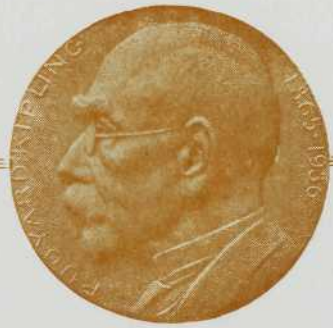

The KIPLING JOURNAL

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VOL. XXIX No. 143

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), Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

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, W.C.l, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling — HOLborn 7597.

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

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, November 21st, 1962, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Wednesday, September 12th, 1962, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Doctor Morton N. Cohen, of the English Department of City College, New York, will open the discussion with a talk on Kipling and Rider Haggard, the subject of his address to the American Branch on March 28th.

Wednesday, November 14th, 1962. Same place and time.

Rear-Admiral P. W. Brock, C.B., D.S.O., will introduce a discussion on 'A Fleet in Being ' and ' Sea Warfare '.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will take place on Thursday, 25th October, 1962, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

The Guest of Honour will be Eric Linklater, Esq., C.B.E., T.D., LL.D.

Application forms will go out in September.

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Vol. XXIX. No. 143 SEPTEMBER, 1962

NEWS AND NOTES

THE COMING RACE

In *Journal* No. 140 reference was made to Kipling's allusion in *A Fleet in Being* to " the levin-rods of the Vril-Ya ", showing that he was well acquainted with Bulwer Lytton's unexpected " science-fiction " romance *The Coming Race* (1871). While he does not appear to have mentioned the book anywhere else it seems to have made a deep impression on Kipling, either helping to form some of his deeper convictions, or coinciding with them. It would be interesting to discover how old he was when he first read *The Coming Race.*

The story which shows the closest affinity to Lytton's ironic Utopia is "As Easy as A.B.C", written in 1907. Generally speaking, the over-all running of the planet by the Aerial Board of Control, and resultant peace and sweet-reasonableness of mankind closely resembles the order brought about by the Vril-Ya in their underground world. Even closer is the attitude of Kipling's people of the future to the worst excesses of Democracy as we know it today : " Democracy is Disease ", as Mulligan says in Kipling's story, and the events bear it out. Lytton had been equally scathing : " Koom-Posh is their name for the government of the many, or the ascendancy of the most ignorant or hollow ", he says of the Vril-Ya. " Koom-Posh may be loosely rendered ' Hollow-Bosh '. But when Democracy or Koom-Posh degenerates from popular ignorance into that popular passion or ferocity which precedes its decease . . . their name for that state of things is Glek-Nas . . . the universal strife-rot ".

There are still outlying tribes liable to fall into Koom-Posh — "the ruder tribes without the pale ", says Lytton : does Kipling echo this in " the lesser breeds without the law " ? — and when they go too far, the Vril-Ya annihilate them ruthlessly with Vril. This Power has all the might of Atomic Energy, though Lytton imagines it rather as Electrical in origin. The parallel is very close with the use made of their own form of electrical power by the A.B.C. after the lapse into Koom-Poshery in Chicago. They do not annihilate, but they could do so with the same power, as is shown when they " slag the Nigger " with it : " Keefe turned on full power, and the thing simply melted within its case ". Vril can be used in precisely the same way " to reduce to ashes within a space of time too short for me to venture to specify, a capital twice as vast as London " — or to blast a way through the solid rock when more peaceful ends are in view.

"LITTLE FROG"

When a book has been read and assimilated, ideas and incidents in it are apt to lie dormant in the memory and reappear unconsciously. This is the kind of debt which most writers owe to their reading : to use such vapours of the memory is in no sense to imitate or plagiarise. The debt which Kipling owed to *The Coming Race* was little more than suggestion and atmosphere, as in the case of Edwin Lester Arnold's *Phra the Phoenician* and *Lepidus the Centurion* with Which Dr. Tompkins has dealt so fully.

But there is an interesting and rather subtle twist to *The Coming Race.* Although on the surface the Vril-Ya civilization is a Utopia, and the world outside is always compared with it unfavourably, Lytton's hero in fact escapes from it at all costs, even repulsing the love of the beautiful Zee, to return to his own world. By the end the underlying message is that of the Jungle Books : " man goes to man " however much better he may have found an alien world. Lytton does not stress this as much as he might, and apparently many readers did not catch the underlying message : Rider Haggard was a case in point, for *The Coming Race* was, he says, one of his favourite books, which he read again and again — " only my delight is always marred afresh by disgust at the behaviour of the hero who, in order to return to this dull earth, put away the queenly Zee's love ". If Kipling understood the moral better, and made the same point in " The Spring Running ", it may be more than coincidence that Lytton's hero was called by the Vril-Ya " Tish ", which in their language meant " Little Frog ".

"CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING"

There is an old, and presumably unintended, echo of Kipling in Mr. Arnold Wesker's latest and most controversial play. It is a fine " piece of theatre ", and a most moving dramatic experience : of that there is no doubt. The controversial element lies in its author's intentions — or in his audiences' reactions and interpretations. We are told by the younger critics, and those who would see it that way, that *it* is a bitter, devastating, cynical attack on " The Establishment ", represented by the slightly caricatured Air Force Officers of the play and what they stand for. This is borne out to some extent by the insensitive treatment of the wretched conscript " Smiler " — utterly unsuitable for Service Life, and subjected to purgatory for no good reason nor with any apparent benefit either to " The Establishment " or himself. But otherwise the play shows in general the transition from " unlicked cub" to "men made over again"—exactly as in the case of the new draft in " His Private Honour ". The other outstanding character is that of the gentleman ranker who tries to shirk his duty by refusing to become an officer — only to learn with even more bitter tears than Mowgli that " man goes to man " — that even if an upper-class background and education are " unfair privileges ", they bring with them correspondingly " unfair " responsibilities, to refuse which is indeed to be " without the law ".

KIPLING IN RUSSIA

Surprising thought it is to feel Kipling's influence so strongly in the background of a play by one of today's Angry Young Men, it is surely even stranger to find that Kipling appears to be held in higher esteem behind the Iron Curtain than almost anywhere else. " Atticus " made this fact abundantly clear in *The Sunday Times* on 6 May where he described a meeting in Chelsea of the young Russian poet Evgeni Evtushenko with Edwin Brock " the poet who was a police constable for eight years—placidly unangry about his working-class background ".

' For my last book ', said the Russian modestly, ' there were orders for 200,000 copies '. He seemed amazed when Brock murmured that a young British poet was lucky to sell a thousand copies . . .

' I shouldn't think anyone here has made a living out of poetry since Tennyson ', ventured Brock.

' Kipling must have made money out of poetry ', said Evtushenko. ' You know, the most popular modern poet in Moscow is Kipling '.

' But Kipling was an imperialist '.

The Russian smiled and quoted Kipling in Russian with evident approval ".

"ENGLISH FICTION IN TRANSITION"

This periodical issued by the English Department, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, which has now reached its fifth volume, has already proved itself one of the most interesting and stimulating publications of its kind to come to us from beyond the Atlantic. Members of the Kipling Society in particular owe it an especial debt of gratitude for the admirable Bibliography of writings about Kipling, Which will have full notice in this *Journal* as soon as its final instalment appears. Meanwhile Vol. V, Number 2 (1962) just received, contains an interesting article by Eric Solomon on " *The Light that Failed* as a War Novel ".

We may not agree with all that Mr. Solomon says, but his thesis is interesting. Taking as his text C. F. G. Masterman's condemnation in *In Peril of Change,* 1905 (page 8), that " his judgement was found to be concerned not with war but with the idea of war ", he agrees with the strictures of " nearly every serious commentator on Kipling's work " in denouncing his view of war as presented in *The Light that Failed,* but goes on to explore the symbolic use made, not of war itself, but of " the idea of war ".

" From an ethical or political viewpoint, such strictures are obviously just, and indeed they apply to all Kipling's pre-1914 war fiction and poetry ", he says, after quoting the usual type of condemnation for cruelty and sentimentality. But " without trying to explain away Kipling's clear indifference to human values in his war passages, I think that Mr. Masterman unknowingly provided the key to an understanding of *The Light that Failed* when he said that Kipling was concerned not with war but with the idea of war. Here are no descriptions of war in the manner of Zola or Tolstoy ; like Stephen Crane a few years later, Rudyard Kipling sought to use the idea of war to represent, metaphorically, a way of life—in this case the life of vigorous action from which the artist-hero strays "

What follows is well thought out, and thought-inspiring — even if the search for symbolism seems a little tenuous at times. But the general idea of Kipling's use of war, gathers importance when we remember that he had never seen war or been under fire or experienced more than the danger of a possible stray bullet —- unlike his friend Rider Haggard who saw active service in the First Boer War, even if he was never in a pitched battle.

EGYPT AND THE SUDAN

" The corollary to the giddy proposition " seems to be that Kipling was better at describing things which he had not seen, and having seen them often did not want to describe them . . . which is demonstrably false in general, but seems oddly true so far as his stories of Egypt and the Sudan are concerned. For whatever we may think of them, the pictures of desert warfare in *The Light that Failed* are vividly convincing — and Kipling had seen no more of Egypt than the Isthmus of Suez when he wrote them. Similarly he wrote his wonderful story of the Sudan, " Little Foxes " (published 1909), several years before he visited that country. There were no stories of Egypt or the Sudan written after he had actually seen both of them at the beginning of 1913.

