila is a composite personality. There were two men named Gilbert de Aquila, uncle and nephew. The elder Gilbert was (as Kipling says) the son of Engerrard or Engenulf de Aquila, or de l'Aigle. It was his nephew whom " the second William made Warden of Pevensey in Earl Mortain's place ". I think Kipling knew that they were different people, and that he deliberately merged them to give us that wise old veteran of Hastings who outlived personal ambition and whose only concern was to keep the gate of England. Only such a man could say, " I think for England, for whom neither King nor Baron thinks. I am not Norman, Sir Richard, nor Saxon, Sir Hugh. English am I ".

De Aquila was, as he says, born out of his due time, and yet there must have been a few men who had glimmerings of the England they were creating. I personally regard the De Aquila of *Old Men at Pevensey* as a convincing figure. The politics of the time are very truly reflected in the story, particularly the complications arising from men holding lands and lordships in both Normandy and England. Even the historic De Aquilas were in this position, for a century after the Gilbert of the stories another Gilbert de Aquila was deprived of the lordship of Pevensey—" The honour of the Eagle "—because he went to Normandy without leave.

There is one small point in *Old Men at Pevensey* which shows how Kipling was prepared to take liberties with time when it suited him to do so. Sir Richard speaks of a shield-mark, " Gold horse-shoes on black ", as indicating one of Fulke's men. Puck breaks in to say that these were not Fulke's arms, whereupon Sir Richard explains that he

has changed the name so as to keep his promise not to divulge it. This reference to a man by the arms on his shield actually precedes the introduction of heraldry by about thirty years. Whatever my feelings as a herald, as a student of Kipling I think he was justified in the slight anachronism for the sake of picturesque detail. He was painting the picture of a period without nice regard to chronology.

The Tree of Justice is based on a persistent legend that Harold survived the battle of Hastings. The legend is ancient, and there are several versions. One has it that Harold was carried from the battlefield to Lewes, where he was cured of his wounds and spent the rest of his days in Lewes Priory. Giraldus Cambrensis, visiting Chester in 1188, noted that " the remains of Harold are here deposited. He was the last of the Saxon Kings in England, and as a punishment for his perjury, was defeated in the battle of Hastings, fought against the Normans. Having received many wounds, and lost his left eye by an arrow in that engagement, he is said to have escaped to these parts, where in holy conversation, leading the life of an anchorite, and being a constant attendant at one of the churches of this city, he is believed to have terminated his days happily ". Yet another story says that Harold's brother, Girth, survived Hastings, and years later, in an interview with Henry II, he spoke mysteriously of Harold and said his body was not in the tomb at Waltham. On the other hand, the Waltham Abbey manuscripts in the British Museum contain a detailed account of the finding of Harold's body, and bones found in a marble tomb at Waltham in the latter part of the sixteenth century were believed to be those of Harold.

The story is dominated by Rahere, " that terrible, scarlet and black wizard-jester ", as vivid a personality as that " tough Norman crab " De Aquila. In fact, the two have much in common. Kipling has followed a late tradition in making Rahere the King's fool. The historic Rahere was a courtier and musician who " drew to himself the hearts of many and was foremost in mirthful shows, in banquets, in plays and in other courtly trifling". After the tragedy of the White Ship in 1120, when two of De Aquila's young kinsmen went down with the King's son, Henry's court became a gloomy place. Rahere turned to religion, made pilgrimage to Rome, became a prebendary of St. Paul's, and founded St. Bartholomew's Priory and Hospital. There is just a hint of this in the story, where Henry says " Rahere is a priest at heart ", and Rahere says to the Bishop of Ely, " I'll pray for thee when I turn monk ". There is very little real history in the story, but Kipling hints at the constitutional developments of Henry I's reign where he makes the King say he will amend the custom whereby the King's peace died with the King.

I think we must regard *The Treasure and the Law* as highly imaginative. You will remember that the story turns on the idea that clause 40 of the Great Charter was originally drafted, " To no free man will we sell, refuse or deny right or justice ", and that Kadmiel pays Langton to get the words " to no free man " altered to " none ". I know of no historical basis for this. What was drafted at the meeting of the barons at Bury St. Edmunds was not the Charter itself but the Articles of the Barons on which the Charter was based. In those Articles this