Indeed *Egypt of the Magicians*, (published in *Nash's Magazine* (England) and *The Cosmopolitan* (U.S.A.) in the summer of 1914, and included in *Letters of Travel*, 1920) says surprisingly little about Egypt, and concentrates largely on the fellow-travellers he met while crossing the Mediterranean, and during his leisurely voyage by Nile steamer from Cairo to Wadi Haifa. The tourists have changed only in their externals : I came across most of the types whom Kipling met during his trip while I was staying at the Nile Hilton Hotel in Cairo — the rest were to be found lunching at Mena House or seething round the feet of the Sphinx and along the narrow galleries in search of " the secret hid Under Cheops' Pyramid ".

Cairo now represents progressive modern Egypt, and has been distinctly cleaned up and westernised — no longer " unventilated and unsterilised ", as Kipling found it. But further up the Nile one steps straight back to the beginning of this century the moment one enters The Winter Palace Hotel at Luxor or The Hotel Cataract at Aswan. The grandeur is a little decayed ; the Card Room and the Writing Room are empty ; the shelves in the Library are locked and dusty — but the books behind the glass were written by the popular authors of the day who stayed there : Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, A. E. W. Mason —• and Kipling himself.

Kipling's Letters of Travel in Egypt are not among his best works, but they are fascinating reading during a present day visit ; and as always the vivid phrase is there, catching and crystallising a truth or an impression. The description of the Jew and the Mussulman at the end of No. VI sums up in a paragraph the age-old hatred of the Arab for the Israelite. The beginning of the same Letter describes Egypt perfectly in even shorter space :

" Going up the Nile is like running the gauntlet before Eternity. Till one has seen it, one does not realise the amazing thinness of that little damp trickle of life that steals along undefeated through the jaws

of established death. A rifle-shot would cover the widest limits of cultivation, a bow-shot would reach the narrower . . . The weight of the Desert is on one, every day and every hour ".

Finally, in the last Letter, there is Kipling's interesting account of the Sudan, and his thoughts on how the amazing changes wrought in it by the British occupation and administration would effect the future :

" In due time, they will forget how warily their fathers had to walk in the Mahdi's time to secure even half a bellyful. Then, as has happened elsewhere, they will honestly believe that they themselves originally created and since then have upheld the easy life into which they were bought at so heavy a price. Then the demand will go up for ' extension of local government ', ' Sudan for the Sudanese ', and so on till the whole cycle has to be retrodden. It is a hard law but an old one—Rome died learning it, as our western civilization may die—that if you give any man anything that he has not painfully earned for himself, you infallibly make him or his descendants your devoted enemies '.

If one may judge after a single day in their country, the modern Sudanese have learnt all that we tried to teach them — and bear no malice. They seem to be a friendly, smiling, easy race, but with a smartness and efficiency contrasting singularly with the slovenliness of the Egyptians : the contrast is nowhere so striking as when crossing the border on the east bank of the Nile between Wadi Haifa and Farreg (opposite Abu Simbel). On one side four Sudanese soldiers in immaculate uniforms stood smartly to attention on a strip of concrete in front of a freshly white-washed frontier-post. Down the Wadi and up the other side one came to the Egyptian equivalent — a ruinous shack and tent guarded by officials in soiled white robes, making a great show of bureaucracy over our permits and passports.

"THE KIPLING TRUTH"

Professor Carrington's article in the *Commonwealth Journal* for May-June of this year, bearing the above title, should be added immediately to all Kipling collections. The gist of it, which sums up what has been said above about the Sudan is " what obsessed him, and what he always saw, was the fact that Empire is a passing phenomenon, and that it will *not* last for ever ; that power diminishes, that there is only one thing that stands in this world, and that is human character ".

WILLIAM MORRIS

Another influence on Kipling was that of his " deputy uncle Topsy ", William Morris — whether directly at the Grange and through his works, or indirectly through the teaching of his friend Cormell Price. There are many links between Morris and Kipling, both personal and literary, and it is appropriate here to greet the new venture of The William Morris Society, the first number of its *Journal,* issued a few months ago. Like our own *Journal* it consists of thirty-two pages, but at the moment it is only to appear twice yearly. As one would expect of a periodical in honour of the founder of the Kelmscott Press, the *Journal* is admirably printed in well-designed type, on good paper.

An article in this number on Morris's calligraphy, illustrated by a page from one of his superbly written manuscripts in the Bodleian, reminds us that Kipling's minute knowledge of the methods of Medieval scribes, as shown in such stories as " The Eye of Allah " and " Dayspring Mishandled " may well have originated with Morris — even if much of it came at secondhand via Burne-Jones and Lockwood Kipling. Other articles deal with Morris's love for Iceland, his " domestic " stained glass, and his friendship with Bernard Shaw. In a delightful prefatory note, written just before his death, Sir Sydney Cockerell recalls many a meal with Morris at Gatti's between 1885 and 1896 . . . Perhaps Kipling was present at some of them ! So far there is nothing about Morris as poet and romance-writer, but we can look forward to several much-needed re-assessments of his literary achievements in future numbers — of which I am sure that all members of the Kipling Society join in hoping there may be many.

KIPLING AND RIDER HAGGARD

As members will see from the announcement on page 1 of this number of the *Journal*, Dr. Morton N. Cohen will open the Discussion on 12th September with a talk on Kipling and Rider Haggard. This is likely to be a meeting of unusual interest, as Dr. Cohen, who is Professor of English Literature at the City College, New York, is at present preparing a volume on the Kipling-Haggard friendship which will include all the surviving letters between these two friends, most of them hitherto unpublished. A few of these fascinating letters were quoted by Dr. Cohen in his book *Rider Haggard : His Life and Works*, published by Hutchinson in 1960, as if to whet our appetites for the coming volume — of which we shall doubtless be given a fuller preview on 12th September.

R.L.G.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Burwash, 1962.

Our annual trip to Burwash was again a great success this year, and on 7th May over forty of us lunched at the Bell or the Bear. We struck one of the better days of this awful Spring, and the gardens and house of Bateman's looked as lovely as ever. The new tenant, Mr. E. A. V. de Candole, could not be present, but we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. de Candole and her aunt, Mrs. Newton, who has become an expert guide to R.K.'s study.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently enrolled are :—

U.K. : Mmes. E. Bone, K.F. Newton; Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. M. T. Barton; Drs. J. P. Carlisle, E. Sack; B. Daintith, Esq. **Kenya** : Mrs. H. Price. **Melbourne** : Miss E. Lyle, J. A. Allan. **S. Rhodesia** : H. M. Matthew. **Sweden** : Mrs. B. Hellström. **U.S.A.** : J. C. Gebhart.

We heartily welcome you all.

A SCARCITY OF WOMEN

by Jorian Jenks

Kipling the prince of story-tellers has been with me all my life, round the world and up and down it. Kipling the master-craftsman I have long admired and at times aspired to imitate. But of Kipling the man I have hitherto known so little that I must ask my fellow-members to bear with the naivety of much of what follows. I am a reader for relaxation rather than a student of literature.

I must have been about eight, I suppose, when *The Maltese Cat* was first read to me. Being even at that age addicted to horses, T demanded more and was not long in discovering for myself *A Walking Delegate* — Kipling's only other horse story so far as 1 know, unless we include Shackles in *The Broken-Link Handicap.* This, too, I absorbed most pleasurably, though in a faintly puzzled way, not realizing, of course, that it was a social sermon in fable form. Carrington, in his *Life and Work* of R.K., says that the story is notable chiefly as showing the author's command of American dialects. This may well be, but I have known quite a few horses who would have been at home in the equine society of the Back Pasture.

Next to engage my youthful attention was *·007,* also with a racy American flavour. I discovered that, in the hands of this marvellous story-teller, locomotives no less than horses could reveal the most intriguing personalities. I can still chuckle over Pony's crisp observations and the inglorious adventure of the overbearing Mogul, derailed with his Flying Freight in a corn-field ; and so I came naturally to *The Jungle Books.*

It is, perhaps, a matter of personal opinion, but I have always found that the creation of animal characters without distorting or disregarding their animal natures calls for consummate skill and understanding. To employ them simply as pegs on which to hang human traits and sentiments seems to me as tasteless as dressing them up in human clothing. The charm of Kipling's animal stories lies in his ability to get right inside his characters, so that one finds oneself thinking : " Of course, that's just what a wolf or a bear would say or do ". Which in no way detracts from their value as fables.

Gradually it dawned on me that this enchanting gift was to be found in Kipling's men also, to such an extent that the plot of a story often becomes quite secondary. Almost without exception, his characters are men of action, bearing ungrudgingly their load of personal responsibility, whether great or small, and usually at their most natural when talking about their occupations ; for such men tend to live by and through their work. Soldiers and sailors, fishermen, colonial administrators, pioneers, inventors, engineers, craftsmen and a host of others — his men come to life so soon as they appear on paper. Thereafter their characters emerge, facet by facet, as they tell their tales or play their part in the narrative, needing no dramatic build-up, or

psychological analysis either. They were, in general, " the men who do the work for which they draw the pay " — and as much more as may be required of them ; and Kipling made himself their spokesman.

Maybe I have a heterodox sense of humour, but I have always derived far more entertainment from the words which Kipling puts into the mouths of his characters (or uses for some pithy description) than from any of his deliberately " funny " stories. These, with their carefully contrived situations leading up to some farcical *dénouement* are of course masterpieces of their kind ; yet now and again one seems to detect in them a self-conscious note that somehow jars — almost as if a comedian were laughing at his own jokes ; and some of the funniest of all — I am thinking more particularly of *Judson and the Empire* and *Little Foxes* —• are essentially " empire builder " stories with a political undertone as well as a humorous slant, rather than tales specifically designed " for laughs ".