clause reads : " That justice be not sold nor delayed nor denied ", It is an expression of general principle, and was never intended to apply only to a particular class. Furthermore the Charter as a whole was **a** restatement of the rights of the barons contra the King. Magna Carta only became " the Charter of English Liberties " through the interpretation the lawyers placed on it four hundred years later. Suppose Kadmiel did pay " two hundred broad pieces of gold to change those narrow words ", it could have made not one ha'porth of difference to his fellow Jews at that time. In fact, Kadmiel—and Kipling—knew this, because Langton indicates that the effect of the alteration in the words is a matter for the distant future. Langton says : "If ever Christian and Jew come to be equal in England thy people may thank thee ". From the historical point of view I do not believe there was any material change in the wording of the Articles of the Barons or the Charter, but allowing the possibility of such a change I find it highly improbable that a thirteenth century Jew would have paid a large sum of money to alter the document in the interests of his remote posterity. Kadmiel is altogether too far-sighted and too altruistic. Nevertheless when you knock away the historical basis for the story, you find in its place Kipling's own astonishing faculty for invention. He undoubtedly pored over the Charter. He found many clauses drafted in the interests of barons and freemen, and suddenly a clause not apparently restricted to the privileged classes but in the interests of the whole community. That was sufficient to set his imaginative daemon to work. The rest is fiction. Nevertheless it is a faithful picture of the position of the Jews in mediaeval England. Though they were oppressed as a class, those who were useful to the King, like Elias of Bury, were under royal protection. Usury was unchristian and forbidden by the Church. Nevertheless it was necessary, and wealthy Jews were tolerated so long as they had money to lend. Since they knew how the world's gold moved, and how to lay hands on it, they must have exerted considerable influence on political affairs behind the scenes. It is a matter of history that Edward I expelled the Jews from England and they only returned in the seventeenth century. G. M. Trevelyan thinks this expulsion of the Jews is one reason why there is less anti-semitism in England today than in most other countries. We in this country were compelled by Edward I's action in turning out the Jews to produce our own people who understood financial affairs, with the result that when the Jews were allowed to return in Cromwell's time the English had learned how to meet them on equal terms. Nevertheless it was not until 1830 that Kadmiel's vision of the emancipation of the Jews became a reality.

We discussed *Hal o' the Draft* and *The Wrong Thing* at a recent meeting, but I should like to add a footnote. I have been looking into these stories from the historical point of view, and I find a quite impossible situation. Hal is already a Knight when he tells the first story. He was knighted by Henry VII at a time when the King was being pestered for a ship by Catherine of Castile, widow of Prince Arthur. That could only have been in 1503 or 1504 when the King himself was thinking of marrying her, because after that she was living in poverty until her marriage to Henry VIII in 1509. But the work on Henry VII's

Chapel at Westminster did not begin until 1508, and Henry VII died in 1509, so Harry Dawe's Knighthood cannot be earlier than 1508. It must have been before 1511, because that was the year of Sir Andrew Barton's death. On the other hand it must have been after 1512 because that was the year Torrigiano began his work at Westminster Abbey. However, let us not quibble about this. Let us say that Hal was knighted in 1509, shortly before Henry VII's death, that Catherine of Castile still had influence with the King, and that Torrigiano had started work three years earlier than the Abbey records show. We have still an insuperable obstacle — namely that after Sir Harry was knighted in 1509 he came down to Sussex and met young Sebastian Cabot preparing for a voyage of discovery which he began in 1497. *Hal o' the Draft* is a rattling good story, but it rattles so much that it falls to pieces.

Incidentally the knighting of Harry Dawe for saving the King thirty pounds is quite out of keeping with the period. In Tudor times knighthood was still associated with land tenure and military distinction, and it was not conferred as an honour for minor services to the Crown. On reflection I am strengthened in the view I expressed at a former meeting of the Kipling Society, that *The Wrong Thing* is not to be regarded as an historical story, but rather as a fragment of autobiography in an historical setting. I believe it arises from Kipling's own refusal to accept the knighthood offered him in 1899. The honour (like Harry Dawe's) was offered for *The Wrong Thing* — not for literary work in which Kipling took a real and proper pride, but for the fund-raising effect of " The Absent-Minded Beggar " of which he wrote it " had some elements of direct appeal but lacked poetry " (Carrington, p. 303).

To sum up, I feel that in these stories, on a very thin thread of history Kipling has strung a number of characters — Sir Richard, Hugh, De Aquila, Rahere, Kadmiel and others — which vividly and faithfully reflect the spirit of their times. He took many liberties with facts and times and places, and he did so quite deliberately. In conclusion, let me remind you of his account of how the stories began, in *Something of Myself.* The first was about the Roman Fleet abandoning Britain to her doom. " That tale may have served as a pipe-opener, but one could not see the wood for its trees so I threw it away." Then one night the Father said : " And you'll have to look up your references rather more carefully, won't you ? " Note what follows :

" This led me on another false scent. I wrote a tale told by Daniel Defoe . . . of how he had been sent to stampede King James II, then havering about Thames mouth, out of an England where no party had any use for him. It turned out a painstaking and meritorious piece of work, overloaded with verified references, with about as much feeling to it as a walking stick." So, you see, on Kipling's own showing this business of verifying references proved to be a false scent. It was only when he turned his back on it that the stories came alive. I think he was much more concerned with capturing the spirit of the times than with getting his facts right.

RUDYARD KIPLING

A Bodley Head Monograph

Reviewed by W. G. B. Maitland

It is a quite refreshing experience to find a book, however brief and condensed, which is devoted entirely to Kipling's books for children. Rosemary Sutcliff's *Rudyard Kipling*, one of a series of monographs on the lives and works of eminent writers for children, is a delightfully compact essay on Kipling's approach to literature for the young. It is in effect a review of all the books he wrote for children with an overriding biographical sketch of the Author himself. With ten children's books to her credit Miss Sutcliff has the necessary sympathetic approach to her subject.

After introducing Kipling by lightly sketching in his early childhood, his schooldays and his return to India, Miss Sutcliff explains how she had to decide where to begin since so much of Kipling's early work has little appeal for any except the occasional child, although it seems doubtful whether *Love o' Women, The Light That Failed* or even *Kim* held an appeal for a child of any age.