Rightly or wrongly, I maintain that Kipling's richest vein is his unrivalled mastery of the terse rejoinder, the vividly descriptive phrase, the shrewd shaft of homely wit, the apparently inconsequential yet all-revealing allusion, the meaty scrap of homespun philosophy that discloses how much sounder in his judgements is the man on the job than are his political masters. These gems crop up again and again, even in stories that could hardly be described as " comic ". No editor is likely to allow space for a really representative sample, so these few must suffice.

Says Ortheris, in *His Private Honour,* reviling Mulvaney for malingering in hospital instead of helping to deal with a more than usually awkward batch of rookies :

" ' Ere's B Company drillin ' like a drunk Militia reg'ment ".

To which Mulvaney briefly rejoins :

" So I've been officially acquent, but I'm too sick this tide to make certain ".

Comments Laughton O. Zigler, in *The Edge of the Evening,* on an episode during a house-party in the mansion he has " hired " from Lord Marshalton :

" I thought I had played poker some. Another of my breaks. Ya-as ! It cost me eleven hundred dollars besides what Tommy (his wife) said when I retired. I have no fault to find with your hereditary aristocracy, or your judiciary, or your press ".

Or take Jabez, in *Friendly Brook,* rubbing his wet handbill on his even wetter coatsleeve as he takes counsel with Jesse before starting on an outsized hedging job :

" She ain't a hedge. She's all manner o' trees. We'll just about have to . . .". He paused as professional etiquette required. " Just about have to side her up an' see what she'll bear. But hadn't we best . . ." ? Jesse paused in his turn, both men being artists and equals.

Then there is Pyecroft's classic if somewhat cryptic advice in *Their Lawful Occasions* : " Buy an 'am and see life " ; and McPhee, in " Bread Upon the Waters ", describing the voyage which earned him £25,000 :

" Eh, it was like the Deil walking abroad o' the surface of the deep, whuppin' off the tops of the waves before he made up his mind ". (Could any artist give us so vivid a seascape in so few strokes ?)

It is this last-named story to which I find myself returning again and again for sheer delight in its salty humour and mirth-provoking descriptions — above all, that of McRimmon, 80-year-old owner of the Black Bird Line, with his " Dandie-dog " to steer him around the docks. Its chief ingredients are McPhee's revolt against the sordid, cheese-paring policy of his employers, his chance but fruitful encounter with McRimmon, the shrewd long-shot gamble by the latter which comes off, an epic story of salvage on the high seas accomplished through sheer guts, an underlying, several-sided element of revenge, and, by way of light relief, the homely reactions of a hard-working couple to unexpected affluence. Hardly a funny story in the ordinary sense of the word ; but I have yet to find anything better as a night-cap. (Yes, this one does have a happy ending).

What has all this to do with women ? The answer is that it is intended to lead up to a question which has long puzzled me. If Kipling could portray so realistically the philosophies (if that is the right word) of animals and of ships and engines ; if he could so accurately and so vividly interpret for us the men of his day and their work ; if he could so faithfully and so amusingly recapture the atmosphere of his school-days ; if he could be so at home in the company of children ; *why* did he so seldom exercise his gifts on woman, at any rate in his short stories

Leaving aside his earlier Indian period, with its rather superficial and often unflattering feminine portraits, there are remarkably few women in his stories, and fewer still that really come to life.

Is there any author of his stature and wide appeal who relies less on " romance " (in the conventional sense) or who so seldom resorts to wedding-bells to ring down his curtain ? How very Kiplingish is his account in *Something of Myself* of his encounter with a " Super-film Magnate " who proposed to equip *Captains Courageous* with sex appeal : " Now a happily married codfish lays about three million eggs at one confinement. I told him as much. He said : ' Is that so ' and went on about ' ideals ' . . . " . I saw this film — or at any rate one entitled *Captain Courageous* — and was horrified.

Throughout his middle period there is story after story without any women in it at all. One gets the impression that, while he recognized that they might sometimes be necessary to the telling of a tale — and in such cases he etched them in with considerable skill — he was unwilling to let them develop enough personality to dominate the story.

Maisie is understandable in her somewhat puristic attitude, but was hardly lovable — except by the luckless Dick Heldar. Sophie Chapin is a much more sympathetic character, if a trifle dim ; but the foreground figures of *An Habitation Enforced* are secondary to the landscape as a whole — rural England and its society in the serenity of the Edwardian period. Miriam Cohen, dream-heroine of *The Brushwood Boy,* makes little impression on us, even when she eventually appears in the flesh. Rhoda Dolbie and Connie Sperrit, in *My Son's Wife,* have more rewarding parts, but the honours of the story are shared by Midmore

and the inimitable Sydney. *William the Conqueror* gets a title-role, but the story itself is dedicated to the heroic famine-relief work of her menfolk ; and *Mrs. Bathurst* is but a legendary deity in a masculine world. Moira Sichliffe of *The Dog Hervey* is a type rather than a personality, and much the same applies to Miss Henchil of *In The Same Boat ;* both are drawn with understanding, but are brought in, one feels, chiefly to illustrate a theme. Janet McPhee promises well, but with wifely devotion soon retires in favour of her husband.

The one outstanding example of this period belonged to a world not commonly associated with Kipling— *Badalia Herodsfoot,* the Cockney girl who, on her wedding day, " danced dances on a discarded lover's winkle-barrow, till a policeman interfered ", and later died game in an East End tenement, a martyr in the cause of good works. She is, however, the only woman of note in that otherwise solidly masculine collection, *Many Inventions,* unless we include Di'monds-an'-Pearls, who makes a most melodramatic last-minute entry into *Love-o'-Women.*

Badalia apart, the three feminine characters for which Kipling will best be remembered were all conceived in his later years Mary Postgate, Helen Turrell and Grace Ashcroft are indeed given the full treatment under the master hand, unsparingly yet in such a way as to evoke our sympathy ; and they are given contexts worthy of them, Grace Ashcroft of *The Wish House* especially. Who could readily forget the cottage scene on that Saturday afternoon when the two old cronies lay bare their hearts' secrets at their last meeting ? Such characters leave one in no doubt as to Kipling's deep insight of feminine psychology ; but even in these later stories, the women are heavily outnumbered by the men.

It is probably this disproportion, or maybe fading memories of the more cynical of his " Anglo-Indian " stories, that have given rise to the popular impression that Kipling was a " woman-hater ", that his stories " don't appeal to women " (true enough if they are looking for sentimentality and infallibly happy endings) ; and this alleged antipathy is in turn attributed to an underlying resentment engendered by a married life in which he was — to quote his own expression from quite another context—" she-dominated ". As evidence there are usually trotted out the much-quoted " female of the species . . ." and (less often) the aside from *The Village That Voted* — " now I know why it is sometimes necessary to kill women ".

There seems little doubt that Kipling was in fact habitually stage-managed by his wife. But Carrington makes it clear that this arrangement was an amicable, and probably a necessary, one. Indeed, once he had been liberated from the Southsea ogress, Kipling appears to have been surrounded by loving women throughout his life. Is it not at least possible that he felt his own experiences in this respect to be precious and too private to be treated as literary raw material ?

Another reason that occurs to me for the infrequency of women characters is that Kipling always had in mind his own principle that one should write only of things of which one has had some first-hand experience (Did he not take an intensive course of cod-splitting under Dr. Conland before embarking on *Captains Courageous* ?) May he

not have felt that only women were qualified to undertake full-length portraits of their own sex, for the same reason that he once observed of Stalky, " only Satan can rebuke sin. The good don't know enough ".

Or the explanation may be simpler still — that, as an established craftsman who could afford to disregard that sacred cow, " popular demand ", he preferred to exercise his skill on men of action and the behaviour of animals and machinery.

It certainly seems significant that his three outstanding female characters do not emerge until the Great War and post-war period, when he shared to the full in its profoundly moving, soul-searching effects on two whole generations of Europeans. True, *The Wish House* has nothing to do with the War ; but by the time he wrote it, his own advancing years must have given him much sympathetic understanding of the elderly, women as well as men.

Such speculations as these may seem to invite correction, even rebuke, by those better-informed than myself. But because I really *should* like to know why women are so scarce in Kipling's stories, I rather hope that the invitation will be accepted.

KIPLING AS A WRITER OF DETECTIVE FICTION

by W. G. B. Maitland

It was at a Masonic Lodge Meeting where the Narrator obtained the details for his only attempt at writing what is described as "a detective story ". It is hardly that although it is built up round the solving of what appears to be a death by violence. It is, in fact, the psychological study of a man who was badly gassed and wounded in the First World War and his subsequent actions which led to him being suspected of murder.

The story is an example of Kipling's examination of neurosis in ex-servicemen and Wollin, the poor shell-shocked victim is finally proved innocent of Ellen's death by the efforts of Keede and Lemming who, when they discover that Wollin is also a Mason use that to probe his diseased mind. It is a story of an examination of the disease of the mind and not a detection of crime.

Ellen Marsh met her death under suspicious circumstances : at first sight the evidence, such as it is, points to foul play and a suspect is soon found in the person of Ellen's young man, Jimmy Tisner. He is soon able to establish his innocence, although the methods used are unorthodox in the extreme. Wollin, the second suspect, is found by Keede who, aided by Lemming, appoints himself as an investigator. All Wollin's actions point to his guilt ; he brings suspicion on himself but here, Keede is largely to blame by his persistent attempts to probe into Wollin's mind. By using ordinary detective story methods the story is made to hang together — perhaps not too firmly — and right at the end by a process of experiment the cause of Ellen's death is shown to be accidental and not criminal.

There is rather too much padding which tends to make tedious reading.