Her choice commences appropriately enough with *The Jungle Book* followed by the *Just So Stories, Stalky & Co., Captains Courageous, Puck* and *Rewards and Fairies.*

The Jungle Books come as her first choice simply because they were her first introduction to Kipling, which is a fair enough reason. Very properly, too, Miss Sutcliff delights in *Kim,* drawing a comparison between Mowgli and Kim claiming it is chiefly for an older child but admitting it was never intended as a book for children in the first place.

Stalky & Co. failed to attract her when she first attempted it at the age of ten. I personally feel grateful to her for this admission since 'Stalky' never appealed to me until long after my tenth birthday despite the link I had as a boy with the school. She deals very faithfully with the odious "jelly-bellied Flag-flapper"—and so we pass to *The Jungle Books* — the like of which has surely never been written for children at any time whatever their age. They were, she says, her very first introduction to Kipling when at the age of five or six her mother read them aloud most beautifully and enjoyed doing it. The Mowgli stories were her special love, and all the Jungle Folk were her friends.

The *Just So Stories,* writes Miss Sutcliff, *must* be read aloud if they are not to be shorn of their glory. Their incantations are but a thought in the head unless cried aloud and that is why they appeal to very young children with their incantations and magic-making.

Of *Captains Courageous* the author has little to say since she did not come to it until she was grown up and can therefore look at it without emotion. Even though she enjoyed it for the wonderful account of life on the Grand Banks Miss Sutcliff has never felt a desire to read it again. Nevertheless she rates it a fine story for a boy who likes to read about the sea.

It is Miss Sutcliff's view that all the *Puck* tales should be con-

sidered together for they were written expressly for children and are, she thinks, enjoyed best of all Kipling's children's stories. It is in those two books we find material for several ages for the tales come in layers, light at the top with *Puck o' Pook's Hill* and, later, deeper and more complex as we reach *Rewards and Fairies* with their spread of four hundred years of early English history.

This little monograph on Kipling and his books for children fills a long-felt want — a gap as it were — in the present age when too few children seem to read him and he is not found in the school curriculum. Miss Sutcliff's book should be sent to all Primary and Secondary Schools in the Country.

[Rudyard Kipling : by Rosemary Sutcliff. Bodley Head 1960. 7/6d.]

THE GLASSE GIFT

or Thoughts both Bibliographic and Gastronomic Arising from an Exhibition

"An' 'ow do you spell your middle name?" he asked.

" G - 1 - a - double - s - e ", said William.

William Glasse Sawyer, the despair and later the pride of the Pelicans, had a middle name that caused the sagacious and imperturbable Mr. Marsh, master cook extraordinary, to view him with respect exceeding the good impression that had accompanied the discovery of His (culinary) Gift. Now this respect, we are told, arose from the literal similarity of William's middle name and the surname of a woman whose book on the art of cookery held high place in the esteem of Mr. Marsh.

> " It's a great name . . . Whether you're a descendant or not, it's worth livin' up to, a name like that ! She was a very good cook —but she'd have come expensive at today's prices ".

And William, deeply impressed, shared with Mr. Marsh the unshakeable belief that Hannah and he were related by blood as well as by proclivity. Be that as it may, William went on to win fame and possibly fortune among the skillets and pans, and to have his exploits given to the world in 1923, just 175 years after this culinary volume went on sale at Mrs. Ashburn's China-Shop, the Corner of Fleet-Ditch. Citizens of 1747 who first opened it found a persuasive title page : " THE ART OF COOKERY Made PLAIN and EASY Which far exceedeth any THING of the Kind ever yet Published." This modest opening was followed by two columns detailing the delicacies to be discovered within, beneath which appeared the reassuring words : BY A LADY. The book cost 3 shillings stitched, 5 shillings bound, and seems to have appealed to eighteenth century palates and pocket-books, for the second edition, printed the same year, was being sold not only by Mrs. Ashburn but also by Mrs. Wharton's Toy-Shop, the Bluecoat-Boy, near the Royal-Exchange; at Mrs. Condall's Toy-Shop, the King's Head and Parrot, in Holborn ; at Mr. Underwood's Toy-Shop, near St. James's Gate ; and at most Market-Towns in England.

Two hundred and fourteen years after its publication, and thirty-eight years after *Land and Sea Tales* informed the public of William's Touch, two members of the Kipling Society stood before The Book and thought of William. It lay behind glass in a case at the Grolier Club of New York where the bibliophilie members had assembled an exhibition of books, prints, manuscripts, bills of fare, and even a cuneiform tablet (baked) relating to food and drink, their procuring, preparation and consumption. The Book had been borrowed for the exhibition from the store of bibliographic treasures at the Pierpont Morgan Library, according to an informative card, which went on to comment on the tremendous sale achieved by Mrs. Glasse's masterpiece and its many editions (Mr. Marsh owned the edition of 1767). The card, however, quoted a critical opinion with which Mr. Marsh and William would have disagreed wildly. " No other treatise on cookery," remarked this astringent comment, " owes its reputation so little to merit, so much to chance." Both the chance and eighteenth century digestion must have been excellent to judge by the frequency the book was issued (twenty-four times in eighty years), and so, indeed, was the chance for two readers of Kipling to see this production of William Glasse Sawyer's spiritual ancestor.

CARL T. NAUMBURG
JOSEPH R. DUNLAP

DISCUSSION MEETING

at the Lansdowne Club, 18th January, 1961

This was our last Meeting at the Lansdowne Club. In future, as already announced, our meetings will be in the Ulster Room of Overseas House, Park Place, St. James's Street.

Colonel Purefoy introduced the tales we were to discuss, *The Puzzler* and *The Vortex,* two of Kipling's humorous stories and the first in this category which we have dealt with. The two stories are alike in more ways than one, said Col. Purefoy. They both deal with the man with the extraordinary name Penfentenyou, and the Colonel wondered in parenthesis how it should be pronounced, possibly Pentew ? And they both deal with eminently respectable and even prominent people caught up in a chain of absurd happenings from which they have to extricate themselves as best they can with such shreds of dignity as may remain to them. Also in each story the " nub " of the adventure is confined to one place — the garden with the Monkey Puzzle tree and the village street respectively, which makes for a more compact treatment of the situation.

The Puzzler, said Col. Purefoy, deals with the burning question, unsolved so far as we know to this day — would a monkey be able to climb a Monkey Puzzle tree? If such a tree could be seen from the House of Commons, the Colonel thought even the Budget Speech wouldn't have a chance while a monkey tried to climb it. The story contains one of the few examples of Kipling referring to an earlier work of his own, "the tuneful reminder that he'd left a lot of little things behind him."

" Horror follows on horror ", continued Col. Purefoy. " Lord Lundie baulks at entering a strange house with a hurdy-gurdy man, and a moment later he's playing the thing himself. And mark the way the events arc brought on to the stage all in correct order; Author and Friend, followed by Monkey and Organ; then the three V.I.P.s, and, at the height of the unspeakable situation, Furniture Van plus Owners, the second climax being ushered in with the immortal phrase; The Eternal Bad Boy in every Man hung its head before the Eternal Mother in every Woman . . . The situation builds up from absurdity to absurdity and is neatly solved at exactly the right moment".

Dealing with *The Vortex* Col. Purefoy said that he would call it a much more solid story than *The Puzzler.* It is, he said, decidedly dated — the car without a windscreen, the goggles, and above all the English road on a Saturday " which ", says Kipling in the story, " is to me one renewed and unreasoned orgy of delight ". But, said our speaker, " I don't see him venturing out of Bateman's on a summer Saturday *now* if he could help it ! ", and he begged the younger members of our Society to read it carefully, for they'll never get a better picture of a dusty English road 50 years ago, when, after one and a half hour's Stoppage on the road, the total traffic held up is thirteen vehicles and some motor-bikes.

Much of the remaining time for discussion was taken up with readings, by request, of the choicest bits of the story—-that description of the road, the appearance of the boy on the bicycle with bonnet-boxes, the eruption of the four swarms of bees, the hasty exit from the car of all its occupants except the author who, with trousers tucked into socks " for I am an apiarist of experience " and swathed in all the rugs, (" like a Circassian beauty beneath her veil ") is able to keep tally of all the monstrous happenings, ending with the climax of the Thunder-storm which subdues the bees and sets the immobilized crowds in action again.

There was a general feeling that *The Vortex* should certainly be in the front rank of Kipling's funny stories, together with *Brugglesmith, The Village that Voted* . . . and *My Sunday at H<ome.* Dr. Tompkins, referring to this last story, pointed out that the descriptions of the countryside are undoubtedly a respectful and affectionate parody of Hardy at his finest.

I. S-G.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are :—*U.K.:* Mmes. S. Hancock, E. Hankey, J. Iles, E. Nicolas, B. Pinchin; Misses E. Foster, M. Polodanski; Rev. R. J. N. Gay, Sir J. Dodd, Col. H. Jackson, Lt.-Col. K. Clark, Majors A. Pym, J. Stevenson; Messrs. J. Johnson, S. Lillywhite, Mackenzie of Lochrosque, G. Smeeton, R. Smith, F. Taylor.

U.S.A.: Mrs. J. W. Thompson, R. V. Perry, Iowa Univ. Library, N. Texas State College, Ohio State Univ. Library.

You are all very welcome.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

(continued)

PAGE 285. LINE 31, ET SEQ. Kipling had found *Sharpe's London Magazine* Vol. I, lacking many early pages. The page in question was the first for March 7th, 1846, and the picture of the Griffin flying over the mountains while the shepherds in the foreground point to it in terror, was engraved by Dalziel after a drawing by Selous.

The poem about the Griffin, printed in this number and the number for March 21st, is " *The Shepherd of the Giant Mountains".* From the German of Fouqué. By S.M." [i.e. Menella Bute Smedley (1820-1877) well known minor poetess, and author of many poems for children which Kipling knew well as a child].

The description of the story is obviously from memory, and is highly coloured — just as is that of the picture, which seems to owe something to his recollections of "Jabberwocky ". [Kipling would have read *Through the Looking-Glass,* published late in 1871, at much the same time.] There is no mention in it of a " falchion ", " ewe lamb ", " base usurper " or " verdant mead " — though all might easily have been there.