The cleverness of the narration lies in Kipling's admission of his inability to write a first class murder story and his seizing upon the opportunity presented by Keede who supplies all the details. He lets Keede tell the story as a healer of mental disease and his own interest in that subject tempts him to use Keede as a mouthpiece. As a study in neurosis " Fairy Kist " is an example of Kipling's interest in mental cases.

What surely must strike the reader fairly forcibly is that no one called in the police. The village constable plays a minor role (he should never have moved the body), and apart from a casual reference by Keede to a C.I.D. friend who unaccountably has to leave the district, the proper authorities are left in ignorance.

Without the overlay of Freemasonry the whole fabric of the story would have fallen apart as a *detective* story.

There is a marked similarity between it and the Sherlock Holmes problem in " Silver Blaze ". In both cases circumstantial evidence is used as a basis for a murder theory. As Holmes showed it is a dangerous practice to jump to conclusions.

In " Silver Blaze " a trainer of race-horses is found dead with a wound which is thought to have been caused by a special knife, identified by Dr. Watson as a cataract knife. His death was in fact caused by a kick from a horse. Here, too, there is a mass of confusing evidence, but Holmes is soon able to sort out the essential details.

In " Fairy Kist " we have a trowel as the " suspect " weapon, albeit a special type — a fern-trowel, and again a lot of confusing detail is introduced to enable the narrator to ride his hobby-horse of neurosis investigation.

Had Holmes tackled the problem he would have made a very thorough examination of the scene and with Dr. Watson's help soon shown the trowel could not have caused the girl's death. We would have made tests which Keede neglected to do. Keede's action with Nicol, the bucolic village constable, in removing the corpse and dragging Tisner out of bed to confront him with the body of his sweetheart completely botched it as a detective story. Both Keede and the Narrator were too overwhelmingly anxious to play up the masonic side. When dealing with Wollin one feels that Holmes would have soon exonerated him.

It was Keede's persistence which drove Wollin into hiding. Holmes would have seen he had no obvious reason to kill Ellen and with Watson's medical knowledge — remember the cataract knife in " Silver Blaze " — he would have cast about for another cause of death. It was known that lorries frequently used the narrow muddy lane, the village constable and Tisner narrowly escaped being killed by one laden with iron girders. That would immediately put Holmes on the right scent and he would have at once had tests made which Keede only did right at the last when he had played out his masonic ritual probing into neurosis. One can almost hear Holmes exclaim, " Elementary, my dear Watson ".

As a crime detective story " Fairy Kist " is a failure — it merely gave Kipling a further opportunity of exploring the abyss of mental suffering.

READERS' GUIDE TO " FAIRY-KIST "

Written in October, 1924 ; revised November, 1925.

First published in *MacLean's Magazine,* 15th September, 1927, with 2 illus. by H. W. Taylor.

Reprinted in *McCall's Magazine,* October, 1927, with 1 illus. by Walter Little.

First English publication in *Strand Magazine,* February, 1928, with 4 illus. by Charles E. Brock.

Collected in *Limits and Renewals,* 1932, Uniform and Pocket Editions. (Also in *Scribners,* Vol. XXXIII; *Sussex,* Vol. XI; *Burwash,* Vol. X.).

The characters Lemming, McKnight, Keede and Burgess all appear in " In the Interests of the Brethren ", and Keede in " A Madonna of the Trenches " and " The Tender Achilles " as well.

PAGE 153. TITLE : *Fairy-kist :* a dialect word, meaning bewitched or " touched " by the Fairies. The meaning is the same as the American " Pixilated ", used in the film *Mr. Deeds goes to Town* (1933).

LINE 21. *some 1903 Chateau la Tour.* " This was one of the four top class clarets of the Medoc (the largest and most famous of the claret districts). In 1855 the red wines of the Medoc were classified and the best were put into five ' crus ' (growths) and that list still bolds pretty good. There are 4 in the first, (La Tour being one) ; 15 in the second ; 14 in the third ; 11 in the fourth, and 18 in the fifth. So Kipling chose a first growth all right, but for some reason neglected to make it one of a good year.

" Concerning 1903 claret, André Simon writes :
' Alternate spells of heat and chilly weather during most of the summer ; fine towards end of the vintage ; irregular quality ; mostly poor ' ; and later : ' nobody took much, if any notice of the 1901's, '02's and '03's ; three moderate years '. I don't know why, with such epicures as Burgess, Lemming and Keede, Kipling did not choose 1899 ('fine quality') or 1900 ('wonderful year'). Perhaps he did not bother to verify his references ". (A.E.B.P.).

PAGE 154. LINES 3-9. *an illustrious English astrologer called Lily.* This was William Lilly (or Lily), 1602-1681, who wrote many works on astrology. Kipling knew about him from Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* which he read at Westward Ho ! (See " The Propagation of Knowledge "). In his article " English Astrologers" (pp. 105-6 of the 1867 one-volume edition), D'lsraeli says : " The life of Lilly the astrologer, written by himself, is a curious work. He is the Sidrophel of Butler. It contains so much artless narrative, and at the same time so much palpable imposture, that it is difficult to know when he is speaking what he really believes to be the truth . . . The work is curious for the anecdotes

of the times it contains. The amours of Lilly with his mistress are characteristic. He was a very artful man, by his own accounts ; and admirably managed matters which required deception and invention ".

For the story of the " seven Portugal onions ", Kipling presumably had recourse to this work, Lilly's *History of his Life and Times* (1715), of which there was a reprint in 1822.

LINE 11. *Sherlock Holmes.* Conan Doyle's famous detective. Nearly all the stories about him appeared first in *The Strand Magazine* between 1891 and 1925. The same number which contained " Fairy-Kist " saw the conclusion of Doyle's last romance, *The Maracot Deep.*

LINE 24. *Barnet Horse Fair :* This fair is still an annual event at Barnet in Hertfordshire, 11 miles north of London, where Edward of York defeated the Lancastrians in 1471.

PAGE 155. LINE 9. *Lodge Faith and Works 5836.* This is a misprint, and was corrected to 5837 in the *Sussex Edition* (Vol. XI, p. 149) — the Masonic Lodge which occurs in "In the Interests of the Brethren " (to which a footnote refers in the *Sussex Edition,* though not in Uniform and Pocket), " The Janeites ", "A Madonna of the Trenches", and "A Friend of the Family"—all collected in *Debits and Credits.*

LINE 21. *Berkshire.* One of the best known breeds of pig. According to *The Rural Cyclopedia* (1851), Vol. II, p.663, "The Berkshire hog is one of the most distinguished of the somewhat pure English breeds, and has long been very generally distributed through the greater number of good hog-feeding districts of England . . . It has in general, a reddish, rufous-brown, or tawny white colour, spotted with black or brown . . . The improved Berkshire breed yields exceedingly fine bacon ; and is altogether one of the most important breeds in Britain ".

Presumably Lemming's pig-man had been neglecting his duties, for, " though both hardy and very thriving when well kept, it very speedily loses condition or declines into a bad state when ill fed ".

PAGE 156. LINE 15. *Shove-halfpenny.* Correctly " shovel-board " or " shuffle-board ". "A game in which a coin or other disc is driven by a blow with the hand along a highly polished board, floor, or table marked with transverse lines ". (O.E.D.). Originally called " shove-shilling ", an old coin, if possible of the reign of Edward VI, being used.

Oddfellows. The term was first used in 1811, being a fanciful name for members of a secret society, fraternity or order organised under this name for social or benevolent purposes. Freemasons might come under this heading, Rotarians certainly would.

PAGE 157. LINE 15. *High dungeon. A* mistake on Jimmy's part for " high dudgeon ", meaning a compound of anger and reproach.

PAGE 159. LINE 9. *The Huish poisoning case.* Probably invented by Kipling for mise-en-scene ; it is likely that he had in mind J. L. Huish, the abominable cockney clerk who met his death while attempting to throw vitriol, as described in Stevenson's *The Ebb-Tide.*

PAGE 160. LINE 11. *Salonika fever.* A particular variety of Malaria prevalent among our troops in Greece and the Aegean during World War I — e.g. during the Gallipoli campaign.

PAGE 161. LINE 30. *Carneying.* This is a most unusual word, and its use here suggests that it remained in current colloquial use in Sussex and had slipped into Kipling's vocabulary unawares. The O.E.D. says of the noun : " Obsolete. 1678. A disease in horses in which the mouth becomes furred so that they cannot eat ". The derivative is most descriptive, as it would mean " furry-mouthed ".

PAGE 162. LINES 19-24. *Ray.* John Ray (or Wray) 1628-1705, sometimes called the Father of Natural History. He was a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. In 1663 he toured Europe and came back with botanical collections which he used for his great *Historia Generalis Plantarum* 1686-1704.

Morrison. Robert Morrison, of Oxford. He produced much of the work on which Ray based his *Methodus Plantarum Nova* (1682).

Grew. Nehemiah Grew, 1641-1712. Vegetable physiologist, the first to observe sex in plants. He graduated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, took his M.D. in Leyden (1671) and was Secretary to the Royal Society 1677-9. *The Anatomy of Plants* (4 vols.) was published in 1682. The genus *Grewia* was named after him by Linnaeus.

Hales. Stephen Hales, 1677-1761. Physiologist and inventor. Graduated at Corpus Christi, Cambridge. D.D. of Oxford 1733. Perpetual Curate of Teddington 1709 until his death. Among works of all kinds that which applies in the present instance is *Vegetable Staticks* (1727), " the most important contribution of the eighteenth century to plant-physiology " (D.N.B.). He was also a founder and (1755) vice-president of the Society of Arts.

LINES 25-30. *Tom Morrison.* This is an intentional gaff on the part of the narrator — so that McKnight can explain (for the benefit of the reader) that the four prints were of the " apostolic succession " of Great Botanists. The narrator is confusing Morrison with Tom Morris (1821-1908), green-keeper of St. Andrews, 1863-1903, the famous golfer and winner of the open championship in 1861-2-4-6.

PAGE 165. LINE 2. *Jack the Ripperism.* Like " Jack the Ripper ", a homicidal maniac of the late nineteenth century, whose victims were hideously mutilated, and who has given his name to criminals of the same kind.

LINE 14. *Pithed ox.* The humane method of slaughtering cattle is to " pith " them, i.e. pierce or sever the pith or spinal cord, causing instantaneous death.

LINE 25. *Sign his certificate.* Certify that he was insane.

PAGE 169. LINE 8. *A higher seat in the Synagogue.* Metaphorical for the most important seat in church, i.e. the Squire's pew. A recollection of *St. Matthew* XXIII. 6: the scribes and Pharisees who " love the chief seats in the Synagogues ".

PAGE 170. LINE 16. *Broadmoor.* The prison where insane criminals

are kept. As a murderer, proved guilty but insane, he could not be hanged, but imprisoned at Broadmoor for life, or such period as might be necessary.

LINE 31. *Goya.* The famous Spanish painter (1746-1828) : perhaps the picture in the National Gallery known as "El Hechizado " (the Bewitched).

PAGE 171. LINES 5-6. The flowers were the ones which the children planted out in *Mary's Meadow* (see below).

Daffodils. cf. *Mary's Meadow* p.38. " We were particularly fond of Daffodils . . . which the book says ' was brought to us by a Frenchman called Francis le Vean, the honestest root-gatherer that ever came over to us ' ".

A sort of red honeysuckle. This would be " coral honeysuckle " which, in the Language of Flowers, very suitably means " the colour of my fate ". The reference in *Mary's Meadow* is on p. 50, which quoted Parkinson (see below) as follows : " The Honesucle that groweth wild in every hedge, although it be very sweet, yet doe 1 not bring it into my garden, but let it rest in its owne place, to serve their senses that travell by it, or have no garden ".

A special loose strife. This is not mentioned as such in *Mary's Meadow,* but is in fact the kind of Double Cowslips called Hose-in-Hose by Parkinson, which plays so important a part in the story. Another variety is Creeping Jenny, which means " horror " in the Language of Flowers.

If Kipling knew *The Language of Flowers,* as seems probable, he may have said " a special loose strife — a hybrid ", intentionally as a direct reference to Creeping Jenny. Otherwise he simply quoted from memory and could not remember the unusual name which Mrs. Ewing took from Parkinson, " Hose-in-Hose ".

LINE 28. *The Somme.* One of the greatest and most ghastly battles of the First World War.

PAGE 172. LINE 3. *Something else beside a G.P.* A Freemason as well as a General Practitioner.

LINE 6. *On the Square.* Reference to Members of the Craft of Freemasonry ; but also (and thence) colloquial for " honestly ", " fairly ".

LINE 13. *Gotha.* This was an early type of German aeroplane much used in the First World War.

LINE 15. *V.A.D. A* member of the Voluntary Aid Detachment — usually a nurse serving with the Territorial Army.

PAGE 173. LINE 2. *Helled.* Kipling's invention, meaning to hound him on, and " give him Hell " if he did not obey. The actual meaning of the verb " to hell " is to burnish.

PAGE 174. LINE 1. *Just like the Ancient Mariner.* See Coleridge's poem, published in 1798. The Mariner had stopped the Wedding Guest — " He holds him with his glittering eye " — and kept him until he had told the story of his crime and the punishment of madness that followed :

" And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns ".

LINE 30. *"Paradise"* The original meaning is, in fact, a garden, and derives from The Hanging Gardens of Babylon ; but the reference is to the old botanical book of John Parkinson (1567-1650), herbalist, and apothecary to James I, called *Paradisi in Sole. Paradisus Terrestris, or A Garden of all sorts of Pleasant Flowers which our English ayre will permitt to be nouished up,* published in 1629. This is the book which the children find in *Mary s Meadow,* and which forms much of the background of their game, most of them taking names of characters from Parkinson. So popular did *Mary's Meadow* prove, that a Parkinson Society was formed, with the aid of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* in which the story appeared, with the object of collecting and exchanging rare plants, listing old or dialect names for them — and planting flowers in waste places " for such as have no gardens " as the children did in the story, and as Wollin was doing in " Fairy-Kist ".

The relevant clause in the prospectus of *The Parkinson Society of Lovers of Hardy Flowers* as set out by Mrs. Ewing in the number of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* for August 1884 tells us that one of the purposes of the Society is " sowing and planting hardy garden flowers in wild places . . .".

Mrs. Ewing's story is based in part on another gardening book, *Voyage autour de mon Jardin* (1845) by Jean Baptiste Alphonse Karr (1808-90), whose book was translated into English as *A Tour Round My Garden* by the Rev. J. G. Wood (1827-89), the popular writer on natural history.

PAGE 175. LINE 3. *For such as have no gardens.* The phrase does not occur in *Mary's Meadow* precisely as quoted by Kipling. Mrs. Ewing quotes Parkinson on p.50 : " to serve their senses that . . . have no garden " ; and Aunt Catherine asks the children (p.90) " And who serves them that have no garden ".

Although Parkinson left the honeysuckle to grow by the wayside " to serve their senses that travell by it, or have no garden ", it was actually Karr who went out and planted flowers in waste places : "I ramble about the country near my dwelling, and seek the wildest and least-frequented spots ", Mrs. Ewing quotes him as saying (p.53). " In these, after clearing and preparing a few inches of ground, 1 scatter the seeds of my most favourite plants . . . It affords me immense pleasure to fix upon a wild-rose in a hedge, and graft upon it red and white cultivated roses "— and so on.

LINE 9. *A big yellow bull-terrier.* Actually Saxon is described in *Mary's Meadow* (p. 14) as a "yellow bulldog". The occasion when he was called off is on p.85, when Mary is suspected of digging up flowers in the Meadow when she is actually planting them : " When his paws were almost on me the Old Squire left off abusing me, and yelled to the dog . . .",

LINES 15-17. *That yellow bull-terrier came into a library with a Scotch gardener who said it was a great privilege to be able to consult botanical books.* This occurs in Chapter III of *Mary's Meadow* (pp.34-5) where " the Old Squire's Scotch Gardener "

comes by invitation to the library in the children's house to look at Philip Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary* (1724), leaving Saxon the dog sitting thumping his tail on the mat outside the door : " The Scotch Gardener enjoyed himself very much . . . When he took up his hat to go, he gave one long look all round the library. Then he turned to Arthur (and Saxon took advantage of this to wag his way in and join the party), and said, ' It's a rare privilege, the free entry of a book chamber like this . . .' ".

PAGE 176. LINES 1-8. The references are all to Mary's Meadow, e.g. " ' I'll be the Honestest Root-gatherer ', said Harry " (p.45), quoting from the Parkinson extract on Daffodils quoted above—and later he becomes simply the Honest Root-gatherer ; one of the children, Chris, is described by his sister Mary, who tells the story, as saying " very funny things : perhaps it is because his head is rather large for his body, with some water having got into his brain when he was very little " (p.23) ; the old Weeding Woman describes how the mean Old Squire (according to his Butler) kept his walnuts, which he could no longer eat " till the karnels be mowldy, and a keeps 'em till they be dry, and a keeps 'em till they be dust ; and when the karnels is dust, a cracks aal the lot of 'em when desart's done, zo's no one mayn't have no good of they walnuts, since they be no good to he " ; and so on.

LINES 17-18. *A lilac sunbonnet.* The mistake is natural on Robin's part ; he was thinking of S. R. Crockett's famous " Kailyard " novel *The Lilac Sunbonnet* (1894).

LINES 19-20. *Not lilac—marigold. One string of it was canary-colour and one was white.* Compare *Mary's Meadow,* p.46 : " The bonnet was Marigold colour, was it not ? And one string canary-coloured and one white " —which refers back to p.42 when the children make up the story, based on Parkinson, Bechstein, and real people, about the Queen and the Weeding Woman and the Honest Root-gatherer, on which they base their game.

LINES 24-5. *A nightingale singing to the Man in the Moon.* This refers to the " new story " the children's mother made for them based on " The Man in the Moon, and How He Came There " in *The Old Story-Teller* (1854) by Ludwig Bechstein, " about the nightingale in Mary's Meadow being the naughty woodcutter's only child, who turned into a little brown bird that lives on in the woods, and sits on a tree on summer nights, and sings to its father up in the Moon ". And from their window the children can see that " on a slender branch of a tree in the hedgerow sat the nightingale, singing to comfort the poor, lonely old Man in the Moon ".

LINES 25-6. *An old Herbal — not Gerard's* The best known of all old Herbals was that published in 1597 by John Gerard (1545-1612). But the Herbal in question was Parkinson's *Paradisi in Sole, Paradisus Terrestris,* described above.

LINE 29. *Mary's Meadow.* Mrs. Ewing's charming story was serialised in *Aunt Judy's Magazine* from November 1883 to March 1884, and published as a little book with illustrations by Gordon

Browne, in 1886. It was collected in Vol. VI of the complete Uniform Edition (S.P.C.K.) in 1894 — the text quoted here.