The author of the poem bids the reader :

" follow me
Back through full many a hoary century !
Come to the Giant Mountains,
Which separate Silesia from Bohemia.
Deep in the deepest of their shadowy glens . . .
The shepherds roam in terror to and fro,
Gaze upwards fearfully, and if a sound
Cleave the grey clouds above like rustling wings,
Dive under bush and reed, and murmur hoarsely :
" The griffin ! ah, the griffin ! God defend us ! "
* * *
Herewith the garrulous old man began
A piteous tale of plunder and distress,
Reckoning the numbers of the monster's prey.
" I too," young Gottschalk, with a nod, replied —
" I too, have lost the fairest of my flock ;
Six of my lambs the ravening beast hath seized . . . "

After this pre-amble, messengers from the Duke proclaim that whoever slays the Griffin shall marry his only child, the Lady Adiltrude.

Gottschalk, who is already smitten by her charms, follows the Griffin to its nest in a gigantic tree, sets fire to it, destroying the baby griffins and bringing the parent to the ground badly burnt. Gottschalk does battle with the creature and stabs it to the heart with " his herdsman's staff, iron-tipped and sharpened ". Thus he wins Adiltrude, and after a year's probation, is knighted, marries her, and in time succeeds the Duke.

PAGE 286. LINE 28. *Frank Fairlegh,* contributed anonymously to *Sharpe's Magazine,* beginning in May 1846, was by the editor, Frank Smedley (1818-1864), cousin of Menella Bute Smedley. It was issued in volume form in 1850 as *Frank Fairlegh, or Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil,* with thirty illustrations by George Cruikshank, and was for many years regarded as a minor classic.

Frank Fairlegh begins in Vol. II of *Sharpe's Magasine ;* either the first two volumes (both very thin) were bound together, or Kipling confused them in his memory.

LINES 29-30. " The earlier poems of Tennyson, contributed anonymously to *Sharpe's Magazine,* include : " Song : The Owl ", 7th February, 1846 ; " Dora ", 23rd January, 1847 — but they were not anonymous !

PAGE 287. LINE 5. *Grimm's Fairy Tales.* Probably the early edition with illustrations by Cruikshank. It will be the same mentioned in " The Brushwood Boy " *[Day's Work,* p.362] : " The princess of his tales was a person of wonderful beauty (she came from the old illustrated edition of Grimm, now out of print) . . . "

LINE 13. "Judy was cutting her second teeth" — therefore she would be about five, and the date is by now about 1873-4. Kipling did not read until he was about seven, which coincides with this date. [cf. *Kipling Journal* No. 84.]

LINE 20. " Don't open a book for a week ". Compare *Something of Myself* (p.7) : " I read all that came within my reach. As soon as my pleasure in this was known, deprivation from reading was added to my punishments. I then read by stealth and the more earnestly ".

PAGE 289. LINE 13. "Tilbury"—a kind of gig for two, said to be named after its first maker.

PAGE 290. LINES 13-14. " He shared his room with Harry, and knew the torture in store ". Compare *Something of Myself* (p.6) : " I was a real joy to him [the " Devil-Boy "], for when his mother had finished with me for the day he (we slept in the same room) took me on and roasted the other side ".

PAGE 291. LINES 2-6. Compare *Something of Myself* (p. 6) : " If you cross-examine a child of seven or eight on his day's doings (specially when he wants to go to sleep) he will contradict himself very satisfactorily. If each contradiction be set down as a lie and retailed at breakfast, life is not easy ".

PAGE 294. LINE 1. *Cometh up as a Flower,* one of Rhoda Broughton's best-known novels, was published in 1867 — and would be very dull reading for a small boy.

LINE 12, ET SEQ. " The song of the Battle of Navarino ". This is one of the great Kipling Problems : several students have searched in vain for the song from which these six lines are quoted — and suggest that Kipling invented them, together with the mythical " song through all its seventeen verses ". But it may have been a genuine song, perhaps never written down, actually sung by Captain Holloway: Carrington records (p.16) that he "taught him old sea-songs ".

He would certainly have told Kipling all about the Battle of Navarino, at which Admiral Sir Edward Codrington defeated the Turks and wrought the final liberation of Greece on October 20th, 1827 — having himself served in the engagement as a midshipman on the *Brisk*, a sloop of ten guns.

Codrington's report of the battle includes the information that " The *Asia* led in, followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion* . . . The *Dartmouth, Mosquito, Rose, Brisk* and *Philomel* were to look after the six fire-vessels at the entrance of the harbour ". [See *Naval Battles >of Great Britain* (1828) by Charles Ekins.] At one moment the little *Brisk* was certainly " sore exposed ", coming to close quarters with one of the biggest of the Turkish ships, but her casualties were only one killed and three wounded — as compared with the fourteen killed and forty-eight wounded on the *Asia*, which was the Flagship ; though, of course, the *percentage* was not much higher on the infinitely larger ship.

PAGE 295. The two lines of verse heading the Third Part are from Feste's song in *Twelfth Night*, Act II, Sc. III.