PAGE 178. LINE 10. *Juliana Horatia Ewing.* Mrs. Ewing (1841-1885), the daughter of Mrs. Gatty, author of *Parables from Nature,* was a favourite of Kipling's when he was a boy, and he pays particular tribute to her *Six to Sixteen* (which he read in the 1872 volume of *Aunt Judy's Magazine)* in *Something of Myself* (p.7). He quotes Mrs. Ewing several times : *Jackanapes* in " The Last of the Stories ", *The Story of a Short Life* in " An English School ", and *We and the World* in *Stalky & Co.* (p.28) — besides *Mary's Meadow* here. Except for Lewis Carroll, Kipling refers to no other writer of children's books as frequently as he does to Juliana Horatia Ewing.

R.L.G.

"LITTLE FOXES"

by J. H. M. Stevenson

I am surprised that this story has not taken a high place in the lists of favourite stories or of Kipling's funniest. It has always been a favourite of mine since it was first published in *Actions and Reactions.* This book is surely one of the best of the books of stories, containing as it does such tales as " An Habitation Enforced " and " Garm " as well as this one.

It will be recalled that " Little Foxes " is the story of how the Gihon Hunt came into existence by accident, apparently in the Sudan after Omdurman, and proved to be of great value in helping the Governor to settle disputes about land and generally to maintain British prestige. How an official, at home on leave to collect hounds fell, in an unfortunate moment, into the temptation to pull the leg of a left-wing politician, one Lethabie Groombride. This person later came to visit the province, bubbling with anti-colonialism, and determined, as such people often are, to rouse the populace against their " oppressors ". He was defeated, largely through the good work of Farag, the kennel-man, who noticed his resemblance to a certain notorious hound of the name of Beagle-Boy.

Since this story first came out there have been many Lethabie Groombrides — like Gilbert's bishops, " if possible too many ". One wonders whether his initials had any significance ! Unfortunately there have not been enough Farags to neutralise them. Before we pursue this scent any further, the question arises "Is it defamatory to compare a politician to Mr. Lethabie Groombride, and impliedly to Beagle-Boy ? " What a " dreeping roast " such a libel action would make for the lawyers !

Times have changed, and Lethabie Groombrides are today regarded with toleration, and hunting seems to be under a cloud with the intellectuals. It may be for these reasons that the story does not receive the appreciation that it deserves.

When the story first came out, before I went East, I was rather concerned about the damage to the raised water-channels when " the horse rose at the embankment of the water-channel, changed leg cleverly on top, and hopped down, in a cloud of golden dust " — What a vivid picture and what masterly economy of words ! But the damage would be very easily repaired with many hands and lots of mud and chaff available, and a hot sun to dry it all.

It is amusing to note how the " light flicks " on page 235, which sealed the ownership of the land, became magnified by the passage of time into the " unmeasured beatings of the old days " on page 244. That is just how legends grow !

It is, I hope, unnecessary to say who were Binjamin and James Pigg (Hellish dark and smells of cheese !) : Surtees — and hunting — also come into " My Son's Wife ".

The adventures of the hunt are all very good fun, but, as Kipling of course well knew, could hardly happen in a Mohamedan country, because of the Islamic attitude to the dog as an unclean animal. It is true that some aristocratic mussel man gentlemen are ready to accept dogs as adjuncts of sport like hawks, but it is hardly likely that the peasantry would accept them.

Is there really " one short adhesive word that surprises by itself even unblushing Ethiopia " ? Perhaps some Arabic scholar will enlighten us.

As the story develops, we see Kipling's daemon taking charge, and events slide into the same crescendo of hilarious unreality that he brings to " Steam Tactics " and " Aunt Ellen " until it reaches its climax in the downfall of Mr. Groombride.

" ODDS AND ENDS "

by Guy Eardley-Wilmot

All those characters who strut so vividly through Kipling's Indian stories habitually interlard their conversation with words and phrases in the vernacular, as did, I remember as a small boy, several of my various relations who had lived and served out there. It carried a sort of prestige value and was most impressive (especially when from the mem-sahibs !). Whether there exists a sort of Kipling Glossary of all these words and expressions I know not, but such a form of " Readers' Guide " would be most helpful. Apart from the language difficulties I find myself constantly being confronted by strange problems which must have slipped past me unnoticed during all the long years I have pored over my Kiplings. For instance there is that intensely eerie scene in *Kim* when Mahbub Ali takes him to Huneefa for her "full protection ". As they enter her room she remarks " Is that the new stuff, Mahbub ? . . . he is very good to look upon ". But only a few paragraphs further on we read that she " rose slowly and moved with her hands a little spread before her. Then Kim saw that she was blind " ; and yet she had seen, on his entry into the room, that he was handsome. How come ?

I am weary of all these unrewarding gropings after the mystery of poor old Mrs. Bathurst ; no one will ever know the truth about it all. On the other hand I am immensely cheered to read that somebody else in addition to myself is still wondering what happened at the end in " The Devil and the Deep Sea ". Oh yes, which reminds me that there is one more problem which always rather intrigues me. It comes in " The End of the Passage " when, I quote, " the doctor retreated into the bathroom with a Kodak camera. After a few minutes there was the sound of something being hammered to pieces and he emerged very white indeed. ' Have you got a picture ? ' said Mottram ' what does it look like ? '. The doctor replies ' It was impossible of course, you needn't look Mottram, I've torn up the film ' ".

Eastman's first Kodak appeared on the market in 1888, so films were then in existence, though I should have thought it quite impossible to develop one, and at such short notice too, with no facilities at hand other than those afforded by a contemporary Indian bathroom in the daytime. If we accept the fact that the doctor did develop the film and subsequently tore it up, what was he hammering to pieces before he emerged "very white indeed"?

Ever since my early teens Kipling's books have been my constant companions, and in 1912 I plucked up sufficient courage to write him a boyish letter of thanks for some verses of his which then, as now, rank among my favourites. To my amazement and unutterable delight he answered it, writing from Batemans on a typewriter, and the letter was so amateurishly typed that I felt sure he had written it himself — what's more, he signed it. For close on fifty years I kept and treasured that letter until I joined the Kipling Society when I then realised the only place where it could find worthy sanctuary, and so I presented it to them, but alas no mention was ever made of it in the Society's Journal.

In 1919 I experienced an even more thrilling occurrence which came about in this wise. A bosom friend of mine, a pilot in the then Royal Flying Corps, lost both his legs when his aeroplane crashed in Italy in 1918 and he was eventually sent to a Hospital in London where I used to go round and see him every afternoon. He too was an ardent admirer of Kipling with the result that much of our conversation often ran in that groove. One day another wounded officer in the same Ward who occupied a bed within earshot of us volunteered the information that he was a relation or a godson (I forget which) of Kipling's, and since we felt like that about him he would engineer an invitation for the three of us to lunch with our hero as soon as sufficient mobility made it possible ; and so eventually the great day arrived and the three of us piled ourselves into a taxi which decanted us at Brown's Hotel where we were shown up to Kipling's suite and were introduced to him and his wife. Why I know not, but what should have been a most memorable lunch seemed to fall flat from the very beginning as Kipling himself scarcely uttered a word the whole time but left the conversation almost entirely to his wife. He did however come down into the hall to see us off back to the Hospital after lunch, and expressed intense admiration at my friend's ability to cope with two wooden legs and a pair of crutches. It was a most disappointing day.

I have not yet read Hesketh Pearson's " The Pilgrim Daughters " but must make haste to do so in view of the comments on it in the Society's March Journal as I most wholeheartedly agree that many of Kipling's stories *are* " immature " and that most of his humour *is* puerile. Hilton Brown in his shrewdly critical analysis hits the nail squarely on the head when he says " The trappings vary, the decor is sometimes immensely elaborate and sometimes crudely simple ; but once the stage is set, his clowns stamp and caper, slap and bawl and somersault in the same elementary pantomime ". In the very next paragraph he notes that " the narrator is frequently choking and crowing and holding his sides — if he is not indeed reduced to rolling on the ground ". Alas, all too often, and it persists throughout his stories. We find it, as we'd expect to do, in *Stalky & Co.*, but his characters are still indulging in it as late in the day as " The Dog Hervey " and " Aunt Ellen ". Bernard Shaw's observation that Kipling never grew up seems not far off the mark !

LIBRARY NOTES

If you desert the conventional track of the Sussex, Scribner, and Macmillan editions, and move on to the byways of the " tall bookcase ", you may lose yourself for an imponderable hour, to return with " over-busied hand and brain " mightily restrained.

It may be amusing, therefore, to discover what results from random choice from these shelves : —

1. TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS (1893), is an isolated publication cf the story of an Indian child, son of a mahout, who witnessed the mysterious dance of the wild elephants. The lovely photographs illustrating this small book are from the London Film Production " Elephant Boy " and the association of little Toomai with Kala Nag (which means Black Snake) — " the elephant who, before he was 25 gave up being afraid " — reaches its apex in a superb description of the mysterious dance of the elephants at night in the heart of the Garo hills, till " morning broke in one sheet of pale yellow behind the green hills ".

An enchanting book, with the verses about the captive elephant, determined to visit old scenes and old friends, for frontispiece ; and the song of Shiv, " sitting at the doorways of a day of long ago ", at the close.

2. A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S PROSE, selected and with an introductory essay by W. Somerset Maugham — and it is the Essay which is discussed here.

This masterly delineation " gives no more biological details of Rudyard Kipling's life " than a consideration of the short stories demands ; but they are pointed details : the dark days in early childhood, the years spent " on a naked shore with 200 brothers ", and the return to India in 1882 "with his quick mind and wonderful power of observation, with his wide reading " to an assistant-editorship, burdened with years, for he was then 16 ! All this the hasty critic would do well to remember.

Since Rudyard Kipling was, in spite of an immense precocity, the product of his time, Mr. Maugham's description of the world he entered is very illuminating.

The " thick " of these stories, which, for one reason or another, have fallen under the hammer of controversy are subjected to analysis, which makes very diverting reading. Mr. Maugham is not for a moment blind to the defects — after all it is the hills that make the valleys—-of him who by 1890, and at the age of 24, was " one of the most famous men in the world ", and the critical acumen displayed in the four last pages of the essay entitle one to feel that one could not hope for a juster deal on the Judgement day.

3. LAND AND SEA TALES (1923), with special reference to the " Burning of the Sarah Sands ", is a " horse of quite another colour ".

No brilliant writing here, no " stamp of a very powerful personality ", but an endeavour to tell again the old story of the " Sarah Sands " as an example of " long-drawn out and undefeatable courage and cool-headedness ".

The first Stalky story (for some reason never included in " Stalky and Co. ", which comes under heavy fire in the above-mentioned Essay) together with nine other tales result in a book written ostensibly for youth, but calculated to hold the attention of all who believe that " what matters is manhood ".

THE DEFINITIVE EDITION OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE (1940), is my deliberate choice, and " with the world before me ", I ask for " The Hour of the Angel " to be quoted in full.

It may, not unreasonably, be claimed that as a people we are not distinguished by catholicity of approach in the matter of verse reading — none the less, those who do roam the wide fields of the literary world in search of the power that is in us may find how closely solace lies to hand in the poetry of this great man.

THE HOUR OF THE ANGEL

Sooner or late — in earnest or in jest —
(But the stakes are no jest) Ithuriel's hour
Will spring on us, for the first time, the test
Of our sole unbacked competence and power
Up to the limit of our years and dower
Of judgment — or beyond. But here we have
Prepared long since our garland or our grave.
For, at that hour, the sum of all our past,
Act, habit, thought and passion, shall be cast
In one addition, be it more or less,
And as that reading runs so shall we do ;
Meeting, astounded, victory at the last,
Or first and last, our own unworthiness.
And none can change us though they die to save.

A. M. PUNCH

REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING

9th May, 1962

Between 30 and 40 members were assembled this evening to hear " Kipling's use of the revenge motive " introduced by Doctor J. M. S. Tompkins, D.Lit., for discussion. Doctor Tompkins is known to us as the author of *The Art of Rudyard Kipling,* the definitive work on the subject ; that is, his work as distinct from his life. As to the latter, Professor Carrington's biography has pride of place, but Kipling's art has hitherto lacked the exhaustive and scholarly treatment it receives at the hands of Doctor Tompkins.

The revenge theme, began Doctor Tompkins, is widely disseminated throughout Kipling's work, early and late. Other considerations apart, this is not remarkable since it is probably one of the oldest themes in literature or the oral traditions which preceded it, as far back, we might guess, as the paleolithic caves. It evolves into several forms, or classes, one of which, the return match so to speak, in a closed society such as an officers' mess, which provides also an understanding audience, was used by Kipling very early on (*His Wedded Wife* and *A Friend's Friend,* referred to below). Then there is the ritual revenge, exemplified by *Dray Wara Yow Dee* and *The Limitations of Pambé Serang,* in which the avengers are motivated by tradition, religion, public opinion, or some driving force external to themselves ; and here Doctor Tompkins reminded us of Francis Bacon's : " Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out".

The English are not usually vindictive, the speaker continued, but a peculiarly English form of revenge is exemplified in *Pig,* in which a Dalesman from beyond Skipton (a hint of the Macdonald ancestry ?), stuck with a bad horse, " a ramping, screaming countrybred ", vowed to chase the vendor till he dropped, which he did by purely official means — the requiring of reports *ad inf.* on Pig, from its origins and in all its aspects. He won, and at the end " smiled ever so sweetly and asked him " (the victim) " to dinner ".

Another group, typified by the magnificent *Dayspring Mishandled,* involves the investigation of the queer types of person who indulge in vindictive revenge — put briefly, intellectual curiosity. This led to a consideration of *Mary Postgate,* the unexpected avenger, who commands sympathy even in the midst of the horror of her unwomanly transports — a very maenad, as Doctor Tompkins put it.

Lastly we came to the group revenges, *A Friend's Friend,* mentioned above, in which, we were asked to take note, the avengers were all deadly serious, and *The Devil and the Deep Sea.* The later and more elaborate tales, said Doctor Tompkins, are largely developments of these themes. After a glance at *The Treasure and the Law* and *The Wrong Thing* as examples of revengeful hatred exorcised, and *Sea Constables* (which is not, strictly speaking, a revenge story) the speaker proceeded to a final analysis of *Dayspring Mishandled,* and then invited members

to open the discussion, which began with a tribute from Professor Carrington to Doctor Tompkins's quite encyclopaedic knowledge of the *oeuvre.* This evidently had the cordial approval of the meeting.

The harsh overtones of such terms as " revenge ", " retaliation ", "vengeance" and *"lex talionis"* came into question in considering Kipling's stories and there was a general feeling, prompted by Colonel Munro, that " retributive justice " was a more appropriate term in relation to those which had been discussed, since in hardly any instance was spite, malice, or prolonged and violent hate a prime ingredient. It was observed that those notoriously good haters, the Highlanders, were completely absent from the stories, although Kipling himself was a Celt*, and a bizarre note was struck by a reference to revenge by obituary speech. Professor Carrington had some interesting things to say about *The Village That Voted,* a pastiche, as he described it giving his reasons.

No conclusive answer was forthcoming to the question why tales of revenge (or retributive justice) occupied so large a proportion of the works, but the suggestion was offered that it was because the revenge theme provides the almost ready-made plot, in which the sympathy of the reader is *ex hypothesi* on the side of the avengers and against the offender without any special effort to whiten or blacken the one or the other.

It was in the concluding stages of the discussion that some doubts, hesitant, it is true, were raised whether Kipling had a cruel streak in his nature, that is to say, whether he liked cruelty for its own sake. This brought from Professor Carrington, Florence Macdonald's story of the porter at Paddington, and the case of the cabby to whom " Ruddy used the most awful language " in a dispute over the fare. But, as the speaker hastened to observe, these instances of course provide no evidence of cruelty or vindictiveness — rather, quickly-aroused temper or, in the extreme, irascibility. From all the evidence we have, the charge of cruelty (as part of his character) is at all events Not Proven, if not to be dismissed with a complete acquittal. Even so, it seems that he often enjoyed depicting cruelty, which is another matter entirely. It was his pride in the display of his own virtuosity and, if I may venture an entirely personal opinion, he aspired to be the Vereshchagin of literature, as witness many passages in *The Light That Failed.* Dick Heldar, as Doctor Tompkins had mentioned early on, was interested in depicting men in a state of high excitement, and Kipling's interest was no less : in this he was the heir of the great Elizabethans. Though we accept with sympathy the fervent protest against the " slaughter " of the cat in *An Unsavoury Interlude,* when we read in the Press of modern youth with its airguns shooting indiscriminately at anything and everything that moves, the worst, I submit (and I am myself a cat man) the author can properly be accused of in that instance is the faithful

* Mrs. Scott-Giles has since called attention to MacRimmon, in Bread Upon the Waters, who may, or may not, have been intended by the author for a Highlander.

portrayal of the *genus* Boy. Mr. Linklater's dictum on this subject is worth repeating. " But ", he said at the 1955 Luncheon, " if you take everything that savours of cruelty, in all his stories, you will find that the aggregate hardly amounts to what one can see in a good and well-approved American film today ".

We are in Doctor Tompkins' debt for an evening replete with entertainment and erudition.

P.W.I.

REVIEW

The ATLANTIC ADVOCATE which is a regular publication of the University Press of New Brunswick, Canada, has an article in its May Issue by Michael Wardell :

BIRTHDAY OF BEAVERBROOK — a story of Cherkley and Rudyard Kipling

Cherkley Court is Lord Beaverbrook's country house between Leatherhead and Mickleham in Surrey. It is not our intention to review Mr. Wardell's article, but we do admire the four pictures of Cherkley Court, and we would like to quote a little from the text :

"In the summer of 1911 . . . Bonar Law and his six children and the Rudyard Kiplings with their son and daughter spent Christmas with the Aitkens . ."

There is much of interest which does not particularly concern us but the article continues :

" That Christmas . . . Kipling gave Lady Aitken a Visitors Book for Cherkley, and written on the first page in his own hand . . . was the following poem ".

Then follows six verses of eight lines each with the title " *HOME* " which is seems the poem has acquired. Now there was an earlier poem of Christmas 1891, which by some chance has also acquired the title " *HOME* " —that one has ten stanzas of four lines each.

The earlier one has a first line :

" *The Lord shall change the hearts of men* "

Lady Beaverbrook's verses start :

" *This is the prayer the Cave Man prayed* "
When first his household fire he lit "

These verses are printed in full in the ATLANTIC ADVOCATE.

It must be noted that these lines were *not* written *in* the visitors book but on a separate quarto sheet of hand-made paper in Kipling's own hand. This is important and of interest for the sheet was given to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and is now at Hyde Park, New York. The lines were also printed on a separate folded-sheet and here too the mistaken description was given :

" Lines inscribed in a Guest Book ". .

This matters little but it would be nice if we could *all* read the poems — both of which are still " UNCOLLECTED ".

THE PYECROFT STORIES

The late Commander R. D. MERRIMAN, R.I.N.

PART III

MRS. BATHURST

Sounds a quite different, and more serious note. We have, I think, discussed this story in connection with other aspects of Kipling's work. It is difficult to define. I should not call it one of Kipling's best. I suppose, reduced to its crudest terms, the theme could be described as " sex-appeal ". But the character about whom the story revolves is no mere " glamour girl ". In fact she appears to be quite unconscious of the effect she produces. It is rather a study of an attractive personality. Its effect, in obsessing the mind of a superior type of naval warrant officer, to the extent of inducing him to throw up his career and pension, and to desert, and disappear into the blue (not, mark you, in pursuit of the woman) is implied rather than explicit in the story told through the mouths of Pyecroft and the sergeant of Marines.