LINE 26. " *Hubshi* " is Hindustani for " nigger " or " negro ".

PAGE 296. LINE 3. " How do you like school ? " Kipling mentions it in *Something of Myself* (p.16) as: "the terrible little day-school where I had been sent ". The school has not been identified. [See *Kipling Journal* No. 135, page 5.]

PAGE 297. LINE 4. " At six years of age " gives the date as late 1874 or early 1875.

PAGE 300. LINE 27. " Jane who had stolen a cold rissole ". Compare *Something of Myself* (p.6) : " I and whatever luckless little slavey might be in the house, whom severe rationing had led to steal food ".

PAGE 301. LINE 21. " Going away to Brighton ". Mrs. Fleming records *[Kipling Journal* No. 44] that Auntie Rosa, when trying to win her affection " also said that she would always take me to Brighton for Christmas ".

PAGE 303. LINE 1 ET SEQ. " There was a grey haze upon all his world . . . the nameless terrors of broad daylight ", etc. Compare *Something of Myself* (pp. 16-17) : " My eyes went wrong, and I could not well see to read . . . Some sort of nervous breakdown followed, for I imagined I saw shadows and things that were not there ".

LINES 18-19. " When he failed at school he reported that all was well ", etc. Compare *Something of Myself* (p. 16) : " One report [from school] was so bad that I threw it away and said that I had never received it. But this is a hard world for the amateur liar. My web of deceit was swiftly exposed ", etc.

PAGE 304. LINES 25-26. " She'll put a card with " Liar " on my back, same as she did before ". Compare *Something of Myself* (p. 16) : " I was well beaten and sent to school through the streets of Southsea with the placard " Liar " between my shoulders ".

PAGE 306. Compare *Something of Myself* (p. 17) : "A man came down to see me as to my eyes and reported that I was half blind. This,

too, was supposed to be " showing-off ", and I was segregated from my sister — another punishment — as a sort of moral leper ".

LINE 28. "And Mamma came ". In March 1877, Kipling being then just over eleven.

PAGE 308. LINE 6. " Black Sheep flung up his right arm ". Compare *Something of Myself* (p. 17) : "[My Mother] told me afterwards that when she first came up to my room to kiss me goodnight, I flung up an arm to guard off the cuff that I had been trained to expect ".

LINE 29. "A big boy of ten ". Kipling was actually eleven years and two months, as this was March 1877, according to both Mrs. Fleming *[Kipling Journal* No. 44] and Carrington (p.20).

PAGE 309. LINES 25-26. " I am taking the children away into the country ". Compare *Something of Myself* (p.17) : " I was taken at once from the House of Desolation, and for months ran wild in a little farm-house on the edge of Epping Forest " : the address was — " Goldings Hill," Nr. Loughton, Essex.

PAGE 310. LINE 7. *"Pagal"* : Hindustani for fool or idiot: " a very common word in the vocabulary of ladies addressing their domestics ". *[Kipling Journal* No 17].

R.L.G.

LETTER BAG

KIPLING AND THE CRITICS

I was very surprised to read the letter from Mrs. Bambridge in the March number of the Journal in which she complains about the Broadcast made on January 17th.

Personally I thought it excellent and from what I have gathered from people who heard it, I should say it had tremendous propaganda value for the Society.

In my opinion the organisers and the people taking part are to be heartily congratulated on their initiative and for the able way in which they put their message across.

TOM P. JONES

GUIDE TO "BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Regarding the notes on " Baa, Baa, Black Sheep " may I suggest the following :

P.272 line 20. " Ghauts " is also the name of the range of hills in the Bombay hinterland, and I think that is the meaning here.

P.273 line 13. A brougham could have two horses — ours had a pole that could be fitted in place of the shafts. The dictionary says it could have two wheels, but that must have been unusual.

P.275 line 4. " Broom-gharri " would probably be normal usage in servants' hindostani — cf. ' Rel-gharris '.

J. H. M. STEVENSON (MAJOR)

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1960

INCOME

1959		£ s d	£ s d
	Subscriptions, Ordinary Members		
303	Renewals	357 12 9	
103	New Members	74 2 6	
			431 15 3
	Life Members		
	In advance at 31st December, 1959	4 16 10	
8	do. 1960	2 10 8	
			2 6 2
	Subscriptions and Donations from Branches		
10	Victoria B.C.	3 0 0	
—	Melbourne	40 18 6	
30	New Zealand	30 0 0	
99	New York	85 8 10	
			159 7 4
	Sales		
6	Back numbers of Journals	42 16 3	
1	Sundries	8 6	
			43 4 9
	Donations		
36	General	11 9 0	
7	From Life Members for Journal	76 3 3	
1	Towards Readers' Guide	150 0 0	
			237 12 3
18	**Interest on Investment**		17 10 0
	Meetings		
	Profit on 'Batemans' visit	7 19 0	
	Profit Annual Luncheon, thus :		
	Received 137 15 0		
	Cost 128 16 3		
		8 18 9	
		16 17 9	
	Loss on 'Lansdowne' Meetings, thus :		
	Cost of six Meetings 69 18 4		
	Paid by Members attending 38 2 6		
	31 15 10		
	Donations 19 3 10		
		12 12 0	
			4 5 9
£622			£896 1 6