HORSE MARINES

The last to be collected. Here again the author's car plays a major part. The setting obviously suggested itself at the time of the *Entente Cordiale* ; for a new character appears in the person of Jules, a French naval rating from what Pyecroft refers to as " one of their cassowary cruisers " at Portsmouth. A term not perhaps readily intelligible to the layman, but evidently intended for the type classified in the French navy as " Croiseurs cuirassés " (armoured cruisers). The plot at first struck me as being wildly extravagant. But thinking back to those days, and with a vivid recollection of the visit of the French Fleet to Portsmouth, I'm not so sure. Among the reminiscences concerning a past generation of naval officers (1), recently published, occurs the account by a retired Admiral of what happened during the night before the French ships sailed. " The ' Entente ',' he says, " continued to be ' cordiale ' up to the last moment. The libertymen from both fleets met in Guildhall Square and spent the hours from 8 p.m. to midnight in each other's company with the greatest conviviality, singing *Rule Britannia, The Marseillaise* and various other patriotic and seafaring songs. They then proceeded to change clothes and most of them marched down on board the French flagship which was lying alongside the Railway Jetty. When the French Officer of the Watch came to inspect the libertymen on the Quarterdeck he found first a French sailor in British uniform and then a British sailor in French uniform, till his head began to swim, and he sent them all below to turn in ". In the morning the respective nationalities sorted themselves out as best they could. " The English sailors returned to their ships and the French ships sailed, leaving everyone on Portsmouth utterly exhausted after a week of revelry ".

(1) *Fabulous Admirals* by Commander Geoffrey Lewis. (Putnam 1957)

This little play is described by Mrs. Bambridge (who collaborated in writing it) as " not very successful ". I think myself that it strikingly illustrates the fact that dialogue, however true to life, is not sufficient without Kipling's brilliant descriptive word painting.

CONCLUSIONS

It is perhaps typical of Kipling's writings that opinions as to their merit are numerous and controversial ; more so in the Navy than elsewhere. I have heard N.O.'s who haven't a good word to say for them, chiefly on the score that they are travesties, pointing to numerous misuses of technical terms. Others, like myself, consider that these technical " bloomers " should not be allowed to obscure the brilliance with which the picture is painted. Though it is true that we cannot accept the Pyecroft stories as authority for contemporary naval practice and technique in the same way that we can in the case of Marryat's novels, the overall impression rings true. After all, what was Kipling's aim? Surely to *entertain* us with a series of short stories of naval character. I am sorry to disagree with so great an authority as Professor Carrington, but I personally thoroughly enjoy these stories despite the " bloomers ". The zest with which they are written carries me happily along in a frame of mind in which I am content to lay aside carping criticism. After all, Conan Doyle's *White Company* and *Sir Nigel* remain classics today, despite the acidulated criticism by Horace Round and Oswald Barron of false heraldry and medieval practice. 1 think the Pyecroft stories will still be read and enjoyed by future generations.

There is an old story concerning the days when the Coastguard Service was manned entirely by the R.N. (not, as at present, by the B.O.T.). Composed generally of men of long service and good conduct nearing their time for pension, it was a much sought-after job. At infrequent intervals, the men were drafted to ships in commission to ensure that they kept their sea legs as it were. On board a ship on particular occasion a coastguardsman was put into the chains to heave the lead. For the benefit of the non-technical I may explain that the lead-line is divided into " marks " and " deeps " and, in calling the soundings, there is a certain ritual (based on common sense) by which the leadsman sings out, in a kind of chant with a rising inflection, the " mark " or " deep " followed by the number of fathoms, e.g. : " By the mark *seven "*, *"* By the deep *nine "*, "And a quarter less *eight "* etc. On this occasion the O.O.W. leaned over the side of the bridge and called out " Sing out clearly, leadsman, I can't hear what sounding you're getting ". An apologetic cough came up from below : " Beg pardon, Sir, I remember the toon well enough, but I've forgotten the words ".

The author of the Pyecroft stories has indeed remembered the tune : and a right good tune it is. We may well forgive him if he got some of the words wrong.

LETTER BAG

TWO QUERIES

1. *The Garth Album, or Scrap Book.*

The *authorities* state that Sir William Garth, a very prominent civil administrator in India was in that country during *all* Kipling's journalistic time there and that he collected the 36 items at the time they originally appeared.

If these statements are accurate and proved they are important for they might help to confirm that the doubtful uncollected items are Kipling's own.

It is noticeable however : —

(a) that only one is dated before 1888 when Kipling had been writing for six years.

(b) that only " poor " stuff was in the album for none of the items have been collected and only one just quoted in *The Birthday Book.*

(c) during the years 1887-9 the following appeared : —
Letters of Marque.
Abaft the Funnel Stories.
From Sea to Sea.
Many of the Plain Tales.

(d) If Sir William was concentrating on material unlikely to be collected he missed quite a lot of that too.

(e) Possibly he scrapped items from the Album as they were collected, but this seems unlikely.

Can any of our readers give us fuller and better particulars of this Album ?

2. *On the City Wall.*

In this story in *Soldier's Three* (Uniform and Pocket editions, page 336, lines 28-29), Kipling wrote :—

"Speaking now of a matter which lay between SOBRAON (1846) and the affair of the KUKAS . . .".

It is clear from the whole paragraph that The Mutiny (1857) is being referred to for there were no *campaigns* in or near India of any importance after that of the Sutlej including Sobraon ; and the smaller Punjab Campaign of 1849, until the Second Afghan War of 1878.

Will someone please explain the use of KUKA and KUKAS here.

There is a place of the name near Bikaner and there were the Kuka Khel Afridis who lived in Jamrood and Rajgal south of Bazar Valley.

R.E.H.

"INTO DEEP WATERS"

One of our lady members has given the answer to this question which has been asked many times and about which Kipling himself must have made a mistake in the story and in *Something of Myself.*

Mr. Ames and I have discussed this once or twice — not to either's satisfaction, but I hope he will accept this suggestion.

It was not a well but the castle drain. With the tide coming in regularly twice a day and washing the whole place clean and keeping it in a sanitary state as nothing else could do in medieval times.

" COUNTRY MEMBER "

THE PLUMMER-BLOCK

During the discussion on " The Ballad of the Bolivar " at the January meeting, I mentioned that some doubt had been expressed (in this Journal) as to the technical appropriateness of the line : " Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plummer-block ".

The engineers present supported my view that the objection was ill-founded and I have since received confirmation of my own definition, which follows, from the principal engineering adviser to the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Service.

A plummer-block is a supported bearing placed at an intermediate position in a length of shafting, as for instance and in this case, the propeller shaft. Its function is two-fold : to support the weight of the middle section of shafting while at rest, and to prevent the " whipping " of the shaft, with consequent fracture, when revolving at speed. The need for keeping the plummer-block in position is therefore apparent.

P.W.I.

CORRECTION

See *Kipling Journal* No. 140. Page 15. Line 28. Will you kindly record that the note on MESSINES — page 60, line 23, should read as follows : —

" The blowing up of Messines Ridge on 7 June 1917 as part of the to-and-fro continuous warfare in the Ypres Salient was described by Kipling . . . " etc. as before.

R.E.H.

HESKETH PEARSON ON KIPLING

I deplore Hesketh Pearson's " fourth form " standard of criticism (see *Kipling Journal* No. 141, pages 2-3). The " boy " did not write a poem about pistons, but about a man, and what a man ! A dour Scots Calvinist Chief Engineer, and it was *he* who, quite in character, called for " a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam ", not the author.

I fear that, like so many other critics, Hesketh Pearson has not really read the works, and he also commits their almost invariable and quite unpardonable *betise* of attributing to Kipling as a person the sentiments and opinions he puts into his character's speeches.

P.W.I.

BOOK NOTES

KIPLING IN PAPER-BACKS

As briefly noted in *Journal* No. 138, June 1961, four volumes by Kipling have been included by Messrs. Macmillan in their St. Martin's Library. These consist of :

KIM. Price 5/-. It contains a useful glossary, but the map is not particularly suitable for tracing the Lama's journey from Tibet, etc.

THE JUNGLE BOOK. Price 3/-.

PUCK OF POOK'S HILL. Price 4/-.

ALL THE MOWGLI STORIES. Price 4/-. This contains three stories and three poems from **The Jungle Book** ; five stories and five poems from **The Second Jungle Book** ; ' In the Rukh ' from **Many Inventions,** and the complete version in 26 lines of the poem ' The Only Son ' from **Songs from Books.** There is also the short list of ' How to Say the Names ' from the original Macmillan edition of 1933.

' MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH A LION '

This rare Kipling item has just been reprinted in U.S.A. by Messrs. Harper and Brothers of New York in **Everyman's Ark,** edited by Sally P. Johnson, price $5.95. This was first published in **The Ladies' Home Journal,** 16 Dec: 1901, and has only been reprinted hitherto in **The Kipling Reader** (New York : Appleton & Co.), 1912.

' KIPLING AND THE VERMONT FEUD '

A lecture with this title, by the Earl of Birkenhead, is included in **Essays by Divers Hands; Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature:** Vol. XXX, pages 85-101.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN SEPTEMBER

Three new additions to Macmillan's ' St. Martin's Library ' are announced :

Just So Stories. Price 3/-.
The Second Jungle Book. Price 3/6.
Stalky and Co. Price 4/-.

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