EXPENDITURE

1959		£ s d	£ s d
104	**Office Rent and Cleaning**		103 6 0
26	**General Printing and Stationery**		15 9 5
29	**Postage and Telephone**		28 10 0
36	**General Office Expenses**		44 15 5
	Miscellaneous		
	Insurances	5 10 0	
9	Cheque stamps	15 0	
			6 5 0
	Journal Expenses		
	Printing and Despatch of Kipling Journal	288 11 1	
	LESS : Current Sales	9 7 7	
		279 3 6	
228	DEDUCT : Proportion of Life Members' Donations per contra	26 3 3	
			253 0 3
45	**Publicity Expenses**		43 10 0
	Entertaining Visitors	31 12 0	
7	LESS : Donations from Members of Staff	25 16 0	
			5 16 0
	Books, Furniture, etc.		
	Purchases during year	5 10 0	
27	LESS : Sales	1 12 6	
			3 17 6
	Transfer of specific Donations per contra		
	For Journal enlargement	76 3 3	
8	Towards Readers Guide	150 0 0	
			226 3 3
	Depreciation		
	Provision towards Depreciation on War Stock		113 2 3
31	**Allahabad Plaque and loss on Meetings**		— — —
550			843 15 1
72	**Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for year**		52 6 5
£622			£896 1 6

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1960

1959		£ s d	£ s d
	LIFE MEMBERS		
5	Balance as at 31st December, 1959	4 16 10	
	Written off in Income Account during 1960	2 6 2	2 10 8
	SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS for enlarging the Journal		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1959	140 0 0	
	Additions during 1960	76 3 3	
		216 3 3	
140	Allocated to 1960 Journals	26 3 3	
			190 0 0
	READERS' GUIDE FUND		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1959	47 8 5	
	Donations during 1960	150 0 0	
		197 8 5	
47	Printing, typing, etc.	178 15 3	
			18 13 2
	INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT		
	Balance at credit as at 31st December, 1959	748 7 0	
748	Excess of Income over Expenditure during 1960	52 6 5	
			800 13 5
£940			£1,011 17 3

1959		£ s d	£ s d
2	**CASH IN HAND**	3 10 0	
410	**BANK BALANCE AT CREDIT**	593 7 3	
			596 17 3
	INVESTMENTS		
	£500 3½% War Stock, at cost	513 2 3	
513	LESS Provision for depreciation	113 2 3	
	(Market value at 31/12/60 approximately £300)		400 0 0
15	**STOCK OF JOURNALS, STATIONERY Etc.** say		15 0 0
—	**BOOKS, FURNITURE** Etc. Not valued meantime		— — —
£940			£1,011 17 3

Signed : R. E. HARBORD, Hon. Treasurer

A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary

NOTES (1) The realisable value of Library books, etc. cannot be estimated but should be considerable. Small purchases during the year have been charged to expenses. There is also a small amount of furniture, not valued.

(2) A Bust of Kipling held by the Society and donated by Lord Bathurst is at the Society's office.

(3) The Society holds the Wolff Collection and may retain it so long as the Society is in existence.

AUDITORS' REPORT

We have examined the above Balance Sheet dated 31st December, 1960, and the accompanying Income and Expenditure Account, with Books and Vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith.

5 Albemarle Street,
Piccadilly, London, W.1.
20th February, 1961

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Chartered Accountants,
Honorary Auditors.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Our TV Contribution. Early last January we were told by the B.B.C. that they intended to devote part of their "Tonight" programme, a week later, to Rudyard Kipling, in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of his death. They asked if we could contribute to this item by collecting together a few Members who would explain to viewers why they still read Kipling, and would also say something in rebuttal of his more venomous critics.

As our principal Aim is " To honour and extend the influence " of our Author, we gladly agreed to help. This resulted in seven or eight Members of all ages assembling in the Kipling Room at Brown's Hotel,, where, under the able and charming direction of Miss Xanthe Wakefield of the B.B.C, we each did our best to express our sincere admiration for Rudyard Kipling. The B.B.C. were particularly keen that we should answer the really hostile critics, but in fact, of the seven Members who spoke on the programme, only three mentioned them.

The programme when it appeared was very ably presented. Besides many portraits of R.K., we were shown him speaking to Canadian authors, and there were flashes of South Africa (one slip here : it was not made clear that "The Absent-Minded Beggar" was written for Charities). But the best piece of all was " Puck's Song "—verses beautifully spoken, and illustrated with shots of " The Ferny Ride ", " The Dimpled Track ", " Our Little Mill ", etc. etc.

The Society has since received many kind congratulations on its contribution, whilst a stream of enquiries has led to a number of new memberships.

Our Move of Office. The news last December that we must soon move out of 12 Newgate Street, owing to demolitions, started off an anxious month or two. London offices are hard to come by, especially at the sort of figure the Society can afford. At the same time a London address is essential to our status, and to be separated from our Library would sadly diminish our usefulness. We have been saved by the great kindness of those from whom we rented the old office : our friends Colonel E. B. Holmes and the Staff of the Airborne Forces Security Fund. Despite a lot of extra paper work and other bother concerning our admission, they have taken us along with them to their new quarters at 323 High Holborn. You will have to climb 70 steps to reach us, *but* you will find us in a decent-sized room which (unlike the last one) houses all our six book-cases and our thousand books.

The move itself took place during one pretty hectic week. We hired a professional to pack (but not unpack) the books, but we coped ourselves with the hundreds of Journals and the mass of office odds and ends. The removal firm's men (they're always such good chaps) had to hump twenty-five tea-chests of books and junk, our safe, our vast Journal Chest, our book-cases and our eight-foot boardroom table up to the fourth floor, using a narrow stairway with eight hairpin turns.

Before it would comply, the table had to be sawn in half. Our Hon. Librarian snatched an afternoon off to arrange the books, and an enthusiast who rashly dropped in on the actual move-day, was roped in for unpacking-day and gave us enormous help. But your Hon. Sec. will certainly be joined by his invaluable Assistant in the anthem : " Praise, our souls, to Heaven — it's over ! "

A.E.B.P.

THE KIPLING ROOM

On the first floor of Brown's Hotel is a lofty apartment with three high windows which extend from the moulded cornice almost to the floor in the ample Victorian manner. From these windows Rudyard Kipling must often have looked out on Albemarle Street, observing the comings and goings of 19th century Mayfair, though his thoughts might well have been in his native India, where his journalistic career began in the Punjab on the local daily which was related to the " Pioneer " at Allahabad. Brown's Hotel was " home " to the Kiplings whenever they were in London. Throughout their frequent visits, which began in 1892 and continued until his death in 1936, this suite was always reserved for them and because of this long association the sitting room became known as the Kipling Room. Here they entertained their friends, and here he wrote much, too. It seemed fitting therefore that illustrations from his books should furnish the room.

This has now been done. We have gathered together in this room a selection of pictures that are representative of his works.

There is a coloured lithograph depicting that indomitable mongoose Rikki-Tikki, and Nag the great black cobra. It is one taken from a rare edition of a series of sixteen *Jungle Book* subjects by Maurice and Edward Detmold.

Pictures chosen from the *Just So Stories* are by Rudyard Kipling himself. The Djinn in charge of All Deserts demonstrates magically " How the Camel Got His Hump " ; the Parsee begins to eat his cake watched by a creature smooth as waterproof for we have not yet learned " How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin " ; lastly, " The Elephant's Child ", surely the best-beloved character of all, has his nose pulled by the Crocodile and is about to be helped by the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

Kim and the Letter-Writer is a photograph of one of the bas-reliefs made by John Lockwood Kipling, the writer's father, to illustrate *Kim.* From that child of the East to Harvey, boy of the New World, who is shown learning to steer the schooner in *Captains Courageous.*

Few portraits of Rudyard Kipling exist, since on his own admission, " I had a Muhammedan's objection to having my face taken, as likely to draw the Evil Eye ", but we have added to the collection a photograph from a bronze plaque of his head, kindly loaned by the Kipling Society.

It is hoped that these pictures will capture, in some small degree, the spirit of the man who so often sat and wrote in this room and that in it will linger " Something of Himself ; for his Friends ".

The Kipling Society

Founded in 1927 by J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.

President:

Vice-Presidents:

L. L. Ames, U.S.A.
Mrs. George Bambridge.
Countess Bathurst.
E. D. W. Chaplin.
Maj. Sir Brunel Cohen, K.B.E.
Professor Bonamy Dobree, C.B.E.
T. S. Eliot, O.M.
Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E.
W. G. B. Maitland.
Sir Archie Michaelis, Australia.
Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Woolton

COUNCIL:

Chairman: Mrs. C. W. Scott-Giles

Deputy-Chairman: R. E. Harbord.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.
B. M. Bazley.
J. H. C. Brooking, M.I.E.E.
E. D. W. Chaplin.
Brig. T. F. V. Foster, C.B.E., M.C.
Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.
Philip Randall.
Mrs. A. B. J. Shepherd.
Miss P. M. Toomey.
J. R. Turnbull, M.C.
F. E. Winmill.

Hon. Treasurer: R. E. Harbord.
Hon. Librarian: Miss P. M. Toomey.
Hon. Editor:
Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.
Hon. Secretary:
Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy.
Hon. Auditors:
Milne, Gregg and Turnbull.
Asst. Hon. Secretary:
Miss A. M. Punch.
Hon. Solicitor: Philip Randall.

Offices:
323 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
Tel. Chancery 1509

Auckland (N.Z.) Branch:
President: Col. Sir Stephen Allen, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Hon. Secretary: Miss Phyllis Johnson,
6 Corilla Road, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand.

Melbourne Branch:
President:
E. J. Batten,
16 Albert Street, East Malvern,
S.E.5, Victoria.
Hon. Secretary:
J. V. Carlson,
33 Mathers Avenue, North Kew,
Victoria, Australia.

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada):
President: Arthur A. Fryer. *Vice-President:* Mrs. D. Dunbar.
Hon. Sec.: Mrs. D. B. Dunbar, 6 Sylvan Lane, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.:
Carl T. Naumburg, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24, N.Y.

BOSCOMBE PRINTING CO. (1933) LTD., Lincoln Ave., Bournemouth